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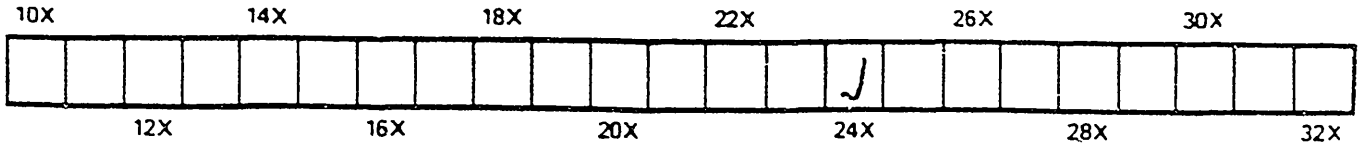

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 2.] JULY, 1872. [NO. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE commencement of our second volume will be taken, we trust, as a proof that the *Canadian Monthly* is not destined to share the fate of those short-lived predecessors, the recollection of whose brief existence has been one of the chief obstacles to the progress of the present enterprise.

Without exaggerating our success, we may say that the position already attained by the Magazine, is such as fully to warrant our perseverance in the undertaking. The expense is heavy, but the circulation is large, and its tendency has been steadily upwards. Let Canadians be a little kind and helpful to the effort to establish a worthy organ of Canadian intellect, and we shall look forward with confidence to the result.

Contributions which were obtained with difficulty at first, and while the character of the Magazine was unknown, now flow freely in. Their number obliges us to decline many, to the authors of which our best thanks are not the less due for their proffered aid.

We note with pleasure the appearance among our contributors of members of both the political parties. It shows that our profession of neutrality is felt to be sincere, and that the Magazine is regarded as a suitable place for the impartial discussion of questions relating to the broad interests of our common country. To keep it so will be our earnest endeavour. We can truly say that those who guide it are entirely free from party connections and party bias, and that whether their cause be right or wrong, it can be dictated by no motive but regard for the common good. The national need of an organ devoted not to a party but to Canada is apparent already, and is likely to become more apparent still.

We continue to welcome contributions, especially such as are either amusing or practically interesting. Essays of a more general kind are not unacceptable, but we can afford them only a limited space. We prefer short tales to serials, but we welcome every description of fiction, from the domestic novel to the fairy tale. Humour in any form is as acceptable as it is rare.

THE IMMIGRANT IN CANADA.*

BY THOMAS. WHITE, JR.

THERE is an unofficial agency constantly at work in promoting or retarding immagration, which it would be very unwise to overlook in any general scheme for the promotion of this great national interest, and which should prompt us to remember that the work is scarcely half done, when we have provided the most ample and complete system of information bureaux in the countries whence immigrants may be expected. This unofficial agency is in the hands of immigrants themselves, and is not the less effective because it works silently and secretly. The letter from the friend in America is conned not only in the old homestead, by the English fireside, but it passes from hand to hand until all the village has read it; and it becomes the leading subject of conversation at the social gatherings for weeks after its arrival. Against its statements those of official pamphlets or official lecturers can make small headway; and unfortunately the natural tendency to exaggeration on the part of such agents, makes it all the more difficult on their part to combat the assertions of actual experience on the part of the immigrant himself. During the last three years the British weekly press has contained many letters from emigrant settlers in Canada. They have influenced to a considerable extent the direction of emigration; and unfortunately, as it is more easy to appeal to the fears than to the hopes of people, the letters which breathed a spirit of disappointment were invariably the most influential. I have known such letters, or extracts from them, cut out by agents interested in emigration to the United States, and sent to the provincial press throughout the kingdom. They are always, or almost always, inserted; while it is not so easy to procure the publication of letters written in a spirit of congratulation at the fact of the writer having emigrated, of contentment with the present, and of hope for the future. The disconsolate letters are almost always written within a few days or at most a few weeks of the arrival of the emigrant. The tedium of the ocean voyage; the intense heart-longing for the old faces, lost apparently for ever, and for the old haunts now memories of the past; the landing at the miserable quay at Point Levi, as forbidding a spot as ever a poor stranger faced in a strange land; the tedious and novel ride by rail, in cars not always as comfortable as they should be, to the western destination; the strangeness and newness of everything; the delay in obtaining employment, and the fact that it was perhaps not that which had been expected; the first full realization of the truth that the new world like the old is, after all, but a work-a-day world, subject, like other places, to the curse—was it not rather a blessing?—which fell upon our first parents, "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread;" and the revulsion of feeling when the castles in the air which he had been building vanished into dim distance—all these prompted him to write home to warn his friends against facing the disappointments which had come upon him. It is these letters, written under such impulses, that are the most difficult stumbling-blocks in the way of a conscientious agent. And one of the problems to be solved is, how they can be rendered less frequent, and less justifiable.

The solution of this problem must be found on this, not on the other side of the Atlantic. The very complaints contained in those

* See article on "Immigration" in the No. for March, page 193, vol. I.

letters, silent emissaries of mischief to the cause of immigration, suggests the method of that solution. It consists in a kindly provision for the reception of the emigrant on his arrival in the country, and such a system of labour registration as would enable the agents of the Government not to lose sight of him until he was in actual employment of some kind. Since the former article was written, the Government of Ontario have asked the Legislature for a larger appropriation for the promotion of immigration than has ever been voted before by any Legislature in Canada; and have foreshadowed the policy which they propose to adopt in the expenditure of this liberal appropriation. It would be unfair to criticise this policy for two reasons: first because it is put forward avowedly as an experiment, and as such it should be accepted; and second because the short time which the administration has been in office, and the circumstances under which they accepted it, during the session, justified their asking to be entrusted with the expenditure of this money as the experience and information of the season may seem to them best. It is to be feared, however, that they have not sufficiently considered the influence of this unofficial agency in the policy which they have foreshadowed. A liberal expenditure upon agencies at leading centres within the Province, and upon a system of internal transit for emigrants, would secure to the cause of emigration to Ontario the active co-operation of the emigrants settling in it. That co-operation is worth more, far more, than any system of agency in Great Britain, in view of the fact that already the agencies abroad have been amply, and on the whole ably, filled by the Dominion Government. It is worth more than any result that will flow from a system of subsidized immigration; and it can be secured at very much less cost. Such centres of population as Brockville, Belleville, Peterborough, Guelph and London, whence emigrants could be distributed to the surrounding districts, should be supplied with agents; the same policy being pursued in each of the other Provinces. These local agents should be charged with the duty of obtaining full information as to the labour wants of their respective districts, thus enabling them to do the double good of securing employment for the immigrant and labour for the employer. They should be in constant communication with the Dominion agencies at the larger centres, so that on the arrival of immigrants these latter would know where to send them; and in this way they would be made to feel that they were at least welcome, and that the government and people were doing their best to tide over for them the first days of terrible lonesomeness and helplessness.

In order that this plan may be carried out successfully, that the unofficial agent may be prompted to work for, instead of against, emigration to the Dominion, it is essential that there should, as far as possible, be public works in progress at all times. It is true that the ordinary system of labour registration will always do much towards securing employment to the newly arrived emigrant, and under all circumstances it is of the very first importance that it should be kept up as an active and constant agency. Its importance is admirably illustrated in a pamphlet just issued by Mr. F. P. Mackelcan, of Montreal. He points out, what is at once a patent and a painful fact to all who feel an interest in the prosperity of Canada, that while fields have remained uncultivated and workshops partially idle for want of labour, emigrants who could have tilled the fields and laboured in the workshops, have passed through the country into a foreign land under the impression that there was no employment for them here. "The chief subject of anxiety that presses upon the new comers," the writer of this pam-

phlet points out, "is that of their own prospects. All however, that they can discern is an Immigration agent, and Immigration Societies, ready to plant them on wild land, or amongst the farmers; and minor places of information and aid, that are themselves institutions of benevolence or even of charity. This, to the new population flowing in, is a cause of deep, if not lasting, anxiety.—They have heard that they were wanted, that there was room for them, nay more, that prosperity awaited them, but the exact opening for the individual, who is all the world to himself, is not so easily seen." And then he proceeds to draw a picture, the correctness of which every one will at once recognize:—"Now the truth is, all the while, that employers exist here in abundance, farmers are restrained from cultivating the lands they possess for want of able and willing hands, and in almost all departments of industry commonly found in cities there is room for more, and many manufactures would spring up and flourish if the qualified skill could be found. The two great classes, the employer and the worker, the two great elements, capital and labour, are side by side, but they so exist as masses and in that state cannot combine; there is a process required of dividing and sorting and distributing; the ironfounder who needs moulders cannot in their place receive dry-goods clerks or printers, nor can the proprieter of a newspaper, who requires compositors, accept a ploughman or a shepherd, nor the farmer thrive with the aid of working jewellers and cotton spinners. Political economists write about supply and demand adjusting each other mutually, as though such things were fluid, and by some law of nature flowed together and became level. This doctrine will only be realised as a truth when the supply and demand become cognizant of each other, not in mass but in minute detail, for thus and thus only do they ever flow together and neutralize and satisfy each other; and to accomplish this great result is the object we have in view."

Although this is absolutely true, the promotion of public works in a new country like this is the most important incentive to immigration. It is curious to note the movements of population during different periods of the last quarter of a century. The ten years from 1847 to 1857 inclusive, were years of great activity in Canada. They saw the Great Western and the Grand Trunk Railways, the Northern and a considerable portion of what is to-day the Midland, indeed all the railways excepting those to which the last four years have given birth, spring into existence. They were years of great activity in the United States as well; and they witnessed the discovery of the gold mines of Australia and the consequent rush of emigration to that far off dependency of the Empire. Those ten years, therefore saw an enormous emigration leave the United Kingdom. It averaged over three hundred thousand annually; but Canada received, as its proportion 11.42 per cent. The next ten years the aggregate emigration fell off considerably, reaching an average of only about one hundred and seventy-five thousand each year. These were years, during which scarcely any public works were prosecuted in Canada, and the result is apparent in the falling off of the proportion of the aggregate emigration, which came to our shores, the percentage of this smaller aggregate being but 8·10 per cent. It is impossible to attribute this falling off to want of zeal on the part of the Government. Undoubtedly greater zeal would have produced during the whole twenty years a more gratifying result. But there was as much effort during the latter as during the former decade. It was due simply to the fact that there was no employment, that is no employment for gangs of men, visible to the emigrant on his arrival, and the Government had provided no system of registration of the

labour wants of the country, so as to counteract the evils resulting from the want of public works. Happily we have again entered upon a period of increased prosperity. The last four years have been marked by the greatest activity in the matter of railway construction. They have been years emphatically characterised by energy in the matter of public works, and the result is apparent in the increased immigration to the Dominion. Although the aggregate emigration which left the ports of the United Kingdom during the last four years has largely increased, reaching an annual average of two hundred and seventy-two thousand, the percentage to Canada has been greater than during any period for the last quarter of a century, being 12.64 per cent. Some of this increase of percentage must, of course, be credited to increased efforts on the part of the Ontario Government during that period. But these efforts would have availed little but for the increased prosperity of the Province, and the greater activity in the matter of public works which was at once the cause and consequence of that prosperity.

These considerations afford substantial encouragement for the prosecution of a vigorous policy for the promotion of immigration in the future. Active as have been the last four years, those in the immediate future promise to be still more active. With the railways in course of construction which are now projected, there need be no hesitation about inviting any number of hardy workers from the old world. The extent of mere local enterprise of this kind is apparent from the grants made during the session of the Ontario Legislature just closed. Here they are :—

	MILES	TOTAL
Toronto & Nipissing—Uxbridge to Portage Road	33½	$67,000
Portage Road to Coboconk	12½	37,500
Montreal & Ottawa City Province line to Ottawa	66	132,000
Wellington, Grey & Bruce—Harriston to Southampton	53½	107,000
Hamilton and Lake Erie—Hamilton to Jarvis	32	64,000
Kingston and Pembroke	151	400,550
Canada Central — Sand Pt. and Pembroke	45	119,250
Toronto, Grey and Bruce—Orangeville and Harriston	47	94,000
Orangeville & Owen Sound	68	136,000
Midland—Beaverton and Orillia	23	46,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka—Orillia and Washago	12	48,000
Grand Junction — Belleville and Lindsay	85	170,000
North Grey	21	42,000
Toronto, Simcoe and Muskoka	22	44,000
Total	672½	$1,507,300

All these railways are assisted by large local subsidies, and for the first time in the history of railway enterprises in Canada by large subscriptions to their share capital from private individuals. This latter fact is important as showing on the part of merchants and private capitalists an increased confidence in the permanent prosperity of the country. Nor is railway enterprise by any means confined to the Province of Ontario. In New Brunswick a private company, subsidized by a liberal land grant from the Governments of that Province and of Quebec, has undertaken the construction of a railway from Rivière du Loup to St. John. In Quebec, the North Shore Railway, between Quebec and Montreal has just been placed under contract, and work will, it is authoritatively stated, be commenced during the present season. The Northern Colonization Railway from Montreal to Ottawa, there connecting with the Canada Central, which has recently received a decided impulse by the accession of Sir Hugh Allan as its President, will also be commenced this year. While in the eastern townships of the Province, a perfect net-work of railways are projected, with such influential backing as to justify the belief that they will be prosecuted without delay. These are all private projects, the result of individual and muni-

cipal enterprise. But there are to be added to them the Intercolonial Railway, which, for the next two years, will afford employment to a large number of labourers, and the Canada Pacific railway, to the completion of of both of which the faith of the Government of Canada stands pledged. These railways do not simply afford employment to labourers during the progress of their construction, they open up new districts, and make remote ones more accessible, as permanent homes for the labourers after their completion. Thus, in this new country, the railway and the settlement aid each other; the former giving comfort and wealth to the latter, and the latter affording traffic for the former. Let any one travel through the splendid counties of North Wellington, North Huron and Bruce, counties opened up for settlement about the time the construction of the Grand Trunk and Great Western Railways invited the emigrant to Canada by affording him assurance of employment on his arrival, and he will find abundant proof of the fact that the navvy who works on the railway becomes ultimately the permanent settler in the country. Farmers by the score in those counties, with their well cultivated and well stocked farms, with their comfortable homesteads and well filled granaries, and some of them with investments in their own municipal securities, came to Canada twenty years ago to work on the railways, and carried the savings of their days' wages to the backwoods where they hewed out for themselves the competence which they now enjoy. Their lot, gratifying as it is, viewed simply as illustrative of the results of emigration, was a hard one compared with that of the emigrant of to-day and of the future. In spite of the splendid district in which they settled, they remained for nearly a score of years without the advantages of a railway: are in fact only this year coming into the enjoyment of those advantages. We live fortunately in a different atmosphere. The railway may now be said to be the pioneer of the settler; so that the navvy working upon it, can take up his lot within a few miles of a station, and start in his career with all the advantages which his less fortunate brother, the emigrant of twenty years ago, had to wait many weary years to obtain. In the railways projected and under construction we have therefore at once the warrant for a vigorous policy for the encouragement of immigration, and the assurance that the unofficial agency in the hands of the emigrant, will be used in our favour. And when to these is added the other public works which are projected by the Government, such as the enlargement of the canals, bringing with them employment for the labourer, and the greater development of every industry in the country, it is surely not too much to claim that, at this moment, if the Government will only organize a thorough system of internal agency and of labour registration, we have the justification for encouraging emigrants to come to our shores, and the ability to furnish them with employment and with assured prosperity when they arrive here.

There would be smaller grounds for encouragement in the labour of inducing emigration to Canada, but for the fact that the recent acquisition of the North-west territory opens up illimitable fields for settlement, and affords within our own territory the outlet for that inevitable hankering after western homes, which has done so much to build up the western states of America, far more than any special intrinsic advantages possessed by those states themselves. A "great west" has been the practical difficulty for years in the way of a successful policy of emigration. In spite of the advantages which this country presented, in common with the neighbouring republic, and in spite of the political advantages, to British subjects in particular, which it offered in excess of those offered by the neighbour

ing republic, undoubtedly many have emigrated to the west after a residence of a few years in Canada. Every such case has been cited as proof that the country possessed no inducements for settlers; and this argument has been made use of to our prejudice. In a debate which recently took place in the British House of Commons on the subject of emigration, Sir Charles Dilke, availing himself of the exaggerated reports of the efflux of people from Canada to the States, made the startling assertion that the emigration from Canada was annually greater than the emigration to it. To those who had read the young Baronet's "Greater Britain," the statement, coming from him, was possibly not very surprising; but when challenged to the proof of his assertion afterwards, he was compelled to abandon the controversy. Still it is impossible to overestimate the mischief that has been done in consequence of the reports to which this emigration of Canadians to the States has given rise. An examination of the principle of emigration within the United States themselves is the best answer to the arguments which have been based upon the presence of British Americans among our American neighbours. The details of the census of 1870 have not yet been published in such detail as to enable us to examine them on this point; but those of 1860 are sufficient for the purpose. By them it appears that of the native born population, leaving out of account altogether the migrations of the population of foreign birth, who after a residence of a year or two in one state removed to another, no less than 5,774,443 persons had removed from the state in which they were born. The migrations were almost exclusively to the western states,—as the following table will show, the states being those which had up to that time received a larger number of persons born in other states of the Union than they had lost of persons born within their own limits:—

Alabama,	196,080	Michigan,	303,582
Arkansas,	195,835	Minnesota,	78,863
California,	154,307	Mississippi,	145,239
Florida,	38,549	Missouri,	428,222
Illinois,	676,250	Oregon,	30,474
Indiana,	455,719	Texas,	224,345
Iowa,	376,081	Wisconsin,	250,410
Kansas,	82,562	Dist. of Columbia,	25,079
Louisiana,	73,722	Territories,	76,201

Six of these states have each received from other states of the Union a larger, in some cases a very much larger, number of persons natives of other states, than the entire number of British Americans resident in all the states combined. In the analysis of the emigration returns given by the American Census Commissioners the entire number from British America is stated at rather under a quarter of a million. This number is, of course, not confined to native British Americans. It includes all who, after a residence of a few months or years in this country, emigrated to the States. Yet how unfair is the use made of the fact of this emigration will be apparent when it is remembered that seven states of the Union, all of them having the reputation of being tolerably prosperous states, had up to 1860 lost a larger native population by emigration than British America had lost of native and foreign as well. The seven states were, Louisiana, 331,904; New York, 867,032; North Carolina, 272,606; Ohio, 593,043; Pennsylvania, 582,512; Tennessee, 344,765; Virginia, 399,700. With the exception of New York, all these states are greatly inferior in population to British America, so that the proportion of persons emigrating from them is much greater. Even the states which a few years ago were regarded as the far western states, the very paradise for the emigrant seeking a western home, have lost largely by migration to new states still further west. New York, in the short period of ten years, 1850 to 1860, lost no less than 332,750 of its native population, and Ohio in the same time 358,748. When the alleged emigration from Canada, even accepting the figures of American statists, is

contrasted with this internal emigration among the people of the United States themselves, the argument that it proves Canada an unfit country to live in, must surely vanish. It proves that we are not free from the spirit of unrest which is a special characteristic of the people of this continent; that our young men, like the young men of America generally, have imbibed the roving disposition, and are constantly looking out for the far off hills, which are proverbially the greenest. But it proves further that we have this spirit in a less developed state, and that Canada possesses a greater hold upon its population than does any one of the states of the neighbouring Republic. The mere statement of the emigration of Canadians to the United States makes us suffer in the estimation of the emigrating classes, because it points to a loss of nationality, and is therefore more marked. But this national tie has its restraining influence as well; and to it are we indebted for the favourable contrast which emigration from Canada presents when compared with migration from any of the older states. With a great west of our own, this emigration will cease, and migration will take its place. Instead of the departure of young, vigorous blood being regarded with regret, it will be hailed, as it is already in its incipient stages being hailed, as evidence of greater development and of increasing prosperity. The emigrant from the United Kingdom will find himself here, with every variety of soil and every class of industry; among a people not alien, but kindred in blood and sympathy; owning allegiance to the same great empire, and welcoming as a fellow subject of that empire the new comer. He will escape, what many a British workman has had to suffer in the workshops of the United States, the taunts and jeers at the nationality on which he prides himself, and the allegiance he holds most dear. To be "a Britisher" will not be a ground of dislik and opposition, but a ground of sympath and respect. Thus, with an abundance o information circulated among the emigrating classes in the old world; with public works in progress affording employment to the hard-handed emigrant on his arrival; with local and central agencies giving to the new comer protection and advice; with a perfect system of labour registration which will supply the means of placing in employment the skilled mechanic, the artizan and the agricultural labourer; and finally, with a great west affording the outlet for those to whom the place of the setting sun has special claims; with these, and with free institutions honestly and fairly administered, we may look forward with confidence to our ability to secure a larger share of those whom straitened circumstances or a love of adventure prompt to seek homes on this continent.

I have but one word more to add. If we would achieve success in the new work which saw its inauguration day on the 1st of July, 1867, we must cultivate a spirit of self confidence and self reliance. The curse of Canada has been the tone of depreciation in which its own sons have been too apt to speak of it. If we would have a nation worthy of the name, we want a national spirit wherewith to build it up. Faith is wanted to create nations as well as to remove mountains. Let us have faith: faith in the country itself; faith in its resources; faith in our power to develop them; faith in the institutions we possess; and faith in the destiny that is before us. The Anglo-Saxon and Celtic races which have been planted on this northern half of this great continent have surely a destiny to work out. Let us be true to that destiny and we may look the future in the face with the utmost confidence in the blessings which it has in store for us as a people.

TECUMSETH.

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

BOAST of the old Virginian stock,
An untaught Cicero for ease,
And power to convince and please;
Born to command, to lead the way
In calm debate, in bloody fray;
The brother and the friend of BROCK,
The greatest of the Shawanese.

In Britain's earliest career,
Flushing her dawn of glory then,
There stood apart heroic men
That represent the race. Not he
Alone of princely memory,
The noble, mild, brave knight sincere,
King Arthur, pride of Spenser's pen.

But men of flesh and blood, whose arms
Were potent as the stroke of Fate—
Caractacus, the truly great,
And Caledonia's hero, brave
Galcagus, he who could not save
His country from the Roman swarms
That harassed and o'erran the State.

All great in arms, and, when subdued,
As great in exile or in chains.
But whether, Britons, Romans, Danes,
No chief that ever raised a spear,
TECUMSETH, but thou wert his peer,
In courage, mind, and fortitude;
Manhood ran rife through all thy veins.

The soul of honour, and the soul
Of feeling, too, though savage-bred.
The grateful heart, the thinking head,
In war, in Council, bold and wise,
As if from out the fabled skies
One of old Homer's heroes stole,
And the fierce tribe in triumph led.

Where was true Valour, if not there?
Where true integrity, if he,
Who left his hunting lodge to free
His dusky brother, had it not?
True valour without flaw or blot?
True to the end, this Champion rare,
This chief of rustic chivalry.

Well for the land for which he died
If in each senatorial breast
The same stern virtues had found rest
As those that rank his name so high,
'Mongst nature's own nobility,
That never lip was known to chide,
Or Council doubt his wise behest.

Well for the land if all her peers
Were such by nature or by blood;
If like this savage chief they stood
As far removed from common men
As eagles from the sparrow's ken!
Vainly they strive, the toiling years,
No greater on the scroll appears
Than this wise warrior of the wood.

OTTAWA.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER XVI.

OVERTAKEN BY THE TIDE.

THE sea shore was a favourite resort of Isabel Crofton's and, though it was more than a mile from Elm Lodge, she often walked there to wander along the beach, listening to the wild music of the waves as they came and went upon the yellow strand, or dashed up foaming against the rocks. Very often she met Max Butler in these lonely rambles, who invariably joined her and escorted her home through the mountain gorge leading to the Lodge. One evening late in the month of November, as she was returning home from visiting a sick woman living near the shore, she was overtaken by a heavy shower of rain and obliged to seek shelter beneath some beetling cliffs which projected sufficiently over the path she was pursuing to keep her from getting wet by the pelting rain; but the delay this caused was followed by alarming consequences, for when the shower ceased and she pursued her way homeward she saw to her dismay that the rising tide was fast covering the broad belt of sand over which it lay. To retrace her steps would have

been of no avail as the same danger lay in that direction: the waves were rolling in all along the coast and lofty grey cliffs presented an impassable barrier to her escape. Her only hope was to outstrip the coming tide and with the speed of terror she rushed onwards towards a distant bend in the line of coast where it receded a little, and where the cliffs being much lower a zig-zag path led up from the strand. A voice calling to her arrested her flying steps showing her she was not alone in her peril. She looked eagerly round and perceived Rose Kavanagh with a crab-basket on her arm hastily following her.

"We'll have to run for our lives, Miss!" she said, panting for breath as she joined Isabel, "but faith I'm afeard the tide will win the race, in spite of us." "We must try and reach the place where the path leads up the cliffs: that is our only chance of escape!" was Isabel's hurried observation as she again fled onward. "It's too far! we'll never get there afore the wild waves bar the way!" rejoined Rose, "but we can try, anyhow." For several minutes the two girls ran on in silence, their rapid motion preventing any conversation. At length Miss Crofton's pace slackened. "I cannot keep on at this rate," she said, gloomily pressing her hand against her heart which throbbed violently rendering her breathless and unable to make any more exertion to out-run the threatening waves. Yielding to her wild despair she stopped suddenly and gave way to an agony of grief. "Oh! don't, Miss Isabel, don't cry and sob that way," entreated Rose with tender sympathy. "Keep up your sperits and we'll be saved yet, with the help of God."

"There is no hope for me!" wildly exclaimed the weeping girl, "I cannot run any farther; I feel quite exhausted now and every moment of delay increases our danger."

"I knew it was no use thrying to reach the low cliffs beyant there, and the big waves coming in so fast tumbling over one another like mad," remarked Rose, "but the Saints be praised there is another chance left, if you only have courage to do it, Miss."

"Do what?" asked Isabel, raising her white face and fixing her tearful eyes in eager inquiry on Rose Kavanagh. "Just to climb the cliffs up there," was the startling answer. "Climb those perpendicular cliffs! impossible!" burst from Isabel, as she eyed them in despair. "Faix that's just what you'll have to make up your mind to do, if you don't want to be dhrowned. It's not so hard as you think," Rose added encouragingly. "I can never do it," wailed forth Isabel. "Nobody ever did such a thing. It is actually impossible." "It's nothing of the kind for I done it meself," rejoined Rose, with a little flash of pride in her brown eyes as they met Isabel's confidently.

"You did that," exclaimed Isabel, in amazement.

"Of course I did, onc't upon a time, about two years back, when I was overtaken by the tide as we are now. One does not know what they can do till they thry. You see, Miss Isabel, there's steps cut in the rock and hard, rough pieces of it jut out, that you can hould fast by. So the danger afther all isn't so great as you think. And besides we won't have to climb up to the top only half way to where there is a big hole or cave, where we'll be quite safe till the tide goes out. Come on with a brave heart, Miss, and put your thrust in God!"

Isabel Crofton raised her eyes with a look of blank dismay to the tall cliffs. Rosa urged her to climb, then turned her despairing gaze upon the mighty ocean dashing its masses of white crested waves almost at her feet. There was no alternative but to try the difficult mode of escape, Rose Kavanagh proposed. Still she hesitated and hung back from the perilous ascent. "Mount the steps quick for the love of Heaven, Miss Isabel!" pleaded Rose, im-

patiently. "See that big wave, coming in so fast, will dash right over us and carry us off wid it in no time."

The sight of that crested billow gave Isabel resolution to attempt the dangerous ascent and, with an awful terror clutching her heart, she followed her young companion as she sprang up the cliff out of the way of that whelming wave. The steps cut in it and the rude projections afforded a good foot-hold as well as something to cling to. Half way up the wall of rock Rose stopped and crept into a small opening leading into the cave she spoke of, Isabel followed and the next moment lay white and senseless on the rocky floor, her death-like swoon being the consequent re-action of the excitement of terror she had experienced.

"Och! murther! where's the use of fainting now when the danger is over," observed Rose, fretfully, as she regarded with dismay the young lady's death-like face. To her strong nature the fright had not been so overwhelming and she could not understand the more delicate organization of her companion. Isabel, however, soon recovered and she thanked Heaven fervently for her escape, feeling that it was providential, else how could she have climbed those cliffs; but wonderful things have been done by timid women under the influence of strong excitement.

"Do you think we are quite safe here, Rose," she asked, looking timidly down upon the sea of boiling foam, as it dashed against the base of the cliffs and sent up against their dark grey sides showers of salt spray.

"Safe enough Miss, don't be afeard, the tide seldom rises so high, and if it did we could creep back farther into the cave."

"How fortunate it was for me that you were on the shore, Rose. I must have perished if I had been alone. You have been the means of saving my life."

"Och! no, Miss, it was the good Lord that saved us both! Glory be to him," said the girl reverently.

The shadows of twilight were now gathering over the ocean, but as the darkness deepened, a streak of light was thrown across it from the crescent moon, seen clearly shining in the western sky. One hour passed away, spent by the two girls watching anxiously the still rising tide, whose waves broke against the cliffs, hissing and foaming in the moonlight. At length it reached the mouth of the cave, compelling them to retreat some paces in alarm, but there it ceased to rise, to their great relief, and half an hour afterwards it began slowly to recede.

"I suppose we'll have to spend the night here," said Rose, moodily, "and it'll be such grief to them at home, not knowing what's become of us."

"My father is not at home at present, so he will be spared anxiety on my account. He went to Westport a few days since, and will not return until to-morrow. But how are we to leave this cave, Rose?" Isabel continued, anxiously. I do not think I ever could venture to descend those steps when the excitement of terror is over. It makes me shudder even to think of it."

"Och! don't fret about that, Miss. Sure if you feel so frightened intirely I'll go meself to the Lodge at the first light of day, and the men sarvants there will find some way of getting you down, never fear. It'll be a good long while before the dawn breaks," Rose continued, sadly, "and poor ould granny will fret her life out, thinking I'm dhrowned. But it can't be helped, anyhow. She'll only have to bear it, the craythur."

Some hours passed slowly away; the moon had set, and the darkness of night brooded over the waters. The silence was unbroken, save by the booming of the waves. The girls had ceased talking, and were busy with their own thoughts, when suddenly the

murmuring sound of voices broke upon their ears, not proceeding from the shore below, but coming from the interior of the cavern.

"What noise is that?" Isabel asked in astonishment.

"It sounds like people talking. The saints be good to us! Where are they at all, at all?" was Rose's whispered answer, in sudden alarm.

"There must be another outlet to the cavern," Isabel remarked, in the same low tones.

"There must be, sure enough, though it was unknownst to me."

The murmur of voices continued, but it did not approach nearer. Rose's curiosity was aroused.

"Bedad, I'll see what it is!" she said resolutely, and she moved noiselessly farther into the cavern, Isabel following timidly. Before long a light gleamed in the distance.

"I never knew the cavern went so far back," observed Rose, stopping a moment, as if afraid to advance farther. The voices now sounded more distinctly, and the tones seemed strangely familiar to her ears.

"I wondher who they are!" she said, under her breath, "but faix I'll find out;" and curiosity again prevailing, she proceeded cautiously forward.

A strange sight soon met the eyes of both girls. Round a rude wooden table sat a party of men talking eagerly, the light from a flaring torch of bog wood—fastened in a large iron sconce—revealing their faces, in which the working of fierce passions was but too evident. Some of the men were not unknown to Isabel Crofton. She had seen them before on the lawn at Elm Lodge, in that hostile interview with her father. All the party were known to Rose Kavanagh, and among them she was startled by the sight of her brother Dermot.

"The Lord save us!" she whispered in trembling accents. "It's Captain Rock and some of his men!"

CHAPTER XVII.

IN THE CAVERN.

THAT was a strange scene on which Isabel Crofton now gazed in silent alarm. Those men, her father's enemies, for what purpose had they met in this subterranean den? In their hard passionate faces she read the startling answer, — the gloomy purpose to avenge the blow recently dealt by Lord Arranmore's agent. Intuitively she felt this, and the first words that distinctly came to her ears from the rude council table confirmed her worst fears.

"As he is from home it ought to be done to-night. We have waited long enough for our revinge. More nor two months, and that's long enough, anyhow."

"It'll be all the sweeter when it comes boys!" was the remark of Captain Rock, an athletic elderly man, with a hard, determined countenance,—a stranger both to Rose and Isabel. "When did you say Crofton was expected?"

"Not till to-morrow," was the answer of one of the party.

"I heard he was coming to-night," put in another eagerly, "and, begorra, it'll be a beautiful bonfire to welcome him," he added, with a discordant laugh.

"It's only what he deserves," bitterly observed Captain Rock; "the villain that's so fond of burning the roof over other people's heads should not have his own left standing."

"Bad luck ever follow him! it is'nt punishment enough for the like of him," broke in a third speaker, with fierce vehemence.

This man Isabel recognize das Flannagan. His face once seen could not easily be forgotten.

"They are going to burn the lodge!"—whispered Rose Kavanagh, in a voice of terror. "Blessed Mary, if they knew we were here listening they'd be the death of us!"

"They cannot see us," answered Isabel, in assuring tones, "that light throws no brightness farther than their own circle, the place where we are is in deep gloom."

"It's a bullet Crofton deserves, through his black heart," Flannagan resumed, a savage hate gleaming in his restless grey eyes.

"No! no! Larry, not that! we'll not go so far as to take his life," broke from several voices.

"And why not, boys? isn't he a tyrant, and havn't we sworn to be revinged on all oppressors?" retorted Flannagan, his voice quivering with vindictive passion.

"Remember his wife, so good to the poor and his purty young daughter, so ready to help every one," pleaded Dermot Kavanagh.

"I'll remimber nothing but me burned home, and houseless wife and children," said Larry, vehemently, a malignant light flashing over his sinister face, upon which Isabel Crofton's eyes were fixed with the fascination of terror. If he only knew she was so near, listening to his wild threats, she felt that her life would not be safe. Unable to support her trembling frame, she sank down, half dead with terror, on the rocky floor of the cavern. Rose, no less frightened, placed herself beside her, and with terrible anxiety both awaited the end of this unexpected adventure.

"To think of his turning us out of our own homes and burning them to the ground!" resumed Larry, with gloomy exasperation. "Shure nothing is too bad for him afther that!"

"And aren't we going to lave his grand place that he spent such a power of money building, a blackened heap of ruins, too?" observed Terrance Carroll.

Isabel looked at this man's face in surprise, so great was the change the last few weeks' suffering had wrought in it. The features, haggard and care-worn, had lost the quiet, kind expression natural to them. The blighting influence of a desire for revenge had scathed his nature. Still he did not steel his heart against every better feeling like Larry Flannagan: he shrank from the perpetration of murder, and only wished to mete out to Mr. Crofton the same wrong he had received at his hands.

"I tell ye what we had betther do, boys," remarked Dermot Kavanagh, eagerly, after a gloomy silence, "we'll get up a petition to have the Agint removed on account of his grinding us so hard and send it to Lord Arranmore."

A mocking laugh from the lawless group interrupted the young fisherman.

"Are ye a born nathral, Dermot Kavanagh?" asked Larry Flannagan with a savage grin. "Don't ye know be this time that the young lord doesn't care a brass farthing how his tenanthry is sarved so that he gets the rints reg'lar?"

"No, we'll send no petition," broke in Captain Rock, loftily, "but we'll look to our own strong right arms for all the help or revenge we need."

A hearty cheer marked the men's approval of their captain's lawless determination.

"And now we may as well be going," he resumed, rising from the council table; "we have no other business on hand to-night, and we are agreed about what is to be done before morning. Meet me, all of you, about half an hour after midnight on the lawn at Elm Lodge. The neighbourhood will then be quiet and we can proceed to fire the premises undisturbed."

"Mr. Crofton will be home by that time," remarked Terrance Carroll.

"No, the Westport coach won't reach Carraghmore till after one o'clock, and then he has to ride the rest of the way home."

"We'll light a bonfire to show him the way, boys! Hooroo for our revinge!" exclaimed Flannagan, brandishing his shelalah with wild excitement, in which the others shared.

The party now broke up, and soon the glaring light of the torch vanished in the distant gloom. What a discovery Isabel Crofton had made! The men her father had evicted were about to execute their threatened vengeance by burning their beautiful home. Could nothing be done to avert this terrible evil? If information of the meditated outrage could be carried to the constabulary force at Carraghmore, Elm Lodge might be saved from the torch of Captain Rock and his reckless, defiant band.

"Rose," she said, with sudden determination of doing all in her power to save her home, "we must find our way out of this cavern by the entrance that admitted those men."

"That's aisier said nor done, Miss Isabel. How are we to do it in the darkness? Sure we can't see where we're going widout a light."

"We can try, however," persisted the young lady. "I cannot remain quietly here and let Elm Lodge be burned."

"Sure it isn't there you are going afther what you just heard," remonstrated Rose.

"No; but if I could get to Carraghmore and tell the police they would save it from the flames. Oh, to think of its being burned! My beautiful home!" Isabel added with a burst of grief and indignation.

"And where would be the good of that?" asked Rose. "If it was saved this night they'd burn it some other time. They would watch their chance and do it if they had to wait for years. There is no escaping their revinge when they make up their mind to have it, and that you'll learn to your cost. And sure it's meself that's sorry for you, Miss, and I'd do all I can to help you."

"Then help me to find my way out of this cave, Rose," pleaded Isabel, earnestly. "If I only could get out and reach Carraghmore all would be well."

"Sure, let us thry anyhow!" said the good-natured girl, and she moved eagerly forward, but the next moment stopped suddenly on perceiving a light gleaming in the distance. "Blessed Mary, if there isn't the light again! Somebody is coming back!" she said in accents of alarm.

Again the girls retreated into the deep gloom, for they had advanced as far as the council table, and watched with beating hearts the advancing light. Soon the sound of steps echoed in the silent cave.

"Holy Timothy! if they search the place and find us here listening to what they said they'll murder us without judge or jury. They'll pitch us headlong into the sae," remarked Rose Kavanagh in a hoarse whisper, as she watched with intense anxiety the figure of a man seen indistinctly by the flickering light he carried. As he came nearer a cry of relief escaped her. "It's Dermot, me own brother, the saints be praised!" she exclaimed, and she rushed eagerly forward.

Her sudden and unexpected appearance took the young fisherman by surprise. "Holy Biddy! is it yourself, Rose? How did you get here?" he asked in amazement.

"Meself and Miss Crofton was nearly dhrowned and we climbed up the cliffs into the cave."

"Miss Crofton!" repeated Dermot, and his face blanched with the fear that name suggested. "How long are ye both here? Did ye see or hear anything?"

"Of coorse we did. Sure, we're neither deaf nor blind," was the girl's ready answer.

"Then both of ye must take a solemn oath never to tell to mortial man what ye heard 'the boys' say here this blessed night. Sure our lives is in your hands."

"You needn't be afeard. We'll never dare to speak of it—don't we know what we may expect in case we did?"

"But you must swear upon the Blessed Cross, I tell ye," persisted Dermot, vehemently, "nothing else will satisfy me."

Isabel Crofton now came forward. "I am willing to swear eternal secrecy," she said in trembling accents. "Here by this

sacred symbol of our common faith," and she took in her hand a golden cross depending from a chain round her neck—"I swear never to reveal the names of those men I saw here to-night. Will that satisfy you?"

"Yes," Dermot answered moodily, "and now Rose, you swear the same. It's well Captain Rock isn't here, or you wouldn't get off so easy," he muttered.

"I swear," said Rose, kissing the Cross reverently, "and now, Dermot, your mind will be at rest. How lucky it was you came back, for now you can show us the way out of this cave. We don't want to stay here all night. But what brought you back?" she asked with eager curiosity.

"I forgot my mask," said Dermot, with a gloomy smile, taking up a piece of black crape from under the council table, where it had fallen. You will have to wait a while afore you can lave the cave," he added, as he turned to go away.

"What for?" asked his sister impatiently.

"Bekase some of 'the boys' is outside, and might find out ye were here. Follow me to the foot of the stairs, anyhow, and I'll lave the big stone that covers the enthrance partly aside so that ye can move it asy yerselves."

Silently Isabel and Rose followed Dermot Kavanagh along the subterranean passage, both rejoicing in the prospect of leaving the cave so soon, Isabel still hoping to be able to save Elm Lodge from the torch of Captain Rock and his lawless men. At length they reached a stone stairs terminating the narrow passage.

"Stop here a quarther of an hour afore ye attempt to lave," whispered Dermot. "If it was known ye were in the cave to-night and that I let you off me own life wouldn't be safe."

"Didn't we swear upon the Holy Cross to keep the saycret, and never tell upon one of ye?" asked Rose impatiently. "Sure Captain Rock himself couldn't ask more."

"I'm not so sure of that," was Dermot's reply as he ascended the stairs.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

"I WONDER where them stairs leads to," observed Rose, as her brother disappeared at the top. "Into the Friary of St. Bride, you know it is near the cliffs, and such old places have subterranean passages."

"Och, murder! and maybe its the burying ground we are undher!" said Rose, pressing closer to her companion as if for protection, in the superstitious fear that this information called forth.

"Very likely, but why should that trouble you? You are not afraid of ghosts, I hope."

"Faix then, I am mortally afeard of them," replied the girl, shivering with the powerful dread of the supernatural, so common to the Irish peasantry,

"You have more reason to dread the lawless men who are abroad to-night."

"Och, no! Miss Isabel," interrupted Rose; "shure they are flesh and blood, like ourselves. I'd rather meet Captain Rock and all his men, any night, than one of them wandhering sperits from another world," and the girl's teeth chattered with superstitious terror.

"We won't meet any of them, don't alarm yourself," said Isabel encouragingly. "I think we may now venture to the top of these stairs," she continued, after an interval of some minutes. "Everything seems quiet outside."

"They then ascended the stone steps, and listened, but no sound was to be heard. Cautiously putting her head through the aperture, which a large stone partially covered, Isabel peered into the darkness without. The outlet from the cavern opened

into the cemetery of St. Bride, the stone concealing it was made to look like a tombstone, and could not be distinguished from the other gravestones around. No one was to be seen, and the two girls ventured to leave the subterranean passage.

The night was starless, and stumbling in the darkness over the humble graves of the poor, Isabel Crofton and her trembling companion tried to make their way out of the cemetery. As they reached the roofless cloister, a deep sigh was heard from a distant recess. Rose uttered a cry of terror and clung to Miss Crofton.

"It's a ghost! the saints be good to us," she exclaimed.

Again the sigh, or rather groan was heard, sending a thrill of horror to the heart of Rose Kavanagh. Isabel was no believer in the supernatural, and in a voice a little tremulous, however, she asked:

"Who is there?"

"Miss Crofton! can it be possible!"—came from the recess, in accents of astonishment.

"It's Parson Butler himself that's in it!" exclaimed Rose, joyfully, the dread of a ghost suddenly vanishing.

"What's the matter? are you ill?" asked Isabel, anxiously, approaching the place whence the voice of Maxwell Butler proceeded.

"Not ill! but bound hand and foot, unable to move!" was his startling assertion, uttered in tones of strong indignation. "Some fellows wearing crape masks, seized me as I was riding past the Friary, and rendering me helpless, left me to pass the night in these gloomy cloisters."

"Why did they treat you so unceremoniously?" asked Isabel, in surprise.

"To prevent my visiting Elm Lodge. I was going there to inform your father of a meditated outrage, which had just come to my knowledge. Those men he evicted are going to commit a desperate act of revenge this very night. I had the information from one of 'the boys'—as the lawless villains call themselves—whose death-bed I attended two hours ago. Unfortunately, I was riding by the Friary as some of the gang set apart for this work were issuing from their place of meeting, hidden somewhere in these ruins. But how is it you are here, Isabel? have you fled from your home to escape the midnight incendiary?"

In a few words Miss Crofton explained how she had been overtaken by the tide and saved from a watery grave, by taking refuge in the cavern, but she said nothing of the scene she had witnessed there.

"Good heavens! what an escape, and I knew nothing of your danger! If I had gone to the Lodge and there heard you were missing, what an agony of suspense I should have endured!"

"If I only had the luck to have a knife about me I could set your riverence free," was Rose Kavanagh's abrupt observation.

"So you could, my good girl!" answered Max, joyfully, "and in my vest pocket you will find one with a strong blade."

Rose soon possessed herself of the parson's pen-knife, and in a few minutes the cords that bound him were cut, and he sprang lightly to his feet, with the exclamation:—

"Now if I can find my horse, I shall baffle the villains yet, and inform the police at Carraghmore of their intended outrage!"

"I am afeard they took the horse with them," remarked Rose.

"I think not, for I heard the animal neigh not long since, he is grazing some where near us, I hope," and Max peered eagerly through the gloom.

"There is something white yondher," said Rose. "It is aither a ghost or the parson's horse."

"It's my horse!" said Max joyfully, and advancing towards the white object Rose

pointed out he soon returned, mounted on the animal

"The attack on the Lodge will begin before one o'clock. It is now past midnight, but I hope to reach Carraghmore in time to bring a constabulary force to prevent the outrage. But where are you to take refuge Isabel," Max added anxiously. If I only had time to conduct you to the parsonage. Where shall you spend the night?"

"With Rose Kavanagh, her cottage is close by. I shall be quite safe there till morning. Do not waste any more time, I beg of you," Isabel continued, eagerly. "Ride in all haste to Carraghmore, and leave me to the care of my kind friend, Rose. She has been my good angel this eventful night."

"And shure it's proud I am to be of sarvice to ye, Miss Isabel, and proud we'll be —ould granny and myse.—to have you spend the night undher our humble roof. Don't be afeard, I'll take the best of care of her, your riverence, and be off wid ye in hot haste, and ride for the bare life if ye want to save the Lodge from them ruffians. But sure that's a hard word for me to say, and me own brother one of them," Rose added under her breath, and a keen feeling of regret thrilled her heart as she thought of Dermot connected with such lawless men. "They are the curse of Ireland, them White boys or Ribbonmen!" she resumed indignantly, as she and Miss Crofton walked quickly to her humble dwelling, after parting from Max. "Shure no one's life or property is safe from them burning and murdhering in their revinge, and the worst of it is the people is afeard to inform agin them. Could not Miss Isabel or myself hang a dozen of them now, if we dare to spake out. But there's that solemn oath upon us both, binding us to saycrecy the rest of our life. Och, my grief! and to think our Dermot is one of them! It would kill ould granny if she only knew!"

The appearance of Rose at the cottage relieved her grandmother's mind from the deepest anxiety on her account, and she listened eagerly to the account of how she and Miss Crofton had escaped being drowned. Their adventure in the cavern was, however, concealed from the old woman, although she was informed of the intended burning of Elm Lodge.

Eagerly did Isabel Crofton watch for the crimson light in the sky, which was to announce the work of destruction begun. At length it came, that bright glow in the grey heavens, and Isabel knew that Max. Butler had been too late to save her beautiful home. That crimson light gleaming on the beetling crags, impending over the narrow defile leading into the glen, was seen by Mr. Crofton, as he rode hastily homeward from Carraghmore. "Whence came it," he asked himself, in sudden alarm, and a startling suspicion of what had occurred made him gallop madly forward. Soon emerging from the narrow defile he came in full view of the Lodge, wrapped in a vivid sheet of flame, the red light streaming on the lake and steeping the lawn and trees in brightness.

CHAPTER XIX.

A STRANGE DISCLOSURE.

THE stillness of death reigned in that secluded glen, where the work of destruction was quickly progressing. Not a creature was to be seen about the Lodge. All the inmates had fled in terror from the scene of the fire unmolested by Captain Rock and his men. What a storm of passion swept over the master of Elm Lodge, as he gazed upon his home wrapped in the fire-sheet, and felt assured that this cruel blow was dealt by the hands of those men he had evicted.

"They shall hang for this!" he fiercely

exclaimed, almost choked with the rage that distorted his stern features. Elm Lodge was his pride, he had spared no expense to render it a pleasant residence for his old age. He had hoped to spend the evening of his days there in quiet happiness, and now it maddened him to see it destroyed by the torch of the incendiary. He thought no eye but his witnessed his emotion as he stood there leaning for support against a tree, his strong frame quivering with rage and grief, but other eyes looked with very different feelings upon that burning mass, while they glared from time to time upon the hated agent.

After setting fire to the Lodge, the incendiaries had fled from the glen, but one of them returned to see the end of his revenge, unmindful of the danger he incurred, and now lying on the grass beneath the shade of some trees, concealed by their hanging branches, Larry Flannagan watched with fiendish joy Mr. Crofton's agony of rage, and gloated over his misery at the wreck of his property.

"They shall hang for this night's work! I shall hunt them to the death!" again burst, in a perfect howl of rage, from the frantic agent.

The words were borne on the calm night air to the reclining figure beneath the trees. He sprang to his feet in a paroxysm of fury, and seized a musket lying on the grass beside him. "That threat fixes your doom. It'll be the last ye'll ever spake with yere cruel tongue," he hissed forth, his eyes blazing with hate and fury. "To let the likes of ye live is a sin agin mankind. Betther to put an end to such a tyrant at onct! And here goes!" he added, with a demoniac laugh, pointing the murderous weapon at his unconscious victim. The bullet whizzed through the air, and the next moment Mr. Crofton fell upon the grass weltering in his blood.

"That shot done for him!" and with fiendish satisfaction Flannagan drew near to look upon the dying agony. The eyes of the agent glared on the well-known face, as he stooped over him, and his hand feebly grasped a revolver, but strength to use it was denied, the bullet had done the work of death, and the spirit of the murdered man passed to its account.

"He has money about him—the rint he was collecting!" was the thought that next flashed through the mind of Flannagan, and he stooped with joyful haste to rifle the agent's pocket, but soon a startling sound interrupted his lawless work. The galloping of horses was heard in the glen, and the mounted constabulary force from Carraghmore appeared upon the scene. With a cry of terror the murderer fled at their approach, but the hand of retributive justice had him in its grasp, and escape was impossible.

The glare of the fire attracted many persons to the scene of the outrage. Among others Sir Gerard Trevor, who joined the Rev. Max Butler, as he was returning with the police from Carraghmore. The sight of the murdered man lying on the lawn before his burning house excited general indignation against the perpetrators of the outrage, and the police were scouring the country in pursuit of them.

"Is he really dead? Can you do nothing for him, Doctor?" asked Sir Gerard, addressing an old physician, who had just arrived upon the spot, and was anxiously examining the wound of Mr. Crofton.

"Nothing, Sir Gerard, I see he has been dead some minutes. No medical skill could bring him back to life. That bullet was well aimed, and caused immediate death. Thank Heaven, we have got the murderer! I hope the other wretches will also be brought to justice. This kind of work is too common in our unhappy country."

At this moment a tall woman, wrapt in a blue cloak, approached the spot where Mr. Crofton's body lay weltering in his blood, and silently regarded it for some moments.

She then exclaimed very bitterly: "It is dead ye are, sure enough! and, bedad, it is few will break their hearts afther ye!"

"Why, Dinah Blake! have you turned up again. Where have you been hiding yourself? I haven't seen you for an age."

These words were addressed by the old physician to the new comer.

"Faith then it would be hard for you to see me, Docther, dear, and I kep a prisoner all this time."

"Kept a prisoner, Dinah! Where and by whom?"

"By that same villain lying there dead afore ye. He kept me under lock and kay up in the garret of his house, sure. It's well for me it was burned down anyhow!"

"Dinah, this story is incredible! What motive could Crofton have in keeping you a prisoner?"

"Just to prevent me telling the thruth, as how the girl who calls herself Miss Barrington has no right or title to the estate."

"Bless my soul! have you taken leave of your senses, Dinah Blake? You must be crazed to assert this. I don't wonder at Crofton shutting you up. He thought you mad, no doubt."

"He thought nothing of the kind, Docther Holmes, but he done it to plaze Miss Barrington, as she is called. But she is not the rale heiress at all, she is Norah's child, and Major Barrington was her father."

"Norah Blake's child!" exclaimed the physician, in astonishment.

"The same and no other! You remember Norah, Docther dear, and how her child was born a few hours afore the young heiress of Barrington Height."

"I remember the birth of both children well," observed the astonished physician, "but until now I did not know that Major Barrington was the father of Norah's child."

"He was, then! I tell it now, for the thruth must all come out. Sir Gerard Trevor, you're a magisthrate, and you hear my confession."

"Can this woman's assertion be true?" asked the baronet, turning with a bewildered look to Dr. Holmes.

"I am afraid it is, I do not think Dinah would assert a falsehood. But where is the missing heiress?" the doctor asked, suddenly turning to her, with eager curiosity.

"Och, she is not far off! She is up at the Parsonage, living with Parson Butler's aunt all these years. That's good news for you, Sir Gerard, for now your lady mother wont object to the girl you have set your heart on. She'll be a rich wife for you."

"She means Josephine!" exclaimed Max., who heard this explanation with less surprise than the others did. It was what he had already suspected.

"How did you effect the change of children?" asked Dr. Holmes,

"Asy enough. I stole into Barrington House when the misthress was dying and everything in confusion. You were there at the time yourself, Docther. I saw you, and the rest of them, standing beside the poor lady's bed. She asked to see the infant afore she went, and sure it was Norah's child they brought her instead of her own, for I had changed the children then."

"Was there no one in the nursery? Had the servants left the infant alone?" asked Dr. Holmes.

"They had then. Nurse Lynch was with her misthress, and Letty the nurse-girl had gone to get her tay, letting me have a good chance to do all I wanted, and to escape without being seen."

"There is no proof of what this woman asserts," observed Sir Gerard, "her evidence——"

"There is evidence enough," interrupted Dinah, hastily, "the mark that is on the real heiress, behind her ear, will prove her rights anywhere."

"By George, there was such a mark!" exclaimed Dr. Holmes, eagerly. "Nurse Lynch and I noticed when the little heiress was born."

"Ask Nurse Lynch if that same mark was on the baby she nursed. She'll tell you no, but she was cute enough to say nothing about it, lest she might be blamed."

"Josephine has the mark of a strawberry behind one ear. You must have noticed it, Sir Gerard," remarked Max. Butler.

"Then she must be the legitimate daughter of Major Barrington, and this woman's assertion is correct," said Dr. Holmes, and my evidence in this matter would go far to establish her claims to the inheritance. Nurse Lynch could also prove the same."

"This affair must be enquired into," remarked Sir Gerard. Poor Eva! what a disgraceful revelation awaits her! How will she bear this cruel change of fortune!"

"She knows it already. She has been told the whole story, standing beside the grave of her misfortunate mother in the Friary of St. Bride." There was a quivering motion about Dinah Blake's stern mouth, which showed the emotion the remembrance of that scene caused.

"And how did she bear the painful disclosure," asked Max Butler.

"It nearly drove her mad, the craythur, and no wonder, sure, when she thought of the disgrace attinding her birth. She is mighty proud, entirely."

"How did Crofton come to hear of this?" asked Dr. Holmes. "Did you tell the story to him also."

"He happened to come into the Friary when we were there discoursing, and heard all about it. He tould me to come to his house that same night to talk the matter over, and so I did, and I incensed him into all the particulars, so that he saw I was spaking the thruth. And then, on account of her taking on so about it, it come into his head to keep me out of the way. So he deludered me into spending the night at his house, bekase I wasn't feeling at all well. His sister, the ould maid, showed me up into a comfortable little room in the garret, where I slept that night, but the next morning I found meself a prisoner, and so I remained from that day to this. The confinement was fast killing me, but what did they care. They were well paid, no doubt, for keeping me shut up, and if I died, nothing would plaze them better."

"Do you think Eva knew of your imprisonment," asked Sir Gerard, anxiously. It grieved him to think she could be so unprincipled.

"Of course she did, and she paid them well for it. And small blame to her, the craythur, when such disgrace and ruin was hanging over her head."

"You do not seem to cherish resentment towards her. I am glad to see this change for the better," observed Max Butler, in pleased tones.

"I cannot cherish resintment towards poor Norah's child anyhow, although it's my nature to feel resintment for any wrong done me or mine most bittherly, your riverence. It was that same vindictive sperit that made me revinge meself on Major Barrington for what he done. And sure I had the satisfaction of telling him all about it afore he died," Dinah added, with a gleam of exultation in her dark sunken eye.

"How did you gain access to Major Barrington on his death-bed," asked Dr. Holmes, curiously.

"Asy enough. All the servants fled from the house on account of the faver he had except the nurse left to attend him, and she was a friend of mine. She gladly let me take her place beside the dying man, while she slept awhile, for she was worn out with watching and nursing. It was then I tould me story to the Major, and imbitthered his last moments, but, sure, I had my revinge."

"You have not told us how you escaped from the burning house, Dinah," said Dr. Holmes, anxious to hear all the particulars of this woman's strange story, for the good Doctor was as curious as any daughter of Eve. "Did Miss Crofton set you free when she knew what was going to happen?"

"Not she! She fled, with all the servants, and never gave a thought to me, I'll be bound. She was as hard-hearted as her brother himself. But the Lord was good to me, and it happened that one of 'the boys' heard me shouting for help up in the garret, for I knew, by the bright light shining around, that the house was on fire—so he came and let me out, and took me down stairs safely."

"You would know this man again, I suppose," said Sir Gerard, eagerly.

"No, I wouldn't," she answered bluntly, "he wore a black mask."

"Did you not recognise his voice? You might convict him if you wished," resumed the Baronet.

"I'll do nothing of the kind! Do you think I could turn informer, especially agin the man that saved me own life?" Dinah observed, with a look of intense scorn.

"It is your duty to try and bring one of these ruffians to justice if you can, Dinah," said the clergyman, persuasively.

"If I could bring them all to justice i wouldn't," she replied, doggedly. "Not that I don't think they desarve it, but it is n't Dinah Blake that will turn informer what none of her people was afore her."

"That is the reason that outrages are so common," observed Sir Gerard, with asperity. "The people will not give information against the cowardly perpetrators of such deeds."

"You cannot persuade them to do it, Sir Gerard," said Dr. Holmes, gravely, "they shrink from incurring the ignominy attached to the name of informer, and in some cases they dread the enmity of the friends of those men who commit the outrages we deplore."

I shall not attempt to describe the grief of Isabel Crofton when she heard of her father's murder. The loss of home was nothing to this affliction, but she did not want or kind friends to comfort her in her trouble. Mrs. Dormer received her into her house, and showed her all the tender affection of a mother. Flannagan was convicted and hanged for the murder of Mr. Crofton, but none of the others were brought to justice. Isabel and Rose Kavanagh could have convicted several of them, but dared not move in the matter—bound to secrecy by their solemn oath. Although the Lodge was destroyed, a considerable fortune still remained to Isabel Crofton, which she lived many years to enjoy as the happy wife of the Rev. Maxwell Butler. Eva Barrington quietly resigned her claims to Barrington Height, as soon as she found that Dinah Blake had published the disgraceful fact that she was not the rightful owner. Josephine Dormer, herefore, stepped without any trouble into the possession of the estate. She bestowed upon her illegitimate half-sister a sufficient income to maintain her in the position of a lady, during the remainder of her life, which was not a happy one, for the unmerited disgrace that had fallen upon her embittered the proud girl's existence. Lady Trevor no longer opposed her son's marriage with the heiress of Barrington Height, and in due time Josephine became the bride of Sir Gerard Trevor.

Dinah Blake did not live long after the burning of Elm Lodge. Her previous confinement had injured her health, but while life continued she was well cared for by Josephine, who forgave the injury she had done her in carrying out her revenge, and did all in her power to brighten the evening of her sad lonely life, embittered by vindictive feelings. Dinah Blake died penitent for the wrong she had done, and was buried beside Norah in the Friary of St. Bride, where she sleeps the long sleep of death, with the ivy-covered ruins around, and the wild roar of the Atlantic coming up from the shore below.

THE END.

DROWNED AT THE FORD.

BY E. W. THOMSON.

BURKE was my chum at Richmond.
Didn't know him:—you say.
Is he dead? Yes, dead and buried,
Many and many a day.
Drowned at the Appomattox,
Trying to cross the ford
In the night, when the tossing river
With fury raged and roared.

How was it? We two together
Were posted on vidette.
How well I remember us chatting,
While shivering in the wet.
His wife, he said, was lying
Weak as the child she gave birth;
Not dead, but as surely dying
As a blossom floats to earth.

You see these two had married
Only a year before,
When he was at home on furlough,
For a month, or maybe more.
Their parting was all that wakened
Them from their dream of bliss;
Love had lost none of its glory,
Nor the rapture of a kiss.

Well, we talked in the rain together,
As quiet our horses stood.—
I tried to make him more hopeful,
And cheered him all I could.
The only noise, when we listened,
Was the falling of the rain;
And sounds from the forest near us,
As if the trees were in pain.

Now and then, through the darkness,
Out toward Hatcher's Run,
We could hear the sullen booming
Of some far distant gun.
Nothing was heard to alarm us,
But danger seemed to be near,—
When suddenly both of us fired,
At the sound of an oath in our rear.

Before our reins we could gather
Our fire was returned,
Just here upon the shoulder
I seemed to have been burned.
Fifty of them were on us;
Each of us drew our sword,
Struck right and left among them,
And galloped for the ford.

We never thought of the torrent,
Caused by a week of rain,
Till we were close upon it,—
Too late then to draw rein.
We were swimming before we knew it,
And the swollen water's force
Bore horse and rider together
Downward with its course.

Off went carbine and sabre,
We cut away our boots;
Threw ourselves from the saddles,
And left the shrieking brutes.
Burke was a mighty swimmer,
But I had lost my strength,
For the bullet in my shoulder
Was troubling me at length.

He just kept me from drowning,
Till, as we passed a tree,
He seized a branch and held it,
And helped me to get free.
But while I stood in safety,
I heard him give one gasp,—
A root had struck and torn him
Suddenly from his grasp.

We found him, two days after,
  Clasping firm in his hand
A long, bright tress of woman's hair,—
  Yellow as golden sand.
His body was frightfully mangled,
  But the smile on his lips was so plain,
That I think before he closed them
  He saw his wife again.

ALMONTE.

JESSIE'S LAW SUIT.

A TALE OF THE BAY OF QUINTÉ.

BY C. W. COOPER.

CHAPTER I.

THE RETAINING FEE.

THERE was no shadow of doubt that Edgar was "over head and ears" in love with my cousin Jessie, and was regarded by all the family as her lover, but what Jessie's feelings in the matter were was not so generally known; there had been a whisper that she had refused him, but his visits were still continued, apparently on the same footing as ever. This was the state of matters at the time of my first visit. Now, of course, my advent led to a good deal of conversation on family matters and connections, and I then learnt Jessie's little history. Her father, the brother of my host, Mr. Hermann, had formerly owned and occupied a fine farm on the shores of the Bay, not far distant from Mr. Hermann's, and was looked on as a prosperous well-to-do yeoman. He married a young and pretty girl of more than ordinary attainments for those times, and Jessie was their only child —but whilst Jessie was still young, but not before she had trained her young heart and mind after the model of her own, the mother died. Her loss was to poor Jacob Hermann a blow from which he never recovered—she had been his good angel, and when she was gone he became aimless and dispirited, and after a time negligent of his business, and finally became addicted to the ever-baneful whiskey. Just then came the so-called Canadian Rebellion, and Jacob's restless spirit led him to lend himself to some extent to the designs of the discontented leaders of that insane movement, not that he committed himself to any overt act of treason, or stood in any danger of loss of either life or property; the chances being that if he had staid quietly at home no notice would have been taken of him, as he was known and admitted to be a harmless inoffensive man, but this Jacob would not do; and when the disturbance broke out Jacob borrowed a few hundred dollars of a neighbour of the name of Rogers, and left for the States. To secure the repayment of this money, Jacob made over to Rogers his farm, sold it him, as Rogers always asserted, and considering the disturbed state of the country, and the anxiety of Jacob to leave, such a transaction

was, in one of Jacob's habits, not at all improbable. The farm was now worth from $6,000 to $10,000, and even at the time referred to, the sum received by Jacob was scarcely a tithe of its value; nevertheless, such sales had, under similar circumstances, been made by others, and Rogers kept the farm. Little Jessie accompanied her father, and for a short period after their settlement in the States things went well with them—Jacob denied himself the bottle, the change of life affected him favourably, and he often spoke to Jessie of some day returning to Canada. Jessie says that at this period he saved money, and sent some to Mr. Rogers, but she was too young to understand the transaction. Jacob's evil propensities again beset him; that is, his weakness for drink, for it was his only failing, and he at last died poor and almost friendless, leaving his orphan daughter to the care of strangers. His brother sent for the little girl, who had lived with him ever since, almost in sight of the old homestead, her birth-place and childhood's home—the now well tilled farm of Squire Rogers.

"If every one had their rights," said Mr. Hermann, after recounting the fate of his brother, "I believe that the Rogers' place would belong to Jessie."

"Oh! stuff, Uncle, that's what you have often said, but it is only putting nonsense into your little niece's head. It is gone, and it can't be helped, and it is too late now to think about it, it would be far better to forget it was ever in the family, though I, for my part, should find that a little difficult, as I sometimes catch myself peeping over the fences at some familiar tree or spot that calls up old times, but I intend breaking myself of the habit, as I know it does no good."

"Well, nothing will ever persuade me your father intended to sell Rogers the place for some $300, he always told me he had mortgaged it to him, and you know he often spoke to you of returning to it."

"That is true, Uncle, but you have yourself seen Mr. Rogers' deed for it, and a deed is a deed we all know, even without the aid of Edgar," she said, half playfully, but with a mixture of sadness in her tone, as she looked in his face.

"Well, I wish you had it, it would only be your right."

"I wish so too, Uncle, for your sake, after all the trouble I have given you."

"Tush, child, wish it for your own sake, or for some one else's."

"Well, I do, Uncle," muttered Jessie, lowly, and blushing, but the words reached Edgar, and he thought he had found a clue to some little difficulties he had experienced in the course of his wooing.

Mr. Hermann left the verandah to replenish his pipe, and Edgar's arm stole round Jessie's waist as they disappeared among the green vine leaves.

"Jessie, there may be more in this than you seem to think, but I don't know whether if you owned such a property I dare ask you to be mine. You would be quite a little heiress." This was said jokingly, but there was something in the tone that induced Jessie to reply.

"There you know you wrong me, Edgar, it is useless to talk about it, or distract our minds about what might be, in so improbable a case, but I do certainly wish it was, Edgar, just to be able to show you how little you understand me," and a tear stole from beneath the dark eyelashes.

"Jessie, dear, you are far too wise, and too good, and too gentle. I understand your scruples now."

"Hush, Edgar, let us talk about the wonderful farm that is to make me so rich."

"Well, I really think the circumstances worth enquiring into. May I talk to your uncle farther about it, and have your sanction for anything I may deem it necessary to do?"

"Certainly, if Uncle thinks it right."

"And now my fee," said the young lawyer, as he drew fair Jessie closer to his side.

"That will do, sauce-box!"

"Oh! a retainer is a fee, a reward, a gift given and proffered by the client, now, that was not given me at all, I took it."

"There! there! now say good night. I never will have anything to do with lawyers again."—

And Jessie became Edgar's client.

CHAPTER II.

THE DEFENDANT.

I'll tell the truth. He was a man
Hard, selfish, loving only gold,
Yet full of guile.
Rosiland & Helen.

THERE was scarcely a prettier farm along the whole of the shore of the Bay of Quinté than the Rogers', or as some persisted in calling it, the old Jacob Hermann place. The old original homestead stood on a slight rise, a little inland. The ground fell in front of the house, and then ran out into a point of level land some distance into the Bay, and formed what is still known as Hermann's Point. The trees had been thinned away on this point, which had now the appearance of a fine park. An avenue of flowering acacias, of large size, led up to the house, which was surrounded by quite a wilderness of lilacs and syringas, and flanked by an extensive orchard. The old place had still a pleasant home-look about it, though long neglected. The park was kept clear of the fallen limbs and rubbish, for it made a capital sheep-walk, and the orchard was not entirely neglected, for it still afforded a fair yield, but the long avenue was grass-grown, and the lilacs and syrangas grew unpruned into a thick copse. The old place was uninhabited save occasionally by some farm-servant of the present proprietor, and he had built himself a new residence on the portion of the property nearest the neighbouring village, and where the road ran near the bank, leaving him just room for his residence and garden between the road and the water. Here he had erected a large white house, with green venetian shutters, and surrounded it with a garden within a tall white picket fence, unornamented and unrelieved by shade or ornamental trees. The staring white building was conspicuous from land and water. It was sprucely kept, and clean, and well painted, and looked new, and hard and bare like its owner, who now sat on the painted verandah in the enjoyment of the calm of an autumn afternoon. The view from Mark Rogers verandah was very fair—the waters of the Bay glinted in the purple rays of the declining sun, the distant woods and islands were clothed in the autumnal shades of changing yellow and red of the maple and other trees, the trading schooners spread their white sails that idly flapped in the falling breeze, the distant steamer left a snake-like ruffled wake behind her as she drew near on her trip up the Bay, and the late flowers that still bloomed in the somewhat trim garden around still linked the early autumn with the receding summer. Mark Rogers' eye rested on the pleasant scene, and fell on the well stocked barns around the old frame-house, and the numerous stacks of grain that filled the stock-yard, and he mentally calculated what their value would be before spring. The beauties of the evening did not distract Mark Rogers thoughts from that practical consideration—for Mark was not sentimentally inclined—a practical man was Rogers, and his practical character had stood him in good stead, for he was the richest merchant and landholder in the neighbourhood; that is to say, he kept a country-shop or store in the neighbouring village, which though very unpretentious in its outward appearance, made Mr. Rogers "a merchant" in local parlance; and the Government had

made him a Magistrate; and the Court of Queen's Bench had made him a Commissioner for taking affidavits; and nature and his own heart had made him a hard, shrewd, money-getting, unscrupulous, grasping man; and fortune and his own untiring energies and some not over-scrupulous mortgage and loan transactions had made him a rich one.

Mark drove a good business in his dingy looking store, and would haggle over and perhaps cheat a farmer's wife in a deal over a basket of eggs with as much avidity as in his earliest days. Mark was not proud or above his business, not he, he looked after everything himself—but still Mark was disturbed this evening; he had caught his eldest boy robbing his till, and strongly suspected that sundry depredations that had been committed lately in the village Post-office and elsewhere might be traced to the same source. It now occurred to him that whilst looking after everything himself he had found no time to inculcate in the boy's mind the necessity of honesty—it never struck him that his own example, and his boastful chuckling over some successful piece of "extra" shrewdness on his own part, might possibly have a somewhat opposite tendency to teaching the youth a high moral lesson. He was vexed and annoyed, and his pride hurt, lest the matter should get wind, and his own respectability suffer thereby, and he was muttering threats of what he would do to the young vagabond, when a horseman stopped at his gate. I have written horseman, for the man had a horse; but he drove him as every traveller here seems to do, in a buggy, or, as in this case, in a "sulky." The roads in the neighbourhood are good, and people appear to prefer this easier and lazier, but less healthy mode of locomotion to the saddle. The visitor was well known to Mr. Rogers, being the sheriff's bailiff from the neighbouring town, and had often been employed by Mark in the course of his numerous transactions. But no seedy-looking Israelite is he, but the son of one of the earliest settlers, and owner of a good farm in the neighbourhood, who has adopted his present calling because he can make money at it. But Mark's brow darkened as he appeared, for somehow he connected his visit with the conduct of his boy.

"Well, Mr. Lowe, what news?" the Squire asked.

"Nothing new, Squire."

"Has that stuck-up English doctor in Fredericksburg paid off his execution yet?"

"Can't say, Squire, it warn't in my hands; you'd best enquire at the office."

"Oh! well, I will. I know he's a long-winded customer; and if I don't look after it, it will lie as long in your sheriff's office as in the debtor's hands. You're a pretty set, you all are."

"But what's up," resumed the speaker "you havn't got any writ agen me, I suppose." And Mark drew himself up in the dignified consciousness of owing no man anything.

"Well, not exactly, Squire, but I was directed to hand you this. It is not a writ, but some paper out of Chancery."

"Well, let's see," answered the Squire, as he took the document with feigned indifference, but with a good deal of secret misgiving. "What's all this? Hermann, plaintiff; Rogers, defendant; and who the devil is Edgar W. Paul who figures on the back?"

"Oh, he's the lawyer employed against you. Don't you know him, a young fellow, comes out to Frank Hermann's a good deal?"

"Yes, I know the fellow; some petty-fogging scoundrel. He wrote me a letter; I suppose this is about the same matter,—the Jacob Hermann property. But I took no notice of him. I suppose they want to squeeze something out of me to buy them off; but they can't come that game over me. I've got my deed, and I've paid for the place, and the devil himself can't shake my title."

"Who claims it, Mr. Rogers,—old Jacob's daughter?"

"Yes, I suppose so; and I guess the lawyer is spoonying after her or the place; for if I know Frank Hermann, he's not likely to fool away money in any such a way. I reckon he's enough to do to take care of himself. He mortgaged his farm to repair the old barn he lives in; and," musingly continued Rogers, "I fancy the mortgage could be bought cheap. I tell you what, Lowe, you might do worse than look after old Jacob's daughter yourself, and not let that half-alive fellow come sneaking after her. If you can get her, I'll give her £50 to buy wedding fixings; and you can get her to confirm the old man's deed, and drop all this silly nonsense of a suit. It will all amount to nothing, as you can very well see by looking at the deed. You can call on Mr. Chooks, my lawyer, whom you know very well, and he will tell you the same."

"I'm afraid that would not work, Squire."

"What? — about the girl? Well, but whether or no, you could see Frank Hermann, and give him to know you've seen the deed, and what Lawyer Chooks thinks of the matter; and you can tell them that, just for peace sake, and out of regard to the Hermann folks,—nothing else,—I'll give Jessie a hundred dollars to buy herself dresses. If you manage this, I'll make you a present of the other hundred dollars."

"Well, Squire, I'll try, as you wish it; but I don't think we can come it. It strikes me they have taken good advice, and know what they're about. This same Edgar Paul is a smart man."

"Hang him," muttered Rogers.

"Take something, Lowe, before you go."

"I don't care." And the spirit bottle was produced, and Lowe took a tumbler of whiskey and water strong, and departed.

CHAPTER III.

L—A—W—LAW.

"If you're fond of botheration,
Or sweet procrastination,
You're just in a situation
To enjoy a suit at law."

A VERY nasty and disagreeable thing is a law-suit; and no law-suit can come in a more nasty and disagreeable shape than that of "a Bill in Chancery." The very name conjures up protracted miseries, endless litigation, interminable costs, and tedious vexations. This tribunal of Dame Justice is not a popular one evidently in Canada, any more than in England. Men like Rogers dislike it particularly,—they "don't see any necessity for the court at all. If a man is dragged into it, he don't know what may happen before he gets out. If a man pays for a place, and gets his deed, what more can be wanted? One can't even foreclose a mortgage in it without all sorts of questions cropping up, about usury, or the amount advanced, or something or other, as if a mortage did not show on the face of it what was due without all that fuss." Thus mused Rogers, as he sat alone at Lowe's departure, with the unopened paper in his hand. He sat sometime thus, but what his thoughts were none may say. At length he called for lights, and opened the document that had set him thinking. It was not very long nor very formidable-looking,—a few pages of manuscript, in a large, clear, clerkly hand, and a printed back, all neatly tied at the corner. But if the statements therein are true, it may cost Mr. Rogers Hermann's Point. What says it? Did the reader ever see such a document? Does he suppose it to be written in Norman-French, in bad Latin, or in incomprehensible legal phraseology, which none but the initiated can comprehend? If so, he is greatly mistaken. Jessie has preserved a copy of this (to her) inter-

esting document. It will help my story along to give it verbatim, and the reader can read it as a curiosity, and perhaps find interest in it too. We beg that he or she will not skip it. Apart from the entitling in a certain court, and the "style of the cause," this formidable bill simply "states" thus:—

"That some time in or about the year 1837, Jacob Hermann, then of the Township of Fredericksburg, since deceased, being seized in fee simple in possession of certain lands and premises known as (and here follows a brief description of the Herman Point Farm); and being indebted to the defendant Marcus Rogers in the sum of $300 for money loaned and advanced to him, the said Jacob Hermann, on the security of the said lands and premises, made and executed to the said defendant a deed of conveyance of the said premises, which said deed purported to convey the said premises absolutely, and the said defendant made and executed to the said Jacob Hermann a bond of defeasance, bearing even date with said deed of conveyance, whereby he undertook and covenanted to reconvey to the said Jacob Hermann, his heirs or assigns, the said above-described-premises, on payment by him, his heirs, executors, or administrators, of the said sum of $300 and interest, within —— years from the day of the date thereof. That the said defendant entered into possession of the said premises (on a certain date), and has since continued, and now is in possession of the same, and has received the rents and profits of the same to a large amount, and far more than sufficient to pay off the mortgage debt and interest. That the said Jacob Hermann left the Province on or about ——, and resided in the U. S. of America, without the jurisdiction of the Court, until on or about the ——, when he departed this life, leaving the plaintiff, his heiress at law, him surviving.

"That said Jacob Hermann, in his lifetime, and plaintiff since, has frequently applied to defendant to be permitted to redeem said premises, and offered to pay the balance, if any, due on said mortgage; but defendant has always refused to allow the said premises to be redeemed, fraudulently claiming, and pretending that he has an indefeasible title in fee simple to the said premises, under the said deed.

"That the said premises are now worth the sum of ——, and were at the time of the execution of the said deed well worth the sum of ——."

And the plaintiff prayed to be allowed to redeem the said premises, on payment of what, if anything, was due to defendant, &c.; and for certain accounts to be taken with that object. And that was all! Mark Rogers' face rather brightened as he perused this specimen of chancery pleading. "I guess," muttered he, "they don't know much about the matter. They can't prove it, anyhow; and if that's all it amounts to, I don't know that I would much care about investing that $200." And Mark took a glass of grog in apparent good humour, and went to bed considerably relieved.

I don't intend to inflict on the reader all the details of the progress of Jessie's suit. We will only glance at the leading facts as far as it is necessary to the development of our narrative. A good deal of interest was evinced in the neighbourhood in the result of the case. Jessie, on the one hand, was a favourite, and had many friends who heartily wished her success; whilst, on the other, Roger's position and influence brought around him many who professed to sympathise with him under the vexation and annoyance of what they professed to look on as an unfounded and absurd claim; and many of these were very sincere, inasmuch as they had some cause to dread being defendants in similar cases.

Edgar never had the slightest doubt of the strict justice of Jessie's claim. From what he had learnt from Mr. Hermann and others, he felt convinced that Jacob Her-

mann had been imposed upon, and that some fraud had been practised upon him in the acquisition of the property by Rogers. He felt sure, too, that Jacob Hermann had never acquiesced in the absolute title assumed by Rogers, and looked on the remittances of money on account to Rogers as strong evidence of that fact. Jessie had been a minor since her father's death, and brought her suit immediately on coming of age. But it was one thing to be quite certain of these facts, and quite another to be able to establish them. All knowledge of the real circumstances appeared to be confined to the parties themselves. The account of the transaction being other than a sale was altogether derived from Jacob Hermann, and would amount to nothing in the mouth of a witness. No admission could be traced to Rogers, who had carefully kept his own counsel. As yet, no discovery had been made of any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann shewing that the transaction was a mortgage, or even any to shew the payment of the money alleged by Jessie to have been remitted to Rogers. The land could easily be proved to have been worth a much larger sum than that advanced; but this inadequacy of price, although gross, Edgar well knew would not of itself be sufficient to set aside the sale, or establish the case set up on Jessie's part. Rogers' defence or answer had been put in denying distinctly that the tranaction was other than an absolute sale; denying also the receipt of payments; negativing, in fact, the plaintiff's bill altogether. Edgar might be pardoned if he began to question whether he had not proceeded somewhat hastily, and on insufficient grounds, and brought an action he should fail to establish. His anxiety knew no bounds; and Jessie had often to banter him into a more hopeful humour. She was apparently the least concerned in the matter. She had yielded to the wishes of her friends, and sanctioned the suit, but was certainly not going to break her heart if it failed. She did not think her uncle was tired of her, she told Edgar, or would turn her out of doors if the suit was lost, at which her uncle laughed, and Edgar half frowned; and so animated to fresh exertion, but very fearful of the ultimate results, he would go back to his briefs. He spared no pains, however, to supply the required links in the chain of evidence. He took a journey to the neighbourhood where Jacob Hermann had died. He found there an old man, named Simmonds, with whom Jacob Hermann had lived, and in whose house he had died. Simmonds had lived in Canada, and knew Jacob Hermann before he left there. He was a strange old mortal, and had not left a very good character behind him; not that any one could say more of him than that he preferred hunting, shooting, and trapping to steady work, and loved whiskey, and a good deal of it. But he was looked upon as a shiftless, ne'er-do-well fellow; and Edgar did not think that much could be made of the evidence of such a man. Simmonds could only say that Jacob Hermann always told him he had mortgaged his place to Rogers for $300; that he remembered paying him money to remit to Rogers; that he understood and believed he did remit it; did not mail it or see it mailed himself; told him he had sent it; and he denied having any papers belonging to Jacob Hermann. This was the extent of the information Edgar obtained by his journey; but he determined to send for Simmonds when the examination of witnesses came on, trusting to eliciting something fresh from him.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TRIAL.

"Speak truth and shame the devil."
"Do you confess the bond?"

THE eventful day fixed for "the examination of witnesses" arrived, and Edgar had not obtained any further evidence.

It was a dark blustering day in November when the Court opened, at the neighbouring county town. The Court-house, a massive stone building, overlooks the bay, and the "white caps" on the waves were seen from the large windows of the Court-room, as the storm dashed over the waters; those within were too anxious to heed the weather, but the dreary day did not tend to enliven their spirits. Other proceedings occupied the time during the morning, and the hours dragged slowly on, until at last the case of Hermann v. Rogers was called —more than usual interest appeared to be created by the cause. Jessie had insisted on being present, and Mr. Hermann and most of his family had accompanied her, they had fortunately come the day previous; many friends and acquaintances had joined them, both from town and country. Mr. Rogers was, of course, there, with his acquaintances and persons with whom he had dealings, who flocked to hear the issue of the suit.

The evening was setting in when the cause was called. The numerous jets of gas were burning dimly (not having yet been turned on in force) and the Court room wore a gloomy appearance, as Edgar rose to open his case. I had not before seen Edgar in his gown, and I thought it became him well. I instinctively looked towards Jessie; I have no doubt the same idea was passing in her mind, her eyes were earnestly bent on her lover and advocate, and I really think she felt more interest in the proceedings on his account than on her own. The whole scene to my mind was deeply interesting; the quiet impassive, dignified judge sat in his silk robes, in almost solemn state, and his calm and unmoved air contrasted markedly with the suppressed eagerness and anxiety of contending counsel. The counsel in the cause, four in all, drew their black gowns round them, and prepared for business; the sheriff of the county in formal cut uniform of black with silver scabbarded sword, sat sedately, and looked as grave as if he was something more in the group than an automaton figure. Jessie's heart fluttered as she heard her name called by those sage looking men. Edgar read the plaintiff's bill, a copy of the interesting document, which Mr. Lowe had served on Rogers, and then quietly sat down. The opposing counsel read the answer or defence of Mr. Rogers, a statement on oath denying the allegations by the plaintiff, so far as it was alleged that the transaction was a mortgage, and then he resumed his seat.

THE COURT—"The only question appears to be mortgage or no mortgage."

EDGAR—"Exactly, my Lord, our case, I may say, rests altogether upon that."

THE COURT—"How do you propose to prove it? Is this the only exhibit?" (The deed.) Do you rely on parole evidence?"

EDGAR—"Yes, my Lord."

THE COURT—"Do you think that is admissable in such a case to vary a written instrument?"

EDGAR—"I do, my Lord, I think it competent for me to show that this instrument, apparently a deed, was so made through fraud on part of the defendant, and is in fact a mortgage."

THE COURT—"And to establish that fact by parole evidence?"

THE OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I was about to take the same objection. I object to the reception of any evidence except documentary to alter the character of this deed."

THE COURT—"Is the execution of the deed admitted?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"No, my learned friends have declined to admit its execution and we have the subscribing witness in Court."

THE COURT—"Well, the case had better proceed, subject, of course, to your objection, which must be disposed of at the hearing. Proceed, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—"I call the subscribing witness to this deed, James Gleason."

The witness stepped into the box.

" Look at this paper,"

" I do."

" Have you seen it before, and is this your name."

" Yes, that is my signature."

" Whose signature is this ?"

" Mr. Jacob Hermann's."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—" You are proving our case, Mr. Paul."

EDGAR—" Wait awhile; witness did you see Mr. Hermann sign his name, and when and where ?"

" Yes, on the—— day of ——, 1837, the day of the date of the deed, and it was at Fredericksburg, in Mr. Roger's back store."

EDGAR—" Who were present ?"

" Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hermann, Mr. Hart, who is since dead, and myself, I don't recollect any one else, there might have been, however."

EDGAR—" Was there any other instrument signed by them at that time."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—" If my learned friend is going to prove any bond or other document, let him produce it. I submit the question is not a proper one."

THE COURT—" I think the question is a fair one, of course he cannot go into its contents without producing or accounting for it. Go on witness."

WITNESS—" I think there was another paper signed. It was signed by Mr. Rogers, Mr. Hart and myself witnessed it."

EDGAR—" What became of that paper? Did Mr. Rogers get it ?"

" I don't know."

Opposing Counsel rising with a smile.

" It may save my learned friend some trouble, perhaps, and also save the expenditure of unnecessary time, for me to say, that the paper referred to, was merely the memorial of the deed, it is registered on the affidavit of Mr. Hart, and this witness and Mr. Hart, are the subscribing witnesses to it."

THE COURT—" That appears probable. Witness, do you know what description of document it was ? Was it the memorial of the deed ?"

WITNESS—" I don't know, my Lord, I only happened into the store, and they called me into the back room to witness the signatures."

THE COURT—" Was it a written or a printed paper ?"

WITNESS—" Printed I think, my Lord, with the blanks filled in, something like this, only smaller."

THE COURT—" Evidently the memorial. Well proceed."

EDGAR—" Did you see any other paper executed at that time ?"

" No."

" Did you see any other papers at all ?"

" There were papers on the table, but I went away after putting my name to the two I have mentioned."

THE COURT—" Any further questions ?"

" None, my Lord."

The witness went down, Edgar could not completely conceal his chagrin, for he felt that the case was breaking down under him, he had hoped to have wormed something out of the witness.

" One moment, witness, go into the box again. Was anything said by either of the parties about the effect of the deed or about redeeming the land, and if so what ?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—" I object again."

THE COURT—" Never mind, Mr. ——, we will consider the objection at the hearing, it amounts to nothing if the witness answers in the negative, and it may save time. Well was anything said ?"

" Nothing, my Lord, that I heard."

The witness left the box, Edgar kept his eyes on his Brief, he conferred a few minutes with his senior.

" There is no other course," he muttered, " I call the defendant, Marcus Rogers."

THE COURT—" Has notice been given ?"

" Yes, my Lord, here's the affidavit of service."

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"We admit the notice, Mr. Rogers go into the box."

EDGAR—"Mr. Rogers, at the time of the execution of the deed, was there any other document executed between you and Mr. Hermann, besides, of course, the memorial to the deed?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit, my Lord, that my learned friend must produce any document he asks the witness to prove or admit."

EDGAR—"Do have patience, perhaps I may trace it to your possession, of course, I should not then be called to produce it."

THE COURT—"I think the question admissable; answer witness."

And the judge turned and looked the defendant full in the face; at that moment the gas was turned on fully, and Rogers visibly paled as the glare fell on his features.

EDGAR—"Answer on your oath, were the deed and the memorial the only writings between you and Mr. Hermann?"

"They were," slowly and firmly answered the witness.

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"He has already sworn so in his answer."

EDGAR—"Was there any and what verbal agreement between you and Mr. Hermann about the land: any agreement as to its redemption?"

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"I submit the defendant is not bound to answer: it is no evidence under the pleadings and would not show any agreement this Court would enforce."

THE COURT.—"I agree with you that a verbal agreement contrary to the tenor of the deed would not be enforced; but there may be other circumstances, such as part performance or fraud, which the defendant is bound to disclose, the witness therefore must answer.

ROGER—"There was no verbal agreement of any kind between us."

EDGAR—"What was the consideration money for the deed?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Did you ever receive any portion of that money back? Was any of it repaid you, and why?"

The defendant freely answered, "No, never."

Edgar sat down.

The opposing counsel cross-examined Rogers as to what he considered the value of the land at the time of the sale, the amount of improvements he had made, &c.; and Rogers left the box.

Jessie's friends were despondent, poor Jessie herself was still in Court, casting encouraging glances at her anxious counsel, and looking the most cheerful of all the parties concerned, though she understood enough to know the hopelessness of her case, if she had not read it in Edgar's eyes.

"Call Jacob Simmonds."

Jacob, or Jake Simmonds, a tall, stooping, high-shouldered, sharp-featured, slouching old man, took the stand, the counsel of Rogers looked enquiringly at each other and whispered with their client, he looked puzzled but by no means alarmed.

EDGAR—"You formerly lived in Canada?"

"Wa'al, ye'ss."

"Where do you live now?" The witness told him, and that he left Canada about 1837; had known Jacob Hermann well, intimately; when he came to the States, he and his daughter lived for a while at witness' house.

"Do you know of Jacob Hermann's ever sending money to Mr. Rogers, and on what account?"

"Yes, the first year or two he was over he wrought hard and steady and put by money; he sent some to Mr. Rogers in the fall of '39, on account of money he got of Mr. Rogers to come away with."

Cross-examined—"How much was it?"

"Can't remember me for certain, between $100 and $200."

"Did you see the money?"

"I did and helped make it up and direct it."

"Did you see it mailed."

"I did not; the Post-office was a mile or two from my place, and Mr. Hermann took it down himself."

"How do you know he mailed it?"

"He told me so himself, I'm sure enough of it."

"Did you ever hear Mr. Rogers say so?"

"No, I did not, but I know wa'al it was sent."

"You can't know that unless you saw it sent." "You've come a long way to tell us very little, you may go down." Jacob Simmonds left the box in very evident ill-humour.

After some general evidence as to value, the Judge asked bluntly, "Is that the case for the plaintiff?"

"I am afraid I must say yes, My Lord," Edgar answered, trying to look unmoved, and to assume an air of professional indifference.

THE COURT—"I fear it is but a bald one, and perhaps you will scarcely deem it necessary to carry it to a hearing. I thought at one time you were about to give evidence of a bond of defeasance, but in the absence of any proof of such a bond——" The eager counsel were holding their breath, perfect stillness prevailed, broken only by the calm measured tones of the Judge.

"Hold on, Mister Judge! let me address the congregation," exclaimed Jake Simmonds, suddenly raising his tall, gaunt figure from the bench whereon he sat. The Judge stopped and looked a little surprised, but with difficulty suppressed a smile; the most anxious present hardly forbore to laugh at this somewhat unseemly interruption. Edgar eagerly stepped over to Simmonds and begged him to be still, and then led him aside and conferred with him for a short minute, he then turned and addressed the Court.

"Before your Lordship proceeds I beg to ask permission to recall the witness Simmonds, at the same time I beg on his part to apologise for his rather rude interruption, I am quite sure he meant nothing improper."

THE COURT—"What do you say, Mr. —."

"Well, my Lord, I can't reasonably object I suppose, but it is a little unusual."

THE COURT—"Witness, go into the box again. Well, Mr. Paul."

Edgar's eyes glistened with excitement, but he calmed himself by a mighty effort, though he did not trust himself to look towards where Jessie sat.

EDGAR TO THE WITNESS—"I omitted to ask you, when under examination before, if Jacob Hermann left any papers when he died."

"Wa'al, he did."

"Have you them?"

"Wa'al, yes, I found these here two papers, and some others that did not seem of much account, but these looked as though they were of some use in this same business, so I fetched them along."

"What are they? Produce them."

And the witness, with great deliberation and very slowly, drew from the inside breast pocket of his coat two soiled papers; every breath was hushed, and you could have heard a pin drop in that large Court-room during the few minutes (to Edgar ages) he was going through this process. Even his Lordship appear to catch the excitement, and watched the witness intently.

The Judge took the papers.

"Why did you not produce these before?"

"I wasn't axed to, your Honour."

"Did you tell the counsel you had them?"

"On the contrary, my Lord," interrupted Edgar, "he told me he had no such papers."

"Why was that, witness?"

"I wasn't on oath then, your Honour,' quietly answered Jake, with a leer.

The Judge eyed him severely for a mo-

ment and then proceeded:—"One is a letter from the defendant acknowledging the receipt of $150—the other appears to be a bond of defeasance by Rogers, with the usual covenants to recovery; it bears date the —— day of —— 1837, which, I think, is the same date as the deed. It will, of course, be necessary to prove this, Mr. Paul. It is witnessed by Hart, the witness to the deed since dead I understand, and"——

OPPOSING COUNSEL—"Permit me to see the instrument, my Lord. This is quite new to us, we will submit it to our client, and crave your Lordship's indulgence for a few moments."

But their client was not at hand, no one had noticed Mr. Rogers' departure; but he had quietly withdrawn at the first mention of the bond.

The opposing counsel looked very much crest-fallen, and, addressing the Court, remarked:—"I trust the Court is satisfied that this is the first knowledge we have had of the existence of any such bond. I shall have to leave my learned friend to prove it in the usual way, although I am satisfied, on looking at it, that the signature is Mr. Rogers', but I can make no admissions, having concluded with the learned gentleman who is with me to withdraw entirely from the case."

THE COURT—"You must judge yourself of your proper course. I can only say that the defendant's conduct is most extraordinary, and I shall consider the propriety of proceedings before another tribunal."

But I have no patience to write the dry details that had still to be gone through before the case was completely closed. Every one present understood enough of the proceedings to know that Jessie had virtually won her cause; and an audible buzz of congratulation arose in the Court-room, which no attempts were made to suppress. Can my readers doubt that Edgar also won *his* suit. I have only to add that Rogers, who had evidently speculated on the chances of the bond being lost, or its existence being unknown to the present claimant, she being but a child at the time of her father's death, did not appear at his usual haunts after the trial, and the brightly painted white house on the Bay shore soon after passed into other hands.

A CHAPTER OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY JOHN READE.

FEBRUARY, 1848.

"VIVE la Republique!" We stand on Tyranny's grave;
The days of the Kings are o'er, and Freedom sits on her throne:
In the broad, fair fields of France there is no more room for a slave;
And the only despots now are those that are carved in stone.

DECEMBER, 1848.

Hail to our President-prince! Hail to the people's choice!
Hail to him who alone can make us a nation of men!
We are sick of this weak Assembly, that hasn't a ruling voice;
Back to our hearts, Napoleon! Let France be France again!

1851–1853.

"Coup d'état!!" "Ce n'est pas sa faut.." Hail to the lord of France!
His spirit is great as his name, and a Bonaparte sits on the throne:
How bravely he rides his steed, as his legions renowned advance!
"Partant pour la Syrie," now Britain and France are one.

1859–1867.

"La gloire!" who won it for us? Who but our cherished lord?
Who tamed Austria's pride, and made Italy wild with glee?
Who made Mexico— Bah! they are but a barbarous horde—
Where such a nation as France? and where such a ruler as he?

JULY, 1870.

"Mais ces Allemands"—it is true they are strong, but they must be cowed:
"Les bêtes!" when we cut their throats they will sing no more of the Rhine!
Who but our lord shall lead us to death or victory proud?
Send the word back to Paris—*we* have drank German wine!

SEPTEMBER, 1870.

Napoleon is taken, they say. "Eh bien," then never again
Will he spoil, and fine, and imprison, and hold our lives in his hand.
Now, let us fight for France, since France is a nation of men.
"Vive la Republique!" *Our* France is a glorious land.

MARCH, 1871.

"A bas les faux tyrans!" They have sold us like oxen or sheep;
And the hoofs of the strangers' steeds have trampled our little ones down.
'Vive la Commune!" Ha! ha! how the fiery serpents creep—
Hungry and mad like ourselves—through the blood-wet streets of the town!

Down with the gilded pride of the palaces built with our blood!
Down with the columns raised on the starving orphan's tears!
Death to the lying priests who steal in the name of God—
Who live on the fat of the land through an abject people's fears!

JUNE, 1871.

Do we wake from a hideous dream? Thank God! it is over at last.
Thank God for what he has left us, and let us be modest and wise:
Let us work each one for the good of the whole, and not like the past,
When every one grasped for himself, and the basis of all was lies.

MONTREAL.

THE GREAT DUEL OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.*

AN EPISODE OF THE THIRTY YEARS' WAR.

THE Thirty Years' War is an old story, but its interest has been recently revived. The conflict, between Austria and German Independence commenced in the struggle of the Protestant Princes against Charles V., and, continued on these battle-fields, was renewed and decided at Sadowa. At Sadowa Germany was fighting for unity as well as for independence. But in the Thirty Years' War it was Austria that with her Croats, the Jesuits who inspired her councils, and her Spanish allies, sought to impose a unity of death, against which Protestant Germany struggled, preserving herself for a unity of life which, opened by the victories of Frederick the Great, and, more nobly promoted by the great uprising of the nation against the tyranny of Napoleon, was finally accomplished at Sadowa, and ratified against French jealousy at Sedan. Costly has been the achievement; lavish has been the expenditure of German blood, severe the sufferings of the German people. It is the lot of all who aspire high: no man or nation ever was dandled into greatness.

The Thirty Years' War was a real world-contest. Austria and Spain drew after them all the powers of reaction: all the powers of liberty and progress were arrayed on the other side. The half-barbarous powers that lay between civilized Europe and Turkey mingled in the conflict: Turkey herself was drawn diplomatically into the vortex. In the mines of Mexico and Peru the Indian toiled to furnish both the Austrian and Spanish hosts. The Treaty of Westphalia, which concluded the struggle, long remained the public law of Europe.

Half religious, half political, in its character, this war stands midway between the religious wars of the sixteenth century and the political wars of the eighteenth. France took the political view; and, while she crushed her own Huguenots at home, supported the German Protestants against the House of Austria. Even the Pope, Urban VIII., more politician than churchman, more careful of Peter's patrimony than of Peter's creed, went with France to the Protestant side. With the princes, as usual, political motives were the strongest, with the people religious motives. The politics were to a sad extent those of Machiavelli and the Jesuit; but above the meaner characters who crowd the scene rise at least two grand forms.

In a military point of view, the Thirty Years' War will bear no comparison with that which has just run its marvellous course. The armies were small, seldom exceeding thirty thousand. Tilly thought forty thousand the largest number which a general could handle, while Von Moltke has handled half a million. There was no regular commissariat, there were no railroads, there were no good roads, there were no accurate maps, there was no trained staff. The general had to be everything and to do everything himself. The financial resources of the powers were small: their regular revenues soon failed; and they had to fly for loans to great banking houses, such as that of the Fuggers at Augsburgh, so that the money power be-

* In this sketch free use has been made of recent writers—Mitchell, Chapman, Vehse, Freytag and Ranke, as well as of the older authorities. To Chapman's excellent Life of Gustavus Adolphus we are under special obligations. In some passages it has been closely followed. Colonel Mitchell has also supplied some remarks and touches, such as are to be found only in a military writer.

came the arbiter even of Imperial elections. The country on which the armies lived was soon eaten up by their rapine. Hence the feebleness of the operations, the absence of anything which Von Moltke would call strategy: and hence again the cruel length of the war, a whole generation of German agony.

But if the war was weak, not so were the warriors. On the Imperial side especially, they were types of a class of men the most terrible perhaps, as well as the vilest, who ever plied the soldier's trade: of those mercenary bands, *soldados*, in the literal and original sense of the term, free companions, *condottieri*, lansquenets, who came between the feudal militia and the standing armies of modern times. In the wars of Italy and the Low Countries under Alva and Parma and Freundsberg, these men had opened new abysses of cruelty and lust in human nature. They were the lineal representatives of the Great Companies which ravaged France in the time of Edward III. They were near of kin to the buccaneers, and Scott's Bertram Risingham is the portrait of a lansquenet as well as of a rover of the Spanish Main. Many of them were Croats, a race well known through all history in the ranks of Austrian tyranny, and Walloons, a name synonymous with that of hired butcher and marauder. But with Croats and Walloons were mingled Germans, Spaniards, Italians, Englishmen, Scotchmen, Irishmen, outcasts of every land, bearing the devil's stamp on faces of every complexion, blaspheming in all European and some non-European tongues. Their only country was the camp; their cause booty; their king the bandit general who contracted for their blood. Of attachment to religious principle they had usually just enough to make them prefer murdering and plundering in the name of the Virgin to murdering and plundering in the name of the Gospel; but outcasts of all nominal creeds were found together in their camps. Even the dignity of hatred was wanting to their conflicts, for they changed sides without scruple, and the comrade of yesterday was the foeman of to-day, and again the comrade of the morrow. The only moral salt which kept the carcass of their villainy from rotting was a military code of honour, embodying the freemasonry of the soldier's trade, and having as one of its articles the duel with all the forms—an improvement at all events upon assassination. A stronger contrast there cannot be than that between these men and the citizen soldiers whom Germany the other day sent forth to defend their country and their hearths. The soldier had a language of his own, polyglot as the elements of the band, and garnished with unearthly oaths: and the void left by religion in his soul was filled with wild superstitions, bullet charming and spells against bullets, and the natural reflection in dark hearts of the blind chance which since the introduction of firearms seemed to decide the soldier's fate. Having no home but the camp, he carried with him his family, a she wolf and her cubs, cruel and marauding as himself; and the numbers and unwieldiness of every army were doubled by a train of waggons full of women and children sitting on heaps of booty. It was not, we may guess, as ministering angels that these women went among the wounded after a battle. The chiefs made vast fortunes. Common soldiers sometimes drew a great prize; left the standard for a time and lived like princes; but the fiend's gold soon found its way back to the giver through the Jews who prowled in the wake of war, or at the gambling table which was the central object in every camp. When fortune smiled, when pay was good, when a rich city had been stormed, the soldier's life was in its way a merry one; his camp was full of roystering revelry; he, his lady and his charger glittered with not over-tasteful finery, the lady sometimes with finery stripped from the altars. Then, glass in hand he might joyously cry, "The sharp

sword is my farm and plundering is my plough; earth is my bed, the sky my covering, this cloak is my house, this wine my paradise;" or chant the doggerel stave which said that 'when a soldier was born three boons were given him, one to find him food, another to find him a comely lass, a third to go to perdition in his stead.' But when the country had been eaten up, when the burghers held the city stoutly, when the money-kings refused to advance the war-kings any more gold, the soldier shared the miseries which he inflicted, and, unless he was of iron, sank under his hardships, unpitied by his stronger comrades; for the rule of that world was war to the weak. Terrible then were the mutinies, . fearful was the position of the commander. We cannot altogether resist the romance which attaches to the life of these men, many a one among whom could have told a tale as wild as that with which Othello, the hero of their tribe, won his Desdemona, in whose love he finds the countercharm of his wandering life. But what sort of war such a soldiery made, may be easily imagined. Its treatment of the people and the country wherever it marched, as minutely described by trustworthy witnesses, was literally fiendish. Germany did not recover the effects for two hundred years.

A century had passed since the first preaching of Luther. Jesuitism, working from its great seminary at Ingoldstadt, and backed by Austria, had won back many, especially among the princes and nobility, to the Church of Rome: but in the main the Germans, like the other Teutons, were still Protestant even in the hereditary domains of the House of Austria. The rival religions stood facing each other within the nominal unity of the Empire, in a state of uneasy truce and compromise; questions about ecclesiastical domains and religious privileges, still open; formularies styled of concord proving formularies of discord; no mediating authority being able to make church authority and liberty of private judgment, Reaction and Progress, the Spirit of the Past and the Spirit of the Future lie down in real peace together. The Protestants had formed an Evangelical Union, their opponents a Catholic League, of which Maximilian, elector of Bavaria, a pupil of the Jesuits, was chief. The Protestants were ill prepared for the struggle. There was fatal division between the Lutherans and the Calvinists, Luther himself having said in his haste that he hated a Calvinist more than a Papist. The great Protestant princes were lukewarm and weak-kneed: like the Tudor nobility of England, they clung much more firmly to the lands which they had taken from the Catholics than to the faith in the name of which the lands were taken; and as powers of order, naturally alarmed by the disorders which attended the great religious revolution, they were politically inclined to the Imperial side. The lesser nobility and gentry, staunch Protestants for the most part, had shown no capacity for vigorous and united action since their premature attempt under Arnold Von Sickingen. On the peasantry, also staunch Protestants, still weighed the reaction produced by the Peasant's war and the excesses of the Anabaptists. In the free cities there was a strong burgher element ready to fight for Protestantism and liberty; but even in the free cities wealth was Conservative, and to the Rothschilds of the day the cause which offered high interest and good security was the cause of Heaven.

The smouldering fire burst into a flame in Bohemia, a kingdom of the House of Austria, and a member of the Empire; but peopled by hot, impulsive Slaves, jealous of their nationality, as well as of their Protestant faith—Bohemia, whither the spark of Wycliffism had passed along the electric chain of common universities by which mediæval Christendom was bound, and where it had kindled first the martyr fire of John Huss and Jerome of Prague, then the fiercer conflagration of the Hussite war. In that

romantic city by the Moldau, with its strange, half Oriental beauty, where Jesuitism now reigns supreme, and St John Nepemuch is the popular divinity, Protestantism and Jesuitism then lay in jealous neighbourhood,—Protestantism supported by the native nobility, from anarchical propensity as well as from religious conviction; Jesuitism patronized and furtively aided by the intrusive Austrian power. From the Emperor Rudolph II, the Protestants had obtained a charter of religious liberties. But Rudolph's successor, Ferdinand II, was the Philip II of Germany in bigotry, though not in cruelty. In his youth, after a pilgrimage to Loretto, he had vowed at the feet of the Pope to restore Catholicism at the hazard of his life. He was a pupil of the Jesuits, almost worshipped priests, was passionately devoted to the ceremonies of his religion, delighting even in the functions of an acolyte, and, as he said, preferred a desert to an empire full of heretics. He had, moreover, before his accession to the throne, come into collision with Protestantism where it was triumphant, and had found in its violence too good an excuse for his bigotry. It was inevitable that as King of Bohemia he should attempt to narrow the Protestant liberties. The hot Czech blood took fire, the fierceness of political turbulence mingled with that of religious zeal, and at a council held at Prague, in the old palace of the Bohemian kings, Martinitz and Slavata, the most hated of Ferdinand's creatures, were thrown out of a window in what was called good Bohemian fashion, and only by a marvellous accident escaped with their lives. The first blow was struck, the signal was given for thirty years of havoc. Insurrection flamed up in Bohemia. At the head of the insurgents, Count Thurn rushed on Vienna. The Emperor was saved only by a miracle, as Jesuitism averred,—as Rationalism says, by the arrival of Dampierre's Imperial horse. He suffered a fright which must have made him more than ever prefer a desert to an empire full of heretics. By a vote of the States of Bohemia the crown was taken from Ferdinand and offered to Frederic, Elector Palatine. Frederic was married to the bright and fascinating Princess Elizabeth of England, the darling of Protestant hearts; other qualifications for that crown of peril he had none. But in an evil hour he accepted the offer. Soon his unfitness appeared. A foreigner, he could not rein the restive and hard-mouthed Czech nobility; a Calvinist and a pupil of the Huguenots, he unwisely let loose Calvinist iconaclasm among a people who clung to their ancient images though they had renounced their ancient faith. Supinely he allowed Austria and the Catholic League to raise their Croats and Walloons with the ready aid, so valuable in that age of unready finance, of Spanish gold. Supinely he saw the storm gather and roll towards him. Supinely he lingered in his palace, while on the White Hill, a name fatal in Protestant annals, his army, filled with his own discouragement, was broken by the combined forces of the Empire, under Bucquoi, and of the Catholic League, under Count Tilly. Still there was hope in resistance: yet Frederic fled. He was in great danger, say his apologists. It was to face a great danger, and show others how to face it, that he had come there. Let a man, before he takes the crown of Bohemia, look well into his own heart. Then followed a scaffold scene like that of Egmont and Horn, but on a larger scale. Ferdinand, it seems, hesitated to shed blood, but his confessor calmed his scruples. Before the City Hall of Prague, and near the Thein Church, bearing the Hussite emblems of the chalice and sword, amidst stern military pomp, the Emperor presiding in the person of his High Commissioner, twenty-four victims of high rank were led forth to death. Just as the executions commenced a bright rainbow spanned the sky. To the victims it seemed an assurance of Heaven's mercy. To the

more far-reaching eye of history it may seem to have been an assurance that, dark as the sky then was, the flood of Reaction should no more cover the earth. But dark the sky was: the counter reformation rode on the wings of victory, and with ruthless cruelty, through Bohemia, through Moravia, through Austria Proper, which had shown sympathy with the Bohemian revolt. The lands of the Protestant nobility were confiscated; the nobility itself crushed; in its place was erected a new nobility of courtiers, foreigners, military adventurers devoted to the Empire and to Catholicism, the seed of the Metternichs.

For ten years the tide ran steadily against Protestantism and German Independence. The Protestants were without cohesion, without powerful chiefs. Count Mansfeldt was a brilliant soldier, with a strong dash of the robber. Christian of Brunswick was a brave knight errant, fighting, as his motto had it, for God and for Elizabeth of Bohemia. But neither of them had any great or stable force at his back; and if a ray of victory shone for a moment on their standards, it was soon lost in gloom. In Frederick, ex-king of Bohemia, was no help; and his charming queen could only win for him hearts like that of Christian of Brunswick, The great Protestant Princes of the North, Saxony and Brandenburgh, twin pillars of the cause that should have been, were not only lukewarm, timorous, superstitiously afraid of taking part against the Emperor, but they were sybarites, or rather sots, to whose gross hearts no noble thought could find its way. Their inaction was almost justified by the conduct of the Protestant chiefs, whose councils were full of folly and selfishness, whose policy seemed mere anarchy, and who too often made war like buccaneers. The Evangelical Union, in which Lutheranism and political quietism prevailed, refused its aid to the Calvinist and usurping King of Bohemia. Among foreign powers, England was divided in will, the nation being enthusiastically for Protestantism and Elizabeth of Bohemia, while the Court leant to the side of order and hankered after the Spanish marriage. France was not divided in will: her single will was that of Richelieu, who, to weaken Austria, fanned the flame of civil war in Germany, as he did in England, but lent no decisive aid. Bethlem Gabor, the Evangelical prince of Transylvania, led semi-barbarous hosts, useful as auxiliaries, but incapable of bearing the main brunt of the struggle; and he was trammelled by his allegiance to his suzerain, the Sultan. The Catholic League was served by a first-rate general in the person of Tilly; the Empire by a first-rate general and a first-rate statesman in the person of Wallenstein. The Palatinate was conquered, and the Electorate was transferred by Imperial fiat to Maximilian of Bavaria, the head of the Catholic League, whereby a majority was given to the Catholics in the hitherto equally-divided College of Electors. An Imperial Edict of Restitution went forth, restoring to Catholicism all that it had lost by conversion within the last seventy years. Over all Germany, Jesuits and Capuchins swarmed with the mandates of reaction in their hands. The King of Denmark tardily took up arms only to be overthrown by Tilly at Lutter, and again at Wolgast by Wallenstein. The Catholic and Imperial armies were on the northern sea. Wallenstein, made Admiral of the Empire, was preparing a basis of maritime operations against the Protestant kingdoms of Scandinavia, against the last asylum of Protestantism and liberty in Holland. Germany, with all its intellect and all its hopes, was on the point of becoming a second Spain. Teutonism was all but enslaved to the Croat. The double star of the House of Austria seemed with baleful aspect to dominate in the sky, and to threaten with extinction European liberty and progress. One bright spot alone remained amidst the

gloom. By the side of the brave burghers who beat back the Prince of Parma from the cities of Holland, a place must be made in history for the brave burghers who beat back Wallenstein from Stralsund, after he had sworn, in his grand, impious way, that he would take it though it were bound by a chain to Heaven. The eyes of all Protestants were turned, says Richelieu, like those of sailors, towards the North. And from the North a deliverer came. On Midsummer day, 1630, a bright day in the annals of Protestantism, of Germany, and, as Protestants and Germans must believe, of human liberty and progress, Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, landed at Penemünde, on the Pomeranian coast, and knelt down on the shore to give thanks to God for his safe passage: then showed at once his knowledge of the art of war and of the soldier's heart, by himself taking spade in hand, and commencing the entrenchment of his camp. Gustavus was the grandson of that Gustavus Vasa who had broken at once the bonds of Denmark and of Rome, and had made Sweden independent and Lutheran. He was the son of that Charles Vasa who had defeated the counter-reformation. Devoted from his childhood to the Protestant cause, hardily trained in a country where even the palace was the abode of thrift and self-denial, his mind enlarged by a liberal education, in regard for which, amidst her poverty, as in the general character and habits of her people, his Sweden greatly resembled Scotland; his imagination stimulated by the wild scenery, the dark forests, the starry nights of Scandinavia; gifted by nature both in mind and body; the young king had already shown himself a hero. He had waged grim war with the powers of the icy north; he bore several scars, proofs of a valour only too great for the vast interests which depended on his life; he had been a successful innovator in tactics, or rather a successful restorer of the military science of the Romans. But the best of his military innovations were discipline and religion. His discipline redeemed the war from savagery, and made it again, so far as war, and war in that iron age could be, a school of humanity and self-control. In religion he was himself not an ascetic saint: there is one light passage at least in his early life: and at Augsburg they show a ruff plucked from his neck by a fair Augsburger at the crisis of a very brisk flirtation. But he was devout, and he inspired his army with his devotion. The traveller is still struck with the prayer and hymn which open and close the march of the soldiers of Gustavus. Schools for the soldiers' children were held in his camp. It is true that the besetting sin of the Swedes, and of all dwellers in cold countries, is disclosed by the article in his military code directed against the drunkenness of army chaplains.

Sir Thomas Roe, the most sagacious of the English diplomatists of that age, wrote of Gustavus to James I.:—"The king hath solemnly protested that he will not depose arms till he hath spoken one word for your majesty in Germany (that was his own phrase); and glory will contend with policy in his resolution; for he hath unlimited thoughts, and is the likeliest instrument for God to work by in Europe. We have often observed great alterations to follow great spirits, as if they were fitted for the times. Certainly, *ambit fortunam Cæsaris:* he thinks the ship cannot sink that carries him, and doth thus oblige prosperity."

Gustavus justified his landing in Germany by a manifesto setting forth hostile acts of the Emperor against him in Poland. No doubt, there was a technical *casus belli.* But, morally, the landing of Gustavus was a glorious breach of the principle of non-intervention. He came to save the world. He was not the less a fit instrument for God to work by because it was likely that he would rule the world when he had saved it.

"A snow king!" tittered the courtiers of Vienna, "he will soon melt away." He soon began to prove to them, both in war and di-

plomacy, that his melting would be slow. Richelieu at last ventured on a treaty of alliance. Charles I., now on the throne of England, and angry at having been jilted by Spain, also entered into a treaty, and sent British auxiliaries, who, though soon reduced in numbers by sickness, always formed a substantial part of the armies of Gustavus, and in battle and storm earned their full share of the honour of his campaigns. Many British volunteers had already joined the standard of Mansfeldt and other Protestant chiefs; and if some of these men were mere soldiers of the Dugald Dalghetty type, some were the Garibaldians of their day, and brought back at once enthusiasm and military skill from German battlefields to Marston and Naseby. Diplomacy, aided by a little gentle pressure, drew Saxony and Brandenburgh to the better cause, now that the better cause was so strong. But while they dallied and haggled one more great disaster was added to the sum of Protestant calamity. Magdeburgh, the queen of Protestant cities, the citadel of North German liberty fell—fell with Gustavus and rescue near—and nameless atrocities were perpetrated by the ferocious bands of the Empire on innocents of all ages and both sexes, whose cry goes up against bloodthirsty fanaticism for ever. A shriek of horror rang through the Protestant world, not without reproaches against Gustavus, who cleared himself by words, and was soon to clear himself better by deeds.

Count Tilly was now, in sole command on the Catholic and Imperial side. Wallenstein had been dismissed. A military Richelieu, an absolutist in politics, an indifferentist in religion, caring at least for the religious quarrel only as it affected the political question, he aimed at crushing the independence of all the princes, Catholic as well as Protestant, and making the Emperor, or rather Wallenstein in the name of the Imperial devotee, as much master of Germany as the Spanish king was of Spain. But the disclosure of this policy, and the towering pride of its author had alarmed the Catholic princes, and produced a reaction similar to that caused by the absolutist encroachments of Charles V. Aided by the Jesuits, who marked in Wallenstein a statesman whose policy was independent of theirs, and who, if not a traitor to the faith, was at least a bad persecutor, Maximilian and his confederates forced the Emperor to remove Wallenstein from command. The great man received the bearers of the mandate with stately courtesy, with princely hospitality, showed them that he had read in the stars the predominance of Maximilian over Ferdinand, slightly glanced at the Emperor's weakness, then withdrew to that palace at Prague, so like its mysterious lord, so regal and so fantastic in its splendour, yet so gloomy, so jealously guarded, so full of the spirit of dark ambition, so haunted by the shadow of the dagger. There he lay, watching the storm that gathered in the North, scanning the stars and waiting for his hour.

When the Swedes and Saxons, under Gustavus and the Elector of Saxony, drew near to the Imperial army under Tilly, in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, there was a crisis, a thrill of worldwide expectation, as when the Armada approached the shores of England; as when the allies met the forces of Louis XIV. at Blenheim; as when, on those same plains of Leipsic, the uprisen nations advanced to battle against Napoleon. Count Tilly's military genius fell short only of the highest. His figure was one which showed that war had become a science, and that the days of the Paladins were past. He was a little old man, with a broad wrinkled forehead, hollow cheeks, a long nose and projecting chin, grotesquely attired in a slashed doublet of green satin, with a peaked hat and a long red feather hanging down behind. His charger was a grey pony, his only weapon a pistol, which it was his delight to say he had never fired in the thirty pitched fields which he had

fought and won. He was a Walloon by birth, a pupil of the Jesuits, a sincere devotee, and could boast that he had never yielded to the allurements of wine or women, as well as that he had never lost a battle. His name was now one of horror, for he was the captor of Magdeburg, and if he had not commanded the massacre, or, as it was said, jested at it, he could not be acquitted of cruel connivance. That it was the death of his honour to survive the butchery which he ought to have died, if necessary, in resisting sword in hand, is a soldier's judgment on his case. At his side was Pappenheim, another pupil of the Jesuits, the Dundee of the thirty years' war, with all the devotion, all the loyalty, all the ferocity of the Cavalier, the most fiery and brilliant of cavalry officers, the leader of the storming column at Magdeburg.

In those armies the heavy cavalry was the principal arm. The musket was a heavy matchlock fired from a rest, and without a bayonet, so that in the infantry regiments it was necessary to combine pikemen with the musketeers. Cannon there were of all calibres and with a whole vocabulary of fantastic names, but none capable of advancing and manœuvring with troops in battle. The Imperial troops were formed in heavy masses. Gustavus, taking his lesson from the Roman legion, had introduced a more open order—he had lightened the musket, dispensed with the rest, given the musketeer a cartridge box instead of the flapping bandoleer. He had trained his cavalry, instead of firing their carbines and wheeling to charge home with the sword. He had created a real field artillery of imperfect structure, but which told on the Imperial masses.

The harvest had been reaped, and a strong wind blew clouds of dust over the bare autumn fields, when Count Tilly formed the victorious veterans of the Empire, in what was called Spanish order—infantry in the centre, cavalry on the flanks—upon a rising ground overlooking the broad plain of Breitenfeldt. On him marched the allies in two columns—Gustavus with his Swedes upon the right, the Elector with his Saxons on the left. As they passed a brook in front of the Imperial position, Pappenheim dashed upon them with his cavalry, but was driven back, and the two columns deployed upon the plain. The night before the battle Gustavus had dreamt that he was wrestling with Tilly, and that Tilly bit him in the left arm, but that he overpowered Tilly with his right arm. That dream came through the Gate of Horn, for the Saxons who formed the left wing were raw troops, but victory was sure to the Swede. Soldiers of the old school proudly compare the shock of charging armies at Leipsic with modern battles, which they call battles of skirmishers with armies in reserve. However this may be, all that day the plain of Breitenfeldt with the fierce eddies of a hand-to-hand struggle between mail-clad masses, their cuirasses and helmets gleaming fitfully amidst the clouds of smoke and dust, the mortal shock of the charge and the deadly ring of steel striking the ear with a distinctness impossible in modern battle. Tilly with his right soon shattered the Saxons, but his centre and left were shattered by the unconquerable Swede. The day was won by the genius of the Swedish king, by the steadiness with which his troops manœuvered, and the promptness with which they formed a new front when the defeat of the Saxons exposed their left, by the rapidity of their fire and by the vigour with which their cavalry charged. The victory was complete. At sunset four veteran Walloon regiments made a last stand for the honour of the Empire, and with difficulty bore off their redoubtable commander from his first lost field. Through all Protestant Europe flew the tidings of a great deliverance and the name of a great deliverer.

"On to Vienna!" cried hope and daring then. "On to Vienna!" history still regret-

fully repeats the cry. Gustavus judged otherwise,—and whatever his reason was, we may be sure that it was not weak. Not to the Danube, therefore, but to the Main and Rhine the tide of conquest rolled. The Thuringian forest gleams with fires that guide the night march of the Swede. Francfort, the city of Empire, opens her gates to him who will soon come, as the hearts of all men divine, not as a conqueror in the iron garb of war, but as the elect of Germany to put on the imperial crown. In the cellars of the Prince Bishop of Bamberg and Wurtzburg the rich wine is broached for heretic lips. Protestantism everywhere uplifts its head: the Archbishop of Mainz, chief of the Catholic persecutors, becomes a fugitive in his turn; Jesuit and Capuchin must cower or fly. All fortresses are opened by the arms of Gustavus; all hearts are opened by his gracious manner, his winning words, his sunny smile. To the people, accustomed to a war of massacre and persecution, he came as from a better world, a spirit of humanity and toleration. His toleration was politic, no doubt, but it was also sincere. So novel was it that a monk, finding himself not butchered or tortured, thought the king's faith must be weak, and attempted his conversion. His zeal was repaid with a gracious smile. Once more, on the Lech, Tilly crossed the path of the thunderbolt. Dishonoured at Magdeburg, defeated at Leipsic, the old man seems to have been weary of life; his leg shattered by a cannon ball, he was borne dying from the field, and left the Imperial cause headless as well as beaten. Gustavus is in Augsburgh, the queen of German commerce, the city of the Fuggers, with their splendid and romantic money-kingdom, the city of the Confession. He is in Munich, the capital of Maximilian and the Catholic League. His allies, the Saxons, are in Prague. A few marches more, and he will dictate peace at Vienna, with all Germany at his back. A few marches more, the Germans will be a Protestant nation, under a Protestant chief, and many a dark page will be torn from the book of fate.

Ferdinand and Maximilian had sought counsel of the dying Tilly. Tilly had given them counsel, bitter but inevitable. Dissembling their hate and fear, they called, like trembling necromancers when they invoke the fiend, upon the name of power. The name of Wallenstein gave new life to the Imperial cause, under the very ribs of death. At once he stood between the Empire and destruction, with an army of 50,000 men, conjured, as it were, out of the earth by the spell of his influence alone. All whose trade was war came at the call of the grand master of their trade. The secret of Wallenstein's ambition is buried in his grave; but the man himself was the prince of adventurers, the ideal chief of mercenary bands, the arch contractor for the hireling's blood. His character was formed in a vast political gambling house, a world given up to pillage and the strong hand, an Eldorado of confiscations. Of the lofty dreamer portrayed in the noble dramatic poem of Schiller, there is little trace in the intensely practical character of the man. A scion of a good Bohemian house, poor himself, but married to a rich wife, whose wealth was the first step in the ladder of his marvellous fortunes, Wallenstein had amassed immense domains by the purchase of confiscated estates, a traffic redeemed from meanness only by the vastness of the scale on which he practised it, and the loftiness of the aim which he had in view. Then he took to raising and commanding mercenary troops, improving on his predecessors in that trade by doubling the size of his army, on the theory, coolly avowed by him, that a large army would subsist by its command of the country, where a small army would starve. But all was subservient to his towering ambition, and to a pride which has been called theatrical, and which often wore an eccentric garb, but which his death scene proves to have been

the native grand infirmity of the man. He walked in dark ways and was unscrupulous and ruthless when on the path of his ambition; but none can doubt the self-sustaining force of his lonely intellect, his power of command, the spell which his character cast over the fierce and restless spirits of his age. Prince-Duke of Friedland, Mecklenburgh, and Sagan, Generalissimo of the armies of the House of Austria,—to this height had the landless and obscure adventurer risen, in envy's despite, as his motto proudly said; not by the arts of a courtier or a demagogue, but by strength of brain and heart, in a contest with rivals whose brains and hearts were strong. Highest he stood among the uncrowned heads of Europe, and dreaded by the crowned. We wonder how the boisterous soldiers can have loved a chief who was so far from being a comrade, a being so disdainful and reserved, who at the sumptuous table kept by his officers never appeared, never joined in the revelry, even in the camp lived alone, punished intrusion on his haughty privacy as a crime. But his name was victory and plunder; he was lavishly munificent, as one who knew that those who play a deep game must lay down heavy stakes; his eye was quick to discern, his hand prompt to reward the merit of the buccaneer; and those who followed his soaring fortunes knew that they would share them. If he was prompt to reward, he was also stern in punishment, and a certain arbitrariness both in reward and punishment made the soldier feel that the commander's will was law. If Wallenstein was not the boon companion of the mercenaries, he was their divinity; and he was himself essentially one of them,—even his superstition was theirs, and filled the same void of faith in his as in their hearts; though, while the common soldier raised the fiend to charm bullets, or bought spells and amulets of a quack at Nuremburg or Augsburg, Seni, the first astrologer of the age, explored the sympathizing stars for the august destiny of the Duke of Friedland. Like Uriel and Satan in Paradise Lost, Gustavus and Wallenstein stood opposed to each other. On one side was the enthusiast, on the other the mighty gamester, playing the great game of his life without emotion, by intensity of intellect alone. On one side was the crusader, on the other the indifferentist, without faith except in his star. On the one side was as much good, perhaps, as has ever appeared in the form of a conqueror, on the other side the majesty of evil. Gustavus was young, his frame was vigorous and active, though inclined to corpulence, his complexion fair, his hair golden, his eye blue and merry, his countenance frank as day, and the image of a heart which had felt the kindest influences of love and friendship. Wallenstein was past his prime, his frame was tall, spare, somewhat bowed by pain, his complexion dark, his eye black and piercing, his look that of a man who trod slippery paths with deadly rivals at his side, and of whose many letters not one is to a friend. But, opposites in all else, the two champions were well matched in power. Perhaps there is hardly such another duel in history. Such another there would have been if Strafford had lived to encounter Cromwell.

The market for the great adventurer's services having risen so high, the price which he asked was large—a principality in hand, a province to be conquered, supreme command of the army which he had raised. The court suggested that if the emperor's son, the King of Hungary, were put over Wallenstein's head, his name would be a tower of strength; but Wallenstein answered with a blasphemous frankness which must have made the ears of courtiers tingle. He would be emperor of the army; he would be emperor in the matter of confiscations. The last article shews how he won the soldier's heart. Perhaps in framing his terms, he gave something to his wounded pride. If he did, the luxury cost him dear: for here he trod upon the serpent that stung his life.

The career of Gustavus was at once arrested, and he took shelter against the storm in an entrenched camp protected by three hundred cannon under the walls of Nuremberg—Nuremberg, the eldest daughter of the German Reformation, the Florence of Germany in art, wealth and freedom, then the beautiful home of early commerce, now its romantic tomb. The desolation of her grass-grown streets dates from that terrible hour. The Swedish lines were scarcely completed when Wallenstein appeared with all his power; and, sweeping past, entrenched himself four miles from his enemy in a position the key of which were the wooded hill and old castle of the Altenberg. Those who chance to visit that spot may fancy there Wallenstein's camp as it is in Schiller, ringing with the boisterous revelry of its wild and motley bands. And they may fancy the sudden silence, the awe of men who knew no other awe, as in his well-known dress, the laced buff coat with crimson scarf, and the grey hat with crimson plume, Wallenstein rode by. Week after week and month after month these two heavy clouds of war hung close together, and Europe looked for the bursting of the storm. But famine was to do Wallenstein's work; and by famine and the pestilence, bred by the horrible state of the camp, at last his work was done. The utmost limit of deadly inaction for the Swedes arrived. Discipline and honour gave way, and could scarcely be restored by the passionate eloquence of Gustavus. Oxenstiern brought large reinforcements; and on the 24th August Wallenstein saw—with grim pleasure he must have seen—Gustavus advancing to attack him in his lines. By five hundred at a time—there was room for no more in the narrow path of death—the Swedes scaled the flashing and thundering Altenberg. They scaled it again and again through a long summer's day. Once it was all but won. But at evening the Nurembergers saw their hero and protector retiring, for the first time defeated, from the field. Yet Gustavus had not lost the confidence of his soldiers. He had shared their danger and had spared their blood. In ten hours' hard fighting he had lost only 2000 men. But Wallenstein might well shower upon his wounded soldiers the only balm for the wounds of men fighting without a country or a cause. He might well write to the emperor: "The King of Sweden has blunted his horns a good deal. Henceforth the title of Invincible belongs not to him, but to your Majesty." No doubt Ferdinand thought it did.

Gustavus now broke up and marched on Bavaria, abandoning the great Protestant city, with the memory of Magdeburg in his heart. But Nuremberg was not to share the fate of Magdeburg. The Imperial army was not in a condition to form the siege. It had suffered as much as that of Gustavus. That such troops should have been held together in such extremity proves their general's power of command. Wallenstein soon gladdened the eyes of the Nurembergers by firing his camp, and declining to follow the lure into Bavaria, marched on Saxony, joined another Imperial army under Pappenheim and took Leipsic.

To save Saxony Gustavus left Bavaria half conquered. As he hurried to the rescue, the people on his line of march knelt to kiss the hem of his garment, the sheath of his delivering sword, and could scarcely be prevented from adoring him as a god. His religious spirit was filled with a presentiment that the idol in which they trusted would be soon laid low. On the 14th of November he was leaving a strongly entrenched camp at Naumberg, where the Imperialists fancied, the season being so far advanced, he intended to remain, when news reached his ear like the sight which struck Wellington's eye as it ranged over Marmont's army on the morning of Salamanca.* The impetuous Pappenheim, ever anxious for separate com-

* We owe the parallel, we believe, to an article by Lord Ellesmere, in the *Quarterly Review*.

mand, had persuaded an Imperial council of war to detach him with a large force against Halle. The rest of the Imperialists, under Wallenstein, were quartered in the villages around Lutzen, close within the king's reach, and unaware of his approach. "The Lord," cried Gustavus, "has delivered him into my hand." And at once he swooped upon his prey.

"Break up and march with every man and gun. The enemy is advancing hither. He is already at the pass by the hollow road." So wrote Wallenstein to Pappenheim. The letter is still preserved, stained with Pappenheim's life-blood. But, in that mortal race Pappenheim stood no chance. Halle was a long day's march off, and the troopers, whom Pappenheim could lead gallantly, but could not control, after taking the town had dispersed to plunder. Yet the Swede's great opportunity was lost. Lutzen, though in sight, proved not so near as flattering guides and eager eyes had made it. The deep-banked Rippach, its bridge all too narrow for the impetuous columns, the roads heavy from rain, delayed the march. A skirmish with some Imperial cavalry under Isolani wasted minutes when minutes were years; and the short November day was at an end when the Swede reached the plain of Lutzen.

No military advantage marks the spot where the storm overtook the Duke of Friedland. He was caught like a traveller in a tempest on a shelterless plain, and had nothing for it but to bide the brunt. What could be done with ditches, two windmills, a mud wall, a small canal, he did, moving from point to point during the long night; and before morning all his troops, except Pappenheim's division, had come in and were in line.

When the morning broke a heavy fog lay on the ground. Historians have not failed to remark that there is a sympathy in things, and that the day was loath to dawn which was to be the last day of Gustavus. But if Nature sympathized with Gustavus, she chose a bad mode of showing her sympathy, for, while the fog prevented the Swedes from advancing, part of Pappenheim's cavalry arrived. After prayers, the king and all his army sang Luther's hymn, "Our God is a strong tower"—the Marseillaise of the militant Reformation. Then Gustavus mounted his horse, and addressed the different divisions, adjuring them by their victorious name, by the memory of the Breitenfeld, by the great cause whose issue hung upon their swords, to fight well for that cause, for their country and their God. His heart was uplifted at Lutzen, and with that Hebrew fervour which uplifted the heart of Cromwell at Dunbar. Old wounds made it irksome to him to wear a cuirass. "God," he said, "shall be my armour this day."

Wallenstein has been much belied if he thought of anything that morning more religious than the order of battle, which has been preserved, drawn up by his own hand, and in which his troops are seen still drawn up in heavy masses, in contrast to the lighter formations of Gustavus. He was carried down his lines in a litter, being crippled by gout, which the surgeons of that day had tried to cure by cutting into the flesh. But when the action began, he placed his mangled foot in a stirrup lined with silk, and mounted the small charger, the skin of which is still shown in the deserted palace of his pride. We may be sure that confidence sat undisturbed upon his brow; but in his heart he must have felt that though he had brave men around him, the Swedes, fighting for their cause under their king, were more than men; and that in the balance of battle then held out, his scale had kicked the beam. There can hardly be a harder trial for human fortitude than to command in a great action on the weaker side. Villeneuve was a brave man, though an unfortunate admiral; but he owned that his heart sank within him at Trafalgar when he saw Nelson bearing down.

"God with us," was the Swedish battle-cry. On the other side the words "Jesu-Maria," passed round, as twenty-five thousand of the most godless and lawless ruffians the world ever saw, stood to the arms which they had imbrued in the blood not of soldiers only, but of women and children of captured towns. Doubtless many a wild Walloon and savage Croat, many a fierce Spaniard and cruel Italian, who had butchered and tortured at Magdeburg, was here come to bite the dust. These men were children of the camp and the battle-field, long familiar with every form of death, yet, had they known what a day was now before them, they might have felt like a recruit on the morning of his first field. Some were afterwards broken or beheaded for misconduct before the enemy; others earned rich rewards: most paid, like men of honour, the price for which they were allowed to glut every lust and revel in every kind of crime.

At nine the sky began to clear; straggling shots told that the armies were catching sight of each other, and a red glare broke the mist, where the Imperialists had set fire to Lutzen to cover their right. At ten Gustavus placed himself at the head of his cavalry. War has now changed; and the telescope is the general's sword. Yet we cannot help feeling that the gallant king, who cast in his own life with the lives of the peasants he had drawn from their Swedish homes, is a nobler figure than the great Emperor who, on the same plains, two centuries afterwards, ordered to their death the masses of youthful valour sent by a ruthless conscription to feed the vanity of a heart of clay.

The Swedes, after the manner of war in that fierce and hardy age, fell at once with their main force on the whole of the Imperial line. On the left, after a murderous struggle, they gained ground and took the enemy's guns. But on the right the Imperialists held firm, and while Gustavus was carrying victory with him to that quarter, Wallenstein restored the day upon the right. Again Gustavus hurried to that part of the field. Again the Imperialists gave way, and Gustavus, uncovering his head, thanked God for his victory. At this moment it seems the mist returned. The Swedes were confused and lost their advantage. A horse, too well known, ran riderless down their line; and when their cavalry next advanced, they found the stripped and mangled body of their king. According to the most credible witness, Gustavus, who had galloped forward to see how his advantage might be best followed up, got too near the enemy, was shot first in the arm, then in the back, and fell from his horse. A party of Imperial cuirassiers came up, and learning from the wounded man himself who he was, finished the work of death. They then stripped the body for proofs of their great enemy's fate and relics of the mighty slain. Dark reports of treason were spread abroad, and one of these reports followed the Duke of Saxe-Lauenburg, who was with Gustavus that day, through his questionable life to his unhappy end. In those times a great man could scarcely die without suspicion of foul play, and in all times men are unwilling to believe that a life on which the destiny of a cause or a nation hangs can be swept away by the blind, indiscriminate hand of common death.

Gustavus dead, the first thought of his officers was retreat; and that thought was his best eulogy. Their second thought was revenge. Yet so great was the discouragement, that one Swedish colonel refused to advance, and Bernard of Saxe-Weimar cut him down with his own hand. Again the struggle began, and with all the morning's fury. Wallenstein had used his respite well. He knew that his great antagonist was dead, and that he was now the master spirit on the field. And with friendly night near, and victory within his grasp, he directed in person the most desperate combats, prodigal of the life on which, according to his enemies, his treasonable projects hung. Yet

the day was again going against him, when the remainder of Pappenheim's corps arrived, and the road was once more opened to victory by a charge which cost Pappenheim his own life. At four o'clock the battle was at its last gasp. The carnage had been fearful on both sides, and as fearful was the exhaustion. For six hours almost every man in both armies had borne the terrible excitement of mortal combat with pike and sword; and four times that excitement had been strained by general charges to its highest pitch. The Imperialists held their ground, but confused and shattered; their constancy sustained only by that commanding presence which still moved along their lines, unhurt, though grazed and even marked by the storm of death through which he rode. Just as the sun was setting, the Swedes made the supreme effort which heroism alone can make. Then Wallenstein gave the signal for retreat, welcome to the bravest; and as darkness fell upon the field, the shattered masses of the Imperialists drew off slowly and sullenly into the gloom. Slowly and sullenly they drew off, leaving nothing to the victor except some guns of position; but they had not gone far when they fell into the disorganization of defeat.

The judgment of a cause by battle is dreadful. Dreadful it must have seemed to all who were within sight or hearing of the field of Lutzen when that battle was over. But it is not altogether irrational and blind. Providence does not visibly interpose in favour of the right. The stars in their courses do not now fight for the good cause. At Lutzen they fought against it. But the good cause is its own star. The strength given to the spirit of the Swedes by religious enthusiam, the strength given to their bodies by the comparative purity of their lives, enabled them, when the bravest and hardiest ruffians were exhausted in spirit and body, to make that last effort which won the day.

Te Deum was sung at Vienna and Madrid, and with good reason. For Vienna and Madrid the death of Gustavus was better than any victory. For humanity, if the interests of humanity were not those of Vienna and Madrid, it was worse than any defeat. But for Gustavus himself, was it good thus to die glorious and stainless, but before his hour? Triumph and empire, it is said, might have corrupted the soul which up to this time had been so pure and true. It was, perhaps, well for him that he was saved from temptation. A deeper morality replies that what was bad for Gustavus' cause and for his kind, could not be good for Gustavus; and that whether he were to stand or fall in the hour of temptation, he had better have lived his time and done his work. We, with our small philosophy, can make allowance for the greater dangers of the higher sphere; and shall we arrogate to ourselves a larger judgment and ampler sympathies than we allow to God? Yet Gustavus was happy. Among soldiers and statesmen, if there is a greater, there is hardly a purer name. He had won not only honour but love, and the friend and comrade was as much bewailed as the deliverer and the king. In him his Sweden appeared for the first and last time with true glory on the scene of universal history. In him the spirit of the famous house of Vasa rose to the first heroic height. It was soon to mount to madness in Christina and Charles XII.

Not till a year had passed could Sweden bring herself to consign the remains of her Gustavus to the dust. Then came a hero's funeral, with pomp not unmeaning, with trophies not unbecoming the obsequies of a Christian, and for mourners the sorrowing nations. In early youth Gustavus had loved the beautiful Ebba Brahé, daughter of a Swedish nobleman, and she had returned his love. But etiquette and policy interposed, and Gustavus married Eleanor, a princess of Brandenburg, also renowned for beauty

The widowed Queen of Gustavus, though she had loved him with a fondness too great for their perfect happiness, admitted his first love to a partnership in her grief, and sent Ebba with her own portrait the portrait of him who was gone where, if love still is, there is no more rivalry in love.

The death of Gustavus was the death of his great antagonist. Gustavus gone, Wallenstein was no longer indispensable, and he was more formidable than ever. Lutzen had abated nothing either of his pride or power. He went forth again from Prague to resume command in almost imperial pomp. The army was completely in his hands. He negotiated as an independent power, and was carrying into effect a policy of his own, which seems to have been one of peace for the empire with amnesty and toleration, and which certainly crossed the policy of the Jesuits and Spain, now dominant in the Imperial councils. No doubt the great adventurer also intended that his own grandeur should be augmented and secured. Whether his proceedings gave his master just cause for alarm remains a mystery. The word, however, went forth against him, and in Austrian fashion, a friendly correspondence being kept up with him when he had been secretly deposed and his command transferred to another. Finding himself denounced and outlawed, he resolved to throw himself on the Swedes. He had arrived at Eger, a frontier fortress of Bohemia. It was a night apt for crime, dark and stormy, when Gordon, a Scotch Calvinist in the Imperial service, (for Wallenstein's camp welcomed adventurers of all creeds), and commandant of Eger, received the most faithful of Wallenstein's officers, Terzka, Kinsky, Illo and Neumann, at supper in the citadel. The social meal was over, the wine cup was going round; misgiving, if any misgiving there was, had yielded to comradeship and good cheer, when the door opened and death, in the shape of a party of Irish troopers, stalked in. The conspirators sprang from the side of their victims, and shouting, "Long live the Emperor," ranged themselves with drawn swords against the wall, while the assassins overturned the table and did their work. Wallenstein, as usual, was not at the banquet. He was indeed in no condition for revelry. Gout had shattered his stately form, reduced his bold handwriting to a feeble scrawl, probably shaken his powerful mind, though it could rally itself, as at Lutzen, for a decisive hour; and, perhaps, if his enemies could have waited, the course of nature might have spared them the very high price which they paid for his blood. He had just dismissed his astrologer, Seni, into whose mouth the romance of history does not fail to put prophetic warnings; his valet was carrying away the golden salver on which his night draught had been brought to him, and he was about to lie down, when he was drawn to the window by the noise of Butler's regiment surrounding his quarters, and by the shrieks of the Countesses Terzka and Kinsky, who were wailing for their murdered husbands. A moment afterwards the Irish Captain Devereux burst into the room, followed by his fellow-assassins shouting "Rebels, rebels." Devereux himself, with a halbert in his hand, rushed up to Wallenstein, and cried "Villain, you are to die!" True to his own majesty the great man spread out his arms, received the weapon in his breast, and fell dead without a word. But as thought at such moments is swift, no doubt he saw it all—saw the dark conclave of Italians and Spaniards sitting at Vienna—knew that the murderer before him was the hand and not the head—read at once his own doom and the doom of his grand designs for Germany and Friedland. His body was wrapped in a carpet, carried in Gordon's carriage to the citadel, and there left for a day with those of his murdered friends in the court-yard, then huddled into a hastily constructed coffin, the legs of the corpse being broken to force it in. Different obsequies from those of

Gustavus, but perhaps equally appropriate, at least equally characteristic of the cause which the dead man served.

Did Friedland desire to be more than Friedland, to unite some shadow of command with the substance, to wear some crown of tinsel, as well as the crown of power? We do not know, we know only that his ways were dark, that his ambition was vast, and that he was thwarting the policy of the Jesuits and Spain. Great efforts were made in vain to get up a case against his memory; recourse was had to torture, the use of which always proves that no good evidence is forthcoming; absurd charges were included in the indictment, such as that of having failed to pursue and destroy the Swedish army after Lutzen. The three thousand masses which Ferdinand caused to be sung for Wallenstein's soul, whether they benefited his soul or not have benefited his fame, for they seem like the weak self-betrayal of an uneasy conscience, vainly seeking to stifle infamy and appease the injured shade. Assassination itself condemns all who take part in it or are accomplices in it; and Ferdinand, who rewarded the assassins of Wallenstein, was at least an accomplice after the fact. Vast as Wallenstein's ambition was, even for him age and gout must have begun to close the possibilities of life; and he cannot have been made restless by the pangs of abortive genius, for he had played the grandest part upon the grandest stage. He had done enough, it would seem, to make repose welcome, and his retirement would not have been dull. Often in his letters his mind turns from the camp and council to his own domains, his rising palaces, his farms, his gardens, his schools, his manufactures, the Italian civilization which the student of Padua was trying to create in Bohemian wilds, the little empire in the administration of which he showed that he might have been a good Emperor on a larger scale. Against his Imperial master he is probably entitled at least to a verdict of not proven, and to the sympathy due to vast services requited by murder. Against accusing humanity his plea is far weaker, or rather he has no plea but one of extenuation. If there is a gloomy majesty about him the fascination of which we cannot help owning, if he was the noblest spirit that served evil, still it was evil that he served. The bandit hordes which he led were the scourges of the defenceless people, and in making war support war he set the evil example which was followed by Napoleon on a greater scale, and perhaps with more guilt, because in a more moral age. If in any measure he fell a martyr to a policy of toleration, his memory may be credited with the sacrifice. His toleration was that of indifference, not that of a Christian; yet the passages of his letters in which he pleads for milder methods of conversion, and claims for widows an exemption from the extremities of persecution, seem preserved by his better angel to shed a ray of brightness on his lurid name. Of his importance in history there can be no doubt. Take your stand on the battle field of Lutzen. To the North all was rescued by Gustavus, to the South all was held till yesterday by the darker genius of Wallenstein.

Like the mystic bark in the Mort d'Arthur, the ship which carried the remains of Gustavus from the German shore bore away heroism as well as the hero. Gustavus left great captains in Bernard of Weimar, Banner, Horn, Wrangel and Tortensohn; in the last, perhaps, a captain equal to himself. He left in Oxenstiern the greatest statesman and diplomatist of the age. But the guiding light, the grand aim, the ennobling influence were gone. The Swedes sank almost to the level of the vile element around, and a torture used by the buccaneers to extract confessions of hidden treasure bore the name of the Swedish draught. The last grand figure left

the scene is Wallenstein. Nothing remained but mean ferocity and rapine, coarse filibustering among the soldiers, among the statesmen and diplomatists filibustering a little more refined. All high motives and interests were dead. The din of controversy which at the outset accompanied the firing of the cannon, and proved that the cannon was being fired in a great cause, had long since sunk into silence. Yet for fourteen years after the death of Wallenstein this foullest, aimless drama of horror and agony dragged on. Every part of Germany was repeatedly laid under heavy war contributions, and swept through by pillage, murder, rape and arson. For thirty years all countries, even those of the Cossack and the Stradiot, sent their worst sons to the scene of butchery and plunder. It may be doubted whether such desolation ever fell upon any civilized and cultivated country. When the war began Germany was rich and prosperous, full of smiling villages, of goodly cities, of flourishing universities, of active industry, of invention and discovery, of literature and learning, of happiness, of progress, of national energy and hope. At its close she was a material and moral wilderness. In a district, selected as a fair average specimen of the effects of the war, it is found that of the inhabitants three-fourths, of the cattle four-fifths, perished. For thirty years the husbandman never sowed with any confidence that he should reap; the seed-corn was no doubt often consumed by the reckless troopers or the starving peasantry; and if foreign countries had been able to supply food there were no railroads to bring it. The villages through whole provinces were burnt or pulled down to supply materials for the huts of the soldiery; the people hid themselves in dens and caves of the earth; took to the woods and mountains, where many of them remained swelling the multitude of brigands. When they could they wreaked upon the lansquenets a vengeance as dreadful as what they had suffered, and were thus degraded to the same level of ferocity. Moral life was broken up. The Germany of Luther with its order and piety and domestic virtue, with its old ways and customs, even with its fashions of dress and furniture, perished almost as though it had been swallowed by an earthquake. The nation would hardly have survived had it not been for the desperate tenacity with which the peasant clung to his own soil, and the efforts of the pastors, men of contracted views, of dogmatic habits of mind, and of a somewhat narrow and sour morality, but staunch and faithful in the hour of need, who continued to preach and pray amidst blackened ruins to the miserable remnants of their flocks, and sustained something of moral order and of social life.

Hence in the succeeding centuries, the political nullity of the German nation, the absence of any strong popular element to make head against the petty despotism of the princes, and launch Germany in the career of progress. Hence the backwardness and torpor of the Teutonic race in its original seat, while elsewhere it led the world. Hence, while England was producing Chathams and Burkes, Germany was producing the great musical composers. Hence when the movement came it was rather intellectual than political, rather a movement of the universities than of the nation.

At last, nothing being left for the armies to devour, the masters of the armies began to think of peace. The diplomatists went to work, and in true diplomatic fashion. Two years they spent in formalities and haggling, while Germany was swarming with disbanded lansquenets. It was then that old Oxenstiern said to his son, who had modestly declined an ambassadorship on the ground of inexperience: "Thou knowest not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed." The object of all the parties to the negotiations was acquisition of territory at the expense of their neighbours;

and the treaty of Westphalia, though, as we have said, it was long the public law of Europe, was an embodiment, not of principles of justice or of the rights of nations, but of the relative force and cunning of what are happily called the powers. France obtained, as the fruit of the diplomatic skill with which she had prolonged the agony of Germany, a portion of the territory which she has recently disgorged. The independence of Germany was saved; and though it was not a national independence, but an independence of petty despotisms, it was redemption from Austrian and Jesuit bondage for the present, with the hope of national independence in the future. When Gustavus broke the Imperial line at Lutzen, Luther and Loyola might have turned in their graves. Luther had still two centuries and a half to wait; so much difference in the course of history, in spite of all our philosophies and our general laws, may be made by an arrow shot at a venture, a wandering breath of pestilence, a random bullet, a wreath of mist lingering on one of the world's battle-fields. But Luther has conquered at last. Would that he had conquered by other means than war—war with all its sufferings, with all its passions, with the hatred, the revenge, the evil pride which it leaves behind it! But he has conquered; and his victory opens a new and, so far as we can see, a happier era for Europe.

THE SLEEPERS.

GRAND, O! grand is the mariner's grave,
Deep in the heart of the unreposing wave,—
Compassed around with marvellous things,
That the sea hath won in its wanderings;
Royaller far than the tomb of kings.

Sweet, O! sweet is the rest of him
Who is laid to sleep beneath the yew trees dim,
Where gather the village folk to pray,
And a solemn calm is night and day,
And the mounded grave is green alway.

But sweeter, solemner, rander far,
To be laid where England's royallest ashes are:
Carved in marble pure and rare,
With white hands clasped as if in prayer,
While the great anthem fills the air.

Ah me, what mattereth land or sea,
Rest or unrest to him who hath ceased to be?
And yet it were sweetly sad to know
That about the grave to which we go,
Worshippers worship, winds breathe low.

THE DOMINION PARLIAMENT.

BY A BYSTANDER.

A STRANGER enters the chamber of the Legislature at Ottawa under the influence of all the favourable prepossessions which architectural beauty and stateliness can produce. Criticism may no doubt find weak points in the Parliament buildings. But taken as a whole they are the finest thing on this continent, the University of Toronto being their only possible rival; and it would hardly be too much to say that the general view of them is one of the architectural glories of the world. Their situation is almost unequalled, and may well have contributed to attract the choice of the Government to Ottawa as the capital of the Dominion, especially if the tradition is correct that a lady had great influence in the selection. The sum laid out on them though large has not been ill spent. It is good that the majesty of the nation should be duly symbolized in the abode of its legislature; it is good that we should have before our eyes a stimulating example of high art; it is good that we should at once give to our nationality that element of stability which grand official buildings seldom fail to bring to an institution, and which the European cathedrals have so manifestly imparted to the religious system of which they are the fanes; it is good that the mansion of the community should rise in unapproached magnificence above the proudest dwellings of the wealthiest citizens. We have only to regret that Parliament delays expending the small additional sum necessary to put the grounds in order, for want of which the near view of the buildings loses half its effect.

Ottawa is pre-eminently an official capital. It will probably cease to be a place of much business when, in the course of time, the lumber trade departs, as there is nothing in its situation or climate to make it a pleasure city. The relegation of the seat of government to this spot was no doubt determined by the mutual jealousies of the great cities, combined, perhaps, with the military security, which, however, now that war is winged by science, cannot be very great. It is said, however, that it was politic to place the legislature beyond the influence of the populace of great cities. Paris no doubt affords a signal instance of the calamitous interference of such a populace with the independence of the national legislature, and a parallel on a small scale is to be found in the history of Montreal. It is very likely that evil consequences might have ensued if the legislature of the United States during the civil war had sat surrounded by the mob of New York. On the other hand it is a bad thing to remove politicians wholly from the tempering influences of general society, and to set them during the whole session to the exclusive and unmitigated pursuit of their own trade.

It is interesting to see in the Colonial Parliament the exact preservation of all the forms, ceremonies and paraphernalia of its Imperial prototype; all, at least, saving the Speaker's wig, which, though peculiarly dear to the imagination of the British Constitutionalist, could hardly be naturalized in the new world.

Unfortunately the colonies have reproduced British institutions as the Chinese ship-builder reproduced the British merchant's ship—dry-rot and all. In the very arrangement of the House at Ottawa the eye detects at once the sinister apparatus of party government. The framers of our con-

stitution indeed were the first to recognize what British law, and even the constitutional writers of England still ignore—"In such nomination (of members of the Legislative Council) due regard shall be had to the claims of the members of the Legislative Council *of the Opposition* in each Province, so that all political parties may as nearly as possible be fairly represented." This, it is believed, is the first formal acknowledgment of party as an element of the constitution and of party interests, as distinct from those of the country and the public good.

The Cabinet, which is the organ of party government, is still wholly unknown to English law. Its meetings are perfectly informal in every respect, nor is any record of them preserved. The only council known to the law is the Privy Council, a non-party body, which was the ancient government with the Sovereign of England, though it has long since become, except in respect of its Judicial and Educational Committees, a venerable shade. The system of party and cabinet government grew out of the fierce divisions between Whig and Tory generated by the civil war, which rendered it impossible for leaders of opposite factions to sit together in the royal council. William III. at first attempted to form his council without regard to party, but he was compelled to succumb to circumstances and accept a party cabinet. The contests of party during his reign brought fully into view the evils of the system. Patriotism and honour were trampled under foot; excluded aspirants to office intrigued with the foreign enemies of the country, and party malignity vented itself in the groundless indictment of an opponent for murder. George I., being ignorant of the English language, was unable to preside over the council of his Ministers. From that time the Sovereign was excluded from the sittings of the Cabinet, and the Cabinet itself became definitively a caucus, or to use the historic name applied to the first of these unconstitutional councils in England, a "cabal," of the leaders of the dominant party. The continuance of the system was marked by the prevalence of the same malignant and unpatriotic spirit which had predominated at its birth. Party drove Walpole into the causeless and calamitous war with Spain; and Chatham himself, under the influence of faction, was one of the chief participants in that crime. Nor was corruption any more than faction absent even at the very best of times.

Still, party in England has been saved from utter absurdity and vileness by the general presence of some dividing principle, such as might raise the struggle above a mere scramble for place, make party allegiance tolerably consistent with patriotism, and render possible, in the case of the better men at least, something like a realization of that ideal of Burke, to which reference was made in the last of these papers. The temporary absence or weakness of the dividing principle has, as was there remarked, always been accompanied by a reign of corruption, and by all the evils, moral and material, with which corruption in the government fills a nation.

Party without a dividing principle becomes faction. The aim of faction is place, its bond is selfishness, the means which it universally and inevitably employs to hold together its forces and attain its ends are intrigue, jobbery, and corruption; its deliberations are conspiracies; its patriotism is the sacrifice of country to cabal; its eloquence is slander of opponents. The tendency of government by faction is always downward; good men and intellects of the higher order are more and more repelled from politics; each generation of rulers is smaller and viler than the last; corruption grows ever more necessary and more familiar; the last twilight of honour fades away; and the end is a domination of scoundrels. In the meantime caucuses and wire-pulling have extinguished the freedom of the suffrage, and such public virtue as may be left in the na-

tion is left powerless even to move in the direction of reform. The public journals become organs of faction, and by their daily teaching leave little in the hearts of the people to which a high-minded statesman and a reformer can appeal. This may be a dark picture, but we know from experience that it is true.

Opposition leaders under such a system denounce with an indignation which at the time is sincere the jobbery and corruption by which the government unavoidably subsists; but when they have themselves obtained power, they find themselves obliged to subsist by the same means. Public writers come forth with professions, equally sincere, of superiority to the narrowness, the dishonesty, the slanderous malignity of the party press, but they soon fall into the common groove and sink to the general level.

In the colonies, where, saving the formal representation of monarchy in the person of the Governor, only the popular portion of British institutions has been adopted, and where, consequently, the questions between aristocracy and democracy which still agitate the mother country do not arise, parties are without any dividing principle. Their names, if they have names, are as unmeaning as Neri and Bianchi, or Caravats and Shanavests. Swift's picture of the Big-endians and Little-endians is far more applicable to them than it was to the Whigs and Tories of his time. Almost all the political leaders of Canada have been in every kind of combination. Apart from personal enmities and rivalries, there is no reason why any two of them, however opposed to each other at present, and however violent their mutual vituperation, should not sit together in the same national councils. The most discordant of them did sit together in the national councils at the time of Confederation, and only the personal animosities which had then become inveterate prevented the permanence of the conjunction.

Why, then, it may be asked, are we to be doomed for ever to the continuance of this party system, which, so far as we are concerned, is the servile imitation of a model alien to our case? Why should not the members of our Executive, instead of being nominated by party, under the mask of royal appointment, be elected by Parliament, which is now the real sovereign power, for such terms as may be deemed expedient, and with a proper rule of rotation, so as to preserve the harmony between the executive and the legislative? If the form of royal appointment were still deemed essential, in accordance with the general habits of British formalism, it might be preserved by terming the election a presentation or recommendation, to be ratified by the Crown. This simple change, though of course it would not extinguish factiousness or cupidity in the breasts of politicians, would cut up the root of party government and party corruption, which is the constant struggle of two organized factions for the offices and patronage of the State.

As matters stand, however, we must be content, in writing of politics, to descend to a comparatively low moral level, to accept the sinister code of party law, to acquiesce in types of political character such as a better age will repudiate, to bestow the name of statesmanship on the art which holds parties together, and to judge with leniency a party government which keeps evil influences within decent bounds, and does not utterly sacrifice to its party objects the great interests of the country. To "take care of Dowb" is the universal rule, though the frankness and succinctness of telegraphic expression are unfortunately rare. That Puritanism will not do in politics is the universal maxim; and "Puritanism" is the politician's epithet for honour. One of the best and most upright of Canadian statesmen owned that in the whole course of his public life he had never been able to appoint to any office the man whom, in his conscience, he believed to be the fittest for the place.

The basis, however, if not the principle, of party in this country, is obvious enough. The united mass of French in Lower Canada, welded together by a separate nationality, and, as peasantry of the France before the Revolution, greatly under ecclesiastical control, and steady in allegiance to the leaders who have the confidence of their clergy, could not fail to be the dominant power under a party system; for, under a party system, cohesiveness is force, independent intelligence is weakness. A government which has formed an alliance with this mass, has only to add to it a certain number of auxiliaries, of whom the smaller Provinces, since Confederation, have been the natural recruiting ground, and whom skill and address in the use of Government influence can hardly fail to secure. It may be pretty safely predicted that, even if the present Opposition were to come into power, it would be compelled to make terms with French Canada; indeed, its movements show a consciousness of this fact. The present Ministry derives additional strength from the British connection, which, being peculiarly a connection with the aristocratic and conservative party in England, is the channel of sentiments and influences congenial to the clerical conservatism of French Canada and to the traditional leanings of the principal members of our present Government.

Throughout the Session, the Ministry showed overwhelming strength; so overwhelming that the country might be said to be practically destitute of that essential security for tolerable government under the party system,—an effective opposition. Where, as in the present case, an opposition represents no antagonistic principles, the mere possession of power and patronage is a rampart almost impregnable, if the defence is conducted with ordinary skill. Grave errors on the part of Walpole at last opened a breach for the assailants who had pressed the siege in vain, in spite of all their ability and eloquence, for twenty years. In default of an antagonistic principle, the administrative acts of the Government may be criticized, and attacks may be made on it in cases of jobbery and corruption: but the merely administrative acts of a government will always be sustained by its majority; and with regard to jobbery and corruption, the moral fibre of the public under the party system is soon deadened, and indignant purity, thundering from the opposition benches, is heard with scepticism or indifference.

The Canadian Opposition is further weakened, and very materially, by the uncertainty as to its leadership, and the prevalence of the impression that it is really controlled by a leader outside Parliament, allusions to whose influence are constantly made by the hostile party, and appear invariably to tell. Its apparent narrowness may be partly traceable to the same cause. For a leader out of Parliament may indulge with impunity in his Shibboleth, while a leader in Parliament is compelled to attract recruits by greater liberality and toleration. The General Election, however, will probably set this right.

The Treaty debate was the great field-day of the Session, though the ground for decisive battle was ill chosen by the leaders of the Opposition. It had become manifest to all impartial observers before the meeting of Parliament that the Treaty was accepted by the fishermen, that it was approved by Montreal, and that the feeling against it in Ontario, though pretty general, was not intense enough to sustain extreme measures. It had even received the accession of the leading member of the Opposition at Montreal. The criticism of the Opposition press had failed of effect from its excessively party character, and the supporters of the Treaty, and the Minister by whom it was negotiated, were enabled to appeal to the broader patriotism which, in questions between our common country and foreign na-

tions, suspends the war of party, and rises to the national point of view. But the leaders of the Opposition were desperately committed to mortal combat on this issue before public opinion had been settled, and even before the facts were completely known. When the fatal hour arrived, they led their party, with the greatest gallantry and ability, to its certain doom; and the defeat which it encountered in what had been so long and so loudly proclaimed as the grand trial of party strength, broke its force for the session, and prevented it from giving battle with effect upon more auspicious fields. If the party system of government is to continue, it is essential, as was said before, that we should have a strong opposition; for, without a strong opposition, party government becomes a corrupt despotism, cloaked by a Parliament. But there cannot be a strong opposition without a parliamentary chief, having, so far as the circumstances of a voluntary combination will permit, the full control of his party, able deliberately to forecast its policy, to exercise reserve and reticence similar to those exercised by the head of the government till the field of action is fairly within his view, and to husband the energy and prestige of his followers for attacks upon those points where there is fair ground for hoping that an impression may be made.

The Minister, sure of his majority, made to an assembly, which hung upon his lips, a defence of the Treaty and of his own conduct in relation to it, rich in details valuable to history. Such was the importance attached to his words, and such the public expectation, that by an extraordinary effort of journalistic enterprise his whole speech was telegraphed from Ottawa to his leading organ at Toronto. He was pressed by the Opposition with the apparent contrast between the face which he had presented to the British Government in protesting against the Treaty with a view to exacting compensation for it, and the face which he presented in recommending the Treaty to the Parliament of Canada. To this charge, and the array of documentary proofs by which it was enforced, he did not care to reply. He knew, no doubt, that in the minds of those on whose votes he depended such criticisms would only enhance the admiration felt for the statemanship which had been able to secure at once an advantageous Treaty and an indemnification for accepting it.

Those who regard material advantages as insufficient, and in the end precarious, without regard for the national honour, and at the same time those who desire to have our relations with the mother country placed on a sound and honourable footing, will be grateful to the independent members who pressed the special consideration of the Fenian claim. No reparation has ever been obtained, or even sought, either by the British or by the Canadian Government for that great wrong. No doubt, so far as Canada is concerned, the guarantee of the Pacific bonds might cover, among our other material losses, the loss of our slain citizens, considered merely as contributors to our wealth; but it could afford no compensation for their blood, murdered as they were by a piratical force, openly organized, armed and drilled in the territory, and with the connivance, and worse than connivance, of a professedly friendly government, towards which Canada had, under the most trying circumstances, scrupulously performed all international obligations. Nor was any adequate security taken against a recurrence of the outrage; for members of our legislature who can believe that the Americans will feel themselves bound by merely inferential corollaries from the rule laid down in the case of the *Alabama*, have surely little reason for taunting Englishmen with ignorance of American habits. It seems not even clear as a point of law that the peculiar case of the Fenian raids would be covered by rules regulating the conduct of neutrals in time of war; and if any question should arise, the Americans

might plead with considerable force that the consideration of the Fenian case had been actually pressed and rejected at the time when the Treaty was made. Had the British and Canadian Governments conjointly insisted on the claim, it is at least possible that the point might have been yielded by the American Government, which, on financial grounds, was very anxious for a settlement, and was too conscious of the state of affairs at the South to push matters to extremities with Great Britain. But at all events we should have been true to international principle and to national self-respect; we should have kept the path of honour, which is the only path of peace, especially in dealing with the Government of the American Republic.

With regard to the merits and demerits of the Treaty as a whole, apart from the Fenian question, the bystander looking for an independent judgment amidst the conflicting tides of party assertion and invective, found it in the words of Mr. Holton, the seceding member of the Opposition. "He (Mr. Holton) supposed it would be admitted on all hands that this was not a Treaty to which Canada would have become a party as an independent country. It would also, he thought, be admitted that it was not a Treaty to which England would become a party if she had not these provinces as part of the Empire. This consideration elevated the whole question to the domain of the Imperial policy, and made the object to be gained not what was best for Canada or for England, but for the Empire as a whole. He thought, therefore, and the best consideration he was able to give the subject convinced him that, in the interest of the Empire at large, and of this country as a part of it, the Treaty should be accepted." In quoting Mr. Holton against his political friends, it is due to him to say that his speech was marked by the utmost respect for their feelings, and for the tie between himself and them.

The Treaty of Washington was a sincere attempt on the part of the British Government to bring about a reconciliation with the Government of the United States; and it might have succeeded had the Government of the United States simply desired a reconciliation with Great Britain, not a victory for electioneering purposes over British honour. But its vaunted importance as the inauguration of a new international era fell to the ground upon the rejection of the Fenian claim, after which it became not a signal submission of force to public law, but a signal assertion of the immunity of the American Republic from international responsibility, and a step backwards instead of forwards in the moral progress of humanity. All hope of its producing a better state of feeling between the two nations expired in the bickerings and recriminations consequent on the dispute as to its interpretation with reference to the indirect claims; and though it was Lord Granville's duty to labour as he did with temper and perseverance for its preservation, even he must have felt after such a taste of the "amity" of the opposite party to the arbitration that he might be saved by an early miscarriage from worse evils to come. It appears, on conclusive authority, that Mr. Bancroft Davis, in addition to his indirect claims, sent in inflated estimates (to use no harsher expression) of the direct claims; and even if the injustice of these estimates were admitted by the Americans themselves as openly as was the untenable character of the claim for consequential damages, the retractation of a wrongful demand would still be held, in the latter case as in the former, incompatible with American honour. We have learnt something as to the value of that transcendental morality, spouted from innumerable platforms, which in theory soars above angels, but in practice is unequal to efforts easy and familiar to every man of honour.

If the treaty dies the American case

will live a monument to the civilized world, and in all books on international law, of the temper and habits of the American Government. British statesmen also have now probably learnt what they were naturally and perhaps laudably slow to learn—the vanity of attempting by unreciprocated demonstrations of good-will and caresses which are invariably misconstrued, to gain the friendship of the one nation on earth whose friendship is not to be gained. The identity of language veils the fact that the people of the United States have become, under the influence of different institutions, and from the infusion of foreign elements, at least as alien to the British as any other foreign nation. Among the other leading features of British character they have lost the power of forgiving and forgetting an old quarrel; and while Washington is revered in England almost as a national hero, Americans still rancorously brood over the memories of the Revolutionary war. School histories, entirely made up of inflated and malignant accounts of the two quarrels with Great Britain, inoculate each rising generation with the ancestral hatred, and Irish and protectionist sentiment add their quota to the sum of bitterness. We may not be altogether misled by our vanity in supposing that some degree of envy, however strange on the part of so prosperous and powerful a nation, still mingles with the other causes of hostility; and Hawthorne may have been right in saying, as he did with singular frankness, that Americans would be able to regard England with cordiality when she had been compelled by some great calamity to implore their help. Be this as it may, the notion that beneath incessant and universal manifestations of ill-will there lurks a fund of affection fed by the memory of a common origin is unfounded, and if assumed as the basis of action, must lead to disappointment and humiliation. No political capital is so valuable to an American politician as the reputation of having injured or insulted Great Britain, and it was evidently felt by President Grant that to yield to her, even when every sane American admitted her to be undeniably in the right, would be absolutely fatal to his chance of re-election. Peace with the United States is to Great Britain and Canada an object of the very highest importance; but it will be best secured by a scrupulous observance of all obligations, coupled with a certain measure of reserve, at least with abstinence from anxious and overstrained demonstrations of friendship, and with a due maintenance of our own rights and of the rights of nations. The effect of the temperate but unanimous resistance of the British people to the recent attempt at extortion has been entirely good; and equally good, we are persuaded, would have been the effect of a courteous but manly and resolute adherence to the Fenian claim.

It is to be regretted that the beneficent principle of international arbitration should, upon its first grand application, have received so severe a blow; but there is no reason for despairing of its success in the case of nations different in their temper and habits from the people of the United States, and uninflamed by traditional animosity against the other party to the suit. Where actual submission to arbitration may seem perilous, it may perhaps be useful to take the opinion of impartial jurists as a guide to the parties, and by way of moderating the angry extravagances into which nations are hurried by their mutual excitement and the violence of an irresponsible press.

The debate on the Washington Treaty was further memorable as an epoch in the relations between the mother country and the colonies, since by the submission of the Canadian articles to our Parliament, England in effect abdicated almost the last remnant of authority which she had retained over the colony—the treaty-making power.

Had not the Opposition been suffering under the effects of their great defeat they

could hardly have failed to make a more vigorous stand, and to produce a greater public impression than they did on the question respecting the trial of controverted elections. This might well have been chosen by them as the field for a pitched battle. The claim of the House of Commons to act judicially in the matter of controverted elections is admitted in England to be obsolete, and a relic of that early period of constitutional history in which the functions of political assemblies had not yet been clearly distinguished from those of judicial tribunals, and when the House was not unfrequently tempted to usurp judicial authority in questions of a more general kind. The failure of justice, the electoral malpractices, the popular discontent, the aspersions on the honour of Parliament, which prevailed under the system of parliamentary committees, have been happily removed by the transfer of these trials to the judges, to whom all trials, whatever their subject matter, belong. At the same time, an end has been put to the enormous expense and inconvenience involved in bringing every election case to be tried at the capital, and which in themselves often constituted an effectual bar to justice and a complete screen for criminal tampering with the suffrage, by sending the judges to the constituency, and thus bringing justice home to the petitioners' door. Experience was hardly needed to prove that a trial is more properly conducted by those trained to sift evidence than by the untrained, that an impartial judge is preferable to a court made up, even in equal proportions, of the parties to the suit, or that cheap and ready justice is better than the reverse. But, if it were, the experience of England has been decisive; and Canada happily shares with England that greatest of political blessings, an independent judiciary, fully possessing the confidence of the people. To rebut any possible suggestion as to a difference between the circumstances of the two countries, Ontario has adopted the English law, and with equally good results. That the system of trial by the judges is favourable to the freedom and purity of suffrage, as the system of trial by parliamentary committees was to intimidation and corruption, is, in truth, established beyond the possibility of doubt. Yet the Minister, on the eve of a general election, resisted the reform, enumerating mechanical difficulties, which seemed not insurmountable, and appealing somewhat palpably to the pugnacity of his party. A government could hardly place itself in a more assailable position, or afford an opposition a better opportunity of coming forward as the champions of the honour of Parliament and of the rights of the people. Yet, mainly, it would seem, for the reason before mentioned, comparatively little impression was made.

The debates on the New Brunswick School Law afforded matter both for reflection and mirth. The Minister who, to the authority of his official position, added the reputation of an eminent constitutional lawyer, began by pronouncing that the New Brunswick Legislature, in passing the Act establishing secular education, had acted clearly within its constitutional jurisdiction, and that the Dominion Parliament "could have no voice or opinion in the matter." This, it would seem, ought to have closed the discussion. Yet, after several adjournments, the Government ended by supporting a resolution, which was, in effect, a vote of censure against the New Brunswick Legislature, and an injunction to repeal the obnoxious law. No logical process could have conducted from the legal opinion to the resolution; but the interval of time between them had been filled with a Cabinet agony caused by the pressure of Roman Catholic supporters on one side and of constitutional law and New Brunswick on the other—an agony, no doubt, replete with picturesque and touching incidents in interview and caucus. After boxing

the compass in search of an expedient, the Ministers were landed at last in a course which they, no doubt, judged rightly in deeming practically the easiest, though it was logically the most untenable of all. On the other hand, the Opposition was not in a condition to take advantage of the perplexities of the Government, which it watched for some time in silence with wistful eyes. It, as well as the Government, had its Roman Catholic supporters, the dread of whose anger ruled its movements, and was visible beneath all rhetorical disguise. The Roman Catholics spoke frankly and sincerely for their separate schools, the New Brunswickers for their local liberties; in all other quarters strategical considerations manifestly prevailed.

It will be interesting to see what course will be taken by the New Brunswick Legislature. The provincial right is admitted, subject, at least, to a reference to England on a special point; and it is admitted that had the right not been respected and assured, Confederation could not have been carried. Public education, moreover, is in itself a subject on which, as all who have studied the subject dispassionately will allow, it is desirable to grant as much liberty of local experiment as possible. The difficulties of the question, which divides and agitates almost every community, are caused, in a great degree, by forcing all parts of a nation, however different their circumstances, social, economical, or intellectual, to adopt the same system. The remark may be extended to national progress generally, which would go on more smoothly and more rapidly if we were not all forced to advance abreast.

In any event it is to be hoped that local liberties will not be sacrificed, nor Dominion party permitted more than is necessary to control Provincial Governments. Without strong local institutions democracy may become the worst of tyrannies. The Provincial Governments are likely always to be sounder than that of the Dominion, because they are more under the eyes of their constituents, and the means of corruption in their case are not so great. Under institutions such as ours every step away from the constituent is apt to be a step nearer to corruption.

One evening the galleries were filled with members of the civil service and their families, who had come to listen to a debate touching the disposal of a surplus fund formed out of the contributions of that body. They must have heard from one of the speakers some harsh sentiments harshly expressed, and which, it may be added, were fallacious as well as unkind. The interests of those by whom the permanent administration is carried on, and on whose character its efficiency and integrity depend, are at least as intimately connected with those of the country as are the interests of the Parliamentary politicians. Their salaries are fixed, generally, with a pretty strict regard to economy, and are constantly decreasing in real amount with the general rise of wages and the general decline in the purchasing power of gold. To tell an efficient and experienced civil servant, in contumelious and sarcastic terms, to take inadequate wages or to go about his business, is to misconceive the real circumstances of the case and the requirements of the public. Of course the civil servant cannot go; he has committed himself to the service, and, especially if he is at all advanced in years, is incapacitated for other callings; he must perforce keep his place, and take such wages as he can get. But though the civil servant will not go, the civil service will. Young men of good character will not enter a calling in which they cannot expect fair treatment and reasonable remuneration; and the faithfulness and efficiency of the service in course of time will cease. In ordinary cases justice is done, and the interest of the community is most surely promoted by leaving each man to make the best terms

that he can for himself; but a civil service must be dealt with collectively, and to keep it trustworthy Government must give its members what is just. Even great employers of ordinary labour, such as the Cunard Company, find the benefit of acting in some degree on the same principle, and attaching those in their employment to the service by making them feel that it is one of liberality and justice.

The Government measure for the assimilation of our law relating to unions and strikes to the English law was no doubt in the main right and necessary, though the English law, framed in a period of agitation, would probably admit of considerable improvement on a cool review. But the circumstances under which the measure was brought forward, and the point which had been given to it by supporters of the Government for electioneering purposes, would have warranted some grave words of warning as to the criminality of allowing party motives ever to influence the treatment of a question so fearfully important to the industrial life and the social happiness of our country. The only aim of the Opposition, however, appeared to be to bid a little higher for the working man's vote.

The debate on the Pacific Railway seemed to a bystander amply to confirm the saying of a leading authority on Canadian commerce, that the enterprise, however popular and beneficent, was a "leap in the dark." The same debate confirmed the misgivings which are beginning to be felt as to the fitness of numerous assemblies to deal with any but broad political questions. On such subjects as the details of a railway route the discussion is a mere babel; real deliberation is out of the question, weariness decides more than counsel, and only those who have some particular end in view press through the general confusion and indifference to their own mark. Parliaments, originally summoned merely to grant taxes and accept the measures framed by the sovereign, since they have themselves become the sovereign power, require much adaptation to qualify them properly for the work of legislation.

In Committee on Mr. Costigan's Dual Representation Bill, Mr. Blake, as the organ of the Opposition, moved as an amendment that "every person who is a shareholder in the Pacific Railway Company, which is to receive on terms to be fixed by the Government of the day $30,000,000 and 50,000,000 acres of land, shall be ineligible to a seat in this House; and any member of this House becoming a shareholder in such Company shall vacate his seat in the House." Mr. Blake's speech is ill reported, the gravity of the subject not having been appreciated by the public at the time, though it is probably one of more serious import to us as a nation than even the Treaty of Washington; an oversight due partly to the error committed, as it would seem, by the Opposition, in bringing forward a question, which might well have been made one of the great questions of the session, merely in the form of amendment in committee on a comparatively unimportant bill. Mr. Blake, however, urged in effect that it was the duty of the House to guard against a great danger. He referred to the formation of the company for the construction of the Railway, pointing out that the Government would have such a control over the members of the company that their prosperity would depend on its good will, and its ill will might effect their ruin. He believed that sufficient means had not yet been provided for the railway, and that further application for assistance would yet be made; in addition to which, the company was deeply interested in getting the land and money as it wanted them. There had already been rumours of discontent on account of an amendment providing that the subsidy should be payable in proportion to the construction, as calculated to hamper the company. Everything was to be left in the hands of the Government, and under these circum-

stances he entertained the strongest opinion that it was essential to the independence of the House that they should exclude from it members of a company supported and sustained by the Government, and which would have to obtain its resources for the prosecution of its work from the Government of the day. He found that in the list of provisional directors there were twenty-five members of Parliament; and if these directors remained in the House the virtue of the Minister would not long resist the attack of twenty-five members saying to him: "We support you, but we can no longer do so if you are so niggardly of the public lands and monies; we want the lands and money faster, and a little more of them, or the next vote of want of confidence may find us on the other side." *

The debate unfortunately diverged at once into personalities of the most irrelevant kind, and no answer was given on the part of the Government to the very grave question raised by Mr. Blake's motion.

The principle of excluding from Parliament, as a necessary security for its independence, government contractors and others pecuniarily dependent upon Government, may be regarded as a fundamental part of British institutions, and it is one which it is still deemed essential, in the case of the British House of Commons, to guard with unabated vigilance. The principle that no man can act as a guardian of the public interest in matters in which his private interest is involved, though, like any other principle, it may be tampered with and obscured by casuistry, is indelibly engraved on the heart of every man of honour. The presence of leading commercial men in the councils of the nation, though most desirable, cannot compensate for the breach of principles so vital to the very existence of a council worthy of being called national. In the present case, however, if the facts are correctly stated in Mr. Blake's speech, we are presented with the picture of a Parliament actually swarming with members dependent on the favour of the Government, and able, in turn, by their united force, to compel the Government to grant what they desire. The apprehensions which such a prospect creates imply no disparagement to the character of any particular Government, or to the character of the Government more than to that of the leaders of the Opposition, who, as aspirants to power, will be subjected to the same pressure and the same temptation. The exclusion of the members of a particular company from the Legislature is certainly an awkward and invidious expedient, and fair exception might have been taken to that mode of providing a security. But unless some security can be provided a great danger seems to threaten the country. If the Minister has any regard for his fame, he will consider the subject more seriously than he appeared inclined to do in the debate.

More than one motion was made for the reform of the Senate, while that body was pursuing the even and decorous tenor of its way amidst those splendours of upholstery which, according to British tradition, seem to be the appanage and the consolation of legislative weakness. We will not be tempted to launch into the question of Second Chambers, and the mode of appointing them, or to dwell on the curious aberrations into which the framers of the Canadian Constitution, among others, have been led by taking the House of Lords for a Second Chamber, when, in fact, it is an Estate of the Realm; though the First Minister says that these are topics specially suited to magazines. There was, probably, an under-current of gentle irony in his own panegyric on the practical working of the Senate at Ottawa. On the other hand, if his nominations have not been above criticism, a writer in a magazine may put in for him a plea which he could hardly have put

* The best report is that in the *Mail*, June 4, which we have mainly followed.

in for himself. Under the party system of government, party must engross everything. For every vacancy in the Senate there is a claimant, who has done something, or expended something, for the party, and whose claims cannot be set aside. The Minister may feel as strongly as his critics how much the Senate would be strengthened, and his own reputation enhanced, by the introduction of some of the merit, ability, and experience which do not take the stump. But party demands its pound of flesh. The result, however, will probably be that, after a long course of nominations by the head of one party, the Senate will, upon a change of Government, be brought into collision with the elective assembly, and the end of the "Peers" will arrive.

The amount of public time expended during the session in the discussion of the Proton outrage and similar historic themes, was not unreasonably large, nor, upon the whole, did we much miss the moderating and refining influence of the Speaker's wig. Unfortunately, the dark presence of the Proton outrage once or twice clouded the scene when it was particularly desirable that the vision of members should be clear.

There is no lack in the Dominion Parliament of the oratory which rules the world in our generation, though future generations will perhaps regard its ascendancy as a singular phenomenon of the past. What may be the amount of those qualities in which the community has a more real interest, is a question on which a bystander cannot presume to form an opinion. Rare in any political assembly are those noble forms whose very bearing bespeaks integrity, truth, and single-hearted devotion to the public good. May the youth of Canada learn to aim high, and to remain, amidst parties struggling for place, loyal to honour and to our common country!

It would be ungrateful to close a paper on the session of the Dominion Parliament without noticing that, with that session, Lord Lisgar closed not only his rule in Canada, but a long period of service as the Imperial representative in Colonies and dependencies, in the course of which his discretion, urbanity, and experience in public business have removed difficulties, smoothed asperities, and taught the somewhat heady current of colonial politics to run more calmly, and not to overflow the fields.

REVERIE.

BY THE REV. C. P. MULVANEY.

TO-NIGHT my heart is lonely,
And sad as sad can be:
There is not one in the wide world
To look with love on me.
And wearily the wind blows,
And blindly falls the rain,—
It seems to strike upon my heart,—
Not on the window pane.

The weary wind will rest it;
The rain will slumber well,
Deep hidden in the rosebud's breast,
Or in the sweet blue-bell;
But still my heart is throbbing,
As sad as sad can be,—
There is not one in the wide world
To think with love on me.

Not always wave the branches
At the wind's imperious will;
'Neath the burning feet of summer
The tossing waves are still.
But for that sad-voiced prophet
Within the human breast,
And its dull, monotonous warnings,
There comes no hope, nor rest.

HUNTLEY, ONT.

ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

BY PROF. H. CORSON.

THERE is a growing suspicion in the educational world that the study of English grammar, as pursued in our schools, is not generally attended with the best results; that it is quite as often attended with bad results. It can be asserted, almost without qualification, that those whose education is confined to what is afforded by the common schools, end their school-days with no available knowledge of the general principles of language, and, what is still worse, no correct knowledge whatever, of the structure of their mother tongue. The English child who studies no other language than its own, is at a peculiar disadvantage in the matter of grammar, in comparison, for example, with the German child. For the German language is still highly inflected, and all whose vernacular it is can, through it alone, be exercised in grammatical relations. But the relations of words in an English sentence are for the most part logical, not grammatical, stripped as the language is of nearly all inflections, their place being supplied by separate prepositive particles, and by auxiliaries; in other words, English is almost exclusively an analytic language, ideas and their relations in thought being separately expressed. And yet our schoolmaster grammarians treat the language as though it were inflected, and talk about agreement and government; and about voices, moods, and tenses that have no existence, except in analytic forms. For example, (I, he, she, we, they, you,) "shall have written," is called the future perfect tense of the verb *write*, first and third persons, singular, and first, second and third persons plural, and equivalent to the Latin *scripsero*, *scripserit*, *scripserimus*, *scripseritis*, *scripserint*. That it is

equivalent to these Latin forms is true enough; but the pupil, in so learning the English verb, gets no idea of its peculiar structure. English grammar was originally based on Latin grammar, and has been ever since treated, except by a few German scholars, who have taken it in hand, analogically—*per aliud*, instead of *per se*, as it should be. Dr. Wallis, whose *Grammatica Linguæ Anglicanæ*, published as early as 1653 is still worthy to be ranked among the very best English grammars that have yet been written either by English or American grammarians, was the first to see the error of this analogical treatment of English grammar. Alluding to his predecessors, Gill, Ben Jonson, and others, he remarks:—"Omnes ad Latinæ linguæ normam hanc nostram Anglicanam nimium exigentes multa inutilia præcepta de Nominum casibus, Generibus, et Declinationibus, atque Verborum Temporibus, *Modis et Conjugationibus*, de Nominum item et Verborum Regimine, aliisque similibus tradiderunt quæ a lingua nostra sunt prorsus aliena, adeoque confusionem potius et obscuritatem pariunt, quam explicationi inserviunt." That is, "They all subject this our English tongue too much to the rule of the Latin, and deliver many useless precepts respecting the cases, genders and declensions of nouns, the tenses, moods and conjugations of verbs, the government of nouns and verbs, and other like things, which are altogether foreign to our tongue, and beget confusion and obscurity, rather than serve for explanation."

If his successors had profited, as they should have done, by what he has so succinctly set forth in this passage, we should have had English grammar, long ere this, placed on its own bottom, and the fact would have been recognized and acted upon that modern English is no proper medium for grammatical discipline; and, in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, a resort would have been had to Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English phraseology. The writer of this article has frequently gone into country schools where they pretend to teach English grammar, and has heard both teachers and pupils talk about the agreement of adjectives and nouns, the government exercised by verbs and prepositions, none of which exist except to a very limited extent; and what is worst of all, when grammar is so taught, neither teachers nor pupils ever think, perhaps, what agreement and government really mean, so that a grammar lesson is made up of a set of meaningless, stereotyped expressions, whose idle repetitions leave the mind only the more vacant the more glibly they are gone over.

The study of grammar, if properly pursued, *ought* to be one of the most interesting of all school studies, revealing, as it does, the working of the ingenious and subtle organ the mind employs for the expression of its myriad impressions, thoughts and sentiments. As generally pursued, it is the driest, most barren, and most repulsive; as repulsive as what is called "composition"—an exercise which is generally hated with a holy hatred by all young pupils upon whom it is imposed, as it too often is, before they have any ideas to compose.

For some years past, the curriculum of study in our schools and colleges has been verging more and more toward the natural sciences. The great strides that these have made within the memory of living men, and their important bearing upon every-day life and the progress of civilization and refinement, render it difficult to resist their tendency to displace many of the time-honoured means of mental discipline. There is now a large class of educators in England and America, who look upon the study of Latin and Greek, for example, as a sad waste of time, when there is such an accumulation of useful knowledge in the world. This study, they argue, was all very

well when there was little else to be learned; but that we should now sweep from our halls of learning the mediæval dust and cobwebs, and let in the wholesome and invigorating light of science. This sounds very plausible, even to those who regard education in its true character, as an out-drawing and a discipline of the mental faculties, irrespective of the special outward direction their exercise may take in after life; and to those who regard it as identical with the acquisition of useful knowledge—and they constitute a numerous class—as perfectly conclusive.

Of one thing classical scholars are quite certain, that the study of Latin and Greek affords a certain kind of discipline such as no other study has yet been found to afford, and that, too, at an age when the mind is not prepared for much knowledge of any kind.

The science of comparative philology, which is little more than half a century old, has already quite as great a claim upon educators as any of the more developed sciences, bearing, as it does, upon ethnology, and claiming the attention not of the scholar only, but also of the historian, the mental and moral philosopher, and the theologian; and which, "though it professes to treat of words only, teaches us that there is more in words than is dreamt of in our philosophies."

For the study of this important science, there is no better preparation in early life than a thorough training in Latin and Greek, especially Greek; while the study of the development of the Greek verb affords of itself the best discipline to the young mind that has, perhaps, ever been devised. And then, as the foundation of a sound literary taste, the study of Latin and Greek may be said to be indispensable. Every Professor who has had any experience in conducting classes of young men in the critical reading of an English author, knows the great advantage enjoyed by those who have had a classical training over those who have not.

But if the old college curriculum must be departed from, the next best course to be pursued towards securing a similar, if not an equivalent, discipline, is to study our own language in its historical development. Any one who will take the trouble to examine all the more important and ambitious English grammars that have been written, must arrive at the inevitable conclusion that the English language cannot be studied, with any satisfactory results, on the basis of modern English. No man ever worked harder or more earnestly, "to do up" English grammar, than Goold Brown. He spent a third of a century on his "Grammar of English Grammars," the 6th edition of which contains 1,102 pages 8vo., of closely printed matter, painstakingly sifted from 463 grammars and 85 other works. And with what result? A great cartload of a book which, so far as an adequate exposition of the construction of the English language is concerned, isn't worth the shelf-room it occupies in a library. And the secret of the failure may be stated in very few words: The author did the best, perhaps, condensation apart, that could be done, on the principle adopted, namely, of sifting nearly 500 grammars, all of which, with few exceptions, were based on the assumption that English grammar could be treated on the basis of the modern forms of the language. The modern English is, as we have already said, almost entirely stript of inflection; but its syntax, and what is peculiar in its phraseology, have grown out of a highly inflected tongue, the Anglo-Saxon, which, more than eight hundred years ago, was brought in conflict with the language of a conquering people, with which it struggled for more than four hundred years, and came out of the struggle victorious, indeed, but shorn of all its inflectional trappings. Yet all the residual forms of its phraseology were explainable and still are, only through the forms it had cast off before the struggle was ended. Take, for example, the familiar use of the definite article before

comparatives, as in the following sentence: "For neither if we eat, are we *the* better; neither if we eat not, are we *the* worse." How could the formation of *the* before *better* and *worse* be explained to a class of young pupils knowing nothing of Latin nor of any other inflected language? Its explanation would be attended with some difficulty. But a mere smattering of Latin on the part of the class would enable the teacher to make this use of *the* before comparatives perfectly plain, by showing its correspondence with *eo*, the ablative neuter of *is, ea, id*, in the same situation. But if the class were to begin with Anglo-Saxon grammar instead of modern English, a resort to Latin would be unnecessary; *the* would be at once recognized as the ablative *the* or *thy* of the Anglo-Saxon demonstrative adjective pronoun, *se, seo, thæt*, (corresponding with the Latin *is, ea, id*), representing, in its old pronominal character, the two propositions, "we eat," and "we eat not," and as an ablative of cause or means, qualifying or limiting, adverbially, *better* and *worse*. "For neither if we eat, are we *the* (that is) on *that* account, namely, that we eat) better; neither if we eat not, are we *the* (that is, on *that* account, namely, that we eat not) worse."

Sometimes phrases occur in the most familiar, every-day English, which are totally unexplainable in any other way than by a resort to their original forms. Take, for example, the expression "a forty foot rope." No one would say "a forty feet rope," and yet how is the apparent inconsistency of uniting the numeral "forty" with "foot" to be explained? Only by going back to the original Anglo-Saxon construction, which required nouns denoting measure, weight, value, &c., and also when used after large numerals, to be put in the genitive. The genitive plural of nouns and adjectives in Anglo-Saxon invariably ended in -a, which, in the gradual dropping off of inflections, dwindled into an obscure -e, and this was finally displaced by the predominant ending -es or -s of the nominative and accusative plural (derived from Anglo-Saxon -as, of the 2nd declension), which became the common ending of all cases in the plural. But in the expression "forty fopt," "foot" is the remains of the old genitive plural "fôta." There is a small class of nouns in Anglo-Saxon, to which fôt, *foot*, belongs, that, instead of inflection, undergo a vowel change in the dative singular and in the nominative and accusative plural; e.g., fôt, *foot*, bôc, *book*, gôs, *goose*, tôth *tooth*, lûs, *louse*, mûs, *mouse*, etc.; dative singular and nominative and accusative plural, fêt, bêc, gês, têth, lês, mês, respectively. But in the genitive plural, the vowel of the nominative singular is always retained; fôta, *of feet*, bôca, *of books*, gôsa, *of geese*, tôtha, *of teeth*, lûsa, *of lice*, mûsa, *of mice*. And this explains the apparently singular form of "foot," in the expression, "a forty foot rope," which is the genitive plural after "forty," with the ending dropt. The expression in Anglo-Saxon would be "râp feowertig fôta lâng," a rope forty of feet long, or "a forty of feet long rope, or, by an ellipsis of "long," a forty of feet (fôta] rope.

But to explain the modern English verb to a class of young learners is attended with still greater difficulties—difficulties not real, but resulting from the attempt to study the language at the wrong end; and that part of the verb which is generally the least understood is the infinitive. What is the infinitive form of a verb? It is its name or nominative form, that form by which an act is designated. It is, in fact, an abstract noun, being the name given to an act conceived apart from an actor. Hence we find it used in all languages as a noun, in the character of a subject of a proposition, and of a complement of a predicate. When we turn to the parent language, we find that our modern infinitive is derived from an oblique case of the old infinitive. The old infinitive ended invariably in -an, as bindan, *to bind*, drîfan, *to drive*, standan, *to stand*,

&c., and was used as a nominative and as an accusative. In addition to this, there was a dative form, preceded always by tô-, and ending in -anne, the final -e being the dative ending of nouns of the 2nd declension, the final -n of the nominative form being doubled in accordance with the rule that a single final consonant, preceded by a single unaccented vowel, is doubled when a vowel follows in the inflection; so that the infinitive or abstract verb bindan, *to bind*, was declined, nom., bindan, dat., tô-bindanne, acc., bindan. This dative form of the infinitive, as the prefix tô- indicates, was employed after adjectives to express the *drift* of the feeling or quality which they designated, and after verbs to express their purpose, while the distinctive ending -en, of the early English infinitive, derived from the Anglo-Saxon-an, was fading out (in Chaucer's day, already it had generally dwindled down to an obscure -e, which constituted a light syllable in his verse when followed by a consonant); this dative form was gradually taking its place, and the prefix tô- was as gradually losing its occupation as the exponent of a relation, and becoming the meaningless sign of the infinitive in the place of the old ending. This prefix tô- has become so inseparable from the infinitive, that it is difficult for the mere English scholar to think of an infinitive apart from it; so much so, that in the places where the pure infinitive is still used, as after the so-called auxiliaries *do*, *did*, *will*, *would*, *shall*, *should*, *may*, *might*, *can*, *could*, *must*, &c., of which it is the direct complement, and after a few verbs like *see*, *bid*, *dare*, *let*, &c., its true character is not always recognised. The same thing has happened with nouns and pronouns; dative and accusative forms have become *name* or *nominative* forms. For example, the modern English pronoun *you* was originally a dative and an accusative plural, Anglo-Saxon eôw, the nominative being *ye*, Anglo-Saxon ge. The Quakers are often accused of speaking ungrammatically, in their use of *thee* as a nominative "How does thee do?" But it is a case exactly similar to that of *you; thee* was in Saxon the dative and accusative singular of thû, *thou*. The only difference is, that the Quakers use as a nominative the singular of the old dative and accusative, instead of the plural, when addressing a single individual.

But while the old dative of the infinitive has become the *name* or *nominative* form, it still retains its dative force in many situations; as in house *to let*, he is *to blame;* eager *to learn*, wonderful *to tell;* they went *to scoff* and remained *to pray*. When the modern English infinitive is used as a nominative or an accusative, the prefix *to* cannot be parsed as an element of speech, as it is a meaningless sign of the infinitive; but when used as a dative, as in the above examples, and expressive of the *drift* of a feeling or quality, or the purpose of an act, the prefix has its old force. Now any attempt to explain our present infinitive to a class of beginners must, we are persuaded, result only in perplexity. And without a clear understanding of the infinitive, the analytic forms of the English verb cannot be understood; while to take those forms collectively, as is done by grammarians, gives the learner no idea of their structure. To learn from Goold Brown that "might have been loved" is the passive voice, potential mood, pluperfect tense, of the verb *love*, is of no use to the pupil as a grammatical exercise. In grammatical parsing, every word should be treated as a distinct part of speech, if we would have a clear understanding of the structure of language; but in the case of the English composite tenses, this would not be possible, except by studying them historically.

We did not set out to write a treatise on the study of grammar. Our purpose has been to make a few suggestions as to how that study should be pursued; and we maintain—

1st. That a thorough grammatical discipline in early life is the indispensable basis of a sound education.

2ndly. That the Latin and Greek languages are the best media through which that discipline can be secured.

3rdly. That the uninflected modern English is no proper medium for grammatical discipline, and that in the absence of the study of Latin and Greek, resort must be had to the parent language, the Anglo-Saxon, both as a means of exercising the young pupil in grammatical relations, and of tracing the origin of modern English construction and phraseology.

ON A DEAD FLY FOUND CRUSHED IN MY SCRAP-BOOK.

BY D. W.

OUT of a hundred thousand million flies
It chances that this one,
On this white page, here prone at last, thus lies,
Life's mummied shadow, thrown.

Here in this mausoleum of odd scraps
I mean to let him lie;
In sepulchre as decent as, perhaps,
Ere chanced a common fly.

And thus his epitaph in brief I pen:—
"Here lies a mean house-fly:
Was born, passed through the common lot, and then
Here 'twas his fate to die.

"He ate, he drank the best, like I or you,
Whene'er he had a choice;
And then this thoughtless fly, life's summer through,
Just buzzed and made a noise.

"What else he e'er accomplished, I don't know;
What useful purpose here;
What end or aim his life work had to show,
Does nowhere now appear.

"So wherefore such a thing of wondrous art
Was fashioned thus so well,
To sport one summer through life's little part,
I'm sure I cannot tell.

"But if it had no purpose to achieve,
So far as one can see;
The very same is true of many a knave,—
Perchance of you or me."

TORONTO.

CONCERNING THE RELATIONS OF SCIENCE AND ART.

BY GERVAS HOLMES.

"La vraie beauté est la beauté idéale, et la beauté idéale est un reflet de l'infini. Ainsi, l'art est par lui-même essentiellement moral et religieux; car, à moins de manquer à sa propre loi, à son propre génie, il exprime partout dans ses œuvres la beauté éternelle."—*Victor Cousin.*

"O Lord, our Lord, and spoiler of our foes,
There is no light but Thine: with Thee all beauty glows." *Keble.*

A LATE writer in the *Westminster Review*, in attempting to take the "Bearings of Modern Science and Art," has shown himself, we think, somewhat *overbearing* toward the latter. There is apparently no intentional injustice, but an evident misconception of the real dignity of Art pervades the whole article; while the future achievements of science in the domains of Art are described in a tone of amusing exaggeration, far more characteristic of a cockney house-decorator than of the reverential feelings of the true artist. Take, for instance the following passage:—

"It is surely not too much to say that our walls ought now to be delicately diversified with the inexhaustible patterns of polarized light; ceilings and roofs should sparkle with the beaming arabesques of the prism; underfoot we ought to be treading on a mosaic of chemical gems. But instead of this we potter on with the primitive brush and chisel. The other, however, is the finest style of Art, which Science must in the end give us; unmanual, mechanicalized, experimental, illustrative; enabling us to reproduce and amend the natural rainbow, not imperfectly to mimic it only."

Surely this writer's heart never did

"leap up when he beheld
A rainbow in the sky."

"The shades of his prison house" must have closed around him uncommonly early, or he would never have become so completely science-bound as to talk about "*amending the natural rainbow.*" In view of this artless confession our feeling would be one of profound sorrow for the misfortune of the essayist in being condemned to a residence in such a ruinous and imperfect world; but for his evident satisfaction in the coming millenium of "Scientific Art" which is to resuscitate it completely. Pity would therefore be thrown away upon this philosophical critic, who evidently enjoys the prospect of renovation which he pictures to himself as lying in the near future. He writes in the joyous spirit of an enthusiastic improver who, in buying an estate for a homestead, prefers one that, with manifest capabilities for amelioration about it, has been neglected, only half cultivated, and in many places, it may be, left wild and desolate, in order that he may have the pleasure of creating his own home, and evoking order and beauty out of uncultured wilderness. He dwells on the imperfection of "the old representative symbolical Art," and we are let into the supposed secret of its defectiveness, and told that it insufficiently exercises the senses; a grave fault, no doubt in the eyes of one whose philosophy is wholly of an experimental character. But, behold the remedy! in the good days coming, when Art under the tutelary direction of Science will reach perfection:—

"Scientific art will so habituate the senses to inexhaustible splendour of hue, and to accuracy of intricate form, that manual achievements must come to show a glaring rudeness. The polarizing mirror will spoil us for the noble child's play of Titian's yellows and Turner's scarlets; the crystal, with its pellucid severities of form, will train us to see hesitating crooks in all lines drawn or sculptured with the fingers."

It is further suggested that through the advance of science we are becoming so thoroughly *en rapport* with what have hitherto been the secrets of nature, that Manual Art, not being able to find symbols "for the subtler presentiments of cellular and crystalline organization," must cease altogether, not being "able to content the fully aroused organic appetites!"

Such appetites were indeed difficult to satisfy with the grand spiritual conceptions and teachings of High Art. It would be as rational to attempt to satisfy the appetite of a hungry boor with the symphonies of Mozart or Beethoven, as the soul of a positive philosopher with the feeling of ideal beauty.

But does it thence follow that all art that is not under mechanical direction and influence is of an inferior quality? Is the genius of the heaven-born artist to become powerless and fruitless unless it becomes the slave of science—a thing to be summoned by what this essayist has himself fitly enough described as a "mechanical spell"? Under such conditions art would indeed become effete, and, losing its divine strength, become a servant to the Philistines, condemned

"To grind in brazen fetters under task."

This is a philosophy of very narrow comprehension,—"a reason very little reasonable, since it does not include all parts of human nature." And herein lies the source of the reviewer's misapprehension of the true function of Art. His range of view is narrow and incomplete, though an admirable one as far as it goes. He has dwelt with great ability on the advantages which Art may reap from her alliance with Science; and these we do not at all question. But we earnestly maintain if this alliance, which must and will grow closer day by day, is to be a happy one, Science must not attempt to play the *role* of dictator, but attend to its own business, and wait duteously upon the "imperial faculty" of the creative imagination of

"those whose kingly power
And aptitude for utterance divine
Have made them artists." *

The truth is that Art has a nobler mission than to address the senses alone. She comes to us with "messages of splendour" from the grand unapproachable Central Source of light and beauty, † telling us of a larger and fuller life beyond and around this present one, and giving us glimpses, too swift and short, of its supersensual glories,—whisperings of things not seen, like those of the shell concerning which Wordsworth beautifully sings, whose "sonorous cadences" express

"Mysterious union with its native sea,"

telling of

"ever-during power
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation." ‡

As the Prophetess of Nature, the Revealer and Expositor of her mysteries, Art takes up the same parable, and by her interpretations makes more widely and fully manifest the "invisible things" of the Creator. If the language of the artist-preacher is symbolical, it is not on that account either uncertain, or untruthful. The objection that the intellect is offended by "an imperfect and partially symbolical representation is simply absurd. The intellect can no more be offended by anything that enables it to grasp more firmly objects of mental conception (*intelligenda*)

* Dr. Holland's "Kathrina."

† Φῶς οἰκῶν ἀπρόσιτον." 1 Tim. vi.–16.

‡ The Excursion, Book 4.

than the eye can be offended by more distinct vision of physical objects. What, indeed, are words but symbols of the most abstract kind; and yet we all feel their inestimable value in the expression and interpretation of our thoughts far too deeply to be offended by their acknowledged inadequacy. How contracted our knowledge would be without the use of these signs or symbols of thought! How terribly imperfect the intercourse between mind and mind! Yet if inadequacy of expression is to be accepted as a reason for silence, most of us would be struck dumb. More especially would this be the case in regard to matters of the highest importance. The greatest of the prophets often spoke—"as little children lisp, and sing of heaven"—of things beyond their ken—of "thoughts beyond their thought."

Symbolical representation (understanding by that term any variation from the plain narration, or literal expression of any mental conception, facts, or external appearances), may then really be, as indeed we often experience, a fuller exponent of the idea, a more perfect representation of the truth—the soul of things, than the best attempt at literal exposition. Artists of the pre-Raphaelite or realistic school appear to miss this truth. Excellent in their aims, in their love of truth, and hatred of shams and conventionalisms, they succeed at times in the production of very fine pictures. Yet too generally they overshoot the mark, and in exaggerated efforts to be faithful, lose the truth and the life of their subject by too sedulous attention to the minute details of external form and finish. The life and spirit of their subjects evaporate under such laborious manipulation. The language of painting is synthetic in its character, and therefore inconsistent with the analytical effect of realism, which draws the attention too much to the consideration of details. In verbal description, on the other hand, this minuteness of detail is requisite in order to secure pictorial effect, as is finely exemplified in the works of Sir Walter Scott. But too often both writers and painters appear to do their utmost to stifle the spirit of their subject in the abundance of its rich and heavy drapery. Yet the highest development of even this excellence of expression is seldom to be obtained thus. "It is," as an able Art critic has well observed, "almost always combined with excellence of *thought*, expressed or spoken. But when it falls short of this it is foolishness and emptiness. It may be beautiful exceedingly—it may be rich in gorgeous colouring, and lovely with all the loveliness of effective light and shadow, but if 'the little bright drop from the soul' be absent, it is not the highest art." *

There are, doubtless, many branches or departments of the Fine Arts in which accuracy, delicacy and precision are specially needed, and in these the services of science are invaluable. In architecture, artistic metallurgy, and some kinds of textile fabrics, mechanical and other appliances are used very largely with great advantage; and hereafter they will become increasingly valuable in adding beauty and elegance to these and other kinds of artistic work. We go even further in this direction, and admit that we think it is quite possible for empirical and mechanicalized Art to rival, perchance to surpass the "Dutch Interiors" of Teniers, the fruit-pieces of Lance, beautiful as most of these are in their way, or even the exuberant bodily excellence of the Flemish type of humanity in which Rubens so much delighted. But the chief merits of such paintings as these is that of *expression*, that is to say, the effective use of the *material* employed to convey the idea. Such pictures are like popular orations, intended only to please by brilliancy of dress. Both are alike appeals to the senses, and both alike fail in reaching the heart, which indeed they were not intended to do. Many paintings of the schools referred to are undoubtedly good in their

* *North British Review*, February, 1862.

way, but they neither seek after, nor point to the highest good. Nay, some of them tend the other way, and fold the senses so

"Thick and dark
About the stifled soul within"

that it can hardly even "guess diviner things beyond."*

The difference between empirical and ideal art is finely illustrated by Mrs. Newton Crosland in two beautiful sonnets lately published in *Appleton's Journal*," which are here submitted to the reader:

PHOTOGRAPHY AND ART.

I.

"He who hath made the sun his serf can show
Man's life-leased house, each window pane and bar
With all the lines that beautify or mar
The human soul's palatial prison now;
And at the wonder still doth reverence grow;
For, sometimes lured by happy guiding star
Which even shines to prison homes from far
The Royal Captive looks through casement low.
But only thus we see—or we miss-see—
The soul's fine traceries, which seem so mean
Through the dull glass; we turn with childish glee
To dote upon the wall the panes between,
And marvel how its shapely forms agree,
And own the Prison has a lovely sheen.

II.

"The Artist labours in a nobler way;
He hath a mighty wand that subtly breaks
The hard, straight bar which every casement streaks;
And as he quickly opens to the day
The thick dim panes, he bids the prisoner stay
Full statured at the window; then there wakes
A fresh creation; which an art life takes
Diviner than the fairest thing Sun's ray
Can father! And forgiving we forget
If casement panes and bars less fact-like glow
Than those the Sun sharp-pointed ray hath set,
More glad to have the Prisoner fairly show
With all the jewels of his coronet
Than perfect outline of his Prison know!"

This fine description reminds us of a painting we saw on exhibition at Boston, eight years ago, of St. Paul before Festus and Agrippa—a grand ideal face which has haunted our mind and memory ever since, as the most perfect conception of the great Apostle of the Gentiles that we have ever seen. The spare, attenuated form (truer to the Scriptural ideal than the superb creation of Raphael's pencil) was not above the middle height, but in the grand, heroic face, worn as it was with care and suffering, might be traced the lineaments of an ambassador of heaven. The noble expression of a highly cultivated intellect was suffused and irradiated with a calmer, diviner light which

"told that the soul within
Had tasted that true peace which never fails."

On the bema before which the Apostle stood, the Roman Governor sat in a half-averted position, a haughty scepticism, mingled with impatience, written on his face. On his left was "King Agrippa," his somewhat hard features wearing a perplexed, half-convinced expression; while near by the careless attitude and fair but disdainful features of his sister Berenice bore witness to her contemptuous indifference to all that was passing. In the back ground appeared a group of Jewish rabbis, their dark, malicious visages glaring at the dignified prisoner with implacable fierceness, as if only the strong leash of the military power of Rome, (indicated by the presence of a lictor, and one or two soldiers) kept them from tearing him to pieces.

Weak and feeble as was the bodily aspect of the prisoner, there was on his part no quailing in that august presence. Conscious of a better position, and a nobler heritage than any of his judges or accusers, he stood before them unmoved, save by a divine compassion. It was, as the Apostle knew, a supremely solemn moment in the lives of those present. Truth had been spoken which would never again reach their ears—truth on which hung everlasting things; and as he realized this, the grand soul within shone with heavenly brightness out of that worn countenance, and prompted the utter-

* Mrs. Browning.

ance (its expression touchingly aided by the uplifting of his fettered arm) of the earnest wish of his generous heart, in the well-known words to Agrippa, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day were both almost and altogether such as I am, *except these bonds.*"

In the creation of such a picture as this, empirical science can never have any share, save as a devout servant of the genius which evokes it into being. There is in these creations of mind a "grandeur surpassing all physics." They take us beyond ourselves, toward the Infinite. They teach us the important lesson that no beauty exclusively physical can fully satisfy the lofty æsthetic cravings of the soul of man, any more than the largest amount of scientific or literary acquirements can satisfy his intellect. "The eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing."

> "Our longings are on larger scale
> Than lower worlds can grant us;"

and the best alchemy of earth can only produce phantom roses from the ashes of our brightest dreams, destitute alike of bloom and perfume.*

But there is a Divine Science by means of which we can place ourselves in harmonious relationship with that primeval beauty of which all true loveliness is but a more or less faint reflection; and to reach this is the highest wisdom. As an able living writer* has well observed, "No true reason is or ought to be satisfied with an echo, a type, a symbol of something higher which it cannot reach. If it finds transitory beauty in the type, it turns, by its own law, to gaze on the eternal beauty beneath; if it finds broken music in the echo, it yearns after the perfect harmony which roused the echo."

This is the conclusion we wish to reach, and with the beautiful antiphonal words of the Rev. Dr. Punshon, in a little volume (not so well known as it deserves to be) whose "Sabbath chimes" echo the peace-bearing music of the skies, we end our paper:

> "No light, no rest below!
> Our hearts are weary, and our voices falter
> Ah! whither shall our anguished spirits go?
> Lord, be Thy love our plea—Thy Cross our altar.
>
> "All, all we want is Thine!
> Greek beauty, Roman reverence in Thee blended
> And nature glows into a holy shrine
> And form is spirit—and doubt is ended."

* See Longfellow's fine poem "Palingenesis," which is touchingly suffused with that feeling of soul-weariness which characterizes most of his writings.

*Mr. R. H. Hutton, in the first of two volumes of "Essays," recently published by Strahan & Co., London.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE GREAT DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

BY FRANCES (MINTO) ELLIOT.

(Authoress of "An Idle Woman in Italy.")

I live on a high hill in the charming boccage County of Berkshire—the royal county, as we love to call it, because Windsor Castle, that glorious legacy from our Norman Kings, half feudal, half palatial, lies within our limits.

From our garden terraces, towards the south—a kindly place for brightest flowers and ruddiest fruits—peaceful woodlands rise all around. Here and there higher and larger woods break the horizon, marking the loftier timber of neighbouring park and pleasure-ground. Every inch of country is rich, trim, and cultivated, realizing the Frenchman's notion that England is all a garden. To the right, plainly seen from our lawn, are the dark lines of the Strathfieldsaye woods—oak, spruce, fir, feathery ash, and spirey poplar, stretching along one side of a picturesque common, half heather, half woodland, and wholly sylvan, called Heckfield.

Looking out again from our garden terraces, towards the left, are certain vast forests of dark fir—nothing but fir; no brighter colour or livelier green to gladden these sombre masses, covering a wild moorland district that stretches miles away towards the south. Those are the Bramshill woods, enshrouding one of the grandest Elizabethan mansions in England, built by an Italian architect for Henry, Prince of Wales, eldest son of James 1st, and brother of the ill-fated Charles. It is a kind of ditto of Hatfield, also built for the same prince, and now the great house of the Salisbury family. Only Hatfield lies flat and low, and Bramshill crowns an eminence like Windsor Castle, with an avenue of elms resembling the Windsor Long Walk stretching from the sculptured grand entrance—a magnificent avenue, falling in the middle into a valley, rising upwards to a second eminence, and finally losing itself in a purple distance of boundless heather. This place, called Bramshill, belongs to the Cope family, and is the glory of our country-side. The house (grey with age, and checkered by many-shaded lichen) has remained untouched since the day it was built. It is a happy architectural inspiration, blending the grand outlines of the Italian palace with the rich ornamentation of the Tudor period. Over the principal entrance, lavishly decorated with carved stonework, are the coat of arms and feathers of the Prince, while large latticed windows, mullions, and cyphers break the line of the brick walls with bold effect. A lovely stone cornice, rich, yet open, like guipure lace, ornaments the top. Stone terraces and delicate turf run parallel to long ranges of windows on the south front, and there is an orangery and a bowling-green under the shadow of the great house, broken by flights of steps, and balustraded with carved stone.

Beyond—a foreground of sylvan beauty one would gladly walk ten miles to see—lies the grand old chase, half grass, half heather, studded with oaks, that stand calmly surveying themselves in their shadows on the grass, as if sitting for their portraits as magnificent patriarchs. Prodigious lime trees scent the air with blossoms, and the largest, wierdest firs ever seen in England, frown over the margin of a placid lake. A lovely scene, bright in the summer sunshine, and fitly framing the stately mansion towering over the woods.

Within are spacious rooms laid out in large suites on the first and second floors, lined with ancient Flemish tapestry, and decorated with choice old china, pictures and marbles. A ghost is supposed to inhabit one very ghastly

looking room at the end of a long gallery—a gallery so long, indeed, that persons standing at the further end look quite dim and small.

Well, this glorious old place (historical without any special history but that of its own exceeding beauty) was selected by the nation as a fitting home for our Iron Duke, when just warm from the great struggle at Waterloo. But unluckily, the very merit of this grey, unaltered edifice was, in his practical eyes, its *demerit*, for it was much out of repair, and it would have required the expenditure of many thousands to secure its venerable walls against further decay. A large sum of money being voted by Parliament for the purpose of purchasing a residence for the Duke, his grace characteristically took the unromantic view of the matter, and, failing to appreciate the mediæval charm of this ancient mansion, preferred Strathfieldsaye—a good, fat, well-to-do, well-preserved house and estate, which the willing nation purchased for him from the Rivers' family.

How often I have driven through that flat, uninteresting park, traversed by that most sluggish of Berkshire rivers, the Loddon, celebrated by Pope as the "Fair Lodona!" It would not do, however. No poet could make anything but prose of that lazy, muddy stream, which drags its weary way through beds of bulrush and flags, under withes and aspen trees, until it drops fairly asleep, and is absorbed by the Thames. Never was any park so conventional, so dull. A stone bridge, of the most ordinary stereotyped pattern, spans the turgid river; a road runs here, and a road there; and then tufts of plantations, and single trees, and groups of timber, all, according to immemorial precedent, like any number of other English parks all over the kingdom. No one would care for the place but for the all-pervading memory of the great man whose shadow will ever linger among these woods, and up and down these roads where he rode, and walked, and hunted, and shot, and fished for so many years. He was keen at country sports, and loved to be thought the perfect country gentleman. He was kind to munificence to all his people, and when he died, not a servant or a keeper on the property but had a pension for life, and was remembered by name in his will.

Yet, driving through that park there is one feature especially to recall—an avenue of elms, very long and very high, closing overhead like an early English cloister, in the pointed style; a wonderfully symmetrical avenue, where the trees harmonize, and seem mutually agreed to grow up, and live and die simultaneously, to do honour to the hero who so loved their overarching shadow, and was so proud of their fine proportions. This avenue conducts to the house, which, with little divergencies, we are approaching.

The Duke was a great farmer, and his park being always full of cattle, was consequently obstructed by innumerable gates. These gates were a heavy affliction, for having no footman, it devolved upon me, then a child, to open them, causing thereby much injury to the beauty of my white frock, which I had desired to keep intact for the Duchess' eyes.

Now we are at the house—a low, brick building, with window-facings of stone, after the fashion prevalent in domestic architecture during the reign of Queen Anne. There are scores of these windows above and below, all of one unbroken pattern, very monotonous, and the building is surmounted by a sloping roof, like a long extinguisher. Opposite the house, and divided from it by an oval carriage-drive, are seen one or two blocks of square white buildings. These are the stables, and between them runs a road, ending in a bit of flat park. At a short distance is the church, a strange-looking building, in shape something like a cannon ball, with a little cupola, and two bits of wings tacked on each side, to keep it steady. But the Duke liked it, as he liked the house, and when any disparaging remark was ventured upon in his presence, always said it was "good enough for him," which, of course, as he was the greatest hero living, the modern Alexander, covered the bold critic with abject confusion.

That church was served by the Duke's nephew, the present Dean of Windsor, conscientious and zealous as a parish priest among country hinds and boors, as he is now, in a sphere where his duties lie exclusively within the precincts of a royal court. The Duke (a most regular attendant) sat in a large gallery pew, like a parlour, with a stove in the middle, and when the sermon became wearisome, or passed the prescribed limit of twenty minutes, the Duke would fall to poking and mending the

fire so vigorously that the preacher was fain to conclude, for he would scarce hear himself speak.

On entering the house we find ourselves in a handsome hall, hung with pictures, and from thence we pass into a long low gallery, overlooking the flat park, the sluggish river, and the conventional bridge. The gallery was papered all over with exquisite engravings—a fancy of the Duke's. The Duchess was sitting in a small room beyond ; she was the gentlest lady I ever knew, yet gentle with a dignity all her own. Her face was pale and sad, and slightly scarred with small-pox. She had a pensive, tender look, that made one love her even before her sweet manner had settled that matter altogether. No creature could approach her without feeling her influence. Her friendliness to her country neighbours was unfailing. At a great diplomatic reception at Apsley House, a somewhat rustic old squire led her, at her own desire, among her brilliant guests.

"Really, madam," said he at length, "I am unworthy of the honour you are conferring on me."

"Nonsense," said the Duchess, "everyone takes you for the Hanoverian Ambassador ; so hold your tongue, and do not undeceive them."

When we entered the boudoir, a great album and a case of drawing materials lay before her, and we found that she was finishing a collection of sketches illustrative of the history of Charles V. Now this was a work naturally suggested by her surroundings, for in the dining-room hard by hung many splendid portraits of that period. A Velasquez presented to the Duke by the King of Spain from his own gallery at Madrid, a sedate Margaret, Governess of the low countries, and replice of the well-known portraits of Philip le Beau, and Jeanne la Folle. Did the Duchess, I wonder, ever compare the adoring love she bore her absent hero, to the passion that turned this royal lady's brain? Perhaps in the course of her solitary life (for she was often alone) some vague sympathy may have grown up in her heart for the plaintive, anxious face looking out of that tarnished frame !

Luncheon over, a meal of unexampled magnificence to my young imagination, the Duchess proposed a walk. A basket was brought to her full of bread, to feed the Duke's favourite charger, Copenhagen, on whose back he sat for fifteen hours during the battle of Waterloo. Poor Duchess ! she found an outlet for her wifely, womanly love, in the daily feeding of this old horse, now turned out luxuriously to live and die in a paddock close by the garden. On through the shrubberies we walked—I a mere child, bearing the basket, and trotting by the Duchess' side—while my mother followed in silent fear of my untamed garrulity. By-and-by she heard with horror the following remark from her "*enfant terrible.*"

"This is a beautiful place, Duchess, and these are beautiful gardens ; but if the Duke had not fought well on Copenhagen's back at Waterloo, you would never have had them, you know !"

"No," replied she, "we should not have had them ; neither would *you* have had your place, for the French and Bonaparte would have had it all."

The last time I saw this gentle lady was shortly before her death. She was lying on a sofa, ill with her last illness ; and soon after that she was taken up to town to die. Before leaving Strathfieldsaye she addressed a pencilled note (being too weak to hold a pen) to my mother, asking after her "dear little girl," to whom she sent her "best love." Such was the wife of the great Duke, a domestic saint, too modest and too refined to fill the large frame his glory had made for her ! All this time I had never seen the Duke.

Some three or four years afterwards it chanced that I was staying in a house to which he came one day, accompanied by lovely Mrs. Arbuthnot and Lady Stanhope, and the then Lady Salisbury, (*née* Gascoigne) to see a collection of pictures which he much admired. I was then a long gawky girl in short petticoats, and sat half hidden behind the sofas, terribly ashamed of my legs. No one noticed me. I ran home presently to tell my mother that I had seen the great Duke; and she piqued, mother-like, that her cub had been overlooked, sent him message to say the girl he had met that day, had been much loved by his Duchess. Her memory had now become very dear to him, and all she had loved he valued. A few days after the great hero came trotting down our park avenue in his own decided way, and after being received by my mother, specially begged to see me. Bold enough now, I advanced, held out

my hand, and fell to talking with such good will, that he was evidently amused. I asked him to look at our view from the garden terrace.

"There, sir," said I, (for everyone called him "sir," as if he were a royal duke) "that is your lodge, and there are your trees."

"How far off do you call it?" says he.

"Two miles, sir," I replied, "as a bird flies over the river."

"Yes," said he, looking hard at it, "it is more than a mile, and I will tell you why. Look at that white lodge of mine; it is but a white mass. If it were less than a mile, you would see an angle. This is a rule in distance which you should always remember."

A vision of the Duke peering with his keen grey eyes, over the barren Sierras of Spain, or the grassy folds of Belgian plains, flitted before me. How often must he have had occasion to put this rule into practice when calculating the distance from the enemy; arranging troops for battle, or looking out for his bivouac!

From this day forward, nothing could exceed his kindness. I was too young to dine out, but my mother was constantly his guest. He was one of the first who introduced the Russian mode of dining with only flowers and fruit upon the table; and this, perhaps, because he was proud of his garden and its fine produce. The dinner was always served to the minute. If any guests were but five minutes late, woe betide them! Watch in hand the Duke's keen eyes met them in no dulcet mood; nor did he fail to give them some verbal intimation of his displeasure. The house was always full, for he loved the society of beautiful, high-born ladies —loved to hear them sing, or to play with them at little games. Especially did he enjoy the song of "Miss Myrtle, the wonderful woman," which he would nightly call for, and nightly encore. It was Hercules surrounded by many Omphales—the warrior resting from his toils, and sunning himself in the rays of beauty. Still, now and then, the rough side would peep out, especially in his letters; and well as he liked my mother, Field Marshal the Duke of Wellington could, and did, write her many a curt epistle. Once she asked his intercession for lengthened leave for a young officer whose regiment was serving in India. "F. M., the Duke of Wellington," in reply, "assured his dear Mrs.——, that if he applied for leave of absence for all the young officers who wished it, he would have nothing else to do. F. M., the Duke of Wellington, must decline to make any such application on any pretext whatever."

But when asked by her to give an introduction to the brother of an old comrade he had much esteemed at Madras, and who was since dead, he furnished such a letter to the Governor General of India as assured that officer's advancement for life.

The Duke's correspondence occupied a large portion of his day; for, when out of office, he made it a point of conscience to reply to every note or letter he received. Hence the curious specimens of his style, which are extant in his own handwriting; for as his habits were generally known, every autograph-hunter provoked him to an immediate and characteristic reply.

In order to write undisturbed, he used to retire for several hours each day to his library—a pleasant, irregular room on the ground-floor, opening into a conservatory, and thence upon the well-trimmed gravel walks of the garden-plaisance. Adjoining was his bedroom, furnished with Spartan simplicity, containing only a shabby iron sofa-bedstead, and all the scanty appurtenances of his camp life. This love of simplicity in dress, furniture, and habits, was the outward index of his character.

His conversation was singularly straightforward, and his views on men and things presented a curious compound of dictatorial assertion and simple expression. The habit of command was always present with him, and the possibility of contradiction or opposition never entered his head for an instant. Ordinarily courteous, and really benevolent when unprovoked, he could, even in the most familiar converse, become exceedingly stern, both in look and manner; and it was thus, in a perfectly *naïve* assumption of infallibility, that the conscious supremacy of the Commander-in-Chief asserted itself.

Flattered, loved, consulted as an oracle, by every man, woman and child who came in contact with him, from his gamekeepers and gardeners to the Ministers and the Queen, it is only surprising that he should have preserved, even to extreme old age, his mental equilibrium, and escaped to the extent he did the pitfalls of vanity. As years went by, I en-

joyed more and more frequently the large hospitalities of Strathfieldsaye, and whenever he saw me, the great soldier, then grown old, and very white-haired and pale, with his head much bent to one side, and speaking with a loud, strident voice, always singled me out, and addressed me with an interest and kindness that I felt was accorded to me not for my own sake, but for the sake of the gentle Duchess long since passed away.

By-and-by his son, the present Duke, married the present Duchess, then the lovely Lady Douro, who quite engrossed him. She was, in truth, the daughter of his affection, and there was ever a charming mixture of paternal pride and chivalric admiration in his bearing towards her. At Strathfieldsaye they were always to be seen side by side, either in her pony-carriage, driven by herself, or on horseback. No meet of the hounds within any possible distance took place without the presence of that aged hero and that young and queenly beauty.

The Duke died at Walmer, on his soldier's bed, an exact duplicate of the shabby iron sofa at Strathfieldsaye. His early and industrious habits never varied until the hour when he lay down on his hard little couch, never to rise again, and passed away without pain or struggle, in his sleep.

BEOWULF.

From Cox's Romances of the Middle Ages.

[There can hardly be a more striking contrast than that between the German tales which have appeared among our selections and "Beowulf." The German tales are a characteristic product of the most refined civilization; "Beowulf" is an equally characteristic product of the rudest antiquity. Anglo-Saxon scholars are pretty well agreed that "Beowulf" belongs to the period before the conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity, and that it was probably brought over by the race from Germany to England. Sleswig is the probable scene of the tale.

The following version of the tale is taken from "Popular Romances of the Middle Ages," by Mr. G. W. Cox and Mr. E. H. Jones. Mr. Cox is well known as the author of an *ingenious* work on Aryan mythology, in which he endeavours with great learning and ingenuity to prove that all the myths of the Aryan race, including the Iliad and the romance of King Arthur, are simply different versions of the same story, and that this story has its origin in the phenomena of the natural world and the course of the day and year! In the introduction to his present work he refers to Beowulf in illustration of the myths relating to "the ship or barge of the dead, which, while it carries the dead to their last home, also tells the story of their lives or proclaims their wrongs." "A clearer light," he says, "is thrown on the nature of this ship in the story of Scéf, the father of Scyld, in the myth of Beowulf. Here Scéf, whose name tells its own tale, comes, as he goes, in a ship, with a sheaf of corn at his head; and when his work among men is done, he bids his people lay him in the ship, and in the ship he is laid accordingly, with the goodliest weapons and the most costly of ornaments, and with all things which may gladden his heart in the phantom land. Here we have in its fairer colours the picture which in many lands and ages has been realized in terrible completeness. In all these instances we see the expression of the ancient and universal animistic conviction which ascribed to the dead all the feelings and wants of the living, and which led men to slay beasts to furnish them with food, and to slaughter their wives or comrades, that they might journey to their new home with a goodly retinue. For the ideal of the ship itself we must look elsewhere. All these vessels move of their own will, and though without oar, or rudder, or sail, or rigging, they never fail to reach the port for which they are making. They belong, in short, to that goodly fleet in which the ships may assume all shapes and sizes, so that the bark which can bear all the Æsir may be folded up like a napkin. The child who is asked where he has seen such ships will assuredly say, 'In the sky;' and when this answer is given the old animism, which, as Mr. Tylor well says, is the ultimate source of human fancy, explains everything in the myths related of these mysterious barks, which grow big and become small again at their pleasure, which gleam with gold and purple and crimson, or sail on in sombre and gloomy majesty, which leave neither mountain nor field nor glen unvisited, and

which carry with them wealth or poverty, health or disease, which, in short, are living beings. As such they have the thoughts and words of men, and can speak with those whom they carry across the seas of heaven; and thus we have the ship which bears Odysseus from the Pheiahian land to the shores of Ithaca, and carries the Argonauts to the coast of Colchis.]

SCEF and Scyld and Beówulf—these were the god-like kings of the Gar-Danes in days of yore.

Upon the sea and alone came Scéf to the land of Scâni. He came in fashion as a babe, floating in an ark upon the waters, and at his head a sheaf of corn. God sent him for the comfort of the people because they had no king. *He tore down the foemen's thrones, and gave* the people peace and passed away.

From him proceeded Scyld the Scefling, the strong war-prince, wise in counsel, generous ring-giver. When Scyld grew old and decrepit, and the time drew near that he should go away into the peace of the Lord, he would be carried to the sea-shore. Thither with sad hearts his people bare him, and laid him in the bosom of a war-ship heaped with treasure of gold and costly ornaments, with battle-weapons, bills and spears and axes, and the linked war-mail. Rich sea-offerings of jewels and precious things they laid upon his breast. High over head they set up a golden ensign; then unfurled the sail to the wind, and mournfully gave their king and all his treasures to the deep and solemn sea; to journey none knew whither. Upon the sea, and alone, went Scyld from the land of the Scâni. He went in fashion as a king, floating away in his good ship along the track of the swans, his war-weeds and his battle-spoils beside him. He gave the people peace and passed away.

From him came Beówulf the Scylding, glorious and majestic, strong of hand, the beloved chieftain. He gave the people peace and passed away.

After the days of the god-like kings, the Danes chose Healfdene for their leader. He ruled long and well, and died in a good old age, and Hrothgár his son reigned in his stead. To Hrothgár good fortune and success in war were given, so that he overcame his enemies, and made the Gar-Danes a powerful and wealthy people.

Now, in his prosperity, it came into Hrothgár's mind to build a great mead-hall in his chief city; a lordly palace wherein his warriors and counsellors might feast, they and their children for ever, and be glad because of the riches which God had given them. Biggest of all palaces was the mead-hall of Hrothgár; high-arched and fair with pinnacles. He named it Heorot, that men might think of it as the heart and centre of the realm; that, banded together in friendship at one common banquet table, they might talk of measures for the common good. With a great feast he opened Heorot the palace, with sound of harp and song of Skald, giving gifts of rings and treasure; so that all the people rejoiced and became of one mind, and sware fealty to him. Then Hrothgár's heart was lifted up because of Heorot which he had builded.

But far away in the darkness, where dwell the Jötuns and Orks and giants which war against God, there abode a mighty evil spirit, a Jötun both terrible and grim called Grendel, a haunter of the marshes, whose fastnesses were dank and fenny places. Grendel saw the lofty palace reared, and was filled with jealous anger because the people were as one, and because there was no longer any discord among them. At night he came to the mead-hall, where slept the nobles and thanes after the feast, forgetful of sorrow and unmindful of harm; he seized upon thirty men and carried them away to his dwelling-place, there to prey upon their carcases. Bitterly mourned the Gar-Danes for their brothers when awaking in the morning twilight they saw the track of the accursed spirit, and knew that mortal strength availed for nought against their enemy. Next night Grendel came and did the like, and so for twelve years thereafter came he oftentimes and snatched the Danes whilst they slumbered, and carried them away to slay and tear them, neither for any ransom would he be prevailed upon to make peace. The houses in the land became empty, because of the counsellors and warriors that were swept away to the death-shade of the Ogre of the misty marshes. But like a shepherd for his flock grieved Hrothgár for the desolation of his people. Broken in spirit he sat in the many-coloured mead-hall, watching among his vassals through the night; but Grendel touched him not. To right and left of him the monster seized strong-hearted

men, a helpless prey, but passed Hrothgár by. God set his finger on the king that the Jötun should not harm him. Hrothgár grew wearied that he was spared while his dear friends were taken; and when men came to him for counsel, he, the wise counsellor, had none to give but sat in silence, his head bowed in sorrow on his hands. Vainly the people prayed in the tabernacles to their idols that they would send a spirit-slayer down to save them.

Away to the westward among the people of the Geáts lived a man, strongest of his race, tall, mighty-handed, and clean made. He was a thane, kinsman to Hygelác the Geátish chief, and nobly born, being son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding, a war-prince who wedded with the daughter of Hrethel the Geát. This man heard of Grendel's deeds, of Hrothgár's sorrow, and the sore distress of the Danes, and having sought out fifteen warriors, he entered into a new-pitched ship to seek the war-king across the sea. Bird-like the vessel's swan-necked prow breasted the white sea-foam till the warriors reached the windy walls of cliff and the steep mountains of the Danish shores. They thanked God because the wave-ways had been easy to them; then, sea-wearied, lashed their wide-bosomed ship to an anchorage, donned their war-weeds, and came to Heorot, the gold and jewelled house. Brightly gleamed their armour, and merrily sang the ring-iron of their trappings as they marched into the palace; and having leaned their ample shields against the wall, and piled their ashen javelins, steel-headed, in a heap, they came to where sat Hrothgár, old and bald, among his earls. Hrothgár looked upon the Geátish warriors, chief of whom Hygelác's servant, the mighty son of Ecgtheow, towered tall above the rest, god-like in his shining armour and the dazzling war-net of mail woven by the armourer. Seeing him, Hrothgár knew that the son of Ecgtheow was Beówulf, raised up of God to be a champion against Grendel the evil spirit,—Beówulf the mighty-handed one, in the gripe of whose fingers was the strength of thirty men. And while wonderingly he gave him welcome, Beówulf spake, 'Hail, O King Hrothgár! Alone and at night I have fought with evil-beings, both Jötuns and Nicors, and have overcome; and now, in order to deliver the bright Danes from their peril, have I sailed across the sea to undertake battle with Grendel the Ogre. And since no weapon may avail to wound the flinty-hided fiend, I will lay by my sword and shield, and empty-handed go to meet him. I will grapple with him, strength against strength, till God shall doom whether of us two Death taketh. If I should be bereft of life, send back to Hygelác the war-shroud which Wayland forged to guard my breast, but make no corpse-feast for me: bury my body, and mark its resting place; but let the passer-by eat without mourning; fate goeth ever as it must.'

Hrothgár answered, 'Well know I, O my friend Beówulf, of your bravery, and the might that dwelleth in your fingers! But very terrible is Grendel. Full oft my hardy warriors fierce over the ale-cup at night, have promised to await the Ogre with the terror of their swords and dare his wrath; but as oft at morning-tide the benched floor of the palace has reeked with their blood. But since your mind is valiant, sit down with us to our evening feast, where by old custom we incite each other to a brave and careless mind before night set in, and Grendel come to choose his prey.'

Then were the benches cleared and Beówulf and the Geáts sate in the mead-hall at the banquet with the Danes. Freely flowed the bright sweet liquor from the twisted ale-cup borne by the cup-bearer in his office, whilst the Skald sang of old deeds of valour.

Then said Beówulf, 'Full many a man of you hath Grendel made to sleep the sleep of the sword, and now he looketh for no battle from your hands. But I, a Geát, who in the old time have slain strange shapes of horror in the air or deep down underneath the waves, will encounter him, and alone; unarmed, I will guard this mead-hall through the night. Alone with the fiend will I await the shining of the morrow's sun on victory, or else sink down into death's darkness fast in the Ogre's grasp. Hrothgár, the old-haired king, took comfort at his steadfast intent, and Wealtheow the Queen, so fair and royally hung with gold, herself bare forth the mead-cup to Beówulf, and greeted him with winsome words as champion of her people. Beówulf took the cup from Wealtheow's hands saying, 'No more shall Grendel prey upon the javelin-bearing Danes till he has felt the might of my fingers.' Happy were the

people at his boldness, and blithe their joy over the well-served hall-cup.

Then King Hrothgár would seek his evening rest, for the wan shadows of night were already darkening the welkin. The company arose and greeted man to man, and Hrothgár greeted Beówulf and said, 'O friend, never before did I commit this hall to any man's keeping since I might lift a spear. Have now and hold this best of palaces. Be wakeful and be valorous, and nothing that thou mayest ask shall be too great a prize for victory.' So the king departed with his troop of heroes from the mead-hall.

Beówulf took off his coat of iron mail, loosed the helmet from his head, and from his thigh the well-chased sword; and having put aside his war-gear wholly, stepped upon his bed and laid him down. Around him in the dusk lay many well-armed Danes slumbering from weariness. The darkness fell, and all the keepers of the palace slept save one. Beówulf in a restless mood, naked and weaponless, waited for the foe.

Then in the pale night Grendel the shadow-walker rose up with the mists from the marshes and came to Heorot, the pinnacled palace. He tore away the iron bands, fire-hardened, wherewith the doors were fastened, and trod the many-coloured floor of the sounding hall. Like fire the anger flashed from his eyes, lightening the darkness with a hideous light. Terribly he laughed as he gloated on the sleeping Danes and saw the abundant feast of human flesh spread out around him.

Beówulf, the strong Wægmunding, held his breath to watch the method of the Ogre's onset. Nor did the fiend delay, for quickly seizing a sleeping warrior he bit him in the throat, drank the blood from his veins, and tare his limbs and ate the dead man's feet and hands. Then coming nearer, Grendel laid his hands upon the watchful champion. Suddenly Beówulf raised himself upon his elbow and clutched the Ogre fast; against the shoulder he fastened on the grim Jötun with his hands; and held him. Never before had Grendel met the gripe of hands so strong. He bent himself with all his might against Beówulf and dragged him from his bed, and toward the door; but Beówulf's fingers never slackened from their hold: he drew the Ogre back. Together they struggled upon the hall pavement till the palace rocked and thundered with their battle. Great wonder was it that the palace fell not, but it was made fast with well-forged iron bands within and without; yet many a mead-bench overlaid with twisted gold was torn from its place in the furious strife, and the ale spilled on the floor. But Grendel found the clutch of his enemy too strong; he could not loose it with all his wrestlings; and he knew that he must seek to flee away and hide himself in his marsh dwellings. But Beówulf griped him tight; and when the fiend would drag him down the hall he put forth all his strength into his clenched hands. Suddenly the Ogre's shoulder rift from neck to waist. The sinews burst asunder, the joints gave way, and Beówulf tare the shoulder and the shoulder-blade from out his body. So Grendel escaped from Beówulf's grasp and in his mortal sickness fled to the fens. There Death clutched him and he died.

Then in the morning many warriors gathered to the mead-hall; and Beówulf brought his trophy, Grendel's hand and arm and shoulder, and hung it high in the palace that all might see. So hard were the fingers and the stiff nails of the war-hand that no well-proven steel would touch them. Hrothgár thanked God and Beówulf for this deliverance, and having made the broken palace strong again with iron bonds and hung it round about with tapestry, he held therein a costly feast of rejoicing with his warriors and kinsmen, whereat many a mead-cup was outpoured. To Beówulf he gave rich gifts: a golden ensign and a helm, a breastplate and a sword, each wrought with twisted work of gold, together with eight horses whose housings shone with precious stones. And when the lay of the glee-man was sung and the wine flowed, and the jocund noise from the mead-benches rose loud, Queen Wealtheow went forth under her golden crown and bare the royal cup to Beówulf to drink. A ring she gave him of rare workmanship all aglow with carven gems, likewise sumptuous dresses, rich with broidered gold and needlework of divers colours. 'Be happy and fortunate, my lord Beówulf!' she said. 'Enjoy these well-earned gifts, dear warrior, for thou hast cleansed the mead-hall of the realm, and for thy prowess fame shall gather to thee, wide as the in-rolling sea that comes from all the corners of the world to circle round our windy walls.'

Then Wealtheow and her Lord King Hrothgár departed to take their evening rest, and

Beówulf went to a house appointed for him.—But the warriors bared the benches, spread out their beds and bolsters, set their hard-rimmed shields at their heads, and lay down to sleep in the mead-hall. In their ringed mail-shirts they laid them down, ready for war, as was their custom in house and field; ready, if need should befall their lord. Good was the people. So darkness fell in the hall and the Hring-Danes slept, nor wot they that any were fated to die. But at midnight Grendel's mother arose from her dwelling in the cold streams, from her home in the terrible waters, and fiercely grieving for her son's death came and walked the beautiful pavement of Heorot. Greedy of revenge she clutched a noble, very dear to Hrothgár, and tare him in his sleep. Then while the Danes, waking in tumult, were yet smitten with the terror of her presence, she seized from its hanging-place the well-known arm and shoulder of her son, and passed out quickly with the prize. A great cry rose in the mead-hall. Beówulf and King Hrothgár heard it, and came hastily to Heorot.

When King Hrothgár knew what had been done, he said, 'O Beówulf, my friend; still sorrow for my people bindeth me. Aeschere, my counsellor and war-companion, hath been foully torn to death, nor can we tell whose shall be the next blood with which this new wolf-hearted fiend shall glut herself. Scarce a mile hence is her dwelling-place, a stagnant lake within a darksome grove of hoary-rinded trees whose snaky roots twine all about the margin, shadowing it. A foul black water, whereon fire dwelleth at night, a loathely lake wide-shunned of man and beast. The hunted stag, driven thither, will rather part from life upon the brink than plunge therein. Darest thou seek this place, to battle with the monster and deliver us?'

The son of Ecgtheow the Wægmunding answered, 'Yea I dare. For to avenge a friend is better than to mourn for him. Neither can a man hasten nor delay his death hour. Fate waiteth for us all; and he that goeth forth to wreak justice need not trouble about his end, neither about what shall be in the days when he no longer lives.'

Then King Hrothgár gave thanks to the mighty God, and caused a steed with curled hair to be bitted and led forth for Beówulf. With a troop of shield-bearers he accompanied the hero along the narrow path across steep stone-cliffs overhung with mountain trees, till they came to the joyless wood and the drear water where Grendel's mother dwelt. Snakes and strange sea-dragons basked upon the turbid pool, and Nicors lay upon the promontories. Beówulf blew upon his horn a terrible war-dirge, and they sank and hid themselves. Then in his war-mail shirt which knew well how to guard his body from the clutch of battle, his white helmet, mail-hooded, on his head, and in his hand his hilted knife Hrunting, of trusty steel blood-hardened, Beówulf plunged into the slimy lake and the sea-wave closed above him. Long he swam downward into the dark abyss before he found the bottom. Grendell's mother lay in wait and grappled him in her claws, and bore him to her roofed sea-hall beneath the water, where gleamed a pale fire-light. Then Beówulf saw the mighty sea-woman, and furious, swung his heavy sword and brought it down with a crash upon her head. But the keen steel failed him in his need, for her hard skull turned its biting edge. So angrily flinging from him his twisted blade, and trusting wholly to his mighty hand-gripe, he caught the wolf-woman by the shoulders and bent her backwards to the floor. Fiercely she gave back his grappling, and wrestled him till from weariness he rolled and fell; then, drawing her brown-edged knife she sought at one blow to avenge her son. But the hard battle-net upon his breast hindered the entrance of the knife, and God who rules the firmament protected him, so that he gat upon his feet again. Then Beówulf saw hanging in the sea-hall a huge sword made by giants, a weapon fortunate in victory, doughty of edge, which none but he could wield. Hard grasped he the war-bill by the hilt, and whirled it savagely against the sea-woman's ring-mail in despair of life. Furious he struck, and the bone-rings of her neck gave way before it; so the blade passed through her doomed body, and, war-wearied, her carcase lay lifeless on the floor.

Long time with patience waited Hrothgár and his counsellors, looking into the dark lake where Beówulf went down. Noon-day came, and seeing the water stained with blood, they deemed their champion was dead, and sorrowfully gat them home.

But beneath the water was a great marvel.—Beówulf cut off the sea-woman's head, but so

hot and poisonous was her blood that the mighty sword which reeked therewith melted and burnt away, all save the hilt. So it wasted like the ice when the sun loosens the frost-chain and unwinds the wave-ropes. Then Beówulf swam upwards with his heavy burden, the sea-woman's head and the sword-hilt, and having reached the shore he saw the lake dry up. By its hair he carried the woman's head, awful and glaring, to the mead-hall, and showed the wondering Danes the golden sword-hilt wrought in fashion as a snake, and marked with Runic characters wherein the history of its forging was set forth. Beówulf said, 'God and my strong hand prospered me and gave me victory. Yea, in my strength I have wrested away the sword wherewith the giants before the Flood defied the Eternal God! I have overcome the enemies of God, who have battled with Him unsubdued for countless years! Wherefore fear not, King Hrothgár, for thou and thine men sleep secure in Heorot which I have cleansed!'

The wise and hoary king, the mingled-haired, gazed long in silence on the sword-hilt, reading of the wondrous smiths that made it after the fall of the devils. Then he spake gently, 'O my friend Beówulf, great is thy glory and uplifted high, and wondrous are the ways of God who through the wisdom of His great mind distributeth so much strength to one man, making him a refuge-city for the peoples. But suffer a kindly word of counsel, dear warrior. When all things are subject to a man, when the world turneth at his will, he forgetteth that the flower of his strength and his glory are but for a little while before he leave these poor days and fade away forgotten and another come in his place. But the great Shepherd of the Heavens liveth on, and raiseth up and putteth down whom He will. Dear friend, beware of pride, which groweth up and anon beguileth the heart so fast to sleep that the warrior remembereth not how Death will overpower him at the last. So gloried I, when with spear and sword having freed the Hring-Danes from all their enemies under heaven, I built this mead-hall in my pride and reckoned not upon an adversary. But God sent Grendel many years to trouble me, till my pride was humbled, and He brought me a deliverer in thee. Wherefore I give Him thanks and pray thee to be-like-minded, to bear thine honours meekly, and to choose eternal gains. Go now with gladness to the feast, and to-morrow we will give forth treasure, the dear meed of warriors.'

Great joy was there in many-windowed Heorot, and when Night covered the land with her dusky helmet the warriors laid them down in peace and slept beneath the lofty arches, various with gold: no foe came near the noble dwelling-place; for Heorot was fully purged.

After that, when Beówulf would make ready his vessel to cross the sea again to his kinsman Hygelác, lord of the Geáts, King Hrothgár loaded him with a multitude of gifts of gold and rings and battle-harness, and made a treaty with him that there should be peace for ever betwixt the Gar-Danes and the Geáts, and that the treasures of both peoples should be held in common. So Beówulf and his companions entered their sharp-keeled ship and sailed to their home across the wide sea-plain, the sea-gull's path. Hygelác welcomed him returning spoil-laden from the game of war, and Beówulf shared his treasures with his friends and kinsfolk. Yet was it for a long time a shame and reproach to the Geáts that they held the might and courage of Beówulf in but little esteem, neither made they him a ruler or a chief among them. During many years the son of Ecgtheow grew old in good and quiet deeds; for he, the fierce in war, was gentle of mind, and meekly held the might and strength wherewith he was endued of God. But the Swedes came up to battle against the Geáts, and in his time of need Hygelác went to his treasure-house and brought forth Nagling, the wound-hardened sword, old and grey-spotted, of Hrethel, Beówulf's grandfather, and gave it to the strong Wægmunding, and made him captain over seven thousand warriors and gave him a royal seat. So Beówulf went to battle and drave out the enemy. But Hygelác fell in the war-tumult. Thereby the broad kingdom came by inheritance into Beówulf's hand; and he was made king, and held it fifty years with a strong arm against all foes, ruling wisely as a prudent guardian of his people.

Now, in those days, a terrible flaming dragon began to rule in the dark nights, a fire-drake which long had abode in the cavern of a rocky cliff hard by the sea, along a difficult and stony path unknown to men. All his cavern

was full of ancient treasure in rings and vases, and golden ornaments, which he had secretly stolen during a space of three hundred years. Folk missed their gold and jewels but knew not who the robber was, until one night a wayfarer by chance wandered into the cave and saw the precious hoard and the dragon slumbering by it, and snatched a golden drinking cup, from the glittering heap and fled. Hot burned the dragon's anger when, awaking, he missed the gold drinking cup, and saw that his secret treasure-hoard was known to men. He rose upon his flaming wings each night and sped to and fro seeking the man who had done him this evil; and where he went he consumed houses and people and scorched the land into a wilderness. The waves of fire reached the palace and destroyed that best of buildings, the fastness of the Geâts, and the people trembled for fear of the terrible flyer of the air.—Dark thoughts came into Beówulf's mind, insomuch that he was even angry with the Almighty because of the plague which visited the people, and in his bitterness he spake hard things against the Eternal Lord such as befitted him not. Then he commanded to make a variegated shield of iron, strong and well-tempered, to withstand the fire-breath of the adversary, and having put on his war mail, he called together his warriors and said, 'Many a battle, O my comrades, have I dared from my youth up; many a warrior's soul have I loosed from its shattered house of bone with my biting war-bill. Now for the greater glory of my age will I seek this flaming war-fly alone. Be it yours to abide afar off on the hill and watch the combat, but take no part therein. The glory and the treasure and the war are mine alone. Would I might proudly grapple with nothing but my naked hands against this wretch, as of old I did with Grendel! But since the war-fire is so fierce and poisonous, I take my shield and byrnie and my sword. Not a footstep will I flee till fate make up her reckoning betwixt us.'

Then arose the famous warrior, stoutly trusting in his strength, and came to the hoary stone cliff whence waves of fire flowed like a rushing mountain torrent. Boldly and with angry words the lord of the Geâts defied the fire-drake to come out and face the thirsty steel of Nagling, his sharp-edged blade.

Quickly the winged worm answered to his challenge. Bending itself together for the contest, and darting furious flames, it closed in battle with the haughty warrior; and they who beheld afar off saw nothing but the fire which wrapped the fighters round. The good shield guarded Beówulf's body less truly than he had hoped from the beams of fire. Nagling, the hard-edged, bit less strongly than the champion, who knew so well to swing the war-bill, had need in his extremity: the keen sword deceived him as a blade of such old goodness ought not to have done. The fierce treasure-keeper, boiling with fury, flooded the plain in a sea of fire, so that the nobles which watched the combat turned and fled to the wood for safety. All turned and fled save one. Wigláf, son of Weohstân, a dear shield-warrior, only kinsman of Beówulf, saw his lord suffer in the bitter strife, and his heart could no longer refrain. He seized his shield of yellow linden-wood, and his old tried sword. 'Comrades,' he cried, 'forget ye all the gifts of rings and treasure we have received from Beówulf's hands at the daily out-pouring of the mead? Forget ye his past benefits and his present need?' Then he ran through the deadly smoke and the clinging fire to succour his dear lord. The flame burnt up his linden shield, but Wigláf ran boldly underneath the shield of his master and fought at his side. Then Beówulf, jealous for his single fame, though heat-oppressed and wearied, swung his great war-sword and drave it down mightily upon the head of the fire-drake. But Nagling failed him, and brake in sunder with the blow; for Beówulf's hand was too strong and overpowered every sword-blade forged by mortal man, neither was it granted to him at any time that the edges of the smith's iron might avail him in war. Wildly he spurned the treacherous sword-hilt from him, and furious rushed upon the fiery worm and clutched it by the neck in the terrible gripe of his naked hands. There upon the plain he throttled it, while the burning life-blood of the fire-drake boiled up from its throat and set his hands aflame. Yet loosened he never his gripe, but held the twining worm till Wigláf carved its body in twain with his sword. Then Beówulf flung the carcass to the earth and the fire ceased.

But the fiery blood was on his hands; and they began to burn and swell; and he felt the poison course through all his veins and boil up

in his breast. Then Beówulf knew that he drew nigh the end of this poor life; and whilst Wigláf cooled his wounds with water, he said, 'Fifty years have I shepherded my people, and though so strong no king dared greet me with his warriors, I have only fought to hold my own. Neither have I made war on any man for lust of gain or conquest, nor oppressed the weak, nor sworn unjustly. Wherefore I fear not that the Ruler of Men will reproach me with the doings of my life. But now, dear Wigláf, go quickly to the cavern and bring me of the gold and many-coloured gems that I may look thereon before I die; that so, feasting my eyes with the treasure I have purchased for my people, I may more gently yield up my life.'

So Wigláf hastened and came to the fire-drake's treasure-house; and lo! his eyes were dazzled with the glittering gold, the dishes, cups, and bracelets that were heaped within the cave and lightened it. Then he laded himself with gem-bright treasure, one trinket of each kind, and a lofty golden ensign, the greatest wonder made with hands, and a war-bill jewelled, shod with brass and iron-edged; and came again to his master. Fast ebbed the chieftain's life upon the sward. Senseless he lay, and very near his end. Wigláf cooled his fiery veins with sprinkled water, and the lord of the Geáts opened his eyes and gazed upon the golden cups and variegated gems. He said, 'Now give I thanks to the Lord of All, the King of Glory, for the precious riches which mine eyes behold; nor do I grudge to have spent my life to purchase such a treasure for my people. Bid them not to weep my death, but rather glory in my life. Let them make a funeral fire wherein to give my body to the hot war-waves; and let them build for my memorial a lofty mound to sea-wards on the windy promontory of Hronesnaes, that the sea-sailors as they journey on the deep may see it from afar and say, "That is Beówulf's cairn."

Then from his neck he lifted his golden chain, and took his helmet and his byrnie and his ring and gave them to Wiglaf, saying, 'Dear friend, thou art the last of all our kin, the last of the Wægmundings. Fate hath long swept my sons away to death. I must go and seek them!' So parted his soul fro. his breast.

Presently came the nobles wh . before had fled, and found Wigláf washing the body of their prince with water and sorrowfully calling him by name. Bitterly spake Wigláf to them. 'Brave warriors! Now that the war is over, have you in truth summoned courage up to come and share the treasure? You, who forsook the treasure-earner in his need; forsook in his extremity the high prince who gave you the very war-trappings wherein you stand? I tell you nay. You shall see the treasure with your eyes and hold it in your hands, but it shall not profit you. The Swedes beyond the sea who came against Hygelác and slew him, the same that Beówulf overcame and drave out, when they learn that our strong warrior has passed into his rest, will come again and snatch the land from your weak holding and carry you away into bondage, and seize the treasure. Let it be his who won it! Safer will he guard it in his sleep than you with feeble war-blades and weak javelins. Let the lord of the Geáts slumber with it in the cairn which we shall build for him; so shall men fear to touch the treasure as they would to snatch a sleeping lion's prey.'

So with one accord they bare the hoary warrior to Hronesnaes, and from the cavern drew out the twisted gold in countless waggon-loads.

Then for Beówulf did the people of the Geáts prepare a funeral pile, strong, hung round with helmets, with war-boards and bright byrnies; and weeping they laid their lord upon the wood. Eight chosen warriors walked with Wigláf round the pile with torches to kindle the bale-fire. The wood-smoke rose aloft, the noise of mourning of a people sorry of mood mingled with the crackling of the blaze, and the wind blew on the war-bier till the flames consumed the bone-house of the mighty-handed chief.

Then the Geáts wrought a great cairn beside the sea. It was high and broad, and easy to behold by the sailors over the waves. Ten days they wrought thereat, and built up the beacon vast and tall, and laid the ashes of their lord therein. Then they brought the rings and gems and ornaments and put them in the mound. No earl ever wore the twisted gold for a memorial, no maiden was made glad with the golden rings upon her neck, but the treasure sleeps in the earth with him who won it! Twelve nobles rode about the mound calling to mind their king in speech and song; praising his valour; even as it is fit that a man should

extol his lord and love him in his soul after his body has become valueless and only his deeds remain.

So mourned the people of the Geâts for their dear lord. And they said of him that he was the mildest and gentlest of all the kings of the world, the most gracious to his people and the most jealous for their glory.

BOOK REVIEWS.

COBDEN CLUB ESSAYS, SECOND SERIES, 1871–2. By Emile De Laveleye, the Hon. George Brodrick, W. Fowler, M.P., T. E. Cliffe Leslie, Herr Julius Faucher, Herr John Prince Smith, Joseph Gostick, James E. Thorold Rogers, the Hon. David A. Wells, LL.D., of the United States. Cassell, Petter and Galpin : London, Paris and New York.

A club was formed some years ago in England, to perpetuate the memory and propagate the principles of Richard Cobden, whose great friend, Mr. T. Bayley Potter, M.P., took a leading part in the movement. At first the Association was rather at a loss for a practical object, and seemed in danger of degenerating into an annual dining club, the very last thing which would have been desired as a tribute of respect by Cobden's shade. An annual essay prize was tried, but proved a failure. At last the club hit on the idea of an annual volume of essays, which has so far proved a success. The volume before us has passed very rapidly to a second edition, and seems fully to deserve that honour. The principles of the essayists, like those of the club, are of course Liberal and Free Trade; but no opponent, we believe, can deny that these principles are advocated in a worthy and philosophic manner, with firmness of tone, calmness of reasoning, and fulness of information.

M. De Laveleye's essay "On the Causes of War, and the means of reducing their number," is worthy of a distinguished publicist, comprehensive, acute, and, though strongly pacific, free from millennial reverie. He has, however, fallen into the prevalent error with regard to the Treaty of Washington, which he celebrates as "an event on which all humanity may justly congratulate itself." Had he considered the question of the Fenian claim, he must have seen that, as we have said before, the refusal to submit that claim to arbitration while reparation was exacted for the escape of the *Alabama*, makes the Treaty a rampant assertion of the immunity of the United States from responsibility, and a repudiation instead of a vindication of international morality. The two most important essays in the volume, however, at least with reference to British legislation, are those of the Hon. George Brodrick and Mr. Fowler. Even the strongest Conservatives are beginning to be somewhat anxious with regard to the land question, and to perceive that it will be a dangerous state of things when the great bulk of the land of England is in the hands of a small number of wealthy proprietors, and the nation is reduced to the condition of a tenant-at-will on its own soil. All experience tends to prove that a numerous body of freeholders is the strongest support of national institutions. Both essayists conclude in effect in favour of the same measure, viz., such an alteration of the law that no tenure shall be recognized but a tenure in fee simple, so as to preclude the tying-up of land; and to some such policy British legislation probably points. "No new or startling change," says Mr. Brodrick in conclusion, "would be wrought by the new law in the characteristic features of English country life. There would still be a squire occupying the great house in most rural parishes, and this squire would generally be the eldest son of the last squire; though he would sometimes be a younger son of superior merit or capacity, and sometimes a wealthy and enterprising purchaser from the manufacturing district. Only here and there would a noble park be deserted or neglected for want of means to keep it up and want of resolution to part with it, but it is not impossible that deer might often be replaced by equally picturesque herds of cattle; that landscape gardening and ornamental building might be carried on with less contempt for expense; that game preserving might be reduced within the limits which satisfied our sporting forefathers; that some country gentlemen would be compelled to contract their speculations on the turf, and that others would have less to spare for yachting or for amusement at Con-

tinental watering-places. Indeed, it would not be surprising if greater simplicity of manners, and less exclusive notions of their own dignity, should come to prevail among our landed gentry, leading to a revival of that free and kindly social intercourse which made rural neighbourhoods what they were in olden times. The peculiar agricultural system of England would remain intact, with its three-fold division of labour between the landlord charged with the public duties attaching to property, the farmer contributing most of the capital and all the skill, and the labourer relieved by the assurance of continuous wages from all risks except that of illness. But the landlords would be a larger body, containing fewer grandees and more practical agriculturists, living at their country homes all the year round, and putting their savings into land, instead of wasting them in the social competition of the metropolis. The majority of them would still be eldest sons, many of whom, however, would have learned to work hard till middle life for the support of their families; and besides these there would be not a few younger sons who had retired to pass the evening of their days on little properties near the place of their birth, either left them by will or bought out of their own acquisitions. With these would be mingled other elements in far larger measure and greater variety than at present—wealthy capitalists eager to enter the ranks of the landed gentry, merchants, traders and professional men content with a country villa and a hundred freehold acres round it; yeomen-farmers and even labourers of rare intelligence, who had seized favourable chances of investing in land. Under such conditions it is not too much to expect that some links, now missing, between rich and poor, gentle and simple, might be supplied in country districts, and that 'plain living and high thinking' might again find a home in some of our ancient manor houses; that with less of dependence and subordination to a dominant will there would be more of true neighbourly feeling and even of clanship; and that posterity, reaping the beneficent fruits of greater social equality, would marvel, and not without cause, how the main obstacle to greater social equality—the law and custom of primogeniture—escaped revision for more than two centuries after the final abolition of feudal tenures." This may seem to be a rather sanguine view; but there is nothing in it chimerical, much less is there anything savouring of communism or even of social revolution. Mr. Brodrick's essay has won great, and we think well-deserved, praise, even from opponents, by its ability and by the spirit in which it is written.

The essay of Mr. Rogers on the Colonial question is marked by his usual force and vigour. It is written from the "Manchester" point of view, of course, but no Colonist will be offended in it by anything anti-colonial, if by that term is meant a want of right and kindly feeling towards the Colonies. It is absurd to suppose that we can close a discussion which has been going on among the greatest and most revered masters of economical science for a century, merely by imputing to people sordid motives, and calling them hard names. Every man is a patriot who, whether on the right road or not, is sincerely seeking the good of his country. In this very volume M. De Laveleye protests strongly against the policy of retaining Algeria, that possession which France cherishes so passionately, and on which she has wasted so much money and so much blood without even a shadow of return, for even as a military training-place, it has proved the mere destroyer of her strategy. "I would suggest," says M. De Laveleye, "that France had a means of making Prussia pay dearly for the conquest of Alsatia; it was to give up at the same time Algeria, as a cause of weakness and ruin. Oh! Frenchmen, borrow compulsory education from the Germans, and give them Algiers in exchange, and you will be avenged." A total severance of the Colonies from the old country, Mr. Rogers holds, would be a misfortune. "The invitation to secede, so freely tendered to the colonists is, in my opinion, inexpedient as well as uncivil. It would be much wiser to tell them that we do wish to keep them not only in amity but in alliance, but that in treating on the terms of the alliance, we and they must act with equal independence." The least agreeable part of Mr. Rogers' essay, to many colonists, will be the discouraging terms in which he speaks of proposals for extensive emigration.

We believe we may say that all the essays in this volume, without exception, will be found instructive to the economist and politician, whether he agrees with them or not. Perhaps some day a Derby club may be instituted for the propagation of the principles of Lord Derby, and we may then have volumes of philosophic essays on the other side.

The presence of no less than four foreigners (though one of them is of English birth) among the nine essayists, is significant not only of the cosmopolitan character of political and economical science, but of the growth of European sympathies, and of the more European character which is being gradually assumed by political and economical as well as by religious and intellectual movements.

A SURVEY OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.—By John Macdonell, M. A. Edinburgh: Edmonston and Douglas.

This work is based on a series of articles contributed to the *Scotsman* newspaper. We have read it with interest and profit. It is a comprehensive, sensible and well written account of the chief topics and problems of Political Economy, and is marked throughout by openness of mind and a desire to do justice to the different writers and schools whose theories are passed in review. Mr. Macdonell's candour is particularly shown in his treatment of the land question, which in England is one of such exceeding bitterness, not only on economical but on political grounds. While he repudiates, as might have been expected, Mr. Mills' extreme plans of exceptional dealing with rents, and vindicates private property in land; he combats with equal fairness the extravagances of the opposite school, enforces the special duties and restrictions which attach to the ownership of land, and condemns primogeniture and entails. He even goes so far as to look forward to a time "when the landlord shall be regarded as a public functionary or trustee entrusted with the care of certain portions of the soil of the State, and bound to use it to the common advantage, and when the last and greatest of sinecures shall be reformed." We confess that he does not make it clear to our mind why in this, which is the commercial, not the feudal era, investments in land should be treated so differ-

ently from other investments ; but this does not impair the service rendered by the discussion in an impartial spirit of a rancorous and dangerous party question. The same spirit is shown in dealing with Protectionism, though in this case we should desire more completeness, the disquisition closing with a string of secondary arguments, of a miscellaneous character, on the side of Protection, each of which, we believe, may be conclusively answered, but with regard to which Mr. Macdonell only says generally, that, in his opinion, all European countries and the United States have outgrown the necessities of Protectionism. It was also unnecessary to limit the history of Protectionism to the period subsequent to the rise of the mercantile theory, if such a theory ever really existed, which Mr. Macdonell doubts. Protectionism has existed whenever and wherever political power has been used in the commercial interest of a class. The mediæval baron who forced the people to grind their corn at the baronial mill, use the baronial ferry, and resort to the baronial fair-ground, was as much entitled to the high-sounding name of Protectionist as the monopolist of New England or Pennsylvania, though he did not frame moral and patriotic theories or construct imposing diagrams, like those of Mr. Henry Carey, in defence of his very natural proceedings.

The point on which, as at present advised, we differ most widely from Mr. Macdonell, is female labour. He imagines that by availing ourselves of this discovery, as he calls it, we should all but double the productive power of the human race without necessitating any increase in the amount devoted to subsistence. Such an expectation appears chimerical. Women cannot do any work requiring muscular strength or physical endurance ; they cannot even print a newspaper, because it involves night work. They could not, as a general rule, engage in any calling requiring permanent devotion, or the skill which can only be gained by experience, because the immense majority of them marry, and hardly any of them renounce marriage. All that they can do therefore, ordinarily speaking, is to take the place of the feebler and more delicate portion of the male sex in certain indoor callings of a light and easy kind. It may be a good thing that they should do so, but this is a limited source from which to anticipate the doubling of human wealth. This question, like many others, economical and of all kinds, appears to be ridden by a fallacious term. All useful occupations are *labour* in the only rational sense of the word. A woman is labouring to the very best purpose, and rendering to humanity the full equivalent of any male labour, when she bears children, rears them, and manages her household. Young women, if they look forward to being wives and mothers, are best occupied in the very needful preparation for that state, and even mothers-in-law and grandmothers on whom, at any rate, the female labour theorists think themselves entitled to lay their hands, may generally find more profitable employment in the domestic circle than they would find in the general labour market. The gain which would accrue to humanity from training the female sex to labour, would be pretty much the same as would accrue from training our feet to discharge the functions of a second pair of hands, and leaving us without anything to discharge the functions of the feet.

A great service will be rendered and a great fame will be won by the first writer who treats history economically or political economy historically. In this work political economy is to a certain extent treated historically, and the value and interest of the work are thereby greatly enhanced, but the amount of history is limited by the general brevity of treatment. Mr. Macdonell seems to have accumulated materials which would enable him to expand this element of his work or to write another book on an enlarged scale, and we should be very glad if he would use them for that purpose.

SECRET HISTORY OF "THE INTERNATIONAL" WORKING MEN'S ASSOCIATION. By Onslow Yorke. London : Strahan and Co.

The shadow of the terrible "International" is supposed by some to have fallen even on Canadian industry, and to have been visible in the recent strikes. Mr. Onslow Yorke's little volume may therefore have for us not only a general, but a practical, interest. So far as it goes it confirms us in the belief which we had before entertained, that the shadow of the International, as is the case with the shadows of other objects, is much larger than the substance.

The name, which now sounds like a menace to all nations of industrial revolt and political communism, originally at all events had no such signification.—Two French artisans, Tolain and Fribourg, we are told, having come over to England at the time of the International Exhibition of 1862, carried back to France a seductive account of the English Trade Unions. The French artisans wished to found an organization on the same model, but found themselves precluded by the law forbidding associations of workingmen in France. A sharp lawyer hinted to them that they might evade the law by affiliating themselves to a foreign society. A society was accordingly formed in London, with Odger, Cremer and a German domiciled in England named Eccarius, at its head, to which the Frenchmen were affiliated, and which was called the International. This society ramified, became European, and held a Congress at Geneva, at which the English delegates advocated practical measures for raising wages and reducing the hours of work, while the French delegates advocated aerial schemes for the regeneration of the industrial world. If Mr. Yorke may be trusted the French Empire coquetted to a considerable extent with the leaders of this industrial movement. The policy of the French Cæsars, like that of their Roman prototypes, was a mixture of despotism and demagogism ; and while they "saved society" with their bayonets, they carried on intrigues in the lower strata of society with the view of gaining allies against the liberal middle classes, and beneath a surface of military order charged the mine which exploded in the insurrection of the Commune. The French artisans, as might have been expected, soon grew jealous of English ascendency, and a dispute, in which the French were victorious, ended in the practical transfer of the headquarters of the Society to Paris.

At the Geneva Congress the Polish question had been introduced, and the red flag had been displayed on an excursion steamboat. But during the earlier period of its history the society was essentially industrial. Gradually however, by a natural affinity, there mingled with it a political movement, at the

bottom of which, darkly and fitfully, appear the sinister features of Karl Marx, a wandering Jew, whose personal aims appear to be enveloped in mystery, but who no doubt expected by troubling the waters of society to take some kind of fish. This worthy we are told spent his days in studying politics and economy at the British Museum, and his nights in studying the working-men at their places of social resort. Armand Levi, another Jew, in the secret service of the French Empire, attempted to give the movement an Imperialist direction, but was cut short in his machinations by his master's fall. A predominating influence seems to have been at last excited by Bakounine, a gigantic Russian savage, and a type of the extravagant socialism and atheism to which the ill-balanced mind of the semi-barbarous Slave rebounds from the extreme of paternal despotism and superstition. Cluseret, politically if anything a Fenian, but who was above all things a military adventurer, opening the world oyster with his sword, also gained an influence which of course increased when, from organizing and speech-making, affairs began to tend towards fighting. Ultimately Tolain, the French chief of the industrial movement, was thrust aside, and the secret history of the International merged in the secret history of the Commune, at which point Mr. Onslow Yorke's work terminates.

In spite of the uneasiness felt, and not very wisely betrayed, by the European governments, we are disposed to think that the mine has been pretty well emptied of its explosive contents in the Parisian insurrection. The military circumstances of Paris after the siege, and the antagonism between the Parisians and the Assembly which represented the power of the despised and detested "rurals," furnished the Communistic leaders with forces such as they are not likely again to command. Whether the International plays any important part in the industrial conflicts which still rage in Europe, and are unhappily extending themselves to this country, we are unable to say; but these conflicts present no feature at present which they did not equally present before the International came into existence.

FAIR TO SEE.—A novel. By Lawrence W. M. Lockhart. New York: Harper Brothers.

A good novel, with well drawn characters, and an interesting plot fairly woven out of character and situation, without assistance from the stores of the sensation scene-painter. The subject of the story is a shooting party in the Highlands, out of which grows a love affair between Bertrand Cameron and Eila McKillop who is "fair to see." The weak part of the novel is that Eila can hardly be said to be fair even to see. Her false and hateful character is visible from the beginning. The ultimate marriage of Eila with old Sir Roland Cameron is rather a repulsive incident, and there is a flatness in the way in which Bertrand, after his misadventure with Eila, falls back on Morna Grant. Mr. McKillop's end, perhaps, should have been excepted in saying that the tale was free from sensationalism; but it was necessary for the happy winding up of the piece to get rid of him. The author is a military man, and, like most of his profession, a strong Tory; and he cannot help mingling his politics with his fiction. When will literary artists learn that art and controversy are incompatible with each other? It is true that the author, being a Tory of the good old type, is tolerably impartial between parties as they are, and abuses them pretty handsomely all round. Indeed, in his indignation at Conservative backslidings he is forced to confess that the Radicals are the best of the lot, which "is enough to break a gentleman's, not to say a patriot's, heart." Of the leaders of the two great parties he says, perhaps with more point than clearness, that "one (Mr. Gladstone) has a spasmodic conscience and a twisted brain, and the other (Mr. Disraeli) has a spasmodic brain and no conscience at all." Mr. Gladstone's army reforms are however unwittingly justified in the most forcible manner by the character of Coppinger, one of the best things in the book, and the true portrait of a large number of the wealthy triflers to whom the lives of British soldiers and the honour of the empire were entrusted under the old system. After Sadowa and Sedan it was high time to replace these men by soldiers professionally trained and devoted to their calling, who need not on that account be any the less gentlemen. The "Kicker" is no more a gentleman than he is a soldier.

DEAD MEN'S SHOES.—A Romance by Jeannette R. Hadermann, author of "Forgiven at Last." Philadelphia; J. B. Lippincott & Co.

This is decidedly a lively novel. The scene is laid in Louisiana. The plot runs through two generations of two families, but the interest centres in the attempt of Dr. John Reynard to dispose of his step-son and step-daughter, the first by a course of dissipation and absinthe, the second by marriage to a tool of his own in the person of his rascal brother. Like the evil spirit in a novel generally, Dr. Reynard makes all the fun, and we are really very sorry when his schemes are foiled by the virtuous and heroic Miss Bertha Lombard, and when he is ultimately drowned in a flood of the Mississippi. The bad characters, Dr. Reynard himself, his brother James and his wife, are well drawn; the good characters are rather flat, as is too apt to be the case. Miss Bertha Lombard, who is the angel of the piece, gets beyond the range of our sympathies from the moment when, being stabbed in the arm with a knife by her beloved, but demented cousin, she does not feel the stab, but only the word of reproach by which it was accompanied. There is something of the rawness of Louisiana in the scenery, moral and domestic as well as physical; and the ladies and gentlemen have a decided tinge both of the plantation and of the Fifth Avenue Hotel. "Deuced fine girls; star of the first magnitude; diamond of the first water; pearl without price; pretty as a pink; dances like a fay; face piquant; worth going in for; charming little witch; first class prize; sharp as a needle; manners of a little princess;" the world in which such phrases as these are current may safely be said not to be highly refined. Slavery is in the background, but has little to do with the tale. We must protest against many of the constructions and expressions, if they are tendered as English and not as the language of Louisiana. "From this out," "given up to be beyond comparison," "kissed him good-night," "hush talking nonsense," "would rank middling fair," "would have gone a

long ways," "*equally as* devoid," "to *go on* (for to *go*) after a person," "to go aglee," "that calm a face,"- if the fashionable Mrs. Reynard's teeth are set on edge by being asked what country she "hails from," our teeth are not less set on edge by such phrases as these.

ANTIDOTE TO THE "THE GATES AJAR," by J. S. W. Sixth thousand. London: Hodder and Stoughton.

"The Gates Ajar" was nonsense, though nonsense of a most marketable kind, as its success and the sum realized by it proved. We can understand its having an enormous run in the States, among the people who erect sentimental monuments in the Rose Walk of the Jeffersonville Cemetery, and bury their dead friend in a glass case, dressed in a blue surtout with a flower in his button-hole. Probably people did not really believe that Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps had any special information about the occupation of the blessed in the other world; but they bought her book with the sort of half curiosity, half credulity, with which the simpler sort of mortals buy an astrological almanac or an infallible cure for all diseases. The best antidote to nonsense is our own sense. But it seems that in the present case there is a large demand for another "Antidote," which has run through six thousands—probably by this time still more. We have read it, and can sincerely declare ourselves convinced that Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps has no special information about the occupations of the blessed in the other world. It is something, in this age of doubt and perplexity, to have distinctly arrived even at a negative conclusion.

LIFE AND LABOURS OF THE REV. WM. MCCLURE, for more than forty years a minister of the Methodist New Connexion. Chiefly an Autobiography. Edited by the Rev. David Savage. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1872.

This tribute to the memory of a good and earnest minister of the Gospel is very creditable both to the Editor and to the Conference of which he was a member. There are many in Toronto, not belonging to the New Connexion Church, who will remember, with deep respect, the subject of this memoir. A tall figure, slightly bowed, though it scarcely appeared to be by age—the neck enveloped in one of those extraordinary white neckerchiefs, admirably drawn in the portrait prefixed to this volume, to get into or out of which seems a mystery to us of this generation—the face always beaming with meekness and good-nature, which were distinguishing marks of his character. Few of those who saw him in those latter peaceful days knew of the struggles through which he had passed, and the severer sufferings of his father before him. Much of the volume under review is made up of the religious experiences of Mr. McClure, into which it is not our province to enter; there is also much of permanent interest in anecdotes of the Repeal movement under Daniel O'Connell, and of the state of Ireland in the early part of this century, which we can only collect from the journals of acute observers like Mr. McClure. A true Irishman, the rev. gentleman possessed a full measure of the humour of his race, and although it was chastened by the essentially spiritual tone of his nature, it usually asserted itself in a quiet way on every social occasion. Yet, withal, he was a man thoroughly in earnest about the work he believed to be set before him in the Gospel; an active apostle of total abstinence; an energetic friend of the University of Toronto, on the Senate of which he sat as a member. Without great brilliancy or superior talent, his earnestness, his unaffected meekness, his genial and kindly disposition, endeared him to those with whom he came in contact, and, therefore, we think with Mr. Savage that it is well that some memorial of his laborious life should be placed on record.

NOTES ON ENGLAND. By H. Taine, D.C.L., Oxon. &c. Translated with an Introductory Chapter by W. F. Rae. London: Strahan & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The popularity of M. Taine's Notes on England is already established, and that the work should be made accessible to all Englishmen in a translation was a matter of course. The translator, it appears to us, has done his work remarkably well, preserving to an unusual extent the vivacity and piquancy of the original, with little sacrifice of English idiom. In this respect, indeed, Mr. Rae's work equals, perhaps, any translation from the French which we know, and is singularly happy in giving, to those who do not read French, an idea of the French mind as reflected in the forms of expression. Here and there, perhaps, one feels a little inclined to smile at the skittishness to which our staid language is stimulated, and to wonder what old Johnson would have thought of this or that phase or construction. But as a whole the work could hardly have been better done.

Mr. Rae's introductory chapter is also judicious, and most people will agree with its criticisms on the method of observation which M. Taine prides himself on having invented and professes to follow. Happily, when travelling in England, he observed with his eyes and not with his method.

It is superfluous to repeat the praises which have been bestowed on M. Taine's Notes by the British journals and reviews. The best part of the work, in our judgment, is that which relates to national character, especially in its social aspect. It is true that M. Taine's point of view is rather that of the French *salon*, and that the worst of all social phenomena in his estimation appears to be a lady ill-dressed and with prominent teeth. But with this qualification the remarks are acute, subtle, sometimes profound. They are always candid, discriminating, and if not free from national bias, perfectly free from national antipathy. John Bull, seeing himself in the glass held up by M. Taine, will sometimes wince a little, but generally he will not be displeased, and he will admit that in intention at all events the critic is always just. The general descriptions of the country are also graphic, and in the main correct, though M. Taine is a little under the influence of conventional comedy on the subject of the British climate, the perpetual humidity of which must be broken by an occasional gleam of sun, or it could not ripen an immense crop of cereals every year. The weak portion of the Notes, as might have been expected, is the political part, which consists mainly of hasty and not very consistent generalizations, and is, moreover, written under the fatal influence of a manifest bias derived from the recent course of events in France.

LITERARY NOTES.

Senator Ryan's Copyright Bill received the Royal assent at the close of the late session of the Dominion Parliament. This new Act ought to prove satisfactory to all the parties interested the British author, the Colonial publisher and the reading public of Canada. The subject was so fully discussed in the April number of this Magazine, that we are spared the necessity of referring to it at any length on the present occasion. The injustice inflicted upon Canadian industry and enterprise under the old system was manifest to every one who gave the subject a moment's consideration. The English publisher issued his works at a price beyond the means of the mass of Colonial readers. The American publishers reprinted these works, in many cases, without remunerating the author. These reprints were published at a cheaper rate; but, in addition to the publishing price, the Canadian reader had to pay the *ad valorem* duty, ostensibly as a royalty to the author, although, in fact, it seldom, if ever, found its way into the author's pocket. The Canadian publisher, with superior facilities, cheaper materials and a lower rate of wages, was virtually shut out of the competition. If a work of general interest issued from the English press, negotiations with the author were necessary before he could venture to undertake its republication. Meanwhile, before a "form" of the work could be put in type, he found the market fully supplied by an American reprint. All our publishers asked therefore was, not to be protected against foreign competition, but that foreign publishers should not be protected against them. The chief credit of the recent change in the law belongs of right to Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal. He proved, conclusively, by a *reductio ad absurdum*, that he could do in exile what, as a Canadian, he was not permitted to do at home. The provisions of the new law may be briefly stated as follows.—Any publisher, having a license for that purpose from the Governor-General, and having deposited $100 as security for the payment of an excise duty of 12½ per cent. on the wholesale value of the work when printed in Canada, may within one month of securing the copyright, republish any British copyright work. The period of one month may be extended, for sufficient cause; the importation of foreign reprints of such works as are published under the Act is prohibited; and the excise duty is to be paid, not nominally but actually, to the party or parties beneficially interested in the British copyright. The question still remains whether our Parliament has not acted *ultra vires* in passing the new law. It is true that the B. N. America Act gives the Dominion legislature jurisdiction over the subject of copyright (30 & 31 Vic., c. 3, sec. 91), but it does not appear that any power was intended to be granted thereby in addition to that possessed by the old Province of Canada. The Imperial Copyright Act extends to the colonies, and it would seem, therefore, that Imperial legislation is necessary to give validity to the new Act. According to the Hon. Mr. Campbell, our Government is satisfied that the Act is constitutional; but as it only comes in force after a proclamation by the Governor-General, it is probable that the opinion of the law officers of the crown in England will be taken upon the point. In any case, there is no occasion to doubt the ultimate confirmation of so necessary an enactment.

As the summer advances there is a noticeable falling off in theological literature. We do not regret this, as it enables us to devote more attention to a few works of merit now lying before us. The latest instalment of Lange's Commentary—The Books of the Kings (New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.), is the work of Dr. Karl Bæhr, of Carlsruhe, translated by competent American scholars. Like its predecessors, this volume is a monument of the critical power, thorough scholarship and unwearied industry of German theologians. Without attempting a general review of the work here, we may take a crucial example, which will at once occur to the student of Scripture—the sign given to Hezekiah on the sun-dial (or more properly, the steps) of Ahaz (2 Kings xx. 9--11 and Isaiah xxxviii. 8.) The commentator and his American editor (an Episcopalian) are far from being Rationalists, although they do not seek to cloak the difficulties in the text. It is admitted that there is an inconsistency in the statements —(1) that Hezekiah had recovered, and (2) that, after his recovery, he desired a sign "that the Lord would heal" him; and further, that the parallel account in Isaiah is "disjointed," and attributes a different reason for the giving of the sign. On the other hand, the opinion of Bosanquet, Adams, one of the discoverers of the planet Neptune, and other astronomers—that the recession of the shadow on the stairs of Ahaz can be fully accounted for by a partial eclipse of the sun—is summarily repudiated. To those who think it a sound canon of biblical criticism that no phenomenon explicable by natural causes should be attributed to causes ultra-natural, we commend an article in the June No. of the *Sunday Magazine*, on "The Eclipses of Scripture Times." "Paul of Tarsus, by a Graduate," (Boston. Roberts Brothers) is an American reprint of an English work which has attracted considerable attention. It is a book which may be earnestly recommended to the general as well as to the theological reader. The author evidently possesses considerable acquaintance with classical, rabbinical and patristic literature, and he is at the same time master of a lucid and attractive style. We do not know any work which, within the same compass, contains so accurate and life-like an account of the apostle and his surroundings, of his enemies within and without the church, and of the heroic energy by which he overcame them all, and thus, humanly speaking, saved Christianity from the fate which seemed to await it—that "Judaism, the cradle of Christianity" did not also "become its grave." We are bound to confess, however, that some of the author's views, notably those on the Sunday question, the atonement, and dogmatic theology generally, will scarcely pass muster in orthodox quarters.