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ROSE-BELFORD'S

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AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1878.

A VISIT TO THE DOLOMITES.

BY W. D. REED.

WHEN I told my spinster aunt that I was purposing to devote my autumn holiday to visiting the Dolomites, and she replied, 'Indeed! I don't know them: who are they?' and I respectfully observed that 'they' were not people, but mountains, I did so without much surprise, for my aunt's schooldays are—well, farther off than mine. But when my younger brother, who is just on the verge of his degree examination, and knows, or is supposed to know, something about everything, from Aryan mythology to German nihilism, and from Hesiod to the *Daily Graphic*, confessed that he had explored his atlases and geographical manuals and could not find the Dolomites anywhere, I began to think that I really might stand some chance of escaping

HIGH STREET, CORTINA.

from the tracks of Mr. Cook and his tourists, with their green ticket-books and coupons, if I started for the Dolomites at once.

We were a party of three—the best of numbers, to my thinking, where men travel together. If you are two, your tastes must be ideally twin, or you will assuredly before long fall different ways. If you are four, you are sure to break up into pairs. But three are just enough to fill a carriage, to finish a couple of bottles of wine, to divide the linguistic difficulties of the Continent; and whenever, as will happen in the best-regulated parties, two differ, the third man is always available to give a casting vote, or at least to serve the useful office of a medium through which the opposing spirits may communicate and be reconciled.

I have heard it set down among the brag-worthy advantages of London that one may start from it for anywhere. It is equally true that one may start from anywhere for the Dolomites; but they lie at a goodish distance, as Old-World distances go, from the nearest English-speaking country, which is England. To localize the district roughly, draw an imaginary line south from Salzburg on the Tyrol to Venice. and halfway down the line you strike the Dolomites. And here, before going farther, it may be as well to mention, and have done with it (strictly for the benefit of my spinster aunt and my Cambridge brother, and any stray individual whose education or atlas may chance to be defective on the subject), that the Dolomites are a quite unique bunch of mountains, covering a square of fifty miles or thereabouts, incredibly gaunt and weird in shape, extraordinary in their colouring, interestingly dubious and contestable as to their geological formation, and named after a certain scientific Frenchman, M. Dolomieu, who, some seventy years ago, when the globe contained more unvisited nooks and corners than it does now-a-days, visited the district and first called attention to its geological peculiarities.

At Cortina d'Ampezzo you are still in Austria—the Italian frontier crosses the road half a dozen miles farther down—but the prevailing *patois* is already more flavoured with Italian than German elements, though certainly some of the natives do contrive to mix the two languages in their talk most impartially. At that dear, pleasant little hostelry, the Stella d'Oro, everything is sheer Italian, from the hostesses, the sisters Barbaria, to the little chamber-help; so we must throw off one language and put on another as best we may. No use at all being shy about it where you want beds and food and drink from people who simply don't know any lingo but their own; and indeed, given a very morsel of antecedent grammar knowledge and a pocket dictionary, the tongue soon runs along glibly enough in the strictly necessary and useful ruts of conversation.

While the cloth is being laid for dinner on the second-floor landing, the place of honour in many a Dolomite hamlet, there is time enough for a stroll up the village street, lazily wondering where the money came from to build this massive new *campanile* (a younger brother of the famous one in St. Mark's Piazza) that towers high above the church, and stopping to admire the spirited wall-paintings with which Ghedina, the Venetian painter, has frescoed the outside of his landlord-father's Aquila Vera. '*Il pranzo, signori—é pronto.*' *Our* Signora Barbaria (each sister takes one entire floor of the house under her exclusive charge) is on the lookout for us, anxious and bustling, at the door; and in two minutes, on that second-floor landing just outside our bedrooms, we are attacking a plentiful tureen of *minestra* (a watery gray soup containing an ample deposit of rice, which C—— irreverently christens 'pudding'), to which succeed in due course a pile of

MONTE ANTELAO.

maccaroni, with bits of mutton about the size of raisins in it, a plateful of craggy beef and an omelette; and if such a *menu* is not enough to content men who have been out all day long in whatever weather happens to be going, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment, too, of wine that at any rate

has probably the merit of being unadulterated, they must be harder to please than we were. And when I add that on the table stood a kind of Portland Vase of mustard, so tall and capacious that one naturally turned up one's sleeve and took a gravy-spoon in hand for the purpose of exploring its recesses, it must be obvious to the inductive mind that Cortina is a land of plenty.

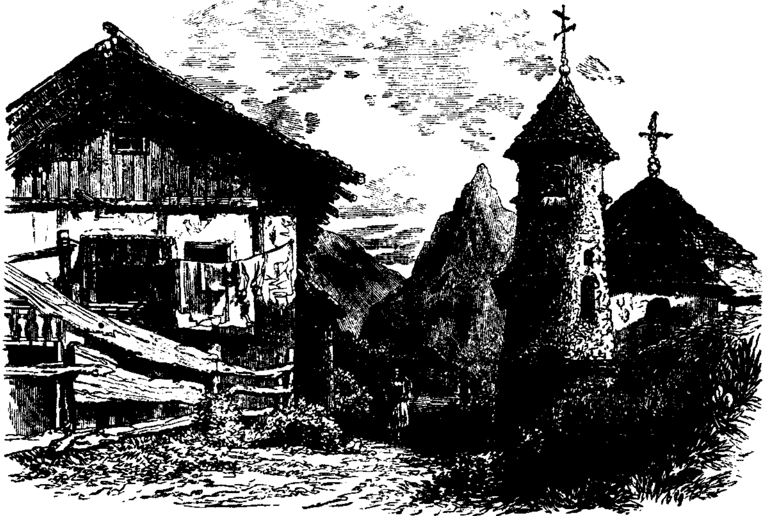
There is scope enough on the peaks about Cortina for the expertest mountaineer to prove his cragmanship, and for anybody to break his neck sensationally. There is ample choice of rambles afoot, and Pieve di Cadore, where Titian was born, and, living amongst the Dolomites, grew into the habit of putting their weird shapes upon his canvases, lies within a day's pilgrimage. But the real centre and heart of the district, the most captivating and characteristic natural surroundings, must be looked for at Caprile, six hours' good walking to the south-west.

To Caprile, though, one cannot very conveniently take baggage, except to the extent of a knapsack; so before leaving Cortina it is necessary to make some sort of arrangement for sending on, in hope of some day finding it again, any reserve of clothing that one may happen to be blessed (or plagued) with. In our case Venice seemed likely to be the next place where we should think of collars and razors; so it was arranged that the afternoon before our start for Caprile I should take a single-horse trip to the Italian frontier, see the three little portmanteaus of the party safely through the custom-house there, and book them on to our intended hotel on the Grand Canal. My comrades, J—— and C——, gave me, of course, each his key, that I might be able to open all or any of the 'pieces' on demand, and with an honesty that I am bold to brag of (for I had nothing personally to gain or lose by it) it had been agreed that I was to own J——'s portmanteau containing some tobacco, and take the consequences of duty or its forfeiture. Away we bowled down the white road in the westering sun, Antelao in front, pitched like a Titan's bell-tent to guard the way, and my driver volubly treating me to Germano-Italian sandwiches of chatter, the predominant burden being—not the marvellous mountains, not any of the things or habits noteworthy or interesting in the Ampezzo Thal, but—the hardness of his own individual life, and his certain conviction that every Englishman was 'full of gold.' Hardly past the bilingual notice-boards that mark the frontier, a dusty-coated official of the baser sort stalking athwart the road magnificently bids us halt. 'The Dogana?' 'No, signor—the Fumigator.' 'The Fumigator? Why, what on earth—?' but before I can get my sentence finished (in Italian) the dusty-coated one, with the connivance of my driver, has whipped off all the baggage into a whitewashed building by the roadside; which has the no-doubt-intended effect of making me descend and follow suit. As soon as Dusty-coat has got us all into his den he proceeds to lock the door, and then, going to a brazier in the corner, stirs into vaporous life a panful of some abominable chemicals; after which he finds time and complaisance to vouchsafe me the information that this is the Italian government's device for keeping cholera out—now that it is fairly in—and that, in fine, he would like to have the pleasure of drinking my health in return for his suffocating assault upon it. Well, to escape into fresh air again is cheap at a depreciated *lira* ransom; and a couple of hundred yards farther brings us to the custom-house at last. The receiver in person politely comes forward to conduct the examination of my portmanteaus. 'Anything to declare, signor?' 'Yes' (with a glow of conscious virtue in the avowal)—'some tobacco in that black portmanteau.' 'Hah! Open it.' I have

MONTE PELMO.

some little difficulty with the lock, not having tried J——'s bramah before starting, but in half a minute the contraband portmanteau is open, and — Hallo! where is that tobacco? The pouch I know well, is of a size calculated (as J—— says) to serve a fellow for a pillow at a pinch, and his

last words to me were that he had placed it, to save trouble, on the top. No signs of it, though. Feeling ridiculously nonplussed, I prod about excitedly among J——'s clothing. The receiver kneels down beside me, and we both prod. No effects; and at last the receiver courteously declares, 'It's a romance, or at any rate the quantity must be too minute to



NEAR CORTINA.

make a fuss about;' and he forthwith closes the examination. Judge of the tableau that we three assisted at in the Venice hotel when it turned out that, through a genuinely unwitting confusion of my friend's two portmanteaus, I had opened and searched the wrong one, and the sly pillow-pouch had thus slipped unconfiscated into Italy!

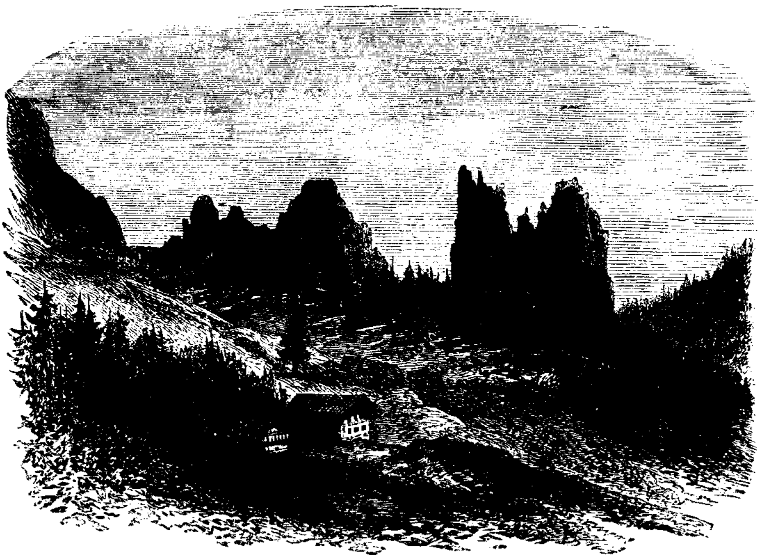
The Albergo Pezzé at Caprile is a god typical specimen of the Dolomite inn. Its exterior is rather a shock, perhaps, to the average traveller at first sight. From the street you enter, under a narrow archway, an unkempt stone-floored passage or lobby space, a repository for miscellaneous lumber. Undeterred by appearances, it behooves you to mount the staircase to the first floor, and there, emerging from the kitchen, the Signora Pezzé, the hostess, will welcome you with the kindliest smile; and you feel in a moment, even before you have climbed another flight of stairs to the airy, scrupulously clean bedrooms, and snug little sitting room of the second floor, that you have found a place where you may well rest and be thankful. What matter if the equipage of your chamber be a trifle incongruous? A mediæval harpsichord, that may have charmed the ears of many an aristocratic Republican from Venice, stood in a corner of mine, and I knelt down in another corner to perform my ablutions (as best I might) by means of a pie-dish placed on a low rush-bottomed chair. Across the passage J—— and C—— were sharing a room, three walls of which were hung with gaudy-robed saints, to say nothing of holy-water receptacles at the bed-heads, while on the fourth wall flaunted unabashed a recumbent Venus, as lightly clad as Titian's in the Venice Accademia. And time doesn't hang heavily

in the little *sala* during the mountaineer's short evenings. Gilbert and Churchill's book on *The Dolomites* is there of course. and a miscellaneous colletti̇on of Tauchnitz novels, and—what one certainly would not have expected—three or four recent numbers of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, which it seems this dear old (I don't use the second epithet strictly) Signora Pezze actually has posted to her twice a week from London for the benefit of her English-reading *forestieri*, Not that one has much time or inclination for literature at such moments. The evening meal takes some time, though indeed the signora, gliding about from table to table, always benevolently beaming and quick to anticipate every want, does, in her tranquil, unflurried way manage to wait upon a roomful of people with an effective promptness that I have never yet seen equalled. And then there is the free flowing conversation that always abounds, even among Britishers and Americans, when they are on holiday jaunts abroad, with the extra attraction of being able to practice languages upon any foreigners who may happen to be present.

How suddenly the weather changes in mountain-districts! The night before we were to leave Caprile every thing betokened a fair-weather journey, but the morning dawned in such torrents of rain that the good folk of the albergo deliberately omitted to call us at the early hour that we had named, and but for the noise of the water plashing from the spouts we might have lain abed till mid-day. However, we were up and dressed and holding council over our coffee and eggs by six o'clock. It was clearly no use staying in-doors; and one can't expect to have everything one's own way, at least until the clerk of the weather puts on human shape and (what some folk tell us is pretty much the same thing) bribeability. So young Bartolo Battista, our guide and porter, gamely heaved the knapsacks on to his back: we threw our ever-useful Scotch shawls over our shoulders, and fared out into the driving rain. There is positively no doubt about it: your fair-weather traveller loses a multitude of experiences worth having. Lucretius would not have felt half so vividly the sweetness of sitting at ease on the shore while regarding the toils of his fellow-mortals on the deep if he had never himself been knocked about by a head-wind. We, if the rain-clouds did conceal the

THE AIGUILLES OF THE SCHLERN

mountain-outlines, if the rain did beat upon us with an insistence that only a Scotch maud can foil,—well, I, for my part, protest that we had our compensations. The Sottoguda Gorge—a wonderful cleft, so narrow that in places there is not room enough between the sheer walls for path and torrent, except by carrying the one on a frail causeway a few feet above the other—is sufficiently memorable, maybe, at all times; but see it as we did, the stream below swollen to storm-fury, the cliffs overhead touching the low driving mist-banks, and you will appreciate the sight—afterward, when you are indoors and dry, if not sooner. And then the Fedaja Pass! Why, on an ordinary August or September day you may expect to find there a succession of grass-slopes and much sun. Try it in caitiff weather, as it was our fortune to do, and in four or five hours from Caprile you may be enjoying all the specialties of the High Alps—interminable slopes and plateaus of treacherously deep snow, through which, losing the path, you now and then fall sprawlingly thigh-deep, snow beating blindingly in your face, wind (not your own—far from it) *ad lib.*, with the extra excitement of being conscious that your guide is not altogether sure of his road. Ours was a cheery, willing young fellow, but there was just one moment when it needed the hint of the probability of a something over



UNKNOWN MOUNTAINS NEAR CORTINA.

and above the tariff charge rewarding his accomplishment of the day's journey to sway his mental balance in favour of piloting us over the summit of the pass. Perhaps, to do him justice, there would not have been even that one moment of indecision but for the nervous shock of a sudden squall that blew to rods and tatters his friend of many years—his umbrella.

Mid-day was past, and with it the highest point of the Fedaja, when suddenly the snow-flakes stopped falling, the dull air grew luminous, and with a magic rapidity of development which might well have broken the heart of a transformation-scene deviser, the sun burst through the clouds, routed them, broke them up, and sent them in picturesque, wisplike flight from his

VENETIAN LION AT CAPRILE.

presence into such shadowed hollows as might offer refuge. Marmolata, the loftiest of the Dolomites, and a score of fantastic peaks all round, stood out into the light, lustrous and sparkling in their new snow-garments, and relieved against a back-ground of the brightest blue, while below the pine woods, with every feathery branch weighted with glistening snow, completed a scene that more than repaid us for the little discomforts of the morning.

That night J—— again had to remark (and I must say not without reason) that 'if this was roughing it, well, on the whole, he rather preferred roughing it.' The scene was Antonio Rizzi's at Vigo in the Fassa Thal. The ground floor of the albergo appears to serve the purpose of a cart-house, and the bedroom landing opens on one side into a hayloft; but the tubs of hot water are not the less hot and ample, the host and his family are not the less hearty and obliging, the food and beds are not the less ample and wholesome, on that account. Soup, trout, veal cutlets, salad, *pasti dolis* and an omelette as big as J——'s tobacco-pouch were laid before us in the evening, bouquets for our button holes lay upon our breakfast-plates in the morning; and if there had been but a little coffee in the chicory, we should positively have had to fall back, for grumbling material, upon the grievance of having nothing to grumble about.

The morning air was clear and frosty as we struck down the valley, with promise, though, of coming noonday heat. To the north-west, toward Botzen, the spike-like Aiguilles of the Schlern shoot up eight thousand feet and more, but in this deep valley they are hidden from our view by a long fantastic chain to our right, where the yellow pinnacles of the Rosengarten stand out clear cut against the blue. On our bedroom walls some local artist had frescoed imaginary peaks of the Japanese tea-tray type, with quite uncalled-for idealism; for here, under his very eyes, had he chosen to use them, he had every day before him mountain-forms more strange, more improbable, to copy

from than any his fancy was likely to devise.

'Just so!' remarked J—— sententiously: one is apt to be sententious for an hour or so after a breakfast so solid as they furnish at Rizzi's. 'Foreigners are such a queer lot, you know: seems to me they're always going out of their way to make comic blunders, with a benevolent view, I sometimes incline to suspect, to the amusement of us travelling Britishers. Their advertisers, for instance, make such a delicious mess of it when they will follow up their announcements with a would-be English translation. You remember that hotel advertisement that we found, framed and glazed, in the station waiting-room at Linz? The German half of it was correct enough, of course—'

'As our intimate ignorance of the language assured us, eh?'

'Don't interrupt. I'm content to credit the advertiser with, at any rate, as much knowledge of his own lingo as one of our own advertisers has of his. But the translation was simply delightful: I treasure every adjective of it: "Hotel of the Post, Weissnau. Accomplished Drinks, Captivating Meats, Boats, and a Excellent Bath."'

'"A most excellent bathos," he might have said. But I own there's an unconsciousness about the language of your Weissnau landlord that amuses me more than this French production that I got yesterday enclosed in a note from our friend S—— at Mentone. Did I read it to you? It's not bad as a bit of fun, even granting—what I won't pledge myself to, one way or the other—that the author might have been a little more idiomatically bilingual if he had tried. I'll read it to you while you're shifting your knapsack; which, by the way, you will find ride vastly easier if you'll just let out the strap another hole or two. Listen:

'"GRAND HOTEL BIJOVE.

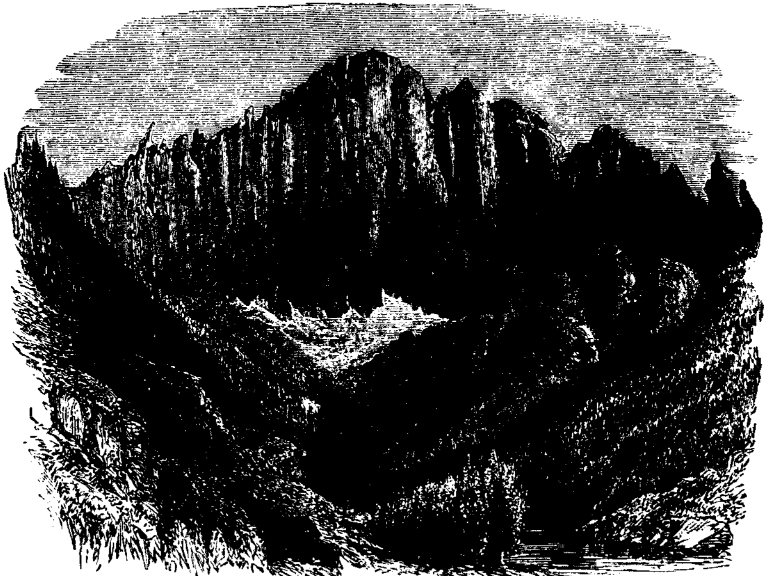
'"(*Englisch House.*),

'"Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADE KROMESKY,

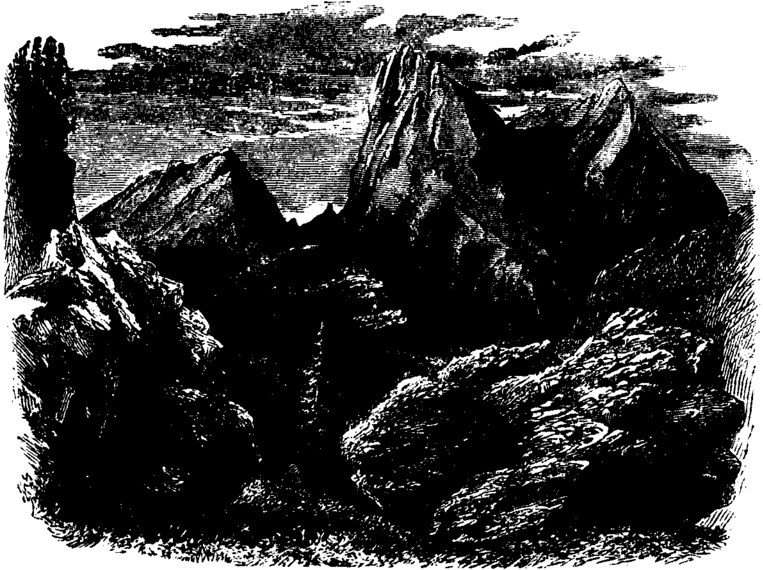
Propriétaire.

'"Tous les agréments du *High-Life* se trouvent réunis dans ce magnifique établissement, nouvellement organisé et entretenu sur le pied du confortable le plus recherché. Salons de Société, de Lecture et de Billard.

'"Pension à prix modérés. Cuisine et service



MONTE CIVITA.



THE MARMOLATA, FROM THE PASS OF ALLEGHE.

hors ligne. Spécialités de rosbif, rhum, thé Pekoë, porter-beer, wischky, old Thom et autres consommations dans le goût britannique. On parle toutes les langues."

'Here followeth the translation :

'"THE GREAT BY-JOVE HOTEL,

'"Place du Paradis. ALCIBIADES KROMESKY, Proprietar.

'"All the agreements of high-life are reunited in this magnificent establishment, newly organized, and entertained upon the footing of the, most researchd confortable. Salons of Society, Lecture and Billiard.

'"Pension to moderate prices. Kitchen and service out of common. Specialtys of roasbeef, rhumpunsch, Pekoë tea, porteerbeer, wischky, old Thom, and other consummations in the britisch taste. One speaks all the languages."

'There now, what do you say to that, J——, eh?'

'Humph! Don't mind going as far as to say, "*Se non è vero, è ben trovato*," if that will be any gratification to you. But the sun's getting on apace with his day's journey; so I vote for tramping on without more of your comic readings for the present.'

Ten miles and a bittock (if that convenient Scotch word may be permitted) from Campidello stands the little town of Predazzo, long celebrated by geologists and mineralogists, but not much known, as yet, to the unscientific traveller. Here again one finds in the signora of the inn—whose sign, a gilded three-master, swings creakily in metal-work over the entrance-arch—the representative of a very old family of gentle blood. She is a Giacomelli, and has a right to the Giacomelli escutcheon, which, bearing the date 1520, hangs over a door on the first-floor landing. All down one side of the *sala* runs a glazed cabinet well stored with mineralogical specimens collected in the immediate neighbourhood and presented by various learned visitors; and C—— will be quite happy in examining these, and J—— in making acquaintance with the bread and butter and *vino ordinario* of the inn, while I go down stairs again to consult the landlady about the means of getting a vehicle and horses to take us over the five-and-twenty miles of road that lie between us and our self-destined night-quarters at Primiero.

'*Niente cavallo.*'

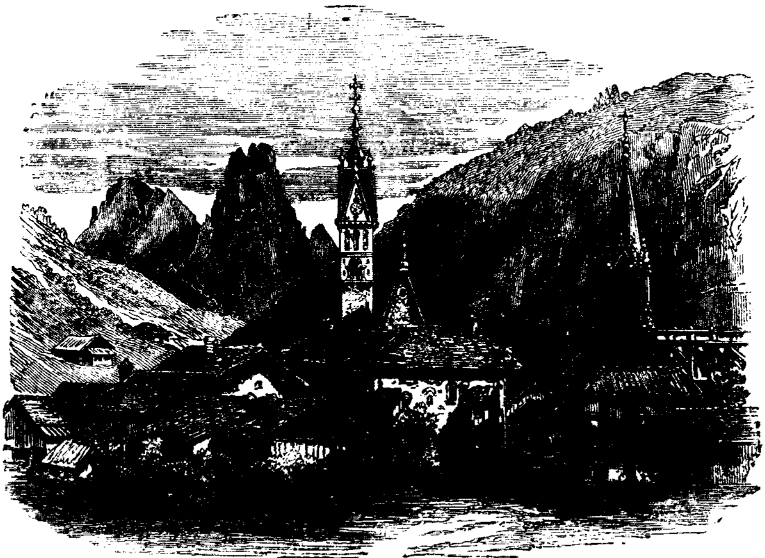
'What! no horses? Most excellent signora, you are surely joking. The Signor Rizzi told us most dis-

THE ROSENGARTEN, FROM BOTZEN.

nctly this morning that here we should find no difficulty at all in getting horses—that the *padrone* of the post-house—'

'Ah, yes, there are eight, ten horses generally, but there have been so many *forestieri* passing through lately—two horses here, two there—I assure you, signors, there is not one horse for hire in the town.'

Yes, at Primiero we must and would spend our next night. But how to get



PREDAZZO.

there? Even if human legs could pace the distance between noon and September dark—which, to judge from Ball's almost always trusty *Guide* seemed, to say the least, doubtful—it was quite certain that, for sundry physical reasons, which need not be further particularized than by mentioning that our chlorodyne had been in frequent recent use, our particular trio were, on this particular occasion, distinctly not equal to walking it. If we could but get to Paneveggio, suggested our kind signora of the Nave d'Oro, the padrone there had a *buon cavallo* in his stable which would take us to Primier' (the final *o* seems always to be dropped off the names of places hereabouts in conversation) in no time, and that, too, along the new road of which the German professor had told us at Caprile. Ah, yes! if we could but get to Paneveggio! Only a couple of hours' drive up that wooded valley there to the south-east. But how? C—— would I verily believe, have gone back in another minute to the *sala* to seek an answer to the question in the pages of a well-thumbed Tauchnitz novel which he had found in a sofa-corner there; and J —— might (looking at the matter *a posteriori*, I decline to aver that he would) have persuaded me to join him in sipping acid *ordinario* for inspiration; but at this moment Dame Fortune kindly took the matter into her own potent hands. Round the corner by the church came in sight a cart of clumsy, rustic build, clattering and rumbling direfully along the quiet street, AND —drawn by a pair of wiry little black horses. Rescue!

> A sail in sight appears:
> We hail her with three cheers.

I never had the pleasure of being in the Bay of Biscay myself, but I can fancy that the feelings of the grateful mariner in the song must have closely resembled those which we three (precisely the right-sized party, be it observed, for performing the conventional number of cheers with the least waste of time) greeted the sight of this opportune vehicle and pair.

How astonished the swarthy young Italian in charge of the team looked, to be sure, when he was brought up

THE DREI ZINNEN.

short by a proposition that he should turn his whip and waggon to the unaccustomed purpose of transporting a load of human beings from Predazzo to Paneveggio! At first the novelty of the idea was too much for him, and turned his tongue to the manufacture of excuses. He hadn't had his breakfast; the waggon wouldn't hold us; the horses were tired; the road was—All which the vehemence of a majority who knew what they wanted, could at any rate talk the intelligible language of money-reward, speedily dissipated; and after little more than half an hour's waiting our charioteer, just as the church-clock struck noon, rattled gayly up to the door of the Nave d'Oro. Sparkling were his eyes and teeth, jaunty the feather in his hat, and his vehicle had been equipped for service by laying a couple of boards, by way of seats, across it, and cushioned with an ample bran-sack. There was not much room to spare, certainly, but by letting a few legs dangle over the sides we all managed to find stowage; and with light hearts, the Signora Giacomelli laughing adieu from her doorstep, we creaked and jolted out of Predazzo.

For an hour or so an almost continual ascent, during which J—— and I, leaving the game little black nags quite work enough to do in pulling C—— and our knapsacks up the zigzags, went ahead on foot, and by cutting off corners gained ground enough to have a quarter of an hour to spare, on reaching the level, for sketching the outlines of the Dolomitic ranges by which the view was in every direction bounded.

A mile or two of tolerably level grassy tableland, and suddenly the road plunges into a narrow defile, thick with pine, a brawling torrent rushing far below. At one of the turns we overtake a brawny pedestrian in Tyrolese jacket and hat, who, with a wink of acquaintanceship to our driver, coolly swings a portion of his big body—Goodness only knows how—on to a corner of our already overbrimming wagon, and puffs away at his pipe

without a word till we draw up at the roadside inn, which with a timber-yard and (I think) a hovel or two, answers to the name of Paneveggio. In a paddock beside the inn a well-shaped chestnut is grazing. 'Ecco il buon cavallo!" And so it is, only that it turns out to be a mare. Eagerly we beseech the *padrone* that she may be caught and harnessed, and we started again on our way to Primier' with the least possible delay. He does not, somehow, seem remarkably eager to comply. At the moment we naturally set his reluctance down to the landlord's instinct, in out-of-the-way places, against letting afternoon arrivals go without having the benefit of bed and bill out of them; and we forthwith propitiated him by ordering such eatables and drinkables as his house could produce, accordingly. But looking back with my present knowledge of what he then doubtless knew of the 'new road' over which we purposed travelling—and, as the sequel will show, did travel—I, for one, can readily excuse some unwillingness on the part of the brave chestnut's owner to send her off on the journey for which we three masterful *forestieri* claimed to requisition her.

Still, perseverance prevailed, though indeed command, entreaty, and even the offer of additional *lire*, were alike unavailing to make those obliging but vacuous folk bestir themselves. In truth, the only busy individual about the place was our late wagoner, who, ever since our arrival an hour ago, had been celebrating in potations of acrid *ordinario* his unwonted earnings of the day. It was fully a quarter past three when all was at last ready for our start. The chestnut had been caught and groomed and harnessed, and looked promisingly stout and game, but the rest of the equipage presented a sadly inferior appearance. A sorrier rattle-trap than the cramped little antediluvian chaise, to which the good mare was attached by rope-harness of the rudest description, may it never be my lot to see, much less travel in again. But we were little inclined to quarrel or criticise; and tumbling the packs into the bottom of the trap, and getting some portions of our respective persons on the top of them, we were at once fairly under weigh on the 'new road.'

New road, indeed! Yes, I venture to assert that credulous travellers never essayed a newer. You are hardly a quarter of a mile from Paneveggio when the track—thus far a good hard, level one—enters a pine forest and begins an interminable zigzag climb. One knows that there are some wonderful Dolomites close overhead somewhere, but the trees are too thick to allow of anything like a view; and we indeed soon found our eyes and thoughts fully employed in the immediate foreground. For the road was unquestionably getting newer and newer every yard. First, it became deep and sandy, and we jumped out to lighten the ship; then, the first suspicious circumstance, we came upon a surveyor giving orders as to gradients; a little farther, and the smooth sandy surface gave way to an uneven slope of unmitigated stoniness; and finally our progress was suddenly arrested by a party of navvies, who bade us halt while a blast took place a little ahead, hurling above the tops of the trees the fragments of a rock that stood athwart this excellent new road —of the future. At several points it did indeed seem impossible that our shaky little shandrydan could be hoisted over the ground, but the brave mare, never jibbing, tugged it gamely over all difficulties—now through a mud-hole, now over a hump of rock, and here and there a foot or two sheer up from a low level of inchoate track to a bit of metalled roadway just laid and levelled by the navvies. At last the trees grew thinner; increase of light gave hope that we were well nigh out of the wood; and finally we emerged on to a high plateau of turf encircled by a wilderness of barren

peaks, preeminent amongst which the marvellous obelisk of the Cimon della Pala, a veritable Dolomite Matterhorn, stood up, gaunt and terrible, directly in our path. The road passes close under the base and along the steepest point of this extraordinary yellow crag, which from this side, its overhanging outline suggestive, in places, of the conventional form of the Phrygian liberty cap, looks certainly quite unclimbable (forgive the word), though I believe the top has more than once been reached by some back-stairs way or other. Soon our view opened far down into the valley, at the foot of which, somewhere behind that deep-green mass of pines in the distance below, Primiero was to be imagined lying. The September sun was already getting uncomfortably near to the horizon when our tumble-to-pieces little chaise began a descent as unpleasantly steep as the ascent through the wood on the other side had been rough. The track, on this side old, unreformed and narrow, wound at first by frequent sharp declines down the face of a red tumulus-shaped sandhill. As we capped the topmost edge no less than seven zigzags were in view at once on the hill-side. All very well for pedestrians; all very well for carriage-folk, maybe, given everything satisfactory in the departments of vehicle, harness and driver; but where, as in our case, you have a trap so shaky in wheels, springs and body that it is scarcely competent to hold together *without* the superincumbent weight of four bodies averaging over ten stone apiece; when you have a broken brake, rope traces and a most casual charioteer, far too eager a gossip to take much note of his horse or pace,—well, under such circumstances you may very likely (as we did) be jolted into laughter-fits by the ludicrously jerky, all-confusing incidents of the descent; but at the end of each zig and zag, where there is neither fence nor other obstacle interposed between the outer road-corner and a precipitous tumble of a good many hundreds of feet, the open view of the result of overbalancing at the turn, or over-shooting it, will, you may think (as we did), put a quite sufficiently strong *soupçon* of excitement into the proceeding.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

WITH eye suffused and heart dissolved with sorrow,
How often I have fled the realms of sleep,
And sought, not vainly, from thy page to borrow
That which forbids or eye or heart to weep!
Thy 'Thanatopsis,' fraught with tenderest feeling,
Is like a June breeze to the ice-bound heart;
To us, thy humble followers, revealing
The sage, the seer, the poet that thou art,
Still roll 'The Ages,' still 'Green River' flows,
And odorous blossoms load the 'Apple Tree,'—
Into 'The Lake' still fall the fleecy snows,
And nature everywhere, doth speak of thee.
Oh, for a poet's tongue to name thy name!
But does it matter? Thine is deathless fame.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER X.

'LADY MONTBARRY, Miss.'

Agnes was writing a letter, when the servant astonished her by announcing the visitor's name. Her first impulse was to refuse to see the woman who had intruded on her. But Lady Montbarry had taken care to follow close on the servant's heels. Before Agnes could speak she had entered the room.

'I beg to apologize for my intrusion, Miss Lockwood. I have a question to ask you, in which I am very much interested. No one can answer me but yourself.' In low hesitating tones, with her glittering black eyes bent modestly on the ground, Lady Montbarry opened the interview in those words.

Without answering, Agnes pointed to a chair. She could do this, and, for the time, she could do no more. All that she had read of the hidden and sinister life in the palace at Venice; all that she had heard of Montbarry's melancholy death and burial in a foreign land; all that she knew of the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance, rushed into her mind, when the black-robed figure confronted her, standing just inside the door. The strange conduct of Lady Montbarry added a new perplexity to the doubts and misgivings that troubled her. There stood the adventuress whose character had left its mark on society all over Europe—the Fury who had terrified Mrs. Ferrari at the hotel—inconceivably transformed into a timid shrinking woman! Lady Montbarry had not once ventured to look at Agnes, since she had made her way into the room. Advancing to take the chair that had been pointed out to her, she hesitated, put her hand on the rail to support herself, and still remained standing. 'Please give me a moment to compose myself,' she said faintly. Her head sank on her bosom: she stood before Agnes like a conscious culprit before a merciless judge.

The silence that followed was literally the silence of fear on both sides. In the midst of it the door was opened once more—and Henry Westwick appeared.

He looked at Lady Montbarry with a moment's steady attention—bowed to her with formal politeness—and passed on in silence. At the sight of her husband's brother, the sinking spirit of the woman sprang to life again. Her drooping figure became erect. Her eyes met Westwick's look, brightly defiant. She returned his bow with an icy smile of contempt.

Henry crossed the room to Agnes.

Is Lady Montbarry here by your invitation?' he asked quietly.

'No.

'Do you wish to see her?'

'It is very painful to me to see her.'

He turned and looked at his sister-in-law. 'Do you hear that?' he asked coldly.

'I hear it,' she answered more coldly still.

'Your visit is, to say the least of it, ill-timed.

'Your interference is, to say the least of it, out of place.'

With that retort, Lady Montbarry approached Agnes. The presence of Henry Westwick seemed at once to relieve and embolden her. 'Permit

me to ask my question, Miss Lockwood,' she said, with graceful courtesy. 'It is nothing to embarrass you. When the courier Ferrari applied to my late husband for employment, did you——.' Her resolution failed her, before she could say more. She sank trembling into the nearest chair, and, after a moment's struggle, composed herself again. 'Did you permit Ferrari,' she resumed, 'to make sure of being chosen for our courier, by using your name?'

Agnes did not reply with her customary directness. Trifling as it was, the reference to Montbarry, proceeding from *that* woman of all others, confused and agitated her.

'I have known Ferrari's wife for many years,' she began. 'And I take an interest ——'

Lady Montbarry abruptly lifted her hands with a gesture of entreaty. 'Ah, Miss Lockwood, don't waste time by talking of his wife! Answer my plain question, plainly!'

'Let me answer her,' Henry whispered. 'I will undertake to speak plainly enough.'

Agnes refused by a gesture. Lady Montbarry's interruption had roused her sense of what was due to herself. She resumed her reply in plainer terms.

'When Ferrari wrote to the late Lord Montbarry,' she said, 'he did certainly mention my name.'

Even now, she had innocently failed to see the object which her visitor had in view. Lady Montbarry's impatience became ungovernable. She started to her feet, and advanced to Agnes.

'Was it with your knowledge and permission that Ferrari used your name?' she asked. 'The whole soul of my question is in *that*. For God's sake, answer me—Yes, or No!'

'Yes.'

That one word struck Lady Montbarry as a blow might have struck her. The fierce life that had animated her face the instant before, faded out of it suddenly, and left her like a woman turned to stone. She stood, mechanically confronting Agnes, with a stillness so wrapt and perfect that not even the breath she drew was perceptible to the two persons who were looking at her.

Henry spoke to her roughly. 'Rouse yourself,' he said. 'You have received your answer.'

She looked round at him. 'I have received my sentence,' she rejoined—and turned slowly to leave the room.

To Henry's astonishment, Agnes stopped her. 'Wait a moment, Lady Montbarry. I have something to ask on my side.'

Lady Montbarry paused on the instant—silently submissive as if she had heard a word of command. Henry drew Agnes away to the other end of the room, and remonstrated with her.

'You do wrong to call that person back,' he said.—'No,' Agnes whispered, 'I have had time to remember.'—'To remember what?'—'To remember Ferrari's wife: Lady Montbarry may have heard something of the lost man.'—'Lady Montbarry may have heard, but she won't tell.'—'It may be so, Henry, but, for Emily's sake, I must try.'—Henry yielded. 'Your kindness is inexhaustible,' he said, with his admiration of her kindling in his eyes. 'Always thinking of others; never of yourself!'

Meanwhile, Lady Montbarry waited with a resignation that could endure any delay. Agnes returned to her, leaving Henry by himself. 'Pardon me for keeping you waiting,' she said in her gentle, courteous way. 'You have spoken of Ferrari. I wish to speak of him too.'

Lady Montbarry bent her head in silence. Her hand trembled as she took out her handkerchief, and passed it over her forehead. Agnes detected the trembling, and shrank back a step. 'Is the subject painful to you?' she asked timidly.

Still silent, Lady Montbarry invited her by a wave of the hand to go on. Henry approached, attentively watching his sister-in-law. Agnes went on.

'No trace of Ferrari has been dis-

covered in England,' she said. 'Have you any news of him? And will you tell me (if you have heard anything), in mercy to his wife?'

Lady Montbarry's thin lips suddenly relaxed into their sad and cruel smile.

'Why do you ask *me* about the lost courier?' she said. 'You will know what has become of him, Miss Lockwood, when the time is ripe for it.'

Agnes started. 'I don't understand you,' she said. 'How shall I know? Will some one tell me?'

'Some one will tell you.'

Henry could keep silence no longer, 'Perhaps, your ladyship may be the person,' he interrupted with ironical politeness.

She answered him with contemptuous ease. 'You may be right, Mr. Westwick. One day or another, I may be the person who tells Miss Lockwood what has become of Ferrari, if——' She stopped; with her eyes fixed on Agnes.

'If what?' Henry asked.

'If Miss Lockwood forces me to it.'

Agnes listened in astonishment. 'Force you to it?' she repeated. 'How can I do that? Do you mean to say my will is stronger than yours?'

'Do *you* mean to say that the candle doesn't burn the moth, when the moth flies into it?' Lady Montbarry rejoined. 'Have you ever heard of such a thing as the fascination of terror. I am drawn to you by the fascination of terror. I have no right to visit you. I have no wish to visit you: you are my enemy. For the first time in my life, against my own will, I submit to my enemy. See! I am waiting, because you told me to wait—and the fear of you (I swear it!) creeps through me while I stand here. Oh, don't let me excite your curiosity or your pity! Follow the example of Mr. Westwick. Be hard and brutal, and unforgiving, like him. Grant me my release. Tell me to go.'

The frank and simple nature of Agnes could discover but one intelligible meaning in this strange outbreak.

'You are mistaken in thinking me your enemy,' she said. 'The wrong you did me when you gave your hand to Lord Montbarry was not intentionally done. I forgave you my sufferings in his lifetime. I forgive you even more freely now that he has gone.'

Henry heard her with mingled emotions of admiration and distress! 'Say no more!' he exclaimed. 'You are too good to her; she is not worthy of it.'

The interruption passed unheeded by Lady Montbarry. The simple words in which Agnes had replied seemed to have absorbed the whole attention of this strangely-changeable woman. As she listened, her face settled slowly into an expression of hard and tearless sorrow. There was a marked change in her voice when she spoke next. It expressed that last worst resignation which has done with hope.

'You good innocent creature,' she said, 'what does your amiable forgiveness matter? What are your poor little wrongs, in the reckoning for greater wrongs which is demanded of me? I am not trying to frighten you: I am only miserable about myself. Do you know what it is to have a firm presentiment of calamity that is coming to you—and yet to hope that your own positive conviction will not prove true? When I first met you, before my marriage, and first felt your influence over me, I had that hope. It was a starveling sort of hope that lived a lingering life in me until to-day. *You* struck it dead, when you answered my question about Ferrari.'

'How have I destroyed your hopes?' Agnes asked. 'What connection is there between my permitting Ferrari to use my name to Lord Montbarry, and the strange and dreadful things you are saying to me now?'

'The time is near, Miss Lockwood, when you will discover that for yourself. In the meanwhile, you shall know what my fear of you is, in the plainest words I can find. On the day when I took your hero from you and

blighted your life—I am firmly persuaded of it!—you were made the instrument of the retribution that my sins of many years had deserved. Oh, such things have happened before to-day! One person has, before now, been the means of innocently ripening the growth of evil in another. You have done that already—and you have more to do yet. You have still to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the punishment that is my doom. We shall meet again—here in England, or there in Venice where my husband died—and meet for the last time.'

In spite of her better sense, in spite of her natural superiority to superstitions of all kinds, Agnes was impressed by the terrible earnestness with which those words were spoken. She turned pale as she looked at Henry. 'Do *you* understand her?' she asked.

'Nothing is easier than to understand her,' he replied contemptuously. 'She knows what has become of Ferrari; and she is confusing you in a cloud of nonsense, because she daren't own the truth. Let her go!'

If a dog had been under one of the chairs, and had barked, Lady Montbarry could not have proceeded more impenetrably with the last words she had to say to Agnes.

'Advise your interesting Mrs. Ferrari to wait a little longer,' she said. '*You* will know what has become of her husband, and you will tell her. There will be nothing to alarm you. Some trifling event will bring us together the next time—as trifling, I dare say, as the engagement of Ferrari. Sad nonsense, Mr. Westwick, is it not? But you make allowances for women; we all talk nonsense. Good morning, Miss Lockwood.'

She opened the door—suddenly, as if she was afraid of being called back for the second time—and left them.

Chapter XI.

'Do you think she is mad?' Agnes asked.

'I think she is simply wicked. False, superstitious, inveterately cruel—but not mad. I believe her main motive in coming here was to enjoy the luxury of frightening you.'

'She *has* frightened me. I am ashamed to own it—but so it is.'

Henry looked at her, hesitated for a moment, and seated himself on the sofa by her side.

'I am very anxious about you, Agnes,' he said. 'But for the fortunate chance which led me to call here to-day—who knows what that vile woman might not have said or done, if she had found you alone? My dear, you are leading a sadly unprotected solitary life. I don't like to think of it; I want to see it changed—especially after what has happened to-day. No! no! it is useless to tell me that you have your old nurse. She is too old; she is not in your rank of life—there is no sufficient protection in the companionship of such a person for a lady in your position. Don't mistake me, Agnes! what I say, I say in the sincerity of my devotion to you.' He paused, and took her hand. She made a feeble effort to withdraw it—and yielded. 'Will the day never come,' he pleaded, 'when the privilege of protecting you may be mine? when you will be the pride and joy of my life, as long as my life lasts?' He pressed her hand gently. She made no reply. The colour came and went on her face; her eyes were turned away from him. 'Have I been so unhappy as to offend you?' he asked.

She answered that—she said, almost in a whisper, 'No.'

'Have I distressed you?'

'You have made me think of the sad days that are gone.' She said no more; she only tried to withdraw her hand from his for the second time. He still held it; he lifted it to his lips.

'Can I never make you think of other days than those—of the happier days to come? Or, if you must think of the time that is passed, can you not look back to the time when I first loved you?'

She sighed as he put the question. 'Spare me, Henry,' she answered sadly. 'Say no more!'

The colour rose again in her cheeks; her hand trembled in his. She looked lovely, with her eyes cast down and her bosom heaving gently. At that moment he would have given everything he had in the world to take her in his arms and kiss her. Some mysterious sympathy, passing from his hand to hers, seemed to tell her what was in his mind. She snatched her hand away, and suddenly looked up at him. The tears were in her eyes. She said nothing; she let her eyes speak for her. They warned him—without anger, without unkindness—but still they warned him to press her no further that day.

'Only tell me that I am forgiven,' he said, as he rose from the sofa.

'Yes,' she answered quietly, 'you are forgiven.'

'I have not lowered myself in your estimation, Agnes?'

'Oh, no!'

'Do you wish me to leave you?'

She rose, in her turn, from the sofa, and walked to her writing table before she replied. The unfinished letter which she had been writing when Lady Montbarry interrupted her, lay open on the blotting-book. As she looked at the letter, and then looked at Henry, the smile that charmed everybody showed itself in her face.

'You must not go just yet,' she said: 'I have something to tell you. I hardly know how to express it. The shortest way perhaps will be to let you find it out for yourself. You have been speaking of my lonely unprotected life here. It is not a very happy life, Henry—I own that.' She paused, observing the growing anxiety of his expression as he looked at her, with a shy satisfaction that perplexed her. 'Do you know that I have anticipated your idea?' she went on. 'I am going to make a great change in my life—if your brother Stephen and his wife will only consent to it.' She opened the desk of the writing-table while she spoke, took a letter out, and handed it to Henry.

He received it from her mechanically. Vague doubts, which he hardly understood himself, kept him silent. It was impossible that the 'change in her life' of which she had spoken could mean that she was about to be married—and yet he was conscious of a perfectly unreasonable reluctance to open the letter.

Their eyes met; she smiled again. 'Look at the address,' she said. 'You ought to know the handwriting—but I dare say you don't.'

He looked at the address. It was in the large, irregular, uncertain writing of a child. He opened the letter instantly.

'Dear Aunt Agnes,—Our governess is going away. She has had money left to her, and a house of her own. We have had cake and wine to drink her health. You promised to be our governess if we wanted another. We want you. Mamma knows nothing about this. Please come before Mamma can get another governess. Your loving Lucy, who writes this. Clara and Blanche have tried to write too. But they are too young to do it. They blot the paper.'

'Your eldest niece,' Agnes exclaimed, as Henry looked at her in amazement. 'The children used to call me aunt when I was staying with their mother in Ireland, in the autumn. The three girls were my inseparable companions—they are the most charming children I know. It is quite true that I offered to be their governess, if they ever wanted one, on the day when I left them to return to London. I was writing to propose it to their mother, just before you came.'

'Not seriously!' Henry exclaimed.

Agnes placed her unfinished letter

in his hand. Enough of it had been written to show that she did seriously propose to enter the household of Mr. and Mrs. Stephen Westwick as governess to their children! Henry's bewilderment was not to be expressed in words.

'They won't believe you are in earnest,' he said.

'Why not?' Agnes asked quietly.

'You are my brother Stephen's cousin; you are his wife's old friend!'

'All the more reason, Henry, for trusting me with the charge of their children.'

'But you are their equal; you are not obliged to gain your living by teaching. There is something absurd in your entering their service as a governess!'

'What is there absurd in it? The children love me; the mother loves me; the father has shown me innumerable instances of his true friendship and regard. I am the very woman for the place—and, as to my education, I must have completely forgotten it indeed, if I am not fit to teach three children, the eldest of whom is only eleven years old. You say I am their equal. Are there no other women who serve as governesses, and who are the equals of the persons whom they serve? Besides, I don't know that I *am* their equal. Have I not heard that your brother Stephen was the next heir to the title? Will he not be the new lord? Never mind answering me! We won't dispute whether I am right or wrong in turning governess—we will wait the event. I am weary of my lonely useless existence here, and eager to make my life more happy and more useful in the household of all others in which I should most like to have a place. If you will look again, you will see that I have these personal considerations still to urge before I finish my letter. You don't know your brother and his wife as well as I do, if you doubt their answer. I believe they have courage enough and heart enough to say Yes.'

Henry submitted without being convinced.

He was a man who disliked all eccentric departures from custom and routine; and he felt especially suspicious of the change proposed in the life of Agnes. With new interests to occupy her mind, she might be less favourably disposed to listen to him, on the next occasion when he urged his suit. The influence of the 'lonely useless existence' of which she complained, was distinctly an influence in his favour. While her heart was empty, her heart was accessible. But with his nieces in full possession of it, the clouds of doubt overshadowed his prospects. He knew the sex well enough to keep these purely selfish perplexities to himself. The waiting-policy was especially the policy to pursue with a woman as sensitive as Agnes. If he once offended her delicacy he was lost. For the moment he wisely controlled himself and changed the subject.

'My little niece's letter has had an effect,' he said, 'which the child never contemplated in writing it. She has just reminded me of one of the objects that I had in calling on you today.'

Agnes looked at the child's letter. 'How does Lucy do that?' she asked.

'Lucy's governess is not the only lucky person who has had money left her,' Henry answered. 'Is your old nurse in the house?'

'You don't mean to say that nurse has got a legacy?'

'She has got a hundred pounds. Send for her, Agnes, while I show you the letter.'

He took a handful of letters from his pocket, and looked through them, while Agnes rang the bell. Returning to him, she noticed a printed letter among the rest, which lay open on the table. It was a 'prospectus,' and the title of it was 'Palace Hotel Company of Venice (Limited).' The two words, 'Palace' and 'Venice,' instantly recalled her mind to the unwelcome visit

of Lady Montbarry, 'What is that?' she asked, pointing to the title.

Henry suspended his search, and glanced at the prospectus. 'A really promising speculation,' he said. 'Large hotels always pay well, if they are well managed. I know the man who is appointed to be manager of this hotel, when it is opened to the public; and I have such entire confidence in him that I have become one of the shareholders of the Company.'

The reply did not appear to satisfy Agnes. 'Why is the hotel called the "Palace Hotel?"' she inquired.

Henry looked at her, and at once penetrated her motive for asking the question. 'Yes,' he said, 'it *is* the palace that Montbarry hired at Venice; and it has been purchased by the Company to be changed into an hotel.'

Agnes turned away in silence, and took a chair at the farther end of the room. Henry had disappointed her. His income as a younger son stood in need, as she well knew, of all the additions that he could make to it by successful speculation. But she was unreasonable enough, nevertheless, to disapprove of his attempting to make money already out of the house in which his brother had died. Incapable of understanding this purely sentimental view of a plain matter of business, Henry returned to his papers, in some perplexity at the sudden change in the manner of Agnes towards him. Just as he found the letter of which he was in search, the nurse made her appearance. He glanced at Agnes, expecting that she would speak first. She never even looked up, when the nurse came in. It was left to Henry to tell the old woman why the bell had summoned her to the drawing-room.

'Well, nurse,' he said, 'you have had a windfall of luck. You have had a legacy left you of a hundred pounds.'

The nurse showed no outward signs of exultation. She waited a little to get the announcement of the legacy well settled in her mind—and then she said quietly, 'Master Henry, who gives me that money, if you please?'

'My late brother, Lord Montbarry, gives it to you.' (Agnes instantly looked up, interested in the matter for the first time.) Henry went on: 'His will leaves legacies to the surviving old servants of the family. There is a letter from his lawyers, authorising you to apply to them for the money.'

In every class of society, gratitude is the rarest of all human virtues. In the nurse's class it is especially rare. Her opinion of the man who had deceived and deserted her mistress remained the same opinion still, perfectly undisturbed by the passing circumstance of the legacy.

'I wonder who reminded my lord of the old servants?' she said. 'He would never have heart enough to remember them himself!'

Agnes suddenly interposed. Nature, always abhorring monotony, institutes reserves of temper as elements in the composition of the gentlest women living. Even Agnes could, on rare occasions, be angry. The nurse's view of Montbarry's character seemed to have provoked her beyond endurance.

'If you have any sense of shame in you,' she broke out, 'you ought to be ashamed of what you have just said! Your ingratitude disgusts me, I leave you to speak with her, Henry—*you* won't mind it!' With this significant intimation that he too had dropped out of his customary place in her good opinion, she left the room.

The nurse received the smart reproof administered to her with every appearance of feeling rather amused by it than not. When the door had closed, this female philosopher winked at Henry.

'There's a power of obstinacy in young women,' she remarked. 'Miss Agnes wouldn't give my lord up as a bad one, even when he jilted her. And now she's sweet on him after he's dead. Say a word against him, and she fires up as you see. All obstin-

acy! It will wear out with time. Stick to her, Master Henry—stick to her!'

'She doesn't seem to have offended you,' said Henry.

'*She?*' the nurse repeated in amazement—'she offend me? I like her in her tantrums; it reminds me of her when she was a baby. Lord bless you! when I go to bid her good night, she'll give me a big kiss, poor dear—and say, Nurse, I didn't mean it! About this money, Master Henry? If I was younger I should spend it in dress and jewellery. But I'm too old for that. What shall I do with my legacy when I have got it?'

'Put it out at interest,' Henry suggested. 'Get so much a year for it, you know.'

'How much shall I get?' the nurse asked.

'If you put your hundred pounds into the Funds, you will get between three and four pounds a year.'

The nurse shook her head. 'Three or four pounds a year? That won't do! I want more than that. Look here, Master Henry. I don't care about this bit of money—I never did like the man who has left it to me, though he *was* your brother. If I lost it all to-morrow, I shouldn't break my heart; I'm well enough off, as it is, for the rest of my days. They say you're a speculator. Put me in for a good thing, there's a dear! Neck or nothing—and *that* for the Funds!' She snapped her fingers to express her contempt for security of investment at three per cent.

Henry produced the prospectus of the Venetian Hotel Company. 'You're a funny old woman,' he said. 'There you dashing speculator—there is neck-or-nothing for you! You must keep it a secret from Miss Agnes, mind. I'm not at all sure that she would approve of my helping you to this investment.'

The nurse took out her spectacles. 'Six per cent., guaranteed,' she read; 'and the Directors have every reason to believe that ten per cent., or more, will be ultimately realized to the shareholders by the hotel.' 'Put me into that, Master Henry! And, wherever you go, for Heaven's sake recommend the hotel to your friends!'

So the nurse, following Henry's mercenary example, had *her* pecuniary interest, too, in the house in which Lord Montbarry had died.

Three days passed before Henry was able to visit Agnes again. In that time, the little cloud between them had entirely passed away. Agnes received him with even more than her customary kindness. She was in better spirits than usual. Her letter to Mrs. Stephen Westwick had been answered by return of post; and her proposal had been joyfully accepted, with one modification. She was to visit the Westwicks for a month—and, if she really liked teaching the children, she was then to be governess, aunt, and cousin, all in one—and was only to go away in an event which her friends in Ireland persisted in contemplating, the event of her marriage.

'You see I was right,' she said to Henry.

He was still incredulous. 'Are you really going?' he asked.

'I am going next week.'

'When shall I see you again?'

'You know you are always welcome at your brother's house. You can see me when you like.' She held out her hand. 'Pardon me for leaving you—I am beginning to pack up already.'

Henry tried to kiss her at parting. She drew back directly.

'Why not? I am your cousin,' he said.

'I don't like it,' she answered.

Henry looked at her, and submitted. Her refusal to grant him his privilege as a cousin was a good sign—it was indirectly an act of encouragement to him in the character of her lover.

On the first day in the new week, Agnes left London on her way to Ireland. As the event proved, this

was not destined to be the end of her journey. The way to Ireland was only the first stage on her way to the palace at Venice.

THE THIRD PART.

Chapter XII.

In the spring of the year 1861. Agnes was established at the country-seat of her good friends—now promoted (on the death of the first lord, without offspring) to be the new Lord and Lady Montbarry. The old nurse was not separated from her mistress. A place, suited to her time of life, had been found for her in the pleasant Irish household. She was perfectly happy in her new sphere; and she spent her first half-year's dividend from the Venice Hotel Company, with characteristic prodigality, in presents for the children.

Early in the year, also, the directors of the life insurance offices, submitted to circumstances, and paid the ten thousand pounds. Immediately afterwards, the widow of the first Lord Montbarry (otherwise, the dowager Lady Montbarry) left England, with Baron Rivar, for the United States. The Baron's object was announced in the scientific columns of the newspapers, to be investigation into the present state of experimental chemistry in the great American republic. His sister informed inquiring friends that she accompanied him, in the hope of finding consolation in change of scene after the bereavement that had fallen on her. Hearing this news from Henry Westwick (then paying a visit at his brother's house), Agnes was conscious of a certain sense of relief. 'With the Atlantic between us,' she said, 'surely I have done with that terrible woman now!'

Barely a week passed after those words had been spoken, before an event happened which reminded Agnes of 'the terrible woman' once more.

On that day, Henry's engagements had obliged him to return to London. He had ventured, on the morning of his departure, to press his suit once more on Agnes; and the children, as he had anticipated, proved to be innocent obstacles in the way of his success. On the other hand, he had privately secured a firm ally in his sister-in-law. 'Have a little patience,' the new Lady Montbarry had said; 'and leave me to turn the influence of the children in the right direction; they can persuade her to listen to you—and they shall!'

The two ladies had accompanied Henry, and some other guests who went away at the same time, to the railway station, and had just driven back to the house, when the servant announced that 'a person, of the name of Rolland, was waiting to see her ladyship.'

'Is it a woman?'

'Yes, my lady.'

Young Lady Montbarry turned to Agnes.

'This is the very person,' she said, 'whom your lawyer thought likely to help him, when he was trying to trace the lost courier.'

'You don't mean the English maid who was with Lady Montbarry at Venice?'

'My dear! don't speak of Montbarry's horrid widow, by the name which is *my* name now. Stephen and I have arranged to call her by her foreign title, before she was married. I am 'Lady Montbarry,' and she is 'the Countess.' In that way there will be no confusion.—Yes, Mrs. Rolland was in my service before she became the Countess's maid. She was a perfectly trustworthy person, with one defect that obliged me to send her away—a sullen temper which led to perpetual complaints of her in the servants' hall. Would you like to see her?'

Agnes accepted the proposal, in the faint hope of getting some information for the courier's wife. The complete defeat of every attempt to trace the

lost man had been accepted as final by Mrs. Ferrari. She had deliberately arrayed herself in widow's mourning; and was earning her livelihood in an employment which the unwearied kindness of Agnes had procured for her in London. The last chance of penetrating the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance seemed to rest now on what Ferrari's former fellow-servant might be able to tell. With highly-wrought expectations, Agnes followed her friend into the room in which Mrs. Rolland was waiting.

A tall, bony woman, in the autumn of life, with sunken eyes and iron-grey hair, rose stiffly from her chair, and saluted the ladies with stern submission as they opened the door. A person of unblemished character, evidently—but not without visible drawbacks. Big bushy eyebrows, an awfully deep and solemn voice, a harsh unbending manner, a complete absence in her figure of the undulating lines characteristic of the sex, presented Virtue in this excellent person under its least alluring aspect. Strangers, on a first introduction to her, were accustomed to wonder why she was not a man.

'Are you pretty well, Mrs. Rolland?'

'I am as well as I can expect to be, my lady, at my time of life.'

'Is there anything I can do for you?'

'Your ladyship can do me a great favour, if you will please speak to my character while I was in your service. I am offered a place, to wait on an invalid lady who has lately come to live in this neighbourhood.'

'Ah, yes—I have heard of her. A Mrs. Carbury, with a very pretty niece I am told. But, Mrs Rolland, you left my service some time ago. Mrs. Carbury will surely expect you to refer to the last mistress by whom you were employed.'

A flash of virtuous indignation irradiated Mrs. Rolland's sunken eyes. She coughed before she answered, as if her 'last mistress' stuck in her throat.

'I have explained to Mrs. Carbury, my lady, that the person I last served—I really cannot give her her title in your ladyship's presence!—has left England for America. Mrs. Carbury knows that I quitted the person of my own free will, and knows why, and approves of my conduct so far. A word from your ladyship will be amply sufficient to get me the situation.'

'Very well, Mrs. Rolland, I have no objection to be your reference, under the circumstances. Mrs. Carbury will find me at home to-morrow until two o'clock.'

'Mrs. Carbury is not well enough to leave the house, my lady. Her niece, Miss Haldane, will call and make the inquiries, if your ladyship has no objection.'

'I have not the least objection. The pretty niece carries her own welcome with her. Wait a minute, Mrs. Rolland. This lady is Miss Lockwood—my husband's cousin, and my friend. She is anxious to speak to you about the courier who was in the late Lord Montbarry's service at Venice.'

Mrs. Rolland's bushy eyebrows frowned in stern disapproval of the new topic of conversation. 'I regret to hear it, my lady,' was all she said.

'Perhaps, you have not been informed of what happened, after you left Venice?' Agnes ventured to add. 'Ferrari left the palace secretly; and he has never been heard of since.'

Mrs. Rolland mysteriously closed her eyes—as if to exclude some vision of the lost courier which was of a nature to disturb a respectable woman. 'Nothing that Mr. Ferrari could do would surprise me,' she replied in her deepest bass tones.

'You speak rather harshly of him,' said Agnes.

Mrs. Rolland suddenly opened her eyes again. 'I speak harshly of nobody without reason,' she said. 'Mr. Ferrari behaved to me, Miss Lockwood, as no man living has ever behaved—before or since.'

'What did he do?'

Mrs. Rolland answered with a stony

stare of horror:—'He took liberties with me.'

Young Lady Montbarry suddenly turned aside, and put her handkerchief over her mouth in convulsions of suppressed laughter.

Mrs. Rolland went on, with a grim enjoyment of the bewilderment which her reply had produced in Agnes. 'And when I insisted on an apology, Miss, he had the audacity to say that the life at the palace was dull, and he didn't know how else to amuse himself?'

'I am afraid I have hardly made myself understood,' said Agnes. 'I am not speaking to you out of any interest in Ferrari. Are you aware that he is married?'

'I pity his wife,' said Mrs. Rolland.

'She is naturally in great grief about him,' Agnes proceeded.

'She ought to thank God she is rid of him,' Mrs. Rolland interposed.

Agnes still persisted. 'I have known Mrs. Ferrari from her childhood, and I am sincerely anxious to help her in this matter. Did you notice anything, while you were at Venice, that would account for her husband's extraordinary disappearance? On what sort of terms, for instance, did he live with his master and mistress?'

'On terms of familiarity with his mistress,' said Mrs. Rolland, 'which were simply sickening to a respectable English servant. She used to encourage him to talk to her about all his affairs—how he got on with his wife, and how pressed he was for money, and such like—just as if they were equals. Contemptible—that's what I call it.'

'And his master?' Agnes continued. 'How did Ferrari get on with Lord Montbarry?'

'My lord used to live shut up with his studies and his sorrows,' Mrs. Rolland answered, with a hard solemnity expressive of respect for his lordship's memory. 'Mr. Ferrari got his money when it was due; and he cared for nothing else. "If I could afford it, I would leave the place too; but I can't afford it." Those were the last words he said to me, on the morning when I left the palace. I made no reply. After what had happened (on that other occasion) I was naturally not on speaking terms with Mr. Ferrari.'

'Can you really tell me nothing which will throw any light on this matter?'

'Nothing,' said Mrs. Rolland, with an undisguised relish of the disappointment that she was inflicting.

'There was another member of the family at Venice,' Agnes resumed, determined to sift the question to the bottom while she had the chance. 'There was Baron Rivar.'

Mrs. Rolland lifted her large hands, covered with rusty black gloves, in mute protest against the introduction of Baron Rivar as a subject of inquiry. 'Are you aware, Miss,' she began, 'that I left my place in consequence of what I observed——?'

Agnes stopped her there. 'I only wanted to ask,' she explained, 'if anything was said or done by Baron Rivar which might account for Ferrari's strange conduct.'

'Nothing that I know of,' said Mrs. Rolland. 'The Baron and Mr. Ferrari (if I may use such an expression) were "birds of a feather," so far as I could see—I mean, one was as unprincipled as the other. I am a just woman; and I will give you an example. Only the day before I left, I heard the Baron say (through the open door of his room while I was passing along the corridor), "Ferrari, I want a thousand pounds. What would you do for a thousand pounds?" And I heard Mr. Ferrari answer, "Anything, sir, as long as I was not found out." And then they both burst out laughing. I heard no more than that. Judge for yourself, Miss.'

Agnes reflected for a moment. A thousand pounds was the sum that had been sent to Mrs. Ferrari in the anonymous letter. Was that enclosure

in any way connected, as a result, with the conversation between the Baron and Ferrari? It was useless to press any more inquiries on Mrs. Rolland. She could give no further information which was of the slightest importance to the object in view. There was no alternative but to grant her her dismissal. One more effort had been made to find a trace of the lost man—and once again the effort had failed.

They were a family party at the dinner-table that day. The only guest left in the house was a nephew of the new Lord Montbarry—the eldest son of his sister, Lady Barville. Lady Montbarry could not resist telling the story of the first (and last) attack made on the virtue of Mrs. Rolland, with a comically-exact imitation of Mrs. Rolland's deep and dismal voice. Being asked by her husband what was the object which had brought that formidable person to the house, she naturally mentioned the expected visit of Miss Haldane. Arthur Barville, unusually silent and pre-occupied so far, suddenly struck into the conversation with a burst of enthusiasm. 'Miss Haldane is the most charming girl in all Ireland!' he said. 'I caught sight of her yesterday, over the wall of her garden, as I was riding by. What time is she coming to-morrow? Before two? I'll look into the drawing-room by accident—I am dying to be introduced to her!'

Agnes was amused by his enthusiasm. 'Are you in love with Miss Haldane already?' she asked.

Arthur answered gravely, 'It's no joking matter. I have been all day at the garden wall, waiting to see her again! It depends on Miss Haldane to make me the happiest or the wretchedest man living.'

'You foolish boy! How can you talk such nonsense?'

He was talking nonsense undoubtedly. But, if Agnes had only known it, he was doing something more than that. He was innocently leading her another stage nearer on the way to Venice.

Chapter XIII.

As the summer-months advanced, the transformation of the Venetian palace into the modern hotel proceeded rapidly towards completion.

The outside of the building, with its fine Palladian front looking on the canal, was wisely left unaltered. Inside, as a matter of necessity, the rooms were almost rebuilt—so far at least as the size and the arrangement of them were concerned. The vast saloons were partitioned off into 'apartments' containing three or four rooms each. The broad corridors in the upper regions, afforded spare space enough for rows of little bed chambers, devoted to servants and to travellers with limited means. Nothing was spared but the solid floors and the finely-carved ceilings. These last, in excellent preservation as to workmanship, merely required cleaning, and regilding here and there, to add greatly to the beauty and importance of the best rooms in the hotel. The only exception to the complete re-organisation of the interior was at one extremity of the edifice, on the first and second floors. Here there happened, in each case, to be rooms of such comparatively moderate size, and so attractively decorated, that the architect suggested leaving them as they were. It was afterwards discovered that these were no other than the apartments respectively occupied by Lord Montbarry (on the first floor), and by Baron Rivar (on the second). The room in which Montbarry had died was still fitted up as a bedroom, and was now distinguished as Number Fourteen. The room above it, in which the Baron had slept, took its place on the hotel-register as Number Thirty-Eight. With the ornaments on the walls and ceilings cleaned and

brightened up, and with the heavy old-fashioned beds, chairs, and tables replaced by bright, pretty and luxurious modern furniture, these two promised to be at once the most attractive and most comfortable bedchambers in the hotel. As for the once-desolate and disused ground floor of the building, it was now transformed, by means of splendid dining-rooms, reception-rooms, billiard-rooms, and smoking-rooms, into a palace by itself. Even the dungeon-like vaults beneath, now lighted and ventilated on the most approved modern plan, had been turned as if by magic into kitchens, servants' offices, ice-rooms, and wine-cellars, worthy of the splendour of the grandest hotel in Italy, in the now byegone period of seventeen years since.

Passing from the lapse of the summer months at Venice, to the lapse of the summer months in Ireland, it is next to be recorded that Mrs. Rolland obtained the situation of attendant on the invalid Mrs. Carbury; and that the fair Miss Haldane, like a female Cæsar, came, saw, and conquered, on her first day's visit to the new Lord Montbarry's house.

The ladies were as loud in her praises as Arthur Barville himself. Lord Montbarry declared that she was the only perfectly pretty woman he had ever seen, who was really unconscious of her own attractions. The old nurse said she looked as if she had just stepped out of a picture, and wanted nothing but a gilt frame round her to make her complete. Miss Haldane, on her side, returned from her first visit to the Montbarrys charmed with her new acquaintances. Later on the same day, Arthur called with an offering of fruit and flowers for Mrs. Carbury, and with instructions to ask if she was well enough to receive Lord and Lady Montbarry and Miss Lockwood on the morrow. In a week's time, the two households were on the friendliest terms. Mrs. Carbury, confined to the sofa by a spinal malady, had been hitherto dependent on her niece for one of the few pleasures she could enjoy, the pleasure of having the best new novels read to her as they came out. Discovering this, Arthur volunteered to relieve Miss Haldane, at intervals, in the office of reader. He was clever at mechanical contrivances of all sorts, and he introduced improvements in Mrs. Carbury's couch, and in the means of conveying her from the bed-chamber to the drawing-room, which alleviated the poor lady's suffer ings and brightened her gloomy life. With these claims on the gratitude of the aunt, aided by the personal advantages which he unquestionably possessed, Arthur advanced rapidly in the favour of the charming niece. She was, it is needless to say, perfectly well aware that he was in love with her, while he was himself modestly reticent on the subject—so far as words went. But she was not equally quick in penetrating the nature of her own feeling towards Arthur. Watching the two young people with keen powers of observation, necessarily concentrated on them by the complete seclusion of her life, the invalid lady discovered signs of roused sensibility in Miss Haldane, when Arthur was present, which had never yet shown themselves in her social relations with other admirers eager to pay their addresses to her. Having drawn her own conclusions in private, Mrs. Carbury took the first favourable opportunity (in Arthur's interests) of putting them to the test.

'I don't know what I shall do,' she said one day, 'when Arthur goes away.'

Miss Haldane looked up quickly from her work. 'Surely he is not going to leave us!' she exclaimed.

'My dear! he has already stayed at his uncle's house a month longer than he intended. His father and mother naturally expect to see him at home again.'

Miss Haldane met this difficulty with a suggestion, which could only have proceeded from a judgment al-

ready disturbed by the ravages of the tender passion. 'Why can't his father and mother go and see him at Lord Montbarry's?' she asked. 'Sir Theodore's place is only thirty miles away, and Lady Barville is Lord Montbarry's sister. They needn't stand on ceremony.'

'They may have other engagements,' Mrs. Carbury remarked.

'My dear aunt, we don't know that! Suppose you ask Arthur?'

'Suppose *you* ask him?'

Miss Haldane bent her head again over her work. Suddenly as it was done, her aunt had seen her face—and her face betrayed her.

When Arthur came the next day, Mrs. Carbury said a word to him in private, while her niece was in the garden. The last new novel lay neglected on the table. Arthur followed Miss Haldane into the garden. The next day, he wrote home, enclosing in his letter a photograph of Miss Haldane. Before the end of the week, Sir Theodore and Lady Barville arrived at Lord Montbarry's, and formed their own judgment of the fidelity of the portrait. They had themselves married early in life—and, strange to say, they did not object on principle to the early marriages of other people. The question of age being thus disposed of, the course of true love had no other obstacles to encounter. Miss Haldane was an only child, and was possessed of an ample fortune. Arthur's career at the university had been creditable, but certainly not brilliant enough to present his withdrawal in the light of a disaster. As Sir Theodore's eldest son, his position was already made for him. He was two-and-twenty years of age; and the young lady was eighteen. There was really no producible reason for keeping the lovers waiting, and no excuse for deferring the wedding-day beyond the first week in September. In the interval while the bride and bridegroom would be necessarily absent on the inevitable tour abroad, a sister of Mrs. Carbury volunteered to stay with her during the temporary separation from her niece. On the conclusion of the honeymoon, the young couple were to return to Ireland, and were to establish themselves in Mrs. Carbury's spacious and comfortable house.

These arrangements were decided upon early in the month of August. About the same date, the last alterations in the old palace at Venice were completed. The rooms were dried by steam; the cellars were stocked; the manager collected round him his army of skilled servants; and the new hotel was advertised all over Europe to open in October.

Chapter XIV.

(Miss Agnes Lockwood to Mrs. Ferrari.)

'I PROMISED to give you some account, dear Emily, of the marriage of Mr. Arthur Barville and Miss Haldane. It took place ten days since. But I have had so many things to look after in the absence of the master and mistress of this house, that I am only able to write to you to-day.

'The invitations to the wedding were limited to members of the families, on either side, in consideration of the ill-health of Miss Haldane's aunt. On the side of the Montbarry family, there were present, besides Lord and Lady Montbarry, Sir Theodore and Lady Barville; Mrs. Norbury (whom you may remember as his lordship's second sister); and Mr. Francis Westwick, and Mr. Henry Westwick. The three children and I attended the ceremony as bridesmaids. We were joined by two young ladies, cousins of the bride and very agreeable girls. Our dresses were white, trimmed with green in honour of Ireland; and we each had a handsome gold bracelet given to us as a present from the bridegroom. If you add to the persons

whom I have already mentioned, the elder members of Mrs. Carbury's family, and the old servants in both houses—privileged to drink the healths of the married pair at the lower end of the room—you will have the list of the company at the wedding-breakfast complete.

'The weather was perfect, and the ceremony (with music) was beautifully performed. As for the bride, no words can describe how lovely she looked, or how well she went through it all. We were very merry at the breakfast, and the speeches went off on the whole quite well enough. The last speech, before the party broke up, was made by Mr. Henry Westwick, and was the best of all. He made a happy suggestion, at the end, which has produced a very unexpected change in my life here.

'As well as I remember he concluded in these words:—'On one point, we are all agreed—we are sorry that the parting hour is near, and we should be glad to meet again? Why should we not meet again? This is the autumn time of the year; we are most of us leaving home for the holidays. What do you say (if you have no engagements that will prevent it) to joining our young married friends before the close of their tour, and renewing the social success of this delightful breakfast by another festival in honour of the honeymoon? The bride and bridegroom are going to Germany and the Tyrol, on their way to Italy. I propose that we allow them a month to themselves, and that we arrange to meet them afterwards in the north of Italy—say at Venice.'

'This proposal was received with great applause, which was changed into shouts of laughter by no less a person than my dear old nurse. The moment Mr. Westwick pronounced the word 'Venice,' she started up among the servants at the lower end of the room, and called out at the top of her voice, 'Go to our hotel, ladies and gentlemen! We get six per cent. on our money already; and if you will only crowd the place and call for the best of everything, it will be ten per cent. in our pockets in no time. Ask Master Henry!'

'Appealed to in this irresistible manner, Mr. Westwick had no choice but to explain that he was concerned as a shareholder in a new Hotel Company at Venice, and that he had invested a small sum of money for the nurse (not very considerately as I think) in the speculation. Hearing this, the company, by way of humouring the joke, drank a new toast:—Success to the nurse's hotel, and a speedy rise in the dividend!

'When the conversation returned in due time to the more serious question of the proposed meeting at Venice, difficulties began to present themselves, caused of course by invitations for the autumn which many of the guests had already accepted. Only two members of Mrs. Carbury's family were at liberty to keep the proposed appointment. On our side we were more at leisure to do as we pleased. Mr. Henry Westwick decided to go to Venice in advance of the rest, to test the accommodation of the new hotel on the opening day. Mrs. Norbury and Mr. Francis Westwick volunteered to follow him; and, after some persuasion, Lord and Lady Montbarry consented to a species of compromise. His lordship could not conveniently spare time enough for the journey to Venice, but he and Lady Montbarry arranged to accompany Mrs. Norbury and Mr. Francis Westwick as far on their way to Italy as Paris. Five days since they took their departure to meet their travelling companions in London; leaving me here in charge of the three dear children. They begged hard of course to be taken with papa and mamma. But it was thought better not to interrupt the progress of their education and not to expose them (especially the two younger girls) to the fatigues of travelling.

'I have had a charming letter from

the bride, this morning, dated Cologne. You cannot think how artlessly and prettily she assures me of her happiness. Some people, as they say in Ireland, are born to good luck—and I think Arthur Barville is one of them.

'When you next write, I hope to hear that you are in better health and spirits, and that you continue to like your employment. Believe me, sincerely your friend,—A. L.'

Agnes had just closed and directed her letter, when the eldest of her three pupils entered the room with the startling announcement that Lord Montbarry's travelling-servant had arrived from Paris! Alarmed by the idea that some misfortune had happened, she ran out to meet the man in the hall. Her face told him how seriously he had frightened her, before she could speak. 'There's nothing wrong, Miss,' he hastened to say. 'My lord and my lady are enjoying themselves at Paris. They only want you and the young ladies to be with them.' Saying these amazing words, he handed to Agnes a letter from Lady Montbarry.

'Dearest Agnes' (she read), 'I am so charmed with the delightful change in my life—it is six years, remember, since I last travelled on the Continent—that I have exerted all my fascinations to persuade Lord Montbarry to go on to Venice. And, what is more to the purpose, I have actually succeeded! He has just gone to his room to write the necessary letters of excuse in time for the post to England. May you have as good a husband, my dear, when your time comes! In the meanwhile, the one thing wanting now to make my happiness complete, is to have you and the darling children with us. Montbarry is just as miserable without them as I am—though he doesn't confess it so freely. You will have no difficulties to trouble you. Louis will deliver these hurried lines, and will take care of you on the journey to Paris. Kiss the children for me a thousand times—and never mind their education for the present! Pack up instantly, my dear, and I will be fonder of you than ever. Your affectionate friend, Adela Montbarry.'

Agnes folded up the letter; and, feeling the need of composing herself, took refuge for a few minutes in her own room.

Her first natural sensations of surprise and excitement at the prospect of going to Venice were succeeded by impressions of a less agreeable kind. With the recovery of her customary composure came the unwelcome remembrance of the parting words spoken to her by Montbarry's widow:—'We shall meet again—here in England, or there in Venice where my husband died—and meet for the last time.'

It was an odd coincidence, to say the least of it, that the march of events should be unexpectedly taking Agnes to Venice, after those words had been spoken! Was the woman of the mysterious warnings and the wild black eyes, still thousands of miles away in America? Or was the march of events taking her unexpectedly, too, on the journey to Venice? Agnes started out of her chair, ashamed of even the momentary concession to superstition which was implied by the mere presence of such questions as these in her mind.

She rang the bell, and sent for her little pupils, and announced their approaching departure to the household. The noisy delight of the children, the inspiriting effort of packing up in a hurry, roused all her energies. She dismissed her own absurd misgivings from consideration with the contempt that they deserved. She worked as only women *can* work, when their hearts are in what they do. The travellers reached Dublin that day, in time for the boat to England. Two days later, they were with Lord and Lady Montbarry at Paris.

(*To be continued.*)

HUMOUR.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

Come, volatile Humour, of the roguish eyes
  And locks blown refluent from fair mirthful face,
Come forth in brilliant bell-besprinkled guise,
Come, radiant as the first rich rose of June,
  With child-like up-curled lips and dancing pace,
With helm-shaped jingling cap and scarlet shoon !

Come forth and wake the indolent echoes well,
  With many a reckless burst of random glee,
With tinkle of wrist-bell and of ankle-bell,
With clear impetuous song and laughter bold.
  Thou red-lipped romp, come forth, I charge of thee,
Come, chide the old weary world for growing old !

For oh, 'tis a world of yearnings and of tears,
  A world of labour and death and chilling loss !
And rarely enough the parsimonious years
Give heartsease, and right often bitterest rue !
  And many a frail back bears a heavy cross,
And many a sweet bloom dies for lack of dew !

But better if we laugh blithely now and then,
  Turning sad memory's key upon the past ;
Ah, better in truth, worn women, weary men,
Than waste an hour with grief, regret or spleen,
  Watch revelling Humour, sweet iconoclast,
Pirouette beneath her ribboned tambourine !

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

SECOND PAPER.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

IF any one attempts to remedy the evils—for evils they are—to which I have referred in a former article, he is told, in accents of mingled doubt and dismay, that that is CLASS LEGISLATION; and class legislation appears to be specially objectionable to the nineteenth century mind. And yet if the nineteenth century mind would but consider it, the most of our legislation is class legislation—when I say 'our' legislation I mean the nineteenth century legislation generally.

We legislate for the criminal classes, whose boundaries, topographically and socially we know as well, for they are as well defined, as those of Alsatia of old time. When a new crime begins to be threatening in its frequency, we pass a special law directed against it; witness Mr. Blake's Bill in regard to deadly weapons which was intended to apply not only to a class but to a locality.

We legislate for the commercial classes—witness the Bankrupt law, Stamp Act, and other familiar enactments.

We legislate for the doctors, lawyers, druggists, hackney coaches, and railway companies. In fine the bulk of our legislation is practically class legislation; and its greatest merit is, that it *is* so; its demerit—is that it is not more so.

In an earlier age the legislation was confessedly class legislation. The rulers professed to rule, and to dictate; and even in matters of personal concern the State had its rules, for instance as to dress and food the Acts of Elizabeth's reign being familiar enough to most intelligent people. But the nineteenth century has learned to look on mankind in huge masses, and to think that this personal or class rule is fit only for a childish age and for a period when the world was younger and less enlightened than to-day; and while the bulk of our legislation is really class legislation, the nineteenth century professes a horror of the very name of it. Thus the nineteenth century is guilty of hypocrisy as well as of neglect of the interests of the people.

The people are but half aware of the neglect; and do not know what is the reason of the change in their condition; but in their dim way they are struggling—forward as they think; backward, as some, including myself, think—in various ways to remedy the ills they suffer from by advocating some particular form of class legislation. It was long enough after the bones of the great Saxon king had mouldered into dust before the people of England ceased to wish and to struggle for 'the laws and customs of the good King Edward.' And at times it seems as if in their blind strikes and struggles the people of England were really only striving to regain the state which they enjoyed under the Tudors. The agricultural labourer wants to be 'attached to the soil'—*what is the other name for that?* The Irish tenant wants 'fixity of tenure'—*what is the other name for that?*

What is the Trades Union, but a weak imitation of the ancient Guild? And our legislation regarding the working classes fails to effect the objects attained by the Guilds. We

legislate for, or rather *against* the working classes, defining their privileges, limiting the powers of their associations, and placing penalties against certain acts of single workmen or of the Unions to which they belong; and the result is not creditable to nineteenth century wisdom.

This leads me to another of the great failures of modern civilization involved in the relations of CAPITAL AND LABOUR.

There never was a time in the world's history when the relations of Capital and Labour were so unsatisfactory and so uncivilized, not to say so unchristian, as in these days. According to all present appearances Macaulay's suggestion, that people may hereafter look back to the nineteenth century as the golden age, when the rich did not grind the faces of the poor, and the poor did not envy the splendours of the rich, will never come to pass; or if it does, the idea will arise in some future age so godless, so selfish, so heartless, so given up to greed and sensuality that this age will seem idyllic compared with it. In most countries where mechanical industry prevails, and these are of course mostly Anglo-Saxon communities, the hand of the workman is raised against the face of the employer, and the hand of the employer is raised in turn against the workman. To settle the merits of the question would not be easy; it might be found impossible. Human passions will not be restrained by economic laws, nor guided by logical arguments; and as in all these struggles mere human passion is an important element, its workings defy calculation and render settlement impossible. But the subject admits of a few general observations. Neither workman nor capitalist has any great reason to be proud of the results of modern civilization. The capitalist is far less secure, the workman far less happy than in earlier ages. It is within the experience of every workman approaching fifty years, that the wages of his class are not as valuable as they were twenty years ago, or perhaps even a less period. It is within the experience of every capitalist or business man of the same age, that capital and profit were much more secure twenty years ago than they are to-day. The reasons are too many for discussion. But this change within the experience of those who now read these pages, is only indicative of the change that has been going on for several ages and is known mostly to the student. The workman of the middle ages who was an Artist in his Handicraft, who was a Freeman in his Guild, was an infinitely superior being to the workman of to-day. His work is living forever. Every dome that rises beneath an Italian sky; every grand castle or great Cathedral in France; every Gothic pinnacle that points its own beauty out to the Northern skies; every gem-church hidden in the shy nooks of Normandy; every palace that reared itself in splendour on the Venetian lagoons—is a monument forever to the lost science of Architecture, and to the lost art of cunning handicraftmanship. It is an equally pointed protest against the stucco and stupidity, the bungling and botching of so much of modern workmanship. The grand institution of APPRENTICESHIP has almost departed from among us, and with it has departed excellence of workmanship, and part of the character of the workman. In the earlier ages, too, the capitalist was less of an adventurer, less of a speculator, less ambitious of great profit, living considerably more for another world and taking far greater interest in his people than now. In no particular is the decadence of the benevolent spirit of the ancient capitalist more apparent than in the changed relations of the Landlord and the Labourer to the soil, say of England with which we are most familiar. In the earlier ages the owner of the soil was a resident landlord and the father of his people. He lived on his own

lands; was familiar with his people; aided them, defended them, bound them together; and was in turn served by them and defended by them. His people had a share in the land. He could not if he would make his estate a sheep-farm and cast his people adrift. These had rights which he dared not violate. But all this has disappeared. The allotments of the labourers have been swallowed up. Their share in the common lands has been filched away. Their right of dependence on their lord has disappeared. They have become possessed of what is, with unconscious sarcasm, called "freedom of contract," which resolves itself into freedom of the poor-house or of emigration. Meantime the landlord is an absentee, spending his rents abroad and careless, as a rule, of the condition of his people so long as his income continues undiminished. The allotments of the labourers, their share of the common lands appears perhaps in the shape of a ten thousand pound Vase on his Lordship's London sideboard. If we consider the period in English history covered by the Tudors we shall find in it the germs of much of our modern English commercial supremacy. But we shall find also things which we miss now and which we ought to lament. The apprentice system was rigidly enforced in all branches of trade, and this itself was a very important element in the education of the period. The merits of articles sold were subject to severe tests. The exported goods were subject to inspection before export. There were no idlers allowed. All who were found in a state of vagrancy, and all children of the poor were pressed into work, or apprenticed to some calling. Well, modern civilization has altered all that. The apprentice system exists only in the professions, and exists by a very slight tenure—very elastic in its nature. And have we better workmen? Tests of the merit of articles for sale have of very late times been tried; but we cannot be sure of the quality of the port wine we administer to the sick, of the clothes we wear, of the food we eat, of the drugs we are ordered; in fact adulteration has become the rule and *bona fides* in quality the exception. So also all 'restrictions' as they are called have been struck off from trade, and the result is that shoddy has become the most prominent article of export among the manufacturers of the nation that first won its commercial supremacy by honesty in dealing. I might illustrate this by reference to the experience of dry goods people, of hardware dealers, of the dealers in small wares and by the purchasers of them even in every city of Canada.

Again a prominent feature in the national life of the older period was the LOYALTY of the people, a loyalty which began with the chief, which extended to the country, and which surrounded the Crown with the halo of a people's reverence and with the hosts of a people's power. But we have departed from that. Modern Liberalism has told the people that Loyalty was a matter of self-interest, and that if an extra dollar can be earned in a foreign land they had better go and earn it. Hence emigration to other lands, filling the ranks in war and the industries in peace, of foreign nations, has lessened the loyalty of the people and weakened the stability of the throne. And all this is called progress, *nineteenth century progress!* It seems to me to be a Rake's Progress, and what is at the end of the journey? And when we examine it, do we find that it is progress at all?

Those workmen, with their Trades Unions, are only attempting, perhaps half consciously, to reproduce in our day the strength and the benefit of the ancient Guilds—without first submitting themselves to the stern apprenticeship which the Guilds insisted on.

Those capitalists who are struggling on this continent as well as in Eng-

land, to wring their profits from the wages of their workmen instead of from the legitimate source of profit, the open market, are only blindly seeking in the wrong way the protection which the laws of an earlier period afforded them.

Those agricultural labourers who have been rising in masses against their fate, are really only striving to obtain some return to the ancient system under which the allotments were their own, their living secure, their investments protected. The spirit of the Irish Land Act was not a nineteenth century spirit. It was a concession to a demand that arose out of the traditions and remembrances of an earlier age.

The mildest dream of the Radicals who go in for universal suffrage will never realize half the individual freedom which existed among those who at the very beginning of our constitutional history clashed their shields or murmured their disapproval in the grand assemblies of the nation. You may read in the late discussion of the franchise question between Mr. Lowe in the 'Fortnightly,' Mr. Gladstone in the 'Nineteenth Century' and the London *Times*, how the two great Liberal statesmen have almost coincided in their regrets at the absence of the old nomination boroughs. These boroughs gave to public life in England some of the most distinguished men who have figured in the parliamentary history of the kingdom. Under the reformed system of parliamentary representation they cannot enter Parliament at all, but are driven to seek vent for their ability in the press, with the inevitable result that the intellectual level of the press is higher than the intellectual level of Parliament, whereas under the theory of our constitution Parliament ought to be the gathered wisdom of the nation. In an earlier age that really was the case. In the nineteenth century it is not so. And yet we are told we are making progress in a particularly gratifying manner. The traveller in the forest who trudges along towards an uncertain destination may flatter himself that he is making progress. It may be that he has only lost his way, and is laboriously and slowly working back, without knowing it, to the point from which he set out.

Let any one consider the signs of the times in England in regard to the government and the late possible war with Russia. I am no worshipper of the war-god 'Jingo;' nor do I quite believe in the possibility of Personal Government, but I do say that the liberty of the press which was used to weaken the hands of England and strengthen the arms of Russia was a liberty that I would have joined in ruthlessly suppressing; and that the parliamentary freedom which was used in a moment of crisis for the same unpatriotic purpose, was a freedom that was far less valuable to the nation than the strong governments of an earlier time when wars were conducted by military heroes, serving their Sovereign, not serving and subject to, an unreasoning and illogical parliamentary majority. Lord Beaconsfield seems to recognise the fact that in this age it is not the ill effects of the personal power of the crown, that we have to fear, but the ill effects of a partisan 'mob of gentlemen' who have almost learned to think that they are superior to their Sovereign, and whose contentions offer continued temptations to pur-blind and greedy despots like the Russian Emperor, to threaten the honour and menace the interests of the Crown and of the Empire.

In these remarks, so far, I have confined myself to the relations between the State and the people; and in all the complaints that have been made and all the failures that have been suggested, there have been two main points in view:

1st. The first is the decay of the Principle of AUTHORITY. Governments have forgotten, in a large

measure, that it is their duty to RULE.

2nd. The second is the decay of the virtue of OBEDIENCE.

Peoples have forgotten that it is their duty to OBEY.

Instead of a ruling authority in government, the nineteenth century has given us a nicely balanced system of Irresponsibilities.

Instead of obedience on the part of the people, the nineteenth century has presented us with the elevating pastime of organized periodical revolt.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY HON. WM. C. HOWELLS.

The singer, listening to the bird, apostrophizes :—

WHIP-POOR-WILL, O, whip-poor-will !
Echo to me, from thy hill,
All the memories sweet and dear,
Thou waken'st to my waiting ear.
In thy sad notes around me bring
The days of youth, and to me sing
In tones so tender, though so shrill :
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will !

Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will,
From beyond the ruin'd mill—
Thou know'st not how upon thy note
Sweet visions of my childhood float,
Of cares and joys of other days,
Of flowered and of thorny ways,
My feet have trod, through good and ill :
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will !

Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will !
Sitting on the mossy sill
Of the mouldering cabin door,
Where little feet may tread no more,
Sing of the loves that clustered there,
The brave, the strong, the young, the fair,
To whom my heart is turning still,—
Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will !

Whip-poor-will, O, whip-poor-will,
When twilight falls on vale and hill,
And silence weds the evening star,
I listen to thy song afar,
Till on the iterant refrain
The living past comes back again,
And long lost joys my spirits fill :
Whip-poor-will, Ah, whip-poor-will !

WOMAN'S WORK.

BY FIDELIS.

'THE world moves'—and nothing more clearly proves it than the immense advance which has been made within the last twenty years in the public sentiment regarding the position, education, and capabilities of women. Up to a comparatively recent period, women, with any special individual interest beyond what was conventionally termed 'woman's sphere,' were regarded as entirely exceptional—as phenomena too rare to afford any adequate basis for generalization in educational reform. Even when the matter began to be stirred, and the need for reform in female education became somewhat appreciated, it was still regarded as venturing into the dreamy regions of Utopia to propose that the education of girls should be carried on on the same principle with that of boys. The idea was a new and startling one that education, in the case of the girl as well as the boy, should aim at an intellectual discipline and invigoration which should fit its subject, not only for fulfilling *all* duties more intelligently, but also for performing, if necessary, tasks which demand a heavier calibre of mind than do the ordinary routine of household duties and the 'adorning society'—this 'adorning' being within the very narrow limits of dress, deportment, and 'music,' from which all idea of art was conspicuously absent. *Now*, in England and America at least, all this has been changed. A thorough and systematic education is more and more admitted to be the natural right of girls as well as of their brothers—and within certain limits, which are daily widening, it is more and more fully conceded that whatever women show they can do they have a right to do. That there is still, withal, a pretty strong 'survival' of prejudice is only what might be expected. Nor is it surprising that this should exist, not only in the masculine mind—often cropping out where we should least have looked for it—but also among many women, themselves brought up on the old system, and, therefore, too often incapable of the breadth of view necessary for truly estimating a subject so important, and so intimately connected with the constantly increasing complexities of modern life.

Since the subject of higher education for women was treated by the present writer in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for February, 1875, the subject has made such progress that most of the positions in that article could now be accepted without question. But, notwithstanding this, many considerations, which are either necessarily involved in such admissions or to which such admissions clearly point, are still disputed, and often by men who, we feel, ought to have known better, and who speak as they do simply because they cannot or will not give the subject the patient consideration which it demands. However, no great reform has ever yet been made with a fair wind and a flowing sail. Opposing gales and counter-currents are in the very nature of things, and many a patient tack must be made, and many a day of steady buffeting with winds and waves encoun-

tered before the slowly progressing bark arrives at her desired haven. Happy they who are rewarded by seeing that peaceful haven in full view, even if they may never enter into the actual enjoyment of its fair promise. Happier, perhaps, in some respects than they who actually take possession, since, on a nearer approach, the fairest land of promise shows barren rocks and arid stretches, unsuspected while it still lay in the enchanted distance.

It was recently asked by an able and respected writer, in the pages of this magazine:—'Strike man's work out of the world and what remains? From all the benefits that women enjoy, strike off those for which they are indebted to man, and what remains?' We might just as well reverse these questions, and with equal impunity from reply. Man's work and woman's work in the world are so inextricably blended that it would be simply impossible to disentangle them, from the time when the woman was first given as 'an helpmeet' for man. Man's work, indeed, has, as a rule, been rather with the ruder material forces, or the public affairs of life; woman's as a rule, rather with the inner sanctities of home. But, without woman's work in the latter department, how much of man's in the former would have been possible? In the old fable we all know that the sun proved stronger than the wind, and will any one deny the greatness of the sun's work because it is silent, subtle, pervasive, and often not to be weighed or even felt by ordinary sense? Not only has woman's work proper been of a kind that can never be measured by outward sense—the work of mother, teacher, trainer, helper of man from his cradle to his grave—work that can never be too highly estimated; but, more than this, her actual direct aid to man in his more special achievements can never be fully appreciated, just because her unselfish love has preferred that her share should be merged in his. Now and then, however, a man of more appreciative or more candid soul than his fellows gratefully acknowledges his obligations. Every reader knows John Stuart Mill's estimate of his wife and of what he owed to her aid in his literary labours. But Mill's is by no means a solitary case. Charles Kingsley, Dean Stanley, Mr. Seward, are among the many who have avowed their indebtedness to the intelligent sympathy and aid of the wives they have delighted to honour. Sir James McIntosh said of his wife: 'To her I owe whatever I am, to her whatever I shall be.' And the distinguished writer of a book on one of the most profound questions of theology, 'took counsel with his wife when he undertook the task,' and 'but for her constant sympathy and encouragement, could scarcely have brought his undertaking to a successful issue.'

And as to 'striking off the benefits for which woman is indebted to man,' it would be at least as disastrous to humanity to strike off the benefits for which man is indebted to woman.' To take the most surface view of it, it may well be doubted whether we should ever have had the steam engine or the electric telegraph, Hamlet or Paradise Lost, if woman's care had not watched over the helpless childhood of the infant geniuses, not to speak of other and subtler influences in later years. Look at Wordsworth's beautiful tribute to his sister:

> 'The blessing of my later years
> Was with me when a boy;
> She gave me eyes, she gave me ears;
> And humble joys and delicate fears;
> A heart, the fountain of sweet tears;
> And love and thought, and joy.'

Woman's work is no more to be divorced from man's work, than woman's life from man's life; than the sap which courses through the budding trees from the tissue that holds and is fed by it, unless to the injury or destruction of both. Any attempt to tear them apart, such as have been made and still are made in more or less

important states of society, can only proceed from a most narrow and one-sided interpretation of her position as an 'helpmeet for man,' which there is no reason whatever for limiting to certain 'departments' of life, or making less than co-extensive with human life and human thought. The work of the sexes is complementary, and the more highly and harmoniously each complementary power is developed the higher and more beautiful will be the total result.

Woman's direct contribution to what is more specially termed the 'world's work,' has here been left out of consideration hitherto, because it represents so insignificant a fraction of her real work. Yet, considering how much of the time, strength and energy of womanhood have been absorbed in the more peculiar duties of her sex,—and how inferior, as a rule, has been her educational development, her contribution to the various departments of intellectual activity, which we chiefly mean by the world's work, has been by no means trifling. It is needless, surely, to refer in detail, to the many noble names of the past that might be counted in literature, art and education; but it is interesting to notice that the period when the subject of more thorough education for women has first begun to receive the attention which is its due, is also the period in which women have begun more fully to take an assured and recognised place in current literature, as well as in some other more disputed regions. But it certainly appears strange that any one who knows how important a factor is education in developing human powers should venture to assert that 'women are under no disabilities whatever, unless it be their own incompetency!' Surely there are other 'disabilities' than legal ones! Social prejudice and inadequate education may be just as injurious to full and free efficiency as legal disqualifications. If by 'incompetency,' were meant here the incompetency which has arisen from inadequate education, or, strictly speaking, *no education at all* in the proper sense of the word, this might be taken,—minus the power of social prejudice—as being at least approximately true. But this is evidently not what is meant. And therefore it seems inexplicable how this can be the deliberate verdict of any man who can compare the ordinary education of boys who have any pretensions to be considered 'educated' at all, with the miserable pretence of education which till recently has been, and still is, in many places, the rule for girls. Let it be imagined that a boy has been educationally limited to picking up, in a disjointed manner, scraps of heterogeneous facts,—that mental drill and discipline have been unknown,—that to the *indigesta moles* of historic and scientific and arithmetical crumbs have been added a smattering of music, drawing, and foreign languages learned without any clear comprehension of grammatical coherence;—that, moreover, he has been carefully kept under the impression that acquirements and accomplishments may be an ornament, but can never be of any real use to him,—that his mental powers and the world's work have no relation;—that no career is naturally open to him save the domestic one, so that, destitute of higher interests and noble emulations, he is fain to betake himself to the emotional excitement he can find in poetry, fiction and flirtation. Then, when his mental organization has become wholly enervated by such a debilitating course of treatment, place him besides his contemporary of simply equal powers, who has received what we call a 'liberal education.' Will it be said by any one who truly estimates what education is to man, that such a boy would be 'under no disabilities whatever;'—that he would not be heavily handicapped for the race of life? Yet this picture is no caricature of what has been considered a sufficient education for girls. It has been only step by step and

against the strong current of conventional prejudice, that more enlarged ideas have slowly made their way, and that such handicapping disabilities are beginning to be removed. Witness how all was done that could be done to stifle Mary Somerville's noble powers! And in the case of women in whom the impulse towards studies deemed 'contraband' was somewhat less than despotic, can we doubt that the stifling process succeeded better than happily it did in her's? No wonder that she should write, looking back from the maturity of age:—'The low estimation in which our intellect has hitherto been held has been a grief and mortification to me from my earliest years. While the improvement of man's education has occupied so much attention in the present age, it is wonderful that one-half of the human race should have been comparatively so much neglected. Great duties have been demanded from us, and our minds have not been prepared by solid instruction to fulfil them.' Mr. Huxley has lately enforced the importance of making accessible to the lad of genius—(why not also to the girl of genius?) the highest and most complete training the country could afford. 'Whatever that might cost,' he says, 'depend upon it the investment would be a good one., I weigh my words when I say that if the nation could produce a potential Watt, or Davy, or Faraday, at the cost of £100,000 down, he would be dirt cheap at the money.' In such a reckoning, would not a Mary Somerville be worth counting,—or even an Elizabeth Browning, with the inborn poetic genius cultivated and trained by the thorough classical education which has given us such exquisite lyrics as 'The Dead Pan' and 'Wine of Cyprus'? And here, by the way, is *her* description of the ordinary type of 'education' which has passed muster so long, as all that the feminine half of humanity are entitled to,—to develope the powers and faculties which God has bestowed so liberally on both sexes:—

> 'I learnt a little algebra, a little
> Of the mathematics,—brushed with extreme flounce
> The circle of the sciences, because
> She misliked women who are frivolous.
> I learnt the royal genealogies
> Of Oviedo, the internal laws
> Of the Burmese Empire—by how many feet
> Mount Chimborazo outsoars Himmeleh,
> What navigable river joins itself
> To Lara, and what census of the year five
> Was taken at Klagenfurt—because she liked
> A general insight into useful facts.
> I learned much music,—such as would have been
> As quite impossible in Johnson's day
> As still it might be wished—fine sleights of hand
> And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
> The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
> To a noisy Tophet; and I drew—costumes
> From French engravings, Nereids neatly draped,
> With smirks of simmering godship,—I washed in,
> From nature, landscapes (rather say, washed out),
> I danced the polka and Cellarino,
> Spun glass, stuffed birds and modelled flowers in wax,
> Because she liked accomplishments in girls.
> I read a score of books on womanhood
> To prove *if woman do not think at all,*
> *They may teach thinking!*'

Yet there are still to be found sensible men who will say that, as regards work which demands thorough preparatory mental description and mental habits of close concentration, women 'are (have been) under no disabilities whatever!' And it is very much to be feared that some of our attempts at educational reform, which are directed merely towards preternaturally widening the number of 'studies' with which even little girls under twelve are now loaded,—without providing any deep and stable foundation,—will but little mend the matter.

It is easy enough to see how the narrow popular impression as to 'woman's sphere' has grown up and remained, a 'survival' of the primitive times when the conception was first formed. In those old times when Aryan and Semitic nations alike lived the simple patriarchal life, and counted their riches in flocks and herds—in stock, not in '*stocks*'—when human occupations were limited almost wholly to the procuring of the means of direct sustenance, woman was the natural helpmeet of man in those simple manual labours which comprised the whole of life's active duties to our

Aryan sires. Her very household names of sister, daughter, &c., are relics of her place in the 'domestic sphere,' for there was then no other. One of the Vedic hymns describes the dawn as 'a young wife, arousing every living being to his work, bringing light and striking down darkness; leader of the days; lengthener of life; fortunate, the love of all, who brings the eye of the god.' And the wife described in the Mahâb-hârata could hardly complain of inadequate appreciation. She is 'man's other half, his inmost friend, source of his bliss, root of his salvation; friend of the solitary one, consoling him with sweet words; in his duties like a father, in his sorrows like a mother.' And in like manner, the 'excellent woman' of the 'Book of Proverbs' is no mere toy or slave, but an intelligent helper of her husband and a judicious philanthropist: 'She is like the merchant's ships, she bringeth her food from far. She considereth a field and buyeth it; with the fruit of her hands she planteth a vineyard. She girdeth her loins with strength, and strengtheneth her arms. She stretcheth out her hands to the poor; yea, she reacheth forth her hands to the needy. Her husband (through her intelligent aid and co-operation) is known in the gates when he sitteth among the elders of the land.' The literature which has given us such a portrait, as well as the figures of a Miriam, a Deborah, a Ruth, and an Esther, had no narrow conception of the sphere of woman as an 'helpmeet' to her husband only in one section of his life, and shut out from all intelligent participation in the rest.

But the strange degeneracy which seems to have crept over mankind soon affected the position of woman. Ideas of polygamy and caste effaced the memory of the 'simple Aryan household, where husband and wife, equals in age, in rights, in serviceable industries, hand-in-hand ministered to the holy fires on their altars and hearths.' The strong and superstitious desire for male children gradually lowered the idea of the wife and mother to that of a mere link in the generations, and encroaching polygamy lowered it still further, though even this may have a compensating good, in a lawless age, in placing a number of otherwise helpless women under a recognised legal protection. Yet, even in this lower stage, woman not unfrequently compelled recognition of her higher gifts. One of the old Hindu dramas gives us a heroine,—Sakuntalâ,—pleading her own cause at the Court of King Dushyanta, and boldly rebuking him, in noble words, closing with the fine thought—'The spirit that dwells within us judges us hereafter;' while Sita, the ideal wife of the Râmâyana, is the good genius of her husband, rebuking, exhorting, warning him, and drawing from him the declaration that she is his 'companion in virtue and dearer to him than life.' Damayanti, another heroine, by her faithful love brings back her unhappy husband from shame and self-exile, and the pious Savitris by her wisdom and love, brings back to life her dead husband, and gives back to his father his sight, his crown and the lost glory of his race. These are, of course, heroines of poetry and romance, with, doubtless, some historic foundation, but there were female poets and sages in the old Hindu literature, as real as Sappho. There are hymns in the Rig-veda by female Rishis or sages, and there was a female poet called Avyar,—venerated as the daughter of Brahmâ,—though but the child of a Brahmin by a low-caste woman, who, we are told, 'though brought up by a singer of the servile class, excelled all her brothers and sisters in learning, and wrote, besides poetry, on astronomy, medicine, chemistry and geography.' Her 'moral sentences' are taught in the schools, as golden rules of life,—and it is worth while noting that though her acquirements extended to three studies which modern *effeminacy* looks upon as 'strong-minded,' her

closing sentence is :—'Of women the fairest ornament is modesty.' Moreover, we are further told that there were Brahmanical schools, not unlike the famous Saracen Colleges of the middle ages, at which *kings, priests and women united* in the enthusiastic study of metaphysical and moral science; and of the women it is reported that some astonished the masters by the depth of sublimity of their thought, and that others delivered responses from a state of trance.'* So that in the country, which, of almost all others, is now most associated with the idea of female dependence and degradation, we have only to go back far enough to find ideas and practices as 'advanced' as those of our modern co-educationists, and equally opposed to the conventional prejudices of the modern 'philistine.' Nay, more, the writer just quoted remarks that as the Prâkrit, supposed, with other softer dialects, to be a special consequence 'of the female organization, and to prove its independent activity in the structure of the language,' has been not only introduced into literature, but 'has gradually supplanted the Sanskrit, and forms the basis of the present spoken languages of India,—the stamp of female influence is conspicuous in the historical development of Hindu speech, as an informing and determining force.'

As human life grew more and more complex, as war became more distinctly the profession of the higher classes, and the celibacy of the clergy became habitual in the Christian Church, man's word and woman's work grew more and more apart, and so, by degrees, did man's and woman's education. Yet, scattered all along the dim centuries which we call the Dark Ages, we find exceptional cases, as distinct as those of Sappho and Aspasia, to show that genius knows no bounds of sex, and that the gulf conventionally interposed did not exist in the nature of things. Nor, in mediæval Europe, were what we call the severer branches of education considered at all out of place in developing the feminine mind. Queens and noble ladies learned Greek and Latin as girls now learn 'modern languages,' and were often better read in classic lore than their lords and masters. Ingulphus, an Anglo-Saxon historian of the eleventh century, tells us that when he was a boy at Westminster school, and visited his father who lived at the court of Edward the Confessor, he was often examined by the beautiful and virtuous Queen Edgitha in the Latin language and in logic, in both of which she excelled, The Italian universities were, as Miss Jex-Blake tells us, 'never closed to woman,' and several instances are known of 'degrees granted to women in the middle ages by the Universities of Bologna, Padua, Milan, Pavia, and others;—the earliest being that of Betisia Gozzadini, who was made Doctor of Laws by the University of Bologna in 1209.' In the following century, at the same University, Maddalena Buonsegnori was Professor of Laws, while between that time and the end of the eighteenth century there were, at this most liberal seat of learning, which should be visited by every female tourist, no fewer than three female professors in its Medical Faculty, and one feminine Professor of Philosophy, one of Mathematics, and one of Greek. Every schoolboy has read how Lady Jane Grey preferred Plato to a hunting party, and has doubtless wondered at her choice. 'Queen Bess' was a classical scholar also, and the fair lady who was Queen of Hearts as well as 'Queen of Scots,' was wont to read Livy with George Buchanan, whose courtierly 'Epigramma' dedicates his Latin translation of the Psalms to the 'Nymph.'

Quæ sortem antevenis meritis, virtutibus annos,
Sexum animis, morum nobilitate genus.

and whose genius—he professed at least to hope—would give to his work any

* From 'Oriental Religions,' by Samuel Johnson, New York, 1873.

charm it lacked from him. This instance, one would imagine, might reassure those who fear that a 'liberal education' would make women masculine and unattractive.

The battle of higher education for women may be considered as won. Its bearing upon woman's work is obvious, as well that which the goal of more important and more lucrative work in view has, in its turn, on higher education. For, whatever may be said, or written, or thought about culture and development as an end in itself, the *cui bono* question is sure to intrude itself. It is seldom, indeed, that either a young man or a young woman can patiently toil on in a course of hard study without some definite end in view. And even if the student herself were enthusiastic enough in the pursuit of more 'self-culture,' it is certain that she would in general receive little encouragement from either father or mother. A writer on female education in England remarks that 'the fact that the education of girls has no immediate commercial value is the great hindrance to a better education.' The education of boys has always a commercial value, and, therefore, sacrifices are made to secure it, and care is taken that the necessary time shall be given to the studies which in due time are expected to 'pay.' But, unless a girl is intended for the profession of teaching (and how many hundreds of girls in Canada owe a pretty thorough education entirely to this fact), her studies are reckoned of little account. Few mothers, indeed, would go quite so far as to beg, as one English one did, that her daughter might not be troubled with the pennies and half-pennies in her arithmetic, because 'she can have no use for it when she marries—her husband and her housekeeper will do all that.' But the daughter's studies, after her short school-life is over, are usually at the mercy of the most trifling hindrances. If nothing else intervenes, the mother likes to see her daughter 'amusing herself.' She is impatient of anything like 'shutting herself up'—neglecting 'society' for study. It is natural for every mother to wish and expect to see her daughter 'well married'—equally natural for her to take slight account of a different contingency—and so if the daughter misses what has been set before her as the end of her being she is but ill fitted to find other interests to replace it.

But let some tangible or comprehensible goal be placed before the female student and it will act not only as a stimulus to herself, but as a reminder to her parents that it will be wise for them not to discount prematurely the matrimonial possibility. In England the tone of public sentiment has very materially changed in this respect since the extension to girls of the Cambridge Local Examinations in 1865 initiated a movement which gave cognizance and *status* to the attainments of female students, while at the same time it afforded a means of measuring them. Oxford, Cambridge, and London University have now their regular higher local examinations for women, and the newly organized joint board examinations of the two former universities have been extended to girls. The Scottish and Irish universities were not long in following suit, and St. Andrew's University last year led the way in offering to grant a degree to female students equivalent to that of Master of Arts—the magical letters in their case, however, being L. A., which *might* mean Lady of Arts, but in reality stands for *Literate of Arts*—a somewhat curious modification of the old time-honoured title. And there are not only these facilities for testing female acquirements, but also, what is no less necessary, the means for preparing the candidates. Besides Girton College and Newnham Hall, which follow the Cambridge course of education, there are three colleges in London, two in Dublin, and one in Bristol, while the lectures of a large number of professors in the

University of Cambridge, and in the University College, London, are open to female students, who, in several instances, have requited the privilege rather ungratefully by carrying off the prizes from their male competitors. Besides these, there are a large number of lectures and classes in the United Kingdom for the special object of promoting higher female education, with about fifty-six public or high schools for girls, a large number of which furnish a classical, and many of them a mathematical and scientific education. The opening to female students, of all the classes and degrees of London University, is the latest achievement of a progressive movement, which has given an immense stimulus to higher female education in Great Britain, as it will, doubtless, also do to the extension of woman's sphere of work.

The Colonies have not, in general, lagged behind the Mother-country in this movement, and some have even led the way. In the January number of the *Westminster Review*, which furnishes a very full account of the present condition of higher female education throughout the world, we are informed that "to New Zealand University the real honour belongs of having been the first throughout the British Empire to admit a woman to its degrees," a young lady, Miss Edgar by name, having received the degree of Bachelor of Arts on July 31st, 1877. It is a somewhat curious circumstance, remembering Lord Macaulay's famous prediction, that this far outlying dependency of Great Britain should have led the van in this particular. Melbourne University has so far followed, as to admit girls to its matriculation examinations, without, however, allowing matriculation to follow. In Canada we are more liberal than this—one University, Queen's University, Kingston, being already declared open to ladies—an example which it may be hoped, will be followed by others. In Germany, one University at least, and that the largest, that of Leipsig, admits female students, both to the matriculation and graduation. Two young ladies, the one a Russian, the other a Jewess, have there received degrees; and a Miss Kowalewsky, from her name apparently a Pole, received some years ago, from the University of Göttingen, the degree of Doctor of Philosophy and Magister of Liberal Arts. German women do not as yet seem to have taken any but medical degrees, of which two, at least, were, early in the present century, conferred successively on a mother and daughter. In France, two ladies have taken degrees, at Lyons and Montpelier respectively; and the Paris *Ecole de Medicine* has for years been a centre of medical education for women, while other medical schools were closed to them. It was Paris which had the honour of granting a degree, eight years ago, to the distinguished Miss Garrett Anderson, one of the ladies who has proved to the world what it is so slow to believe, that a woman may successfully practice the medical art, and at the same time be none the less, a true, highminded, *womanly* woman. It is not one of the things of which England will have reason to be proud,—that such a woman had to go to Paris for her diploma. Last year five ladies received the degrees of M. D. at Paris,—two English, two Russian and one German, a proof that this school so far as women are concerned, is cosmopolitan rather than French. Both France and Germany, however, while admitting women to their universities, are far behind in the preparatory education of girls, without which the opportunity of University education must be offered nearly in vain; but in France, at least, the necessity of a more thorough secondary education for girls has been eloquently pleaded by Mr. Léon Richer in 'La Femme Libre.'

Italy, where the Universities were 'never closed to women,' and where,

in 1876, a State decree formally opened to them the fifteen Italian universities, has well maintained her honourable record in the past by her progressive spirit in establishing and endowing efficient intermediate schools for girls, a suggestive motive being given for 'educating the intellect of those who are to be the earliest teachers of men.' The fair and gracious young Queen Marguerite, who has already won the hearts of her people, has habitually shown her interest in the higher education of her young countrywomen by never failing to be present at the lectures of the Italian professors, which form a sort of educational course for ladies at Rome. In Austria, both university and lyceum education is provided for girls—a powerful society having been constituted in 1873, having for its object 'to save women from the pernicious influence of the prejudices and superstitions generally propounded under the guise of education.' There have already been several female medical students at the University of Vienna. In Holland, medical examinations have been open to women since 1870, and lately a ministerial order has been issued, opening to women every gymnasium as well as every university. In Sweden, both classes and examinations are open to women at the universities, with the exception only of examinations in law and theology; and in Denmark the University of Copenhagen has opened to women all the classec and degrees save those of theology—the reason assigned for this restriction being that they should not be allowed to participate in the benefices and stipends set apart for the male students, masculine magnanimity not yet having arrived at the point of tolerating their competition where its own interests might suffer! In Russia, more than twenty years ago, a liberal system of *gymnasia* for girls was instituted by the present Empress, the guiding principle enunciated being one which has been too long forgotten in some nations which consider themselves immensely the superiors of Russia in liberality, that 'a woman is not necessarily and exclusively wife, mother, mistress of a house: before specialising her for any particular destination, it is necessary to give all the development possible to all her moral and intellectual faculties,' and, owing to a demand for medically skilled women in Russian country districts, more especially in* Asia,—women have been for a good while permitted to study medicine in Russian schools, though not allowed till recently to take a diploma, which qualifies them for treating their own sex only. A college for women in connection with the University of Moscow, in which the classes are taught by professors of the University, and a system of University lectures for women in St. Petersburg, have been organized for several years; and most people will remember the presentation of a number of educational donations to found exhibitions for girls, made by the Russian municipalities in honour of the marriage of the Duchess of Edinburgh;—a fact that sufficiently vouches for the interest in female education taken by the Imperial family of Russia. Even half barbaric Finland, as we are wont to think of it, has taken a part in the great movement, and an academy for the higher education of women was opened at Helsingfors, three years ago, with ninety-three ladies on its opening roll. At the three Universities of Switzerland, there have been a considerable number of female students for more than ten years past, Zurich University having been the first in Europe to open to women its medical classes.

Turning to the western world we find that, in the United States, where half a century ago, the claim of equal

* This permission was for a time withdrawn, but so many Russian ladies resorted for medical study to the Swiss Universities, that it has recently been restored.

education for boys and girls was first advanced and conceded,— there are three Universities,—Michigan, Cornell and Boston, which admit both sexes alike to their halls. And the President of Michigan University gives the following testimony, borne out by the experience of the other institutions :—'If any have cherished a fear that the admission of women would tend to reduce the standard of work in the University, their attention may be drawn to the fact that during the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission and broadening the range of studies. Their presence has not called for the enactment of a single new law, or for the slightest change in our methods of government or mode of work.' And in Boston University, we are told that their presence has raised both the mental and moral tone, as well as the standard of scholarships. So much for the fear, so often expressed, that the admission of female students would necessarily lower the whole standard and tone of a University. In the Western States, Oberlin College has been in operation since 1833, offering co-education freely, and has had a most favourable record. The venerable halls of Harvard and Yale are however still inexorably closed to women, though Harvard has at last made the concession of granting local examinations to girls, after the example of Oxford and Cambridge, but without as yet nearly the success which has attended the English examinations. As perhaps everything is done more thoroughly in England than in the United States, it is probable that even this movement, once taken in hand, will receive more thorough justice. It is rather curious, by the way, that Harvard did not make this concession to the educational movement, until several American girls availed themselves of the Oxford examinations, sending their papers thither and receiving certificates of their proficiency. Going southward, California has not been behind her sister-states, having for some years had a University open to both sexes, and even in far away Peru, the new impetus seems to be working through that strange law which seems to scatter broadcast the seeds of new movements all over the world. Three years ago, a young lady in the ancient capital of Cusco applied for permission to study for the degree of Doctor of Law, and received the satisfactory and common-sense answer that 'the laws of the Republic recognised no such difference between the sexes as would prevent the lady from being a lawyer.' Such a solution, more generally applied, would soon settle all vexed questions. By leaving woman free to do what she could, the question of her ability and her 'sphere' would practically settle itself.

The impulse given by this altered state of things must be immense,—not only in stimulating the higher education of young women, but in opening a much wider sphere of women's work; —especially as the right of women to the proper qualification and authorization for the practice of medicine may be now regarded as conclusively established. When the mind of the general public shall have adjusted itself to the altered state of things, few instances of the power of prejudice and conventional thought will be regarded as more surprising than the long and persistent opposition encountered by a movement so natural, so fitting, so useful, to humanity, as the restoration of woman to her ancient office of *healer*. Why this sacred office, belonging to her of old, should have been considered by intelligent men and even by intelligent women, as unbecoming her womanhood, while the kindred office of *nurse* is universally admitted to be eminently befitting it—seems inexplicable, except on the principle already noticed, that it is the general tendency to *think in grooves*. In this case however, it is the prejudice which is the real *innovation*. Even in the remote

age which forms the subject of the Iliad, a female leech is mentioned, and Euripides refers to women able to minister to their own sex. Olympias of Thebes, and the celebrated Aspasia were both skilled in medicines, and the beautiful story of Œnone is mentioned by Professor Blackie as one of the instances showing that 'nothing was more common in ancient times than medical skill possessed by females.' There is, too, the touching history of Agnodice, the Athenian maiden, who donned male attire and risked her life that she might learn how to administer to her suffering and perishing sex, and whose heroism and success won the legal right to study and practice medicine for all the freeborn women of that State. In Henry's history of early Britain we have the following similar testimony:—'One reason,' says a learned antiquary—'of the great influence of the women among the northern nations, is this; while the men are employed in hunting and war, the women, having much time upon their hands, spend some part of it in gathering and preparing herbs, for healing wounds, and curing diseases; and being naturally superstitious, they administer their medicines with many religious rites and ceremonies, which excite admiration and make the men believe that they are possessed of certain supernatural secrets, and a kind of divine skill.' All through the middle ages, when the 'superfluous women' found an asylum and a vocation in the religious houses, which were, as Miss Jex Blake observes, 'not only the libraries but the hospitals of the day,' the pious and accomplished abbesses, as well as the other nuns were skilled in salves and simples and the crude medical treatment of the day;—and old poems and ballads picture them as exercising their skill on wounded knights, after the manner of the fair Iseult, though not often, it is to be hoped, with the same *dénouement*:

> 'No art the poison might withstand;
> No medicine could be found,

> Till lovely Isolde's lily hand
> Had probed the rankling wound.
>
> 'With gentle hand and soothing tongue
> She bore the leech's part;
> And while she o'er his sick bed hung,
> He paid her with his heart.'

All through the fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we find, in England, Italy, Spain, Germany and Sweden skilled female practitioners, and sometimes even professors of medicine, as in the case of Dorotea Bucca, professor of medicine at Bologna, in the fifteenth century, while even earlier than this, there seems to have been in that University at least one distinguished female medical student. If there was any outcry over her intrusion, it has been lost in the silence which veils forgotten things; but the fact remains. But in the fifteenth century in England, we find that in the year 1421, a petition was presented to Henry V., praying that 'no woman use the practice of fisyk under payne of long emprisonment.' By such means, doubtless, it was that woman was, as Charles Kingsley expresses it, 'thrust out from her natural share in that sacred office of healer, which she held in the middle ages.' Even in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, however, we find both in England and on the Continent women skilled in medicine and surgery, who took delight in using their skill for the good of others. There was, for instance, Lady Ann Halket, daughter of a Provost of Eton College, born in 1622, of whom we are told that 'some of the best physicians in the kingdom did not think themselves slighted when persons of the greatest quality did consult her in their distempers, even when they attended them as their ordinary physicians.' And there is, also, some twenty years later, Elizabeth Lawrence, afterwards wife of the Rev. Samuel Bury, of Bristol. Her husband, who wrote her life, bears testimony that 'it was not possible there should be a more observant, tender, indulgent and compassionate wife than

she was ;—a more sympathising spirit is very rarely found ;' and tells us that 'she took much pleasure in Anatomy and Medicine, being led and prompted to it partly by her own ill-health, and partly with a desire of being useful,' and notwithstanding much self-distrust she succeeded so well that 'the successes in the preservation of human lives were not easily numbered.' Her husband further tells us,—showing that human nature is the same in all ages,—that 'she would often regret that so many learned men should be so uncharitable to her sex, and be so loath to assist their feebler faculties, when they were anywise disposed to an accurate search into things profitable and curious ; especially as they would all so readily own that *souls were not distinguished by sexes ;* and therefore she thought it would have been an honourable pity in them to have offered something in condescension to their capacities, rather than have propagated a despair of their information to future ages !' In Germany, Italy and France, there were, among others, the distinguished Elizabeth Keillen, who died in 1699, having published several medical works,—Anna Moranda Maggiolini, who filled the chair of Anatomy at Bologna in the middle of the eighteenth century and who executed exquisitely delicate anatomical models in wax, which became the pride of the Bologna Museum; —Maria Petraccini, a lecturer on Anatomy at Ferrara, Maria della Dame, who took a doctor's degree at Bologna, in 1806, Frau von Siebold, and her accomplished daughter Marianne von Heidenreich, who took her degree after studying at Göttingen and Giessen, and who died only in 1859, —known during her life, as 'one of the most famed and most eminent female scholars of Germany,' and as being 'universally honoured as one of the first living authorities in her special branch of science.' This lady and Madame Lachapelle in France seem to link the exceptional female science of the past with the noble band of devoted women of our day, whose perseverance and heroism can scarcely be over-praised,—who, in the face of popular prejudice, and unreasoning odium,* and selfish and unmanly opposition, have restored woman to her natural share in what has been rightly called 'this peculiarly womanly work;' who have supplied to the feminine portion of suffering humanity an often sorely needed want, and have opened to women endowed by God with a talent and a vocation for medical study, a useful career and a noble sphere of work, which, like the quality of mercy, to which it is so much akin, at once 'blesses her that gives and her that takes.'

It is difficult, indeed, even taking into account the power of conventionality of prejudice and of opposing interest, to understand why the right of woman to medical ministrations, especially to her own sex, should so long have been denied when it is so strongly enforced by humanity, by justice, and by the natural fitness of things. As regards these Miss Blake asks us to 'suppose that society suddenly awoke to the great want so long unnoticed, that it was recognised by all that a scientific knowledge of the human frame in health and in disease, and a study of the remedies of various kinds which might be employed as curative agents would greatly lessen human suffering, and that it was therefore resolved at once to set apart some persons who should acquire such knowledge and devote their lives to using it for the benefit of the rest of the race.' 'In such a case,' she asks, 'would the natural idea be, that members of each sex should be so set apart for the benefit of their own sex respectively ; that men should fit themselves to minister to the maladies of

* A writer in the *Athenæum* in 1867, expressed a fact too much lost sight of, when he said, 'The obloquy which attends innovation belongs to the men who exclude women from a profession in which they once had a recognised place.'

men, and women to those of women, or that one sex only should undertake the care of the health of all, under all circumstances?' Few will venture to reply that the latter course would, in such a case, commend itself as either natural or desirable; and women at all events, would be nearly unanimous in preferring the former. If it be said that not a few women still express themselves in favour of a system with which use and want have familiarized them, it is replied, in the first place, that the feminine mind has not yet had time to adjust itself to the idea of *duly qualified* female physicians; in the second, that, owing to the very imperfection of their education, combined with their natural strength of feeling, women, when they are prejudiced, are more obstinate and unreasonable in their prejudices than men. But, notwithstanding this, there are many women who will welcome as an inexpressible boon to their sex, the existence of thoroughly trained female physicians, and this without in the least undervaluing the kindness and skill and unwearied tendency of which they have had abundant proof in physicians of the other sex. To quote Miss Jex Blake again, 'the real test of "demand" is not in the opinions expressed by those women who have never even seen a thoroughly educated female physician, but in the practice which flows in to properly qualified female practitioners;' and judging by this test, as well as by the crowds of patients who flock to Women's Hospitals and Dispensaries, the supply is still a long way behind the demand. And, looking at the matter on the ground of common justice—if many women desire to have physicians of their own sex to consult—and other women are equally desirous of acquiring the skill and training which will qualify them to meet this want—can it be considered as anything but the most glaring injustice that women should be 'arbitrarily prevented from employing women as their medical attendants,' as has hitherto been practically the case in England, owing to the restrictions in the way of license and registration of female practitioners. Happily this is not the case among ourselves; and three years ago the College of Physicians and Surgeons in Ontario, honoured itself by granting a medical license to a female physician, while in Great Britain, the recent liberal action of London University would seem to have settled the matter for the future, even if technical difficulties should still intervene.

But there are objectors who contend that the duties of the medical profession are too onerous for a woman's strength, and that her womanly sensibility and delicacy will be impaired by the studies and training necessary for the medical profession. As regards the first, that question may be left to settle itself, after the fashion of the wise Scotchman who '*aye judged by the e-vent*,' and so long as feminine powers of endurance bear off the palm as they do in the matter of nursing, we may safely presume that they will not be found lacking in the less laborious and more varied work of medical practice. And as woman is confessedly better fitted for nursing than man, she has this odds in her favour as a physician, since the best medical man will admit that half the secret of cure is in the proper *nursing* of the patient. Moreover, it is, if people would only *think*, glaringly inconsistent to applaud one woman as an angel of mercy who devotes herself to army-nursing, and to condemn as 'indelicate' another who makes up her mind to an ordeal no more formidable,—indeed, not so much so—to qualify her for being a medical attendant of her own sex! As Miss Jex Blake well says, 'work is in no way degraded by being made scientific; it cannot be commendable to obey instructions as a nurse, when it would be unseemly to learn the reasons for them as a student, or to give them as a doctor; more especially as the nurse's duties

may lead her, as they did in the Crimea, to attend on men with injuries and diseases of all kinds, whereas the woman who practises as a physician would confine her practice to women only. It is, indeed, hard to see any reason of delicacy, at least, which can be adduced in favour of women as nurses, and against them as physicians.' In an age, too, in which English *ladies* do not seem to shrink from gracing with their presence the aristocratic shambles called *battues*, and the still more revolting exhibitions of a degenerate *jeunesse dorée* making a living target of one of the gentlest and fairest of God's creatures, it seems like the irony of a Mephistopheles to talk of the sacred study of the mysteries of the human frame, as injurious to true womanly delicacy. They must have a very inadequate conception, either of the true nature of genuine delicacy, or of the ennobling influence of any scientific study who can fear any real injury from the one to the other, and it will hardly be disputed that earnest *women* —from the very constitution of their being, are likely to approach one of the noblest of sciences in a more truly reverential spirit than even earnest men. 'To the pure, all things are pure,' and as a true and high-minded woman has said, 'if a woman's womanliness is not deep enough in her nature to bear the brunt of any needful education, it is not worth guarding.' In ordinary life, the women who lower their sex by a tone of coarseness and indelicacy are not usually the women who have studied any one subject deeply and truly, but the women who have received no education at all.

Finally, on the score of *humanity*, the objection to female physicians seems as untenable as it does on the ground of justice or of the fitness of things. Not only is there an incalculable amount of disease and suffering in what are called civilized countries, which might be prevented if women had physicians of their own sex to consult, but, in addition to this, we know that in countries where no female patient can ever be seen by a male physician, the condition of suffering woman is such as to afford ample scope for the benevolent exertions of all the female physicians who can be qualified to relieve them. Even if men should insist on monopolising medical practice at home, there is a limitless field of work abroad which cannot be done by men at all, and for which women are specially fitted. From all missionary stations comes the appeal for female medical missionaries, and those who have already answered the appeal find far more demands on their time and strength than they can possibly overtake. The Methodist Episcopal Mission of the United States has had the honour of pioneering this noble work, their first medical lady, Clara A. Twain, M. D., having been sent to India in 1869, and their second, L. L. Combs, M. D., having been sent to Pekin in 1873. The first of these ladies has been so successful in her plans and methods that the Government has adopted her hospital plan for its own. The second, in company with sister-labourers since gone out, is doing noble work for Chinese women. A missionary lady, writing from China, testifies not only to the wide and urgent need for their labours,* and to their opportunities for ministering to souls as well as bodies diseased, removing prejudice, awaking kindly feelings, and opening doors for the entrance of the Truth—but also to the gratifying fact that 'medical ladies, well fitted for the work, are multiplying; and they are no longer regarded with contempt and opprobrium, as stepping out of their sphere, but, on the contrary, due honour and respect are already shown them.' She also testifies that 'medical men who generally, in Christian

* 'Perhaps,' says Miss Jex Blake, 'we shall find the solution of some of our saddest social problems when educated and pure-minded women are brought more constantly in contact with their sinning and suffering sisters in other relations as well as those of missionary effort.'

lands, are very slow to welcome the sisterhood into their ranks, as generally recognize their usefulness in heathen lands.' In India female medical missionaries are already numerous, and it is significant that, a few months ago, the first female missionary was sent from Scotland to Poona, by a Scottish Ladies' Association. She has already had as much work as she could do, and has prescribed for a large number of cases. From the missionary ladies maintained in India by the Presbyterian Church in Canada comes the same appeal for a lady qualified for a medical missionary, and it may be hoped that, ere long, a Canadian labourer in this department will be found. The whole field of foreign missions, indeed, opens up a wide and appropriate sphere for woman's work, but specially rich in usefulness and fruitful in opportunities, is sure to be the career of the faithful and efficient female medical missionary. But not only are medical ladies from home in request, but in India there has arisen also an urgent demand for 'educating native women of good caste, so as to qualify them to treat female patients and children.' And so the Madras Medical College was opened to women in 1875, with permission to take a limited course with a corresponding certificate of proficiency, 'when the student did not desire to take the whole course and study for a degree.' The female students attend the ordinary courses of lectures with the other students, except for some few lectures, which it is thought more desirable to be delivered separately. 'This,' as the writer in the *Westminster Review* observes, 'is a practical way of solving that mountain-of-a-molehill difficulty—medical co-education.' That, in a country, where the position of woman has hitherto been so low, 'the wisdom of the east' should have so simply solved a problem which has so long perplexed the 'wisdom of the west' is another proof that 'necessity is the mother of invention.' If women are to be educated for the medical profession at all, it is self-evident that they must either attend the ordinary classes in medical colleges or have a special medical college for women, such as have now been established in London and New York. But where this facility does not exist the former method *must* be followed, as has been done in Madras, and is done in both European and American medical schools.

This suggests an additional reason, and one of no slight importance, why the admission of duly qualified ladies to the practice of medicine should be hailed with satisfaction by all who value the physical well-being of society. There cannot be a doubt that multitudes of lives are needlessly sacrificed or stunted in their natural development by the dense ignorance of common physiological and sanitary principles which prevails among the sex which has most to do with the care of life at its fountain-springs, and indeed all through its course. For it is women, as Charles Kingsley says, 'who have the ordering of the household, the bringing up of the children; the women who bide at home, while the men are away, it may be at the other end of the earth.' But the lack of women qualified to impart physiological instruction to their own sex has been one of the chief causes of this ignorance, which may be expected to be largely diminished when women shall be qualified to lecture to women on such subjects. 'This,' says Kingsley again, in his lecture on The Science of Health, 'is one of the main reasons why I have, for twenty years past, advocated the training of women for the medical profession, and one which countervails, in my mind, all possible objections to such a movement.'

The medical profession, as a department of woman's work, has occupied a larger space in this paper than might seem its fair proportion, both because it appears to the writer, as to

many others, a work for which woman is peculiarly fitted and peculiarly needed, and because no other so-called innovation has excited so much bitter and unreasonable opposition. But no thoughtful observer of our own times can have failed to see how much, during the last ten years, feminine activity has developed itself in many directions. An article in an American magazine, a year or two ago, gave a list of employments of American women, which included occupations apparently so unfitted for them as those of driving for livery-stables and piloting steam-boats on the Mississippi! In Cedar Rapids, Iowa, a woman was appointed Chief Engineer of the Fire Department; in New Hampshire, another contracted to construct a section of the Valley Railroad, and in Ohio in 1871, there was a lady deputy-collector of the revenue. In Washington, female clerks have for some years been employed in the departments, and telegraph operating has become a common employment, recognised as a thoroughly suitable one for women. A recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States has followed the example of the Peruvian Republic, in ceasing to recognise any reason why a lady should be denied the right of pleading in its Courts, and there are already several practising female barristers. This profession seems a much more anomalous one for women than that of medicine, yet have we not all known women who, we felt, would make good lawyers, and the publicity attending the practice of law is, after all, not nearly so great as that involved in the profession of a public singer, which seems to be universally recognised as a perfectly fit and appropriate profession for women. And it is difficult to see why it should be more unbecoming for women to use in public any powers of persuasive eloquence with which they may be endowed, than it is for them to sing or to read before large audiences. One thing is certain, that ladies who, by dint of perseverance and laborious study, qualify themselves for any of these ways of gaining an honourable maintenance, have a right to the most respectful consideration from their sisters who live only to spend the earnings of others, instead of being spoken of in the haughty and insolent tone in which we not seldom hear these, as well as other working women, referred to by women who do not possess a tenth part of their claims to esteem, and who lead, as compared with them, aimless and useless lives.

But, it may be said, why should women resort to such unusual employments, when there are the time-honoured feminine occupations of needlework and teaching? Not to dwell upon the obvious fact that both are greatly overstocked, it may be asked, as to the first, whether any man with brains and energy to do better would be content to spend his life in earning by tedious mechanical labour a bare subsistence, with no possibility of laying up anything for days of old age and weakness? And as for teaching, not only might the same be usually said of it, where women are concerned, but the ability to teach well is, like other talents, a natural gift, and it has been one of the serious obstacles in the way of educational progress that so many have betaken themselves to the profession of teaching without any natural fitness for it, but simply because it is a respectable way of 'earning a living'—a practice which is sure to degrade any profession.

There are, however, many manual and artistic occupations which modern progress has opened to women, to which her right is not disputed, and which have greatly enlarged her means of remunerative livelihood. The Art Schools of Great Britain have educated —not only female artists in the highest sense,—but also many female designers for the industrial arts, and painters of porcelain and pottery, who have at-

tained to very great perfection. Messrs. Doulton & Co., of Lambeth, employ a considerable number of female workers, in the preparation of the celebrated ware which bears their name; and one lady, Miss Barlow, has attained considerable celebrity for her spirited figures of animals incised in pottery, specimens of which were specially noted among the attractions of the late Centennial Exhibition. The same exhibition contained specimens of the taste and skill shown by English ladies in decorating furniture, and in artistic embroidery, as well as many beautiful articles which testify to the proficiency of American ladies in decorative art, —especially in wood-carving and porcelain-painting,—both of them arts in which women with artistic talent might be expected to excel. It is worth noting, also, that the machinery of the Woman's Department of that exhibition was under the sole charge of a young American lady, whose little engine-room was said to be a model of brightness and neatness. In England, the sisters of the celebrated Dr. Elizabeth Garrett, already referred to, —struck out a line of artistic and profitable employment for themselves, in the art of house-decorating, in which their taste and success soon insured them a most lucrative practice. American as well as English ladies have taken their places among the first illustrating artists of the day. And, last, but not least, the extent to which female writers are now represented in the current literature of the day,—as shown for instance in the place they take in the best English and American periodicals,—is one proof among many of their increased intellectual activity, and a hopeful indication that the enlarged educational advantages now offered will be good seed sown in good ground,—bring forth abundant fruit.

It was intended in this paper to touch a little more at length on two important relations of woman's work to her personal welfare—that bearing on her ability to maintain herself independently, and that affecting her fuller development, — mentally and morally. The present paper is, however, already so long, that this suggestive and fruitful subject cannot be discussed here. Its consideration will, it is hoped, strengthen the position that whatever mental difference there may be in sex,—and it is not by any means sought to deny or underrate it,—natural gifts and talents are distributed on a principle very different from the cut and dry theories which human minds are so ready to form and so unwilling to resign. Even in the matter of physical strength, in which women as a class are admittedly inferior to men,—there are many exceptions as regards individuals. There are 'men with nerves of flax and women with nerves of iron.' Set a Grace Darling, for instance, by the side of some effeminate exquisite, and which would be chosen for any occupation requiring even *physical* usefulness? And if there are exceptions even as to this omitted point of superiority, how many other considerations are there to show how much better it is for both men and women that both should be left entirely free to choose that life work to which they are led by the natural gifts with which God has endowed them, combined with that providential guidance which all who seek it shall surely find.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

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

CHAPTER XX.

'Her disposition she inherits which makes fair gifts fairer.'

ALMA Bostock saw Mr. Dunlop open the gate and walk up the path without any other emotion than a little surprise that he should be without his contemptible smock-frock. She held him in small respect, considering his self-denying life as a proof of mere feebleness of brain; but he was undoubtedly a man to whom outward respect was due, as the fountain and source of the family well-being. There was perhaps another reason why she regarded Alan with some contempt. It is well known in her class, and among her sex, that gentlemen, of whatever rank, are not insensible to the attractions of pretty girls, even when of lowly birth. Alma had good reasons for knowing this fact. Only a week before, Mr. Caledon, meeting her in a shady lane, while she was balancing a basket on her head, bet her a sovereign that he couldn't kiss her lips without the basket falling off. He lost the bet. And Mr. Roger Exton, the gentleman who gave her the golden apple—made her Beauty-Laureate—the funny man with the lines about his face, walked home with her through the park, when Miss Miranda and the ladies had gone away, and insisted on payment of the promised reward. But from Mr. Dunlop, who was so much about the place, no attention of that or any other kind. No use being the prettiest girl in the village, if you get no compliments by it. Might as well be the ugliest. Mr. Dunlop had eyes for nobody, they said, but Miss Miranda. And yet in no hurry to put up the banns.

If it had been Tom Caledon marching up the path, Alma would have smiled and nodded gaily, sure of a talk and a laugh. As it was only Mr. Dunlop, she made a salutation of ceremony, which was by no means too graceful.

Alan's thoughts were quite simple.

'She is good-looking,' he might have said. 'A little awkward, which teaching will cure. I wish she would not drop a curtsey. She looks appreciative, as well as pretty. She must be sympathetic and ready, otherwise Miranda would never have selected her. Of course, I am not the least in love with her. How could one be, after Miranda?'

'Good-morning, Alma,' he said, taking off his hat, as to a young lady. Alma thought this cold and ceremonious, but quite characteristic of the Squire. 'I came over to see you by yourself. Are you alone?'

'To see me, sir?' she asked, with wonder. 'Yes, I am alone. Mother's gone a-marketing, and father's about the place somewhere.'

'Alone. Then we can talk, you and I?'

'Yes, sir.' Alma, at sight of those solemn eyes gazing intently and earnestly in her face, felt her ancient re-

spect for Mr. Dunlop increase rapidly, until it almost amounted to terror. 'Yes, sir. There is no one here. Will you come in out of the hot sun? Father 'll be in for dinner, and I'll give him your message.'

'My message is altogether for yourself, Alma. You may tell your father afterwards if you like.'

What on earth was he going to say? Could that rash fellow, Harry, who promised to tell nobody anything, have gone talking to the Squire? It *must* be Harry; and what a rage father would be in! Certainly, Harry's position in society was not that which could be expected of one who would mate with a Bostock.

With these misgivings, Alma led the way into the best room, the apartment reserved wholly for visitors of distinction. It was a room of small dimensions; what, however, it lacked in space it made up in stiffness, like some small dame of dignified and upright bearing, decked in antique bravery. The table had a dozen keepsakes, and such light reading, ranged round it. There were slippery, horsehair chairs, on which no one could sit, unless he held on by the back of the next chair; and a horse-hair sofa, on which if any one had ever tried to recline, needs must that he repent it afterwards. And the artificial flowers on the mantel-shelf, and the vases of thirty years ago, and the cheap German prints, and the coldness of the room, whose windows were never opened, struck Alan's heart with a chill. And yet what a room might this be made when the principles of the Higher Culture should have taken root! On the right of the window, the pretty wooden porch, covered with its creepers; on the left, a little lawn, with standard roses; and beyond, the greenery of the orchard. A room whose windows should open to the ground, which should be hung with light draperies, and painted in green and grey, and furnished in black, with just a little china. The girl herself, Alan thought, would set off the picture, were she but dressed to correspond with the furniture.

'What is it, Mr. Dunlop?'

He recovered himself and looked at her again with a curious gaze, half of inquiry, half of hesitation, which frightened her. He could not, really, have seen Tom Caledon—no; that was impossible. And no business of his if he had. It *must* be Harry.

'Won't father do as well, Mr. Dunlop?'

'No,' he replied, 'he will not do nearly as well.' He sat down, but the treacherous nature of the horsehair chair caused him to abandon this attempt in confusion. Then they both remained standing, rather awkwardly, Alan beside the table and Alma by the window.

'You know,' he went on, 'what I am endeavouring to effect in this village—and I hope my work has your sympathy and that you understand its great aim—to increase the love for Culture and the practices of the Higher Life. Your father lends me his cordial aid'—here Alma turned away her face to hide a smile. 'You have seen me at work for a good many months. And you have seen, I dare say, that my efforts, so far, have been a failure.'

'Well, sir,' said Alma, 'I always did say that for the Squire to put on a smock-frock like a common labourer and go a hay-making, and reaping, and hedging with a passel o' village boys was a thing I couldn't hold with. And mother said the same; said my lady would ha' blush red to see the day. Father, he only said, "Let him alone." That's all father ever said. But he's that deep, is father.'

'Yes,' Alan went on, 'we have not succeeded very well, he thinks. Your mother and you were right so far as you understood. And your father, in his rough way, was also right in saying, "Let him alone." It is what I expected of him. However, I have found at last the main cause of my

failure, and it is this, Alma—alone and single-handed I cannot do much in the direction of culture. I can only set an example which may or may not be followed. If I am married, now; if I am married to a girl who understood the classes among whom I labour—don't you see, Alma?—I should be working double, not single. Do you begin to understand?'

Not at first. She looked wonderingly in his face. Then, all of a sudden she did understand, and first she turned red and then ashy pale. Could it be? Was she in her senses? And the Squire, too? And never so much as a chuck under the chin from him to give her warning of what he intended.

'I will repeat,' he said, 'I want to find a girl who understands, as I never can really understand, the classes among whom I work. I want her to marry me in order that I may work with double my present efficiency. I want her to join with me in learning what is best, teaching what is best, practising what is best, and showing by our own example, plain for all to see, the life that belongs to the higher civilisation.'

It could not be. But yet—but yet—things looked like it. If the Squire did not mean that, what could the Squire mean?

'Will you,' he added, 'will you marry me, Alma?'

There was no possible mistake about that invitation. Five words most unmistakable. As Alma looked at Alan with frightened, wonder-stricken eyes, so looked Semelê when Zeus proclaimed his love and told her who he was. So also, but with the sheepishness natural to his sex, young Anchises gazed upon the white-limbed Thetis when she astonished him by stealing up along the golden sands, dripping wet, resplendent in her beauty and radiant with her new-born love. So looked the beggar-maid when she left her barrel-organ and received from King Cophetua, not a royal penny with a royal pat upon her fair cheek, but instead a golden wedding-ring, or the offer of one, when the monarch, in robe and crown, stepped from his throne to meet and greet her on her way. The age of that monarch is nowhere mentioned, but it must have been very advanced, and his rash act was doubtless speedily followed by deposition and consignment to the County Asylum.

Alma did not answer—she could not answer—perhaps thinking of Harry. But she looked him straight in the face and tried to understand this wonderful proposal.

In two minutes you can get through a good deal of thinking.

What in the world would Harry say?

Sweet passages—many passages sweet and tender—had gone on between Harry and herself. Would he take it crying, or would he take it swearing?

Then the thought of Weyland Court. Oh—h!

She would be mistress of that beautiful place, where her mother, always full of its glories, had been lady's-maid. She would be the lady—with a carriage to drive in and horses to ride—the equal of Miss Dalmeny, the superior of Miss Despard. And what would Harry say when she drove by resplendent in silk and satin?

Help in his work? What did Mr. Dunlop mean by that?

'Well, Alma, what do you say?'

'I don't know what to say,' she replied; 'I'm struck of a heap.'

Alan shuddered. 'Struck of a heap!' But then the training had not begun. 'Miss Dalmeny did not prepare you for this proposal? I thought that she had spoken to you about it.'

'Miss Dalmeny!' She opened her blue eyes wider. 'Why, what in the world should Miss Dalmeny want you to marry me for? And everybody says that you and she are as good as handfasted, a'ready.'

Really, this young woman would require a good deal of training.

'Never mind Miss Dalmeny, then, but consider what I propose. Will you marry me?'

'It *can't* be real,' said Alma; scared out of her wits. How different from Tom Caledon, and, indeed, all the gentlemen with whom she was acquainted. A laugh and a compliment: a kind word, or perhaps, if no one was within sight, a kiss—which, in young ladies of Alma's position of life, is neither here nor there, a mere unconsidered trifle. But to stand there cold and quiet playing with his watch-chain and waiting for an answer!

'It *can't* be real,' she repeated, turning the corners of her apron in her fingers. This may be objected to as a trick of the stage, but all tricks of the stage came originally from life outside the house, and some old fashions linger; therefore, Alma being, as she subsequently described it in a quandary, the like of which she had never before experienced, turned the corners of her apron in her fingers.

'I thought you had received some intimation,' Alan went on, feeling a little pity for the embarrassment of the girl. 'I do not come to you, as you see, professing passionate love. That is not at all my motive in offering you marriage. You may, however, depend on receiving all possible kindness and consideration. And I do not invite you to a life of luxury and ease. By no means. You will go on living just as you do now, only with more attention to externals.'

She did not understand one single syllable that he said. 'Marry her, and go on living as she was accustomed to live?'

'What I want in a wife especially is advice, sympathy, help. She will supplement my own deficiencies of knowledge. I want her to be always at hand, suggesting the one right way and preventing all the wrong ways. I want her, in fact, to be the Lieutenant in my work. Can you do this, Alma? Can you be this to me?'

She gazed at him in mere stupid bewilderment. Give him—Mr. Dunlop—advice? 'Give him—the Squire—sympathy?' She thought sympathy meant pitying people who are unlucky enough to have fevers, rheumatisms, or prison fare. What did he want sympathy for? And then to give him help?

Perhaps he was cracked. People in the village did whisper that the young Squire *must* have a soft place in his head. To be sure, if he had come like a lover should—

> '. . . the young man, he comes dancing,
> With a "How do you do, my dear?"'—

if he had told her that because she was such a pretty girl, and because her eyes were so blue, her lips so rosy, her cheek so soft, and because she had won the golden apple, which was a clear proof of her superiority, and because she must, being so beautiful, necessarily be good in proportion, therefore he had fallen madly in love with her; then, indeed, she would have believed entirely in his sanity. But to march gravely into the house, to look at her as if he was a schoolmaster and she a pupil who had done wrong things, with those solemn eyes of his, and then to say that he wanted to marry her in order to get assistance in his work—why, the man must be gone clean stark-staring mad.

Marry her and go on living as she had been living? Churning butter, perhaps. Oh! yes, and she Mistress of Weyland Court. Likely! And milking cows—and she with her best frock on every day. Or darning stockings—and she with silk ones. Picking red currants—and she with a dozen servants. And perhaps making the beds. Very likely. Work, she imagined, meant this kind of work and nothing else. He must be mad.

'Come, Alma,' said Alan, who had been listening patiently, 'what do you say?'

'I don't know,' she replied with hesitation, 'about helping in your work. But I've always been used to

house-work, and I suppose I should be able to learn what you wanted me to learn. Only I don't understand. But you don't really mean it, Mr. Dunlop? It's only some of your fine gentleman's fun.'

The idea of Alan Dunlop ever having manifested any fine gentleman's fun in his life!

'You can't mean it,' she went on. 'Up at the Court, with all those beautiful Sisters to pick and choose from.' Alma's notions of Alan's irresistible charms might have pleased a vainer man, but he received the words with a shudder. Fancy 'picking and choosing' among such girls as Sisters Miranda, Rosalind, Cecilia, and the rest. 'There's Miss Despard as beautiful as beautiful. Or there's Miss Miranda herself, like a Queen. And yet you come to me and tell me you want to marry me.'

Was then the *Droit du Seigneur* ever in force in this country? It never once occurred to Alma that she could refuse so wonderful and surprising a proposal.

To be sure the position was remarkable.

'You do not quite understand as yet, Alma,' said Alan gravely. 'With these young ladies there has been no question of marriage. And I propose this—this union—in the hope and belief that by forming new ties—I am afraid, however, that I cannot make you entirely comprehend all my views at once. Trust yourself to me, Alma, and I think you will never have reason to regret your consent.'

He held out his hand and she took it. The manners of the upper classes are singularly cold. How different from Harry! Why, only last night, when he took leave after a stealthy and hurried interview at the garden-gate, had he not with his arm round her waist, given her kisses twain—fair and honest kisses—one on either cheek? Did gentlefolk never kiss each other? If Miss Miranda had said yes, would he not have kissed her? A pang of jealousy crossed the girl's heart. She was not good enough, then, to be kissed?'

'We will meet again to-morrow, Alma,' said her suitor. 'There is a great deal to be talked over. For the present, good-bye.'

He was gone, and she, though, with the slender power of imagination at her command, she found it difficult to believe, was actually betrothed to Mr. Dunlop, the owner of Weyland Court.

Alma sat down on the least slippery of the chairs and tried to realise what it all meant. She would certainly have a carriage—she would certainly have servants—she would certainly not do a stroke of work herself. She would be a grand lady—she would go about with Miss Dal———— ; no, she hardly thought she should care to see very much of Miss Dalmeny. And what did Mr. Dunlop mean by asking her whether Miss Dalmeny had prepared her for the proposal? Then she knew all about it, and not one word of kindness from her the night before, when Mr. Exton gave her the golden apple. She was good enough to marry Mr. Dunlop; but not good enough to be spoken to by Miss Dalmeny. Very well, then, some day—and here she began to dream of impossible revenge, a safety-valve for small natures. She could not understand it. What would her father say? What would her mother say? What would Harry say? What would all the world say?

Then, for a brief space, imaginary Rapture, Joy, Triumph, while the wedding-bells rang and outside the church the coach-and-four waited, the gallant steeds tossing impatient necks, and the tag-rag—including the bold-faced gipsy thing, the blacksmith's daughter, who dared contest the golden apple with her—stood and watched and envied.

Then, for a longer space, a sinking and sadness of heart. What would Harry say? She had attracted, during her brief span of nineteen years, as

many suitors as, in that short period, a maiden may. Young gentlemen who knew her had not disdained to pay her those attentions which please them and hurt nobody. There had been farmers' sons—in fact there were still farmers' sons, because no one was ever dismissed. But, for a permanency, there was Harry.

He was a gamekeeper. One of Mr. Dunlop's gamekeepers. Would he still continue, Alma wondered, to game-keep for the Squire when she was married to him? He was a tall, stalwart, handsome young fellow of two and twenty, and he loved the girl with a passion which she could neither understand nor return. What maiden of Alma Bostock's nature can return the passion of a man who loves her? As well ask the shallow rippling lake to reflect in all its strength and glory the splendour of the sun. He believed in her love as an honest man should. His blood would have boiled had he known of these passages to which we have been constrained, sorrowfully, to allude, with Tom Caledon, Mr. Exton, and others. Of them he knew nothing. To him the girl was a pearl among maidens, full of sweet and lofty thoughts, too high for him, who was one of nature's own gentlemen, and as incapable of a meanness as any peer of noble lineage. He made her his idol, his goddess. He saved and economized for her, paring down tobacco to the lowest point compatible with a pipe a day, cutting off beer, and living at the lowest, so that he might save money to buy furniture and make his Alma comfortable. He would have liked nothing better than to wrap her in swan's down and leave her no work to do, but to sit warm and comfortable while he worked for her. And all this Alma knew.

That was the gamekeeper's idea of love and marriage: the wife was to be cosseted up and cared for by others. She was to sit warm and comfortable while her husband did what the Americans call the 'chores.' Her place was to look happy while she was petted and made much of. Well, that is a kind of duty, Alma thought, which most girls find to come pretty easy.

On the other hand, the Squire's idea about wedlock seemed to be that his wife was to do great quantities of work—perhaps the washing and the mangling. No doubt he must be cracked. Still, he had the good sense, Alma thought, to come to the prettiest girl in all the country-side. Also, though she was young and artless, the thought did occur to her that when once they were married, marriage being a tie impossible to dissolve, the wife might fairly sit down and refuse to do anything, after which the Squire would have to keep her, as the Squire's wife ought to be kept, in idleness.

But what in the world would Harry say? He was a masterful man, and he was strong. Suppose he and the Squire were to fight about her. Such things had been. Alma's heart glowed within her, as she pictured such a battle as she had read about—all for her—she herself looking on from a safe distance. And yet Mr. Mill tries to persuade us that woman's influence has always made in the direction of peace.

Suddenly she became aware that it was half-past twelve o'clock. Simultaneously with the striking of the clock arrived her mother.

She was hot: she was a little out of temper: she was disappointed with her marketing.

'Alma!' she cried. 'You here?

In point of fact, Alma ought to have been in the kitchen, where the potatoes were still waiting to be washed and peeled, and all sorts of culinary operations were already overdue. And to find her daughter actually sitting down in the best room in the morning was revolutionary, simply.

'Yes, mother,' she replied meekly; 'I am here.'

'And where are the currants?'

'I haven't picked them.'

There was something peculiar about the tone of Alma's voice. Generally, she was extremely obedient, having been rendered so, like Shagpat, of immortal memory, by reason of thwacks. But, to-day, without being exactly mutinous, she was calmly superior.

'I have not picked them,' she said, a bare statement of the fact.

'Oh! and what in the world have you been doing then?'

'Nothing.'

Of all replies that Alma could have made, this was the most astounding. Had she been pert, which often happened; had she been saucy, which was not unusual; had she been rude, which happened both when she was pert and when she was saucy, an answer would have been found; but that she should calmly and without excuse, state that she had done nothing, was beyond all Mrs. Bostock's experience of girls; and she had had a long and painful experience.

She gasped.

'And the potatoes?'

'I haven't touched them. I haven't been into the kitchen at all.'

'And the cabbage?'

'I don't know nothing about the cabbage.'

'And the beef?'

'I haven't touched the beef. I tell you I haven't been into the kitchen this morning since breakfast.'

'Alma Bostock,' said her mother calmly, but with despair, 'are you mad?'

'No, mother.'

'Has father been carrying on? Have you up and sauced your father, child?'

'No. I haven't seen father; and I don't want to.'

'Then what's the matter with the girl? Is she gone out of her senses with last night's tom-foolery?'

'No, mother. It isn't that.'

Just then returned her father. He, too, was out of temper, because things had not gone altogether right in the matter of buying and selling, that morning. It was nothing connected with Alan's interests. Quite the contrary. Only a *coup manqué* of his own, a little transaction in which plain honesty for once would have done better than chicanery.

'Now, what's this?' he asked abruptly, seeing the elements of a domestic row.

'I don't know what ever in the world has come over Alma,' said her mother. 'Been sitting down, if you please—sitting down—here—here—all the morning, and done nothing! You'd better come back in an hour's time, father. There can't be no dinner till then. No potatoes peeled, no cabbage washed, and the beef not in the pot; and my young lady sitting on the sofa, as grand as you please, doing nothing.'

Bailiff Bostock banged his riding-whip on the table so that the window-frames rattled and every individual keepsake on the table jumped into the air with alarm.

'Now, you—go up to your own room,' he said. 'Hanged if you were a couple of years younger if I wouldn't lay this whip over your shoulders. Get out of my sight, I say, lest I do it now.'

Alma meekly obeyed. But as she mounted the stairs there was a twinkle in her eye and a dimple at the ends of her lips which showed the anticipation of a little game of table-turning of quite a supernatural kind, in the immediate future. Her mother saw both twinkle and dimple, and returned to her kitchen, deeply marvelling what manner of thing had happened unto her daughter.

Chapter XXI.

'Then a most astonishing thing happened.'
Victor Hugo.

THE bailiff banged about the room like a bluebottle against a pane

of glass, swearing at large. His wife, used to these illustrations of temper, went on peeling the potatoes.

'I can't think,' she said quietly, 'whatever can have come to Alma. Who ever heard tell of such a thing before?'

'I know what is going to come to her,' replied Alma's father grimly, 'if it ever happens again.'

Then there was a pause, after which, observing that if dinner was not ready in half-an-hour he would perpetrate mysterious horrors, the bailiff retreated.

Alma remained upstairs.

Presently her mother called her. There was no answer. Then she ran up and tried the door, which was locked and bolted.

'Come down this minute, Alma.'

'Shan't,' the young lady replied.

'Come down before your father comes home. He won't take any more notice.'

'Shan't,' replied Alma again.

'Come, child. Don't make your father mad.'

'Father,' she said, 'may get as mad as he likes. I mean to stay here till he comes upstairs and begs my pardon.

'Then, my lady,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'you'll have to stay pretty long.' There was no reply, and Mrs. Bostock returned to her potatoes.

The bailiff walked down his garden in angry mood. From the garden gate, looking down the road, you could see the beginning of the village. He leaned over the rail and looked up and down.

Things were not going so well as, with his opportunities, he had a right to expect. Two hundred and fifty pounds a year, *and* the buying and the selling, meant other possibilities. There was, for instance, a little commission on which he had fully calculated. The other party, to the ineffable disgrace of humanity, had that very morning disclaimed the transaction, and refused to part with the ten per cent. This disgusted the bailiff, and predisposed him for wrath. Alma's strange forgetfulness was, therefore, like a spark to a mine. After exploding he left the house, and leaning over his garden gate, brooded as a deeply-injured man for a few minutes, and then, half mechanically, opened the gate and strolled along the road in the direction of the village.

It was a bright and beautiful day in July, the sun lying hot and strong upon the fields, turning the green corn into yellow, and doing all sorts of fancy painting with apples, pears, and peaches. The bailiff, who wanted a great deal more culture before he could get the right grip of nature's beauties, walked, growling to himself, with the intention, I believe, of taking a glass of beer, as a snack before dinner, at the Spotted Lion. But as he passed the Squire's cottage, he was hailed by the tenant.

'Come in, Bostock,' cried Alan. 'You are the very man I wanted to see.'

The bailiff growled again, and swore melodiously between his teeth; but he obeyed the invitation.

Alan was writing, but he put aside his pen, and turned his chair from the table.

'Now, then,' he said. 'I was coming up to see you this afternoon, to say what I have to say.' He rested his head on his hand, and his elbow on the arm of his chair, looking at the bailiff in his meditative way. Bostock thought he looked at him reproachfully, and began to wonder if anything had come out. It is always disagreeable to be afraid of something coming out. In the case of gentlemen like Mr. Bostock, too, there are so many things which one is anxious to keep in obscurity.

'Well, sir?' he said, feeling hot and uncomfortable.

'Pray, take a chair, Bostock. We will leave the door open for coolness. First of all, about the farm.'

'What about the farm?'

'Well: we are not doing well with it. You can see that by your own accounts. Can you recommend anything?'

The bailiff thought that accounts are things over which a Christian compiler may rejoice, inasmuch as they may tell a different tale to him who writes them and to him who reads. But he did not say so.'

'I am disappointed, I confess, with the result. I hoped there would be a margin of profit; but we are sinking deeper and deeper.'

'Well, sir, you see there's all the charges you made on it at first; the machinery, and the rise of wage, and all. And then it is but a small farm. If you really want to make money—what a gentleman like you would call money—by farming, farm large. Get two or three of your farms, run 'em into one, and make me—there, now, that's the only way—make ME bailiff of the whole.'

Alan allowed the suggestion to fall to the ground.

'You may strike one of your labourers off the roll, Bostock. I have decided that I have done all I can by my year's work upon the farm. If I have failed to make myself a friend of the men, which is, I am sorry to say, the case, I have learned what a rough and hard life they have, and how difficult it is to move in the direction of culture men whose days are spent in labour. That is something. Where I am most disappointed is, that I cannot get any nearer to them.'

'You're quite near enough,' said the bailiff.

'The men shun me; they will not work with me if they can help it. Even with the boys I make no headway. They look upon me with some sort of dislike.'

'That lot,' said Mr. Bostock, by way of consolation, 'would dislike the Devil himself.'

'Well, the end of it is, that I withdraw from the field-work. There is plenty to do here: I have to arrange my amusements for the winter, get the Art Gallery in order, make another attempt at night-schools—plenty to do. But I am going to take a very serious step.'

Mr. Bostock turned pale. Not going to dismiss the bailiff?

'In order to enter fully into the mind of the people, to sympathise with them, to understand my own failure up to the present point, and guard against more and greater failure, I must have a wife. She must be herself a daughter of the class, or near to the class, among whom my life is to be spent; and she must be ready to enter into my views and help me with my work.'

Mr. Bostock stared with all his eyes. What the deuce did all this mean?

'In so important a matter—because I cannot pretend to be actuated by the—the usual motives in seeking a wife—I took the advice of friends. They have pointed out to me the girl who seems to possess most of the requirements for the position. That girl is ——'

'Not Black Bess, daughter of the blacksmith!' cried the bailiff, in alarm; for the blacksmith and he were not friends.

'No—not that young woman,' Alan replied, with a smile. 'In fact, Bostock, it is—your daughter.'

'My gal! Mine!" This time he jumped out of his chair with excitement. For in a moment that crafty brain saw the boundless possibilities of the position. For himself, ease and comfort assured for life: no more necessity for paltry cheateries: the luxury of virtue attainable without an effort: and even if awkward things did come out, the certainty that they would be smoothed over.

'Yours, Bostock.'

'My gal!' he repeated, slowly. 'Mine!'

He opened his lips and gasped. This was indeed a Providential go.

'You are not joking, Mr. Dunlop?'

'You ought to know by this time, Bostock, that I am not in the habit of joking.' This was quite true. No one ever knew Alan Dunlop make a joke. He would as soon have stood upon his head.

'I have already spoken to Alma about it—in fact, I spoke to her this morning. She has consented to become my wife on the terms I propose, to join in my work among the village people, and raise them, with herself, to the higher levels.'

'Oh!' Bostock became more and more bewildered. The young lady whom he threatened with his horsewhip half-an-hour before was already, then, the betrothed of Squire Dunlop. 'Oh! You have spoken to my gal,' he added, slowly, 'and my gal has consented. Ha!'

'I hope you have no objection, Bostock.'

'Well, sir,' he replied, with dignity, 'I don't see any objection, if Alma's willing. That gal was born to raise herself—we see it in her from the beginning. And she has a feeling 'art. Like her father, she has a feeling 'art.'

'Very well, Bostock. I will go over and see her again to-morrow morning.'

'What will Lord Alwyne say, sir?'

'My father never interferes with my scheme of life,' said Alan. He nodded his head and returned to his writing, as if that interview was over.

Mr. Bostock hastened home with a very different air from that with which he had set out. And when he entered the kitchen, which was at the very moment when his wife was dishing the potatoes and setting out the dinner, he came in whistling and singing like a jocund swain of Arcady.

'Why, Stephen, what's come over you now?" His wife thought that he might have had some slight touch of sunstroke, or some sort of fever. But no; it was not sunstroke, nor fever. Joy, as we know, does not kill. 'You whistling and singing! and Alma——why, all the world's gone mad!'

'Where is my little gal?' he asked, with emphatic affection, rubbing his hands together. 'Where is my little gal?'

'Where should she be, an idle hussy, but where you sent her—in her bedroom, sulking?

'Ah, we are but purblind mortals, wife.' He filled, and drank a glass of beer. 'Only purblind mortals in the day of our wrath'—this was scriptural—'and no man knoweth what a talk with the Squire may bring forth. My little gal is upstairs, in her bedroom, is she? Well, it's a warm day, and she'll be cool and comfortable there. Go and tell her to come down and kiss her daddy. You and me will peel the potatoes; she shall sit on the sofy in the best room and look pretty.'

Was the man stark staring mad?

'My gal, Alma!' he sighed, sentimentally. 'Mind, wife, I always did say that girl would be a credit to us. And a feeling 'art.'

'If you did say that, Stephen, you said it behind my back. Feeling heart? Yes, after a bit o' ribbon and a ruff. Alma won't come down, she says, unless you go upstairs and beg her pardon.'

'At any other time,' said her father, rising with alacrity, 'at any other time but this, I'd see Alma d——d first, and break my stick over her shoulders afterwards. Now, my dear, it's my turn to sing small; very small we must both sing now.'

'Why, what has happened, Stephen?'

Stephen did not reply, but climbed heavily upstairs.

"Alma," she heard him cry in honeyed tones. 'Alma, my little gal, come out and kiss your daddy.'

'Say, "I beg your pardon,"' cried Alma shrilly, from the safety of her own room.

Mrs. Bostock laughed with the incredulity of Sarai.

'I beg your pardon, Alma,' said her father. 'I beg your pardon, my

little gal; come out and kiss your loving dad.'

The door was instantly opened, and there was a sound as of a paternal embrace, and a kiss upon the forehead. And then they came down stairs together, the father with his arm around his girl's waist.

'Lord!' said Mr. Bostock, 'if I'd only a known it. But there, you see, you said nothing. That was your artfulness. Kiss me again, pretty.'

'Now, Bostock,' said his bewildered wife, 'when you've done carrying on like a Tom-fool in a show, p'r'aps you'll sit down and eat your dinner.'

'Dinner!' cried the bailiff, 'what's dinner at such a moment? We ought to be drinking champagne wine. And we shall, too; only you wait. Alma, tell your mother all about it. No—I will. This gal 'o mine,'—he laid his broad hand upon her head, and the triumph of the moment was to Alma almost as delightful as the triumph of the golden apple—'This gal 'o mine, who takes after father for sweetness of disposition, is going to marry no less a nobleman than Mr. Dunlop—there!'

Tableau!

But Mrs. Bostock said, when she had recovered something of her tranquillity, that it seemed to her an unnatural thing, and one which, if brought to her late lady's knowledge would make her turn in her grave. This aristocratic platform was the result of having been a lady's maid. Both the bailiff and his daughter despised it.

How Mr. Bostock spent the afternoon in surveying the land which he already regarded with the eye of a proprietor; how he saw himself, not bailiff of the smallest and least productive farm on the estate, but steward of half a dozen farms rolled into one; how he revelled in anticipations of large balances at the bank; how he puffed himself up with the sense of his newly-born greatness—these things belong to the chapters of Paralipomena. And if every novel had these chapters published in addition to its own, the world would not be wide enough to contain the literature of fiction. To the same chapter belong the flatness of the afternoon for Alma, and the mixture of pride and disgust which fell upon the soul of her mother.

In the evening, after sunset, the girl slipped out unobserved. Her father had just lit his pipe and her mother the lamp. One was sitting over needlework, the other over a book of accounts. It was quite usual for her to go out in the evening, and neither made any remark.

She slipped down the long garden-path as fast as her feet would carry her. At the garden-gate she looked up and down the road. Presently, a tall form came quietly along in the twilight. It was that of Harry, the gamekeeper. She opened the gate, and he came in; following her across the beds to the orchard at the side, where they could talk without fear of detection. This, in fact, was their trysting-place.

'I heard,' said Harry, 'about the fooling of the gold thing. Don't you turn your head with vanity, Alma. Not but you deserve it better than Black Bess, and if you like it, why—there—it don't matter to me.'

He has got his arm round her waist, and is a tall young fellow, looking handsome and well-set-up in his rough gamekeeper's dress.

'No, and nothing will ever matter to you any more, Harry,' said the girl.

'Why, what's happened, Alma?'

'Oh? Harry, you and me can't ever marry now.'

'Why not? 'Cause of father? Who cares for your father?'

'No, not because of father—worse than that—'cause of the Squire, Mr. Dunlop.'

'What's he got to do with you and me, Alma?'

'A good deal, Harry. He pays

your wages, which is what he has to do with you. And he has asked me to marry him.'

'You! Alma—you! To marry the Squire!'

Even the bailiff's astonishment was not greater than honest Harry Cardew's.

'You, Alma?'

'He will have it, Harry. I can't help myself. Besides, though I like you the best, and you know that very well, it *is* a grand thing to marry the Squire. And if I was to say "no," there's all the rest to pick and choose from. For he's determined, he says, to marry in the village, so as to get to understand——there—I don't know.'

Harry was staggered. He was prepared for almost any other kind of blow. That the bailiff would not consent he knew already; but Alma had promised, with every vow that the girl knew, fidelity to him. She would keep company with no one but him; how, then, about that walk through the woods with Mr. Exton? The young man trusted her, as is the way with loyal young men. And now she was asked in marriage by the Squire—of all men in the world. Did Rebekah, when the great sheikh's messengers bore her away, leave behind her some mourning swain of Padan-Aram?

'What did your father say?' asked Harry.

'Father's proud. Been kissing and hugging me all day long,' Alma replied.

'What would your father say if you told him you liked me best?'

'Father 'ud beat me to a mash,' said the girl with the straightforwardness of conviction.

'So he would—so he would. Bostock's handy with his stick, 'cept when a man's about. Well, you ain't married yet, my beauty. You go on easy and quiet. Don't you fret. When the right time comes, we'll see.'

'Why, what would you do, Harry?'

'Never you mind, pretty. I've got your promise and the broken sixpence. Go on fooling round with the Squire a bit longer, if you like—let your father make what he can out of him while the sun lasts, for it won't last long. And when it comes to a wedding, it'll be Harry Cardew and Alma Bostock, not the Squire at all. So there, now.'

There was an air of strength and certainty about her lover which was not unpleasing. And the way in which, putting his arms round her, and kissing her at odd intervals, he assumed that she belonged to him, was at once terrifying and delightful. It would never do to miss the chance of Weyland Court, for although Mr. Dunlop said something foolish about work in the village, that was all nonsense, and she intended to live as the wife of the Squire ought to live, in idleness at the Court. On the other hand, there would be the dreadful trouble of a husband of whom she was afraid. Far better the man who held her in his arms, the handsome, stalwart Harry, as brave as a lion and as strong.

'So there, Alma, my gal,' he said, 'and now, good-night. I've got to think over it somehow. If I must speak to Mr. Dunlop, I shall tell him everything. But I shall see. Keep up your courage, my dear.'

He left her and she returned to the house.

Her father was drinking brandy-and-water.

'Where have you been, Alma?' asked her mother.

'Into the garden for my basket,' she replied, using a figure of speech common among young women, but not inculcated in any of the copybooks, called the *suppressio veri*. She had, in fact, brought back a basket.

'Your mother,' said Mr. Bostock, 'says it isn't natural. I suppose flesh and blood isn't natural next, nor a pretty girl isn't natural. To me, now, it only shows what a straight man Mr.

Dunlop is. What a man! As I said the very first day when he made me his bailiff. "He is a man," I said, "as knows a man when he sees a man." First, he says to himself, "I want a bailiff. Where shall I find that bailiff? Where am I to go for honesty and hard work? Stephen Bostock," he says, "is that man." Next, he says, "I want a wife—not a fal-lal fine lady, but an honest wife. Where shall I find that wife? Alma, daughter of Stephen Bostock, is the girl for me," he says; "my bailiff's gal. She takes after her father and has a feeling 'art."'

He looked round the room triumphantly after quoting this double illustration of his employer's remarkable acuteness.

'Going into the garden after your basket,' he echoed, after a pause. 'Next year you'll be sending your footman into the garden after your basket. See how different men are from women,' he observed. 'Mr. Dunlop wants a wife. He takes his bailiff's daughter. Now, if I had a boy, do you think Miss Miranda would marry *him?*'

'I am quite sure,' said his wife, 'that she wouldn't be such a fool.'

'No, she wouldn't Gar! it's their cussed pride.'

They left him alone presently, and he drank more brandy-and water, considering how this new relationship could be turned to the best advantage. He saw many ways. As he considered each in its turn his face assumed the varying expressions of conceit, selfishness, cunning, and extraordinary satisfaction.

He sat up in his chair and slapped his leg, a resonant slap, which woke up Alma lying in the room above, and made Harry the gamekeeper, a mile off, think there was a shot in the preserves.

'It's fine!' he ejaculated. 'Dammit—it's fine.'

Chapter XXII.

'They say, best men are moulded out of faults?'

So Alan Dunlop became engaged. Events of great magnitude are seldom long before they meet with the trumpet of Fame. It need not be detailed how the intelligence was received at the Spotted Lion; how the thing, whispered at first from ear to ear, was speedily proclaimed upon the housetops: how, finally, the London papers got hold of it, and set specials down to write sensation columns on the Weyland Experiment.

The members of the Order, for their part, received the news with unfeigned disgust. There could be no longer any doubt as to Hamlet's madness. A man may give up all that makes life desirable and go to work in a smock-frock, and yet not be mad. A man may fancy that he will be able to educate the British peasantry into a love for culture, and yet not be mad. Dubious and ill-defined as is the borderland between sanity and its opposite—multitudinous as are the men who cannot quite see things as other men see them—there can be no doubt as to which side he belongs who, being a gentleman, actually proposes to marry a village girl, without the pretence of passion, and solely in order to carry out an experiment. The opinions of the fraternity, variously expressed, amounted, therefore, to this, that Alan Dunlop must be mad. The spirit of the Order, which requires affection and service to be given by knight to demoiselle, and not to fillette or chambrière, was infringed. It was *lèse-majesté* — high treason against Love. And to the Sisters, though none expressed the feeling in words, it seemed a cruel slight towards their Abbess.

Naturally, it was Miranda who first talked about it. The Sisters, or a good many of them, were collected in Desdemona's cell, which was, as we know, a great place of morning resort; chiefly

because its occupant sat there over what she was pleased to call her work, which was chiefly the devising amusements for the Abbey, and because she never minded interruption.

'I have known,' said Miranda in her quiet and straightforward manner, seeming to be aware of the thought that lay in every mind—'I have known for some time what has been in Alan Dunlop's mind; and it is a great unhappiness to me, because, of course, he has always been a great deal to me, a part of my life.'

Desdemona, from the depths of her easychair, murmured lightly:

'Henceforth, let us acknowledge that Hamlet is really mad. To have been with Miranda all these years, and not to have fallen in love with her, is alone enough to prove it. Has he made love to any of you, my dears?'

No: there had been no sign of flirtation, no indication of the slightest tendency in that direction towards any of them. Their pretty heads shook with unanimous sadness—call it rather pity—that one so handsome and so admirable from every other point of view should be so cold.

'Confirmatory evidence,' said Desdemona. 'He has been insensible to the single beauty of Miranda when he was alone with her, and to the collective beauty of the Order. Oh! he is quite, quite mad. And yet we love our Hamlet.'

'No,' said Miranda, 'Alan is not at all mad: he is only an enthusiast: he has chosen a path full of difficulties, and he does not always see his way plainly. I fear he has made a grave mistake.'

Said Desdemona: 'But he is not married yet.' She said it with emphasis.

'Unfortunately,' Miranda went on, 'it was partly my fault. Alan asked me to recommend him the best—or the least objectionable—of the village girls. Of course I could not conscientiously recommend him any one really, but I undertook the task in the hope that he would see the dreadful mistake he was going to make. And then, the other day, when Mr. Exton had his unfortunate "Judgment of Paris," just after he had awarded the prize to Alma Bostock, and at the very moment when she was standing before us all, looking her very best in her first flush of her triumph, Alan came in, and jumped at once to the conclusion, that there was the girl I had selected for his wife.'

'And now,' said Cecilia, with a sigh, 'I suppose we shall have to disperse ourselves. There is an end of the Abbey of Thelema. Where else can the Order find so glorious a home, and so splendid an organ?'

'Where else,' sighed another, 'shall we find so complete a theatre?'

'Where else,' asked Nelly, 'shall we find such a free and happy life?'

'And a park like Weyland Park.'

'And gardens like those of Weyland Court.'

'And such an owner of all, such an Amphitryon,' said Desdemona, 'as Alan Dunlop. Hamlet with all his fancies is the best of all the Brothers. But, my children, go on enjoying youth and pleasure. The Abbey is not dissolved yet: the Seigneur of Weyland is not yet married.'

'Desdemona,' said Nelly, 'you said that before: you mean something: you are raising false hopes. You prophesy what you wish. Wicked woman! Alan must keep his word of honour.'

'I am a prophet,' replied the actress, 'by reason of my age and sex You will all become prophets in time especially if you learn the art of foretelling by your own sufferings, which Heaven forbid. I read the future—some futures—like a printed book Alan will not be married to the Bostock girl. Are you all satisfied?'

'Not quite,' said Nelly, the most superstitious of womankind. 'Tell us more about him. Will he ever marry at all? Will he give up his crotchets? Will he settle down and be happy like the rest of the world?'

Desdemona shook her head. 'Do you not know,' she said, 'that the Oracle would never give more than one reply at a time.'

'Then tell me something about myself,' said the girl.

'Look out of the window,' replied the Pythoness, 'and see your fate.'

Nelly looked, and returned blushing.

'What have you seen, my child?'

'Tom Caledon lying on the grass; and he saw me, and waved his hand. And Mr. Exton was walking away into the Park.'

'That is your fate, my dear.'

All the other Sisters laughed, and Nelly asked no more questions.

Alan did not appear that night, nor for several nights, at dinner. When he did, his manner was constrained. No one congratulated him: no one asked him any questions. Only Desdemona sought to speak with him secretly.

'I think,' she said, when she found an opportunity, 'I think, for my part, that a man's happiness is the very first consideration in life.'

This was a proposition which could not be allowed to pass unchallenged by a man who had deliberately thrown away his own chance of happiness.

'I know what you think, Alan,' she went on. 'That I am a selfish old woman. Perhaps I am. I see no good, for instance, in your self-sacrifice. You were born to set an example.'

'And I do set an example, I think,' he replied grimly.

'Yes: the awful example. It was foolish enough to fancy that these clods would begin to long for culture because you went to live among them. You see they do not. But it is far worse to imagine that they will be any the better for your marrying among them.

'It is my hope,' said Alan, a little stiffly, 'that they will. It seems to me the only chance of understanding them.'

'If I wanted to understand farm-labourers,' said Desdemona, 'which I do not, I should get at their minds by comparison. You drink a glass of wine critically: they gulp beer greedily. You make dining one of the Fine Arts: they eat where and how they can. You think of other people besides yourself, of great questions and lofty things: they think of themselves and the soil. As you rise in the scale you shake off more and more of the animal. As you descend, you put on more and more.'

But Alan shook his head.

'Then there is another thing,' Desdemona went on with her pleading. "If you marry this girl with the view of using her insight and experience to help out your own, what does she marry you for?'

Really, Alan could not say why she was going to marry him. Now he came to face the question he perceived suddenly that it might be on account of his great possessions.

'Is it for love, Alan?'

'No, I suppose not—at least I have not pretended to any love on my own part.'

'Is it in the hope of furthering your projects?'

'It is on the understanding that my ideas are to be studied and furthered if possible.'

'The lower you go,' Desdemona went on, 'the less do people care about efforts which are based on ideas. They can understand a pair of blankets or piece of beef. Charity to them means immediate help. What sympathy you expect to find in such a girl I cannot think.'

He made no answer.

She went on relentlessly.

'Another thing, again. Alma Bostock does not belong to the rank of labourers.'

'I see very little distance between a small tenant-farmer, who is now my bailiff, and one of his labourers.'

'You do not,' she replied, 'but Alma does. She sees a great deal. Alan, before the eyes of all English

girls of the lower ranks there floats for ever a vision of rapturous splendour. They dream that a prince, a beautiful youth with vast possessions, is coming to marry them, and that they will go away with him to bliss unspeakable. Too often, the prince does actually come, and makes love to them. And they do go away with him —but not to marriage or to bliss, poor things. Alma's eyes are dazzled. No use for you to protest that in marrying her you want her to be your Lieutenant, that you intend to live down in the village among the people. They are not her people; she has risen a little above them: she will rise to your level, if she can. She will have her eyes fixed upon Weyland Court. As you have made her your wife, you must make her a lady. And then you will bring to your old home, not the worthy successor of your mother, no queenly chatelaine like Miranda, no sweet and beautiful girl like Nelly, but a companion who is no companion, a woman miserable because she has got her ambition, and is not satisfied because she is out of her place——'

'Stop, Desdemona,' said Alan. 'I have pledged my word. All these things may be as you say. It will be my business to fight against them.'

He left her, and presently struck gloomily across the Park, homewards. Ever since the day when he offered himself to the village maiden, he had been tormented by a doubt worse than that of Panurge. Said Panurge, 'Shall I marry? Shall I marry not?' Said Alan, 'I must marry. Have I been a fool, or have I not? And if I have, then what an amazing fool!'

For of these late days a vision of quite another kind had crossed his mind. It began with that touch of Alma's hand when it lay in his. She was to be his wife: her hand was there in token of her promised word. It was a soft hand, and small, although it did all sorts of household work; but Alan did not think of its softness. It was, somehow, the wrong hand. It was a hand which had no business with him or his. When he talked with her the same feeling came over him. He was talking to the wrong woman. His words fell into her mind like water poured into the vessels of the daughters of Danaus, because it passed away and made no impression. The wrong woman. And if so, who was the right woman? If so, how could there be any other woman to fill that place but Miranda?

When it was too late, when he had given his promise to another, he found what Miranda had always been to him —the only woman in the world.

'A man's own happiness the chief thing to look after,' Desdemona had said. And his duty to set an example in the conduct of life. Was it, then, altogether a mistake? Was his self-imposed mission, his apostleship of culture, wholly a great mistake? Was he, instead of a martyr, only an ass?

I think it would be difficult for a preacher, an apostle, or a prophet to propose to one's self a more disquieting question. Suppose Brigham Young, in his old age had been troubled with doubts: suppose the Pope were to have misgivings about Protestantism: suppose Mr. Spurgeon were to become convinced that the right thing was the Establishment: suppose Mr. Ruskin doubting whether he had not better tear up everything he has written since the 'Stones of Venice:' suppose Mohammed at the close of his career wondering whether he had not done infinite mischief: suppose the Archbishop of Canterbury becoming a Ritualist: suppose Mr. Gladstone beginning to stone the priests. Such a revolution was going on in poor Alan's brain. Was he a confessor for the faith, was he a young man who had generously sacrificed himself in the pursuit of a noble cause, or was he —alas!—was he only an ass?

The owls in the trees hooted at him as he passed across the silent Park. 'To-whoo! to-whoo! What an ass you are! To-whoo!' The wind in his face

whispered it in his ears as he passed: 'Ass! ass! ass!' And a low voice in the distance murmured unceasingly as he went along: 'He might have had Miranda—Ass!' He got back to his cottage—how grim and mean it looked, with its stone floor and its pine-wood table!—and found a letter from Alma.

'MY DEAR FRIEND'—(after all, it made very little matter whether she spelled properly or not. Philanthropy, marriage, harmony, mutual respect, things beyond the power of bad spelling to touch)—'MY DEAR FRIEND,—I have read the book which you lent me quite through. I will give it back to you to-morrow. I think I should like a story-book better, if you will find me one. Father sends his love.

'Your affecshunate

'ALMA.'

Well: he taught her to call him her friend: she *had* read the book—one of Ruskin's shorter works; it was natural that she should like a story-book better than an essay; and it was also pleasant that she should add in her artless way, the love of her father. Stephen Bostock's love, and yet . . . oh! the wrong hand, the wrong voice, the wrong woman.

He went to bed, and lay awake, thinking sadly of the future which stretched before him. He saw himself carrying a burden growing daily heavier. He saw the sweet eyes of Miranda resting upon him with sympathy, but they gradually sank out of sight and disappeared. And then he was left quite alone with his burden, which was a live woman, struggling and fighting with him, and crying to go to Weyland Court.

Desdemona, for her part, began to think that in her professional career she had assisted at the construction of many a good drama, of which the plot did not promise to be half so good as this story of Alan and Miranda. She had suggested many an ingenious situation, striking tableau, and astonishing *dénoûement*, which the author had carried out in the book, and she on the boards. Now she had a plot to work out, the issues of which concerned the happiness of two people at least, not counting Alma.

To prophecy is all very well; but suppose it depends upon the prophet to bring about the fulfilment? Then it becomes embarrassing. What move should she take? Presently a thought occurred to her. It was as yet quite in the rough, but it was worth following up. And she sent for Tom Caledon, because he knew everybody and their history.

'Now, Tom,' she said, 'I want to have a confidential talk with you. Sit down, be patient, and tell me the exact truth, or help me to find it.'

'Is it anything about Nelly and me?' asked Tom guiltily.

'No, egotistical boy—always thinking of yourself—it is not. It is about a much more important couple—about Alan and Miranda.'

'Why—Alan is engaged to Alma Bostock.'

'Please do not interrupt. The sagacity of men, when they do sometimes attempt to understand things, is sometimes too dreadful. Listen, I want to know all about Alma Bostock.'

'All about Alma Bostock,' Tom repeated; 'as if anybody could ever know all about a girl.'

'Do not be cynical, Tom. Men may learn quite as much about girls as is good for them to know. Let women have their little secrets if they like. However, I want to find out as many of Miss Alma Bostock's as I can.'

'That seems an extensive order.'

'First, what do you know about her?'

'Well, it's a good many years since I have been knocking about this part of the country, and I know most of the people in it——'

'Dear me! cannot the man come

to the point at once? Do you know Alma Bostock well?'

'Pretty well.' Tom smiled. 'Pretty well—I have spoken to her.'

'Now tell me, Tom, what sort of a girl is she?'

'Comely,' said Tom, 'not to say alarmingly pretty. Alan has got one of the village beauties.'

'Ah!' said Desdemona. 'I suppose the other two are that black-haired young person whom we saw in the tent last week, and the statuesque-looking girl. Beauties of a kind; but, Tom, *do* you think it right—I ask you—to use the same word to describe Nelly Despard and Alma Bostock?'

'Never mind,' said Tom, waving the question. And indeed it must be owned that the masculine mind is far more catholic and comprehensive as regards beauty than the feminine. We need not be ostentatiously proud, however, of this superiority. 'Never mind that,' said Tom. 'She is a pretty girl.'

'Is she—I don't say a good girl—of course she is a good girl.' Desdemona paused a moment, as if she would receive with resignation an assurance to the contrary effect. 'Of course she is a good girl,' she repeated with emphasis, as such assurance did not come. 'But is she a girl with any self-respect or dignity?'

Tom tried to look serious, but broke down and allowed a little smile to play about the corners of his mouth.

'Then I am to suppose that she is not,' Desdemona said sharply.

'Indeed, I said nothing of the kind.'

'Some girls of that class,' his examiner went on with great persistency, 'allow young gentlemen to kiss them. At least, I have heard rumours to that effect.'

Here Tom fairly burst into a laugh.

'Oh!' said Desdemona. 'Then I suppose that you are one of those who have already kissed the village maiden. Now, don't beat about the bush, Tom, but tell me everything.'

'You really must not ask everything. I appeal to your generosity, Desdemona.'

'I have none when the interests of Alan Dunlop are at stake. Tell me all, Tom.'

Well, then, if you must know——I wonder what Nelly would say——'

'Nelly shall not know.'

'If you do meet a pretty girl in a shady lane, and you do take toll as you pass—an innocent toll that really does no harm to anybody——'

'A country girl is only a toy to amuse a gentleman,' said Desdemona a little bitterly. 'Go on, Tom Caledon. Has this toll been often demanded and paid?'

'Pretty often, I dare say,' he replied, with unblushing effrontery.

'I suppose whenever you met her. Shameful!'

'Well,' said Tom, 'if you come to that, Desdemona, I should like to know what you would have done if you had met her dancing along the way with her bright eyes and rosy cheeks, and her curls as gay as the flowers in June?'

'I should have boxed her ears,' said the lady calmly. 'I should certainly like to box her ears. A girl who lets one man kiss her will, of course, let a dozen. One understands that. But about herself—is she clever?'

'I should say no.'

'Has she any education?'

'I should say none. Reads and writes. Reads love-stories and writes love-letters, no doubt, to Harry.'

'What!' shrieked Desdemona. 'Writes love-letters? To Harry?'

'She used to, I know, because Harry, who is as good a fellow as ever stepped, has often shown them to me. But, of course, she has left off now, and given Alan the benefit of all her thoughts.'

'I see.' Desdemona relapsed into silence. She was turning things over

in her mind. This revelation about Harry was just the thing she wanted.

Tom went rambling on:

'She is good about the house, I believe; makes butter, looks after the cheese, and the cream, and the eggs—all that sort of thing. I've been in her dairy when her father and mother were away on market-day. It was quite Arcadian, I assure you. Made a fellow feel like a shepherd.'

'Thank you, Tom; you have told me quite enough,' said Desdemona. 'That is another remarkably stupid thing about men—that they never know when to stop when they do begin confessing. I suppose it comes of the amazing opinion they always have of their own importance. Do you know if she is fond of running about in the evening or does she stay at home?'

'Why,' said Tom, 'of course she likes running about in the evening—they all do. She used to get out on one excuse or the other, and meet Harry at the bottom of the garden every night. I dare say she stays at home now, and listens to Alan. I should like to see him, with his solemn blue eyes, preaching to poor little Alma about the great and glorious mission she has to fulfil, while old Bostock pretends to enjoy the talk, thinking how to make something more out of it for himself. Perhaps poor old Harry is crying his eyes out at the bottom of the garden. He's just the sort of man to take things of this sort seriously; and if you've got nothing more to ask me, Desdemona, I will go and find him out, and see how he *does* take it.'

Tom rose and took his hat.

'One moment, Tom,' said Desdemona; 'who is he, this Harry.'

'Why, Cardew, one of Alan's gamekeepers, of course. Everybody always calls him Harry, and there can't be two Harrys about the place.'

'What sort of man is he?'

'A tall, handsome man, about my height, but better looking and stronger. Just the sort of fellow to catch a girl's fancy.'

'Yes; and is she the girl to keep a fancy in her head when once she has got one?'

'That I can hardly say. You see, Desdemona, my acquaintance with Alma Bostock is limited to the—the—little trifles I have communicated to you. Need I express a hope that they will not be mentioned before certain ears polite? I mean that perhaps Nelly, not to say Miranda, might not think the better of me. Now you, I know, will forgive these little trespasses, the knowledge of which has been, so to speak, wrung from me by a pressure equal to wild horses.'

'I shall not talk about them, Tom. Of course, it is of no use asking you to abstain in future from—taking toll.'

'On the contrary, as regards Alma,' said Tom, lightly, 'all the use in the world; she belongs to Alan now.'

'And before, she belonged to Harry the gamekeeper. Poor Harry!'

'Well, but Harry did not know; and what the eye does not see, the heart does not grieve for.'

'Poor Harry!—again. But, now, Tom, we come to the really serious part of the business. Do you like the idea of this marriage?'

'Like it! No! but I am not Alan's keeper.'

'Then will you help me to prevent it?'

'I would help you if I could, Desdemona.'

Tom became serious, and sat down again.

'Of course Alma is quite unworthy of him.'

'We must look about us then, and invent something.'

'Shall we take Nelly into confidence!'

'Tom, your weakness as regards that young lady is unworthy of you. The fewer in our confidence the better. You and I are the only two, to begin

with. Later on, perhaps, we may let gamekeeper Harry join us.'

'Harry? Well, I leave it all to you. Only Nelly would have enjoyed it so much.'

'Nelly is charming as she is pretty. But Nelly might enjoy it so much as to share her pleasure in the plan with somebody else. You must confine your confidence to me, if you please.'

'Very well,' said Tom, 'though how you are going to manage things I cannot understand.'

Desdemona rose from her chair, and began to walk about the room.

'I never thought you would understand,' she replied, at one of the turns upon the stage.

She still preserved her stage manner—right to left, left to right—and swept her skirts behind her with a touch of the hand, as she turned, in her old familiar stage style.

'You see—stand up, sir, before the footlights, and face the audience—we are now at the end of Act the First, and this is the situation. Alan Dunlop is engaged to Alma Bostock, being himself in love with Miranda.'

'In love with Miranda? How do you know that?'

'Because I am a prophetess—before the audience—and when the curtain is down I am a dramatist. But it is true, Tom; and Miranda, though she will not confess it to herself, is in love with Alan. Your friend Harry is already engaged to this village maiden, who may be represented on the stage as artless and innocent. In real life she is vain, foolish, and designing, and Harry would be well rid of her. The girl herself, afraid of her stalwart rustic, afraid of her greedy and grasping father, afraid of her gentleman suitor, does not know what to do. The curtain falls upon the situation. Even the critics, who have left off applauding since poor old John Oxenford retired, are pleased with the tableau which ends the First Act, and the people are mad for what follows.'

'And what does follow?'

'That we must devise for ourselves—you and I.'

'But I am not a dramatist, Desdemona. I don't believe I could write a play to save my life.'

'You might, my dear Tom; but it would be a shocking bad one. All you have to do is to follow my instructions. It is a very strong comedy. The first act is, beyond everything, effective. It remains with us to improve upon it in the second and third. Up to the present I only half see my way to the second. And as to the third, all I see as yet is a wedding. There will be bells, but not for Alan and the village beauty; and a procession, but Alma will not occupy the leading place in it—at least, not the place she contemplates——'

'You are such a clever woman, Desdemona,' said Tom, 'that I should think you might construct another drama out of Nelly and me, and make it end, like the first, in a procession with bells, in which that fellow Exton shall not occupy the position he apparently contemplates.'

'The old-fashioned plan was the best, Tom. The lover ran away with the girl, and made it up with her father afterwards.'

Tom sighed, and withdrew.

Desdemona sat down, and reflected.

(*To be continued.*)

ONE OF CANADA'S HEROINES.

MADELEINE DE VERCHERES.*

BY JOHN READE.

I.

'OH! my country, bowed in anguish 'neath a weight of bitter woe,
Who shall save thee from the vengeance of the desolating foe?
They have sworn a heathen oath that every Christian soul must die—
God of Heaven, in mercy shield us! Father, hear thy children's cry.'

II.

Thus prayed Madeleine, the daughter of an old, heroic line—
Grecian poet, had he seen her, would have deemed her race divine;
But as the golden sun transcends the beauty of the brightest star,
Than all the charms of face or form her maiden heart was lovelier far.

III.

We can see her now in fancy, through the dim years gazing back
To those stormy days of old, the days of valiant Frontenac,
When the thinly settled land was sadly wasted far and near
And before the savage foe the people fled like stricken deer.

IV.

'Tis the season when the forest wears its many coloured dress,
And a strange foreboding whisper answer's back the wind's caress,
As the swaying pines repeat the murmurs of the distant waves,
While the children of the Summer flutter softly to their graves.

V.

But—was that another whisper, warning *her* of ill to come,
As she stands beside the river, near her father's fortress-home?
Hark! the sound of stealthy footsteps creeps upon the throbbing ear—
Maiden, fly! the foe approaches, and no human aid is near.

* See Parkman's 'Frontenac.'

VI.

Surely He who decked with beauty this fair earth on which we dwell
Never meant that men should change it by their madness into hell :
He who gave the trees their glory, gave the birds their gift of song
Cannot smile from out yon heavens at the sight of human wrong.

VII.

But those savage hearts no beauty wins to thoughts of tender ruth—
Mother fond, or gentle maid, or smiling innocence of youth.
See ! with fierce exulting yells the flying maiden they pursue—
Hear her prayer, O God, and save her from that wild, vindictive crew.

VIII.

Never ere that day or since was such a race by maiden run ;
Never 'gainst such fearful odds was wished-for goal so swiftly won ;
Fifty foes are on her track, the bullets graze her floating hair—
But worse than vain is all their rage, for God above has heard her prayer.

IX.

Madeleine has reached the Fort ; the gates are closed against the foe,
But now a terror-stricken throng sends up to Heaven a wail of woe—
Feeble men and fainting women, without heart, or hope, or plan—
Then it was that God gave courage to a maid to act the man.

X.

Then it was that Madeleine bethought her of her father's fame ;
'Never shall a soldier's daughter die the coward's death of shame ;
Never in the days to come, when Canada is great and proud,
Be it said a Christian maiden by a heathen's threat was cowed.

XI.

'He is but a craven wretch would bid me yield in such an hour—
Never yet my country's sons in peril's face were known to cower—
No, my people ! God is with us ; 'tis our homes that we defend—
Let the savage do his worst, we will oppose him to the end.

XII.

'Women, I am but a girl, but heroes' blood is in my veins,
And I will shed it drop by drop, before I see my land in chains ;

Let them tear me limb from limb, or strew my ashes to the wind.
Ere I disgrace the name I bear, or leave a coward's fame behind.

XIII.

'Brothers mine, though young in years, you are old enough to know
That to shed your blood is noble, fighting with your country's foe!
Be the lesson unforgotten that our noble father gave,
Whether glory be its guerdon or it win us but a grave.

XIV.

'Come, my people, take your places, every one as duty calls,
Death to every foe who ventures to approach these fortress walls!
Let no point be unprotected, leave the rest to God on high,
Then we shall have done our duty, even if we have to die.'

XV.

Thus she raised their drooping courage, matchless maiden, Madeleine,
And the cry 'to arms' re-echoed, till the roof-tree rang again,
Cannons thundered, muskets rattled and the clank of steel was heard,
Till the baffled foe retreated, like a wolf untimely scared.

XVI.

Seven days and seven nights, with sleepless eye and bated breath,
They held the Fort against the foe that lurked around them plotting death!
At last a joyous challenge came, it was the brave La Monnerie,
And up to Heaven arose a shout, 'The foe has fled and we are free.'

MATTHEW ARNOLD AS A POET.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND.

IT is only within the last few years that Mr. Matthew Arnold can be said to have firmly established his reputation as one of the first among living poets. The fact is surprising, when we reflect that this reputation, so recently gained, rests entirely on poems which have been before the public for about a quarter of a century. For Mr. Arnold, deaf alike to the remonstrances of friendly critics and to the prayers of brother poets, has suffered many years to elapse without adding to the list of his poems. He has confined himself to prose, and as a prose writer he is universally known and widely read, while it is safe to say, that even at the present time, many of those who know him well as a philosophical and didactic essayist, have little or no acquaintance with him as a poet.

To a few, and by no means an esoteric few, his poems have long been familiar and well-loved friends; by the general reading public they have been little known. This is the more surprising, as there is no obscurity or want of human interest in the poems themselves. All of them are musical and nearly all of them 'easily understanded of the people;' qualities which, as a rule, ensure to a poet rapid and universal success. Neither are they widely at variance with the works of those living poets to whom fame has been more readily accorded. Mr. Arnold has indeed much in common with most of his great contemporaries. Mr. Browning's characteristics are deep philosophy and Shakspearean insight into the hidden recesses of men's minds; Mr. Swinburne's, southern passion and burning power united to Greek severity and perfection of form, as though fire were laid upon snow; Mr. Tennyson's, beauty of expression and exquisite grace; Mr. Morris's, truly Virgilian powers of adorning a story with poetic charm; Mrs. Barrett Browning's, unaffected pathos and sympathy with pain and suffering. Mr. Arnold is a philosopher, although not of Mr. Browning's 'microscopic' school; he resembles Mr. Swinburne in pure classic grace; he tells a story more dramatically than Mr. Morris; he is often as full of charm as Mr. Tennyson himself, and his pathos is as tender as Mrs. Barrett Browning's. And yet the slow growth of Mr. Arnold's influence as a poet cannot be due to any external cause. We must seek a reason for it in the characteristics which form at once the strength and the weakness of his poetry—the ever abiding presence of sadness, and the unvarying absence of enthusiasm.

There is a human sadness. which, while distinct from what the world calls melancholy, is closely akin to that 'goddess sage and holy,' 'divinest melancholy,' sung by Milton. This is the sadness which falls upon the heart like solemn music upon the ear, which soothes and yet evokes vague yearnings and aspirations, which at once builds and destroys airy fabrics of delight, still leaving behind it a deep sense of peace and contentment. When we think of the littleness of man, and the immensity of the Universe, of the vast duration of Nature's works and the evan-

escence of our own, of how always few and often evil, are men's days, a sadness sinks into the soul and for a moment bows us to the dust. But the reflections which induce such sadness as this, themselves work out its cure. We remember that although we vanish Nature remains; we remember that the autumn sun gilding the changing leaves will be no less fair because we cannot look upon it; we remember, and to those who think aright the thought does bring peace and content, that

> 'The world in which we live and move
> Outlasts aversion, outlasts love,
> Outlasts each effort, interest, hope,
> Remorse, grief, joy ;—and were the scope
> Of these affections wider made,
> Man still would see, and see dismay'd,
> Beyond his passion's widest range,
> Far regions of eternal change.'

It is such a sadness as this which runs through the whole of Mr. Matthew Arnold's poetry. The thought, the grace, the pathos of his poems are all alike imbued with it, and to sympathize fully with him, we must be among those who think with Keats, that sorrow can sometimes make

> 'Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.'

We shall not attempt, what would indeed be impossible in this brief paper, any exhaustive analysis of Mr. Arnold's Poems ; we shall simply endeavour to point out how far these poems contain what we have claimed for them above) philosophy, power, beauty of expression, sweetness and pathos.

It is a difficult matter to label any particular poem or poems of Mr. Arnold's as being, above all others, philosophical. With few exceptions the spirit of his philosophy is embodied in all he writes. Indeed, *Empedocles on Etna*, the poem which deals perhaps more than any other in speculative philosophy, is cast in dramatic form. The *dramatis personæ*, however, have not, and perhaps are not intended to have, any great human interest. The drama ends with a catastrophe, it is true, but the catastrophe is after all only part and parcel of the philosophy. The gist of the poem lies in the two speeches of Empedocles, in the first of which he expounds his creed to Pausanias, and in the second of which he shews how insufficient he has found for himself that philosophy which, he was fully convinced, would enable his friend to "bravelier front his life and in himself find henceforth energy and heart." In the first of these speeches Empedocles insists upon this : that the fruitful cause of men's woes, and the abiding reason for the murmurs and discontent so rife in the world, is that man will insist upon making his *will* the measure of his *rights*. He shews Pausanias how much would be gained if man could discern that he has no prescriptive *right* to bliss,

> 'No title from the gods to welfare and repose.'

That man should thirst for bliss is surely no cause for blame ; he errs only in thinking that the world exists for the express purpose of bestowing bliss upon him. This leads him, either in querulous complaint to make for himself,

> 'Stern Powers who make their care
> To embitter human life, malignant deities ;

or in unreasoning, senseless, expectation to

> 'Feign kind gods who perfect what man vainly tries.'

The old, old lesson which the wise ones of the world have ever striven, often amid shame and buffetings to teach to foolish man is here grandly taught by Empedocles :

> 'Read thy own breast right
> And thou hast done with fears :
> Man gets no other light
> Search he a thousand years.'

He shows how men, by childishly refusing to take the world as it is, and by inventing a false course for the world, and false powers for themselves, are led into gross inconsistency in the principles regulating their actions, and hereby entail on themselves misery

which can only cease when the inconsistency is made consistent. The marvellous verses in which Empedocles shows how utterly, how hopelessly unteachable by experience man is, recall the exhaustive treatment this subject has received at the hands of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The aims of both Poet and Sociologist are identical, widely as their methods differ. The melancholy reflection ensues that even in those cases where

> 'Man forsakes
> All sin,—is just, is pure,
> Abandons all which makes
> His welfare insecure,—
> Other existences there are, that clash with ours.'

The storm, the lightning, the cruel sea strike down or entomb the just man equally with the unjust, and, most uncontrollable of all, 'the ill deeds of other men make often *our* life dark.' Life being of this complexion, what, asks Empedocles, were the wise man's plan? Should it not be his aim, 'through this sharp, toil-set life to fight as best he can,' striving to make dark places light, and rough ways smooth? Is it not more healthy, as well as more hopeful, for man to accept himself and to accept the world as they ARE, and determine to do his part manfully towards making them, even if ever so little, better, than to waste life in useless alternations between hope and fear? After all, this life to one who comprehends himself and Nature, is glorious :

> 'Is it so small a thing
> To have enjoy'd the sun,
> To have lived light in the spring,
> To have loved, to have thought, to have done;
> To have advanced true friends and beat down baffling foes—
>
> That we must feign a bliss
> Of doubtful future date,
> And, while we dream on this,
> Lose all our present state,
> And relegate to worlds yet distant our repose?'

This philosophy, even to those who differ most widely from it, must have its beautiful side, and the conclusion to which it leads and with which Empedocles ends is surely ennobling :

> 'I say: Fear not! Life still
> Leaves human effort scope!
> But, since life teems with ill,
> Nurse no extravagant hope;
> Because thou must not dream, thou need'st not then despair—

This reminds us of Professor Huxley's advice, 'Do what you can to do what is right, and leave hoping and fearing alone.'

In the edition before us of Mr. Arnold's works, the poems are not presented in chronological order, nor have we any means of deciding the date at which any particular poem was composed, but we believe that *Empedocles on Etna* was first published in 1853. This being so, it is a remarkable instance of how Genius not only compresses into a few brief lines the salient points of a school of science, but anticipates by intuition the results which it cannot arrive at by induction. We have already indicated how some verses in this speech of Empedocles flash upon the mind the very conclusions which Mr. Herbert Spencer has more lately enforced by patient reasoning. But it is a still more remarkable fact, that the whole speech may be tersely described as Mr. Frederic Harrison in verse. It is a curious and instructive process to read this poem, and Mr. Frederic Harrison's recent articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, each by the light of the other.

The second speech, or rather soliloquy of Empedocles is powerfully dramatic. In it he sadly confesses, that

> 'Something has impaired his spirit's strength,
> And dried its self-sufficing fount of joy.'

So that his philosophy, hitherto so all perfect, is now as dust and ashes in his mouth. His weariness of life among men who ask of him 'not wisdom but drugs to charm with and spells to mutter,' and his disgust with solitude which cannot 'fence him from himself,' leave him no outlet save death. But he fails confessedly through the failure of his own nature. The creed which he expounds to Pausanias, demands strong and ever-hopeful na-

tures as its disciples. Rob it of its trustful side, ally it with despondency, and there remains indeed no remedy save 'the bare bodkin's prick.' It does not come within the scope of our present criticism on this poem to do more than mention the exquisite grace and melody of the five songs of Callicles. They stand unmatched among modern lyrics, and as Mr. Swinburne admirably says: 'Nothing can be more deep and exquisite in poetical tact than this succession of harmonies, diverse without a discord.'

Let us now turn to the consideration of a poem, which, although only cast in semi-dramatic form, involves as deep a human tragedy as 'Empedocles on Etna,' and is at the same time a remarkable example of both the sadness and the depth of Mr. Arnold's philosophy. In the *Sick King in Bokhara,* the vivid presentment of a bygone age, and the powerful sway over the emotions gained by the pathetic recital of a most pathetic story, have not been found incompatible with deep thought upon the most difficult problems of human life. The three actors in this episode are the King, the Vizier, and Hussein, the 'teller of sweet tales.' There was a great drought in Bokhara, so great

> 'That the green water in the tanks
> Is to a putrid puddle turn'd ;
> And the canal that from the stream
> Of Samarcand is brought this way,
> Wastes, and runs thinner every day.'

and as the King went to Mosque,

> 'A certain Moullah, with his robe
> All rent, and dust upon his hair,'

cast himself before the king and prayed for 'Justice O King and on myself!' but the king's guards thrust him as a madman away ; on the next day he came again, and this time the king could not help but hear his tale: how he had found under some mulberry trees a little pool, and filled his pitcher, and stolen home unseen, and hidden his prize—

> 'But in the night which was with wind
> And burning dust, again I creep
> Down, having fever, for a drink.'

Meanwhile his brethren had found his store of water, and called his mother, and they drained the pitcher :

> 'Now mark ! I, being fever'd sick
> (Most unblest also), at that sight
> Brake forth, and cursed them—dost thou hear?—
> One was my mother—Now do right !'

But again the King put him aside, and 'to the Mosque passed on.' On the morrow again he came, this time not entreating, but sternly demanding vengeance on himself, and the King, although loth to do so, was forced to deliver him to the priests, who

> 'doubted not
> But sentenced him, as the law is,
> To die by stoning on the spot.'

And the King charged all men that if he sought to fly, none should hinder him.

> 'But the man,
> With a great joy upon his face,
> Kneel'd down, and cried not, neither ran.
> So they, whose lot it was, cast stones,
> That they flew thick and bruised him sore—
> But he praised Allah with loud voice
> And remain'd kneeling as before.
> My lord had cover'd up his face
> But when one told him, "He is dead,"
> Turning him quickly to go in,
> "Bring thou to me his corpse," he said.'

It is at this point the poem commences. The story of the Moullah's death is told by Hussein to the Vizier, whose advice the King asks, as to whether he may bury the dead man. The Vizier, after hearing Hussein, replies, blaming the King for sorrowing so greatly for one who was neither friend nor of his blood; telling him of all the griefs we *must* have in this world, surely more than enough, without need to raise up sentimental griefs out of the occurrences of our daily life ; bidding him—

> 'Look, this is but one single place,
> Though it be great ; all the earth round,
> If a man bear to have it so,
> Things which might vex him shall be found.'

He recounts all the great evils—oppression, slavery, disease and death—which vex men's souls, and he concludes thus :

> 'All these have sorrow, and keep still,
> Whilst other men make cheer, and sing.
> Wilt thou have pity on all these ?
> No, nor on this dead dog, O King !'

The Vizier's is a manly, if somewhat unsympathetic appeal to common sense, against the hysterical sentimentality to which alone in his eyes, the King's malady is owing. He is an exemplification of the intensely practical nature, not necessarily either hard or shallow, but determined neither to sorrow for what is unalterable, nor to indulge in Quixotic, and probably useless attempts to better a universe for the faults of which he feels himself in no way personally responsible. The King's malady, however, is not to be touched by such reasoning as this; he suffers from that terrible '*welt-schmerz*' which shows to its victim all the sad suffering and bitter injustice of the world, and at the same time sears his heart with the conviction of his own powerlessness to lessen, by one drop, the ocean of sin and sorrow. His sense of impotence in any struggle with that law, by which

> 'They that bear rule, and are obey'd,
> Unto a rule more strong than theirs
> Are in their turn obedient made.'

and that pain which a King feels 'if his will be not satisfied,' combine to aggravate his sorrow for the poor, self-judged sinner. He does the dead man kingly honour, though, as befits the King's character, the honour is a purely sentimental one. The poem concludes thus:

> 'I have a fretted brick-work tomb
> Upon a hill on the right hand,
> Hard by a close of apricots
> Upon the road of Samarcand;
> Thither, O Vizier, will I bear
> This man my pity could not save,
> And, plucking up the marble flags
> There lay his body in my grave.
> Bring water, nard, and linen-rolls!
> Wash off all blood, set smooth each limb!
> Then say: "He was not wholly vile,
> Because a king shall bury him."'

A noble ending to a noble poem, of which not the least noteworthy feature is, that the touching pathos with which the death of the Moullah is narrated, abates no whit our interest in the King himself; his is the central figure, and the sad fate of the dead man does not divert our sympathy from the more kindred (if somewhat sentimental), sorrow of the King. The Moullah is dead, the King lives; we pity the dead, but we sympathize with the living. This poem is instructive as regards Mr. Arnold's philosophy, because he has apparently forced us into this fellow-feeling with the King in order to remind us that

> 'We are all the same,—the fools of our own woes.'

The King would 'make no murmuring were his will obeyed'; that it is not obeyed touches him even more than the Moullah's death. He feels what all of us at some juncture in life are made to feel; how little, how very little, man can do to make himself happy according to any fixed plan of his own. The inscrutable Power which guides and shapes all, devises countless turns to defeat our petty schemes, until weary with striving, 'what we yearn for most instinctively at last is *rest*, and the peace which we can imagine the easiest, because we know it best, is that of sleep.' This is often the burden of Mr. Arnold's song. Empedocles, the baffled and weary philosopher, and the Eastern potentate, smarting with the woes he cannot heal, alike unfold the sad and solemn lesson —how insignificant is man, and how unhappy, unless he bend in all humility to the great teaching of Nature. In another beautiful and inexpressibly sad poem, *The Youth of Man*, Mr. Arnold pictures the old age of those who whilst the halo of youth crowned their brows, and the sunshine of hope, and the rapture of spring filled their hearts, proudly said:

> 'We are young, and the world is ours;
> Man, Man is the king of the world!
> Fools that these mystics are
> Who prate of Nature!'

In most touching language he tells how in old age they remember, 'with piercing untold anguish, the proud boasting of their youth,' and when the mists of delusion, and the scales of habit fall from their eyes, they see

> 'Stretching out, like the desert
> In its weary unprofitable length,
> Their faded ignoble lives.'

We may very well end these remarks on Mr. Arnold's philosophy with the concluding lines of this beautiful poem:

> 'Sink, O Youth, in thy soul!
> Yearn to the greatness of Nature;
> Rally the good in the depths of thyself!'

To give instances of the possession of power by a poet who, whatever he may be, is never in any single instance weak, would at first sight seem an easy matter. But the very superfluity of material lying ready at hand, renders the task at least an embarrassing one. We are puzzled where to begin. Power in a poet is, however, so often gauged merely by the extent of his sway over the emotions or passions of men, that we shall perhaps sufficiently fulfil our present purpose, by discussing some poems of Mr. Arnold's whose power consists chiefly in their human interest. And if this be a somewhat narrow limitation, we shall trust to the extracts we give in illustration of others of his characteristics, to furnish proof that his power is not confined to any one class of his poems. Mr. Arnold's Narrative Poems are strange mixtures of dramatic interest and speculative suggestion, but in two of them, *Sohrab and Rustem*, and *Tristram and Iseult*, the dramatic element reigns supreme, and the poet shows his power, not by awakening dormant yearnings in our minds, but by bringing our hearts into living sympathy with the actual tragedies of life.

Sohrab and Rustum is based on one of a class of incidents which have always appealed with especial force to the sympathies of mankind. The accidental, or the unwitting, commission of a deadly crime against nature has the fascination inseparable from all subjects in which destiny plays a leading part. The portentous solemnity which envelopes these tragedies, the apparently causeless, inexplicable accidents which force the victim, as De Quincey says of Œdipus, 'to recoil unknowingly upon the one sole spot of all the earth where the coefficients for ratifying his destruction are lying in ambush,' have a peculiar hold at once upon the intellect and the heart. We watch with pity the struggles of the mortal against whom Fate has issued its immovable decree; we see that, even if he be warned, the very precautions that he takes are turned against him, and become at last the actual instruments by which the workings of destiny are accomplished. *Sohrab and Rustum*, therefore, in which a father slays his only son in single combat, in ignorance that his own blood flows in the veins of his victim, affords Mr. Arnold wide scope for the exercise of his powers of vividly impressing our imaginations and commanding our emotions. The whole scene rises before our eyes as we read. The broad 'Oxus and the glittering sands,' the Tartar and Persian encampments, Sohrab, the young Tartar champion, in his pride of youth, and Rustum, the mighty Persian warrior, 'vast and clad in iron and tried,' locked in deadly and unnatural combat, before the breathless gaze of two mighty hosts, are described with intense realistic force. It is hardly possible to conceive anything more powerfully pathetic than the discovery by Rustum that the dying youth is his son:—

> '"*O, boy—thy father!*" and his voice choked there,
> And then a dark cloud passed before his eyes,
> And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
> But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
> His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
> And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
> Trying to call him back to life.'

And after, 'when on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead,' and Rustum sate by his dead son, the majestic river—emblem of fate—still floated on, undisturbed by the anguish which had riven two noble hearts, and laid two proud spirits low.

Mr. Arnold's blank verse is both vigorous and musical, it is more nervous than Mr. Tennyson's, and never so rugged as Mr. Browning's too often is. It is noticeable, however, for

a quality, in support of which Milton may perhaps be quoted, but which, nevertheless, is not an unmixed good. We refer to the frequent breaks in the narrative caused by long similes, appropriate and beautiful in themselves, but which, in certain conjunctures, disturb the mind, and distract it from the central idea. In the thirty lines descriptive of the meeting of Sohrab and Rustum on the arena of their strife, no fewer than seventeen are devoted to such similes. After all, however, this is more or less a matter of taste, and we should be loth to allege it as any serious blemish upon a noble and powerful poem. Mr. Arnold's verse is in turns majestic, stirring and pathetic. The picture of the Tartar camp in the half gloom preceding the dawn, the stately flow of verse describing how Oxus

> 'Moved
> Rejoicing through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,'

the Miltonian spirit in which the dreadful combat is set forth, and, finally, the heart-rending pathos with which the closing scenes are invested, combine to render this one of the most powerful productions of any living poet.

There are some lovers whose errors the world has consented to ignore, recognising that passion is sometimes so sacred as to be almost divine, and that it may then be treated by a poet apart from the consideration of social ordinances and restraints. Francesca da Rimini, Helöise and Abelard, Petrarch and Laura, are among these, and modern poets have added to the list Tristram and Iseult. Their story has been told by many poets. Mr. Swinburne and Mr. Tennyson have treated it, each after his own manner, but neither with the fulness and completeness of Mr. Arnold. Mr. Swinburne sings of the golden youth of the lovers, of their sweet and fatal voyage; Mr. Tennyson of the sudden and swift vengeance of King Marc; and Mr. Arnold of the sad end of all, when Death rescued from Love two of his victims, and left the third

> 'Dying in a mask of youth.'

It is in accordance with Mr. Arnold's wide views of life that he should treat this subject so largely from the side of Iseult of Brittany. He pictures with infinite tenderness, and mighty passion, the loves of Tristram and Iseult of Ireland, but he leaves photographed upon the mind, the figure of the 'snowdrop by the sea' and her ruined life, henceforth to be spent in watching, with hopeless resignation,

> 'The days in which she might have lived and loved
> Slip without bringing bliss slowly away.'

We know of nothing in modern poetry more powerful, or more imaginative, than the manner in which the story of Tristram's fatal passion is unfolded through his delirious dreams. As he lies fever-tost, watching for the coming of Iseult of Ireland, with the agonized expectation of a dying man, he lives over again the sweet and bitter course of passion; he endures again the unavailing struggles, amid the din of battle or the peaceful calm of life in Brittany, to forget the haughty Queen who had possessed his 'resplendent prime.' But alas for the one who watches so meekly by his couch; she hears no word in all his muttered dreamings of wife or children; all his imaginings, all his thoughts, centre in deep longing to see once more, albeit with eyes darkening with the film of death, the face for which he had lived, and for which he was now dying. And yet she 'who possessed his darker hour,' Iseult of Brittany,

> 'Raised her eyes upon his face
> Not with a look of wounded pride
> A look as if the heart complain'd—
> Her look was like a sad embrace;
> The gaze of one who can divine
> A grief, and sympathise.'

Not less graphic, and certainly not less touching, is the last meeting between Iseult of Ireland and Tristram. The agonized cry of Iseult,

> 'Tristram! Tristram! stay! receive me with thee!
> Iseult leaves thee Tristram! never more.'

is speedily answered: hand in hand the lovers go 'down the dusty way to death,' for to such love as theirs the grave can be no barrier. Fiercely their hearts beat on earth, but at last they are at rest, and prone on one couch, Tristram and Iseult lie

> 'Cold, cold as those who lived and loved
> A thousand years ago.'

The admirable touch of genius by which the figures on the tapestry are endowed with a life in death, and made to end the sad story, adds a weird and ghost-like element, deepening the already powerful impression created on the mind.

After such a moving tale as that of the deaths of these lovers, the calm sadness of the third part of the poem, '*Iseult of Brittany*,' is like the hushed melancholy of the ocean when the storm has spent its force, and the waves, no longer raging, plash with mournful iteration on the rocky shore. The picture of Iseult and her children is wrought out with exquisite tenderness. The bounding youth of the little ones renders the sad quietude of the mother still more affecting:

> 'She moves slow; her voice alone
> Hath yet an infantine and silver tone,
> But even that comes languidly.'

Acutely unhappy with her children to love she cannot be, but nevertheless,

> 'Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will.'

Mr. Arnold completes this charming description with the tale of Vivien and Merlin, as told by Iseult to her children. It is not easy to say if the poet had any distinct artistic purpose in putting this particular tale into the lips of Iseult. Many different analogies might be drawn between Merlin's story, and Iseult's own; Mr. Arnold, however, draws none, but leaves each reader to settle the question for himself, according to his peculiar taste and imagination.

It is a great proof of Mr. Arnold's power that, in dealing with a passion so moving as that of Tristram and Iseult, he should, while doing full justice to it, leave our minds more vividly impressed with the soft, still figure of her, whose life that passion ruined, than with the fate of 'the true long parted lovers.' This is an instance of that love of sadness which we have called Mr. Arnold's chief characteristic. In the very tragedy of such a fate as that of Tristram and Iseult of Ireland, some consolation is to be found. We pity the lovers with a deep and abiding pity, but we glory in the thought that Love can triumph even over Death. Our sorrow for Iseult of Brittany, however, is more lasting and more tender, because it is wholly devoid of exaltation. None but a poet conscious of power would have attempted, and none but a poet possessing great and peculiar power would have succeeded in the task of impressing us so strongly with this view of the old and beautiful story of Tristram and Iseult.

Beauty of expression, and purity of external form are best and most easily attained, by the poet who studies most zealously the models of antiquity. Mr. Arnold himself has said—we quote from memory—'clearness of arrangement, simplicity of style, vigour of development, may be best learned from the ancients, who, though far less suggestive than Shakespeare, are thus to the artist more instructive.' There can be no question that he has followed out his own precept. The simple beauty of his imagery, and the quiet directness of his method are entirely classic. He is never ornate, never exuberant, never involved, and at times he crystallizes thought in a manner marvellous in one who has to deal with so difficult a medium as the English language. We are glad in this relation to quote one of his poems in its entirety.

'*Requiescat.*

> 'Strew on her roses, roses,
> And never a spray of yew!
> In quiet she reposes;
> Ah! would that I did too.

'Her mirth the world required :
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired
And now they let her be.

'Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

'Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath :
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.'

This exquisite little song is perhaps one of the finest examples in the whole range of English poetry of what Mr. Palgrave terms the Homeric manner.* . He thus charcterizes those poems in which the pathetic is wholly wrought out by the simple presentment of the situation. Poems of this class contain no absolute narration of facts, far less do they attempt any analysis of character, or any deep reflective moralizing. Their apparent simplicity militates somewhat against their obtaining from all critics due meed of praise, but, as Mr. Palgrave justly observes, 'first-rate excellence in this manner is, in truth, one of the least common triumphs of poetry.' The union of intense dramatic power, (a whole life drama being suggested in sixteen lines) with exquisitely melodious verse, can be successfully attempted by only the greatest of poets. It would be a curious psychological problem to determine to what extent we are influenced through the ear, and to what extent through the mind by such a poem as this. Certain it is, that the melody of these and similar verses irresistibly recalls to many minds passages of music, such as, for instance, the slow movements in Beethoven's Sonatas, and the poem is for them henceforth indissolubly linked with the memory of the music it has evoked. This effect is, however, wholly different from that produced by poems which rely entirely upon sound power, such as Edgar Poe's *Ullalume*, in which the wonderful combinations of sound have given rise to the remark that a Patagonian hearing it read would be as much affected by the mournful cadences as the Englishman himself. Such an effect cannot be produced unless genius makes use of mechanical ingenuity and laborious art. But poems which, like *Requiescat*, derive their dramatic power from simplicity and directness cannot afford to show the smallest sign of effort or ingenuity. It may be thought that Mr. Matthew Arnold has jeopardised this poem by the last line of the first stanza, which certainly has the effect of distracting attention from the central idea, the transition appearing at first sight somewhat abrupt. As the poem becomes more familiar, however, we see that its beauty is in reality enhanced by the apparent break. Unconsciously the three remaining stanzas all present themselves to the mind in the light of the first one, and thus there are two forces at work—sympathy with the living as well as sorrow for the dead. Mr. Arnold has written many poems in the same manner, and almost as perfect as *Requiescat*, and his more important poems are full of descriptive passages also very beautiful in outward form. What poet has given us a more charming picture of the sleep of infancy than the following?

'Through the soft opened lips the air
Scarcely moves the coverlet.
One little wandering arm is thrown
At random on the counterpane,
And often the fingers close in haste,
As if their baby-owner chased
The butterflies again.'

It is surely unnecessary to make any extended claim to charm of expression on behalf of the author of such verses as these. Mr. Arnold's command over language shows itself, however, in another direction. He possesses in a high degree the power of epigrammatic condensation ; he sometimes flashes upon us a whole scene, nay, a whole lifetime, in a single line. As an instance of this may be cited his reference to Alexander the Great as one who

'Thundered on
To die at thirty-five in Babylon.'

* *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, pp. 321-22.

We cannot quit this portion of our subject without a passing reference to Mr. Arnold's sonnets and elegiac poems, which, in finish and perfection of form, leave nothing to be desired. Mr. Arnold, however, sometimes weaves the semblance of a story into the groundwork of his sonnets, and this we cannot but think a mistake. A sonnet, in our opinion, should be the perfect embodiment of one idea, and no disturbing element should be present to interfere with that idea being impressed upon the mind. Some of his sonnets, notably that on Shakespeare, are perfect both in conception and execution, but we have always been a little surprised that he should have chosen as fit subject for a sonnet such a travesty of art as Cruikshank's picture of 'The Bottle.' Elegiac poetry. of necessity, depends greatly on external form, and as an elegiac poet Mr. Arnold deservedly ranks very high. *Thyrsis a Monody*, written to commemorate that extraordinary genius, Arthur Hugh Clough, is perfect as an expression of manly, contemplative sorrow. *Haworth Churchyard*, *Rugby Chapel*, and *A Southern Night*, also furnish examples of what, without any hysterical outbursts, elegiac poetry may become in the hands of a poet who, like Mr. Arnold, is gifted with perfect command over language and rhythm.

We now come to the last of the propositions with which we set out, and we must have performed our task very indifferently if, in discussing Mr. Arnold's philosophy, power and beauty of expression, we have not also shown that he is a master of pathos. There is, however, one purely fanciful subject which Mr. Arnold has treated with such touching tenderness and pathos, that some reference must be made to it. Poets have often sung of the cruel Merman, who drags to his halls beneath the sea the Christian maiden, and how she escapes from his thraldom by the help of the Church's rites. Mr. Arnold, true to the sweet sadness of his genius, treats the subject from the other side. The *Forsaken Merman* tells how the Sea-king's wife heard, through the waves, the far-off sound of the church-bell, and the Merman said:

> 'Go up, dear heart, through the waves,
> Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves.'

She went up through the surf, to the Church, to the busy town, to the light of the Sun, and returned no more to her 'red-gold throne in the heart of the sea.' This is the whole story, and the poem is simply the wail of agonized sorrow uttered by the Merman, who, weary with waiting, rose up through the waves and crept with his little ones through the town to the Church, to call her back to his home. Their yearning looks drew no answering glance, the moaning of her children fell on closed ears, and the Merman was forced, after one last piteous cry, to bid them cease their calling, and to return to dwell for ever lonely and motherless under the sea. This poem is beyond and above criticism. A subject from the realms of fairy-land is rendered so human as to be absolutely heartrending; exquisite verse, harmony of sound, and unspeakable tenderness are here all united, and although it cannot be called one of his great poems, we consider it, for sweetness and pathos, the gem of the whole collection.

Mr. Matthew Arnold himself has somewhere said, that the true object of the critic should be 'to get himself out of the way and let the world judge.' Acting on this principle, we are not disposed to add very much to what we have already written. If the extracts we have given do not of themselves establish Mr. Arnold's claim to be considered a great poet, nothing that we could say now would be much to the purpose. But there are two points indicated early in this article which, perhaps, need some further explanation: one is the pervading sadness of Mr. Ar-

nold's poetry, and the other, the absence from it of any enthusiasm. Such of his works as have already been discussed are in themselves a justification of the first assertion, but in speaking of the sadness of a poet who is so vividly impressed with the follies and weaknesses of mankind, it is necessary to guard against the assumption that this sadness contains the slightest admixture of cynicism. It is so easy to be hard, and bitter, and cynical, but it is another thing to expound that gentle, sorrowful philosophy which views with tender toleration and infinite pity the sin and sorrow of the world. There is not in the whole of Mr. Arnold's published poems one single bitter, cynical, or uncharitable line. To look with charity on all men, to recognise how circumscribed is our existence here, to bend with resignation to the inevitable, to believe that the world's 'secret is not joy but peace,' these are the teachings of Mr. Arnold's sweet sad singing.

Each one of Mr. Arnold's poems is so perfect in itself, saying so fully and delightfully what the poet meant to say, that it is impossible to discover anything wanting in any poem considered separately. But, in his poetry as a whole, we undoubtedly miss something. The presence of sadness almost implies the absence of enthusiasm, and we search in vain for any trace of enthusiasm in Mr. Arnold. There is no sign that he has ever allowed himself to be carried away by his subject; he is strong with the strength of self-restraint, not with the strength of impulse. He has a firm seat on his Pegasus, and a strong hand upon the reins; he never urges his steed to scour the plain at full speed, charging boldly all the obstacles in his path; he never drops the reins upon his neck, that he may wander where the impulse of the moment may direct. In this respect it is interesting to contrast Mr. Arnold with Shelley. He is never borne along, as Shelley often is, by the tyrannous force of his thoughts; he is never crude, never allows the simple beauty of an idea to be hidden under profusion of images, as Shelley sometimes does; we understand from his own poetry, why it is that he reproaches Shelley, with 'not knowing enough;' and yet Shelley's faults all arise from the excess of that impetuous enthusiasm, the lack of which is Mr. Arnold's most serious defect. But Shelley was always young, and enthusiasm is an attribute of youth, while Mr. Arnold's poetry never bears the stamp of youth. His Early Poems occupy a separate place in his works, and we know by the years that have elapsed since they were published, that they are in fact the work of youth, but internal evidence would never show it. That exquisitely melodious lyric *A Memory Picture*, which is one of the Early Poems, concludes thus:

> 'Ah, too true! Time's current strong
> Leaves us true to nothing long.
> Yet, if little stays with man,
> Ah, retain we all we can!
> If the clear impression dies,
> Ah, the dim remembrance prize!
> Ere the parting hour go by,
> Quick, thy tablets, Memory!'

This is hardly the conclusion that a young poet would ordinarily give to a poem, containing the picture of a fair, sweet woman. A more striking instance is to be found in another of the Early Poems, which deals directly with the aspirations of youth. In *Youth and Calm*, the question whether 'the ease from shame and rest from fear' of the grave is, 'the crowning end of life and youth,' is thus answered:—

> 'Ah no, the bliss youth dreams is one
> For daylight, for the cheerful sun,
> For feeling nerves and living breath—
> Youth dreams a bliss on this side death.
> It dreams a rest, if not more deep,
> More grateful than this marble sleep;
> It hears a voice within it tell:
> *Calm's not life's crown, though calm is well.*
> 'Tis all, perhaps, which man requires,
> But 'tis not what our youth desires.'

If the poem had ended with the line in italics, the subject would clearly have been treated from the standpoint

of youth itself, but the concluding lines strike the mournful key of age, with its shattered aspirations, and bitter disillusionments, and change the whole scope of the poem : instead of being the warm protest of youth, it becomes the sorrowful reflection of maturity. Mr. Arnold's early poems, in fact, bear no trace of the youthful exuberance, which, mellowed by experience, 'its baser parts all purged away,' gives strength and fire to the utterances of a poet's maturity. His Early Poems may be the better for this freedom from the rash enthusiasm of youth, but his work as a whole suffers, and its influence is lessened, by the loss of that which such enthusiasm leaves behind it in a poet's mind, making him—

'Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far.'

Mr. Arnold, in describing a poet's feelings and emotions, has with the introspective power of genius, gauged at once the strength and weakness of his own poetry. Apart from its intrinsic beauty, the passage is remarkable as an instance of unconscious self-analysis, and the last line in particular is startling in the truth of its application to himself. 'His sad lucidity of soul,'—this it is that makes Mr. Matthew Arnold perhaps one of the greatest, and certainly one of the saddest, of living poets. We cannot more fitly conclude than by quoting this passage, which may, without extravagance, be called a poet's description of himself :—

'He gazes—tears
Are in his eyes, and in his ears
The murmur of a thousand years.
Before him he sees life unroll,
A placid and continuous whole—
That general life, which does not cease,
Whose secret is not joy, but peace ;
That life whose dumb wish is not miss'd
If birth proceeds, if things subsist ;
The life of plants, and stones, and rain,
The life he craves—if not in vain
Fate gave, what chance shall not control,
His sad lucidity of soul.'

A STRAY LEAF FROM AN OLD DIARY.

THE HON. LOUIS JOSEPH PAPINEAU.

BY J. M. LE MOINE.

ONE of the most conspicuous figures, now and hereafter, in the annals of the Province of Quebec, will doubtless be that of the fiery spirit, who originated the insurrection of 1837. I find inserted in an old Diary of mine, a note recording my first glimpse of this famous agitator and eloquent statesman, Louis Joseph Papineau ; it dates of my early youth—in 1837.

Trifling as it seems, it may possibly interest some readers of the present generation.

Far be it from me to attempt to portray *in extenso*, the eminent statesman's parliamentary career—as his historian or biographer. This may be practicable, when a few decades have passed over and the embers of the political cauldron, so lively in 1837, shall have sufficiently cooled to be handled with safety or advantage : let us wait until the contemporaries of this stormy period have been gathered to their fathers ; let us possess in peace our minds, until the momentous changes, brought about in a

great measure by the outbreak of '37-8, have finally fruited.

To some, L. J. Papineau appears in no other light but that of an *ignis fatuus*—a rabid, merciless demagogue, who had raised the whirlwind of popular frenzy, without the power to quell it, not even when his own head was at stake: a madman, who to oppose the mighty power of England, had nothing stronger at command than 'wooden cannon' served by raw peasants.

To others, his career seems surrounded with the divine halo of patriotism: he was the liberator of an oppressed nationality;—the unrelenting foe to Colonial misrule. His memory will survive in imperishable lustre.

Let us then be satisfied to wait until time and impartial history have pronounced their final, their irrevocable verdict.

I have stated that the first view I had, of the great Speaker of the Canadians' Commons, dated more than forty years back. Why was it so vivid? Why did it leave such a lasting impress in the "haunted halls" of memory?

That Mr. Papineau had a remarkable *physique*: that he blended in his person the courteous demeanour, the lofty, proud deportment of the ancient French *seigneur*, with the fiery delivery of a modern French *orateur parlementaire*, all who saw him, in the midst of debate, felt inclined to admit. He was scrupulously neat in his dress, even when an octogenarian. He carried his well proportioned head, high; his hair was cut rather short and terminated in an erect *toupet*, well suited to his grave style of face: his coat, of black cloth with the *petit collet*, resembled in cut, a Judge's coat. It may not be out of place to recall here the leading traits of his parliamentary career.

Louis Joseph Papineau, born in Montreal, in 1789, was the son of Joseph Papineau, for many years member for Montreal, a notary by profession, and highly distinguished for the simple but very effective style of his forensic oratory.

Joseph was born in Montreal, in 1752.

The young Louis Joseph was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and had for class-mates, amongst others, the genial and talented author of the CANADIANS OF OLD. Philippe A DeGaspé, Esq.: Mr. De Gaspé, in his *Memoirs*, has recorded several interesting particulars of the studiousness, wit, and eloquence of the budding statesman. Young Mr. Papineau's abilities had so impressed his friends, that he was returned to Parliament whilst yet a law student, in 1809, two years previous to his admission to the Bar: he represented the county of Kent—now the county of Chambly — for twenty consecutive years, he represented in Parliament the west ward of Montreal. In 1812, although no lover of the British Government, true to his allegiance, he served as a captain in the militia, until 1815: having to escort to Montreal some American prisoners, he left the ranks and refused to take his place, until the band of the escort had ceased playing 'Yankee Doodle,' in derision of the captives. Three years after his entrance in the legislative halls, he was chosen as leader of the French Canadian opposition party, a position which he held until the insurrection of 1837. For twenty years, from 1817 to 1837, he was Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. In 1820, he was elevated to a seat in the Legislative Council. In 1822, we find him selected in conjunction with the late Hon. John Neilson, as a delegate to proceed to England to oppose the Imperial plan for the union of Upper and Lower Canada: a mission crowned with complete success, the obnoxious measure having been withdrawn. His share in the rebellion of 1837, we all know: he had to fly to the United States.

In 1839, he crossed the Atlantic and buried himself in seclusion, in the city of Paris, for eight years. with no other familiars but, Lamennais, Béranger, and a few other French master-minds. Through the exertions of his great adversary,—Lafontaine, he was subsequently pardoned; he received also through the same influence, £4,500 arrears of his pay as late Speaker. His thrilling accents were soon again heard in the legislative halls, but times and politics had changed: many of the reforms previously asked for had been granted: the great tribune found in 1847 the soil yielding under his feet: another master-spirit, the Hon. Louis Hippolyte Lafontaine, had come to the front.

One of the changes Mr. Papineau had so warmly advocated in 1837, an elective Legislative Council, strange to say, found echo later on. A brilliant constellation of youthful Montreal lawyers, the Dorions, Doutre, Papin, Labreche, Viger, Laberge, Laflamme and others, made it a plank of their platform in the *Avenir* newspaper. Mr. Papineau was the oracle—the high-priest, of this ardent, eloquent and patriotic band, who have lived mostly all of them, to see the bulk of the opinions they entertained thirty years ago, triumphant, and themselves, released from the cold shades of opposition to enjoy the highest offices in the gift of the Crown and people. The fiery statesman, withdrew for ever, in 1854, from the arena of politics: he was in the habit of passing the winter season at Montreal, in the society of a few tried friends: the summer months he devoted to his family at his elegant *Chateau*, Montebello, in his seigniory of *La Petite Nation*, on the green banks of the Ottawa: here, amidst his plantations, his flowers, his birds and books, he found sincere friends and trusty advisers, in those dear old authors, Montaigne, Seneca, Plutarch, Bacon, &c.; of their intercourse, he never tired. Here, on one mellow day of September, 1871 (the 28th), at the ripe age of 83 years, death released his noble spirit, not however with the usual accompaniment on his part of a son of Rome: Mr. Papineau, like Sainte-Beuve, refused to see, in his last moments, the R. C. pastor, though his remains were placed by loving hands in a tomb in his own *private* chapel at Montebello, which chapel he had had consecrated by the R. C. authorities some years previous.

The power wielded for a quarter of a century over the masses in Lower Canada by Mr. Papineau, was something marvellous: though the influence his impassioned appeals exerted, may seem incredible to those who never witnessed the display. Mr. Papineau had unquestionably several of the attributes which Quintillian and others assign to the public speaker. His domestic life was spotless: his tastes elevated—pure; his education and fortune had opened out to him the choicest stores of learning: *Vir probus dicendi peritus*, he certainly was.

Was it then surprising if. at the peroration of a fiery onslaught on colonial abuses—or at the close of a scathing denunciation of the ostracism of his race, attempted by the grasping bureaucracy which then invaded every avenue to preferment—or even, to justice, was it surprising to hear deafening cheers and frantic spectators, seizing hold of the fearless speaker and carrying him in triumph to his hotel or his home? No parliamentary orator in the Province of Quebec ever struck so surely, so powerfully, the popular chord, as did this indefatigable champion of popular rights?*

* 'If,' says his biographer, L. O. David, 'posterity, oblivious of his genius, ever dare to ask what Papineau had done for his country, let his voice reply from his tomb: "Je vous ai fait respecter, j'ai appris au monde que dans un coin de l'Amérique quelques milliers de Français, vaincus par les armes apres une lutte héroique, avaient su arracher leurs droits et leurs libertés des griffes de leurs vainqueurs. J'ai, pendant trente ans, guidé mes compatriotes dans des combats qui ont fait l'admiration des nations étrangères, et j'ai appris à mes fiers conquérants qu'ils ne pourraient jamais enchaîner ma patrie."'

In June, 1837, when I saw him first, he was in the zenith of his fame, though coming events were already looming out portentously.

A split in the party of the patriots was at hand, the Hon. John Neilson and some others, refused to abet armed resistance to British rule : in this they differed from the "patriots" of the Montreal district.

A grand gathering of the *Nationalité Canadienne* was to take place on the 24th June, 1837, in a beautiful maple grove owned by Captain Faucher, at Berthier, then forming part of the county of Bellechasse: the festival, dear to all Canadians, the *Fête de la St. Jean Baptiste*, was to be solemnized here by all the "patriots" of ever so many counties, not only by the destruction of hundreds of lovely young maple trees as is now the unhallowed custom, but in a much more appropriate manner : by speeches, a splendid banquet with—music—songs—a display of artillery and of cavalry. The Demosthenes of Parliament was to address the people on their wrongs and their mode of redress, flanked by the *elite* of the House of Assemby, Sir E. P. Taché (then Dr. E. P. Taché) his friend, Notary Letourneau, M. P. P. for Islet, Messrs. A. N. Morin, Louis Bourdages, *cum multis aliis.* The fire eaters of two or three counties met accordingly, and what with oratory, punch, music and songs, the discharge of fowling pieces, and the presence of the best trotting horses of the three counties, mounted by warlike young peasants with wreaths of maple and green, the pageant was a memorable one and very creditable to the enterprise of the "patriotes."

A full account is given by the *Canadien* newspaper of the 3rd July, 1837. Once the *fete* ended, the liberator in a showy carriage, followed by much of the "rank and fashion" of the disaffected counties, was to drive all the way to Kamouraska, to visit an important personage of the day : J. Bte. Taché, brother to Sir E. P. Taché, whose services to Canada subsequently, invested him with a knighthood and the honorary title of aide-de-camp to the Queen.

It was judged suitable that popular respect and ovations should attend the march of the Hon. Louis J. Papineau, not only amongst grown up men ready to bleed for their country, but even amongst prattling school-boys. Thus, was brought in, the parish school of St. Thomas. It was so fated that in "jacket and frills" I found myself a juvenile inmate—the tallest boy of this rustic academy. Our "Dominie's" name was Mercier. Dominie Mercier was no less celebrated for the zest and vigour with which he wielded the birch rod over the shoulders of his refractory subjects, than for his demonstrative patriotism amongst their fathers : he was what then was styled "un bon patriote," ready to vote down at a moment's notice, the importation of any dutiable English goods : broadcloth, cutlery, tea, &c.* Mr. Mercier was determined his school should offer ocular proof of the glowing patriotism, which, there bubbled up, like, from a fountain. The great statesman, Papineau, being pressed for time, could not stop, even to receive addresses : it was then decided by the Dominie, that an address, brief but gushing, should be delivered to the liberator as the carriage rolled past the school, on its way to Kamouraska. To the tallest boy was allotted the envied honour of acting as spokesman. He, as well as his comrades, for the nonce had been suitably drilled in court etiquette : all the "hopefuls" were to stand in line on the road side, and when in presence of the carriage, the tallest was to advance three steps, right foot first, take off his cap, and deliver

* During this stormy period of 1837, some of the more enthusiastic patriots, in order to dry up England's revenue in the colony, had gone so far as to discard every article of raiment on which duty was levied. A professional man, I knew, wore home spun breeches, coat ditto, straw hat, a neck-tie of Canadian linen and beef mocassins with the traditional round toes.

in a loud, measured voice the patriotic salutation or address :

"Honneur et gloire au brave et généreux Defenseur de nos droits !

Hourah ! Hourah ! ! Hourah ! ! !

These three *hourah's* were to be given with deafening cheers, all hats off; so it was ordained, and so it was done. The defender of our rights gracefully bowed to us. As the tallest of the boys was your humble servant, the entry in this old diary may be relied on.

AN ANIMATED MOLECULE AND ITS NEAREST RELATIVES.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M.D.

INQUIRERS seeking in earnest investigation to find the basis of life, may be divided into three classes. The one class I shall call *subjectivists*, or those who study chiefly mental phenomena, and attempt to build up a system of philosophy from this source. The second class may be designated *objectivists*, or those who merely apply their attention to physical manifestations, and endeavour through them to solve all the difficulties which bar the way to a clear understanding of man in his multifarious relations. The third division may be styled the *eclectics*, who do not circumscribe their investigations to either body or mind, but on the one hand endeavour to know from all sources, whether a man be a unity, a duality, or a trinity, and what are the relations of this sphinx, which is continually propounding so many enigmas for our solution ; or on the other hand, are seeking to find out if mind be a resultant or function of bodily forces and standing in the relation of effect to cause. The first class are pure metaphysicians, who adhere strictly to the study of mental modes. Many master minds have belonged to this class, but because of the circumscribed field of investigation, have made 'confusion worse confounded.'

These were divided into two great schools, viz. : The idealistic and realistic. The former reasoned away the existence of the whole external world, including our bodies, except what is known by inferential evidence ; and that of the latter logically proved that mind has no existence as far as known. Between these contending scholastics we are asked to believe that both the *ego* and the *non-ego* had a mythical existence. The second class are now called materialists by theologians on the one hand, and by a certain school of physical investigators on the other. I do not say the term is a misnomer, but seeing it is so often held up as a hideous ogre to frighten the timid, and as those who really are such deny 'the soft impeachment' in the sense of holding any views inimical to ethical philosophy, I have used these phrases to indicate these classes of thinkers, and which cover the whole ground of mental and physical research. The egoist declares that there is an entity called mind, affected by, but not being, matter, although in intimate relation to it, and capable of exciting it to action in will, emotion or desire. He appeals to our consciousness for proof of our power at will to produce physical effects by exercising volition, and stirring to intensity the affections, not as secondary but primary causes.

He holds that these efforts are initial, and are not primarily sensational. The basis upon which he builds is surely worthy of more consideration than a sneer. In such a simple physical act as that of raising my arm consequent on a volition, I ask the *objectivist* to tell me, if the primary impulse be a command of the nerve molecules to do so; and if so, what gave them the hint that this illustration was required at this opportune moment? I wait for a reply, and am told that my will to do so, is only a function of these molecules, and can not be at any time an initiatory impulse. In some mysterious way they got to know that this movement was required at this particular time. In other words, it is necessary in every volition to suppose a goading primary sensation and consequent reflex action from the power developed. It is held the same is true of memory and the wildest flights of imagination. My will, imaginings, reminiscences and consciousness, are said to be the *results* of acts of the brain, which determines in an autocratic way their intensity, kind and variety, being amenable to no motive power higher than itself and the law by which it operates. Mental activity, thus becomes a sequent of antecedent brain manifestation. The wild impossibilities of Milton—the creations of Shakespeare—the word picturings of Homer, Tasso, Dante, Scott, and Longfellow—the wonderful combinations of Mendelssohn, Handel or Mozart, are only fortuitous presentments of a Molecular Grand Jury knowing no master *ab extra*—receiving no promptings but through sensation, and heeding no dictation independent of themselves.

The argument adduced by the objectivist seems to be, that there is no reason to assume an *ego* distinct from the varied functions of nerve molecules. The manifestations of the brain, of the spinal cord, and of the sympathetic system, can all be explained on physical grounds, he says, therefore, there is no need for laying down a spiritual hypothesis to account for that which natural laws explain. It will be my endeavour to prove the existence of a *psychical* power resident in nerve tissue—not in the relation of organ and function—but in that of organ and exciting agency, by parallel reasoning based on the phenômena of natural law. The physical system can be raised on a high pedestal of wonderful complicity and power, and at the same time mental modes need not necessarily be considered as a resultant of its activity, in order to unravel all its mysteries. There is a power or substance continually acting upon matter, from its lowest to its highest forms, and is the cunning workman in building up the ultimate elements of organic matter, whose presence in the human body is evident by phenomena the most complicated and marvellous in the animal kingdom. This is called electricity in its simplest form. I will call it *vitalism* in the second series of its operations, and *psychism* in its highest manifestation in the more complicated groups of the animal creation, including man. These three substances are possibly developments of one active fluid—the latter including those in the lower forms, just as the brain of man is built up by this force in a more elaborate way than is done in the simple ganglia of the lower creations. The cunning of this workman is known by his handiwork. I will endeavour to show that the molecule, about whose creation so many scientific battles are being fought, does not create mental modes, but is only the medium of their manifestations, and that a common ground of agreement can be found in calling the psychic force—the ego—the highest development of that entity called magnetism. It is a substance more subtle than the ether which pervades all nature, and we have no reason to believe that grosser matter could possess sensible properties without its cohesive power.

I will condense a few general

remarks on electricity before considering its relation to the nervous system of man. The latter connection is very important to every student of insanity. It will be my endeavour to rigidly apply the same principles of reasoning adopted by the pure scientists, and draw no conclusions they would not readily admit as legitimate from the premises adduced. I wish to show briefly:

First. That it is not in accordance with physiological and pathological facts to call mental phenomena functions of the brain.

Second. That no evidence adduced has satisfactorily established the localization of mentality beyond the focal point of nerve tissue in the basal ganglia of the brain.

Third. That brain power is not dependent on the size of the organ only, but requires many other conditions to manifest its durability and intensity.

Fourth. That psychic force correlates to some extent with magnetism, and is probably a higher power of the same substance, and presumably is the most subtle form of material existence known to man.

Fifth. That this entity exists in the nervous system of all animals and beings possessing nerve structure, not depending on a molecule for its existence, but, on the contrary, the molecule could have no being without its constructive power. The maker of the molecule necessarily antedates the creation, and manifests the occupancy of the tenement in a series of functions numerous and complicated.

Sixth. That the intensity and complicity of mental modes, *cæteris paribus*, do depend on the condition and capacity of the organ, and that the intellectual and moral powers decrease in a certain proportion, as the instrument diminishes in efficacy (as a magnet decreases in power according to its size), until only automatic or reflex life remains. In other words, the descending series of *psychism, vitality, electricity* leave in the inverse order to that in which they built up the system, until dust to dust manifest the ultimate elements in their primary form, with only a low grade of cohesive power remaining.

Seventh. That the different phenomena of mind in health and disease can be explained satisfactorily to my mind, if the views stated be accepted without leading to illogical conclusions.

Eighth. That no appeal has been made to arguments and deductions beyond accepted phenomena, and only by legitimate conclusions drawn from evidence furnished by the senses.

We see the intimate relation existing betwen the ego and non-ego in the influence the one exerts on the other. Dyspepsia will give the patient that mental despondency which vulgarly goes by the name of the 'blues.' It is also true that strong emotion, or any mental shock, unexpectedly excited, at once affects the stomach, in disturbing its digestive powers, and in suddenly quenching all sense of hunger. Local causes will produce constipation, or flux of the bowels, or, it may be, retention of urine in the bladder, without the invasion of disease, but mental excitement or anxiety of any kind will produce the same results. Violent exercise will increase the heart's action; so also will sudden fright. There is not an organ of the body but can be affected through mental influence. We shall see if this mentality can consistently be called a function of the organs it is assumed to have the power to rouse to action, or in other words whether an *effect* can perform the impossibility of being its own *cause*. These dual phenomena have never received a satisfactory solution by looking at them only in one of their aspects and at the same time ignoring the other. Like the valiant knights of old, each school is prepared to fight for the truthfulness of the inspection of the face of the shield next to themselves, ignoring any other aspect. The wonderful force I am about

to consider, explains this double influence. The myriad telegraphic offices in the body are in constant communication with the great central depositories of nerve force, called the cerebro-spinal system. There is not a part of the physical system, however apparently automatic or organic, but is in some intimate relation to this cardinal motor power, and which necessarily responds to its influence. However multifarious the functions may be, each according to its kind, yet they are all within call of these centres. They are the primary conservatories of vital power and energy. Like armies in action, while fighting, a stern battle against dissolution, they are within supporting distance of one another. The most remote organs from these centres are within reach of their influence. In the same way are those which belong to what Mr. Paget calls the 'rhythmic nerve centres,' *i.e.*, the organs of respiration, the heart, and the alimentary canal. A certain kind of electricity is essential to the existence of physical life. Its absence means death, and on the other hand it increases in intensity, or diminishes in force, according to the degree of mental or bodily health. Now, by a parity of reasoning, if this power be neither a primary nor secondary quality of matter, *i. e.*, nor essential nor accidental, in any medium in which its energy may be manifested, it is not so monstrous to infer, by analogy, that mind is a unity of a subtle nature, like magnetism, but of a higher order of influence; it is directed and circumscribed in the same way, by the body in which it resides, but at the same time equally capable of producing changes of a material and vital nature, in the different substances which it permeates with its influence, without being a secretion, quality, or condition of any of them. It is not my intention to inquire whether the higher power is an evolution from the lower, or whether each has a distinct creation, origin or existence. Suffice to show that this entity in the series of its manifestations does not depend on gross matter for its being, but on the contrary, the form and continuity of such matter are results of its operations.

There is a vast difference in distance between the utmost boundary of the field of scientific investigation, and nature's laboratory in building up structures of multiform complexity, out of the monads of molecules or matter. It is not in opposition to the severest rules of the inductive philosophy of a positivist to use imagination where observation cannot go, and by analogy judge the unknowable from the knowable. We infer that a quantity of water has interstices between its particles, because we can compress it somewhat, and also dissolve a soluble body in it without increasing its bulk; but no human eyes ever saw these openings between the molecules of water. Cold is applied to water, and as a result it contracts, until it reaches the temperature of thirty-nine degrees Fahrenheit; when in violation of any well known law, by some unaccountable freak the liquid expands, and in its expansion becomes solid ice. This is a process in its elements most strange, but beyond our ken. This ice may be melted, and it may be minutely examined through the microscope, but no change can be seen in its physical appearance. Send a current of electricity through it and great changes take place in its condition; the particles of water are made polar in a diamagnetic manner; the water is changed as a medium to transmit light, for a ray in its passage through it is twisted in a definite way, under this influence, not seen in water not under magnetic power. We can legitimately imagine that the molecules have been marshalled by this new force, into other positions, but the *how* and *why* are matters for speculation, yet, in this phenomenon is a strong inferential proof of the change magnetism makes in the position of the ultimate ele-

ments of water. This movement or change is even more striking in solid bodies. Boyle, in his tract on 'The Languid Motion of Bodies,' shows that even compact bodies, such as turquoise and agate stones change in their molecules, and that spots in them shift their relative positions continually. The *patina* of antiquarians found on ancient coins is only the copper of the alloy having found its way to the surface during centuries of molecular action. The other metals of the combination were not as active as the copper in the magnetic race. The term *inertia* is a misnomer, for it is not a condition of matter any where in universal nature. This electrical state of motion and adhesion, can be observed in a simple way, by the tenacity of surfaces in contact, whether solid or liquid, and in the electricity evolved on their separation. This is best seen if glass be laid on the surface of mercury, or melted sulphur brought in contact with glass. The same is seen in capillary attraction, which experiments have shown to be from electrical results. These are evident in the minute arteries, which are filled with arterial blood, surcharged with oxygen, and that seeks with avidity interstitial substances, satisfying the wants of the system, and through the veins carries the effete matter to the outlets of the body, but were it not for this subtle agent there would be stagnation and death. The same attraction and repulsion is seen in the pulmonary and portal circulalation. The molecular supply of blood to nerve tissue, is doubtless a counterpart of this work, going forward elsewhere, on a larger scale. The objectivist says the processes are as mechanical or chemical as is the formation of a crystal or capillary attraction in a lump of sugar, a sponge, or a glass tube. It may be the same power but of a higher order—shall I say a *Darwinian* development of it? The wonderful law of *selection* is not considered. This power uses a few primary elements to build up new substances, of the most complicated and diverse kind. We may sow in a box of uniform earth, the seeds of different plants; they are watered by the same fluid; heated by the same sun, to the same degree; grow in every way under the same external influence, but each will produce its kind. Selecting from these simple fluids what each requires, and grouping with a master hand, the mast harmless elements into rank poison, innocuous floral beauty, or luscious fruit, in keeping with the powers of each. The food we eat may be of the most heterogeneous kind, yet, nature's laboratory, by a more complicated, but similar law of selection, forms out of these the secretions, and the myriad variations of substances in our bodies. True, the law that operates to form the chemical models in nature, are in force in these more complicated bodies, but above and beyond the simpler types of force is an energy more intricate in its handiwork than can be produced in the world of chemistry, and whose patent right to manufacture, no power in the lower stratum of force can even approach in beauty and complexity. Alcohol can be made out of starch, but no cunning of chemistry can do what is undone and make starch out of spirits. We can reduce to their ultimate elements all organic bodies, and the varieties are so few that we can count them on our fingers, but with the same elements at our command we cannot re-construct the simplest cell by chemical art. My dinner may be composed of roast beef, plum pudding and pumpkin pie. This meal builds up the millions of various substances in my body before I go to bed. I defy the ultra-scientist to draw a successful parallel between this and any law of crystallization. We are asked to believe, in the face of facts such as these, that water, a crystal, a grain of corn, an egg, and animal bodies are all built up by exactly the same agency, in its lowest power, and

that the vegetable and animal worlds are only multiples of the grosser forms of matter, thus making 'vital force' a myth of the despised metaphysicians. A crystal cannot produce its like as a cell does. It cannot repair injury to it as life does the waste of tissue. Friction will reduce the size of the one, but the living form thickens by its application to the other. Vitality will rush to the rescue when a cut is made. It will join the ends of a broken bone and surround the breach with additional safeguards. Chemistry can show no equal to the law of diffusion. We cannot imitate respiration in the laboratory by exchanging oxygen and carbonic acid through the same septa at the same time. We might enumerate in an endless catalogue, and put in antithesis the great difference that exists between chemical and vital processes.

The school of objectivists classify the beginnings, varieties and movements of all forms of organized life into a group of 'affinities.' According to the class of thinkers these may be called *chemical*, *elective*, *organic* or *inherent*, and if these terms are not satisfactory to the opposite class of inquirers, refuge is taken in the definition that 'molecular life is a co-ordinating power.' I contend that all these terms refer to one and the same substance—call it electricity, magnetism, odic force, or what you will, and is not a necessary quality of matter; but, on the contrary, all phenomena of matter go to show that on its cohesive power the existence of matter depends. It must necessarily antedate organized substances, unless a miracle takes place, and a molecule can originate itself. It is hard to say, however, what wonders of this kind may transpire when a great philosopher like Mill can say that it may be possible for two and two to become five, and that a part may be greater than the whole in some other condition of mind. That 'condition' should only be found in the ward of an asylum. Herbert Spencer is forced reluctantly to admit (Biology, Am. Ed. page 167): 'It may be argued that, on the hypothesis of evolution, life necessarily comes before organization. On this hypothesis, organic matter in a state of homogeneous aggregation must precede organic matter in a state of heterogeneous aggregation. But since the passing from a structureless state to a structured state is itself a vital process, it follows that vital activity must have existed while there was yet no structure; structure could not else arise.' Lionel Beale says grudgingly (Bioplasm, page 209, Ed 1872): 'The vital power of the highest bioplasm in nature is the living *I*.' Darwin calls this power 'innate' in defining life. This may mean much or nothing. He vaguely applies it to that *something* in organized nature; that invisible builder known only in his works; that which the microscope has not brought to view; that which the scalpel has never laid bare; that which the chemical tests have not found out its affinities, and the *spectrum analysis* has not displayed its colour to the eye. Man may be said to consist of a collection of living cells, or organic monads. These have a dynamic union in a power whose crowning phenomenon we call consciousness. All the phases of mind-knowing are in the latter, and one physical cell is the equivalent prototype or representative integer of a multitude, that constitute the body in its completeness. These distinct individual cells may have varied functions, but the vital energy controls them, prevents antagonisms, and procures concord of action to accomplish unity of purpose.

We see organisms of the lowest order multiply their kind by a division of themselves. This inherent power causes these separate parts to have a family resemblance. Each of these has a power to move, to feed, to grow, to multiply, and to have a harmony of action in all their parts. No

such complicity of power can be seen in chemical action and affinity. Then, look at the laws of heredity—the transmission of peculiarities of disposition, of idiosyncrasies, of resemblances, of tendencies to particular diseases, of constitutional and physical appearance to both parents in one case; in a second to only one, in a third to neither; of stupidity producing intelligence, and genius begetting mediocrity; of so much in common between parents and children, yet so much diversity in the nearest approach to likeness, even among the members of the same family. In the descending series of existences this diversity decreases until we come to the sameness of crystallization. The building power is more circumscribed in its capacity, although more general in its application, the lower it goes in the scale of existence. Look at the strange tendency toxical agents have to assail distinct portions of nerve tissue, as if each section had a different molecular arrangement. Strychnia, aconite, opium, alcohol, prussic acid, belladonna, select their locations with unerring aim whenever they come in contact with a nervous organization. There is no reason to believe this law of selection lies in the poisons alone. The ultimate elements of nerve tissue may differ in each section. In lower nature we have the laws of cohesion and attraction, evidencing the one force called electricity. This power exists in the wide domain of matter animate and inanimate. The primary elements of all bodies are kept together by its cohesive power. It is indispensable to existence and compactness of outline. A remarkable form of this force is seen in animal magnetism. This pervades all our nerve centres, and their prolongations. It permeates the primitive fasciculi of muscle and binds them together. This animal magnetism will produce the same phenomena as frictional and atmospheric electricity. It affects the needle of the galvanometer, decomposes iodide of potassium, produces light and heat, and gives severe shocks such as are felt in the electric discharges of the torpedo eel. The law of the correlation of forces is thus made manifest by this agent. Light is eliminated from the black hair of a nervous person, with a vulcanized rubber comb, or by friction from the fur of a cat, in a marked degree, and heat is generated at the same time. It is present in muscle and nerve only during life, and as long as the natural warmth remains, but is completely absent in *rigor mortis;* yet if warm blood be injected into the limbs of an animal after rigor has set in for a few hours, relaxation will return, and with it animal magnetism; even contraction will be induced for a short time. If artificial or extraneous magnetism should be used to excite nerve or muscle while it occupies this medium, there is no evidence of the presence of natural inherent electricity; it seems the two can not co-exist in the same body at the same time. It is easy of demonstration that the fasciculi of nerve and muscle have in each two antagonistic states of electricity. In the natural condition the surface of each is in a positive state, and the core of each is in a negative relation; in other words, the longitudinal and transverse surfaces are, as a rule, relatively in the antagonistic conditions. Strange to say by irritation, heat, or the occurrence of death, a complete reversal of these magnetic relations takes place, not only so, but sections of nerve or muscle may change in this way, other sections remaining in the natural relation. Statical electricity in a state of rest is the primary condition of this power in these tissues, and in action magnetism usurps the place of this potent fluid, or rather it is a higher manifestation of the same energy. All physical action is accompanied by electrical discharge. In the experiments of Matteucci, Du-Bois-Raymond and others, this is clearly demonstrated directly and by analogy. The nerves

of the electric system of a torpedo eel spring from the anterior track of the spinal cord, and at the periphery of each are the same complicated plexuses analogous to those in our bodies springing from a similar source. If the nerves of each are divided in any part of their course, both are equally affected by paralysis, and if shocked by electricity both show activity in an analogous manner. They are similarly affected by the application of toxic irritants, especially by strychnia, which induces in both convulsions and the elimination of electricity. Both become exhausted by action and return to their normal tonicity by rest. In a word, what can be predicated of the one can be affirmed of the other in all respects. If the nerves of the rheoscopic limbs of two frogs are only connected by water, or by candle-wick saturated with water, and the nerve of one is pinched, or any irritant applied, the magnetic fluid will traverse this foreign isthmus and cause contraction of the distal limb, showing conclusively that when electricity is given off, the muscle or nerve is in action, induced from any such exciting cause. It need scarcely be added that when muscular or nervous energy exists from the action of this agent, heat is generated. This correlation is universal. This transmission of nerve force explains much that is otherwise inexplicable, where there is diffluence or disorganization of nerve tissue, for even then its power of conveying this agent is not destroyed. It is even asserted by pathologists that the appropriate function is still preserved, through broken down tissue. This fluid is put in motion by friction and irritation on the one hand, or by volition, emotion, affection or desire, on the other. The nerves are excited by these currents, when the repulsion of the ultimate elements from their natural state of rest is temporarily reversed; in chronological order the same results follow in muscular fibre. This brings sections or molecules into apposition in their natural polarity; *plus* forces or *negative* states, in respective contact, will result in contraction of the parts affected. This condition explains the sudden invasion and departure of pathological causes, accompanied by spasms, fits, convulsions; also, the rhythmic movements of so-called automatic life. In this act of shortening, electrical action produces heat, and with it, ultimately, exhaustion, analogous to that seen in the torpedo. In chemical union or decomposition the same effects are always seen, and living tissues are not an exception to this general law. These changes of conditions from positive to negative, and *vice versa*, are sudden in their effects, and may be transitory. Exciting causes may continue them for a short time, until feeble action compels at least intermittent secession of this condition, in order to give time to accumulate fresh force, as is the case in a battery. We can not grip continuously. We suffer when we keep our body in one position for a length of time. The periodical emphasis of the lungs, the heart, the bowels, the uterus, and it may be also of such busy laboratories as the liver, the kidneys and the stomach, show the necessity of these periods of rest, not to speak of intermittent sleep to the weary brain. We can not think without periods of rest of longer or shorter duration. All careful experiments go to show that any of these movements must be accompanied by a corresponding interchange between the external and internal magnetic relations of muscular and nervous fibres, giving out heat and throwing off decomposed matter during this activity.

This partial reversal of sections of nerves and muscles in their electrical relations is doubtless a normal condition. Huxley in his 'Lay Sermons' seems to show this when explaining the circulation in a nettle sting. He says:

'The whole hair consists of a very delicate outer case of wood, closely ap-

plied to the inner surface of which is a layer of semi-fluid matter, full of innumerable granules of extreme minuteness. This semi-fluid lining is protoplasm, which thus constitutes a kind of bag, full of limpid liquid. When viewed with a sufficiently high magnifying power, the protoplasmic layer of the nettle hair is seen to be in a condition of unceasing activity. Local contractions of the whole thickness of its substance pass slowly and gradually, from point to point, and give rise to the appearance of progressive waves. But in addition to these movements, and independently of them the granules are driven in relatively rapid streams through channels in the protoplasm which seem to have a considerable amount of persistence. Most commonly the currents in adjacent parts of the protoplasm take similar directions, and thus there is a general stream up one side of the hair and down the other. But this does not prevent the existence of partial currents which take different routes and sometimes trains of granules may be seen coursing swiftly in opposite directions within a twenty-thousandth of an inch of one another; which, occasionally, opposite streams come into collision and, after a longer or shorter struggle, one predominates. The cause of these currents seems to lie in *contractions* of the protoplasm which bounds the channels in which they flow, but which are so minute that the best microscopes show only their effects and not themselves.'

In plant or animal, heat and electric shocks cause contractility in the same way and under similar conditions. This primal form is subject to laws of vitality and growth such as is seen in more complicated physical existences. It has in it these potentialities, and the experiments of eminent scientists go to show that electrical shock causes contraction of many of the first organized forms of life, and it is fair to infer it in all, were our knowledge extended. In a paper recently read before the Royal Society it was clearly shown that such plants as those of the Dionæa genus, especially the Venus fly-trap, not only secrete a juice as solvent as the gastric fluid and capable of performing the same work, but in the contraction of the lobes of this pitcher plant upon its food it gives out an appreciable current of electricity at every closure analogous to that obtained from the nerves and muscles of animals.

This also explains the flow of fluids, against the laws of gravitation and which are vaguely stated to flow on account of the chemical reaction between the external moisture and the internal juices of the plants, excited in some way by atmospheric disturbance. This response to stimulation is analogous to that seen in the animal economy: even the change of direction of this fluid modifies and varies its action.

If a current of electricity be passed from the neighbourhood of the nerve centres towards their ramifications, the result is violent contraction of muscle.

A current sent from the peripheral loops in a contrary direction will cause great pain, but only slight contraction. The power and medium are the same in both cases, but there is no doubt that the polar conditions of the molecules of the nerves are changed by the difference in the direction of the force, if not, the effects would be the same in both directions, as on a telegraphic wire, when a message is sent from either termination. This difference of effect based upon change of direction is seen in the nervous excitation of sensation and volition.

To understand what follows, it is therefore necessary to remember that (*a*) what is called 'voltaic alternatives,' is a remarkable phenomenon, which is experienced when a *direct* and an *inverse* current is alternately sent through a section of nerve, it loses and gains its natural electricity, synchronous with the intermissions, and in the same degree as the loss and re-

covery of it, with irritability. (*b.*) The influence sent through a nerve causes the muscle in which it ramifies, to contract when the galvanic circuit is closed and not when it is opened. (*c.*) A continuous action of magnetism will at last produce paralysis of the part affected—or in other words its irritability is lost, and in this deprivation it no longer receives nor transmits impressions. Did time permit, it could be shown that in these changes we see phenomena that make it possible to arrive at rational conclusions in respect to the sudden invasion of such attacks as those of paralysis, epilepsy, St. Vitus' dance, hysteria, and allied nervous disorders. To illustrate the nerve influence by what we know in electricity, take two wires and place them parallel to one another, without touching; send a current through one, and a flash of electricity will instantaneously pass through the other, synchronous with that in connection with the battery. This wave passes away and is not repeated except the connection is broken, when the same results are obtained. These intermittent impulses, on connection and breach of continuity, can be repeated indefinitely. In the connection the two currents go in the same direction, but break it and the secondary current returns in a contrary direction. In this way the two currents can made to pass forward and backward, with the regularity of a weaver's shuttle. It is worthy of note that the return current, induced by the break of connection, is much stronger in this parallel wire, on the 'home stretch,' than is that running in the same direction as the fluid in the connecting wire. If a number of insulated wires are coiled spirally round the primary wire, instead of running parallel to it, not only can these intermittent currents be produced, but also an extra or third current is produced in all the wires, no doubt induced by the magnetic influence one upon the other. These facts will be of importance when we come to consider nerve influence, especially when we find that the larger the wire, the greater the number of spirals, the more powerful is the magnetic influence. The larger the healthy nerve is, the more capable it is to transmit magnetic power, in proportion to its size. Apparent exceptions do not violate this law. The point of a pin makes a limited impression on the end of my finger, yet, small though the injury may be, the nerve disturbance is considerable. There is no reason to believe that the irritation is confined to the fibre of the nerve injured; nor that the influence travels to the nearest ramifications, and from them sends messages of alarm to the neighbouring surface, as well as to the seat of sensation. According to the laws above mentioned, synchronous impulses can be sent through adjacent nerves, by induced electric currents, and at the cessation of excitation a powerful return current is set up, which produces the contraction of muscles, even before the will has power to act. I need scarcely add that a large number, if not all, of physical automatic action can be explained in the same way. It is the same in disease. A circumscribed injury will produce tetanus, or paralysis—effects out of all proportion to the local lesion. A few writhing worms in the bowels of a child, or a tooth keeping in constant tension a small portion of gum, will produce convulsions. A sudden emotion when we are awake, or the *phantasmata* of a horrid dream, will produce startling physical effects, although the cause be subjective. The centric excitant is equally strong to the objective when it dominates.

The inference, therefore, is strong that this substance gives impulse in and through itself, by filling the body it occupies, in all its interstices, and vibrating from the point of perturbation through *monadic* contact. This is seen in the telephone. The voice—or in other words the undulating air—is not sent through the wire, but

the vibration takes place in the medium, through its molecular structure, possibly in an infinitesimal degree, without any onward movement of the substance thrown into action. The reproduction of the nicest modulations of the human voice at the distal end of the telephone, is only a repetition of the motion continued, as is seen in the wave movements of a rope. The sound can be transmitted through a septum of boiler iron, or marble, as easily as through a thin membrane. This result can be produced without magnets, in the same way, with a thread as a means of communication. In fact, this power responds to the same tests, as if it were a subtle form of matter. It may be proper here to say that this manifestation of force is known in an exceptional manner to that of light and heat, showing that it does not, in every particular, correlate with these two forces, and must differ from them in some material way. Take a wire of unequal size, and place it between the two poles of a battery. Where this conductor is smaller, there it heats more rapidly. In other words it condenses, and becomes more intense where the way is narrowed, as a stream becomes more impetuous where it is pent up by banks or rocks. Another illustration will show this: take a nodulated glass tube, in which the air is rarified, pass through it an electric current, which may be seen as a luminous spray. Where the tube is narrowed, the light condenses and becomes more bright; in other words becomes swifter in its flow the more it is confined. Here is a well known law of fluids in operation, and not mere force. The same experiments may be made with sound, light or heat, and it will be found that they do not condense and flow onward with increased intensity, but that they are refracted or reflected into or from the medium. Herein, even in this primary form, lies a radical difference in the phenomena of these forces, and leads me seriously to question their entire correlation. I have not the least doubt that in the wonderful phenomena of Edison's phonograph, in which a vibrating tympanum, a steel point, and a revolving cylinder covered with tin foil, can act as do the two complicated organs, the ear and the vocal parts, it will be found that the minute impressions depend on the molecular condition of the surface. Were it not so the ten thousandth part of a variety in the receiving of speech and giving it out, must change its character entirely. Thus far I have briefly indicated salient points in the phenomena of *magnetism*, and the analogous, but more varied force, which I have designated *vitalism*. The latter always includes the former, as a substantial energy. We can see that in *psychism* the two former are necessary to the latter, and that the trinity is indispensable to mental existence—shall I say—being mental life.

Thus far I have stated a few general principles. It is not too much for the egoist to ask that an analogy be drawn between the laws that govern matter, and those that he asserts control mind. In fact, he is dared to do this, and is promised, as a result of his research, utter discomfiture. He at once proceeds to do so by drawing parallels. For example, the penknife in his pocket has no magnetic power, but let him rub it along the pole of a magnet and the peculiar property of attraction in the magnet is communicated to the steel blade at once, without reducing this mysterious power of the magnet. Let the friction be reversed and this virtue is lost again. This inter-change can be carried on indefinitely. Here is a wonderful property induced and lost by gentle friction in a hard metal. How would it do to say that this manifestation of magnetic iron is a function? I take a piece of cold steel and a lamina of equally cold flint, and go out on a Canadian winter night, with the thermometer ranging from 30° to 40° below zero. I strike them together;

heat and light are evolved from most unlikely substances under external conditions unfavourable to both. Would a philosopher call these evolved phenomena functions of matter? A savage on a lone island has lost his fire, and at once the friction of two pieces of wood eliminates heat and kindles into activity that power called fire. Why not call this element a secretion of any substance in which it resides, from which it can be abstracted, and which is the resultant of inherent forces as potent and active as in any organ of the body? Experiment shows that the active motion of all such bodies, whether by friction, by chemical union, or by vital processes, only make manifest these powers, but we would fly in the face of scientific investigation were we to say that all such forces which correlate were productions of these media. The molecules of the nervous tissues are put in similar activity by the irritation of contact, friction or excitation; the result is heat, light, electricity. These are imponderable forces, of which we know nothing beyond their evidence of potential energy. A sudden emotion, a desire, a violation will produce evidence of these convertible forces in the animal system. As in the knowledge of material phenomena, or in the study of electrical force, it is not unscientific to assert that we have in self-imposed conceptions the evidence of 'an invisible supersensuous' *something*—a dynamical agent—a material force it may be, which, at will, can, independent of sensation or automatic life, cause the excitation of nervous or muscular molecules, as efficiently and truly as is done by *ab extra* agency. The knowledge of force is as strong in the one example as in the other, and both are equally knowable by phenomena, and these only. Electricity excites molecular action, and through its action on matter we are cognizant of its existence. The so-called vital force is denied to those bodies, even in the lowest form, yet the same laws of chemical and electrical affinity are brought to play to build up a crystal, a grain of wheat, a muscle, or a nerve fibre; but behind these, and producing each according to its kind, is a power that baffles the wisest objectivist, in spite of his acutest analytical investigation. This force is thus assumed by its phenomena. We may not see the worker, but on all sides is indubitable evidence of his craft. A mad man would not say that the means adapted to ends seen in universal nature were a jumble of fortuitous sequents and consequents.

Tyndall says (Use and Limit of the Imagination in Science):

'The philosophy of the future will assuredly take more account than that of the past of the relation of thought and feeling to physical processes; and it may be that the qualities of the mind will be studied through the organism, as we now study the character of a force through the affections of ordinary matter. We believe that every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlation—that it is accompanied by a certain separation and re-marshalling of the atoms of the brain. The latter process is purely physical; and were the faculties we now possess sufficiently strengthened, without the creation of any new faculty, it would, doubtless, be within the range of our augmented powers, to infer from the molecular state of the brain the character of the thought acting on it, and conversely to infer from the thought the exact molecular condition of the brain.'

Herbert Spencer says that 'with our present knowledge we are in this predicament. We can think of matter only in terms of mind. We can think of mind only in terms of matter. When we have pushed our explorations of the first to the uttermost limits, we are referred to the second for a final answer; and when we have got a final answer of the second, we are referred back to the first for an

interpretation of it' (Principles of Psychology, p. 272.)

Huxley says: 'For, after all, what do we know of this terrible "matter," except as a name for the unknown and hypothetical cause of states of our own consciousness? And what do we know of that "spirit" over whose threatened extinction by matter a great lamentation is arising, like that which was heard at the death of Pan, except that it is also a name for an unknown and hypothetical cause or condition of states of consciousness? In other words, matter and spirit are but names for the imaginary substrata of groups of natural phenomena.' (Lay Sermons.)

This definition is doubtless correct, and 'a state of consciousness' which exists, and which tells me that there is within me a power, at command now or in the future, and that through this residuary *something* my arm is raised, my head nods, my eye winks, or my imagination takes flights, at any time this *something* dictates, is entitled to ask for consideration as an entity as much as, for example, pain, which is only a state of consciousness, and cannot be weighed, measured, seen or heard. In fact, the operations of the laws of chemical affinity or of gravitation cannot reach this height of complex power. A subtle influence pervades our bodies. It follows the nerve tracts from preference, but is everywhere present in the physical domain, exercising its power. It prevents the complete localization of each mental phenomena because of its ubiquity, yet may control the entire system from one central nerve capitol. It is not probable that the idea of the old philosopher in locating the soul in the pineal gland, or the doctrine of Bichat, in putting our feelings, affections, and desires in the sympathetic system of the bowels, is any more than the vagaries of visionary theorists, but it is evident that the organs at the base of the brain are the most wonderful of all brain locations, and that nerve influences emanate from the optic thalamus, the pons varoli, the medulla oblongata and the corpus striatum, that can be found nowhere else in the domain of nerve power. Large portions of the cerebrum and the cerebellum may be taken away from the living body without immediate danger of death, but the organs in the base of the brain, from which spring the numerous nerves so essential to life, cannot be touched in vivisection or by disease with impunity. From this central region nerve influence radiates to every part of the body, making its connections with the depositories of nerve power in the spinal cord, and with the ganglia of the sympathetic system.

The proofs upon which are founded the arguments in favour of different localizations are far from convincing, even were eminent pathologists unanimous in their conclusions. The results of disease in the physical manifestations of what Fritsch and Hitzig call the 'psycho motor centers' present so many exceptions to the generalizations of *localizers* that a verdict of 'not proven' must at present be recorded against them. Take a few examples:

First. Hæmorrhage in the brain. Brown-Séquard justly observes (*vide Lancet*, July 29, 1875), that:

'Convulsions may appear as well on the side of the lesion in the brain as on the other side, and that if they are more frequent on this last side when the cause is a tumor or an inflammation, they, on the contrary, are more often witnessed on the side of a hæmorrhage in certain parts, and perhaps in more parts of the brain.'

Out of two hundred and twenty-two cases of hæmorrhage collected by Gintrac (putting aside the cerebral ganglia, the ventricles, and the central parts) there were forty-seven cases of convulsions either on one side, or on the two sides of the body. Of these forty-seven cases, there were eleven in forty-five cases of homorrhage in the convolutions; two only in seventeen

casea in which blood was effused in the anterior lobes ; twenty-five in one hundred and twenty-seven, in which it was in the middle lobes, and nine in thirty-three cases in which it was in the posterior lobes. The same general distribution of efficient causes in the brain, producing similar effects, have been collated by thousands, all going to show that a local disease of the brain may (if at all manifest) produce certain effects, as is seen in the connection of aphasia with lesions of certain lobes, but when we find a large number of cases in which the same part is diseased, and no such results follow, and also that other parts of the brain becoming diseased do produce the same results, we are forced to the couclusion that some pervading influence must be at work upon nerve cells at a distance from the seat of the disease, and that it overleaps physical lesions and abnormal conditions in its operations. An insane person dies, and we find a large portion of his brain, or, it may be a section of the spinal cord, of the consistency of cream. The nerve substance has become homogeneous by gradual disintegration, yet, there may be no local or distal effect, commensurate with the breaking down of nerve tissue, and the evident destruction of nerve cells, nor need there always be striking mental manifestations consequent thereon. Brown-Séquard says : (*vide Lancet*, September 16, 1876,) 'that considerable alterations, and even complete destruction of parts, can exist without the appearance, or, at least any marked degree of paralysis, whether the lesion exists in motor parts, or in the other parts, or in both simultaneously.' On the other hand, a hæmorrhage, the size of a pea, in the pons varoli, has been known to produce paralysis and death. The experiments of Hitzig, Ferrier, Carville, Hurst and Northnagel, lead us to believe that there is a centre for perception somewhere in the cortical substance of the brain. This is divided in true phrenological style into other circumscribed spaces, of distinct mental power. At the same time they tell us that the occipital lobe can be destroyed without producing any effect on the sensibility ; that the convolutions of this lobe, as well as those of the frontal, the insula, those of the internal faces of the hemispheres, and those of the suborbital, do not respond to electrical excitation ; and that for the most part lesions of these have little or no results. They think that ablations of the frontal lobes appear to lessen the activity of the intelligence, and that of the occipital extremity of each hemisphere seems to abolish the appetite. Orchansky, a celebrated pathologist of St. Petersburgh, after numerous experiments on dogs and rabbits with the electric current, and by vivisection on the motor centres, candidly states that the separation of the cortex into motor and non-motor parts rests, probably, upon an anatomical basis only, but is little known. In other words, there is no special cerebral vaso-motor centres, except in intimate relation with the general motor system, this consisting of the cord, central ganglia, and the convolutions, but this tripartite is in mutual relation and subordination. The careful experiments of Brown-Séquard go to show that this mechanism of voluntary action does not depend on clusters of brain cells in one locality, but on the co-ordination of all the cells. The germ of the future therapeutics of brain disease may be indlcated in the fact that paralysis is not always produced in the destruction or lesion of nerve matter, but often depends upon the influence exerted by disease upon parts at a distance. The supposed motor centres can be destroyed without any paralysis at all. On the other hand, paralysis may occur in arm or leg when it was the most anterior or posterior part of the brain—the part furthest removed from the supposed centre of motion—that had degene-

rated. Paralysis may be quite independent of the destruction of the tissue. It might result from the puncture of the smallest needle.

It is, therefore, quite evident that if we can divide up our mental modes into sections, and give each a distinct domain within which each can only work; then the laws of co-ordination mean a perfect unanimity of a 'committee of the whole' brought about in some fortuitous way, not from any *ab extra* influence, but by some intuition among the different organs. Without any autocratic authority to dictate to them they manage, in health and disease, to do tolerably well. These in the light of the *objectivist's* views of mental *localisms* should present good examples of modern miracles. The triumvirate of nerve systems have been divided so minutely that in each part is located all the intellect, volitions, emotion, desires and affections of humanity, so that many pathologists profess to point out the capital seat of each of these manifestations, principally through the abnormal conditions of organs and localities, and in the perversion of functions co-existing with mental aberration. Ferrier (strong objectionist though he be) says: 'We are still only on the threshhold of the inquiry; and it may be questioned whether the time has yet arrived for an attempt to explain the mechanism of the brain and its functions.' The applying distinct functions to the grey and white matter of the brain is not founded on a true basis of experiment. Many have made the grey cortex uniform and without physiologically organic divisions, but Ferrier and his school, like surveyors, lay out in this structure, in definite order, the more complex faculties of the ego, because in a number of cases certain abnormal states follow pathological conditions of localities in the brain. They ignore the large numbers of exceptions they find in opposition to their deductions. If we are able to see in even one instance without our eyes, it is evident that our optic organs have rivals. If we can hear in a solitary case, independently of our auditory apparatus, then must the ear look after its laurels. Memory is said to be located in the left, right, or both frontal evolutions, yet I find them diseased and memory intact. What am I to think of this division? If I am told to believe that the motor centres of the upper extremities are in the optic thalami, and then find that in the experiments of Northnagel this tract can be destroyed in rabbits without impairing their locomotion where am I to pin my faith? (*Vide Lancet*, January 23, 1875). Dr. Carpenter tells us that the *corpus callosum* is sometimes deficient or absent in man, and when so it is an evidence of low intellectuality. Professor Gerinano, of Turin, dissected the brain of an intelligent soldier, who had served in the army eight years, but his *corpus callosum* was absent. When aphasia occurs deductions are drawn from disease being found in certain convolutions, that the nerve influence of speech must come from that locality. The witnesses do not agree as to place and boundary, so it will be necessary to rule them out of court until there is consistency and unanimity in their testimony. Ferrier tells us that he removed the whole of the occipital lobes of the brain of the monkey, Jacko, and this excision impaired his appetite. I have not the least doubt it would spoil the appetite of any one thus deprived. (See Review in *Journal of Psychological Medicine*, January, 1878). I need not cite historic cases like that of Gage; the case of Galli mentioned by Dr. Gray; the large list of soldiers with brain injury mentioned in Part I, and Vol. 1, of 'Medical and Surgical Cases in the recent American War.' Some had epileptic fits as a result; others were affected in one or more of the special senses, but quite a number had no permanent injury to intellect or function, with foreign

bodies lodged in the brain. When I first had my attention seriously drawn to this matter it was about fifteen years ago. A lad of thirteen years of age had been kicked by a horse. A section of the skull was broken in the upper part of the frontal and occipital bones on the right side. One of the nine pieces fractured had been driven into the substance of the brain over an inch. The membranes were ruptured and broken up and brain substances protruded through the wound and were hanging in pieces on his cheek. At the time I first saw him he was comatose. I extracted the bones, cut away the ragged edges of the membranes and lacerated brain substance. Consciousness returned immediately. He did not lose a night's sleep, nor a meal afterwards. No febrile symptoms intervened, but a large cavity remained. He went to school to the same mistress as before, and she informed me that except a certain irritability of temper, he was as intelligent as ever and could learn his lessons with the usual aptitude. I need not enter into particulars, but merely say that some considerable cortical substance had been extirpated without serious results to mentality. Any number of such cases might be culled from medical literature to show that *all* brain substance is not necessary to physical nor mental life, and that the localization of psychical power is not borne out by experiment or pathology. It is dangerous to adopt a pet theory as a foregone conclusion, and endeavour to drag in every argument that we find at hand to support it, without stopping to find out if all the phenomena can be explained by our hypotheses.

If the views advanced by me are not accepted, I can not conceive any other solution except the old Hippocratic doctrine, a modified idea of which exists in '*bumpology*,' viz : a duality of the ego, and that by mutual agreement this Siamese twin only becomes half diseased alternately. So by a law of compensation one can do the work of both if the necessity arises. If this suggestion of double function be not satisfactory, then vicarious work among the organs or segments of organs might approach a solution of the difficulty, although it would be a hypothesis fatal to the localizers' theory. The opinions given in this monograph meet many of the difficulties, and at the same time do not fly in the face of accepted facts exhibited in health and disease. All of the phenomena of mind, and of the functions of the physical system go to show, when brain tisse is injured by disease or by traumatic effects that the artificial divisions of it by some physiologists are not consistent with experiment. It is worthy of note that no nerve of the body can be traced into the substance of the brain beyond the basal ganglia. The olfactory and optic nerves were inferentially supposed to issue from the cerebrum, but no experiment nor development shows this to be the case. We have only to suppose the upper parts of the encephalon, the spinal cord, and the bodily ganglia to be depositories of psychic power to explain much in pathology. I have often been struck by Goethe's statement :

> 'Who of the living seeks to know and tell,
> Strives first the living spirit to expel,
> He has in hand the separate parts alone,
> But lacks the spirit bond that makes them one.'

The fulcrum arguments in support of the idea that our mental and moral natures are 'functions' of molecules of nerve substance, rest on three grounds principally. (*a.*) The effect produced on mind by the healthy action of the nervous system. (*b.*) The mental changes consequent upon pathological conditions. (*c.*) The relation between mental power and the size of the organ in which it exists. In a word, the endeavour to find out what mind is, by a careful study of the phenomena of nerve tissue. This effort is praiseworthy, but is as one-sided as the *logomachy* of the mental philosophers.

We will consider the last argument adduced in respect to the relation of the massiveness of the brain to mental power. It is said there must be a necessary connection between the quantity of nerve substance—the proportion of grey and white tissue and *functional mentality.* The larger the brain is, the more complicated, varied and powerful are these functions. The nervous system is traced upwards in the scale of being from an *asidian* mollusk to the ganglia of the centipede, and upward through the nervous systems of wasps, bees, fishes, reptiles, birds and quadrupeds to man. The simple ganglion in its upward growth becomes complicated by divisions into segments, convolutions and lobes. The more intricate in structure, and massive in substance the brain becomes, the higher are the psychical powers. It is stated that the relation is as marked as is the size of any other organ and its secretions, hence by parallel reasoning mental phenomena depend in force and complicity on the size of the organ, and must be necessarily the result of molecular action in the one case as in the other.

This assertion of an exact proportion existing between the size of the brain and mental power is, as a rule, far from correct. A man with a large brain often shows less mental activity and power than a man with a much smaller brain. The tone of nerve fibre, the temperament, and the general recuperative forces have much to do with the conditions of mental action. The temper of the medium has a great deal to do with the fluid which permeates and occupies it. The power of transmission, conduction and insulation of thought in brain matter depend on this as much as does the lowest form of electricity on the condition and size of the magnet. There are large animals such as the elephant and whale whose size of brain—if measured by cubic inches—should make them great philosophers, if well educated. This opinion is guarded, and this dilemma avoided by asserting that in some way we must take into consideration the relative size of the body to the brain. I have never been able to comprehend a rational reason for this explanation. Lubbock and Darwin, being neighbours, watched together the habits of twenty kinds of ants, and they assert that for intelligence they rank next to man; their wisdom; their social economy; their aptitude to successfully provide for or against unforseen contingencies in which instinct could hold only a minor part; their preparation for probable exigencies that could only be learned inferentially led these great scientists to rank these insects high in the intellectual scale. Yet, their ganglia are poor apologies for brain. The human brain is said by Huxley to be fifty-five cubic inches in capacity among the smallest organs; the largest of the gorilla thirty-five cubic inches; that of the orang and chimpanzee twenty-six inches in volume. These varied sizes give no reliable data for measuring the mental capacity of each. We may fill up the *hiatus* between the different brains of each with an hypothetical scale and measure intelligence by it on some common basis, but the attempt would show the absurdity of the classification. Multifarious conditions, as well as quantity of brain matter, must be taken into account in measuring mind, and many of these being still involved in obscurity, no definite results can be obtained. A large brain in normal tone may exhibit greater mental power, than a smaller one in the same physical condition, just as a large magnet, or a cell battery in action increases magnetic strength in proportion to size, not because of the inherent potential energy of the instruments, but because of the attributes they possess in manifesting the activity of the fluid. The brain organ does not create and eliminate psychic force, *per se*, but its structure, and constitution are such that in tonicity it is the best medium to evolve the residuary phenomena of the *ego.*

The activity of this agent shows that in emotion, will, passion or desire electricity and heat are the result of the energy of the tenant. Time would fail to show that this has been fully proven by experiments of the most conclusive kind. Apply this solution to any of the so-called anomalies found in comparing the results of pathological research with mental phenomena, and we have here a key to unlock the door behind which so much mystery exists, and about which so many vague and unsatisfactory theories are propounded, founded on a physical basis alone. If these three forces be granted, and I am not aware of their being denied, the highest of which includes the two lowest, and the second of which is necessarily existant because of the first of the series; or if we hold that each is a development of the other, many of the riddles of pathology are solved, and existence is given to an entity not dependent on matter for its existence.

Take a few examples to show some of the difficulties the objectivist has to contend with in explaining his views, when brought to bear in the study of insanity. For the sake of argument we will assume his position to be correct. We will grant that the cerebro-spinal system is the causation of all mental phenomena. With Maudsley we will put memory in every molecule and consciousness as being only the recognition by a molecule of the influence of sensory impressions; like Carpenter we will put volition in nerve tissue wherever found, or, to use his own terms, call it 'a function of the supreme centres' (*vide 'Body and Mind;'* p. 30), or designate will to be merely 'a result of organic changes in the supreme centres' (*vide Popular Science Monthly*, p. 320, vol. iii.); like Tyndall we will call the ego 'a poetic rendering of a phenomenon which refuses the yoke of ordinary physical laws;' like Cabanis we may say 'that as the liver secretes bile, so does the brain secrete thought.' The same opinion is given by Voght. Moleschott says: 'Thought is a motion of matter.' Buchner asserts that 'the soul is a product of a peculiar combination of matter—thought is emitted by the brain as sounds are by the mouth, or as music is by the organ.' These quotations are sufficient to show the standing ground of the objectivist school of thought. Let us see how they will apply to the observations of every day and asylum life. If these definitions of mind be correct, then it must follow as a corollary that a diseased brain and spinal cord must *always* produce abnormal functions, or morbid secretions. To state the contrary would be to give up the whole controversy, for as long as the disease continues it must produce its effects—if not uniformly—at least continuously.

Let us apply this doctrine to asylum experience. I go into the wards of an hospital and find cases of transitory mania. It may come on as suddenly as a blow, and in a short time may leave as abruptly, only to return in the same way at irregular intervals. Does our experience of disease enable us to consistently say that a permanent lesion could produce such erratic results? Let those who think so give a rational explanation from experience in other diseased parts of the body. The 'lucid intervals' of insanity may not mean complete recovery, but the convalesence at stated periods is sufficient to make it an enigma, if a uniform pathological condition can produce results so diverse in intermittency to similar states in other parts of the body. It means that at times the brain can perform its work as thoroughly as ever in spite of disease. Can its *mental* functions then depend on its condition? The paretic will recover his intellect for months. The most acute observer can discover no mental obliquity in the interval of relief. We know too well the victim is doomed, and that the disease has not relaxed its grip. Sooner or later it

will become evident with increased intensity than before. Must we believe that the organ, diseased as it is, can do its work healthily at one time and at another morbidly, yet under the same conditions in both cases? If not let the objectivist explain the enigma, for I know of no parallel to such a uniform cause having such diversity of sequence in the whole range of psychological physiology. The intermittent character of a disease caused by morbific germs, the invasion of which nature is struggling against principally by excretion, becoming alternately victim and victor, is not a parallel example to permanent disease of an organ. How often do we see in asylums the partial or complete return to reason in a dying hour? We have clearer answers to questions, and more intelligent conversations than at any time during the insane period. This lucidity may continue until the final capitulation is about to take place. If mentality be a resultant of a molecular action, then is seen the strange anomaly of the secreting cause becoming gradually feebler, yet at the same time the effect increasing in strength. The fountain has risen above its source. The psychal energy increases in the inverse ratio to the power of the brain to perform its *egoistic* functions. Nor can it be compared to the spasmodic efforts of expiring nature, because we have to do with a permanently diseased brain which can not give normal results from an abnormal source.

Consciousness remains with us during all the mutations of our physical system. In that time millions of brain molecules have grown to maturity—produced their like—and having become an excretion are cast out as useless drones from the busy hive. Each parent monad has left to its child, as a legacy, a biography of the past. Each succeeding generation has garnered permanent and fleeting impressions to be harvested and appropriated by the living tenant as emergencies arise. The older the facts of memory in childhood the more vividly are they portrayed in the vast picture gallery of the brain. The molecules change in substance and possibly in contour, as do the other parts of our physical system. Every impression, mental or physical, makes a fixed change in the ultimate elements. From this storehouse, at will or by association, the past is brought up to mental view with all its varied experiences. The instrument is ever changing in essence and capability during revolving years, but consciousness remains true to its impressions, in spite of these disturbing transitions, and even of much organic lesion. What hypothesis can consistently explain this, if our consciousness were only a function or a secretion? No wonder that Maudsley takes every opportunity to have a tilt at it, and calls it only an 'indicator' to tell what the molecular agent is doing; for if it be a faculty taking cognizance of the condition and acts of the ego, or rather the ego itself acting, such a living fact strikes a fatal blow at the substratum on which is built the doctrines of the school of Comte.

These puzzling problems might be extended indefinitely, based upon the experiences of asylum life, and no satisfactory solution can be given, unless we take for granted that a large part of the cortical and medullary substance is only a depository of *psychic* energy, and that when disease attacks these non-vital parts, or traumatic injury impairs their receptive powers, the mental force is often not weakened to an appreciable extent, because the conducting capacity of the abnormal parts may not be impaired to any extent. A shock or the sudden crushing of a small portion of nerve tissue, or pressure from slight effusion may be productive of danger, or even destroy life, from the sudden invasion of a powerful eccentric influence into the life centre, but the gradual slicing away of the surface of the brain, or the slower breaking down of

its peripheral substance through disease, often produces no mental disturbance proportionate to the injury done. If an equation is to be made between mental power and organic lesion, the collation of cases and the experiences of life problems have not given us a solution to it, except in some way not yet unfolded by the objectivists. This paper is written in the hopes that it may be a small plank of a common platform upon which all can stand with consistent adherence to the facts of physical and medical science.

NEW ASPECTS OF THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

BY G. MERCER ADAM.

THE law of literature is a subject that has hitherto received but little attention. Only occasionally has it had the interest of legislators, and but rarely that of the legal profession. There are few subjects, however, with which legislation has dealt, that more require intelligent discussion than that of literary copyright. Its bearing on the progress of knowledge and the dissemination of popular literature, as well as on the interests of an important branch of commerce, suggests that not only the principles on which the law is founded, but its economic working should be clearly understood. The habit, among authors, of looking at the subject in a purely professional light, and the fetters that surround the trade system upon which books in England are published, have hitherto interposed difficulties in the satisfactory solution of its problems; though happily, it is now likely to be made the object of more intelligent legislation.

A Royal Commission has for some time been enquiring into Copyright and the provisions of the law, and the result of its labours, embodied in an ample Report now before us, makes us hopeful of the future of legislative enactments in regard to it. Of course, considering the value of the literary property at stake, and the many vested interests which the present Copyright laws have created, it was not to be expected that any very radical change in the system now in vogue in England was likely to be proposed by the Commission. Nor even was it to be looked for, that, considering the predominating professional character of its members (if we may venture to speak of this), the Commission would seriously entertain suggestions tending to uproot the old order of things, and to recast the relations between author and publisher. At the same time, if not with surprise, it is with pleasure, that we discover from the Report how thoroughly the subject has been dealt with by the Commission, and how many and novel are the phases the discussion of its provisions now assumes. Formerly, to discuss Copyright questions in a spirit other than that which affirms literary property to be an inalienable and indefeasible right, and to justify foreign reprints, issued under other systems of public law than that which gave protection to the original work, was to be guilty of a heinous offence. No outcry was too loud that would denounce the so-called American piracy, or that would impugn the morality of the concession which admitted reprints of British Copyright works into the colonies.

But *nous avons changé tout çela.* Not only do we find the Commission recognising the purely statutory origin of copyright, and discussing its necessary limitations, but in many of the appended notes of dissent from the Report, so radical a measure as the admission into England of the cheap reprints issued by the author's consent in the colonies, is urged as a means of breaking up the high-priced system of publishing that prevails there. But further than this, it is also seriously debated, and with a similar object in view, to substitute for the monopoly which the present system of Copyright encourages, the publication of books, by any publisher who may choose to produce them, on what is called the royalty principle, *i. e.*, the payment of a fixed percentage, on the retail price, of the work issued.

It need hardly be said that changes so violent as those referred to are not the propositions the Commission, as a body, subscribe to. They are the recommendations, however, of the minority report, and are supported by many weighty reasons in their suggestion. That changes of a more gradual and tentative character should have occupied the attention of the Commission was, of course, only reasonable and politic. But that the more radical suggestions gave rise to considerable discussion, the arguments against their adoption in the Report are practical evidence of the fact. That they were entertained at all is a hopeful augury of their future experiment, if not of their ultimate permanent adoption ; and the new aspects which they give to the subject of Copyright are more or less significant. To those who are familiar with the workings of the present system of Copyright in England, it will, of course, be known that the obstacles to its satisfactory maintenance arise mainly from the conservative manner in which the business of publishing is there carried on. It is wholly a conventional and artificial system, based upon no grounds of public expediency, and having but little regard to the literary wants of the masses. Publishing seems to have had but one interest—that of giving support, and the monopoly of supply, to the circulating libraries, or to ensure to wealth the selfish possession of what author-craft seems solely to have provided for it.

That a legislation in regard to literature which so mocks at the rights of a common property in words and thought, should some day be called in question, is not to be wondered at. The surprise is that a system should have had such a tenure of privilege, which has so long maintained the artificial prices at which books are originally published, and only, when it can no longer conserve its products, consents that the public may then become the reversioners of its blessings. While the literary requirements of the people are, by such a system, so inadequately provided for, and when the advantages the reading communities of the United States and Canada possess, have become better known and are contrasted with their lack in England, the advance notes of a clamour for reform which are sounded by some members of the Copyright Commission in the Report do not surprise us.

The dissentient utterances, on the subject, of Sir Louis Mallet, Sir John Rose, Sir H. Drummond Wolff, and the evidence before the Commission of Mr. Farrer, the Permanent Secretary of the Board of Trade, are unmistakable in the earnestness and soundness of their argument, and the publishers would do well to look either to their weapons, or prepare for an impending change. That the initiative in the reform had better be taken by the publishers themselves, no friend of the trade will deny, and the remedy for the system complained of, if they will only break with the few interested library stockholders, is easily within their reach. And as a matter of gain, they will find it to their advantage to make the change, for com-

mon sense and the experience of the publishing trade of the United States confirm the arguments of the Commission's Report, that the wider sale of cheap, popular editions will produce greater returns than the limited sale of high-priced ones, and need not, in the main, interfere with them. The instance referred to by Sir Louis Mallet, of the success of the International Series, a collection of important scientific works by eminent writers, issued in England and the United States from duplicate plates, and at a moderate cost, and which, we are told, pay 20 per cent. royalty to the authors, fully confirms this fact. But it is a fact, we fear, that neither English authors nor publishers care to find out for themselves, wedded as they both are to a system which gives them the extravagant though limited gains of the home market, and loses for them the lengthened, yet really larger, returns of that of the English-speaking world.

But, intractable as English authors and publishers are (with some commendable exceptions) in discussing this point, when it comes to the question of International Copyright, how gratefully must we, who live on this side the Atlantic, felicitate ourselves that, in regard to our own supply of literature, we are not under the disabilities of the English people, nor reduced to the dire necessity (to use an Hibernicism) of having 'to borrow the loan of a book.' Of course, we do not speak exultantly of the absence of all strictly legal protection to English authors, in the sale of their works, in the neighbouring States. On the contrary, we hold that at least a modified Copyright provision is not only politic, but an equitable right; and that the protection it affords is as necessary to literary progress as patent-right is essential to development in the Inventive Arts. Both claim protection under the institution of property, and their right cannot be tampered with except at grave risk. Socialism may appropriate, as it sometimes attempts in other kinds of property, what they design to protect, but the failure of protection will retort upon socialism. The nemesis of this principle, as it happens, is but too fatally being illustrated at present in the United States, where the publishing trade, which used formerly to prey without compunction upon English commerce in books, is (despite the atonement it is now endeavouring to make) as unmercilessly being preyed upon by its own rivals in return.

But while decrying piracy in literature, we do not vaunt selfishness and illiberality in trade. Neither, in regard to the lack of a Copyright treaty with the United States, do we wail over the fact, though we regret that its absence should check the growth of American literature, for we cannot but recognise the benefits which the non-existence of a treaty has conferred upon the people of the United States and of this country. Like Sir Louis Mallet, we, too, incline to doubt the public expediency of repeating a system of legislative protection that but finds its results in the artificial mode of publishing which has fastened itself upon the English book-trade, and that cannot, in the nature of things, be of advantage to the American public. At the same time, whether the British author is content with the occasional honorarium for 'advance sheets' of the present system, or whether some such plan as publication 'on the royalty system,' recommended by the Commission, may be accepted by the American trade, the interests of literature, as well as of fair dealing, demand that some less precarious and uncertain means of recompensing the author for his labour should be devised, and universally acted upon, than has hitherto been discovered in the States. As a merely reciprocal measure, this duty is doubly incumbent upon her people, as England, with the liberality which characterizes her fiscal policy, as it has particularly marked her diplomatic dealings with the United States,

has given American writers the same privileges in the United Kingdom as her own subjects possess, and this while depriving herself of the argument for a similar reciprocal privilege to her own authors in America. And in alluding to this disinterested act of England, so much in consonance, as it is, with the generous impulses that mark the spirit of international law-making among English legislators, and those called upon to deal with such subjects, we may perhaps be permitted to make the following extract from the Report of the Copyright Commission, bearing on the circumstance we have referred to. Its manly, unselfish recommendation, from the motives of principle and chivalrous instinct, may, perhaps, not be wholly lost upon our cousins on the other side the lines, while it equally appeals to the better nature of the legislators of other countries. The extract forms clause 251 of the Report, under the division of International Copyright.

Says the Commission :—

> 'It has been suggested to us that this 'country would be justified in taking 'steps of a retaliatory character, with a 'view of enforcing, incidentally, that 'protection from the United States which 'we accord to them. This might be done 'by withdrawing from the Americans 'the privilege of copyright on first pub-'lication in this country. We have, 'however, come to the conclusion that, 'on the highest public grounds of policy 'and expediency, it is advisable that 'our law should be based on correct 'principles, irrespectively of the opin-'ions or the policy of other nations. 'We admit the propriety of protecting 'copyright, and it appears to us that the 'principle of copyright, if admitted, is 'one of universal application. We 'therefore recommend that this country 'should pursue the policy of recognising 'the author's rights, irrespective of na-'tionality.'

But 'the American question,' in this discussion of international Copyright, is not to be settled by an example. Whether Copyright is a natural right or not, it is wholly of statutory origin, and if the Government of the United States will not accord to foreigners the rights they give to subjects, or if, as is more true, the trade interests of American publishers and printers, which would be too much in jeopardy in Congress' agreeing to an international convention, are too powerful to permit a reciprocal treaty being negotiated, then expectant suitors of justice must be content with a compromise. We cannot but believe, however, that what may be called the excess of virtue, on the part of England, in so disinterestedly giving American authors copyright in the United Kingdom, on the simple condition of first publication there, is an impolitic and wholly gratuitous act. It is a departure, moreover, from the practice which, in England, governs the making of treaties with other foreign countries, the basis of which is reciprocal legislation, and it is a privilege which if withheld, could not but have an important influence, in connection with other inducing motives, in leading the American people to accept such modified measures of copyright, at least, as the reprinting of British works on 'the licensing system.'

But whatever persuasive effect these gratuitous measures of the Imperial law may have in inducing the United States to afford British authors some degree of protection, we have no wish to see her accept international Copyright, if it is to exchange the present system of popular editions, suited to the wants of the country, for the high priced ones which a monopoly is sure to impose upon the public.

We, in Canada, have been too much indebted, intellectually and socially, to the cheap literature which the absence of legislative restrictions has enabled the American publisher to supply us with, and the memory of the old-time conservative attitude of British publishers, when approached on the subject of cheap books for our people, is too keen to permit us to be

careless of what is now looked upon as one of the bright heritages of the New World. What advantage, too, as an educating force, the cheap literary productions of the American markets have been to Canada, none certainly can estimate; and to have been able to possess them, by the permissive Order in Council, has, since 1847, been a continuous and incalculable blessing. That the conditions upon which the privilege to use them were granted have not been faithfully carried out, has been more the result of the obstacles that lay in the way of compliance with the conditions, than from any unwillingness on the part of Canadians to carry out their part of the compact. And in discussing the subject of Colonial Copyright, this fact must be borne in mind, as the failure to collect the author's Copyright duty on reprints entering Canada, which was the obligation imposed in getting permission to use American editions of British works, has perhaps more embittered the feeling against the Dominion, in the minds of British authors and publishers, than the loss of the market itself for the editions of home manufacture. But, frequently as the difficulties in the way of levying the author's royalty on reprints entering our ports have been urged in extenuation of our shortcomings, the excuse is only subsidiary to the greater one that the close geographical proximity of the two countries has called for exceptional legislation in the case of Canada's trading in American reprints, and in itself explains not only why there could be no restriction at the boundary line in these editions entering the country, but also explains the difficulty in properly taxing them as they crossed the frontier. The difficulty is not unlike that which might be imagined if, on the borders of Scotland and England, the northern people were to establish a line of custom-houses, and were there to overhaul every package of books that crossed the Tweed, and then proceeded to discover which were of Scotch and which of English authorship, and with all the red tape of rigid officialism, levied accordingly as the uncertain result might determine.

But this hypothetical case would very inadequately represent the difficulties of the reality with us, as the greater extent of frontier in our case, and the obvious impossibility of getting so many Customs' officials with the requisite range of literary information, and capable of tracking a contraband author, or one whose works would be liable to duty, immeasurably increases the task required of us. Indeed, that the law could be more than perfunctorily complied with, resort would have to be had to the principle of 'setting a thief to catch a thief,' as none but a staff of bookseller-experts would be capable of doing justice to the work. The relation of the cost of maintaining such a machinery of impost to the amount realized for the author, might then be worth a day or two's study.

But we dwell on this matter a little more than may seem necessary, as it is of moment in meeting the recommendation of the Copyright Commission that the Orders in Council which permitted Colonies to import foreign reprints of British Copyright works should be revoked, unless the local laws of the Colonies better secure the payment of duty upon foreign reprints to the owners of those copyrights. Still more is it of moment, in view of the suggestion of the Commission that, for the better ensuring of the collection of the author's 12½ per cent. duty, foreign reprints should be sent to certain specified places in the Colony, into which they are admitted, to have an Excise stamp placed upon them, on the payment of duty, and before they can go into circulation. Now, both of these suggestions of the Commission, we need hardly say, threaten serious inconvenience to us in Canada, should their recommendation ever be acted upon. As will be seen, they have

alike one object in view, namely that of meeting the defects of the local colonial laws in collecting the author's copyright duty. With regard to the first, while the Colonies maintain their present relation to the Mother Country, and having accepted in good faith the obligations which the Order in Council imposed, it, of course, does not become one to quarrel. But with regard to the second, though it is open to us, by a more faithful performance of our duty, if this be possible, to avoid the necessity for its imposition, there are circumstances in the case which would make its becoming law exceedingly obnoxious. Besides the defence we have already made in stating the difficulties inseparable from the collection, in its present form, of the author's royalty-tax, there are arguments to be advanced, the force of which should weaken the indictment against us, if it may not lead to the withdrawal of the charge. But in briefly referring to these, let us revert for a moment to the difficulties already set forth in attempting to collect the author's tax, that we may instance the case of mixed parcels of books arriving at the Customs, and to ask the Commission to imagine the work involved in referring to several hundred unclassified sheet-lists covering a period of twenty years or more, to find out, as each book is taken up and examined, which is copyright and which is not. Again, in the case of packages whose invoices may read, in the brevity which expeditious despatch of goods in the United States makes of common occurrence, 'so many hundred Harper's novels, at such a price,' how, may we ask, can business be conducted at all, if such daily arrivals at our ports are to be tumbled out, and singly overhauled, to discover the copyright works, to prepare the Customs' entry; to make separate enumeration of the title, the author, the publisher, the quantity, the price, and the amount of duty in the case of each book; and this throughout the whole detail of the intolerable labour imposed by the Act. A thousand times one would prefer to assume the whole contents to be subject to duty, and to pay the impost on the full amount of the invoice, on a general author's account. How the tangle of such a return to Downing Street would be unravelled, and its amount apportioned, were so expeditious a method of getting rid of the worry accepted at the Customs, it would be curious to say. And yet, if we make the suggestion—discarding the idea of a lottery scheme—that the whole levy might be turned over, on its arrival in London, to the Literary Fund Charity, we may, perchance, hit the germ-idea that, in its development might wholly rid us of the annoyance and reproach of this troublesome tax; for, rather than have its universally imposed levy in Canada, the trade would prefer to see all book imports from the United States taxed with the 12½ per cent. author's duty, if England could only devise the means of its equitable apportionment. But the minutiæ of the details of this insufferable worry to the book trade are in character with the minutiæ of the arithmetical calculation of the sum represented in such an entry as we have instanced, particularly when one has singly to deal with the importation of the cheap issues in fiction of the day, the retail price of which is of the value, say, of 5d. sterling. The *finesse* required to calculate, receive, record, and transmit to the British Treasury 12½ per cent. of this sum needs neither illustration nor emphasis.

We hope, however, that in referring to the vexatious exactions, of time and trouble, connected with the collection of the author's royalty at our Customs, we shall not be understood as taking exception to the principle of the tax itself. Very far otherwise; as what we have already said in admission of the author's rights, and in commendation of clause 251 of the

Commission's Report, will confirm the fact. Neither do we wish to be understood as belittling, in themselves, the small amounts of duty collected for the author's benefit, for this, again, would not agree with what has been claimed would be the Copyright owner's experience, of the greater gain accruing from the publication of large editions of a book, at a small price, rather than of limited editions at a large one. What we are arguing against, is merely the mode of collection, which, from considerations of author's interest, and the convenience of the importing trade and public of the Colonies, one would prefer to see paid, *en bloc*, on the edition published, by the foreign producer of the reprint. Of course, that is just what owners of Copyright have most desired, and have hitherto, in great measure, failed to secure. We are hopeful, however, that the proposed licensing system will be soon taken advantage of, on both sides of the Atlantic, and that the author will, in a more satisfactory manner, get his just proportion of the profits of his labour. Meantime, some little consideration should be extended to Canada, in the failure properly to collect this duty, as no one who has not experience of the intolerable trouble its faithful collection entails, can conceive of the infinite worry the cumbrous tax occasions.

But we have said enough, more than enough we fear, on this matter, without wearying the reader further to refer to other points of defence. Two of them, however, must be alluded to, as they tell strongly against those who arraign Canada on account of the inoperative Copyright law. The one is, the deficient notification our authorities at Ottawa receive of English Copyright publications, which necessarily limits the operation of the Act; and the other, the fact that many authors now accept, in the sum paid them by the American publisher for 'advance sheets,' a consideration understood to cover rights of sale in Canada, which should exclude them from interest in the provisions of the Act, and keep them silent as to its defects.

As to the proposal to distinguish the duty-paid reprint from the contraband, by defacing it with an excise stamp, we trust there will be no resort to any such measure, for, from what has been said, it can hardly be thought of that such an additional nuisance should be tagged on to the machinery of the Customs. The restrictions to which trade is already subjected by the Customs' system are numerous enough, and this proposed addition to them, in subjecting foreign reprints, on their entering the country, to the process of official stamping, would be a most aggravating enactment.

But all these devices of restrictive legislation, deemed expedient for our good at Westminster, are, in Canada, only annoying adjuncts to an impost that can never practically be carried out. The sooner, therefore, butterfly-on-the-wheel systems of legislation, and the trifling pedantries of plans for stamping foreign reprints (if one may so speak of them without intended disrespect) are seen to be but weak suggestions on a wrong tack, the better, for colonial respect, at any rate, for those that are on a right one. But the remedy for the evils the English author complains of is not to be looked for in international copyright treaties, nor in repressive measures towards the Colonies, as the artificial system for which English copyright is responsible will never be permitted to root itself in the States, and Imperial hectoring would be unwise with us.

Yet alike, in the main, as the attitude of the United States and Canada must be in regard to this subject, from the circumstances of their common requirements and position, it by no means follows that new measures of English copyright would be acceptable to Canada unless the United States came also under their obligations. For it is just here where the difficulty has

all along been felt, and the anomaly has presented itself of England's exacting from one portion of the continent, divided by no physical line of separation, obligation to respect enactments she was unable to exact from the whole. Both countries, in regard to this subject, must be treated as one, and no expectations should be entertained that its restrictive imposts, particularly where the principle on which the law is founded is still a debatable point, will find faithful response from one section while they are not levied upon another. But the injustice, discrimination in the operations of the Act has occasioned, has not been resented because of unwillingness on the part of Canada to bear its rightfully imposed burdens, but solely on the ground of its giving advantage to American publishing industries which it withheld from those in the Colony. Why Canada should have the right to trade in foreign reprints, and yet be refused permission, if she chose, to manufacture them, and when, in producing them, she would respect the author's rights, so little regarded by the country that had the monopoly of their manufacture, no one could ever see. And as little was it possible to explain, while offering opportunities to owners of copyright to share in the profits of their enterprise, why Canadian printers should be threatened with Star-Chamber penalties for supplying their own market, which was open, without restriction, to the foreigner at their door. Hence the necessity, in legislating anew upon this subject in England, that nothing should be proposed that will fail of being accepted by the United States as well as by the Dominion; or, at least, that as little invidiousness will be made in the case of Canada, as will place her publishing trade at a disadvantage with that of the States. How far the proposed substitute for Copyright, which the Commission recommend, will, in the practical operation of the Act, keep this necessity in view, can, of course, only be clearly seen when the scheme matures itself into a Bill. So far, the recommendation to substitute rights of publishing, on a licensing system, for that of copyright, strikes us favourably. It is the only measure we can think of, that, unrestricted by conditions as to place of publication, will be likely to meet with approval in the United States; and considering the common circumstances of our position and wants, it is just the one that commends itself as fair and helpful to the Colonies. Limited in many of them, as yet, as are their resources, and the means of giving support to a native publishing trade, the plan could only be gradually taken advantage of. But it places within practical reach the privilege of obtaining cheap literature which shall have paid a fair percentage on its cost to the author; and, freed from disabilities and restrictions outside the publishers' control, will be helpful to local industries, and productive of wide-spread public blessing.

But the new measure, however beneficial to the book industries of the Colonies, places no obstacles in the English publisher's continuing to be the medium of supply. Yet, in changing the system, it must be one that will give the reading-public cheap books, as it has now cheap education, and a cheap press. And with the book markets of this side, to supplement his own, and a reading class greater in extent than is to be found elsewhere in the world, no greater inducement could be conceived of to stir the English publisher to make the earliest bid for the trade. In the Commission's proposal that the English copyright system should be exchanged for that of the licensing principle, he has the opportunity of snatching at undreamed of acquisitions to fortune, and of conferring enlarged favours upon the world.

ROUND THE TABLE.

A GREAT deal of discussion has been going on of late in the Province of Quebec, and notably in Montreal, as to whether or not the Act or rather the Ordinance of the Special Council of Lower Canada, 2 Vict., cap. 8, entituled, 'An Ordinance for more effectually preventing the administering or taking of unlawful oaths, and for better preventing treasonable and seditious practices,' and on which the Mayor of Montreal acted on the 12th of July, when he took it upon himself to prevent the Orangemen walking as a body through the streets of Montreal on that day, is really in force or not; or whether, if in force, the Orange Society comes within the terms of the Act.

If the Ordinance was not in force it is idle to consider whether or not the Orange Society comes within its terms. I propose, therefore, to consider the two propositions in their order as above stated.

First.—Is the Ordinance in force? In order to the proper solution of this question, it is necessary to consider Imperial as well as Provincial legislation. The Imperial Act, 1 & 2 Vict., cap. 9, passed on the 10th February, 1838, gave authority to the Governor of Lower Canada to appoint a Special Council for legislative purposes, in lieu of the then existing Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly. The 3rd section of the Imperial Act provided 'that no law or ordinance so made (*i. e.*, by the Council) should continue in force beyond the 1st of November, A.D. 1842, unless continued by competent authority.'

The Imperial Act of 2 & 3 Vict., cap. 53, passed 17th August, 1839, in sec. 2 enacted 'that so much of the Act or Ordinance of 1 & 2 Vict., cap. 9, as provided that no law or ordinance made by the Governor of Lower Canada should continue in force beyond the 1st November, A.D. 1842, should be repealed,' but with a proviso as follows, 'Provided always that every law or ordinance which by the terms or provisions thereof shall be made to continue in force after the 1st November, 1842, shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament (Imperial) within 30 days after a copy thereof shall be received by one of the Principal Secretaries of State under the provisions of the said Act of the last Session of Parliament, if Parliament should be then sitting, or otherwise within 30 days after the then next meeting of Parliament, and no such law or ordinance *shall be confirmed* or declared to be left to its operation by Her Majesty until such law or ordinance shall first have been laid for 30 days before both Houses of Parliament, or in case either House of Parliament shall within 30 days address Her Majesty to disallow any law or ordinance.'

By another Ordinance of Lower Canada, cap. 19, and which was passed at the 5th Session of the Special Council and between the 20th April, 1840, and 13th May, 1840, the ordinance of of 2 Vic., cap. 8, was declared to be made permanent.

It seems to me then in this condition of things that the parties interested in the question, before they can say whether or not the Ordinance 2 Victoria, cap. 8, is in force or not must ascertain whether or not that Ordinance has ever received the sanction of both Houses of the British Parliament. The Ordinance itself was a general

Ordinance not limited in point of duration, and is therefore, an Ordinance it would seem, within the Proviso of the Imperial Act, which as above stated provided " that every law or ordinance which, by the terms or provisions thereof shall be made to continue in force after the 1st November, 1842, shall be laid before both Houses of Parliament." Even if this were not so, the Ordinance of 3 & 4 Vic., cap. 19, which made it or professed to make it permanent, was an Ordinance which required the sanction of both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. That Special Council of Lower Canada and its Ordinances were not so much in favour with certain persons in former times as they appear now to be with Mayor Beaudry and the St. Patrick's Society of Montreal, *fortified by the opinion of four eminent lawyers, three of whom were Protestants*, declaring that the Ordinance is still in force. For my part I would not bind myself to say one thing or the other until the facts have been ascertained as to its allowance or disallowance by both Houses of the British Parliament,—the allowance signified by its being the 30 days before both Houses of the Imperial Parliament. The words of the proviso '*confirmed* or *declared* to be left to its operation by Her Majesty,' seem to require a positive assent to the continuance of the Act or Ordinance by Her Majesty. Has Her Majesty given such assent?

But then, it may be said the Ordinance is in the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, cap. 10—Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, A. D. 1860. True, but the 8th Section of the 'Act respecting the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada,' cap. 1, expressly enacted 'That the said Consolidated Statutes shall not be held to operate as *new* laws, but shall be continued and have effect as a Consolidation and as declaratory, &c.'

In consolidating this Statute, the Lower Canada Commissioners have at the end of each clause referred to the 2 Vic. cap. 8, as authority for their work. Clearly showing that they did not intend the consolidated Act to be new law, but consolidation of old law, if it existed, and if it did not exist, it was no consolidation, and could have no effect. I say this without reference to the terms of the recital of the Act respecting the Consolidated Statutes of Lower Canada, cap. 1, which was and is as follows:

'Whereas it has been found expedient to revise, classify and consolidate the Public General Statutes which apply exclusively to Lower Canada, *including as well those passed by the Legislature* of the late Province of Lower Canada, &c."

Unless the Special Council can be called a Legislature, the Commissioners had no power to consolidate the Ordinance at all, and so on this ground the consolidation would go for nought.

It is not necessary to press the point, as it may be found that the ordinance after all, owing to Imperial legislation, has not the force of law.

Whether or not the Orange Society will be found to come within the meaning of the 6th clause of the Ordinance, suppose it to be in force, will depend on the evidence, as to the inner working of the Society with which the public is not familiar. The preamble of the Act is evidently intended for societies of a seditious character. The recital in part is: 'Whereas divers wicked and evil-disposed persons have of late attempted to seduce divers of Her Majesty's subjects in this Province, from their allegiance to Her Majesty, and to incite them to acts of sedition, rebellion, treason and other offences."

The 6th clause referred to, defines the character of the societies, the Ordinance is meant to meet, as for instance, where members take an oath 'not authorised or required by law,' societies whose members take, subscribe or assent to any engagement of

secrecy, test or declaration, 'not required by law.'

The clause, it will be seen, is very sweeping, and if the Act is so construed as to include any other than seditious societies, it is much to be feared that nearly every society in Quebec will come within its operation—not excepting the Masons who hold their warrants from a Canadian head. Now that the excitement has partially subsided, would it not be well for the counsel of the rival parties to have a conference, and if on further investigation, they find the Ordinance not to be in force, let it be published to the world. The great merit of a judge is to alter his opinion if he find he was wrong; let counsel apply the same rule to themselves. If this can not be effected, it is to be hoped that steps will be taken to get a judicial decision as soon as possible. If the Orangemen have been denied rights which belong to them, no doubt the Mayor of Montreal will be the first to accord them their due. So far, he has acted on what the St. Patrick's Society have, through their counsel, stated was law; if it turns out the law is the other way, he will doubtless still carry out the law, and prevent his citizens molesting those who, not infringing any law, wish to walk the streets of Montreal in procession, if they choose to exercise the right. It may be that the right conceded, the Orangemen, who, so far, endeavoured to keep within what they believe to be the law, will generously waive their right, and be slow to give offence.

D. B. READ.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE Rose-Belford Publishing Company have issued, beyond all doubt, not only the prettiest but the most complete edition of a work* which for over thirty years has held a recognised place in the literature of the day. The work has been so celebrated; it has been so exhaustively reviewed, and it has gone through so many editions—five in England and two or three in the United States—that there is no need of our saying anything here in regard to the views advanced and discussed in a work of so much merit and power as Mr. Greg's 'Creed of Christendom.' We can only speak here of the great excellence which the new American edition of this very able volume possesses. Strange as it may appear, hitherto the Creed of Christendom has never contained an index—a feature which the book-makers now-a-days seldom forget to add to even the most trivial of books—and the present edition, printed on fine paper and from good and legible type, is enriched by a carefully prepared Index from the hand of a gentleman whose fine scholarly attainments and extensive reading, eminently fitted him for the task. This Index occupies some nineteen or twenty pages, and its value will become at once apparent to

* *The Creed of Christendom:* Its foundations contrasted with its superstructure. by WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG. Detroit, Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

the student and general reader. Another highly important feature in the Rose-Belford edition of the 'Creed of Christendom' is the careful way in which the notes and context have been verified with the authorities cited. In many cases awkward errors, clerical, typographical, and others, had crept into even the best English copies, and these have all been removed in the present edition. It may be noted also, that the book before us, is published in one crown octavo volume, is of four hundred pages, and that the publishers, to meet a want long felt, have put the price so low, that all admirers of scholarly literature may secure the best edition of an able work—a book which sells to-day as well as it did over a quarter of a century ago—at a dollar and a half a copy. This is a boon which many will accept with thankfulness, and the publishers' enterprise is certainly deserving of extensive patronage. We observe that the book is substantially bound, is embellished with a neat and tasteful cover, and that it is the first volume of the Religio-science Series.

Mr. Stanley's Canadian publisher may be congratulated on the fine appearance which 'Through the Dark Continent'* makes. The book is perhaps a little bulky, and we would like to see some convenient arrangement made by which the two large maps which accompany the volume, could be preserved. A pocket in the book itself might answer the purpose. We cannot, however, have everything, and Mr. Magurn has succeeded in not only issuing in advance of the English and American publishers, a great and noted work, but he has furnished it at far less than half the cost of the book in England, and at half the price of the American edition. The Canadian copy too, is issued from the original plates by special arrangement with the author. Mr. Magurn's commendable enterprise should meet with its just reward.

Books of travel are always delightful companions; but books of travel in distant and mysterious countries, in lands seldom trodden by the feet of the European, and whose whole history is a sealed book, are more delightful still. On his task Mr. Stanley brings to bear all those characteristics which have made his other works so interesting and famous. A versatile and nervous writer, and an author who wields the vigorous and dashing pen of the correspondent of the daily paper rather than that of the student and laborious worker, Mr. Stanley's book of exploration and adventure seizes hold of the reader at the very beginning. The rapid pen of the intrepid and youthful adventurer carries his reader along at a tremendous pace, and almost unconsciously one finds himself treading the soil of the very heart of Africa. The history of the expedition is told with all the fascination that a romance which might have been written in the middle ages gives. The manner in which 'Through the Dark Continent' opens, prepares the reader for a journey of excitement, and eager, anxious, splendid life in a far off and unknown region. Mr. Stanley possesses to a large extent dramatic power and force. He has a quick eye for the picturesque, and a timely appreciation for incident and event. He has pathos too, this lithe young explorer, and the passages in his book which tell the sad story of sickness and death in the misknown forests of Africa, are tender and affecting. His management of men, his faithfulness to his followers, and the love they bore him in return, are pleasant features in a book which, while it is exciting and striking, is full of sad details. The illustrations are both numerous and good, and the portraits of Stanley, the one before he went on the exploration, and the other which represents him

* *Through the Dark Continent; or the Sources of the Nile around the Great Lakes of Equatorial Africa, and down the Livingstone River to the Atlantic Ocean,* by HENRY M. STANLEY. Two volumes in one, with many maps and illustrations. Toronto, John B. Magurn.

after his return to England, are studies of themselves.

We have said Mr. Stanley's style is that of the newspaper correspondent. The reader will discover that after ten minutes' perusal of his narrative. We do not mention this to the discredit of Mr. Stanley, at all. His book contains a good deal of slip-shod writing, but it is all bright and intensely interesting. In a book of travel and adventure by a gentleman whose natural tastes lead him to exclude dry statements of facts, and whose mind is active and whose feelings are picturesque and full of colour, we may expect just such a sketchy, graphic book as this one is. It is a book which many will read because it is so written, and its convincing earnestness is a very charm of itself. Stanley is fond of bold actions. He is equally fond of bold writing. 'Through the Dark Continent' attempts the solution of the problem which baffled the skill of Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Grant, Cameron, and others, and details the incidents of a life in the country extending over a period of two years. eight months, and twenty days.

Mr. James Freeman Clarke wields a fascinating pen. His 'Ten Great Religions' and 'Common Sense in Religion' have an interest of their own, and they enlist the sympathies of the reader at once. It is worth noting here the fact that Mr. Clarke's larger work has penetrated into the remotest corners of the earth. It has been encountered in China, and in many parts of Europe it has gained a strong and secure foothold. It is a book of deep interest and earnest thought. It is not dry and colourless, but a bright book, fascinating, courageous, and brilliant. It occupies a place in literature all its own, and its admirers increase every day. Mr. Clarke is equally successful as a biographer. He possesses a charming and cultivated style, and a winning way. He is never slovenly nor careless, and his utterances have always a manly tone about them. He has managed to put a good deal of his strength in his latest work,* and his peculiar characteristics appear on every page. We have some nineteen or twenty agreeable sketches of men, who, in their time, wielded a certain influence, oftentimes a very great influence, and sometimes a very pleasant one. The reader, in glancing down the list of names, is apt to select the papers which treat of his own heroes first, and he can read the book in this way, for it is not a continuous narrative. It begins with the War Governor of Massachusetts, John Albion Andrew, and concludes with William Hull, the grandfather of the author. A fine chapter is devoted to an estimate of the life and writings, and it may be added the influence, of Jean Jacques Rousseau, of whom Napoleon once said, 'without him there would have been no French Revolution.' A few pages are taken up with a sketch of Robert J. Breckinridge, and another chapter describes Washington and the secret of his influence. The paper on Shakespeare will attract many readers. It is admirably thought out, and some very clever bits of analysis and criticism are introduced. An incident in the life of Junius Brutus Booth is a very amusing and attractive paper, and Mr. Clarke relates the story with consummate tact and good humour. In 1834 he was summoned by the tragedian to assist at the burial of some *friends* of Booth's. The friends proved to be *a bushel of wild pigeons!* The sketch of George D. Prentice—one of the wittiest men who ever lived, and at the same time a scathing, trenchant writer—is very interestingly written. It is full of anecdote of the intrepid editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and exhibits all the phases of his character. Charles Sumner, Theodore Parker, the Channings and their contemporaries,

* *Memorial and Biographical Sketches.* By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

Samuel Joseph May, James Freeman, Samuel Gridley Howe, and others are ably discussed in this delightful volume of 'Memorial and Biographical Sketches.'

Mr. Charles Dudley Warner always contrives to bring out his books at the proper season of the year. He has done this so often that it has become an art with him at length. His latest work is the charming series of papers which have recently been published in *The Atlantic Monthly* and which his publishers have got out in a very pretty dress. 'In the Wilderness,'* is a breezy and healthful book, and an admirable burlesque on the style of writing affected by the persons who make our sporting books for us. It is rich in the exuberant fancy and dashing humour of its author,—that almost classic fun of his which sparkles in 'My Summer in a Garden,' 'Back-log Studies,' and in many of the pages of 'Mummies and Moslems.' 'How I killed a Bear,' and the 'Fight with a Trout,' will remind the reader of a popular author whose books smell of the rod and gun and the resinous odour of the forest. The burlesque is captivating, the humour is infectious and the little asides which everywhere abound are delicate and delicious. 'How Spring came to New England' will be read and re-read, and with each succeeding reading the pleasure will be increased. It is as playful a bit of writing as Mr. Warner has yet given us and it invites perusal.

A new book,† by the Sage of Concord, will be hailed with something more than satisfaction, for Mr. Emerson is an author whose works positively grow into the affections of his readers. The new volume consists of a single essay—a pertinent discussion of current events—a lecture on the Fortune of the Republic—and it exhibits the veteran author in his most robust and scholarly vein. There is no falling off in the vigour of the mind, which so many years ago electrified a small but select band with a thin volume entitled 'Nature'—a book unfortunately too far advanced for the people of that time, and the little edition of five hundred copies was not exhausted till twelve years had passed away. 'The Fortune of the Republic' is full of thought, full of rich, classical allusion, and sound common sense. The disease is attacked and a prompt remedy is suggested. Many truths, not always new, but always pertinent, are presented, and stubborn facts not always palatable are brought out and laid before the people. This little book, for it is composed of only forty-four pages, owes its origin to the lecture which Mr. Emerson delivered on the 30th of March last, at the Old South Church, Boston, Mass. In its present shape it will have many readers.

People no longer read Ouida's novels* under protest. For several years this lady has enjoyed a peculiar distinction. Her stories sold readily, and edition after edition appeared of not one but the whole set of her books. They were read apparently and the public craved for more; but who ever read them? It has been said of Milton, and with some truth it must be admitted, that everyone talks about him but few read him. Ouida reversed this aphorism for everyone read her and few talked about her. People spoke as slightingly of her as they sometimes do of their poor relations. The bare mention of her name—her pen-name at any rate—was a grave offence to ears polite. If by accident a quotation from 'Under Two Flags' was uttered, or an incident from

* *In The Wilderness.* By CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

† *Fortune of the Republic.* By RALPH WALDO EMERSON. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.; Toronto: A. Piddington.

* *Friendship* By OUIDA, Author of 'In a Winter City,' 'Ariadne,' &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company.

'Puck' was mentioned before a gathering, the offender was made miserable for the rest of the day by the coldness with which his observation was received. And in his heart he knew that his quotation was understood, and that his hearers were only trying to keep up appearances. It was fashionable to read Ouida, but it was very unfashionable to let your neighbours know it. But the hypocritical mask fell at length, and now people read Ouida and talk about her, not always without a shudder, but still they talk about her. A change has come over the novel reader; but no change has come over Ouida. She is the same rollicking, hoydenish, semi-learned and semi-superficial story-teller she was from the first. She has neither improved her style nor her morals. She talks as plainly as ever. She slips scraps of French and Italian into her stories with the same old prodigality. Her men are as profligate, her women are as immoral and the incidents she describes are as loose, and her dramatic effects are as ambitious as they were fifteen years ago. Her last story is a finished satire on the morals which exist in a certain class of society. She paints all of her pictures boldly and with a bold and masculine hand. She is prodigal with delicate tints, but the reds and greens and blues, particularly the flaunting blues, she squanders on her canvas with great liberality. 'Friendship' is not a satisfactory story. There is nothing cheering about it, and its tone is morbid. It has passion, but the passion is affectation, and its sentimentality is mawkish. Some of the descriptive parts are extremely good, while much of the incident is meaningless, and the conversations are not always bright and interesting. The story will be read, however, for Ouida has a hold on the multitude. She is best among writers of her own class and people will have the best when they can get it. She furnishes a diet which is stronger than milk and water.

There are bits in Mr. J. Sheridan Le Fanu's romance of The Bird of Passage* which are worthy of the best days of William Black. He possesses fine descriptive power, clever analysis of character, and a chivalrous fancy. His story is full of action, eminent in dramatic force, and original in conception and tone. From the first page, which rather whets the appetite of the reader, to the last one in the book, there is not a dull chapter, or a single passage we would willingly part with. The glimpse which Mr. Le Fanu gives of old country life, the Manor house and its cheery inmates, the wild and romantic scenery roundabout Haworth Hall, the camps of the wandering gipsy bands, and the fresh breezy sketch of the bold young squire of Hazelden, and the exquisite portraiture of Euphan Curraple, are as enchanting as they are artistic. Not the least interesting portion of the book is the minor character sketch of the old housekeeper, Mrs. Gillyflower, whose frequent appearance on the scene is hailed with satisfaction. Her portrait is apparently painted from life. But she does not always exist in the village, nor does she live at all times in the old country houses. She can often be seen in the cities, and her type is the ruling spirit in many homes to-day. Mrs. Gillyflower is a true woman, faithful and kindly, and her 'management' of her young master—in her eyes yet a child—is described very pleasantly. The incident which brings about the meeting between William Haworth and the beautiful gipsy girl, is related with consummate skill. The lonely young squire is striding homeward. A wintry wind is sweeping the moor. A sound falls upon his ears, and he stops and listens. The notes of a sweet song fill the weird forest of trees with melody, and the sighing wind carries the strain over the distant hills.

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* *The Bird of Passage*, by J. SHERIDAN LE FANU, New York, D. Appleton & Company; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

Haworth moves on and comes full upon the figure of a young girl, tall, slender, and graceful. She was standing against a stone which rose from the grass high above her. He spoke to the girl, and after a time she answered in a clear, low voice. He invites her to his home, and after telling her how kind Mrs. Gillyflower is, he offers his house as shelter for the night if she will only come with him. After a while she accepts, and from that moment William Haworth's heart was lost. The story sustains its interesting character. The love-making, the walks over the old moor, the chats in the forest, the hilarious fun in the kitchen where Euphan, Mrs. Gillyflower and Mall Darrell sing and tell stories from after tea till bedtime, the picture we have of the fair-day at the old Northumbrian Town, Willarden, the quarrel with the two gipsy horse-dealers, the bout with the cudgels, the fight with Lussha Sinfield, and the victory of the Squire over the knavish brute, are all powerful features of a powerful novel. Not the least interesting part of the story is the delicate portrayal of the character of Euphan Curraple—the poor and high-minded gipsy girl—which is done lovingly and well. She is mistaken for an escaped nun, and her action lends colour to the suspicion. She leads a double life—a life of sadness for those who love and esteem her and who have skill enough in their composition to penetrate the mask she wears, and another life—a brighter state of existence, full of liveliness and bright spirits. Her character is a study and Mr. Le Fanu, in Euphan Curraple, adds a powerful creation to the literature of fiction. The time spent in reading The Bird of Passage is not lost. The story is one which exercises a mastery over the reader. It is not sensational, nor are there any tricks of composition in the narrative. It is a romance, pure and simple. It is a manly and healthy novel, and one of the best stories of the present day.

Old Martin Boscawen's Jest* is the joint production of two ladies who have already done some pretty good work. In their joint authorship, however, some excellent characteristics which each of the ladies undoubtedly possess, seem lost and as a result Old Martin Boscawen's Jest is a very ordinary novel indeed. It is unreal, and beyond the development of the titular personage which is quite vigorously done, the book will hardly hold a place among the increasing heap of second-class novels. The story may, however, please some readers; the publishers have given it a very pretty dress.

Mr. Peter Crewitt† and Nobody's Husband‡ will suit the fancy of the reader, which at this season of the year, turns to something very light and very trifling. The first tale is prettily told, and though slight in texture, the plot is unravelled very pleasantly, and the character-drawing is exceedingly good. Peter Crewitt is no new character in fiction, but he belongs to that class of persons who wear well and the reader cannot help loving the honest soul for the good he is forever doing. Mary is sketched with a tender hand, and old Jacob Coggins, the Parson and the Parson's wife and Enty Moss are drawn with more or less fidelity to nature. The story will repay perusal. Of a somewhat different kind is Nobody's Husband. It describes the adventures on railroad and steam-boat of a bachelor gentleman and his friend's wife, a young lady accustomed to enjoy her own way, a baby, a dog and an Irish servant girl. The book is full of the author's peculiar humour, and the haps and mishaps of the party are sketched with some force.

* *Old Martin Boscawen's Jest*, by MARIAN C. L. REEVES and EMILY READ. New York, D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto, Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Mr. Peter Crewitt*, by the author of "That Wife of Mine;" Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.

‡ *Nobody's Husband*, by NOBODY KNOWS WHO (except the publishers); Boston, Lee & Shepard; Toronto, A. Piddington.