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BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

A MAGAZINE OF

Literature and Art.

VOLUME I.

TORONTO:
BELFORD BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
60 YORK STREET.
1877.

Printed and Bound by
HUNTER, ROSE & CO., TORONTO.

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BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

DECEMBER, 1876.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.

WELLINGTONS IN EMBRYO.

ABOVE all the sounds that human ingenuity has invented to stir the heart of man, the bugle-call stands pre-eminent. It does not require for its appreciation imagination in the hearer, nor a particular phase of mind, nor a taste for music. The very charger pricks his ears and dilates his nostrils as he listens to it; and through the misty, matutinal air it rings its réveillé bright and clear, and spirit-stirring as the "breezy call of incense-breathing morn" itself.

And yet there was no sound so hateful to the gentlemen cadets of the Military Academy at Woolwich, when it awoke them for extra drill. We are speaking, it must be premised, of a far, far back time—not in years, indeed, but as respects the progress of humanity, which, as everybody knows, has taken such prodigious strides of late as to leave not only our forefathers, but our very fathers, aghast at the perfection of their descendants. We have no doubt that in these days the bugle-call to early drill, being the call of duty—albeit a disagreeable one—is eagerly welcomed by the Woolwich cadet. He has doubtless marched step by step with the rest of the great army of our youth—and presumably in much better time—on the road to what one of the greatest philosophers of the age has denominated "bestness," and is highly principled, deeply religious, though competitive—"a Christian first and a gentleman afterwards:" in brief, a sort of personified Whole Duty of Man, gilt-edged, and bound in dark blue, and always pronounced by his

reviewer, who is the Commander-in-Chief, "in habit studious, and in conduct exemplary."

We all know the story of that unconsciously cynical child, who asked of his mamma in the churchyard, "Where are all the bad people buried?" and, like him, when I read the narratives, put forth now-a-days, descriptive of our young gentlemen at school—all, I suppose, more or less biographical and trustworthy—I am tempted to inquire, "Where are all the bad boys brought up?"

What becomes of them? Is the race extinct, or do they all run away to sea, as only the very worst of them used to do, and become "stowaways" in over-insured and presently-to-be-scuttled vessels? The question becomes as interesting as that of "hybernation" used to be in White-of-Selbourne's time. They are not here. Where have they got to? Even if one offered a reward for a bad boy—we are speaking, of course, of boys of the upper classes only, though even the lower ones are being made angels of by the school boards at the rate of a thousand a week—we doubt whether we should secure a specimen; the natural sciences, combined with the classics and mathematics, and always in connection with "the tone," having effected so complete a destruction of the species. When the Wild Birds Protection Act was in course of discussion, it occurred to many minds interested in the preservation of the unique, that something might be done for these poor featherless bipeds, but the time has now gone by for anything effective. At the period for which we write, the good boy was about as rare a creature as the kingfisher or the otter; while the goody-goody boy, now so common as to be somewhat obtrusive, was almost as unknown as the dodo. One or two of these latter, driven by stress of circumstances, were indeed known to stray into the very spot we are now describing—the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich; but they were treated with such barbarity by the aboriginies, who had a distaste amounting to fanaticism for anything of the sort, that they fled away immediately, or perished as martyrs.

We could much astonish that unsuspecting gentleman, called "the general reader," if we were to go into details of their treatment; but to describe things as they are—much more as they were—is pronounced to be "sensational" and "unhealthy;" and, besides, it would curdle his blood, which is contrary to the Adulteration Act.

It is half-past five on a fine summer morning, and the sun is shining brightly into a high, white-walled apartment in which gentleman cadet Cecil Henry Landon, "head of the room," and three others are lying, each on their "narrow beds" of iron, after the pattern of that patronised by the great Duke of Wellington, whose well-known figure, with uplifted finger, was at that epoch still to be seen in London streets. They are asleep, and therefore out of mischief; nor do their upturned

faces, even in that powerful light, exhibit any signs of marked deformity. That of Landon is a very handsome one, though the handsomest part of it, his soft hazel eyes, are at present closed. His features are regular, and, if rather large, it must be said in their excuse that he is a tall young fellow. He has symptoms of a dark moustache, upon which the military authorities have already passed censure—for in those days moustachios were not permitted except to the cavalry—and on his sun-burnt cheeks there is that amount of down, for the removal of which wags recommend the cat's tongue instead of the razor. One arm, as white as a girl's and as strong as a navvy's, is thrown upon the coverlet, and with the other he supplements the pillow, which is of "regulation" size—that is, about half of the proper dimensions. There is a smile upon his face, so let us hope he is dreamiug of his mother, who has, however, been dead these ten years, and does not recur very often to his waking thoughts.

In the next corner—all the beds are placed in the angles of the room, as though they were playing at puss in the corner—lies Hugh Darall, Landon's chief friend and ally. In character they are the antipodes of one another, which is, perhaps, one of the bonds of their friendship. Darall is diligent and painstaking, and though a year junior to his friend, is much more distinguished as a student. It is almost time for Landon to pass for his commission, and he will doubtless do so when that period arrives, for he has plenty of brains; but he will not take a high place. He is too fond of pleasure to have much time for study; and he regrets his backwardness for one reason only—he will be in the artillery, whereas Darall is "safe to get the sappers" (the engineers), which will deprive him of his companionship. The trifling advantage in the way of pay that the one service offers above the other is of no consequence to Landon, who is the only son of a rich city merchant; but it is of great importance to Darall, who is the only son of his mother, who is a poor widow. Darall is a strong, well-built young fellow, but not so handsome as his friend; his complexion is one of those delicate ones which will not take the sun-burn, and his hair is of that colour which, though it grows tawny with years, has in youth a fluffy appearance. A disciple of Lavater would, however, give this lad the preference over his fellow in the way of moral qualities; his mouth is firmer, his chin is squarer, and his blue eyes as they open for a moment while the bugle blares and shrills in the parade ground without, are much more steadfast. For a moment they open, as do those of the other two occupants of the apartment—younger lads who are in subjection to their seniors—then close in serene content. Those three are in the happy position of that retired naval officer, who made his servant call him at some small number of "bells" every morning, that he might have the pleasure of throwing a

boot at him, and [going to sleep again. They had not to get up; whereas Landon was in for "extra drill." His eyes remain open, and in his reluctant ears the martial music continues to blare on.

"Confound the bugle!" exclaims he, passionately; then puts forth a hand to the socks upon the chair beside him, and proceeds to attire himself in his regimentals. Even they are old-world and forgotten now; something between the famous "Windsor uniform" and that of the telegraph boys—light-blue trousers with a red stripe; a dark-blue coat, turned up with red, and with metal buttons; and a really becoming forage-cap with a gold band. If anybody is ever good-looking at 5.45 A.M., and before he has washed himself, Cecil Henry Landon might claim to be so, as he stands equipped for drill. He has a minute or two to spare, and "never waste time" is the family motto engraved upon his gold watch. He takes up the regulation pillow, and, moving towards Darall, poises it above his head; but a troubled look in the sleeper's face arrests his attention, and causes him to change his purpose. "No, Jack, you shall sleep on," he mutters; "this will be an ugly day for you—a monstrous unpleasant case of 'yes' or 'no' you will have to settle—and it shan't trouble you before it's time. But as for these young beggars"—and he turned rather savagely towards the two younger lads—"it is not to be endured that they should be thus enjoying themselves while their senior officer—at least, I was an officer till the governor broke me—encounters all the hardships of his profession."

And at the middle syllable of the word profession, he brought the pillow down with a thwack upon the nose of the nearest sleeper.

"Eh—what the devil——! Oh, it's you, Landon!" exclaimed the suddenly-awakened youth, running the whole gamut of expression from wrath to conciliation in a breath.

"Yes; it's me, Trotter," answered the other, mimicking; "ain't I a second father to you? Here you are, oversleeping yourself, and running the risk of arrest, when the bugle is just going to sound for the second time for extra drill."

"But I'm not down for extra drill," expostulated Trotter.

"Then you're a deuced lucky fellow," observed Landon, coolly. "It must be this lazy Whymper that wants to be woke;" and, with a sharp and adroit movement, which showed practice in the art, he pulled away the pillow, on which the other young gentlemen was sleeping the sleep of innocence—or, at all events, of forgetfulness of his crimes—and brought his head down, with a bang, upon the iron framework of the bed.

"Hallo—oh, dear me—did you please to want anything, Landon?" said Whymper, rubbing his eyes and the back of his head coincidently, yet at the same time contriving to present a respectful air.

"Yes, I do. I want to know what the deuce you mean by destroying the property of Her Majesty's Master General of the Ordnance by dashing your thick head against your bed bars; I do believe you have obliterated the broad arrow.* There's the second bugle! It's too late now for you to be at extra drill, you young sluggard."

"But, indeed, Landon, though I am much obliged to you for waking me, I am not down for——. What an abominable ruffian! Did you ever see such an unmitigated beast, Trotter?"

The last part of the sentence was spoken by gentleman cadet Whymper, after gentleman cadet Landon had rushed from the room to the parade ground, and in a tone that bore every mark of genuinness and deep feeling. The speaker was a fat and rosy youth, with projecting eyes, which had gained for him the appellation of the Lobster.

"Your sentiments are mine, Lobby, to a T," responded Trotter, whose frame was still quivering with mirth at his companion's discomfiture; "but let us be thankful that our friend is now being tormented by two drill-sergeants while we are lying at ease."

"But I am not at ease," answered the other, testily; "I have a lump on my head as big as a hen's egg."

"Well, let *me* be thankful, Lobby, and have my sleep out;" and without waiting for the desired permission, off he went at once into the land of dreams.

Gentleman cadet Whymper picked up his bolster, but found it little to his liking; the lump in his head had become one of the finest organs of progenitiveness that ever met the eye of a phrenologist, and, we fear, that it contained some other passions equally natural, perhaps, but much more blameworthy.

"Confound that Landon!" exclaimed he, passionately; "of all the vile, abominable, and hateful wretches—of all the monsters in human form—if you can call his human—I do think ——"

"Who is it that you are talking about, sir?" inquired the authoritative voice of senior cadet Darall, whom Landon's onslaught upon the two "neuxes," as the last-joined cadets were called, had awakened, in spite of his solicitude to avoid disturbing him.

"I was thinking of those infamous scoundrels who mauled poor Bright and Jefferson, at Carleton Fair, yesterday," observed the Lobster, in his most defiant tone.

Darall smiled lugubriously. The smile, and, perhaps, the melancholy also, encouraged Mr. Whymper to continue the conversation.

"I suppose, Darall, there is to be no change in the arrangements for two o'clock drill to-day; we are to obey orders?"

* The official mark of the Ordnance Department.

"Whose orders?" inquired the other, drily; "those of the officer in command, or of the old cadets?"

Of the old cadets, of course," answered the Lobster. He had not only come out of his shell by this time, and was all softness, but was, in addition, as it were, oiled, as if for a mayonnaise; "no one cares about the officers, I should hope."

"Why, I expect to be an officer myself, you young scoundrel, or at least to go down to the Arsenal, within the next six months."

"Oh, then of course that will be different," answered the other, unblushingly. If all the others were like you, nobody would wish to disobey them. It's only the governor aud the captain of the company, and those two distinguished lieutenants——"

"One of them is my first cousin, sir," interrupted Darall, sternly.

"Nay, I like that one; we all like that one," observed Whymper; obsequiously; it is the other that is such a beast."

"Which of the two lieutenants of the Cadet Company do you call a beast, Mr. Whymper?"

Mr. Whymper was to the last degree disconcerted. The chances were exactly even that he should get himself into a hole by picking out the wrong lieutenant. But fortunately for him, Darall was a good-natured fellow, slow to anger, and with a touch of humour which—except in the case of great villains, when it takes a grim and cruel form—has always a softening influence upon character. He was called by the younger cadets, or "snookers"—the poor creatures had many a derogatory alias—"Gentleman Darall," and by his contemporaries, we are afraid somewhat in derision, "the Snooker's Friend." It was not, however, his friendliness that protected Mr. Whymper on this occasion so much as his indifference. He seemed to have forgotten that he had put that crucial question about his first cousin at all, and was gazing earnestly out of the window, through which came the abrupt sounds of command from the drill ground, as though the familiar words had some new interest for him.

"There will be a precious lot of extra drill, I expect, after to-day's business?" observed Whymper interrogatively.

For a neux, to ask frivolous questions of an old cadet, was in general a dangerous impertinence—something like playing with a tiger's tail; but there was a certain fascination about it to Mr. Whymper, who belonged to that large order of persons who had rather the king said to them, "Go to the devil," than receive no notice from majesty whatever; and, moreover this tiger was a tame tiger.

"I suppose so," answered Darall, abstractedly.

"And are we to remain at the fair till night, or return for evening

parade?" continued the other. "One might just as well be hung for a sheep as a lamb, and I shall certainly vote for staying."

"You vote!" ejaculated Darall, in a tone of scorn equal to a folio. No Tory peer could have uttered "you vote!" to a costermonger with more contempt. You have imagined that gentleman cadet Whymper was not a vertebrate animal, and indeed he wished himself a snail that he might have had a shell to creep into. It did not mitigate his embarassment to perceive his friend Trotter alive to the situation, and making faces at him expressive of lively enjoyment of it. "This is what comes, my dear fellow," said the faces, "of 'sponging,'" a word indicative, in the Royal Military Academy, of an attempt to conciliate one's superiors, and of such extensive application there, that any devotional observance, or rather the bare idea of it, was stigmatised as "sponging upon Providence."

The return of Landon from extra drill at that moment was a positive relief to Mr. Whymper, notwithstanding that that gentleman's presence generally brought some inconvenience with it, as it did on the present occasion.

"Now, you snookers!" cried he, skimming his forage-cap, with skillful accurracy, on Mr. Trotter's nose, and unbuckling his belt with a certain vicious snap, the significance of which was well understood by those whom he addressed; "it's a lovely morning, and you must go out and enjoy it. 'Better to hunt the field for health unbought, than fee the doctor for a noxious draught,' says the poet. I want to have some private talk with Darall."

Neither young gentlemen needed any further recommendation of this healthful suggestion, but each—with his eyes furtively fixed upon the belt, which seemed to have a sort of basilisk attraction for them—rose from his couch and commenced his toilette.

"You can wash afterwards," observed Landon, curtly; "go and stand under the window, and when I chuck the soapdish or something at you, then you will know that you may come upstairs again."

"All right," said Trotter as he vanished through the door.

"Thank you very much," said Whymper, meaning doubtless to acknowledge the consideration of Landon's arrangement. A clothes-brush from that gentleman's unerring hand hissed through the air, and smote his retreating figure as he followed his more agile companion.

CHAPTER II.

THE TEMPTER.

"WHAT a wretched sneak and sycophant that Whymper is," ejaculated Landon, as he sat down by his friend's pillow.

"How can it be otherwise under such a system," observed the other coldly. "He will be open and brutal enough, you may be sure, when he comes to have the upper hand."

"Well, the system is good enough for me, Hugh, so long as it lasts, which will not be very long in my case. I only hope it won't be equally short in yours; that is what I am going to talk to you about."

"So I guessed," answered Darall, gravely. "I am obliged to you, my dear fellow, for I know you mean me well; but all the talking in the world wouldn't help me—that is if this Charlton business is to go on."

"Well, I am afraid it is. Those two young beggars—Bright and What's-his-name—really got it very hot from the fair people. The news from hospital is that What's-his-name's leg is broken."

"Jefferson's? I am sorry for it; but I don't believe he was worse beaten than when Rayner thrashed him with a wicket the other day."

"Very likely not; but then that was administered by authority."

"Authority!" echoed Darall, impatiently. "He was beaten within an inch of his life, because Rayner has a bad temper, and happens to have been at 'the shop' a certain number of years."

"Just so, he is an old cadet, a position which confers certain privileges. Old families are looked up to in the country, and their cadets permitted to do pretty much what they please upon exactly the same ground. They have existed a certain number of years, and that is put down to their credit. One can't prevent people being idiots; 'England,' says Carlyle—and I dare say a few other countries—'is inhabited by so many millions, mostly fools.'"

"We needn't make the world worse than it is, Landon, that is my argument. However, I don't want to debate the matter. It is probable, as you say, that after to-day's work you and I may not have any personal interest in any system in vogue in this academy. It will be very little satisfaction to my poor mother to know that the roughs at Charlton Fair have been paid out for what they have done to Bright and Jefferson, when she learns at the same time that I have lost my chance in life."

"Pooh, pooh, Darall, you won't lose it. I shall lose it, of course; I have had too many bad marks against me, already, to allow of old Pipe-clay giving me quarter. He will be glad of the opportunity of getting rid of me. But you—why, you are a pattern cadet. If they send you away, where are their good young gentlemen to come from? He dursn't do it. I don't think he will even put you back on the list; for he must put others in front of you, who will have trangressed the same as yourself, and without half so good a character. He won't make a corporal Whymper, for instance, I suppose; if he does, I'll throttle the fellow, the very first time I see him in his embroidered collar."

"That would help me a good deal," said Darall bitterly.

"Well, it would, you know, because it would make a vacancy, and discourage others from superseding you. But, seriously, I think you needn't be apprehensive of anything serious."

"Sir Hercules told me only last week," said Darall, slowly, "that he looked to me to set a good example, and that if I failed him, by committing any act of insubordination, he would be down upon me more than others, since it was plain that I knew better."

"That's what comes of being virtuous," observed Landon, gravely. "He never ventured to threaten me in that way. Give old Pipeclay an inch—in the way of good conduct—and he's apt to expect an ell. Therefore I never gave him so much as a barley-corn. Nobody can say I have not been prudent in that way. I have aroused no expectations from the first. I came into the shop low in my batch—played under my game, as it were—on purpose that I might always take it easy as to work; and as to morals—I have not left a great deal of margin. I was made an under-officer only to be broken the next fortnight, and have got into all sorts of rows besides. But, then, my dear fellow, you have no idea how I have enjoyed myself!"

The naïveté of this remark, uttered as it was in a tone of cheerful frankness, brought a smile into Darall's face in spite of himself. It was hard to be angry with Landon; even the neuxes (with one or two exceptions, however) admired this handsome, reckless young fellow, full of gaiety and good spirits, and forgot his sharp treatment more quickly than they forgave that of others. It had always somewhat of the flavour of a practical joke.

"You have a happy nature, Landon," said Darall, with a half sigh; "and, besides, you are in a position to do as you like. If you were 'bunked' to-morrow, it would make no difference to you—or very little."

"Well, no; I do believe that the governor—I don't mean old Pipeclay, but my governor—would be rather pleased than otherwise to hear I was expelled, as in that case there would be some chance of my becoming a business man. But it will be a horrid bore for me; the notion of a high desk, with a box full of red wafers—They use wafers in that hole in the City, for I have seen them—ledgers, day-books, and mail-days, is anything but agreeable to me. But there, what is my trouble, as you are doubtless thinking, compared with yours?"

"No, Landon, I am making no comparisons. But what makes it very bitter to me is the thought that my prospects—and some one else's (one's mother is one's mother, you know)—are about to be sacrificed for a shadow, if indeed there is a shadow of a cause for it. This Charlton business has always been prohibited, since the last row there five years ago. These two young rascals knew it; knew how we were hated—and not without reason—by the Fair people; and yet they must go

there and kick up a row. If the truth were known, they doubtless deserved all they got."

"I have no doubt they did," answered the other with mock gravity, "but the insult must be avenged. Bex is quite fixed upon that point. 'The honour of the whole Cadet Company,' said he, at our meeting of the heads of rooms last night, 'is at stake, and must be preserved at any cost.' You know what an enormous fool Bex is, and can imagine his manner. I was called to order for laughing at it!"

"I can easily believe that," answered Darall gloomily.

"I must say for Bex, however," continued Landon, "that he sacrifices himself to his notion of esprit de corps. For being the senior cadet of the company, who will give us the word of command to disobey standing orders, he is quite certain to get his congé. It is a case of very determined suicide indeed."

"I don't suppose Bex has anybody dependent upon him, as I have," observed Darall coldly.

"I should think not—unless that story of the baby (Bex's baby!)—has any foundation in fact," answered Landon comically. "It would be altogether contrary to the fitness of things that any one should be dependent upon Bex. The Cadet Company will lose in him the soul of (mistaken) chivalry, but not one pennyweight of common sense. But as for you, Darall, it can't afford to lose you; and I have a plan to preserve you to it. Look here, my good fellow, you must go down to hospital."

"Go down to hospital!" repeated Darall; "what for?"

"Because you are very ill. You have not been able to sleep all night for neuralgia; that's always the safest thing, being invisible, uncomeatable—and also because they know nothing about it—to stump the doctors. You have been suffering torments from neuralgia, as I will certify upon the evangels, if my word as a gentleman cadet should prove insufficient. There are two witnesses—there they are under the window—who will corroborate my testimony in every particular, or I will know the reason why. Not, of course, that any such evidence will be necessary. A man of your character and antecedents has only to say to the medical officer, 'I have neuralgia,' and off you go—in a litter if you like—to Ward Number Two: it looks out upon the garden, and there's a man on the premises, I know, who will send you up some rum-shrub in a basket. You can come back again to-morrow, when all this business is over—why shouldn't you? neuralgia comes and goes in an hour—and be complimented by old Pipeclay, perhaps by the Master of the Ordnance himself, for not having 'sullied a career of promise by so flagrant a disobedience of orders as, he was sorry to say, has disgraced nineteen-twentieths of your contemporaries.' The sentence would be much longer,

but that's his style. Then, so far from being placed lower down in the list for promotion, you will be at the top of it—vice Bex himself, perhaps, and a precious good thing for everybody too."

"And do you really think, Landon, that I am the kind of fellow to get out of a difficulty of this kind by a paltry evasion—that I would stoop to 'malinger' and sham——"

"I say 'easy over the stones,' my dear fellow," put in Landon gravely, "I've shammed half-a-dozen times myself to get off church parade and lots of things."

"Perhaps; but not to avoid the responsibility of doing right—or wrong. If I had the pluck to say, 'This going down to Charlton Fair is contrary to orders, and therefore I won't do it,' that would be all very well——"

"Oh, would it?" interrupted Landon, disdainfully. "It would be one of the most contemptible attempts at sponging that ever happened since that sneak Adam tried to lay the blame of his orchard robbing upon his wife, with his 'The woman tempted me——' a thing that Whymyer would have done, and I hope only Whymper amongst us all.'

"I am not so sure that it would not be the right thing, Landon," continued the other, taking no notice of the Scriptural parallel; "I mean, as respects one's regimental duty. However, I am not strong enough—or weak enough, if you will—to adopt such a course. On the other hand, I ask you again, do you think I am the sort of man to shirk a great danger, and at the same time get an advantage over my companions, by an acted lie?"

"My dear fellow, of course you are not," answered Landon with emphasis, "and that is the very reason why you should do it. Nobody will venture to impute such motives to any conduct of yours. You are in the position of a man who has unlimited credit, and, if you don't draw a bill for something worth having—in other words, when you have such a chance as this—you might just as well have no credit at all—like me. Look here, Darall, I am serious," added he with energy, "there is nothing dishonourable in the matter. How can you talk of honour in such circumstances? On one side of the question are a couple of silly neuxes, who have been deservedly thrashed—Bex and his rhodomontades; what fellows will think of you—even if they come to know about it, which they never will—in a place like this—in short, a collection of rubbish; while, on the other side, are your whole future prospects in life—your mother with an empty purse and a breaking heart. How can you doubt for a moment what is the wise, aye, and the right thing to do? For my part I shall say no more about it, but leave you to follow the dictates of your own good sense."

Taking some half-pence from his pocket, he stepped to the open win-

dow, and discharged a volley of coppers upon the two neuxes beneath.

"Come up and wash yourselves, you young scoundrels," cried he, and mind you don't make a row about it, for Darall has got neuralgia—brow-ague—and wants to be quiet."

"I have not got the brow-ague," remonstrated Darall.

"Yes, you have; or, at least you will have if you have got an ounce of brains for neuralgia to work upon. Hush, here they are," and, making a gesture of silence to the two new-comers, Mr. Landon proceeded to make his own ablutions softly, while they did the like.

Darall did not speak, which was, as his friend concluded, a point gained, and certainly he looked troubled enough, like one in pain, which was another point. Landon was clever enough to understand that self-interest is a more powerful arguer with every man than the most philosophic of friends; and, having sown the seed, he wisely left the crop to come up of itself.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARCH TO CHARLTON.

It is stated by the orthodox that some belief in the existence of powers above us is necessary to every man; and therefore it is that we so often see the infidel so credulous as regards spirit-rapping, table-turning, and other idiotic phenomena; and the same may be said with at least equal truth of those who reject authority in mundane affairs. The workman who flies in the face of his employer is a bondsman to his trade's union, and the patriot who scorns the tyrant is submissive enough to his revolutionary committee.

Thus, at the Royal Military Academy, in the old times, before the flood of good behaviour had swept over all such institutions, and made them so spick and span, there was a spirit of anarchy which, while it resented any lawful supervision, or discipline, was subservient, even to slavery, to any edict promulgated by the Cadet Company itself, in the persons of its leaders. The irregular discipline thus begotten was enforced so sharply, that any one who transgressed it would have earned canonisation, if that honour, at least, is conferred by the endurance of martyrdom. The question, however, is not worth discussion, for nobody did transgress it. No orders of secret society were ever carried out more scrupulously than those which emanated from the committee of the old cadets, which sat en permanence—like Robespierre's—and made degrees as inviolable (and sometimes as ridiculous) as those of the Medes and Persians. Thews and sinews were, of course, at the back of it all—such a thrashing as Winchester, with its poor ash sticks has no

idea of, would have awaited the disobedient; but, besides that, there was a real though bastard authority exercised by the "under officers," which, no doubt, added to its power. The boasted monitorial system, devised at our public schools to save the expense of a sufficiency of masters, and which at our ordinary seminaries only produces prigs, was carried at Woolwich to extremity, and produced monsters. The captain of a man-of-war, when out at sea, was, in the days of which we speak, looked upon as an example of irresponsible power; but the relation of an "old cadet," or "a corporal" to his juniors at the academy was infinitely more authoritative; and the academy was always at sea. If the nature of this superior being was exceptionally good, no serious evils arose from the exercise of his power; but—we are speaking, it must be remembered, of an antediluvian epoch—all gentlemen cadets were not exceptionally good. Judged by a modern standard, a good many of them would have been pronounced exceptionally bad. And in that case it was exceptionally bad for the "snookers." Many will doubtless say it was the absence of classical literature, which, as the Latin poet tells us, acts as an emollient, that made these young military students so ferocious; plan drawing and the mathematics being their only mental pabulum, may, perhaps, have had the same effect upon them as is attributed to a diet of human flesh; but, at all events, they were a rough lot, and "old Pipeclay," as Major-General Sir Hercules Plummet, their governor, was familarly termed, found them queer cattle—what the Scotch call "kittle cattle" to manage. He was not very exacting in the matter of moral restraint. His young gentlemen broke most of the decalogue, —so much of it that what remained was a very small piece of Mosaic work indeed—with comparative impunity, and committed a number of peccadilloes besides, unknown to ordinary law-breakers and law-makers, without even provoking official remonstrance; but against one particular crime old Pipeclay was fixed, he had "put his foot down" upon that article of the constitution which prohibited any gentleman-cadet from attending Charlton Fair.

Charlton Fair is now gone the way of all wickedness; but in the times of which I write it flourished like a green bay-tree, in a locality somewhere to the south of the high-road that runs between Woolwich and Greenwich; it had certain privileges, which, unless they were of a very elastic nature indeed, must have been infamously abused, for the scenes enacted there were worthy of Pandemonium. Stern novelists were wont to find fault with the Greenwich Fair of that epoch, but the fair at Greenwich, as compared with that at Charlton, was

As moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.

Water, in truth, had very little to do with it; but if you would have seen Charlton Fair aright, you should have visited it by the pale moon-

light (as Sir Walter says of Melrose), to see it in perfection. Then, if you got away from it without a broken head, you were lucky. Everybody was, we are afraid we must write—drunk; to say, as is now the mode, that they had "exceeded in liquor," would give a very faint picture of the condition of the revellers; and if any of them were not actually engaged in combat, it was because they were too far gone in drink. We believe it was a "royal" fair—though it was certainly never patronized by royalty—and at all events possessed a patent that required an Act of Parliament to amend it, which, in milder times was done. It lasted for many days and nights, and was looked upon by the wandering tribes of gipsies and showmen, and also by the riverside population of the extreme east of London, less as a carnival than a saturnalia. The law itself seemed to grant them an indulgence for anything committed at Charlton Fair; and they looked upon any infringement of its licence with much greater horror than they would have regarded the abolition of Magna Charta.

The care exercised by the military authorities of the time over its youthful students could scarcely be called paternal, but they did veto attendance at this fair in very distinct and stringent terms, not, of course, upon the ground of morality (for that would have been humorous indeed, and they had not the least sense of humour), but of discipline. Gentlemen cadets were wont to return from that scene of amusement so very unlike officers and gentlemen in embryo, or even in the most distant perspective; so often, too, without divers of their accoutrements, and so unable to go through that test of sobriety, their "facings;" that the place was tabooed. And here let us state, lest it should be imagined, because we are describing a somewhat anarchical state of things that we in any way sympathise with the same, that the authorities did their duty—sometimes—manfully enough. When they had made up their minds to stop any particular breach of discipline, they did stop it. The general administration of the academy was mild to laxness; but where it did draw a hard-and-fast line, it was like the stretched bowstring of an Eastern monarch—the gentleman-cadet that opposed himself to it was a gentleman-cadet no longer. The Cadet Company fully understood their position with regard to their rulers in this respect, and in a general way confined themselves to setting at defiance such enactments, human and divine, as were not thus indicated, as it were, by a red mark in their military regulations, and for more than five years they had abstained with exemplary obedience from attendance at Charlton Fair. But, unfortunately, on the present occasion, a circumstance had occurred which rendered further submission to the edict in question—so at least the committee of corporals and heads of rooms had decided—impossible. The immediate cause of revolution was (as often happens) contemptible

enough. Two last-joined cadets—creatures themselves unworthy of attention except that they were cadets, and affiliated to the general body—in returning from the usual Saturday and Sunday "leave" in London, had taken it into their heads to pass a few hours of the Sabbath evening in the precincts of the fair. They were not, of course, in uniform, and in that circumstance lay Darall's only hope that the vengeance of the corps would not be invoked upon their account; but it was known by the fair people (with whom the memory of the tenants of the military academy and their misdoings was tolerably fresh) that they were cadets, and as such they had been without doubt most grievously ill-treated. Whether they had provoked their bad reception was a question that did not occur to the committee of corporals and heads of rooms. They were gentlemen cadets of the Royal Military Academy, and their persons ought to have been held sacred, which had evidently not been the case. One of the young gentlemen had had his leg broken, and the other the bridge of his nose. The leg and the bridge might be repaired, but the wounded honour of the Cadet Company could not be healed by the surgeon's art.

"War, with its thousand battles and shaking a thousand thrones," was the decision that had been arrived at in solemn but secret conclave by the Cadet Committee. When afternoon parade should be over, on the day on which our story commences, it was enacted that in place of "breaking off," and giving themselves up to recreation, the company should keep their ranks and march down upon the offending myriads at the fair. The cadet army was numerically small, counting in all perhaps one hundred and sixty, but then they had military discipline, and above all—though this was not specially mentioned—was not their cause a just one and likely to be favoured of high Heaven? It had been suggested by some fantastic spirits, that Messrs. Bright and Jefferson should be taken out out of hospital, in their damaged condition, and carried in front of the host, as the bodies of those revolutionists who were shot by the soldiery were wont to be borne aloft by their avenging brethren; but this sensational suggestion had been over-ruled by Bex, who was a great disciplinarian, and even a martinet in his way, and could find no precedent in the annals of war for such a proceeding. Throughout that morning a certain hushed solemnity, by no means characteristics of the Cadet Company, pervaded that martial corps, but otherwise none could have guessed its dread intentions, Senior under-officer Bex had somewhat of the air with which the Duke of Wellington is depicted while conceiving those famous lines which will live in men's memories as long as most creations of our poets—the lines of Torres Vedras; with one hand in the breast of his coatee, and the other upon his forehead, he paced the parade, revolving doubtless his plans of attack. It was only

Mr. Whymper's ill-luck—as he afterwards observed—that that conciliatory young gentleman should have misunderstood this attitude, and inquired with much apparent concern whether the great chieftain had a headache ; "No, sir but I will give yon one," was the unexpected reply with which his proffered sympathy was met, and it is probable that that "inch of his life," which the tender mercies of the cruel proverbially leave to their victims, was only preserved to him because, in such a crisis, the cadet army could not afford to lose a recruit, even of the very smallest importance. The other old cadets maintained for the most part a careless demeanour, as befitted young warriors, to whom fire and steel—or at least stones and bludgeons—were matters of no moment ; though it is likely under that indifferent air lurked some apprehensions, not perhaps of the coming strife, but of what their parents and guardians would be likely to say about it when it should prove to have cost them their prospective commissions. Landon would have been in the highest spirits, having no fear of either event before his eyes, but for his solicitude upon his friend's account. Darall had "fallen in" at the morning's parade, and gone "into academy"—that is, to pursue his studies—like the rest ; and now he had retired to his room, as Landon shrewdly suspected, to write a letter home, explaining that circumstances over which he had no control might be the ruin of him. There was still time for him to put himself on the sick list, but the opportunity of doing so, without exciting suspicion, was gone by. Even in the case of one so well thought of on all hands as Darrall, it would look queer to be marching down to hospital within an hour or so of the great coup ; almost as suspicious as for a young officer to plead "urgent private affairs" as an excuse for absenting himself on the eve of a general engagement.

Cecil Landon would never have been a traitor to any cause ; wild horses would not have torn the secret of the coming outbreak from him to the prejudice of his companions ; yet his zeal for the honour of the acadamy was not so overpowering as to outweigh discretion. If he had been in Darall's place—as he frankly confessed to that gentleman— he would have seen Bex and Company—so he styled the honorable corps—in a warmer place than even they were likely to find Charleton Fair, before he would have sacrificed his future prospects to them.

(To be continued.)

UNIVERSITY CONSOLIDATION IN ONTARIO.

THE great difference between the University Systems of Europe and America is the tendency in the one, as in England, to a common centre, and, as in Germany, to a common standard, and in the other to various centres and different standards. In England, university life centres chiefly in Oxford and Cambridge—both, somewhat under competitive influences, aiming at a common standard of high excellence. In Germany, each of the universities is designed to furnish instruction of the highest order in every branch.* In the United States, on the other hand—after the example of which our university system seems to have been unfortunately modelled—the "universities" have many standards—all professedly acknowledging, if not adopting the standards of Harvard and Yale. Following, however, a universal law of animal life, the farther each of these "universities" is from the acknowledged centre and spring, or heart of university life, the weaker are its pulsations, and the lower are the standards of excellence which they each adopt and follow. The natural consequence of the two systems is, that in England, a high standard is constantly maintained; while, in the United States, the tendency is the other way, and towards diffusiveness in the curriculum, and haste and superficiality in the mode of teaching the subjects of the course.† Another evil, traceable to the scantiness of "foundation," which has crept into ambitious "universities," is, for their managers, either to prescribe a so-called "eclectic" course of special subjects, or an "omnibus"

*This is the University ideal of Prof. Andrews, President of the British Association, who says: "A University, or *Studium Generale*, ought to embrace in its arrangements the whole circle of studies which involve the material interests of society, as well as those which cultivate intellectual refinement." *Address at Meeting in Glasgow, Sept.* 6.

The difference between the German and English College systems is thus pointed out by Rev. Prof. Seeley in his *Liberal Education in Universities*: "In the German Universities the whole field of knowledge is elaborately divided and assigned in lots to different lecturers. . . . At Cambridge scarcely anything but classics and mathematics is lectured on in the colleges at all, and at every college the lectures are substantially the same." page 150.

Dr. Newman in his *Office and Work of Universities* distinguishes the University and College thus:—"The University is for the world, and the College is for the nation. . . . The University is for the philosophical discourse, the eloquent sermon, or the well-contested disputation; and the College for the catechetical lecture." Pages 344-5.

Mr. Gathorn Hardy, in discussing the Oxford University Bill last June, also speaks of the professional teaching of the university as having the advantage of giving a large and general view of great subjects, though it could not, he thought, impress special parts of subjects on the minds of pupils as well as the individual (i.e. tutorial) teaching of colleges did.

†"An American Graduate," in the *International Review* for May-June, 1876, draws a graphic picture of the mode of teaching in American "universities" as compared with that in the universities of Germany. He says "the American community in general little knows how bad the teaching in our higher schools (universities) is."—Page 291.

one, which (on paper) shall be extensive enough to satisfy the most fastidious scholar, but which, nevertheless, includes a long list of "honorary" subjects which, it is well understood, shall bide their time until the stern hand of poverty shall relax its hold on the "university."*

With some notable exceptions, the American system of many universities has been to some extent a failure—so far as thorough and accurate scholarship is concerned.† It did good, however, as a pioneer system, which, so to speak, hoisted the standard of education, as the colonist plants the flag of advancing civilization in many a spot which would otherwise have no opportunity of tasting, much less of drinking deep, of the Pierian spring. Such a system may do well for a new country and a young community; but it is not adapted to, nor should it be deliberately chosen, as it appears to have been, by a Province so old and so educationally conservative as Ontario.

There is one fact in connection with this subject which to thoughtful men would appear inexplicable were not the remote causes producing it well known. Everyone whose opinions on university matters are of any value has long since come to the conclusion that one university—a real university—with as many teaching colleges in connection with it as can be established—is amply sufficient for Ontario for years to come; and yet not one of our public men or university scholars has made an earnest suggestion, or taken any real practical steps, towards the accomplishment of such a purpose—the consolidation of our present university system. Desultory remarks have now and then been made on the subject by individuals; and newspapers have sometimes referred hesitatingly to it; but it is singular that, since the close of the last university contest in 1860, no steps have been taken to remedy a professed evil, which at the time both sides feared would result from the multiplication of universities in the Province. Indeed, as a matter of fact, the so-called evil has been allowed to grow and develop itself to a large extent; so that, instead of *four* universities, as at that time, we have now *seven* chartered with full university powers. While this unusual extension was taking place university men, who should have made their voice heard, stood aloof, and allowed the matter to go by default. But unfortunately university men in Ontario have rarely, if ever, acted in concert. They have either been

*The N. Y. *Nation* of Sept. 28th in discussing this question says:—"The great source of the weakness of small colleges now lies in the fancy of founders, or boards of trustees, that the more ground a college curriculum covers, or tries to cover, the more of a college it is." Page 191.

†The Germany university system with its provision for "learned leisure" on the part of the professors, and which is so well adapted to promote research, has been much discussed of late years in England. The preponderance of feeling there is still, however, in favour of "teaching colleges," rather than of universities for research. The promoters of the Oxford University Bill of last summer, while providing greater facilities for scientific research than before existed, deprecated any vital departure from the English college system in favour of the German university idea.

in antagonism to one another, or chosen to maintain the position of "dignified neutrality," rather than, in the common interest of higher education to have protested against the unwise multiplication of not very strongly equipped universities in the Province. Merely to have protested against the erection of colleges into "universities," would have savoured of querulous exclusiveness; it was, nevertheless, a grand opportunity lost for uniting to place our university system on a firm and comprehensive footing. Thus, the cause of higher education has suffered, because university men, who ought to have been its champions and guardians chose to act upon the *laissez faire* principle rather than from the nobler impulse of patriotic motives. This apathetic state of feeling which seems chronic, is, we fear, unfortunate for the university future of Ontario. By persisting in such an exploded Japanese system of non-intercourse, (a system which the Japanese themselves have nobly repudiated, and especially in education,) we are inflicting an evil upon our country and doing an injury to its higher scholarship.

It may be alleged that there is little or no intercourse among rival university men even in England. But this is not substantially true. As university men seeking a common end they may have occasion for but little intercourse; nevertheless, in the endless literary, scientific, educational and religious discussions, writings and meetings which take place constantly, within the small area of the three kingdoms, they are perpetually brought into close contact. In this country, beyond a local "institute," or religious meeting, or other gathering, they have little or no personal or literary intercourse, and seek none. This is greatly to be deprecated; for it tends (perhaps unconsciously) to foster a certain amount of local university pride and exclusiveness.

Professor Andrews, President of the British Association, in his inaugural speech at Glasgow on the 6th September, refers to a feature of University isolation, which also prevails in Canada, and strongly recommends an abandonment of English exclusiveness as it is evinced towards the Scottish universities. He says: "The Universities * * ought to admit freely to university positions, men of high repute from other universities. * * * Not less important would it be for the encouragement of learning throughout the country that the English universities * * * should be prepared to recognize the ancient universities of Scotland as freely as they have always recognized the Elizabethan University of Dublin. Such a measure would invigorate the whole university system of the country more than any other I can think of. * * * As an indirect result * * professors would be promoted from smaller positions in one university to higher positions in another, after they had given proofs of industry and ability;

and stagnation, hurtful alike to professional men and professional life, would be effectually prevented."

Another phase of university life (if "life" it can be called), we desire to notice. At some of the universities the annual gatherings at "Convocation," or "Commencement," (to borrow an American word sometimes in use,) which might be made really enjoyable as a university gala day, as in some countries, is suffered to be barely tolerable, if not a positive infliction, by reason of its dry stiffness and formality. Such a "crowning day" to the graduates is observed in so solemn and formal a manner that, under the benumbing influence, the student at the close of his successful college career might feel as though he were about to be led to execution rather than as the recipient of the highest honour or gift which his university could bestow. All this indicates the absence of judgment and tact in not making an important official yet social university gathering a pleasant one for all parties concerned. It tends to repress that spirit of enthusiasm with which young men naturally do, and should, enter on the real business of life. Not that we would seek to introduce into Canada the boisterous, yet playful, rudeness of English university convocations, which of late years has had to be checked; but we think that if a little less time were devoted to the wholesale and stereotyped eulogies on particular students which kind-hearted professors sometimes indulge in, and a little more given to the utterance of short popular addresses by two or three leading public or university men, selected beforehand, it would add greatly to the interest and pleasure of these annual university gatherings, and give them a practical character and value which they do not now possess. To old graduates, the present mode of conducting convocations is insufferable from its sameness and tameness.

It is not our purpose here to discuss the actual or comparative value of the academic degrees which issue from seven (in reality five) universities in Ontario. Such a task would be invidious in the extreme, and productive of no good. It must, however, be patent to every man, competent to judge in such matters, that these degrees are not, and cannot, under the existing system, be of equal value. Indeed, it is almost impossible for us to estimate their intrinsic, much less their comparative, value as evidences of scholarship, since every university has its own standard, its own examiners and its own course of instruction.* We

* The pernicious system of each college appointing its own professors as examiners is thus referred to by Mr. Lowe in his speech on the Oxford University Bill, last June. He says: "Since the time of the Reformation and the dawning of learning, the office of the University had been limited very much to examining, and very badly it examined, because it selected as its examiners persons who were also tutors, and who were interested, therefore, in the passing of their pupils."

Revd. Dr. Newman, in his "*Office and Work of Universities*," shows that things were at one time even worse at Oxford than Mr. Lowe's statement would indicate.

would, therefore, have to reconcile three differing, if not antagonistic, elements of university training and examination before we could reach a common ground, or basis, on which, or from which, to estimate the academic value of the degrees granted by our five or seven universities. What enhances the evil of such a manifest diversity of university standards for degrees is the fact, that by law we authorize every one of these universities to fix the standard of qualification of all the head masters of our high schools and collegiate institutes. The possession of a degree from any one of the seven universities in Ontario, or from any university in the British Dominions (with the addition of some slight experience in teaching), entitles the holder to become the head master of any of our high schools and collegiate institutes, without further examination.

In other words: we have made the seven universities in Ontario important factors in our system of public instruction, and yet we have taken no steps to see that a common standard of excellence and culture is maintained in these universities, or that the qualifications of these head masters shall be of an uniform, or even of a fixed minimum, value. The legislature has, however, got rid of the difficulty by recognizing these degrees *en bloc*, and giving to each of them an intrinsic and legal value. We do not for a moment mean to say that a high standard of scholarship has not been reached by the head masters of our various high schools and collegiate institutes, who are graduates of the universities in question; but what we do maintain is, that, under our present university system, there is no guarantee, except a moral one, that the evil to which we refer may not and does not exist.

It may be interesting just here to note the number of graduates of the various Canadian and other universities which, under the present system, have furnished the head masters of our high schools and collegiate institutes.

From official returns we derive the following information :—

HIGH SCHOOL MASTERS FROM CANADIAN UNIVERSITIES.

Toronto, O., University has furnished....	39	Head Masters.			
Victoria, O., " " "	14	"	"		
Queen's, O., " " "	10	"	"		

He says: "At the beginning of this century, when things were at the worst at Oxford, some zealous persons attempted to bring the University to bear upon the colleges. The degrees were at that time taken upon no *bona fide* examination. The youth who had passed his three or four years at the place, and wished to graduate, chose his examiners, and invited them to dinner!" . . . It "is notorious that for thirty years one college, by virtue of ancient rights, was able to stand out against the University, and demanded and obtained degrees for its junior members without examination." Pages 356, 357.

Trinity, O.,	"	"	"	8	Head Masters.
Albert, O.,	"	"	"	4	" "
McGill, Q.,	"	"	"	3	" "
Bishop's, Q.,	"	"	"	1	" "
Acadia, N.S.,	"	"	"	1	" "
			Total	80	

HEAD MASTERS FROM VARIOUS OTHER SOURCES.

Trinity (Dublin,) has furnished			5	Head Masters.
Marischal (Aber.,)	"	"	4	" "
Queen's (Ireland,)	"	"	1	" "
Cambridge (Eng.,)	"	"	1	" "
Wesleyan (Conn. U.S.,)		"	1	" "
Giessen (Germany,)	"	"	1	" "
Provincial Certificates		"	7	" "
Grand Total			100	

The recent intermediate examination at the high schools and collegiate institutes has also furnished some valuable information which has been published in the papers, and from which we gather the following interesting facts as to the status of the schools and institutes taught by the graduates of the various recognized universities.

Status of First Class...	6	(collegiate institutes.)	
" Second " ...	14	(2 collegiate institutes,	12 high schools.)
" Third " ...	21	(1 " "	20 " ")
" Fourth " ...	25	(high schools.)	
" Fifth " ...	34	(" ")	
Total...	100.		

The colleges represented by the masters of the first class as above, we learn, are as follows:—

Toronto, O.	2	Head Masters.
Victoria, O.	2	" "
McGill, Q.	1	" "
Queen's, (Ireland	1	" "
Total	6	

The colleges represented in the masters of the second class are as follows:—

Toronto, O.	7	Head Masters.
Victoria, O.	2	" "

Trinity, O.....	1	Head Masters.
Acadia, N. S.....	1	" "
Wesleyan, U.S. (Victoria ad eundem.)	1	" "
Trinity, Dublin.....	1	" "
Provincial Certificate.....	1	" "
Total.....	14	

It is not necessary to pursue this classification further, as the examples which we have given sufficiently indicate the quality of the academic or literary training and teaching power which the head masters of our best high schools and collegiate institutes possess. We think, too, that the test which has been applied by the first of these intermediate examinations is, in the main, and substantially, an impartial one. The next, to be held in December, may be more perfect as to its details, but it will not, we think, very materially change the results of the first examination. The real significance and value of these examinations will, however, be more distinctly brought out at that next trial which, for many reasons, takes place in the same year as did the first. This we think is desirable. But we very much question the expediency or necessity of subjecting these schools to so severe a strain as these examinations involve, more than once a year. Two such examinations in the year would, as a rule, interfere to a large extent with the proper routine and daily progress of the school, and subject it to the inevitable "cramming" process, which a test examination, like that of the "Intermediate," would be sure to promote.

From this digression we turn to the main subject of this paper. Before, however, discussing the mode of university consolidation which has been suggested, there are one or two preliminary questions to be considered, which incidentally affect the main one.

Suppose that every one, or a majority, of the outlying universities, chartered by the Legislature, were closed to-morrow, would that, it is fair to ask, prove a substantial gain to collegiate training and higher education in the Province? If not, then, in the interests of that higher education, we hold that they should be efficiently maintained. Suppose also, on the same principle, that the instruction now given in one hundred high schools and collegiate institutes was in future to be given only in the eight or nine collegiate institutes now existing, or in a limited number of institutes placed in large and more convenient local centres. We think we have only to state these questions to practicably answer them. Why, we would also ask, has it been found necessary to establish a second normal school at Ottawa, and project another at London? It may be answered that the Toronto school being full, it was found

necessary to build another. Yes; but why not build it and all others as an enlargement of the existing one at Toronto—the head-quarters of the Department, and under the very eye of the Minister charged with the management of such institutions? The answer is simple: the teachers of the eastern part of the Province did not, and would not, come to Toronto—the mountain would not go to Mahomet; Mahomet had, therefore, to go to the mountain. Hence the question had to be dealt with as a practical, and not as a theoretical, one. Hence also, normal schools are, as a necessity, being established or projected in different parts of the Province—care being taken to subject the students of each to the same public examination, under a common system of instruction and oversight. Every one concerned commends the wisdom of the course pursued.*

Now, looking at this matter in the light of our own experience, another equally practical question arises in dealing with this university consolidation question.

The Legislature, or rather the advisers of George III., provided means for the establishment of a central college and university at Toronto for the entire youth of the Province; and we have never outgrown that one idea of a single State college and university for the whole Province. Our youth—many of them seeking college honours and university scholarships—have not, however, for the last twenty-five or thirty years, and will not (as in the case of the normal school), come to Toronto. Large numbers of them prefer to go to the non-provincial colleges, with university powers, in other parts of the country, while the Legislature, with abundant means at its disposal, has shown no disposition to establish or support more than the one college originated by George III., eighty or ninety years ago. It has rather chosen to ignore the facts of the case, and the necessities of the Province in this matter, and, without cost to itself, to ask these self-supporting colleges to supply a pressing want which its own central institution does not meet. It may be asked: Was this the object which the Legislature had in view in thus recently multiplying universities with a free hand all over the country? We cannot say that it was not; and we do not like to say that it was done to promote political purposes; nor can we

* Rev. Professor Seeley, in his essay on "*Liberal Education in Universities*," is strongly in favour of the multiplication of universities in England. He says, "Education in fact in England is what the [two] universities choose to make it. This seems to me too great a power to be possessed by two corporations, however venerable and illustrious. . . . I wish we had several more universities; I mean teaching as well as examining universities. I hope that the scheme which was announced some time ago of creating a university for Manchester will not be allowed to sleep. I should like to see similar schemes started in three or four more centres of population and industry." He then asks this pertinent question, which might also be asked in Canada, "Is there anything more undeniable than that our material progress has outrun our intellectual, that we want more cultivation, more of the higher education, more ideas?" Pages 146, 147.

say that it was solely to gratify influential religious bodies. We must therefore take higher ground. We must assume that grave public policy dictated that the Legislature should thus, without cost to itself, extend the sphere of collegiate training, localize facilities for it at various points in the Province, by placing the burthen on other shoulders than its own, and legalize, probably for wise competitive purposes, institutions which, as rivals to each other and to the Provincial one of Toronto, would together greatly promote, at a cheap rate to the State, the interests of sound training and higher education in the Dominion. This being the case, as we must assume from the facts just stated, the next question to be answered is: How shall these university privileges, thus diffused broadcast, be best combined so as to enable the country, with equal fairness to all, to apply to the results of local training a provincial test, and to give to these results thus tested (if found satisfactory), a provincial value? To answer this question in a satisfactory manner may be difficult, but we think it can be answered. To do so satisfactorily is to point out, we think, the only way in which the university privileges which the Province possesses can be turned to the best practical account, and rendered subservient to the great purposes which the Legislature doubtless had in view in so largely multiplying, without charge to itself, our higher educational advantages.

For all practical purposes it is not a matter of prime necessity that all of the colleges of a university should be together, or be of equal scholastic rank and standing. They are not so at Oxford and Cambridge. It is necessary, however, that they should be good teaching colleges. It will be a sufficient guarantee to the country if the students who pass the final examination be found to give satisfactory evidence of educational training, and evince an acquaintance with certain prescribed subjects in the curriculum which, would enable them to receive a degree, or Provincial certificate of fitness for the grave duties of life.

Now comes the main question: Is it desirable, in the interests of higher education in this Province, that these certificates or diplomas, as evidences of scholastic training and literary culture, should issue from a high central authority alone, or from half a dozen different sources, having varying standards, and degrees of indeterminate values? We think that all lovers of sound learning and excellence in scholarship will unhesitatingly answer the first part of this question in the affirmative, and negative the latter part. The further question then arises: How can this great university reform be accomplished at the least possible cost to the Province, and of injury to the existing institutions. There are three ways of doing it. (1.) The first and simplest, and yet the most unjust, would be for the Legislature, by

the exercise of its sovereign power, to undo its own work and to abrogate the charters of all the rival colleges to the provincial university, and declare that from henceforth none of the colleges shall grant degrees but the central university at Toronto alone. This plan we dismiss, therefore, as unwise, unjust, and impracticable. (2.) A second mode of accomplishing the object aimed at might be to enter into negotiations with each of the outlying chartered universities to surrender, upon certain conditions, their University powers, and vest the sole authority to grant degrees in the central university at Toronto. (3.) The third and most feasible plan would be, to induce the various colleges to hold their charters granting university powers in abeyance, in consideration of the payment to them of an annual or capitalized sum, to be mutually agreed upon by the parties concerned, to be repaid *pro rata*, if capitalized, or stopped, if annual, should the contract be broken, annulled or avoided by the colleges.*

As a preliminary, however, to the entertaining of such a proposition as the last, we hold it to be essential that, before the payment of any grant as an equivalent for the suspension by them of university powers, each of the colleges should be required to comply with certain conditions. These conditions should have reference to the college buildings and their equipment, and the number of teachers and tutors which they should be required to employ. The collegiate institutes are required, as a condition of recognition, and of receiving a special grant, to have suitable buildings and appurtenances; to teach the classics, and to employ at least four regular masters, besides having an average attendance of not less than sixty pupils, studying Greek and Latin. It would, therefore, be but just and reasonable to apply the same principle to the colleges on their becoming members of a central university, and receiving a grant from the Legislature.

In the exercise of its powers, the Legislature should, we think, go even further. Having assumed control of public education, from its lowest to its highest grades, it has the right and should exercise that right. It should inquire into the quality, value, and substance of the education given in institutions which it has chartered, and to the scholastic diplomas, or degrees of which it has affixed a recognized and substantial value, by giving the holders of them a legal status as masters of high schools and collegiate institutes.

Should the question be raised as to the right of the Legislature to institute this inquiry, the answer is simple. It is inherent in the Legislature, in the interests of the public, to inquire under certain circumcumstances into the proceedings of any corporation which it has char-

* We have purposely avoided entering into details as to the financial aspects of the question; this not being the purpose of the paper.

tered—to see if the terms and conditions of the charter are observed. This is the more necessary when the acts of that corporation are recognized by the Legislature as conferring special rank, as well as certain legal rights and privileges, upon persons subject to its control and direction.

At this point the question might be asked : Why should the Legislature be called upon to make a grant to the colleges on condition that they suspend their functions, so far as the granting of degrees is concerned ? It is right and proper to ask this question, as the answer to it involves the application to the case not only of a legal but of an equitable principle. To each of these colleges has been assigned, by the voluntary act of the Legislature, certain valuable rights, as well as a recognized legal status as training schools, or normal colleges, for high school masters. Relying on the good faith of the Legislature in granting these powers and privileges, and trusting to their permanency while exercised in good faith, these colleges have secured sites and erected buildings without charge to the public treasury. In agreeing to suspend their charters these colleges surrender substantial rights, and forego their legal status as universities. It does not require any demonstration to show that in doing these things each college not only voluntarily denudes itself of important and influential functions, but also surrenders a potent source of influence, as a public institution, among its own adherents or friends. To ask any corporation to thus voluntarily divest itself of its substantial character and functions, without some *quid pro quo*, would be unreasonable and unjust.

Of course, we know that each corporation concerned would not be disposed to estimate the value of what it surrenders, too lightly. A commission, or other impartial authority could, therefore, be appointed to take all the circumstances of the case into consideration and report accordingly. This we have no doubt the government would do impartially, should any project on this subject be entertained.

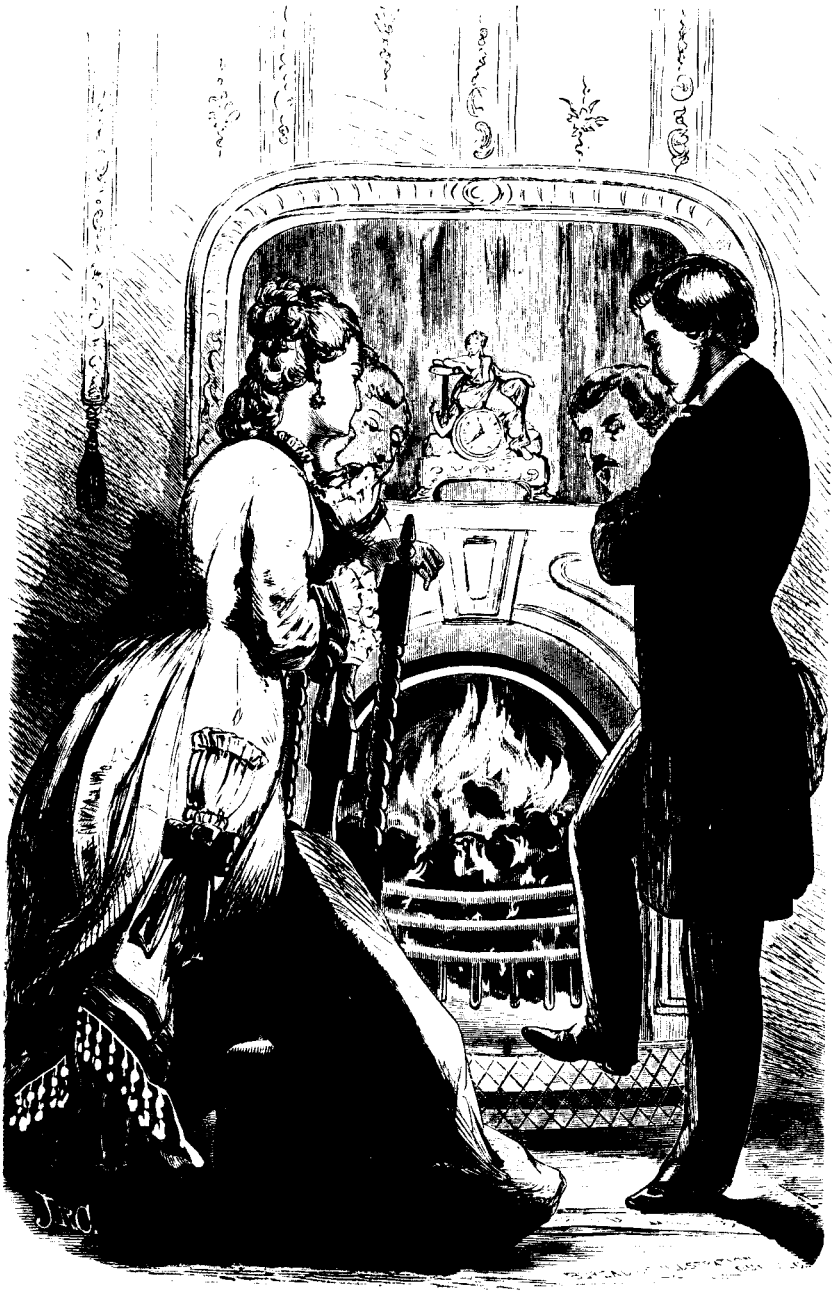
We have not touched upon a vital point which is involved in this question : that of denominational *vs.* state, or so-called national, colleges. We think it beneath the dignity of the real question at issue to discuss this matter. It is invariably and unwarrantably assumed by the friends of state colleges that because a purely scientific and literary training is received in a denominational college that, therefore, aid given to promote it involves "sectarian" endowment. This begging of the substantial question at issue is utterly unworthy of a writer with any pretensions to impartiality. No one will venture to say that the classics, mathematics, natural history or philosophy taught in these colleges are in any way tinged with a denominational shade or hue. And this is all the public has to do with the matter.

Time and events have shown us for many years that, in this free country of ours, people will prefer sending their boys, at a critical and impressible age, to the care of persons in whose religious principles and faithful oversight of their children they have confidence. Such people regard education without this influence and oversight dear at any price; and if the education of their children could only be obtained without these safeguards, they would never permit them to receive it. They are not persons to be misled by the pretended analogy which is sometimes set up between the state grammar school and the state college. They know too well that the analogy does not exist—that, in the one case, their children are constantly under their own supervision at home, while, in the other case, they are without any kind of parental, or religious, or even anything more than a mere nominal moral, oversight.

We shall not pursue this matter further. Our purpose is, we think, a higher and better one: to consider how best to turn to real substantial profit to the country, our higher educational advantages as they exist, whether in the hands of denominations or of the state. Our plan would be to extract from the denominational and other colleges all that was really good in them, for the promotion of sound learning and literary culture, and to give to their degrees, or certificates of scholarship, a provincial, rather than a denominational and local value.

We must take things as they are; and we should accept the educational situation in this matter. We cannot extinguish the outlying colleges. They will not die, as was prophesied and thought possible when the legislative grant was taken from them. It would be a calamity if they were extinguished, for they are sources and centres of intellectual light all over the Province. They are, moreover, doing the state noble service, faithfully and efficiently, according to their ability, and for which the state pays nothing. So far, therefore, as they are disposed to promote the great object of our system of public instruction, we should accept their assistance and seek to give a national direction and value to their labours in the common work of uplifting our country to a high state of intellectual culture, refinement, and intelligence.

CANADENSIS.



IN THE FIRE.

IN THE FIRE.

He looked in the fire, and saw the day
When he should wield financial sway ;
When millions before him should be told,
And his talents bring him countless gold.

She looked in the fire, and saw the time
When love should bring her joys divine ;
When her beauty should win her high renown,
And she'd be Fashion's Queen in town.

The fire died ; and years rolled on
While both were borne on the busy throng ;
He gained the name of a swindling cheat,
She died an outcast in the street.

Montreal. J. A. Phillips.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 1. CARLYLE.

It was a chill November evening, and the fire crackled and blazed from the great square old-fashioned fireplace in the old Professor's library. A thousand little elfish figures played about the hearthstone, and peered curiously out at the old man as they hopped from ingle to ingle, and danced with impish glee in the ruddy flame. The Professor sat back in his cosy easy chair, nodding dreamily over a book. The room was full of books—heavy tomes of science and philosophy, graceful volumes of poetry, and quaint editions of gentle Izaac and querulous Pepys. The Professor's weak spot was literature, and he loved to read and talk about his favourites in the great world of letters. He had invited his two nephews, Frank and Charles, to meet him in the library, and chat over books and the men and women who wrote them. The young men were glad of the opportunity, so that they might exchange ideas with their uncle, and learn something about half-forgotten writers and their works.

It was eight o'clock before the "boys" came in, and after the customary greeting they sat down, and Charles asked his uncle what he was reading.

"I am reading," said the Professor, "the 'Sage of Chelsea;' that grand old author who for more than sixty years has charmed and delighted the world. There is a fascination about him which I cannot resist, and would not if I could. With all his faults he is the Master. He is a mental paradox, the chief in irony and the heavier form of sarcasm. He has a firm unwavering belief in himself, an inner consciousness of his own grandeur and greatness. He writes as vigorously, and his expressions are as terse and unmistakable to day as they were a half-century ago, when he charmed us in the pages of the old *Edinburgh Review*. His meanings are not always plain, and the trick he has of using misknown and foreign words mar to some extent his writings; but in spite of that he is still the head in criticism, biography, and history. His literature is a man's literature; his thoughts are a man's thoughts; his brain is the brain of an intellectual giant—a brainful Magog. He appeals to the intellect in everything he says."

"Does he not dislike poetry?" asked Charles.

"No, I think not. Not real poetry such as Pope and Milton and Byron wrote; not the grand odes of Wordsworth, nor the delicious songs of Keats, nor the sonnets of Shakspeare. These he loves. There is

life in them ; they awaken thought. Some of his finest essays have been about poetry and poets. He has done more to introduce the poetry of Goethe and Schiller into England than any other man ; and he has not been unmindful of the lessons taught by Burns. His review of Lockhart's life of the poet is one of the best of his papers. He wrote it in 1828, and since that time a hundred literary men have followed in his wake, and used his images in their own criticisms. He has left nothing to be said on the subject. He has exhausted it. It is written in better style than *Sartor Resartus*, and not so jerky as his *Latter-Day Pamphlets*. The language is simpler, the sentences are less involved, than usual, and the thought is nowhere confused. I think I can remember the concluding words of the panegyric, without getting down the volume from the shelf. Yes, I have it. I have read it often, and it seems fresher and more beautiful with every successive reading. He says :— 'In pitying admiration he lies enshrined in all our hearts, in a far nobler mausoleum than that one of marble. Neither will his Works, even as they are, pass away from the memory of men. While the Shakspeares and Miltons roll on like mighty rivers through the country of Thought, bearing fleets of traffickers and assiduous pearl-fishers on their waves, this little Valclusa Fountain will also arrest our eye. For this, also, is of Nature's own and most cunning workmanship, bursts from the depths of the earth, with a full gushing current, into the light of day ; and often will the traveller turn aside to drink of its clear waters, and muse among its rocks and pines.' "

"Capital, capital ! " cried Frank. "There's true poetry in that."

"I think," said Charles, "that it is as a reviewer and critic that Carlyle appears to the better advantage. While he is not so cold-blooded as Jeffrey, nor so remorseless as Macaulay, he cuts keenly, and kills his game as the French tragedians do their actors—behind the scenes. He shoots with the silent air gun, and the unfortunate victim of his shafts finds himself hit almost before he begins to realize it. He is more incisive than Sydney Smith, and strikes quicker ; but he bears no malice."

"Why is it that Carlyle is so intensely German ? He sees a thousand beauties in Goethe, but nothing in Voltaire. The ponderous literature of Germany unfolds the purest gems, diamonds of the first water; the literature of France is composed of nobodies."

"I am afraid the philosopher does not comprehend French literature, or understand Voltaire, or Rousseau, or Janin. He is so strongly Teutonic in his predilections, so intensely German in his likes and dislikes, that the light, feuilletonistic style of the French is too mercurial, too dazzling to retain his attention long enough for him to study it. He cannot bestow any praise on the southern thinker. I think Carlyle is hasty in forming his opinion, and his observations on Voltaire are in

correct and injudicious. In his Critical and Miscellaneous Essays he thus delivers himself in speaking of the French author :—

"'He reads history not with the eyes of a devout seer, or even a critic, but through a pair of mere anti-Catholic spectacles. It is not a mighty drama enacted in the theatre of Infinitude, with suns for lamps and eternity as a background, but a poor, wearisome, debating-club dispute, spun through two centuries, between the *Encyclopédie* and the *Sorbonne*. God's universe is a larger patrimony of St. Peter, from which it were well and pleasant to hunt out the Pope. The still higher praise of having had a right or noble aim, cannot be conceded him without many limitations; and may, plausibly enough, be altogether denied. The force necessary for him was nowise a great and noble one, but small, in some respects a mean one, to be nimbly and seasonably put into use. The Ephesian Temple, which it had employed many wise heads and strong arms for a life time to build, could be unbuilt by one madman in a single hour.'"

"The French return the compliment," said Frank. "Taine calls Carlyle 'a Mastodon, a relic of a lost family,' and his style he calls 'magnificence and mud.'"

"I grant you he does," said the Professor; "but Taine speaks noble words for the grim Scotchman. His estimate is on the whole very correct, and he strives very hard to understand him. Carlyle, you know, does not always make himself understood. He takes it for granted that his readers are of equal intellectual calibre to himself; that they comprehend every allusion he makes; that they have read everything he has read, and thought what he has thought. He is a literary mammoth—a king among his fellows, like Johnson was a hundred years ago. He commands silence when he speaks, but he has no Goldsmith to chide, or Garrick to worry, or servile Boswell to chronicle his every movement and saying. He prefers the solitude of his home to the glare and glitter of the club-house. The garish lights disturb his mind. He is nervous, fidgetty, and ill at ease in repose. His peculiar temperament makes him always active; he cannot remain quiet. He was nearly eighty when he sent out his last work, and yet his style was vigorous, and his mind had undergone no change in force. It was as brilliant as when he wrote, half a century ago, his delightful sketch of Richter in the Great Review, and won his first spurs in "Auld Reekie." An English writer a few years ago thought Carlyle had written himself out, and advised, actually advised, the old sage of Ecclefechan to retire from an active life, because he had published a silly letter on the Franco-German war. But the hale old prophet was not dead yet, and his well-prepared history of the Norse Kings of Eld shows that he is capable of much good work for some years to come. He is determined to die with the harness on his back. The

same indomitable energy which characterized that other eminent reviewer, Lord Brougham, is the distinguishing feature in Carlyle. His writings fill more than twenty large volumes, and they embrace almost every class of letters, biography, history, science, philosophy, physiology, metaphysics, etc. Every thought is stamped with his own sign-manual; his individuality is on every page. There is no mistaking the authorship. Every one recognizes at a glance the quaint, misknown philology, the curious phraseology, the almost savage witchery which gleams and glistens and intoxicates the reader at every turn. A tinge of sadness pervades the joviality of his chapters; and it has a terrible effect on the reader. His *French Revolution* is a huge diorama of ghastly events, and the volumes are peopled with fearful apparitions and ghostlike spectres. The horrors of the Bastile, as painted by Carlyle, make us shudder with fear and rouse us to a frenzy. In no other work has he displayed so much dramatic power, or written with such tremendous effect. It stands alone, an enduring monument to his genius. It is a pity, from an artistic point, that he should descend to vulgarities and crude allusions so frequently throughout this wonderful work. It is at once the production of the tragedian and the buffoon; the grand story of 'Paradise Lost' told by a Milton and finished by a Balzac. Carlyle delights in contrasts. His whole literary career is one immense contrast; and the more violent the contrast the better it suits him."

"Do you consider his *French Revolution* his greatest work?"

"No. I think *Frederic the Great* is his *chef d'œuvre*. He spent more real labour on it. It was in full sympathy with his feelings that he commenced the work. He almost worshipped the valorous Prussian, and he loved to paint his successes in the field, and tell the story of his life in the palace. He has developed in this life a wonderful power of description, and a rare degree of penetration. The history is full of Carlyle's extravagances of style, rough sayings, and involved metaphor; but for all that there are eloquent passages throughout which surpass the warm periods of Macaulay. His battle of Leuthen, for instance, is skilfully drawn and admirably described; and his portrait of the great general is really sublime. He is melodramatic, too, and I fear a trifle inconsistent. He affects, you know, to despise man-worshippers, the hero worshipper, and yet he is a great offender in this very respect himself. Again, he thunders anathemas against affectation in his essay on Richter, and he is affected himself, not in one book only, but in all his books. I make no exceptions. The sin of affectation appears in a more or less aggravated form in every page of Carlyle. I think his whole style is affected. His very inelegance is put on."

"What you take for affectation, I think is originality. Carlyle will take advice from no one. He hates humbugs and shams: he loves truth,

He has no policy in shaping his essays. He is not the word-painter that Ruskin is, but he is a more vigorous reasoner, and a far more forcible writer. His style is better than Hume's or Stuart Mill's. He is a man of strong loves, amounting almost to tenderness. While his opinions are not always correct, they are always manly and outspoken and honest. A good deal of his strength will be found in *The Latter-Day Pamphlets*, a volume which should be in every library."

"I have read the pamphlets, and discovered that Carlyle is humorous, but his humour takes a practical turn. He indulges in a sort of philosophic raillery, a mixture of earnest and sport, severely playful I should call it."

"I would rather term it more severe than playful," said Frank. "Carlyle is never playful. He writes with audacity, sometimes irreverently, but always boldly, even recklessly. He is an active author, a producer, a moulder of thought, an inventor. He is a hard author to read; and his slang—intellectual slang, classical slang,—is abominable."

"He is the first German scholar in England, is he not?"

"Yes. Thimm, who wrote those admirable volumes, *The Literature of Germany*, considered Carlyle so. He it was who pronounced the life of Schiller, which Carlyle published in *The London Magazine*, a 'perfect classic.' His *Sartor Resartus*, however, is the best of his lesser publications. You will find much that is humorous in that. It was a good while before the Sage could find anyone willing to publish it. It went a-begging from one publisher to the other, till the *Regina* folks, after many misgivings, consented to take it. He was living in his quiet old home in Chelsea, when that work came out, a near neighbour to Daniel Maclise, the artist. I think it is full of good things, notably the chapter entitled 'Tailors.' Swift has written nothing that can eclipse this:—

"'An idea has gone abroad, and fixed itself down into a wide-spreading rooted error, that Tailors are a distinct species of physiology, not Men, but fractional Parts of a Man. Call anyone a *schneider* (Cutter, Tailor), is it not in our dislocated, hoodwinked, and indeed delirious condition of society, equivalent to defying his perpetual, fellest enmity? The epithet *Schneider-mässig* (tailor-like), betokens an otherwise unapproachable degree of pusillanimity. We introduce a *Tailor's Melancholy*, more opprobrious than any leprosy, into our Books of Medicine; and fable I know not what of his generating it by living on Cabbage. Why should I speak of Hans Sachs (himself a shoemaker or kind of Leather-Tailor), with his *Schneider mit dem Panier?* Why of Shakespeare in his *Taming of the Shrew*, and elsewhere? Does it not stand on record that the English Queen Elizabeth, receiving a deputation of eighteen tailors, addressed them with a 'Good morning, gentlemen both'? Did not the same virago boast that she had a Cavalry Regiment whereof neither horse nor man

could be injured—her Regiment, namely, of Tailors on Mares? Thus everywhere is the false word taken for granted, and acted on as an indisputable fact.' And again in the chapter 'Prospective,' the Philosopher says: 'Clothes, from the king's mantle downwards, are emblematic not of want only, but of a manifold cunning,—Victory over want.' Some one has said that Carlyle's wit reminded him of the German baron who was discovered leaping on tables, and explained to an anxious inquirer the cause of this action by saying that *he was learning to be lively.*

"What I admire in Carlyle is his independence: his fearless advocacy of right, and denunciation of wrong. It was well for him that he did not live in the time of Pope. He never could be servile. His proud spirit would rebel against the custom that made Genius stoop to Wealth. The mind that painted so gorgeously the life of the author of 'The Robbers,' could not endure the man whose only attribute was the possession of gold or the accident of an aristocratic birth. He could not pander to a debased nobility, nor give up his opinions for fear of offending a vile state minister, who had the ear of kings or the power of armies at his beck. One can fancy in Carlyle the courage of a Cromwell. Indeed he is a literary Cromwell. He has, however, no *finesse.* He would never make a diplomatist. He is too open. He would say, if he thought so, with Galileo, the world moves; but he would take no oaths to the contrary before he said so. He is a believer in unity. He would cement man to man. He would bind, if he could, the whole human race together. His range of thought is not uniform. He groups together, with shocking taste, the lowest as well as the highest things. He is a Dickens and a Thackeray rolled into one."

"What a grand preacher he would have made—a second Chalmers!"

"He narrowly escaped being a minister. His parents intended him for the Church, but he preferred the priesthood of the writers of books to the priesthood of the ministry. Had he entered the Church, what sermons would he have preached: as rugged in thought as his own native Grampians! He would indeed have been another Chalmers, or perhaps a Knox. He would have fulmined over Scotland as Milton's 'old man eloquent fulmined over Greece.' He would have swayed audiences with the same majestic eloquence which he employed so well in his inaugural address at Glasgow, when he was made Lord Rector. The Church has lost a great man. I do not believe his philosophy is Pantheistic."

"Yet he is a great doubter. I never could quite understand why it was he preferred to take the gloomy side so often; why he loved to interrupt the joyous thoughts which ran freely through hopeful, sanguine minds, with some rough objection or sneering cynicism. Even genial Leigh Hunt felt ill at ease in the Thinker's company. He would demolish at a blow the thousand little footless fancies which the imaginative and

pleasant essayist rattled off in his delightful conversations. Carlyle always took a taciturn view, and threw cold water on many a joyously conceived project which grew in the brain of Hunt. The bright, glorious starlight which the lively essayist seemed to think, in his delicious way, was all joy and gladness, and contained voices which sung an eternal song of hope in the soul of man, Carlyle considered a sad sight. The brilliant stars would yet become gaunt graves, for all living things must die and have an end."

"I remember that story; and how Hunt sat on the steps and held his sides with laughter, when Carlyle looked up at the heavens and thundered out, in unmistakably broad Scotch, 'Eh, but it is a sad sight!' Hunt was immensely tickled over it, but it was Carlyle all over. He would quarrel with the heavens if he thought they were not doing right, I firmly believe."

"What position do you think Carlyle will hold in letters?"

"I consider him the foremost thinker of the age; and his place is at the head of our philosophers and historians. He is our soundest modern author. With all his peculiarities, he is a Saul among his contemporaries."

"How would you rank him beside America's Thinker, Emerson?"

"I admire Emerson very much, and consider him second only to Carlyle. I have something to say about Emerson, but we had better reserve him for our next meeting. He must have an evening to himself."

GEO. STEWART, JR.

WORDS FOR AN ANTHEM.

O POWER Supreme! in whose hands are the Nations,
Whose smile is the sun that illumines their way;
Whose frown spreads a tremor through all the Creations
That move in the light of Thy Sovereign sway:
Unite us as one, in this dawn of our glory,
That heralds a future no mortal can see,
When kingdoms and climes shall be proud of the story
Of Canada, Canada, Land of the Free.

In Thee be our trust, not in chariots and horsemen,
No thunder of battle our footsteps may stain;
But should that day dawn, we'll strike home like the Norseman,
Be brave as the Briton, and stern as the Dane.
Then, while in our hands the fair olive is waving,
Whatever betide we will look unto Thee,
Invoking the strength of Thy right arm, in saving
Our Canada, Canada, Land of the Free.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

Ottawa.

ARMINIUS.

[After the lapse of eighteen centuries, the German people have erected a statue to the memory of Arminius, the glorious champion of liberty; who dared to defy the armies of Rome, and the military skill of one of her bravest and most renowned commanders, the noble Germanicus. Arminius has left a more lasting monument in the pages of history, than the hand of genius and the cold marble can supply. His name is immortally engraved on the heart of his country.]

From craggy height to forest lone
He cast his eagle eye;
And hailed upon her rugged throne,
The genius, Liberty.
Through sombre woods and rocky caves,
The words of power rung forth;
They thunder'd o'er the ocean wave,
And roused to arms the North—
Led on by him, who sternly rose
Th' avenger of his people's woes!

"Shall Rome!" he cried "forever bind
A prostrate world in chains?
On to the field!—the free-born mind
Her galling yoke disdains;
Strike for the altar and the hearth!
On brothers!—on with me!
Strike for the land that gives you birth,
For homes, for children free!
Who fears to fill a patriot's grave
Deserves to live and die a slave!"

Like rushing of the mountain blast
The leafless forest through,
From man to man deep murmurs passed,
And forth each weapon flew—
The flashing steel makes bright the air;
The crowd exulting cried—
"Accurs'd be he who would not dare
The combat by thy side,
Who would not venture life, to claim
A freeman's rights—a freeman's name!"

One chief alone in silence heard
The warrior's stern appeal;

No kindred hope his bosom stirred,
With patriotic zeal.
His fearless sons had oft been tried
In battle's stormy day—
He marked that glorious scene unmoved,
And slowly strode away—
Yet on Arminius, as he past,
One sad and ling'ring look he cast.

He did not dread the Roman steel ;
From boyhood taught to hold
That only cowards fear could feel—
He loved the Roman gold.
The strife was hopeless in his sight—
Mere madness to oppose,
Or battle for his country's right,
Against o'erwhelming foes.
Rome still must triumph, and the horde
Bow to her iron yoke the sword.

Let his ambitious brother dare
To brave the Roman host,
The desperate game he would not share—
So certain to be lost.
Leaving the death-devoted band,
To Rome the traitor fled ;
In arms against his native land,
A Roman legion led—
His proudest boast—the brand of shame ;
His great reward, a Roman name.*

Stern time has o'er those brothers roll'd
His swift and changeless tide ;
And deeds of high emprise are told
On either foeman's side.
But stern reverse, or victory, brought
Fresh food to feed the flame,
That in the patriot's stedfast thought,
A living force became.
Though baffled oft yet unsubdued,
Like rock 'mid ocean's roar he stood.

His pride no foreign power can quell,
Or quench the fire that glows
In his great heart, where madly dwell,
A prostrate country's woes—

* The brother of Arminius became a Roman General in the army of Germanicus, and received the honour of Knighthood by the name of Flavius.

Traced hopefully through blighted years
Of life consuming pain ;
Recorded in the bitter tears
That never flow again—
The flood-gates of the soul that sever
In passion's tide, to part for ever.

PART II.

The brothers met beside the stream,
The freeman and the slave ;
Their figures in the noon-day beam,
Reflected on the wave.
In rude barbarian spoils arrayed,
The brave Arminius stood ;
Awhile the rapid tide surveyed
In stern and ireful mood—
Whose sullen course can scarce oppose,
A barrier to those kindred foes.

Arminius first the silence broke,
And fiercely cried aloud :
" Base slave ! that own'st a foreign yoke,
Of chains and bondage proud,
What title can proud Rome bestow,
To grace a traitor's name ?
Alike the scorn of friend and foe,
Thine is a deathless shame !
The meanest of the hireling band
Whose crimes pollute thy native land.

" By all brave spirits ever dared
In Freedom's sacred cause ;
By her whose sacred love we shared,
Abuse not nature's laws !
I charge thee by our mother's tears—
Our father's angry shade ;
By the deep love of early years,
When in the fields we played—
With me in freedom's cause to die,
Nor live in splendid infamy ! "

He ceased—and deepest crimson flushed
His brother's war-worn face ;
Those sacred ties the world had crushed
Within his heart found place.

T'was but a moment, and the glow
Of generous feeling died.
He raised his haughty plumed brow,
And tauntingly replied—
To one whom—though he scorned his power,
He felt his master in that hour.

"What hast thou gained by all thy toil—
The blood that thou hast shed?
Rome's legions still thy efforts foil,
And heap these fields with dead.
Behold this golden chain—this crown—
By deeds of valour won,
These more shall add to my renown
Than all the deeds thou'st done!
Honour and rank—immortal fame,
Can only grace a Roman name!"

"And hast though for these heartless toys,
Thy name and kindred sold?
And bartered home and all its joys,
Thy native land—for gold?
Boast not thy guilt, vile slave to me,
I scorn the base offence!
Arminius lives but to be free—
Traitor! I charge thee hence!
Dearer than crowns—than realms, I prize
The grave in which a patriot lies!

"Hear me ye spirits of the dead,
Chiefs of the days of old!
In the same sacred cause who bled,
Whose fame our bards have told!
Hear me ye Gods! while thus I swear
Never to quench the brand,
Never the garb of peace to wear,
Till I have freed the land.
I'll burst this foreign yoke in twain,
Or perish with the severing chain!

"And think not, that my name shall go
To dark oblivion down;
For me the minstrel strain shall flow,
And glory wear my crown.
My name my country's proudest boast,
For ages yet to be

The war-cry of the charging host,
The watchword of the free !
While *thine !* shall be the curse and scorn
Of German heroes yet unborn."

He ceased, and, with a bitter smile,
The angry Flavius cried :—
The burning blush of shame the while,
His swarthy visage dyed—
" Barbarian ! vainly dost thou brave,
The arms—the power of Rome,
Is not thy wife—thy son a slave,
And desolate thy home ?
How cans't *thou flinch*—and dost thou prize
Honour above these sacred ties ? "

As bursts the whirlwind's awful sweep—
The thunder's angry peal ;
The billows of the storm-tossed deep,
The clash of meeting steel—
The fury of Arminius burst
Like lightning through the gloom,
The hidden grief he long had nursed,
His wife—his infants' doom.
And plunging in th' opposing tide,
The insulter of his woes defied.

With equal fury Flavius sprang,
To meet his kindred foe ;
But e'er their swords together rang,
Or struck a fatal blow—
Like arrow from a bow well bent,
*Stertinius from the height,—
His fiery steed between them sent,
And checked the impious fight.
With lifted hand and tightened rein
He waved them to the battle plain.

SUSANNA MOODIE.

* *Vide Tacitus.*

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

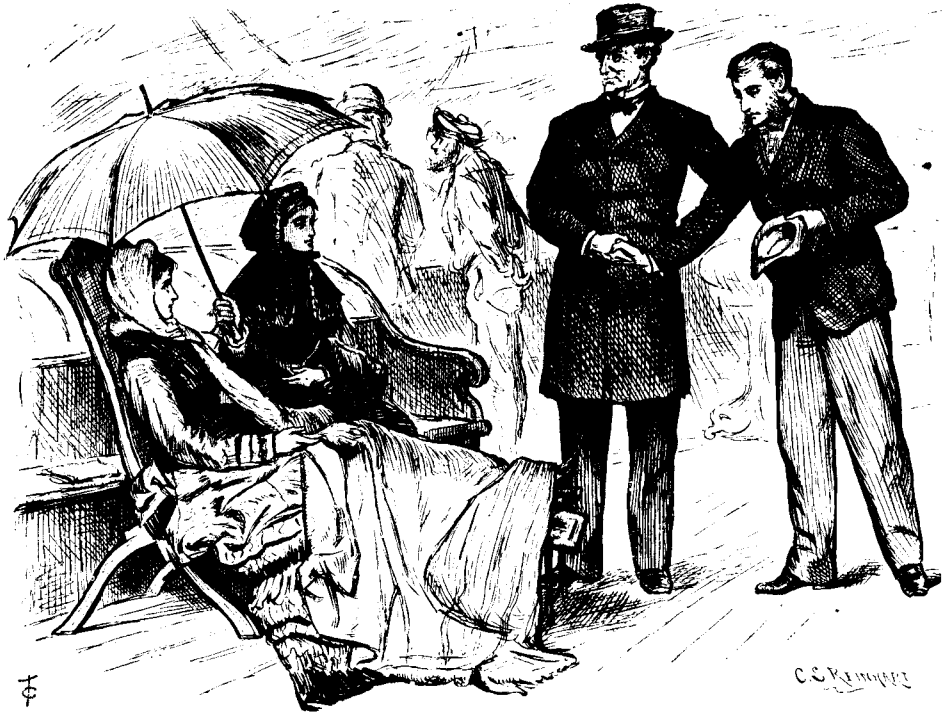
CHAPTER I.

It was a fresh June morning, and Mr. Montgomery Glezen was flying northward, in a railway car, along the eastern shore of the Hudson. During the long winter and the tedious spring he had been penned within the city, with only one brief interval, and that a sad one. Snow and sleet and rain had succeeded each other with tiresome repetition; but, though delayed at every step, the summer had at last fought its way through them all, and on that morning stood upon every height, crowned and acknowledged the queen of the realm.

The heavy dew still held the dust, and he opened the window to catch the fresh air upon his face, and to gaze without obstruction upon the beautiful river. Every sail was up, and the wings upon the water were as busy as the wings that hovered over the land. He was flying; the ships were flying; the birds were flying. Flying seemed to be the natural motion on such a morning, for everything that moved; and when he thought of the noisy, toiling, dusty city he had left behind him, the motion became full of a joyous meaning—exalted and exultant; and he wished that he could fly on thus forever.

He passed the long line of the Palisades that frowned upon him from the western shore; he skirted the broad stretch of Haverstraw Bay, through the middle of which, stripped to its skeleton a Titanic steamer was dragging its reluctant train of barges; he ran under the loop-holes of Sing-Sing prison, catching glimpses of wicked, wistful eyes, as the train slacked its speed on entering the village; he approached the beautiful Highlands, standing green and glorious in their fresh summer dress; he passed long bridges that crossed the debouchures of tributary streams; he shot through deep rock-cuttings and short tunnels, where the mountains threw their spurs sheer out to the water; and with every curve of the crooked passage, as it clung to the winding shore, he caught new glimpses and fresh forms of a beauty that made him forget all that he had seen upon the Rhine and the Danube.

He was a striking figure himself, and was observed with curious interest by more than one of his fellow-passengers. Thin-visaged, of medium height, with dark hair and eyes, and swarthy complexion, there was that about his mobile and intelligent features which would attract attention anywhere. This morning he was happy. There was a bright



NICHOLAS IS PRESENTED TO MISS LARKIN

light in his eyes, and a smile upon his mouth. He was enjoying the beauty of the changing landscape ; enjoying the rush of the train ; enjoying his liberty as only a young and sensitive man can enjoy anything. There was a mirthful twinkle, too, in the corners of his eyes, which showed that he only needed opportunity to give himself up to a pleasant companionship as wholly as he had surrendered himself to the inspiring influences of his morning trip.

But he hurried on and on. Once he was conscious of a pause ; and the fancy came to him that the train was a huge orchestra, and that the players were turning the wheels for a new symphony, which soon began with the call of pipes, the ringing of bells, the tremble and shiver of violins, the drone of bassoons, and the rhythmic crash of drums. This passed away to make room for other fancies,—for his mind was all alive with them. He passed West Point, snugly hidden behind its defiant rocks ; he left Cornwall in its restful sprawl at the foot of its mountain ; he caught a glimpse of Newburg, shining like a city of silver among its terraced streets ; and then the train slacked, and the station of "Ottercliff" was called.

Mr. Montgomery Glezen had enjoyed the morning so much that he had dreaded to hear the word pronounced which would summons him from his seat. He started up, however, almost fiercely, and was the first man upon the platform. It was but a moment that the train was delayed, and then it whirled away. He felt like a bewildered sailor, stranded upon a quiet beach. Everything stood strangely still, and it seemed as if the departing train had taken a portion of his life with it. He could now hear the birds sing, and the wind whispering among the tender green leaves. It was hard to adjust himself to the new conditions.

He stood for a few moments, vacantly looking after the train and listening to its retreating roar, when he became conscious that a negro in livery was standing before him, with his hat in his hand.

"Is you de genlm dat Mr. Minturn spects dis mornin'?" said the darkey, with a great show of courtesy, and a radiant exhibition of ivory.

"I 'spects I is," replied Glezen, with a laugh.

"De conveyance is on de odder side ob de buildin'," responded Mr. Minturn's man, relieving the visitor of his satchel, and leading the way. "Take a seat in de vehicle, sah."

Glezen was happy once more. This mixture of big words with the old plantation *patois* was charming. He had found something fresh in the way of amusement, and the railway train was at once forgotten, as the carriage started slowly up the long acclivity that led to the gate of one of the largest, oldest and most beautiful ancestral parks which look out upon the Hudson. During the long climb, notwithstanding the new source of interest opened to him very broadly in the face of the Ethi-

opian driver, a memory held him in possesion. Six months before, within a week of Christmas, he had passed over the same road, bound for the same house; and he could not help recalling the sad occasion. Mrs. Minturn, the mother of his college friend, had died, and he had gone up to attend the funeral, and to comfort, as much as he could, the dear fellow she had left entirely alone in the world. And now, even at months' distance, he could not help recalling what she had been to her son. Left early a widow, with this single child, she had lived to see him educated, and to be to him mother, sister, friend, lover—everything; going with him, and living near him at school and college, holding him to virtue by a devoted and absorbing affection, and making his happiness and his good the one business and end of her life.

So, as Glezen enters the gate of the old park of three hundred beautiful acres, he wonders, as he had often wondered before, what this young man, who has been left so lonely and so rich, will do with himself. He is rich enough to do anything, or nothing; stay at home, or go anywhere; be nobody, or somebody. What will he do with himself?

The hill surmounted, the horses started off at a livelier pace, and with the new motion, the sober thoughts were left behind. Glezen looked up, and saw the driver casting a furtive glance over his shoulder. He was evidently aching for conversation.

"What shall I call you, my man?" said Glezen.

"Sah?" inquired the darkey, who did not quite understand that form of expression.

"What is your name?"

"Pont, sah," he replied.

"Pont? Pont? That's a very short name. The names didn't quite go round in your family, did they?"

"Mas'r Minturn says he 'spects it must have been Ponchus Pilot, sah."

"Ponchus Pilot?" exclaimed Glezen, with a loud laugh. "Well, that's a big name, but it's got badly worn up."

"Yes, sah, like an old whip, clean smack up to de handel. But I 'spects dat was de real name when I administered my baptism, sah," said Pont, with a judicial cock of his eye.

This was too much for Glezen. He laughed loudly, and Pont laughed with him. Then the former said:

"Pont, you were not here last winter. How did you get here?"

"Well, sah," responded Pont, "I wanted my civil rights, and I jes done come away, sah."

"Ah? Civil rights? What are civil rights, Pont? I live in New York, and I don't know."

"Ye got me dere, Mas'r," replied Pont, with a grin. "I do' know

what dey is. I knows I got 'em. I knows when I don't like one Mas'r, I kin go to anodder."

"You like your new master, then?"

"Yis sah; Mas'r Minturn is a genlm; but he's sich a chile! 'Pears like he don't know anything."

"Ah? How's that?"

"Well, sah, when I fust come yer," said Pont, contemplatively, "he says, 'What's yer name?' Says I, 'Pont, sah.' And then says 'e, 'It must 'a' be'n Ponchus Pilot.' An' says I, 'I don't know what it was when I administered my baptism; but I 'spects dat was it.' An' den says 'e, 'Would ye like me to call yer Mr. Pilot?' I laughed at de chile, an' says I, 'No, call me Pont;' but I see he was a genlm, an' wanted to s'cure my civil rights. An' then says he, 'Kin ye drive a hoss?' Says I, 'Yis, sah; I was fotched up with hosses.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye row a boat?' An' I says, 'Yis, sah, I was fotched up with boats.' An' then says 'e, 'Kin ye milk cows?' 'Yis, sah,' says I, 'I was fotched up with cows.' An' kin ye shine boots?' says 'e. Yis, sah, says I laughin'; 'I was fotched up with boots.' Then I see 'im laughin' in 'is eyes. An' den says 'e, 'Pont, how many times have ye been fotched up?' 'Well, sah,' says I, thinkin' ob de boots, 'I reckon nigh about a hundred times.' Den 'e laughed powerful, an' says 'e, 'Pont, you'll do; 'but he's sich a chile! He can't drive this hoss, I gib ye my word, sah; an' I've knew 'im try to row a boat wrong end fust."

Pont gave a guffaw at the recollection, and chuckled over his own superiority; but further conversation was shut off by the near approach to the Minturn mansion, and the new subject of interest thus introduced to his much amused passenger.

An old house was something that Montgomery Glezen loved. It was, however, an æsthetic matter with him. He had had no family associations with one; but he read such a house as he would read an old poem. To stand upon an ancient threshold; to wander through old rooms, and to imagine the life that had been lived there,—the brides that had entered there, blooming and joyous; the children that had been born there; the feasts, the merry gatherings, the sicknesses, the vigils, the tears that had fallen upon the lifeless clay there; the prayers that through long generations had ascended there; the sweetnesses of domestic life, the tragedies of disappointment and sorrow, the loves, hopes, fears, triumphs, despairs, of which the venerable walls and quaint old furniture had been witnesses, always moved him to tears. And to think that the frail materials around him had outlasted many generations of human life that seemed so precious to him,—what pathos! what mockery! A day in an old house was more precious to him than gold,—though of gold he had but little.

It was winter when he was there before, and sorrow for his friend had shut out all other thoughts. As he approached the house, along the road of shining gravel that whimpered under the wheels, he saw that it was old and large, and that it had evidently been added to since it was built, though the additions themselves were old, and everything had assumed the uniform and mellow tone of age. There was little of architectural beauty or grandeur in the heavy pile; but the well-kept lawns around it, the glowing borders of roses, the gravelled walks, and the old trees that drooped in every direction with the weight of their new foliage, were a sufficient preparation for the rich and tasteful interior, of which he had once had a glimpse, and which he had many times longed to see again.

He alighted, but no one welcomed him, or noticed his arrival. There was not even the sound of a human voice within hearing; but the door stood wide to the morning breeze, and he entered quietly and looked about him. In the centre of the hall lay the skin of a huge tiger, the head stuffed, and the eyes glaring upon him. Opening out to the right was a billiard-room, ornamented on its walls with bows and arrows, and old muskets, and pairs of branching antlers, and other insignia of sporting tastes and habits which showed that the older Minturns had been fond of the fields and woods. Beyond this picturesque recess, further up the hall, and bracing its right wall, there stood a massive oak settee, black with age, and rich with carving,—a trophy of travel brought by some wandering Minturn from a spoiled Venetian palace, who, with the rare treasure, must also have brought the cabinets and trousseau-chests that announced their kinship from the opposite side of the grand apartment. The grinning statue of an Ethiopian stood at the foot of the old winding staircase, holding in its hands a many-branching candelabrum. There were ponderous vases, illuminated with dragons and other barbarous designs; there were old tapestries, some of them framed, and others suspended by their hems, or thrown carelessly over chairs and lounges, with coarse bric-à-brac piled here and there; but everything strong, artistic, harmonious. Glezen's eyes rejoiced in it all. The lavish cost, the antique tone, the sombre splendour, the strange harmony, moved him like music; and he stood still for long minutes, taking in the scene in all its details, until it had fixed itself indelibly upon his memory.

Then, with a light step, he passed on up the hall, leaving a beautiful modernized library opening upon his right, and catching a glimpse upon his left of the generous dining-room, with its old carved buffet. Entering the drawing-room, he found the windows opened to the floor, and saw his friend through one of them, seated on the utmost edge of the broad piazza, evidently in a brown study. Nicholas Minturn had heard

nothing. He was entirely alone, and his thoughts were wandering up and down the world.

With noiseles steps, Glezen approached the piano, sat down, and began to play. For ten minutes he revelled in an improvision of which he could only have been capable after such an experience as this lavish June morning had conferred upon him. At first, Nicholas started, wheeled suddenly round, then walked to the window and looked in. He longed to rush in and greet his guest, but he doubted whether it would be courteous to interrupt him, and he wanted to hear the music.

As he folds his arms, and bows his head, leaning against the window-frame, we may look at him. Tall, strongly built, with fine blue eyes and light hair, a generous whisker, and altogether an English look, we find him sufficiently prepossessing. As he still stands there, let us talk a little more about him. When he comes to speak, we shall find him a little English in his manner too,—a little brusque and impulsive, and somewhat hesitating in his talk ; for hesitation in speech, which, in America, is cousin of a gaucherie, is in England the mother of grace. He is a young man who has, in the parlance of the neighbourhood, been "tied to his mother's apron-strings." Well, there are worse things in the world than being tied to a good woman's apron-strings,—being tied to a bad woman's apron-strings, for instance, or not being tied to a woman's apron-strings at all. It has, at least, kept him pure and unsuspecting. A woman may look into his blue eyes without finding there anything more offensive, in the way of qnestion or suggestion, than she would meet in looking into a mountain spring. He is a clean man, simple in his tastes, hearty in his friendships, but utterly lonely, and without definite aims. The society of young men of his own position is distasteful to him. To them, he is slow, if not a simpleton. The one business of ministering to her who had been so devoted to him has been taken out of his hands, and for six weary months the world has seemed empty and meaningless to him. Glezen understands him, and loves him, and has come up to spend the day with him, and bid him good-bye, for he has persuaded him to go to Europe, and thus make a break in his monotonous existence, and a beginning of life.

Glezen brought his fantasia to a closing touch, and then, entirely conscious that his friend was listening to him, exclaimed :

"Well ! If this isn't the most inhospitable old hole I ever found myself in ! Not a man, woman or child to greet a fellow ! When I come a hundred miles again to see a friend, I'll telegraph in advance to know whether he's out of bed."

Nicholas rushed forward, seized Glezen in his arms, and said :

"My good fellow, you don't mean that ? You don't mean that you

think me capable of slighting you. I assure you I'm more than glad to see you."

Glezen released himself and stood off with folded arms. Then, with a serious voice and face, he said:

"Nicholas Minturn, this won't do. It's all very well for you to put on airs of contrition and cordiality, when you find that you have provoked your friends; but I tell you it won't do. It's too transparent. This carelessness, this lawlessness, is one of the most serious faults of your character; and now if you'll be kind enough to tell me when the next return train passes, and send me to it, I shall trouble you no further."

"But, Glezen, you can't mean it," expostulated Nicholas.

"Mean it? Of course I mean it. Do you suppose a New York lawyer has to leave his business and quit the city to do his lying?

"What can I do?" said Nicholas, going forward and taking Glezen's reluctant hand, "to convince you that I love you, and am glad to see you?"

"Nothing, nothing," said Glezen, solemnly shaking his head. "It is too late. You should have come to the station and received me with open arms. You should at least have been waiting for me, and looking for me at the door, and prepared me for that horrible tiger that almost scared my life out of me."

"Yes, that's true, and I'm sorry. But I've been terribly bothered by this horrible journey, and I didn't think. Come now, what can I do for you?"

"My own, my long lost brother! This terrible estrangement shall no longer continue. Give me a cigar, and the past shall all be forgotten," said Glezen, dropping suddenly from tragedy, and putting his arm around Nicholas and leading him out upon the piazza.

Both sat down, and looked into each other's faces and smiled.

"Glezen," said Nicholas, "what's the fun of joking? You never know what a joker is going to do, or when he's going to do it."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "I wish you were a girl. If I could find a girl half as good as you are, I would marry her in five minutes. What do you say to that?"

"It strikes me it would be rather sudden."

Glezen laughed and responded:

"Perhaps it would, but there's nothing like taking a woman by surprise. And now, speaking of girls, Nicholas, you know you look upon me as a sort of father. At any rate, that is the relation I assume, with all the crushing responsibilities that go with it. There's nothing for you but to get married. Get a wife, you must and shall."

"Why don't you get married yourself?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, you know I have a piano-forte," replied Glezen, soberly.

"Is it all the same?"

"Not exactly," replied Glezen, "but they are both musical instruments, you know. Some people take to the violin, and some to the cornet. We can't all play on the same thing, without making the music of life too monotonous."

"But your piano never turns round and tries to play on you," said Nicholas.

Glezen laughed.

"Oh, you're afraid, are you?"

"Well, you know how fond I was of my mother, but I never could see the fun of girls. They giggle so; and a fellow never knows what they're going to do."

"What do you want to know what they're going to do for?" inquired Glezen. "Besides," he continued, "they all stop giggling when they get married. A rooster never crows after his head is cut off."

"Is it all the same?" inquired Nicholas again.

"Nicholas Minturn, you are frivolous. If there's anything I despise it's a trifler. Now listen to me. You have nothing in the world to do —after your travel, of course—but to get married. This beautiful home, now so lonely, can be made as bright and full of life and music as any home in the world. You can be the head of a family. You can have children around you to whom you may be as much as your mother has been to you."

Nicholas recognized genuine earnestness in Glezen's closing tone. He was touched by the allusion to his mother; but with perfect simplicity and earnestness he responded:

"Glezen, I never could see the fun of children. If a fellow could find them all grown up, it would be nice, but you never would know what they're going to do. 'Pon my word, I believe a little baby would kill me. I always want to run when I hear one cry; and half a dozen of 'em would make me wild."

"How can you talk so about innocent children, exclaimed Glezen; "you're a brute."

"It's all very well to talk about innocent children; but they fight like tigers, and get mad and scream like cats. You know they do," responded Nicholas, with heated earnestness.

"Nicholas Minturn," said Glezen gravely, "I little suspected the depth of your depravity. I see before you a terrible future. This house is evidently to become the castle of a giant, who will destroy all the children that approach it. My young friend Nick will become the old Nick to all this neigbourhood. And he might be a respectable and useful character!"

Nicholas heard the last word, but he had not followed his companion's banter. He was wondering what it was that made him so different from all his friends. They were so easy, facile, readily adapted to changes of society, circumstance and condition; slid from jest to earnest without a shock; were fond of frolics and games, and quick to enjoy all that came to them of change. Here was Glezen with a ready tongue, bothering him with badinage and pushing him with honest brotherly counsel in the same breath. He loved him, but the trouble was that he "never knew what he was going to do."

"Speaking of character," said Nicholas, with a vague idea that he was continuing the conversation in a logical way, "did it ever occur to you that I haven't any character? Any flavour, so to speak? The fact is I'm just a pudding without any sauce—nutritious enough, perhaps, but confoundedly insipid. A woman would never get tired of you. You have as many flavours as a drug-shop."

"Probably," said Glezen, "and most unpleasant ones; and now let me tell you a thing to lay up in your memory for your everlasting comfort. Nothing wears like bread and butter, and sensible women know it. These highly flavoured and variously flavoured men are just those who play the devil with women's lives. They are us ually selfish, volatile, unreliable; but so far as you need flavour you'll get it. Travel will help you to it. Age and a voyage across the sea improve the flavour of wine, they say, and I don't see why they shouldn't be good for men."

"Well," said Nicholas, "I don't see the fun of travel. You never know what you're going to do."

"But you have your plans, my boy? what are you talking about?"

"Yes, I have two or three plans," said Nicholas, a broad smile overspreading his handsome face. "If I don't like it I shall come back. That's one plan; and then you see I've had no end of old ladies who have been to see me with their daughters. It seems as if all the boobies and bores have been to Europe. One of 'em says: 'Oh, Mr. Minturn, you must think of me when you are at the Devil's Bridge;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are in the catacombs;' and another says: 'you must think of me when you are at the Tomb of Napoleon'; and one gushing creature says I really must think of her when I'm on the Rhigi. So I'll just go to those places and think of those women, though what good it does a woman to have a fellow think of her in the Catacombs, is more than I know."

"Well that's an original plan of travel, anyway," exclaimed Glezen, with a hearty laugh. "Talk about not having any flavour? Why that's delicious. And are you to have no company?"

"No."

"And are you to sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, I believe that's the arrangement."

"And these are your plans?"

"Yes," responded Nicholas. I'm just going to improve my flavour by visiting the Catacombs, and meditating on females."

Glezen put his head in his hands, and thought. He was very fond of his friend, and very much amused with him; and though he liked to hear him talk, and enjoyed the ludicrous side of the matter, he was sadly concerned in the aimlessness and indifference with which he regarded the great enterprise before him. He had had much to do in bringing Nicholas to a determination to travel; and now he saw that the heart of the latter was not in the enterprise at all. He was going to Europe because he had been advised to go. People had seen him plunged in a voluntary confinement, and as soon as the word "travel" was mentioned, all had conspired to forward the undertaking with their congratulations and their counsels.

At last Glezen looked up and said:

"Nicholas, you'll fall in with lots of pleasant people. You'll find yourself the member of a party before you leave the steamer. It's always so, particularly with a young and handsome man, who happens to be rich. Don't anticipate any trouble. Providence always has an eye out and a hand ready for those who can't take care of themselves."

Nicholas was saved the trouble of responding to this comforting suggestion by the ringing of the door-bell, and the entrance of the village lawyer, to whose hands he had confided the charge of his estate. For a long hour, Glezen was left to himself, while Nicholas and his man of affairs were closeted in the library. He visited the stables, held a characterestic conversation with Pont, strolled over the grounds, looked into the boat-house, and wondered at that dispensation of Providence which had placed all the good things of this world in the hands of one who did not know how to use them, and had marked out a hard path for himself, who, he imagined, could use them with fine advantage. He had no complaint to make, for he was a manly fellow. He indulged in no envy, for he loved his friend. Indeed, he believed that Nicholas was as manly as himself. He knew that he was a thousand times better prepared to meet the temptations of life than himself. Certainly, wealth had not spoiled Nicholas; and he was not certain that wealth would not have spoiled Montgomery Glezen.

At the close of the interview in the library, the early country dinner was announced, and on entering the dining-room Glezen was presented to his friend's housekeeper, Mrs. Fleming, and to his lawyer, Mr. Billamy Gold. Nicholas explained to Glezen that Mrs. Fleming was his mother's friend, whom she had known and loved all her life; and said that, for his mother's sake, she had undertaken to look after him, and to guide his house.

Mrs. Fleming protested that, while she had loved the young man's mother as she had never loved any other woman, no son could be more affectionate or more worthy of affection than she had found Nicholas to be.

Mrs Fleming was a Quaker in her creed and in her dress. Her face was bright with intelligence, and fine in every feature—a gray-haired woman with a youthful spirit, to whom not only Nicholas felt himself irresistibly attracted—one of those women to whom any young man could easily open his heart at a moment's notice. Glezen saw, with an admiration which painted itself upon his expressive face, the affectionate and respectful relations that existed between this lady and the young master of the house,—the almost motherly fondness that manifested itself upon one side ; the half-gallant, half-filial feeling that prevailed upon the other. He apprehended at once the reason that Nicholas could remain so contentedly at home.

When Mrs. Fleming had completed her first offices of hospitality at the board, she took up a letter that a servant had placed at her plate, and begged the privilege of opening it. As she read it, her face lighted with pleasure, and she said :

"Nicholas, here is some good news for thee."

"Tell us what it is," said the young man.

"The Bensons are going on the 'Ariadne'—on the same steamer with thee. No," she added, after reading further, "only Mr. Benson and his ward, Miss Larkin, with her companion. She is a wretched invalid. I suppose the voyage is for her benefit."

"But I don't know Mr. Benson," said Nicholas, disappointed.

"I shall have the privilege of giving thee a letter of introduction," said Mrs. Fleming,

"He's a good man to know, of course ?" said Nicholas.

"Oh ! he's what they call a model man," responded Mrs. Fleming—"a man without reproach—more respected, more trusted than any man I know."

"Well," said Nicholas, "if he's a model man, I should like to know him. A model is just what I'm after. I fancy there's stuff enough in me, if I only had a model."

"Nicholas," said Glezen, "you are not polite to your guests. Mr. Gold here is a model man. I am a model man. I say it with profound modesty. I come up here and display my perfections to you, and off you go wandering after strange gods. You deliberately trample on the commonest notice of friendship and hospitality."

"Glezen, what's the fun of fooling ? A fellow never knows what to say," responded Nicholas.

Mrs. Fleming laughed. She had read Glezen at a glance, and fully

appreciated the temptation to banter which such a nature as that of Nicholas presented to him. So she said :

"I fancy a model man must be a man who never changes,—one who never laughs, never cries, is never rude, never weak, is always the same, governed by principle, and can stand to be looked at years at a time."

"Can a fellow love him?" asked Nicholas.

"Well, I suppose his wife and children love him ; but everybody respects him, and everybody trusts him. He is treasurer of everything. I suppose he holds in trust the money of more widows and orphans than any other man in New York."

The last remark aroused the attention of Mr. Bellamy Gold. Up to this time he had been quietly engaged with his dinner, and had evidently regarded himself as an outsider. His observance and his quick lawyer's instincts had taught him that no man is liable to be crowned with a great many trusts who does not seek them, and make their possession a part of the policy of his life. His client was about to pass into the intimate companionship of this man, and the prospect was not a pleasant one.

"A model man—begging your pardon, Mrs. Fleming," said Mr. Bellamy Gold,—"is a made-up man. At least, that is what my observation has taught me. He has shaped everything in him to a policy. Most of the model men I have known have shaped themselves to just this. Now I don't know Mr. Benson, of course. He may be an exception, but I wouldn't trust a model man as far as I could see him. He is always a pretty piece of patchwork, cut down here, padded there, without angles, and without any more palatable individuality than—than—that plate of squash."

Here Mr. Bellamy Gold tapped the plate with his knife, as if the question were settled and there were nothing more to be said upon the subject. He had at least said enough to put his unsuspecting client upon his guard, and to leave an amused and curious look upon the faces of his companions.

Mrs. Fleming broke the silence that followed the somewhat bumptious remarks of the lawyer by saying that it would at least be pleasant for Nicholas to know somebody on board, and he could make much or little of the acquaintance, as might seem best to him.

"But what about this ward of the model man?" inquired Glezen. "Is she handsome, interesting?"

"I shall tell thee nothing about her. She has had a sad life, and deserves all the courtesy it is in any man's power to bestow upon her."

"The vista opens," said Glezen, "I see it all,—interesting invalid—a polite and intriguing guardian—a susceptible young man in independent circumstances—moonlight evenings on the great and wide sea,—

the whole thing confided to Glezen as the young man's next friend,—nuptials,—and happy forever after!"

All rose from the table with a laugh, and the afternoon and evening were quickly passed away in receiving calls and attending to the never-ending last things that must be done previous to a long absence from home.

On the following morning, a light box of luggage was sent down to the station, and Nicholas Minturn and his friend soon followed it. Pont was silent. "Mas'r Minturn" was going away, and the place would be very lonely without him. As for Nicholas, he was in a kind of maze. He did not wish to go away; he had no pleasure in anticipation but that of getting back; he wondered why, with all his wealth at command, he should be sent around into places that he did not care for; and, for once in his life at least, he envied Glezen. He knew "what he was going to do."

"Good-bye, Pont," he said, taking the darkey's hand as the train approached which was to bear him away. "Good-bye! God bless you! I shall come back if I don't enjoy myself."

"It's a good place to come back to, sah. It's a salubr'ous elevation here, sah!" said Pont, drawing back, and lifting his hat.

"Pont," said Glezen, "I shall yearn for you. Not a day, not an hour, will pass in which my heart will not go out to you with unspeakable tenderness."

Then he put both hands upon the uncovered, woolly head, and pronounced some sort of a benediction that left the fellow laughing through his tears; and then, with its added burden, the train whirled away, leaving Pont to drive slowly back to the house, talking sadly to himself all the way.

CHAPTER II.

It was two o'clock, and the good ship "Ariadne" was to leave her dock at three. The steam was up, and blowing fiercely from its escape-pipes; cabs were driving in and discharging their loads of eager passengers and wheeling out of the way; drays with luggage were formed in line, while their freight, which was quickly discharged, was whipped fiercely through the gangway; streamers were flying from every standing spar; women with fruit, and men with flowers or steamer-chairs or little stores, were pushing their bargains; crowds of men, women, and children, were rushing on board; and one would judge by the noise and crush that the sailing of a steamer, instead of being a daily affair, was the grand event of a year. Women with children in their arms, despairing of getting on board through the great crowd, stood on the wharf, the tears blinding eyes that were aching to catch a last glimpse of a departing friend. There was the usual throng of idlers, too, and the running to and fro of messengers with packages and telegrams. Into that last hour was

concentrated an amount of vital energy which, if it could have been applied, would have carried the steamer a thousand miles to sea.

In the midst of this turmoil, Nicholas and Glezen arrived in a carriage that brought all the young traveller's modest luggage. The latter disposed of, and the coachman paid, the two young men seemed in no hurry to enter the crowd that thronged the steamer, across a gangway that was loaded with struggling lines of passengers. They talked quietly together, or watched the faces around them. Tears were flowing in plenty from the eyes of ladies and young girls who had just taken leave of their dear ones. Heartless jests were tossed about by men who were ashamed to give way to their sorrow and apprehension. One thoughtless young fellow stood on tip-toe, flinging kisses to a group of ladies on board, and wringing his handkerchief in token that it had become charged with tears beyond its capacity. On all the interesting faces there were either signs of grief, or of an unnatural and almost feverish effort to appear cheerful and hopeful.

"Well, Nicholas," said Glezen, "what do you think of this? There's a touch of life here, isn't there?"

"It's a nasty mess. It's piggish. I never could see the fun of a crowd."

At this moment, a head seemed to be thrust between them, and with an intonation quite unique in its strength, depth, and explosiveness, they heard the word:

"Pop!"

Both wheeled suddenly, and encountered a figure well known on the wharves and steamers, and at railway-stations along the line of the Hudson from New York to Albany. He was a one-armed soldier, who carried a shrewd pair of gray eyes in his head, and the most facile, rattling tongue in his mouth that ever blessed a peddler, or cursed his victims.

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, for the sake of an old soldier," said he, having secured their attention. "Each and every individual kernel has a jewel and a drop of blood in it for you, gentlemen. I should like to tell you more about it, but time presses. Five cents a paper, and just salt enough! Pop-corn is the great boon of humanity, gentlemen. It assuages the pangs of parting, dries the mourner's tear, removes freckles and sunburn, sweetens the breath, furnishes a silver lining to the darkest cloud, and is the only reliable life-preserver in the English language. Five cents a package, and just salt enough! In case of accident, it will be impossible for you to sink, gentlemen, if you are full of pop-corn."

Glezen was amused, bought a paper, and tossed it to the nearest boy. Nicholas looked at him with wonder, and contemplated his impudence with angry disgust. The pop-corn man was amused with his puzzled look and forbidding face, and pushed his trade.

"Sweeten your breath, sir? Buy a life-preserver, sir? Assuage the pangs of parting, sir?"

"Get out!" said Nicholas, intensely annoyed.

"Verdancy cured for five cents a paper! Just fresh enough!" exclaimed the pop-corn man, moving away, with a characteristic slap of revenge, but with imperturbable good nature.

Here Glezen gave his companion a nudge, and, as he turned toward the gangway, he saw it cleared by policemen, and then a young woman was lifted from a carriage and carried on board the steamer in a chair, a dignified old gentleman leading the way, and a mature woman, who looked less like a serving-maid than a companion, bringing up the rear of the interesting procession.

"There's your model man, Nicholas, and his ward. By Jove! isn't she lovely?"

Nicholas said not a word in response, but followed, with his absorbed eyes, the beautiful burden of the chair until it disappeared. All the way through the crowd, Miss Larkin had passed with downcast eyes, and a flush of excitement upon her face, feeling, apparently, that every eye was upon her, and hearing the murmurs of admiration and sympathy that came unbidden from a score of lips. Nicholas was evidently impressed. The beauty, the modesty, and the helplessness of the girl stirred all the manhood within him. He thought of Mrs. Fleming's letter of introduction, which he had accepted without any definite intention of presenting it, and felt for it in his pocket, to see that it was secure.

"Oh, it's there!" said Glezen, quick to understand the motion. "My cares are all gone now. You'll be happy."

Nicholas blushed, and only responded:

"Glezen, you mean well, but you have an uncomfortable way of looking into a fellow."

Then there came a great rush of people from the gang-plank. The non-goers had been ordered off, preparatory to the steamer's departure. The two young men hurried on board, and, after an affectionate leave-taking in Minturn's state-room, where Glezen dropped all his badinage and quite overwhelmed Nicholas with hand-shakings, and huggings, and "God-bless-yous," the young lawyer rushed off with tears in his eyes to a quiet stand at the extremity of the wharf, in order to watch the huge creature, entrusted with her priceless freight of life, as she should push out into the stream. The bell rang, and rang again; the lines were slipped and drawn in; the screw moved, and the voyage of three thousand changeful and uncertain miles was begun.

The passengers were all on deck, and handkerchiefs were waiving alike from deck and wharf. Glezen and Nicholas caught a single glimpse of each other, exchanged a salute with their hats, and the former turned

sadly toward his office, the threshold of which he had not passed for two happy days.

The novelty of the new situation, the lines of busy marine life that were crossing each other at a thousand angles upon the broad and beautiful bay, the view of the constantly receding city, the groups of chattering passengers, the single, silent men, who were, like himself, without acquaintances, and whose thoughts were busy with forsaken homes and the untried and uncertain future, quite absorbed the attention of Nicholas, and made him reluctant to go down and arrange his state-room. Indeed, he did not think of it for a long time, but walked up and down the deck, occasionally pausing to watch the captain upon the bridge, as he quietly chatted with the pilot, or to look upon the shores as they unfolded themselves in a constantly moving panorama.

At length the Narrows were passed, and the broad sea lay before him. As he entered upon it, a great swell lifted the huge hulk of the steamer upon its bosom, and he felt for the first time, that wonderful, gentle touch of the mysterious power to which he had committed himself. That first caress of the sea was like a voice that said: "Old ship, I have waited for you, I have looked for you, and now I have you again! I will roll you and rock you, and play with you through a thousand leagues; and, if it please me, I will ruin you. You are as helpless in my arms as a child. Of the life you bear, I have no care. Men and women are nothing to me. I care for no life but that which sports within my bosom. So come on, and we'll have a long frolic together if you like my rough ways and dare the risk!"

Nicholas descended the stairs that led to the cabin. Here he found nothing but baskets of roses, ships made of roses, bouquets without number, loading the tables—the last gifts of the friends who had been left behind. It would be but a day when all these would be tossed into the sea—when all this redolence of the shore would be gone, and there would be not even a suggestion of anything but a soundless, boundless waste of air and water, and a feeble speck of a steamer, threading its way like an insect between the two elements. Already the steward's forces were taking up the carpets, and stripping the vessel to her work.

Nicholas went into his state-room and sat down, occasionally looking out of the little port-hole that gave him his only light. The reaction, after the long strain, had come. He was lonely and thoroughly sad. He had not wished to take the voyage; and though he had been too brave and manly to speak of it, or show it in any way, he had indulged in the gloomiest apprehensions. These he had tried to suppress, as fears shared in common with the millions upon millions who had safely crossed the sea since the first vessel had passed between the Old World and the New; but he could not shake them off. While he stood upon the

deck, the steamer seemed large and strong enough to defy all the elementary furies; but in his close cabin, his old fears came back, and he breathed a silent prayer for protection.

Before bed-time, he had learned that he was a good sailor, for while others had succumbed to the influences of the new motion, he had eaten his supper with appetite, and spent the evening upon the deck.

He had looked in vain for a glimpse of Mr. Benson and his ward. They had taken at once to retirement, without doubt, and he had found no one else to whom he felt tempted to speak. About midnight, after he had had a brief period of sleep, the steamer entered a fog-bank, and every minute, from that time until daybreak, the hoarse whistle was sounded. There was no sleep for him with that solemn trumpeting ringing in his ears, and he could only lie and nurse his apprehensions. As the day dawned, however, he could see from his port hole that the fog was thinner; and when the whistle ceased its warning, he fell into a refreshing slumber, from which he started at last to find that he was late.

He dressed hastily, breakfasted, and went on deck. The first vision that greeted his sight, after the bright blue sky overhead, was Miss Larkin, reposing in what is called a steamer-chair. The air was cool, as that of the Atlantic always is, and she was hooded and wrapped as closely as if it had been winter. Nicholas could not resist the temptation to glance at her with every turn he made upon the deck. She looked at him once, and then gave her attention entirely to the book which her companion—a woman of thirty-five—was reading to her.

An hour passed away thus, when Mr. Benson made his appearance, walked up to his ward, asked her a question, and then sat down near her, drew out some of the previous day's papers, and began to read. Nicholas could observe him at his leisure. He was a man past middle life, and, as he lifted his hat, he saw that he was bald. A serene dignity, and a sense of self-satisfaction, came out to Nicholas from the face, figure, and bearing of the man, and made their first impression. An unruffled man he seemed—indeed, beyond the susceptibility of being ruffled. Nicholas could not imagine him capable of being surprised, or of meeting any change or sudden emergency with anything but dignity. His mouth was pleasant. His lips came together with the very pride of peace—indeed, as if the word "peace" had been the last word he had uttered—"peace," or "Benson"—it did not matter which.

When Mr. Benson, tired of his reading, rose to pace the deck, and exchanged a few words with acquaintances—everybody seemed to know him—Nicholas saw that he was well dressed, and that whoever his tailor might be, his clothes were made less with reference to the prevalent style than to the dignified personalty of Mr. Benson himself. His

suavity, his calmness, his scrupulous politeness, and the fact that all who addressed him seemed to put themselves upon their best behaviour, impressed Nicholas profoundly, and he began to be afraid to present the letter of introduction which still quietly reposed in his pocket—as Nicholas knew, for he had again made sure of its presence, after seeing Miss Larkin.

A man like this was, to our young traveller, a marvellous enigma. A self-possessed, self-satisfied man, moving among all men and all circumstances without perturbation, without impulse to do foolish or undignified things, seemed like a god. He thought with shame of his ungracious repulse of the impudent pop-corn man. What would Mr. Benson have said under the same circumstances? "My good man, I have no use for your commodity, thank you!" That would have been the end of it—a graceful end, which would have left both satisfied, and taught the peddler good manners. Certainly Mr. Benson was a model; but Nicholas felt with profound self-disgust that he could never become such a man.

But while our neophyte is labouring feebly and blunderingly toward his conclusions, the reader is invited to reach them by a short-cut.

Mr. Benjamin Benson was a man possessed of six senses. He had the ordinary five—taste, sight, smell, hearing, feeling—and, added to these, and more important than all these, the sense of duty. If he had no appetite for his breakfast, he ate from a sense of duty. If he punished a child, he did it from a sense of duty. If, tired with his labour, he felt like staying at home from a prayer-meeting of his church, he attended it from a sense of duty. If his feeble ward needed his personal ministry, it was rendered, not from any love he bore her, but from a sense of duty. If he went into society it was not from inclination to do so, but from a sense of duty. He had a sense of duty to God, society and himself. Which was the strongest, it never occurred to him to question. Indeed, his mind was somewhat confused upon the subject. Duty was a great word which covered all the actions of his life. He owed to God worship and Christian service. He owed to society friendly and helpful intercourse. He owed it to himself (and himself included his family, and was only another name for it), to be prosperous, well dressed, well mannered, dignified, healthy, and happy. No doubt ever crossed his mind that he was actuated in all his life by the highest motive that it was possible for mortal man to entertain. He read his Bible daily, not for any spiritual food he might receive, though he might often find it, but from a sense of duty. He had no idea that he was proud or selfish—that he was proud of his position, his influence, his consistency, his faultless behaviour, or that all his motives centered in himself—that he even calculated the market value of his principles and

his virtues. He was quite unconscious that in all his intercourse with others he was advertising an immaculate and "reliable man."

Nicholas hung about him unnoticed, and wondered again and again if he (Nicholas) could ever achieve such calmness, such dignity, such imperturbable suavity, such power over the respect and deference of others. At any rate, he would study him carefully, and win something from his fine example that should be of use to him.

Miss Larkin remained on deck all day, apparently enjoying the motion of the steamer and the fine weather. Her dinner was carried to her by the steward, and her companion read to her and chatted with her, or sat by her through long passages of silence. In the afternoon, finding Mr. Benson on deck and unoccupied, Nicholas conquered his diffidence and fear so far as to present his letter of introduction.

Mr. Benson read it with a smile of gratification, and extended his hand to Nicholas with the assurance that Mrs. Fleming had done him both an honour and a service.

"Of course, I have heard of you, Mr. Minturn," he said, "and all that I have heard has been good. Mrs. Fleming informs me that you are alone. I shall be most happy to present you to my ward, a very amiable and unfortunate young lady, who, I am sure, will interest you, and be glad to make your acquaintance."

All this time he had held and gently shaken the young man's hand, and looked with pleased and flattering earnestness into his eyes. Such a reception as this was more than Nicholas had expected or hoped for. Still holding his hand, he led him across the deck to where Miss Larkin was reclining, and presented him, with words of friendly commendation that seemed to melt in his mouth and distil like dew. At the end of his little speech, Nicholas found himself seated at Miss Larkin's side. And then, with a graceful allusion to the fact that young people get on better together when their seniors are absent, Mr. Benson retired with pleasant dignity, and joined another group.

"I saw you, Miss Larkin, when you went on board the steamer," he said, to begin the conversation.

She gave a little laugh.

"Did you? I'm glad. It was a proud moment, I assure you. Did you notice how everything had to stop for me, and did you see how large and interested my audience was?"

No response that Miss Larkin could have made to what Nicholas felt to be an awkward utterance, the moment it left his lips, would have surprised him more. It seemed a curious thing, too, that there was something so stimulating in the young woman's presence that he detected the fine instinct which dictated her reply. She had, without the hesitation of a moment, tried to cover from himself the mistake he had made.

"You are very kind, Miss Larkin. That was not a good thing for me to say to you."

"Then you are very kind, too, and there is a pair of us," she said archly, looking into his face, that blushed to the roots of his blonde hair. Then she added: "Isn't the weather delightful? and isn't this motion charming? If it could be only like this all the time, I believe I would like to spend my life just where I am. I am so helpless that to be cradled like this in arms that never tire is a happiness I cannot know on shore."

"I'm glad you enjoy it," said Nicholas.

"Don't you enjoy it?"

"Yes. I begin to think I do," said Nicholas, smiling, and blushing again.

Miss Larkin saw the point distinctly, but would not betray it.

"I have been thinking," she said, "what a young man like you must enjoy, with health and strength, and independence and liberty, when even I, a comparatively helpless invalid, am superlatively happy. I should think you would fly. It seems to me that if I could rise and walk, and be as strong as you are, the world would hardly hold me."

"I'm a poor dog," said Nicholas. "I'm an ungrateful wretch. I'm not particularly happy."

"With so many good people around you? Oh, I suppose no one knows how good people are until one is sick and helpless. I can see that you are unfortunate in this; but it is a constant joy to me to know that there are sympathy and helpfulness all around me. Why, the world seems to be crowded with good people. Once I did not believe there were so many."

Nicholas could not help thinking that if Miss Larkin's influence was as great and the geniality of her spirit as powerful upon others as they were upon himself, she was the source of much of the goodness she saw. He tried to shape a sentence that would convey his impression without the appearance of flattery, but gave it up in despair. At length, after a moment of thoughtfulness, he said:

"I don't know what the reason is, but I don't like men and men don't like me."

"I think I know," said Miss Larkin, quickly, for she had read her new acquaintance with marvellous intuition. "You dislike men partly because you do not find them sincere, and partly because you do not sympathize with the pursuits of insincere men. They do not like you simply because they have nothing in common with you. When you find any good in a man, which is real, or seems real, you feel attracted to him, do you not?"

"Yes, I think I do," said Nicholas.

"The sham, the make-believe, of the world repels you. If you had any pursuit in which you were thoroughly in earnest, then you could take it out in fighting and making your way; but if you have none, you will have a sorry time of it, of course."

"How did you happen to know so much, Miss Larkin?"

"Oh, I am only guessing," she said, with a musical laugh. "I have nothing to do but to guess, you know. I am alone a great deal."

Just then a nautilus, with sail set, was discovered upon the water near the vessel.

"I suppose," said Nicholas, "the steamer would look about as large as that to one high enough above it."

"Oh no," said Miss Larkin, "any being high enough above it to regard it as a speck would see a great deal more, because he would see the world of thought that it carries. I love to think of our wonderful cargo,—the cargo that pays no tariff—the dreams, the memories, the plans, the aspirations, that trail behind us like a cloud, or fly before us like a pillar of fire, or pile themselves up to heaven itself. The sun is but a speck, I suppose, upon the ocean of light that radiates from it; and if we could only see what goes out from our little steamer, on ten thousand lines, it would seem like a star travelling through the heavens—a million times greater in its emanations than in itself."

During this little speech, uttered as freely as if the speaker were only pronouncing commonplaces, Nicholas held his breath. He had never heard a woman talk so before. It gave him a glimpse into the dreams of her lonely hours—into the inner processes of her life. It displayed something of the wealth which she had won from misfortune. It showed him something more than this. It showed him that she had somehow come to believe in him—not only in his sincerity, but in his power to comprehend her, and to enter sympathetically into her thought. He felt pleased and stimulated, and, for the first time in many months, thoroughly happy. To be on ship-board with such a companion as this, seemed a fortune too good for him. What response he could make to her he did not know. It all seemed to him like something out of a beautiful book, and roused by the suggestion he said:

"You ought to write for the press, Miss Larkin."

Then his ears were greeted with the merriest laugh he had heard for a month.

"Write for the press, Mr. Minturn? Send my poor, naked little thoughts out into the world to be hawked about, and spit upon, and pulled to pieces by wolves? How can you think of such a thing?"

"Good women do it, you know. I thought it was a nice thing to do," said Nicholas, in a tone of apology.

"But it's very much nicer to have a sympathetic auditor. I never

could understand the rage of inexperienced girls for print. Unless a girl is a great genius, and must write or die, it seems almost an immodest thing for her to open her soul to the world, and assume that she has something of importance in it."

"I never had looked at it in that light," said Nicholas. "I thought writing for the press was about the top of human achievement."

"And of course," said Miss Larkin, "I should never try to reach the top of human achievement."

Nicholas had found a woman who did not giggle. It was true that he did not know "what she was going to do," but what what she did pleased him and astonished him so thoroughly that he was more fascinated than he had ever been before. During the conversation, he had occasionally met the eye of Miss Larkin's companion, who seemed to enjoy the talk as well as himself.

"Excuse me, Mr, Minturn," said Miss Larkin, "this is Miss Bruce, my companion. She helps me bear all my burdens and does me more good than anybody else in the world."

Miss Bruce blushed and smiled, but apparently did not feel at liberty to enter into the conversation.

At this moment Mr. Benson approached, and said benignly:

"I see you are getting along together very well, and as the wind seems to be freshening a little, I think I had better go below. Are you not a little chilled, my dear?"

Miss Larkin assured him that she was quite warm, and compared her wrappings to a cocoon that shut out all cold and dampness from the occupant.

"The cocoon must be getting thin, sir," said Nicholas, with a touch of gallantry that surprised himself. "She's been spinning off silk ever since I sat down here."

"Don't spoil her, Mr. Minturn," said Mr. Benson, with a low measured laugh that hardly disturbed the repose of his quiet features. "Don't spoil her. Vanity is an uncomely vice, my dear," and shaking his finger at her in half playful warning, he marched off, lifting his hat to one or two groups of ladies in his progress, and disappeared down the stairway.

Nicholas wanted to make some remark about him, as he left the group. Mr. Benson had seemed so pleasant, so fatherly, so courteous, that he felt as if he owed the testimony of his appreciation to those under the model man's care: but as that gentleman had uttered the words: "Vanity is an uncomely vice," he was conscious that a glance of intelligence had passed between Miss Larkin and her companion. Then he remembered that neither had seemed moved to speech by the guardian's presence, and both appeared relieved when he walked away. So he con-

cluded that for some reason, unknown to himself, the model man would not be a welcome topic of conversation. He had become conscious, too, for the first time, that there was something oppressive in his presence. He did not undertake to analyze this oppressiveness ; but he had felt the presence of one who regarded everything from an exalted height, and looked upon the group as children.

They talked on and on, looking steadily before them, thoroughly absorbed in their conversation, and unconscious that, one after another, the passengers had disappeared. Then there came a strong, heavy gust of wind that almost lifted them from their seats, and, on quickly looking around, they saw that a sudden squall of rain was close behind them. Nicholas and Miss Bruce started to their feet stmultaneously, and the latter ran as rapidly as she could to the stair-way, and disappeared in a hurried search for help to remove Miss Larkin to her state-room. Already the first big drops were pattering upon the deck. Nicholas covered his new acquaintance with her wrappings as well as he could ; but, finding that the rain was pouring faster and faster, and that in a few moments there would fall a drenching shower, he wheeled her chair around, and drew her swiftly, as she lay, to the stair-way, hoping to meet the assistance of which Miss Bruce was in search. The stairs were reached quickly, but no help appeared. He knelt at Miss Larkin's side and tried to hold around her the wrappings which the wind seemed bent upon tearing away. Then they looked into each other's eyes, and read each other's thoughts.

"May I? Shall I do it?" he inquired.

"Yes," she said, seriously.

He bowed above her, carefully placed his arms around her, lifted her to his breast, and carried her down stairs, wrappings and all. He was met at the foot of the steps by Miss Bruce, on her breathless way to the rescue. The latter could not avoid a little scream at the startling vision, but turned quickly and led the way to the state-room. There Nicholas deposited his precious burden, and, without waiting to hear a word of thanks, or looking to the right or left in the cabin, sought his own room, shut the door, and sat down. Then he laughed silently and long. The burden was still in his arms. He still felt her breath upon his cheek. He felt as if he had gathered new life from the touch of her garments. "I'm glad Glezen didn't see that. I should never hear the last of it," said he quietly to himself. Then he wondered whether Mr. Benson was in the cabin, and had seen the absurd performance—whether he had been shocked by it, and would call him to account for it—whether it might not end in a violent breaking up of the acquaintance. So, with almost hysterical laughing, and wondering, and foreboding, he passed away half an hour, entirely unconscious that he had been

drenched to the skin. Not until he had looked into his little mirror, to see whether some strange transformation had taken place, did he discover that he was still blushing, and that his clothes were wet, or think of changing his raiment and making himself presentable at the tea-table.

In the meantime, Mr. Benson was lying quietly in his berth, asleep. Waking at length, with some violent motion of the vessel, he became consious that it was raining heavily. His first thoughts were of Miss Larkin, as a matter of course. His first impulse was to rise, and look after her. It was true that he owed a duty to Miss Larkin. He also owed one to himself. It was not for him to get wet and take a cold. It was not for him to endanger, in any way, the life upon which so many lives besides that of Miss Larkin depended. He had left Nicholas with her, as well as the companion he had provided for her. They would undoubtedly see that no harm came to his helpless ward. He weighed all the probabilities, and had no doubt that Miss Larkin was at that moment reposing quietly and safely in her state-room. Having satisfied himself of this, he rose, put on his coat, and with well feigned haste made his way to Miss Larkin, and inquired concerning her welfare, apologizing for his apparent negligence, on the ground that he had been asleep.

Miss Larkin and her companion smiled in each other's faces, and assured Mr. Benson that, though they had narrowly escaped a drenching, they had been helped down stairs promptly and were very comfortable. He was appropriately glad to hear it, and to learn that no serious consequences had come to the young lady from his drowsiness; and when he went out into the cabin again, people looked at each other, and remarked upon the tender, fatherly interest he seemed to take in his unfortunate ward. Just as he was re-entering his state-room, however, he overheard from the lips of a graceless young man the words "you can bet that the old man dosen't know how it was done."

"That man was as strong as a lion," said Miss Larkin to Miss Bruce, immediately after Mr. Benson's departure.

"What man? Whom do you mean? Mr. Benson?"

"Y—yes!"

(To be continued.)

THE AUTUMN MYSTERY.

What means this glory, shed around
From sunset regions to the east,
These wondrous tints, so rarely found
Except at oriental feast?

'Tis morning still and see, on high,
Not yet from thence the sun descends;
But 'tis as if the sunset dye
With all the forest verdure blends.

Why is there silence so profound
Through all these high and dreaming hills?
And is it blood, besprinkled round,
Yon fields with floods of crimson fills?

Across the meadows, where the gold,
Resplendant, of the sunlight, warms,—
By yonder mountain's leafy hold—
What are those scarlet mantled forms;

That beckon with their jewelled hands,
As if a friend they fain would greet,
While purple folds with golden bands
Trail round their silver-sandalled feet?

What mean those shapes of filmy white
Wind-wafted past the meadow-bars;
And on the grass, those pearls of light,
In number like the midnight stars?

Where waved the silken-tasselled corn,
What strange things these, of yellow gold?
And o'er the glades, at night and morn,
What spreads a veil of misty fold?

The old mosaic rites are gone—
Departed days of sacrifice—
But here, Canadian forests don
The priestly robe of purple dyes.

Who said that miracles were dead,
And dimly seen, the Hand Divine:
When light upon the mountain's head
Turns all the streams below to wine?

"The Willows," Ancaster. E. B. T.

THE TRACE OF A HAND-SHAKE FROM 1837 TO 1596.

RECLINING in an easy chair in the sanctum parlour of our Kuklos Club,* and being somewhat in a pensive and contemplative turn of mind and face to face with a portrait of Tom Moore, painted by Jackson, a cotemporary of Sir Thomas Lawrence, in which the artist has been true without flattery, I fancied there was a merry twinkle in the eyes, and a roguish expression in the face, and a slight movement of the lips of the portrait indicating the question :—How are you Mr. President ? it's a long time since we met ! And surely it is a long time. As far back as the year of Grace, 1837, that very year that our dear good Queen came to the throne of Great Britain, I remember shaking hands with Tom Moore, then "*the poet of all circles and the idol of his own ;*" and from that time to this I have never seen him otherwise than in my mind's eye, and through the medium of Jackson's portrait. I closed my eyes after this imaginary winking-colloquy with the Irish poet, and revolved the illusion in my mind and at the same time revolved my chair, so that when I opened my eyes I was staring full in the face William Shakspeare, his portrait, an exact copy of the celebrated Chandos picture. It did not wink at me, there were no "happy smilets" playing on its lips, its features were "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," and in my strong imagination I fancied the portrait said to me: "Master, though you have entered into the cause of my defence with no special warrant for the deed, I do forgive thee.† I need no defence, I dealt so with men in this world, that I am not afraid to meet them in the next, and I now have my reward in the society of those among whom there are no contentions, controversies, nor party-spirit ; for ignorance, blind self-love, vain-glory and envy are excluded ; and there exists perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, enjoys that of his neighbours, and is happy in the one as well as the other."

When the sentence was ended, in my fantasy I thought the portrait was radiant with peaceful joy, and I said to myself how much I should have liked to have shaken hands with Shakspeare. What a "*Kuklos*" he must now be enjoying ! Would that the electric virtue of his hand had come down from the Club held at the Mermaid, and said to have been originated by Sir Walter Raleigh, to our own Club. I sighed, lit my pipe, "the chimney of perpetual hospitality," and thought that un-

* Founded in Montreal by a fraternity of Pressmen.

† Bacon *versus* Shakspeare, a plea for the Defendant, by Thos. D. King. Lovell Printing Co. 1875.

der the soothing influence of the "nicotian weed," the imagery of these illusions would be dismissed from my mind's eye. But no, the more the smoky curls, like Cirrus clouds, floated aloft, the more I revolved in my mind the connecting link of my hand-shake with Tom Moore with the friendly hand squeezings and salutations "glad to see you!" and "how are you?" up to the time of Shakspeare. As I puffed away, I conjured up the illustrious, valiant, and learned knight who introduced the author of the *Faery Queene* to the Court of Elizabeth, the manly and impetuous Raleigh, who would not have flattered Neptune for his trident, and who, for the introduction of tobacco in England, ought to be immortalized; while the name of James the First ought to be execrated, for the sacrificing the life of so worthy a Knight to appease the anger of Spain, the plotter against England's liberty. The disgust I momentarily felt at the conduct of the Royal author of the "Counterblast to Tobacco," determined me to pass his familiars by, and to trace my hand-shaking with Tom Moore in the reign of Queen Victoria, through a link of "beamy hands" to the reign of Charles the First, thence to that of good Queen Bess up to Shakspeare himself.

Tom Moore naturally sends one to that most delightful of Irish books, "The Reliques of Father Prout." Francis Mahony and Moore knew each other "*intus et in cute*," and from the wild oats and thistles of native growth on Watergrass Hill Moore got provender for his Pegasus.* He would be more or less acquainted with the many eminent men who formed the guests at the Watergrass Hill carousal, and also with some of those who had kissed the Blarney Stone, during Father Prout's residence in the parish; and lastly, with some of the contributors to *Fraser's Magazine*, such as Southey, Coleridge, Maginn, Lockhart, and Crofton Croker. With the numerous side branches and common friendships of these famous men, there will be no difficulty in tracing Moore's hand-shaking with Rogers, even without the knowledge that they travelled together to Paris about the year 1818. Rogers was one of the few faithful friends who remained true and steadfast to Sheridan in his misfortunes. The mention of Sheridan brings a tear to one's eye, when we reflect that the man who became the companion of the first nobles and princes should, as his biographer says, pay "the tax of such unequal friendships, by, in the end, losing them and ruining himself." Yet, with all his faults, he preferred the beggary of patriotism to the riches of apostacy. There is, therefore, no difficulty in tracing Moore to Sheridan. At Brook's Club, Sheridan was a frequent visitor, and among the celebrities of the Club were Burke and Sir Joshua Reynolds, Garrick and Hume, Horace Walpole, Gibbon, and Wilberforce. Sir Joshua,

* Prout's Reliques. Bohn's Edition, 1870. The Rogueries of Tom Moore.

in 1775, painted a portrait of Mrs. Sheridan, as St. Cecilia, and it is probable that the artist received the hearty congratulations of Sheridan upon his successful portraiture. Reynolds, according to his biographer, shook hands with Pope, and it was the only time that the great painter saw the great moralist.* The charge against Warren Hastings brought Sheridan into close relation with Burke, and their hearty and mutual shaking of hands after the conclusion of Sheridan's speech relative to the Begum Princesses of Oude can be easily imagined, especially when Burke declared the speech to be "the most astonishing effort of eloquence, argument, and wit united, of which there was any record or tradition." Burke was at Trinity College, Dublin, with Goldsmith. Dr. Johnson loved Goldsmith, and at the news of the death of "poor Goldy," was affected to tears; Burke cried like a child, and Reynolds put aside his work. Inimitable Oliver! who can refrain from standing bare-headed in the burial ground of the Temple Church and shedding a tear on thy gravestone? At the house of David Garrick, on Christmas Day, 1758, Dr. Johnson first dined in company with Burke. It is said Burke owed his first opportunity of speaking before a public audience to Macklin,† one of that right royal and right worthy dynasty of actors, which through Garrick, the Kembles, Siddons, Cook, Macready and the Keans has come down to the present day. Through such a galaxy of actors the presence of Moore and Sheridan may be traced; we find the names of Moore, Rogers, and Campbell at the dinner given to John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, June 27, 1817.

Sheridan and Garrick, in 1775, were in treaty about the latter's moiety of the patent of Drury Lane Theatre. Garrick was, doubtless, on intimate terms with Miss Anne,‡ the wife of a son of Colley Cibber, who was reputed one of the best lyric actresses of the day. Handel composed parts expressly to suit her voice. Garrick is said to have exclaimed, when he heard of her death, "Then Tragedy has expired with her." She was buried in Westminster Abbey. She was married in 1734, and it is very probable that her father-in-law, Colley Cibber, was at her wedding. Colley Cibber, who was a play-wright, commenced his career as an actor in 1689, and it is likely he knew Betterton, who was engaged by Davenant in 1662; his last appearance was in 1710. But to come back again to Burke—Sheridan belonged to the Literary Club, said to have been held at the Turk's Head, of which Dr. Johnson, Goldsmith, Garrick, Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were members, and where there was continually a rare assemblage of wits and authors, scholars and statesmen. Malone, in 1810, gave the total number of

* Memoir of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by Henry William Beechy. Bohn's History, Vol. I, p. 45.
† Born about 1690, died 1797.
‡ She performed in 1733, in Addison's opera of Fair Rosamond.

those who had been members of the club from its foundation, at seventy-six, of whom fifty-five had been authors. Whether Tom Moore was ever a member or not, I have no means of knowing, but it is very probable he may, when in London, have dropped in at the Literary Club.*

Dr. Johnson was the friend of Savage, and became his biographer, and Savage, we learn, found Pope a steady and unalienable friend almost to the end of his life. Savage was on intimate terms with Steele, who, according to Dr. Johnson, "declared in Savage's favour with all the ardour of benevolence which constituted his character, promoted his interest with the utmost zeal, related his misfortunes, applauded his merit, took all opportunities of recommending him, and asserted that the inhumanity of his mother had given him a right to find every good man his father." At the Beef Steak Society, or Beef Steak Club,* founded in the reign of Queen Anne, Dick Estcourt† was made Providore, for whom Steele had a great esteem. Leigh Hunt says that Steele's "overfineness of nature was never more beautifully evinced in any part of his writings than in the testimony to the merits of poor Dick Estcourt." Parnell wrote of him—

> "Gay Bacchus liking Estcourt's wine
> A noble meal bespoke us,
> And for the guests that were to dine
> Brought Comus, Love, and Jocus."

To this club resorted Hogarth, Churchill, Sir James Thornhill, Wilkes, Colman, and Garrick. William Linley, the brother of Mrs. Sheridan, charmed the society with his pure, simple English song. Linley is known to have furnished Tom Moore for his *Life of Sheridan*, with the common-place books in which his brother-in-law was wont to deposit his dramatic sketches. Arthur Murphy, the Dramatist, and John Philip Kemble, belonged to the "Beef Steaks," and from its foundation it has always been

> "Native to famous wits
> Or hospitable."

Through all these collateral friendships we can connect Tom Moore with Pope, who dedicated his translation of the Iliad to Congreve. Pope, in his preface to the Iliad, acknowledges in warm terms the friendly offices of Addison, Steele, Swift, Garth, and more particularly those of Congreve, who had led him the way in translating some parts of Homer.

This will bring us to the celebrated Kit-Kat Club, where "Halifax has conversed, and Somers unbent, Addison mellowed over a bottle, Congreve flashed his wit, Vanburgh let loose his humour, Garth talked

* See Club and Club Life in London, by John Timbs.
† *Spectator*, Nos. 358 and 468.

and rhymed. To trace Congreve to Dryden is no difficult task, for we are told that Congreve, "whose conversation most likely partook of the elegance of his writings, and whose manners appear to have rendered him an universal favourite, had the honour in his youth of attracting singular respect and regard from Dryden." The great resort of the wits of the time was Will's Coffee House, of which Dryden was the presiding genius, so much so that the young beaux and wits thought it a great honour to have a pinch of snuff out of "Glorious John's" snuff-box. The well-known story of Pope being brought up from the Forest of Windsor to dress *à la mode*, and introduced to Will's Coffee House, is a test of Dryden's popularity. It seems to have given Pope as much satisfaction as it did Ovid at the sight of Virgil. Ovid, in recording with fondness his intimacy with Propertius and Horace, regrets that he had only seen Virgil (Trist. Book IV. v. 51). Would that Ovid had given us a description of Virgil in like manner to Pope's description of Dryden! Sir Richard Pickering, a member of Cromwell's Council, and a relative of Dryden, gave him, in the year 1657, a petty clerkship in London. When there, he may possibly have attended some of the meetings of the Rota or Coffee Club, as Pepys calls it, which was founded in 1659, as a kind of debating society for the dissemination of Republican opinions. Round the table, "in a room as full as it could be crammed," says Aubrey, "sat Milton and Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, Harrington, Nevill, and others discussing abstract political questions." At one of these debates Dryden may have met Milton. There is a report, but it must be received with doubt, that Dryden asked Milton's permission to turn his Paradise Lost into a rhyming tragedy or opera, to be called "The State of Innocence and Fall of Man," to which Milton replied: "Ah, young man, you may tag my verses if you will." But, as "modest doubt is called the beacon of the wise," I will not urge this connecting link. Dryden and Davenant conjointly attempted an improvement on Shakspeare's *Tempest*, or, at least made alterations in and additions to the text; therefore their intimacy is assured. In Newton's Life of Milton, prefixed to his edition of *Paradise Lost*, with notes of various authors, 1757, we read that "the principal instrument in obtaining Milton's pardon was Sir William Davenant, out of gratitude for Milton's having procured his release when he was taken prisoner in 1650. It was life for life. Davenant had been saved by Milton's interest, and in return, Milton was saved at Davenant's intercession."† This story Mr. Richardson relates upon the authority of Mr. Pope; und Mr. Pope had it from Betterton, the famous actor, who was first brought on the stage and patronized by Sir William Davenant, and might therefore derive the knowledge

† Isaac Walton in his life of Sir Henry Wotton confirms the story.

of this transaction from the fountain. Davenant succeeded to the Laureateship on the death of Ben Jonson, and was thirty-two years old when his predecessor died. One can hardly imagine that these two poets, so nearly connected with Shakspeare, should not have mutually shaken hands. The one his panegyrist, the other his godson,—the one, the son of a bricklayer, the other, the son of an inn-keeper, "a very beautiful woman of a good wit and conversation," of whom, despite the gossipping scandal attached to her name, let us not only think her, but let us believe her, honest, and let us think, with the godfather who frequented *The Crown* at Oxford, that "rich honesty dwells, like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl in your foul oyster." The one and the other Poet-Laureates—let us bring forth a triple crown of bays, laurels, and rosemarys, and adorn not only the brows of Ben Jonson and Davenant, but of him "whose works," says Campbell, were to charm unborn ages—to sweeten our sympathies—to beguile our solitude—to enlarge our hearts, and to laugh away our spleen.

Lest any one should think my conclusion is too hastily drawn, the prefix to Davenant's Goudibert will show that there was an intimacy between Davenant and Hobbes, who was intimately associated with Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Ben Jonson, and Lord Bacon. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was the eldest brother of George Herbert, between whom and Donne "there was a long and dear friendship, made up by such a sympathy of inclinations, that they coveted and enjoyed to be in each others company."* Donne was a member of the famous club at the Mermaid, and his friendship with Sir Henry Wotten is thus recorded by Walton:—"The friendship of these two I must not omit to mention, being such a friendship as was generously elemented, and as it was begun in their youth, and in an University, and there maintained by correspondent inclination and studies, so it lasted till age and death forced a separation." There was a friendship between Wotton and Milton, for about 1637 we find Wotton writing to Milton, who then lived near Eton, thanking him for his present of Comus, which he calls "a dainty piece of entertainment." Milton has commended this letter in his *Defensio Secunda Populi Anglicani.* Here we connect Milton with Ben Jonson, who doubtless was intimate with Camden, Selden, Clarendon, Sydney, and Raleigh; these, in their turn, intimate with my Lords Pembroke, Montgomery, and Southampton, to whom were dedicated the works of Shakspeare.

So far there is a series of connecting and social links between the Mermaid Club of three centuries ago and our *Kuklos.* Sir Walter Raleigh had a joint command with the Earl of Essex in the celebrated

*See Walton's Lives of Donne, Wotten, and Herbert.

Cadiz Expedition, 1596; Sir Henry Wotton was tutor to Essex and was friendly with Donne and Milton, Milton with Davenant, Davenant with Congreve, Congreve with Pope, Pope with Savage, Savage with Dr. Johnson, Johnson with Burke, Burke with Sheridan, Sheridan with Tom Moore.

Nothing now remains for me to do but to express the hope that the members of the Kuklos Club will, as far as in them lie, emulate the good qualities of such dear souls as I have enumerated; avoid the follies upon which some of them were unfortunately wrecked, and that the Club will ever be a "Society among whom there is no contentions, controversies, nor party spirit; where ignorance, blind self-love, vain-glory, and envy are excluded, and that there ever will exist among its members "perfect charity, whereby every one, together with his own felicity, will enjoy that of his brother, and will be happy in the one as well as the other."

THOS. D. KING.

NOBODY LIKE HER.

There's nobody like her, none;
None with a form so fair,
Sweet eyes, and golden hair,
Nobody, no, not one.

Nobody like her, none!
Pure as the lily so white,
Clear as the diamond's light
That flashes when night is on.

Some cruel answer she made to me,
Cruel, and bitter to hear,
Robbing my heart of its cheer,
And making the world all dead to me.

Then, with a silver word,
The deep wound soothing again,
She chided the pitiless pain,
Till it fluttered away as a bird.

There's nobody like her, none;
Above and beneath all is bright
With a holy and tender love-light;
For, to-morrow, we two shall be one.

STEPHEN M'SLOGAN.

Ottawa.

THE PRESERVATION OF OUR FORESTS.

If Canada desires to be a prosperous country a few generations hence she will adopt measures for the preservation of her forests. Let her beware of acting on the idea that they are inexhaustible. They are not so by any means. The unremitting labours of the lumberman, and the zeal of settlers, in clearing their lands, are fast causing them to disappear. The accidental fires which occasionally occur hasten the work of destruction. Already large tracts of land are denuded of trees, and the farming population, in consequence of their recklessness, are reduced to the necessity of bringing from places more or less distant from their farms, all the wood they require for fuel, building, and other purposes. This partial denudation of the country does not, as yet, materially affect the climate, although it is already perceptible in the diminution of the rainfall and the total drying up of many smaller streams. Canadians would do well to take warning from what has happened to their neighbours of the New England States. The work of destruction which is at present proceeding so rapidly in Canada has there, for some time, been accomplished. The consequence is, that many agriculturalists have been obliged, not to sell their farms, for they had become unsaleable, but to abandon them, and seek new and fertile lands amid the forests of the North-Western States. The men of science in the United States are now raising their voice in defence of the friendly forests. But, as regards many parts of the country, this laudable effort of Science is only as the locking the stable-door when the steed is stolen. But may there not be some other cause than the absence of trees for the sterility which drives the New Englanders from their original homes? There may, indeed, be other causes; but the principal one is undoubtedly the demolition of the forests. Their lands when first occupied, were comparatively fertile, so much so, at any rate, as to attract the wary husbandman and repay his labours. They enjoyed abundant summer rains as well as sunshine. Now the rain falls not in its former plenty, but the burning sun remains. The spreading trees protect and treasure up, so to say, the dew and rain. They draw towards themselves, by their inherent power of attraction, the vapours which float in the atmosphere; and these vapours, so arrested in their course, form a veil between the earth and the higher atmosphere, and protect the fields from the more ardent rays of the sun, whilst they come into frequent contact with every green thing, in the shape of mists, dews and showers of rain. Take away the forests, and this beneficial influence which they

exercise departs together with them. It is a well-known fact that countries in Europe, Asia and Africa, which were formerly fertile, and contained many millions of inhabitants, whilst their forests still existed, are now waste, the absence of trees rendering the dews and rains less frequent and less abundant, and causing the springs which feed the rivers to dry up to such an extent that there is scarcely a shallow stream where anciently there were navigable waters. This is notably the case even here in America, where there has not yet been time wholly to destroy the forests. As stated by Professor Hough of Lowville, New York, at *the First National Forest Convention held on this Continent*, large merchantmen, one hundred years ago, sailed east from Bladensburg from the Potomac, whilst to-day there is not, even at high-tide, sufficient water to float a canoe. The learned Professor ascribes, as every one must, this extraordinary change to the systematic destruction of the forests.

It may be said, perhaps, that in a country varied with hill and dale, like Canada, there is less danger of an unfavourable change of climate from the demolition of the forests, than in lands that are more level, and which are known to have suffered from the removal of their grand and natural vesture of trees and foliage. This idea may lead astray. Let us not trust in our hills alone. They, too, if the present destructive disposition continues will become bald and gaunt; and, whilst by their great bulk they will attract the floating moisture as it passes, they will refuse to absorb any portion of it, or even to stay for a moment its headlong course, and so it will be precipitated in fitful devastating torrents to the plains. Such was the case, on a grand scale, not very long ago, in France, where the bare granite peaks of the Pyrenees, attracting, but not retaining, immense masses of vapour, overcharged the Garonne, which, rushing through its channel with unwonted violence, almost entirely swept away the City of Toulouse.

The forests which still adorn the High lands of Canada could be preserved without cost and with very little trouble. The labour of thinning or cultivating them would at the same time supply wood in abundance for agricultural and domestic purposes. The mere thinnings would afford timber for fuel, fencing, and building. The remaining trees, the pride of heights, would send refreshing and fertilizing waters, in steady and equal flow, to the fields and homes of the thoughtful dwellers on the plains.

As in this paper we are discussing the forests and their preservation from a purely utilitarian point of view, it would be out of place to speak of the poetry of the woods, or of that high philosophy which teaches that the spectacle of woodland scenery has many charms, and exercises a cheering and exhilarating influence on the mind. It is better

that we should treat of our forests, as yet only partially destroyed, as promotive of health no less than fertility.

It is well ascertained that those countries of Europe, Asia, and Africa from which the forests had been swept away could not be inhabited on account of the diseases which prevailed. As long as any people remained they suffered from fevers and the plague. On the other hand it is equally certain that in countries where by careful cultivation the forests have been restored, vegetation, husbandry and husbandmen have returned. Such have been the happy result of man's thoughtful labour in Egypt and other lands where arboriculture has been practised. Trees possess the power of absorbing the unwholesome gases which constantly exhale from decaying animal and vegetable substances, whilst the oxygen, continually flowing from them, counteracts the poisoned matter which floats in a tainted atmosphere. The Eucalyptus tree, which abounds in Australia, appears to possess these qualities in an eminent degree. But we need not here discuss its excellencies, as it could not, we believe, live through a Canadian winter. The vine, however, and the peach tree, and the more delicate kinds of plum trees are made to thrive. If the immense variety of trees and shrubs which delight in the Canadian climate be considerately respected, there will be no danger to the health of the people from drying up of the streams, or a cessation of the dew and rain. How necessary these are, not only for the growth of the various crops, which are the real wealth of a country, but also for our health, all learning and experience abundantly show. A period of drought comes round, as was the case this last summer, and all nature—the inanimate as well as the animated creation—suffers. Even after a few days of hot and sultry weather, such as is often experienced in Canada every summer, who is there who does not exclaim, or, to use an Americanism, *feel like* exclaming, "how refreshing!" when the cool summer shower comes to relieve the stifling atmosphere? Bare the land of trees, and the acceptable blessed rain will be borne away to more favoured lands; the springs which feed the streams will be exhausted, the great Empire waters even—the Lakes and Rivers which command their thousand tributaries, will fail, and man having only an arid desert to dwell in will perish with them.

Now comes the question, how are our forests to be preserved? The agriculturist makes incessant war upon them until not a tree remains on his farm, the more rocky portions, as well as the arable land, being subjected to the same process of denudation; the speculative lumber-merchant sends his legions of axe-men to hew down the woods; and, frequent fires lay bare immense tracts of country. How shall the devastating tide be stayed? In the first place, a more sound public opinion as regards the use and necessity of trees must be produced. This can

only be done by the labours of our men of science through the powerful agency of the press. Every man, now-a-days, reads his newspaper. Let him find therein, weekly at least, some lessons on the value of our forests. Until men's ideas are corrected and their prejudices removed legislation will be of little or no avail. Excellent laws have been enacted for the preservation of the fish in our rivers. Nevertheless, the destructive practice of throwing saw-dust and other refuse of sawing mills into the streams, continues. Powerful interests are opposed to the law, and, although great efforts are now made in favour of its execution, it remains a dead letter. Something, meanwhile, might be done, whilst much ought to be written. Such *timber limits* as are in the power of the Government should be leased only to lumbermen on condition that none but the older trees, the only marketable ones, be cut down, and the rest carefully tended. Without some such precaution, that source of wealth,—the lumber trade, must speedily cease. Agricultural lands, in like manner, which are still under the control of Government, ought to be granted or sold under the obligation of cultivating a few acres of wood on each farm. *Settlement duty*, that is, the duty of improving within a certain time, some twelve acres or so, is strictly required. Why not impose the additional duty of sparing a few trees? This would be advantageous to the settler as well as to the country at large. The former would have at his doors a never-failing supply of firewood, &c.; the latter would continue to enjoy its rain and dews and springs. This extent of governmental action, which is quite possible, would materially aid the press in producing sounder views, and the time would all the sooner come when the power of legislation could be applied to every farm in Canada. It could then be enacted, and with good effect, that in the case of lands not yet improved a certain portion should be left underwood; and that on farms already cultivated and stript of the primeval forest, trees should be planted, and as carefully tended as the wheat or the mangolds. Whatever it may be thought best to do, let us not wait till our forests are gone beyond recall. Those countries of northern Europe, Norway and Sweden, formerly so rich in marketable timber, have not been wise in time, as we may yet be. Their trade in wood is at an end until it please Dame Nature to restore the forests. Their governments have been obliged to forbid the export of any few trees that remain.

ÆN. MC.D. DAWSON.

A FAMILIAR FIEND.

I KNOW him ; you know him ; everybody who is a housekeeper, or who has lived for any length of time in a house with " modern improvements," knows him. He is indigenous to large cities which boast water works, but he maintains a foothold in every town or village embraced in the circle of civilization. He is one of the necessities of civilization ; and is only totally unknown in barbarous countries or in those lone and neglected places where lead pipes are unknown, where bath tubs are not, where cisterns never have a chance of becoming demoralized—because there are no cisterns—and where man uses water as nature provides it, and does not require " modern improvements " to introduce it into various portions of his dwelling place. In short the familiar fiend is a plumber.

Now, in the abstract, I like plumbers, provided I do not have to pay their bills. There is a peculiar kind of enjoyment in watching a plumber work, by the hour ; for a friend or neighbour ; but the pleasure is considerably alloyed if he is working for you, and you know that all the time he wastes will be charged in your bill—by the hour. Nature seems to have specially constructed a plumber to work by the hour, and he makes it a point of honour never to disappoint nature in her kind intention. There is a calm quiet dignity about a plumber that is inspirative of respect ; there is a repose about him, and a sense of self sustained and quiescent power that no other mechanic possesses ; and he appears to consider it part of his mission in life to impress the rest and meaner portion of mankind with the greatness and importance of repairing dilapidated taps ; reconstructing disorderly water pipes ; filling up holes in ancient cisterns, and performing other duties in the plumbing line—by the hour.

He is a noble and stupendous creature ; but, like most great luxuries, he is expensive. Great bodies move slowly, and the plumber is no exception to the general rule ! He is slow and dignified in all his movements ; no one ever heard of such a thing as a plumber in a hurry, he could not be in a hurry ; and, therefore, he is expensive, for time is veritably money with him, as he always works by the hour.

I had some experience lately with a knight of solder and hot irons, which did not improve my opinion of the familiar fiend—when he is work ing for me.

On arriving at home one morning about breakfast time I found the house in a state of confusion consequent on the cistern in the bath-room having overflowed, and a young Niagara was fast flooding the house.

"Turn off the water," said I to Seraphina Angelina, the sharer of my present sorrows and future hopes.

"Impossible," replied that most amiable of women, "the last plumber that was here fixed the water so that it cannot be turned off at the main."

That was a fact. A plumber had done some repairing a few weeks previous and had carefully turned the water on, but neglected to make any provision for turning it off again; I, therefore, set all the taps in the house running, and went for the plumber.

I went by the minute; he came by the hour.

He came slowly. He looked at the overflowing cistern so long and earnestly that I thought he had some new and mysterious method of mending dilapidated cisterns by mesmerism, or magnetic influence.

I was about inquiring what process he used, when he said, very calmly, gravely and deliberatively,

"There's something wrong here!"

I agreed with him.

After another pause, and another steady look at the cistern, he said,

"It's running over."

As the bath-room was about an inch deep in water, this fact was self-evident and I did not think it worth while to make any remark.

Once more he mesmerised the cistern, and then, with the emphasis which a great mind uses when announcing the discovery of a vast and momentous fact, he said,

"It wants to be turned off."

He had got it. That ponderous intellect had at last grasped the idea, in all its immensity, that the water should be turned off to stop the cistern from overflowing. Then he proceeded to carry out his great idea—by the hour.

Slowly, and with great deliberation, he took off his coat, carefully folded it up, and laid it on the side of the bath. This did not seem to suit him, for, after critically regarding it for a few minutes, he unfolded it and carefully hung it on a peg behind the door—by the hour.

Then he looked at the place under the bath tub where the pipes connect with the main and—scratched his head.

It is an imposing sight to see a plumber scratch his head—by the hour. There is a well considered, methodical way about his doing it no one else can equal.

By the way he slowly rumpled up his hair, and gently agitated his scalp with his finger nails, I knew he was burning to get something out. I was right. After the fourth scratch the idea came out, and he said,

"It wants something to turn it off."

Ever since his entrance I had been trying to impress on his mind

the fact that the last plumber had neglected to make any provision for turning off the water; but he had to arrive at the idea in his own slow way—by the hour. He next slowly put on his coat, after examining it carefully to see if it had been hurt by its contact with the door, and said:

"I must go to the shop to get something to turn it off with," and, very slowly and deliberately, walked up stairs. Before going out of the door he turned to me and said, quite mildly and confidentially,

"It's running over; you'd better bail it out until I come back." Then he closed the door behind him, but paused on the top step to light his pipe. I watched him for about five minutes carefully examine every pocket without finding the pipe; which he finally produced from the first pocket he had examined, polished with great care on his coat sleeve, and then commenced to hunt for his tobacco.

I could not stand that. I went down stairs and began bailing. I had taken out eleven buckets of water when the bell was rung, and, on going to the front door, I was joyfully surprised to see the plumber. I scarcely thought it possible he could have been so expeditious; and it was with a feeling of wonder that I opened the door to admit him. He did not offer to enter; but stood calm, dignified, impressive, with the unlighted pipe in his hand, and gravely said,

"Have you got a match?"

I handed him a box and rushed down stairs to resume bailing, leaving him serene and unruffled on the door step, striking matches—by the hour.

He did not return until after lunch, and then he brought another man with him, equally calm and dignified. Each man was provided with a bag of tools, from which he drew a package of putty and solemnly deposited it upon the nearest convenient place.

Putty is an amiable weakness of plumbers, they can do nothing without it: and, I believe that if a plumber was sent to a funeral to solder a lead coffin together he would take a lump of putty with him and slowly knead it while all the mourners waited on him.

It would be tedious to follow my two plumbers through their afternoon's work—for they took the whole afternoon about it—or to describe the playful manner in which they dropped candle grease on the carpet, deposited dirty bits of pipe, bolts &c., on the furniture, and "made a mess generally;" suffice it to say that at last they got through and were ready to depart. I escorted them to the door and, my fiend of the morning, gave me a parting shot ere he left. He looked at me calmly, and, as I thought, compassionately, and said;

"The next thing you'll want will be a ball cock," then he went care-

fully down the steps and commenced a search for his pipe &c.,- by the hour.

The *next* thing I would want! Then he had not finished? Oh, dear no; plumbers never do finish, they always leave something to be done at a future time—by the hour.

I went down stairs and sat in the bath-room to think about it. The seat felt soft and damp, softer and damper than wooden bottom chairs usually do; I rose suddenly and brought up about three pounds of putty firmly attached to my coat-tails and inexpressibles. I did not use bad language, but I wished a fervent and sincere wish; I wished that I had that plumber back in the bath-room, I would have basted his head with his own putty—by the hour.

I naturally supposed that my annoyance was over, except the annoyance of paying the bill; but that act developed a new feature in the plumbing business, this time in the proprietor of the shop.

A few days after the bill came in; and although I knew that bills made out "by the hour" always exceed one's anticipations, I was not prepared for the magnitude of mine. I examined it carefully and the first item which struck my attention and raised my ire was,

"3 lbs. putty @ 15c.—45c.—"

That wretch of a plumber had actually charged me for the putty he left on the chair, not one ounce of which he had used; and the only thing which it had done was the spoiling of my new trowsers and most presentable business coat. I made up my mind at once to contest that item, and proceeded with the bill. The charge for time I passed over, as I knew it would be useless to contest anything charged "by the hour," but the next item irritated me again.

"1 ball-cock, $1.50.

"One ball-cock!" and that plumber had solemnly assured me, "the next thing you will want will be a ball-cock." I determined to contest that item also; and the next day went to the plumber-shop to interview the proprietor.

He was a grave, slow man, very methodical in his movements, and kept me waiting fifteen minutes while he critically examined a tap to discover what was wrong with it, although any one, except a plumber, could have told at a glance that the handle was broken. At last he condescended to ask, with a sigh, "What do *you* want?" with an air of offence, as if I had interrupted him in an important calculation—by the hour.

"I want these two items taken off that bill," I said, pointing to them. "I don't want putty left about my house for me to sit on; and I never had a ball-cock."

The stupendousness of this request seemed to paralyse him for a moment, and he looked from the bill to me, and from me back to the bill in speechless astonishment. Then he read over to himself, "Three pounds of putty at fifteen cents, forty-five cents;" and "One ball-cock, one dollar fifty cents." Then he looked at me again, and began to think it over. At last a brilliant idea seemed to strike him, and he turned to a desk behind him and opened a book lying on it. It seemed to me that he read that whole book through with the forefinger of his right hand as well as his eyes—for he carefully kept his finger on the book and slowly ran it down each page—before he looked up at me and said:

"They are charged to you on the book," and he kept his finger on the entry and gazed at me, as much as to say, "You can't object *now!*"

"I don't care for that," I responded unawed; "I did not have the ball-cock, and I won't pay for putty which I don't want."

He reflected again, and then said, in an argumentative kind of way, as if quite sure he must convince me now.

"What is the use of our keeping books and charging things, if people come in and want them taken off? We'll never get rich that way."

"I cannot help it," I said. "If you please to charge things I did not have, I will not pay for them, that is all. Call your man who was at my house, and ask him if he put a new ball-cock in my cistern."

"We'll never get rich that way," he repeated meditatively, and then called the man.

The man admitted that he had not put in a ball-cock "yet;" but added, "that will be the next thing you will want," and seemed to think it hardly fair of me to refuse to pay for it before I had it. So that item was struck off the bill; but both master and man stuck as persistently to the putty as the putty had stuck to my coat-tails; and finally, to avoid further loss of time, I paid for it, and am now the proud possessor of three pounds of putty which I do not want, and which any one is welcome to who will endeavour to take it away on his coat-tails and inexpressibles. But even this concession scarcely seemed to satisfy the master, and the last thing I heard him say as I left the shop was, "We'll never get rich this way."*

J. A. PHILLIPS.

* The idea which the writer has worked out in this paper is not new to him; it will be found in Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden;" but he has elaborated it into such a telling sarcasm, that we do not need to offer any apology to the reader for giving the article a place in these pages.—ED.

SONNETS.

I.

Desire ! thou'rt like an April sun which springs,
With sudden flush of fervid heat and glow,
Some unsuspected bank of cloud below,
And fills the happy earth with golden things ;
Till that which was before so sombre grey,
All listless in the gloom of cloudy skies,
Enchanted by his glorious presence lies,
And spreads its beauties to the eye of day.
Glad birds with answering chirp and twitter fly,
Or under leafy boughs their plumage green ;
And countless insects hum gay flowers anigh,
All conscious of their new-found rainbow sheen.
Then with caprice of Jack-o'-lantern shy,
The sunlight sudden fades, and dulls the scene.

II.

True love is like no fickle sunbeam's ray,
In April days to shine awhile and fade ;
But rather like the ivy overlaid
On graceful column in some cloistered way,
Which upward grows, by slow degrees and sure,
From tiny plant to sturdy trusty stem,
Until it twines, a leafy diadem,
Around the carven charms of marble pure.
No weaker grows its friendly, firm embrace,
Come sun, or rain, or night, or heat, or cold;
And ever through the years it spreads apace
With tender ties, which ever grow so bold
It clasps with binding tendrils every grace,
And, constant, loves each better, being old.

F. A. D.

Topics of the Times.

THE EASTERN QUESTION.

In the East the contest has been removed from the battle field to the council chamber, where it is to be hoped a settlement will be arrived at, which will leave to the safe operation of natural progress the ultimate destiny of these fertile regions which war for the hundredth time has given up to blood and tears; and now that the roar of battle is hushed, and the disturbing tale of horrors has ceased to move to compassion and excite indignation, some general observations may fitly be made.

There was a time when the people were told they had nothing to do with diplomacy. This war furnishes an instance, by no means solitary, of how completely power has passed into the hands of the people. It is hard to realize the revolution which the newspapers and publicity have silently wrought. There is a greater difference between the world to-day and the world of a hundred years ago, than the world of that time and almost any other period. Mr. Freeman objects to the division of liberty into ancient and modern, but the contrasts would seem to justify such a classification, though of course historical developement has been continuous. Owing to the special intelligence consequent on the invention of printing, a number of great states, robust in their civilization, have found it possible to co-exist in Europe; and on this continent an immense federative republic has been found practicable, and a Dominion which, in its present state would be impossible, and the future greatness of which would be an idle dream, were it not for that invention. The part played by the newspaper in the war for the moment suspended, a little reflection will show to have been most remarkable. There was not a part of Europe, nor of the civilized world, where full particulars of Turkish atrocities were not within the reach of everybody who could read. The nature of Russsian intrigues was made known; and while the character of Turkish rule was denounced, that of Russia was described and illustrated. It is not going too far when we say that it is owing to this publicity that Russia is not to-day before Constantinople, and the match laid to trains which would make of the vassal principalities a pandemonium. The power wielded by the priestly class in ancient times and in mediæval Europe, which passed afterwards to statesmen proper, is now apparently in the hands of the literary class, but really in those of the people.

When the fanatical fire which burned in the first crusade had gone out, and the Telpik Turks threatened Europe, the Pope stirred up fresh crusades, and the westward wave of Seljuk conquest was scattered on the plains of Pales-

tine ; when later the Ottomans, known popularly as the Turks, came, they made no abiding inroad on Papal Europe, but all that portion of Christendom in the East which lay outside the circle of Rome was subdued To the Roman Church was due that unity of sentiment which saved Europe from Mohammedan invasion. Germany, Poland, and Hungary, threw their shields over the heart of the continent, and the Ottomans, at the very height of their purposes and flushed with conquest, were baffled. The people of the Principalities differ in race from nearly all Europe, and in religion from a great part of it, yet we have seen the great powers led to combine in the interests of humanity and peace and with a proper understanding of the issues on the part of the various peoples. During the discussions of the atrocities they were frequently compared to what took place in Ireland at successive periods, down even so late as 1798. There can be no doubt whatever that the horrors in Ireland could have kept the horrors in Bulgaria in countenance. There can be as little doubt that the race which perpetrated the Irish horrors was superior in every quality which can distinguish man to the half civilized and degenerate Turk. You cannot denounce, therefore, the atrocities in Bulgaria and excuse the atrocities in Ireland, on the ground that these were committed in a darker age. The Frenchman and Englishman of the eighteenth century had inherited civilized instincts, and were surrounded by implements of civilization which have been denied the Turk. Why then was it possible for such events to disgrace British history? The answer is two-fold. For all our civilization we can be ferocious when we allow our resentments to run away with us ; witness the close of the mutiny and the Jamaica massacre. But publicity now enlists the conscience of the public, especially of that portion of the public which has most self command on the side of justice and moderation ; and the fear of popular indignation is before the eyes of officials and governments. It took all the eloquence of Burke, and all the genius of Sheridan, to do for Warren Hastings what the penny newspaper does much more effectually to-day.

The way the Turks fought and the Servians fled need have surprised no one. In the very year the first Turk was converted to Islam, and the germ planted which was to grow up into the Grand Turk and the Great Mogul, the Caliphate presented the spectacle of a body rotten at the core but vigorous at the extremities, and to-day in the outlying districts of Turkey there is among the people nothing like the weakness and decay of Constantinople. Of the four million Mussulmans in Europe a large portion are not Turks, but of the same race as the Christian. Servia is only nominally under Turkish rule. The Servian is a warrior, a man of determination, adventurous. He celebrates the long struggle against the Ottoman power in lays full of martial spirit. What would he gain by driving the Turk out of Europe by means of a wedge, of which his country and Bulgaria would be above the surface, striking and struck? He would infallibly feel the heavy hand of Russia. It is not the first time in history that a Mussulman rule has been preferred to a Christian one. The Egyptian in the seventh century hailed the invading host of the sagacious Amrou as deliverers from the yoke of the Roman Empire and the orthodox church. When the Saracens appeared in Spain the Jewish population, weary of Christian oppression, welcomed the new-comers, who en-

countered no national resistance amongst a people robbed by tyranny of public spirit. M. Coprichtanski, a Bulgarian, who in *La Question Bulgare*, discusses the whole issue of Panslavism, declares that Bulgarians have no sympathy with Russian tendencies; points out that Russia has never done anything to attach them to her, but on the contrary has treated them as "an inferior sort of Sclavonic race," whose "manifest destiny" is to pass under the rule of the Czar. "Why should we sacrifice our independence?" he asks. "Accustomed for centuries to the Ottoman rule, we see in it the protecting guard of our national individuality." Mr. Freeman labours hard to show that Mohammedan government cannot be other than cruel to subject populations of another faith because cruelty and oppression is part of the creed of Islam. This reasoning is the same as that which proves that no consistent Roman Catholic can be a good citizen. There are circumstances it should seem in which we may congratulate ourselves that man is an inconsistent animal.

It is the Moslem's creed, however, which makes the talk of driving them out of Europe so supremely unstatemanlike. We say nothing about the injustice, now that the Ottomans have ceased to be aggressive, of attempting such a task, influenced by ethnological and theological considerations. This would indeed be fighting the devil with fire, and adopting Mohammedan principles and methods against Mohammedans; nor do we lay any stress on Mr. Congreve's view, that Turkey in Europe is an interpreter of the East to the West. It is more pertinent to point out that Turkey is not the only Eastern power in Europe. Russia is certainly in no true sense a European power. But the Russian Slave has shown a capacity for introducing enlightenments into a country the institutions of which are not European. Fear and hope alternate when we contemplate its future. It has a territory capable of indefinite improvement; a population of fifty millions capable of being acted on as one man. No Asiatic despotism ever exceeded its cruelty in the past. The religious persecutions in the nineteenth century recall the bloodiest annals of Spain. As in Turkey, its highest officials are sometimes taken from the scum of the people, for in real despotism there are no ranks. Geography combines with race; the vast plain from Berlin to the Ural mountains corresponds to the homogeniety of the people, and come what will Russia is certain at once to increase in numbers and to hold together. The emancipation of the serfs and the promotion of science afford hope that the bounds of freedom may be further enlarged, and that knowledge may be diffused. But what if the mission of Panslavism should expand? This question might well give Europe the nightmare. To drive the Turk out of Europe is one thing; to drive him out for the benefit of Russia is another.

People who talk of "cutting by war a knot which time alone can unravel," forget what sufferings would be entailed on Christians in Western Asia by pressing too hard on Mussulmans in Eastern Europe. We learn by a newspaper extract that the *Edinburgh Review* has taken the whole subject up, and apparently in a statesmanlike manner. "There are," says the writer, Christians in Syria, there are Christians in Asia Minor, who need the protection of equal laws as much as those of Bulgaria or Bosnia, or more." In a report of Mr. Sandison, British Consul at Brussa in 1867, a sentence occurs on which many a homily might be preached, and the sin laid at other doors

than those of the Faithful. "A Turkish functionary of some rank from Constantinople, lately speaking to me on the subject, observed if things came to that pass, that we are attacked with the design of driving us out of Europe, we shall certainly have a hard fight for it, and may be beforehand with our domestic enemies among the Christians."

Mohammedanism must decline in time of peace. It is a religion of war. The enthusiasm of a Mussulman is death in battle, and in his religion far more than even in Roman Catholicism the instinct of race is merged in the sentiment of creed. A crusade against the Turks in Europe might wake up the millions of their co-religionists from China to Morocco. Let the Turk alone, and he will die out and disappear. Make him fight for his creed and you give him a new lease of life. "That the Almighty," writes a great enemy of the Turk, Mr. Freeman, "allows differences in religion to exist, and leaves the conversion of His erring creatures to the extraordinary course of His providence, may well be deemed an argument against resorting in His supposed behalf to violent and extraordinary means. But experience shows how slowly and with what difficulty the human mind is brought to embrace this truth." Polygamy and Fatalism are the Turks' surest destroyers, and if we cannot convert them, we may rely on these moral and spiritual drugs compassing their destruction.

THE AMERICAN CENTENNIAL.

For any one disposed to reflection a better subject than the Centennial can scarcely be found, now that the great Exposition of 1876, which has so long occupied the hearts and minds of the American people, is over. Were one at present in Philadelphia, one might be reminded by the probable condition of things of somebody's lines on a deserted ballroom seen in the light of early morning. The exhibits have been packed up and sent away. The exhibitors themselves, if foreign, have left the country; if native, are probably appreciating their quiet homes. The Park is being gradually retransformed from a populous town into the beautiful Fairmount we know so well; the Quaker City (in which you seldom see a Quaker) will soon regain more than its wonted quiet, and throughout the country will be experienced the inevitable reaction which follows a large and populous movement.

All this the papers tell us, and a great deal more. We are called upon not alone in the American, but in several English and foreign papers, to congratulate the people of the Republic on the success of their latest and biggest achievement. We do congratulate them heartily, and, as we hope, without any shade of envy or of grudging them the prosperity they undoubtedly enjoy. To their enterprise the world owes another of those grand International Exhibitions which would seem to be, in some of their distinguishing characteristics, a peculiar triumph of our modern civilization, and to their enterprise it is due that this Exhibition was carried through so carefully, cheerfully, and creditably, and with so little dissension. Fewer signs of originality in construction and administration may have been noticed than were expected; and we must conclude that our neighbours thought more of extent of ground,

numbers of acres, and general vastness, than of novelty. This is, however, known to be a national weakness, and one which, in the present case, should be not only tolerated but welcomed. For it is difficult to see where pruning, so to speak, could judiciously have been applied; and it is certain, that except on two or three occasions, the comfort and health of the public were amply ensured; "crowding in that huge place seemed impossible," as was frequently remarked.

One feature of the Exhibition was, that it was thoroughly and essentially American. It was to have been expected that such an event would take much of its colouring from the country in which it was held, but we hold that the American Exhibition of '76 was far more American than the Paris, Vienna, and even London Exhibitions, which preceded it, were, in their colouring, French, Austrian, and English respectively. Some of our contemporaries wrote with singular and misplaced fervour of the wonderful assemblage of representatives from every country on the face of the globe; we were told how the many different and conflicting accents were borne aloft in the air, the various costumes were minutely described, and Austrian and Pole, Turk and Hungarian, Malay and Algerian—does it not seem that they were longing to say Aztec and Hottentot?—were described as mingling with, and in a great measure constituting the vast crowds that thronged the main building, or leisurely promenaded without. Other journals took a view of the subject which accorded more with what no observing visitor could have failed detect, the prominence over and above all other nationalities of the American. Standing by the entrance to the Art Gallery, you watch them. American women, slim, elegant, artistic, refined or stout, diamonded and vulgar; American men looking all alike, whether rogues or gentlemen, you can hardly tell; very little enthusiasm or jollity do they display—for the most part a silent people. And you watch for hours, and still they go on, with occasionally a fresh type which serves only to intensify the uniformity surrounding it. In the course of that day you will probably meet one Englishwoman; you know her from her fine features and complexion, and badly-arranged hair. You have long since been certain that those cozening Turks are "sons of the soil;" and no Vermont farmer ever spoke with a more painfully nasal intonation than this be-turbaned Algerian in his Bazaar. From these circumstances it follows that, on the whole, the phases of life at the Centennial, which usually form a most interesting and educating part of such an event, seem to have been but few, and those comparatively commonplace. As compensation for this, the most excellent order and discipline prevailed, as well as sobriety, a feature not too prominent in other exhibitions of the kind.

And now when the general excitement, hurry, and importance have given way to the "reaction" we are told of, comes the natural question—What has been done by the Centennial for America, and—for it is most probable that it has influenced the other continents as well—for the countries which exhibited? To such a question the answer is always ready, that amicable relations and feelings of general good will are the result of such exhibitions between the co-operating nations, and this will be in some degree one of the results of the Centennial, though not the most needed one. Intercourse between Americans and English is now a common thing, and, to judge from the great

favour to which anything English has crept in New York alone, England holds a different place in the popular mind to-day from what she did some ten years ago. To plagiarise from Prof. Tyndall, the time has gone by when Englishmen regarded the Americans as a nation of whittlers, and when Americans cherished the delusion that every Englishman, or Britisher, as they might put it, dropped his "h's" and designated everything transatlantic as "blarsted." The pecuniary results of the Exhibition will be well looked after; so will the commercial; the social and intellectual results will have to take care of themselves. But the chief result that we look for is, a better, more accurate, and wider self-knowledge. The people of the United States are a remarkable people, but they are not a great people. This they would have us believe now; we shall be willing and happy to believe it a hundred years from now. We admire, but scarcely wonder at, the progress made by them in art, science, and commerce, knowing of what materials the nation was composed. We deplore the frightful condition, or rather the total absence of, political morality, and the license in law and religion; but we believe there is, notwithstanding, as large a body of noble, cultivated, upright, christian people in the United States as in any other country. In good time truth and honesty must win the day, and the great Republic (if she be not by that time a monarchy) will present to the world a spectacle truly gratifying, that of a people at once honest and refined, cultivated and virtuous, upholding a lofty system of laws, and preserving a pure morality. To this end the American people must push on, nor rest until it is attained.

With regard to our own land, it cannot be denied that, independently of Centennials, a great influence is being daily wielded by the neighbouring Republic on Canada. While it has been remarked that cultivated and travelled Americans are gradually assuming the manners, accents, habits, and it may be principles of Englishmen, middle class Canadians seem to be approximating in a wonderful degree to the Americans. If this were so before, what will it be after the Centennial? Thousands of our people have crossed the line, and returned for the most part greatly edified and impressed by all they saw. A few of course remained impassive from having witnessed other events of a similar nature, and they may be allowed to murmur that verily there is nothing new under the sun. But *vanitas vanitatum* was not the cry of the bulk of the people; to those their visit was more than a mere holiday treat—it was an education. It was an education simply to walk the streets of those vast towns, to mingle in the life and stir which characterize them, and to mark each huge emporium and stately mansion. It was an education to become acquainted, however hurriedly or imperfectly, with the products and general features of countries that have hitherto been only names and nothing more; and to realize how many other interests there are in the world beside our own, either as individuals or as a nation. And it will have been the highest education of all, if our people, having seen the degree of art and other culture in the States, become dissatisfied with our present attainments in the same direction, and seek to raise and improve them. Taking hints from our more artistic neighbour does not imply annexation or any diminution in attachment to home and country; rather the reverse; we shall thereby find at home what at present we must go out of our own country for.

SOCIAL ART.

Anything we do is worth doing well. The secret of all success within the power of an individual or a society is good sense. When we know exactly what is suitable, and the limits and nature of our talents, no energy is wasted, and our efforts, according to their aim, win admiration or give delight. Society is no exception to the rule that for all excellence a large price must be paid. A "*grand appartement*" in the time of Louis XIV. presented a spectacle such as was never seen before and has never been seen since, and will, we hope, never be seen again. It was the triumph not of monarchical but of despotic culture, at a time when the great nobles, despoiled of power, could be made use of by a king who had a genius for scenic effect. "When play or dancing takes place," says M. Taine, "in the gallery of mirrors, four or five hundred guests, the elect of the nobles and of the fashion, range themselves on the benches, or gather round the card and *cavagnole* tables. * * * In an elegantly furnished house, the dining-room was the principal room, and never was one more dazzling than this. Suspended from the sculptured ceiling, peopled with sporting cupids, descend, by garlands of flowers and foliage, blazing chandeliers, whose splendour is enhanced by tall mirrors; the light streams down in floods on gildings, diamonds, and beaming, arch physiognomies, on fine busts, and on the capacious, sparkling and garlanded dresses. The skirts of the ladies ranged in a circle, or in tiers on the benches, 'form a rich *espaliez* covered with pearls, gold, silver, jewels, spangles, flowers and fruits, with their artificial blossoms, gooseberries, cherries, and strawberries, a gigantic animated bouquet of which the eye can scarcely support the brilliancy. There are no black coats, as now-a-days, to disturb the harmony. With the hair powdered and dressed, with buckles and knots, with cravats and ruffles of lace, in silk coats and vests of the hues of fallen leaves, or of a delicate rose tint, or of celestial blue, embellished with gold braid and embroidery, the men are as elegant as the women. Men and women, each is a selection; they are all of the accomplished class, gifted with every grace which race, education, fortune, leisure and custom can bestow; they are perfect of their kind. There is not a toilette here, an air of the head, a tone of the voice, an expression in language which is not a masterpiece of worldly culture, the distilled quintessence of all that is exquisitely elaborated by social art. Polished as the society of Paris may be it does not approach this; compared with the court it seems provincial. It is said that a hundred thousand roses are required to make an ounce of the perfume used by Persian kings; such is this drawing-room, the frail vial of crystal and gold containing the substance of a human vegitation. To fill it, a great aristocracy had to be transplanted to a hot-house and become sterile in fruit and flowers, and then, in the royal alembic, its pure sap is concentrated in a few drops of the aroma. The price is excessive, but only at this price can the most delicate perfumes be manufactured." The price paid was indeed excessive—nor need we be surprised that immorality was systematized under a *régime* which elevated mere social grace above all that gives real dignity to man. Nevertheless, that society was perfect in its kind, and is worthy of study as

showing to what perfection even manners may be brought. Even in the time of Louis XIV. there were not wanting signs of a revival of intellectual independence to which Europe was to owe a social developement more charming than the blaze of the court, and capable of being adopted with advantage among people of the simplest manners. Paris has been the school-house of the fashionable world of Europe, nor is it possible to go beyond the reach of her influence. To-day, if an "At home," is a success, it is because it is modelled on the *salon;* if it is a failure, as it often is, it is because people mistake a mob for society.

The tendency of our society is to go too much to pedal activity. Lord Dufferin seems to have seen this, and at Ottawa has exerted himself to provide rivals. Thalia has been put into competition with Terpsichore, and not without good results. Dancing must always occupy a first place in social enjoyment, but an accomplished hostess will exert herself to find suitable distractions for those who do not dance. In the fashionable world women must always be queens; their sway is not constitutional but despotic; they dictate and prescribe. They are troubled by no Parliament, and their "circle" is in the supreme court of appeal. If their reign is to be a success they must introduce reforms, and educate as well as rule their subjects; if the men and women they introduce us to are not agreeable, they must be held responsible, delicate *raillerie* is the sword wherewith to strike terror into evil-doers whose offences are not of such gravity as to merit exile. If they bore their guests, they cannot complain if their guests bore one another. The lady who thinks of display or paying off "at one fell swoop" as many people as possible is unfit to hold an acknowledged place in the world of fashion; the vulgar idea can in practice take only a vulgar form.

One cannot say, "I will give an agreeable dinner party," any more than, "I will be a painter," and so by the mere volition achieve an arduous work. To preside over a dinner party with success; to avoid affectation; to keep in constant play the flickering sunlight of gaiety; to be happy and to make happy; this is a high art which only a genius for it, assiduously cultivated, can hope to master. Nor is the task of diffusing elegance and harmony over your "At home" one whit more easy.

We have spoken of a court of appeal. If there are judges there must be laws, and these laws should be published, not in gloomy treatises, still less in guides to politeness, but in the conversation of clever women. They must give the laws, publish them, make the practice of the court, and be their own sheriffs and executioners. They have to create society; to elevate and refine whatever good is in it at present; to introduce those elements which it needs; to lop off its excresences. And how is all this to be done? It must be done by the tongue; sometimes by a glance. The acid of an unpleasant truth must be mingled with a sweetness which will make it delightful to be corrected. Here is an example: "Ah Madame," was the reply of one who wanted to contradict the lady's version of what was said—"when he spoke these words he was looking at yourself." "My dear Fontenelle," said a lady to the author of the *Histoire de l'Académie*, as she touched his heart, "the brain is there too." In Paris there is always an active criticism of itself. Frenchmen do not rail at themselves as Englishmen do, but they laugh very heartily at

their own follies, and there is never wanting at one or other of the theatres a piece like the "Caméléons," in which the political fickleness of Frenchmen was ridiculed. To-day the *Almanac de Savoir Vivre* declares that French politeness exists but in name, and sets solemnly about inaugerating a reformation. At one of our own balls a gentleman was asked what he was thinking of. "I am," he replied, "parodying a line in the Fourth Canto of Childe Harold,—

'There are the young barbarians all at play.'"

Let us learn to criticize ourselves, that we may be able to endure the criticism of others.

The man that tells you about the rheumatism in his arm is nearly as bad as the merchant who takes you aside to inform you that he suspects a corner is about to be made in grain in Chicago. But the greatest impertinent of all is the middle-aged person who, five minutes after being introduced to you, inquires how you are getting on, or, as sometimes happens, demands "what do you do?" On one occasion the person thus interrogated responded, "what do you mean?" "What do you do? how do you live?" "Oh," was the answer, "I am a most religious person. I live upon providence and dine when it pleases heaven."

Worse than the man, with rheumatism in his arm is the lively guest who informs you the number of times he has had the ague, and then calculates to an hour when you yourself may expect to be attacked. George Sand, who died the other day, tells us how her grandmother, who, at thirty years of age, married M. Dupin de Francueil, aged sixty-two, used to say:—"Was any one old in these days? It is the Revolution which brought old age into the world. Your grandfather, my child, was handsome, elegant, neat, gracious, perfumed, playful, amicable, affectionate, and good tempered to the day of death. People then knew how to live and how to die; there was no such thing as troublesome infirmites. If anyone had the gout he walked along all the same and made no faces; people well brought up concealed their sufferings." So much for the man with rheumatism in his arm, and his brother bore, the victim of the ague. The old lady has a word also for the gentleman who cannot let that corner in grain out of his head. "There was none of that absorption in business which spoils a man inwardly and dulls his brain."

Then there is the blunt gentleman, who prides himself on his candour, and who utters the most disagreeable things, adding, that it is his way, he was born so, and you must take him as he is; saying that, while he looks round with infinite complacence, as though he was entitled to a chorus of admiration. Yet there are worse specimens of the social unit. Notably, the man who talks about himself and his career, and will, to his own infinite satisfaction, fight all his battles over again—

"He talks of stale old stories
And fights fought long ago."

Amongst the ladies themselves plenty of scope will be for the ferule. No reproof must be spared on the dowager who is bent on slyly striking up matches for all the single people in the room. "How comes it, Mr. Iron-

grey, that you are not married?" Poor Irongrey is burning to tell her that he is afraid to marry, and that he has heard dreadful accounts of the life she led her husband, but stammers out some inanity. "Well," cries the dowager, "let me introduce you to Miss Altengeiten," and she leads him up to an ancient pyramid, with the consequence of a half hour of torture. Not less disagreeable is the fond mother, who tells you all the particulars about her daughter's appetite. The daughter has danced the whole evening with the energy of a muscular *danseuse* in a second-class Parisian theatre. She is a strong fine young woman. When you lead her back to her seat, her mother asks you to take the dear child to have some refreshment. "And do," she says, "persuade her to take a glass of wine." She then turns round to the lady on her left, and says loud enough to be heard across the ball-room, "That dear child does not eat anything. How she lives, I don't know." But on taking her to the refreshment-room all doubt is set at rest as to how she lives.

There are other offenders, male and female, all of whom will have to be taken in hand and taught to cultivate that refined anxiety about the *amours propre* of others, which will ultimately fit them to contribute to the success, and not to the marring, of our social entertainments.

WOMEN AND THE CENTENNIAL.

One of the most striking things about the Centennial was the part played by women in all departments. There was a woman's pavilion, and here as elsewhere, useful and artistic work of all kinds were exhibited by women. A lady, Miss Lea, took one of the Centennial prizes as a painter, and well deserved the honour. There were lady journalists by the hundred, who were alloted special quarters in the press department. At the various concerts given at the States House, women took leading parts, not merely as vocalists, but readers and declaimers. Everything gave evidence of great activity and ambition among women. The fruits were at times crude, generally, however, they were respectable; in some instances they were excellent. The result of all this activity and study of art cannot fail ere long to be attended with important results. One of the most remarkable contrasts in the exhibition was presented between the American Art Galleries and the Art Galleries of Europe. But if the study of art by women has any depth in it, we should look for consequences in the next generation which would make such a contrast less observable at future exhibitions. The women in many instances, however, need a warning against being too easily satisfied. Some of them who are making good incomes by their pens, cannot write a grammatical sentence. And the *naïve* delight with their own handiwork is often more full of promise for the future than of any immediate crop of sterling value. Another generation may imitate their ardour, and forget alike their facile confidence and the modesty of their ideal—which is the one thing in which the artist should be arrogant and exacting. Nature has in some sense mocked us, filling small breasts with limitless desires, and the artist spends his life, wrecks all the energy of his being, in trying to bridge over the chasm between the infinite in thought, the perfect, the ideal, and the contracted, imperfect

and commonplace conditions of life. If the work is to be done well, it must be tackled with the spirit of a Titan. But after all has been done there will be only a splendid monument, full of noble suggestion, telling of man's greatness indeed, but also that he is of earth, and that however he may love the star he cannot scale the sky. Most of the women's work at the Centennial was conceived in a spirit too humble and too easily contented to be truly artistic, and the significance of their endeavours has more to do with the future than the present.

Olla Podrida.

BEING at a small dinner-party lately, where a good deal of clever badinage was going on, a very mild but not altogether inept pun happened to escape my lips. The more simple-minded of those present (including myself) began to laugh heartily at it, but we were speedily checked in our mad hilarity by a few veteran and habitual punsters crying out Oh ! Oh ! in a deprecatory chorus. How is it that punsters always pooh-pooh the puns of other people ? How is it, too, that they always betray a conscious faith in their own paragrams, and regard them as veritable *bons mots ?* Is it really a solecism to be guilty of an innocent and irrepressible pun, and why does a fellow look shame-faced when accused of perpetrating one? These were the questions which revolved themselves in my mind when, on the occasion referred to, I had withdrawn from observation and retired within myself. I have noticed that genial people are always ready to laugh at a good pun for its goodness, and at a bad one for its very badness ; and if it be out of the fulness of a playful heart that a pun is made, it is the veriest affectation to pretend—as it is the fashion to pretend—that to make one outrages good form. But I hasten to distinguish between the spontaneous pun and the pun of the punster. The one is a playful conceit born of the occasion ; the other is a cold-blooded witticism ; a punning with intent-to-be-funny aforethought. Sir George Lewis thought that life would be tolerable but for its amusements ; and it may be said of punning—it might be tolerated but for the punsters. Addison speaks of punning as a kind of false wit, which has been recommended by the practice of all ages, and adds : "The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men, and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of Art." This seems to countenance the idea that a pun is objectionable *per se*, but as Addison speaks only of punning in regard to literary composition, his animadversions rather bear out

my notion, that it is those who perpetrate puns in cold blood, and not those in whom they are but the scintillations of a happy moment, who ought to be discountenanced. A pun in writing is a kind of bastard epigram, as a pun in its essence is a play upon words in respect of their sound and meaning. To *read* a pun, therefore, one would have to picture the sound, a process suggestive of painting an echo.

Now that the scientific instinct of mankind has been brought into such universal activity, there are few mysteries soluble by scientific methods which have not yielded up at least a clue to their explication. But it looks as if the mystery which surrounds the Polar circle is to remain a mystery to all time. The recent expedition under Captain Nares seems to have determined that land terminates short of 83° 21′ north latitude, and that the *mare incognitum* enclosed by the same latitude is one stupendous glacier some 800 miles in diameter—"a bulwark built for eternity." If the secrets of the earth's apex are soluble only by actual observation at the Pole, and if their solution be of any moment to the world, it seems to me that some other plan of organizing Arctic expeditions must be adopted. If a Polar Service were instituted, and a permanent establishment located at the highest attainable latitude where land exists, the experience of a few years would teach all that was to be learnt in regard to the Arctic Ocean. Whether it continues to be at all times unnavigable, and whether it constitutes a barrier at all times impenetrable with sledges, besides numerous other problems, could thus be finally and satisfactorily solved. The present plan of fitting out an expedition which loses the greater part of its time in reaching these high latitudes is certainly not satisfactory.

"Bul-gar-i-an at-ro-ci-ties" has almost feet enough to constitute a verse in heroic measure, and so, in lieu of that full-blown phrase, "Bulgrocities," is now in general use in England. I have been trying to imagine the mental process by which the new word came to be invented, and am inclined to ascribe it to the indignation of the English people at the atrocities themselves. A man in a towering passion will manage to speak volumes in a simple but emphatic expletive; and so, in this instance, the horror being *sui generis*, the conduct of the Bashi Bazouks is very properly characterized as "bulgrocious." Philologically, such words as "Bulgrocities" come under a special category, and the principle of their formation is cleverly and conclusively explained by Lewis Carroll in his preface to the *Hunting of the Snark*. He says: "Humpty-Dumpty's theory, of two meanings packed into one word like a portmanteau, seems to me the right explanation for all. For instance, take the two words 'fuming' and 'furious.' Make up your mind that you will say both words, but leave it unsettled which you will say first. Now open your mouth and speak. If your thoughts incline ever so little towards 'fuming;' you will say 'fuming-furious;' if they turn, by even a hair's breadth, towards 'furious,' you will say 'furious-fuming; but if you have that rarest of all gifts, a perfectly balanced mind, you will say 'frumious.'"

The publication of *Daniel Deronda* has revived the question as to George Eliot's place amongst English classical writers. Her commanding genius has

already earned for her the profound attention of our age, but I imagine it will be for a succeeding age to assign to the author of *Adam Bede* her due niche amongst our greatest writers. There is one feature of George Eliot's genius which is not sufficiently recognised by the majority of her critics, and that is, its intense psychological bias. It is true that her fondness for unravelling the intricacies of character and complex problems of human motive is recognised on all hands, but her skill in depicting mental attitudes, and the *ego* contemplating the *alter ego*, is rarely done justice to. I am led to refer to this by finding in the current number of the *British Quarterly Review* an able analysis of her genius in which this aspect of it is done full justice to. The reviewer claims that George Eliot's studies of society have achieved a far-reaching and penetrating ethical influence to a degree which no other English writer of fiction has attained. Great as is her literary skill, he finds that it is ever subordinate to this studied ethical and psychological analysis. The characters in her books, this reviewer says, "are not so much living creations, feeling and acting with the fortuitous spontaneity of ordinary humanity—they constantly tend to become subordinated to the author's view of life, to act as illustrative of a special system or theory. The former method is undoubtedly the most legitimate for fiction, but the latter presents a better field for the subtlety of psychological analysis, and it is here that the strength of George Eliot's genius lies." This, to my mind, exactly hits off the characteristic bias of her powers, and also indicates the stand-point from which her genius is to be viewed.

When one desires to give you "a bit of his mind," he speaks to you in "plain language." The whole purpose of speech being to express one's mind, it is a pity that the language used is not always plain. Tallyrand has said, that speech was given to man to conceal his thoughts; but Tallyrand was satirizing the language of diplomacy. I have just been reading a rather pretentious piece of writing in a Canadian publication, and while trying to understand it, the question arose in my mind, whether the writer had anything to say, and was trying honestly, but ineffectually, to say it; or whether, having nothing particular to say, he was concealing the fact in a cloud of ambitious and involved phrases. Had I taken pains enough, doubtless, I should have been able to make up my mind on the point, but—*cui bono?* What a deal of time and trouble and vexation would be spared the reading public were writers to take the trouble to say what they had to say clearly and plainly, and to take equal pains to leave unsaid what was superfluous. Is it too much to expect of a writer that he should give himself some little bother out of consideration for the comfort and peace of mind of—say—ten thousand readers? "Sound judgment," says Lord Roscommon, is "the ground of writing well." But sound judgment is born of painstaking, and the art which conceals art is produced by the mind that strives hard to be neither laboured nor elaborate. Good writing is plain writing, and an involved syntax produces an involved idea. I am inclined to think that conceptions are more rarely inaccurate than they are incomplete, and that they are incomplete more often from lack of working-out than from lack of capacity in the conceiver. An inaccurate conception is like a faulty drawing—betrays lack of

capacity in its author ; but an incomplete one is like an imperfect sketch, which may, nevertheless, show the hand of the master.

Our first impressions of people have a great influence on the degree of reserve or cordiality we evince towards them. Some even boast that their first estimate of a man is generally borne out by subsequent experience of him. It is not my purpose to discuss the point, but only to note down an experience of my own which, by some, will be thought to bear out the theory that a man carries his character in his face, while others may hold that it militates against that theory. A chance acquaintance, into whose society, for a time, I was a good deal thrown, produced on my mind an unaccountable and aggravating diversity of impressions. At one time, he appeared to have candour, honesty, and geniality stamped upon every feature ; at another, his countenance had a sinister aspect, and every lineament seemed to betoken moral obliquity. I was conscious of these contradictory impressions for a long time before I thought of the circumstance as strange or novel. Observing him attentively one day, I discovered the secret of the curious phenomenon. He had a prominent and well-shaped nose, but it was a good deal to one side, and his aspect was frank or sinister according to which side of his face was turned towards you. Whether his character had also a dual aspect my acquaintance with him was too brief for me to discover.

Mr. Austin, who is contributing a series of letters to the London *Times*, descriptive of the American at home, had an admirable one recently on "Local Colour." A lady at whose house he had been dining told him that an English friend had written to her, complaining that Mr. Austin's letters about America were too flattering, and wanted "local colour," "that no reader could discover from them that the Americans were very eccentric, peculiar people, more or less civilized, which all well-informed persons knew them to be—the quadroons, as it were, or octoroons, of civilization, with so many drops of savage blood in their veins." Thus reminded of his deficiency, the Correspondent has to explain that he found educated people and good society in the United States pretty much what they were at home. Alluding to the "broad and comprehensive ignorance" of the English people in regard to their American cousin, Mr. Austin felt it to be tantalizing that, just for want of a little of the daring and the imagination of genius, he could not utilize, for his own private ventures, that vast ocean of ignorance, but was obliged to creep cautiously along the coast, and see nothing but what came within the range of his eyes. "Last night," he says, naturally piqued at being told that my letters wanted "local colour," as my hostess told me immediately on my arrival, I set about searching for it with redoubled energy, and felt that I would gladly give $50, or even run some personal bodily risk, in moderation, for one of the guests to begin picking his teeth with a bowie-knife, or threatening his host with a six-shooter ; but the whole thing was perversely and provokingly English, though I fastened upon every Americanism or approach to Americanism I could find." During this Centennial year, an unusual number of English visitors have come to Canada, and their experience here is somewhat similar to that of the *Times'* Special in the United

States. They find all the appurtenances of civilization where they expected to find backwoods, and as much intelligence and refinement as they are accustomed to at home. The Englishman in search of "local colour" would find a great deal more of it in Dorsetshire, or Galway, or Aberdeen, than he could in any long-settled portion of this continent.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW.

Current Literature.

THE third series of Dean Stanley's Lecture on the History of the Jewish Church* embraces the eventful years from the Babylonian Captivity to the Christian era, and, as the two previous volumes would lead us to expect, throw a light as clear as noon-day on the most interesting portion of the Jewish writings. The first volume was dedicated to the "dear and most revered memory" of the Prince Consort, "this last is bound up with another like memory, if possible, still nearer, still more dear and no less enduring," the wife of the author, Lady Augusta Stanley, who seems to have been to him all that John Stuart Mill's wife was to the author of the Essay "On Liberty." In the dedication she is described as "the inseparable partner in every joy and every struggle of twelve eventful years," and the "humble prayer" is expressed that the book "may not be altogether unworthy of her sustaining love, her inspiring courage, and her never-failing faith in the enlargement of the church and the triumph of all truth." These Lectures form an exception to Dean Stanley's rule; they are characterized by wide reading and scholarship, by critical acumen, boldness and sympathy, and the style is as vivid as it is elegant. More than one passage will linger in the reader's memory as a rhetorical gem; and it may be that he will think the bereaved feelings of the writer have enabled him to depict with even more than his usual power the love and remorse of Herod for the beautiful and heroic Mariamne, a pearl richer than all his tribe, whom "the base Judæan threw away."

From the first, Dean Stanley has insisted on the duty of availing ourselves of the light of modern criticism in interpreting the sacred books. All life is taken out of the Bible by a system of interpretation which regards it merely as a store-house of texts; and its vital lessons are lost beneath the huge piles of fanciful analogies with which it has been encumbered by successive commentators. "When Augustine repeatedly insists that the Psalms ascribed in

* *Lectures on the History of the Jewish Church*, by ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, D.D. Third series,—New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Company. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1876.

their titles to Korah are descriptions of the Passion, and that the sons of Korah are Christians, because Korah in Hebrew and Calvary in Latin may be translated 'bald head,' and because Elisha was derided under that name; when Gregory the Great sees the twelve apostles, and therefore the clergy, in the seven sons of Job, and the lay worshippers of the Trinity in his three daughters; it is impossible not to feel that the gulf between these extravagancies and the more rational enplanations of later times is wider than that which parts many of the modern schools of theology from each other." Exegesis of this kind will be only too familiar to most of our readers, though there have not for some time back been wanting unmistakable signs that more enlightened methods are destined ere long universally to prevail.

If reflection did not do it, the study of Paul's writing ought to have long ago forced men to see that wherever a truth was proclaimed it came from the Father of light. As the old rhyme has it, the plant wherever it grows is divine. The history of Israel after the exile in Babylon is depressing from one point of view; from another, it is encouraging and instructive to a far greater degree than at any previous period. If, ceasing to be a nation, and becoming only a church, "it sank at times to the level of a sect," and the descent is traceable in the prophetical writings, it then for the first time passed into a wider horizon; foreign ideas mingled with Judaism, and Israel "began to infuse into the main current of the world's religion immortal truths which it has never since lost." The mind is forced to take a broader view of religious development, and for this reason a superficial but highly suggestive notice is accorded to the three great sages of Persia, China, and India, while a separate lecture is devoted to Socrates, "as the one Prophet of the Gentile world, whose influence on the subsequent course of the spirit of mankind has been most permanent and most incontestable." There are some to whom the idea that Divine truth is revealed through other than Jewish channels is "distasteful and alarming," though it would seem implied in the most elementary notion of the moral government of the world. The alarm arises from a superficial view. The security which is supposed to be in danger would on reflection be seen to be fortified by the belief, that God has left none of His children without a voice to guide them. The authority of the moral sentiments is strengthened by the conviction that they are the result of accumulated experience of the purest and noblest spirits of our race, living amidst diverse civilizations. "In like manner, the great truth of the unity of God, of the spirituality of religion, of the substitution of prayer for animal and vegetable sacrifice; the sense of moral beauty, or the strong detestation of moral deformity expressed in the idea of the Angelical and the Diabolical, above all the inestimable hope of immortality—all existing in germ, during the earliest times, but developed extensively in this epoch—come with a still vaster volume of force, when we find that they sprang up gradually, and that they belong not merely to the single channel of the Jewish Church, but have floated down the stream after its confluence with the tributaries of Persian and German philosophy."

The six centuries and a half are divided into four periods, viz: the Babylonian captivity, (2) the Persian Dominion, (3) the Grecian Period, (4) the Roman Period.

The Captivity is dealt with in two lectures ; the first, or 41st in the whole series, is entitled "the Exiles" and commences by a description of their place of captivity, Babylon. Of all the seats of Empire—of all the cities that the pride or power of man has built on the surface of the globe—Babylon was the greatest. Far as the horizon itself, extended the circuit of the vast capital—the largest of all "the cities of the river plains," and which like Nineveh or Ecbatana, but on a still larger scale, was "a country or empire enclosed in a city;" the streets in accordance with an Eastern, which has also become a Western, fashion were straight and at right angles to each other. Prideaux was struck by the Babylonian aspect of an early American city, a city in which there is at present a great fair on a Babylonian scale—"much according to this model," he says, having described the monster city of ancient times. "William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his city of Philadelphia, yet fifty-six of such cities might stand in the walls that encompassed Babylon." The walls were like towering hills, and appeared to Herodotus not less than three hundred feet high, on the top of which ran a vast terrace, more than eighty feet broad. The great palace of the Kings, itself a city within the city, was seven miles round," and its gardens, expressly built to convey to a Median Princess some reminiscences of her native mountains, rose, one above another, to a height of more than seventy feet, side by side with flowering shrubs ;" most remarkable of all was the Temple of Bel which rose like the great Pyramid, square upon square, six hundred feet high. Thither had been conveyed the spoils of Egypt, Tyre, Damascus, Nineveh, and Jerusalem. It is wonderful to look over London from St. Paul's, or over Paris from the belfry of Notre Dame, or over Philadelphia from one of the elevators in the Exhibition grounds. But no such sight exists at the present day as met the gaze of royal or sacred personage from the silver shrine at the summit of this building. One mass of mingled habitation and verdure stretched away on all sides to the horizon, where the unclouded blue of an Eastern sky met the mighty walls. The "white or pale brown of the houses" wherever was left the natural colour of the bricks made from the plains on which the city stood, would contrast with the rainbow hues with which most of them were painted, "whilst all the intervening spaces were filled with the variety of gigantic palms in the gardens or the thick jungles, or luxurious groves by the silvery lines of the canals." In the early spring a carpet of brilliant flowers covered the illimitable plain without the walls, and without and within, a sea of waving corn burst from the teeming soil with a produce so plentiful that Herodotus dared not risk his credit by stating its magnitude. At the head of the society of this great military capital, its chariots and its horsemen, its gay pleasures, its wealth, its art and science, was Nebuchadnezzar.

The captives belonged for the most part to the higher classes, princes, nobles and priests, to which were added artisans in wood and iron. Within the wall of Jerusalem the prophet could no longer stand in the Temple Courts to warn a people whose national life was destroyed. But now began the practice of letter-writing. Already the prophecies of Jeremiah, living far away from the mass of his people in Egypt, began to take the form of a book ; "already the Prophecies of Ezekiel had been arranged in the permanent hronological form which they have since worn." It is to this period belongs

the prophet who during this period poured forth the noblest of all prophetic strains—the second Isaiah, the Evangelical prophet, or as Dean Stanley calls him throughout the book, the "Great Unnamed." How began those laborious compilations which issued in the canon of the Old Testament. The minstrels and musicians, male and female, who kept up the traditions of David and Asaph, had their resort by the long canals. There they wandered, their harps slung over the shoulder as they sat down and wept when they remembered Zion. The political and social framework of Israel struck root in the new soil, and even the shadow of royalty lingered. The condition of many of the exiles was that of an immigration rather than a captivity, and a cheerful acquiesence in expatriation was encouraged by the prophets. "Build ye houses and dwell in them," wrote Jeremiah to the first detachment of exiles. "Plant gardens and eat the fruit of them." He encouraged them to bring up families and to seek the peace of the city, "for in the peace thereof ye shall have peace." But favourable though the condition of some was over the literature of the period—the psalms of the captivity, the groans of Ezekiel, the Lamentations of Jeremiah, the vast hymns of the Great Unnamed, there hangs a pall as of a personal calamity, there broods a spirit of ruin and of anguish, and if in the shiver of desolation there is not the deadening chill of despair, it is only because hope in its immortal vitality defies fate, and the Sun who spanned with rainbow *their* tearful sky was the Righteous One, the Eternal. "No human sorrow has ever found so loud, so plaintive, so long a wail. We hear the dirge over the curse of perpetual desolation[1] which lies on the ruins of Jerusalem. We catch the last sight of the exiles as they are carried away beyond the ride of Hermon.[2] We see the groups of fugitive stragglers in the desert, cut off by the sword of robbers, or attacked by the beasts of prey, or perishing of disease in cavern or solitary[3] fortress. We see them in the place of their final settlement, often lodged in dungeons with insufficient food,[4] loaded with contumely; their faces spat upon; their hair torn off; their backs torn by the lash. We see them in that anguish so difficult for Western natives to conceive, but still made intelligible by the horror of a Brahmin suddenly confronted with objects polluting his caste, or a Mussulman inadvertently touching swine's flesh, which caused the unaccustomed food, a cookery of the Gentile nations, to be as repugnant as the most loathsome filth or refuse of common life[5] and preferred the most insipid nourishment rather than incur the possible defilement of a sumptuous feast."

The "Messiah of Glory," so long looked for, now began to fade away, and the Jewish people conceived another Ideal, that of humiliation and suffering. Now, too, took place that purification of the national character which has never needed to be repeated; the fascination of the idolatry of Canaan was broken away from the venerable summits of their thousand hills, their consecrated graves, the hallowed cliffs of the rocks, the smoth stones of the clear and cadent brooks on which they poured their "drink offerings;"[6] and suffering

1. Isa. xliii. 28; xlix. 15-19; li. 15-19; lii. 9; lviii. 12; lxii. 6.
2. Psalm xlii. 6.
3. Ezek. xxxiii. 27.
4. Isa. xli. 14; xlii. 22; xlvii. 6; l. 6; li. 13-21; liii. Jer. l. 7-17. Psalm cxxix; cxxiii. 4; cxxiv. 7.
5. Ezek. iv. 12-15. Danl. i. 5-16.
6. Isa. lvii. chaps. 5, 6.

cruelly because they had forsaken the Holy One, their minds passed over the mixed glories of their history and found the ideal of their religion in their first father Abraham, as in the sixteenth century the Christian world sprang back over the whole of the middle ages to Primitive and Apostolical times. This was the Puritan period of the Jewish church. The reaction from Polytheism, the spirituality and the extended views of this period, the vision of the prophets taking in east and west;—the pages dealing with these fruitful transitional features are the most suggestive in the whole volume, and launch the reader on the stream of thought which bears him on past revolutions, moral and political, national triumph and national disaster, until it issues in that Græco-Roman world, in which that "far off Divine Event," to which all prior history was moving was to take place.

The fall of Babylon has never been described with the same vividness or with the same distinct exegetical effect as in the chapter before us. The joy of the return is brought out with all the freshness of a new story, and with a constant reference to psalm and prophet, which will enable many a biblical student to see a beauty and a meaning which had hitherto escaped them in the most cherished portions of the sacred writings. Henceforth the contracted kingdom of the chosen people is Judea, and now for the first time Judean or Jew comes to be used instead of Israelite. In the controversies and jealousies, the dangers and difficulties attending the return, the settlement, the building of the Temple, and the walls (under the guidance of Dean Stanley) we take part, and are enabled to watch the growth of those opinions which formed the intellectual and moral atmosphere in which our Lord's transforming teaching had to make itself a home. The Persian period closes with Malachi, in whom, as it were, the setting sun of Old Testament days is reflected with suitable glory. "He alone represents the genuine spirit of the ancient oracular order—as far, at least, as concerns the pure Hebrew history—till the final and transcendent burst of Evangelical and Apostolical prophecy, when a new era was opened on the world.

The chief idea in Malachi's work is the coming of a Messenger. This has taken the place of the expectation of an anointed King. The second "doctrine" pervading the book is "the contrast between the real and the ideal in religious institutions." By the side of a selfish and untruthful priesthood, there rose the vision of perfect truthfulness and fairness,[1] "unswerving fear of the Eternal name as conceived in the original idea of the Priesthood;" and in harmony with the melancholy vein of thought—the almost "misanthropic cries of Malachi," there now arises for the first time the keen sense of an obstinate, inveterate principle of evil, and the modern conception of a devil was on its way to definiteness. The "third doctrine of Malachi is the absolute equality in the Divine Judgment of all pure and sincere worship throughout the world." In rejecting the half-hearted and niggardly offerings of the Jewish Church, the Prophet reminds his readers not only that their offerings are not needed by Him whom they seek to propitiate by them, but that from the farthest East, where the sun rises above the earth, to the remotest western horizon, where he sinks beneath it, the Eternal name, under whatever form,

1 Mal ii. 5, 6.

is great; that among the innumerable races outside the Jewish pale,—not only in Jerusalem, but in every place over that wide circumference,—the cloud of incense that goes up from altars, of whatever temple, is, if faithfully rendered, a pure, unpolluted offering to that Divine Presence, known or unknown, throughout all the nations of mankind"[1]—a truth which was brought out still more clearly by Him, who declared that "many should[2] come from East and West, and sit down in the Kingdom," and as well as by the disciples repeating after him in words, all but identical with those of Malachi, though without a figure; "In every nation he that feareth Him and worketh righteousness is accepted of Him."

The Grecian period is introduced by a quotation from the poems of a man[3] who was himself a prophet in these modern times, and who saw that though in the night of doubt brave and true hearts might be separated from each other wide as the poles of thought apart,

"Through wind and tides one compass guides."

At the same date as the last of the Judæan prophets, Socrates arose,—"the most enduring name among the prophets of the European world."

Not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow—how slowly!
But westward look—the land is bright.

We have not space to dwell on the remarkable chapter in which the personal and religious character, and the mission of Socrates, are expounded. It is characterized by the learning of a Grote and the pictorial power of a Macaulay; nor did ever a more sympathetic hand touch that immortal trial and still more immortal scene, in which as the sunset faded in all its varied mystery of hues over the Athenian hills, lingering as unwilling to give the signal of the last hour, the greatest of all the Greeks, with his habitual ease and cheerfulness, drained the hemlock to the dregs.

Nor can we hope to do any justice to the Roman Period. In the two concluding lectures dealing with this period, the full scenery belonging to the greatest act in the world's drama is before us, and if selections were practicable, to select would be more than ordinarily embarrassing. The character of Pompey the Great, and the character of Herod, are pourtrayed with the power of a great dramatist. The description of Pompey's entrance into the Holy of Holies is a marvellous piece of writing—and the painting of the scene is equalled in skill by the way the sacred rhetorician enforces the noblest and most elevating of all truths. "He arrived at the west curtain which hung against the Holy of Holies, into which none but the High Priest could enter but on one day of the year, that very day, if so be, that very day on which Pompey found himself there. He had doubtless often wondered what that dark cavernous recess could contain. Who and what was the God of the Jews was a question commonly discussed at philosophical enterainments both before and afterwards. When the quarrel between the two Jewish rivals came to the

1. Mal. i. 11.
2. Matt. viii. 11.
3. Clough.

ears of the Greeks and Romans, the question immediately arose as to the Divinity that these Princes both worshipped. Sometimes a rumour reached them that it was an ass's head ; sometimes, the venerable lawgiver wrapped in his long beard and wild hair; sometimes, perhaps, the sacred emblems which once were there, but lost in the Babylonian invasion ; sometimes, of some god and goddess in the human form like those who sat enthroned behind the altars of the Parthenon or the Capitol. He drew the veil aside. Nothing more forcibly shows the immense superiority of the Jewish worship to any that then existed in the earth, than the shock of surprise occasioned by this one glimpse of the exterior world into that unknown and mysterious chamber. There was nothing. Instead of all the fabled figures of which he had heard or read he found only a shrine, as it seemed to him, without a god, because a sanctuary without an image. Doubtless the Grecian philosophers had at times conceived an idea of the Divinity as spiritual ; doubtless the Etruscan priests had established a ritual as stately ; but what neither philosopher nor priest had conceived before, was the idea of a worship—national, intense, elaborate—of which the very essence was, that the Deity that received it was invisible. Often even in Christian times has Pompey's surprise been repeated ; often it has been said that without a localizing, a dramatizing, a materializing representation of the Unseen, all worship would be impossible. The reply which he must, at least for the moment, have made to himself was that, contrary to all expectation, he had there found it possible."

How, in addition to the expectation of a Messenger, the hope of a Personal Deliverer took possession of the popular mind ; how new prayers in this hope were added to the Jewish ritual, and how this hope received an unexpected fulfilment in the coming of Christ, is told in the last chapter, to which we must refer the reader who would have a new life infused into old conceptions of the most momentous events in the annals of our race.

Books of the gossipy class make very good reading, combining as they do some of the advantages of serious study with recreation. Such books have a sterling value for students, if the writer has himself been part of the transactions and scenes of which he writes. *Though George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle, will not gain the reputation of a brilliant writer by his memoirs, he will afford amusement and information to his contemporaries, and have stored up a few colours for the palette of a future Macaulay. From his childhood, the Earl of Albemarle was mixed up with great and famous people, and as he was born in 1799, he has seen a great deal of the world. His account of the origin of the book shows him to be a good-natured, old English gentleman, who has had a strong constitution, and has taken the world easy—a world which fortune made for him sufficiently smooth. For years his wife and children pressed him to give some account of his family—or as he says, "the race from which I spring "—and of himself. The history of the Keppels from their rise in Saxony until the lively and handsome Arnold Joost Van Keppel landed in England with William of Orange, and thence to the birth of the author, is set out in an appendix which is not without interest, as a historical document. A copious index is added, which is very useful, as the volume

* *Fifty Years of my Life :* By George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. New York : Henry Holt & Co. Toronto : Willing & Williamson, 1876.

partakes largely of the character of a collection of anecdotes—some old—of celebrated people. Lord Albemarle published in 1827 the "Overland Journey from India," and in 1831 a "Journey across the Balcan." He tells us that he had never kept a diary, save when on these journeys. Therefore, his wife and children importuning him to write about himself and his family, he said :—"Wait till I am seventy, and then—perhaps," thinking he was postponing the undertaking to the Greek Kalends. When, however, he reached the limit allotted to man by the Psalmist, he had no further excuse, and from that time began to make notes of occurrences as they suggested themselves to a "tolerably retentive memory," throwing his writings into a box. The contents of that box make a very amusing and not uninstructive book. Anecdotes of statesmen, actors, authors, kings ; observations in many cities and countries ; scandal, gossip ; *naïve* bits of egotism ; pictures of English school life, of English political life, and of the general *entourage* of an aristocrat, during the first half of the century, form a volume very suitable to wile away the leisure hours of the student, and sure to be eagerly read by those whose sole object is to be amused. The account of Sir Robert Adair supplies what the present generation missed—the point in some of the verses in Canning's "Rovers," for it seems that the diplomatist, who, intended for the diplomatic profession, went early in life to the University of Cottingen, was an enthusiastic admirer of the fair sex.

"There, first for thee, my passion grew,
Sweet Matilda Pottingen ;
Thou wast the daughter of my TU-
TOR, Law Professor of the U-
NIVERSITY of Gottingen.

Young Keppel was often frightened into submission in the nursery by the cry "Boney's coming." When six years of age he went on a visit to his maternal grandmother, the Dowager Lady of Clifford, who had recently been appointed governess to the Princess Charlotte of Wales. She lived near Mrs. Fitzherbert, who was the guardian of Minnie Seymour, (afterwards the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer,) and he often visited Mrs. Fitzherbert for the sake of her young charge, with whom he had one of those childish flirtations which are so amusing to grown up people. He was presented by this little lady to the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. When his Royal Highness was seated in his chair, "Minnie" would jump up on one of his knees, and then an animated conversation would arise between "Prince" and "Minnie"—an anecdote which shows George IV. in a more amiable light, than the following :—

The Prince and his friends used to meet at "Red Barns," a breeding farm of Mr. Tattersall, where there was some famous port always on hand. On one occasion a post-chaise-and-four was seen to drive up to the "Palace" door—William Windham, riding leader, and Charles Fox (the statesman), riding wheel, while the Prince of Wales, too full of Red Barn port to be in "riding or even sitting trim, lay utterly helpless at the bottom of the chaise." Fox was fond of young people, and played with the children of the "lovely Lady Albemarle." In the morning the statesman, occupied with politics

or Greek plays or French fairy tales, was not visible, but after the children's one o'clock dinner he was their exclusive property and was wheeled in his chair to the garden for a game of trap-ball. As he could not walk, he of course had the innings, we the bowling and fagging-out. With what glee would he send the ball into the bushes in order to add to his score, and how shamelessly would he wrangle with us whenever we fairly bowled him out!" Fox, busy with the cares of State, and the hand of death heavy on him, sporting with children, and laughing and chaffing and chatting the whole time, is a pleasant picture. The conversation turning on the relative merits of different kinds of wine, Fox said, "Which is the best sort of wine, I leave you to judge; all I know is that no sort of wine is bad." Lord Eversley, who, when a small boy, heard Fox speak in the House of Commons, asked, "What is that fat gentlemen in such a passion about?"—The young lord's curiosity is a criticism of more value than much which has been said and written by older and wiser persons. The Princess Charlotte was a devoted admirer and disciple of Fox, and in 1812, in order to show how little successful were her father's sudden attempts to make her exchange for Toryism the Whig opinions he had done all he could to imbue her with, she presented a bust of Fox to Lord Albemarle, accompanying it with a letter characterized by a noble political creed, and the greatest enthusiasm for the memory and policy of the deceased statesman. In 1838, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Mr. George Byng, Comptroller of the Household (now the Earl of Stafford), and our author, accompanied Madame D'Hoogvoorst, *Dame d'atour* to the Queen of the Belgians, to St. Anne's Hill, to see the widow of Charles James Fox. This lady, who had lived nearly a century, was in her ninety-third year and was still hale and handsome, and gave them a most cordial reception. She examined them all, and when she came to George Byng, she said "Ay, good-looking enough, but not so handsome as old George," who represented Middlesex during her husband's lifetime. The luncheon was "sumptuous." The butler, nearly as old as his mistress, kept constantly filling her glass. "If you don't take care," said the Duke of Bedford to him, "you will make the old lady quite tipsy." "And what if I do?" was the reply, "she can never be so in better company." Were there many Tories in the neighbourhood? "Please your Grace," answered the old butler of the great liberal statesman, "we're eat up with them."

There is nothing novel about the account of the fagging he went through at Westminster School, nor even in the numberless whippings he endured, but there is a delightful *naïveté* in the boy emphasising the delight it gave him to go with the young Princess to the theatre by telling her that he rejoiced to do so, though a whipping in consequence was as certain as the rising of to-morrow's sun. The Princess was an impetuous child. It was her common practice to rush into the room of Lady de Clifford and leave the door open. "My dear Princess," said Lady de Clifford once to her, "that is not civil, you should always shut the door after you when you come into a room." "Not I indeed," she replied, in the loudest of voices, "if you want the door shut, ring the bell," and out she bounced. The Princess did not like Mrs. Udney a sub-governess, "she does not," she writes, "pass over little faults. I think that is not kind." She herself was a kind-hearted girl and presented

Keppel with a pony. She was also in the habit of tipping him. A specimen of the correspondence between the two children—a letter written in 1809, throws much light on the Princess's character, and is besides amusing—

"*To the Honourable George Keppel, at the Dowager Lady de Clifford's, South Audley Street, London.*"

"MY DEAR KEPPEL :—

"You know me well enough to suppose that I never will refuse you a thing when there is no harm in it. But though I send you the money, still I must give you a little reprimand. You will, I hope, dear boy, love me as well tho' I do sometimes find fault with you. You will, if you go on asking for money and spending it in so quick a manner, get such a habit of it, that when you grow up you will be a very extravagant man, and get into dept, (*sic*) &c., &c.

"Your grandmamma, de Clifford, allows me £10 a month. But though I spend it, I take care never to go farther than my sum will allow. Now, dear George, if you do the same you never will want for money; say you have a guinea, well then never go beyond it, and in time you will save up. That is the way everybody does, never get into dept. (*sic.*)

"If you will call at Warwick House, my porter, Mr. Moore, will give you half a guinea. If you use that well and give me an exact account how you spend it, I will give you something more. I wish you was (*sic*) here. Write to me often, and believe me that no one loves you better than I do, nor will be more happy to help you in all your troubles, than I.

"Dear George,

Your very sincere and affectionate

CHARLOTTE."

"Brunswick's fated chieftain," the brother of the Princess Charlotte's mother, visited his niece in 1809. He is described as a "sad and somewhat stern-looking man, with sunken eyes and bushy eye-brows," and what was then rare in England, a moustache. He was sedate and silent, but was much interested in the Princess's lively careless prattles. On one occasion, after a visit from the Duke, she improvised a moustache, swaggered up and down the room, then making a sudden stop, her arms akimbo, she uttered some German expletives, which sounded very like oaths. She inherited her father's talent for mimickry, and she thus sought to give his conception of a "Black Brunswicker."

In the gossip about Westminster School, there is but one thing we think worth dwelling on, because it illustrates the point in which the schools of half a century ago differed most from the schools of to-day. Carey, one of the masters, did all in his power to foster the pugnacious instinct of the boys. He scolded Mure, the captain of the school, on account of the idleness of one Lambert who was a junior on the foundation. Mure pleaded he had not "helped" Lambert into College. "Where did he get that black eye?" asked Carey. "In fighting a 'scy'" (a blackguard in Westminster slang). "Which licked?" pursued Carey. "Lambert." "Well! if he is a good fellow and a good fighter, we must not be too hard on him for his Latin and Greek."

In his sixteenth year young Keppel joined the fourteenth regiment of foot as ensign. He went in his uniform to a grand *réunion* at Lansdowne House, he thought every one was asking what a schoolboy could do at such an assembly, and to complete his confusion he encountered his handsome mother who, still young looking, did not care to see a second grown up son in society. "What, George!" she exclaimed, "who would have thought of seeing you here? There, run away, you'll find plenty of cakes and tea in the next room." But his vanity was salved by an order a few days afterwards to proceed to Flanders. Remember this was in 1815, and Napoleon was once more on the imperial throne. When he arrived at Ramsgate he found the town swarming with military, destined like himself for the seat of war. Wishing to come in for some share of the respect shown by the men to the commissioned officers, he donned his uniform and sauntured forth. There was no lack of salutes, "but the irrepressible smile that accompanied them soon drove me back to my inn."

What he says about Waterloo is of little value either to the military man or the historian, but it was, nevertheless, worth putting on record, as a faithful photograph of the mental, plucky, unheroic state of mind of a young man in such a great battle. The boy soldier comes out in his demeanour outside Paris. On the 7th July, the eve of his entrance into Paris, his division encamped in the Bois de Boulogne. "I know not what others did," he writes, "but for my part I lay awake all night thinking of the pleasure in prospect on the following day." When he returned to England with his regiment in December, the reaction had set in, and Waterloo and Waterloo-men were at a discount. Convicts disembarking from a hulk could hardly have met less consideration. "It's us as pays they chaps," was the remark of a country bumpkin as they stepped ashore.

We cannot accompany Keppel on duty to the Mediterranean and the Mauritius. On his return to England he became equerry to the Duke of Sussex, and was subsequently ordered to India, where he was appointed aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings. His overland journey home is very briefly described, and he takes his readers afterwards to Dublin and Paris, to dinners with famous people, to the death-beds of unhappy beauties and illustrious *roués*. Four years before the death of Mrs. Fitzherbert she committed certain documents to the charge of Lord Stourton, and to Lord Albemarle, the author's father. All these documents were burned in the presence of the Duke of Wellington, the executor of George IV., with the exception of the mortgage on the palace at Brighton, the certificate of the marriage, dated December 21st, 1785 (George the Fourth was in his twenty-fourth year at the time), a letter from George IV., signed by him, his will, and a memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony. These papers were made into a packet and lodged at Coutts' Bank, where they still remain labelled "the property of the Earl of Albemarle." The following circumstance is as touching as Charles II.'s anxiety on his death-bed, lest "poor Nellie" should starve, and, like many other things about George IV. shows that his heart was a good one corrupted by power and "evil communications." Shortly after their marriage, George, Prince of Wales, gave Mrs. Fitzherbert a large diamond, which she

had divided into two parts. In one was enclosed the portrait of her royal husband, and this she kept. With the other, which contained her own miniature, she presented him. On their final separation all tokens of affection were returned. But the Prince failed to restore her miniature. On his death-bed, George IV. desired the Duke of Wellington to see that he was buried in the night clothes in which he lay. He then breathed his last. The Duke was seized with an irresistible curiosity to discover the motive of the request. On examining, he found round the King's neck, attached to a faded, dirty piece of black riband, the jewelled miniature, about the fate of which Mrs. Fitzherbert was too proud to inquire. The portrait of George IV. was bequeathed by Mrs. Fitzherbert to Mrs. Dawson Damer, who, soon afterwards, happening to sit next the Duke of Wellington at dinner, asked him what he thought had become of his dear old friend's miniature. The Duke blushed, hemmed and hah-ed, and at last pleaded guilty to having yielded to an irresistible impulse. Mrs. Fitzherbert died without knowing whether George IV. had not given her present to some worthless person.

The readers of "Fifty Years of My Life," will, we think, congratulate themselves, although the book abounds in grammatical faults, that persons who are not literary people write books. Lord Albemarle paints his own character in an unconsciously amusing way, and is more natural than he could possibly be if he was more clever.

The book proper concludes with an anecdote of a dinner-party which took place at the poet Rogers', at which were Sir Robert Adair and the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford. The conversation turned on "Junius," and everybody assigned it to Sir Philip Francis whom Lord Albemarle (he succeeded to the Earldom in 1851) had never seen. The others had met him at Woburn, the seat of the Duke of Bedford. But how could he accept the hospitality of sons whose fathers he had maligned? He was fond of good cheer and good living, and little was to be had at Woburn. Rogers then gave an instance of his love for the pleasures of the table. Sitting next a gentleman at a city feast, who was gravely enjoying his turtle and reserving a large lump of green fat for a *bonne bouche*, at the last, Francis looked on with an envious eye and at last seized the delicious morsel with his fork and swallowed it. Fully sensible of the vast pleasure of which he had deprived the stranger, Sir Philip handed him a card, and said, "Sir, I am ready to make you the most ample apology, or to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman, but I must say you had no right to throw such a temptation in my way." The poor citizen loved life more than Caliposh, and preferred the apology to making himself a target for an experienced duellist.

DURING the latter years of Landor's* residence in England he placed a collection of his writings in the hands of John Foster, with certain directions as to their publication. "Temperance societies," he said, in a characteristic letter which was to appear with the posthumous edition of his works, "rose up soon after the construction of gin-palaces." Literature, he thought, might take a similar turn, and his works might be called for. "I place them," he wrote

* *Imaginary Conversations*, by WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. First Series. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1876.

to his friend, "in your hands with the more pleasure, since you have thought them not unworthy of your notice, and even of your study among the labours of our greatest authors, our patriots in the best time. The world is indebted to you for a knowledge of their characters and their works; I shall be contented to be as long forgotten if I arise with the same advantages at last." This is Landor's way of expressing a belief that he had left behind him a monument more durable than brass. But though Landor had sufficient genius, had he concentrated it on one or two works, to have won an enduring fame, it may be doubted whether the world will ever take a strong interest in his writings. Literary men, for whom his character and the odour of classical reading which pervades his writiugs will have a charm, will sometimes take his books in hand, and those who hunt for choice felicities of expression will find his desultory remains full of game; but the general reader, especially in these days, is too impatient, and is expected to read too much to be able to devote many hours to Landor.

The volume before us contains the classical dialogues, Greek and Roman, and show with what ease Landor moved about in the ancient world, how thoroughly he had caught the sentiment and style of its literary class, how completely he had absorbed its spirit—and this in spite of glaring anachronisms and a determination to make allusions to passing events. His language is always polished to fastidiousness; but though he never creeps along the ground, his imagination is not equal to sustained flight, and if he soars at one moment right up into the empyrean, he comes quickly down, to wheel round commonplace fields with a heroic monotony. Yet it is true that these conversations are sufficiently dramatic that no extracts will do them justice. If his five act dramas are only "dialogues in verse, his prose dialogues are one act dramas," but they are dramas which, as a stage manager would say, should be cut down for successful representation. He was more happy in his hatreds than his loves, and his aversion to Lord Brougham will be more readily excused than his feelings towards his wife. Imperious and capricious, it is hard to escape from the conclusion that he was not a slave to that affectation of originality in style and conduct which is surest evidence of gigantic vanity. As a literary critic, he has rarely been surpassed, nor can we measure his influence of literature by the circulation of his writings. He had a powerful personality and a delight in expression. To understand the enthusiasm of the admirers of the poet and critic, and the height at which they rate his influence we should have known the man. Landor had no Boswell. In Johnson's case we see how much greater a man may be than his writings would indicate.

The first dialogue in the Greek set is "Achilles and Helena," a dialogue in which the interest is small. The language is thoroughly Greek, but there is no touch of portraiture to repay perusal, aud we doubt if all that is put into Achilles' mouth is consistent with his character. The truth we believe to be, that, for all Landor's protestations to the contrary, he never could escape from the present. It would not be unfair to construe that portion of Mr. Foster's preface, in which he recounts his failure to make extracts from the dialogues, —"the proper setting for its jewels of speech or thought, the kindness of character, subtlety of imagination, seemed to be no longer there,"—as imply-

ing there is a good deal of straw round the jewels, of the finest water though these be. The following is not without great beauty, but we doubt whether it is in keeping with character and time.

Helena.—'I am sure it [his memory's power to recall the names of plants] will be, for didst thou not say that Chiron taught them?

Achilles.—He sang to me over the lyre, the lives of Narcissus and Hyacynthus, brought back by the beautiful Hours, of silent unwearied feet, regular as the stars in their courses. Many of the trees and bright-eyed flowers once lived, and moved, and spoke, as we are speaking. *They may yet have memories, although they have ears no longer.*

Helena.—Ah! then they have no memories, and they see their own beauty only.

Achilles.—Helena! thou turnest pale, and droopest.

Helena.—The odour of the blossoms, or of the gums, or the height of the place, or something else, makes me dizzy. Can it be the wind in my ears?

Achilles.—There is none.

Helena.—I could wish there were a little.

We doubt whether the sentimental conceit we have italicised could have occurred to a Greek of the heroic age; it is sentimental and very modern in its sentimentality. It might have occurred to Euripides.

In "Æsop and Rhodope," a very beautiful young girl is painted for us, who might well develope into that famous beauty who captivated the heart of the brother of Sappho, and who behaved so scandalously at Naucratis. Her consecration of a number of spirits in the temple of Apollo has, like similar arts in modern times, an element of irony in it, and perhaps Landor, in his portrayal of the charming, sweet young girl, meant to bring out still more strikingly the irony of her career. Æsop must have found it hard to escape from falling in love with his fellow-slave,

Æsop.—'Perhaps he [her father] is a little to be blamed; certainly he is much to be pitied.

Rhodope.—Kind heart! on which mine must never rest!

Æsop.—Rest on it for comfort and for counsel when they fail thee; *rest on it, as the deities on the breast of mortals, to console and purify it.*"

Further on, Æsop describes her father as one who "threw wealth aside, and, placing thee under the protection of Virtue, rose up from the house of Famine to partake in the festivals of the gods." The second dialogue thus concludes:—

Rhodope.—Who flatters now?

Æsop.—Flattery often runs beyond Truth, in a hurry to embrace her; but not here. The dullest of mortals, seeing and hearing thee, would never misinterpret the prophesy of the Fates. If turning back, I could e'er pass the vale of years, and could stand on the mountain-top and could look again far before me at the bright ascending morn, we would enjoy the prospect together; we would walk along the summit hand-in-hand, O, Rhodope! and we would only sigh at last when we found ovrselves below with others."

This is very beautiful. Yet the figure is mixed. If they walked along the summit, how could they find themselves below with others?

The twelfth dialogue, "Alexander and the Priest of Hammon," is a noble

piece of satirical writing, and its dramatic is equal to its satirical power. The genius both of Swift and Voltaire seems to co-operate with his own clasical spirit. It is a perfect piece of art, without a weak line, unmarred by a single flaw.

There is no dialogue in the book equal to this. But there is no dialogue in which some gem of thought or expression will not be found. The classical reader will be pleased to find the spirit of the ancients so admirably reproduced; and the unlearned may here taste the flavour of that love of form and passion for balance and self-control which have begotten such undying enthusiasm for the work of men long past dead.

In reproducing fugitive "essays and reviews pertaining to Darwinism"* Mr. Asa Gray is, we conclude, animated more by a desire to do good than to win a literary reputation. The book would be useful to persons wishing to obtain a superficial view of scientific questions under a safe guide. Mr. Asa Gray shows that Darwinism is not inconsistent with theism, and points out that it is still only a hypothesis. He brings to the discussion of the various questions the truly scientific and christian conviction, that Truth has nothing to fear from inquiry. The book would subserve a useful purpose if it fell into the hands of persons whom science alarms. Scientific students may learn much from the extensive knowledge of botany possessed by the author, who is professor of natural history in Harvard University, and, indeed, the only excellence of the book from a scientific point of view is in showing how the propositions bear on the special problems of Botany.

If all, or at least a fair proportion of the novels that are published each year, were as good as "One Summer,"† reading them might become instructive and reviewing them a pleasure. Whilst so many works of fiction, after their first issue, lapse into total oblivion, the little volume before us, in a short space of time, ran through fourteen editions in the United States, before making its appearance in Canadian guise. One secret of the attractiveness of the book is, perhaps, to be found in the fact, that instead of following the fashion which imposes upon so-called novelists the obligation of spinning out through three volumes a story too scanty for one, the authoress has comprised the whole in one compact little volume. "One Summer" contains thoughtful writing, some humour, and not a little ingenuity, and as such will prove acceptable to those who can be attracted in non-sensational writings. It is a love story of the healthiest type, the very antipodes of the sickly sensational species of fiction. In spite, however, of these many excellencies, it is not without its defects. We would advise Miss Howard to study dialogue more than she has done, and to endeavour to conform it to the character of the various speakers. The conversations in "One Summer" are sensible, spirited, and witty. But the authoress, with a striking want of perception, has, except where wide social differences obviously suggested a

* Darwiniana: Essays and reviews pertaining to Darwinism, by Asa Gray, New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1876.

† One Summer, by Blanche Willis Howard. Reprinted from the fourteenth American Edition. Toronto: Belford Brothers, Publishers, 1876.

change in the style of language, made all her characters speak in precisely the same manner. A kindred fault, closely connected with this defect in the dialogue, is to be found in the authoress' delineation of character, the main personages being so flimsily drawn, that they thereby lose much of the distinctiveness and individuality which an author should endeavour to impart to his heroes and heroines. These blemishes detract somewhat from the merits of the work, but, in the case of a writer of Miss Howard's ability, they are susceptible of easy amendment, should she at any future time write another novel.

From so quaint a title* we confess that, on the principle of *ex pede Herculem*, we were led to expect a crotchety book, in which expectation, however, we have been agreeably disappointed. The fact that this little work will be read with pleasure by children, while at the same time it will afford unmixed satisfaction to the mass of adult readers, sufficiently indicates that an author who can attain to two such seemingly incompatible objects must be a writer of no small ability. This last tribute of praise will be the more unhesitatingly accorded, when we bear in mind two leading characteristics of the work, either of which, it might be supposed, would effectually suffice to render a story unreadable. The first feature to which we allude is the fact that nine-tenths of the book is devoted to recording the sayings and doings of two little boys, aged three and five years respectively; the second feature is the absence of all save the simplest plot. The plot, if such it may be called, is in part at least, indicated by the title of the book, and is briefly as follows:—A young man takes charge of his married sister's house and two children during her absence with her husband, and whilst there in charge he falls in love with a young lady of his acquaintance, who is staying in the neighbourhood, and marries her. The entire story is no more than this, and yet from such slender materials our author has succeeded in weaving a most substantial fabric. The charm which the work undoubtedly possesses depends upon something more subtle than brilliant dialogue or thrilling complications, and lies in the refreshingly natural exposition of the actions and sayings of the two children who may be said to constitute the chief personages of the story. The conversations of these two youngsters, their pronunciation, and the unlucky *contretemps* which they occasion, are so eminently natural and real as to cause a strong presumption that one who has studied juveniles so closely as our author has must be a genuine lover of children. There is also a considerable amount of humour scattered throughout the book, whilst the whole is occasionally relieved by a touch of genuine sentiment. Were we to criticise at all, it would be to take exception to the light and unbecoming tone in which religious matters are in some instances treated. The fact that most of the objectionable passages of this kind occur in the course of a child's speech is a poor excuse for what to many will seem a manifest want of reverence. With the exception, however, of this one blemish, the book will be read with pleasure by all those, whether young or old, who have not spoilt

* *Helen's Babies.*—With some account of their ways, innocent, crafty, angelic, impish, witching, and repulsive. Also a partial record of their actions during ten days of their existence, by their latest victim. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

their intellectual appetites by an indiscriminate indulgence in the dime-novel style of literature.

We have every reason to be proud of our educational system. Political institutions give evidence of the capacity of a people for self-government, and manufacturing and agricultural prosperity are the marks of its industrial skill and energy ; but its intelligence and wisdom are best manifested by its provisions for public education. In this regard, the Province of Ontario, with very limited means, and all the difficulties which mark the progress of a young community, has not only recognized the education of the people as a necessary condition of advancement, but has established a system of public instruction, which, for its liberality and excellence, far surpasses the system of many older and wealthier communities, and may be justly ranked with the most advanced of them. Practically, however, public efforts have not kept pace with the spirit of the School Act and the intentions of the legislature ; and in too many instances the authorities, in whom have been vested the control of educational affairs, have been satisfied with building a schoolhouse and supplying a teacher. The teacher may be fairly supposed to be qualified for his work, because he must hold the legal certificate. But the best teacher must fail in fulfilling his important duties, unless he can command and is surrounded by all the materials for instruction and discipline which educational science demands. Next to the qualified teacher, the school-house, its locality, its form, and its external and internal arrangements, must be in keeping with the skill of the instructor and the duties of the profession. The best workman must fail unless placed in the best workshop with the best materials for production around him. Now it is in this regard that we have not advanced in the spirit of the Act of Parliament. Our school-houses, with some few exceptions, are not models of taste or fitness for the end in view, and are too often destitute of all that is necessary to the highest development of our school system.

It is therefore with great satisfaction that we hail the appearance of the "School House and its Architecture,"* by the Deputy Minister of Education. The work has been prepared in the spirit of a large and philosophical view of the ultimate purpose of national education. Dr. Hodgins regards the school life of the pupils as the life which is to influence and direct all their future career as human beings ; and in that liberal and wise view he urges the importance of the best arrangements, with less regard to cost than final issues, by which skilful instruction and discipline can be made successful, taste improved and refined, and health not only secured, but strengthened. The suggestions which pervade the entire work, for surrounding the school life of children with objects of taste and beauty, which have so lasting an influence on character, are admirable, and claim the earnest consideration of all interested in this subject. The architecture, external and internal, of the school-house, takes up a large portion of the work, and abounds with valuable information as to the design, the ornamentation, and the hygienic ar-

* *The School House : its Architecture, external and internal arrangements.* By J. George Hodgins. LL. D. Toronto, Copp, Clark & Co.

rangements of school buildings. School-houses are often built on the spirit of a parsimonious and unwise economy, as if they were designed for the destruction of human life, and not for its improvement. Incipient pestilence and permanent disease lurk in the gloomy, ill-ventilated, ill-lighted and penuriously furnished school-room, to which, for so many years we consign the youth of the land ; and the sickness, and physical debility, and vices, which break out in adult life, may too often be justly laid to the charge of the dingy prisons which we name public schools. The plans and suggestions contained in this work, derived from large and careful observation, and having especial reference to the preservation of health and to the moral culture of the pupils, ought to be studied by all who have the control of our school system, and by every teacher in the Province, as they concern alike the health and happiness of the scholars and of the whole community. The work is profusely illustrated with diagrams of school plans, and especially with designs for school-houses, and for their external arrangement. Dr. Hodgins wisely considers that the school-house should be a structure marked by architectural beauty, attractive to the scholars, and an ornament to the locality where it stands. We see no reason why we should exhaust our cash and means in the ornamentation of churches for the instruction of adults, while we consign our children to dull, dark and unpicturesque places of study. Edifices of neat and tasteful forms, windows with gothic arches, play grounds with neat fences and flower-plots, and all the appliances by which the young may be nurtured in habits of order, decency and cleanliness, react on their future lives, and are, to say the least, as necessary to moral as books are to the mental culture.

It is because the work of Dr. Hodgins throws so much light on these subjects, abounds in so many excellent hints and views for the development of our educational system, and is withal written in so earnest a spirit, and with a simplicity and attractive eloquence that cannot fail to instruct and please the reader, that we commend it to the study of schoolmasters, inspectors and teachers. No one can be regarded as qualified for the office of educator of the young who is not familiar with the topics which this work so ably expounds.

Since Mr. Gladstone turned away from the leadership of the Liberal party, he has added the reputation of an essayist and pamphleteer to that of an orator and scholar. The two essays on* Macleod and Macaulay have with great propriety been put in a form which places them within the reach of the general public. His remarks on Macleod's character will be read with interest, and we should hope what Mr. Gladstone says about preaching will be pondered by young ministers. The essay on the great Scottish divine throws fresh light on Mr. Gladstone's theological attitude : a remark which is also true of the more elaborate criticism on Lord Macaulay. Having done ample and sympathetic justice to the man, Mr. Gladstone proceeds to deal with the author. He rates Macaulay more highly than might have been expected from one of his habits of thought ; and having rendered profuse homage to the literary artist, proceeds to deal with the historian. He enumerates in

* *Gladstone on Macleod and Macaulay. Two Essays.* By the Right Honourable W. E. Gladstone, M. P. Toronto : Belford Bros.

half a dozen pages the leading errors into which the historian fell; and those whose occupations preclude them from the regular field of criticism may here correct the misapprehensions which they owe to the great enchanter. We have rarely seen a more balanced estimate of Macaulay, who has in Mr. Gladstone's opinion, reared a fabric which will survive the distant deluge destined to sweep away the literary remains of most of his contemporaries.

In the front rank of the divines of the present century stood Norman Macleod. The publication of his Memoir (*a*) by his brother Donald created a demand in Canada for the several works which he published during his lifetime, and the many editions of which testified to the extent to which they had seized upon the public mind. The reproduction of several of these in Canada (*b, c, d,*) will satisfy an appetite sharp for literature of the kind—strong, healthy, and having a sound moral.

(*a*) *Memoir of Norman Macleod, D.D.* By his brother, the Rev. Donald Macleod, D.D., Editor of "Good Words, &c." Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*b*) *The Old Lieutenant and His Son.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*c*) *Wee Davie.* By the late Norman Macleod, D. D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*d*) *The Gold Thread.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

(*e*) *The Earnest Student.* By Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

A History of Canada. For the use of Schools and General Readers. By William H. Withrow, M.A. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co., 1876.

Light for the Temperance Platform: A collection of Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues for Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, Cadets of Temperance, Bands of Hope, &c., &c. Edited by George Maclean Rose. Part II. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1876.

The World: An Introductory Geography. By J. B. Calkin, M.A., Principal of the Provincial Normal School, Truro. N. S: A. & W. Mackinlay, 1875. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Questions on Modern and Physical Geography: By J. F. Tuffts, M.A., Halifax. A. & W. Mackinlay, 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

St. Elmo: By Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The Earl of Beaconsfield: By Nicholas Flood Davin. Toronto: Belford Bros.

The Progress of Science.

No apology is needed for the introduction of scientific articles into a Monthly Magazine, for the popularisation of science is one of the loudest cries of the present day, and if the expression be understood in its healthiest sense—the diffusion of accurate scientific knowledge among the people—it is evident

that it becomes one of the most important functions in journalism to assist in that diffusion. Indeed, the aspect of journalism with regard to science has entirely changed within the last twenty years, and now no magazine is complete without its science column. A certain amount of scientific education is indispensable to any one who would familiarise himself with what is going on in the scientific world, and is even necessary to excite interest in, and consequently demand for, such literature ; it is, therefore, beyond question that the prominent position which we are beginning to give to science in our school system will have an important influence on the development of this features Canadian journalism.

It is with some amount of diffidence that we have adopted the above heading, for, owing to the nature of the work done in many of the sciences, and indeed to the character of some of these, it would be impossible for any one man to give an exhaustive summary of scientific progress— nor would such be within the province of this journal. In the domain of chemistry, for instance, discoveries of re-action and new combinations are constantly being made, the description of which would be unintelligible except to the expert, and many of which have no immediate practical application. With regard to both physical and natural sciences then, we shall endeavour to present to our readers facts of general interest, without trespassing too far on the grounds of the specialist.

Science in Great Britain owes much to the assistance received from the British Association, the annual meeting of which was held in Glasgow during the latter end of September. One of the most interesting addresses read before it was that of Prof. Sir Wyville Thomson, on the work of the *Challenger* expedition. The greater part of the address was occupied by a description of the contour of the sea bottom, and of the nature of the deposits now being formed there, and some observations were made on the animal life and climate of the deep sea. While soundings were being made with a view to laying the Atlantic cable, it was discovered that the bottom,at moderate depths, is covered with a chalk deposit, formed of the minute shells of Foraminifera (Globigerinæ). It has only recently been established that the organisms which form these live at the surface, and that it is the dead shells which, rained down upon the bottom, give rise to the deposit. At greater depths, however, the chalky material (Globigerina-ooze) gives place to a red clay, the origin of which is unexplained, and which curiously contains nodules of manganese. Why this should be is yet uncertain, for there are plenty of Globigerinæ at the surface. It may be that owing to excess of carbonic acid in the water the calcareous matter is dissolved out before the shells can reach the bottom. At extreme depths Mr. Murray described a Radiolarian-ooze, composed of the aforesaid red clay and the flinty skeletons of Radiolaria. These are by no means exclusively surface organisms, as was once supposed, and indeed they increase both in number and size to the depth of 1,000 fathoms, their comparative scarcity in shallow water being thus accounted for.

The success of the recent Arctic expedition was largely owing to the energy and enterprise of Captain Nares, who was recalled to take command of the ships *Alert* and *Discovery*, which left Portsmouth for the purpose of Arctic

exploration in May, 1875. These ships have now returned; whether the results obtained are commensurate with the risks and expenditure incurred it is a question which will doubtless receive much consideration in scientific circles. That the expedition has demonstrated the impossibility of reaching the North Pole is as much a matter of congratulation, from a scientific point of view, as if the English flag had been erected there.

A trading expedition under Prof. Nordenskjöld, which, starting from Tromsö on June 25th, returned there in the middle of September, has definitely ascertained the practicability of a north-east passage, having penetrated to the mouth of the Jenisei, and having found the Siberian Sea perfectly navigable. Closer commercial relations with Russia and Siberia may thus be established.

The American Association for the advancement of Science held its annual meeting in Buffalo towards the end of August.

Prof. Huxley was received with a vote of welcome. There, as at New York, he spoke on the subject of Evolution, referring especially to the proofs for that doctrine furnished by the researches of Prof. Marsh on the extinct Mammalia of North America. Prof. Morse also gave an address upon the same subject, proving a gradual evolution of brain in Mammalia by measurements of fossil skulls. He treated likewise of the inheritance of mental traits with especial reference to the confinement of criminals, a subject which has already received attention from M. Galton and M. Ribot.

Mr. Thomas Mehan read a paper on the fertilization of flowers, and he claims to have got results in his observations which tend to refute a doctrine usually considered to be well established, that plants, like the higher animals, abhor close interbreeding.

Mr. Darwin was the first to call attention to the peculiar method of cross-fertilization in the orchid-tribe, and a score of observers have followed his footsteps, describing in many flowers arrangements for preventing self-fertilizations, such as the stamens and pistils not coming to maturity at the same time, and in other flowers arrangements for favouring cross-fertilization, *e. g.* the gay-colouring, sweet juices and fragrance which serve to attract insects. These conditions were seized upon by Mr. Darwin as of great interest in connection with the origin of species. Mr. Mehan, on the other hand, asserts that cross-fertilization is not so common as supposed, and is thus of no material aid to plants in the progress of the species. He instances the flower of Browallia elata as adapted to clear off the pollen from the back of an entering insect, and as having its reproductive organs arranged in such a way that an entering insect would of necessity produce self-fertilization. Delpino describes this flower as being invariably cross-fertilized. Two experiments of Mr. Mehan's, consisting in the enclosure of Claytonia Virginica and Ranunculus bulbosus in gauze bags, merely prove what Hermann Müller has already asserted, that plants prevented from being fertilized in their usual way by the agency of insects may resort to self-fertilization. Mr. Mehan's position that dioecism in an actual result of degrading conditions* may easily be contested; Henslow's suggestion† that, although

* Penn. Monthly, Vol. III. p. 842.
† Nature, 19th Oct.

the primordial condition of all plants was probably self-fertilization, the existing self-fertilizing plants are all degraded forms is much more probably in accordance with truth. Mr. Henslow agrees with Mr. Mehan in doubting the importance of inter-crossing, and thinks that the formation of conspicuous flowers, and correlatively a disturbance of the original sexual arrangements, are secondary results of the visits of insects.

We anticipate further light upon this interesting subject from Mr. Darwin's new book on "Cross and Self-fertilization," announced by Murray for the present autumn.

The attention of our readers is attracted to the good work proceeding from our meteorological observatory. Our weather probabilities, which are published daily, have been verified for the past month almost invariably,—the percentage of verification indeed being much higher than the Washington average (87). It is unfortunate that the late hour at which the last of the three daily telegrams arrives, precludes the publication of the probabilities in the morning papers. Otherwise Canadians might have a daily source of information somewhat more trustworthy that the predictions of weather-sages.

Notes on Education.

By J. George Hodgins, LL.D., Deputy Minister of Education.

The great educational feature of the year, without doubt, has been the colossal exhibition at Philadelphia. There, both history and geography—the latter especially—art and science, have been amply illustrated. Few, we think, have come away from that famous international gathering without having a more striking picture of the world in miniature imprinted on their memory than they ever had before. To the teacher and educationist it has been like a series of grand object lessons, distinct and picturesque in their outlines, and vivid and impressive in their teachings.

It may be well to take a hasty glance at the exhibition, to see what are its main features ; and, for convenience sake, we shall speak in the present tense.

First, we have, on a vast scale, the result of man's inventive and industrial skill, illustrated in every conceivable variety of style ; next, we have what may be considered as at once the product as well as the exponent of the æsthetic art, illustrated not only in paintings and sculpture, but in those endless elegancies of refined and cultivated life which modern civilization has rendered almost indispensable to our convenience and comfort ; and lastly, we have those appliances for the cultivation and growth of intellectual life which come, strictly speaking, within the province of education. Of the latter class only shall we speak.

And first, there are the nations which have exhibited the results and appliances of education among them ; and there are those which have done neither, but which may be considered either as having ignored the subject altogether, or have come as learners and observers of what other nations do in those matters.

Of the former class, as exhibitors, may be enumerated all the States of the American Union lying north of Virginia ; then we have of British America but one people which has attempted any considerable exhibition of what it has done or is doing for the promotion of education—that is Ontario. Of the other American States, Brazil and the Argentine Republic alone have put in an appearance. Of the European States, only Russia, Norway, Belgium, Sweden and Switzerland, contributed any thing worth while. As to England, France and Germany, they have made no attempt whatever at an educational display. Japan has surpassed every one by its gratifying collection.

Of the States of the American union which have made a creditable appearance in educational matters, Pennsylvania stands out preëminently. She has not only erected an Educational Hall, but she has well filled it with an admirable display of the results of her system of public instruction in its various details. Massachusetts comes next and does well ; then New Jersey, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, New Hampshire, Maine, Connecticut, Rhode Island, etc.

The Japanese exhibit is highly creditable. Not only does it include a number of text-books on various subjects, but its object lesson sheets and apparatus are highly creditable and instructive.

Russia makes an admirable display in apparatus, object lessons, and other educational appliances.

Sweden has a very handsome school-house erected on the grounds, and fully equipped. So has Belgium one in the main building.

The display from Switzerland is confined to maps, charts, and models from the various cantons, but it is most interesting.

As to the display from Ontario, modesty forbids us to say anything. We shall quote, however, the following remarks on her exhibit from the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, edited by the energetic Superintendent of Public Instruction in that State, Hon. J. P. Wickersham. He says :—

"England has contributed very little to the Educational Department of the International Exposition. This neglect, however, is somewhat compensated for by the fine display made by her vigorous young daughter, the Province of Ontario, Canada. This Province has for some thirty or forty years been making efforts to build up an efficient system of public education. At the head of the Department of Education for nearly the whole of that time, has stood Rev. Dr. Ryerson, well known in the United States, and distinguished alike as a scholar, a gentleman, and an enthusiastic worker in the cause of education. As a result of his wise administration, with the co-operation of the most intelligent citizens, Ontario has made such progress in her school affairs as to warrant her appearing at our Centennial Exposition to compete, in respect to them, with us and with the world. That in which the Ontario exhibit equals, if it does not excel all others on the ground is, its fine display of school apparatus and appliances.

"The Ontario Educational Department is well arranged. There is for a back-

ground a wall built like an archway, one hundred feet long and thirty feet high, covered with maps, relief maps, drawings, charts, illustratioas in natural science, engravings, etc. Immediately in front of this wall stand eleven large glass cases filled with the exhibited articles. The general character of these articles is presented in the following extract which we take from a recent issue of a Philadelphia newspaper :—

"Two cases are devoted to the display of articles used in object teaching, one of which is employed in the higher grades of schools, and including a collection of mammalia, birds, reptiles and fishes, all Canadian and American in character. For ethnological instruction, there are busts of celebrated men representing every country, which are constantly before the pupils while they are studying, and help to serve to make firm impressions upon the memories. For botanical tuition, models of flowers and plants are used in connection with Gray's book of botany. For teaching zoology, mineralogy, and conchology, small cabinets are used, showing specimens of the principal minerals and shells and their applications to the arts and sciences. In the schools where natural history is taught, cabinets containing two hundred specimens of useful substances of food, medicine and clothing are employed, and for the chemical department another cabinet is used, provided with apparatus for performing two hundred experiments. As an indication of their cheapness, it may be said that the former are disposed of to the schools for $5, while they would cost £5 in England, and the latter for the same price, while they would bring $40 at retail here. The Kindergarten system is illustrated by diminutive models of bridges, railroads, and mining operations, which are beautiful in themselves, and must be highly attractive to the youthful eye. Electricity, magnetism, galvanism and light, are created by instruments displayed in another case, and adjacent to it is one containing a pneumatic apparatus, embracing an air pump in which the cylinders are constructed of glass, the movement of the piston thereby being visible, also objects to show the employment of heat and steam, the appliances of mechanics, hydrostatics and hydraulics. In the teaching of geography and astronomy, globes and atlases are freely employed and a full line of these are displayed, as is also a new instrument devoted to instruction in the latter branch of science, entitled the Helioconcentric Expositor of Terrestrial Motion, which is esteemed an admirable addition to the improvements being made with such rapidity in educational pursuits.'

"The prominence given to the preparation of school apparatus and appliances in Ontario is owing to what is called an Educational Depository, established by the Government at Toronto. From it all the schools in the Province are supplied at half price, or less, with school books and all articles of school furniture and apparatus. The intelligent officers in charge of the Depository have, in the course of years, collected and had manufactured a large supply of the kinds of articles that have been forwarded to the Exposition.

"That the Canadians are quite well aware of their success at the Exposition, will appear from the following paragraph cut from the Toronto *Globe* :—

"'Meritorious as the Pennsylvania display is, it falls far short of our own in some respects, while in general effect it has only the advantages desirable from greater extent and a better opportunity for arranging articles in an artistic fashion. The exhibition of apparatus of every kind from Ontario is far ahead of any exhibited from any other country, and will almost equal the whole of them together."

In connection with the Centennial Exhibition, we desire to refer to the visit to Canada of distinguished visitors from France and Japan. So impressed were these gentlemen with the Ontario exhibit at Philadelphia, that they determined to visit the Province and examine the schools for themselves.

Those from France were MM. Buisson and Berger—the former was the French Commissioner at the Exhibition, and the latter was the Inspector of Schools in Paris and the Department of the Seine. These gentlemen first visited Toronto—the Educational Department of the Province—and several of the Public Schools of the city, the latter under the guidance of Jas. Hughes,

Esq., Inspector; then Hamilton, and the schools in the County of Wentworth. To the schools in the latter places they were kindly taken by J. A. Smith, Esq., the Inspector of the county. They subsequently visited schools in other parts of the Province and Montreal.

The visitors from Japan were Hon. F. Tanaka, Vice-Minister of Education, Madame Tanaka, the Secretary to the Vice-Minister, and two other gentlemen. They first visited Toronto, and were taken by the Deputy Minister of Education for Ontario to the principal Public Schools, the High School, and the Normal and Model Schools. They also visited Ottawa, Montreal, etc. Their visit to the capital is thus referred to by the *Times* newspaper of that city :—

"The Hon. Fugimaro Tanaka, Vice-Minister of the Department of Education of Japan, with his Secretary, called upon Ald. LeSueur, who is also Chairman of the Committee of Public School Management, yesterday evening, and presented a letter of introduction from Dr. Hodgins, the Deputy Minister of Education of Ontario, with the request that he should extend to those gentlemen such courteous attention as might be in his power to offer. Mr. LeSueur placed himself at their disposition, and proceeded with them to the Normal School, where they were received by the Secretary in the Principal's absence. They minutely inspected the whole establishment, and proposed numerous inquiries as to the system of training pursued, the mode of meeting the expenditure, the fees charged, &c., &c., all of which were answered to their satisfaction, and they were especially surprised to find that the institution was altogether free to any person engaging to devote himself or herself to the profession of educator. They were then supplied with sundry forms and other matters used in the training of the students.

"They then visited the Central School West, where they were received by the Master, Mr. Parlow. A lesson in geography was gone through, and the examiner specially directed the attention of the scholars to the Japanese group of islands.

"At the conclusion, Mr. Workman, together with about two hundred of the pupils sang two or three beautiful pieces of music, concluding with the national anthem. The Minister's secretary then, in a few well chosen words, expressed (in English) the pleasure which they had experienced in this visit, and their appreciation of the superior facilities afforded the children of Canada, by the admirable school system, the operation of which they had in part witnessed. Mr. LeSueur then drove his guests to the Post Office Department, and introduced them to the Hon. Mr. Huntington. After viewing the offices they went to the Houses of Parliament, the Library, and new Library buildings. In the course of their explorations, the Minister, through his Secretary, enquired minutely into the Canadian Constitution, the Militia system, the relation between the Dominion and the Mother Country, the Customs duties, and a multitude of other matters which rather seriously taxed the resources of their chaperon. The Minister then took occasion to express his admiration of all that he had seen in Canada, and in presenting his thanks to Mr. LeSueur for his courteous attention."

In the Mother Country the chief educational incidents are, the discussions in the House of Parliament on the Oxford University Bill (referred to

elsewhere in this number), the Cambridge University Bill, and the amendment to the Elementary Education Act.

In France little has been done for the systematic promotion of Public Instruction since the late war. The Commissioners from that country, explained how it was, but felt, however, that France must, without further delay, address herself to the great subject of popular education.

In Brazil and in the Argentine Republic, great efforts are being made to place the education of the people on a satisfactory footing, as reported by the Commissioners at the International Exhibition.

In the Sandwich Islands great exertions have also been made to furnish Public Education, as reported at the Exhibition.

In Ontario, the chief educational facts of the year are, (1) the transfer of the Education Department to the hands of a responsible Minister of the Crown, the Hon. Adam Crooks, Q.C., LL.D., and the retirement upon full salary of the venerable and Reverend Doctor Ryerson, who for thirty-two years had so ably managed that Department ; (2) the revisions of the curriculum of the University of Toronto, and (3) the revision of the legal course of study by the Law Society. The change in the University programme of study is not very material, but is in the right direction. The revision of the law course was with a view to assimilate it to the University curriculum.

The Hon. Mr. Crooks, Minister of Education, has been winning golden opinions by his recent numerous visits to various parts of the Province to meet with school inspectors, teachers, and trustees, in school conventions. He has rendered the cause good service by these visits and by a personal conference with the parties concerned, on the various parts of our elaborate and popular school systems which may require modification and amendment.

The result of the recent Public School-teachers and High School intermediate examinations caused quite a *furore* at the time among teachers and High school masters, and a good deal of newspaper controversy followed. The result of these examinations was in many cases unexpected, on account of their alleged severity. This is, however, the best feature of them, as it has shown all parties concerned that superficiality and imperfect training can receive no consideration in the application, a test which was so long required in the interests of our Public and High Schools.

The Inspectors and Teachers of Ontario had a very pleasant excursion in the summer to the International Exhibition at Philadelphia, and were well received by their co-educationists there.

Musical Notes.

THE musical season, which may now be said to have commenced in Toronto, was inaugurated by the performance of Max Strakosch's Operatic Company at the Grand Opera House just a month ago. It is, perhaps, too late now to

enter into any detailed criticism of the manner in which the three operas of "Faust," "Il Trovatore," and "Martha" were given; but we may be permitted to say that the general style of the performance was no great compliment to the critical or appreciative powers of a Toronto audience. The various soloists were, it is true, artists who are above the imputation of incapacity. This being the case, the imperfect acquaintance with their parts which some of them evinced, and which necessitated constant and audible prompting, was the more inexcusable. Again, the *mise en scène* was poor and inadequate. Although the practice of omitting a scene or a song here and there is too general to be denied sanction, yet the indiscriminate elimination which was adopted in the performance of "Martha," for instance, is slovenly, and is greatly to be deprecated. The choruses were flat in both senses of the word. There is, however, much to be said *per contra*. Signor Brignoli's voice still retains much of its old sweetness. His acting was unusually spirited, and he never appeared to be more of a gentleman. Miss McCullough's vocalization was not only sweet but also conspicuously correct. Signor Gottschalk also deserves a word of praise, for, although evidently suffering from a bad cold, he nevertheless sang in very good form. The "Calf of Gold," in "Faust," was perhaps his best effort. The orchestra was fair. One feature in connection with these performances requires special notice. On each night no programmes were to be had till the opera was half over. The object of this manœuvre was to induce persons, in despair at not being able to ascertain the names of the various performers, to purchase libretti, which were being sold for a quarter of a dollar. Such a proceeding, entailing as it did much inconvenience to the audience, is greatly to be reprehended, and we trust will not be repeated.

The musical world in England, to say nothing of a large literary circle, has recently suffered a great loss by the death, at the age of 60, of Edward Francis Rimbault, LL.D., one of the most learned musical antiquarians in Europe. As a composer Dr Rimbault did but little, except in the direction of hymn tunes and chants; but he was the author of some of the most popular arrangements of the works of the best writers for the organ, pianoforte, and harmonium. For the latter instrument, from the time of its popularisation in England, he published an immense quantity of music, and he also wrote some of the most practical of the guides for its students. As an executive musician he was chiefly known as an organist. It was, however, as a thoroughly learned antiquarian that Dr. Rimbault's fame was chiefly made, and in the history of English music and musicians there were few points on which the Doctor could not throw some light. His musical library contained many works of the greatest rarity, and as a bibliopole he was well known in antiquarian circles. It is probable that this famous library will now be dispersed for lack of the master mind and the consequent decline of a modest income. Indeed it is positively stated in one of the leading English papers that Dr. Rimbault's widow has received an offer from a gentleman in America to purchase the Doctor's library as it stands, and to present it to the public library at Boston.

As a man, Dr. Rimbault was deservedly esteemed by all who knew him. He was a kind father, a good husband, and of engaging social qualities. He was habitually abstemious, and his luxuries were old books, and now and then a carved bookcase or a bit of old stained glass. Such was the man. A somewhat humorous story, which will bear repetition, is told of him:—

"When Dr. Buckland was Dean of Westminster, Dr. Rimbault applied to him for permission to make extracts from the registers of the Abbey, in order to ascertain the dates of admission and of the decease of some of the eminent men who had been on the establishment at Westminster. The difficulty which presented itself to the Dean's mind was that it would be too great a tax upon his own time to wait while the extracts were made, and that he could not give up the keys of the muniment-room to any person. Still he desired to oblige in all cases of literary research, and, therefore, offered to take Dr. Rimbault into the room, and to leave him there, to be let out at any appointed time. The proposal was particularly agreeable to Dr. Rimbault, as he could then work without interruption. Thinking that about three hours would suffice, and as he dined at an early hour, he appointed one o'clock. The Dean was not punctual, and the Doctor worked on. At 3 o'clock the latter felt the want of his dinner, his extracts were finished, and he wished only to be gone. 'What could have detained the Dean?' But no step was to be heard. The evening service soon began, and at length the last peal of the organ had faded away, and all was quiet. It then became evident that Dr. Rimbault was forgotten, and how long was this to last? Before daylight had quite passed away, he had surveyed his position, and found that he was in a trap from which it was impossible to extricate himself. He could neither scale the window nor make himself heard. He was quite at the mercy of the Dean's memory, for he had not told anyone where he was going, because he expected to return home within a few hours. 'Would his disappearance be advertised, and would the Dean see it, and when?' Dr. Rimbault had none of the bodily fat which is said to support life under long periods of fasting, and the last was, therefore, an important question with him. 'When would the muniment-room be next visited?' That was indeed a remote contingency; so that, like Ginevra in the chest which had closed over her with a spring lock, nothing but his skeleton might then be found. From these uncomfortable reflections Dr. Rimbault was released late at night. He had drawn together some parchments to recline upon, but not to sleep, when at last a key was heard in the door. The good Dean had gone home to dinner and had taken his *siesta*, after which he commenced ruminating on the events of the day, and then at last thought of his prisoner. He returned to the Abbey at some inconvenience, and set him free with many apologies. Dr. Rimbault's ardour to be shut up in a muniment-room had then quite cooled."

Of course, the chief topic of discussion in musical circles in England is Wagner and his music. Wagner's triumph is complete. The Nibelungen trilogy has received the approval of the most critical audience that ever assembled to judge a work of art. Hereafter opera will never again be exactly

what it was. The old, well-worn favourites, though they will always continue to be admired, will cease to be regarded as models, and whatever is produced by the rising composers will in some degree be tinctured by the ideas of Wagner. The English and American public may now look forward to an even closer acquaintance with his productions; and it may be safely predicted that Wagner's works, or portions of them, will in future form unvarying constituents of concerts and musical festivals. Wagner has thus, by his pluck and endurance, won for himself a place from which it will be hopeless to dislodge him; had it not been for the possession of these qualities, in union with unswerving singleness of aim, he might have carried on an ineffectual fight, and died, like Bach, great but obscure, leaving to the future his immortal works. We have already an indication of the direction in which the tide is setting in the fact that an English version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, or "The Flying Dutchman," one of Wagner's earliest compositions, was produced with marked success a few weeks ago at the Lyceum Theatre, London, by Carl Rosa's Opera Troupe. This work has, it is true, been previously heard in England, having been brought out in 1870 at Her Majesty's Opera, but it was only played two or three times at the close of a season, and has not been since repeated. The "Flying Dutchman" was first produced at Dresden, under the direction of the composer himself, in 1843, and it is most interesting to compare and contrast the Wagner of thirty years ago with the Wagner of to-day. At first sight it would seem as if two works could hardly be more unlike than *Der Fliegende Holländer* and *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. In the former we find abundance of concerted music, in the latter scarcely any: in the former the various numbers of the work are mostly detached, and we find airs, duets and choruses, much as in an opera of Mozart's; while in the latter, one piece runs on continuously into another throughout an entire act. Moreover, the whole of the Nibelungen trilogy is an exemplification and enforcement of principles and theories which the composer has failed to carry out to their logical issue in the "Flying Dutchman;" he has in more than one number made concessions to public taste, which now he would certainly repudiate; such, for example, as the double cadenza at the end of the slow movement of the great duet between Senta and the Dutchman in the second act, or the occasional repetitions of the text for the sake of musical rather than dramatic effect. And yet, with all these important differences, no one who is tolerably familiar with Wagner's music can fail to perceive that in the earlier work are to be seen the germs of every one of those innovations which make the Bayreuth trilogy so different from everything that has preceded it. In one respect, the healthy influence of Wagner on audiences is unmistakeable. It was observed at the performance in question that every attempt at applause in the middle of an act was resolutely hushed down. Even Mr. Santley, on making his first appearance in the work, had to forego the customary tribute. There was, indeed, an attempt made to interrupt the performance, but it was immediately suppressed in an energetic manner by the majority of the audience. That the silence did not arise from indifference was clearly proved on the fall of the curtain; and we feel sure that Mr. Santley is far too genuine an artist

not to rejoice at finding himself thus ignored for the sake of the work, while the opera was actually in progress.

The increasing frequency and success of "Musical Festivals" in England is very noticeable, and there can be no doubt that the interests of musicians, as well as of the public, derive much benefit from such institutions. A few months ago the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival was celebrated, the proceeds of which were applied to hospital purposes. A similar entertainment has still more recently been held at Hereford with the most gratifying results, the balance sheet in this case showing a profit of £402, arising upon the sale of tickets, instead of, as in 1873, a loss of £500. Encouraged, doubtless, by such precedents, the city of Gloucester proposes to hold a grand musical festival in 1877, and we understand that the Dean and Chapter of that city, following the late example of the capitular body at Hereford, have consented to grant the use of the Cathedral for the purpose. Another triennial musical festival is to be celebrated at Leeds next year, for the forthcoming performance of which the provisional committee have secured the promise of two new works by the greatest English composers.

A rumour is current that Faure, the celebrated operatic singer, meditates relinquishing the stage for the concert-room. The motive assigned for this step is, that he is ambitious of receiving the Cross of the Legion of Honour, which, according to the rules of order, cannot be given to an actor.

Who would not be Sims Reeves? It seems that he is fated never to forfeit the admiration of the public. He has disappointed expectant audiences by his non-appearance so often that it might have been supposed that ere now some other singer endowed not only with equal vocal ability, but also with more uniform adherence to engagements, and greater regard for the requirements of a people that has paid its money, might have arisen to supplant him in popular affection. Such, however, is not the case. There is a something about him, a *je ne sais quoi*—for it is not merely his singing, by virtue of which he can bid defiance to rival claimants for the popular ear. It would seem that the New World too is not insensible to his merits, for it is stated on good authority that he has accepted an offer of £15,000 to give fifty concerts in Australia, and that he will sail for the Antipodes, in fulfilment of that engagement, in June, 1877. Not quite authentic as the preceding is the rumour, which is now in circulation, that it is the intention of Pauline Lucca to leave the stage, and that she will make a tour of Germany before so doing.

London is much interested in a musical novelty, namely, the Carillon, which is an instrument for the production of music by means of bells, the arrangement for this purpose being decidedly unique and effective. The most noteworthy feature of this novel invention is said to lie in the separation of what was formerly a combined action into two individual or distinct parts. In the old machine, the pins of a huge barrel effected first the elevation and then the blow of the hammer, with the accompanying result. According, however, to the principle adopted to the new arrangement, the work of the pins is confined to the release of the indents. The motive power necessary

to the operation is obtained by the employment of weights, and the speed is regulated by revolving vans. The peal produced in this manner is said to be one of the finest in London. The tenor bell weighs some thirty-four cwt. An air is played every three hours, being changed regularly at midnight, to keep up the varying succession—the unique instrument being arranged for fourteen tunes, and a fortnight's variety is thus insured.

Mr. Brinley Richards, of whom little has been heard for some time, has recently delivered two lectures on national music, at the Plymouth Mechanics' Institute, the illustrations being by himself.

In New York there is not much to chronicle. Theodore Thomas' late series of concerts at Steinway Hall have been a great success, musically if not financially. Among the novelties which he has brought out, "Phaeton," a symphonic poem by Saint Saens, is especially worthy of mention. It is thus described by a contemporary :—

"It resembles the Liszt and Wagner school, and in the part descriptive of 'Phaeton' driving his flaming chariot, is strikingly like Wagner's 'Ritt de Walk küre.' The instrumentation is fine throughout, and the effect, at the moment 'Jupiter' strikes 'Phaeton' with his thunderbolt, is superbly worked up and wonderfully descriptive. One can almost imagine the scene."

Six members of Thomas' orchestra have constituted themselves an association entitled the Mozart Club, and purpose giving a series of chamber concerts during the winter. As they intend to confine themselves to classical composition, they will doubtless meet with the encouragement they deserve, and will, to a certain extent, supply a vacancy long felt in New York City.

Mr. Thomas assumes the direction of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society again this season. His own orchestra has been engaged, and the first concert will be given on December 19th.

Mr. Carl Rosa will arrive in New York in March, not with his company—just to look about.

Madame Nilsson's tour in Sweden has been, from all accounts, a perfect ovation. Her final concert took place at Wexi, near the place where she was born ; the proceeds were handed over to the poor.

The most contradictory and impossible rumors are in circulation concerning the whereabouts and condition of Herr Von Bulow, the great pianist of the age, whose recent visit to this continent is still fresh in the minds of our readers. According to the Vienna *Neue Freie Presse*, Herr Von Bulow, after having been robbed by a wicked secretary in America, of all he possessed, is now in a private lunatic asylum near London. The Berlin *Echo*, on the other hand, asserts that the Herr is at present residing at Godesberg, a charming place on the Rhine ; that he is the enjoyment of perfect mental and bodily health ; and that he has invested his transatlantic savings, 100,000 marks, very advantageously and safely.

Wagner reminds us of one of the ancient Egyptians who used to have a skeleton introduced at their feasts. He has recently built a magnificent tomb in the gardens attached to his Bayreuth villa, and the window of his study commands a view of his prospective mausoleum, which, so the French writers say at least, accounts for the lugubrious character of his music. He must at any

rate be in affluent circumstances, for he has hired a splendid villa at Sorrento, Italy, and talks of wintering there.

Boildieu's *Caliph of Bagdad* has been revived with success at Frankfort-on the Maine.

The late Madame George Sand has left behind her a MS., libretto, which is going to be set to music by Madame Pauline Viardot Garcia.

The third volume of Herr Ludwig Nohl's Biography of Beethoven has been published at Leipzig.

Two musical anecdotes are at present going the rounds, which are not uninteresting. The first is about Cherubini, and is very characteristic of the man. It relates how one morning he saw Habeneck enter his study, at the Paris Conservatory, with strong marks of agitation in his face. "Why, what is the matter with you, Habeneck?" he inquired. "I am the bearer of a sad piece of news, sir," was the answer. "Our celebrated professor of the oboe, poor Brod, died this morning!" "Did he though—there was not much volume in his tone," observed Cherubini very resignedly, and this was the whole of his funeral oration on the deceased virtuoso. Those who knew Cherubini will not be apt to think this a fabricated story. The second anecdote is more pleasing, and is told of the late Felicièr David, who died a few months ago. On the composer's applying to be admitted to the Academy of Fine Arts every member formally promised to support his election. When the day arrived not one voted for him. One of the vow-breakers called upon him immediately afterwards. Perhaps you have been astonished," he said, "at what has taken place." "Certainly," replied the artist. "Well the fact is," said the Academician, "that we had a prize of 20,000 francs to bestow. We could not give it to one of our own members, and as we thought it would be of more use to you than a nominal honour, we did not elect you." The following day M. David received the money, which was very welcome to him, as he was far from being a rich man.—"*Se non é vero e ben trovato.*"

Our Comic Contributor.

THE ENGLISH ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT.

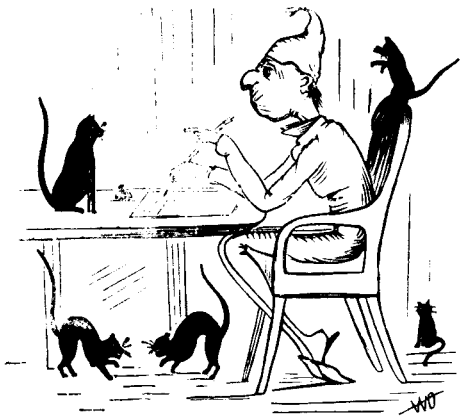
Says Dick to Tom: "This Act appears
Absurd, as I'm alive,
To take the Crown at eighteen years,
A wife at twenty-five!"

Says Tom to Dick: "Thou art a fool,
And nothing know'st of life—
'Tis easier far, I trow, to rule
A kingdom than a wife."

Old Epigram.

ESSAY ON CATS.

BY MASTER HARRY.



I heard cousin Jack reading a bit of poetry the other day, by a man called Byron, and it said the stars were a "beauty and a mystery." Cats are like the stars, and they aint. They are a mystery, but not a beauty, nor a joy for ever. I don't understand cats, and I don't like 'em. Sister Mary does, and takes ours to bed with her every night, when she can get it, and roars when she can't. But I would as soon sleep with a lobster. Cats have nine lives, and all of 'em tough 'uns. I never heard of any one who was able to kill a cat. They are all loafers, and vagrants, and otherwise bad characters. They are only good to steal milk and knock down dishes. It is no use throwing anything at cats, because you can't hit 'em. They always look as though they had just been up to something for which they expect you would whack 'em if you could catch 'em. But cats can't be caught—if they don't like. They are all injun-rubber, and before you have begun to catch 'em they are on the shingles, or over the wall, or up a tree. I tried to catch our Tom once, but only caught a big scratch all down my little finger. Cats can't be taught anything, and if they could they wouldn't want to learn. All they know is how to catch mice and birds, and lie under the stove in the day, and stay out at night, yellin' and waulin' and scratching holes in yr garden just after you've raked it smooth, and put in yr seeds. It is said the Greek friars in Cyprus did manage to teach their cats to hunt and kill the serpents, but if they hadn't been noddies they'd have taught the serpents to go for the cats. Cats haven't any affections save for themselves. You may pet a cat, and give it tit-bits and cream every day of the year for 364 days, and on the 365th day it will as soon live with any one else as with you. Cats don't care a cent who they live with if there is only a soft place to lie on and another cat next door. Cats, like weeds, are found everywhere. As soon as Columbus discovered America there was brought to him a cat from the woods, "with dark grey hair, and the tail very large and strong." In the Isle of Man there is a race of cats without tails, which is an improvement, as you can't tread on 'em and have your leg clawed. This is all I have to submit at present about cats.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

My neighbour is the man who lives next door to me.

He does not help me against thieves, nor bind up my wounds nor pour oil in them.

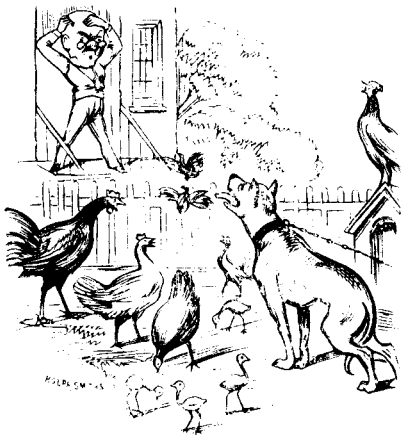
Not at all.

He borrows my wheelbarrrow; keeps it a month; and returns it (on application) with the near leg off.

He surreptitiously chucks into my garden the clods, sticks, and stones which he rakes off his.

He hires an odd job man to raise the level of his garden where it joins mine, so that when the snow melts, the surplus water shall run into my place.

He has an army of fowls, super-intended by several shrill roosters,



who perform strident fantasias every morning from four o'clock till breakfast time, especially when I have a headache.

He has a large dog, which joins in a bass voice in the other animal harmony, with corresponding tone and continuance.

He considers all that I have in the way of portable (loanable) property, is as much "his'n" as mine, and acts accordingly.

He hints to the Assessor that my rating is too low, and that my income is about six times more than I return it in the tax paper.

He confidently communicates his opinion to the Smiths, Jones, and Robinsons of his and my acquaintance, that I am not "up to much."

I love him as myself? Oh! yes, of course.

YOU KNOW HOW IT IS YOURSELF—DON'T YOU.

I've often wished that I had got
Of £ S. D. a "tidy lot;"
I dare say, friend—whate'er y'r name—
You've often wished you'd got the same.

The good Book says, beyond a doubt,
For riches none should go about;
That they on Pelf who set their mind,
Therein do snares and temptings find.

More easily even, it doth say,
Through needle's eye the camel may
A passage find, than heavenly goal
Be reached by those in wealth who roll.

Also we know that money won't
Itself bring happiness—and don't;
For folk we see, the more who get,
Seem more to live a life of fret.

And, in our daily circle, too,
Of friends and neighbours, still we view
Many to whom abundance would,
We're sure, do far more harm than good.

Yet 'mid all this we (*entre nous*)
A secret thought have—I and you—
If *we* had money, we, yea we,
In very different case would be.

And that though cash may have its snares
For other men, or ills, or cares;
For *us* t'would have nor risk nor stress,
But only good and happiness.

Well, possibly, this same conceit
Is shared by every one we meet;
E'en as "all mortals"—empty elves!
"Think all men mortal save themselves!"

Alphabetical List of Books.

(Published during the month of November, 1876.)

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