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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

MAY, 1879.

IN THE CARLIST COUNTRY.

BY CECIL BUCKLAND.

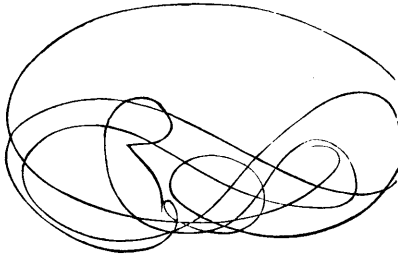


DON CARLOS

WE reached Bayonne shortly before midnight on the second day after leaving Paris, and were detained there the whole of the next

day by the absence of the Carlist agent from whom we were to receive our passports, he being then engaged in looking after the transport of a

mule-train with arms and ammunition across the French frontier—a common incident at that time, notwithstanding the fact that France had recognised the Spanish republic. When we succeeded in finding the agent we met with every civility, and our passports were forthcoming almost immediately. They were curiosities in their way. The coat-of-arms which surmounted the printed matter was as large as the top of a liqueur-glass, and the design was a most complicated one. It consisted of a huge crown, Maltese crosses, castles, lions, armour, floral wreaths, stars and stripes, billiard balls, and something that would have passed muster for a spread eagle, an “expiring frog,” or a snipe on a piece of toast. There was no signature to



THE RUBRICA.

the document, but in one corner was a *rubrica*, an intricate flourish not unlike an Oriental sign-manual. The Spaniards have a custom of affixing these rubricas to their signatures, and in many cases—more especially with high military authorities—the rubrica alone is used. Subsequent experience proved to us that this sign-manual was more efficacious than a signature would have been, as many Carlists whom we met—in several instances commissioned officers—could not read.

We learned that since the Carlists had threatened an attack upon the town of Irun, the terminus of the railway running from France to Spain had been at the pretty little village of Hendaye, situated immediately on the French bank of the river Bidassoa, which is here the line of demarcation

between the two countries. We reached this village on the afternoon of the fourth day after leaving Paris, and as we wished to learn something of the country we intended visiting before entering it, we resolved to pass the night at the little *fonda* (inn).

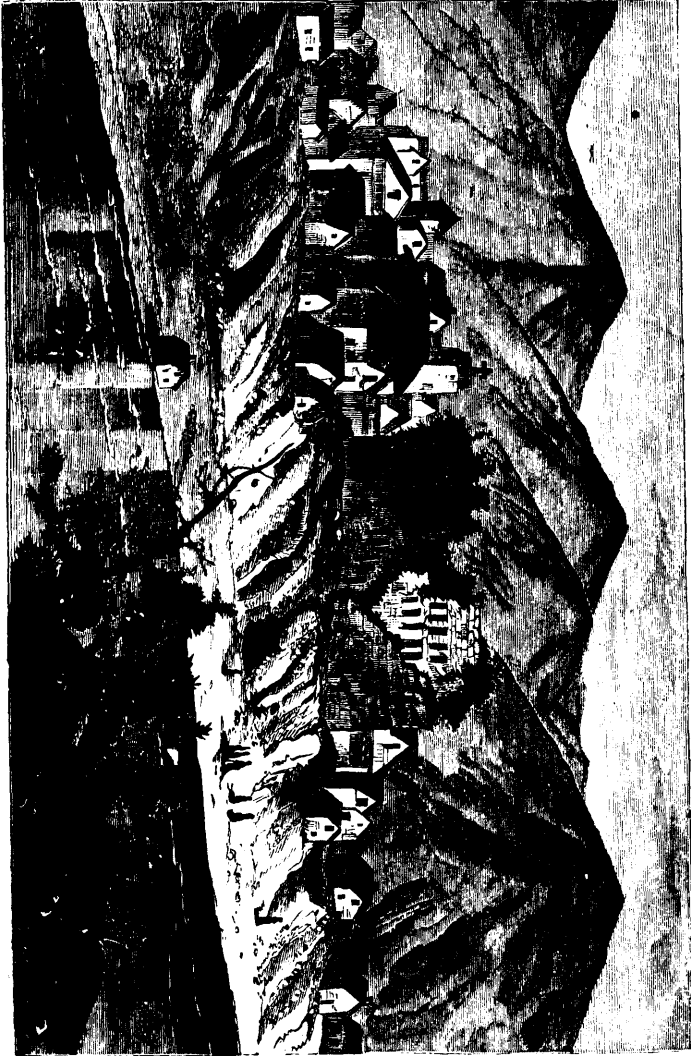
A few minutes' walk took us to the summit of the hill at the foot of which the depot is situated, and then a magnificent view lay extended before us. From the Bay of Biscay on our right to our extreme left stretched a crescent-shaped mountain-wall comprising the Guadaloupe, Arala and Basses Pyrenean ranges, the Three Crowns towering high above the other mountains, and presenting a further contrast in the absence of verdure on its summit.

Suddenly, whilst contemplating—I may almost say inhaling—the beauties of the scene, we were startled by the boom of a cannon, which awakened a hundred echoes in the surrounding hills, as if a salvo of artillery had been discharged instead of the one solitary shell which had been fired by the republicans in Fort Mendivil at the monastery. The missile, falling short, exploded harmlessly in the brushwood at the foot of the hill. Several more shells were fired, but with a similar result. Our landlord informed us in the evening that during the course of more than a year the republicans had been trying to hit the monastery, and had not once succeeded. Many of the shells fell short, but occasionally one would pass over the building. The conclusion was irresistible that the house was protected from injury by its patron saint, and the garrison were prepared to affirm that on several occasions it had disappeared beneath the ground when a shot was fired, and reappeared as soon as the danger was over.

Our host and his family were thoroughly Carlist in their sympathies, and gave us much useful information. They advised us to take but little money with us, as the discriminations

of the Carlist soldiers between *meum* and *tuum* are not very clear. As neither of us, unfortunately, could speak much Spanish, we hired a little Basque lad at Hendaye to act as interpreter. He spoke French tolerably

is in France, and the other half in Spain, being connected by a bridge across the river, which at this point is only a few yards in width, and very shallow. The Spanish portion of the village had been the scene of an at-



FONTARABIA.

well, and was thoroughly *au fait* in Spanish and Basque.

Half an hour's brisk walking along the bank of the Bidassoa brought us to the village of Behobie, half of which

tack by the Carlists a day or two before. It was the advanced post of the republicans in Guipuzcoa, and was garrisoned by a mere handful of *Miguelites*, who had fortified themselves in

the custom-house, and had strengthened their position by erecting stone walls around the village. When we arrived the village was a mass of smoking ruins, and its late inhabi-

some sixty or a hundred families having been rendered homeless by the conflagration—in the direction of La Pucha, a Carlist outpost guarding the main road from Irun, through Be-



IRUN, FROM FRANCE.

tants were actively engaged in erecting wooden shanties on the French territory, where they had taken refuge in large numbers.

The line of wooden huts extended half a mile along the river bank—

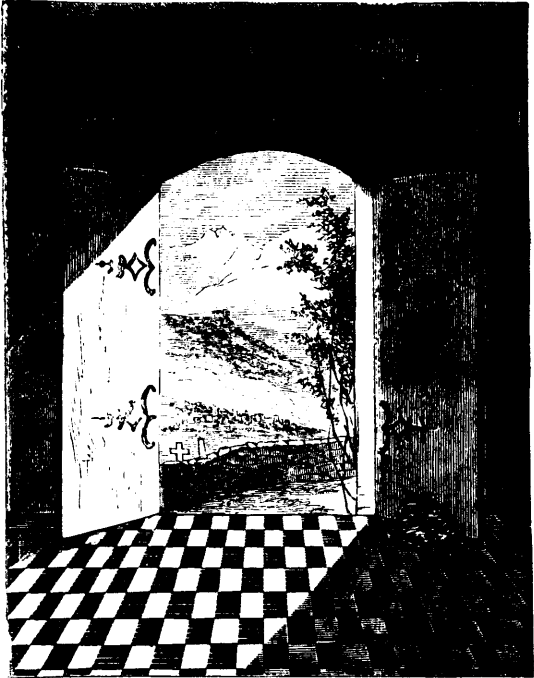
hobie, to Vera. A ferry-boat was plying between the two banks. We entered it, and a few strokes of the oars took us over into Spain. On landing we were immediately surrounded by about a dozen Carlist

soldiers, the leader of whom asked us for our passports. The soldiers were dressed in old uniforms of the garde mobile, but wore the Carlist *borna*, a flat, round cap, not unlike a Highlander's bonnet. In the centre of this cap was a round brass button, bearing the words *Voluntarios de Dios, Patria y Rey* ("Volunteers of God, Country and King"), and the capital letter C, with the figure 7 through it.

Hearing that a considerable body of soldiers were encamped about half-way up the mountain range, at the northern end of which is the hill of St. Marcial, we left the main road and followed one which the Carlists were constructing for the passage of their artillery. For three miles up a steep mountain this road had been marked out, and numbers of Navarrese and Guipuzcoan troops were engaged in its completion.

These Navarrese soldiers were smart-looking fellows, with broad shoulders, brawny limbs and bronzed faces; most of them were between the ages of twenty and thirty. We afterwards learned that this battalion is the flower of the Navarrese troops. Their uniform was of a somewhat nondescript character, for they were not all dressed alike. In some instances a man had nothing about him to mark him as a soldier of Don Carlos except his *borna* and *chappa*. Others had uniform trousers and a blue or white French blouse, while others, again, wore the uniform coat of the garde mobile and the wide red pantaloons of the French soldier of the line. Many of them, however, had managed to provide themselves with a full uniform suit of gray, decorated with brass buttons—manufac-

tured in Paris, by the way—bearing the insignia of Don Carlos. In all cases they wore a little red cloth heart or cross fastened to the left breast of the coat, which is believed, in spite of



DOOR OF A CHURCH IN IRUN AFTER THE BOMBARDMENT.

the constant proofs to the contrary, to afford protection to the wearer.

As soon as we reached the encampment our attention was called to the *curé*, who is quite as important a person in the eyes of the soldiers as their commanding officer. On noticing three strangers approaching, he at once left a group of soldiers to whom he was talking, and advanced toward us with a hearty '*Buenos días, señores!*' We returned his salutation, and managed between the three of us to scrape up enough Spanish to ask the worthy divine if he understood French. To our surprise he replied in that language, which he spoke with ease and fluency. We told him our object in visiting the north of Spain. He con-



CARLIST OUTPOST AT LA PUNCHA.

fessed he could not understand why we should run the risks of travelling in the country while it was in such a disturbed state, but assured us that we should meet with hospitality wherever we were amongst the Carlists. He talked volubly about the cause and the rapidity with which it was gaining ground, assuring us that its complete success was only a question of time.

In making the tour of the encampment we passed a group of soldiers seated round a tin platter of smoking hot mutton, savouring strongly of the national vegetable, garlic. One of them, with the politeness which is characteristic of the Spaniard, said, '*Gusten ustedes comer?*' ('Will Your Graces be pleased to dine?') The 'three Graces' thus politely addressed declined the offer, but did not refuse a drink of wine from the pig-skin flask which the soldier held toward them. It is not an easy matter to drink out of these flasks. They are formed like a large pear-shaped bottle, a small wooden or horn stopper being fixed to the neck. This stopper is so

constructed that it can be unscrewed when the flask is to be replenished. There is a smaller stopper inside the larger one, and in it is a little orifice about as large as the bore in the stem of a tobacco-pipe. Holding the pig-skin at arm's length, the drinker squeezes it until a stream of wine runs out and falls into his open mouth. Of course we tried to follow the national custom in drinking, but met with indifferent success, for before we could get the proper range of the little jet of wine between the bottle's mouth and our own we spilled about a wineglassful of the liquor on our shirt fronts, much to our discomfiture and to the amusement of the padre and the soldiers.

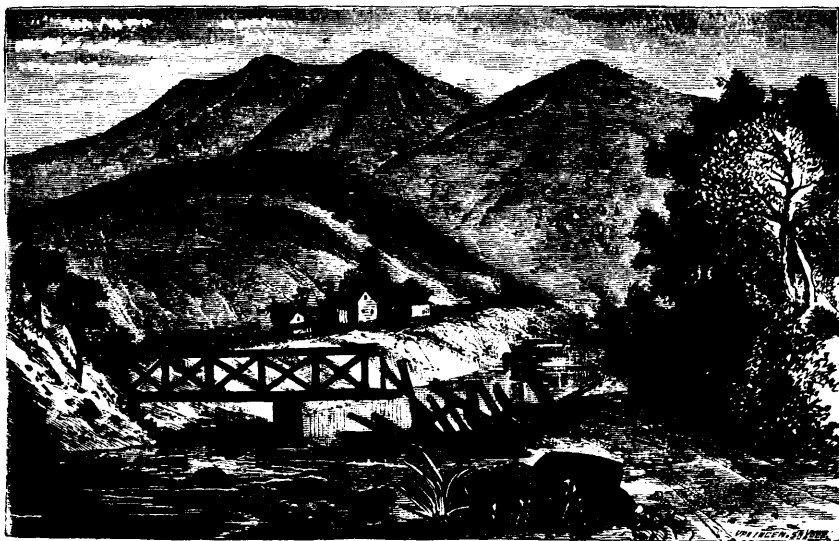
Bidding adieu to our friends, we started off to complete the ascent of the mountain-road to St. Marcial, which was reached after about an hour's climbing. Pedro proved to be as active as a kitten, and pushed up the steep path ahead of us at a pace which tried the strength of our lungs to keep up with him. Several times we endeavoured to curb his haste, but

he seemed so accustomed to walking quickly that, although he slowed down for a minute or two when called upon to do so, he soon forgot the command and returned to his former gait. At last we hit upon an expedient which turned out to be a 'happy thought' as far as we were concerned, but which came rather hard on poor Pedro. It was none other than to strap one of our knapsacks upon the lad's shoulders, giving him at the same time a hint that there were two more behind if one did not have the desired effect. It did, however, and, the lesson once learned, Pedro never forgot it.

We found the monastery occupied as sleeping-quarters by the soldiers engaged in constructing a battery a little to the rear of St. Marcial. The seats had been removed from the in-

ment troops at Forts Parque and Mendivil. It had taken us three hours to climb the mountain, but the descent was a much easier matter, and in an hour after leaving the monastery we again reached the high-road to Vera at a little village called La Stadilla. About halfway between this place and Anderlasse the Bidassoa ceases to mark the frontier between France and Spain, the river after that point being entirely Spanish, and the boundary being marked by a line of stones which runs off in a north-easterly direction across the mountains on the eastern side of the gorge through which the river flows towards the sea.

At Anderlasse, which was taken by the Carlists under Santa Cruz in July, 1873, we spent some time examining



BRIDGE AT ANDERLASSE.

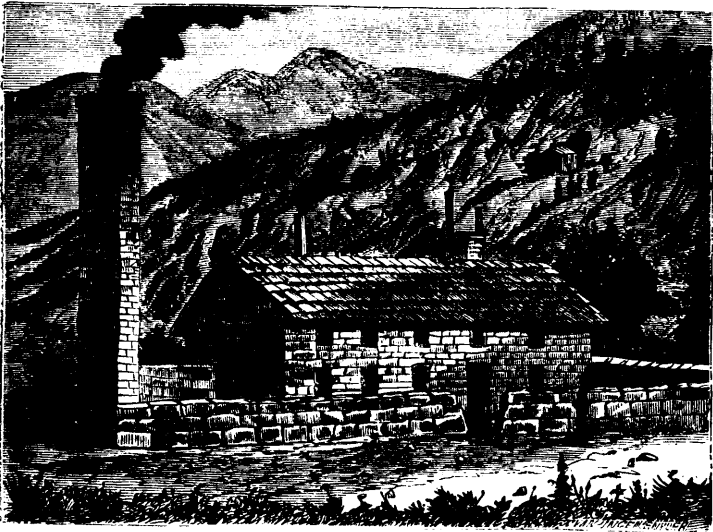
terior of the building, and the stone floor was thickly strewn with fern, but the pictures of saints, etc., over the altar were still in their places. From this point we looked down upon the republican towns of Irun and Fontarabia, and through a field glass watched the operations of the govern-

the traces of what must have been a severe fight. Nothing was left of the houses but bare walls, which were covered with bullet marks. The Carlist force were far superior to that of the government troops, and after a short but decisive engagement the place was taken, the houses burned,

an iron bridge which here crossed the Bidassoa blown up, and some fifteen or twenty of the garrison made prisoners. A few hours after their capture these men were led out on to the main road and were shot down in cold blood. Several Englishmen connected with the iron-mines close by were witnesses of the outrage, and one of these gentlemen told us the story, adding that Santa Cruz threatened to serve them in the same manner if they interfered. It is but fair to the Carlists to state that Santa Cruz was acting on his own responsibility, without recognition by Don Carlos, who shortly afterward sent an armed force under Gen. Valdespenas to attack the curé's

boulders. As we neared Vera the aspect of the scenery changed somewhat; the mountains were not so high, and were covered with birch, beech and chestnut trees, the latter loaded with fruit, that, falling to the ground in showers when the breeze shook the branches, was affording a luxuriant repast to droves of half-wild pigs which were quarrelling noisily over their feast.

We found a little fonda at Vera, where we were accommodated with a couple of rooms, and furnished with dinner consisting of a bread soup, an ancient chicken and some minced meat, all highly flavoured with garlic. The wine was palatable, but we should



ARMS AND AMMUNITION FACTORY AT VERA.

head-quarters at Vera. Valdespenas captured him, and he was banished from the country.

Between Anderlasse and Vera the scenery is very picturesque. On one side is the Bidassoa, now little more than a babbling mountain-brook, while right and left rise lofty mountains, covered with box, heather and brilliant wild flowers, interspersed with huge craggy rocks and moss-grown

have starved had it not been for Pedro, who managed to procure us a dozen eggs, which we boiled, as had they been cooked in any other way garlic would certainly have been added to the dish. We determined in future to superintend personally the cooking of our meals, and see that the odious vegetable was omitted. This we could do without much inconvenience, as, after leaving Vera, we found nothing

but little posadas (small roadside inns), where the best room was reserved for the mules or cattle, which always occupied the ground floor, the kitchen and sitting-room being combined in one, and a bed-room not unfrequently

vasseur shells daily.

We learned that a coach would start the next morning for Elizondo, *en route* to Estella, and lost no time in engaging places. At day break we found ourselves, in company with a couple of Carlist soldiers and a civilian, in one of the most uncomfortable conveyances in which it had ever been our lot to travel, resembling a hearse with the body of a four-wheel cab on the top of it. We had to sleep three in a bed at Elizondo, and that bed was the floor, but our blankets spread on a heap of fern made a very comfortable mattress, and a sprinkling of "vermin-destroyer" kept away intruders which would otherwise have mustered in strong force.

The *diligencia* did not go farther than this village, an uninteresting place, and the next morning we hired mules, and did not once regret the loss of the lumbering conveyance which had brought us from Vera. It took us three days to get from Elizondo to Estella, each day's proceedings being the counterpart of the day before, except when we had to make a *détour* across the mountains to avoid Pampeluna, in the possession of the republicans, but held in strict siege by the Carlists. We crossed a mountain-ridge within four or five miles of the republican town, and, as at St. Marcial, distinctly saw the government troops on the ramparts. Unlike Irun, Pampeluna is strongly fortified, and the Carlists know that they will have a hard

task to effect its capture. The country through which we passed was very rugged and mountainous, but every available plot of land was cultivated, and wheat, corn, turnips, garlic and other crops seemed to thrive luxuriantly. The people appeared to care



CHURCH IN ESTELLA.

included. There were a good many soldiers at Vera, who had come up toward the frontier to participate in the attack upon Irun. On the outskirts of the town is a large arms and ammunition factory, which was turning out a number of Va-

but little for the disturbances caused by the civil war, and were loud in their praises of "el rey."

We reached Estella on the afternoon of the fifth day after leaving Hendaye, and engaged a couple of rooms in a posada which almost aspired to the rank of a fonda. The stables, however, were on the ground floor, as usual, for the Spanish landlord takes much better care of his beast than of his guest. We had now



CARLIST POSTAGE-STAMP.

crossed the Carlist country from the extreme northern point to the southern extremity, and if we went any farther in the same direction we should encounter the troops of the republican general Moniones, who was stopping the advance of the Carlists across the Ebro. An attack had been threatened upon Estella almost daily for three months past, but had not come off up to the time of our arrival. We decided to remain there for two or three days before commencing our return journey through Alva and Guipuzcoa.

The day after we reached Estella was dedicated to one of the numerous saints in the Spanish calendar, consequently it was a fête-day, and everybody was dressed in holiday attire.

Scarcely a civilian was to be seen, for the whole of the male population except the priests appeared in the uniform of the Carlist army. Groups of officers were standing about in the large public square, smoking cigarettes, exchanging words of badinage with the dancers, and sometimes taking part in the amusement themselves. The uniform of the Carlist officers is a very becoming one, consisting of a dark tunic over red trousers. This tunic is profusely decorated with plated buttons, and is well set off by the Carlist *borna* and *chappa*, to which is added a long silver tassel hanging down on one side.

After visiting the booths and taking our chances among the rest in a draw, which resulted in two blanks and a packet of bonbons, we turned our attention to the dancers. Two kinds of dances were going on, the jota and the bolero, each having its particular votaries, and each group of dancers being surrounded by an admiring crowd of spectators. The music consisted of a fiddle, flute and guitar. The moment the air struck up the dancers rushed helter skelter into the centre of the ring of spectators, and paired off opposite each other. Apparently, no choice of partners was made before the dance commenced, and each performer took for a *vis-à-vis* the one who happened to be opposite to him or her. Frequently the man rushed forward as if he were about to embrace his fair *vis-à-vis*, and then as suddenly retired, turning his back upon his partner as she darted away to the right or left. The dancers kept time to the music by snapping their fingers with arms raised over their heads.

At one end of the plaza was a high wall with a pavement in front. Here a number of soldiers were playing at *pelotte*, a game not unlike tennis, the hand being, however, used instead of a bat. The ball was thrown forcibly on the ground, and as it rebounded was driven against the wall. Two sides are chosen, a member from each striking the ball alternately. On its return to terra firma it was again forced against the wall until one side missed, when their adversaries scored a point.

It was at Estella that we first encountered some of the members of the Carlist cavalry troop which had recently been raised. They were mounted on very woe-begone horses, some even riding upon mules. The inhabitants of the Carlist country are thorough mountaineers, and can climb the hills like chamois, but on horseback they are out of place. One of our chief amusements during our stay

in the Carlist capital was to watch the gayly-attired women who came to draw water at a little fountain immediately opposite our window. This fountain was a rendezvous for the female portion of the community. Some of these Spanish Rebekahs

who placed but little restraint on their movements.

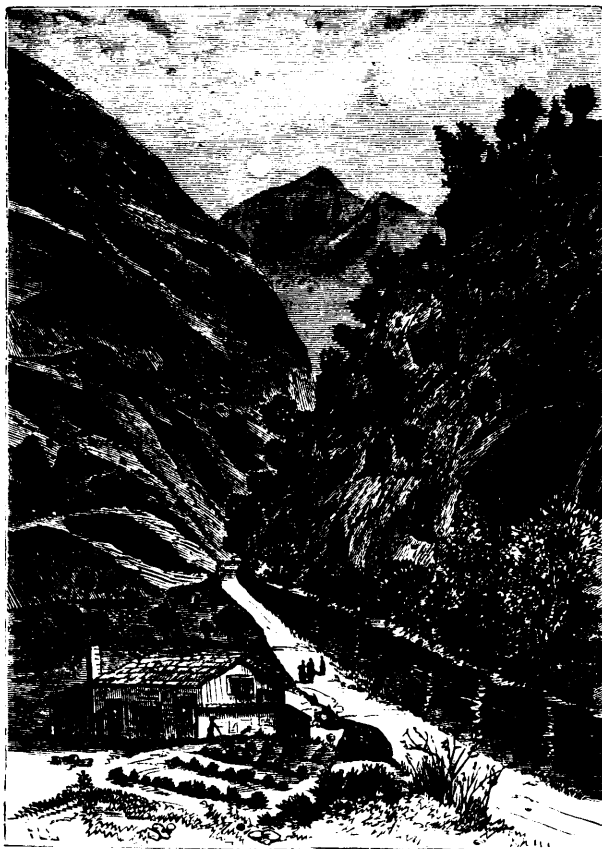
We remained three days in Estella, and then started off across the mountains for Villa Franca, which place we reached on the morning of the second day after leaving the Carlist capital. The country through which we passed was mountainous in the extreme, but wherever the slopes were not covered with apple orchards or clumps of walnut or chestnut trees the land had been made use of for agricultural purposes, the patches of cultivated ground in many places reaching upward for six or eight hundred feet.

Tolosa is a very strong position for the Carlists. It is a large and well-fortified town, situated in a nest of hills on which are several batteries bristling with guns.

Berastequi is seven miles from Tolosa, and a couple of hours' walk over a level *camina real* (royal road) took us there in time for a mid-day meal.

From this point we had about twenty miles to traverse over range after range of mountains before reaching Vera.

We slept at Artecuzza that night, and reached Vera the next afternoon. Here we learned that the Carlists had raised the siege of Irun, and the troops had gone over the mountains toward St. Sebastian to oppose the



RIVER BETWEEN TOLOSA AND BERASTEQUI.

would remain there for half an hour chatting with their friends. There were many republican prisoners in Estella. They were frequently marched out in twos and threes to this little fountain, their duty being to draw and carry water for the troops. From their appearance they were not discontented with their lot, and chatted away incessantly with their guard,

advance of the republican forces under General Loma. The result of this movement is a matter of history, and as this sketch does not propose to deal with the military operations of the Carlists, it will suffice to say that the Carlists were repulsed and driven from their positions at St. Marcial

and round Irun, the whole of the farm-houses, etc., in that part of Guipuzcoa being burned by the republicans. At sundown the same evening we crossed the frontier line at La Staoula, and later on reached the little fonda at Hendaye.

SPRING.

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

GONE is winter's snowy covering,
 Spring, on fragrant wing, is hovering
 O'er the smiling earth ;
 Birds soft pipe their tuneful gladness,
 That the month's subdued to sadness,
 E'er its sunny birth.

Joyful sing, ye genial breezes,
 Notes to which Zephyrus pleases
 Best his lute to string ;
 Dance, ye sunbeams, in the fountain ;
 Dance on stream, and vale, and mountain ;
 Dance, for this is Spring.

Buds, with quick responsive pleasure,
 Smile, and yield their flowery treasure,
 Odorous and sweet ;
 Streams are laughing, bees are humming,
 'Spring has come, and Summer's coming
 On with rosy feet.'

Hearts that long have ached with anguish,
 Now no longer droop and languish—
 Blithely they sing :
 'Nature's joys are all before us,
 And we join the mystic chorus
 Of the welcome Spring.'

UNDER ONE ROOF :
AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BIRD AND THE BIRD-CATCHER.

IT is extraordinary, considering our fondness for our children, how we ignore their griefs and troubles ; so long as they are under our own eyes, indeed, we may be allowed to be the best judges of the seriousness, or otherwise, of their calamities, but once our children leave us for school, we become dead to their complaints, or at all events well satisfied with their silence. There are some exceptions, it is true, upon the other side—parents who are always pining after their pretty dears, and solicitous to learn from the schoolmaster's wife whether that cold has ceased, or the hurt in the little finger has healed, but as a general rule, once we put our little ones out to dry-nurse—at the Preparatory School or elsewhere—we let things slide. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, they slide smoothly enough, and our certificate of approval is added to the collection of parental vouchers on view at the educational establishment to which our young Hopeful has been entrusted. The hundredth case is, however, a sad one. It is that of a child of sensitive organization, finding himself suddenly removed from the gentle influences of home, and placed in irresponsible and tyrannous hands ; friendless, companionless, the sport of juvenile ruffians, he asks himself, like the innocent, but unregenerate babe of Calvinism, ' Why am I in this Tophet ? ' From pride or timidity he remains si-

lent under his persecutions, and is either ruined, morally speaking, for life, or more rarely escapes—murdered, for, though he seems to die of natural causes, it is from a broken heart—into the other world. Shelley and Cowper and Lamb were among the less fortunate ones ; they lived to curse the miseries of their school-days ; and many a songless poet has shared their fate. Sometimes a boy will hang himself. Imagine the wretchedness that must consume the soul of ' gladsome youth ' before it comes to that pass ! What are misfortunes of man—his disappointments, failures, bankruptcies, and all the ills to which *grown* flesh is heir, compared to them ! Then by way of epitaph it is explained by schoolmasters and others, that he was of a ' morose disposition.' Idiots ! Not to know that the ' morose disposition ' is the toughest of all Nature's gifts ; nay, more, that its possessor is the very last to think of hanging himself, but rather intent on pushing all others with whom he comes into contact to that extremity.

The most marked features of these unhappy lads is, that while mere children in their powers of endurance, their intelligence is premature. They are the exact opposites of those restless spirits—a much more useful class I allow—who from their earliest youth are yearning to go to sea—until they get there. The poor little fellows I have in my mind have no desire, as many boys have, to become schoolboys. They know, by an intuition which experience often fails to teach their elders,

what they shall like, and what they shall dislike. It is nothing less than a crime—a cruelty of which Heaven only knows the degree—to pluck them from their home garden, without careful attention to the new soil in which they are transplanted. Who would take a fuchsia from a hot-house, and plant it, in winter, on a Yorkshire moor!

‘For my part,’ as was once said to me (the speaker was a man well known to all readers of the English tongue), ‘I have held my own in the world, and can bite when I am bitten pretty sharply, yet the memories of my school-days have never faded. I have suffered poverty, and envy, and the deaths of my dear ones, but I have never as a man experienced—never—the unmitigated wretchedness which I suffered in my first years at school.’

Something of this, in a vague way, her mother’s heart had taught to Lady Arden, as respected her Frankie, and that was why she kept him at home. Imagine, therefore, her astonishment, when the boy besought her, on the morning after that stroll with Elise into the Wilderness, that he might be sent to school forthwith.

‘But my darling Frankie, are you not happy at home?’

Happy! in his simple mind the shadow of the gallows was hanging over him. The voice of Ferdinand Walcot knelled in his ear like the bell of St. Sepulchre; the sight of Jem Groad, or of his father, saturnine and menacing, froze his young blood! Of course he lied to her. ‘Yes, I am quite happy, Mamma, but I am not well. I feel that I should be better away from home—you know Uncle Ferdinand wished me to go,’ he stammered.

‘The wishes of your Uncle Ferdinand (as you call him) have not the force of law,’ observed Lady Arden, bridling up.

There were rare occasions when her ladyship did resent Mr. Walcot’s authority, and his interference concern-

ing her son had been one of them. At those words, ‘the force of law,’ poor Frankie trembled. The power that could send him to prison was of course superior to that of Uncle Ferdinand, but what did that matter, when whether it should be set in motion or not depended upon his will?

‘Well, Mamma, at all events don’t tell him,’ he answered, eagerly; ‘don’t say that I asked to go to school to anybody, but only let me go.’

‘I will certainly not tell your Uncle Ferdinand, but as to the other matter, my dear, I must consider about it. You are getting on so well with your lessons—and Miss Hurt has kindly promised to teach you German—so that it seems such a pity! Is it that you want playmates, that you feel moped? If so, we’ll have young Raynes over from The Laurels.’

Frank shook his head.

‘Well, then, though I don’t much fancy such companionship—I’ll tell Groad to give his son a holiday for the next week or two in the afternoons, and he shall play cricket with you.’

‘Oh, no, no, no,’ exclaimed Frank; ‘I don’t want to play with Jem Groad at all’ (which, indeed, under the circumstances was not to be wondered at). ‘What I want to do is to go to school.’

‘Very singular; I can’t think what has come to the boy,’ murmured Lady Arden to herself. ‘I’ll just have a word with Mr. Dyneley about him.’

It was not from his own lips that Lady Arden had first heard that there was something amiss with the boy. The Great Baba had already discovered and proclaimed that ‘Frank was koss’—and ill-humour was a phenomenon with Frankie. He had not entered into that potentate’s military displays of late with his usual vigour of interest, and on the previous evening he had allowed several of his observations to pass unheeded—a crime little inferior to that of high treason.

‘I tell you the poor moon is boke,’ Baba had observed, in pitiful allusion to the fact that it was not so full as it

had been ; and Frankie had expressed no sympathy with the moon, having none to spare, poor fellow, on such extraneous objects.

His appetite had fallen away, too ; and he had generally a very fair one ; indeed, he was something of a *gourmand*, and there were stories extant of his passion for food in early youth, any allusion to which would mortify him exceedingly. 'I like my little stummy,' he had once frankly observed, on being rallied on his devotion to the delicacies of the table. His very temperance had been the result of calculation. 'No pudding, thank you : not when I have had roast duck. It takes the taste of the roast duck away.'

These simple pleasures no longer remained to him ! he had left them for some time, for the allurements of fictitious literature. And now his very appetite had fled.

'You'll die if you don't eat, Frank. Remember the Rattle,' George had jestingly said to him ; and he had burst out passionately with 'I wish I was dead,' to the horror of the domestic audience.

The mention of the Rattle was an allusion to a certain speech of Frank's, when quite a child, which, for simplicity and grim humour, is not to be surpassed by any childish utterance (though I keep an ample record of such things) that has ever come under my observation. He was overheard talking to another child upon that favourite juvenile topic, Death ; and the other had observed how shocking it would be should such a catastrophe occur in a house—to papa or mamma, for instance. 'The worst thing about it must be, I should think, the death rattle.'

'Oh, I shouldn't mind *that* so much,' said Frankie, thinking of his beloved Baba ; 'because it would amuse the baby.'

His other sayings were forgotten—effaced by the pregnant remarks of the later arrival ; but this one abode in

the memory of his kinsfolk—as well it might.

While Lady Arden was yet puzzling herself as what had 'come to' her boy ; and within an hour of the interview with him, above described, he came to express his contrition that he had troubled her in the matter at all. Upon second thoughts, he felt that home was home, and that it would be better for him that he should stay where he was, and learn German. He was glad that his mother had spoken of his becoming Miss Hurt's pupil ; for he was sure that he should get on with her ; all this he stated in a curious cut-and-dried manner, very different from his usual outpourings, and especially contrasting with his manner, which was nervous and anxious in a high degree. To crown all, he finished by bursting into a passion of tears, which, if he had been a girl, would have been pronounced hysterical. Then perceiving his mother's terrified looks, he suddenly seized her hand, and adjured her in the most moving tones not to reveal to any one what had passed between them. 'Not even to dear Papa—or, or—to Mr. Walcot.'

'Certainly not, my darling ; this is a matter for your own mother's care.'

And Lady Arden's placid, and to say truth somewhat vapid, face grew steadfast enough. It boded danger to somebody ; and though she had not as yet fixed—for certain—where her wrath was due, she nursed it from that hour.

The truth was that between those two interviews betwixt mother and child, Uncle Ferdinand had found Master Frank in tears, and laid his velvet paw upon him.

'What now, my young friend ? Are you still thinking of the prison and the gallows ? Have you no confidence in my promise to do all I can to save you ?'

'Oh, yes, sir, it is not that ; but I am so miserable ; and oh, please, Mr. Walcot, I would much rather go to school, as you once wished me to do.'

'Ah! you think you will be safe from the consequences of your crime at school. That is a great mistake. Neither time nor distance can save you from that; it is only by great efforts that I have persuaded old Groat to be quiet for the present——' Then, with sudden sharpness, 'You have not been mad enough to tell any one, surely!'

'Oh, no, not about *that*, Mr. Walcot,' answered the boy, with a shudder. 'I only told Mamma that I should like to go to school—which I thought would please you.'

Mr. Walcot smiled grimly; he saw that his tyranny was already bearing the usual fruit of lies.

'That was very right of you, young gentleman; you are quite right to always please me. Only, as it happens, I do not now wish you to go to school. You will remain here and study German with Miss Hurt; and you will learn to speak it, or, at least, to understand it when it is spoken, pretty quickly. Give your mind to that, do you?'

He foresaw that the boy might be useful to him as a spy on Gresham and the governess.

'Yes, Mr. Walcot; I hear.' His tone was such, that if he had added, 'to hear is to obey,' after the Eastern fashion, the words could not have implied more of submission.

'That's well. Now go to your mother, and tell her—without breathing a word of my having spoken to you—that you are sorry you made a fool of yourself in asking to be sent to school. You can say it was only "temper," brought on—yes, that will be best—by a quarrel with Jem Groat. And tell her you like Miss Hurt——'

'I do,' interrupted the poor boy, anxious to conciliate his tormentor, and glad to be able to do so in one point, at least, with a clear conscience.

'I was sure you did, or I would not have told you to say so,' observed Uncle Ferdinand gravely. 'And liking her so much it is only natural you should wish to be her pupil. When

I hear that this is arranged I shall be pleased; but for the future, remember, I am your confidante, and no one else. You are to come to me in the first place, before consulting others. It is I alone who know what it is best for you to do. If you had got your wish for going to school, for example, that might have precipitated matters with old Groat; he would probably have sent for the policeman at once.'

At this ghastly picture, all the details of which the poor boy's imagination at once supplied, Frankie trembled. His natural intelligence, since it was of course utterly unsupplemented by any knowledge of the world, was a positive disadvantage to him; a phenomenon much less rare than is supposed. Walcot saw that it was absolutely necessary to reassure his young friend before he could perform his errand, and even as it was, as we have seen, he had inspired such abject fear, as aroused Lady Arden's suspicions. With all his sagacity Mr. Walcot did not perhaps quite understand a mother's feelings.

'Well, well; you needn't shake in your shoes, lad; in my hands you are safe enough, if only you are not so foolish as to try and slip out of them. You may always count on me as your friend, provided you deserve it. Now go to your mother and tell her what I have told you.'

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, though deemed by some, who thought they knew him best, to be somewhat of an ascetic—too studious and spiritual-minded to concern himself much with material matters, save when duty prompted him to do so—had, in fact, his little enjoyments. He was—we will not say less divine—but certainly more human than people generally imagined. He had passions—and strong ones, too—like other folks; and one of them was a love of power; principally, it is true, for what it brought, but also for its own sake. It was strange that so astute a birdcatcher should have found satisfaction in hav-

ing taken captive such a fledgling as poor little Frankie Nicoll; and yet a decided look of triumph glowed in his dark eyes as they followed the child out of the room. He had thrown his net over many a bird in his time; birds of prey, which had cost him a sharp tussle; birds of plumage, that had taken all his art to make them his own. Yet few of these triumphs had given him such pleasure as the capture of this callow little one. He looked for the nonce less like the fowler than the fisherman, who, finding but a sprat in his net, exclaims contentedly, 'Little fish are sweet!' The reason of this was, that he wanted this sprat to catch a herring!

CHAPTER XV.

ON ONE SIDE OF THE DOUBLE DOORS.

THE general ease of movement in 'the wheels of Being' at Halcombe Hall was (thanks to some one's careful oiling) perfect. Not only were all domestic matters managed smoothly, but things without doors—the home farm, and the horses, the land and the small tenantry—gave little or no trouble, a fact that would certainly have needed explanation had not the reason been acknowledged by all since the Master was singularly deficient in the art of management, and shrank from business details of all sorts with morbid reluctance. A man who (according to his own account, though it was confided only to a single friend), 'had more converse with the Dead than with the Living,' and thanked Heaven that it was so, could hardly be expected to interest himself in leases, the price of cattle, the rights of a Lord of the Manor as to 'fore-shore,' and much less in still smaller sublunary things. To say that Ferdinand Walcot was Sir Robert Arden's *factotum* was to give but a feeble idea of his position as *alter ego*, substitute, and vicar extraordinary, and, more

than this, he was in some sort 'the keeper of his lord's conscience,' not only in moral affairs, but in things spiritual. He was no priest, it is true; he made no claim to the Apostolic character; but he had a habit, which would have been thought very reprehensible by ecclesiastics, of administering absolution.

Whenever Sir Robert acted harshly (or what seemed to be harshly in one of his mild disposition) and was troubled in his mind in consequence, Mr. Walcot was always at his elbow to whisper, 'You did right, Arden.' And it was certain that he ought to be a good judge of the matter, since, in every case of the kind, it was he himself who had originally suggested the line of conduct in question. The only exception to this was when his friend would sometimes inquire, as if in soliloquy, why he had contracted his second marriage,—how it was that, having been mated with an angel, he could ever have given way to human weakness to the extent of allying himself to a daughter of Earth, however eligible? Sir Robert's conscience, it will be seen, was quite exceptionally tender, for it was not as if he had taken advantage of his rank and wealth to link the charm of youth with his maturity. Mrs. Nicoll had been a widow—well favoured and ladylike, and well connected, no doubt—but still a widow, bordering on middle age, when he married her, and possessing four children—all charming in their way, but still what the cold world would describe as 'encumbrances.' Perhaps he desired what the medical fraternity describe as 'a thorough change.' If so, he had got it. No two ladies could well have differed more in appearance and disposition than the past and present Lady Arden. Of the latter we have given some outlines; a kindly-hearted, but weak, woman; a valetudinarian, yet always well enough for a dinner party or a ball—in consenting to live in quiet, and almost seclusion, at Halcombe,

she had indeed made a considerable sacrifice for her children's sake. And yet with all this love of fashion, and with some experience, she was wanting in self-possession. There was a story extant of her having had to consult a physician who was a stranger to her, which was characteristic. It was before her wealthy days, and when it was necessary for her to attend personally to household matters, which were hateful to her; but she could always afford a guinea to a new physician. From extreme shyness, however, she chose to set down her symptoms in pen and ink, and placed the paper in the Doctor's hands, so as to avoid being questioned more than necessary *viva voce*.

The Doctor opened the paper, and began to read aloud, "Eight pairs of stockings, three chem——"

'Good Heavens,' she cried, 'it is my washing list.'

A little mistake that added an attack of hysterics to her long list of disorders. Such was but a slight example of her weakness of character; but she was a worthy woman of a beautiful cream colour, as we have already mentioned, and possessed a noble figure. But she was not, perhaps, the wife to suit a Visionary.

Madeline Walcot, on the other hand, had in appearance resembled a good fairy; of Spanish complexion, delicate of frame, *spirituelle* of disposition, who repaid the devotion of her husband with a passion equal to his own. She was an orphan, and her only brother, Ferdinand, was living in Australia when Sir Robert wooed and won her. They had the same tastes for literature and poetry; the same aspirations (not high, but tender, ones) for the happiness of their fellow-creatures; but, save for this, they lived for one another only. It was long before Sir Robert could bring himself to believe that this exquisite flower, which at once adorned and sweetened his existence was lent to him but for a short time; that, not-

withstanding his loving hold and careful tendance of it, it was doomed to fail and perish; the fatal truth was hardly borne in upon him until he saw her dead before him—faded away to a mere shadow of her former self; an exquisite skeleton flower, lovely to the last, but without bloom, or leaf, or fragrance. From that hour this world grew dark to him, and his happiest moments were those in which he flattered himself he caught certain vague and glimmering glimpses of the Other, concerning which he and his lost one had often speculated together, not, it must be confessed, in a very philosophic manner.

They had read together certain novel gospels (in which an ungrudging Faith is even more necessary than in the old one), wherein we are told that the spirits of the Dead can be called at pleasure—or at least under favourable conditions—to commune with those they have left behind him, though certainly in a somewhat unsatisfying and unsatisfactory manner. Of old she had been the Preacher, and he the somewhat hesitating Pupil, but now that she was gone, her teachings had become, as it were, no longer the speculations of an ardent nature that despised logic and cold formulas; they were sacred Truths to him. And everything that appertained to her received more or less of this consecration. In her lifetime, save the parting from himself at the end of it, his Madeline had had but two sorrows; one that she had given him no son to bear his name, and inherit the virtues she (not without reason) imputed to him, and the other, the absence of her brother.

'You will be kind to poor Ferdinand, when he returns, Robert,' she had said, again and again, though once would have been all sufficient. She did not go into details concerning him, though when he had offered—if money was the thing he needed—to bring her brother to her side from his distant home, she had declined his aid. He

understood that he was of far too proud a nature to accept of such assistance, and so perhaps it was. 'Ferdinand will return to comfort you when I am gone,' she said, in her last moments. And her promise was fulfilled, but by no means immediately; nor did he give a hint of such an intention till two years after Madeline's death, and when Sir Robert (finding solitude perhaps intolerable) had married a second time.

Concerning this matter, as we have said, Ferdinand was silent, and in his heart Sir Robert knew that his brother-in-law disapproved of that act. It would have been a comfort to him, indeed, could he have got his assurance that it was the best thing to have done, as he did in all other cases; as it was, it seemed to him that, resenting this sad instance of disloyalty to the memory of his sister, he received with some coldness the relation of his spiritual experiences in connection with her. This was the more painful, as Mr. Ferdinand Walcot himself was one of those few privileged mortals who could hold communion with denizens of the other world, almost at will. At all events, he had had such 'manifestations' (as they were technically called) as threw the poor favours granted to Sir Robert quite into the shade. He was not only endowed with certain mesmeric powers, his possession of which had been placed beyond question, by experiments performed, half in seriousness, half in joke, upon members of the family at the Hall, and others, but—though this was a faith he had only admitted in confidence to Sir Robert—he was a 'Medium.' His modesty in allusion to this faculty, and even a certain way he had of deprecating it, by no means made him appear less gifted in Sir Robert's estimation; so far from sharing that gentleman's distrust in his own powers, his allusions to them were so worded as to cause the baronet to credit him with a certain apprehension of their magnitude; he looked

upon him as a chosen instrument for good in hands that were far stronger than of humanity, and which moulded him, independent of his own will. It was this spiritual gift—joined with his relationship to his own sainted Madeline—that formed the 'sacred tie' of which Sir Robert was wont to speak as binding him to Ferdinand Walcot.

On the day on which Mr. Frederick Mayne was expected at Halcombe, Sir Robert did not appear at breakfast. He had passed an unusually bad night, even for him—an habitually bad sleeper—and he took his morning meal apart in his study. The home party were all sincerely grieved, for there was not a member of it who did not entertain a sincere affection for him; but for one or two of them their regret for his absence, if not its cause, had considerable mitigation in the fact that it deprived them of the presence of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot. The Master of Halcombe and his brother-in-law were always what is vulgarly termed inseparables, but when the former was out of sorts in any way, the latter stuck to him like his shadow. He had read prayers at Sir Robert's request—in the baronet's eyes none was so fit for High Priest of any Household—but on the conclusion of that ceremony he had at once withdrawn himself through the double doors to join his friend. And the breakfast was not a less cheerful meal to the rest in consequence.

I am afraid this happens from the withdrawal of any especially wise and good personage from most companies. It is felt that in his presence ordinary observations are too frivolous; when we speak to him it is like dropping words into an ear-trumpet, something of unusual weight and value seems to be expected, and any trifles addressed to others are uttered in a low tone lest they should offend his venerable ear.

To hear the animated cackle that broke out upon all sides that morning

when he left the room, was to be reminded of the birth of day,—the chief topic being naturally the new arrival for whom the 'break' was to be sent that morning to Archester. It was a vehicle that had taken one 'side' of a cricket match in its time, beside lookers-on, and was of a capacity practically without limit. The only question was who chose to go. 'Milly will, of course, make one,' observed Gresham, gravely.

'Why so?' inquired Lady Arden, whose good nature always caused her to take jokes in good part, but whose intelligence was of that exacting character that requires to have jokes explained to it; and even to be informed when a joke is intended.

'You may well ask, Mamma,' said Milly, tossing her pretty head. 'I am sure I don't know why I should go to see Mr. Mayne more than anybody else.'

'I have been indiscreet,' said Gresham, with a look round the table that drew a smile even from the unhappy Frank.

'You have been very impertinent, sir,' retorted Milly; 'and if I took the same miserable pleasure in poking stupid jokes at people, as you do, I could make you in your turn very uncomfortable.'

All the indignation of sixteen was flushing poor Milly's cheeks.

For the moment Gresham flushed too. Was it possible that she suspected something of his attachment to Elise, and was thus alluding to it? Conscience makes cowards of us all. Her next words, however, relieved his fears.

'I think it very ungrateful of you,' she continued, 'after my being the cause of Mr. Mayne's——' Here she stopped, alarmed at her own indiscretion; she had not intended to have made any allusion to Gresham's sending the telegram; but her wrath had blinded her.

'The cause of Mr. Mayne's what?' inquired Evelyn, merrily.

'His coming,' exclaimed Gresham, gravely.

'Well, yes, his coming, you know all about that,' exclaimed Milly, with despatch.

'I don't know, I only guess,' answered that young gentleman. 'The fact is, I was so foolish as to show Milly his photograph.'

'You did not,' shrieked injured innocence.

'No; I am wrong. She found it for herself in my——' Where she found it Mr. Gresham was not permitted to explain, for Milly had risen from her chair, intent on vengeance, and he fled before her round the table till called to order by Lady Arden's voice.

'What a child you are, George! You will make Milly more of a hoyden than she is by nature.'

It was, perhaps, a somewhat indecorous scene judged by the cold conventions of the breakfast table; yet to see this handsome young fellow, with his feigned face of fear, pursued by a Grace in guise of a Fury, disturbed Evelyn's gentle gravity, lit up Elise's Teuton face with mirth, made even Frankie forget for a moment the Damocles sword suspended over him, and so delighted the Great Baba (who always took his morning meal in public like some early King) that he rapped upon the table with his egg-spoon, crying, 'More, more,' his method of demanding an encore of anything that pleased him, from a thunder clap to currant jelly.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON THE OTHER SIDE.

ON the other side of the double doors a very different breakfast scene was being enacted. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot was what 'liberal shepherds' would term a 'heavy feeder,' though this was understood by his intimates to arise not from gross appetite

but from the necessity all nervously organised temperaments are under to be well nourished. He could tackle kidneys, and even mutton chops at the morning meal; he took as many eggs as go to make an ordinary omelette; and was partial to honey in his tea. Sir Robert watched the performance of these feats with languid admiration; he guessed what the wear and tear of his friend's constitution must be, under its peculiar spiritual conditions, and bowed to circumstances; he sipped his coffee, and waited until the oracle should be in a fit state for consultation.

'Now tell me all about it, Arden,' said his companion, when he had arrived at the last stage of his repast, and was toying with his toast and marmalade. 'There was no visible manifestation, surely!'

'No, thank Heaven; not, indeed, that I ought to shrink even from that; my Madeline, it is certain, would never harm me.'

'Of course not. She must needs mean well, whatever causes her to seek your presence—if she does seek it.'

'Ferdinand, how can you doubt it?' exclaimed Sir Robert, reproachfully. 'You of all men!'

'I do not doubt, Arden; but I keep my mind open; I will not deliver it over, tied and bound, to any power whether in this world or the other. I am not fully persuaded even of certain things that have happened to myself. Perhaps I am by nature sceptical.'

'You must be so, indeed, to doubt what you yourself have witnessed.'

A look of annoyance crossed Mr. Walcot's features. 'I sometimes repent, Arden, of having made you my confidante. You make too much of these experiences. The judicial faculty is the one most of all essential in such matters; without that a man may become the blindest instruments of unknown powers. Now tell me about yourself. When did this manifestation happen to you, or seem to happen?'

'Last night, at about the midnight hour. I was sitting here alone, with my mind engaged with material matters——'

'What matters?' put in the other quietly. 'It is necessary to understand exactly in what groove your thoughts were moving.'

'I was making my will.'

Walcot bowed his head; his face was impassive as marble; but if the Great Baba had been under the table (a favourite haunt and fastness of his) his quick eye would have noticed 'Uncle Ferdy's' hand clutch the arm of his chair. 'That is an occupation,' he observed, 'which leads men to think of Death—the Future.'

'I was thinking of nothing of the kind, Walcot; my mind was fixed on business matters—or the claims of duty—and of friendship,' he added with significance.

Mr. Walcot smiled and sighed.

He did not pretend to be ignorant of his friend's kind intentions; they were gratifying to his feelings; but he had long entertained the conviction—and had expressed it to his companion—that he should meet with an early death. Those whom the gods love—and especially those on whom they confer such unwonted privileges—die young.

'I was thinking of stock and share, of land and tenements,' continued Sir Robert, gravely, 'when I suddenly became aware of my lost Madeline's presence.'

'Her presence?'

'Yes; not in the room, indeed, but close at hand. Did I not tell you that, when I was in my old study at the Grange, and did not wish to be disturbed, that a signal was agreed upon between my dear wife and me? She would knock three times with the flat of her hand upon the door, to let me know that she, and she only, wished to see me.'

'No, you never told me. Well?'

'This peculiar signal was given to me upon yonder window.'

'The ear, as I have said, is easily deceived,' observed Walcot. 'The wind——'

'The night was still as death,' interposed Sir Robert, solemnly; 'and all the household had retired, I am quite sure I was not deceived.'

'Well, you opened the shutters, of course?'

'I? No, I dared not, without some invitation more direct. I threw down my pen and listened attentively. Then I heard a voice that I loved singing a song that I knew. Hush! (for Mr. Walcot had been about to interrupt) let me tell you how it was from first to last. Years ago, ere dearest Madeline betrayed any signs of that disease which snatched her from me, and when, I, alas, was young, I was a poet. You smile. Let me say that I thought myself one. I made verses, at all events, and some of them had sufficient merit to induce my darling to set them to music. I could not rhyme now, even though the guerdon promised were to see her sweet face once more; but in those days so it was. The poem that was the chief favourite with us both was one upon the various callings of mankind; the husbandman, the merchant, the soldier, and so forth. I am afraid I weary you, but this explanation is necessary.'

'Not at all,' answered his companion, softly; 'I am more interested than I dare to confess. You wrote a poem on the callings of mankind; Horace wrote a sketch of them, likewise.'

'I remember; but in this I described the thoughts of a young man, when various roads in life are presented to his view for his choice. He recites one after the other:

This yeoman's life is but a sleep

(He says)

And mine shall not be,
I would up through the dark and leap,
Not crawl where I could see.

And again,

This merchant's brows are lined

He says,

As his ledgers be,
And he shudders more with every wind
Than his tall ships at sea.

At last he chooses the military calling.

Swift-handed, firm-eyed underneath
Brows which black Care doth flee,
In life well, but best in the Death,
The soldier (he says) for me.

And this is the description of "The Soldier," which many a time I have heard my darling sing:

Merrily clash the cymbals twain
With an exultant note,
Stirring sounds doth the trumpet rain
Adown its brazen throat;

Freshly fieth the pennant fair
From the good lance's head;
The stirrup's clank is blythe to hear,
Blythe is the charger's tread.

Fierce and clear is the scabbard's ring,
With the sharp sword for guest;
But the whirl of the downward swing
Of that blue blade is best.

And the tramp of a thousand steeds
In thunder and cloud,
When the earth is shaken and bleeds,
Maketh a man's heart proud.

More proud than mere words ever said
Or songs ever sung!
And proudest the hearts fever-fed
Of the brave and the young.

'That is noble verse,' observed Mr. Walcot, approvingly; 'I had no idea that you had such poetry in you—the true ring.'

Sir Robert sat with his eyes fixed thoughtfully before him, as though he were listening to such tones as the poet tells us are sweeter than 'heard melodies.'

The bard must be rapt, indeed, who takes no notice of a compliment to his own muse.

'Well, you heard a voice, which seemed like Madeline's voice,' continued Walcot, in an earnest but philosophical tone, such as befits some disinterested judicial functionary engaged in the dissection of evidence—'and it sang this ballad?'

'It was Madeline's voice; I say not "seems,"' answered Sir Robert, emphatically.

'Voices can imitate voices, my good friend; there is a door in yonder wall

which communicates with the outside world.'

'Tush, Ferdinand, you are wasting time. Does not even the bird know the song of her mate? But apart from that there were the *words*: my words. She was wont to sing them to me alone. No living eye has ever seen them, save my own, no living ear has ever heard them. You yourself even, for example, were ignorant that I had ever written a line of poetry. Is it not so?'

Mr. Walcot bowed his head.

'There is a homely proverb, Arden, which you will pardon me for quoting; the importance of these things is so tremendous. "As the fool thinks so the bell tinks." In other words the imagination will sometimes mislead the more material senses. Do you not think that you may have supplied the sense to this singer's song?'

'No; every word of the ballad was as distinct and clear as I have given it.'

'And is there no copy of this ballad in your possession, which by any accident—or otherwise—may have fallen into other hands?'

Sir Robert hesitated. 'There was one once; but it never left my desk, and has long since been destroyed. It is not humanly possible that it could have been made use of as you suggest.'

Mr. Walcot rose from his seat and began to pace the room. His broad brow was furrowed with thought. 'Not humanly possible,' he repeated. 'It is most true that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy. Arden, I dare not take it upon myself to advise you in this matter; scarcely even to give you comfort.'

The speaker's voice was tremulous; his face was pale and grave; if he had been a less logical and sagacious character one would almost have said, as one listened and looked at him, 'That man is awe-stricken.'

'Good heavens! what do you mean?' inquired the other; he, too, rose from

his seat, and made as if he would have joined his friend, but his limbs refused their office. He sat down again, pale and trembling; then, in a tone of piteous entreaty, he cried, 'you will not desert me, Ferdinand?'

'Desert you, my friend? Never. No power whether in this world or the next can compel me to do that.'

He drew near and held out his hand, which Sir Robert seized with eagerness and clung to as a drowning man clutches and clings to a floating spar.

'I am yours, Arden, under all circumstances; but I am compelled to tell you that our relations have in one respect undergone a change. Hitherto it has been your custom to regard me, with reference to certain matters, as an exceptionally favoured (though, alas, undeserving) being.'

'Not undeserving, do not say that, Ferdinand,' interposed the other, deeply moved.

'No matter; that may be so or not; these gifts fall like the sunshine and the rain upon good and bad alike—though, it is true, I have witnessed things which I hardly think could have been vouchsafed to any one intrinsically wicked; but what are these, as compared with such an experience as you have just described to me? Robert Arden you have become a link between earth and heaven. I have long suspected it; I have long seen you unconsciously fitting yourself—by purity, by unselfishness, by guileless trust and confidence—for that high but inscrutable office; and you have now, as I believe, attained it. You will bear me witness how I have struggled against this conviction; how I have disputed every inch of ground with you—affecting even an impious scepticism rather than encourage you to hope, where hope might have borne no fruit. But I contend no more against the will of Fate. You are henceforth my master.

'Nay, Ferdinand; say not so. I am weak and fearful, while you are

strong and firm. It is to you that I must ever look for counsel.'

'No, not to me, but higher. There are others who have now taken it in hand to guide you—to direct your every action.'

'But they have said nothing. I only feel that they are about me; that I am in their presence, though I see them not.'

'Even that may come,' answered Walcot, solemnly.

'Do you think then that I shall see her?'

'I do.'

There was a long pause. Sir Robert was greatly agitated. 'I feel myself unworthy of this function, Ferdinand, if, indeed, I am called to use it. Fondly as I love that dear departed spirit, I fear—judging from my feelings of yesternight, produced by the mere tones of her voice—that I should be like one blinded with excess of light.'

'Tush; no greatness of this kind is thrust upon us mortals more than we can bear. Besides, your mission is only to hear and to obey. As you value your spiritual existence fail not in that obedience.'

'I will not fail, Ferdinand, at least in will; but I am distrustful of my own powers.'

'That is the very condition which is most welcome to our spiritual visitants,' answered the other, promptly. 'They never impose upon us a task too heavy for our hands. It is often, indeed, judged by the common standard, a simple and material act; scarcely ever of a nature such as we have pre-conceived.'

'Her wishes shall be fulfilled, Ferdinand, whatever they may be,' answered Arden, solemnly.

It was curious that while the one dealt in generalities, and spoke of 'they' or 'it' the other seemed to have but one thought; all his spiritual ideas were in connection with his Madeline.

'Now, Arden, you must smooth that brow of care,' said Walcot, ear-

nestly; 'remember that no living being about us has any sympathy with the matters about which we have been discoursing; to drop a hint of them would only arouse contempt and ridicule.'

'Ridicule of my love for Madeline! They *dare* not!' exclaimed Sir Robert, passionately.

'You misunderstand me,' answered the other, quietly; 'they respect your sorrows and your loss, no doubt. But to their gross faculties the dead are dead. We are told not to give such persons occasion to blaspheme. There are young and thoughtless folks in the house, and there is a stranger coming, one of Gresham's friends, and probably of a like frivolous character.'

'I remember, and I regret it. I would have wished just now to be quite alone, save for you, Ferdinand; to be removed from external influences as much as possible.'

'Doubtless it would have been better so; but, as it is, you must strive to forget what happened last night—what may happen this night. We are not put in the world to mope and dream like visionaries. There is a time for all things.'

'You are right, as you always are, Ferdinand. I will play the host, I will act the man. I will not give way to depression. Help me to put my coat on;—let us go out into the morning air.'

CHAPTER XVII.

FERDINAND WALCOT'S FIRST WOOING.

THE poet who tells us that Black Care sits behind the Horseman tells only a half-truth. Commentators have strangely missed this point; some have conjectured that the Poet was not a good equestrian, and was always alarmed when 'outside' his beast; and perhaps the 'common sense of most' has rejected this theory too contemptuously; Englishmen do not

take into account that the Latins were bad riders. Others again have aptly pointed out that the image of the Poet is meant to typify persons of exalted position in life, who have nevertheless their own little troubles; others have contended that it suggests, however fast we travel, we cannot escape our regrets. None, however, have chanced to hit the blot in the Poet's statement; we have called it, out of delicacy and reverence for the classics, a half-truth; but the fact is that Black Care does not generally sit behind the Horseman; but locates itself *before* him—on the pommel. It is the Future, and not the past, concerning which mortals, for the most part, have their apprehensions, though it is true, on the other hand, that some people have reason to be afraid of both.

Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, as we have seen, was seated pretty firmly on his steed; a high horse, too, and a good stepper. Still he was not exempt from the common lot. He had certain burthens on his mind. The road of life was broad before him (it had begun narrowly), and there seemed few impediments, but it was necessary for him to keep a sharp look-out.

It was his habit to make a daily tour of inspection of the grounds about the Hall, and of the Farm, lest there should be anything amiss; and if there was so, it was seldom that his quick eye failed to discover it. The heads of departments made their several reports to him, as though he were their master, indeed with much greater particularity and adherence to truth than they would have done in the case of Sir Robert himself. The deputy has generally this immense advantage, that he cannot be appealed to on his sentimental side; his answer is ready, 'I have only to act in my employer's interest;' but Mr. Walcot had no necessity to shelter himself under this plea. No one dreamt of softening him—of getting him to forgive a lapse of duty—by an appeal *ad*

misericordiam. They knew him too well, though some knew that there were other ways of getting their offences pardoned, no, not pardoned, kept out of sight and secure from exposure—for the present. This class made reports to him of a somewhat different character from the others; they were of a more private nature, and to say truth had something of 'secret service' belonging to them.

On the day of the interview which we have described between Sir Robert and Mr. Walcot, Gilbert Holm had a word to say to the latter, not strictly in connection with live or dead stock, which was not, however, volunteered. The young farmer had strayed, as we know, from the path of honesty; but the offence in which he had been detected (some people have *such* ill-luck) has been his first one; in spite of that deficit in the hay-rick, and the commission in cows (which was, after all, a colourable transaction), he was not a rogue in grain, but only a man without firmness and principle. He had slipped, like many a weak fool before him, upon 'the Turf,' where, in trying to make a fortune, he had lost a competence; but he was neither a sneak nor a villain. There were some persons under Mr. Walcot's protection (*i.e.*, thumb) who were always eager to curry favour with him by telling stories against their neighbours, but Holm was not one of this class. He did not pretend to look pleased when his Master and Tyrant looked in at the Farm that morning, and observed that there was a smell of spirits in the parlour.

'You have been drinking again, Gilbert—don't deny it.'

'I wasn't agoing to deny it, sir,' answered the other, gloomily, 'but when a man's down on his luck, and has been harshly treated—'

'Harshly treated?' interrupted Walcot. 'What do you mean? Why you might have been flung in a—'

'Hush, sir, for heaven's sake; there's

folk in the kitchen,' cried Holm, appealingly. 'When I say harsh, I mean it's hard to feel that one's very soul is not one's own, because one has tripped just once.'

'It was unfortunate certainly to be found out in one's first fault,' observed the other contemptuously.

It was a weakness in Walcot, not only to despise his instruments but to let them see that he despised them; perhaps it was done in compensation for the somewhat sycophantic part he had to play with Sir Robert.

'How are things going at the Farm? Have you anything to tell me?'

'Nothing, sir.'

'You lie. Something has gone wrong, I am certain. Gilbert Holm, if you ever dare to deceive me, I'll ——' He lifted his heel, and set it down on the floor significantly.

'There is nothing wrong at the Farm,' answered the other, doggedly, 'nor wrong at all as I know of. But you told me to tell you everything that took place out of the common and it was out of the common for Lady Arden to come down here yesterday to visit Mr. Dyneley.'

'So it was Holm; you are quite right to mention it,' answered Mr. Walcot, gently. 'So her ladyship came to call on the Curate, did she? Well, as you say, there was nothing wrong, let us hope, in that. Was she long here?'

'A matter of more than an hour.'

'And what did they talk about? I mean so far as you can guess of course.'

'Well, I did hear as she went out, a word dropped about Master Frank. I think she came to consult Mr. Dyneley about his going to school, and that. There is no doubt he goes about half broken-hearted, and very different from what he used to be, cause o' Jem Groad.'

Mr. Walcot did not seem to hear the latter observation. 'Mr. Dyneley had better mind his own business,' observed he, meaningly.

'Very good, sir; shall I tell him that?'

'Tell him what? You fool, that was neither for his ears nor yours. Watch him—dog him—glean all you can hear about him in the parish. Do you hear?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then also heed.'

With a muttered curse, Ferdinand Walcot turned upon his heel, and strode away.

'So the maternal suspicions are aroused, and she is going elsewhere for counsel,' he murmured to himself; 'I must look to this. That Holm is not to be trusted. Young Gresham dares to flout me—though his pride will have a speedy fall. The girl Hurt was a godsend to me, but she knows it, and is therefore dangerous. I must make a clean sweep. The question is—Shall it be before or after I have carried off the king? I think I am sure of him. I have flattered him to the top of his bent, and there needs but one bold stroke. It must be struck soon, I feel. Rebellion lifts its head. Why did not the waves finish their work with Gresham and the girl? My good star deserted me there, "the spirits"—here he laughed aloud—forgot to aid me. And yet that would have brought me no nearer to my haven. It is Dyneley, the meek-faced curate, who stands in my path, not Gresham. What blind moles men are, ay, and women too, whom fools compare with lynxes. Lady Arden seeks advice of him. "A-matter of more than an hour" were the sot's words; they must have talked of other things besides Frank. I thought I saw coldness in her manner this morning. She shall pay for that. So shall they all save one. Ah, Evelyn?'

As he stepped from the shrubbery that hid the farm buildings on to the lawn he had come suddenly upon her, booted and furred, in a scarlet mantle, and with a basket in her hand, bound probably on some charitable errand to the village.

'How you frightened me, Mr. Walcot!' exclaimed she with a touch of irritation.

'I crave your pardon, though you startled me in your turn; I thought you were Red Riding Hood.'

'Well, fancy her feelings when she met the wolf,' said Evelyn, laughing, 'then you will pity mine.'

'I don't remember that she had any repugnance to the wolf, Miss Evy, when she met him.'

'True; but she had afterwards, when she found him out.'

'Found him out?'

The colour rushed to Walcot's face as he echoed these words; it seemed to him for the moment that this young girl must have been listening to his late soliloquy in the shrubbery; though even in that there had been no menace to herself.

The simple fact was that Evelyn, like any other young person of her sex, had, wishing to punish, used the first cutting words that came to hand. A glance at her face reassured him.

'I hope, the more you "find out," as you term it, of me, Evelyn,' said he gravely; 'the less you would have cause to feel repugnance.'

'Of course I was only joking, Mr. Walcot.'

'I hope so; but sometimes you act towards me with such cruelty that the words you have just employed seem hardly out of place.'

'Cruelty?' she stopped amazed, and stared at him. He moved, however, slowly on, and it was significant of the authority he exercised over her—even when she would have resented it—that she moved with him.

'Of course you did not mean to be cruel, Evelyn.'

You whose sweet blue eyes
Grow tender over drowning flies

would willingly hurt no one's feelings. Yet you hurt mine sometimes.'

Evelyn was silent; she felt very uncomfortable. She would have given much to be relieved from this *tête-à-*

tête, the end of which she had a presentiment had by no means arrived. But all the family, except Sir Robert, were from home. Lady Arden herself had taken a seat in the break, thinking that her neuralgia—for that was her leading disorder for the present—would be benefited by a drive over the moor. Even the Great Baba was at that moment graciously expressing his approbation of the works of Nature, as viewed from that vehicle. Evelyn, too, would have gone, but for a promise she had given to read to a sick girl in the village.

'I cannot think how I could have hurt your feelings, Mr. Walcot,' she answered vaguely.

'I dare say not; but with me it is very different. I am always thinking of yours; and when there is any slight put upon you, I am filled with indignation.'

'I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Walcot; but I am not aware that anybody does put slights upon me.'

'Then you must be blind, indeed.'

She stopped again; and this time he stopped too. They were half-way down the avenue, beyond which he did not wish their walk together to extend, and he had not yet had his say.

'Blind, Mr. Walcot? What do you mean?'

'I mean that the man to whom you are—or at least to whom common report, and the fixed intentions of your stepfather has assigned you—is carrying on a flirtation with your governess under your own roof; I could almost say under your own eyes.'

Evelyn turned scarlet; silent for a moment, she presently broke forth with 'you talk of slights, Mr. Walcot; but this is an impertinence?'

'Nay, pardon me. It is most pertinent both to your own interests and those of all concerned. Am I to understand that you do not credit what I say, or that you are already aware of Mr. Gresham's faithlessness, and have forgiven it?'

'I am aware that he loves Miss Hurt, sir.'

'I concluded as much,' answered Walcot gravely; 'and however much his own conduct is to be deprecated, I am rejoiced to find that it has not cost you a pang. Sir Robert, however, I need not say, takes a very different view of the matter.'

'Does papa know of it, then?' inquired Evelyn anxiously; her solicitude upon Gresham's account throwing her for the moment off her guard.

'He suspects there is something wrong, and resents—exceedingly resents—the duplicity his nephew has practised. He has more than once consulted me on the matter, Evelyn; and really I scarce knew how to advise him. I must confess that indignation on your account has prompted me to acquiesce in the severest measures; but if the young man's conduct has not displeased you, and if you wish him to be dealt with less in justice than in mercy, so far as my influence goes you may of course command it. Otherwise—so great is Sir Robert's displeasure—that it is probable that a branch will be lopped off the family tree.'

'What *do* you mean?' inquired Evelyn, greatly moved. 'That George will be disinherited?'

Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders. 'I only know that Sir Robert was making his will last night; with the contents of it I am, of course, unacquainted; but it was the disturbance of his mind in consequence of it that has made him ill.'

'Oh, Mr. Walcot, I know you do not like him; but I entreat you—I implore you—to spare poor George.'

'To spare him, Evelyn? You speak as if I had been adding fuel to his uncle's indignation. As to liking him—how could I do otherwise than despise the man—who having (as I thought) the greatest blessing which earth could grant within his reach, could contemptuously spurn it. I was wrong, it seems, in this particular:

you never loved him and he knew it.'

'I have loved him as a brother; but as a brother only.'

'Just so; and as his sister, you would wish to shield him from the consequences of his own duplicity. For your sake I will do my best for him. If he were the greatest scoundrel on earth, Evelyn; and though duty, honour, conscience, all combined within me to demand his punishment, I should do my best for him—for your sake.'

'You are very good, Mr. Walcot; but—'

She hesitated; she felt somehow that she was laying herself under an obligation, not indeed unjustifiable, but which might demand some reciprocity that it was out of her power to grant.

'No, I am not good, Evelyn,' answered her companion, gravely; 'or at least not half good enough for the object I have in view.'

And he looked at her with tenderness—a genuine tenderness—that froze the blood in her veins. She felt unequal to reply to him, and yet of what a monstrous nature seemed the consent for which her silence might be taken.

'Your words to me this day, dear Evelyn,' he went on, 'have taken from my heart a load, the existence of which you little guess; of which I have not dared hitherto to breathe a syllable; but now the time is come! You have just confessed to me that the obstacle to my happiness, which I deemed insuperable, has no existence; that, in a word, you are heart whole. It is so, is it not?'

'I—you—Mr. Walcot! You have no right to catechise me thus,' she stammered.

'Nay, every man has the right to ask the question upon which hinges his hopes of happiness. You may say it is mere audacity in my case: I admit it. "Love turns even the coward's heart to steel;" and I am no coward.

If your affections are elsewhere engaged—as I once believed them to be—that is another matter; if they are not? I understand you to say that at least you have formed no other engagement? Good. Then I have the right to say, “I love you, Evelyn.”

‘You have no right whatever so to do,’ answered Evelyn, haughtily. ‘I am sure that if Papa was aware of your having done so, he would be very angry.’

‘No doubt he would, because he believes you to be engaged to his nephew. He feels, as I did, indignant with him, mainly upon your account, though also vexed—and justly so—with the disregard that has been paid to his own wishes. If, however, you wish me to disclose to him the real state of the case, I will do so; and in that case I should not despair of gaining his consent to say to you what I have just ventured to say.’

‘You might say it a thousand times, Mr. Walcot,’ answered Evelyn, firmly; ‘I should only have one answer to give you—in the negative.’

‘You think so now, and very naturally. I am not a young man, it is true, nor formed, perhaps, by Nature to please a young girl’s eye; but when you come to know me better as a free man—I mean as one who finds himself for the first time at liberty to manifest his heart’s devotion—you will think better of me. Again, I am a poor man; to you I doubtless seem but a poor dependent upon the bounty of your stepfather. But this is not quite so. I would never ask you to link yourself to poverty, for that, in your case—with your tastes and habits, and organization so rare and delicate—would be an ill-assorted match indeed. I have talents, of which I will not boast; let it suffice to say that they will procure me, whenever I choose to exert them, much more than a competence. When I next venture to appeal to you, Evelyn, it will be as a rich man, and with your stepfather’s full consent.’

‘You may save yourself that trouble, Mr. Walcot,’ she answered, coldly. ‘Riches will never win a true woman’s heart, believe me.’

‘That is true, but they will smooth the way to win it. Take your own mother’s case: can any one be a happier wife than she is? more loved, more respected; and yet it would be mere affectation to deny that Sir Robert’s wealth smoothed his way to her.’

‘This is ungenerous — ungentlemanly.’

‘It is the plain truth, Evelyn, and you know it. Of course there are certain sympathetic elements wanting which renders the union less perfect than it might be; I flatter myself that it would not be so in our case. I have studied your character for years; it is infinitely superior to my own, but I shall grow to it. My faults are many, but I shall redeem them. You look incredulous; but strength of will is one of my few virtues.’

‘I do not doubt that,’ Evelyn flashed out with a significance that was almost fierce in its intensity.

‘And you are right,’ he answered, calmly. ‘When I have set my heart upon a thing, it is always accomplished; some things are more difficult than others, but it is only a question of time.’

Evelyn shuddered. A momentary smile crossed Mr. Walcot’s lips; it seemed to the fowler that the struggling bird already felt itself enmeshed.

‘Your confidence in your own powers is for once misplaced, Mr. Walcot,’ answered the girl, in trembling tones. ‘I can never love you, as you wish, and I only fear you upon another’s account, not on my own.’

‘I should hope not, Evelyn. I wish you not to fear, but to pity me. I will not importune you further; much less will I take your thoughtless “No” as the result of mature reflection. I should continue to love you more than all the world beside as long as I lived, even if my devotion bore no fruit; but

it will bear fruit. You will be mine some day, and will never regret, I may not say "your choice"—then I will say "Your Fate."

Evelyn stood like one turned to stone; the quiet firmness of the man's words, delivered not only with consciousness of strength, but the full force of conviction, appalled her. He seemed less like an unwelcome lover making his appeal than a soothsayer foretelling her doom.

'For the present, Evelyn,' he added, 'I will say no more. We shall, I conclude, each keep our own counsel; you for another's sake (not mine, I know), and I for yours. May all good angels guide and guard you.'

A groom was coming through the gates whose approach he had doubtless observed, and calculated to a nicety; at all events, there was no time for his companion to reply to him. He lifted his hat, and moved slowly towards the Hall, while she went on on her way half dazed and stunned. She was conscious that she had been far from ready in her replies to him; though she had certainly given him not the slightest ground for his monstrous confidence. But their contest had not been on equal terms; she had been, as Mr. Gilbert Holm would have technically expressed it, 'heavily handi-

capped' on account of certain previous performances; especially her supposed engagement to Gresham. If she had set Walcot at defiance, as her feelings had prompted her to do, it was plain that she would have ruined George. The unexpectedness of Walcot's appeal had also prevented her from exercising her judgment; but she now remembered many little circumstances—mostly mere peculiarities in his tone and manner of late—which had now their full significance, and might have put her on her guard. But what alarmed her most was the openness of Walcot's avowal, upon which she felt quite sure he would never have ventured had he not secured himself from all danger from without. It was terrible to be silent on such a matter, because, though the man knew the necessity for her silence, it seemed to be almost affording encouragement to him. She had said that she did not fear him on her own account; but this was scarcely true; for she felt an absolute terror of his power and persistency. Yet, whatever his confidence in the result, hers was still more fixed. If there had not been another man in the world save Ferdinand Walcot, she would rather have died than marry him—and there *was* another man.

(*To be continued.*)

THE CANADA PACIFIC RAILWAY AND IMPERIAL CONFEDERATION.

A REPLY.

BY ROSWELL FISHER.

THE immediate or early construction of the Canada Pacific Railway is a question of such vital importance to the country that any arguments affecting it can hardly be unworthy of attention, and, therefore, I trust a very short criticism of the article on that subject, by Mr. Whitman, in a recent issue of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*, may not prove uninteresting or profitless. Mr. Whitman's main argument seems to be that Great Britain should, in her own interests, both directly and indirectly aid at once in building the Canada Pacific Railway; and he further considers that the first step necessary to such action on her part is the strengthening of the present political relationship of Canada and Great Britain by some form of federation. In the present article I purposed shortly to criticize the validity of the writer's main argument, and also some of the assertions and conclusions advanced in support of the feasibility of Imperial Federation.

The pretension that Great Britain should, in her own interests, build the Pacific Railway, seems to be founded on the fact that that country draws the greater part of her foreign food-supply from the United States of America and Russia, and that, therefore, if she were at war with one of these powers, this food-supply would be seriously interfered with, but in the possible case of a war with both at once, the Canada Pacific Railway would be necessary to save her from starvation.

Now, it is no doubt true that Great

Britain is becoming more and more dependent on her foreign food-supply, and also that so far the greater portion of that supply is drawn from the United States of America and Russia; but the conclusion drawn therefrom is, as I think can be easily shown, founded on a complete misapprehension of the conditions of modern commerce. Let us suppose that Great Britain is at war both with Russia and the United States of America. Would she be unable to buy of them her necessary food-supply? Only in one of three cases: If those powers were able to blockade Great Britain, or if Great Britain was able to blockade *both* those powers, or if they prohibited all export of grain to any countries whatsoever. As, however, Mr. Whitman does not seemingly contemplate either of the former cases, we may leave them out of the question as too improbable; nor can much importance be attached to the third, because it would obviously be greatly to the interest both of the United States of America and Russia to sell their surplus wheat at the best price to furnish them with the money to carry on so costly a contest.

As Mr. Whitman is not alone in his misapprehension in regard to this question, it may be well to point out how the wheat supply of Great Britain would be affected by such a war. In all probability her enemies would try and fit out a great fleet of cruisers to prey upon her commerce, in which case she would sustain a heavy loss in being obliged to sell her commercial navy,

to Germany, Holland, and Scandinavia. This cheaply acquired marine would then at once be employed by its new owners in transporting American and Russian wheat to Great Britain, who would thus draw her food supply, at a somewhat higher rate than usual, from these countries without in the least feeling the need of the Pacific and the North-West as feeders. The fact is, that under the conditions which govern modern commerce, any nation not blockaded can, if she have the money, buy any products of her enemy. Does any one suppose, for instance, that Cettewayo could not, if he has the money, buy to-day as many rifles and as much ammunition as he wants in Birmingham with which to slay the manufacturers' countrymen?

I confess I should much like to see the faces of the Chancellor of the Exchequer and of some great British Capitalist, on Mr. Whitman's gravely proposing to them to build the Canada Pacific Railway, at a cost of indefinite millions of pounds, as an insurance against wholesale British starvation, in the *possible* event of an Americo-Russian war. Mr. Whitman, however, further advises Great Britain to build the Canada Pacific Railway, in order to strengthen her hold on British Columbia, now threatened by Russian demonstrations at various points, the nearest of which he states to be fifteen days' distance by steam. Unless, indeed, the Pacific is to carry ironclads by express, I fail to see how it will strengthen Great Britain on the Pacific. Surely it would be cheaper to rival at Victoria the threatened Russian preparations, four or five thousand miles off, than to build a railway for the conveyance of defensive supplies, which, so long as Great Britain has command of the sea, will not be needed; and, so soon as she loses such command, will not be forthcoming.

Having, I think, shown that Mr. Whitman's main argument is founded on a too common ignorance of the con-

ditions of modern commerce, and that Great Britain's possession of British Columbia depends not on the Pacific Railway, but on her command of the sea, it hardly seems probable that the Government and people of Great Britain are likely to build that railway in their own direct interests.

Without entering on the whole question of the practicability of an Imperial Federation which I dealt with in an article on that question in the October, 1875, number of the *CANADIAN MONTHLY*; it may be worth while to consider some of the assertions and arguments put forward in the article under review.

Mr. Whitman opens his argument on this point, by assuming, what I fancy no one denies, that our present relations with the mother country present no features of finality, and that, therefore, it would be unwise to defer the final settlement of this question, more especially in view of the further fact, 'that the great preponderating opinion of both the mother country and the colonies is now so strongly in favour of a closer union.'

Now the truth of this further fact I make bold to challenge, more especially in regard to Great Britain, for so far as a tolerably intimate acquaintance with that country gives one a right to speak, I can safely say that the great mass of the people of Great Britain cannot, even to-day, be got to realize that Canada is not a part of the United States of America, and in regard to the colonies in general, even so ardent an advocate as Sir Julius Vogel is obliged in an article, in I think, the *Nineteenth Century*, to acknowledge that the public mind of Great Britain is a blank. How, so long as this is true of the people of Great Britain, it can be held as a fact, that public opinion is in favour of a closer union, I fail to understand. Nor do I acknowledge that there is any great public opinion in Canada, in favour of taking any action in the matter, and even if there was, it would be of no

consequence, so long as the great majority in Great Britain take no interest in the question.

It is true, however, as Mr. Whitman says, that to-day there is in Great Britain less inclination to get rid of the colonies than there was some years ago. This feeling is, I believe, owing mainly to two facts, first, that the self-governing colonies have ceased to be any financial burden on the Home Government, and secondly, to the new born love of prestige, which for good or ill has lately taken great hold on perhaps the majority in Great Britain. So long as the great colonies, costing the mother country nothing, add, in the eyes of the world, to her political prestige, there is no desire to cast them off; but on the other hand, this feeling is no evidence of any idea of admitting them to an active share in the government of the Empire,—that is, of its Indian and foreign policy—nor do the utterances of Lord Beaconsfield on the policy of Great Britain towards the colonies, which Mr. Whitman quotes, and to which he evidently attaches great and definite weight, seem to me to go far towards showing any true comprehension of the question, on the part even of that important individual. Lord Beaconsfield is quoted as being in favour of so uniting the Colonies to the Empire, that they should, in return for protection, give Great Britain active political and commercial support, to the extent, it is to be presumed, of taxing themselves, in men and money, to uphold the military power of Great Britain, and arranging their tariffs with a view of discriminating in favour of that country, and their sister colonies. The noble leader of the Conservatives is further quoted as suggesting that Great Britain should develop and consolidate the colonial empire, and assimilate not only their interests but their sympathies to the mother country, etc., and this is held up as the skeleton of the British Premier's plan for Federation. It will be somewhat difficult, I am afraid, to clothe so fragile

a frame with substantial flesh. As further evidence of the loyalty which must exist, to render such Federation practicable, we are reminded that last year the Indian troops were quite ready to be led against Russia, and also that thousands of Canadians were eager to volunteer for the same end. Doubtless this is true, but unless history is very misleading, this fact does not prove either the loyalty of the Indians or of our people. Indeed there are not a few eminent Anglo-Indians who live in expectation of another mutiny, but who believe the best way to prevent any such outbreak, is to employ the army in fighting England's enemies, rather than give it a chance to attack herself. It is probable that the Indians would be as ready to fight on the side of Russia to-morrow, as on that of Great Britain to-day, if Russia should succeed in beating the latter power out of India. Nor is the fact of many Canadians being willing to fight for Great Britain of any great value. There were a great many of our countrymen who fought in the American civil war. If, however, a resolution should be proposed and carried at Ottawa, that we should at our own expense equip a Corps d'Armée, to be employed by Great Britain as she should deem best in the interests of the Empire, we should then possess an unanswerable proof of Canadian loyalty.

I must also demur to the assertion that the Confederation of Canada and the proposed Confederation of the South African and Australian colonies, has been regarded in Great Britain as a step towards a larger federation; on the contrary, and most certainly in our own case, these colonial federations were looked upon as the first steps to separation and independence of the various colonial groups.

Before leaving this part of the argument, it may be well to remark, in regard to the pretension that a joint declaration that Canada is, and shall be, an integral portion of Great Bri-

tain, whatever that may mean, will be immediately followed by a flow of British capital and population, is not justified by existing facts. Canada is to-day an integral part of the British Empire, without any declaration to that effect, and no such declaration could make us more so, and yet British capital and population do not flow hither in any overwhelming flood, but so far have had a much greater tendency to seek the great Republic to the south of us, which has long ceased to be an integral part of the British Empire, and which has become a hostile nation in tariff, and, at least, according to the essayist, is likely to become an open enemy. As a matter of fact, the idea that trade and emigration follow the flag, is only true to a very limited extent indeed, and when other circumstances are favourable to such a course.

Having now challenged some of the facts upon which Mr. Whitman has based his plea for Federation, and having, I believe, shown that those which are true do not necessarily justify the conclusion which he has drawn, I shall close this short article by offering a few remarks on the immediate construction of the Pacific Railway.

It seems to be assumed by the advocates of this undertaking that it is sufficient to prove that the country, or at least a large portion of it, through which the road is to pass, is naturally possessed of great fertility. This may be all very true, but is by no means sufficient. The North-West may be capable of sustaining a population of an indefinite number of millions, but this fact of itself will not necessarily secure the presence there at any early date of even a very few of these millions. It would seem, then, that those who advocate the outlay of untold millions of dollars or pounds on building a railway through what we may call an unpopulated country should at least give some very good reasons why an immense influx of population should at once, or very soon, practically justify such an undertaking. Let me in

all humility ask them a few questions: Is there no land to be obtained on easy terms in the western portions of the United States which can rival that of the North-West at once in richness of soil and desirability of climate? Are there still masses of Germans, Scandinavians, and British, equal to those which have, during the last thirty years, peopled the United States, ready to emigrate and, at the same time, willing to give the preference to a cold country under British rule to the unoccupied parts of the United States, or to the milder and richer Australian colonies? Granted that these questions are answered in the affirmative, is it, then, probable that this mixed population will be so loyal to Imperial Canada that it will be ready to bear the enormous burden of a railroad running through an uninhabited and sterile country when it can send and receive its products and supplies by routes running through those rich and thickly settled states to which, geographically, their country is allied? If all these questions are satisfactorily answered, is it certain that the depleted populations of Europe will continue to furnish the North-West with a great market for their grain, and, finally, what amount of Oriental traffic with Europe are we likely to wrest from the Suez Canal?

Surely our sanguine friends, who with a light heart propose to add untold millions to the burdens of our already impoverished population, should endeavour to answer at least some of these questions; for I think I have shown that it would be absurd to expect Great Britain to build the road in her own interests, and I think it would be somewhat overbold even for colonial assurance to ask her to build such a road as the reward of a loyalty which, in the day of her political anxiety and deep commercial distress, does not hesitate to strike a blow, however feeble, at that commercial greatness which is at once the source of her power and her influence.

THE SONG OF THE PRESS.

(à la Hood.)

BY WILLIAM CHEETHAM, BROCKVILLE.

WITH body weary and worn,
 With weary and aching head,
 A poor man sits in tatters and rags,
 Plying his pen for bread.
 Write—write—write,
 In poverty's cold caress,
 While in a voice of quivering note
 He sings the Song of the Press.

Think—think—think,
 Morning, noon and night ;
 Think—think—think,
 Longing to reach the light.
 Thought and feeling and doubt,
 Doubt and feeling and thought,
 Till sunk in the tangled maze he sleeps,
 And dreams the process out.

O ! men of wealth and power,
 O ! men in a Christian land,
 Think sometimes of the aching brain,
 And the trembling, falt'ring hand
 That writes—writes—writes
 In poverty, hunger and pain,
 Weaving a song for others' joy,
 And thought for others' gain.

Write—write—write,
 Ere the birds begin to sing ;
 Write—write—write,
 For the wages that thought may bring,
 What does he get for it ? Empty thanks,
 A chill he has felt before,
 A silent tear from the loved and dear,
 And God's ' Well done '—no more.

GREEK ORNAMENTAL ART.

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE.

' O attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens everwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed ;
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity : Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou says't,
 " Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"— that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'
 —From the ' Ode on a Grecian Urn,' by Keats.

THE older the world gets, the more its inhabitants seem to look with loving eyes and humble hearts to the customs and taste of the ancients. Like old men who live mostly in the past, thinking but little of what events are stirring around them, or what may be still to come, the modern connoisseur prefers trusting to the recognized laws of art as it existed amongst its generators, to indulging in romantic dreams of what we may one day achieve. Certain laws that obtained amongst the Greeks with regard to the beautiful exist still for us, and in vain would it be for even a Burke to try to give us new ones. Dreamers, like Hogarth with his 'line of beauty,' have arisen since, but they have not proved law-givers. Still art lives and moves and derives its being from the old Greeks.

What their painting was we cannot say ; we can only conjecture from the perfection they arrived at in other branches that it must have been equally admirable. What their sculpture was every art student knows. Who has not gazed at those splendid torsos, headless busts, and armless figures, and been marvellously moved ? It is impossible to describe what one feels when contemplating these marbles, and it is equally impossible to tell

why we are so much moved, and yet it is true—undeniably true—that many persons on first beholding these wonderful remains of ancient art have actually wept.

The perfection of harmony is in these mutilated marbles, a harmony without restraint, and far removed from the cold, unimpassioned rules of 'proportion,' which we are taught by moderns to regard as a necessary element in works of art. This harmony, with its entire freedom from all perceptible machine like regularity, distinguishes not only Greek sculpture, but all Greek art whatsoever, and it pervaded the home and the domestic life of the Greeks. Their love of congruity and fitness was seen not only in their public life, and in the doings of the outer world, but in the 'daily round' of their 'common task ;' in their dress, their wearing ornaments, and their domestic utensils. This is the sort of harmony that we all need, that we all ought to want, and this is within the reach of every house-father and house-mother, and it has an influence on ourselves and those we live amongst not to be repudiated or despised, a telling though secret influence. We often acknowledge in words, though, alas, seldom by deeds, how strong an influence one life, however insignificant, has upon another, for evil or for good, and it is a painful side of the question, and one that we cannot avoid shuddering at, when we think what an effect is produced upon an entire household, when the mistress, mother, and wife, does not cultivate her taste, and *will* buy her bonnet in oblivion

of her walking dress, and directly afterwards purchase gloves regardless of her bonnet's hue; when she *will* wear silver filigree ornaments at the same time as she dons her cooking-apron, and permits her darling youngest to sport in the mud in a coral necklace and dirty print pinafore; when she *will* allow the beer to be put on the table in elegant cut glass jugs and place hot-house flowers in common mugs; when she *will* persistently and 'on principle' allow every object that comes daily and hourly into contact with the eyes of her husband, children and servants to be of the ugliest pattern and the clumsiest shape.

Well might Gladstone say that 'as a people we are, in the business of combining beauty with utility, singularly uninstructed, unaccomplished, maladroit, unhandy.' Who can tell what influence for evil the ugly things in commonplace homes may have upon those who daily see them, and who can tell what bright thoughts and pure ideas may be engendered in a home where the most useful thing is also shapely, and where ugliness has not set its stamp upon the articles we most frequently handle.

Simplicity is in itself a beauty, and in the dress both of the men and the women amongst the Greeks, simplicity was a leading characteristic. Their dresses can be explained and understood by us now, as easily as if they were at present in fashion, which I fear could not be said of some costumes in wearing now-a-days, and which are really 'beyond all knowing of them, wonderful.' In future times if ever our successors return to simplicity of apparel they will find some difficulty in understanding what manner of dress the women of the 19th century did wear.

Let us begin with the costume of the men of ancient Greece. Their raiment consisted of an undergarment or vest with or without sleeves and a flowing cloak, not altogether unlike a Scotch plaid, only much more volum-

inous, in appearance and also in the manner it was worn. The material and colour of each garment differed according to the rank of the wearer. White was the full dress colour of those of noble or princely birth; purple was considered a military colour. In winter the favourite colours were puce, scarlet, violet and crimson, and the robes of the richest colours were imported from Egypt and Sidon.

The outer robe was often magnificently embroidered with gold, and must have been a very handsome and striking garment. The vest, too, was similarly ornamented, often with delicate flowery patterns. Embroidery was also displayed on the sandals of the rich. The Greeks, in their love of the beautiful, appealed apparently to all the senses, for they loved delicate perfumes of all kinds, many of which came from Syria. Their clothes were kept in perfume, and they also used rose water to their beards. They wore their hair, which was generally of a light colour, below the ears, and sometimes they rejoiced in ringlets. A round cap, the shape of the head, and almost exactly like the round hat worn by the English peasantry at the present time was worn by some, and the lower classes had caps of fur and hair.

These last simplified their costume by keeping to the vest alone, the material of which was generally of goat-skin. They also wore buskins of hide, which came half-way up the leg. Gloves were also in use, but were regarded as protections for the hands when rough work was to be done, rather than for show.

There seems to have been little room for foppish display amongst the young Greeks, no jewellery being worn with the single exception of the more or less handsome clasp of gold and gems employed to fasten the flowing mantle, and yet we can imagine that the young Athenian, with his richly coloured vest and embroidered cloak, from which delicious scents were faintly suggested rather than actually perceived, as he

walked forth cane in hand and with carefully arranged hair, to enjoy some thrilling performance of Sophocles, or a laughable piece by Aristophanes, must have been a great swell in his way, and no doubt was regarded with all due admiration and envy by the Athenian *sans culottes* of that day.

The ladies of Greece were as simple in their costume as were the men, their garments, however, varying slightly in different countries and at different epochs. In Athens, the centre of civilization—the Athens of Pericles—the women confined themselves to a long tunic reaching to the ground, open at the throat and sleeveless, and a full over garment belted in at the waist. Of course, this dress could be of the simplest description, merely consisting of the plainest materials, and yet retain its gracefulness, or it admitted of being enriched to the highest degree by means of embroidery and costly textures.

White was most used by the higher classes, and it must have set off to advantage their beauties of face and form, for the Athenian women in their youth were remarkably slender of figure.

It is not difficult to call up to the mental view a vivid picture of a beautiful Grecian woman in her home life. We can imagine her seated on a softly and richly cushioned chair in a latticed aviary in an Athenian house, in which may be seen birds that live only in countries of the South; she is bending gracefully over her peacocks, which are feeding from her hand. Let us imagine what she would be like. Her light hair is drawn back from off the low forehead and tied in its place, and ornamented with a delicate piece of cyclamen or a branch of berries from the arbutus; her long tunic or chiton touching the ground, the over-dress clasped at the shoulders with a golden ornament, and belted in at the waist with a zone of gold set with emeralds.

Her sandals are exquisitely jewelled, for the women were vainer of their

sandals and bestowed more thought upon them than on almost any other part of their dress, and their feet must have looked very beautiful glittering in and out of their long, full robes. What a number of delightful pictures one could paint in fancy of those Athenian homes and their inmates—their fires of cedar-wood, how fragrant they must have been!—their gardens blooming with cyclamen and oleander, and shaded by olive trees, their very food had something more artistic and ideal than ours. Kid, locusts, white pineseed from the cone, quail, with every variety of sweet and aromatic herb. The employment of the women too, was picturesque. Whether they were botanizing, or embroidering, working at tapestry, spinning, weaving, or studying the medicinal properties of herbs, there is an indescribable charm about all they do.

To return to their dress, besides those articles of apparel we have mentioned, they had as an occasional garment a half-mantle, flowing in folds down the back, and fastened in front of each shoulder by a clasp. Perfumes were freely used, the Athenians seeming to have had a great love for sweet scents of all descriptions. Not only their clothing, but their limbs were scented, fragrant oils being used after bathing, and a lady, when dressed and moving about her house or garden, wafted delicious gales of perfume before her. Veils were often worn both in and out of doors; they usually covered the back of the hair, and were taken off when active movement was required. The texture of the veil varied very much; sometimes it was quite transparent, and sometimes of richly coloured material. Flowers and ornaments of gold were also worn in the hair, and embroidered fillets to fasten it up securely, and to give a finish to the whole dress. Sometimes, also, a tiar of folded linen was placed on the head, and no doubt each Athenian consulted her mirror, if she was fortunate enough to possess one, and had

her own way of decorating her hair to suit her features, and no one fashion prevailed entirely to the exclusion of all others.

The women of Greece, as do those of Europe in our own day, indulged more freely in the display of jewellery than the men. Ornaments of gold, set with precious stones, adorned the hair, ear-rings were also worn, though not very generally. They had necklaces of gold and amber, bracelets of great beauty and costliness, zones for the waist, which were frequently inlaid with gems, ankle belts, and, above all, jewelled sandals of every description, but they never disfigured themselves with nose or lip rings as was customary among the Hebrew and Syrian women.

The Greeks excelled in cutting gems and stones, as we may see by the gems themselves which yet remain to us—thanks to their indestructibility, and by the reproductions of them in plaster casts in so many public and private collections. It would well repay any one to visit the Normal School in Toronto for the purpose of studying the casts of the Poniowski gems, some of which are of great beauty and delicacy, more especially the series illustrative of the life of the goddess Ceres. These gems were probably used for rings which were introduced in the time of Alexander the Great, and many of the stones remain for us still to admire the extrinsic value which they derived from the labour of the lapidary not running the same risk as did the art, lavished upon ornaments of gold and silver, of being sacrificed to the melting pot for the mere intrinsic value of the material.

Ornamental art in private life was chiefly confined to the dress of the individual, the houses of the Greeks being small and wholly insignificant, and totally unfit for decorative purposes. Occasionally a house was frescoed on the outside, but this was rare and considered an innovation. Everything around inclined them to

be large hearted and public spirited ; it was their theatres, their temples and their markets that they made lasting and admirable, not their homes. In their eyes art was degraded by being employed to satisfy their private vanity, so their dwelling-houses and gardens were left unadorned with pillars, and statues, and paintings, depending on the innate taste of their inmates to make them pleasing to the eye.

The millionaire of these days did not drudge early and late in the prime of his life in order that in his old age he might have accumulated enough riches to build him a palace, and his palace being obtained, give unheard of prices for paintings and porcelains to adorn it. He did not shut himself up in his own domain and there indulge in a private chapel, a private concert-room, a private theatre. Strange to say he could enjoy noble works of art when they were not his alone, by the divine right of possession, but were public property ; he could revel in beauty that was visible to the most vulgareye, and could appreciate the drama, which his own wealth had put upon the stage, at the same time that it was being enjoyed by the lowest citizen in Athens. It does not seem to have done him any harm, nor do we hear anything about the statues being chipped and bits being carried away, or the frescoes being spoiled by the mob of ancient Athens. It is more than likely that no such sacrilege occurred, as owing to the fact that the noblest works that Grecian genius produced were attainable to daily and hourly inspection, the public eye was turned to admire, and the public taste raised to endeavour to imitate them.

Leaving the often described temples and public buildings whose perfect beauty every one is acquainted with, either from models or pictures, there remains but little other ornamental art to mention, for the vases of such wonderful and delightful shapes that

we all know and love so well were not used as ornaments in the rooms, but as the utensils of the kitchen and house. Those exquisite lamps so truthfully reproduced by Wedgewood were for the regular and daily use. When we think of them and then turn our eyes upon our crystal gaseliers or huge awkward candelabra, we can only shudder, our feeling can find no utterance. Those tall egg-shaped vases with long necks and varying handles were employed to hold oil and other necessaries of Grecian life. Those cups and jars—all 'things of beauty' and 'joys for ever' were in common use at Athens. It is positive torture when we think of them and find our unwilling minds forced to compare them with our cruets (oh! horror of horrors!) our *épergnes*, our soup tureens and all the uglinesses which we so constantly have to submit to.

Baskets of wicker were also used by the Greeks, and it is possible that all their utensils in frequent use were of the plainest description, their beauty consisting in their lines and form, as we can see by Schliemann's recent collections from Troy and Mycena, where the material used is earthenware. The sculptured vases and costly urns, the tripods of gold and silver, and the vessels of bronze and brass, were reserved for public buildings or for the use of kings and princes. The designs used by the Greeks for the ornamenting of their sculpture, vases and urns, and for the embroidery on their dress were very various and beautiful, and most of them are well known to art students.

For sculpture, there was the honey-suckle ornament, the Guilloche scroll pattern, the bead and reel, the acanthus—a foliage pattern of great beauty—and the echinus, or the egg and anchor ornament still seen in modern cornices. These designs were used chiefly for the capitals of pillars and for mouldings; they were probably uncoloured, and were of the same material as the building or pillar that

they were employed to ornament. It is so difficult, now-a-days, when every vestige of paint would have been long since obliterated, even if it had ever existed, to decide what was originally coloured and what was not.

It is believed the sculptured figures of the antique were tinted, and we know that our own cathedrals of the 13th and 14th centuries were painted magnificently in parts, for even in the mediæval ages the system of Greek decoration was imitated, though but little of such decoration remains now, so we may infer that the ancients were more prodigal of colour than one would suppose from the remains of their magnificence yet left us. The commonest designs used for the embroidering of cloaks and robes were the labyrinth fret, also a running ornament of animals and foliage grouped together, and the well-known key pattern. The honey-suckle ornament was likewise used for dress, and all the patterns mentioned were employed in painting vases and vessels of every description. The lion and the bull were the favourite animals when the ornamentation required animals; the fir cone and the lotus were very generally employed when foliage was wanted.

It is a singular fact that almost all the ornamentations spoken of, and which are so commonly found in remains of Greek art, are also seen in ancient Assyrian monuments, and many of them are entirely absent from the sculpture and temples of Egypt, from whom the Greeks are usually supposed to have principally derived their ideas.

'Let us now compare,' says Mr. Smirke, an artist who wrote on the East, 'the ornaments used in Assyria with the more familiar forms of Greek art: and here I think we find so strong an analogy, and in some cases such a striking resemblance, as to force upon us the conclusion, that the artists of Greece derived far more of their art from the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates than from the banks of the

Nile; and Egypt must, I think, relinquish a large portion of the honour that has been so long accorded to her, of having been the mother of Greek art.'

The beginning of all Greek designs are to be traced in the palaces of the Assyrians, by whom they were employed as sacred symbols; the bull so often seen in Assyrian marbles was held in the highest veneration; the lion was also sacred, and was frequently represented with wings. The honeysuckle, so much beautified by Grecian taste, represented the sacred tree under which the sacrificing priest was wont to stand, and the fir cone was held as an offering in the hand of the priest. The Assyrians coloured their statues and ornaments most highly, painting them often as carefully as a picture, which is another reason for supposing that the Greeks occasionally used colour for decorative purposes, though it is clear they did not fall into the error of the Orientals, who sacrificed everything for colour, while the Greeks preferred instead beauty of form.

Of course it is impossible in civilized Europe to introduce into our homes and public buildings the ornamentation of ancient Greece to any considerable extent. We admire them; we know them to be the purest, noblest, truest designs ever invented or produced, and yet we also know that we cannot imitate them. Our whole style of living, our ecclesiastical and domestic architecture forbid it. We exist in a different day, under a different sky, and our very thoughts are at variance with Grecian harmony. We have not time in our busy work-a-day lives to worship Beauty as the Greeks did, even if we had the elements of such worship in us, and such designs as the ancients had, were produced 'by a prevalent and eager national taste, or desire for beauty.'

The taste must be a national one to be truly productive of anything lastingly admirable. It will not do for an individual to build a handsome mansion here, and another to construct a picturesque homestead there, each according to his own liking; the desire for purity of design must be an universal one, as in Greece, and Egypt and Assyria.

Ruskin tells us the English nation worships the great goddess of 'Getting on,' or the 'Britannia of the Market,' and 'that she has formed, and will continue to form, our architecture, as long as we worship her.' He suggests, moreover, that as an appropriate design for our exchanges, a 'frieze, with pendant purses,' and 'pillars broad at the base, for the sticking of bills.'

Be that as it may, and we cannot but hope that we are not quite so lost to all sense of appreciation of what is highest in art as Ruskin fears, yet we know fully that we can never more return to Grecian forms of thought. We have lost, in our inability to imitate them, a world of beauty, but our gain is infinitely greater than our loss. It is true that we cannot build as they built, we cannot live as they lived, or admire the beautiful as they felt for and admired it, but we can learn from them to make as lovely as possible all things within our reach, to copy and reverence Nature, and to gather up and treasure her profound teachings. And, besides, what have we not? Have we not heard the Voice of Goodness, have we not seen the Life of Purity, which they knew not as we know it; cannot we obey and 'do justice, and love mercy, and walk humbly before Him?' We shall then love beauty as we ought to love it, for we shall worship in meekness the God who made all things, and behold—'it was very good.'

MY LAST PATIENT.

BY N. W. RACEY.

I.

LIONEL, my boy,' said my uncle, 'I am going to ask you to do me a great favour; indeed it will be at some sacrifice of your pleasure. I want to dock you of your holidays somewhat.'

'All right, Uncle Charles,' I replied. 'I am at your service; the pheasants are not quite a matter of life and death to me, whatever I am to them. But what is it?'

'Why poor Mildmay is called away by the illness of his mother, and will not be able to return for some days, I fear; and it is a matter I do not care to entrust to my temporary assistant. The Maltravers, you know, are at home for the first time for years, and Sir Walter cannot be treated as I venture to do even with the Duke, who is an old friend. Besides the affair is a very serious one, and requires immediate attention.'

'Very well, Uncle, but what do you want with me?'

'I cannot explain to you now, Lionel; but come into my study before dinner, and we will talk it over; I must be off at once on my afternoon rounds, or I shall not get back by six o'clock.' And so saying, he left the room.

My uncle, Dr. Charles Thomson, not only bore that relationship to me as my mother's favourite brother, but was also my sole guardian, both my parents having died while I was quite young. He was a medical practitioner of some repute in the county town of Blankshire, and when I left Chel-

tenham College at the age of seventeen took me into his house and prepared me for the profession of medicine. The army had always been my ambition, but want of funds prevented me from gratifying my tastes in this particular, and as a sort of compromise, I made up my mind to be content with the medical department. For in those days the purchase system was still in vogue, and the fifty pounds a year which constituted my little all, would have been insufficient even as an income, let alone the purchase of the successive steps. So I thought myself particularly fortunate when three years ago, at the age of twenty-three, I was appointed, after a year's service on the staff, assistant-surgeon to the —th Hussars, then serving in Canada. But only six months ago, fortune, proverbially fickle, vindicated her character in that respect; for an aunt, old Miss Tempest, a sister of my father's, died suddenly, when she had quarrelled with her favourite nephews and nieces, and to my utter astonishment, I became possessor, by a codicil to her will, of a beautiful estate in the South of England, and an income of about three thousand pounds a year. 'Urgent private affairs,' of course, immediately required my presence at home, and before even looking at the estate, or doing more than interviewing my banker and tailor in London, I hurried into Blankshire to spend a week with my Uncle Charles, and consult with him as to my future, and at the same time take a shot or two at the Duke of Upton's pheasants. This was a privilege always accorded to my uncle

or any of his family, as he and the Duke had been at Cambridge together, when the latter had little prospect of succeeding to the title, and he was not one who forgot old friends.

During the afternoon I had leisure to speculate as to the nature of my mission to the Priory, and the probabilities of the visit being a pleasant one or the reverse; but neither instinct nor reason threw any light upon the subject, so I had to wait until shortly before dinner, when my uncle returned, and I joined him in the library, where he was sitting in his easy chair with a rather thoughtful expression on his fine old English face.

'Sit down,' he said, 'we have nearly half an hour to spare, and I will tell you what I wish. I should like you to go over and spend a few days at the Maltravers, and to leave here, if possible, directly after breakfast to-morrow. You remember, I suppose, that money troubles have obliged them to live abroad for some time, but perhaps did not know that a sister of Lady Maltravers died last year, and left them over twenty thousand pounds. Well, for about thirty thousand they can set themselves tolerably clear again, and the baronet's idea is to get his son Reginald, who will be of age in a few weeks, to join him in cutting off the entail of certain outlying farms, which could then be sold and the additional ten thousand realized. But here is the difficulty—the young fellow has been at school in France for many years, and afterwards at a German University, and they have not seen him for some time. And now,' continued my uncle, touching his forehead significantly, 'they cannot be quite certain whether he is all right or not. If not, the entail cannot be touched, and, indeed, if the slightest suspicion of such a thing got abroad, Sir Walter's brother, who is next in succession, would undoubtedly interfere.'

'And what do you want me to do?'
'I told them I would send over my

assistant to watch him for a couple of days, and see what we could make of it; now, I find Mildmay cannot go, as I hoped, and I do not care to send this Jones, of whom I know nothing.'

'So I am to take Mildmay's place?'

'If you only would, my dear boy, it would help your poor uncle out of a great difficulty. I would not care to lose the Maltravers' interest in the county, and it is a matter that really ought to be seen to—it is very important for them.'

At that moment the dinner-bell rang, and we joined the rest of the family in the drawing room; so that we had no further opportunities that evening for confidential conversation.

'Well,' I thought to myself, as I retired for the night, 'I am certainly let in for something of an adventure. I feel quite in the dark about what I am expected to do, but I dare say a couple of days at the old Priory will not be such very bad fun, after all.'

II.

Bright and early the next morning I made my preparations to start. I calculated that, by leaving my uncle's shortly after nine, I would arrive at the Priory about ten o'clock, which would enable me to see the heads of the house before they had entered upon the duties or pleasures of the day. I was a little puzzled as to how to dress and what to take with me, not wishing on the one hand to find myself unable to appear as I would like, or, on the other, to seem to ape the man of fashion when simply there on professional business. However, I concluded that my clothes could give no offence in my portmanteau, and so took all I thought I might require, and for present costume a plain dark tweed suit, that might mean anything or nothing. Still, without in the least degree being guilty of vanity, I could not but feel that I looked very unlike the estimable Mildmay, quite apart from the question of spectacles, thin sandy hair

and whiskers, and an attitude of five-foot-five.

It was a lovely morning in the early autumn. Here and there, a careful observer could detect the changing colour of a leaf, but otherwise the warmth and beauty of the scene might have led me to suppose that summer was still at its zenith. There was, indeed, a certain haziness of the atmosphere—a dulness even of the fleecy white clouds which floated in the distant horizon, contrasting strangely with the clear, almost dazzling brightness, which I had so often seen in Canada. But the change was a pleasing one to me, and I decided that after all our English climate was not so bad. A pleasant drive of about three quarters of an hour brought me to the Priory, so resigning my place to the little groom who had been perched up in the back seat of the dog cart, and confiding my portmanteau to the care of a servant, I ascended the steps.

‘Captain Maltravers, Sir?’ enquired the servant, with an air of doubt.

‘No,’ I replied, ‘Dr. Thornton requested me to come over, and——’

‘Oh! yes; beg your pardon,’ said the man, looking at me with puzzled air, ‘this way, if you please; her Ladyship is expecting you.’

I was ushered into a small sitting-room which opened off the library, evidently used for correspondence, and business, where Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers were seated. The former, a tall, spare man of about forty-five, with iron-grey hair, and an easy pleasant expression on his still handsome face, paid no attention whatever to me as I entered, but after just looking up, continued the letter he was engaged in writing.

Lady Maltravers was certainly a well preserved woman, she might have been not more than thirty, as far as appearances went, did not the coming of age of her son tell one that she could not be far from forty. On my entry she bowed slightly without rising from her seat, pointing to a chair at a short

distance from her, requested me to be seated.

‘We expected you this morning, Mr. Mildman,’ she said, in a bland, condescending, albeit somewhat constrained manner, ‘but since I saw Dr. Thornton, circumstances have occurred which will make our plans somewhat more difficult of execution. My son is very fond of books, and I had intended to pass you off as a bookseller’s assistant come from London to make a catalogue of the library, and to have persuaded him to take some interest in the matter, and so thrown you together a good deal; but we got a letter from Captain Maltravers, Sir Walter’s brother, saying that if convenient, he and his two sisters would be with us this morning instead of a week later, as they at first intended. Of course, we rely upon your discretion.’

‘Certainly, Madam,’ I replied, rather taken aback by this peremptory disposal of myself as a bookseller’s assistant, and in doubt whether to declare my identity or pass myself off as Mildmay, or Mildman, as her Ladyship was pleased to call me. But before I had time to add anything more she continued:

‘It will be impossible for my son to be much with you now, without exciting suspicion, as this is a meeting of members of our family, who have been separated for years, and I don’t know what is to be done.’

‘If you will allow me to ask for some of the symptoms your son has exhibited, Madam,’ I said, ‘I might be in a better position to judge what amount of supervision might be necessary.’

‘True,’ she answered, ‘but I should have thought Dr. Thornton would have explained to you. I understood that you were in his confidence, Mr. Mildman.’

I had just then made up my mind to make a complete explanation of the circumstances which had brought me to the Priory instead of the estimable Mildmay, and only hesitated because

of troubling so grand a personage as her Ladyship with the details of a matter concerning a personage so far below her as she appeared to consider any one belonging to the medical profession, when the door opened, and the butler announced :

'Captain Maltravers, and the Misses Maltravers.' I rose, and stepped to one side, feeling the awkwardness of being present on such an occasion, but it could not be helped.

Captain Maltravers was a fine looking man, in the prime of life, evidently a soldier—his face bronzed by exposure to wind and sun, while a scar across the forehead, extending partly into the left cheek, seemed to say that the soldiering had not been all play. With him were his two sisters, the elder, a fine, dashing girl of about five or six and twenty; rather tall, perhaps, but still with figure enough to carry it off well; dark wavy hair, and fine brown eyes which looked calmly and fearlessly into yours without the least affectation. The younger—but how shall I begin to describe her? She seemed to be quite young, about eighteen, I judged; the same dark wavy hair and rich brunette complexion as her sister; the same eyes too, as far as form and colour went, but instead of the calm, self-possessed look of the elder, her's seemed to beam with unknown possibilities of love and sympathy. But, as I may as well at once acknowledge that I fell in love with her at first sight, my description cannot, I fear, be relied upon for impartial accuracy. While I was making these observations, the family greetings were taking place. The brothers grasped each other's hand with a greater show of feeling than is usually exhibited among Englishmen, and Lady Maltravers kissed each of the girls on the cheek with more cordiality than I suspect she felt. Then came the usual inquiries as to the journey, by which I learned, to my surprise, that their railway station was the same as the one by which I was

to reach my new estate, and drew from that the conclusion that we might hereafter be near neighbours, which rendered my position all the more embarrassing.

At length Sir Walter, seeing that Lady Maltravers made no move, took upon himself to introduce me to his relatives.

'Mr. — ah — Mildman,' he said, hesitatingly, 'my brother, Captain Maltravers. Miss Maltravers, Miss Kate Maltravers. Mr. Mildman is spending a few days with us,' he added, after a pause; 'we did not expect you and the girls so soon, George.'

'The more the merrier,' said the captain, heartily, as if to atone for the apparent rudeness of his brother's speech. 'Mr. Mildman and I will do all the more execution among the pheasants from the rivalry.'

'Thanks,' I replied, 'but I did not bring my gun.'

'Not bring your gun to a country-house in September,' he exclaimed, 'but perhaps you do not shoot?'

'I do, a little.'

'Ah well, we will find you something—that is,' he added, seeming to recollect that he was not the host, 'we will——'

'Oh! yes,' said Sir Walter, chiming in uneasily, 'we will readily be able to arrange it.'

'Perhaps you would like to see my son, Mr. Mildman,' said Lady Maltravers to me, aside.

I bowed acquiescence, and followed her ladyship upstairs to a room fitted up as a sort of half study, half laboratory, where I was introduced to a tall, thin, young man, with dreamy blue eyes, and fair hair, which he wore quite long, falling in waves over the coat collar. His face was clean shaved except the upper lip, which was adorned with a slight moustache, and his appearance altogether peculiar, yet interesting. Though evidently a gentleman, all the little details of mannerism which mark the Englishman in good society were

entirely absent, and yet there was nothing foreign about him, except the remarkable purity with which he spoke his native language. The utter absence, I mean, not merely of slang, but even of ordinary colloquial idioms.

'Reginald,' said Lady Maltravers, 'your uncle and aunts have just this moment arrived, and I have brought Mr. Mildnan to you, to put him under your charge for a little while. He has this morning arrived to spend a couple of days with us, and I am sure you will do what you can to make his visit a pleasant one.'

'Assuredly I will endeavour to do so,' he answered, 'yet fear I shall prove but an indifferent entertainer. Unfortunately' he added, turning to me 'I neither shoot nor hunt, and am even theoretically ignorant of English field sports.'

'I suppose your continental education has prevented your ever becoming familiar with them,' I answered, 'but no doubt you interest yourself in literature?'

'Yes, to a certain extent, especially the Natural Sciences; and latterly Psychology.'

'Indeed,' I said, 'then you are quite a profound student.'

'Such studies interest me profoundly,' he answered; 'but I have no other claim to the title "profound."'

'The Germans have devoted themselves a great deal to such subjects, have they not?'

'Yes, and for that reason I regret leaving the Continent at the present time; but these English customs, however foolish they may seem to me, demand my respect, or at any rate, my compliance with them. As my father's son, I must be present on the estate at my coming of age, and matters of business, also, required me to return home. Still, I have with me such books as are immediately requisite for the purposes I have in hand, and for various experiments I should like to make.'

Expressing great interest in the sub-

ject, I endeavoured, during the morning, to draw him out as much as possible, and ascertain what the ideas were, which no doubt had caused, justly or otherwise, a suspicion as to his sanity. It would scarcely interest my readers to hear the views of the peculiar school of German thought to which he seemed disposed to attach himself, for his opinions were not as yet decided. That vital force was the great power by which all nature was governed, and that magnetism and electricity were only lower manifestations of it, he was firmly convinced.

He also believed that were our will strong enough, we could uproot a tree by it, as easily as we could raise our arm to our head. What seemed to me the most visionary of all his ideas, and the one most likely to lay him open to the suspicion of insanity, was the hope, for he did not call it more, that it was possible to compound a fluid which, if it did not possess itself these properties, could at any rate call them into more active play in our own bodies. All his experiments at this time were tending in that direction, and when he told me, with a sigh, that he had vainly endeavoured to make it clear to his parents, I guessed at once how their fears had been aroused.

I was satisfied that mentally he was perfectly capable of managing his own affairs, as well as of joining with his father in any legal act that might be necessary. I felt that there could be no doubt of this, and yet hesitated at once to say so. When the mistake as to my identity at first arose, I thought nothing could induce me to remain at the Priory a moment longer than was necessary, and that I would gladly embrace the first reasonable excuse to get away. But now, when I could do so with a clear conscience, I found myself irresistibly attracted by the thought of Kate Maltravers, and possessed of a longing desire to be under the same roof with her, even though the part I would have to play was by no means an easy or a pleasant one.

'It is not,' I argued with myself, 'as if I were deceiving *her*. I will pretend to no position higher than my own really, and if my host and hostess think I am doing so, why it is their mistake, that's all.' And I could not help laughing to myself at the thought of the comical possibilities of the situation, when luncheon was announced and we descended to the dining-room.

III.

I found myself, when seated at the table, between Captain Maltravers and his younger sister, while at the opposite side were Reginald and the elder one. Family matters had evidently occupied them during the morning, and they had either had no time, or her Ladyship no inclination, to discuss so unimportant an individual as myself. At least I judged so by the evident curiosity, though perfectly well bred, and after all quite natural, to discover who and what I was. I was far from blaming them, or feeling in the least degree annoyed, for how is it possible to converse with any pleasure, or even comfort, with a person of whose antecedents you are entirely ignorant. You may praise the gaiety of the last season, or the beauty of the last prima-donna, to a lady who only visits London for the May meetings, and who interests herself chiefly in the supply of flannel waistcoats and novel pocket-handkerchiefs for juvenile Hot-tentots. Or you may endeavour to draw a young gentleman into a discussion of the prospect of a good supply of foxes for the hunting season, or the favourite for the next Derby, and find him interested only in the Seasons of the Church, and better able to discuss the relative merits of violet and green as colours for Septuagesima, or the position of the gospeller during the reading of the Epistle, than any of the topics you have started.

It was only with some such motive as this, I am sure, that Miss Maltravers asked me if I had been in London

that year, and seen a very popular play which had just then completed a long run. The subject came up quite naturally, as they were speaking of some private theatricals that a certain Lady Delamere was getting up in their neighbourhood, and in which they were to take part.

'No,' I replied, 'I have been abroad for some years, and have not been back long enough to indulge in any of the gaieties of the town as yet.'

Lady Maltravers listened to this speech very earnestly, and a satisfied expression came over her face. She evidently thought that I intended to represent myself as a continental acquaintance, and to plead absence from England as an excuse for any mistakes or deficiencies. And her brother-in-law seemed to come to the same conclusion, at least as regards the first part of it, for he said :

'Then you must be pretty well acquainted with the continent by this time.'

'No,' I replied; 'you misunderstood me. I have been in Canada with my regiment.'

The look of anguish, astonishment, and indignation which overspread Lady Maltravers' face, as I spoke, was a study for a painter. But she said nothing.

'Oh ! then we are brothers in arms,' said the Captain.

'Well, scarcely, I replied, with a smile, 'that is, I doubt whether you fight with my weapons. I am Assistant Surgeon to the —th Hussars.'

'Ah, yes,' he said, 'I remember they are in Canada; stationed at Montreal, I think.'

'No, except for a few weeks after landing. Kingston has been our fate, and rather slow we found it, though there are a few nice people there, as there are in most places, if you look for them.'

'And are the Canadian girls so *very* pretty, really ?' asked Miss Maltravers.

'I cannot see much difference,' I said. 'As a rule, they have not the

same fresh colour, and it is said do not enjoy as good health as in England—fade earlier, and that sort of thing. But some have a very delicate style of beauty. They do not walk as much as English ladies, and, perhaps, the climate makes some difference, the extremes of heat and cold are much greater than at home.'

The conversation having once taken this turn, I had no difficulty in keeping it up during the rest of the meal. I described the Canadian winter amusements, such as snow-shoeing, tobogganing, and the skating rinks with their fancy dress carnivals, which latter I had found, were rather popular than fashionable. The visitors, I could not but feel, were interested; and my host and hostess, if I may call them so, at any rate formed a high opinion of my powers of invention, and evidently regarded me as a second Baron Munchausen.

In the afternoon a walk was suggested, and I was asked by Lady Maltravers to join it, if, she rather significantly added, I had no letters to write. I am always a poor hand at taking a hint, especially when I don't want to, so I assured her ladyship that I had no pressing correspondence which required my attention, and joined the walking party. Whether she did not care for my associating with her relations, or whether she merely wished to talk to me at home that afternoon about her son, I do not know, but she accompanied us on our walk, which she had not at first expressed an intention of doing, and contrived to engage my attention apart for a short time while the others were occupied in admiring a view from the top of a hill.

'You had plenty of conversation with my son this morning,' said she, rather anxiously. 'I hope you were able to come to some conclusion.'

'Yes, and it interested me very much,' I answered; 'if his views are a little unusual, they are held in common with some of what are termed the

great thinkers of Germany. May I ask if the suspicions as to his sanity arose entirely from his expressing these opinions?'

'Well, yes; and his seeming to care little for his position and duties as an English country gentleman. He seems entirely wrapped up in these ideas.'

'But he has willingly come over here, to be present at his coming of age, and has expressed himself to me as quite ready, and even anxious, to do whatever is his duty in that respect. Has his health suffered in any way? Does he eat and sleep as usual, of late?'

'Oh, yes, and he is in every way a kind and affectionate son. You must not think, Mr. Mildman, that because we are taking these measures, we are anxious to prove him of unsound mind,' said Lady Maltravers, the tears coming into her eyes. But she instantly controlled any appearance of emotion, and added,

'There are questions of property coming up which render it very important that there should not be the slightest doubt about his mind being——'

'Yes, Madam,' I replied, 'I have been informed of the necessity.'

I said this on the spur of the moment, merely wishing to save her any unpleasant explanations, but as soon as the words were out of my mouth, I saw that they did not sound as I had intended them to.

Lady Maltravers seemed a little stung, for she said, with half a sneer,

'I see that you are completely in Dr. Thornton's confidence. I hope it is not misplaced, and that he has been able to form a correct opinion of the reliability of his assistant in the short time that he has had since your return from your *regiment*.'

This naturally irritated me in turn, but I reflected that she was speaking quite justly, according to her knowledge, so I replied in as deferential a tone as I could muster:

'Dr. Thornton has known me for

many years, and I trust I can do my duty in that station of life to which I am called, whether it be as a surgeon in the army, or a bookseller's assistant.'

Lady Maltravers coloured at the implied rebuke, but said earnestly :

'Yes, you are quite right, and I feel very grateful for your help in this matter.'

We walked on silently to meet the rest of the party. When we were just approaching them, Lady Maltravers said, with some little hesitation :

'Pray do as you like about dinner to-night, Mr. Mildman ; if you prefer it in your room, you can plead a headache as an excuse.'

'Certainly,' I replied, 'if you think it best.'

'It was merely because I thought—in the matter of dress, you know—'

'Oh ! I provided for all contingencies,' I answered.

'Then we shall be most happy to see you,' she said, as we joined the others, and I was fortunate enough to secure the companion I most coveted all the way home.

Dinner passed without anything worthy of note transpiring, and we spent a very pleasant evening over the piano. I could see that Sir Walter and her ladyship were rather at a loss to understand my self-possession, and the readiness with which I appeared to adapt myself to my new position ; but their guests suspected nothing, and when I announced my intention of leaving the next afternoon, I thought I saw a look of regret pass over the face of Kate Maltravers. Nothing venture, nothing win, I thought to myself, and resolving to make hay while the sun shone, I looked forward to the morrow with joyful anticipation. It had been planned that the gentlemen were to shoot all day, and the ladies meet them at a certain spot with the luncheon, and I then expressed my intention of returning with the ladies, and taking my departure about five o'clock if Sir Walter could have me driven into town, which he

readily agreed to do, after apologizing, with evident reference to the presence of the guests, for not breaking into his day's shooting in order to see me off. An apology I accepted with all the greater readiness, as it was exactly what I wanted him to do.

IV.

We were a very jolly party at breakfast the next morning. Everyone seemed in good spirits, and satisfied with themselves, and their surroundings. Young Maltravers seemed to catch the spirit of the party, and was more hearty and genial than I had seen him before, though he was naturally kind and polite. It required very little persuasion to induce him to come out with us, although he had no taste for the sport. Indeed the moment his father said, 'You had better come, Reginald,' he acquiesced cheerfully, and an immediate muster was made of all the guns in the house, to supply myself and him.

We had an excellent morning's sport. I laboured under some disadvantage, as I had only a muzzle-loader ; but still I contrived to make a very fair bag, and was little, if anything, behind the others, that is, not counting Reginald, who, as nearly as I can recollect, bagged a brace and a half in the course of the forenoon. About two o'clock we reached the little knoll which had been selected as the *rendezvous*, and there we found the ladies and provisions, the latter in charge of a footman. Very quickly was the repast spread out on the grass, and with appetites sharpened by our morning's work, we did ample justice to what was provided, while the keeper and boy accompanying us, received every attention from the footman (without prejudice to his own interests) just out of earshot—as the repast being once laid, we preferred to be independent of the servant, and indulge in conversation unrestricted by the pre-

sence of our inferiors. There was some delicious cold milk-punch, and we drank to Mr. Pickwick of immortal memory, and lamented the absence of a wheelbarrow.

'I wonder you do not devote all your leave to shooting, Mr. Mildman,' said Captain Maltravers. 'You seem to enjoy the sport thoroughly, and are such a capital shot.'

'So I shall, to as great an extent as "urgent private affairs" will allow,' I answered. 'The next few days I shoot over the Duke of Upton's preserves, from Dr. Thornton's, where I shall be staying. Then, after a day or two in London with my solicitor, I am going down to Merton Coombs, and shall have plenty of use for my gun there, I have no doubt.'

'Merton Coombs!' exclaimed the whole party, almost simultaneously.

'Why you will be within a couple of miles of our home,' said Kate Maltravers, looking at me, earnestly, and blushing as she felt me returning her gaze. 'Perhaps you know Woodbine Cottage?'

'No,' said I, 'it is my first visit to the place.'

'But you must find it out before you leave,' said the Captain.

'Thank you,' I replied. 'In the meantime, Miss Kate, you must promise me the first valise at Lady Delamere's. Of course there will be dancing after the theatricals?'

'Certainly,' she answered, 'but you must not fail me.'

'Gentlemen's promises, you know, like pie crusts, are sometimes made to be broken; so beware,' said Lady Maltravers, in a half jocular, half meaning tone.

Kate turned her dark eyes upon her in a questioning manner, which somewhat confused her ladyship, and then looked enquiringly at me.

'You may *depend upon me*,' I said, in a tone inaudible to the others; and then added in a louder key, 'If I ask Miss Maltravers to give me the pleasure of the first galop, I shall be giving

an additional pledge of the uprightness of my intentions, shall I not?'

'And Miss Maltravers will take you at your word!' answered that sprightly young lady, with a laugh. 'So remember!'

'Are you going to stay at Lady Delamere's, Mr. Mildman?' asked Lady Maltravers, drily.

'No, nor have I the pleasure of her acquaintance, as yet,' I answered.

'Then, girls, do not be too sure of your dances,' said Lady Maltravers, turning to her sisters-in-law with an affectation of playfulness.

'Oh! I shall trust to the chapter of accidents which always befriends me,' I said. 'I did not imagine, three days ago, that I should have the pleasure of making the acquaintance of Captain and the Misses Maltravers.'

'Lady Delamere is very exclusive, so beware!' said Miss Maltravers with a laugh.

'Aw—so am I—who is she?' I replied, in Lord Dundreary tones.

'Is she really so?' asked Lady Maltravers.

'No! only Bella's nonsense!' put in the Captain. 'She was a fair adventuress, daughter of a curate, or butler, or something. Her pretty face captivated old Lord Delamere, who married her, and was obliging enough to die about a year afterwards. She is now a dashing young widow of about three or four and twenty, quite open for consolation, if report speaks truly.'

'They say she is going to set her cap at the young fellow who has just come in for old Miss Tempest's estate,' said Miss Maltravers.

'Oh! Bella, for shame,' said Kate, 'you should not repeat such gossip. It was that miserable old woman at the Lodge gate, I am sure, who said that. It is just like her.'

'No indeed! it was the Rector's wife. But she only told me she had heard ill-natured people say so.'

'Well,' said I, 'let me congratulate the Parish upon its Rectoress. She must be very fond of Lady Delamere.'

'The truth is, Mr. Mildman,' said Kate, 'she hates her. They never got on from the first, and latterly, except a formal call about twice a year, they see nothing of each other.'

'And now, suppose we drop Merton Coombs' scandal, and prepare for our walk home,' said Lady Maltravers, who did not seem to relish the turn the conversation had taken; 'the gentlemen will be anxious to resume their sport, and it must be past two o'clock.'

'I will walk a short distance back with you,' said Reginald, as we rose from the grass. And he offered his arm to his mother, and led the way. I said good-bye to Sir Walter and the captain, whom I did not expect to see again before leaving, not without a cordial invitation from the latter to let them know when I reached Merton Coombs, that he might call upon me. As we moved off Miss Maltravers stepped up quickly and joined Reginald and his mother, leaving me behind with Kate.

After walking in silence for a short distance, Kate asked, 'Do you really intend to be at Lady Delamere's ball, Mr. Mildman? I could not understand exactly what Lady Maltravers meant. It was not what she said, but her manner seemed so peculiar.'

'I shall certainly be there,' I replied. 'As for Lady Maltravers' manner, it *was* somewhat peculiar. But she is labouring under a very grave misapprehension in regard to myself, and though it may seem like a liberty in my speaking to you about it on so short an acquaintance, still as you have noticed it I must in justice to myself ask you to suspend judgment, at any rate, till we meet at Merton Coombs. Will you do this much for me?' I asked, looking at her earnestly, and perhaps a little lovingly, as well.

She blushed, but said quietly, 'yes, certainly.'

'It is true,' I continued, 'that Lady Maltravers is very much prejudiced against me—and justly, as far as she

knows, but her information is not correct. I cannot say more at present, because the secrets of others are involved, but I may tell you that both Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers think me an imposter. But the absurdity of the situation is that all that is real about me they believe to be assumed, and all that is assumed, and that is only my name, they believe to be true.'

'Then your name is not Mildman?'

'No, thank heaven! It is a less peaceful one than that. Do you ever see an Army List?'

'We have one at home.'

Then when you get there look for the Assistant-Surgeon of the —th Hussars, and you will see what it is, and know at once who I am. But till then you must trust me and be silent as the secret is not my own.'

'Very well,' she answered, 'you have excited my curiosity, I admit, but I will show you that a woman can keep a secret.'

'And is that the only reason?' I asked, in a disappointed tone.

'No, no,' she answered hurriedly, as she saw the others stop, and wait for us. 'I talk nonsense sometimes, when I ought to be talking seriously.'

At this point Reginald left us to rejoin the sportsmen, and Lady Maltravers asked me for my arm, as the walking was a little rough. Then, allowing the young ladies to walk on in front, she followed, more slowly with me, just out of earshot.

'Now, Mr. Mildman,' said her ladyship, 'I should like to have an understanding with you about this matter. Perhaps it was wrong for me to have had you in the house under an assumed character, but it was done really with the best intentions. Nor am I finding fault with you for taking any character that suited you best. But if you are gentleman enough to really feel the character you have been acting, you will not take advantage of our position to try and enforce silence on my part. And you will not be suc-

cessful in that even, for rather than that my relatives should be the victims of such a plot, I will reveal the whole story to them. Of the two evils it would be the least.'

'Well, I acknowledge that I *am* a great evil, in your Ladyship's eyes, at any rate,' I answered, 'though hardly so black as I'm painted. What do you wish me to do?'

'You ought not to follow up an acquaintance made under false pretences.'

'Oh! that I will readily promise. It is impossible for me to avoid going to Merton Coombs, but I will pledge my word to be reintroduced in my true character, and to take upon myself the whole blame of having imposed upon you.'

'You certainly speak very fairly, Mr. Mildman, but there is something utterly inexplicable in the whole affair, I really—— but what is the matter?'

This latter exclamation was caused by some shouts, and the sound of hurried footsteps which were heard behind us, and a moment afterwards the game-keeper hurried up, exclaiming,

'If you please, my Lady, Mr. Reginald has got hisself hurt. Not much, my Lady,' he added, as Lady Maltravers turned deadly pale, 'but Sir Walter says he would be obliged if Mr. Mildman would step back for a moment; and the boy, he be gone across the fields for Dr. Thornton!'

I instantly hurried back, but before I had gone very far, I met the whole party returning. Reginald was leaning on his father's arm, and his shirt sleeve was somewhat bloodstained. The captain followed, carrying his coat and gun, but I could see in a moment from their looks that the injury had not been a serious one.

'It is not of much consequence,' said Reginald to me as I came up.

'There is no bleeding worth speaking of,' said the Captain, 'and it is merely a flesh wound.'

'Do you *really* think so?' asked Sir

Walter anxiously. 'Had you not better examine it, Mildman?'

'I should certainly advise his going on to the house,' I said. 'There is no hemorrhage, and he does not seem very weak. Once at home, a thorough examination can be made.'

So we continued our journey homeward, where we arrived after nearly an hour's tramp, as we did not walk fast, and once or twice rested for a few moments. They explained to me how the accident had happened. It appears Reginald had not returned when the others were ready to start. Not caring to wait, they had gone on without him, and only discovered him as he popped out from behind some bushes, just as a lot of birds rose about five yards off. Before he was noticed, four barrels had been discharged at the birds, of which a few stray shots reached him, wounding very slightly the left shoulder and arm.

I thought it better to put him to bed, if only to satisfy his parents' anxiety. His bed-room was off the sitting-room allotted to him, where we had had our conversation on the previous morning, and there the family established their head-quarters for the rest of the afternoon, vieing with each other in zeal for the welfare of the patient, whose greatest trouble seemed to be the fear that his father and mother would be unduly distressed. He bore the pain with the greatest pluck, never uttering a word of complaint, and thereby greatly raised himself in my estimation, and I could see also in that of the Captain.

I was just putting the finishing touches to the dressings, when the door of the sitting-room opened, and a servant announced—

'Mr. Mildmay, my Lady.'

I could hear his shuffling little step, as he advanced into the room, but he did not get to that part of it which I could command from where I was standing in the bed-room, although the door between the two apartments was wide open. I could, however, see

Lady Maltravers; and the look of astonishment, and 'Well, what next?' which she wore.

'Dr. Thornton was not in, Sir Walter,' he said; 'and I thought it better to come myself, though I left a message for him to follow.'

'And who the——! That is, may I ask who you are, sir?'

'My name is Mildmay, Sir Walter; I am Dr. Thornton's assistant. I did not know—that is I was not sure—I thought if the accident was serious I might be of some use; though of course with a military surgeon it——'

'All right, Mildmay,' I said coming to the door, so as to avoid further disclosures, 'come in, will you? The injury is a very slight one, but as I have to leave in a few minutes, and you will probably follow up the case, I will just show you what I have done.'

Then beckoning him into the bedroom, I shewed him the wound, and told him to get a full account from the patient of how the accident occurred, while I hurried back in order to prevent my uncle coming over.

After bidding them all good-bye, and reminding the young ladies once more of the dances at Lady Delamere's, I left the room, but was followed to the door by both Sir Walter and Lady Maltravers.

As soon as we were fairly outside, her ladyship said, 'I suppose you ease your conscience with the difference of a single letter, Mr. Mildman, but——'

'Lady Maltravers,' I interrupted, for my patience began to give out, 'excuse me if I speak plainly to you and Sir Walter for a moment. When I arrived here yesterday morning, you addressed me, without any question as to who I was, by the name of *Mildman*. A doctor's assistant has no right to claim any very great familiarity from a baronet's lady, and therefore I have no fault to find with my reception; but you must admit that you gave me no opportunity before the arrival of your visitors to set you right upon matters which were, after all, merely

personal, and which did not affect my professional duties in your house. When I had to assume a character, I naturally chose my own, and have assumed to be nothing that I am not—indeed, the reverse is the case. I have only to add that I am Dr. Thornton's nephew, and that as I was spending a few days with him, he asked me to come here in Mildmay's place as the poor little man was called away to the bedside of his sick mother—I have the honour to wish you good morning.'

So saying, and without waiting for any reply I bowed profoundly, and departed.

V.

Fortunately I got back just as my uncle was preparing, with an array of instruments and dressings for every possible contingency, to start for the Priory, and I was able to convince him in a very few words that his presence was not necessary at that time, reserving a full account of my adventures for a cosy chat after dinner over a bottle of very particular port.

That evening I told him the whole story, just as I have narrated it here, with the exception of the prominence accorded to the young ladies. Perhaps I betrayed myself by my extreme caution and reticence, for my uncle smiled, when he said,

'Well, you seem to have developed a special genius both for getting into, and out of scrapes, my dear boy, since your return home. How do you propose to explain to the Merton Coombs Maltravers your assumed name?'

'Ah! there I want the benefit of your advice, Uncle.'

'You ought to take the blame yourself, I think. Say it was a mistake the Maltravers fell into, which you had your own reasons for continuing.'

I had not told him of my conversation with Kate on the way home from luncheon, but as I hoped before long to make a separate treaty with her, I let it pass, only stipulating that he was to say nothing at the Priory of

my estate at Merton Coombs or disclose my real name, to which he agreed readily enough.

Captain Maltravers quite unwillingly fulfilled his promise of a call, the day after his return to Woodbine Cottage. Hearing that the heir of Miss Tempest's estate had arrived, he was among the first to pay his respects. His astonishment may well be imagined on meeting his old acquaintance Mildman, but having since heard that the Mr. Tempest he was to call upon was an Assistant Surgeon in the Army, and seeing in the army list that the number of the regiment was the same as I had mentioned at the Priory, he was easily satisfied, and consented to wait for further explanations in the future. I returned his visit the next day, and made such progress in my wooing that before Lady Delamere's ball Miss Kate Maltravers had agreed to become Mrs. Tempest. I am satisfied that the Captain thought my assumed name was a *ruse* to see his sister without being known, and under that impression I let him rest. Kate was the only one I took partly into my confidence, and she managed that when the engagement was disclosed to Lady Maltravers, my identity with Mr. Mildman should not be mentioned, but invited her sister-in-law down to make my acquaintance at Lady Delamere's theatricals and ball in utter ignorance of the fact that she had ever met me before.

There was a very brilliant gathering on that eventful evening; the beauty and fashion of the whole country seemed to have assembled for the occasion. I met the Maltravers party as they left the dressing room, and after the ordinary greetings I said to her Ladyship, 'You see Lady Maltravers, I am a faithful knight, and have kept my engagement.'

'Yes,' she answered, 'but take care that you are not unhorsed in the tournament.' Then turning to Kate, she asked, 'Where is Mr. Tempest? Will you go in now, or wait for him here?'

'Oh, we must postpone your introduction to Mr. Tempest till a little later in the evening,' said Kate, as she and her sister left us to join the performers.

The theatricals were a very fair success, and at the conclusion the guests crowded round their hostess, and paid their respects, while they at the same time congratulated her upon the performance. I offered Lady Maltravers my arm, and we joined the throng. I had planned this as the *dénouement*; so I said,

'I have been faithful to my compact with you, Lady Maltravers, and have been reintroduced to your relatives in my proper name and position, which was what you wished, I believe.'

'That was all, and really I do not think that I was to blame. Had I known who you were it would have been different. But Dr. Thornton has more fully explained how you came to be sent in his assistant's place. It was very kind of you to spare the time when your stay with him was so short.'

'But like most good actions it brought its own reward,' I answered. 'And now nothing remains but to obtain the same formal reintroduction to you. I do not think you even know my real name.'

'Why no, now I think of it, Dr. Thornton never mentioned it.'

'Then I must ask Lady Delamere to present me,' I said.

Lady Delamere was surrounded by the performers, and Lady Maltravers was presented to her by Miss Maltravers, after which I said,

'I must ask you, Lady Delamere to present me formally to Lady Maltravers, our introduction has been a little irregular.'

'Certainly,' said Lady Delamere, quite unsuspectingly, 'Lady Maltravers, let me present to you Mr. Tempest, who has lately become a near neighbour. Inherited dear old Miss Tempest's fine property,' she added in a stage whisper.

'The name and the property were

all I concealed from you, Lady Maltravers,' I said, in a tone not heard by the others, 'but I hope you will forgive me for winning your sister-in-law under false pretences.'

For a moment or two she seemed too astonished even to speak, but quickly recovering herself said,

'You were determined not to be unhorsed, and I acknowledge that you have won the tournament.'

'But I have taken no advantage of the victory,' I replied. 'None of

them suspect the real cause of my visit to the Priory.'

'Thank you,' she answered.

But I do not think she ever really forgave me for the part I had played, and though I was her guest during the festivities when Reginald came of age, and though Sir Walter gave Kate away, and we were married from the Priory the following January, yet she never quite forgot how completely she was taken in, when I was visiting my last patient.

AMOURETTE

BY L. L.

WHY give it frowns? Why give it blame?
 A summer's love that lightly came
 And took to wing as lightly?
 The pranks were harmless that it played,
 And all its guilt is that it made
 The sun to shine more brightly.

Sour heart is free; and even mine
 Will not for aye and ever pine,
 Though I have vowed so daily
 (Deceiving no more than deceived,
 Believing no less than believed),—
 'Twill loose its fetters gaily!

And was it Love? What other name
 Than Love's can lightly bear the blame
 Of having loved but lightly?
 It is a trick it oft has played
 With laughing lass and lad, nor made
 The sun to shine less brightly!

TORONTO.

THE WOMAN QUESTION.

BY M.

ONE of the most interesting and important problems of modern civilization is indicated in the above title. Certainly no subject touches more numerous points of our life; or touches them more deeply and tenderly. It is a subject moreover, which has recently become quite prominent; engaging the attention of able minds of both sexes the world over, provoking the consideration of grave deliberative bodies, and awakening a very widespread and lively popular interest. In fact, whatever else it is doing, it is achieving a very general and thorough discussion. It has got itself before the world; and it will no more yield its present vantage-ground, until it has been satisfactorily investigated and rightly determined, than the unwelcome guest at the banquet would down at the bidding of the guilty king.

It cannot be said, however, that the discussion of this great subject is always conducted in a judicious and happy manner. Many baseless assumptions are made, many sophistical arguments employed, and much idle declamation indulged: and by no means all on one side. Delicate nerves are often not a little disturbed, and conservative prejudices shocked by what seem unwomanly words and ways on the one hand; and, on the other, the sense of justice is outraged by the denial of natural equality, and a deep indignation excited by stinging sarcasm and pitiless ridicule. But the discussion of what great subject since time began was ever carried on in a way to meet the entire approbation of sensitive or finical folk? What extrava-

gance and fanaticism did the Reformation evoke? What coarseness and violence of speech and action did the strife against the English Corn Laws, and the age-long fight with American Slavery, call forth! When the waters are deeply stirred no little feculence is likely to come to the surface. Is that any sign that there is no water beneath? How unwise to judge any principle or movement by the follies of its friends, or the aspersions of its foes! Forgetting then, so far as we can, all the inconsequential arguments and sentimental appeals, all the unwarranted assumptions and vicious rhetoric which we may have heard or read on either side of the question—and that requires no little talent for forgetting—let us now look into the subject with such care and candour as we can, and as though for the first time it challenged attention.

Here then, is woman, a living, self-conscious, responsible, moral entity, endowed with all the instincts and faculties of her brother, man. Her's a bodily form, somewhat smaller upon the average, perhaps not less enduring, certainly more sensitive and more graceful than his. Her's every intellectual power, be it fancy or imagination, memory or hope, comparison or judgment. Her's too, every affectionate attribute, whether complacent benevolence or gentle pity, sublime enthusiasm or unselfish love. Her's likewise every spiritual capacity—impresibility to the unseen and invisible, longing after the divine and immortal. No matter, to the point I now make, whether she have all these powers and

capacities in equal degree with man or not. It suffices that she has them.

And what is she to do with them? That is, What is the purpose of her being? Is it, essentially, any different from that of man's? Why *he* is here, hedged about with both hindrances and helps, there seems now a pretty substantial agreement. Though the Westminster Catechism tells us that 'The chief end of man is to glorify God, and enjoy him for ever,' it is now tolerably well understood that this *means*, certainly ought to mean, that man's chief end is the complete and harmonious development of his whole nature. It means that his great object is the attainment of the highest and best that, with all providential aids and utmost self help, is possible—the sound mind in the sound body, passion subordinate to reason, interest to conscience, with love transfiguring and enthroned over all. It means, in fine, the attainment of a perfect manhood. This is to glorify God, because it is to illustrate the grandeur and perfectness of his work; and it is to enjoy him by being in entire accordance with his law and spirit.

And is not precisely this the chief end of Woman? Is she not included in the generic term 'Man?' Is she not in the world to make the most of herself that her faculties will allow? Are not her life and culture intrinsically just as important, and provided for just as amply, in the nature of things, as her counterpart's? Is she not under just as imperative obligation to strive for the noblest goals of knowledge, wisdom, goodness, power, as is he? and does not her refusal or neglect to do so involve just as great guilt as his? Surely these questions carry their own answers.

But for the attainment of this end in any worthy degree, woman requires freedom of self-determination. Not freedom to do, or be, what idle caprice or blind passion may prompt; but, exercising her best faculties, and using

such helps as she can command, to shape her own course and character, responsible only to her own conscience. This would seem to be the prerogative of every moral being, requiring only to be stated to be admitted. Of *man* it has never been denied, save in exceptional instances, and then only on the ground that the exceptions, though apparently, were not really, human beings—which was the stock justification of African slavery. Of *woman* it has not heretofore been, is not now fully, admitted. She has been the appendage of man; in savage and barbarous lands, his drudge and slave. Amongst all the ancient peoples, with perhaps a single exception, the ordinary form of marriage was a simple bargain between the bridegroom and the father of the bride. Thus Jacob purchased both Leah and Rachel by seven years service for each; and Shechem offered the same patriarch and his angry sons 'never so much dowry and gift'* if they would consent to his espousal of Dinah. While indications are not wanting of the same custom among the Greeks, ample evidence appears of her still greater degradation than is involved in such a usage. According to Hellenic law, the daughter could not inherit her father's estate, nor was relationship traceable through females. The Roman law, while in some respects more lenient towards women, was in others much severer. Thus Cato proposed and carried a law which forbade making a woman an heiress, though she were an only child and unmarried, and forbade the willing to a woman of more than the fourth part of the patrimony. In Cicero's time, a century and a half later, a father leaving a son and daughter, could will the latter only a third of his estate, and if he left only a daughter could bequeath her but one half of his fortune. Still worse, the Roman law vested in the husband and father the power of repudiating the

* Gen. xxxiv. 12.

wife at pleasure, and of condemning to death both wife and children. To the same effect are the laws of Menu, to which it is needless to refer in detail.*

After a time, however, laws were modified. Not only was the formal sale of the daughter abandoned, but a dowry bestowed by the father for her separate use, which imparted to her somewhat more dignity and value. Still, as virtuous wife and mother, her condition was hardly above servitude. Amongst the Greeks she was disposed of in early childhood, with scarcely the least reference to her own wish; and was doomed to complete seclusion and ignorance. She occupied a retired part of her husband's house, never went abroad unaccompanied, never saw a male visitor except in her husband's presence, never sat at her own table with a male guest, blushed and beat a quick retreat if a male passer-by saw her face at the window. For the intelligent and ambitious woman who spurned this abject condition there was but one way of escape. It was by the sacrifice of what everywhere and at all times has been regarded as the glory of womanhood. How often this dread sacrifice was made need not be said. Equally needless to describe some of the women, as *Aspasia* and *Theodote*, by whom it was made—beautiful, brilliant, accomplished, centres of the intellectual and æsthetic society of Athens; to whom such men as *Pericles* and *Socrates* confess their indebtedness, and who became no contemptible adepts in all the scientific, philosophic and artistic culture of their time and country.

With Christianity came a new spirit. Then, as never before, was emphasized the grand realities of equality and brotherhood. Then the race became one family, wherein exist no primogenital, no superior rights of

any sort. In its light, Jew and Greek, bond and free, male and female all vanish: human souls alone are.* Yet the softening and refining tendency of Christianity was manifest in almost every other direction sooner and more decisively than in the elevation of woman. Here and there, of course, ere long appeared indications that its spirit was beginning to operate to this end. The old Jewish notion which made woman the source of all human ills, and asserted 'the badness of men to be better than the goodness of women,' began to fade away. The terrible power vested in the Roman husband was somewhat restricted, and the seclusion of the Hellenic wife was somewhat relaxed. Greater social freedom was accorded to woman; works of charity and piety were confided to her care; and in not a few instances she attested her devotion to the new religion by an endurance and heroism than which nothing is sublimer in the annals of martyrdom. Though she seems never to have been allowed to teach in the primitive orthodox church, yet she was occasionally elected to the office of deaconess, while the heretical sect of the *Collyridians*, which made some noise in the fourth century, admitted her to the priesthood. The new and slowly strengthening tendency in woman's favour was also evidenced by the early veneration, ere long developing into idolatry, of the mother of Jesus. The institution of chivalry likewise, notwithstanding the unworthy ideas of the womanly character which it recognized, and the extravagance to which it was carried, contributed somewhat to lessen woman's degradation, and open her way to a better future.

Still, all through the Middle Ages, the idea that a woman had any right to herself, or to determine her course in life, and was not first her father's, and then her husband's, was almost

* Vide 'The Ancient City,' by *Coulanges*, p. 53, et seq.

* Gal. iii. 28.

literally unheard of. Whatever opportunities for culture, or pleasure, or high employment she enjoyed were granted as *privileges*, not claimed and accorded as *rights*. And when the Reformation came, stupendous in many respects as were the changes wrought, it did little immediately for the elevation of woman. It was Luther's doctrine* 'that she was created to bear children, and be the pleasure and solace of her husband.' 'God created Adam master and lord of living creatures,' said he, 'but Eve spoilt all when she persuaded him to set himself above God's will. 'Tis the women with their tricks and artifices that lead men into error.' And how deeply these ideas have been imbedded in the minds of his followers is evident both from the legislation, and the social and religious customs of all Protestant peoples. How long was it amongst these before any real power was accorded woman of shaping her own destiny, or of bestowing her own hand! How long and universally was she still supposed to have but one legitimate purpose in life, towards which all that related to her should tend! How often was she disposed of, if not openly for a sum of ready money, as in early times, yet from considerations of social influence, family convenience, political interest, and the like! Even now one of the most important questions in the marriage service of the Anglican Church is, 'Who *giveth* this woman to be married to this man?' As though her father, or nearest male relation had a divine right to make a *present* of her to whomsoever he would! Certainly as though she had no voice in determining a matter wherein she, of all others, had the profoundest interest! In the same service also, and in accordance with the same idea, is exacted the promise of obedience to the husband, no matter which nature may be in the ascendant: a promise which, if it

mean anything, means the total abnegation of the prerogatives of a moral being, which no such being has any right, or should dare to surrender. It means the bestowal of the sanction of religion upon that formerly everywhere accepted atrocity of law, that the wife has no separate legal existence; and which, while making the husband and wife one, is very careful that that one shall be the husband! It is a fragment of that old barbarism which in England, so late as 1863, permitted a brutal husband to lead his wife, with a halter round her neck, into the public market-place, and sell her to the highest bidder, as though she were a sheep or a cow!

But, with the remarkable development of civilization during the last few centuries, the condition of woman has steadily and greatly improved. One burden after another has been lifted from her shoulders. New and numerous avenues to usefulness and happiness have opened to her. One right after another has been conquered by, or for her. So great a change has been effected in her position, and so differently is she now regarded that, as Mr. Mill has well observed, 'Historians and philosophers have come to adopt her condition as, on the whole, the surest test, and the most correct measure of the civilization of a people or an age.'*

And now crowd upon us such questions as, What next? Is the admitted progress of woman to stop at the point now reached, or has it to go on in similar or analogous lines? Is the assimilation of her condition to her brother's to continue, or has it found, or is it soon likely to find, an impassable barrier? Is she, in fine, to become under Providential guidance and within the limits of her own nature, completely self-determining; developing herself from within, and in accordance with her own sense of need and fitness! How answer these ques-

* Table Talk, sections 726, 727.

* 'Subjection of Women.' Am. Ed., p. 244.

tions? By mutual congratulations over past achievements, and wilful disregard of the disabilities under which woman still labour? By flattery of female vanity on the one hand, and denunciation of female presumption on the other? By highly wrought panegyrics of woman's influence as wife and mother, forgetful of the fact that many a woman is neither one nor the other, and that the influence of many a one holding both these relations is far enough from what it should be? All these answers have been rendered many times; and with what success everybody knows. Contemptuous of them and of all similar replies, shall we say, Of course woman's progress is not to be arrested now; that she is to be relieved of every unnatural and unwomanly burden, and to become as self-determining in her sphere as man in his; but that the moment she oversteps her sphere she will not only cease to progress but retrograde and receive infinite harm? Shall we say, Grant her every right, opportunity, privilege within that sphere, beyond which no true woman wants to go, and no unwomanly woman should be permitted to go? Very well. But who shall say, *just what woman's sphere is?* what it includes, and what it excludes? Judging by the infinite deal of nonsense uttered on this subject, it would seem that every fledgling in philosophy or religion felt himself fully competent to mark out with entire precision both the general course, and the specific actions appropriate to every woman.

But aside from the fact that hardly any two definitions of woman's sphere fully agree, how impertinent in any *man*, or any *men*, to think of deciding that sphere for her. Just as impertinent as for any woman, or number of women, to determine the scope of man's sphere. How any attempt on her part to do this, analyzing his nature and dictating his position and duty, would be regarded is quite evident. Very plainly, woman herself alone can tell what her

true sphere is. Nor can she *now* tell what it is. Once a thousand things which it would now be a shame for any intelligent woman not to know or do were deemed wholly outside her sphere; any attention to which it was fancied would destroy all the delicacy and charm of her character, if it did not wholly unsex her. So, doubtless, a multitude of things which are now popularly reckoned altogether beyond her sphere will hereafter be regarded just as appropriate to her as the care of household, teaching of children, or works of charity. Such has been her culture, or rather her want of culture, and her lack of opportunity, and, still more, her lack of stimulus to use her opportunity; such the suppression of her own will and judgment, and her deference to the will and judgment of others, that she herself has no adequate conception of her own powers. How greatly, therefore, does she hesitate before entering upon any untried arena? What meagre praise satisfies her for any success in genuine work? How frequently drops from her own lips the remark that she has all the facilities that she needs or wants, when the whole intellectual side of her being has been scarcely touched, and she has yet to practise the first instance of a genuine self-reliance. Let it be repeated accordingly, that woman herself does not yet know what her sphere is—does not know what she is capable of doing or becoming. To her unfolding powers her sphere is constantly widening. As the apostle exhorts to 'work out our salvation,' discovering what it is by achieving it, so must she cast out her sphere and find what it includes by finding what she has ability and taste for. For, with man or woman, 'the talent is the call' to do any work or take any position. Whoso has that, whatever the sex, has the providential commission to assume any place, or follow any vocation, and need have no scruples about over-stepping their natural sphere, or violating the pro-

prieties, or marring the spiritual lineaments.

I conclude then, that all the talk about 'woman's sphere,' as though it were something as accurately definable as a circle, or a triangle, is equally irrelevant and impertinent. I conclude that all fear that woman would fly off at a tangent, or describe an orbit as eccentric as a comet's, were all legal and social restrictions of her freedom removed, is equally idle and childish. I conclude that, spite of all the hindrances she has encountered, and is encountering, she is designed to be, under the conditions of her own nature, a self-determining creature, shaping her own course, and working out for herself the problem of being.

And if a self-determining being, as she must be if a moral being, then all means and avenues of culture must be opened to her. To say the contrary is to say that her freedom is only nominal, and that her nature is unworthy a full development. Whether she will avail herself of all these means, and enter all these avenues is quite another question; and for a positive answer to which we have not yet perhaps, sufficient data. It is urged by many that she will not; that there are essential and uneffaceable mental and spiritual differences between her and man; and that these differences, if they do not actually disqualify her for the successful pursuit of certain kinds of culture, do cause her to turn away from them. It is said that she stands for beauty and grace, and man for strength and wisdom; and that therefore her physical frame is smaller, her brain lighter, her intellectual fibre less tough and enduring than man's; though it is admitted that her sense of fitness is finer, her instincts purer, her moral nature nobler. It is concluded accordingly, that if any do choose the educational course, and win distinction in the paths generally supposed to belong especially to man, they are exceptional persons from whom it is entirely unsafe to generalize for the sex.

But upon what ground is this notion of intrinsic and ineradicable differences of taste and talent based! Is it human history? Is it said that, sad truth though it be, it is still true, that woman has never yet manifested the highest order of intellect, not to say genius, that she has never produced a twin soul of Homer or Shakespeare, Plato or Bacon, Newton or Humboldt, Swedenborg or Channing? Undeniably. But is there no other, and quite as satisfactory a reason for her past deficiency? Considering her position hitherto—how almost universally she has been discouraged from attempting aught beyond the beaten paths; and how persistently the means of a generous culture have been denied her—is it any marvel that she has achieved no worthier goals? Is it not rather the marvel that she has accomplished so much, and that there are so many shining female names, from Sappho and Hypatia to Browning and Marian Lewes, from Hebrew Miriam to American Lucretia Mott, that the world will not willingly forget? But to measure her capacity by her past performances is like measuring the possibilities of the freedman, to whom all doors are open, by what he did when the alphabet was to him forbidden fruit, and aspiration was treason to both God and the State.

The theory of woman's intellectual inferiority is often based on the alleged smaller volume and lighter weight of her brain. But is it certain that her brain is smaller and lighter than man's? Absolutely it doubtless is: relatively to the size and weight of the body, there are reasons for believing there is a slight preponderance the other way. The average weight of man, the statisticians tell us, is 140 pounds; that of woman 124 pounds; making the ratio between them as 100 to 88.57. But the average weight of a woman's brain is said to be only ten per cent. less than man's, making the ratio between these organs as 100 to 90. Thus, proportionally to the weight of the

body, there appears to be nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of brain-weight on the average in her favour. The authority for these statements also declares that, 'If we take the average *minimum* bodily weights of the sexes, the relative brain-weight preponderance of the female is still greater, being nearly 4 per cent. over man's brain.'

Yet waiving this point, and conceding that possibly it may be demonstrable by existing, or yet to be collected statistics, that woman's brain is both absolutely and relatively smaller and lighter than man's, does that settle the question of his intellectual superiority? On the contrary how patent that some very large brains—that is, if they fill the cavities in which they are placed—are very dull and stupid brains; and that some, quite below the medium size are exceedingly active and vigorous ones! Is it not true here as elsewhere, that bulk and weight are no sure criterions of efficiency and value? 'It is curious to note,' says an author,* 'the delight which Nature seems to take in iterating and reiterating the fact that a very large proportion of the great intellects of the age just passed, was lodged principally with men who fell short of the medium stature. Napoleon was so very short and slim in early life as to be nicknamed "Puss in Boots." Byron was no taller. Lord Jeffrey was not so tall; and Campbell and Moore were still shorter; while Wilberforce was a less man than any of them.' Size and weight of brain then, supposing these demonstrably in man's favour are not conclusive of his superiority; justify no theory of natural or essential differences between him and his sister. 'The profoundest knowledge of the laws of formation of character,' says Mr. Mill,† 'is indispensable to entitle any one to affirm even that there is any difference, much more what the difference is, between the two sexes,

considered as moral and rational beings; and since no one, as yet, has that knowledge—for there is hardly any subject which, in proportion to its importance, has been so little studied—no one thus far is entitled to any positive opinion on the subject. Conjectures are all that can at present be made; conjectures more or less probable, according as more or less authorized by such knowledge as we yet have of the laws of psychology, as applied to the formation of character.

Admitting, however, all that is urged by the most strenuous as to the essential difference between man and woman, and as to the latter's intellectual inferiority, what then? Are all, or any of the means of improvement and usefulness which man enjoys, and to which she may feel attracted, to be denied her? Is access to the same schools, pursuit of the same wide and varied culture to be prohibited her, if she yearn for it? Because weak and poorly able to cope with the world, is she to be made weaker still? or, if not that, to be hindered from putting forth to the utmost such powers as she has? Because she cannot rise into the empyrean with equal ease and speed with man, shall her wings be clipped, and her soul so heavily weighted as to hold her, an unwilling prisoner, in the dust? The justice of such a course I will not attempt to disprove. The magnanimity of it I will not endeavour to characterize! If woman be so unlike and so unequal to man, as is sometimes alleged, then all the more reason is there for removing every hindrance, and providing every help to her development. All the more reason for encouraging her to put forth every energy for the attainment of the worthiest goal, saying, Here is the wide world, the immeasurable universe, this mysterious life, with all their boundless wealth of knowledge, wisdom, and goodness: take what you can, assimilate what you may, become what your nature will admit.

* T. W. Higginson, if memory be not at fault.
† Subjection of Women, pp. 247, 248.

From woman's right of self-determination follows also the correlative right to enter any employment or profession for which she has the taste and qualification. Within a half century probably not one person in a thousand would have listened to such a proposition with any other feeling than mingled indignation and contempt. But who thinks of questioning it now? A few, boldly entering on other vocations than public opinion had assigned their sex, and successfully discharging their functions, have conquered the right for all others. Whoso now wishes to follow any profession finds comparatively little hindrance outside herself. Talent, tact, devotion, enlarged and directed by sound culture, are all that are needed. With these she may till the soil, practise any handicraft, traffic in any merchandize. With these she may set free the divine image slumbering in the marble, thrill all beholders by the impersonations of genius, lift all listeners on wings of song to the gates of Paradise. With these she may practise the healing art, thread the mazes of legal lore, preach the unsearchable riches of the gospel of love. But as all this is so generally admitted, has been so frequently and clearly demonstrated, nothing more need be said of it here.

Still further, woman's right of self-determination involves the right of *suffrage*. She can never shape her own career, never be the arbiter of her own destiny, so long as she has no voice in framing the laws under which she lives, and to which she is amenable. At least so much is true of man. We cannot think of him as a self-directing being working out the high purpose of his existence, subject to the domination of another person or class. But if this be true of man, why not of woman? And why has she not the same natural right, as a free moral being, to the ballot, as has man? So pertinent is this question that the Rev. Dr. Bushnell, in his

"Reform against Nature," in order to avoid the conclusion it necessitates, denies that man has any *right* to suffrage. That is, he says in substance, it is expedient that some men—it may be expedient that all men—should vote. But *right* to vote has no man. What then, becomes of our modern doctrines of 'equal rights before the law;' 'just government resting on the consent of the governed;' 'the inseparability of representation and taxation,' and the like? They are turned summarily out of doors, as, in our author's words, 'the cheap impostures of philosophy;' while in their place we find the basis, not of a 'cheap,' but of a very dear and detestable imperialism, or autocracy, or whatever form of government the strong and cunning may impose. That there is much probability of the people of this continent adopting this view—abandoning the idea of their *natural right* to participate in governmental affairs, and seeking the right to do so, as Dr. Bushnell advises, 'out of history, out of providential preparations and causes, out of the concessions of custom, out of expediencies concluded, and debated reasons of public benefit,* I think we need have little fear. But if this view seem preposterous, then what other basis for the suffrage is there than the rights of human nature?—a basis which no more excludes one sex than the other.

Admitting the abstract right of woman to the ballot, is it expedient that she be actually clothed with that right? Does not the concession of it involve so many, and so stupendous changes, that it is wiser to withhold it, even at the risk of violating abstract principle? Perhaps as good a way to answer this question is to ask some others. Is it, then, expedient that the true and right should everywhere prevail, and every soul be endowed with

* Dr. Bushnell's little volume is not at hand: any one having the book can readily verify the reference.

its just prerogatives? Or is it better that there should be some wrong, some injustice, some oppression done to some persons or class? When that wrong touches ourselves, do we then gravely ask if it be expedient that it be removed, or do we cry, 'Let justice be done though the heavens fall'? And in the case under consideration shall we hesitate to say, 'Let justice be done!' So far, however, from the heavens falling on that account, it is on justice that their eternal pillars rest. Injustice it is that brings them down on human heads with such results as those with which Dagon's great temple fell, when the tortured giant wrenched away the columns that upheld its mighty dome.

The next answer to this question of expediency is one which, it is thought, goes to the root of the whole matter. It is the analogy of the family, of society, and of the church. As a rule, children of both sexes are born into the same family. Certainly the family is based upon—cannot exist without—both the masculine and the feminine elements. And have we not here the primal and most important of all human organizations? Beyond question what is true of the family in this respect is true of general society. Strike the feminine element out of that, and men are savages and bears. Strike the masculine element out, and women are gossips or dawdlers. There is no society where both are not found reciprocally influencing each other. Just so in the church, the two elements find equal place and work. Eliminate the feminine element, and the church would petrify. Eliminate the masculine element, and the church would collapse. Does not the same law hold in the state? or is the analogy good for nothing, and the state a wholly exceptional institution? Has the entire exclusion of femininity from that worked so well that every body is satisfied, and sees no room for improvement? Surely the person must be a recent arrival from some

other planet who can honestly ask such a question. For how patent that our political life, from the primary meeting up to the highest legislative body, is, in the very mildest phrase, far enough from what it should be! How patent that there is infinite room for improvement alike in the methods of politics, in the tone of deliberative bodies, and in the spirit and administration of law! And is it not highly probable that an infusion of true femininity into this sphere would contribute somewhat to such improvement? Can it be doubted when we recall the changes which have followed the introduction of this element elsewhere? Not, of course, as is sometimes foolishly implied, that the extension of suffrage to woman would banish all trickery and corruption from politics. Women are not yet perfect any more than men; are subject to the same temptations; would unquestionably, just like their brothers, often cast their votes for quite unworthy purposes. Is that any reason why they should be deprived of their natural right? Do we reason thus in regard to men? Moreover, it seems to be universally admitted—is very often affirmed—that woman's moral instincts are purer and nobler than man's. If this be so, can the world afford to shut out their promptings and suggestions from all public affairs? Has it made such progress that it can safely trust all its political and civil interests, which are often intimately connected with its moral and religious interests, to the lower and coarser half of humanity?

It is said, however, and doubtless honestly thought by many, that the concession of the ballot to woman, instead of elevating public affairs, would injure herself. This has always been the argument against widening the sphere of her activity. Every change in her condition has been met with the objection, "Take care, take care; you will harm instead of helping;" as though women were a deli-

cate porcelain vase that any removal, if not the slightest touch, would shiver to atoms. Yet who thinks her lower in the scale of existence to-day than when, 5,000 years ago, she was man's purchased slave? or than 500 years ago when she was his toy, or his idol! Who does not know that she is vastly higher, and that society is immeasurably better for her having more largely participated in its affairs? And why should not her assumption of all the rights her nature claims, and all the duties to which her nature prompts tend in the same direction?

Ask any, What gentleman would be willing to take his wife and daughter, supposing them willing to go, to the wretched places where elections are often held, and into the coarse, profane, and sometimes indecent crowd that clusters around? Evidently none; and there would be no need of it. The entrance of woman into any place, be it street-car, ferry-boat, or political meeting, to which as a listener she is now sometimes invited, is a signal for every man to put himself on his good behaviour. Few are the men, on this continent at least, that in any mixed assembly would wish or dare insult, or show the least disrespect to, a woman who did not in some way invite it. Give woman the ballot, and the polling-place will soon be fit for her to enter. Even as it is, the man or the woman who does not shrink from many a public conveyance, with its filth, and vile air, and bad manners, need not be greatly shocked at the offensiveness of an ordinary election room.

But the concession of suffrage to woman, it is said, will beget different political convictions, and so endless bickering, in the family. Do differences in religion beget such discord? Between low and vulgar souls, Yes; and mainly because, amongst such, woman is not yet recognized as a self-determining being, having the right of independent convictions. Between

noble and generous natures, No; and still less would different political opinions tend to domestic strife from the fact that the proposed change is based on woman's natural right to do her own thinking, and shape her own destiny. It is not found in business partnerships, the most common instance of voluntary association next to marriage, that political differences occasion serious troubles; and certainly no man would think of entering into such relationship where his freedom in this respect would be in the least danger. So, if there be any genuine respect of husband and wife for each other—if they be husband and wife—how much more conciliatory, and tolerant of each other's idiosyncrasies, will they be! If there be no such respect—if they be merely a couple of animals yoked together—it is doubtful if different political affiliations would render their condition any unhappier than it now is.

It may be said again, that the right to vote involves the right to hold office. Not necessarily. Many men now vote who have never been, who never expect to be, elected to any office; some of whom do not want to be, and others of whom are not fit to be so elected. But suppose no man voted, here for Mayor or Member of Parliament, or elsewhere for Governor or President, who is not qualified for, and might not properly aspire to, either of those positions, very few votes would be cast. Yet who, on that account, prizes any the less the sacred right of saying whom he prefers to have preside over the administration of city or country? Suppose, moreover, the right to vote does involve the right to hold office. What then? Have not many women already held office, one sort or another, and shown themselves fully equal to their duties! Were Maria Theresa, and Catharine, and Elizabeth, any the less rulers because they were women? Who for more than forty years has reigned over the vast British Empire, and reigned

in the hearts of her subjects as well, but a woman? Have the women of England and the United States, appointed as school superintendents, members of charitable boards, post-mistresses, and clerks of various grades, proved themselves, as a class, either dishonest or incompetent? They have shown themselves just the opposite—able, efficient, upright administrators. Naturally enough, the women whose tastes will lead them to desire, whose relations will justify them in accepting, and whose qualifications will fit them for high office will be very few—certainly for no inconsiderable period. Nor is it fairly supposable, as sometimes seems to be feared, that, suffrage once conceded to women, both they and their brothers will instantly turn idiots, or act in an altogether idiotic manner in selecting candidates for public places, or that official position would not then, quite as often as now, seek out those most capable of discharging its functions.

But it may be asked, still further, Is not woman to be a wife and mother? Some women, whether from choice or necessity, sustain neither of these relations. Some of these—as Frances Cobbe, Florence Nightingale, Clara Barton—are amongst the ablest, most refined, and noble women of the world, whom it would be a gross insult to liken to the great majority of masculine voters. And there are few things that others of this class—numbering in some populous centres their tens of thousands—do so much need as the stimulus that this enlarged sphere of action, with its new ideas and purposes, would give. Besides, if every woman were to be a wife and mother—if every one were to aspire to these relations as intrinsically the most desirable for her, as in many respects they unquestionably are—I know not that those would be any reasons why she should be content with being a mere over-dressed doll on the one hand, or an abject slave, doing and thinking only what her

master permits on the other. They have long seemed to me additional reasons why she should enjoy, and endeavour to make the best use of, every opportunity, developing herself into

'A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food ;
A perfect woman, nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command.'

It is objected, finally, that women do not want the right of suffrage; that they are entirely content to remain without other influence on public affairs than they now have. Of many women—perhaps the majority—this is unquestionably true. How greatly to their praise it need not be said. Certainly it is not to their praise if they could, by their votes, help the industrial, educational, and moral interests of their country. Many persons are said to be wholly satisfied in very unnatural and pernicious relations. Most of the wives of that occidental sultan, Brigham Young, were reputed to be quite content with one undivided twentieth part of their lord's time and affection. Nothing was more common, twenty-five years ago, than to hear that the American slaves were perfectly happy, and would not be persuaded by any officious intermeddlers to leave their indulgent masters. Whether either of these assertions were true need not here be discussed; and whether being true, either would reflect credit or discredit on the parties implicated, the reader shall judge.

But it is very far from true that *no* women wish to vote. Thousands, and tens of thousands, and they will soon be hundreds of thousands wait impatiently to be invested with this right. And if there were but one woman in all the land who claimed the right, with what justice could it be withheld? Is there any better reason for wronging one or a few than for wronging many? It seems quite evident moreover, that the time is not far distant when this right will be conceded in all

free countries; for how rapid has been the progress of public opinion in this direction during the last twenty-five years. That length of time ago, how few—and those counted as womanish men, or manish women, fanatics, or lunatics—were willing to confess any leaning toward, or friendship for, the so-called 'Woman Movement!' Today, how many of the keenest politicians, quick to scent the coming breeze, are avowing themselves in its favour! Let us hope that it is not simply because they want votes. That there is a strong and growing feeling in England, and very considerable interest in certain circles in this Dominion, on the subject, is familiar to all intelligent persons. In the United States one territory has already placed woman, so far as the law is concerned, on an entire equality with man; while many States have taken very decided steps in the same direction; among other things, endowing her with the right of suffrage on educational questions, as well as recognizing her eligibility to certain offices. During the last session of Congress a bill was passed authorizing her to practise in the Supreme Court on the same terms with man; while the Judiciary Committee of the Senate reported an amendment to the Constitution sweeping away all distinctions of sex in regard to political rights. It would seem that one risks little in predicting that another generation will see woman's claim to suffrage placed on the same basis with man's throughout the great Republic.

Yet let no confident friend of the movement anticipate too great results from such success. That it will be followed by great disappointment to many—happy disappointment to those who fear, and unhappy to those who hope—there can be little doubt. It will effect far less change than is generally fancied; at first scarcely any. All social evils will not be voted down, nor the offices all filled with saints at

the next election thereafter. It will not be found the panacea of all human, or all womanly, ills. It will scarcely be the *cure* of any. It will be simply the opening of another door—the passage into a larger freedom. It will be a means of education—a stepping-stone to a higher level. But to work out her complete womanhood, vastly more is required than the right of suffrage; vastly more than to use that right ever so nobly and well. It is required that her whole nature—every separate faculty in harmony with all—should expand and strengthen, blooming with beauty, and fruitening with goodness. As her opportunities enlarge, the demands upon her increase. As science opens to her its divine realities, and philosophy explains to her the laws and forces of thought, and affairs offer to her their noblest arena and summon to higher responsibilities, the old monotony must become intelligent activity; the old weakness be transmuted into the glad consciousness of acknowledged strength. And as *she* rises under the stimulus of the new life, equally does man rise. For

'The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarfed or God-like, bond or free.
If she be small, slight-natured, miserable,
How shall men grow!

Then clear away the parasitic forms
That seem to keep her up but drag her down,
And leave her space to burgeon out of all
Within her; let her make herself her own
To give or keep, to live and learn, and be
All that harms not distinctive womanhood.
For woman is not undeveloped man,
But diverse: could we make her as the man
Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this,
Not like to like, but like indiff'rence:
Yet in the long years, liker must they grow;
The man be more of woman, she of man;
He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world,
She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:
More as the double-natured Poet each;
Till, at the last, she set herself to man,
Like perfect music unto noble words:
And so these twain, upon the skirts of time,
Sit side by side, full-summed in all their powers,
Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,
Self-reverent each, and reverencing each,
Distinct in individualities;
But like each other even as those who love.
Then comes the stately Eden back to man;
Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and
calm;
Then springs the crowning grace of human kind:
May these things be.'

THE ARGUMENT FROM SCANDAL.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE battle of the local elections in Ontario is imminent, and we shall, doubtless, soon see addresses filled with heroic self-laudation, not one of which would be written, were there any real criticism amongst us. The great want of our press, so able in many respects, the great want of our platform, the great want of our social intercourse, is criticism, to which two things are indispensable, impartiality in the first place, and in the next knowledge.

Nothing is a greater loss to our public men than this absence of criticism. They, of course, pay no attention to what is said by their opponents or by the press of their opponents. To the adulation of their friends and of their organs, they cannot be expected to turn a deaf ear. Flattery destroys intellectual perspective. The characteristic faults of some of our leading public men would, perhaps, have disappeared like mists in the light and warmth of a generous but candid criticism.

In the absence of the just weight and balance, the favourite argument becomes the argument from scandal; and, judging by some recent debates, we seem in danger of arriving at the pass, where all our dialectics, rhetoric, and invective, may be reduced to personal recrimination.

In the interest of the public, the liberty of the press was gradually enlarged; it is supremely the interest of the public that that liberty should not break into licence. On grounds of public policy the journalist must justify all charges made against a

citizen, and if any course he adopts can be shown to be contrary to this it should feel alike the sword of law and the heel of popular contempt. Now true criticism would point out the just limits of attack, and save us from the very serious evils affecting the efficiency of government, public morality and national character, which follow unfairness, reckless abuse and licentious accusation. As I write the newspapers on both sides in dealing with the Letellier affair illustrate defects for which all self-respecting Canadians cannot but blush.

Morality and logic are more intimately related than is generally supposed, and intellectual defects have as a rule moral correlatives. The terms of metaphysics which have passed into the popular language and still more those of the widely studied and eagerly accepted so-called science of phrenology—by which, as George Eliot says, men prove themselves wits not in the vulgar style of repartee, but by pointing to their bumps—tend to make people think of a human being not as an organic whole, but as a bundle of qualities more or less independent of each other. Hence the vulgar readiness to divorce intellect from morality, and proclaim an unhallowed and, it might almost be said, an impossible union between genius and vice. Pulpit denunciations against the pride of intellect have the same tendency; though divines have generally supplied an antidote to the fallacy by laying down the undoubted truth that the moral character has a controlling influence on the mental.

The converse is of course implied, and, if it were not, is capable of being proved. Largeness of nature implies large capacity in both directions; and, where there are apparent exceptions, they are only apparent. The moral defects of men of intellectual power will, as a rule, be found trifling, compared with their moral excellencies, and generally explicable by tyrannous circumstance, that invisible prison which darkens over our cradle, circumscribes the movements of our manhood, and explains our grave. Between correct modes of thought and clear moral glance there is an intimate connection just as there is between both and conduct. It is not, therefore, surprising if the first test applied to the poor argument based on alleged past events of a personal character, is a logical test.

Whenever accusations of personal misconduct raise an irrelevant issue, criticism puts them out of court. The great argument in favour of free government is not that it is free. A free government, in the case of a people but partially civilized, would be nothing but a chaotic tyranny for which the best hope one could have would be that it might emerge in an ordered despotism. That which makes free government supremely desirable is that it teaches the people the art to rule themselves, and so not only guards against oppression, but opens up avenues into noble reaches of moral and intellectual activity. The way in which this priceless education is given is by the public discussion of public affairs. This public discussion is carried on by public men in the Senate and on the platform, and by journalists in the press, and its utility is in great part destroyed if the real question is clouded by irrelevant controversies.

This opens up a very large question, a most vital one, having reference to the discussion of the deeds of governments, and how far it is right to be content with mere passable adminis-

tration, to enter on which is, however, not possible now. The only point it is necessary or pertinent here to insist on is this, that whatever does not properly make part of a candidate's qualification for a public position, to that it is from every point of view wrong to refer. It is quite clear, for instance, that a different test ought to be applied to a man aspiring to hold a position in our educational system from what would be called for in the case of a candidate for the town council, for the Local Assembly, or for the Dominion Parliament. Some moral blemish which would quite unfit for one position, destroy direct efficiency, and do great and abiding harm, and which no ability, no high idea of public conduct could counterbalance, might be of such a character that it would be wrong to mention it in the case of a candidate for a seat in parliament. This remark is, however, to be guarded thus far, that no one living in open immorality or breaking the laws of his country, should be entrusted with power to influence its legislation. Again, there are positions for which what a man had done in the past, if it indicated persistent character, would unfit him. But let us suppose a man who twenty years ago stole an umbrella or a coat, who had since retrieved his character, whose whole bearing for two decades showed that he was not a thief, if he was in every other sense a good candidate—that long past event should not be brought up and cast in his teeth. This is putting a very strong case and, in many instances, charges are but crystallizations of vague rumours. Sometimes they are pure inventions—lies concocted to answer an immediate purpose. But the point to keep in view is that any deed which does not give grounds for believing in a character that disentitles the man to confidence at the time he demands it, should be allowed to rest in oblivion, and this on purely logical grounds. For by such reference the attention is

directed away from the real issue namely, whether the candidate at the moment before them is the most fit and proper person available to represent their interests and serve them in whatever position he may happen to covet. I repeat that any deed which, in a fair view, would make part of his qualification or disqualification may rightly be raked up. But the educational influence of public conflicts must remain small so long as party or personal victories are won not by reasoning but by vituperation. Unfortunately the evil from an educational point of view is not solely negative; it is positive also; and the mind of the people is not merely left untrained as to right thinking and right feeling, but an appetite is created for garbage, an appetite which grows by what it feeds on, and like the craving for alcohol, not only cries ever 'more, more,' but destroys the desire for, and the power of assimilating, wholesome food. It is impossible to conceive anything more degrading to a people, than to be fed on slander, and amused by virulent and defaming contests compared with which gladiatorial exhibitions are civilized and bull fights ennobling.

The lesser evils which follow the argument from scandal will appear more practical. Public offenders are allowed to go unexposed, because the tactical time has not come to strike, and month adds itself to month and year to year, and the public are allowed to listen to the wild and unscrupulous utterances of a contemptible demagogue, whose game should have been spoiled long before. This course is one that would be deemed unworthy by those who feel that a real claim to public trust, on the ground of ability and faithfulness, is the only basis on which a man should care to stand.

When a case arises where it is a duty to expose the conduct of an aspirant, then the force of the statement is impaired by suspicion of want of good faith. So that the argument from scandal, when resorted to as a matter

of course, has this double drawback, it leads sometimes to the rejection of a good man, and this happening once or twice makes it difficult to defeat a really bad one, whose character should entirely shut him out from confidence. We want not merely greatness but goodness in our public men, not merely ability but morality, and if the object of the professors of billingsgate was to secure this, whatever might be said of the means they employ, their motive would at all events be respectable. But we may be sure no favour would have more reason to dread the reproduction here of the censor of the old Romans than those who, hired with money or maddened by envy, rush out from the kennels of party, howling defaming mendacities.

The most serious of all the practical evils which follow from the tone of public discussions, is that high-minded, able, but sensitive men are kept out of public life, thus allowing people of inferior stamp to crowd into it—a circumstance which has many and far-reaching consequences, including lowness of tone which, however, is by no means the gravest result. When people without intellectual power go into public life, they very soon learn that they have no career, and the possibilities of their future having no bracing influence on them, in nine cases out of ten, they determine to make politics pay. But in the case of a man of real ability, where avarice is not as it sometimes is, though happily not often, his master passion, the public have in his hopes and promise hostages for his good behaviour. His greatest desire will not be 'to have a nice thing,' to add house to house and field to field, but will be in accordance with that which has inspired so many lives that are among the noblest monuments of human sacrifice and endurance and greatness—the generous ambition to hold a large place in the consideration of his countrymen, because of services which were not only efficient in a coarse direct sense, but

also elevating to public life, and it may be at the same time tending to expand and enrich human thought. When a man of poor intellect is sent to parliament or raised to power, in the one case he degenerates into a voting machine and depresses the parliamentary standard, or perpetrates rhetorical and legislative escapades, wholly inconsistent with his duty and the efficiency of the legislature; in the other case he becomes a mere medium and the public have an ostensible minister without power, and a real minister without responsibility. History then repeats itself, and the *roi fainéant* and the *maire du palais* are revived. The public, therefore, want and should obtain, not merely men who can vote, but who can also deliberate, and who cannot only deliberate, but can say 'no, a thousand times no!' when asked by whomsoever to support sop measures and bribing expedients, injurious in a two-fold sense to the country, striking at its honour and its purse.

There is indeed abundant need for seeking to raise the tone of public life, and it is to be hoped that the next Local House will be an improvement on its predecessor. Probably every one has had an experience more or less like this. Entering Osgoode Hall one morning, I said to a legal friend—'I suppose Blank is to be one of the judges.' 'I dare say' was the reply. 'He will be better on the bench, in fact he is *too honest for a politician*,' and the prevailing tone in which politicians are spoken of is like that one would use in speaking of a band of sbirri. Chatting with two legislators of opposing parties, I discussed a measure on which I thought public money had been thrown away. They agreed with me. 'Why then' I asked 'did you both vote for it?' 'Because,' answered one, 'I had my own axe to grind.' 'And I,' replied the other,

'was afraid I should offend some of my friends,' and each honourable gentleman laughed complacently as though conscious of having acted exceedingly well. Such are your 'practical politicians,' who to borrow the language of Lord Lytton, know the world and take it as it is, do not ask five legs of mutton from a sheep, and are determined that no modern cynic, lantern in hand, and bent on an arduous search, shall find them.

But why dwell on a state of things which all acknowledge and deplore? The only course worth taking is to point out the remedy, though there may be little hope of its adoption by the people, for the ancients well said, one may show to others, but cannot pluck for them the Hesperian fruit. The true remedy is to introduce into our discussions the element of criticism and a higher class of men into public life, and this can never be done largely and successfully while the chosen weapon in the political struggle is, not the sword of reason, used in accordance with honourable rules of fence, but the tomahawk of scandal wielded from ambush with savage recklessness, and from motives of the basest kind. History near and remote teems with illustrations of the dangers which attend distaste, on the part of the best citizens, for public life, a distaste which is the inevitable consequence of making that life loathsome by excluding from it all that elevates man in his own and his fellows' esteem, and by making it a terror to the sensitive and refined.

The present time is eminently favourable to a new start, for there is abroad—especially is this true of the young men—the backbone of the country of to-morrow—a feeling that our feet are touching larger years, a generous and wise desire to pour oblivion over what was unsatisfactory in the past, and to greet the future with untroubled memories and noble purpose.

ART EDUCATION—A PLEA FOR THE ARTIZAN.

BY L. R. O'BRIEN,

Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists.

ON the 5th of February last there was an important gathering in Washington, being the annual meeting of the Educational Association of the United States. At this meeting Professor Walter Smith, state director of Art Education in Massachusetts, read an able and very interesting paper on 'Technical Education,' which has since been published, after which the following resolution was passed unanimously:—

Whereas this Convention of state, county and city superintendents of schools recognises the necessity of industrial education in the public schools of America; and whereas, if a part of the time now given to writing in day schools were devoted to drawing, the writing would be better, and the power of drawing a clear gain, therefore,

Resolved,—That industrial drawing, consisting of geometrical drawing, free-hand drawing, elementary design, being now regarded as the common basis of technical education, should be taught in the public day schools as an elementary part of all general education; and that industrial drawing, modelling, and applied design for trades and manufactures, should be taught to persons of both sexes in free evening classes for those who are not in attendance at day schools.'

The full significance of the passage of this resolution and preamble may be gathered from the following considerations:—First, that the men composing this convention control and direct the free public school education of the United States, subject only to

the purse power of the legislatures and school trustees; and, secondly, that it is a unanimous and formal acceptance of a revolution in the whole plan of education, which has, for some years and against strong opposition, been quietly progressing.

If in this article reference is principally made to the course of education now being adopted in the United States, it is because the circumstances of that country, its opportunities, its requirements, and its educational machinery, are so like ours that its action affords us an apter exemplification, and more useful illustration, than that of any other; besides which, from its contiguity the United States must always be our great industrial competitor, and industrial progress there can only be met by a corresponding development here.

For ordinary purposes, technical education, practical education, art education, mean the same thing. The ordinary conception of art is something far removed from its true signification: to wit,—'Application of knowledge to practical purposes'—'power of doing things acquired by experience, study, or observation.'

Advocacy of Art Education does not mean that people should be taught or incited to make pictures or statues, but that they should be fitted for whatever they may have to do of practical work in after life, and that they should be trained not only to acquire knowledge, but to apply it to practical purposes. Drawing is the foundation of practical education, as reading and writing are of a literary education,

and it is the only universal language. To draw anything we must study it with a purpose and thus come to know the thing itself—reading only tells us something about it. Make a careful drawing of a fuschia or geranium and you will know more about plant form than could be learned from volumes of botany without illustrations. In a recent address upon this subject the necessary fundamental branches of education are put thus:—

‘There are now four fundamental studies required to fit children for practical life, namely :

‘1. *Reading*, because it is the means of teaching and acquiring knowledge.

‘2. *Writing*, because it is the means of expressing knowledge.

‘3. *Arithmetic*, because it is the means of computing knowledge and values ; and

‘4. *Drawing*, because it is the language of form in every branch of industry, from the most simple to the most complex.’

As our schools are paid for by a general tax, and are intended for the use of all the people, it is essential that the interests of no important class should be ignored, and knowing what must be the occupations of the great majority of the scholars in adult life the scheme of instruction should be so arranged as to prepare for them ; and further, as necessity compels a large number of children to leave school and go to work at an early age, the instruction given in the first stages should be complete as far as it goes, and be such as can be put in use at once and before it is forgotten.

I have no wish to undervalue the popular education of the day, for in the direction in which it goes, as literary education, it is admirable. The teachers are experts in teaching, their system is very good, and their manner and enthusiasm in carrying it out are beyond all praise. If the children of to-day fail in acquiring knowledge, it is because they lack the time, inclin-

ation, or power to take in and assimilate what is so well set before them, or perhaps because the process is so thorough and elaborate that the poor little brains get addled in going through the mill ; but, granting all this, does our much vaunted and costly free education fit the children for the occupations that most of them have to follow as soon as they leave school ? Does it interest them in those occupations, and cultivate the faculties and perceptions upon which they most chiefly rely for success ? We must frankly admit that, with the largest number and with the most important class, the workers with their hands, it does not. That it fails in this respect, and that it tends to make the pupils despise manual labour and endeavour by all means to escape it, is admitted and regretted by some of the ablest teachers.

The child of the red Indian is better educated for his future life than our children are for theirs. Every sense and faculty that he requires to use is trained and cultivated to the utmost keenness ; fleet of foot and strong of arm, with a true eye and certain hand, versed in the ways of birds, and beasts, and fishes, knowing the signs of nature in the sky and in the woods, and delighting in his knowledge ; having learned to see things and to do things, he is for his place perfectly educated. Can we not in some degree follow this example ? Do we not owe it as a duty to the working man, whose hands are his sole patrimony, to give him the kind of education that will help him to do his work skilfully and well, so that his trained intelligence may find legitimate scope in bringing to perfection all that he does, and that he may hope to rise by excellence in his work, rather than by shirking it to seek for some easier mode of living or advancement ?

We see every day the brightest and most intelligent of our youths, those who have profited most by their education, leaving the ranks of productive industry, deserting the workshop or

the farm, to become schoolmasters, shopkeepers, bookkeepers, anything where they think they can use their heads rather than their hands, and failing because there is nothing for them to do. For hard labour they have no aptitude, for skilled labour they have no skill, the manliness has been educated out of them, and they have no weapon to use in the battle of life but the pen, which is in most hands a feeblor instrument than even the sewing girl's needle. Is it surprising that our cities are crowded with useless, starving, well-educated men, who cannot dig and are ashamed to beg?

The working man is now so sought after, and flattered and befooled by politicians and demagogues for the sake of his vote, that we are apt to think of him as having been really and largely benefited by the gift of the franchise, instead of having been mocked by the vision which he took for a substantial boon. Artizans also get less sympathy from their employers, and less general sympathy from the public, than their hardships should entitle them to, because they cannot themselves move for improvement of their position without combination, and in combination they do not seem able to act without putting themselves in the wrong, or at least without much inconvenience and annoyance to the public. The rich have the power still, as they always have had it, and having the power it behoves them to use it in all possible alleviation of the condition of the poor, and in wise and kindly attention to their just aspirations.

It is worth our while to consider what is the present position of the working classes, with respect to their work, and how it has come about.

The 'hard times' which press so unpleasantly upon us just now have some remarkable and paradoxical features which seem to indicate that inequality in the distribution of wealth is one great evil we have to contend with. Everything required for the supply of man's material wants is in an abund-

ance—food for man and beast is cheap and plentiful—every kind of raw material, animal, vegetable and mineral, is in profuse supply. All manufactured products are abundant, superabundant and cheap. Money accumulates in the coffers of the bankers, and with all this there is wide-spread distress, poverty and steadily increasing pauperism. The rich have grown richer and the poor are growing poorer. Colossal fortunes stand more than ever conspicuous among populations suffering from insufficient employment and revolving the most startling social and communistic theories. If we have suffered less in Canada from these evils than older countries have, we may well be thankful, but the outlook over the world at large is grave enough and is the more serious as affording little present prospect of relief.

The extent to which machinery has taken the place of hand labour is evidently one of the causes both of this distress of the poor and of the accumulation of capital in a few hands. It is within a very short period, scarcely more than one generation, that this wonderful introduction of machinery has taken place. Machines at first used as aids to the labourer, doing heavy work beyond his power to attempt, such as pumping mines, drawing loads and lifting weights, have by degrees been so perfected as to supplant him in the finest and most delicate operations, beating him in regularity, in precision, and above all in rapidity and cheapness of production. It is little wonder that the instinct of the workmen has been so bitterly hostile to machinery—they had nothing but their labour to live by, and the machines were invented avowedly to do their work and do it cheaper. The steam engine is to the artizan of the nineteenth century what the Chinaman is to the white labourer of the Pacific Coast, but a far more powerful rival. You may keep out the Chinese or send them back to the flowery land, but the steam engine is hopelessly domesticat-

ed in our midst, and seems to increase and multiply and overrun the land with as much fecundity as the rabbit which is devouring the sheep pastures in Australia—the Australians indeed have rather the best of it as they can eat the rabbit, but it would puzzle the hungriest mechanic to dine off a steam engine.

It is true, that until lately political economists have been able to show that so far from the employment of machines diminishing the demand for labour, it has increased it. Railways have employed masses of men to build them, and numbers are still employed to manage them and to convey to and from millions of people who stayed at home like vegetables, in the good old times. Sewing machines employ thousands of women in making innumerable furbelows that were not thought of in the days of handstitching. Men wear two suits of clothes whose fathers had scarcely one, and machine-made boots cover feet that often used to go bare. Machines too wear out or are superseded by new inventions and have to be replaced;—people live in larger houses and have more furniture; wants of all kinds have grown with the increased facility and cheapness of supply.

Still there does seem to be a limit to the possibility of consuming more than a certain quantity of anything, and we appear already to have almost reached it, while the capacity for supply is in its infancy. We may live luxuriously, but at last we cannot eat any more, and we cannot wear out any more clothes or more boots and shoes than we do; the Hottentots won't wear flannel waistcoats if they are ever so cheap. Railroads are made almost everywhere, saw mills make more lumber than can be used up, and the warehouses are full of goods even with manufactories working half time. To make money or do business the manufacturer must undersell his neighbour, and cheapen production, *i.e.*, improve his machines so as to make them do more

with less cost of wages—his obvious remedy is to increase production while employing fewer hands, and the effect is an increase of the general distress.

The brain power of the world has been intent upon making and perfecting automata to do every kind of work, and the success has been magical; the face of the globe has been transformed, but—the weakest goes to the wall. The machine doing the work of hundreds of men is the property of the capitalist, and earns for him the wages of the supplanted workmen. The colossal fortunes of to-day, outside of the landed aristocracy, belong either to manufacturers or to the money lenders, who have absorbed the manufacturer, machine and all, while the supplanted workman starves or is pauperized by charity, and the dangerous classes continually increase.

The workman too has not only been supplanted in his work by the use of machines, but his position has been lowered; from doing the work aided by a machine, he has become the slave of the machine, waiting upon it and tending it with coals and water—the finer work is done for him and he has lost the tasteful skill of hand that belonged to the old artizan. Such noble work as was done of yore by the hand of man can hardly be done at all now, and we have in its place a cheap, monotonous, mechanical imitation. In perfecting the automaton, we have neglected the infinitely finer and more delicate machine, the living man himself.

Is it not time that the artizan should now receive attention, and that at least as much interest should be taken in training him for excellent hand work, as is displayed in perfecting engines for cheap machine work? People of wealth, leisure and taste are beginning to tire of mechanical reproductions, which are necessarily common, cheap and deficient in that subtle quality, charm, and variety, that comes only from the human hand, skilfully directed. For man is like his

Creator in this, that every work of his hand is unique. He cannot, if he will, make two things exactly alike. You may as well expect to find two leaves of a tree, two pebbles on the beach, or two grains of sand exactly similar, as two works without a difference from the hand of man. Originality to some extent, and increasing with the development of his intelligence, is stamped by his Maker upon every man and upon everything that he does.

To develop the intelligence, cultivate the taste and train the hand and eye to skilful work, is art education; and we not only owe it to the artisan to give him this education and to lift him from below the machine, to his rightful place above it, but it is our interest to do so; it is false economy to leave unused our most precious material, and it is worse than folly to allow the talent and energy, which might be most profitable to the country, to become in helpless idleness a destructive force.

How best to impart practical culture (technical education) is one of the great questions that civilized countries are trying to solve, and it derives no little of its importance from the tacit acknowledgment, that upon it depends wealth and commercial supremacy. England's system of art education was born of this commercial necessity, and within the last quarter of a century it has enabled her to surpass in the taste of her designs, as well as in the skill of her workmanship, all her rivals. Her progress was virtually acknowledged by the French Government, who in 1863, appointed an Imperial Commission to discover the cause. This commission reported in effect that the advance was due to the teaching of drawing in public schools, and to the establishment of normal art schools and industrial museums. These words are contained in the report of the commission:

'Among all the branches of instruction, which in different degrees, from the highest to the lowest grade, can

contribute to the technical education of either sex, *Drawing, in all its forms and applications, has been almost unanimously regarded as the one which it is most important to make common.*'

Professor Smith in the paper already mentioned, quotes also from the report of the French Commission on the educational system of the United States, at the Philadelphia Exhibition of 1876:

'Scarcely six years ago, Massachusetts introduced regular instruction in drawing, and the Northern and Western States are rapidly following her lead. If the last Paris Exposition revealed great advances in English industry, due to the Art movement developed, since 1851, by the South Kensington School, what may we not expect from American activity, stimulated by the Philadelphia Exhibition? Everywhere, already, educators are pointing out defects, stimulating emulation, and they find an echo in the teachers of the schools, as well as in the employers of labour. France must defend that pre-eminence in Art which has heretofore been unquestioned. She has enormous resources which ought to be developed by well-planned primary instruction. With us, as elsewhere, it is not enough to have excellent special teachers of drawing. It is not enough to have good courses and good special schools, *all teachers, male and female, must be able to give the first instruction in drawing, in daily classes, to all their scholars.* France, which has gone to work energetically after her misfortunes, ought to devote herself to the study of drawing with no less ardour, and reinvigorate her productive powers at the very sources of Art.'

The following is from the last report of the Boston School Committee:

'The question of teaching trades in our schools is one of vital importance. If New England would maintain her place as the great industrial centre of the country, she must become to the United States what France is to the

rest of Europe—the first in taste, the first in design, the first in skilled workmanship. She must accustom her children from early youth to the use of tools, and give them a thorough training in the mechanic Arts.’

To illustrate what has been thought and said in the United States about the need of reform in popular education, let me give some extracts from another paper by Mr Walter Smith, addressed to the Teachers’ Association ; and these remarks have weight, because they come from a man trained at South Kensington who has given his life to the study of the subject, and whose suggestions of reform have been adopted by the people of the United States, who are sparing not time, nor money, nor energy in carrying them out.

He is speaking of the condition of the country as affected by the education of the people, and which of us will say that the words do not equally apply to Canada, except in so far as our virgin soil yields richer returns than the rocky slopes of New England :—

‘The farms are deserted and rendered impecunious by a generation of people educated above the demands of manual toil, though below the requirements of industrial, productive skill. As another consequence, both agriculture and manufacturing industry are alike in a low condition ; for the literary gentlemen we produce in our schools, who are too cultivated to touch the handle of a plough, are too ignorant to grasp and wield the handle of a brush or a hammer. It cannot be denied that the education of the public schools, excellent as it may be to prepare a small number of persons, such as clerks, shopmen and the like, for the distribution of industrial products, is out of joint with the needs of a vast majority of the people, who have to become engaged in the production of industrial wealth in a manufacturing community. It must be acknowledged that this majority have

not had the practical education which would fit them for work in the workshop, and alone would enable them to achieve success. The counting-houses and offices are overcrowded by people qualified to carry messages or to count, whilst the farms and the factories and the mechanical trades are languishing for want of skilled labour, or are precariously supporting themselves by rude industries.

‘The great need of this country is the development of its natural resources by skilled labour applied to agriculture and mechanics ; that is, the raising of all kinds of food and the raw materials of the industrial arts ; and secondly, the creation of skilled mechanical and artistic labour, which shall in the future make the country independent of foreign importation of manufactures, and itself self-sustaining. In other words, we want tillers of the soil and manufacturers of its products,—farmers and mechanics.

‘Those are the men this country needs to-day more than any other, and the only way to produce them on their native soil is to make the elements of science and art integral parts of all education from the primary school until the technical school or university has been passed through and practical life begins. That is what we must do to put ourselves upon an equality with other industrial nations ; and until we do so, we shall be hewers of wood and drawers of water to other countries possessing greater skill than we possess.’

‘We want to be able to turn out boys from our commonschools qualified by the elements of practical education, and not only able but willing and anxious to go out into the wilderness to conquer and subdue it ; fit to go into a manufactory and through all the steps upwards until the whole business is understood and the factory belongs to the boy ; or go into a workshop and put honesty, taste, and skill, into the workmanship ; go upon a ship and think it more the work of a man to

sail the boat than to be a sick passenger in her. The want of skill among native mechanics is simply tragical in its costliness and its wastefulness, to say nothing of the vexation and loss it entails on their unfortunate employers. The deep-seated cause of all this is this smirk at physical labour, because we have not made provision in our schools that manual labour shall be skilled, and this keeps the more intelligent and aspiring of youths away from it, each one apparently crying out "give me anything, anything to do, *except* the work of a man." And so, whatever may be the dearth of skilled workmen and qualified master workmen, the stock of men-milliners is never exhausted, and you can always find an Adonis whose occupation is to sell tape, gloves, and blue ribbons, to young ladies.

'Half the indoor occupations which men now fill, requiring no physical strength or hardihood, should be resigned to women, who would discharge the duty infinitely better than men can, because of their more perfect patience and forbearance, fortified by equal skill; and the men who are now hiding behind counters, distributing the fruits of industry, should be engaged in their production, and resign their positions as shopmen and book-keepers to the large and increasing army of intelligent women who lack employment and deserve it. And then, let those of whom it has been said "the glory of a young man is his strength," take a turn in the fields at the plough; in the workshop, at cunning craftmanship; in the factory, providing for the million; at the ranche, supplying the markets of the world; on the broad ocean, ruling the waves in the interest of civilization; that they may learn and practise the endurance and forethought and government and productiveness, of which men alone are capable, at their best.'

To show what our neighbours are *actually doing* in this direction, let us take the State of Massachusetts. It

has a population of 1,600,000—about 400,000 less than that of the Province of Ontario. Their present organization of Art Schools dates from 1871, before which time all that they did was tentative and experimental, as our similar attempts here have been, only that we have had less encouragement and assistance from public opinion.

An Act of the State Legislature in 1870 obliged every town or city of ten thousand inhabitants or upwards to establish free evening drawing schools, and authorized their establishment, under the direction of the school committees, in smaller places; drawing was also made part of the regular instruction in all public schools. In 1873, the Normal Art School was established for the education of teachers of industrial art, and is supported by an annual State grant of \$20,000, the support of the other art teaching and free art schools being made compulsory upon the municipalities.

In the primary schools two hours per week are devoted to drawing, very small children beginning upon their slates. The exercises are, drawing of geometrical forms with explanation of terms, drawing from flat copies of objects, drawing the objects themselves, drawing from memory, drawing from dictation, and arranging simple forms in original designs. The ease with which children learn to draw, and the interest they take in their drawing, would astonish those who look back to the inky fingers and blank despair of their early writing lessons. The extent to which accurate recollection of form can be cultivated is displayed in the drawings from memory, and the precise appreciation of language, as proved by the drawing of complex forms from dictation, shows how easily a scientific term is understood and retained in the mind when the eye has mastered the form or object which it represents. Perhaps, however, the most striking result brought out by these drawing lessons is the ingenuity

displayed by young people in original design—indeed, for this, children seem to have a natural aptitude which is generally crushed out of them as ordinary education or work squeezes them, like bricks in a mould, into a dull, monotonous similarity. An instance came under my own notice of the son of a wood carver in the City of Boston, only ten years old, who, out of school, makes designs which his father carves in wood.

In the Grammar and High Schools the same system is carried on into higher branches of science and art, and in the City of Boston alone 30,000 children are being thus taught.

Eye witnesses alone can appreciate how much more this plan of education is doing for the rising generation than has ever been attempted before ; and not many more years will pass by before we have to stand in direct industrial competition with a nation thus educated.

In Canada, a little, but a very little,

has been attempted in this way. Art schools on a small scale, started and carried on by a few persons, called enthusiasts, are doing what they can in the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec.

The educational authorities are willing and anxious to move, but they cannot move effectually without the support of public opinion. Teachers are trying to introduce drawing into the common schools, but they need to be taught themselves. School trustees are masters of the situation, and they are not always selected for their knowledge of science or appreciation of art.

Is it presumptuous to suggest this as a theme to be considered and spoken of by those who are to be chosen as our representatives at the forthcoming elections to the Provincial Legislature, or, at any rate, to commend to the serious attention of the thinking portion of the community, who are desirous of advancing the material interests, and elevating the aims of the Canadian people ?

LOVE'S CHOICE.

From the Catalanese of AUSIAS MARCH (A. D. 1500 circ.)

I AM as he, who, when in need of food
 To satisfy his hunger's pressing voice,
 Cannot arrive at any certain choice
 Betwixt two apples in a blooming wood ;
 From one of those fair fruits he must refrain
 Before the other one may quench his thirst,
 And so am I by like dilemma curst,—
 Choice is pure loss before it proves its gain ;
 So groans the sea and labours as in pain,
 Crying 'neath two strong winds that beat on it,
 For from Levantine shores there meet on it
 Strong gales and west winds from the coast of Spain
 Until the heavier storm at last prevails :—
 Thus did two great desires contend in me,
 Two gusty passions strive and disagree,
 Till in *thy* harbour now I furl my sails.

Barrie.

F. R.

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER VI. (*concluded.*)

ANOTHER interruption to my letter, caused by another change in the weather. The fog has vanished; the waiter is turning off the gas, and letting in the drab-coloured daylight. I ask him if it is still raining. He smiles, and rubs his hands, and says, 'It looks like clearing up soon, sir.' This man's head is gray; he has been all his life a waiter in London—and he can still see the cheerful side of things. What native strength of mind cast away on a vocation that is unworthy of it!

Well—and now about the Farnaby-dinner. I feel a tightness in the lower part of my waistcoat, Rufus, when I think of the dinner; there was such a quantity of it, and Mr. Farnaby was so tyrannically resolute in forcing his luxuries down the throats of his guests. His eye was upon me, if I let my plate go away before it was empty—his eye said, 'I have paid for this magnificent dinner, and I mean to see you eat it.' Our printed list of the dishes, as they succeeded each other, also informed us of the varieties of wine which it was imperatively necessary to drink with each dish. I got into difficulties early in the proceedings. The taste of sherry, for instance, is absolutely nauseous to me; and Rhine wine turns into vinegar ten minutes after it has passed my lips. I asked for the wine that I could drink, out of its turn. You should have seen Mr. Farnaby's face, when I violated the rules of his dinner-table! It was the one amusing

incident of the feast—the one thing that alleviated the dreary and mysterious spectacle of Mrs. Farnaby. There she sat, with her mind hundreds of miles away from everything that was going on about her, entangling the two guests, on her right hand and on her left, in a network of vacant questions, just as she had entangled me. I discovered that one of these gentlemen was a barrister and the other a shipowner, by the answers which Mrs. Farnaby absently extracted from them on the subject of their respective vocations in life. And while she questioned incessantly, she ate incessantly. Her vigorous body insisted on being fed. She would have emptied her wine-glass (I suspect) as readily as she plied her knife and fork—but I discovered that a certain system of restraint was established in the matter of wine. At intervals, Mr. Farnaby just looked at the butler—and the butler and his bottle, on those occasions, deliberately passed her by. Not the slightest visible change was produced in her by the eating and drinking; she was equal to any demands that any dinner could make on her. There was no flush in her face, no change in her spirits, when she rose in obedience to English custom, and retired to the drawing-room.

Left together over their wine, the men began to talk politics.

I listened, at the outset, expecting to get some information. Our readings in modern history at Tadmor had informed us of the dominant political position of the middle classes in England, since the time of the first Reform

Bill. Mr. Farnaby's guests represented the respectable mediocrity of social position, the professional and commercial average of the nation. They all talked glibly enough—I and an old gentleman who sat next to me being the only listeners. I had spent the morning lazily in the smoking-room of the hotel, reading the day's newspapers. And what did I hear now, when the politicians set in for their discussion? I heard the leading articles of the day's newspapers translated into bald chat, and coolly addressed by one man to another, as if they were his own original views on public affairs! This absurd imposture positively went the round of the table, received and respected by everybody with a stolid solemnity of make believe which it was downright shameful to see. Not a man present said, 'I saw that to-day in the *Times* or the *Telegraph*.' Not a man present had an opinion of his own; or, if he had an opinion, ventured to express it; or, if he knew nothing of the subject, was honest enough to say so. One enormous Sham, and everybody in a conspiracy to take it for the real thing: that is an accurate description of the state of political feeling among the representative men at Mr. Farnaby's dinner. I am not judging rashly by one example only; I have been taken to clubs and public festivals, only to hear over and over again what I heard in Mr. Farnaby's dining-room. Does it need any great foresight to see that such a state of things as this cannot last much longer, in a country which has not done with reforming itself yet? The time is coming, in England, when the people who *have* opinions of their own will be heard, and when Parliament will be forced to open the door to them.

This is a nice outbreak of republican freedom! What does my long suffering friend think of it—waiting all the time to be presented to Mrs. Farnaby's niece? Everything in its place, Rufus. The niece followed the

politics, at the time; and she shall follow them now.

You shall hear first what my next neighbour said of her—a quaint old fellow, a retired doctor, if I remember correctly. He seemed to be as weary of the second-hand newspaper talk as I was; he quite sparkled and cheered up when I introduced the subject of Miss Regina. Have I mentioned her name yet? If not, here it is for you in full:—Miss Regina Mildmay.

'I call her the brown girl,' said the old gentleman. 'Brown hair, brown eyes, and a brown skin. No, not a brunette; not dark enough for that—a warm delicate brown; wait till you see it! Takes after her father, I should tell you. He was a fine-looking man in his time; foreign blood in his veins, by his mother's side. Miss Regina gets her queer name by being christened after his mother. Never mind her name; she's a charming person. Let's drink her health.'

We drank her health. Remembering that he had called her 'the brown girl,' I said I supposed she was still quite young.

'Better than young,' the doctor answered; 'in the prime of life. I call her a girl, by habit; she's really three or four and twenty, I forget which. Will that do for you? Wait till you see her!'

'Has she a good figure, sir?'

'Ha! you're like the Turks, are you? A nice-looking woman doesn't content you—you must have her well-made too. We can accommodate you, sir; we are slim and tall, with a swing of our hips, and we walk like a goddess. Wait and see how her head is put on her shoulders—I say no more. Proud? Not she! A simple unaffected kind-hearted creature. Always the same; I never saw her out of temper in my life; I never heard her speak ill of anybody. The man who gets her will be a man to be envied, I can tell you!'

'Is she engaged to be married?'

‘No. She has had plenty of offers ; but she doesn’t seem to care for anything of that sort—so far. Devotes herself to Mrs. Farnaby, and keeps up her school-friendships. A splendid creature, with the vital thermometer at temperate heat—a calm, meditative, equable person. Pass me the olives. Only think ! the man who discovered olives is unknown ; no statue of him erected in any part of the civilised earth. I know few more remarkable instances of human ingratitude.’

I risked a bold question—but not on the subject of olives. ‘Isn’t Miss Regina’s life rather a dull one in this house?’

The doctor cautiously lowered his voice. ‘It would be dull enough to some women. Regina’s early life has been a hard one. Her mother was Mr. Ronald’s eldest daughter. The old brute never forgave her for marrying against his wishes. Mrs. Ronald did all she could, secretly, to help the young wife in disgrace. But old Ronald had sole command of the money, and kept it to himself. From Regina’s earliest childhood there was always distress at home. Her father harrassed by creditors, trying one scheme after another, and failing in all ; her mother and herself, half starved—with their very bedclothes sometimes at the pawnbroker’s. I attended them in their illnesses, and though they hid their wretchedness from everybody else (proud as Lucifer, both of them!), they couldn’t hide it from me. Fancy the change to this house ! I don’t say that living here in clover is enough for such a person as Regina ; I only say it has its influence. She is one of those young women, sir, who delight in sacrificing themselves to others—she is devoted for instance to Mrs. Farnaby. I only hope Mrs. Farnaby is worthy of it ! Not that it matters to Regina. What she does, she does out of her own sweetness of disposition. She brightens this household, I can tell you ! Farnaby did a wise thing, in his own

domestic interests, when he adopted her as his daughter. She thinks she can never be grateful enough to him—the good creature !—though she has repaid him a hundred-fold. He’ll find that out, one of these days, when a husband takes her away. Don’t suppose that I want to disparage our host ; he’s an old friend of mine—but he’s a little too apt to take the good things that fall to his lot as if they were nothing but a just recognition of his own merits. I have told him that to his face, often enough to have a right to say it of him when he doesn’t hear me. Do you smoke ? I wish they would drop their politics ; and take to tobacco. I say, Farnaby ? I want a cigar.’

This broad hint produced an adjournment to the smoking-room ; the doctor leading the way. I began to wonder how much longer my introduction to Miss Regina was to be delayed. It was not to come until I had seen a new side of my host’s character, and had found myself promoted to a place of my own in Mr. Farnaby’s estimation.

As we rose from table, one of the guests spoke to me of a visit that he had recently paid to the part of Buckinghamshire which I come from. ‘I was shown a remarkably picturesque old house, on the heath,’ he said. ‘They told me it had been inhabited for centuries by the family of the Goldenhearts. Are you in any way related to them ?’ I answered that I was very nearly related, having been born in the house—and there, as I supposed, the matter ended. Being the youngest man of the party, I waited of course until the rest of the gentlemen had passed out of the smoking-room. Mr. Farnaby and I were left together. To my astonishment, he put his arm cordially into mine, and led me out of the dining-room with the genial familiarity of an old friend !

‘I’ll give you such a cigar,’ he said, ‘as you can’t buy for money in all

London. You have enjoyed yourself, I hope? Now we know what wine you like, you won't have to ask the butler for it next time. Drop in any day, and take pot-luck with us. He came to a stand still in the hall; his brassy, rasping voice assumed a new tone—a sort of parody of respect. 'Have you been to your family-place,' he asked, 'since your return to England?'

He had evidently heard the few words exchanged between his friend and myself. It seemed odd that he should take any interest in a place belonging to people who were strangers to him. However, his question was easily answered. I had only to inform him that my father had sold the house when he left England.

'O, dear, I'm sorry to hear that!' he said. 'Those old family-places ought to be kept up. The greatness of England, sir, strikes its roots in the old families of England. They may be rich, or they may be poor—that don't matter. An old family is an old family; it's sad to see their hearths and homes sold to wealthy manufacturers who don't know who their own grandfathers were. Would you allow me to ask, what is the family motto of the Goldenhearts?'

Shall I own the truth? The bottles circulated freely at Mr. Farnaby's table—I began to wonder whether he was quite sober. I said I was sorry to disappoint him; but I really did not know what my family motto was.

He was shocked. 'I think I saw a ring on your finger,' he unaffectedly said, as soon as he recovered himself. He lifted my left hand in his own cold-fishy paw. 'The one ring I wear is of plain gold; it belonged to my father, and it has his initials inscribed on the signet.'

'Good gracious, you haven't got your coat-of-arms on your seal!' cried Mr. Farnaby. 'My dear sir, I am old enough to be your father, and I must take the freedom of remonstrating with you. Your coat-of-arms and

your motto are no doubt at the Herald's Office—why don't you apply for them? Shall I go there for you? I will do it with pleasure. You shouldn't be careless about these things—you shouldn't indeed.'

I listened in speechless astonishment. Was he ironically expressing his contempt for old families? We got into the smoking-room at last; and my friend the doctor enlightened me privately in a corner. Every word Mr. Farnaby had said had been spoken in earnest. This man, who owes his rise from the lowest social position entirely to himself—who, judging by his own experience, has every reason to despise the poor pride of ancestry—actually feels a sincerely, servile admiration for the accident of birth! 'O, poor human nature!' as Somebody says. How cordially I agree with Somebody!

We went up to the drawing-room; and I was introduced to 'the brown girl' at last. What impression did she produce on me?

Do you know, Rufus, there is some perverse reluctance in me to go on with this inordinately long letter, just when I have arrived at the most interesting part of it. I can't account for my own state of mind; I only know that it is so. The difficulty of describing the young lady doesn't perplex me, like the difficulty of describing Mrs. Farnaby. I can see her now, as vividly as if she was present in the room. I even remember (and this is astonishing in a man) the dress that she wore. And yet, I shrink from writing about her, as if there was something wrong in it. Do me a kindness, good friend, and let me send off all these sheets of paper, the idle work of an idle morning, just as they are. When I write next, I promise to be ashamed of my own capricious state of mind, and to paint the portrait of Miss Regina at full length.

In the meanwhile, don't run away with the idea that she has made a disagreeable impression upon me.

Good heavens! it is far from that. You have had the old doctor's opinion of her. Very well. Multiply his opinion by ten, and you have mine.

[NOTE:—A strange indorsement appears on this letter, dated some months after the period at which it was received:—*'Ah, poor Amelius! He had better have gone back to Miss Millicent, and put up with the little drawback of her age. What a bright loveable fellow he was! Good-bye to Goldenheart!'*

These lines are not signed. They are known, however, to be in the handwriting of Rufus Dingwell.]

CHAPTER VII.

I PARTICULARLY want you to come and lunch with us, dearest Cecilia, the day after to-morrow. Don't say to yourself, 'The Farnaby's house is dull, and Regina is too slow for me'—and don't think about the long drive for the horses from your place to London. This letter has an interest of its own, my dear—I have got something new for you. What do you think of a young man, who is clever and handsome and agreeable—and, wonder of wonders, utterly unlike any other young man you ever saw in your life? You are to meet him at luncheon; and you are to get used to his strange name beforehand. For which purpose I enclose his card.

He made his first appearance at our house, at dinner yesterday evening.

When he was presented to me at the tea-table, he was not to be put off with a bow—he insisted on shaking hands. 'Where I have been,' he explained, 'we help a first introduction with a little cordiality.' He looked into his tea-cup, after he said that, with the air of a man who could say something more, if he had a little encouragement. Of course, I encouraged him. 'I suppose shaking hands is much the same form in America that

bowing is in England?' I said, as suggestively as I could.

He looked up directly, and shook his head. 'We have too many forms in this country,' he said. 'The virtue of hospitality, for instance, seems to have become a form in England. In America, when a new acquaintance says, "Come and see me," he means it. When he says it here, in nine cases out of ten he looks unaffectedly astonished if you are fool enough to take him at his word. I hate insincerity, Miss Regina—and now I have returned to my own country, I find insincerity one of the established institutions of English Society. "Can we do anything for you?" Ask them to do something for you—and you will see what it means. "Thank you for such a pleasant evening!" Get into the carriage with them when they go home—and you will find that it means "What a bore!" "Ah, Mr. So-and-so, allow me to congratulate you on your new appointment." Mr. So-and-so passes out of hearing—and you discover what the congratulations mean. "Corrupt old brute! he has got the price of his vote at the last division." "O, Mr. Blank, what a charming book you have written!" Mr. Blank passes out of hearing—and you ask what his book is about. "To tell you the truth, I haven't read it. Hush; he's received at Court; one must say these things." The other day a friend took me to a grand dinner at the Lord Mayor's. I accompanied him first to his club; many distinguished guests met there before going to the dinner. Heavens, how they spoke of the Lord Mayor! One of them didn't know his name, and didn't want to know it; another wasn't certain whether he was a tallow-chandler or a button-maker; a third who had met with him somewhere, described him as a damned ass; a fourth said, "O, don't be hard on him; he's only a vulgar old cockney, without an *h* in his whole composition." A chorus of general agreement followed, as the dinner-hour approach-

ed: "What a bore!" I whispered to my friend, "Why do they go?" He answered, "You see, one must do this sort of thing." And when we got to the Mansion House, they did that sort of thing with a vengeance! When the speech-making set in, these very men, who had been all expressing their profound contempt for the Lord Mayor behind his back, now flattered him to his face in such a shamelessly-servile way, with such a meanly-complete insensibility to their own baseness, that I did really and literally turn sick. I slipped out into the fresh air, and fumigated myself, after the company I had kept, with a cigar. No, no! it's useless to excuse these things (I could quote dozens of other instances that have come under my own observation), by saying that they are trifles. When trifles make themselves habits of yours or of mine, they become a part of your character or mine. We have an inveterately false and vicious system of society in England. If you want to trace one of the causes, look back to the little organised insineries of English life.'

Of course you understand, Cecilia, that this was not all said at one burst, as I have written it here. Some of it came out in the way of answers to my inquiries; and some of it was spoken in the intervals of laughing, talking, and tea drinking. But I want to show you how very different this young man is from the young men whom we are in the habit of meeting, and so I huddle his talk together in one sample, as Papa Farnaby would call it.

My dear, he is decidedly handsome (I mean our delightful Amelius); his face has a bright eager look, indescribably refreshing as a contrast to the stolid composure of the ordinary young Englishman. His smile is charming; he moves as gracefully—with a little self-consciousness—as my Italian greyhound. He has been brought up among the strangest people in America; and (would you believe it?) he is actually a Socialist.

Don't be alarmed. He shocked us all dreadfully by declaring that his Socialism was entirely learnt out of the New Testament. I have looked at the New Testament, since he mentioned some of his principles to me; and do you know, I declare it is true!

O, I forgot—the young Socialist plays and sings! When we asked him to go to the piano, he got up and began directly. 'I don't do it well enough,' he said, 'to want a great deal of pressing.' He sang old English songs, with great taste and sweetness. One of the gentlemen of our party, evidently disliking him, spoke rather rudely, I thought. 'A Socialist who sings and plays,' he said, 'is a harmless Socialist indeed. I begin to feel that my balance is safe at my banker's, and that London won't be set on fire with petroleum this time.' He got his answer, I can tell you. 'Why should we set London on fire? London takes a regular percentage of your income from you, sir, whether you like it or not, on sound Socialist principles. You are the man who has got the money, and Socialism says: You must and shall help the man who has got none. That is exactly what your own Poor Law says to you, every time the collector leaves the paper at your house.' Wasn't it clever?—and it was doubly severe, because it was good-humouredly said.

Between ourselves, Cecilia, I think he is struck with me. When I walked about the room, his bright eyes followed me everywhere. And, when I took a chair by somebody else, not feeling it quite right to keep him all to myself, he invariably contrived to find a seat on the other side of me. His voice, too, had a certain tone, addressed to me, and to no other person in the room. Judge for yourself when you come here; but don't jump to conclusions, if you please. O, no—I am not going to fall in love with him! It isn't in me to fall in love with anybody. Do you remember

what the last man whom I refused said of me? 'She has a machine on the left side of her that pumps blood through her body, but she has no heart.' I pity the woman who marries *that* man!

One thing more, my dear. This curious Amelius seems to notice trifles which escape men in general, just as *we* do. Towards the close of the evening, poor Mamma Farnaby fell into one of her vacant states; half asleep and half awake on the sofa in the back drawing-room. 'Your aunt interests me, he whispered. 'She must have suffered some terrible sorrow, at some time past in her life.' Fancy a man seeing that! He dropped some hints, which showed that he was puzzling his brains to discover how I got on with her, and whether I was in her confidence or not: he even went the length of asking what sort of life I led with the uncle and aunt who have adopted me. My dear, it was done so delicately, with such irresistible sympathy and such a charming air of respect, that I was quite startled when I remembered, in the wakeful hours of the night, how freely I had spoken to him. Not that I have betrayed any secrets; for, as you know, I am as ignorant as everybody else of what the early troubles of my poor dear aunt may have been. But I did tell him how I came into the house a helpless little orphan girl; and how generously these two good relatives adopted me; and how happy it made me to find that I could really do something to cheer their sad childless lives. 'I wish I was half as good as you are,' he said. 'I can't understand how you became fond of Mrs. Farnaby. Perhaps it began in sympathy and compassion?' Just think of that, from a young Englishman! He went on confessing his perplexities, as if we had known one another from childhood. 'I am a little surprised to see Mrs. Farnaby present at parties of this sort; I should have thought she would have stayed in her own room.'

'That's just what she objects to do,' I answered; 'she says, people will report that her husband is ashamed of her, or that she is not fit to be seen in society, if she doesn't appear at the parties—and she is determined not to be misrepresented in that way.' Can you understand my talking to him with so little reserve? It is a specimen, Cecilia, of the odd manner in which my impulses carry me away, in this man's company. He is so nice and gentle—and yet so manly. I shall be curious to see if you can resist him, with your superior firmness and knowledge of the world.

But the strangest incident of all, I have not told you yet—feeling some hesitation about the best way of describing it, so as to interest you in what has deeply interested me. I must tell it as plainly as I can, and leave it to speak for itself.

Who do you think has invited Amelius to luncheon? Not Papa Farnaby, who only invites him to dinner. Not I, it is needless to say. Who is it, then? Mamma Farnaby herself! He has actually so interested her that she has been thinking of him, and dreaming of him, in his absence!

I heard her last night, poor thing, talking and grinding her teeth in her sleep; and I went into her room to try if I could quiet her, in the usual way, by putting my cool hand on her forehead, and pressing it gently. (The old doctor says it's magnetism, which is ridiculous.) Well, it didn't succeed this time; she went on muttering, and making that dreadful sound with her teeth. Occasionally a word was spoken clearly enough to be intelligible. I could make no connected sense of what I heard; but I could positively discover this--that she was dreaming of our guest from America.

I said nothing about it, of course, when I went up-stairs with her cup of tea this morning. What do you think was the first thing she asked for? Pen, ink, and paper. Her next request was that I would write Mr.

Goldenheart's address on an envelope. 'Are you going to write to him?' I asked. 'Yes,' she said, 'I want to speak to him, while John is out of the way at business.' 'Secrets?' I said, turning it off with a laugh. She answered, speaking gravely and earnestly, 'Yes; secrets.' The letter was written, and sent to his hotel, inviting him to lunch with us on the first day when he was disengaged. He has replied, appointing the day after to-morrow. By way of trying to penetrate the mystery, I inquired if she wished *me* to appear at the luncheon. She considered with herself, before she answered that. 'I want him to be amused, and put in a good humour,' she said, 'before I speak to him. You must lunch with us—and ask Cecilia.' She stopped, and considered once more. 'Mind one thing,' she went on. 'Your uncle is to know nothing about it. If you tell him, I will never speak to you again.'

Is this not extraordinary? Whatever her dream may have been, it has evidently produced a strong impression on her. I firmly believe she means to take him away with her to her own room, when the luncheon is over. Dearest Cecilia, you must help me to stop this! I have never been trusted with her secrets; they may, for all I know, be innocent secrets enough, poor soul. But it is surely in the highest degree undesirable that she should take into her confidence a young man who is only an acquaintance of ours: she will either make herself ridiculous, or do something worse. If Mr. Farnaby finds it out, I really tremble for what may happen.

For the sake of old friendship, don't leave me to face this difficulty by myself. A line, only one line, dearest, to say that you will not fail me.

CHAPTER VIII.

IT was an afternoon concert; and modern German music was largely represented on the programme. The patient English people sat in closely-packed rows, listening to the pretentious instrumental noises which were impudently offered to them as a substitute for melody. While these docile victims of the worst of all quackeries (musical quackery) were still toiling through their first hour of endurance, a passing ripple of interest stirred the stagnant surface of the audience, caused by the sudden rising of a lady overcome by the heat. She was quickly led out of the concert-room (after whispering a word of explanation to two young ladies seated at her side) by a gentleman who made a fourth member of the party. Left by themselves, the young ladies looked at each other, whispered to each other, half rose from their places, became confusedly conscious that the wandering attention of the audience was fixed on them, and decided at last on following their companions out of the hall.

But the lady who had preceded them had some reason of her own for not waiting to recover herself in the vestibule. When the gentleman in charge of her asked if he should get a glass of water, she answered sharply, 'Get a cab—and be quick about it.'

The cab was found in a moment; the gentleman got in after her, by the lady's invitation. 'Are you better now!' he asked. 'I have never had anything the matter with me,' she replied quietly; 'tell the man to drive faster.' Having obeyed his instructions, the gentleman (otherwise Amelius) began to look a little puzzled. The lady (Mrs. Farnaby herself) perceived his condition of mind, and favoured him with an explanation.

'I had my own motive for asking you to luncheon to-day,' she began, in the steady downright way of speaking

that was peculiar to her. 'I wanted to have a word with you privately. My niece Regina—don't be surprised at my calling her my niece, when you have heard Mr. Farnaby call her his daughter. She *is* my niece. Adopting her is a mere phrase. It doesn't alter facts; it doesn't make her Mr. Farnaby's child or mine, does it?'

She had ended with a question, but she seemed to want no answer to it. Her face was turned towards the cab-window, instead of towards Amelius. He was one of those rare people who are capable of remaining silent when they have nothing to say. Mrs. Farnaby went on.

'My niece Regina is a good creature in her way; but she suspects people. She has some reason of her own for trying to prevent me from taking you into my confidence; and her friend Cecilia is helping her. Yes, yes; the concert was the obstacle which they had arranged to put in my way. You were obliged to go, after telling them you wanted to hear the music; and I couldn't complain, because they had got a fourth ticket for me. I made up my mind what to do; and I have done it. Nothing wonderful in my being taken ill with the heat; nothing wonderful in your doing your duty as a gentleman and looking after me—and what is the consequence? Here we are together, on our way to my room, in spite of them. Not so bad for a poor helpless creature like me, is it?'

Inwardly wondering what it all meant, what she could possibly want with him, Amelius suggested that the young ladies might leave the concert-room, and, not finding him in the vestibule, might follow them back to the house.

Mrs. Farnaby turned her head from the window, and looked him in the face for the first time. 'I have been a match for them so far,' she said; 'leave it to me, and you will find I can be a match for them still.'

After saying that she watched the

puzzled face of Amelius with a moment's steady scrutiny. Her full lips relaxed into a faint smile; her head sank slowly on her bosom. 'I wonder whether he thinks I am a little crazy?' she said quietly to herself. 'Some women in my place would have gone mad years ago. Perhaps it might have been better for *me!*' She looked up again at Amelius. 'I believe you are a good-tempered fellow,' she went on. 'Are you in your usual temper now? Did you enjoy your lunch? Has the lively company of the young ladies put you in a good-humour with women generally? I want you to be in a particularly good-humour with Me.'

She spoke quite gravely. Amelius, a little to his own astonishment, found himself answering gravely on his side; assuring her in the most conventional terms that he was entirely at her service. Something in her manner affected him disagreeably. If he had followed his impulse, he would have jumped out of the cab, and have recovered his liberty and his lightheartedness at one and the same moment, by running away at the top of his speed.

The driver turned into the street in which Mr. Farnaby's house was situated. Mrs. Farnaby stopped him, and got out at some little distance from the door. 'You think the young ones will follow us back,' she said to Amelius. 'It doesn't matter; the servants will have nothing to tell them if they do.' She checked him in the act of knocking when they reached the house-door. 'It's tea-time down-stairs,' she whispered, looking at her watch. 'You and I are going into the house, without letting the servants know anything about it. *Now* do you understand?'

She produced from her pocket a steel ring, with several keys attached to it. 'A duplicate of Mr. Farnaby's key,' she explained, as she chose one, and opened the street-door. 'Sometimes, when I find myself waking in the small hours of the morning, I can't endure my bed; I must go out and walk. My key lets me in again, just

as it lets us in now, without disturbing anybody. You had better say nothing about it to Mr. Farnaby. Not that it matters much ; for I should refuse to give up my key if he asked me. But you're a good-natured fellow—and you don't want to make bad blood between man and wife, do you? Step softly, and follow me.'

Amelius hesitated. There was something repellent to him in entering another man's house under these clandestine conditions. 'All right?' whispered Mrs. Farnaby, perfectly understanding him. 'Consult your dignity ; go out again, and knock at the door, and ask if I am at home. I only wanted to prevent a fuss and an interruption when Regina comes back. If the servants don't know we are here, they will tell her we haven't returned—don't you see?'

It would have been absurd to contest the matter, after this. Amelius followed her submissively to the farther end of the hall. There, she opened the door of a long narrow room, built out at the back of the house.

'This is my den,' she said, signing to Amelius to pass in. 'While we are here, nobody will disturb us.' She laid aside her bonnet and shawl, and pointed to a box of cigars on the table. 'Take one,' she resumed ; 'I smoke too, when nobody sees me. That's one of the reasons, I dare say, why Regina wished to keep you out of my room. I find smoking composes me. What do you say?'

She lit a cigar, and handed the matches to Amelius. Finding that he stood fairly committed to the adventure, he resigned himself to circumstances with his customary facility. He too lit a cigar, and took a chair by the fire, and looked about him with an impenetrable composure worthy of Rufus Dingwell himself.

The room bore no sort of resemblance to a boudoir. A faded old Turkey carpet was spread on the floor. The common mahogany table had no covering ; the chintz on the chairs was

of a truly venerable age. Some of the furniture made the place look like a room occupied by a man. Dumbbells and clubs of the sort used in athletic exercises hung over the bare mantelpiece ; a large ugly oaken structure with closed doors, something between a cabinet and a wardrobe, filled one entire side of the room ; a turning lathe stood against the opposite wall. Above the lathe were hung in a row four prints, in dingy old frames of black wood, which especially attracted the attention of Amelius. Mostly foreign prints, they were all discoloured by time, and they all strangely represented different aspects of the same subject—infants parted from their parents by desertion or robbery. The young Moses was there, in his ark of bulrushes, on the river-bank. Good St. Francis appeared next, roaming the streets, and rescuing forsaken children in the wintry night. A third print showed the foundling hospital of old Paris, with the turning cage in the wall, and the bell to ring when the infant was placed in it. The next and last subject was the stealing of a child from the lap of its slumbering nurse by a gipsy-woman. These sadly-suggestive subjects were the only ornaments on the walls. No traces of books or music was visible ; no needlework of any sort was to be seen ; no elegant trifles ; no china or flowers or delicate lace-work or sparkling-jewellery—nothing, absolutely nothing suggestive of a woman's presence—appeared in any part of Mrs. Farnaby's room.

'I have got several things to say to you,' she began ; 'but one thing must be settled first. Give me your sacred word of honour that you will not repeat to any mortal creature what I am going to tell you now.' She reclined in her chair, and drew in a mouthful of smoke and puffed it out again, and waited for his reply.

Young and unsuspecting as he was, this unscrupulous method of taking his confidence by storm startled Ame-

lius. His natural tact and good sense told him plainly that Mrs. Farnaby was asking too much.

'Don't be angry with me, ma'am,' he said; 'I must remind you that you are going to tell me your secrets without any wish to intrude on them, on my part—'

She interrupted him there. 'What does that matter?' she asked sharply.

Amelius was obstinate; he went on with what he had to say. 'I should like to know,' he proceeded, 'that I am doing no wrong to anybody, before I give you my promise?'

'You will be doing a kindness to a miserable creature,' she answered, as quietly as usual; 'and you will be doing no wrong to yourself or to anybody else, if you promise. That is all I can say. Your cigar is out. Take a light.'

Amelius took a light, with the dog-like docility of a man in a state of blank amazement. She waited, watching him composedly until his cigar was in working order again.

'Well?' she asked. 'Will you promise now?'

Amelius gave her his promise.

'On your sacred word of honour?' she persisted.

Amelius repeated the formula. She reclined in her chair once more. 'I want to speak to you as if I was speaking to an old friend,' she explained. 'I suppose I may call you Amelius?'

'Certainly.'

'Well, Amelius, I must tell you first that I committed a sin, many long years ago. I have suffered the punishment; I am suffering it still. Ever since I was a young woman, I have had a heavy burden of misery on my heart. I am not reconciled to it, I cannot submit to it, yet. I never shall be reconciled to it, I never shall submit to it, if I live to be a hundred. Do you wish me to enter into particulars? or will you have mercy on me, and be satisfied with what I have told you so far?'

It was not said entreatingly, or tenderly, or humbly: she spoke with a savage self-contained resignation in her manner and in her voice. Amelius forgot his cigar again—and again she reminded him of it. He answered her as his own generous impulsive temperament urged him; he said, 'Tell me nothing that causes you a moment's pain; tell me only how I can help you.' She handed him the box of matches; she said, 'Your cigar is out again.'

He laid down his cigar. In his brief span of life he had seen no human misery that expressed itself in this way. 'Excuse me,' he answered; 'I won't smoke just now.'

She laid her cigar aside like Amelius, and crossed her arms over her bosom, and looked at him, with the first softening gleam of tenderness that he had seen in her face. 'My friend,' she said, 'yours will be a sad life—I pity you. The world will wound that sensitive heart of yours; the world will trample on that generous nature. One of these days, perhaps, you will be a wretch like me. No more of that. Get up; I have something to show you.'

Rising herself, she led the way to the large oaken press, and took her bunch of keys out of her pocket again.

'About this old sorrow of mine,' she resumed. 'Do me justice, Amelius, at the outset. I haven't treated it as some women treat their sorrows—I haven't nursed it and petted it and made the most of it to myself and to others. No! I have tried every means of relief, every possible pursuit that could occupy my mind. One example of what I say will do as well as a hundred. See it for yourself.'

She put the key in the lock. It resisted her first efforts to open it. With a contemptuous burst of impatience and a sudden exertion of her rare strength, she tore open the two doors of the press. Behind the door on the left appeared a row of open shelves. The opposite compartment, behind the

door on the right, was filled by drawers with brass handles. She shut the left door; angrily banging it to, as if the opening of it had disclosed something which she did not wish to be seen. By the merest chance, Amelius had looked that way first. In the one instant in which it was possible to see anything, he had noticed, carefully laid out on one of the shelves, a baby's long linen frock and cap, turned yellow by the lapse of time.

The half-told story of the past was more than half told now. The treasured relics of the infant threw their little glimmer of light on the motive which had chosen the subjects of the prints on the wall. A child deserted and lost! A child who, by bare possibility, might be living still!

She turned towards Amelius suddenly. 'There is nothing to interest you on *that* side,' she said. 'Look at the drawers here; open them for yourself.' She drew back as she spoke, and pointed to the uppermost of the row of drawers. A narrow slip of paper was pasted on it, bearing this written inscription:—'*Dead Consolations.*'

Amelius opened the drawer: it was full of books. 'Look at them,' she said: Amelius obeying her, discovered dictionaries, grammars, exercises, poems, novels, and histories—all in the German language.

'A foreign language tried as a relief,' said Mrs. Farnaby, speaking quietly behind him. 'Month after month of hard study—all forgotten now. The old sorrow came back in spite of it. A dead consolation! Open the next drawer.'

The next drawer revealed water-colours and drawing-materials huddled together in a corner, and a heap of poor little conventional landscapes filling up the rest of the space. As works of art, they were wretched in the last degree; monuments of industry and application miserably and completely thrown away.

'I had no talent for that pursuit, as

you see,' said Mrs. Farnaby. 'But I persevered with it, week after week, month after month. I thought to myself, "I hate it so, it costs me such dreadful trouble, it so worries and persecutes and humiliates me, that *this* surely must keep my mind occupied and my thoughts away from myself!" No: the old sorrow stared me in the face again on the paper that I was spoiling, through the colours that I couldn't learn to use. Another dead consolation, Amelius! Shut it up.'

She herself opened a third and fourth drawer. In one there appeared a copy of Euclid, and a slate with the problems still traced on it: the other contained a microscope and the treatises relating to its use. 'Always the same effort,' she said, shutting the door of the press as she spoke; 'and always the same result. You have had enough of it; and so have I.' She turned and pointed to the lathe in the corner, and to the clubs and dumb bells over the mantelpiece. 'I can look at *them* patiently,' she went on; 'they give me bodily relief. I work at the lathe till my back aches; I swing the clubs till I'm ready to drop with fatigue. And then I lie down on the rug there, and sleep it off, and forget myself for an hour or two. Come back to the fire again. You have seen my dead consolations; you must hear of my living consolation next. In justice to Mr. Farnaby—ah, how I hate him!'

She spoke those last vehement words to herself, but with such intense bitterness of contempt that the tones were quite loud enough to be heard. Amelius looked furtively towards the door. Was there no hope that Regina and her friend might return and interrupt them? After what he had seen and heard, could *he* hope to console Mrs. Farnaby? He could only wonder what object she could possibly have in view in taking him into her confidence. 'Am I always to be in a mess with women?' he thought to himself. 'First poor Mellicent, and

now this one. What next?' He lit his cigar again. The brotherhood of smokers, and they alone, will understand what a refuge it was to him at that moment.

'Give me a light,' said Mrs. Farnaby, recalled to the remembrance of her own cigar. 'I want to know one thing before I go on. Amelius, I watched those bright eyes of yours at luncheon-time. Did they tell me the truth? You're not in love with my niece, are you?'

Amelius took his cigar out of his mouth, and looked at her.

'Out with it boldly!' she said.

Amelius let it out, to a certain extent. 'I admire her very much,' he answered.

'Ah,' Mrs. Farnaby remarked, 'you don't know her as well as I do.'

The disdainful indifference of her tone irritated Amelius. He was still young enough to believe in the existence of gratitude; and Mrs. Farnaby had spoken ungratefully. Besides, he was fond enough of Regina already to feel offended when she was referred to slightly.

'I am surprised to hear what you say of her,' he burst out. 'She is quite devoted to you.'

'O, yes,' said Mrs. Farnaby carelessly. 'She is devoted to me, of course—she is the living consolation I told you of just now. That was Mr. Farnaby's notion in adopting her. Mr. Farnaby thought to himself, "Here's a ready-made daughter for my wife—that's all this tiresome woman wants to comfort her: now we shall do." Do you know what I call that? I call it reasoning like an idiot. A man may be very clever at his business—and may be a contemptible fool in other respects. Another woman's child a consolation to Me! Pah! it makes one sick to think of it. I have one merit, Amelius; I don't cant. It's my duty to take care of my sister's child; and I do my duty willingly. Regina's a good sort of creature—I don't dispute it. But she's like all those tall darkish

women; there's no backbone in her, no dash; a kind feeble goody-goody sugarish disposition; and a deal of quiet obstinacy at the bottom of it, I can tell you. O, yes, I do her justice; I don't deny that she's devoted to me, as you say. But I am making a clean breast of it now. And you ought to know, and you shall know, that Mr. Farnaby's living consolation is no more a consolation to me than the things you have seen in those drawers. There! now we've done with Regina. No: there's one thing more to be cleared up. When you say you admire her, what do you mean? Do you mean to marry her?'

For once in his life Amelius stood on his dignity. 'I have too much respect for the young lady to answer your question,' he said loftily.

'Because, if you do,' Mrs. Farnaby proceeded, 'I mean to put every possible obstacle in your way. In short, I mean to prevent it.'

This plain declaration staggered Amelius. He confessed the truth by implication, in one word.

'Why?' he asked sharply.

'Wait a little, and recover your temper,' she answered.

There was a pause. They sat, on either side of the fireplace, and eyed each other attentively.

'Now are you ready?' Mrs. Farnaby resumed. 'Here is my reason. If you marry Regina, or marry anybody, you will settle down somewhere, and lead a dull life.'

'Well,' said Amelius; 'and why not, if I like it?'

'Because I want you to remain a roving bachelor; here to-day and gone to-morrow—travelling all over the world, and seeing everything and everybody.'

'What good will that do to you, Mrs. Farnaby?'

She rose from her own side of the fireplace; crossed to the side on which Amelius was sitting; and, standing before him, placed her hands heavily on his shoulders. Her eyes grew radiant with a sudden interest and anima-

tion as they looked down on him, riveted on his face.

'Because I am still waiting for the one living consolation that may yet come to me,' she said. 'And, hear this, Amelius! After all the years that have passed, You may be the man who brings it to me.'

In the momentary silence that followed, they heard a double knock at the house-door.

'Regina!' said Mrs. Farnaby.

As the name passed her lips, she sprang to the door of the room, and turned the key in the lock.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN VICTORIA IN ITALY.

ONE of the most talked of things in Italy just now is the visit of Queen Victoria, and next to it, as a subject of interest, the magnificent residence offered to her by Mr. Henfrey.

Mr. Henfrey may consider himself 'twice blessed;' first, to be the possessor of such an unparalleled gem of architecture, and second, to have it graced by the presence of his sovereign.

The castle of Mr. Henfrey, so chivalrously offered by him to Her Majesty, is indeed well worth a description, and cannot fail to interest all those that can appreciate the beautiful of the present day.

It is situated on the shore of one of the most enchanting of the lakes of Italy, *Lago Maggiore*, and rises majestically, and with all the aspect of a truly regal residence, on the declivity of a hill overlooking the lake. The style is what is called in England, *Old English*. Four pointed towers adorn the building on its four sides, and a fifth, higher than the others and *acuminatissima*, looks loftily towards the mountain, cutting its elegant form upon the deep blue of the sky. It has two main storeys, with a smaller third

one, under the traditional *mansardes*, looking towards the lake. On both sides of the building and also lake-ward, run three *loggie*, from which the happy occupant may, sheltered from sun and wind and rain, contemplate in delightful retirement, the incomparable spectacle of art and nature before him. The panorama that is seen from the middle *loggie*, especially, is something to be remembered forever: it beggars all word-description. Like so many pictures set in azure and sunlight, lie before you the picturesque villages of Sona, Baveno, Pallanza, Stresa; the historical, the delicious little islands Borromes: Bella, Madre, and Superiore, sweet green nests in a sparkling lake; in short, the whole shore as far as Arona, and in the distance, as a last eye-delight, lofty mountains, silver crowned with snow.

The castle is entirely built of that pretty rose-coloured brick, so common in Italian buildings, and of the white stone of Baveno. The roof is of zinc and slate, and the floors are laid out in the most finished Venetian style. It has access on two sides, by magnificent flights of steps leading to a platform, adorned with bronze statue-fountains,

recognized master pieces of modern art, From this platform, two marble entrances, gothic in design, lead to the loggia and to the interior of the castle, namely, to the main hall, an immense quadrangle richly decorated with paintings. At the end of this hall, superb Carrara marble stairs of elaborate architectural design and beauty take the visitor to the upper storey.

The richest and handsomest rooms are on the first floor. Three of these, ten metres square, display unparalleled luxury and wealth. These are the banquet-hall, the drawing-room, the reception-room and music hall. Words fail to give an idea of the magnificence of their furniture and hangings; silk stuffs of white ground worked with gold; mosaic-floors; Chinese and Indian tapestries; chairs and sofas surpassing in unique elegance all that princely taste has heretofore invented; rare Japan vases; Sevres porcelains; mammoth mirrors of the most dazzling polish; chandeliers; statues of bronze and marble, pictures of masters; works of art of every style and country; pianos, in short all that wealth and taste can accumulate to make such a residence worthy of such a guest, is here brought together.

On the upper storey are the private apartments of the Queen and her ladies of honour. The bed-room of Her Majesty is a miracle of elegance. The walls are covered with a rich silk brocade, of a light gray shade, dotted over with lustreless gold designs. The furniture accords with the richness of the hangings, but among all these splendid appointments, one thing, for its strange contrast with the rest, challenges the attention by its very simplicity: it is the Queen's bed, of plain walnut; scarcely comfortable. But it is her own. She brought it with her from London.

It is scarcely possible, midst such a mass of beautiful things, to note anything particularly. However, to satisfy the curiosity of the reader, we will mention a few that strike the eye at

a first sight; viz., a magnificent statue of Egeria, of Carrara marble; and a Madonna, by Luina. In the large hall on the first floor hang a number of fine pictures, all by Masters; among these a celebrated 'Susanna in the Bath'; in the upper storey one of the finest landscapes of Azeglio; in the dining-room, a valuable painting of the English School, representing the 'Piazza Navona on market-days.'

The castle stands in the middle of an immense garden, magnificently laid out; full of exotic plants, statues, fountains, etc., and extends into a delicious grove, the shadiest of retreats.

The principal entrance to this superb property is on the Baveno side, on the right. A porter's lodge stands by the gate, built in the *chalet* style, and handsome enough to serve as a dwelling for a lord. From this, a path to the left leads to the castle. Close by the latter, and on slightly rising ground, stands its rival in architectural workmanship, an elegant chapel. This is a triumph in its way. It is an octagon temple, in the Pisan style, all delicate columns and arches. The exterior in *basso-relievo*, is of Baveno stone fluted and carved, a piece of most elaborate workmanship, and the interior, all marble, gold and mosaic, is made to imitate the interior of the church of St. Mark in Venice. The crystal windows, enched within dainty marble *colonettes*, are beautifully stained and represent sacred subjects. The altar and pulpit are plain and in the Protestant fashion; the organ is made in two pieces so as not to conceal one of the windows of the octagon, where it is placed. In the centre, from the vault of the cupola, hangs a rich chandelier of Arabic design.

The *prie-dieu* of the Queen is particularly worthy of notice for the ingenious richness of its composition. The exterior is of the purest Carrara marble, inlaid with mosaics of gold and valuable stones: the inner part is covered with crimson velvet.

A path, bordered with rare shrubs, plants and flowers, leads from the church to the castle and from there winds towards the various smaller buildings connected with the establishment: to the green-houses and the *gazo-metro*; for Mr. Henfrey has taken good care that all this magnificence should be put in a proper light, and the means for perfect illumination have not been spared.

This gorgeous establishment has for its neighbour, on the Baveno side, the Hotel Zanoli, and on the Stresa side,

the lovely villa Durazzo. The latter was rented by Mr. Henfrey for the most important personages of the Queen's suite, as also the hotel Belle Vue and hotel Beau-Rivage, for the rest of the Queen's retinue.

Thus will this charming spot, which twenty-five years ago was nothing but a lonely wilderness, be converted this summer into a rich English colony, which the simple Italian contadini may regard for the time with more than passing interest.

C.

ROUND THE TABLE.

DARWIN has taught us how the presence of cats may exercise a considerable influence over the fructification of clover-flowers, by acting through the intermediate agencies of field-mice and honey-bees. The chain of consequences is instructive, as teaching us the interdependence of things, which, at first blush, appear most unconnected, and the strength of those hidden links, airy and invisible as gossamer, which bind creation together.

To pass from one example to another, have you ever traced out the connection between newspapers and beards? Our forefathers had no newspapers and no beards. As the daily press has come in, the daily razor seems to have gone out of fashion. Is there any clue to this mystery, or are these but coincidences? I boldly affirm that the phenomena stand in the relationship of cause and effect to each other, and the key to this riddle lies in the barber's shop.

The idea occurred to me but the other day, when I was having my hair

cut. I am naturally taciturn, and my disinclination to talk to a stranger was evidently reciprocated by the professor of the tonsorial art, who was officiating among my ambrosial curls. While pleased at his silence, I could not help wondering how it was that barbers had ever acquired a reputation for chattering, especially when I reflected that almost all the barbers I knew were also as glum as mutes at a funeral. I pondered over it, and asked myself if this quiet was assumed or not. Presently, the man of the scissors took his opportunity and dived into a little back-parlour where he compressed fully ten minutes of an ordinary man's conversation into a half-minute's interview with his assistant, a red-headed youth with preternaturally large and swollen knuckles. Clearly enough, the respectful silence which clothed him like a garb when he returned to his snipping, was put on. Why was this? My eye, at this moment, fell on the newspaper which I had instinctively laid across my

knee on settling myself down, in the chair of state, to be operated upon. There was the clue! Here was the criminal who had banished the merry, impudent barber of the old romances and early novels, and had substituted our modern Tonsor, with his melancholic visage, for the faithful and loquacious Strap who lathered, bothered, chattered to and blubbered over Roderick Random.

The reason was only too plain. When yet the newspaper was not, every man went to the barber's as the centre of information. 'Sir Peter's wig to be curled?'—pshaw, that was a shallow subterfuge, a mere paltry expedient, an excuse for remaining long enough to hear all that had been collected in that sink or reservoir of tittle-tattle, and to leave in return whatever modicum of news, as to Sir Peter's private matters, the barber could extract or the knight was willing to impart.

'But Scripture saith an ending to all good things must be,' and so *Flying Posts* and *Daily Messengers* came in, and wigs began to wither. As the size of the sheet and the number of the columns increased, the area of the wig gradually shrank and diminished. The full-bottomed wig was curtailed to a *Ramilie*, the *Ramilie* degenerated into a bob, and the bob was but poorly represented at last by powder and pig-tail. The newspapers were now in the ascendant. Still there was a deal of trashy news which no paper cared to print, and no man cared to miss hearing, so day by day men sat down, turned up their chins to the ceiling, had the lather brushed into the corners of their mouths, and listened pleasurably to scandal.

Even then the insatiable journalists were not satisfied. They took to printing personalities, gossip, jokes, rumours, announcements of Mr. A.'s arrival in town, Mr. B.'s enormous gooseberry, the fight between your neighbour's cats, and how old Mr. X. Y. Z. slipped down on a piece of

orange peel. The injury was done. No man shaved any more. The barber's shop had lost its attraction, and the clean chin was a thing of the past. If any man, from force of habit, disliked a beard, he went and shaved at home in an ogreish, hypochondriacal way, such as no old frequenter of the barber's would have tolerated for a moment. It would be no more possible to bring back the days of public shaving than to persuade any one to go back into a buckled wig. The barber has become morose and implacable, and takes a savage pleasure in blowing the loose hairs down the small of your back. And the merry gossip that nature intended to have fallen, prattlingly, from his tongue, lies petrified, lifeless and dry in a corner of the paper.

F. R.

A DIALOGUE.

SCENE:—*Library in the House of Practicus.* Present: PRACTICUS, CYNICUS, PRIG, and TOM SUMMERDAYE.

PRIG (*lying down the 'Mail'*).—

'Well, now, I do think it is too disgusting!'

TOM.—'What's up now, Prig?'

PRIG.—'Why, this tariff upon imported books. Here are some of the leading publishers declaring that the duty will entirely stop the sale of the English Reviews. I should have thought that the spirit of culture is not so strong in Canada that it can bear discouragement. Besides, even Sir John might have understood that a book is not a mere manufactured article.'

CYNICUS.—'It strikes me, though, that a book now-a-days is a very highly manufactured article indeed—manufactured to suit the public.'

PRIG (*sighs*).—'O, yes, I admit pure genius hasn't much chance in these days. But now, just as one flatters oneself that a certain taste for real

reading is beginning to grow up in Canadian society, they must needs impose a tax that will raise the price of, at all events, smaller books twenty per cent.'

PRACTICUS.—'But the only difference the tariff will make, Prig, will be that Canadian publishers will reprint English books instead of American publishers.'

PRIG.—'No, they won't. Why, do you suppose it will pay them to reprint books for such a small market as they have in Canada? Surely you don't think they will command the American market? It may pay them to reprint a few trashy novels, nothing higher, nothing higher. However, I'm glad to see that the Canadian Institute, at any rate, has taken the right view of the matter and has petitioned for the repeal of the tax upon intellect.'

CYNICUS.—'Yes, if that flourishing Institution takes the matter up, the tariff is doomed.'

PRIG.—'O, it's all very well for you to sneer, Cynicus, but every intelligent person will agree, that they have acted quite rightly. Thank Heaven, though, there *is* one consolation about the thing.'

TOM.—'By Jove, let's have it, Prig, by all means.'

PRIG.—'Well, what should you fellows say was the most crying evil of Canadian Society?'

CYNICUS.—'Shouldn't like to make invidious distinctions.'

TOM.—'My landlady's baby is in the running, anyhow. It's the most crying evil I know of, Prig.'

PRACTICUS.—'Give it up, Prig, unless it's want of money.'

PRIG (*with gentle superiority*).—'What! want of money in a country in which, as Lord Dufferin said, wealth is, perhaps, as evenly distributed as in any country in the world.'

CYNICUS.—'Then, I suppose, his Lordship must have forgotten the Scilly Islands, Prig, where they say the

people gain a precarious livelihood by taking in each other's washing.'

PRIG.—'Well, for my part, I say the want of a good circulating library is the most crying evil of Canadian society. It does seem to me disgraceful that in such a community as we have in Canada—so large and so intelligent—one shouldn't get the new books without buying them. Why, when I was in England last year, I don't think I ever went into a lady's drawing-room without seeing half a dozen of the best of the new books from Mudie's library on the table. I can't think why some one hasn't got the enterprise to be the Canadian Mudie. I think there's a fortune in it, to take the lowest view.'

PRACTICUS.—'I don't believe it, Prig. I've asked a good many of the leading booksellers why they don't try the thing, and they all say it wouldn't pay.'

PRIG.—'Yes, but I don't think the booksellers are quite in a position to know the demand which really exists. I'm constantly hearing people regretting the want of a circulating library worthy of the name. And then, again, the demand for new books is like ambition and grows by what it feeds on. The man who would start a good circulating library in Canada would be a public benefactor. Just think what a difference it would make in society if people read a little more. At present it is a rarity to meet a man who seems ever to read anything, unless it is the *Globe* or the *Mail*, and perhaps a sporting paper or two. They don't even read novels.'

PRACTICUS.—'Well, Prig, in the first place, I know many men here who both read and think a great deal, and I suspect Canadians, on the whole, read as much as men of business in other parts of the world. Of course, I admit, we produce very few men as yet of anything approaching high culture. But you must re-

member Canada is a comparatively new country, and men have to work hard for their living, and after a long day's work a man doesn't feel much inclined to read.'

CYNICUS.—'Ah, but Prig would like every man to have his "Pater" or his "Ruskin" on his office table, so that in the intervals of the Paying, he might study the Beautiful.'

PRIG.—'No, I admit there may be some excuse for the men, but there is none for the women. Canadian ladies, in Toronto or Montreal, have far more leisure than an English lady in London. Consider the hours and hours a lady in London has to spend in paying formal visits, and the still longer hours she thinks she has got to spend in shopping. Yet I scarcely ever sat next to a girl at a dinner party in London who wasn't able to talk about the last event of public interest, or the last new book. Yes, and talk well too. In Canada, if you want to talk to a girl at all, you must either talk gossip or the smallest of small talk.'

PRACTICUS.—'I don't agree with you there, Prig, at all. I know Canadian girls who read just as much, and can talk just as well, as any English girls I've ever seen, and I've been a good deal in England.'

TOM.—'I should think so, by Jove! Look at Miss Flirtaway and Miss Basbleu for instance. I'd back 'em against the field any day; one to talk and t'other to read.'

PRIG.—'Yes, my dear Summerdaye, but I'm afraid we want a combination.'

PRACTICUS.—'Then again, Prig, many a Canadian lady has to busy herself about household duties, which an English lady would leave to her servants. And above all, you must remember the great advantages English ladies enjoy. To begin with, they have all the picture-galleries and art-galleries and exhibitions of all kinds, of which I may say we have next to nothing.

Then they are so close to the Continent and all its wealth of art and beauty. But above all, in England, ladies have this great advantage that English gentlemen are, as a class, as I think M. Taine says in his "Notes on England," perhaps the most highly educated in the world. In a gentleman's family in London, you will generally find the father and the husband and the brothers, men of more or less cultivation and fondness for reading, and the natural consequence is—'

TOM (*singing as he prepares to light a cigar*)—

'So are their sisters, and their cousins, and their
aunts;
Their sisters and their cousins,
Whom they reckon up by dozens,
And their aunts "

PRACTICUS.—'Precisely, Tom. Most musically and correctly expressed. If the men don't set them the example and encourage them you can't expect the women to show any great fondness for culture.'

PRIG.—'Well, I must say you take a gloomy view of the future of Canada. The men can't possibly cultivate their intellects because they haven't time, and the women can't be expected to do it, because the men don't.'

PRACTICUS.—'No, I don't say there is any impossibility about it; I merely say there are great excuses if it is the case, as you say, that our ladies in Canada are not as a rule as highly cultivated or accomplished as English ladies.'

PRIG.—'Well, in the first place, I say women ought to set men the example in all that is cultivated and refined and not wait till men set *them* the example. Besides, the very exceptions to which you alluded, shew that a Canadian lady *can*, if she wishes, reach a high point of culture and refinement.'

CYNICUS.—'Well, I tell you what it

is, Prig, You'll find Canadian ladies will show a marvellous love of learning, when they see it conduces to love of another kind. At present I expect they find that when learning comes in at the door, love flies out of the window.'

PRIG (*excitedly*).—'Then, if Canadian women have so little self-respect, that they are willing to be ignorant in order that they may please a booby, rather than to let it be known that the man who hopes to win their love and respect must be a man of culture and intelligence, all I can say is I'm ashamed to call myself a Canadian.'

"Yet it shall be: thou shalt lower to his level day
by day,
What is fine within thee growing coarse to sympathy
with clay,
As the husband is, the wife is: thou art mated
with a clown,
And the grossness of his nature will have weight to
drag thee down."

O, that Canadian women would only see the noble work that lies before them! Cannot they be made to understand that in a country like this, where, as Practicus says, the men are so busy, the education of their children, the whole future higher life of this country, its intellectual and moral tone, depend mainly upon them? If they only felt how true this is, one wouldn't find so many of them, as one does now, dividing their whole time between pleasure, needle work, and gossip, and aspiring to nothing higher than—'

CYNICUS.—'To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.'

PRIG.—'Surely in Canada if anywhere women should rise to what Ruskin says in "Queen's Gardens," is their proper function. "Each sex," says he, "has what the other has not. The man's power is active, progressive, defensive. He is eminently the doer, the creator, the discoverer, the defender. A woman's power is for rule, not for battle, and her intellect is not for invention or creation, but

for sweet ordering, arrangement and decision.'"

CYNICUS.—'I never met a woman yet who wasn't good enough at sweet decision.'

PRACTICUS.—'I must say, Prig, I think you are monstrously unfair to the Canadian ladies. They may not talk much about books, possibly because they find the men don't like it; but it doesn't follow that they don't read.'

PRIG.—'Well, I'll just tell you two facts within my own recent experience. Soon after the Marquis of Lorne came out, I was paying a visit to a lady of the best social standing in a city which shall be nameless; and as the papers had for some time been full of speeches and addresses by the Marquis, I remarked, thinking it a safe topic, that the Marquis had been making some excellent speeches for a young man. I thought the natural interest attaching to the first utterances of the new Governor-General would have led her to read some of them. Not a bit of it! "Do you know Mr. Prig," she said, "I hav'nt read one of them.'"

CYNICUS.—'Most sensible, and most unusually veracious female!'

PRIG.—'Well, wait a bit till you hear my other story. They were going to read "Goldsmith" at our Reading Club the other day, and I happened to ask a young lady if she was fond of his works. She looked a bit bewildered at first, and then, a ray of intelligence lit up her face, and she said, "O, yes, I like him very much, though I can't say I've read much of him; let me see—didn't he write a novel called "The bonâ fide Traveller?"'

PRACTICUS.—'I'm afraid Canadian ladies know how to chaff, Prig.'

TOM (*warmly*).—'Well, dear old Canada is good enough for me any way. And, by Jove, the English officers appeared to find it good enough for them too, judging by the way they

rushed into matrimony. But, I tell you what it is, Prig, my boy, when you've succeeded in turning all our girls into Blue-stockings, it will be time for me to,—well to go to Manitoba.'

PRIG.—'Blue-stockings! (*groans*).—How I dislike that expression! As though a woman couldn't be a person of taste, culture and refinement without being a Blue-stocking. Listen to this. (*Rises, seizes a book, and reads*): "She never neglected her home duties, or her children's education, and was fond of society and the theatre. She had the keenest appreciation of natural scenery and music; and both played and painted, herself,—the latter exceedingly well. She was very diffident and free from vanity; and thoroughly and gracefully feminine in manner and appearance." Is that the picture of a Blue-stocking, Summerdaye? Well, that is a description of Mary Somerville, the most learned and one of the most beautiful women of her age. A Blue-stocking is a woman without talent and without imagination. She is actuated by a cut-and-dried notion that it is her duty to master such books as Mangnall's Questions, and Mrs. Markham's "History of England"; but she has no real love of knowledge, nor sympathy with the fire of genius.'

PRACTICUS.—'Well, Prig, having now disposed of the Blue-stockings, suppose you tell us what all this has to do with the tariff on books, and the circulating library, with which we started.'

TOM.—'O, he'll circulate round to that before long. Won't you, Prig?'

PRIG.—'All I mean is that the tariff on books by making them more expensive to buy will increase the demand for a circulating library,—'

PRACTICUS (*thoughtfully*).—'Or free public library.'

PRIG.—'And that a circulating library,—'

PRACTICUS.—'Or free public library, —'

PRIG.—'When it is established will inaugurate a new epoch in the social life of Canada, and will go far to remove what I can call little better than a state of intellectual stagnation. And I think that all men of intelligence—'

CYNICUS.—'And superiority—'

TOM.—'Like ourselves—'

PRIG.—'Should combine in raising such a demand for a good library of some kind as would secure its supply. And I, for my part, will exert myself unceasingly with that object, until we have got it.'

CYNICUS.—'Do.'

(*Conversation closes. Prig seeks consolation in the "History of the Renaissance," and Practicus betakes himself to his law books.*) * *

'MOODS.'

— How much of the smaller misery of life, and how much blunting of the finer feelings, comes of the clash of moods. The glow of full sympathy which is the deepest happiness of human converse, and in which its finest gold is beaten out, is kindled only at those rare moments when kindred hearts meet in the same mood. Not only do such hearts seldom enough get together, but even when they do, the accident of their having each a different tinge of feeling at the moment may recur so frequently as to keep them long, perhaps ever, ignorant of their kinship. I believe that lives have been passed together, even in affection, which, though in their hidden depths fit to mingle in close union, have, in missing continually the subtle identity of mood, failed ever to realize that they were, as potentially they were,—

'Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.'

Not that this is a common experience

it may, happily, be added. It can happen only in the case of those highly-strung and finely-wrought natures which pay so many cruel penalties as the price of the keener perceptions and deeper impressibility which distinguish them from the ordinary run of mortals. Many, indeed, will consider this extreme case rather fanciful; but whether it be so or not, there is no denying the sharp and even prolonged unhappiness which difference of mood has brought about in everyday life; nor the fact that many a tragedy has been the outcome of discord purely subjective and emotional. Far-reaching, indeed, is the vista which this train of thought will open up. In the broad field of politics and history, although we cannot, as a rule, carry our analysis of the causes of events into the subjective realm, and when we attempt to do so can accomplish little more than loose speculation, yet it is none the less certain that the course of affairs has not seldom been influenced in a considerable degree by the complex friction of the moods of men whose actions, writings and words comprise the raw material of history. Especially was this the case when the personal element was stronger in moulding the destinies of nations than it is at present; in the days when a world hung upon the words of a single man, and the life or death of thousands upon his caprice. A 'mood of Cleopatra,' or of a Roman Emperor, even of a Charles V., or of a Napoleon, has probably been pregnant with serious consequences to large sections of mankind.

In the familiar experiences of daily life and domestic and social relationship, it requires no psychologist to trace the effects of the conflict of those simple variations of mood which we broadly distinguish as 'good spirits' and 'low spirits,' merriment and 'the blues,' good humour and peevishness. Yet they lie at the root of a vast amount of positive wretchedness in society at this moment. Innumerable

are the estrangements of friends, the lovers' quarrels, the 'family jars,' matrimonial infelicities, and even divorces, which might be traced to causes no more dignified than these. Even more widespread, and scarcely less lamentable, is the petty misery originating in this moral dyspepsia which, without reaching any positive climax, yet permeates the inner life of society, and embitters day by day those relations of home and friendship which should be the most softening of human influences. The home, indeed, is unhappily the chief theatre of such experiences; the microcosm over which the Spirit of Moodiness is suffered to have full sway. In his business relations, the husband or father generally manages to neutralize his subjective condition, be it gay or sombre, by the concentration of all his faculties on the engrossing practical concerns of each day. He does so, at least, as far as his equals and superiors are concerned; although many a harassed clerk and persecuted office-boy could testify to the important bearing on his day's comfort of the 'mood' in which his principal enters the office in the morning. Outside of the office, however, 'business is business,' to use a formula which has acquired a very distinct, though not a very amiable meaning, despite its own absolute meaninglessness. Dollars and cents, and stocks and shares, are far too important matters to admit of much interference in their manœuvring from that region of feeling which plays so insignificant a part during the daily rites of Mammon-worship. But family harmony and fireside happiness are not dollars and cents, and frequently they occupy a much less important position in the worshipful consideration of Benedict or *paterfamilias*. The peevish, the harsh, or the otherwise unamiable mood which has been in abeyance all through the day; or which, perchance, has been contracted during its fatigues and 'worries,' is often released from strict surveillance,

or first makes its presence known when home is reached and formal restraints thrown off. Then behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth! The half-cooked potato, the blunt carving-knife, the 'little bill' for millinery,—any one of a thousand nothings may light up a domestic conflagration. That it ever should be so is pitiable; that it often is so, is undeniable. Or let us take an illustration from the female side of the house. The wife gives a party, say, or the daughter goes out to one. With the 'company dress,' to use a homely phrase, are put on company manners. The 'horrible headache,' and the ungracious mood,—they are often synonymous,—vanish as if by magic. All is smiles and courtesy and gaiety. On the return home the party dress is doffed, and the next morning is put on, perhaps, an attire neither rich nor gaudy,—scarcely even neat,—but 'good enough for home.' If that were all, *passé encore*. But too frequently the 'company manners' are laid by with the 'company dress.' *Négligée* in costume the weary lady is also *négligée* in temper. As any dress,—so any haphazard mood, is 'good enough for home;' and post festal moods are not, as a rule, very desirable ones. So that

throughout the day there is unpleasantness and friction in the household. The servants can do nothing right. The children are in the mood for a romp; she is not, and they get a scolding instead. The sister or the friend is in a confidential mood; she is not, and there is bitterness and misunderstanding. The husband or the father is in a jocular mood; she is in a sensitive one; and goes up to bed at an abnormally early hour to cry herself to sleep, perhaps, leaving a general sense of uneasiness and discomfort behind her. Such things are happening every day, even without the hypothetical party as a primary cause. Nor is it unjust to say that the fair sex are especially liable to a variation of moods to which it is sometimes perplexing for the less changeable 'horrid male creature' to adapt himself. The fact is a physiological one, and stubborn enough to admit of no contradiction, even from the ladies. Many of them run up and down the gamut of the feelings with startling rapidity; and what their mood will be at any given moment is one of those things, as Dundreary would say, that no fellow can find out.

A. W. G.

SELECTIONS.

AN INDIAN'S VIEWS OF INDIAN AFFAIRS.*

BY YOUNG JOSEPH, CHIEF OF THE NEZ PERCÉS.

(From the North American Review.)

MY friends, I have been asked to show you my heart. I am glad to have a chance to do so. I want the white people to understand my people. Some of you think an Indian is like a wild animal. This is a great mistake. I will tell you all about our people, and then you can judge whether an Indian is a man or not. I believe much trouble and blood would be saved if we opened our hearts more. I will tell you in my way how the Indian sees things. The white man has more words to tell you how they look to him, but it does not require many words to speak the truth. What I have to say will come from my heart, and I will speak with a straight tongue. Ah-cum-kin-i-ma-me-hut (the Great Spirit) is looking at me, and will hear me.

My name is In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat (Thunder travelling over the Mountains). I am chief of the Wal-lam-wat-kin band of Chute-pa-lu, or Nez Percés (nose-pierced Indians). I was born in Eastern

Oregon, thirty-eight winters ago. My father was chief before me. When a young man, he was called Joseph by Mr. Spaulding, a missionary. He died a few years ago. There was no stain on his hands of the blood of a white man. He left a good name on the earth. He advised me well for my people.

Our fathers gave us many laws, which they had learned from their fathers. These laws were good. They told us to treat all men as they treated us; that we should never be the first to break a bargain; that it was a disgrace to tell a lie; that we should speak only the truth; that it was a shame for one man to take from another his wife, or his property, without paying for it. We were taught to believe that the Great Spirit sees and hears everything, and that he never forgets; that hereafter he will give every man a spirit-home according to his deserts: if he has been a good man, he will have a good home; if he has been a bad man, he will have a bad home. This I believe, and all my people believe the same.

We did not know there were other people besides the Indian until about one hundred winters ago, when some men with white faces came to our country. They brought many things with them to trade for furs and skins. They brought tobacco, which was new to us. They brought guns with flint stones on them, which frightened our women and children. Our people could not talk with these white-faced men, but they used signs which all people understand. These men were Frenchmen, and they called our people "Nez Percés," because they

* [NOTE.—In re-opening an old department of THE MONTHLY, to contain extracts from articles appearing in contemporary magazines, we make no apology for the length of the paper which appears in the present number. Translated by the Rev. W. H. Hare, Missionary Bishop of Niobrara, who introduced it to the readers of the *North American Review*, the narrative appeals with startling directness to those who are responsible for the inhuman treatment meted out to the Indian tribes of the West, while the perfect naturalness and tender pathos of the chief's story will win for it such attention from lovers of literature as should make its preservation in these pages a matter of satisfaction to everyone who peruses it. It is to be hoped that the Indian's touching appeal to natural standards of justice and to the common heart of humanity, will accomplish more than his rifle and tomahawk have hitherto been able to effect for his race.—Ed.]

wore rings in their noses for ornaments. Although very few of our people wear them now, we are still called by the same name. These French trappers said a great many things to our fathers, which have been planted in our hearts. Some were good for us, but some were bad. Our people were divided in opinion about these men. Some thought they taught more bad than good. An Indian respects a brave man, but he despises a coward. He loves a straight tongue, but he hates a forked tongue. The French trappers told us some truths and some lies.

The first white men of your people who came to our country were named Lewis and Clarke. They also brought many things that our people had never seen. They talked straight, and our people gave them a great feast, as a proof that their hearts were friendly. These men were very kind. They made presents to our chiefs and our people made presents to them. We had a great many horses, of which we gave them what they needed, and they gave us guns and tobacco in return. All the Nez Percés made friends with Lewis and Clarke, and agreed to let them pass through their country, and never to make war on white men. This promise the Nez Percés have never broken. No white man can accuse them of bad faith, and speak with a straight tongue. It has always been the pride of the Nez Percés that they were the friends of the white men. When my father was a young man there came to our country a white man (Rev. Mr. Spaulding) who talked spirit law. He won the affections of our people because he spoke good things to them. At first he did not say anything about white men wanting to settle on our lands. Nothing was said about that until about twenty winters ago, when a number of white people came into our country and built houses and made farms. At first our people made no complaint. They thought there was room enough for all to live in peace, and they were learning many things from the white men that seemed to be good. But we soon found that the white men were growing rich very fast, and were greedy to possess everything the Indian had. My father was the first to see through the schemes of the white men, and he warned his tribe to be careful about trading with them. He had suspicion of men who seemed so anxious to make money. I was a boy then; but I remember well my

father's caution. He had sharper eyes than the rest of our people.

Next there came a white officer (Governor Stevens), who invited all the Nez Percés to a treaty council. After the council was opened he made known his heart. He said there were a great many white people in the country, and many more would come; that he wanted the land marked out so that the Indians and white men could be separated. If they were to live in peace it was necessary, he said, that the Indians should have a country set apart for them, and in that country they must stay. My father, who represented his band, refused to have anything to do with the council, because he wished to be a free man. He claimed that no man owned any part of the earth, and a man could not sell what he did not own.

Mr. Spaulding took hold of my father's arm and said, 'Come and sign the treaty.' My father pushed him away, and said: 'Why do you ask me to sign away my country? It is your business to talk to us about spirit matters, and not to talk to us about parting with our land.' Governor Stevens urged my father to sign his treaty, but he refused. 'I will not sign your paper,' he said; 'you go where you please, so do I; you are not a child, I am no child; I can think for myself. No man can think for me. I have no other home than this. I will not give it up to any man. My people would have no home. Take away your paper. I will not touch it with my hand.'

My father left the council. Some of the chiefs of the other bands of the Nez Percés signed the treaty, and then Governor Stevens gave them presents of blankets. My father cautioned his people to take no presents, for 'after a while,' he said, 'they will claim that you have accepted pay for your country.' Since that time four bands of the Nez Percés have received annuities from the United States. My father was invited to many councils, and they tried hard to make him sign the treaty, but he was firm as the rock, and would not sign away his home. His refusal caused a difference among the Nez Percés.

Eight years latter (1863) was the next treaty council. A chief called Lawyer, because he was a great talker, took the lead in this council, and sold nearly all the Nez Percés country. My father was not there. He said to me: 'When you

go into council with the white man, always remember your country. Do not give it away. The white man will cheat you out of your home. I have taken no pay from the United States. I have never sold our land." In this treaty Lawyer acted without authority from our band. He had no right to sell the Wallowa (*winding water*) country. That had always belonged to my father's own people, and the other bands had never disputed our right to it. No other Indians ever claimed Wallowa.

In order to have all people understand how much land we owned, my father planted poles around it and said.

'Inside is the home of my people—the white man may take the land outside. Inside this boundary all our people were born. It circles around the graves of our fathers, and we will never give up these graves to any man.'

The United States claimed they had bought all the Nez Percés country outside of Lapwai Reservation, from Lawyer and other chiefs, but we continued to live on this land in peace until eight years ago, when white men began to come inside the bounds my father had set. We warned them against this great wrong, but they would not leave our land, and some bad blood was raised. The white men represented that we were going upon the war-path. They reported many things that were false.

The United States Government again asked for a treaty council. My father had become blind and feeble. He could no longer speak for his people. It was then that I took my father's place as chief. In this council I made my first speech to white men. I said to the agent who held the council :

'I did not want to come to this council, but I came hoping that we could save blood. The white man has no right to come here and take our country. We have never accepted any presents from the Government. Neither Lawyer nor any other chief had authority to sell this land. It has always belonged to my people. It came unclouded to them from our fathers, and we will defend this land as long as a drop of Indian blood warms the hearts of our men.'

The agent said he had orders, from the Great White Chief at Washington, for us to go upon the Lapwai Reservation, and that if we obeyed he would help us in many ways. 'You must move to the agency,' he said. I an-

swered him : 'I will not. I do not need your help ; we have plenty, and we are contented and happy if the white man will let us alone. The reservation is too small for so many people with all their stock. You can keep your presents ; we can go to your towns and pay for all we need ; we have plenty of horses and cattle to sell, and we won't have any help from you ; we are free now ; we can go where we please. Our fathers were born here. Here they lived, here they died, here are their graves. We will never leave them.' The agent went away, and we had peace for a little while.

Soon after this my father sent for me. I saw he was dying. I took his hand in mine. He said : 'My son, my body is returning to my mother earth, and my spirit is going very soon to see the Great Spirit Chief. When I am gone, think of your country. You are the chief of these people. They look to you to guide them. Always remember that your father never sold his country. You must stop your ears whenever you are asked to sign a treaty selling your home. A few years more, and white men will be all around you. They have their eyes on this land. My son, never forget my dying words. This country holds your father's body. Never sell the bones of your father and your mother.' I pressed my father's hand and told him I would protect his grave with my life. My father smiled and passed away to the spirit-land.

I buried him in that beautiful valley of winding waters. I love that land more than all the rest of the world. A man who would not love his father's grave is worse than a wild animal.

For a short time we lived quietly. But this could not last. White men had found gold in the mountains around the land of winding water. They stole a great many horses from us, and we could not get them back because we were Indians. The white men told lies for each other. They drove off a great many of our cattle. Some white men branded our young cattle so they could claim them. We had no friend who would plead our cause before the law councils. It seemed to me that some of the white men in Wallowa were doing these things on purpose to get up a war. They knew that we were not strong enough to fight them. I laboured hard to avoid trouble and bloodshed. We gave up some of

our country to the white men, thinking that then we could have peace. We were mistaken. The white man would not let us alone. We could have avenged our wrongs many times, but we did not. Whenever the Government has asked us to help them against other Indians, we have never refused. When the white men were few and we were strong we could have killed them all off, but the Nez Percés wished to live at peace.

If we have not done so, we have not been to blame. I believe that the old treaty has never been correctly reported. If we ever owned the land we own it still, for we never sold it. In the Treaty Councils the commissioners have claimed that our country had been sold to the Government. Suppose a white man should come to me and say, 'Joseph, I like your horses, and I want to buy them.' I say to him, 'No, my horses suit me, I will not sell them.' Then he goes to my neighbour, and says to him: 'Joseph has some good horses. I want to buy them, but he refuses to sell.' My neighbour answers, 'Pay me the money, and I will sell you Joseph's horses.' The white man returns to me, and says, 'Joseph, I have bought your horses, and you must let me have them.' If we sold our lands to the Government, this is the way they were bought.

On account of the treaty made by the other bands of the Nez Percés, the white men claimed my lands. We were troubled greatly by white men crowding over the line. Some of these were good men, and we lived on peaceful terms with them, but they were not all good.

Nearly every year the agent came over from Lapwai and ordered us on to the reservation. We always replied that we were satisfied to live in Wallowa. We were careful to refuse the presents or annuities which he offered.

Through all the years since the white men came to Wallowa we have been threatened and taunted by them and the treaty Nez Percés. They have given us no rest. We have had a few good friends among white men, and they have always advised my people to bear these taunts without fighting. Our young men were quick-tempered, and I have had great trouble in keeping them from doing rash things. I have carried a heavy load on my back ever since I was a boy. I learned then that we were but a few, while the white men were many, and that we could not hold our own with them. We were

like deer. They were like grizzly bears. We had a small country. Their country was large. We were contented to let things remain as the Great Spirit Chief made them. They were not; and would change the rivers and mountains if they did not suit them.

Year after year we have been threatened, but no war was made upon my people until General Howard came to our country two years ago and told us that he was the white war-chief of all that country. He said: 'I have a great many soldiers at my back. I am going to bring them up here, and then I will talk to you again. I will not let white men laugh at me the next time I come. The country belongs to the Government, and I intend to make you go upon the reservation.'

I remonstrated with him against bringing more soldiers to the Nez Percés country. He had one house full of troops all the time at Fort Lapwai.

The next spring the agent at Umatilla agency sent an Indian runner to tell me to meet General Howard at Walla Walla. I could not go myself, but I sent my brother and five other head men to meet him, and they had a long talk.

General Howard said: 'You have talked straight, and it is all right. You can stay in Wallowa.' He insisted that my brother and his company should go with him to Fort Lapwai. When the party arrived there, General Howard sent out runners and called all the Indians in to a grand council. I was in that council. I said to General Howard, 'We are ready to listen.' He answered that he would not talk then, but would hold a council next day, when he would talk plainly. I said to General Howard: 'I am ready to talk to-day. I have been in a great many councils, but I am no wiser. We are all sprung from a woman, although we are unlike in many things. We can not be made over again. You are as you were made, and as you were made you can remain. We are just as we were made by the Great Spirit, and you can not change us; then why should children of one mother and one father quarrel—why should one try to cheat the other? I do not believe that the Great Spirit Chief gave one kind of men the right to tell another kind of men what they must do.'

General Howard replied: 'You deny

any authority, do you? You want to dictate to me, do you?’

Then one of my chiefs—Too-hool-hool-suit—rose in the council and said to General Howard: ‘The Great Spirit Chief made the world as it is, and as he wanted it, and he made a part of it for us to live upon. I do not see where you get authority to say that we shall not live where he placed us.’

General Howard lost his temper and said: ‘Shut up! I don’t want to hear any more of such talk. The law says you shall go upon the reservation to live, and I want you to do so, but you persist in disobeying the law’ (meaning the treaty). ‘If you do not move, I will take the matter into my own hand, and make you suffer for your disobedience.’

Too-hool-hool-suit answered: ‘Who are you, that you ask us to talk, and then tell me I shan’t talk? Are you the Great Spirit? Did you make the world? Did you make the sun? Did you make the rivers to run for us to drink? Did you make the grass to grow? Did you make all these things, that you talk to us as though we were boys? If you did, then you have a right to talk as you do.’

General Howard replied, ‘You are an impudent fellow, and I will put you in the guard-house,’ and then ordered a soldier to arrest him.

Too-hool-hool-suit made no resistance.

He asked General Howard: ‘Is that your order? I don’t care. I have expressed my heart to you. I have nothing to take back. I have spoken for my country. You can arrest me, but you can not change me or make me take back what I have said.’

The soldiers came forward and seized my friend and took him to the guard-house. My men whispered among themselves whether they should let this thing be done. I counselled them to submit. I knew if we resisted that all the white men present, including General Howard, would be killed in a moment, and we would be blamed. If I said nothing, General Howard would never have given another unjust order against my men. I saw the danger, and, while they dragged Too-hool-hool-suit to prison, I arose and said: ‘I am going to talk now. I don’t care whether you arrest me or not.’ I turned to my people and said: ‘The arrest of Too-hool-hool-suit was wrong,

but we will not resent the insult. We were invited to this council to express our hearts, and we have done so.’ Too-hool-hool-suit was prisoner for five days before he was released.

The Council broke up for that day. On the next morning General Howard came to my lodge, and invited me to go with him and White-Bird and Looking-Glass, to look for land for my people. As we rode along we came to some good land that was already occupied by Indians and white people. General Howard, pointing to this land, said: ‘If you will come on to the reservation, I will give you these lands and move these people off.’

I replied: ‘No. It would be wrong to disturb these people. I have no right to take their homes. I have never taken what did not belong to me. I will not now.’

We rode all day upon the reservation, and found no good land unoccupied. I have been informed by men who do not lie that General Howard sent a letter that night, telling the soldiers at Walla Walla to go to Wallowa Valley, and drive us out upon our return home.

In the Council, next day, General Howard informed me, in a haughty spirit, that he would give my people *thirty days* to go back home, collect all their stock, and move on to the reservation, saying, ‘If you are not here in that time, I shall consider that you want to fight, and will send my soldiers to drive you on.’

I said ‘War can be avoided, and it ought to be avoided. I want no war. My people have always been the friends of the white man. Why are you in such a hurry? I cannot get ready to move in thirty days. Our stock is scattered, and Snake River is very high. Let us wait until fall, then the river will be low. We want time to hunt up our stock and gather supplies for the winter.’

General Howard replied, ‘If you let the time run over one day, the soldiers will be there to drive you on to the reservation, and all your cattle and horses outside of the reservation at that time will fall into the hands of the white men.’

I knew I had never sold my country, and that I had no land in Lapwai; but I did not want bloodshed. I did not want my people killed. I did not want anybody killed. Some of my people had been murdered by white men, and the white murderers were never punished

for it. I told General Howard about this, and again said I wanted no war. I wanted the people who lived upon the lands I was to occupy at Lapwai to have time to gather their harvest.

I said in my heart that, rather than have war, I would give up my country, I would give up my father's grave. I would give up everything rather than have the blood of white men upon the hands of my people.

General Howard refused to allow me more than thirty days to move my people and their stock. I am sure that he began to prepare for war at once.

When I returned to Wallowa I found my people very much excited upon discovering that the soldiers were already in the Wallowa Valley. We held a council, and decided to move immediately, to avoid bloodshed.

Too-hool-hool-suit, who felt outraged by his imprisonment, talked for war, and made many of my young men willing to fight rather than be driven like dogs from the land where they were born. He declared that blood alone would wash out the disgrace General Howard had put upon him. It required a strong heart to stand up against such talk, but I urged my people to be quiet, and not to begin a war.

We gathered all the stock we could find, and made an attempt to move. We left many of our horses and cattle in Wallowa, and we lost several hundred in crossing the river. All of my people succeeded in getting across in safety. Many of the Nez Percés came together in Rocky Canon to hold a grand council. I went with all my people. This council lasted ten days. There was a great deal of war-talk, and a great deal of excitement. There was one young brave present whose father had been killed by a white man five years before. This man's blood was bad against white men, and he left the council calling for revenge.

Again I counselled peace, and I thought the danger was past. We had not complied with General Howard's order because we could not, but we intended to do so as soon as possible. I was leaving the council to kill beef for my family, when news came that the young man whose father had been killed had gone out with several other hot-blooded young braves and killed four white men. He rode up to the council and shouted: 'Why do you sit here like women! The war has begun already.' I was

deeply grieved. All the lodges were moved except my brother's and my own. I saw clearly that the war was upon us when I learned that my young men had been secretly buying ammunition. I heard then that Too-hool-hool-suit, who had been imprisoned by General Howard, had succeeded in organizing a war party. I knew that their acts would involve all my people. I saw that the war could not then be prevented. The time had passed. I counselled peace from the beginning. I knew that we were too weak to fight the United States. We had many grievances, but I knew that war would bring more. We had good white friends, who advised us against taking the war-path. My friend and brother, Mr. Chapman, who has been with us since the surrender, told us just how the war would end. Mr. Chapman took sides against us, and helped General Howard. I do not blame him for doing so. He tried hard to prevent bloodshed. We hoped the white settlers would not join the soldiers. Before the war commenced we had discussed this matter all over, and many of my people were in favour of warning them that if they took no part against us they should not be molested in the event of war being begun by General Howard. This plan was voted down in the war-council.

There were bad men among my people who had quarrelled with white men, and they talked of their wrongs until they roused all the bad hearts in the council. Still I could not believe that they would begin the war. I know that my young men did a great wrong, but I ask, Who was first to blame? They had been insulted a thousand times; their fathers and brothers had been killed; their mothers and wives had been disgraced; they had been driven to madness by whiskey sold to them by white men; they had been told by General Howard that all their horses and cattle which they had been unable to drive out of Wallowa were to fall into the hands of white men; and, added to all this, they were homeless and desperate.

I would have given my own life if I could have undone the killing of white men by my people. I blame my young men, and I blame the white men. I blame General Howard for not giving my people time to get their stock away from Wallowa. I do not acknowledge that he had the right to order me to leave Wallowa at any time. I deny that

either my father or myself ever sold that land. It is still our land. It may never again be our home, but my father sleeps there, and I love it as I love my mother. I left there, hoping to avoid bloodshed.

If General Howard had given me plenty of time to gather up my stock, and treated Too-hool-hool-suit as a man should be treated, there *would have been no war*.

My friends among white men have blamed me for the war. I am not to blame. When my young men began the killing, my heart was hurt. Although I did not justify them, I remembered all the insults I had endured, and my blood was on fire. Still I would have taken my people to the buffalo country without fighting, if possible.

I could see no other way to avoid a war. We moved over to White Bird Creek, sixteen miles away, and there encamped, intending to collect our stock before leaving; but the soldiers attacked us, and the first battle was fought. We numbered in that battle sixty men, and the soldiers a hundred. The fight lasted but a few minutes, when the soldiers retreated before us for twelve miles. They lost thirty-three killed and had seven wounded. When an Indian fights, he only shoots to kill; but soldiers shoot at random. None of the soldiers were scalped. We do not believe in scalping, nor in killing wounded men. Soldiers do not kill many Indians unless they are wounded and left upon the battle-field. Then they kill Indians.

Seven days after the first battle, General Howard arrived in the Nez Percés country, bringing seven hundred more soldiers. It was now war in earnest. We crossed over Salmon River, hoping General Howard would follow. We were not disappointed. He did follow us, and we got back between him and his supplies, and cut him off for three days. He sent out two companies to open the way. We attacked them, killing one officer, two guides and ten men.

We withdrew, hoping the soldiers would follow, but they had got fighting enough for that day. They intrenched themselves, and next day we attacked them again. The battle lasted all day, and was renewed next morning. We killed four and wounded seven or eight.

About this time General Howard found out that we were in his rear. Five days later he attacked us with three hundred

and fifty soldiers and settlers. We had two hundred and fifty warriors. The fight lasted twenty-seven hours. We lost four killed and several wounded. General Howard's loss was twenty-nine killed and sixty wounded.

The following day the soldiers charged upon us, and we retreated with our families and stock a few miles, leaving eighty lodges to fall into General Howard's hands.

Finding that we were outnumbered, we retreated to Bitter Root Valley. Here another body of soldiers came upon us and demanded our surrender. We refused. They said, 'You cannot get by us.' We answered, 'We are going by you without fighting if you let us, but we are going by you anyhow.' We then made a treaty with these soldiers. We agreed not to molest any one, and they agreed that we might pass through the Bitter Root country in peace. We bought provisions and traded stock with white men there.

We understood that there was to be no more war. We intended to go peaceably to the buffalo country, and leave the question of returning to our country to be settled afterwards.

With this understanding we travelled on for four days, and thinking that the trouble was over, we stopped and prepared tent-poles to take with us. We started again, and at the end of two days we saw three white men passing our camp. Thinking that peace had been made, we did not molest them. We could have killed or taken them prisoners, but we did not suspect them of being spies, which they were.

That night the soldiers surrounded our camp. About daybreak one of my men went out to look after his horses. The soldiers saw him and shot him down like a coyote. I have since learned that these soldiers were not those we had left behind. They had come upon us from another direction. The new white war-chief's name was Gibbon. He charged upon us while some of my people were still asleep. We had a hard fight. Some of my men crept around and attacked the soldiers from the rear. In this battle we lost nearly all our lodges, but we finally drove General Gibbon back.

Finding that he was not able to capture us, he sent to his camp a few miles away for his big guns (cannons), but my men had captured them and all the ammunition. We damaged the big guns

all we could, and carried away the powder and lead. In the fight with General Gibbon we lost fifty women and children and thirty fighting men. We remained long enough to bury our dead. The Nez Percés never make war on women and children; we could have killed a great many women and children while the war lasted, but we would feel ashamed to do so cowardly an act.

We never scalp our enemies, but when General Howard came up and joined General Gibbon, their Indian scouts dug up our dead and scalped them. I have been told that General Howard did not order this great shame to be done.

We retreated as rapidly as we could toward the buffalo country. After six days General Howard came close to us, and we went out and attacked him, captured nearly all his horses and mules (about two hundred and fifty head). We then marched on to the Yellowstone Basin.

On the way we captured one white man and two white women. We released them at the end of three days. They were treated kindly. The women were not insulted. Can the white soldiers tell me of one time when Indian women were taken prisoners, and held three days, and then released without being insulted? Were the Nez Percés women who fell into the hands of General Howard's soldiers treated with as much respect? I deny that a Nez Percé was ever guilty of such a crime.

A few days later we captured two more white men. One of them stole a horse and escaped. We gave the other a poor horse and told him he was free.

Nine days' march brought us to the mouth of Clarke's Fork of the Yellowstone. We did not know what had become of General Howard, but we supposed that he had sent for more horses and mules. He did not come up, but another new war-chief (General Sturgis) attacked us. We held him in check while we moved all our women and children and stock out of danger, leaving a few men to cover our retreat.

Several days passed, and we heard nothing of General Howard, or Gibbon, or Sturgis. We had repulsed each in turn, and began to feel secure, when another army, under General Miles, struck us.

This was the fourth army, each of which outnumbered our fighting force, that we had encountered within sixty days.

We had no knowledge of General Miles' army until a short time before he made a charge upon us, cutting our camp in two, and capturing nearly all our horses. About seventy men, myself among them, were cut off. My little daughter, twelve years of age, was with me. I gave her a rope, and told her to catch a horse and join the others who were cut off from the camp. I have not seen her since, but I have learned that she is alive and well.

I thought of my wife and children, who were now surrounded by soldiers, and I resolved to go to them or die. With a prayer in my mouth to the Great Spirit Chief who rules above, I dashed unarmed through the line of soldiers. It seemed to me that there were guns on every side, before and behind me. My clothes were cut to pieces and my horse was wounded, but I was not hurt. As I reached the door of my lodge, my wife handed me my rifle, saying: 'Here's your gun. Fight!'

The soldiers kept up a continuous fire. Six of my men were killed in one spot near me. Ten or twelve soldiers charged into our camp and got possession of two lodges, killing three Nez Percés and losing three of their men, who fell inside our lines. I called my men to drive them back. We fought at close range, not more than twenty steps apart, and drove the soldiers back upon their main line, leaving their dead in our hands. We secured their arms and ammunition. We lost, the first day and night, eighteen men and three women. General Miles lost twenty-six killed and forty wounded. The following day General Miles sent a messenger into my camp under protection of a white flag. I sent my friend Yellow Bull to meet him.

Yellow Bull understood the messenger to say that General Miles wished me to consider the situation; that he did not want to kill my people unnecessarily. Yellow Bull understood this to be a demand for me to surrender and save blood. Upon reporting this message to me, Yellow Bull said he wondered whether General Miles was in earnest. I sent him back with my answer, that I had not made up my mind, but would think about it and send word soon. A little later he sent some Cheyenne scouts with another message. I went out to meet them. They said they believed that General Miles was sincere and

really wanted peace. I walked on to General Miles' tent. He met me and we shook hands. He said, 'Come, let us sit down by the fire and talk this matter over.' I remained with him all night; next morning Yellow Bull came over to see if I was alive, and why I did not return.

General Miles would not let me leave the tent to see my friend alone.

Yellow Bull said to me: 'They have got you in their power, and I am afraid they will never let you go again. I have an officer in our camp, and I will hold him until they let you go free.'

I said: 'I do not know what they mean to do with me, but if they kill me you must not kill the officer. It will do no good to avenge my death by killing him.'

Yellow Bull returned to my camp. I did not make any agreement that day with General Miles. The battle was renewed while I was with him. I was very anxious about my people. I knew that we were near Sitting Bull's camp in King George's land, and I thought maybe the Nez Percés who had escaped would return with assistance. No great damage was done to either party during the night.

On the following morning I returned to my camp by agreement, meeting the officer who had been held a prisoner in my camp at the flag of truce. My people were divided about surrendering. We could have escaped from Bear Paw Mountain if we had left our wounded, old women, and children behind. We were unwilling to do this. We had never heard of a wounded Indian recovering while in the hands of white men.

On the evening of the fourth day General Howard came in with a small escort, together with my friend Chapman. We could now talk understandingly. General Miles said to me in plain words, "If you will come out and give up your arms, I will spare your lives and send you to your reservation." I do not know what passed between General Miles and General Howard.

I could not bear to see my wounded men and women suffer any longer; we had lost enough already. General Miles had promised that we might return to our own country with what stock we had left. I thought we could start again. I believed General Miles, or I never would have surrendered. I have heard that he has been censured for making

the promise to return us to Lapwai. He could not have made any other terms with me at that time. I would have held him in check until my friends came to my assistance, and then neither of the generals nor their soldiers would have left Bear Paw Mountain alive.

On the fifth day I went to General Miles and gave up my gun, and said, "From where the sun now stands I will fight no more." My people needed rest—we wanted peace.

I was told we could go with General Miles to Tongue River and stay there until spring, when we would be sent back to our country. Finally it was decided that we were to be taken to Tongue River. We had nothing to say about it. After our arrival at Tongue River, General Miles received orders to take us to Bismarck. The reason given was, that subsistence would be cheaper there.

General Miles was opposed to this order. He said: 'you must not blame me. I have endeavoured to keep my word, but the chief who is over me has given the order, and I must obey it or resign. That would do you no good. Some other officer would carry out the order.'

I believe General Miles would have kept his word if he could have done so. I do not blame him for what we have suffered since the surrender. I do not know who is to blame. We gave up all our horses—over eleven hundred—and all our saddles—over one hundred—and we have not heard from them since. Somebody has got our horses.

General Miles turned my people over to another soldier, and we were taken to Bismarck. Captain Johnson, who now had charge of us, received an order to take us to Fort Leavenworth. At Leavenworth we were placed on a low river bottom, with no water except river-water to drink and cook with. We had always lived in a healthy country, where the mountains were high and the water was cold and clear. Many of my people sickened and died, and we buried them in this strange land. I cannot tell how much my heart suffered for my people while at Leavenworth. The Great Spirit Chief who rules above seemed to be looking some other way, and did not see what was being done to my people.

During the hot days (July, 1878) we received notice that we were to be moved farther away from our own country. We were not asked if we were willing to go.

We were ordered to get into the rail-road cars. Three of my people died on the way to Baxter Springs. It was worse to die there than to die fighting in the mountains.

We were moved from Baxter Springs (Kansas) to the Indian Territory, and set down without our lodges. We had but little medicine, and we were nearly all sick. Seventy of my people have died since we moved there.

We have had a great many visitors who have talked many ways. Some of the chiefs (General Fish and Colonel Stickney) from Washington came to see us and selected land for us to live upon. We have not moved to that land for it is not a good place to live.

The Commissioner Chief (E. A. Hayt) came to see us. I told him, as I told every one, that I expected General Miles's word would be carried out. He said 'it could not be done; that white men now lived in my country and all the land was taken up; that, if I returned to Wallowa, I could not live in peace; that law-papers were out against my young men who began the war, and that the Government could not protect my people.' This talk fell like a heavy stone upon my heart. I saw that I could not gain anything by talking to him. Other law chiefs (Congressional Committee) came to see me and said they would help me to get a healthy country. I did not know whom to believe. The white people have too many chiefs. They do not understand each other. They do not all talk alike.

The Commissioner Chief (Mr. Hayt) invited me to go with him and hunt for a better home than we have now. I like the land we found (west of the Osage reservation) better than any place I have seen in that country; but it is not a healthy land. There are no mountains and rivers. The water is warm. It is not a good country for stock. I do not believe my people can live there. I am afraid they will all die. The Indians who occupy that country are dying off. I promised Chief Hayt to go there, and do the best I could until the Government got ready to make good General Miles's word. I was not satisfied, but I could not help myself.

Then the Inspector Chief (General McNeil) came to my camp and we had a long talk. He said I ought to have a home in the mountain country north, and that he would write a letter to the

Great Chief at Washington. Again the hope of seeing the mountains of Idaho and Oregon grew up in my heart.

At last I was granted permission to come to Washington and bring my friend Yellow Bull and our interpreter with me. I am glad we came. I have shaken hands with a great many friends, but there are some things I want to know which no one seems able to explain. I cannot understand how the Government sends a man out to fight us, as it did General Miles, and then breaks his word. Such a Government has something wrong about it. I cannot understand why so many Chiefs are allowed to talk so many different things. I have seen the Great Father Chief (the President), the next Great Chief (Secretary of the Interior), the Commissioner Chief (Hayt), the Law Chief (General Butler), and many other law chiefs (Congressmen), and they all say they are my friends, and that I shall have justice, but while their mouths all talk right I do not understand why nothing is done for my people. I have heard talk and talk, but nothing is done. Good words do not last long unless they amount to something. Words do not pay for my dead people. They do not pay for my country, now overrun by white men. They do not protect my father's grave. They do not pay for all my horses and cattle. Good words will not give me back my children. Good words will not make good the promise of your War Chief General Miles. Good words will not give my people good health and stop them from dying. Good words will not get my people a home where they can live in peace and take care of themselves. I am tired of talk that comes to nothing. It makes my heart sick when I remember all the good words and all the broken promises. There has been too much talking by men who had no right to talk. Too many representations have been made, too many misunderstandings have come up between the white men about the Indians. If the white man wants to live in peace with the Indian he can live in peace. There need be no trouble. Treat all men alike. Give them all the same law. Give them all an even chance to live and grow. All men were made by the same Great Spirit Chief. They are all brothers. The earth is the mother of all people, and all people should have equal rights upon it. You might as well expect

the rivers to run backward as that any man who was born a free man should be contented when penned up and denied liberty to go where he pleases. If you tie a horse to a stake, do you expect he will grow fat? If you pen an Indian upon a small spot of earth, and compel him to stay there, he will not be contented, nor will he grow and prosper. I have asked some of the great white chiefs where they get their authority to say to the Indian that he shall stay in one place, while he sees white men going where they please. They cannot tell me.

I only ask of the Government to be treated as all other men are treated. If I cannot go to my own home, let me have a home in some country where my people will not die so fast. I would like to go to Bitter Root Valley. There my people would be healthy; where they are now they are dying. Three have died since I left my camp to come to Washington.

When I think of our condition my heart is heavy. I see men of my race treated as outlaws and driven from country to country, or shot down like animals.

I know that my race must change. We cannot hold our own with the white men as we are. We only ask an even chance to live as other men live. We

ask to be recognized as men. We ask that the same law shall work alike on all men. If the Indian breaks the law, punish him by the law. If the white man breaks the law, punish him also.

Let me be a free man—free to travel, free to stop, free to work, free to trade where I choose, free to choose my own teachers, free to follow the religion of my fathers, free to think and talk and act for myself—and I will obey every law, or submit to the penalty.

Whenever the white man treats the Indian as they treat each other, then we will have no more wars. We shall all be alike—brothers of one father and one mother, with one sky above us and one country around us, and one government for all. Then the Great Spirit Chief who rules above will smile upon this land, and send rain to wash out the bloody spots, made by brothers' hands, from the face of the earth. For this time the Indian race are waiting and praying. I hope that no more groans of wounded men and women will ever go to the ear of the Great Spirit Chief above, and that all people may be one people.

In-mut-too-yah-lat-lat has spoken for his people.

YOUNG JOSEPH.
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

WORDS AND DEEDS.

THE soldier's boast—to meet, unmoved, Death's eye.

Allow that Zulu men know how to die.

Fighting against the spoiler in their land;

The savage virtue which they highest hold

They practise well; no lions half so bold.

But other virtues, too, we understand,

Being Englishmen and Christians; counting good

Justice, Unselfishness, and Brotherhood,—

Nay, best. We know the way to talk of things.

O God! are we the cruelest of hordes,

With deadliest weapons and with falsest words

Of any race the quiet moon enrings?

WILLIAM ALLINGHAM, in *Fraser's Magazine*.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation.
Vol. I., Sixth Edition. Toronto:
Rose-Belford Publishing Company,
1879.

It is not our intention, in the absence of the second volume of this important and deeply interesting work, to attempt anything more than a brief estimate of its character and intrinsic value. That the anonymous writer has profoundly stirred the religious world is plain from the fact that his volumes, made up, in great part of destructive textual criticism, have reached a sixth edition in the course of a few years. Not less significant are evidences of a peculiarly bitter type of the *odium theologicum*, in trenchant criticisms on the writer's scholarship by Dr. Lightfoot—the Bishop elect of Durham, and Canon Westcott. To these attacks our author replied at length three years ago in an introduction equally mordant, extending in the edition before us to fifty-four closely printed pages. To the special points in controversy—and particularly to the battle which rages around the so-called Epistles of Ignatius—we may take occasion to refer hereafter.

One thing, at all events, is clear that *Supernatural Religion* has deeply moved the orthodox world, if it has not radically and permanently changed the views of thoughtful religious men on the old-established theory of verbal, or plenary, inspiration. The great merit of the book, considered from a purely controversial point of view, is the indefatigable energy with which the author has ransacked all the sources of information and opinion, whether orthodox, rationalistic, or distinctly sceptical. Perhaps the most scathing rejoinder in the Introduction referred to is administered to Dr. Lightfoot who, not being in a judicial vein, ventured to charge his opponent with copying references wholesale, without having examined the authorities, and with the disingenuous

purpose of securing a factitious reputation for learning and research. The learned divine was evidently nettled that any one should credit a mere layman with having either the patience or the critical skill to waste a prolonged period in researches regarding Ignatius. It was exceedingly natural that a professional theologian should fancy that the references were taken, as they stand, from Cureton's edition of the Syriac version of those few Ignatian letters which probably have some claim to genuineness. 'The fact is,' replies the author in his calmest mood, 'that I did not take the references from Cureton, but in every case derived them from the works themselves, and if the note "seems to represent the gleanings of many years' reading," it certainly does not misrepresent the fact, for I took the trouble to make myself acquainted with the "by-paths of Ignatian literature."'

Whilst, however, even a prejudiced reader may cheerfully admit the indisputable evidence of untiring and conscientious research, it must be confessed that our author depends too much on the 'best,' or the 'ablest' critics. There is a sort of amateur hesitancy about stating any opinion, which cannot be backed up by an imposing array of authorities, and this is apt to be mistaken for want of originality. The writer has taken a brief in the case of Reason against Revelation, but the attorneys who prepared it are Baur, of the old Tübingen school, and his rationalist congeners. Still this does not at all detract from the value of *Supernatural Religion* to the English reader who has no leisure to devote to the study of the mountain-like mass of German theological literature. It is much to the author's credit that he gives "a fair hearing to Tischendorf and Ewald, as well as to critics more in sympathy with his pronounced views. It seems clear that the work is that of a thoroughly-trained legal mind, and the evidence, with its sharp contrasts, is put always with surprising clearness, and sometimes

rather unmercifully; yet there is no trace of any studied or intentional want of fairness. The first part of the volume before us, comprising about one hundred and forty pages, discusses the vexed question of the credibility of miracles, and the part they play in the economy of revelation. The issue is not by any means a new one; but it has lately received additional force from the tendency of science, during a very recent period, to reduce the entire universe under the sway of unvarying and inexorable law. The old controversy regarding philosophical necessity has entered upon a new stage, and the free-will of God as well as of man is hopelessly fettered by the irrefragable bonds of natural law. Now the believer in Divine Revelation is utterly unable to conceive that the God he worships as omnipotent can be the slave of His own ordinances. When scientific men talk about the laws of nature, they mean a series of apparently invariable sequences, uniformly happening under given circumstances, so far as our limited experience reaches. So-called interruptions or transgressions of natural law might prove, if we were possessed of omniscience, to be no interruptions of law at all, and it would clearly seem that they only were miracles or wonders, and seemed antecedently incredible, because we know but little of the infinite variety of ways in which the Supreme Being works out His purposes. What seems abnormal and special to us in these events, may be, in the Divine plan, as regular as the rising and setting of the sun. Our author is very indignant at the expressions 'unknown,' or 'higher' law, but they in reality express the measure of man's ignorance. The various cosmical theories that have been devised to account for the earth and animated life upon it, are simply schemes to obviate the necessity of admitting the greatest miracle of all—that of creation. In his posthumous *Essay on Theism* (part iv.) Mr. J. S. Mill concedes this much in reference to miracles, as against Hume: 'It is evidently impossible to maintain that if a supernatural fact really occurs, proof of its occurrence cannot be accessible to the human faculties. The evidence of our senses could prove this as it can prove other things. To put the most extreme case: Suppose that I actually saw and heard a Being, either of the human form or of some form previously un-

known to me, commanding a world to exist, and a new world actually starting into existence, and commencing a movement through space, at his command. There can be no doubt that this evidence would convert the creation of worlds from a speculation into a fact of experience.' Hence, according to Mr. Mill, clear and trustworthy evidence of the senses would at once overcome any amount of 'antecedent incredibility,' so that it is only for a lack of valid evidence that a miracle is to be rejected, whether it be walking upon the sea, a resurrection from the dead, or the creation of a world out of nothing. Without adequate testimony the 'antecedent incredibility of Hume' is everything; with it the talisman vanishes away, unless we are prepared to assert that no amount of concordant testimony can prove anything contrary to previous inductions from a limited experience. The King of Siam, when ice was described to him, protested that it was utterly impossible that water should exist in a solid form; and so far as his experience of fluids went, he was right. Are those who talk of natural law any more certain of the ground on which they stand, when they profess to sound with their little plummet the mysteries of God and of the Universe?

Our author, perhaps with justice, protests against a tendency 'to eliminate from Christianity, with thoughtless dexterity, every supernatural element which does not quite accord with current opinion, and yet to ignore the fact that in so doing, ecclesiastical Christianity has practically been altogether abandoned.' It would be interesting to ascertain what sort of Christianity he himself cherishes. Is it the Gospel according to Strauss, to Mill, or to Matthew Arnold? He makes strenuous efforts to undermine the credit of the New Testament Scriptures, although he eulogizes the Master in words of warmer colouring than Mr. Mill used, in a celebrated passage in his *Essay on Liberty*. And why must 'every man who has a mind and a heart, love and honour the Bible,' and having 'neither be beyond the reach of persuasion,' if the sacred volume is based upon a mass of foolish superstitions or lying wonders? It certainly will appear plain to most readers that if 'it is only when we are entitled to reject the theory of miraculous Divine Revelation that the Bible attains its full beauty,'

it would be infinitely fairer if those who think so would reject the Scriptures altogether. It is only the butcher who dilates upon the æsthetic value of a dismembered carcass, after all the life has been drained out of it. At any rate, who is to be the judge of what must be excised and what suffered to remain? It is quite certain that Jesus professed to work miracles, and He is distinctly alleged, in Epistles of St. Paul admitted to be genuine and written prior to any of the extant Gospels, to have risen from the dead. Was he a deceiver in wonder-working, or were his disciples deceived when they positively expressed their belief in his resurrection?

Now we are free to confess that *Supernatural Religion* proves distinctly that the Gospels, as we now have them, are the sole survivors of a number of similar narratives. The prologue to St. Luke's Gospel proves that beyond dispute. The doctrine of verbal inspiration is gone past remedy; but yet that is not the whole case. No fragment of a Gospel, whether that according to the Hebrews, or any other, has yet been found which contradicts, in their main features, the Gospels as we have them. There are omissions here, and additions there; but in no single instance is there the slightest disagreement about the miracles of Christ or His resurrection. When we add to this the unquestionable doctrines of St. Paul about the Saviour, written within a brief interval of his death, critical and philological objections, however valid they may be as against a superstitious reverence for the letter, do not in any way touch the spirit of the New Testament. It is the former, however, which kills; the latter which maketh alive and will always make itself manifest, as the living and vivifying force, latent or active, in Christianity. While we thus express dissent from some of our author's positions, we cannot too strongly recommend the candour which pervades even his prejudices. *Au reste*, his work is one which ought to be in the hands of every student of current opinion, whether orthodox or the reverse. The time has gone by for blinking the results of either scientific research or critical enquiry. If works like *Supernatural Religion* are to be successfully answered—and we are not clear that they can be to the extent that some may suppose—they must be read and tested frankly, not consigned to any *In-*

dex Expurgatorius, Protestant or Catholic.

The Monks of Thelema. By WALTER BESANT and JAMES RICE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

What are we to say of this bright and interesting tale which has been running through our pages for some time past? And first, what are the duties of a critic called upon to criticise that in which he himself has an interest? Is he to unduly praise, sugar the honey, and hint that on *this* occasion the violet has really a super-added and altogether too exquisite perfume—don't you smell it now? Or is he to be brusquely honest and outspoken, affect an indifference, and run down that which he gladly sees others praise? For our part, while we join in the usual laugh at the expense of the man who thinks his green geese are all swans, we cannot but consider such a harmless optimist as less of a fool than he who, being the happy possessor of a fine pair of swans, is impelled by modesty to declare them to be nothing but geese. There is a pleasant apologue among the 'Fables in Song' of the present Lord Lytton, which not inaptly illustrates our position. A haunted hen, so runs the tale (and really it seems sufficiently absurd for any reviewer to compare his Magazine to a hen, let alone a haunted hen), is so alarmed at the 'chilly charm of a weasel's eye' which, not to put too fine a point upon it, comes after her eggs, that she dreams every night that she is turned into this identical weasel, pillages her own nest, and sucks her own eggs. Unfortunately this interferes with her internal economy so much that the supply of new-laid eggs is prematurely cut off. Then this miserable feathered biped experiences the most peculiarly poignant miseries. As a hen, she all day laments her egg-less condition; as a weasel, she every night, and all night, endures severe discontent

'At finding no more any eggs to devour.'

The application is not far to seek, but the words in which the poet describes the anomalous position of him who is 'both author and critic in one' are too neat to be altered.

' By alternate creative and critical powers
 Is our suffering identity sunder'd and torn ;
 And the tooth of the critic that's in us, devours
 Half the author's conceptions before they are
 born.'

What could be more appropriate! If, as critic, we savagely assault this novel, which first saw the light (Canadian light understood) between our own covers, Messrs. Besant and Rice may never give us a chance again. Luckily those gentlemen have contrived to arrange matters so as to enable us to escape from our difficulty. We can escape it because we can honestly and impartially praise the tale as one of the best they have produced. Let us get over the worst at once by saying that its chief fault is its improbability and the somewhat 'stagey' aspect of some of the situations. It cannot be doubted that the authors themselves would recognise this fact, and would admit that the scenes they have portrayed are, in some particulars, as impossible in the England of to-day as the original Abbey of Thelema would have been in the France of the time of Rabelais. Their answer would, however, be conclusive, and would be to this effect :—The plan of the story is laid so as to afford scope for the display of some keen and well-merited satire on some very opposite phases of modern life and thought. To be able to make kindly fun at once of eccentric philanthropy and of the more than eccentric vagaries of that 'Higher Culture' which embodies the latest developments of intellectual priggism, required a peculiar knack of handling and an unusual background. Rondelet, the young Oxonian, so well described as a youth who endures a chronic sorrow, on account of his 'exceeding great wisdom, which had shut him out from love, friendship and

ordinary ambitions, and which deprives him of even the consolations of religion;' Exton, the product of modern civilization, who regards that civilization as merely a machine to provide him with good claret, good dinners, pretty girls to flirt with, and other amusements to pass away the time ; Alan, the indefatigable theorist, who persists in reducing his crude theories into still cruder practice, and who tries to elevate the clowns who till his fields by living and working among them,—these men are so utterly diverse in manners and in modes of thought that nothing less than the unreal bond of monastic vows of Thelema could have bound them together for the space even of a short novel. When the setting which has served to associate jewels of such varying brilliancy, is itself as picturesque as can well be desired, we feel more inclined to endure than to complain of its want of *vraisemblance*. Much has been said of the strangely homogeneous nature of the work turned out by these two writers. We can only point to one passage, commencing at page 58, which appears at all indicative of the dual authorship. This account of the youth of Alan and Miranda contains much matter which has been told us in other shapes before, and which would not, probably, have been repeated, had the book proceeded exclusively from one pen. We need not draw out our remarks any longer. Our readers will have the tale so fresh in their minds that it would be unnecessary to even sketch the plot, and if every one who has read it tells abroad the amusement he has derived from it, the authors and publishers will need no better advertisement or warmer praise.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE new volumes of Mrs. Oliphant's 'Foreign Classics for English Readers,' are to be 'Rabelais,' by Walter Besant; 'Calderon,' by E. J. Hasell; and 'Schiler,' by Andrew Wilson.

The first instalment of Mr. Herbert Spencer's new work, on the 'Principles of Morality,' may be looked for at an early day. It will deal with the 'Data of Morality.'

Two further issues of Mr. Gladstone's collected writings, under the title of 'Gleanings of Past Years,' are now ready. They are classified thus: Vol 3, Historical and Speculative; Vol. 4, Foreign.

Mr. Browning's new volume of verse is to be entitled 'Dramatic Idyls,' and will shortly appear. As usual, the author indulges his fancy for odd titles for the subjects of his poems. The six idyls are to be called: 'Martin Ralph,' 'Pheidippides,' 'Halbert and Hob,' 'Ivan Ivanovitch,' 'Wag,' and 'Ned Bratts.'

A new supplement, embracing the events, social and political, British and Foreign, of the last four years, has just been appended to Mr. Irving's 'Annals of our Time.' New editions of other excellent reference books have been recently issued, to wit: the 16th edition of Haydn's 'Dictionary of Dates,' the 10th edition of 'Men of the Time,' the 1879 issue of Mr. Frederick Martin's 'Statesman's Year Book,' and other indispensable authorities. It is pleasing to note that the indefatigable compiler of the latter work, Mr. Martin, has just had his great statistical labours recognised, by having his name placed by Lord Beaconsfield, on the English Civil List.

English literary men have only too well respected Thackeray's wish that no biography of him should be written. To maintain this reticence, however, would be a loss to literature, and we are glad to see the announcement, in Mr. Morley's series of 'English Men of Letters,' of a memoir of the author of 'Pendennis' and 'Vanity Fair,' to appear shortly from the pen of Anthony Trollope. The

forthcoming volumes will comprise 'Spenser,' by the Dean of St. Paul's; 'Cowper,' by Mr. Goldwin Smith; 'Swift,' by Mr. John Morley; and 'Milton,' by the Rev. Mark Pattison.

The characters and events of one age become the memorabilia of the next, and this is no better illustrated than in the volume, 'Records of a Girlhood,' containing the recollections of Fanny Kemble, from her earliest childhood to the period of her marriage, in 1834. The work abounds in reminiscence, anecdote, and personality concerning notable contemporaries in the world of art, the drama, and literature, as fascinating as anything to be found in the domain of biography.

Mr. Theodore Martin has done his work so well on his 'Life of the Prince Consort,' that we fear to see his success imperilled in unduly extending the scope and the consequent length of the work. The announcement is made of the fourth volume, as being nearly ready for publication, to be followed by a fifth, and perhaps a sixth instalment, ere the work is brought to a close. Biographies written under the direction of royalty are not apt to be compiled under any limitations of cost, of time, or of labour; but the reader of them generally finds that he has to respect every one of these conditions; and hence our regret—notwithstanding the interest of the subject—to find the work grow so extensively under Mr. Martin's hand.

The publication of Dr. Busch's Boswellian record of 'Bismarck in the Franco-German War,' whatever we may think of the editor's discretion in giving to the world the after-dinner talk of the great German statesman, is a valuable addition to the literature of biography. Such a narrative of confidential talk upon contemporary men, plans, and events, as we have in this work, with its variety of almost reckless but discriminating criticism upon friends and foes, may be safely said never to have been hitherto authoritatively issued by any

personage of historical importance. The excitement which the work has called forth in Europe can be well understood by those who have already possessed themselves of any of the reprints of the English translation.

The first volume (A. to Impromptu) of Dr. George Grove's admirable 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' has just been issued from Messrs. Macmillan's press, and should find its way into the hands of all those who take a genuine interest in the musical art. The articles are written by eminent writers, English and foreign, and embrace everything that belongs to music, or is allied or even distantly related to it. Biographies of eminent composers, histories of musical instruments, illustrations of musical terms, careers of great singers, &c., &c., are some of the subjects treated of in this exhaustive Cyclopædia of Music, which we should be glad to see within reach—if even for reference—of the many accomplished amateurs in Music in Canada. The volume is published at a guinea.

The old-time complaint of those whose education in youth has been neglected, that there were no special courses of study suited to after-life education, must now cease to be heard, for the projects which of recent years have been put on foot by publishers more or less designed to supply in popular form, the literary wants of the masses, are now numerous, inviting, and capitally adapted to the purposes which have called them into existence. Such schemes as the 'Ancient' and the 'Foreign Classics for English Readers,' Morley's 'English Men of Letters,' 'The Epoch Series of Histories,' Strahan's 'Books for the People,' Harpers' 'Half-Hour Library,' Osgood's 'Little Classics,' &c., &c., are not only a great boon to the people, in respect of their modest cost and handy form, but give the opportunity to thousands to widen their acquaintance with literature, and extend the range of their reading, which has not hitherto been possible. Following these publisher's projects we have referred to, comes a new enterprise of Messrs. Marcus Ward & Co., of London and Belfast, in the shape of a 'New Plutarch,' to contain the 'Lives of those,' as it is phrased, 'who have made the History of the world.' The enterprise is to be under the direction of Mr. Walter Besant.

of novelist fame, and the Rev. W. J. Brodribb, M. A., with whom are to be associated a number of well-known and capable writers. Every volume, according to the announcement, will contain the life of one man or woman, around whose name will be gathered not only the deeds which have made that one life memorable, but also those events which make a remarkable period in the world's history. The volumes will present Pictures of the Time, as well as the events and traditions of a single life; and though not written as mere educational text-books, will be largely intended for use in that process of self-education which is carried on at all periods of life, in age as well as in youth. We append the subjects of a few of the early volumes: 'Coligny, and the failure of the French Reformation;' 'Judas Maccabeus, and the Revival of Jewish Nationality;' 'Victor Emmanuel, and the attainment of Italian Unity;' 'Joan of Arc, and the expulsion of the English from France;' 'The Caliph Haroun al Raschid, and Saracen Civilization;' 'Hannibal, and Carthaginian Civilization;' 'Abraham Lincoln, and the Abolition of Slavery;' 'Richelieu, and his Court;' 'Charlemagne and his Time,' &c., &c.

Mr. Froude's sketch of 'Julius Cæsar' is now issued.

An American edition of the Duc de Broglie's Diplomatic Revelations, under the title of 'The King's Secret,' dealing with an episode in the life of Louis XV. is about to appear. The work has created quite a sensation in Paris.

Mr. John Hill Burton, the Scottish Historian, has in press a 'History of the reign of Queen Anne.'

Despite the failure, as acting dramas, of Mr. Tennyson's 'Harold,' and 'Queen Mary,' it is said that he has a new play ready for Mr. Henry Irving, entitled 'Eleanor and Rosamond.'

A new novel by Mr. Thomas Hardy, author of 'A Pair of Blue Eyes,' &c., entitled, 'The Distracted Young Preacher,' is about to be issued serially, in *Cornhill* and in *Harper's Weekly*.

It is rumoured that Mr. Froude has been long accumulating material, with the assistance of Mr. Carlyle, for a biography of the philosopher of Chelsea. Mr. Carlyle's life has been an uneventful one, though he is an octogenarian, but Mr. Froude will doubtless portray the

man in his works, which more than in the case of any other author are inseparable parts of the man.

Mr. Richard Grant White's *Essays*, contributed for a long time to the *N. Y. Times*, on 'Every-Day English,' are about to be issued by Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston.

A Student's Edition, somewhat abridged, of 'The Speaker's Commentary on the Bible,' to be completed in six 12 mo. volumes, is announced for immediate publication. It is said of the work that the writers appear duly to appreciate the critical difficulties which abound in the task they have undertaken, and that the principles of their interpretation are applied with a fair regard to the discoveries of modern research, and with a full knowledge of scientific controversies and objections.

At the present time, General Cunyng-hame's work, 'My Command in South Africa, 1874-78,' will be eagerly read. The author was the immediate predecessor of Lord Chelmsford, and had a good deal to do with the events connected with the annexation of the Transvaal, and with the Kafir war, which broke out upon Sir Bartle Frere's arrival in the Colony in 1877.

The literature of biography is prolific just now of works of more than passing interest. The 'Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson,' the intimate friend of Byron; Hamerton's 'Life of Turner;' and Hare's 'Life of the Baroness Bunsen,' are books which are claiming the attention of the reviewers, and are all of them highly spoken of.

What interests are to be subserved by the publication of Mr. Moncure Conway's unwholesome volumes on 'Demonology and Devil Lore,' we can scarcely tell. To add to the literature of unsavoury myths and silly superstitions by long and painstaking efforts to compile all the jumble of nonsense contained in Mr. Conway's volumes, may be creditable to the author's industry and knowledge of his subject, but will hardly commend itself to the intelligence and good sense of even the out-of-the-way reader. Mr. Conway's purpose to discredit Christianity, by classing its beliefs with the rubbish of superstition and devilry which he has unearthed from every corner of the earth, will not increase the claims of his work upon the attention

of sane men, still less will his occasional blasphemy attract readers to his volumes.

The third volume of Mr. John Richard Green's 'History of the English People,' has just been issued. It deals with Puritan England, 1603-60, and The Revolution, 1660-88.

Mr. Serjeant Cox, of spiritualist proclivities, has just issued an important work on 'The Mechanism of Man,' through the publishing house of Longman & Co. As a complement to the work, the author announces 'The Mechanism in Action,' to be immediately published.

'The History of Our Own Times,' from the pen of Mr. Justin McCarthy, the novelist, and now M. P. in the 'Home Rule' interest, for the County of Longford, has met with so immediate a success, that the seventh edition of the first two volumes of the work has just been called for in England. The merit of the work is said to lie in its general justice, its breadth of view, and its sparkling buoyancy of narrative, and reviewers add in reference to it, that 'Criticism is disarmed before a composition which provokes little but approval.' The fear is that a History which is so universally acceptable, is not likely to be written from any very sincere and deeply-rooted conviction, but the glamour of a novelist's pen will doubtless make even contemporary events pleasant, if not profitable, reading.

The *Athenæum* makes the announcement that arrangements have been made for the immediate publication, by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., of the literary remains of the late Prof. Clifford. These will comprise, firstly, two volumes of collected essays and lectures, to be edited by Mr. Leslie Stephen and Mr. Frederick Pollock, with a biographical introduction by Mr. Pollock; secondly, a small volume entitled 'Seeing and Thinking,' being the substance of three popular lectures, and admirably displaying the author's power of treating scientific subjects in a way at once sound, brilliant, and easily intelligible. Arrangements are also being made for a reprint of mathematical papers contributed to the Royal and other societies and to various mathematical journals. Dr. Spottiswoode, the President of the Royal Society, is interesting himself in this collection.