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THE GRAND TRUNK AND OTHER RAILWAYS OF CANADA.

OUR railway legislation, at first necessarily experimental, has never been systematized and brought into harmony with subsequent experience. Some of the early Canadian charters evince the jealousy of the Legislature of the prospective profits of the corporators; and provide for the confiscation to the state of a part of the excessive returns which imagination pictured as the fruit of the enterprise. One company was to hand over a moiety of its earnings, after the shareholders had pocketed ten per cent., and others came under a similar obligation. When these anticipations, which seem to have been seriously entertained, are contrasted with the reality, the result tells a sad story of disappointment. Taken in the bulk, our railways have not been financially successful. But few of them have yielded a fair return to the stockholders. The Great Western, in spite of the heavy load of capital it has to carry, has generally, though not always, paid a dividend. The Grand Trunk never paid one, except out of capital, during construction; the same may be said of the Northern; and the minor roads are, generally, in a similar condition.

The reasons for the failure are various. The roads were built on too expensive a scale; some of them were probably built before there was traffic enough to have made even a cheaply constructed road profitable. There is, in most cases, a fatal divorce between the proprietary and the practical management. The property is mainly owned in England, and the roads must be worked in Canada. The working expenses, often enhanced by improvident outlays, negligence and misconduct of servants, are excessively large. Whatever gauge railway engineers may finally select as the best and most economical, if it be possible for any gauge to be so under all circumstances, it is now universally agreed that the selection of the provincial gauge of five feet six inches, to which all companies were long obliged to conform, was a blunder which led to an enormous waste of capital. Before the Grand Trunk Company was chartered, there was a law in existence under which any Company who would undertake to construct a railroad anywhere, in Canada, of not less than sixty miles in length, was entitled to receive from the Government in

aid of the work £3,500, or \$14,000 a mile. This aid was to be given by way of loan, and was to form a first charge on the work. The general law was repealed in 1851, in favour of the Grand Trunk; but that Company was dealt with on these terms. The first lien was in most cases soon forced back in favour of new creditors, without whose aid the companies could not continue to carry on their business; and the government advance, which in the case of the Grand Trunk the Finance Minister of the day regarded as merely nominal, came in time to represent a complete loss; but for this direct loss to the exchequer the indirect gain to the Province, from the existence of the road, made ample amends. Still there was a very great and unnecessary loss of capital; loss to the shareholders; loss, or hopelessly suspended payment, to bondholders; besides loss to the public treasury. The Great Western probably affords the only instance in which the Provincial guarantee, as it was called, did not prove a total loss; and even against that Company an amount estimated to be equal to £180,000 stg., was written off.

We have learnt, after a very costly experience, that railroads, which would have answered every purpose required of them, could have been built for a trifle more per mile than the amount advanced by government in aid of those that were built. The recent experience of the narrow gauge roads—three feet six inches—clearly proves this. A fortuitous, almost trivial circumstance, led to the adoption of the five feet six gauge as the one to which all Companies must conform: a small section of the road which would form part of a main trunk line, from the sea-board to the west of Upper Canada, had been built on that gauge. The weight of the evidence before the Railway Committee of 1851, though not greatly preponderating, was against it. The Great Western Company had arranged to construct its road on the four feet eight and a half

gauge; and it was only at the solicitation of the Government that its plans were set aside in favour of the five feet six inch gauge. After a great increase of cost, and the lapse of eighteen years, that Company fell back on its original design, and changed the gauge to four feet eight inches and a half. With a servile spirit of imitation, which scorns to look at the adaptability of a thing, the demand at that time was that we should reproduce in Canada, as nearly as possible, exact copies of first-class English railways. But it can hardly be said that the aim was realized. Within six and a half years of its construction, a large part of the Great Western road had to be relaid with new rails, owing to the bad quality of those originally used. And other roads suffered in a similar way. Making every allowance for the difference of climate—the greater liability of rails to break in winter—the life of these rails was too short to justify the comparison with those used on first-class English railways.

If our railways had been built on the gauge to which the Great Western has found it necessary to change, to which the Northern is about to change, and to which the Grand Trunk would change, if it were not for the expense of the operation, there need have been little or no loss to any class of investors in them. A sacrifice of part of the government guarantee would have been all that was requisite. If ever experience was dearly paid for, it has been in this case. It is even doubtful whether the Canadian public has been so well served as it would have been, if roads of so much less cost, and less capacity, had been built. A consequence of the construction of expensively built roads has been a supposed necessity of bidding low for foreign traffic, to give full employment to the apparatus on the cost of which so much capital has been employed. To compete for this traffic has answered the purpose of the Great Western; for that line is but a short section of an iron band that con-

nects the American sea-board with the Western States. More than half its income is derived from foreign traffic, freight and passenger. But with the Grand Trunk the case is different. There has always been a doubt about the profitable nature of the freight traffic it receives from the Western States. Any estimate of profit that did not make full allowance for the wear and tear of the road ; the crushing, rather than the fair wear of the rails, by the heavy trains laden with freight carried at the lowest competition rates, would be delusive. A cheap road, intended only for Canadian traffic, would have been fully employed, independent of this foreign freight, and it would almost certainly have been in a position to serve the home trade better. But it would be unprofitable to dwell upon errors which only experience has developed, which the wisest did not foresee, and which cannot now be remedied. If we profit by the lessons they teach, the experience will not have been in vain.

It is surely persisting in error longer than is excusable, to go on constructing the Intercolonial on the old condemned gauge of five feet six, discarded now in the Canada Pacific. But there is this to be said : the reasons for preferring the four feet eight and a half gauge were not so obvious when the Intercolonial was commenced, and the reluctance to change the gauge of a road under construction would naturally be great.

In our whole railway system there is no line so stamped with the fatal marks of continuous failure, in a financial point of view, as the Grand Trunk. It is an object of perennial promise and of perpetual disappointment. Not only do the proprietors get no returns on their capital : the creditors of every class are left without interest on their bonds. This road has to compete against the water communication of the St. Lawrence, during the season of navigation, for local traffic, and with the American railways, for western traffic, at all seasons. When the line was about to be located, it was a question whether

it should run along the banks of the river and the shore of Lake Ontario, or strike some thirty miles into the interior. There might have been an advantage in locating the line half that distance from the water. Such a line would have lost very little business on the front, while it would have facilitated settlement in the rear, and thereby added to the traffic on that side. The proposal to run a parallel interior line, which is now made, would not have been heard of, or if started at all, the impossibility of its being realized would soon have become apparent. In any case, the competition of the water communication could not have been wholly avoided; and the possibility of a rival railroad was a contingency too remote to be taken into account. Whatever may be the merits of the project now started, it appears under conditions which did not exist twenty-two years ago. The failure of the Grand Trunk, if it had been placed thirty miles in the interior, would probably have been more conspicuous than it has proved ; but at half that distance it would have had a better chance of success, and future rivalry need not have been dreaded. Besides, it would have got much of the business now done by roads which run in a transverse direction into the interior.

Canadian railways have been almost entirely free from some large items in the cost of English railways. Preliminary expenses, connected with legislation and the securing of the right of way, have scarcely made any figure at all. No second Chamber, in which there was a dominant land-holding interest to be bribed into acquiescence by the offer of high prices for the right of way, formed an obstruction. Millions of dollars had not to be expended in obtaining a charter, or in maintaining against opposition a position once secured. The Grand Trunk charter was carried through by the Government, without a dollar of cost to the company. The land over which the road ran, always cheaply secured, was sometimes obtained as a free

gift, in consideration of the benefit the road would confer on land-holders along the line.

Considering its great length, the construction of the Grand Trunk may have been premature. But the English public, when asked to subscribe the stock, could not have extracted such a doubt from the very alluring prospectus which the directors, including four members of the Canadian Government, issued. An estimated profit of nearly 11 ½ per cent. caused a demand for more stock than it was at first thought prudent to offer to the public; for on the stock subscribed there is no other source out of which dividends can be paid, till the road is in a condition to earn dividends, than capital: a fatal necessity, where the work of construction extends over a period of several years. The Russian war having broken out in the interval, the balance of the stock could never afterwards be floated. It is possible that the circumstance of several members of the Canadian Government appending their names to the prospectus, when taken in connection with the fact that the Province was a contributor to the capital, may have misled some persons. Still there was no excuse for misapprehending the nature of the connection between the government and the company. If it had been a Government work, loans might have been invited, but stock could not have been put on the market. No one who subscribed stock could have supposed that he was placing his capital under a directorate not amenable to the shareholders. The presence of Government directors at the board was an anomaly, because the Government was not a proprietor but a creditor, with the security of a first mortgage. Objections were soon made to the existence of Government directors, but never on this, the true ground. The theory on which a representation was given to the Government in the direction was, that the public interest would thereby be protected. But it soon came to be objected that the Government directors were liable to fall under the influ-

ence of the company; and that whenever the latter was a suitor before the Government for additional aid or assistance, in some form or other, the anomaly of men acting in a double capacity precluded the possibility of justice being done to both sides.

The Government directors were withdrawn, and an additional aid of £900,000 over the amount first promised was granted; but then it was said the Province had made a good bargain, since it had got the additional security of the Victoria Bridge, over what was included in the first mortgage, for its advance. The time came when the whole lien was practically given up, by being placed hopelessly behind other claims. The Government of Canada, it cannot be denied, more than fulfilled the obligations it assumed on the inception of the road; more than fulfilled the conditions on which the stock was subscribed. But the stockholders did not get 11 ½ per cent. dividends, nor any dividends, except what were paid out of their own or other capital during construction. Here a grievous disappointment fell upon thousands—a disappointment which must represent an aggregate of hardship and misery which it is appalling to contemplate. Each successive class of bondholders, under half a dozen different names, fell into the same plight: no dividends for stockholders, no interest for bondholders. Nearly a hundred millions of dollars became unproductive to the owners. For years, proprietors and creditors have been hoping against hope; and now it is admitted that a considerable additional expenditure is necessary to keep the colossal machine in motion.

At one time the English directors threw out a hint that they might have preferred a demand for a guarantee of the share capital by the Canadian Government, on the ground that the promise of the prospectus, signed by four members of the Government, had induced stockholders to risk their means. The claim was not pressed, and indeed was not made in a formal way. It must have been

felt that the capacity in which the Government directors signed the prospectus was not liable to produce any such popular misconception as would have justified the insisting on such a claim. There never was any hope of its being admitted; and years ago all chance of further Government aid, in any shape, had vanished.

The company, it is true, was obliged to make a loan to other railways, when it was itself under pressure of necessity. The security it obtained was worthless; but the loan was in fact one of the conditions on which the Grand Trunk obtained the additional advance of £900,000. The transaction, at the time when it occurred, did not admit of justification; but the virtual wiping out of the Government mortgage afterwards made ample amends; the company having received in the additional advance about eight times the amount it was required to loan. There are, in fact, no claims against the Government which the Grand Trunk can hope to make good or to enforce.

The purchase by the Government of the section of road east of Quebec, may at times have been hoped for by persons interested in the Grand Trunk; and they may have fancied that the completion of the Intercolonial would afford the desired opportunity for pushing the sale. Any hope of this kind had better be dismissed at once, for nothing can be more certain than that it is destined to disappointment. Parliament would not listen to any such proposal; and no Ministry would venture to ask Parliament to assent to it.

The enterprise must rest on its own merits; and it is for proprietors and creditors to consider whether it can ever revive while burthened with the weight of capital under which it is crushed; capital which is and for the most part must ever remain unproductive.

In one respect the estimate of the prospectus was realized; the earnings long since reached the promised mileage. The great error lay in the estimate of working expenses, put down at forty per cent. of the gross in-

come: they have proved to be from seventy to eighty. The looseness of an estimate so far out as this seems unpardonable. Did railway authorities in England find nothing in the experience of the United States by which they could check the estimate and correct this error? Or do men subscribe their millions without looking into the facts on which their profits must depend? The names of the original directors form a guarantee that there could have been no intention to deceive. The estimate was purely erroneous, arising, probably, among other causes, from not sufficiently taking into the account the nature of the climate of Lower Canada, and the difficulty and expense of keeping the line open amid the snows of winter. The average working expenses of United States railroads, is between 50 and 60 per cent. of the gross receipts; and they could hardly have been less in 1851.

But if the original calculation of working expenses placed the figure too low, may not the actual amount be higher than it ought to be? The working expenses of the Great Western have never reached 63½, and have sometimes been only a fraction over 43; the Brockville and Ottawa varied from 1865 to 1870, according to these figures: 65.44, 54.18, 50.39, 45.22, 51.46; in New Brunswick, the working expenses of the North American European road, in the hands of the Government, have fluctuated between 65 and 79 per cent.* The Northern Railway keep under 60 per cent. It is difficult to obtain just grounds of comparison between the Grand Trunk and other railway: in some respects their contrasts should rather be pointed out. The Grand Trunk has two unproductive sections; that from Quebec to Rivière du Loup, and the Arthabaska branch. The necessity of building these sections was forced on the company as a consequence, or a condition, of the government aid it received. The necessity was political; and

* Trout's Railways of Canada.

the company lost much of the advantage of the government aid in being obliged to submit to it. Besides there are, in the great length of the road, and adverse climatic influences, elements which would, probably, make a complete comparison with any other road impossible. In point of climate, the comparison with the North American and European Railroad, which connects St. John, New Brunswick, with Shediac on the strait of Cumberland, would be a fair one; if any thing to the disadvantage of the latter. But even it is run at a less per centage of the gross receipts than the Grand Trunk. The difference of climate is too great to justify any attempt to insist on an exact comparison with the Great Western; but even here the difference in the per centage of running expenses cannot surely be wholly accounted for by climatic differences.

There are reasons for believing that the cost of working the Grand Trunk is greater than it ought to be. The air is full of rumours, of which an enumeration would read like an indictment. An enquiry would probably establish that several railroads purchase stores improvidently; that employes are sometimes corrupt and negligent; and that the sum of working expenses is by such means swelled beyond the necessary or legitimate figure. This, there can hardly be room for doubt, could be established by an impartial investigation. But an impartial investigation is next to impossible. Any one sent from England to investigate the affairs of Grand Trunk would be loaded with civilities and oppressed with hospitalities by those into whose conduct it would be his business to look. He would be taken along the line in the most agreeable way; feted and lionized at every centre of Grand Trunk influence; every man who has grown rich on the spoils of the impoverished company would make it his duty to throw dust in his eyes; and he would be lucky, indeed, if he did not return to report that every thing was, if not exactly what it should be, as well

as it could be. If Mr. Potter had not visited Canada this picture would have been historically true; and if he had not, at the last half-yearly meeting, thrown a glimmering of light on a subject which he asked others to forbear, for the time, to discuss, the observations just made might have looked like an impertinence. The circumstance of Mr. Potter insisting on the reduction of the amount of a contract for the supply of rolling stock to the company, at a rent charge, suggests the inquiry whether any motive of interest, friendship or connection could have induced any one having a fiduciary relation to the company, to forget his duty to his employers in entering into an improvident contract, whereby the interests of the railway were subordinated to those of the Rolling Stock Company. This is no doubt one of the questions that must come under enquiry and discussion.

In England large sums are squandered on promotion and other expenses liable to occur but once; but continued leakages in the everyday working expenses, if proved to exist, would present a greater evil by far. On a single item as much is sometimes lost as would pay a dividend on the whole capital of a company. The State inspector of the railroads of Ohio, Mr. George B. Wright, states in his report for 1868, that the amount lost by the companies in that State, through the prevailing habit of giving free passes—which railroad authorities tell him is incurable—would pay an annual dividend on the stock of all railroads in the State; the total capital invested in which is over \$316,000,000, bonds included. There is no reason to believe that the abuse was ever carried to that extent in Canada; and it has lately been announced that free passes have been abolished. In the State of New York, free passes were abolished by law five or six years ago. But this prohibition is violated in the person of the legislators themselves; some of whom, not content with sessional, insist on annual passes. Free passes are,

however, very different from the various forms of fraud by which a railway company may be impoverished through the several classes of its employés: they belong to the polity of the company—being generally issued on the give-and-take principle—and when given by competent authority, are, at least, open and avowed. But the habit is mainly evil, and is almost sure to be abused.

If supplies are almost systematically purchased at higher prices than it is necessary to pay; if ties, after being rejected by an inspector, are purchased by a relative of that scrupulous functionary, and then found to pass muster; if cull wood and green wood are accepted for fuel at the highest prices, and trains made sometimes to stand still till the green stuff can be coaxed into a steam-producing temper; if tickets once used and not punched find their way into service a second time; if conductors, in spite of ticket pickers, engage in this traffic; if a passenger, about to take the boat at Montreal for Toronto, has been met by a runner and told that he could go by rail for four dollars, and he accepted the offer and was never asked by the conductor for a ticket; if conductors "dead-head" acquaintances and sometimes get paid an under rate, of course in the form of presents; if a conductor who comes from England without private resources, and has a large family to maintain on a slender income, is able to set up in business in a few years, on a capital of four or five thousand dollars; if employés are able to give frequent dinner parties on salaries that would exact from ordinary mortals a rigid economy; if individuals throughout the country have become rich by dealing with the company, and there is a suspicion that their wealth is the result of favouritism; if there be truth in these and other sinister rumours with which the air resounds, it would be a wonder if the company were not poor, if dividends were paid, or bondholders got their due. Many of the stories told to

the disadvantage of the company's servants, of various degrees, might break down under investigation, and others might be modified if light were thrown upon them; but when there is so much smoke there must be some fire. Many of these stories, if true, would show a number of acts of a fraudulent character, committed by individuals over an extended line, whom nothing but the most rigid surveillance could restrain. They might be committed without involving the central administration in any thing but the negligence evinced by a want of adequate checks and effective responsibility. The above statements, which have been purposely put in an impersonal shape, without being connected with any one's name, are such as it is impossible not to hear if a certain topic be introduced. There may be great exaggerations among them; but they can hardly be all inventions.

On the back of Mr. Potter's speech came stories of dismissals, showing more than a suspicion of something wrong. Cause for the exercise of vigilant oversight has been shown: would it not be well to go to the bottom of the matter, by means of a systematic investigation? If that were determined on, one person sent from England should be united to a trustworthy person in Canada, having such local knowledge as would enable him to direct the enquiry into proper channels. These two, with the assistance of a first-rate accountant, ought to be able to discover whether the company loses by the irregular and improper conduct of its servants what might pay the interest on some of its bonds and place its affairs in a more hopeful condition. If it should be proved that the alleged wrong-doing is greatly exaggerated, it would still be well to have the fact clearly established. It is quite certain there has been much exaggeration in many of the attacks made, in Canada, on the company's officers. The tone and frequency of these attacks cause them to be set down to some other motive than a

desire to reform any abuses that may exist in the administration, and they come to be in a great measure disregarded by the public. The defence is seldom more trustworthy; it is too frequently the defence of the advocate, not an impartial discussion of a matter of public interest. There is a general belief, founded altogether on evidence outside of adverse newspaper criticism, that there is something wrong in the administration of the company, which extends to almost all its details; and that the result is a great increase of the working expenses over and above what is necessary to thorough efficiency.

It is extremely doubtful, however, whether any reform in the administration of the company, or any economy it would be possible to introduce would enable the company to succeed under the weight of capital with which it is burthened. Much of that capital is irretrievably lost, and it is sheer folly to refuse to look that disagreeable fact in the face. It is mere self-delusion to hope that the stock and a large part of the bonds will ever return a farthing to the owners. A road which, after sixteen years of trial, yields nothing to any one interested in its capital, and now requires a considerable expenditure upon it; which precludes the hope of anything being obtained by proprietors or creditors for years to come, is, in fact, if we must call things by their right name, bankrupt, and the sooner it goes into liquidation the better. To this complexion it must come at last. Every delay only prolongs the torture; every new hope leads inevitably to a further disappointment. There is only one condition under which new capital could be put into the road without being imperilled or sacrificed; and that is, in the shape of purchase money, the road being sold for what it will bring. But is a road which yields nothing worth anything? Yes, doubtless, under new conditions, including a change of gauge to four feet eight and a half inches. When interest had to be earn-

ed only on capital representing the present value of the road, and the cost of working expenses had been greatly increased by the change of gauge, the supposed necessity for competing for Western States' traffic would be got rid of, and the whole remaining business would be certainly and permanently profitable. Everything short of a sale of the road would be a mere palliative, which must fail of its object.

The Northern Railroad has virtually, though not in form, gone through an experience such as is here suggested. It fell into the control of the holders of bonds issued for its renewal. The Government claim was placed out of sight and fell under half-pardonable, half-censurable, neglect, while the stock, unextinguished, no longer carried any authority of control. This form of compromise is highly objectionable; and ought not to be repeated. The bondholders, no matter what the road earns, can never get more than their stipulated interest. It does not concern them that the stockholders get nothing, and that the Government is in the same condition. If creditors had to be dealt with instead of nominal proprietors, whose powers of control are taken away, common honesty would induce a desire to pay them their due; and if the only creditor who is unpaid were not the Government, he might hope to get something; for that the road cannot earn enough to pay more than the bondholders the public is slow to believe. A railroad managed under such conditions is sure to be wastefully managed. If the road had been sold out-and-out what is now under a dangerous liability of being wasted would have been saved. The stockholders and the Government would have been as well off; for neither gets anything or hopes to get anything. If the Government has not absolutely parted with its power to interfere, it might do worse than to look after its interest. The stockholders are helpless; and it would have prevented any false hopes being entertained if their right

had been absolutely as well as practically relinquished.

The Ottawa and Prescott road came to the hammer, and is now profitable. The Cobourg and Peterboro' road went through a similar experience; though the results expected from the change have yet to be worked out.

Within the last few years Canada has seen the growth of a new spirit of self-reliance, in the construction of railroads. While the Grand Trunk remained unproductive, it was felt that no capital for additional Canadian railways could be obtained from England. If we were to construct railroads with Canadian capital, it was felt they must be cheap railways. For that reason the narrow gauge began to find favour. Two railways, the Toronto, Grey and Bruce, and the Toronto and Nipissing, having a gauge of three feet six inches, were built with capital of which about nine-tenths are owned in Canada. They were aided largely by municipal bonuses, which were the more readily obtained from the consideration that whenever municipalities had put such aid in the shape of stock, they had been merely deluded with the hopes of direct returns which they never got. This was almost the universal experience, in the United States as well as Canada. Government loans to railway companies had almost invariably shared the same fate. The bonus system is not free from grave objections. When every person may hope that a railroad will come past his door if he vote for the bonus, there is no difficulty in predicting how he will vote; and he will be all the more zealous in the cause if the effect will be partial confiscation of the property of others, which, though liable to the tax, is so situated that it can derive no advantage from the road. When two rival companies

send paid advocates through the municipalities, surrounded with corrupting influences, the effects are deplorable. When a hundred thousand dollars bonus might depend on the vote of a single reeve, it is not surprising that accusations of bribery were hurled about. And now when the Council is obliged to submit a by-law for a bonus, the operators have to change their scale of procedure. This mode of raising money is becoming discredited; but it is not yet exhausted, and it is impossible to tell the extent to which it may be carried. The share of profit which common rumour has assigned to one railway promoter is all the bonuses he could obtain. It must, however, be a very peculiar case where this would be possible; it would be utterly impracticable in any purely local road. Where a large railway company is interested in getting bonuses to assist in the building of branches, the worst evils are likely to occur.

There are many guarantees for the faithful management of railways having a local proprietary. They will naturally be managed by persons having a direct interest in their success. Authority exercised at a great distance from the centre is always feebly felt. However strong the sense of justice in the Council of the Indies, it could not prevent the worst atrocities resulting from the *repartimientos* in the Spanish colonies. Railways owned in England and worked in Canada must experience, in some degree, the same evil. And in the case of a line of such great extent as the Grand Trunk, the hand of delegated authority moved from Montreal is feebly felt at the extremities. If the company were reorganized, or a sale of the property effected, these evils would be reduced to a minimum, if not entirely overcome.

THRENODIA.

(From *Miscellaneous Poems of JAMES R. LOWELL.*)

Gone, gone from us ! And shall we see
Those sibyl-leaves of destiny,
Those calm eyes, nevermore ?
Those deep, dark eyes, so warm and light,
Wherein the fortunes of the man
Lay slumbering in prophetic light,
In characters a child might scan ?
So bright, and gone forth utterly !
O stern word—Nevermore.

The stars of those two gentle eyes
Will shine no more on earth ;
Quenched are the hopes that had their birth,
As we caught them slowly rise,
Stars of a mother's fate ;
And she would read them o'er and o'er,
Pondering as she sate,
Over their dear astrology,
Which she had conned and conned before,
Deeming she needs must read aright
What was writ so passing bright.
And yet, alas ! she knew not why,
Her voice would falter in its song,
And tears would slide from out her eye,
Silent, as they were doing wrong.
O stern word—Nevermore.

The tongue that scarce had learned to claim
An entrance to a mother's heart
By that dear talisman, a mother's name,
Sleeps all forgetful of its art !
I love to see the infant soul
(How mighty in the weakness
Of its untutored meekness !)
Peep timidly from out its nest,
His lips, the while,
Fluttering with half-fledged words,
Or hushing to a smile
That more than words expressed,
When his glad mother on him stole
And snatched him to her breast !
O, thoughts were brooding in those eyes
That would have soared like strong-winged
birds
Far, far into the skies,

Gladding the earth with song,
And gushing harmonies,
Had he but tarried with us long !
O stern word—Nevermore.

How peacefully they rest,
Cross-folded there upon his little breast,
These small, white hands that ne'er were still
before,
But ever sported with his mother's hair
Or the plain cross that on her breast she wore !
Her heart no more will beat
To feel the touch of that soft palm,
That ever seemed a new surprise
Sending glad thoughts up to her eyes
To bless him with their holy calm,—
Sweet thoughts ! they made her eyes as sweet.
How quiet are the hands
That wove those pleasant bands !
But that they do not rise and sink
With his calm breathing, I should think
That he were dropped asleep.
Alas ! too deep, too deep
Is this his slumber !
Time scarce can number
The years ere he will wake again.
O, may we see his eyelids open then !
O stern word—Nevermore.

As the airy gossamere,
Floating in the sunlight clear,
Where'er it toucheth clingeth tightly,
Round glossy leaf or stump unsightly,
So from his spirit wandered out
Tendrils spreading all about,
Knitting all things to its thrall
With a perfect love of all.
O stern word—Nevermore.

He did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or listening to their fairy chime ;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale ;

He did but float a little way,
 And, pulling to the shore
 While yet 'twas early day,
 Went calmly on his way,
 To dwell with us no more !
 No jarring did he feel,
 No grating on his vessel's keel ;
 A strip of silver sand
 Mingled the waters with the land
 Where he was seen no more :
 O stern word—Nevermore.

Full short his journey was ; no dust
 Of earth unto his sandals gave ;
 The weary weight that old men must,
 He bore not to the grave.
 He seemed a cherub who had lost his way
 And wandered hither, so his stay
 With us was short, and 'twas most meet
 That he should be no deliver in earth's clod
 Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
 To stand before his God :
 O blest word—Evermore.

LITTLE DORINN.

A FENIAN STORY.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, *Author of "Carmina," &c.*

CHAPTER I.

THE FAIR HILLS OF ERIN OGH.

A HISTORIAN, in an eloquent passage, has described the subtle spell of the Irish character with which the conquered Irish revenged their defeat, and in yielding triumphed, by throwing over the minds and hearts of their new masters its fatal fascination. The spell, he tells us, was first chanted over the infant's cradle by the foster-nurse in wild, passionate melodies ; it was breathed in the ear of the growing boy by the minstrels who haunted the castle-halls ; its lawless attractions proved too strong for the manhood trained amidst such perilous enchantments, and the sons of the invaders became "more Irish than the Irish themselves."

In perfect harmony with this subtle fascination of the Irish character, is the charm of the Irish land. It is truly a land "half sunshine, half-tears," of varying aspects and changing skies. One moment gloomily shrouded in clouds and vapours, the next robed in golden hued sun-shower, or purple mist, or sparkling and glowing under the

radiant sun-burst which her poets and patriots hail as an emblem of the bright future yet in store for fair Erin Ogh. A land in some places dark and frowning, wild and barren ; in others soft, genial, fertile and bright ; raised into grandeur by its magnificent sea-cliffs, its pillars of basalt, and granite mountains ; softened into beauty by its glittering rivers, lakes and waterfalls, and its fairy-haunted glens forever green ; its ivied ruins of castle, church, and abbey, throwing over it the weird glamour of the past, its legendary and faërie lore filling it with the magic of poetry and romance. It is a land, like its children, full of strange anomalies, mysteries and contrasts ; a land whose wild beauty and pathetic story irresistibly appeal to the imagination and touch the heart.

In all this beautiful land there is no spot more lovely than that which lies between the Dargle, the Vartrey, and the Avoca Rivers, guarded and encircled by its groups of crystalline mountains. The eastern flanks of these mountains, fronting the Irish sea, are broken into deep glens and gorges, their steep rocky sides lined with purple heather,

where the shy wild grouse lay their eggs and nurse their broods, and over whose lofty summits the golden eagle, soaring in the blue, poises for a moment on his strong wing, while his bold eye glances down at the dark, steel-blue waters of the little lough lying far below, looking at that distance like the shield of Ossian or Finn, or the mirror of Selma, but hiding, as the royal bird well knows, many a speckled trout in its crystal depths. A succession of narrow, transverse valleys, unsurpassed for romantic and picturesque beauty, open out from these heights, growing richer and more fertile as they approach the sea. Sheltered by mountains, watered by numberless springs and rivers, fanned and freshened by gentle winds and soft showers, these valleys are magnificently wooded, and filled with the most luxuriant vegetation. There myrtles and fuchsias grow to the height of the houses, and fear no blighting frost; the rarest and loveliest shrubs and flowers live and bloom there in perfection, and in old-fashioned gardens, on sunny south walls, figs grow ripe and mellow, and mulberry trees are loaded with purple fruit as in their native clime.

And flowers are not the only gems of nature to be found in this favoured region. Among its mountains of granite and quartz, of greenstone and porphyry,—fit haunts for faërie gnomes—garnets and beryls may be found, and Irish diamonds are abundant. Its sea-beach is strewn with pebbles of exquisite beauty, some with delicate opal tints, some bright cornelian red or emerald green—with blood-stones and agates, and many others whose lovely streaks and veinings might have been wrought by the mermen and mermaids

In the purple twilights under the sea.

Gold is still found in Crooghan Kinshela mountain, the "Lagenian Mine," with whose glittering splendour Moore adorned his song, and in the streams which have their rise there; and traces and indications of almost every metal are to be met with. No wonder

that these rich and beautiful hills and valleys should be famous in Irish story and song? No wonder that those whose senses first opened on these fair scenes, and drank in their enchantments with every breath they drew, should pine for them with passionate love and longing when far away, and echo the lament of the student of St. Omer, in his plaintive song, the *Ban-Chnoic*, Erin Ogh.*

Beautiful and broad are the green fields of Erin,

Uliacān dev O!

With life-giving grain and golden corn,

Uliacān dev O!

And honey in the woods with the mists wreath deep,
In the summer by the paths the high streams leap,
At burning noon rich sparkling dew the fair flowers
steep.

On the fair hills of Erin Ogh!

CHAPTER II.

ROEBAWN AND ITS MASTER.

IN that lovely valley through which the winding Vartrey flows, there is, or was a few years ago, a farm of about fifty acres, known by the name of Roebawn, so called from an ancient fort, or keep, of the great clan O'Byrne, of which part of the foundation still remained. It lay on the side of a gently sloping hill, safely sheltered from stormy winds, yet freely shone on by the sun, and open to the sweet western breeze; a picturesque, yet homely, old-world spot, such as, in these days of improved and scientific farming, is scarcely any where to be found. It was divided into small fields, enclosed by thick thorn hedges, with here and there clumps of oak, ash and elm interspersed; and lanes sunk between high banks, where all sorts of weeds and wild flowers grew, and where, in their season, hips and haws, sloes, blackberries, and hazel nuts, might be gathered in abundance, ran from one end of the farm to the other.

"The Fair Hills of Virgin Ireland."

The dwelling-house, though old, built of mud, and thatched with straw, looked neat and comfortable, for the thatch was kept fresh and trim, the walls were whitewashed and covered with creepers, and the panes of glass in the windows were always clean and bright. It was divided from the road—a by-road, overhung with trees, and so narrow that it was with difficulty two vehicles could pass each other—by a strip of green field, and a white-thorn hedge and double ditch. At one end of the hedge a gate gave entrance to a lane, shaded with old ash trees, which led to the farm-yard, and near it was a stile from which a footpath wound through “the bawn,” as it was called, to the house. Divided from the dwelling by the garden gate, was the dairy; a place of no small importance, for Roebawn was famous for its delicious butter. Close by ran a clear, sparkling stream, which never became dry in the hottest summer, and there every morning and evening, a bare-headed, bare-footed maiden scoured her wooden “milk-vessels,”—churns, cools, piggins and noggins—with bright sand from the stream’s pebbly bed, till the wood was white as snow, and the iron hoops shone like silver, piling them on the bank as they were finished, to sweeten in the pure air among the butter-cups and daisies.

At the other end of the house, a green door in a low stone wall, covered with clematis, and a monthly rose which bore blossoms nearly every month in the year, opened on the farm-yard round which the farm buildings were grouped, and where there was life and bustle all day long. There cocks, hens, and chickens, crowded and cackled from morning till night; there ducks and geese waded or swam in the little pond beside the big well, there pigeons cooed and swallows twittered, and the great black turkey-cock strutted and gobbled among his wives and children, and spread his monstrous tail in the sun. There pigs grunted and fought over their feeding troughs; and there the ploughman brought his tired horses after the

day’s work was done, to be rubbed down, watered and fed. To this yard the cows came to be milked, and a pretty sight it was to see the stout, red-armed milkers, each carrying her three-legged stool, patting and stroking the gentle creatures, calling them all sorts of pet names, and having pushed and shoved them into their proper places, tied up their long tails, and spancelled their hind legs, sit down on their queer little tripods, and while the cows placidly chewed the cud of the grass or clover on which they had been feeding all day, deftly drew down into the white pails the rich fragrant milk, in rapid frothing streams, keeping time with some crooning old ditty to the rhythmic flow. For it is believed there that cows are soothed by the soft sweet sounds of a musical voice, and when once accustomed to be sung to at milking-time, will not give their milk freely without the wonted strain. Here, through all the autumn, and far on into the winter, the thresher’s flail resounded—threshing machines being then scarcely known in the district—and saucy sparrows and chaffinches, with pigeons from the pigeon-houses, fluttered among the fowls, as, in search of stray grains of wheat and oats, they scratched up the chaff at the barn door. Here there was constant variety and movement, and an ever-changing succession of pictures of animal life and rustic labour. Little order or neatness was to be found, but every thing showed careless plenty and rough prosperity, and men and animals alike seemed cheerful, thriving and contented.

Next to the yard was the haggard, where mighty ricks of hay and stacks of sheaves, carefully thatched to defend them from the weather, and shaped and trimmed with the nicest accuracy, were raised above the ground on rough frames, to preserve them from the ravages of rats and mice.

At the back of the dwelling-house was the garden, well stocked with cabbages, and gooseberry and currant bushes; and beyond the garden was the apple orchard, with apple-trees, old, crooked, gnarled, and moss-

grown, which, in spite of all horticultural rules, summer after summer, showed branches bending to the ground with their red and golden fruit. In a corner of the orchard two fine old filbert-trees grew beside a well, renowned for the purity and clearness of its water, bubbling out of a stony bank over-run with robin-run-the-hedge, ground ivy, and wild strawberry plants. In the shady lane at the other side of the hedge, what wealth of primroses bloomed in early spring; what cowslips clustered on the meadow banks; what wild roses and honeysuckles made the hedges fragrant in the later summer! Every field had a name, such as the oak park, the hanging field, the red bank, the spring meadow, and every spot on the farm was endeared to the owners by some pleasant memory or inherited association. For it had been the property of the same family for many generations. No one in the neighbourhood had ever heard of a time when it did not belong to the Byrnes.

These Byrnes were descended from a branch of the powerful sept of the O'Byrnes, who once were princes in the land, but were now only represented there by a few obscure and impoverished descendants. Maurice Byrne, the present possessor of Roebawn, was a fine, handsome young fellow, quick-witted, eager and impulsive; like a true Celt, sensitive and affectionate, and an excellent son to his widowed mother; with a frank, kindly, pleasant manner, and a temper that made him a favourite with all who knew him; but with a flash in his eye, and a ring in his voice at times, that showed the wild blood of his forefathers still ran in his veins, however restrained and subdued by English civilization. He was now five and twenty; and in that land of early marriages it caused some wonder among the neighbours that he was still single. He was always ready to laugh and dance with any girl that came in his way, and was famous for his skill in those jokes and repartees in which rustic courtships are usually carried on, but in spite of

this, and the many shy glances of admiration which the prettiest girls in the parish gave him at mass and merry-making, from under their black or brown lashes, he was still a free man. But some of the most discerning gossips had begun to suspect that he was not likely to remain so long.

CHAPTER III.

A MOUNTAIN MAID.

AT the head of the glen into which the valley narrowed as it approached the mountains, there was a lonely little cabin, built of sods, and thatched with heath, in which lived a very old man, sorely crippled with rheumatism, and his granddaughter, a girl of seventeen. His son, with whom he had lived, his son's wife, and all their children, except this one girl, had been carried off by a malignant fever; and he would have been forced to go into the poor-house—a harder fate to the wild and lawless Irishman than to the proudest and most independent Englishman—if it had not been for the kindness of his neighbours, and the faithfulness of his granddaughter, little Dorinn. Though only thirteen at the time, she was a bright, intelligent girl, tall and strong for her age; she could spin and knit to perfection, and do most kinds of woman's work better than many who were twice her age, and she bravely declared that she was both able and willing to support her grandfather, if they could only get a roof to shelter them. Filled with admiration for this young thing's courage and filial devotion, her kind neighbours, nearly as poor as herself, built a little cabin at the foot of the mountains, for which no rent was required, and conveyed little Dorinn and her grandfather thither in triumph; adding to the small stock of household goods remaining, after the beloved dead had been "decently buried," and all debts paid, "a loan," as they delicately called it, "not to hurt the darling's

pride," from their own scanty stock of provisions.

Her good qualities were already known to some of the farmers' wives, who lived near, and they soon found work for her to do. And so she had struggled on with never-failing hope and energy; tenderly waiting on her crippled grandfather, working early and late with all her might, and with blithe goodwill; never seen at dances, wakes, or fairs; and always, found by those who entered the cabin, gay as a lark and busy as a bee, cheering the old man, as he sat by the hearth in his rush-bottomed arm-chair, with snatches of sweet song, lively chat, and merry laughter.

Often the traveller, passing along the bridle-path that led up the mountain near the cabin door, saw her at sunrise, spreading the linen she had washed to whiten on the sweet thyme and heather that grew all about; or filling her pitcher at the bright bubbling spring bursting out of its rocky prison close by. Returning in the evening, when the summer twilights were long and warm, he might find her at the cabin door spinning, on her big wheel, soft rolls of carded wool; or sitting on the doorstep, knitting into stockings the yarn she had spun, singing softly to herself, not to waken her sleeping grandfather, in a voice as sweet and clear as the wild wood notes of the robin or the thrush, some simple old ballad of true love, its joys and sorrows. Of such ballads the Irish peasantry are passionately fond, and the peddlers, who carry them about, and sell them at a halfpenny a sheet, find ready purchasers at every fair and market, farm-house and cabin in the country. Silly enough these ballads often are, no doubt, but almost always harmless, and at times as full of guileless romance, pity, and pathos, as that old and antique song which Duke Orsino loved, and which

The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun
Did use to chant—

Dallying with the innocence of love
Like the old age.*

No one who saw little Dorinn in that wild and lonely spot, clad in her dark blue wool-len frock, hanging straight and narrow round her lithe, symmetrical figure, like an antique robe, her hair plaited and coiled round her graceful head, her arms, feet, and ankles, bare and brown, but beautifully shaped, could have helped turning to look at her again. And if a sculptor could have moulded the image of her artless grace and unconscious beauty, as she stood by the spring watching the sparkling water falling into her pitcher, and breaking into silvery spray as it fell, and called his work "The Naiad of the Well," he would certainly have made his fortune. For little Dorinn was beautiful, with all the finest traits of Irish beauty. Her figure was tall and well rounded, notwithstanding the endearing diminutive by which she was known, and perfectly formed, and her face had that bewitching and nameless charm which wins love even more than it attracts admiration. Her features were all soft and harmonious; her dark blue eyes, heavily fringed with darker lashes, were at once laughing and tender; she had rich, abundant chestnut hair, a lovely dimpled mouth and chin, and the prettiest teeth; her skin, though browned by the sun, was dazzlingly clear, and the brightest hue of the wild rose glowed on her cheek. Health, freedom, and innocence, were in every look and gesture, and a light, happy heart shone through all. No mountain maid could ever have been fairer than little Dorinn.

This was the girl, it was whispered, who

* Occasionally some of the gems of modern poetry are to be found among them; Burns' songs, when not too Scotch, and those of Moore, that are most simple and unpretending. The beautiful ballad, "I'm sitting on the stile, Mary," is a great favourite, and so are two or three of Thomas Davis' love songs. I say nothing here of those patriotic effusions which, of late years, have spread like wildfire through the land.

had made young Maurice Byrne so indifferent to the charms of all the farmers' daughters with a "fortune," any one of whom he could have had, it was well known, for the asking. As the whispers grew louder they at last reached Mrs. Byrne's ears, and caused the good woman no small vexation and trouble. She had been particularly kind to little Dorinn, who had always been a great favourite with her, but it had never once entered her head that Maurice, who seemed so hard to please in a wife, and so indifferent, if not absolutely averse to marriage, and who could have had his choice out of all the best matches for miles around, could throw himself away on one so poor and low-born as little Dorinn; for the Irish pride of family is intensely strong, showing itself under all circumstances and in all ranks, often in a highly ludicrous, often in a really pathetic manner; and Mrs. Byrne had her full share of the national weakness. She herself was a Byrne by birth, a far-off cousin of her husband, and it was acknowledged through all the county "that, though the Byrnes had come down in the world, some of the very best blood of Ireland ran in their veins." Her suspicions, however, once excited, it was not long till she saw enough to confirm her worst fears. Little Dorinn never came to the farm to help at a busy time, or to bring home the wool she had spun, or the stockings she had knitted, that Maurice did not seem to know it by instinct, manage some how or other to hover near her while she staid, and contrive some excuse to join her on her way home. These signs, and many more of the same kind, were seen by Mrs. Byrne with great indignation, and she told herself emphatically that it was her duty to put a stop to such folly; but how she was to do this, so far as Maurice was concerned, was not very clear. She well knew that, in spite of his sweet temper and gentle ways, he had a strong and steadfast will of his own, whenever he thought proper to exert it, and as often as she resolved to speak her mind

to him on the matter, her dread of his anger, and a look of determination in his face when she made the most distant approach to the subject, kept her silent. But she did what she could. She tried to relieve her mind by as many expressions of contempt for girls who had neither family nor fortune, as she dared utter before Maurice, and held forth on the folly and evil results of unequal marriages as if she had been a duchess who dreaded that the heir of the house was going to make a *mesalliance* with a daughter of the people. She also shewed a marked change in her conduct to little Dorinn: ceased to send for her on every trivial occasion as she had been used to do, grew cold and distant in her manner when they met, and made her displeasure so evident that little Dorinn, painfully conscious of its cause, gave up going to Roebawn. But this by no means prevented Maurice from going to little Dorinn. Mrs. Byrne soon learned that he walked home with her from early mass every Sunday, and on week days, no matter how hard his day's work had been, some one was sure to meet him, in the summer twilight, going up the glen. And thus it happened that, for the first time in their lives, there was coldness and estrangement between Maurice and his mother.

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT CLAN O'BYRNE.

IT was now late in September, and harvest, which this year had been unusually early, was already over. A warm, dry summer had ripened the crops quickly and well, the fields had been rapidly stripped of their rich stores by the glad reapers, and the golden sheaves carried quickly home, without a single shower having fallen to dim their brightness. The hay had been drawn in from the meadows, and the great rick made; wheat, oats, and barley had been stacked in the haggard; yet still the weather remained

clear and sunny: the skies were blue, the trees green, the streams sparkled in the sunshine, birds sang among the branches, and bees hummed round the flowers as if it were midsummer still.

The kitchen in the farm-house of Roebawn was large and roomy, with a clay floor, beaten as hard and smooth as stone, white-washed walls, and a raftered roof. A huge dresser, loaded with tin, delf, and wooden ware, a couple of deal tables and oak "set-tles," some forms and stools, made up the furniture. In the chimney of the great open hearth, with seats at each side, fitches of bacon, hogs' puddings, and strings of her-rings, were hung to smoke and dry; and here, too, the sacred salt-box was suspended. A fire of turf, after having done its duty in boiling the potatoes for supper, was now falling into glowing embers on the hearth. The bright evening sun came in through the green leaves and blue flowers of the periwinkles clustering round the window, and shone on the long table, on which a coarse linen cloth was spread, covered with the re-mains of the meal which Maurice and his hired men had taken together. It had con-sisted of the "pot of potatoes," which, after being "teamed" and emptied into a great osier basket, had been tossed up on the table and heaped inside a wooden hoop, which kept the mighty pile of soft, flowery roots from falling about in all directions, butter-milk and skim-milk mixed in wooden nog-gins, whole meal bread baked on the griddle, and butter.

Though Maurice had supped with the men, a little round table had been placed beside the fire for Mrs. Byrne, on which were a cup and saucer, a tiny cream-jug, and a little brown earthenware tea-pot, shewing that the mistress had indulged in the luxury and dignity of tea. She was a dark-eyed, dark-haired, comely woman of about fifty, comfortably dressed in a black quilted petti-coat, a green stuff gown, with the skirt pin-ned up behind, and a white cap and apron;

kindly and pleasant-looking, but with a hasty imperative glance and tone, which showed that, in small matters at least, she was ac-customed to have her own way. As she saw Maurice, when he had finished his sup-
per, rise hastily from the table and go up the little stairs that led to the loft where he slept, she seemed seized with a sudden fit of impatience, and began bustling about the kitchen, scolding the ser-
vant-girls for their slowness in clearing the table, and hurrying them out to milk the cows. She knew quite well that he had gone to his room to make himself look smart before going to little Do-rinn, and, when she heard him coming down, she turned hastily away, determined not to look at him or speak to him as he went out. But instead of hurrying away, as he usually did, Maurice lingered at the door, looking alternately across the green bawn and back at his mother, who was now alone in the kitchen. While he yet hesitated, a little green linnet hopped on a rose-bush that was near, and, as if with a sudden impulse, pour-ed forth its evening song. At the same mo-ment Mrs. Byrne uttered something between a sigh and a groan, as the hook on which she was hastily trying to hang a pot of milk swerved aside, making her spill some of the milk, and almost put out the fire.

"I'll do it, mother," said Maurice, coming towards her; "it's too heavy for you."

"No, you won't," said Mrs. Byrne, again catching the hook, and this time succeeding in hanging the pot; "go off to your sweet-heart, and leave me alone."

"Is it little Dorinn you mean, mother?" Maurice asked quietly.

"Who else would I mean? My heart's fairly broke with the same Dorinn."

"Mother," said Maurice, "you used to say she was the best girl in the country; what has turned you against her?"

"You know well enough what has turned me against her. I know no harm of her, and she's fought a good fight to get bread for herself and her old grandfather, poor

man ; but she's not the sort of girl I'd want to see my son's wife. And that's what I'm told she's going to be."

"But if your son wanted her, and only her, out of all the women in the world, to be his wife—" Maurice began, coaxingly.

But his mother interrupted him with hasty vehemence, "Musha, then, don't be talking nonsense, child ! It's enough to drive me distracted to think of all the decent girls you're throwing over for the sake of one that hasn't a second gown to her back. There's Bidy Doyle, as handsome a girl as there is in all Leinster, with fifty pounds for her fortune, and a Dublin education, no less ; and I know she'd jump into your arms this minute, if she was here, and you'd only say the word."

"I hope not, mother," said Maurice, with a comical look, "for I'll never give her the chance. I wouldn't marry her if she had fifty millions instead of fifty pounds. She's got a tongue that would drive me mad in a week."

"Well, there is Katy Kelley. She's not so handsome, maybe, but she's her father's only child, and I know she'll have all he owns when he dies. I'm sure she's quiet enough."

"Is it that big, ugly, awkward mountain ? Why, I couldn't eat a morsel of food, for my life, if I had her before me. It's joking you are."

"Not a bit," said Mrs. Byrne, obstinately. "You'd find her money pretty handsome in your hands, if you had it, let me tell you."

"But I wouldn't find Katy herself so, and not to deceive you, mother, I never intend to try. And, indeed, I never thought you would have advised me to do such a mean thing as marry a woman for her money. I'd far rather be hanged."

"Oh, well, if you think such a deal about beauty, there's Rosy Moran. I'm sure she's as pretty as a posy, and a quiet, civil, little girl as you'd meet in a day's walk ; and her

father himself told me he'd give her a hundred pounds down on her wedding day."

"Faith, and she'll want it all," said Maurice, laughing. "Why, mother, I've often heard you say she hadn't wit enough to knit two stockings alike."

Mrs. Byrne was somewhat at a loss how to answer this, for she knew in her inmost heart that she really did not like any one of these girls, but just now she had thought it good policy to bring them forward in opposition to little Dorinn.

"May be I did, and may be I didn't," she said, "but if I did, sure I was only talking nonsense. If Rosy's not as clever as— as some people, she's no fool. But there's other good girls in the parish ; girls with fortunes, and pretty girls, too, and that would make good wives. Why couldn't you fancy one of them ? Oh, Maurice, acushla machree, pulse of my heart that you are," she suddenly exclaimed, changing from anger to passionate entreaty ; "what do I care for in the whole world but you ! When your father died, God rest his soul, I wasn't old nor bad-looking neither, though it little becomes me to say it, and I might have married again many and many a time, and married well, too ; but I wouldn't have listened to the Lord-Lieutenant himself, if he had come to me in his coach and six, with the marriage license in his hand, for my heart was wrapped up in my fair-haired boy. And a good mother I was to you, Maurice mavourneen ; watching over you early and late ; the Queen's own son couldn't have been better cared for ; and now are you going to cross me in my old age, and break my heart by marrying against my will ?"

"Mother," said Maurice softly, as he went gently up to her, and laid his hand tenderly on her shoulder, "there's not a girl in the whole country you like as well as you like little Dorinn, or that would make you as good a daughter."

Poor Mrs. Byrne ! Maurice, as she said, was the very pulse of her heart, the light of

her eyes ; to her he was at once the helpless baby she had carried in her bosom, and the brave young fellow she looked up to as her king among men, blended in one, and equally irresistible in either shape. She knew she would have to yield at last, but she would not do it without trying to hold out a little while longer.

"It's not myself I'm thinking of," she said, "it's your good, and nothing else. I don't deny that little Dorinn is a good girl, but she hasn't a penny in the world to bless herself with, and nothing to bring to the man she marries, but her poor crippled old grandfather."

"Yes, mother, she has," said Maurice, gravely and earnestly, "she has the sweetest temper and the kindest heart in the whole world ; and her handy ways and industry are better than any fortune. She's been the best of daughters to her grandfather, as you know well, and she'll be the same to you, mother, if you'll let her, or else I'd never ask to bring her here. And then for beauty, and modesty, and sweet pretty ways, where could her equal be found? My only fear is that she's too good for me, and do what I will, I can never deserve her."

"Too good for you," cried Mrs. Byrne, growing angry again ; "for you, that's the handsomest boy, and the cleverest, and the best respected in all the country. You'd better not try to come over me with talk like that, Maurice. And that reminds me of little Dorinn's worst fault, though of course, it's more her misfortune than her fault ;—as pretty as she is, and as well spoken, she's *low-born*. She's sprung from a poor, low family, whereas your family is one of the most ancient and honourable in all Ireland. Everyone knows what the O'Byrnes were in the good old times, and you know it, too, for often I've told you ; and for the matter of that, you may read about them in history."

"Yes, I know all that," said Maurice, "but I don't care a straw for it.—That is," he added, correcting himself, "I don't care

a straw for it in comparison with what I care for little Dorinn."

"Then you ought to be ashamed to say it!" said his mother. "There's no one in all Ireland has a better right to be proud of his family than you. Sure they were kings and princes in the old days, ages and ages before the English ever saw the green sod, and more than that, they were always true to their country, and fought for her like men, down to the poor boy that was hung on Gallow's Hill at Wicklow, and his brother that died in a foreign land. Why, your father had a paper with the whole, true pedigree of all the O'Byrnes in it, and didn't a schemer of an attorney, Tom Cotter by name, wheedle him out of it, and a heap of money besides, under pretence of getting back some of his ancestors' estates for him, that ought to be yours now, if there was any honesty or justice in the country ; and that was the last your father ever saw of his pedigree or his money either. But, indeed, he wasn't the only man Tom Cotter cheated. He died in the *Marshalls*, after all, drinking the glorious, pious and immortal memory, and didn't his widow get a pension from the Government. It's my belief he sold that pedigree to them that had very good reasons for wishing it out of the way, and got a power of money for it."

"You often told me all this before, mother," said Maurice.

But it was difficult to stop Mrs. Byrne when she had once begun to recount what she called the pedigree of the O'Byrnes.

"Yes, I dare say I did, and I could tell you more besides. I could tell you about all the estates they owned in this very county within the memory of man. There was the Byrnes of Killoughter, and the Byrnes of Ballymanus, and the Byrnes of Cabinteely, and where are they all now? All swept away with fines, and confiscations, and forfeitures, and attainders—sure I remember the ugly words well, for your father took a deal of trouble to make me learn them,

And didn't Black Tom* and his Body Guard get thousands and thousands of pounds from them, 'grace money,' as he called it, and take the land after, the villain, with a heart as black as his face; and more betoken the ruins of the castle he built with that money may be seen at Newcastle to this very day. Not a word of lie am I telling you, Maurice Byrne; it's all as true as the gospel; and if right was might, and justice was done, you'd be *The O'Byrne* this very minute, and own half the county from Glenmalhere round by Sugar Loaf Mountain, and down to the sea! And yet you're thinking of demeaning yourself to marry a girl who couldn't tell where her great-grandfather came from, if you were to give her a kingdom, and no more could old Paddy either."

"But you know, mother, there was once a king that married a beggar maid," said Maurice, laughing.

"Now, don't be making game of me, Maurice. If he did I'll be bound it was not with his mother's good will, and no doubt he was sorry for it after. When clear streams mix with muddy ones, they're pure no longer, and it's just the same with blood."

"I'm sure, if looks are anything, there couldn't be clearer and purer blood in the world than little Dorinn's," said Maurice. "To me she looks like a queen! And did you ever see a finer, handsomer old man than Paddy? How do we know that he hadn't ancestors just as grand as the Byrnes? Didn't the English take away our names as well as our lands, and make it a crime to be called O' or Mac, or anything Irish? Maybe Paddy's ancestors had their names taken away, and we might find them in history as well as our own if we knew what they were."

"Don't talk such nonsense," said Mrs. Byrne, angrily. "Do you think any mortal man whose name was taken away from him could ever forget it, except he was a turn-

coat or an informer? Wouldn't he hand it down, and his curse on them that took it away, to his children from generation to generation? True enough," she added, cooling down a little, "I did hear that the Laverlys were the same as the O'Flaherty, but the O'Flahertys never could compare with the O'Byrnes; or indeed, if they ever had any glory or greatness, it died out so long ago, that the whole seed and breed of them must be dead too. Not like the O'Byrnes, with their printed pedigrees, and plenty of people still alive to testify to their grandeur!

"Well, but, mother," said Maurice, a bright idea suddenly striking him, "there's the O'Tooles. The O'Tooles were as great as the O'Byrnes, anyhow, and little Dorinn's mother was an O'Toole."

"Sure enough, Maurice, there's something in that. Yes indeed, the O'Tooles were great once, though it was far back in time, and beyond the memory of man. But it is in history, and on the monuments. Sure their burying-place is up at the Seven Churches, and there's a stone there with an O'Toole's name on it, and the year of his death, Anno Domini, 1010. I saw it myself once, when I was at a Pattern there.* But the O'Byrnes have monuments older than that; and it stands to reason they should, for they were real kings of all Leinster in the days of St. Patrick himself, and the O'Tooles were only kings of a little *patch* out of it, by the O'Byrnes' leave, as it were. But, no doubt, they're an old, ancient family, and the tombstone is certainly there. I saw it with my own eyes and your father saw it too, for he was with me. That Pattern used to be a great place for diversion when I was young, and I've always had a liking for the place, for it was there your

* The Festival of St. Kevin, the Patron Saint of Glendalough; patron being pronounced pat-ron or pattern. In an ancient burial-place of the sept O'Toole, among the ruins of the Seven Churches, the tombstone mentioned above may still be seen.

* The Earl of Strafford, known and execrated by that name in Ireland even at the present day.

father first courted me, and he and I came home that night on the same jaunting-car."

"You were very fond of my father, weren't you, mother?" said Maurice; "you wouldn't have liked any one to come between you and him, even your own father and mother, would you?"

Mrs. Byrne looked at her son and sighed, partly for her lost husband, partly because she knew what Maurice was going to say.

"Indeed, then, I was," she murmured, "and he was fond of me, and it wouldn't have been easy for any one to have come between us."

"I believe you, mother," said Maurice, triumphantly, "and I'm as fond of little Dorinn as ever you were of my father, or he of you. And, mother, a while ago, when the linnet was singing at the door, it came into my mind how you got father to let me keep my little linnet that I found in the bawn, when I was a weeny boy, and how you bought me a cage for it, and helped me to feed it till it grew big. And now, mother, I care a deal more about little Dorinn than ever I did for the linnet, and you must be good to me now as you were then, and let me have my pet bird, and you must love her and be kind to her for my sake."

Mrs. Byrne was thoroughly subdued by this appeal, but still she would not confess it. She wanted to have the pleasure of being coaxed by Maurice a little longer.

"O, whisht, alanna," she said, pretending to push him away, as he still kept his hand on her shoulder, "you needn't be trying to wheedle me that way. What do you care about me now? You only care about your sweetheart. Old mothers are nothing compared to young sweethearts. Sure I know the old proverb:

"My daughter's my daughter all my life.
My son's my son till he gets him a wife."

"Mother," said Maurice, tenderly, "I'll always be just the same to you, married or single, in spite of all the proverbs in the world. And if you're wishing for a daughter

that will be a daughter to you all your life," he added with a bright smile, "where could you get one equal to little Dorinn? And I know you're fond of her mother."

"You know nothing about it, you foolish boy," said his mother. "But even if I am, there's her old grandfather, think what a burden he'd be.—God forgive me for saying so, and save us from the like misfortune ever falling upon ourselves."

"Amen, mother," said Maurice. "But don't you recollect what Father Matthew said the time he came to Wicklow to give the people his temperance medals, and Nelly Casey took her poor foolish boy to him to cure him. I'm sure you can't forget it, for I've heard you tell the story hundreds of times."

"And so you might," said Mrs. Byrne, her enthusiasm kindling as the scenes seemed to rise up before her, "for I was there that day, and heard him say it. It wasn't poor Nelly Casey only, that expected miracles from him; crowds upon crowds came to the town from the farthest glens, and the very tops of the mountains, and all the roads round about were lined with people on foot, or on horseback, and in cars; little old-fashioned cars some of them were, with a bed and a quilt on them, and a step at one side, such as you never see in these parts now. And some poor creatures brought their sick and their crippled in wheel-barrows, and some on their backs,—a pitiful sight to see. Nelly Casey brought her boy along with the rest, poor soul, and she asked the good Father to put his hands on him, and bring back his poor wandering wits.

"'Good woman,' said his reverence, 'I'll lay my hand on him and give him my blessing, the blessing of an unworthy servant of God, but no one could cure such an infirmity as your son is afflicted with, except the Saviour of the world himself came down from heaven to do it.' And, says he, 'I can do no miracles,'—and whether he could or not, I can't tell; sure he must have known

best, but, anyhow, he was a holy man, and a saint, if ever there was one on earth. 'I can do no miracles,' says he, 'but there never was a burden like yours given us to bear, that it didn't bring a blessing along with it, if it was rightly taken; for patience and faith,' says he, 'can make the heaviest load light.'

"Them were his reverence's very words," continued Mrs. Byrne solemnly, "and sure enough they came true with Nelly Casey, for she has been better off since that day than ever she was in her life before."

"And I am sure the good words have come true with little Dorinn, too," said Maurice.

"And so they have," said his mother, "and I don't deny that she'll make a good wife to the man that gets her."

"That'll be me, mother," said Maurice, putting his arm round his mother's neck and kissing her.

"Ah! well, acushla, take your own way," said Mrs. Byrne, "I'll never say another word against it. Sure, after all, it's hard if a man can't please himself in his own wife. And I'm glad you reminded me that her mother was an O'Toole, Maurice, for the O'Tooles were once as great as the O'Byrnes, only they lost their lands and dignities sooner. Many a queer story I've heard about them same O'Tooles. Don't you remember the story about King O'Toole and Saint Kevin and the gander? How the king promised to give the saint all the land the old gander could fly over, and how by the power the saint's prayers put into him, the gander flew over all the lake and all the glen, as strong as an eagle, till he had flown over every inch of the ground from mountain to mountain; and how King O'Toole kept his word like a man, and made over the whole valley to St. Kevin, and then the seven churches were built, and St. Kevin was the first bishop. He turned a holy hermit, in the end, as I have heard, and lived and died in the little cave in the rock over the lake, that they call St. Kevin's bed."

"I was in it once," said Maurice, "and I

came near breaking my neck getting out of it. But the story I heard about it was that St. Kevin went there when he was young, to escape from a woman that loved him, and she followed him, and when he saw her there, not believing any mortal woman could come into such a place, he thought she was an evil spirit, and pushed her into the lake, and she was drowned. And when he came to understand what he had done, he was sorry, and said masses for her soul, day and night, till her sinful spirit was purified, and she was taken into heaven. Her name was Kathleen, and I read a lovely poem written about her by a young man named Gerald Griffin. He was a Catholic, and when he was disappointed with the world, he turned monk, poor fellow, and died young. Mr. Frank Wingfield lent me the poem and a sketch of his life. And then there's Moore's song about the same story. Every one knows that."

"Well, it's a pretty story," said Mrs. Byrne, "but, somehow, I don't think it is right to believe it. I don't think any woman would be so wicked as to fall in love with a saint, though, no doubt, they often take queer fancies. And now that we're talking of all these old stories, I remember hearing that the great chief of the O'Byrnes, Feagh MacHugh, of Glenmalurg, was married to an O'Toole. Rose O'Toole was her name, Maurice," added Mrs. Byrne with great gravity. "I'd like you to call your first daughter Rose. Though, perhaps," she added, "it mightn't be lucky for the child, for it comes into my mind that the poor Lady Rose was taken prisoner when Feagh was fighting against the English, and hung. And then there's another thing against it. It is Rosy Moran's name, and it would never do for people like us, who have so many fine names in our family to be borrowing one from the Morans!"

"Certainly not, mother," said Maurice, laughing merrily; "we don't want to have anything to do with Rosy Moran more than

common civility, do we? But we needn't mind settling the children's names till I get my wife."

"Well, I suppose, you'll do that quick enough now. There's the room beyond the kitchen; a little fitting up, and furnishing, will make it an elegant room for your bride; and I can soon buy her some wedding clothes, and a nice dress to be married in. It won't take long to get things ready, and then, after the potatoes are out, you can get married as soon as you like."

"Yes, mother, if little Dorinn will consent," said Maurice.

"Ah! then, don't be a fool, Maurice," said Mrs. Byrne; "the child fairly dotes on you, and you know it well."

"For all that, mother, she says she will never marry any one as long as her grandfather lives."

"Does she, indeed?" said Mrs. Byrne. "Well, that shows what a right spirit she has. But old Paddy may live these ten years, and sure you'd never think of waiting all that time for a wife. It would be nearly as long as Jacob waited for Rachel in the Bible."

"No man, in the Bible or out of it, ever loved a girl better than I love little Dorinn," said Maurice, "and I'll wait for her till I get her, sure enough, however long that may be. But, mother, she thinks a deal of you, and may be she might consent if you asked her."

"Musha, now, none of your blarney, Maurice, you rogue," said his mother; "do you want to persuade me she'd do more for me than for you?"

"No, mother, only you know you've been stiff to her lately, and she may think that you would object to the poor old man, as many a one would, and she can't know your kind feelings till she hears them from your own lips. Won't you go to her to-morrow, mother, and tell her you'll welcome her for your daughter with a warm heart, and poor old Paddy, too, for her sake."

"I don't know whether I will or not,"

said Mrs. Byrne, though she had the fullest intention of doing so. "It's a queer thing for me to go begging her to be my son's wife, when she ought to be down on her knees thanking God for giving her the chance of such a good husband."

"Now, mother, you know very well you don't mean what you say," said Maurice. "I'm sure you wouldn't like to see her too ready to come into the house before she knew she was welcome. And she an O'Toole, too, mother!" he added slyly.

"Well, Maurice, you need not make a joke of it. You may take my word for it, she's all the better for being that same."

"Then you'll go to her to-morrow, mother, won't you?"

"May be I will, and may be I won't. I'll make no promise. But there," she exclaimed, as Maurice was about to speak again, "don't say any more. I'll go. What's the use of denying you anything? You're sure to have your own way in the end—with your mother anyhow. I doubt if your wife will be as ready to give it to you."

"She's a sensible girl, and will follow my mother's good example," said Maurice, gaily.

"You may tell her I'm going to try if she's more easily won by an old woman than a young man. And now be off with you. I must go to the dairy, for there's the girls gone by with the milk. And here's Barney with the pails for the calves' supper. They're bleating their throats out for it, the creatures."

Happy, and light of heart, Maurice darted away, leaping over the big old housedog lying lazily in the sun, and calling to the little terrier that, tired of watching for his master to come out, had been trying to amuse himself by biting old Pluto's ears; a saucy proceeding which the magnanimous old mastiff regarded with supreme indifference.

"Come along, boy," said Maurice, "and let old Pluto alone. His best days are over, but ours are all before us. Come along, and

let us see who'll be first over the stile. We're going to see little Dorinn!"

Mrs. Byrne, too, felt happier than she had done for weeks, for Maurice's anger had all passed away, like a bad dream, and he was her own loving son once more. Besides she was really fond of little Dorinn, as Maurice had said, and as she went about the dairy, skimming the rich cream from which the far-famed Roebawn butter was to be made, she reflected with satisfaction that she was not only pleasanter, brighter, and sweeter in disposition, than any girl she knew, but she would be certain to make her a much more loving and dutiful

daughter than any rich heiress who might pride herself on her fortune, and probably think little enough of her old-fashioned mother-in-law. Nor did Mrs. Byrne forget to remind herself that little Dorinn was an O'Toole; altogether an O'Toole she was sure, for she showed her gentle blood in every look and action. No one could say an O'Byrne was lowering himself by marrying an O'Toole, as the great chief of the clan had done three hundred years ago. Both families had come down in the world since then, but the good old blood was in them still.

(To be continued.)

GOLD FOR SILVER.

BY ALICE HORTON.

A TERRACE with glinting shadows,
A trellis with clambering plants,
Red roses that budded and blossomed
In lazy luxuriance.

A fountain that plashed in its basin,
A passion-flower trained to a wall,
A solemn horizon of highlands,
And the sound of a waterfall.

You stood on the steps of the terrace,
Your beautiful face in the light,
Your hair was aglow with the sunset,
Your eyes were agloom with the night.

Across gulfs of years and distance
I can conjure you even yet.
Though your face breaks not now from the
background,
With all the tints I regret.

The years have defrauded your outline
Of many a curve and shade;
And the sunset surroundings about you,
And the golden colours fade.

Ah well, it was not for beauty,
That I threw up the cards of life,
When you told me you could not love me
Enough to become my wife!

And I loved you so well and unwisely
I would not be answered so;
I could not endure to behold you,
And love you, and then forego.

So I watched for my chance of a tide-turn,
And followed your steps afar,
And heard your voice in all music,
And saw your eyes in each star.

Did I flatter myself after service,
And patient waiting o'erpast,
That blest like a second Jacob,
I should clasp my Rachel at last?

I may have done—till one evening
You had let me sit at your feet,
The wild bees hummed in the sunshine,
The bagpipes droned in the street.

You were at your ease with me ever,
 Though my words would not come for bliss;
 I was far too glad of your laughter
 To question, "Laughs *love* like this?"

On a sudden the sky overclouded,
 And there fell a splash of rain,
 And a requiem wind came wailing
 And sobbing against the pane.

Then a knock and a ring at the entrance,
 And a pain at my heart like despair,
 For why should you brighten and listen
 To the fall of a foot on the stair.

For me you had prattle and laughter—
 Could I be content with this,
 When you had not a word to say,
 As your lifted eyes met his?

Not that I blamed you for loving—
 He was better to look at than I!
 I gave up the game when I saw him,
 Before he had cast the die.

There may be, perhaps, exceptions,
 But only to prove the rule:
 That, give her a fool and a wise man,
 The woman will choose the fool!

And yet I felt bitter against you—
 You had not softened the stroke;
 Yet hardly, in your full gladness,
 E'en pitied the heart you broke!

The shadows still glint on your terrace,
 The creepers still clamber and stoop;
 But the gravel is red with shed roses,
 And the scrowful passion-flowers droop.

In my anger I long to forget you,
 Through summers and winters, yet
 I long to completely remember,
 More than I long to forget!

O terrace, O trellis, O fountain,
 O face in the sunset glow!
 And so I still love this woman
 Who jilted me years ago!

THE BURNING OF THE "CAROLINE."

BY G. T. D.

[We have been lately reminded again of the once famous affair of the *Caroline* by the grant, through the intercession of Lord Dufferin, of a pension of £100 to the widow of the late Col. McLeod, who took a distinguished part in that affair and whose arrest and trial by the American authorities formed at the time a very serious question between the government of England and that of the United States. The following narrative is by a Canadian officer, who served against the rebels and their American sympathizers.]

ON the morning of the 29th of December, 1837, I was standing on the roof of the old Pavilion Hotel, Niagara Falls, in company with two brother officers. We were all young men, and were much interested in the stirring events with which we had been connected during the previous month. We had been surprised by the threatened attack upon Toronto by the rebels under Mackenzie, who assembled at Montgomery's Tavern on the 4th of the same month. We had performed our share of the garrison duty from the 4th till the 7th, and on that day had taken part in the so-

called battle of Gallows Hill. I had also gone through the winter march to the village of Scotland, and on to Ingersoll, under Sir Allan MacNab. Thence we were marched to Chippewa, where the company in which I was lieutenant was stationed, as part of the force besieging Navy Island, which was occupied by the patriots or sympathisers, as they called themselves, and where Mackenzie and others had established a provisional government.

The old Pavilion Hotel, since burned down, stood upon the high ground about two or three hundred yards north of the

Roman Catholic Church and Nunnery, on the bank just above the Horse Shoe Fall. The remains of the cellar and foundation can still be seen close to the reservoir of the Clifton House water works.

The prospect from the balcony or observatory was singularly beautiful. In fact the most picturesque and varied view to be seen about the Falls is, without doubt, that from the higher bank between the site of the Pavilion Hotel and the Nunnery. From this point one can overlook a great portion of the surrounding country. Right under your feet you look down into the cauldron of the Horse Shoe Fall, the mist rising up and partially hiding its depths. Farther on you look down upon Goat Island and the American Fall; and on the other shore over the white buildings and large hotels of Manchester, to the fields beyond. The centre of the picture is filled up with the great river coming into sight on the horizon miles away, near Tonawanda, with Grand Island and Navy Island dividing it into different broad channels, looking like arms of the sea. In the distance the river seems still and almost dead in its quiet calm; as it comes nearer, ruffled a little upon its surface, until it gets into the rapids, and then for about a mile it comes tearing down, pitching and leaping, now breaking into great waves of spray dashing against each other, now gliding in a rushing green mass, too heavy, too massive, for the unevenness of the channel to print itself upon its surface. So it moves in its onward progress until it takes the last plunge into the abyss beneath, and loses itself in spray and foam and mist.

From our standpoint Navy Island lay before us, about a mile and a half above the commencement of the rapids, and almost in the middle of the river. Towards Navy Island, then occupied by the sympathisers, we noticed a steamer leave the American shore, almost opposite to it, and move across the river towards the island. We had with us a powerful telescope, and immediately

brought it to bear upon the vessel, which was about two miles from us, and among other things we noticed wheels upon the deck showing above the bulwarks. At first it was thought they were cart or waggon wheels, but a closer inspection showed they were cannon wheels of field pieces, which were being conveyed from Fort Schlosser to the aid of the rebels whom we were besieging. It must be remembered that from the Canadian shore, opposite Navy Island, the trees upon it completely hid what was going on behind it and between it and the American shore.

The news that the steamer (which proved afterwards to be the *Caroline*), was carrying cannon and supplies to the rebels, was communicated to Sir Allan MacNab, with the further information that she was moored behind the island, and that it appeared likely that she would remain there.

Sir Allan MacNab, immediately upon hearing that the steamer was conveying munitions of war to the enemy and was moored in British waters, determined to organize an expedition to cut her out and send her over the Falls. His plans were laid at once with great skill, and every means taken to ensure success. Volunteers were called for, and only those accustomed to boats and the water were allowed to take part. Captain Drew of the Royal Navy, a retired officer, was appointed to command the expedition, assisted by Lieutenants Sheppard, McCormack, John Elmsley and others. The men were ignorant of the service they were to perform; for Captain Drew merely called for a few fellows that would be willing "to follow him to the devil."

Five boats were prepared, well manned, well armed, and with muffled oars and every arrangement that could conduce to success. To properly understand the difficulty of the enterprise it must be understood that there is probably nowhere a more dangerous piece of water to navigate than that immediately above the Falls and about Navy Island.

The current runs from four to five miles an hour, so smoothly and quietly that when upon the river it is impossible to tell how you are drifting unless you take bearings upon shore, when if you desist from rowing for a minute it makes you shudder to feel how quietly and rapidly you are gliding down to the fearful cataract whose sounding waters are roaring in your ears, and whose column of white spray towers up before you. The river below Navy Island is almost three miles across from shore to shore, and it is only about a mile and a half to the rapids, so one can readily imagine the difficulty of navigating a piece of water of that shape with so rapid a current. A broken oar, a strong wind down stream, a capsized boat or a little carelessness, and the poor boatman is lost beyond all hope. When all this is considered, and that this operation had to be performed at night, the danger will appear in all its force. The most skilful ferryman will refuse to cross at night unless it is singularly clear, so that the opposite shore can be seen.

To give bearings to guide the boats at night a line was taken by daylight and the sites fixed for two large fires, one on the shore of the river and the other about half a mile inland. These were lighted after dark and gave the expedition a line below which it would be dangerous to drift and by which they could fix their positions while upon the water.

The little expedition set out quietly on its undertaking about 11 p.m. After getting away from the shore Captain Drew gathered the boats around him and told his followers the service they were about to undertake and gave them the necessary directions. They then moved on again. The greatest silence was observed, and with muffled oars and careful stroke they glided across the river, went around the Island, and skirted its farther shore without finding the object of their search. In doing this three of the boats, namely, those commanded by Captain

Drew and McCormack and Elmsley became separated from the others. Coming together, a hurried consultation was held. It was thought the *Caroline* had gone back after dark to Fort Schlosser, and the brave sailors, not to be foiled, determined to follow and cut her out from that place. The execution of the plan followed closely upon the conception, and the three boats were soon under the side of the *Caroline*, which was moored to the wharf at Schlosser. On coming alongside they were challenged by a sentry. Captain Drew said he would give him the countersign when on deck and immediately boarded by the starboard gangway while McCormack led on another party by the starboard bow. Captain Drew, who was first on deck, was fired at and set upon by five men. He cut down one and disabled another, and, his men supporting him, they drove the others off the vessel on to the wharf. Lieutenant McCormack was not so fortunate. Upon boarding he was immediately fired upon and badly wounded, but not before he had cut down two of the rebels. The vessel was then at once carried.

As soon as the Canadians had obtained possession of the *Caroline*, their next object was to cut her adrift, and, after setting fire to her, let her float down the rapids and over the Falls. The moorings were with some difficulty loosened, Lieutenant Elmsley and a few men covering the operation, and she was set on fire in several places. The crews got into their boats and, counting over their numbers before starting, they missed Lieutenant McCormack. They hurriedly went again on board the steamer, which was drifting downwards, and burning, and found McCormack lying insensible with no less than five severe gun-shot wounds in addition to sabre cuts. They had barely time to get him out and into the boats when they had to leave, and, turning their bows up stream, they worked their way back to Chip-pawa.

McCormack was supposed to be mortally

wounded, but with great care and attention he was brought round and eventually recovered. His gallantry was so marked as to be acknowledged by all, and he was granted by the Canadian Parliament a pension of £100 a year for his services on that occasion, and after his death Parliament, with rare liberality, continued it to his widow.

The *Caroline* on fire, with the flames continually increasing, drifted down the main channel and into the Horse Shoe Rapids. On reaching the rapids she was shaken and broken almost immediately. A large portion of her stuck on a ledge of rock and remained there for years, the remainder broke up and was dashed over the Falls. The fire went out almost as soon as she got into the rapids.

Pictures were published and extensively circulated purporting to represent the *Caroline* going over the Falls, in which she was depicted in full blaze, just taking the final plunge. These views are entirely false, for she went over in pieces.

The next morning numbers of us went down under the bank below the Falls and picked up pieces of the vessel that had been

drifted up against the rocks. I picked up a piece of oak which I still keep in my possession as a relic of the ill-fated but historic steamer.

This affair created an intense excitement in the States, and almost caused a war between them and us. There is no doubt, however, that the United States authorities were to blame in the matter, for they had no justification in allowing cannon to be taken from their own arsenals by filibusters to wage war against a country with which they were at peace.

The cutting out of the *Caroline* was a vigorous step. It dispirited the enemy as much as it encouraged our own men, while it had a wholesome effect upon the American sympathisers. Soon afterwards the patriots deramped and we were able to return to our homes. Canadians proved then, as always, that they had the power and did not lack the will to defend their hearths. That her sons may always be able, in the future as in the past, to protect the soil and maintain the honour of our native land is the fervent wish of an old Canadian.

COMING SUMMER.

From Frances Havergal's "MINISTRY OF SONG."

WHAT will the summer bring?
 Sunshine and flowers,
 Brightness and melody,
 Golden-voiced hours;
 Rose-gleaming mornings
 Vocal with praise;
 Crimson-flushed evenings,
 Nightingale lays.

What may the summer bring?
 Gladness and mirth,
 Laughter and song,
 For the children of earth;

Smiles for the old man,
 Joy for the strong,
 Glee for the little ones
 All the day long.

What will the summer bring?
 Coolness and shade,
 Eloquent stillness
 In thicket and glade;
 Whispering breezes,
 Fragrance-oppressed;
 Lingering twilight
 Soothing to rest.

What may the summer bring?
 Freshness and calm
 To the care-worn and troubled,
 Beauty and balm.
 O toil-weary spirit,
 Rest thee anew,
 For the heat of the world-race
 Summer hath dew !

What will the summer bring?
 Sultry noon hours,
 Lurid horizons,
 Frowning cloud-towers !
 Loud-crashing thunders,
 Tempest and hail ;
 Death-bearing lightnings,
 It brings without fail.

What may the summer bring?
 Dimness and woe,
 Blackness of sorrow
 Its bright days may know ;

Flowers may be wormwood,
 Verdure a pall,
 The shadow of death
 On the fairest may fall.

Is it not ever so?
 Where shall we find
 Light that may cast
 No shadow behind?
 Calm that no tempest
 May darkly await?
 Joy that no sorrow
 May swiftly abate?

Will the story of summer
 Be written in light,
 Or traced in the darkness
 Of storm-cloud and night?
 We know not—we *would* not know;
 Why should we quail?
 Summer, we welcome thee !
 Summer, all hail !

WANDERINGS IN SPAIN.*

MR. Augustus Hare is already most favourably known as the author of "Walks in Rome." He has now brought out a book of somewhat similar character on Spain, and as it happens, at a moment when general attention is turned to that country by a fresh crisis in its stormy fortunes. His style is very pleasant, though not always correct; his descriptive powers are great, and he gives us a vivid picture of the land of ancient grandeur, of modern decrepitude and decay, with its scenery in the strange extremes of beauty and ugliness; its glowing atmosphere; its picturesque, though dilapidated cities; its mixture of Moorish with Christian art; its fine and gay, though idle and listless race; and the dark pall of

deadly superstition forming the background of the whole.

Mr. Hare and his party entered Spain in December, which he says is too late. You should go not later than October, so as to get to the southern sunshine before winter sets in. His entrance was not triumphant, for just as he was crossing the Bidassoa, and looking out for the Isle of Pheasants, so famous in the annals of diplomacy, the train went off the track. The change, he says, on crossing the boundary, is instantaneous. You at once find a knowledge of Spanish indispensable. Spanish customs also at once come into play. You ask his worship the porter to have the graciousness to assist you in lifting your portmanteau,

* Wanderings in Spain. By Augustus J. C. Hare, author of "Memorials of a Quiet Life," "Walks in Rome," &c. With seventeen illustrations. London: Strahan and Co.

and you implore his worship, the beggar, for the love of God to excuse you from giving him anything. The courtesy of the people in the railway carriage is described as very pleasant. New comers are welcomed, places are made for them, everybody tries to make them comfortable ; and on leaving the carriage the humblest peasant lifts his hat, and wishes you an "A Dios, Senores."

The train crawls, making long stoppages at all the small stations. But the Spaniards are perfectly satisfied. Time is of no importance to them, and they can smoke their cigarettes as well in the railway carriage as elsewhere. On reaching a junction Mr. Hare's party found that the connecting train had been taken off without notice, and they were turned out on a swamp in a pitch dark night, and amidst pouring rain. The Spaniards only shrugged their shoulders, and "avoided the fatigue of discomposing themselves." There is an agreeable side to such a national character, no doubt, when it is contrasted with Yankee go-a-headativeness ; but at the same time one cannot have much respect for people whose lives are of so little use to them that they do not care how many hours they spend in a railway carriage.

On entering "rock-built Pamplona," the aspect of things is thoroughly Spanish—the brightly painted houses thickly hung with balconies of wrought iron-work ; the small "plazas" with their grey churches, in front of which groups of priests are seen mingling with the gay costumes of the peasantry ; the great square surrounded by its heavy arcades : the avenues and gardens, especially that known as "La Taconera," the favourite resort of handsome black-robed *senoras*, in their flowing mantillas ; for in Spain a bonnet is unknown, and its wearer is followed about and pointed at as a curiosity. The cloisters of the Cathedral, enclosing a tangled garden and a lonely cypress, are a perfect dream of beauty. The Church of St. Lorenzo contains a statue of St. Firmin,

the patron saint of the city, the place of whose burial was revealed by the delicious scent of his body, while his disinterment in midwinter was celebrated by an entire resurrection of nature and the recovery of all the sick. In defending the citadel of Pamplona, Ignatius Loyola received the wound in his leg which lamed him, converted him from the service of the ladies to that of the Virgin, and led to his founding the Order of Jesus. In the great Plaza, one of the largest in Spain, 10,000 Jews were burnt alive to do honour to the marriage of a Count de Champagne—"a human bonfire which was visible from all the country round."

The Christmas mass in the Cathedral of Pamplona is magnificent. No service in Italy can compare with the solemn bursts of music which follow the thrilling solos sung in these old Spanish churches, where every possible instrument is pressed into the service of the orchestra ; and not less striking is the multitude of veiled figures who kneel in the dim light between the *coro* and the altar.

From Pamplona to Tudela the journey was through "a dismal, barren wilderness." From Tudela to Zaragoza "it would be impossible to do justice to the ugliness of the scenery—to the utter desolation of the treeless, stony, uninhabited wastes, across which the ice-laden north winds whistle uninteruptedly." Such treeless-wastes extend over large districts of Spain in strong contrast with her gardens of fertility.

Zaragoza has two cathedrals, in one of which, imposing in size but tasteless in its decorations, is a semicircular temple, surrounded by granite columns, where the Virgin, descending upon a pillar, part of which may be seen through a hole—it is too sacred to be gazed upon in its entirety—appeared to Santiago. This famous shrine, says Mr. Hare, which had its origin in Aragonese jealousy of the pilgrimages to the Castilian Compostella, is one of the great-

est loadstars of Spanish devotion. Hundreds of pilgrims are always kneeling in front of the black image, or pressing to kiss its feet. The wardrobe of La Virgen del Pilar is inexhaustible, and she is constantly changing her gorgeous apparel, the priests who perform her toilette averting their eyes at the time, lest they should be struck with blindness by the contemplation of her charms. Fifty thousand pilgrims sometimes flock hither on the festival alone. Pope Innocent III. said that only God could count the miracles which are there performed; and Cardinal de Retz, a man one would think not easily deceived, affirms that he saw a leg which had been cut off grow again when rubbed with oil from one of the Virgin's lamps.

Hideous as was the country through which the travellers had passed before reaching Zaragoza, it paled before that which they had to traverse on their way to Lerida—"six hours without a tree or shrub, or symptom of vegetation, but barren, malaria-stricken swamps, riven here and there into deep crevasses by the action of some extinct volcano, seeming alike forsaken by God and man." Another hideous journey brought them to Manresa, where they enjoyed a true Spanish inn, such as we read of in Don Quixote. The boy who carried their bags opened a door into a stable, where a number of rough-looking men were drinking, and whence a filthy stair led to some bare brick-floored rooms with pallet-beds and scanty furniture. There was no washing-st and in the rooms. A pie-dish was found for the ladies. But for gentlemen, the landlady said, such things were unheard of. For them there were public stone troughs, one at the end of the passage and another in the dining-room. At the latter a Spanish traveller in his shirt performed his ablutions while the party were breakfasting. In the evening the hostess' daughter, with divine simplicity, received her lover in the common room. When the time came for him to go, he looked round

at the travellers, and asked the young lady whether he should kiss her as usual. "Certainly," she said, "why not?" Upon which he did kiss her—not once only.

"But, oh! how entirely Manresa itself makes up for any amount of suffering, when, having followed the filthy streets—not paved, but cut out of the living rock—for some distance, and having descended a rugged way between two walls, which looks as if it led to a stone quarry, the view from the esplanade before the Church of St. Ignatius suddenly bursts upon your sight! In front rises the grand colegiata of *El Seo*, built of yellow grey stone, perched on the summit of the dark rocks, broken into a thousand picturesque hollows, which are filled with little gardens where Indian corn and vines and cypresses flourish. On the right rises range above range of gaily painted houses, of the most varied and irregular forms—arches, balconies, overhanging galleries, little ledges of roof supporting tiny hanging gardens, with ivy and jessamine tangling over their edge. Deep down in the abyss flows the Llobregat, crossed by its tall bridge of pointed arches, and ending at a richly carved stone cross on a high pedestal. Beyond the river are ranges of olive-clad hills, above which, as we were driving in the afternoon, up rose in mid-air a glorious vision lifted high into the sky; pinnacles, spires, turrets, sugar loaves, pyramids of faint grey rocks, so wonderful that it was almost impossible to believe them a reality and not a phantasmagoria—the mountains of Montserrat."

The great convent of Montserrat grew round one of the black images reputed to have been carved by St. Luke. The travellers attended the New Year's evening service. So many candles were lighted round the altar that the famous image, a black doll in a robe of silver tissue, shone forth resplendently. The priest who lighted the lamps, when he went up to her, kissed her on the cheeks. When all was ready, a long procession of boys in surplices filed in

and grouped themselves around the image. Then came the strangest service; singing, sweet and soft at first, but suddenly breaking off into the most discordant yells and shrieks, accompanied by a blowing of whistles and horns, beating of tin clappers, with fiddles, trumpets and cymbals. There were about sixty performers, and a congregation of eight. This unmelodious music, it turned out, was typical of the rude worship of the Shepherds at Bethlehem.

The views from the rocks above Montserrat, which abound in ancient hermitages, are superb. Just beneath the summit is the ruined hermitage of S. Geronimo, one of the now desolate retreats where many of the proudest and noblest Spaniards in the Middle Ages passed their latter years in solitary penance and prayer. Two little rooms remain, with the paved terrace and the stone seat of the hermit, "and certainly it would be hard for him to find a more heaven-inspiring place than this silent mountain-peak, looking down through all the glories of nature upon the world he had renounced." As the travellers were returning to Montserrat, "just as the bell of the convent, from its green invisible depths, gave notice amid mountain echoes of the Ave Maria, an enchanter's wand seemed to strike the heavens, which above the sea burst into a crimson flush, melting into the most delicate emerald, while every crag of the valley glowed as if tipped with burnished gold rising from its purple chasms; and, then, silently, the blue veil arose and shrouded peak after peak, gorgeous in colour at first, but solemnly fading till all nature was asleep beneath a grey mantle."

Barcelona, as the great port, has more life and animation than any other Spanish city. "The streets in the heart of the town are thoroughly dull and unpicturesque; and it is only after following one of the dingiest of all, bounded by high drab-coloured walls, that suddenly a wide Gothic arch admits one into a vast arcaded quadrangle, perfectly

bathed in light and sunshine. There huge orange trees, whose boughs are weighed almost to the ground by their massive branches of golden fruit, rise amid plantations of tree-like geraniums, and fountains plash gaily in the sunbeams. It is not like one's idea of a cathedral cloister, yet such it is, and wonderfully interesting is it to watch the ever-varying representatives of life here—the solemn canons, with their breviaries, pacing up and down, and toiling through their appointed task of psalm-saying; the polite old beggars, the men in their bright mantas and scarlet baretas, the women in their blue petticoats and white handkerchiefs over their heads; the children who shout and feed the canons' geese with bread—for on the largest of the fountains live the famous geese which have been kept here from time immemorial to guard the treasures of the Cathedral, according to the odd Catalonian custom which makes geese serve, and more efficaciously too, the place of watch-dog in the country houses. In the centre of the Fontana de las Ocas is a little bronze figure of a knight on a horse, which spouts water from its nostrils, while its tail is indicated by a long jet of silvery spray. This is not St. George, but the brave knight Vilerdell, full of good works, who was permitted to kill the famous dragon, but who forgot his humility at the moment of triumph and exclaimed, 'Well done, good sword! Well done, brave arm of Vilardell!' upon which a drop of the dragon's poisonous blood fell upon his arm from the sword which he brandished, and he died. This is the first moral inculcated upon the childish mind of Barcelona, which is intimately familiar with Vilardele, who is again represented in his combat with the dragon over an archway in the street leading to the Cathedral."

Tarragona is disappointing, except that it has one of the magnificent cathedrals. But from it is visited a most interesting object, the ruined convent of Poblet. The history of this once sumptuous establishment is a

perfect type of the course of monasticism—its original austerity and popularity, its gradual corruption by wealth, its loss of reverence, its ultimate destruction by popular hatred and vengeance. We have in the fate of Poblet what no doubt is the exact modern counterpart of the fate of those great English abbeys, whose beauty is so touching in its decay that even a Protestant, if he is a man of taste, cannot help anathematizing their ruthless destroyers.

“The sun was just breaking through the clouds, which had obscured the earlier morning, and lit up the lonely hollow of the hills in which the convent is situated. Venerable olive trees, their trunks gnarled and twisted into myriad strange forms, lined the rugged, rock-hewn way; and behind them stretched ranges of hills; here, rich and glowing with woody vegetation where the sun caught their projecting buttresses,—there, lost in the purple mists of their deep rifts. The approach to a great religious house was indicated, first by a tall stone cross rising on a lofty pedestal, stained with golden lichen and with myrtle and lentisk growing in the hollows of its grey stones; then by a strange group of saintly figures in stone, standing aloft amid a solitary grove of pillars at a crossway, and marking, as we were afterwards told, the afternoon walk of the friars. Hence an avenue, with broken stone seats at intervals on either side, leads up to the convent walls,—a clear, sparkling mountain torrent singing by its side, in a basin overhung with fern and tall water-plants. Then, after skirting the walls for some distance, an ancient gateway admits one to the interior of what, till within a few years ago, was the largest religious house, and one of the largest buildings in Europe.

No remains elsewhere impress the beholder with the same sense of melancholy as the convent of Poblet. An English ruin, softened and mellowed by time, fading and crumbling by a gentle, gradual decay, can give no idea of it. Here, it is the very abomination of desolation. It is all fresh; it might be all perfect now, but it is the most utterly ruined ruin that can exist. Violence and vengeance are written on every stone. The vast walls, the mighty courts, the endless cloisters, look as if the

shock of a terrible earthquake had passed over them. There is no soothing vegetation, no ivy, no flowers, and the very intense beauty and delicacy of the fragments of sculpture which remain in the riven and rifted walls, where they were too high up for the spoilers' hand to reach them, only make stronger contrast with the coarse gaps where the outer coverings of the walls have been violently torn away, and where the marble pillars and beautiful tracery lie dashed to atoms upon the ground.

The convent was founded in 1149 by Ramon Berenguer IV., on the spot where mystic lights had revealed the body of Poblet, a holy hermit who had taken refuge here during the Moorish occupation. Every succeeding monarch increased its wealth, regarding it not only in the light of a famous religious shrine, but as his own future resting-place; for hither, over moor and mountain, all the earlier kings of Arragon were brought to be buried. As the long lines of royal tombs rose thicker on either side of the choir, the living monarchs came hither too, for a retreat of penitence and prayer, and lived for a time the conventual life. And thus, though no sovereign ever actually assumed the cowl at Poblet, several left orders that their effigy should be twice represented on their monuments, once in royal robes, and again in the monastic habit. Five hundred monks of St. Bernard occupied, but did not fill, the magnificent buildings; their domains became almost boundless; their jewelled chalices and gorgeous church furniture could not be reckoned. The library of Poblet became the most famous in Spain, so that it was said that a set of wagons employed for a whole year could not cart away the books. As Poblet became the Westminster Abbey of Spain as regarded its kings and queens, so it gradually also answered to Westminster in becoming the resting-place of all other eminent persons who were brought hither to mingle theirs with the royal dust. Dukes and grandees of the first class occupied each his niche around the principal cloister, where their tombs, less injured than anything else, form a most curious and almost perfect epitome of the history of Spanish sepulchral decoration. Marquises and counts, less honoured, had a cemetery assigned them in the strip of ground surrounding the apse; famous warriors were buried in the nave and ante-cha-

pel ; and the bishops of Lerida and Tarragona, deserting their own cathedrals, had each their appointed portion of the transept ; while the abbots of Poblet, far mightier than bishops, occupied the chapter-house, where numbers of their venerable effigies, typical of dignity and repose, may still be seen, having been hastily covered over at the time of the invasion. Gradually the monks of Poblet became more exclusive ; their number was reduced to sixty-six, but into that sacred circle no novice was introduced in whose veins ran other than the purest blood of a Spanish grandee. He who became a monk of Poblet had to prove his pedigree, and the chapter sate in solemn deliberation upon his quarterings. Every monk had his two servants, and rode upon a snow-white mule. The mules of the friars were sought through the whole peninsula at an enormous expense. Within the walls every variety of trade was represented ; no monk need seek for anything beyond his cloister : the tailors, the shoemakers, the apothecaries, had each their wing or court. Hospitals were raised on one side for sick and ailing pilgrims ; on the other rose a palace appropriated to the sovereigns who sought the cure of their souls. The vast produce of the vineyards of the mountainous region which depended upon Poblet, was brought to the great convent wine-presses, and was stowed away in its avenue of wine-vats. 'El Priorato' became one of the most reputed wines in the country ; the pipes, the presses, and the vats where it was originally prepared, still remain almost entire.

Year by year the power of the convent increased, till, like autocratic sovereigns, the friars of Poblet issued their commands, and the surrounding country had only to hear and obey. He who failed to attend to the summons of their mass-bell, had to answer to the monks for his neglect. Strange rumours began to float of peasants who, entering the convent gates, had never been known to come forth. Gradually the monks became the bugbear of neighbouring children, and threats, which tampered with their names, were whispered by the lace-making mothers in the ears of their naughty little ones. At last came the wars of Don Carlos. Then political dissensions arose within the mystic circle ; half the monks were royalists, half were Carlists, and the latter, considering themselves oppressed, and muttering ven-

geance, whispered abroad tales of secret dungeons and of hidden torture. The public curiosity became excited. Many yet live who remember the scene when the convent doors were broken in by night, and the townsfolk, streaming through court and cloister, reached the room which had been designated, where, against a wall, by which it may still be traced, the dreaded rack was found, and beneath it a dungeon filled with human bones, and with other instruments of torture. Twenty-four hours were insisted upon by the authorities to give the friars a chance of safety : they escaped, but only with their lives. Poblet, beautiful Poblet, was left in all its riches and perfection : nothing was taken away.

"Then the avenging torrents streamed up the mountain side and through the open portals. All gave way before them ; nothing was spared. "Destroy, destroy !" was the universal outcry. Every weapon of destruction was pressed into service. No fatigue, no labour was evaded. Picture, and shrine, and tomb, and fresco, fell alike under the destroying hammer ; till, wearied with devastation, the frantic mob could work no more, and fire was set to the glorious sacristy, while the inestimable manuscripts of the library, piled heap upon heap, were consumed to ashes.

"At the present time the story of that day of destruction is engraved on every wall. At first you are unprepared. The little decorated chapel of St. George, on the right of the second entrance, is so little injured that it might be taken for an ordinary ruin : then, passing the gate, one finds the remains of a series of frescoes, which tell the story of the Moorish invasion. Only the figure of one warrior and of the avenging angel are left, the rest is torn away ; the lower pillars are gone, but their beautiful capitals, of monks seated amid rich foliage, are left.

"Hence one reaches the original front of the convent. On the left is another chapel, windowless and grass-grown, and behind it the remains of the hospital, which is reduced to a mere shell. In front, rise on one side the heavy machicolated towers which once flanked the main entrance, now bricked up,—and on the other, between statues of San Bernardo and San Benito, the entrance of the church. Here, in the antechapel, donkeys have their stalls around the tombs of kings, and the fragments of the royal monuments lie piled one upon an-

other. On the right, in a dark niche, is the Easter Sepulchre, richly wrought in marble: only the figure of the Saviour has been spared; the Virgin and saints, legless, armless, and noseless, stand weeping around. Below, a sleeping archbishop has escaped with less injury.

"The Coro retains its portals of lumachella marble, but within it is utterly desolate, though overhead the grand vaulting of the roof, and its supporting columns, are perfectly entire. There is no partition now beyond this, and through the pillared avenue the eye pierces to the high altar, where the splendid retablo of white marble still stands erect, though all its delicate reliefs are shattered to fragments, even the figure of the infant Saviour being torn from the arms of the central Madonna. Here, perhaps, is the climax of the destruction. On either side were the royal tombs; Jaime El Conquistador; Alonzo II.; Ferdinand I. and his two sons, Juan II. and Alonzo V.; Pedro IV. and his three queens; Juan I. and his two, with many princes and princesses of royal blood. The monuments remain, but so altered, so battered with chisel and hammer, that scarcely a fragment of their beautiful ornaments is intact, and the effigies have entirely disappeared. Caryatides without arms or faces, floating angels, wingless and headless, flowers without stems, and leaves without branches, all dust-laden, cracked, and crumbling, scarcely testify to what they have been; and thus it is throughout. From the sacristy, blackened with fire, where one portion of the gorgeous Venetian framework still hangs in mockery, one is led to the dormitory of the novices, where the divisions of the cells may be traced, though none are left, and to the refectory, in which the fountain may still be seen, where, in this hot climate, the luxury of iced water always played during dinner in a central marble basin, while, from a stone pulpit, a reader refreshed the souls of the banqueters. The great cloister remains comparatively entire, surrounded with tombs, and enclosing, amid a thicket of roses which have survived the fate of all else, a portico, with a now dry fountain, once of many streams, where the monks in summer afternoons were wont to be regaled with chocolate. This was voluntary chocolate; but another room is shown in which it is remembered that obligatory chocolate was served every morning, for fear any brother should faint during the ce-

lebration of mass. Beyond the great cloister, which is of the richest pointed architecture,—every capital varied in fresh varieties of sculpture,—is an earlier cloister, formed by low, narrow, round-headed, thick-set arches of the twelfth century. Above one side of the great cloister, rich in the delicate tracery of its still remaining windows, rises the shell of the palace of Martino El Humilde. Space would not suffice to describe in detail each court with its distinctive features, through which the visitor is led in increasing wonder and distress, to the terrible torture-chamber, which is wisely shown last, as offering the clue and key to the whole. But surely no picture that the world can offer of the sudden destruction of human power can be more appalling than fallen Poblet, beautiful still, but most awful in the agony of its unexpected destruction.

"In the summer the solitude is broken by a perfect school of young architects, from Italy, Prussia, and America, who come hither to study; but in England Poblet is little known. The time is so short since its destruction that, of the sixty-six monks who occupied the convent at the time, many are still living. At Poblet they wore the white Bernardine habit, and at mass they officiated in long trains of white; but the feeling against them is still so bitter that if one of them reappeared in his former costume he would be immediately assassinated. Each has retired to his family. We asked the guide if none had ever revisited their former home. "Yes," he said, "five of the friars came last summer; but they could not bear to look. They wept and sobbed the whole time they were here; it was piteous to see them." From the ruins of their old home must have come back to them with thrilling force an echo from the hymn of their Founder, so often chaunted within its walls:—

"Hortus odoribus affluct omnibus, hic paradisus,
Plena gratia, plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus;
Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena:
Vi, lue, luctibus aufugientibus, exule pena.
Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum;
Res ibi publica pax erit unica, pax in idipsum.
Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine
pace;
Pax sine luctibus, et sine luctibus in Syon arce."

Valencia, rife with heroic memories of the Cid, who rode forth from its gates for the last time on Baviaca, upright in death, his corpse arrayed in full armour, with

the face uncovered and his white beard flowing down over his breastplate, supported by Gil Diaz and Bishop Geronimo, and followed by his warriors—a sight so awful that the Moors who were encamped about the town fled in terror from the strange funeral procession. But the city is now “a very concentration of dulness, stagnation, and ugliness.” The streets, however, abound with the salient forms of a land which has not yet been toned down to the general European level of frock coats and stove-pipe hats. “In the market many picturesque costumes may be seen and admired; swarthy labourers of the Huerta, with sandals, linen drawers, velvet jackets, flowing mantas of scarlet and blue, and their heads bound tight with a gaily crossed handkerchief, knotted behind, with the ends hanging down, women of the lower classes in bright handkerchiefs also, over their black hair, and, of the upper classes, invariably in the mantilla, which is so much the rule here that English ladies who do not wear them are followed, much as an Indian in feathers would be in Regent street, and those of our party who went to see Ribera’s pictures at the Colegio Patriarca were forcibly ejected from the church for venturing to enter it in bonnets.” One cannot help asking why these English ladies could not so far conform to the custom of the country as to assume mantillas while they were in Spain.

The imposing effect of the religious ceremonies is also the same everywhere, and enables us easily to understand how the religion retains a strong hold upon the feelings of the people, even where it has lost its hold upon their convictions. The travellers were present at the Friday service in the chapel of Corpus Christi. “At ten, a.m., the congregation, all in black, take their places near the high altar, which on ordinary occasions is surmounted by a Last Supper of Ribera; around this many tapers are burning, but the rest of the naturally gloomy church is additionally darkened. In front

of the altar the priests kneel in silence, while the penitential psalms are sung by a hidden choir. Then, as the *Miserere* swells in thrilling notes through the gloom, the picture over the altar descends by an invisible machinery, and violet curtains are seen within. Gradually, as the chant proceeds, one veil after another is withdrawn—lilac, grey, black—till, when the imagination is fully aroused, appears, deeply recessed and dimly shown by a quivering torchlight, the figure of the dying Saviour upon the cross, only the bent head fully lighted up into a vividness of reality—the rest of the figure rather expressed than seen. The whole service is most impressive and touching. The last veil is only drawn for a few minutes, and as it is closed again and the people rise from their knees, the joyful notes of the organ, accompanied by a chorus of voices, tell of the Resurrection and a new life.”

Around Valencia lies the Huerta, the most fertile district in Europe, where lucerne is mown fifteen times in one year and the rest of the crops are in proportion. Peas were in pod in January and other vegetables were in perfection. But the price paid is miasma from stagnant water, which, with siroccos and a depressing climate, may be said to render the Huerta a garden but not a paradise.

In driving from Alicante to Elche, the party had their first experience of a Spanish diligence. It was not so bad as they expected, the speed being greater in proportion than that of the railway. “On the outside the fresh air blowing over the vast plains was delightful, and the old Arragonese coachman in his quaintly decorated velvet suit, with a large sombrero, vied in civilities with the Valencian *mayoral*. ‘To the right; to the left; go on you creatures; Ave Maria Purissima, more to the left, our leader; go along will you, you outsider;’ thus they talk to their horses in a loud, stormy voice. There is very little guidance used, literally no driving at all; the horses

hear and obey, or if the leader takes advantage of his distance, far beyond the reach of whip, to become wilful, stones are thrown at his tail from a little hillock prepared all ready on the coach-box—the object of which on setting out had greatly puzzled us.”

Elche is a place of palms and dates. By the road-side, before every cottage door, are quantities of dates in baskets, no one watching them. Any passer-by can eat as many as he pleases, fill his pockets, and leave his halfpenny in payment. Mr. Hare says it is generally left, for when Spaniards are trusted they scarcely ever abuse a trust. When the party walked in the palm groves the peasants loaded them with bunches of the best fruit and would accept no payment at all. We may mention in this connection that Mr. Hare testifies to general fair dealing at the Spanish inns, though he records a few cases of extortion.

Cordova, once the splendid abode, now the sepulchre, of Moorish civilization, is famous, as all the world knows, for its mosque converted into a cathedral. The building is “a roofed-in forest of pillars, of varied colour, thickness and material, of which there were once twelve hundred and are still a thousand, dividing the edifice into twenty-nine naves one way and nineteen the other. The remainder of the columns were destroyed to engraft the cathedral. Near Cordova once stood a Moorish work of a still more sumptuous kind—the city-like palace of Azzahra, built by the Kaliph Annasir in honour of his wife, who begged that he would build a city for her which should be called by her name. It was begun A.D. 936 (when Christian Europe had not yet emerged from the rudeness of barbarism) and was constructed by architects from Bagdad and Constantinople, 10,000 men, 2,400 mules and 100 camels, being employed in the work. The palace contained 4,812 pillars of different kinds of precious marble; its hall, called the Khalafat, had eight doors overlaid with gold and encrusted with precious

stones, hung in arches of ebony and ivory; in the hall called Almunis was a great fountain brought from Constantinople, decorated with many figures of animals, made of pure gold adorned with precious stones, and with water streaming from their mouths. The annual expense of the establishment was 300,000 dinars, and there were 13,000 male and 6,000 female servants. This miracle of art and magnificence was so totally destroyed that its very site is unknown, though the surrounding country retains traces of the beautiful gardens of fruit trees with which it was surrounded by its founder.

Seville, the “marvel” of Spain, is pre-eminently a pleasure city. “Of all the inhabitants of Spain, the Sevillians have the greatest reputation for liveliness of character and enjoyment of all the pleasures which the world can afford them. The past and the future seem to have no part in their existence; the present is everything. The churches here are deserted by comparison with those of other towns; the theatres and promenades are crowded.” When Mr. Hare’s party arrived the whole population was throwing itself rapturously into the carnival. “The streets were filled every evening with masquers in every description of ridiculous dress, from Chinese mandarins and Indians in feathers, to old English ladies with poke-bonnets, reticule and spectacles, and old English gentlemen with high collars, tail coats and umbrellas, very admirably imitated. Reverence to the church also was little evinced in the number of would-be nuns, mumbling over their breviaries, while their eyes, sparkling through their masques, sought a new object for a joke; and even the Pope himself had his representative dragged woefully along by a horrible green devil with a long tail, which he lashed in glee over each contortion of the wretched potentate. In the carriages were many lovely little children of the nobles, beautifully dressed in blue, green and yellow satin, à la Louis XIV., with their

hair powdered ; the little boys of three or four years old having silk stockings, and buckles in their shoes. All classes mingled together and amused one another ; yet at such times the high breeding and courtesy of every rank of Spaniard never deserts them, and no coarseness or breach of decorum can be discovered." There is a dark side to the picture, however. During the course of the first masqued ball six persons were killed, eight wounded, the long Albacete knives being used, and the murderers easily escaping in their masquerade dress, without the incident producing any effect upon the gaiety of the rest of the revellers.

Love-making, of course, is an active business in Seville. " If, in the evening, leaving the busier streets, filled far into the night with a moving crowd, amid which water-carriers are constantly circulating with their shrill cry of 'Agua, Agua,' you turn into the quieter lanes, flanked by private houses, you may generally see not one but many scenes, which look as if they were taken out of *Romeo and Juliet*, of young men wrapped in their cloaks, clinging to the iron bars of one of the lower windows, making love, with the ripple of the fountain in the neighbouring patio as an accompaniment. Only, at Seville, there is nothing surreptitious in this ; it is the approved fashion of love-making, admitted by parents and guardians, and to neglect it on the part of the innamorato would be to forfeit his lady's good graces. Fatal affrays frequently occur in the streets, in consequence of the lover arriving and finding his place occupied by another. Often the love-making is no whispered confidence, but a serenade on the guitar. The verses sung are seldom original, and have a savour of Moorish times and imagery."

Spanish society, as seen at Seville, seems a curious mixture of freedom and formalism. " Looking into the patios of Sevillian houses is like looking into the private life of their inhabitants, for the adornment of each

may be considered to reflect the taste of its owner ; in one, brilliant flowers ; in another, a marble fountain, or a beautiful statue, or drooping banners, or tall palms, or cypresses clipped into strange forms of temples and pagodas. Here the *tertulias* are given, the pleasant, un'ormal receptions, which are the only kind of evening parties in common use in Spain. When properly presented at any Spanish house, its master says to you on taking leave, after your first visit, " Henceforth this house is yours," and from that time you may come and go unrestrained, and feel sure that you are always welcome, though you are offered no refreshment, or only a cup of chocolate, which it is not usual to accept, and though the master of the house himself is seldom at home, being at some other *tertulia*. In the course of the evening one of the gentlemen present often takes a guitar, then the younger guests dance, while their elders play at cards, or gossip round the fountain. If a sudden silence falls upon the company, it is attributed to the passing of an angel, who imposes upon the air, which is wafted by his wings, the respect of silence without any definite cause. With Spaniards dinner parties are almost unknown ; though invitations are sometimes given, it is a mere matter of form, which all well-bred persons are expected to refuse, unless pressed repeatedly. Great stress is laid upon all the formalities of Spanish courtesy, and a stranger is measured by his observation of them. It is absolutely necessary that a first visit at a Spanish house should be paid in complete black, though morning dress may be worn. The visitor's hat is then seized, the utmost consideration is paid to it, and it is solemnly placed on a cushioned chair by itself, and this attention must be carefully observed when the visit is returned. No attempt must be made to shut the door, for to be alone with a lady with closed doors would be considered indecorous, and it must be remembered that Spanish ladies never shake hands or take a

gentleman's arm ; but when the visitor rises he must say "Lady, I kiss your feet," to which the lady responds "Sir, I kiss your hand."

Far above the city of Seville rises the famous tower called the Giralda, its colour a pale pink, encrusted all over with delicate Moorish ornaments ; so high that its detail is quite lost as you gaze upwards ; so large that you may easily ride on horseback to the summit, up the broad roadway in the interior. "Nothing can be more enchanting than to spend a morning at the top of this tower, where from the broad embrasures you overlook the whole city, the soft bends of the Guadalquivir, and the sunny green plains melting into an amethystine distance. Subdued by the height, the hum of the great city scarcely reaches you ; but the chime of many bells ascends into the clear air, and mingles with the song of the birds which are ever circling round the tower in the aerial spaces, and perching on the great lilies which adorn it. Just below are children always playing in the Court of Oranges, where the old fountain used in the Moorish ablutions still sparkles in the sunshine."

The Giralda has looked down on other sights than children playing in the Court of Oranges. On a spot outside the walls the *autos-da-fé* took place. The bricks of the long-used scaffold can be just seen peeping through the grass. There the Church of Rome burnt 34,601 persons alive, and 18,043 in effigy, between 1451 and 1700, besides imprisoning and sending to the galleys many thousands of others. In all cases the property of the sufferers was confiscated and their families left destitute. Beneath the altar of the Cathedral, in a silver sarcophagus, rests the royal saint, Ferdinand, who was canonized in 1627 "because he carried faggots with his own hands for the burning of heretics." Seville, Mr. Hare tells us, is now foremost among Spanish cities in her search after a reformed faith. Many Protestant schools have been opened, and their

teachers, though denounced from the pulpits, are welcomed and respected by the people. A church has been bought, and Protestant services are performed and sermons preached in Spanish. Spaniards of the lower orders often appear at the English services, and behave reverently.

Seville is a galaxy of religious paintings by Murillo and others. As expressions of spiritual sentiment the pictures of Murillo are, as it appears to us, somewhat overrated by Mr. Hare. His Madonnas are Spanish women. Art of a certain kind has ministered to the worship of many a blood-stained idol. But it is hard to imagine that the very highest and most spiritual art can have ministered to a religion like that of Spain in the days of the Inquisition, reduced to the level of Mexican superstition by the practice of human sacrifices on a hideous scale ; for such in fact were the *autos-da-fé*.

Gibraltar is a part of England rather than of Spain, though there is no fortress in the British Islands where "the mouth of a cannon is frequently found protruding from a thicket of flowers." Granada, with its Alhambra and the beauties of its scenery, are known to us by a thousand descriptions. We do not remember to have seen before a notice of the elms, almost the only ones in Spain, which were planted by the Duke of Wellington—rather a pleasing little trait in the character of the Iron Duke.

At Granada, in Passion Week, the party witnessed a Passion play, similar to that of Ober-Ammergau, the Last Supper and the Crucifixion being represented on the stage. A burlesque was by no means intended, yet some parts bordered on the ludicrous. One scene was rapturously encored by the audience ; it was when Judas descended to the infernal regions amid a crash of thunder and a blaze of blue lights. Mr. Hare says the Archbishop of Granada had opposed the exhibition. On Easter Sunday there was a splendid religious festival in honour of the "Virgin of Sorrows," described by Mr. Hare as

a figure of the size of life, better as a work of art than most worshipped images of saints, dressed in black velvet robes spangled with golden stars and adorned with most magnificent jewels. "As the image left the church, carried by the principal citizens of Granada in full dress, a blare of trumpets and crash of drums greeted its appearance. Guns were fired and rockets sent up; the noise was deafening. As the procession entered the Alameda, with one impulse the whole people fell upon their knees. Many women wept and sobbed as they stretched out their hands in eager supplication. At each step of the procession fresh fireworks rose from the houses on either side of the way; it was like a march of fire, and the appearance of the tall black figure, slowly advancing up the green avenue between the throngs of kneeling people, was certainly most striking." "A very different scene," says Mr. Hare, "was enacted upon the evening of Holy Thursday, when, in an upper chamber, seventy earnest Protestant converts met to receive the sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of a Protestant Presbyterian Minister. The liturgy used was almost entirely that of the English Prayer-book, which is translated into Spanish. The elements were received seated, according to the Presbyterian custom. In spite of the power of the Virgin of Las Augustias, Protestantism is making strong advances in the town where Matamoras suffered."

The Alameda is the "Vanity Fair" of Granada. There the unmarried daughters, followed by their admirers, are paraded up and down by their parents, not unmindful perhaps, says Mr. Hare, of the old Spanish proverb "Three daughters and a mother are four devils for a father." The dresses are brilliant. Mr. Hare says that more, probably, is spent on dress in Spain than in any other country in Europe. Only the military appears to be less resplendent. On the walls was a placard announcing a subscription to present the soldiers of Asturias as a reward

for their distinguished valour with a pair of pantaloons.

The situation of Madrid is unanimously admitted to be odious. As the Spanish saying is:

"Quien te quiere, no te sabe;
Quien te sabe, no te quiere."

"He who wishes for you does not know you; he who knows you does not wish for you." It was made the capital by Charles V., because the sharp air suited his gout. The climate is burning in summer, piercingly cold in winter. "All around the country is utterly barren and hideous. Not a tree, not a drop of water, not a green plant, not even a blade of grass, not a vestige of colour of any kind, but only roads deep in dust, and a district covered with brown sand or dull grey rock." The very river is dried up in summer, so that the Court used to amuse themselves by driving up and down in its bed; and a wit told Philip IV. that he had better buy a river or sell his bridge. There are splendid galleries of Spanish art, and the palace is described by Mr. Hare as very fine; but the general picture of the city is unattractive. The Plaza Mayor, still antiquated and picturesque, was the scene of many *autos-da-fé*. It was also, before the construction of the regular Plaza de Toros, the scene of the other grand Spanish entertainment, the bull fights. Mr. Hare has taken a pretty story from a French memoir relating to the time of Philip IV.

"A cavalier of merit was in love with a fair young girl, who was only a jeweller's daughter; but she was perfectly beautiful and a great heiress. This young nobleman, having learnt that some of the fiercest bulls of the mountains had been taken, and thinking that he would derive great honour from their conquest, resolved to fight with them, and asked his mistress' permission. She, horrified at the very idea of such a proposition, fainted away, and forbade him, using the whole force of her influence over him to prevent his risking his life. In spite of this prohibition, he thought he could not give her a higher proof of his love, and

secretly prepared everything which he required. But notwithstanding the care which he took to conceal his designs from his mistress, she discovered it, and left no stone unturned to change his resolution. At last the day of the fête arrived, and he conjured her to be there; assuring her that her very presence would be sufficient to make him a conqueror, and to acquire for him a glory which would render him more worthy of her. 'Your love,' she said to him, 'is more ambitious than tender, and mine is more tender than ambitious. Go where glory calls you. You wish that I should be present, you wish to fight before me; yes, I will accede to your wish, and perhaps my presence will cause you more trouble than encouragement.'

"At last he quitted her and went to the Plaza Mayor, where all the world was already assembled. But he had scarcely begun to defend himself against a fierce bull that had attacked him, when a young peasant threw a dart at the terrible beast, which pierced it, causing great agony. It instantly left the young nobleman who was engaged with it, and rushed bellowing against the person who had struck it. The young man aghast tried to escape, when the cap which covered his head fell off, and the most beautiful long hair in the world floated over his shoulders, and revealed that it was a girl of sixteen. So petrified was she with terror that she was unable either to run or escape the bull, which gave her a terrible wound in the side, at the very moment when her lover, who was the *tocador*, and who recognised her, came to her assistance. O God! what was his anguish, at seeing his dear mistress in this terrible state! He became beside himself, life was valueless to him, and more frantic than the bull itself, he performed incredible feats. He was mortally wounded in several places. . . . That was indeed a day when people considered the fête delightful."

The Escorial is an "architectural nightmare." Notwithstanding its oppressive hideousness, however, there is a certain fascination about it, and about the history of the dark fanatic and tyrant of whose character it is so congenial a monument, which will make the description of it interesting to our readers.

"The Escorial may be undergone upon the road northwards, or may form a separate excursion from Madrid. The station of the name lands you at the foot of the hill on which this colossus of granite is placed. It is generally described as standing in a mountain wilderness, but this is not quite true. You ascend through woods, which are pleasant enough, and where Charles IV., wisely declining to inhabit the 'architectural nightmare,' built a pretty little toy palace of his own. But behind the Escorial all is a bleak solitude, blue-black peaks capped with snow, and furrowed by dry torrent-beds, or sandy deserts sprinkled over with boulders of granite. There is no softening feature. The dismal streets of granite houses which surround the huge granite palace and church have the same lines of narrow prison-like windows, the same harsh angular forms everywhere. The main edifice was thirty-one years in building, and is three quarters of a mile round, but each wall is just like the other, they have no distinguishing features whatever. It has thirty-six courts, and eleven thousand windows, in compliment to the virgins of St. Ursula, but they are all the same size, and all exactly alike. The architect, Herrera, was tied down to the most hideous of plans, that of a gridiron, because it was the emblem of St. Laurence, upon whose day, the roth of August, the building was vowed after the successful siege of St. Quentin. The whole is justly looked upon as a stone image of the mind of its founder, Philip II. And the interest which encircles this cruel yet religious, this superstitious yet brave, character, lends a charm even to the Escorial. Except the extirpation of heretics, it was the one object of his earthly ambition. The seat is shewn—*Silla del Rey*—high among the grey boulders of the hillside, whence he used to watch the progress of the huge fantastic plan, as court after court was added, each fresh wing forming another bar of the gridiron. When it was finished he deserted his capital, and made it his principal residence, devoting himself to an eternal penance of fasting and flagellation, but at the same time boasting that he governed two worlds from the heights of his mountain solitude. Hither, when he felt the approach of death during an absence at Madrid, he insisted upon being brought, borne for six days in a litter upon men's shoulders, and here, during his last hours, he was

carried round all the halls, to take a final survey of the work of his life.

"The main entrance is so featureless as almost to pass unnoticed. It leads into a vast gloomy court-yard, at the end of which are huge statues of the kings of Judah. These decorate the façade of the church. Its interior is bare and dismal, but the proportions are magnificent, and though the effect is cold and oppressive, it is not without a certain solemnity of its own. In high open chapels on either side of the altar, kneel two groups of figures in gilt robes. On the left are Charles V., his queen, his daughter, and his two sisters; on the right are Philip II., three of his wives (the unloved Mary of England being omitted), and Don Carlos. Down a long flight of steps you are led by torchlight to the *Panteon*, an octagonal chamber surrounded by twenty-six sepulchres of kings or mothers of kings, arranged one above another like berths in a ship. Charles V. occupies a place in the upper story. Brantome declares that the Inquisition proposed that his body should be burnt for having given ear to heretical opinions. It remains, though curiosity, not heresy, has twice caused the coffin to be opened; the last time in 1871, during the visit of the Emperor of Brazil, when hundreds of people flocked forth from Madrid to look upon the awful face of the mighty dead, which was entire even to the hair and eyebrows, though perfectly black. Philip II. fills the niche below, lying in the coffin of gilt bronze which he ordered to be brought to him that he might inspect it in his last moments, and for which he ordered a white satin lining and a larger supply of gilt nails with his last breath. Each of the Austrian kings seems to have loved to pass hours in meditation over his future resting-place. Philip IV. used to sit in his niche in his life-time to hear mass; Maria Louisa scratched her name upon her future urn with a pair of scissors. The last funeral here was that of Ferdinand VII., whose coffin was too big for the royal hearse, and had to be brought hither in a common *coche de colleras*; its end projecting from the front windows, the attendant monks riding round it on mules, and the empty hearse following, for the sake of decency. His widow, Christina, though the mother of a sovereign, will never be buried here, even if the Bourbons return to power, as Spanish aristocratic feeling would not allow the honour to a queen who

has formed a *mésalliance* in her second marriage. Isabella II. heard midnight mass in the Panteon whenever she visited the Escorial.

A separate chamber has the dreadful name of *El Pudridero*. Here lie sixty members of the royal family, including Don Carlos, Don John of Austria, and the many queens-consort who were not mothers of kings.

"Through the bare cold passages of the convent one may reach the Coro, which contains a celebrated crucifix by Benvenuto Cellini. The stall is still shown which Philip II. occupied, and where he was kneeling when the messenger arrived breathless with eager haste from Don John of Austria to announce the victory of Lepanto, but could obtain no audience till the monarch had finished his devotions. From hence it is but a few steps to the low bare rooms which the bigot king occupied as a dwelling. They are full of interest. The furniture is the same, the pictures, the table, the chairs, the high stool to support his gouty leg. At the bureau, which still exists, he was sitting writing when Dor Christoval de Moura came in to announce the total destruction of the Spanish Armada, the scheme on which he had wasted a hundred million ducats and eighteen years of his life. Not a muscle of his face moved. He only said, "I thank God for having given me the means of bearing such a loss without embarrassment, and power to fit out another fleet of equal size. A stream can afford to waste some water, when its source is not dried up."

"The inner room opens into the church by a shutter. At this opening the ghastly figure of the king was seen present at the public mass during his illness, following the prayers with an agonized fervour of devotion. Here also he sate on the morning of the 13th of September, 1598, and, having summoned his children, Philip and Clara Eugenia Isabella (so well known to us from their pictures) to embrace him, received extreme unction, and, even after the power of speech had departed, remained with his hands grasping the crucifix which his father Charles V. held when he was dying, and with his eyes fixed upon the altar of the church till those eyes were closed in death.

"All the other sights of the Escorial are of little importance compared with those which are connected with Philip II. One set of apartments was prettily decorated with

inlaid woodwork by Charles IV. The endless corridors were once filled with fine pictures, now removed to Madrid. Only three of any consequence remain. In the chapter-house is a Velazquez of Jacob receiving from his elder sons the coat of Joseph ; in the Refectory is a grand Last Supper of Titian ; and in the Ante-Sacristia is a fine historical scene by Coello, representing the half-witted Charles II., with his court, upon their knees before the miraculous wafer, which bled at Gorcum, when trampled upon by Zwinglian heretics. Every Spanish sovereign is expected to make some offering to St. Laurence and the Escorial ; that of Isabella II. was a gorgeous golden shrine for this very wafer, preserved behind the picture. The library contains several interesting pictures of kings, and some fine illuminated manuscripts. All the books are arranged with their backs to the wall.

Upon the south and east sides of the building are so-called gardens—broad terraces with trim box edges, but on the whole possessing more architecture than vegetation. Here, from the angle of the terrace wall, one may best examine one of the external curiosities of the building, a glittering plate of gold an inch thick and a yard square, which Philip II. built into the wall when the building was nearly complete, as a bravado to the world which expected it to become his ruin. Fortunately for its preservation it is near the top of the pyramid above the dome, where it glitters, inaccessible, and reflects all the rays of the sun."

Salamanca is a despoiled, decayed, and ragged Oxford. There is no place where pride in rags is so splendidly exhibited.

"Madame d'Aulnois narrates that one day looking out of a window, she saw a woman selling small pieces of fresh salmon, and calling upon all the passers-by to buy of her. A poor shoemaker came and asked for a

pound of her salmon. 'You do not hesitate about the price,' she said, 'because you think it is cheap, but you are mistaken, it costs a crown a pound.' The shoemaker, insulted at her doubting him, said in an angry tone, 'If it had been cheap, one pound would have been enough for me, but, since it is dear, I wish for three'—and he immediately gave her three crowns and walked away twirling his moustache and glowering at the spectators, though the three crowns were all that he had in the world, the earnings of his whole week, and the next day he, his wife, and his little children would fast on something less than bread and water. This was in 1643 ; but Spain never changes, and scenes of the same character might be witnessed any day in Salamanca. It is the want of regard for this Spanish amour-propre which makes the generality of English travellers so unpopular in Spain. Théophile Gautier narrates that an Englishman, travelling from Seville to Xeres, not understanding that a distinction of classes was unknown at such times, sent his driver to dine in the kitchen of the inn where they halted. The driver, who in his heart thought that he would have been doing great honour to a heretic by sitting at the same table with him, concealed his indignation at the time, but in the middle of the road, three or four leagues from Xeres, in a horrible desert full of bogs and brambles, pushed the Englishman out of the carriage, and cried out, as he whipped on his horse, 'My Lord, you did not find me worthy to sit at your table ; and I, Don Jose Balbino Bustamente y Orozco, find you too bad company to occupy a seat in my carriage. Good night.'"

With this trait of Spanish character we may close. We have left many interesting parts of the volume untouched, including the description of Toledo ; but we hope the specimens we have given may lead our readers to the volume itself.

ROTTEN ROW.

(From "London Lyrics," by FREDERICK LOCKER.)

I HOPE I'm fond of much that's good,
 As well as much that's gay ;
 I'd like the country if I could,
 I like the Park in May :
 And when I ride in Rotten Row,
 I wonder why they call'd it so.

A lively scene on turn and road,
 The crowd is bravely drest :
 The Ladies' Mile has overflow'd,
 The chairs are in request :
 The nimble air, so warm and clear,
 Can hardly stir a ringlet here.

I'll halt beneath the pleasant trees,
 And drop my bridle-rein,
 And, quite alone, indulge at ease
 The philosophic vein :
 I'll moralise on all I see—
 I think it all was made for me !

Forsooth, and on a nicer spot
 The sunbeam never shines ;
 Young ladies here can talk and trot
 With statesmen and divines :
 Could I have chosen, I'd have been
 A Duke, a Beauty, or a Dean !

What grooms ! What gallant gentlemen !
 What well-appointed hacks !
 What glory in their pace—and then
 What Beauty on their backs !
 My Pegasus would never flag
 If weighted as my lady's nag.

But where is now the courtly troop
 That once rode laughing by ?
 I miss the curls of Cantilupe,
 The smile of Lady Di :
 They all could laugh from night to morn,
 And Time has laugh'd them all to scorn.

I then could frolic in the van
 With dukes and dandy earls ;
 I then was thought a nice young man
 By rather nice young girls :
 I've half a mind to join Miss Brown,
 And try one canter up and down.

Ah, no ! I'll linger here awhile,
 And dream of days of yore ;
 For me bright eyes have lost the smile,
 The sunny smile they wore :—
 Perhaps they say, what I'll allow,
 That I'm not quite so handsome now.

THE VENDETTA.

(From the French of HONORE DE BALZAC.)

[Continued from March Number.]

THOUGH the servant immediately departed upon his errand, the baron continued to chafe at Ginevra's extended absence, and presently remarking "John will not hurry sufficiently," the old man buttoned his blue coat, and, seizing his hat and cane, hastily strode out of the room.

"You will not have far to go," his wife called after him.

The carriage gate had indeed already opened and closed again, and Ginevra's light step was heard crossing the yard. Presently Bartholoméo reappeared, triumphantly carrying his daughter, who struggled in his arms. "Oh father," she said, "you hurt me," whereupon she was immediately and gently released. She gave her head a graceful toss to reassure her mother, who seemed somewhat alarmed at her exclamation, and the anxious face of the baroness at once regained its usual amount of colour and placid expression.

Piombo stood rubbing his hands energetically, an infallible sign of delight with him—a habit he had acquired at court while watching Napoleon giving vent to ebullitions of temper against those generals and ministers who either served him badly or had been guilty of some fault. When the muscles of his face were relaxed every wrinkle in his forehead expressed benevolence, and both the old people appeared at this moment like plants just freshened and revived by a summer shower.

"Let us go to supper," said the old baron, presenting his large hand to Ginevra, whom he playfully called Signora Piombellina, another token of his good humour, and which his daughter answered by a loving smile.

"Ginevra," said Piombo after supper, "I learn from your mother that for the last

month you remain much longer than usual at your studio. Is this an evidence that you prefer painting to your parents?"

"Oh, my father, how can you ask such a question?"

"Ginevra is doubtless preparing some surprise for us," said her mother.

"Do you intend bringing me a portrait of yourself?" asked the Corsican.

"I am very busy at the studio," answered Ginevra quietly.

"What is the matter, Ginevra?" inquired the baroness, "you are turning pale."

"No," exclaimed the young girl impulsively, "it shall not be said that Ginevra de Piombo uttered even one falsehood in the course of her life!"

At this singular speech Piombo and his wife looked at their daughter in astonishment.

"I love a young man," she continued in a low tone of voice. Then, not daring to look at her parents, she lowered her long lashes to conceal the excitement blazing in her eyes.

"Is he a prince?" ironically inquired her father, in a voice that made both mother and daughter tremble.

"No, father," she replied; "he is without fortune and without friends."

"Is he very handsome, then? What is his occupation?"

"As the companion of Labédoyère he was proscribed, and, being without shelter, Servin concealed him."

"Servin is a good fellow, and behaved nobly," exclaimed Piombo. But you, my daughter, are very wrong to love any other man than your father."

"How can I help loving. Is it not woman's destiny?" replied Ginevra gently.

"I fondly hoped," pursued her father, "that my Ginevra would be faithful to me until death—that my care and affection, combined with that of her mother, would be sufficient for her, that no rival love would ever displace . . ."

"Did I reproach you with your love for Napoleon?" said Ginevra. Did you hold dear none other beside me?" Did you not spend months at a time as ambassador at foreign courts? And did I not endure your absence courageously?"

"Ginevra!"

"You do not love me for myself, and your reproaches are unjust and cruel."

"You accuse your father's love!" exclaimed Piombo with flashing eyes.

"I will never accuse you, my father," said Ginevra in a far more gentle tone than her trembling mother expected. "You are justified in your selfishness as I am justified in my love. Heaven is my witness that no daughter ever fulfilled her duty to her parents better than I have mine. It was ever my happiness and great delight to minister to your pleasure. But am I ungrateful towards you in loving and letting myself be loved by one who will protect me when you are no more?"

"Ah, Ginevra, you reckon with your father," said the old man gloomily.

For a while they all remained silent and thoughtful, then Bartholoméo exclaimed in a heart-rending tone: "Oh, stay with us, Ginevra! Stay with your old father! Oh, my daughter, you will not have to wait long for your release."

"But, my father, we will never leave you; there will henceforth be two of us to love you, and you will know and esteem the man in whose care you will place me. You will be fondly cherished by both of us."

"Oh, Ginevra, why did you not marry when Napoleon had accustomed me to the thought, and when he introduced you to worthy men."

"They loved me only because they were

commanded to do so. Besides, I did not wish to leave you, and they would have taken me away."

"You do not wish to leave us alone, and yet we must be separated. I know you, my daughter, you will love us no longer. Elisa, he continued turning to his wife, who sat motionless and almost stupefied, "we have no longer any daughter—she has forsaken us."

The old man sat down, after having raised his hands as if to invoke the protection of Heaven; then he remained silent, stunned and overpowered by grief. Ginevra saw her father's agitation, and although she was prepared for his anger, her heart was not proof against his gentleness and sorrow.

"My father," she said in a tone of touching humility, "You shall never be forsaken by your Ginevra. But, pray love her a little for her own sake—if you only knew how *he* loves me. He would not cause me pain."

"Comparisons already," said Piombo fiercely. "No, I cannot endure it. If he loves you as you deserve to be loved, I would kill him; and if he did not love you thus, still I would kill him."

Piombo's hands trembled, his lips quivered, his eyes flashed, and his whole body shook with the violence of his emotion. "What man on earth is worthy of becoming your husband?" he exclaimed passionately.

"The man I love!"

"Can he know you well enough to love you?"

"But, my father," said Ginevra, impatiently, "even if he did not love me, from the moment I love him . . ."

"So you love him then!" exclaimed Piombo.

Ginevra gently bowed her head in assent.

"Then you love him better than you love us."

"The two feelings cannot be compared."

"The one is doubtless stronger than the other."

"I believe so."

"You shall never marry him!" thundered

the old Corsican, in a voice that made the windows rattle.

"I will marry him," quietly responded his daughter.

"My God! my God!" ejaculated the mother, "how will this quarrel end! Holy Virgin pray for us."

The baron, who had been pacing up and down the room, now seated himself. There was a look of anguish on his face, and he said gently: "Well Ginevra, you will not marry him. Oh, do not say yes this evening. . . . Do you wish to see your old father on his knees before you, his hoary head bent in supplication. I beseech . . ."

"Ginevra Piombo does not make promises and break them. She is your daughter."

"She is right," said the baroness.

"So you encourage her in her disobedience," said the baron to his wife, who, intimidated by his words, instantly relapsed into silence.

"Refusing to obey an unjust command is not disobedience," said Ginevra.

"The command cannot be unjust when it emanates from your father! Why do you judge me? The repugnance I feel for this union seems a warning from above, and probably I am preserving you from misfortune."

"The misfortune would be his not loving me."

"Always *he*!"

"Yes, always!" she replied; "he is my life, my thought, my all, even were I to obey you he would ever dwell in my heart and memory, and by forbidding me to marry him you would only make me hate you."

"You love us no longer," cried Piombo.

"Oh, my father, how can you say that?" said Ginevra, shaking her head mournfully.

"Well, then, forget him, and remain faithful to us. After us . . . you understand."

"My father, do you wish to make me long for your death?" exclaimed Ginevra.

"I will survive you, for children who do not honour their parents die young," said the old man, greatly exasperated.

"All the more reason for my getting married and living happily," said Ginevra.

This coolness and powerful reasoning proved too much for the old baron; the blood rushed to his head, and his face became purple. Ginevra trembled, and hastening towards him put her arms round his neck, stroked his hair, and said in loving tones, "Oh, yes, I trust I may die first. I could not survive you, my father, my good father."

"Oh, Ginevra, my foolish Ginevra," said Piombo, whose anger melted at this caress as snow beneath the genial rays of the sun.

"It was about time that you should finish," said the baroness in a moved voice.

"Poor mother!"

"Oh, my own beautiful Ginevra," said the old baron, fondling his daughter as if she were a little child.

Having restored her father to good humour she endeavoured to obtain permission for Louis to visit her in her home, but he would not consent, and she had to be content with having impressed her father with her love for the exile, and the idea of their speedy union. The following day the subject was not renewed, and although she went to the studio she returned early. Her manner towards her father was more affectionate than usual, as if to reward him for the consent which his silence seemed to give to her marriage: At the end of a week her mother brought her the joyful intelligence that the baron had consented to see Louis.

"Oh, mother," she exclaimed, "how happy you make me!"

That same evening Ginevra had the happiness of returning to her father's house in Louis' company, and for the second time the poor officer left his hiding place. Ginevra's petition to the Duke of Feltre had been graciously received, and Louis had been granted a free pardon. This was one great step towards a brighter future. Informed by Ginevra of the difficulties that awaited him on meeting the baron, the young

man was almost overpowered by the fear of not pleasing him. This man, so courageous in struggling against adversity, so brave on the field of battle, trembled at the prospect of an introduction to Piombo's drawing-room.

"How pale you are," she said, on reaching the door of her home.

"Oh, Ginevra," replied Louis, "if it were only a matter of life and death I should feel more at ease."

Although Bartholoméo had been apprised by his wife of the formal presentation of Ginevra's lover, he did not go to meet him, but, seated in his arm-chair, awaited his approach.

"My father," said Ginevra, "let me introduce a gentleman to you whom you will doubtless be delighted to see, M. Louis, a soldier who fought at the Emperor's side at Mont St. Jean."

The baron of Piombo rose, cast a furtive glance at Louis, and said sarcastically, "M. Louis has no decorations."

"I no longer wear the Cross of the Legion of Honour," timidly replied Louis.

Ginevra, distressed at her father's rudeness, hastened to place a chair for their guest. Louis' reply had, however, evidently satisfied Napoleon's ancient adherent, and Madame Piombo, perceiving that her husband's face had regained its ordinary composure, said, "M. Louis' resemblance to Nina Porta is astonishing! Don't you think he has the Porta face?"

"Nothing more natural," replied the young man, "Nina was my sister."

"Luigi Porta!" exclaimed the old man.

Bartholoméo di Piombo rose, staggered, and leaning against a chair for support, gazed at his wife. Elisa Piombo went towards him, and the two old people clasped hands silently, and, with a feeling akin to horror, passed out of the room—leaving their daughter with her lover.

Luigi looked in a stupefied manner at Gi-

nevra, who, white as a marble statue, kept her eyes fixed on the door through which her father and mother had disappeared. Their agitation and departure had been so solemn that, probably for the first time, a feeling of fear entered her heart; she wrung her hands and said: "How much unhappiness can be conveyed in a single word!"

"In the name of Heaven what have I done?" asked Luigi Porta.

"My father," she replied, "never told me our deplorable history, and when we left Corsica I was too young to understand it."

"Are we then in *vendetta*?" asked Louis anxiously.

"Yes, on questioning my mother, I learned that the Portas had killed my brothers and burnt our house, and my father, in retaliation, murdered your whole family. How did you happen to escape? you whom he thought he had fastened to the bed-posts before setting fire to the house."

"I do not know," replied Luigi. "When only six years old I was taken to Genoa, to an old man called Colonna, and no particulars of my family were given me; I only knew that I was an orphan. This Colonna was a father to me, and I bore his name till I entered the army, when, obliged to prove my identity, old Colonna informed me that, though little more than a child, I had vengeful enemies. For this reason he advised me to use only the name Luigi, in order to avoid them."

"Fly, Luigi! fly!" exclaimed Ginevra, impetuously; but no! I must go with you. As long as you are in my father's house you have nothing to fear, but be careful so soon as you have left it, for you will be exposed to no end of danger. My father has two Corsicans in his service, and they will not suffer you to escape even if he does."

"Ginevra," said he, "is the same hatred to exist between us."

The young girl smiled sadly, and bowed her head, but soon she looked up again with a proud air, and said, "Oh, Luigi, our feel-

ings must indeed be pure and sincere, to enable me to pursue the path I have determined on ; but it is a question of life-long happiness with us, is it not ?”

Luigi replied by a gentle and reassuring smile, and pressed her hand fondly. She felt that words were vain indeed to express the deep and pure affection with which she had inspired him. Ginevra foresaw that she would have to suffer many hardships in the battle of life, but she never faltered in her determination of clinging to Louis—she had given herself to him once and forever. She hurried him from the house, and only left him on seeing him enter the lodgings which Servin had secured for him. On returning home she had acquired the serenity born of a firm and unalterable resolution ; she betrayed no traces of anxiety, and looked at her parents with eyes full of gentleness. She perceived that her old mother had been weeping, and though her red swollen eyelids appealed to her heart, she did not betray the slightest emotion. Piombo’s grief was far too violent to find vent in ordinary expressions. Dinner was served and removed without having been touched, and when the three reassembled in the drawing-room the same solemn and unnatural silence that had prevailed at table still continued. The old baron wished to speak, but his voice failed. He endeavoured to leave the room, but his strength was utterly exhausted, and he sank into a seat and rang the bell.

“Pietro,” said he to the servant, “light the fire ; I am cold.”

Ginevra started and looked anxiously at her father. The struggle going on within him must have been fierce, for his features were contorted.

“Ginevra,” he said at length, without looking at her, “do you really love the enemy of your race ?”

“It is indeed true,” she replied.

“You must choose between us. Our *vendetta* is a part of ourselves, and whoever

does not espouse my vengeance does not belong to my family.”

“My choice is made !” said Ginevra calmly.

Her tranquillity deceived Bartholoméo.

“Oh, my beloved child !” he exclaimed, with tears glistening in his eyes, the first and last he ever shed.

“I will be his wife,” said Ginevra abruptly.

Bartholoméo was bewildered for a moment, then recovering his presence of mind he said coldly : “This marriage will not take place during my life ; I will never give my consent.” Ginevra remained silent. “But,” continued the baron, “do you believe that Luigi is the son of him who murdered your brothers ?”

“He was six years old at the time the murder was committed, and must be innocent of all participation in it,” she replied.

“A Porta !” said Bartholoméo.

“I never shared your hatred,” exclaimed the young girl impetuously. “Did you bring me up in the belief that a Porta was a monster ? How could I be aware that a single member of the family you had extirpated was still living ? Is it not more natural that you should sacrifice your *vendetta* to my feelings ?”

“A Porta !” repeated Piombo. “If his father had formerly found you in your bed, you would no longer be alive ; he would have killed you.”

“That may be,” she replied, “but his son has given me more than life. To see Luigi is a happiness without which I can no longer exist ; he loves me and will be my husband.”

“Never !” thundered Piombo. “I would far rather see you in your coffin.” The old Corsican arose and paced up and down the room, giving vent to his feelings at intervals in the following words : “You think perhaps that you can curb my will, you are grievously mistaken ; no Porta will ever be my son-in-law. Such is my unalterable decision. Let the subject be henceforth dismissed for ever

between us. I am Bartholoméo di Piombo. Do you hear me, Ginevra?"

"Do you attach any mysterious meaning to these words?" she inquired coldly.

"They mean that I have a dagger, and that I do not fear the justice of men. We Corsicans render an account of ourselves to God alone."

"Well," said the young girl rising, "I am Ginevra di Piombo, and I declare solemnly that within six months I will be Luigi Porta's wife. You are a tyrant, my father," she added after a moment of silence.

Bartholoméo clenched his hands and struck the marble mantel-piece. "Alas!" he muttered, we are in Paris." Then he silently folded his arms, inclined his head upon his breast, and did not utter another word the whole evening. After having expressed her firm determination to become Luigi Porta's wife, the young girl affected an indescribable calmness. She sat down at the piano, sang and played some exquisite melodies, with much expression and feeling, but failed to lull Piombo into a forgiving mood. Though usually so sensitive to the influence of music this evening he remained unimpressed.

The following morning, when Ginevra wished to go to the studio at the usual hour, she found the house-door locked, but she soon discovered a way of informing Luigi Porta of her father's severity. During five days, by various ruses, the two lovers managed to correspond. Piombo rarely spoke to his daughter; in fact there was almost a feeling of hatred between the two: they suffered proudly and in silence, yet vainly endeavoured to rend the strong ties that had hitherto bound them so closely.

On Ginevra's birthday her mother, distressed by a disunion which now bore so serious an aspect, fondly hoped to reconcile father and daughter on the anniversary which had as yet always been celebrated joyously in the little household where peace and love had hitherto reigned supreme. They were all three assembled in Bartholoméo's room,

and Ginevra divined her mother's intention by the agitation depicted on her countenance. At this moment a servant announced two notaries, accompanied by several witnesses. Bartholoméo looked fixedly at the men, whose unsympathetic faces formed a striking contrast to the three principal actors in this scene. The old man turned anxiously towards his daughter, and seeing a smile of triumph on her face, immediately suspected some catastrophe. Disguising his feelings under a calm exterior, he looked inquiringly at the notaries, who, in obedience to a sign from him, sat down.

"We have, I presume, the honour of addressing the baron of Piombo," said the elder notary.

Bartholoméo bowed.

"And I, sir," continued he, "am Mr. Roguin, your daughter's lawyer. We come—my colleague and I—to fulfil the behests of the law,—and put an end to the strife which has unfortunately arisen between you and your daughter on account of her intended marriage with Mr. Luigi Porta."

Mr. Roguin stopped and looked at Bartholoméo, after having delivered this speech, which had irritated the latter to such an extent that he with difficulty refrained from throwing Mr. Roguin out of the window. His face betrayed the violence of his passion, and the notary flattered himself that he was making an impression.

"But" he continued, "on such occasions we invariably endeavour to be conciliatory. Have the kindness, therefore, to listen to me patiently for a few minutes. Miss Ginevra Piombo attains to-day the age at which it is considered legal for a woman to act for herself, and in all matters to dispense with the consent of her parents, consequently any interference which does not meet her views is of no avail, and only causes further dissension."

When Roguin perceived that he could make no impression on the old baron, he

proceeded to read his official report, and coolly asked Bartholoméo for his answer.

"So there are laws in France to destroy paternal authority?" queried the Corsican.

"Sir!" said Roguin in a mellifluous voice.

"To snatch a daughter from her father?"

"Sir!"

"To deprive an old man of the last comfort he has left?"

"Sir, your daughter only belongs to

....."

"To utterly annihilate me?"

"Sir, permit me . . ."

Nothing is more horrible than the coolness and formal reasoning of lawyers when amid passionate scenes, where they are so often to be met with. The figures which now appeared before him seemed, to Piombo's distracted imagination, like demons escaped from hell. His concentrated rage and fury knew no bounds from the moment he heard the calm and flute-like voice of his small antagonist pronounce the fatal "Permit me." He seized a long stiletto which was suspended over the chimney-piece, and rushed towards his daughter. The younger of the notaries and one of the witnesses rushed between him and Ginevra, but Bartholoméo roughly thrust them aside.

When Ginevra found herself confronted by her father, she gazed at him fixedly for a few moments, then, advancing slowly, she knelt down.

"No! no! I cannot do it!" exclaimed Bartholoméo wildly, flinging away his weapon with such force that it was buried in the wainscoting.

"Pardon me, pardon me!" she said with passionate, pleading force, her lustrous face uplifted to his. "You tremble at the thought of killing me, and yet you refuse all that makes life dear to me. Oh my father, I never loved you better. Give me Louis! See, I ask your consent upon my bended knees. Give me my Louis. Without him my life would be lonely and desolate. I would die!" Violent excitement seemed to choke

her, and she could no longer command her voice, but Bartholoméo was unforgiving and implacable, and rudely thrust her aside.

"Begone," said he, "Luigi Porta's wife can never be a Piombo. I have no daughter. I have not the courage to curse you, but I abandon you utterly. My Ginevra Piombo is buried here," he added in a solemn voice, pressing his hand to his heart. "Leave me then, unhappy one," he added after a moment's silence, "leave me, and never let me see your face again!" Then he took her by the arm and silently led her out of the house.

"Luigi," exclaimed Ginevra, entering the modest apartment where the officer was lodging, "my Luigi, we have no fortune save our love."

"We are richer than all the kings of the earth," he answered rapturously.

"My father and mother have abandoned me," she said with profound melancholy.

"I will love you for them both!"

"Then we will be happy," she replied with unnatural gaiety.

"Yes, happy, and forever!"

The day after Ginevra left her father's house she went to ask Madame Servin to grant her a home and protection until the time fixed by law for her union with Luigi. Then commenced her apprenticeship with the sorrows this world has ever in store for those who do not follow its customs. Annoyed by the harm Ginevra's adventure had done her husband, Madame Servin received her coldly, and told her, in cuttingly polite terms, not to count upon her support. Too proud to insist, but astonished at an egotism to which she was wholly unaccustomed, the young Corsican took furnished rooms in the boarding house nearest Luigi's. The son of the Portas spent all his time with his affianced wife. His loving words and cheerful conversation banished the clouds which paternal reprobation had called to the brow of the banished daughter, and brought her a sense of rest and protection.

One morning the servant of the house brought Ginevra several trunks containing dress goods, linen, and a number of articles required by a young housekeeper, in all of which a mother's foreseeing goodness was perceptible. Among the parcels she found a purse containing her money, to which the baroness had added the fruits of her own economy. The money was accompanied by a letter, in which the mother earnestly besought her daughter to give up all idea of marriage, if there was still time; she told of the almost insurmountable difficulties she had to overcome in order to insure the safe transmission of the boxes; begged Ginevra not to accuse her of harshness if in the future she sent nothing more. She blessed her, hoped she would find happiness in the marriage, if she persisted in taking her own course, and concluding by assuring her that her dear daughter was ever present to her thoughts. The letter was blotted with tears.

"Oh, my mother!" cried Ginevra, sobbing bitterly. She longed to throw herself into the loving arms that had ever been ready to receive her, and once again to breathe the sweet air of home. She started up as Luigi entered; her filial tenderness vanished, her tears ceased to flow; she felt she could not give him up. She spoke to him cheerfully, for she did not wish him to see traces of regret or sadness; with him she was willing to endure any hardship that might be in store for her.

At last the nuptial day arrived. Luigi took advantage of the time Ginevra was dressing to fetch the necessary witnesses; one of these was an old soldier to whom Luigi had once been able to render some slight services, and thus won his life-long gratitude; the other a master mason, and owner of the house in which the newly married couple were about to take up their abode. Each of these was accompanied by a friend, and all four escorted Luigi to meet his bride. Unaccustomed to social etiquette, these men came in perfectly plain attire; nothing announced a

joyous wedding cortège. Ginevra herself was dressed simply, as befitted her altered fortunes, but her wondrous beauty was so noble and imposing that, when she appeared, the witnesses felt unable to address her as they had proposed doing. They saluted her respectfully, and regarded her with evident admiration. Joy can only be felt among equals, and such a feeling of restraint possessed the men, that all around the bride and bridegroom appeared sombre and gloomy—nothing reflecting their inward felicity. As neither the church nor the mayor's residence were far from Ginevra's abode, the party proceeded on foot. They found innumerable equipages in the court-yard of the City Hall; they ascended to a large room where the betrothed, who were to be united on that day, were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the mayor. Ginevra seated herself beside Luigi, and gazed at the numerous happy faces around, parents, brothers and sisters; all seemed radiant with joy. She alone had neither friends nor relatives to support her at the turning point of her life, no one to encourage and bless her, no one to wish her happiness or predict a bright future.

Ginevra's heart throbbed painfully, and she pressed Luigi's arm more closely. Till now he had not fully realised how much Ginevra had sacrificed for him. His anxious look made the young girl forget her loneliness—forget all save the sweetness of loving and being loved. Love cast a halo round the young couple, and they only saw one another amid the great crowd.

"How we lose our time here!" said the mason, replacing a large silver watch in his pocket.

Luigi and Ginevra, sitting close beside each other with clasped hands, seemed to form but one person. A poet would have admired these two, united by a single feeling, apparently melancholy and silent, and forming a strong contrast to two grand wedding parties, surrounded by their joyous families, glistening with diamonds and flowers, and

whose gaiety, though noisy, appeared but fleeting, whilst the bliss of Luigi and Ginevra seemed quiet and enduring. Ginevra, with all the superstition of an Italian, could not divest herself of the feeling that this contrast was a presage, and she trembled and shuddered at the thought. Suddenly a clerk in livery opened the folding-doors, and every one became silent as he called for Mr. Luigi Porta and Miss Ginevra di Piombo. The celebrity of the name of Piombo attracted universal attention, and all seemed to look for a sumptuous wedding. When Ginevra rose her proud look impressed the whole assembly; she took Luigi's arm, and with a firm step they crossed the room, followed by their witnesses. A gradually increasing murmur of astonishment reminded Ginevra that the world wondered at the absence of her relatives, and she felt as though the paternal curse were following her.

"Must we not wait for the family?" inquired the mayor of the clerk, who was proceeding to read the deeds.

"The father and mother object," replied the secretary in a phlegmatic tone.

"On both sides?"

"The husband is an orphan."

"Where are the witnesses?"

"Here!" replied the secretary, pointing to the four men, who stood silent and motionless as statues.

"Is there no protestation?"

"The deeds have been legally drawn out," replied the clerk, rising in order to hand the documents to the mayor.

This bureaucratic discussion was somewhat dishonouring, and contained a whole history in few words. The hatred of the Piombos and Portas was here inscribed, as ineffaceably as on a tomb-stone. Ginevra trembled. Like the dove who, after traversing the seas, had only the ark on which to rest, her sole comfort was in looking into Luigi's true and loving eyes; all else around her appeared cold, sad, and indifferent. The mayor looked severe and disapproving, and

the clerk stared inquisitively. Nothing could well seem less festive than the surroundings of the young couple. After a few questions, to which they responded in low tones, a few words muttered by the mayor, and the signing of their names, Luigi and Ginevra were united. The two young Corsicans now passed through the rooms full of happy and expectant relatives, with whom they had nothing in common, and who appeared almost impatient at the delay caused by this unostentatious wedding. When the young couple found themselves once again in the open air, under the free vault of heaven, Ginevra heaved a sigh of relief.

"A life-long love and devotion will not suffice to reward my Ginevra for her courage and tenderness," said her husband.

Luigi and Ginevra hastened to the quiet little chapel, before whose simple altar an old priest solemnised their union. Here also they were followed by the two pompous wedding parties. The church was filled with friends and relatives, and resounded with the noise of carriages, beadles and priests. Some of the altars were gorgeously decked; wreaths of orange blossoms crowned the statues of the Blessed Virgin; fragrant flowers, lighted tapers, and velvet footstools embroidered with gold, were to be seen in every direction. When the time arrived to hold the white satin yoke, the symbol of eternal union, over the heads of the contracting parties, the priest vainly sought the little boys who are in the habit of performing this ceremony, and their place had to be filled by two of the witnesses. The priest then hastily delivered an exhortation to the young couple on the perils of life, and on their duties to each other; then, having made them one in the eyes of the church, as the mayor had already done in the eyes of the law, he finished mass and dismissed them.

"May God bless them!" said Vergniaud to the mason in the porch of the church. "No two human beings were ever better suited to one another. I know no braver

soldier than Colonel Louis, and, if every one had acted like him, Napoleon would be still in power."

The soldier's blessing, the only one given her that day, shed a holy balm into Ginevra's wounded spirit.

On leaving him Luigi pressed his hand and thanked him cordially.

"I am at your service, colonel. Everything of mine is at your disposal."

"How he loves you!" exclaimed Ginevra.

Luigi hastened to take his wife home, and they soon reached their humble abode. When there, Luigi closed the door, and taking his wife into his arms exclaimed: "Oh, my Ginevra, for now you are truly mine, here we will be happy, and fortune will smile on us!"

They visited the three rooms which composed their dwelling; the first apartment served as a drawing and dining-room, to the right was a bed-room, and to the left a small room which Luigi had fitted up as a studio for his wife. She looked at the hangings and furniture, and ever turned to thank Luigi. There was a great deal of taste displayed in this little retreat; a book-case contained Ginevra's favourite authors, and in the background was a piano. Ginevra seated herself on a couch, and drawing Luigi down beside her said: "You have very good taste." Ginevra was more than satisfied with her little domain. They were both perfectly happy, and clothed the future in the bright colours of their hopes and aspirations.

It was difficult to settle down to work during the first days, and Luigi would remain for hours seated at Ginevra's feet, admiring the colour of her hair, her noble forehead, and the shape and colour of her glorious eyes, while she never wearied of fondling his clustering locks and admiring his handsome features. They would fain have spent their whole existence in this blissful reverie. Forethought came at last to their assistance, and wakened them out of their dream of Eden. They must work to earn their living. Ginevra,

who had a great talent for imitating old paintings, began to make copies, which she sold to picture dealers. Luigi sought eagerly for some occupation, but it was a difficult matter for a young officer to find suitable employment in Paris. At last, when almost in despair, seeing that on Ginevra alone fell the burden of their support, it occurred to him to make use of his handwriting, which was very beautiful. Following the example of his wife, he perseveringly solicited attorneys, notaries and lawyers for employment. The frankness of his manner and his peculiar position interested many in his behalf, and he soon obtained a large amount of law papers to copy. The joint fruits of his writing and Ginevra's painting was more than sufficient for the wants of the little household, and they felt proud of the comforts earned by their industry. This was the happiest period of their lives. The days passed rapidly in their various occupations, and the evenings were spent in Ginevra's studio, where they wiled away the time with music and cheerful conversation. No expression of melancholy ever marred the young wife's perfect features, and she never uttered a single complaint. She was ever seen with a cheerful smile upon her lips, and eyes glistening with happiness. Both found true delight in the thought that they worked for one another. At times, during her husband's absence, Ginevra could not help thinking how perfect would have been her bliss if this life of love could have been spent in her parents' presence and hallowed by their blessing. On such occasions a deep feeling of sadness would come over her, filling her with remorse, and gloomy shadows would cross her imagination. She saw her old father solitary and alone, or her mother weeping bitterly at eventide, yet hiding her tears from the implacable Piombo; their aged heads appeared before her, and the sad idea that she should never see them again, except through the fantastic medium of recollection, haunted her like a presentiment. She celebrated the

anniversary of her marriage by presenting her husband with what he had so often longed for, a picture of his Ginevra, and never yet had painting of hers been so exquisite and remarkable. Beside the perfect likeness, the splendour of her beauty, the purity of her feelings and the happiness of perfect love were traced in it as if by magic. It was a masterpiece in every sense of the word. Another year passed in the midst of ease and plenty, in the course of which the history of their lives may be written in three words. They were happy !

In the beginning of the winter of 1819 their horizon began to cloud over. The picture dealers advised Ginevra to furnish them something different from the copies of old paintings, as they could no longer dispose of them to advantage on account of the great amount of competition. Madame Porta at once perceived her mistake in not having practised painting *tableaux de genre*, by which means she would have made herself a name. She at once began to paint portraits, but had to struggle against a number of artists who were poorer even than herself. However, as both Luigi and Ginevra had saved some money, they did not despair for the future. By the end of the winter of the same year Luigi was compelled to work incessantly, for he, too, had to struggle against competitors ; and was obliged to spend much more time at his work. His wife had painted several pictures which, though possessing a good deal of merit, were little in demand, and the picture dealers would only purchase the work of celebrated artists. The position of the little household was fast becoming deplorable ; though rich in love, poverty hovered like a spectre in the midst of their harvest of happiness ; they still mutually strove to conceal their anxiety and uneasiness. When Ginevra was on the verge of shedding bitter tears, seeing Luigi suffer she would overwhelm him with caresses, and Luigi, with despair in his heart, would ex-

press the tenderest love and affection. They dreaded the future, and when speaking of their poverty they deceived one another, each greedily seizing and clinging to the faintest ray of hope. One night Ginevra awoke and became terrified on missing Luigi from her side ; she rose in affright and hastily approached the window, where, perceiving a feeble light reflected in the little court-yard, she came to the conclusion that he was working in his little study. She stood still, watching the faint reflection, until the clock struck four ; then she returned to bed and feigned to be asleep when Luigi returned, perfectly overcome with fatigue and want of sleep. Ginevra's heart was dull and heavy as she gazed sadly on his beautiful face, already furrowed by hard work and bitter cares. "It is for me that he spends his nights in work" she thought, weeping bitterly. One thought alone consoled her and helped to dry her tears—she determined to follow his example. That same day she went to a rich print-seller, furnished with a letter of introduction from Elie Magus, one of the picture dealers, and obtained from him a contract for the colouring of prints. Thenceforth she devoted the hours of daylight to household duties and painting, and at night she illuminated or coloured engravings. The unfortunate couple thus deceived one another, each feigning to be asleep and arising in turn to go to work. One night Luigi, succumbing to the sort of fever caused by anxiety and overwork, opened his little study window in order to refresh himself with a breath of the pure morning air, and on looking down into the court-yard was shocked to see the reflection cast by Ginevra's lamp on the opposite wall ; he immediately divined the truth, and going softly downstairs, surprised his wife in her studio.

"Oh, Ginevra !" cried he in despairing accents.

She trembled and blushed while she mournfully said, "How could I sleep whilst you were exhausting yourself with labour?"

"But to me alone belongs the right of working thus."

"Can I remain idle," replied the young wife, with tearful eyes, "knowing that every mouthful of bread is purchased with a drop of your heart's blood. No, I would rather die than not share your labours. Should we not have everything in common, joys and sorrows, pleasure and pain?"

"You are cold," said Luigi; "pray draw the shawl more closely around you, my own Ginevra, the night is chilly and damp."

They walked to the window, the young wife with her head pillowed on Luigi's breast, his arm round her waist, and stood gazing silently at the eastern sky, where the first faint streaks of dawn were just becoming visible. The grey, tinted clouds, gradually changing to gold, ushered in another day, the horizon appeared bright and luminous, and the sun rose gloriously.

"See, Luigi," she said, "this is a happy omen; we will be happy yet."

"Yes, in heaven," he replied with a bitter smile. "Oh, Ginevra, you deserve all the treasures and happiness this world can bestow."

"I have your love," she said, in an accent of heartfelt joy.

"Ah, I do not pity myself," he said, embracing her fondly, and covering with kisses the delicate face which already began to lose the lovely tints and freshness of youth, but on whose tender and loving expression he could never gaze without a deep sense of comfort.

The courage with which they both struggled against misfortune was for a time rewarded with success, but an event which almost invariably is the consummation of earthly bliss proved fatal to them. Ginevra had a little son, beautiful as day. The feelings of maternity increased Ginevra's strength, and Louis went into debt to meet the incidental expenses, so that at first she did not feel all the inconveniences of her position, and both gave themselves up to

the happiness of tending their child. But it was their last happiness. As two swimmers first unite their efforts to breast a current, so the two Corsicans struggled courageously for a while, but at times they were seized with an apathy similar to that which precedes death. Soon they were compelled to sell their jewellery. Poverty overtook them suddenly, not in all its horrors it is true, for it did not yet bring despair and rags in its wake, but it made them lose the habits and recollection of ease.

Then came misery in all its gaunt aspect, crushing almost every human feeling. Seven or eight months after the birth of little Bartholoméo it would have been difficult to recognize in the pale and emaciated mother the original of the admirable portrait, now the sole remaining ornament of the bare and unfurnished room. She was without fire in the coldest winter weather, the glory of her beauty departed slowly, her cheeks lost their graceful roundness and became white as alabaster; her once radiant eyes were now dim and lustreless as if the well-spring of life was already dead within her. As she looked at her thin and attenuated child she suffered intense misery, and poor Luigi no longer had the courage even to smile upon his son.

On entering one evening, fatigued and faint, he said in a hollow voice: "I have been all over Paris, but I know no one, and how can I beg from those who are indifferent to me. Vergniaud, the old Egyptian, has been implicated in a conspiracy and has been imprisoned; besides he has already lent me all he could spare. As to our landlord he has asked no rent for the past year."

"But we require nothing," gently replied Ginevra, affecting calmness.

"Each day brings us into fresh difficulties," replied he, with terror.

Luigi took all Ginevra's pictures, her portrait, and several pieces of furniture which they could spare, and sold them for a miserable sum which prolonged their agony yet a little.

During these days of suffering Ginevra displayed the sublimity of her character and the extent of her resignation ; she stoically bore her ever increasing sufferings ; her energetic heart supported her in all ills. She worked with faltering hands by the side of her dying son ; pursued her household avocations with marvellous activity, and fulfilled every duty bravely. She was even happy at times when she saw a smile of astonishment hover on Luigi's lips at the sight of the neatness of the solitary apartment which they now inhabited."

"My dear, I have kept a piece of bread for you," she said one evening as he returned fatigued and exhausted.

"And what have you for yourself?"

"Oh I have had my share, and require nothing more."

The tender expression of her face persuaded him even more than her words to accept the food of which she had deprived herself ; he pressed a passionate and despairing kiss upon her forehead, such a kiss as might have been given in 1793 by friends mounting the scaffold together. In these supreme moments friends can read each other's hearts, and the unfortunate Luigi, suddenly understanding that his wife was fasting, shuddered and hastily left the room. He wandered through Paris in the midst of brilliant equipages and boundless luxury ; he passed brokers' offices and saw their windows glistening with gold coin. In despair he determined to sell himself as a substitute for military service, hoping thus to save Ginevra, who, during his absence, might once again be received into Bartholoméo's favour. On entering one of the offices where this white slave-trade is carried on he was rejoiced to recognize an old soldier of the Imperial Guard.

"I have eaten nothing for the last two days," he said in slow and feeble accents, "my wife is dying of hunger. For pity's sake, my friend," he continued sadly, "buy me."

The soldier gave him a sum of money on

account of what he thought he should be able to obtain for him, and the unfortunate man uttered a convulsive laugh as he felt his fingers close upon the gold. He hurried home as fast as his enfeebled strength would allow. Daylight waned and the night began to fall ere he reached his home. He entered the room quietly, fearing to excite his wife, whom he had left in so feeble a condition ; the last rays of the setting sun irradiated her pale face as she slept on a chair with her infant tightly clasped in her arms.

"Awake, my love," said he without noticing the unnatural position of the child.

On hearing her husband's voice the poor mother opened her eyes, and meeting Luigi's gaze she smiled faintly. With savage energy he displayed his gold, and Ginevra began to laugh mechanically, but suddenly she gave a heart-rending shriek. "Luigi, our child is cold !" She looked at her son and fainted away. Little Bartholoméo was dead. Luigi took his wife in his arms, without putting away the babe, which she was still clasping convulsively, and after placing her gently on the bed he left the room to call for assistance.

"Oh, my God," said he to the landlord, whom he met on the stairs, "I have money now, but my child died from starvation and his mother is dying . . . Help us !" He returned to his wife, leaving the honest mason and some of the neighbours occupied in endeavours to alleviate the misery which they had hitherto known nothing of—so proudly had the sufferers concealed their poverty.

Luigi's money lay on the floor, and he was kneeling at the head of his wife's bed.

"My father !" cried Ginevra in her delirium, "take care of my son, who bears your name."

"Oh, my angel, be calm !" said Luigi embracing her ; "bright days are yet in store for us."

His voice and caresses restored her to some degree of tranquility.

"Oh, my Luigi," she replied, looking at-

tentively at her husband, "I am dying. My death is natural, for happiness such as mine has been could not last. But, my Luigi, be comforted, I have been so happy that even were I to live now, I should contentedly accept my destiny. I am a bad mother, for I regret you more than I do my child. My child!" she repeated mournfully, and clasped the little corpse more tightly to her bosom, while tears coursed slowly down her cheeks. "Give my hair to my father," she added presently "in memory of his Ginevra—tell him that I never blamed him . . ."

Her head fell on her husband's arm.

"You must not die!" exclaimed Luigi, "the doctor is coming. Your father will forgive you. Ease and plenty will once more surround us. Stay with us, my beautiful angel."

But her faithful, loving heart was fast becoming still, and she instinctively turned her eyes towards him whom she adored. Although no longer conscious, she felt he was beside her, for she still clasped his hand.

"My darling," she said at length, "you are cold, let me warm you."

She endeavoured to place her husband's hand upon her heart, but in the effort her spirit passed to its rest. Two doctors, a priest and some neighbours entered the room with all the necessaries required to save the lives of the young couple and calm their despair. The entrance of the strangers caused some confusion, but a glance at the dead wife, her stricken husband, struck the spectators with silent awe.

While this scene was taking place, Bartholoméo and his wife were seated in their old arm-chairs, one on either side of the large fire-place. The hands of the clock pointed to midnight, but of late the old couple had not been able to sleep much. They were both silent; the deserted drawing-room, to them full of sorrowful memories, was feebly lit by the flame of an expiring lamp; the room would have been almost in total dark-

ness had it not been for the sparkling fire. One of their friends had but lately taken his departure, and the vacant chair was still between the two old people. Piombo cast many glances on this chair; it called up many recollections, for it was his daughter's. His wife watched him silently and stealthily; his expression was sometimes so melancholy, at times so threatening, that it was impossible to divine his feelings.

Was Bartholoméo succumbing under the powerful recollections which this vacant chair conjured up? Was he shocked to note that, since his daughter's departure, it had for the first time been occupied? Had the hour of forgiveness, that hour so ardently longed for, until now so vainly expected, arrived at last? Such thoughts flitted through Elisa Piombo's mind. Suddenly the old man heaved a deep sigh; his wife looked at him, and perceiving his dejected expression, she ventured for the second time in the course of three years to speak to him of his daughter.

"Perhaps Ginevra suffers from the cold," she said gently. Piombo shivered. "Perhaps she is hungry," she continued; "she has a little son and cannot nurse him," added the mother in despairing accents.

"Let her come home! let her come home!" exclaimed Piombo. "Oh, my beloved child, you have vanquished me!"

The baroness rose as if to summon her daughter. At that moment the door was hastily opened, and their daughter's husband suddenly appeared before them.

"*Ginevra is dead.* Here is her last gift to her parents," he said, placing her silken tresses on the table.

The old people shuddered as if a thunderbolt had fallen at their feet. When they looked up they no longer beheld Luigi, who had fallen heavily upon the floor.

"He saves me a shot," said Bartholoméo, with forced and unnatural calmness, as he gazed sternly upon the prostrate and lifeless form of the last of the Portas.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE special interest attaching to Imperial affairs gives them on this occasion the precedence over those of our own country.

Mr. Disraeli has again performed with his usual dexterity and success the manoeuvre of defeating a Government by a temporary coalition with a malcontent section of its supporters. In 1846 he overthrew the Free Trade Government of Sir Robert Peel by a junction with Whigs and Radicals against the Irish Coercion Bill. In 1851, though he did not actually join Mr. Locke King and the Radicals in voting against the moderate Liberal Government of Lord John Russell, for the extension of the county franchise, to which the Conservatives would hardly have consented, he contrived, by withdrawing his followers from the House at the critical moment, that Mr. Locke King's motion should be carried against the Government, which was thereby compelled to resign. In 1852 he coalesced with Lord Palmerston, then excluded from office and malcontent, against Lord John Russell's Militia Bill, and again threw out the Government. In 1855 he overturned the Government of Lord Aberdeen by supporting the vote of censure moved by Mr. Roebuck, at that time an extreme Radical. In 1857 he defeated Lord Palmerston by uniting with the Manchester party in support of Mr. Cobden's resolutions condemnatory of the China war. In 1858 he turned out the same minister by coalescing with the Radicals, led by Mr. Milner Gibson, against the Conspiracy Bill. In 1866 he turned out the Russell-Gladstone ministry by coalescing with Mr. Lowe and the Adullamites against the extension of the franchise proposed by Lord Russell. At one period he was evidently anxious to combine with the extreme Papal

party in the House, nicknamed "The Pope's Brass Band," against the Italian policy of a Liberal administration; but the strong Protestant wing of his party declined to follow his lead. The strategical character of the operation in 1846 and in 1858 was particularly marked by the fact that the Conservatives had voted at a previous stage for the measure, against which they were induced to turn when it became apparent that by so doing they might snatch a victory from the Government.

The result of this strategy, in 1846, to its author personally, was all that he could desire, since it completed the rupture between the Free Trade and Protectionist sections of the Conservative party, and gave him the leadership of the Protectionist section, which he could not otherwise have obtained. To the party it was not so advantageous, for in place of the firm hold of power which the Conservatives had previously enjoyed, it led to their exclusion from office, with brief and disastrous intermissions, for twenty-seven years. In 1851, Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli failed to form a Government, and the Whigs returned to office. In 1852 a Conservative Government was formed, with Mr. Disraeli as Chancellor of the Exchequer and leader of the House of Commons; but it endured only just long enough to strike the Protectionist flag, and fell upon its first budget. In 1855 nothing resulted but a confused crisis, after which, Lord Derby finding himself too weak to take office, Lord Palmerston became Prime Minister in place of Lord Aberdeen. In 1857 Lord Palmerston, by an appeal to the country, scattered to the winds the "fortuitous concourse of atoms" by which he had been defeated in the House of Commons. The operation of 1858 gave the Conservatives another brief and, as Lord

Derby himself complained, humiliating lease of office, held by sufferance, with a minority in the House of Commons. That of 1866 led to the passing of a far more sweeping Reform Bill under circumstances very damaging to the character of the Conservative party, and to the immediate return of Gladstone to power with a majority of a hundred.

On the present occasion the opportunity for the manoeuvre was afforded by the mutiny of the section of extreme Radicals who delight to style themselves the Irreconcilables (a name not indicative of practical wisdom in politics) against the Irish University Bill, which in their opinion gave too much to the Catholics. But to the extreme Radicals were added the extreme Catholics, who under the direction of their hierarchy, opposed the bill as giving them too little. The absence of Lord Derby and other leading Conservatives seems to indicate that the operation was a stroke of strategy resolved on only when it became apparent that the divisions among the Ministerialists had delivered them into their enemy's hand. The result was momentarily brilliant, but ultimately disastrous to the strategist, for it has given the Gladstone Government, before disunited and tottering, a new lease of power, with a title confirmed by the unconditional refusal of his opponent to take office—which Mr. Gladstone had the firmness and generalship to extort—instead of allowing matters to be patched up by a vote of confidence as some of his supporters proposed.

We confess that this result surprises us, for the current, before changeful, seemed of late to have set steadily in favour of the Conservatives, and we should have thought that, with a moderate measure of confidence in themselves and their principles, they might have ventured to take office and try the chances of a dissolution, as the Queen was apparently anxious they should do. We cannot doubt that they would have wrested from the Liberals many county seats and some for the

great cities. If they are waiting for the European movement to stop and Liberalism to cease to exist before they undertake the government, they are like the rustic in Horace, waiting for the river to cease flowing that he might pass over dryshod. It is not the movement but the reaction that, if you wait long enough, will stop. The reasons put into Mr. Disraeli's mouth by the telegram are absurd. He is made to say that he and his party could not take office because they were unprepared with a policy, as though he had not been formally propounding their policy in his speeches and manifestoes, and as though opposition to the policy of the Government were not a policy in itself. No doubt, when he sent out his whip on the Irish University Bill, he meant to take office, not to go through the damaging process of declaring himself too weak to take it. The unwillingness must have been elsewhere. Lord Salisbury, who refused, on grounds of political consistency, to take part in the Reform Bill operations of 1866-67, and seceded from the Derby Government on that account, is probably still unwilling to act with those from whose policy he then dissented. Independently of the quarrel on that particular question he is a representative of the old Cavalier or religious school of Tories, which entirely differs in tone and principle from the school of the present Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli. It is probable, however, that there was generally, among the rank and file of the Conservatives, a reluctance to repeat the experience of 1868, when, having been induced to vote with many groans for household suffrage by the assurance that the "residuum" was Conservative and that the elections would give them a majority, they found themselves in a minority of a hundred, and reaped the first fruits of the brilliant generalship of their leader in Irish Disestablishment and the Irish Land Act. Mr. Disraeli's description of the Liberal Ministers as a range of extinct volcanoes was only too graphic for his purpose. The Conservative country gen-

tleman, personally undesirous of office, and only anxious for the security of his paternal acres and the social position of his order, is well content in these troublesome times that the volcanoes should be extinct, and has no special desire, by flinging the Liberals into opposition, to bring on another series of eruptions, especially as he finds that it is a part of the process that he shall become a portion of a rival crater himself. Perhaps the revolution in Spain, and the apparent consolidation of the Republic in France, have increased his unwillingness to play a hazardous game at the present moment.

The case of Mr. Gladstone resembles that of his former leader and master in finance, Sir Robert Peel. Both sprang from the commercial class. Both, on entering public life, enlisted in the ranks of the aristocratic party, and were accepted by it as leaders with the reluctance and reserve with which an aristocracy always accepts leaders born outside of the privileged circle. In the hearts and policy of both popular sympathies at last prevailed. Each thereupon became the special object of aristocratic wrath, which did not pursue "the apostate cotton-spinner" in former days more fiercely than it has of late pursued the "People's William." All who have attended the debates of the English House of Commons know that the attitude of the younger members of the aristocracy especially towards Mr. Gladstone, is one not merely of political antagonism but of personal antipathy, and that they delight not only in opposing but in harassing and insulting him. The fashionable world is his bitter enemy, and its special organs, such as the *Court Journal*, overflow with virulent vituperation of him. Every great London drawingroom is a focus, every great London lady is a missionary of Anti-Gladstonian sentiment; and England is a country in which social influences play a very important part in politics. The Court is also understood to be opposed to Gladstone and strongly in favour of Disraeli: upon that subject the tele-

graphic accounts, whether formally accurate or not, are no doubt substantially correct.

It is true that Gladstone is, and that Peel was before him, a firm supporter of the House of Lords as a part of the Constitution, though Peel showed his personal feelings by the clause in his will enjoining his son not to accept a peerage. Gladstone is even accused of carrying his regard for rank to the verge of subserviency. But this has not availed in either case to mitigate aristocratic aversion to an essentially popular policy. Class instinct is infallible. Sir Robert Peel no doubt gave vent to sentiments which he had long harboured in secret, when he concluded his last speech as a minister with the memorable words: "It may be that I shall leave a name sometimes remembered with expressions of good will in those places which are the abode of men whose lot it is to labour, and to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow—a name remembered with expressions of good will when they shall recreate their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice." The aristocracy never forgave that speech, and from its own point of view the aristocracy was in the right. Mr. Gladstone's "flesh and blood" argument in favour of enfranchising the working classes excited almost equal bitterness of feeling.

Mr. Gladstone chances to be an object of personal antipathy, not only to the aristocracy, but to another important class which has but lately come into existence. We mean the sceptical epicureans (we know no more accurate designation) who are now at least as numerous among the political conservatives as among the radicals, and who have great intellectual influence, numbering among their organs the brilliant and cynical *Pall Mall Gazette*, and, in a less pronounced form, the *Saturday Review*. This party occupies a position, in the present Conservative reaction, somewhat analogous to that occupied by the Hobbists under the Restor-

ation. Its main political aim is the protection of wealth, and its political ideal is a government of force unflinchingly applied to that end. It is closely connected with the philosophy of the ultra-scientific school. Christian philanthropy and Christian ideas of human brotherhood are the objects of its hatred and derision. Its organs are always denouncing Mr. Gladstone as "ecclesiastical," that is, in plain English, as Christian, and as inclined to import Christian ideas of society and Christian sympathies into national legislation. It is evident that a change must have come over the political and social position of Christianity of late years if it can again be dreaded by any party as a revolutionary force. Curiously enough, Mr. Gladstone's disestablishment policy is just as odious to many sceptics and epicureans as his theories on the subject of the suffrage; for the refined scepticism of the present day, like that of the philosophers and politicians of the Roman Empire, supports Church establishments as buttresses of social order and as antidotes to more active superstition. On the other hand, Mr. Gladstone is regarded, on account of his religious character, with a certain amount of sympathy, by a section of the Conservatives, and though a strong Churchman, receives, generally speaking, the vigorous support of the great body of Nonconformists.

The policy of Gladstone, like that of Peel, has borne the deep impress of its author's origin. From special regard for the interests of industry and commerce, it has been economical and pacific. The strong point has always been finance, which in Mr. Gladstone's case is the more remarkable, because he is a man of marked literary tastes and imaginative temperament. The extreme love of peace which was displayed by Mr. Gladstone in the treaty of Washington, was perhaps equally displayed in the Ashburton treaty by Sir Robert Peel. We should however greatly err in supposing that a pacific

policy is exclusively characteristic of any individual minister, or of ministers of any particular class. It is the necessity of a nation with an immensely extended and highly sensitive commerce, the destruction of which would bring not merely financial ruin but social revolution; with possessions open to attack in every quarter of the world, with a great name to support, but with an army almost insignificant in size compared with those of her great continental rivals; with a navy still superior but no longer supreme, and with her resources crippled by a heavy burden of debt. The exposed situation of Canada presses on the minds of all English statesmen alike. Had Mr. Gladstone insisted on the Fenian claim he would have been met, among other evidences of our improvident condonation of the wrong, with the compliment paid by the Conservative leader to the American Government for its behaviour on the occasion. The course of British diplomacy is shaped mainly by the Minister for foreign affairs, and Lord Granville is, and has shewn himself in the late controversy with Russia, a man of spirit and resolution, though he is sensible of the exigencies of the situation, and knows that Bismarck and Gortchakoff are not to be deceived by brag.

Superior to Peel as an orator, in the true sense of the term, Mr. Gladstone is far inferior to him as a manager of the House of Commons. In fact he hardly knows what management means. His only conception of Parliamentary leadership is framing great measures, and expounding them in great speeches. Feeling his way with his supporters or the House, beforehand, is a process uncongenial to him. He speaks too much himself, and takes too much of the work on his own shoulders. Peel knew better how to make use of other men. Nor has Gladstone ever gathered round himself such a staff of able lieutenants as followed the lead of Peel. He has not had the same opportunities of choice as Peel had, for the House

of Commons, now completely monopolized by the rich, is almost destitute of rising talent, as the late Speaker was often heard to complain. But whatever his opportunities might have been, there are defects in his practical character which would have led partly to the same results. He is not wanting in geniality or personal attractiveness: but he has not learnt or seen the necessity of learning the art of attaching other men to him as a leader, and making them feel, as Pitt and Peel did, that if they will follow his fortunes they will share his success. The incapacity of some of his lieutenants, and the unpopularity of others, have mainly led to the decline of his power. Parliamentary followers have been estranged by coldness or insolence, while departmental errors have forfeited the confidence of the nation. The Chancellor of the Exchequer combines in the highest degree unpopularity with ill-success. His financial miscarriages, damaging as they are, do the Government less harm than his insufferable arrogance. He is the man who, having been entrusted by Lord Palmerston with the conduct of a measure for the abolition of some passing tolls to which there was no serious opposition, contrived to make such a speech that, when he sat down, Lord Palmerston found it necessary to withdraw the bill. In the power of repulsion he is without a peer, and the mischief which he does in this way is poorly compensated by the frequent pungency and occasional eloquence of his speeches. In truth he ought never to have been taken into the Government. In the Parliamentary Reform struggle of 1866 he not only opposed his friends, which a man of honour may find himself compelled to do, but he conspired against them, which a man of honour never does; and after this, even if he had been ten times more powerful than he really is, it would have been better to fall by his enmity than to be degraded by his alliance. Mr. Ayrton ably seconds Mr. Lowe in making enemies for the Adminis-

tration, and Mr. Forster, while he has shewn ability and address in carrying measures through Parliament, and while he is justly called "the first Yorkshireman on any stage, Parliamentary or other," has given great offence by an appearance of self-seeking and of want of regard for his obligations to old friends.

The Government has been shaken by another circumstance, for which neither its chief nor any of its members are responsible. The progress of the Labour movement, and especially the strikes affecting the supply of the prime necessaries of life, have alarmed not only the employers and the wealthy class, but society at large, and given a powerful impulse to the Conservative reaction, which, by a law of English nature, seems to follow every great movement in advance. Apart from the material inconvenience, a general impression of impending social revolution is produced, and this industrial disturbance is naturally connected with the political liberalism of the Government and the working class sympathies of its chief; though as a matter of fact, the strikes took place equally, or even to a still greater extent, under the Tory Governments of former days, and such industrial populations as the colliers are almost entirely devoid of political sentiment, and fight for an increase of wages alone. The admission of the working classes to political rights has indeed, in all countries, had the effect of diminishing rather than increasing the violence and the dangerous character of the Labour movement.

In judging any British statesman we must assume the principle of party government. But even regarded from a national point of view, Mr. Gladstone's work, as a legislator, claims a high place. To him, conjointly with Peel, is due the great reform of the English fiscal system, and all the increase of prosperity to which that reform has led. Hated as these two men have been by the aristocracy, that body owes its secu-

rity, perhaps in no small measure, to the contentment which their policy has produced. In addition to this Mr. Gladstone has placed on the statute book a vast mass of practical legislation, from the reform of the English Universities to the Post Office Savings Bank Act, much of it implying immense mastery of details and prodigious labour. The Reform of the English Universities was planned and carried by him with very little assistance from his colleagues, when he was performing the almost crushing departmental duties of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer. His recent Irish legislation is of a more party character, but it cannot be denied that in framing such measures as those for the disestablishment of the Irish Church and the reform of the Irish Land Law, and in carrying them through Parliament without material alteration, he gave proof of great legislative and debating power. The effect of his policy as an attempt to tranquillize Ireland can hardly be estimated at present; after such a storm the waves will for some time run high; but there can be no question that the material prosperity of the country is decidedly, we may say rapidly, on the increase. The English Education Act was an attempt to solve the most difficult and acrimonious of all public questions, amidst a chaos of conflicting opinions, in a country the different sections of which belong, in fact, to very different stages of social progress, and without religious equality, which is probably an indispensable condition of a system of common schools. To all appearances it has not been successful. But the nation demanded the experiment, and it is not easy to say in what other form it could have been made. The attempt to make the Ultramontane Catholic lie down by the side of the Orangeman, and the Rationalist in a common University is, we suspect, equally hopeless: but in this case again it was necessary to make the experiment, and the hostility of both the extreme parties is a proof that the plan was at least

framed in a spirit of impartiality and justice. The Conservatives have, in effect, admitted that they see no other practicable course.

Though Mr. Gladstone's hold on power must be firmer now than it was before the crisis, it is not likely that his tenure will be long. His countenance has long told of the overwhelming burden of work which he bears, and which is aggravated, no doubt, by the almost frenzied hatred of which he must daily feel himself to be the object in the society by which he is immediately surrounded. Nor is he a man to cling to office. The most vehement Conservative will admit that he has sought power only for public ends; the bitterest epicurean will admit, though perhaps with a sneer, that he has at least the unselfishness of the Christian. His indifference to place, in fact, evidently helped to carry him triumphantly through the crisis. He has literary tastes, strong domestic affections, warm friends, and everything that can render repose, in the evening of his days, welcome and happy, including the recollection of a life of memorable work. He was probably as sincere as any ambitious man can be in replying, to those who wished him a long tenure of power, that what he regarded with pleasure was not so much the number as the fewness of the contentious years that remained. It is not likely that he will continue minister beyond the now dwindling life of the present Parliament. What will follow him is a problem which these late events have rendered it more difficult than ever for those at a distance to solve. But the chief factors in the problem are, on one side the increasing Conservatism of the wealthy classes, and of employers of labour of all kinds; on the other side the progress of a great European revolution.

The British House of Commons has had, upon the motion of Mr. Macfie, what Sir C. Adderley calls its "annual sentimental debate" on the Colonies. No leading states-

man spoke on either side; an under-secretary and an ex-under-secretary being the most important personages who took part in the debate. The current of discussion was languid, sleepy, divided itself into a number of unconnected rivulets, and at last lost itself in a bog. We may safely assume that the House was, as usual when no party or personal subject is before it, thin and inattentive. Nevertheless there was a tangible result. It was made perfectly clear that Imperial Confederation has no support worth mentioning in any quarter, and that no English statesman of either party regards it as a practical question. Cold water is an inadequate image for the reception with which the Under-Secretary for the Colonies greeted Mr. Macfie's proposal of a Ministry divided into two parts, one to take charge of domestic, the other of Imperial affairs. The impossibility of grafting such an institution on British Parliamentary government Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen did not even condescend to point out. He flatly declared that "on the great questions, such as peace or war, the English people would never allow the control to go out of the hands of their own representatives." That is the whole case put into a single sentence. Sir C. Adderley, the Conservative ex-Under-Secretary, said that "it would be difficult, in his opinion, to conceive anything more chimerical than the council suggested by the hon. member who had brought this subject forward, a council which was to have control over all affairs relating not only to our Colonies, but also to India, which was to decide upon such matters as peace or war, to supersede the authority of that House altogether, and to determine all commercial questions. Such a proposal was about as chimerical as a proposal for the restoration of the Heptarchy." It appears that even of the Colonial Society only fourteen members responded to an appeal, addressed to them by Mr. Macfie, to consider the proposal of federation, and even of those four-

teen not one was in its favour, while the utterances of the colonial press and private letters received from the Colonies, were withheld by the Under-Secretary out of regard for the feelings of Mr. Macfie. Imperial Confederation, therefore, may be regarded as dead and buried, whatever else the future may have in store.

Sir R. Torrens made in the course of the debate a practical remark of importance with reference to the consequences of the Geneva Arbitration as affecting the necessity of a military force in the Colonies. It has been settled that coal shall be contraband of war, and that if a belligerent is allowed by a neutral to coal, the neutral shall be responsible for all damage thereafter inflicted by the vessel. How, asks Sir R. Torrens, are we to protect the great coaling station which practically commands the Southern Ocean, from being forcibly used by belligerents, and ourselves from being held liable for the consequences. The question, we suspect, is only one of many which may arise out of the responsibility of England for the neutrality of her dependencies in the event of any maritime war.

Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen again disclaimed, and we have no doubt with perfect truth, the design of severing the tie between England and the Colonies which is persistently imputed to the Liberal Government by certain journals in this country professedly Liberal, but which are manifestly glad to find a pretext for indulging their real sympathy with the opposite party. *Laissez faire* is the Colonial policy of every English statesman, whether Liberal or Conservative. Not one of them dreams of touching a question which would entangle him in boundless difficulties without winning him a single vote. They have enough to do as it is to keep their seats on the treasury benches, and to get through a mass of work almost too great for human strength, and increasing in bulk every day with the expanding interests of the country. Mr. Disraeli talks, in opposition, of

making conventions with the Colonies for the maintenance of joint armaments, and of reviving the exclusive privileges of British subjects in respect to Colonial lands ; but nobody imagines that in office he would take a step in any such direction. What Mr. Gladstone's secret thoughts may be we have no means of divining ; but of this we are very sure, that he has no more the will or the power to plunge himself and his colleagues into the Colonial question than he has to get them to accompany him in a leap from the top of the Monument. So far as that goes we may all sleep in peace. The heresy of the British writer on Canada, who to the horror of our ever-wakeful advocates, has just been informing his countrymen that a toboggan is to a sleigh what a horse is to a pony, is a matter of more pressing concern. No one thinks of meddling with us : our destiny is absolutely in our own hands.

A still more significant debate has since taken place upon a motion for the reduction of Colonial expenditure, brought forward by Lord Eustace Cecil, a Conservative, and a brother of Lord Salisbury. Lord Eustace was backed by the Conservative ex-Under Secretary, Sir Charles Adderley, who strongly urged that the Colonies should be made to pay their own expenses, emphatically approved the conduct of the present Secretary for War in withdrawing the troops, and hoped that the policy would be extended to the naval as well as to the military forces. The task of defending the Colonies against the charge of being a burden to the mother country was left to Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen and Mr. Gladstone, the latter of whom gave utterance to Imperialist sentiments strong enough for any rational being, though in harmony with the Liberal principles of self-government and self-reliance. Mr. Disraeli was silent. Once more, the good will of all British statesmen towards the Colonies is the same, while all equally feel and will be compelled in their policy to show that they feel, the burdens and perils of the Empire.

The faction fight has commenced at Ottawa with " first blood " for the Government. So far the fortunes of the fray have corresponded to the expectation which we expressed that the Government would open with a majority of from fifteen to twenty, which would increase as the session went on.

The election returns have furnished the battle-ground for the first trial of strength, and the conduct of the combatants on this subject, so vital to constitutional government, reminds us of the order of the day frankly issued by Walpole at the beginning of a session, when divisions ran close, that " no quarter must be given in election petitions." The Prime Minister deprecated the reference of questions requiring judicial integrity for decision to a partisan assembly, rightly judging that party is dishonesty and iniquity, but apparently unconscious of the sentence which he was passing on the political system of which he is the head. Nor are committees much more trustworthy than the whole House. The Grenville Act put an end to indecency but not to injustice.

In the Peterborough case deference is due to the opinion of Mr. R. A. Harrison, on which the returning officer professed to act. Otherwise we should have said without hesitation that the return of the candidate who had the minority of votes was, upon the face of it, a constitutional wrong requiring prompt redress at the hands of Parliament, not as a judicial tribunal but as the guardian of public right, a function which it is not at liberty to abdicate on any pretence whatever. Certain we are that no such discretionary power of reversing the vote of a constituency ought to be left in the hands of any returning officer for the future. It is not denied that in the Peterborough case the returning officer was a partisan of the candidate in whose favour he made the return ; the legal opinion on which he professed to act, though highly respectable in itself, was tendered from a partisan quarter ; and by no stretch of charity can we persuade ourselves that

the whole of the Ministerial majority in Parliament who trooped after their leader to support the return of a Ministerialist were judicially convinced of the propriety of that return.

In the absence of dividing principles and of the great questions to which dividing principles give birth, the game is entirely personal, and consists mainly in attempts to pick off "independents" and draw waverers over the line. To this state of things is due a scandal respecting which, though it greatly occupies the public mind, we do not propose to say much now, because, in spite of present appearances, we cannot abandon the belief that it will become the subject of investigation before a tribunal the sentence of which it is not our duty to anticipate.

A member of Parliament has been directly, repeatedly and circumstantially charged with the forgery, for electioneering purposes, of two letters, one of which is an unctuous puff of his own benevolence and zeal for religion, such as a very high-minded man would recoil from circulating, while the forgery of it would imply an extraordinary degree of effrontery and baseness. To such a charge, especially in the case of one who has the character of Parliament and his constituency in his keeping as well as his own, there can be but one answer—an action for libel—which would enable him, if innocent, to confront and confound his accuser in a court of justice.

The explanation given by the accused member in his place in Parliament, and in a supplementary statement not remarkable for clearness, seems to be that though the letters were fabricated, he had good reason (as it certainly appears that in the more important case he had), for believing that they were such as would be written by the persons whose signatures he affixed. This takes the transaction out of the pale of actual criminality, but hardly brings it within the pale of honour.

Side issues have been raised as to the character of the witnesses; but the public will

not suffer its attention to be thus diverted from the main question. The witnesses, whatever may be alleged against them, were the associates of the person accused, and were employed by him in furnishing testimony to his character. This, however, is a matter for the consideration of a court of justice.

The motives of the Opposition journal again, in holding back the charge till the member had declared for the Government, and then producing it, are palpable enough; but justice is not to be defeated by want of purity in the motives of informers. We must add that the conduct of a candidate for a seat in Parliament, who during his canvass professes independence of party, or even readiness to vote with the Opposition, but upon being elected, throws off the mask and avows himself an unswerving supporter of the Government, does not incline us to turn a deaf ear to any other accusation that may be brought against him. No Act of Parliament can naturalize such practices in any British community which has not degenerated from its ancestral stock, and become unworthy of its name. We accept with pleasure tributes paid by intelligent observers to the merits of our institutions. But the first of British institutions, and the foundation of all the rest, is honour.

While the value of the authority is in doubt, it would be premature to discuss the statement, which has been hailed with so much exultation, that the wealthy classes of New York are unanimous in their dislike of American and their preference for British institutions. That the statement cannot be true without qualification is certain, unless a great many of the persons in question are in the habit of lying, both publicly and privately, to an extent which renders their approbation of comparatively little value.

There are here and there in the United States people who have preserved, and perhaps have inherited from Colonial times, a strong attachment to the mother country, and a sincere preference for that form of

free government of which England is the type. They are less likely to be found in the great commercial cities than in old country towns, inhabiting paternal houses, and living a rather secluded life. No Englishman can meet one of them without interest or without emotion. But these genuine Abdiels of old British connection have nothing in common with the disaffected parvenus of New York. Shoddy and Petroleum are not constitutionalist but imperialist. What they want is not a better ordered liberty, but the suppression of liberty in the interest of wealth, which they pardonably assume to be identical with merit, and to have a claim to a monopoly of political power as well as to the universal homage of mankind. Above all, they want a court for the display of their sycophancy and diamonds, like that of the French Empire, at which they figured in a style which filled every sensible Frenchman and Frenchwoman with disgust, and which, as soon as France recovered liberty of speech, evoked the vengeance of the satiric muse. Not the monarchy of Victoria but the Empire of the Bonapartes, is their ideal; and when a newspaper was published in the United States to flatter their secret aspirations, it bore as its cognizance not the crown of England, but the Imperial crown of France. Political sympathy cannot be sought or welcomed from such a quarter by the colonists of Chatham and the heirs of the great Charter. It is a rather ominous fact that when our Legislature, paying a homage to wealth which it would not have paid to heroism, naturalized by a special Act a wealthy New Yorker, in order to qualify him for a seat in our Parliament, the first vote which he gave was adverse to the electoral rights of the Canadian people.

It is our firm belief that Canada has a political mission of her own upon this continent; and that under wise and patriotic guidance she may work out a polity free from the special vices pertaining to that of

the United States. She has the experience of the United States themselves, and of other elective governments to guide her, whereas the framers of the American Constitution worked without any such guidance; and she is free from the revolutionary bias by which they were led astray. She may not only develop a better Government than the American for herself, but hereafter present a model for American imitation. All this she may do if she can only keep herself in the hands of honest men, and out of the hands of scoundrels. But it would be a grave mistake on our part to take up a position of antagonism to the institutions of our neighbours, with whom, after all, we have in common the great principle of freedom, and to proclaim ourselves the allies and abettors of a disaffected party in the States. By so doing, we should not only deprive ourselves of the chance of beneficially influencing American opinion, but we might even furnish a ground for hostility to our independence which does not at present exist.

In the absence of questions of principle it is not easy to divine on what issue the main battle between the parties at Ottawa will be fought; but it seems not improbable that the Opposition may commit a strategic error analogous to that which it committed last session, and with a similar result. The power by which the party is marshalled and wielded is itself animated by feelings towards the First Minister personally, too warm for cool generalship as well as for breadth of political view. The personal connection of the Premier with the Washington Treaty was obviously the impelling motive for making that Treaty the main object of attack last session, and the same thing appears likely to happen with regard to the Pacific Railway Charter, respecting the history of which facts particularly damaging to the reputation of the same unloved individual are supposed to have come to light. But in this case as in the

former, and for the same reason, the Government, whatever may happen to it in debate, will probably hold its ground on a division. The Washington Treaty was more or less disliked by a large section of our people; but the thing had been done; it could not be undone; and nobody was seriously in favour of a diplomatic rupture with the home government. So it is in the present case. Many people regard the compact with British Columbia as improvident. Many people have misgivings as to the issue of the enterprise and its effect upon the application of our resources and the prosperity of the country. Many people would have preferred the company formed by Mr. Macpherson to that formed by Sir Hugh Allan. But again, the thing is done, and done, so far as we can see, in perfect accordance with the Act of the last Parliament, and without the introduction into the Charter of anything to which serious exception can be taken. It must be owned that the history of the negotiations between the Government and the Companies does not read like a chapter in the Bible; but a resolution embodying that impression could hardly raise an issue on which the Government would fall. If indeed it could be proved in Parliament, as well as asserted in party journals, that the Prime Minister had received money from American speculators to be spent in his elections, there would be a battle-ground with a vengeance; but, to say nothing about character, who imagines that he has been such a fool?

The Opposition gained so much in the elections, and has approached so closely in numbers to the Government, that if it were coming up with the wind of a great principle or a great national movement in its sails, we should expect to see it wafted to success. But the fact is that it has been lat-erly tugged by local and personal agencies, little connected with any principle or movement, to the mouth of the harbour, and has not wind or steam to carry it in. It is perfectly

true that the Ministerial party is at least equally destitute of any bond higher than a personal connection, and that if the Minister could once be beaten, his combination, like that of the late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, would, in all probability, be utterly broken up, and he would be left with a mere handful of adherents. But how to beat him is the problem which we hardly expect to see solved by his opponents this session. If they succeed at all, it must be by operating on individual members by means of the occult arts of politics; and that is a science for which he has a great natural aptitude, improved by a luminous experience. There will no doubt be plenty of "steel soirees," as the elegant voluptuaries of New York call them, and many oratorical treats of a high order; but we expect that the prorogation will find the Government unchanged. Whether anything will have been done for the country in the way of useful legislation, no true statesman would think it worth while to inquire.

The Prime Minister of Ontario was floating pleasantly on the summer sea of his political teapot, when a squall came on which nearly overturned his ship. The Orange Lodge incorporation question seems to have taken him by surprise. With a Roman Catholic in his Cabinet, and a Roman Catholic contingent, enlisted by a recruiting process of the most laborious description among his followers, he had nothing for it strategically but to make the question an open one, and allow his Cabinet and his party to divide themselves between the two formidable interests, which it was alike impossible to reconcile and calamitous to offend. Even had he been under no such pressure we should, from our own point of view, have applauded a Minister who seemed disposed to confine his responsibility to administrative questions, and to leave legislative questions not affecting the administration to the free decision

of the House. Probably the Premier has undergone tribulation in this matter, and not he alone. On the sheets of the Grit journal you could almost see the shadow of the pistols held to each side of the writer's head.

The question is, in truth, one of great difficulty, apart from the professional exigencies of politicians. Shall the State, the impartial parent of all citizens, incorporate a party association? It is hardly an answer to say that incorporation confers no additional strength. It does confer additional strength, and it is solicited for that purpose. On the other hand, to determine whether any given association is of a party character it would seem necessary to look into its statutes. If we were to take cognizance of unavowed and informal tendencies, many societies might be excluded from a privilege to which they are now admitted. The Christian Brothers, for instance, the Act for whose incorporation has just passed, though by their statutes a purely religious fraternity, would probably take as a body a decided line, at the bidding of the Catholic Hierarchy, on any political question supposed to affect the interests of the Church.

The object of the Loyal Orange Association of British North America is declared by its statutes to be "to support, as far its members have the power, the principles and practice of the Christian religion, to maintain the laws and Constitution of the Country, afford assistance to the distressed members of the Order, and otherwise to promote such laudable and benevolent purposes as may tend to the due ordering of religion and Christian charity, and the supremacy of law, order and constitutional freedom." There is obviously nothing here to which exception can be taken unless on the ground (which we own we ourselves think strong) that exclusive associations are *prima facie* inconsistent with the equal duty which as men and Christians we owe to all our fellow-men, and to all our fellow-Christians, subject to

the natural bonds of family and country. It is further stated that the members associate in honour of King William III. Prince of Orange; that they propose to emulate his virtues "by maintaining religion without persecution or trenching on the rights of any." "Disclaiming," proceeds the declaration, "an intolerant spirit, the Society demands as an indispensable qualification without which the greatest and the wealthiest may seek admission in vain, that the candidate shall be deemed incapable of persecuting or injuring any one on account of his religious opinions; the duty of every Orangeman being to aid and defend all loyal subjects, of every religious persuasion, in the enjoyment of their constitutional rights." Thus far all is still unobjectionable so far as the letter of the declaration is concerned, though aided by the light of history we may read between the lines that only a staunch Protestant can be confidently regarded as a loyal subject. The list of "qualifications essential for a member" is merely a catalogue of moral and Christian virtues. But the "Obligation of an Orangeman," or to speak more plainly the Orange Oath, brings us to more debatable matter. The form of the oath is as follows:

"I, A. B., do solemnly and voluntarily swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and to Her lawful heirs and successors, in the Sovereignty of Great Britain and Ireland, and of these Provinces dependent on and belonging to the said Kingdom, so long as she or they shall maintain the Protestant Religion and the Laws of this country; that I will, to the utmost of my power, defend her against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against her or any of them; that I will steadily maintain the connection between the Colonies of British America and the mother country, and be ever ready to resist all attempts to weaken British influence or dismember the British Empire; that I will be true and faithful to every brother Orangeman in all just actions, neither wronging him nor knowing him to be wronged or injured, with-

out giving him due notice thereof and preventing it if in my power. I swear that I will ever hold in reverence the name of our Glorious Deliverer, King William the Third Prince of Orange; in grateful remembrance of whom I solemnly promise (if in my power) to celebrate his victory over James at the Boyne, in Ireland, by assembling with my brethren in their Lodge Room, on the 12th day of July in every year; I swear that I am not nor ever will be a Roman Catholic or Papist, nor will I marry a Roman Catholic or Papist, nor educate my children, nor suffer them to be educated in the Roman Catholic faith; nor am I now, or ever will be a member of any society or body of men that are enemies to Her Majesty and our Glorious Constitution; that I never was to my knowledge or belief rejected in or expelled from any Orange Lodge. I further declare that I will do my utmost to support and maintain the Loyal Orange Institution; obey all regular summonses, and pay all just dues (if in my power) and observe and obey the Constitution and Laws of the same; and lastly, I swear that I will always conceal, and never in any way whatsoever disclose or reveal, the whole or part of any of the signs, words or tokens that are now about to be privately communicated to me, unless I shall be authorized so to do by the proper authorities of the Orange Institution of which I am now about to become a member. So help me God and keep me steadfast in this my Orangeman's obligation."

In the first place, we must say that it appears to us very doubtful whether any private association should be allowed to bind its members by oath at all. It is enough for a private association to make its rules, impose them as a condition of membership, and expel members refusing to conform to them. The power of superseding the freedom of the individual's judgment by the obligation of an oath ought to be assumed at all events only by those whose authority is superior to the judgment of the individual. The administration of oaths by private persons or societies savours, if not of conspiracy, at least of an attempt to impose fetters on reason and conscience, by which, on grounds of public policy as well as of morality, the actions of citizens ought to be freely regu-

lated in all cases not determined by the State. In the second place, there is a special objection to promissory oaths on subjects which are matters of opinion, and on which the mind of the person taking the oath, however settled at the time, may possibly undergo a change. Had pledges and professions equivalent to an oath been always regarded as binding, Luther must have remained an Augustinian monk, and Protestantism itself could never have come into existence. In the third place, reading the oath by the light of history, and especially by the light of the portion of history comprising the proceedings of the Orange Lodges in the British Islands during the conflict respecting Catholic Emancipation, exception might be taken to the clause limiting the Orangeman's allegiance by the condition that the Sovereign shall maintain the Protestant religion; especially as in Canada the Protestant religion is not maintained by the Sovereign, while the Catholic religion is in a certain sense maintained in the Province of Quebec, where it still has much of the character of an establishment. In the fourth place, it may be said that the Battle of the Boyne, which the Orangeman is bound to celebrate, is a party anniversary, provocative of ill-feeling among citizens of different religions, and therefore anti-national. In the fifth place, exception may be taken to the obligation not to marry a Roman Catholic, as contrary to the public policy of a commonwealth, in which religious equality is established, and which seeks to promote perfect union and harmony among its citizens of all denominations. Lastly, exception may be taken in some quarters to private signs, words and tokens, as constituting a secret society.

To all of these objections, however, answers more or less satisfactory may be given. To the first it may be replied that the administration of oaths is already permitted in the case of other private societies, and notably in the case of the Freemasons. To the

second objection it may be replied that the inexpediency of promissory oaths respecting matters of opinion, if evident, is not established as a principle of morality or of public policy. To the third objection it may be replied that the limitation is in conformity with the spirit at least of the Act of Settlement and of the Coronation oath. To the fourth objection it may be replied that the anniversary of the Boyne is not partisan but national, and that William's victory over James was till quite recently celebrated by a special service of the national Church. To the fifth objection it may be replied that the Roman Catholic Church is allowed the privileges of incorporation, notwithstanding that it reprobates mixed marriages. To the last objection it may be replied that the Orange Association, though in a certain sense secret, is not so in a sense which is practically objectionable, since, in the language of its statutes, "the rules of the society are open not only to members of the Institution, but to the whole community; there is no reserve except the signs and symbols whereby Orangemen know each other; and these mysteries are essential to the proper qualification of the Brotherhood, the recognition of the members, and the prevention of intrusion and imposture from strangers and enemies."

On the whole, if the statutes are to be the criterion, we lean to the conviction that the course taken by Mr. Mowat personally was right, and that there were not sufficient grounds for refusing the incorporation. At the same time there was abundant room for honest difference of opinion, and unreserved respect is due to those Protestant members of the Government and of the House generally, who, believing the incorporation of a partisan society to be contrary to the duty of the State, braved the resentment of a powerful interest rather than sacrifice their conviction. The Orangemen would be unfaithful to the principle of liberty, which they are sworn to uphold, and guilty of the

persecution from which they are sworn to abstain, if they visited with political vengeance a conscientious opposition to their demand. Next to corruption, the political vice which most besets us on this continent is cowardice, and the manly avowal of conviction, whether in friend or foe, will be honoured and prized by all who are really loyal to the country.

Lord Palmerston said, with reference to Orangeism, that secret and exclusive societies belonged to the age of barbarism when protection was not afforded by the law. His remark is in the main true, and it was the weakness of the law that in the Middle Ages justified the existence of a multitude of such societies, from petty local guilds and brotherhoods up to the great national Vigilance Committees, called in Germany the *Wehngericht*, and in Spain the *Santa Hermandad*. It is the tendency of advancing civilization and of growing morality to merge these narrow combinations in the great community of the nation, or the still greater community of mankind. Unfortunately, however, the Orange Association is not without an excuse for its existence. If Roman Catholicism were merely the religion of Fenelon and St. Vincent de Paul, if it presented itself merely as the faith of the good village curé, of the missionary, of the sister of charity, Orangeism would be only an obsolete relic of the unhappy conflicts and evil passions of the past, and would be discountenanced by all good citizens and by all good men. But Roman Catholicism, whatever it may be in individuals, is in the aggregate not merely a religion but a political organization, as aggressive as it is powerful, and wielded by its ecclesiastical chiefs with all the unity and not a little of the mystery of a secret association. Its means and instruments vary according to the differences in the political and social systems on which it operates. In despotic countries, it acts through despots and their favourites; in free countries, such as Belgium, England, Ireland, the United

States and Canada, through the ballot. In Spain, its ally is Isabella ; in France, Eugenie ; in New York, Tammany ; in Canada, whichever party will bid highest for its support. But its end everywhere and in all times is the same—the extinction of liberty. So Rome declares in her Encyclicals ; and in token of her unchanged character and inflexible resolution, she canonizes Peter Arbués one of the most murderous of the Spanish Inquisitors. War is waged against the very principle of nationality ; the duty of the citizen is superseded by the allegiance of the churchman ; and Lord Denbigh avows that he is “an Englishman if you please, but above all things a Catholic.” Everywhere the hand of Rome is felt ; France is instigated to make war on Germany ; a Carlist insurrection is stirred up in Spain ; the Italian government is harrassed by disturbances among the superstitious peasantry of Southern Italy ; Bishops combine with Pretenders to overthrow the national government of France ; and an English government is overturned by the denunciations of the hierarchy of Ireland. In Belgium and in New York, priestly influence is extended to the judiciary, and in these cases it can hardly be said that full protection is afforded by the law.

In the United States the case for Orangeism is stronger than in Canada. It there offers the only practical rallying point for the depressed and insulted nationality of Englishmen, who, while by their industry and energy they contribute their full share to the prosperity of the country, and while they are not the least orderly or respectable of its citizens, are doomed, by their want of union, to be insulted and trampled on by every demagogue who is angling for the Fenian vote. If the English Protestants in the United States wish to command any measure of the respect which is paid to the Irish and Germans, they must, like the Irish and Germans, hold together ; and no available organization has half the force of Orangeism ;

which, moreover, commands the secret sympathy of a good many Americans, who hate while they fear the tyranny of the ultramontane priesthood and its subservient legions.

The tendency of the Ontario Session generally has been to improve the position of the Government in the eyes of those who are sceptical as to the conflict of principle, unconcerned in the scramble for place, and desirous only of honest and capable administration. The great measure of the Session, the Municipal Loan and Surplus Fund, opened a large field for criticism, independently of the inevitable party denunciation, by its attempts to discriminate between the cases of the several indebted municipalities, all of which, we may be sure, spent the money with the same paramount regard for what they believed to be their own local interests. But no criticism to which it has been subjected has removed from impartial minds the impression that in its essential features it is well conceived, sound and equitable. Its author's mind has certainly not lost anything in legislative breadth and justice by his temporary relegation from politics to the bench, undesirable as we must always hold the promotion of a judge to political office in itself to be. Perhaps the direct advantages of the measure are even of less importance than its indirect effect in relieving us of the stain and the demoralizing consequences of repudiation. The timber policy of the Government has been somewhat sweeping and suggests the reflection that the necessity for Parliamentary control appears somewhat differently when viewed from the Opposition and when viewed from the Government benches. It is impossible that a large sale of public property with a full treasury and a tight money market can be a good fiscal operation. But the Province does not want to make money, and for the one essential purpose, that of encouraging the settler, the policy of the Government has received the general approval of the most independent members of the House

and those best qualified to judge. Next to a deficit, the worst thing is a surplus; the Government has made some progress towards relieving us of one evil, it must take care that it does not put us on the road to the other. There has been a tolerable show of general legislation of a practical kind, including some in the special interest of the working class. More might have been done but for the waste of time in personal altercations, which has been utterly disgraceful. We are sorry to say that it would be difficult for the Parliament of Ontario to be in tone and manners much lower than it has been during this session.

We should hail, as a national event more important than the result of any of our political struggles, a favourable change in the disastrous fortunes of the Grand Trunk Railway, the state of which has been not only a commercial evil of the first magnitude but the worst possible advertisement for the country. Since the communicated article with which this number opens was put to press, a scheme has been proposed, in London, to tide over the latest crisis in the affairs of the Company. Mr. Alexander McEwan, its author, attempted some years ago, with the aid of his friends, to obtain control of a majority of the stock; but after running up the price to nearly double the figure at which they found it, and losing an immense sum of money, they failed in their object. The same gentleman, at another time, ventured and lost a sum which could not have been much if at all short of half a million of dollars in petroleum oil lands, mainly suppositions, in Canada. But these failures have not destroyed his credit and influence with men who exercise great authority on the Stock Exchange. Mr. McEwan's latest proposal is to issue £10,000,000 of new ordinary Grand Trunk stock at twenty per cent., the produce of which would be £2,000,000 in cash. The creation of this stock would transfer the controlling authority

of the company to new hands; for the new proprietors, being able to outvote the old, would obtain that authority in the management of the company which Mr. McEwan and his friends once before sought in vain to secure. The change would be equivalent to the sale of the road for one purpose but not for another: it would create a new depository of power, but it would not hand over the property at its present market value. The whole scheme is based on the assumption that, with some reduction of interest—the second preferences to 5 per cent., the third to $4\frac{1}{2}$, and the fourth to four, till the ordinary stock gets a three per cent. dividend—the company can carry the whole weight of the present capital, with two millions superadded, and prosper. The grounds on which this very hopeful estimate is based are: increased carrying capacity, stated at twenty per cent., to be derived from the substitution of steel for iron rails, which can be rapidly effected by means of the new capital; the reduction of the gauge to 4 feet $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches, by which large supplies of rolling stock on connecting American lines would be made available; and more economical management.

If new capital is to be raised, without reducing the old to the present value of the property that represents it, there can be no more unobjectionable mode of doing so than by the issue of ordinary stock which does not displace existing preferences. There would be an advantage in a rapid change from iron to steel rails, and from the present to the narrow gauge; for the increased power of earning would be obtained in a few months instead of years. Mr. McEwan's estimate of net profits, after the change, is, like the character of his mind, extremely hopeful. For 1873, he sets down £75,000, for 1874, £150,000; for 1875, £250,000. The success of the entire scheme depends upon the correctness of this estimate. It may be regarded as certain that a gain could be made in the several directions indicated:

increased earning power, additional rolling stock without the cost of purchase, and economy of management. In this latter particular, the new proprietors would be at full liberty to take their own course; and in this respect the change may be as great as if a formal sale of the property had taken place. But let us not be understood to stake anything on the accuracy of an estimate which promises so wonderful a transformation, after

all the world knows of Grand Trunk speculations and experience.

A meeting of proprietors is said to have adopted Mr. McEwan's scheme, with some minor changes which in no way affect its chief features. If the full measure of success promised for it by its author be realized, sceptics will be obliged to believe that the days of financial miracles are not over.

SELECTIONS.

AN AUSTRIAN ROMANCE.

(From Julian Charles Young's Diary.)

SHORTLY after the battle of Waterloo, when the Continent was thrown open to the English traveller, Mr. B—d started on a two years' tour. Well born and well connected, he carried with him letters of introduction to all the courts of Europe. When sated with the dissipation of Paris, and with all he cared to see in the way of art at Berlin, Dresden and Prague, he proceeded on his route to Vienna. On leaving his letters at the door of Count and Countess G—,* he was at once invited to take up his quarters at their house during his stay.

The Austrian court at that time was inflexible in its rule of aristocratic exclusiveness. No one was admissible into its *penetrabilia* who could not show at least sixteen quarterings on his armorial shield. This condition Mr. B— was in a position to fulfil; so that, under the auspices of his noble entertainers, he soon found himself mixing familiarly with the *crème de la crème* of Viennese society.

Conspicuous among the most fashionable was a certain Count Albert A—, who, though he had seen some forty summers, by the beauty

of his person, the grace of his manners, and the diversity of his accomplishments, eclipsed all competitors. Nature and fortune seemed to have combined to shower on him their choicest gifts; for, in addition to his physical attributes, his descent was of the noblest, and his possessions vast: he spoke four or five languages with ease, and was regarded by the fair sex as such a Crichton that no party was considered well constituted unless he were present.

One morning, after the most brilliant ball of the season, as Mr. B—, at breakfast with his host and hostess, was talking of it, he expressed much surprise at the absence, on the previous night, of the indispensable Count. Countess G— allowed his remark to drop without comment, and, by her manner, seemed to evade the subject. A few days after, however, when she and my friend were together and alone, she referred to what he had said, and told him that she had not liked dwelling on the subject in the presence of her husband, inasmuch as it was distasteful to him. 'You expressed,' she said 'surprise at the absence of Count Albert A— from the L— ball. It is true that he was not there when we arrived, for, if you remember,

* The initials used in the story are feigned.

we went unusually late; but he had been there—and had left before our arrival, against his own will, and under mysterious circumstances. It appeared he had been dancing with more than his usual spirit, and was leaning against the wall of the room, while his partner recovered her breath, during a pause in the waltz; when, happening to turn his head in the direction of a group of persons standing in the gangway, he noticed a tall man, in a long military cloak, beckoning to him, with an air of authority he was not accustomed to. Nevertheless, having handed his partner to her seat at the end of the dance, he obeyed the summons. As soon as he had reached the stairhead, two policemen, at a signal from the man in the cloak, seized him by each arm, dragged him down the steps, thrust him into a chaise with four horses, took their places by his side, put fetters on his wrists, and, without assigning any reason for his arrest, told him that his future residence would be the fortress of Spielberg, along whose gloomy corridors the same feet were never known to retrace their steps.

‘You will naturally be curious to learn what possible justification there could be for the adoption of measures so severe against such a man. The public at large will, possibly, never know. But you shall, on one condition, viz., that you never divulge what I shall tell you until I am dead. The strange facts which I have been told by my husband he could never have known had he not been appointed by the Emperor a member of the Aulic council, against whose jurisdiction, you are aware, universal as it is throughout the Austrian dominions, there is no appeal.’

My friend having promised to preserve the secret inviolate as long as she lived, the Countess thus continued her narrative:

‘To understand my tale you must transport yourself back in imagination some five-and-thirty years.

‘In Upper Styria, of which Judenburg is the capital, there is a very large but sparsely peopled district, which, at the period I allude to, was in the exclusive possession of three landowners. Part of the region was mountainous; the mountains containing in their bowels mines of silver, lead, copper and iron. Part consisted of valleys, richly cultivated, yielding abundant crops of grain, and possessing a fine breed of large

cattle. The other part was wild moorland, frequented by the chamois, and varied in its features by dark pine-forests and lakes alive with fish and wild fowl of all kinds.

‘Baron P——, a benevolent old bachelor, was the owner of the largest of these three properties. His estate was bounded on one side by Madam D——’s and on the other by Gräfin E——’s. Both of these ladies were widows; both were nearly the same age; each had an only child. Madame D——’s was a boy, two years older than Gräfin E——’s little girl.

‘Similarity of circumstances, proximity, sequestration from the world, community of sorrow, knitted these ladies together by strong ties of sympathy and friendship, and while the gentleness of their neighbour, the old baron, endeared him to them both, respect for his judgment caused them to refer to him for advice on all matters of importance.

‘The constant interchange of kindly offices among the three families helped to cement their intimacy so closely, that they were hardly ever separate. They alternated at each other’s houses visits of many months’ duration.

‘In the meantime the boy and girl grew up together as brother and sister. They read together, they romped together, they rode together, they fished on the lake together. On meeting at morn, and on parting at night, they embraced each other with as much unrestricted freedom as if they were the children of the same parents.

‘In this innocent and unalloyed confidence did the families continue, until the girl was nearly seventeen, when the old baron formally proposed for her to her mother, in some such words as these:—

“With your sanction, dear friend, I shall offer to your girl my hand, my heart, and my fortune. I am emboldened to do so, first, because, in consequence of the seclusion in which she has been reared, I know her affections to be disengaged; secondly, because, though not so vain as to fancy that, at my years, I could hope to inspire her with a romantic attachment, I yet believe she loves me better than any one in the world, except yourself. If you, then, will ratify our union, I will trust to you to explain to her that matrimony, in her case, will entail no abridgement of her liberty. In all the pleasures and pur-

suits natural to her age, she will still have her friend Albert for her companion ; and it will be an unspeakable satisfaction to me, as long as I live, to reflect that when I quit this scene our two estates will centre in the person of one who loves the poor equally on both, and whom the peasantry of each adore."

'*Mariages de convenance* were so common at that time throughout Germany and Hungary, that the disparity of age between the contracting parties was considered in no degree to lessen the advantages of the alliance in the estimation of the tenantry.

'All the preliminary arrangements, as to settlements, &c., &c., having been quickly disposed of, the marriage was duly solemnized, though with little display or pomp ; and the three families, who might be said to enjoy all things in common, dwelt for many months under the Baron's roof in tranquil and uninterrupted harmony ; when an incident occurred which threatened to jeopardize its perpetuity.

'About three or four miles from the baronial residence there was a small town, consisting of some four thousand inhabitants, in which there was an opera-house—an institution almost essential to the happiness of a people so nationally musical as the Germans. Of course the scenery, dresses, and decorations were not very imposing, and the corps itself was but second rate ; yet, occasionally, some of the more celebrated metropolitan singers would take the little town in their provincial tour, and attract crowded audiences to hear them. Ernestine and Albert were equally devoted to music, and generally attended the opera three nights a week ; their mothers keeping company with the Baron at home, until he retired to his study, his meerschau, and his bed. After two years of wedded life, the Baroness, without having any assignable grounds of complaint against her husband, fancied that she perceived a slight diminution of tenderness in his manner towards her. The more narrowly she watched his demeanour, the more strongly persuaded she became that she had, somehow or other, given him umbrage. She told him frankly of her fears. He begged her to dispel them, as they were groundless. After some time, however, when she returned to the charge, and urged him to tell her if she had, in any way, fallen short of her duty as a wife, he was obliged to

confess that much as he liked her to amuse herself, and grateful as he felt to Albert for escorting her to entertainments for which he had no longer any relish himself, he yet thought she had evinced some little want of consideration for the order and regularity and comfort of his establishment in staying out so late at night. "Surely, my darling," said he, "it is not important for you, who are such an *habituée* of the opera, always to stay till the very end of the entertainment. It is usually morning before the coachman has groomed and fed and bedded his horses. The whole household is on the alert when it ought to be at rest. Some of my old servants, who have been used to my early hours, have complained to me of the change in the family habits ; and, as for myself, although we occupy separate apartments, I never can close an eye till I know you have returned home in safety. I daresay, therefore, I may have unconsciously betrayed some dissatisfaction. I am glad, at all events, dear, we have had this candid explanation, for I know you will now take pleasure in conforming to my wishes for the future."

'Instead of gracefully acceding to her husband's hint, she bantered him on his old-fashioned punctilios : asked him if he could be cruel enough to wish her to quit the opera, and disturb the house by doing so, before the piece were concluded.' Much more she said in the same vein, showing plainly that she thought him a purist and his objections frivolous and overstrained : and proceeded with the petulance of a spoiled child to say, that "it was evident he cared more for his servants' comfort than for her gratification." With self-enforced calmness he interrupted her with these words : "Ernestine, I have religiously observed the promise I made your mother before our marriage. I have allowed you uncontrolled latitude of action. You do what you like ; you go where you like ; you spend what you like. Your every whim it has been my study to gratify. I am, therefore—I own—disappointed to see how little you care to humour *my* harmless prejudices. Until this moment you have never heard an angry expression pass my lips. But for once—and, I trust, for once only—I change my tone. As I see how lightly my wishes weigh with you, and how entirely engrossed you are with your own, I give you a warning." He

then turned towards her a face livid with anger, and said, in a tone the more alarming from its unwonted asperity,—“Go, madam; go every night of your life, if it please you, to the opera. Leave every night of your life, if it please you your old husband to the care of others and to the solace of his books and his meerschaum. But, remember, if henceforward under any circumstances you present yourself at the park gates after midnight, they will be closed on you for ever.”

‘The young wife, who, in spite of a little giddiness, was an amiable and affectionate creature, and fondly attached to her husband, was appalled by his ferocity. Overwhelmed with self-reproach, she flung herself at his feet, professed the profoundest contrition for her selfishness, and the utmost readiness to submit to any abasement rather than forfeit his affection. As he felt her salt tears drop on his hands, and witnessed her humility and penitence, the angry cloud on his brow cleared off; the thunder which had gathered over his spirit rolled by; the sunshine of his better nature again broke forth; and once more she was basking in the smile of reconciliation.

‘For a long time she adhered rigidly to her promise. On a particular night, however, a new opera was to be represented for the first time by a brilliant company from Vienna. Albert and Ernestine had their coffee, and went earlier than usual, that they might not miss a single bar of the overture. At the end of the second act, the Baroness complained to her companion that the interest of the piece dragged heavily. “It hangs fire sadly,” she said, “I wonder how long the act has lasted. Just look at your watch and see; I am sure it has been unusually long.”

‘Albert looked, and found it to be close on ten o’clock. At the instant he returned his watch to his pocket, a sudden thought seemed to strike him. Smiting his forehead impatiently, he exclaimed, “Good heavens! your asking me the hour has reminded me of what I had forgotten, viz., my appointment with Herr S——, the avocat. I told you of it a week ago.”

“Oh, never mind,” she replied, “write him an apology to-morrow.” “To-morrow,” said he, “will be too late. The farm I wanted for our old friend H—— will be given away by to-morrow, unless I negotiate for it to-night. Besides,

my lawyer is such a touchy old fellow, that if I break faith with him now, I shall find it no easy matter to appease him afterwards. You won’t mind my leaving you for half-an-hour, will you? I shall not be longer.” “Certainly not,” she replied, “if your engagement be as important as you say it is. No one will interfere with me. Everyone knows me well. And, if I had any cause for fear, I have only to lock the door of my box while you are away.” He left her precipitately, promising to return as quickly as he could.

‘In the meantime the opera proceeded; and the Baroness became so absorbed in the interest of the plot, and so enchanted with the singing of the prima donna, that she forgot the flight of time, until, on the falling of the curtain, Albert re-entered the box, and expressed his regret at his detention, telling her it was ten minutes to twelve o’clock. On hearing this, Ernestine evinced the most poignant distress, rushed to her carriage, told the coachman to gallop his horses the whole way home; and, as she took her seat by Albert’s side, burst into a flood of tears, declaring that she was irretrievably ruined; and that he, who knew but one side of her husband’s character, could form no conception of the violence of his temper, or the obstinacy of his resolution, when once it was really roused, and she was sure she should find him inexorable. In vain he tried to reassure her—in vain he told her that, in proportion as anger was vehement was it apt to be short-lived—that the storm once over, it would be succeeded by a great calm—and that all would be well again—she refused to be comforted.

‘On arriving at the park lodge, the keeper, who was in the habit, when he heard the roll of the carriage-wheels on the road, of springing forward to open the gates, was nowhere to be seen. Not till after many angry words from Albert did the old man present himself. And when he did, he respectfully but firmly declined to open the gates, saying, in justification for doing so, that more than twelve months ago his master had told him never to open them to any one after twelve o’clock, on pain of instant dismissal. “It goes to my heart, my lady, to refuse you,” he said, “for you have always been kind to me: but I must think of my wife and children; and what would become of us if we were turned off without a shirt to our backs, or

a roof over our heads." "If you will only open the gates," she replied, "I will take all the blame; and if my intercession with your master fail, you know I am myself quite able to save you from want, and save you I will."

'On the strength of this assurance, though with fear and trembling, he admitted the carriage. The instant the Baroness had entered the house she repaired to her husband's chamber, resolved to throw herself unreservedly on his mercy, and assure him that it was from no spirit of wilful disobedience, but from an unavoidable accident, which she could not have foreseen, that she had transgressed. She tapped diffidently at his door. Obtaining no answer, she concluded that he was either asleep or in no mood to be disturbed, and that it would be more prudent to postpone her interview till the morning. Early next day, accordingly, she repaired to his door, rapping two or three times, but with no better success. "Ah!" she thought to herself, "I daresay he has been chafing all night with anger against me; and has, may be, only just dropped asleep, after a weary vigil. It will be impolitic to try and rouse him now." About ten o'clock she once more ventured to his door, and loudly and beseechingly entreated him to let her in. No notice being taken of her appeal, she went for Albert, who first shouted lustily, and then shook the door impatiently. Still no answer. Becoming, both of them seriously alarmed, they had his door broken open: and, on rushing to his bed, found stretched upon it, and weltering in his blood, the ghastly corpse of the old man. While the young widow rent the air with her shrieks, and her own and Albert's mother were running to see what was the matter, Albert himself had hastened to the stables, saddled a horse with his own hands, and scoured the country far and wide, in hope of falling on the track of the murderer. For three days he was absent, never relaxing in his exertions, until, baffled and disheartened by failure, he returned to the inmates of the castle, at last, to give vent to the sorrow he had managed in the excitement of action to repress. The country, of course, was rife with ingenious but erroneous conjectures as to the motive of the murder; for no money was missing, and no provocation could have been given to anybody by one leading a life so benevolent, peaceful, and retiring

as the Baron's. The perpetrator of the deed was never guessed. The only man who ever approached him except his servants, who had lived with him for years, was the young Count Albert: but he was known to have idolized him from his childhood, and to have been treated by him like a father.

'In the course of time curiosity and indignation died out. The country folk subsided into their ordinary habits, firmly convinced that a special revelation from heaven alone could unravel the mystery of the murder. After a while the family lawyer was sent for, and the will read. It was found that everything the good old man had died possessed of was bequeathed absolutely to his widow.

'The administration of such extensive estates made it more than ever important that the now wealthy Baroness should have a man of probity and capacity at her elbow. Albert's presence was therefore more than ever essential to her: and, at the pressing solicitation of Ernestine, he and his mother consented to break up their own establishment, leave their house and estate in charge of a trusty steward, and take up their quarters with their widowed friend.

'The recollection of her husband's boundless confidence in her, implied by the terms of his will, and the tender thoughtfulness for her welfare which he had ever shown her during her life, filled his childish widow with self-reproach. The only compensation she could make his memory would be by carrying out to the letter every project she had ever known him contemplate for the good of his tenantry. Dedication to the call of duty, with a high sense of her responsibilities, gradually restored her to herself, and reconciled her to her lot. When the days of her mourning were ended, and she had consented to discard her weeds, one of her favourite occupations was to visit every corner of the property, and devise with Albert new plans for the greater comfort and well-being of the labouring poor.

'In one of these joint expeditions, Ernestine observed that Albert seemed out of spirits—that he was apt to be absent and silent, and hang his head pensively, as if oppressed by bitter fancies. She rallied him on the subject, and asked him what ailed him. "Any one who was a stranger to you would suppose you were in love, to see you thus." "And what if I

were," was his rejoinder, " would you not pity me? Were I to turn the tables and ask you, Ernestine, if *you* were in love, you would answer, No. But if I asked you if you loved me, you would answer promptly, Yes, as a sister loves a brother. What will you, then, think of me when I tell you I do not return that love? I say, not *that* love. The love that I have garnered in my heart of hearts for you has never been the love of friendship, or of blood: but the love of passion, maddening, bewildering, intoxicating passion! You have never been to me a sister, but my light, my joy, my life since I could lisp your name. For your dear sake it has been that I have despised the glitter of court life. For your sake I have relinquished the dreams of fond ambition. For your sake I have refused to enter the army, a profession which I love. Hitherto I have counted all these sacrifices as dross, because I have never been away from your side. Hitherto my existence has been a joyous one for I have breathed your atmosphere. It rests with you whether henceforth it shall not be a bitter and a blighted one. Unless you give me the right to claim you as my own, we must soon be severed. I have demolished my household gods for you, and at your request. I have no sooner done so than I find a censorious world—not our little world but the great one of the metropolis—condemning us for an intimacy which at one time my youth, and subsequently the presence of your husband, fully explained and excused.

"You are shocked, I see, at the substance and the abruptness of my disclosure. Alas! of my love you would have heard long, long ago, had I conceived it possible your mother would have consented to your contracting a marriage while you were so young. When first I was told of your betrothal, I felt as if a thunderbolt had fallen on me. I was speechless, paralyzed with grief. Anger I could not feel; for my bitterest rival was my truest benefactor. But enough of this. The dear old man is removed. Oh, let me supply his vacant place. Though you may think, at present, that the affection you feel for me is not the affection a wife should feel for her husband—yet is it, let me ask, less warm than that you felt for him you scrupled not to marry? Are not our years more suited to each other? Are not our tastes

more congenial? Have we not more pursuits in common?—Stay! stay! I conjure you! Before you answer, and seal my fate and your own, let me tell you my sole alternative, in the event of a refusal. If you will not be mine, I leave this spot for ever, never to see your face again. Are you prepared to lose the companionship and sympathy of the friend of your childhood—the depositary of the secrets of your womanhood? I wait your answer."

'His importunity, and the dawning sense of her equivocal position in the eyes of the world, prevailed at last over her natural repugnance to wed with one whom she had always treated with the familiarity of a near relation. In a word, his skilful wooing won her, and they married. What the course of their conjugal life was, whether smooth or ruffled, my informant did not tell me. But certain it was, that after the Baroness had borne him three children, he was as *recherché* in the gay circles of Vienna as ever, while she was never seen.

'And now, to return to the eventful evening of Albert's capture.

'The very day before it happened, an audience of the Emperor had been solicited by one who begged permission to withhold his name until he had stated the object for which he asked the interview. This unusual request being granted, a man of wan, anxious, almost cadaverous aspect, flung himself at the feet of his sovereign; and, in much agitation, asked his Majesty if he remembered a notorious murder which had taken place some years before—the murder of old Baron —.

"Full well," said the Emperor, "who can forget it? Have you anything to tell which will lead to the detection of its wretched author?"

"I have, Sire; I know the man, and so does your Majesty. I have come to denounce him."

"I know a murderer? Have a care, man. Who is it?"

"Albert, Count A—, whom, if I mistake not, your Majesty has honoured with your confidence and favour."

"Villain! You calumniate an honourable man. You mention the most deservedly popular of our nobility. You will have cause to rue your temerity unless you substantiate your charge. What, tell me, is the evidence you offer?"

"The evidence, Sire, of my own senses. May it please your Imperial Majesty, it is not under the spur of malignity, but under the sting of remorse; it is in dread of a higher tribunal than yours, Sire, that I beg you to be my priest as well as my king; and to receive the confession of a wretch who has just been told by three medical men that his hours are numbered. Their verdict has, I own, taken me by surprise, though I knew a malignant malady to be preying on my vitals. I fear death: but that which comes after death I fear still more. The sins of my past life, within the last few minutes, have come before me in all their aggravation. I can make no atonement for them myself. But I will try to do justice to an injured woman, and bring down condign punishment on the wicked man who has wronged her. I charge, then, Count Albert A—— with having murdered his best friend; not from mercenary or vindictive motives, but from an impatience to sweep from out of his path the great impediment in the way of his union with one he loved too madly. Alas! while I denounce him, what can I say for myself? I was base enough to accept a bribe to assume the priestly garb and office, and thus desecrate the Sacrament of Marriage by performing a sham ceremony. His motive for this crime I never have been able to fathom: for, assuredly, he loved sincerely. Possibly he had some one in his eye whom he wished, eventually, to marry. But that is mere conjecture, after all."

'The counterfeit priest was allowed to go to

his own quarters. A guard was set over him; and within a few hours he died, swearing to the guilt of Count Albert A——.

'The unhappy man was hardly dead before Ernestine requested audience of the Emperor, conjured him to see her righted, and told him that she had been apprised of her husband's treachery by his own lips. He listened to her prayer, and promised that she should be married legally, and her children be legitimized. It was shortly after this interview with the Emperor that her husband was taken from the ball-room on the occasion referred to, and transferred to his cell in Spielberg. The next night was enacted a scene alike dramatic and affecting. As the castle bell tolled twelve, in a dismal corridor beneath the Danube, midway between the outer and inner entrance to the prisoner's cell, a temporary altar was erected, covered with black cloth. Across the centre was a grille. At the head stood a priest; and while from the outer entrance there appeared the injured Ernestine, with head averted and faltering step, from the opposite end came Albert, also with averted head, but with resolute tread and unblushing front, escorted by halberdiers, and lighted by torch-bearers. As they reached the altar, on either side the grille, the ceremony commenced: their hands, thrust through the interposing grille, were joined together; the ring was given again, for the second time, and each returned from whence they came, without exchanging look or word.'

MARINE OF TORONTO HARBOUR—1799-1816.

(From Rev. Dr. Scadding's forthcoming "TORONTO OF OLD.")

UNDER date of York, Saturday, Sep. 14th, 1799, we have mention made in the *Gazette* of a new vessel. "The *Toronto Yacht*, Capt. Baker," the *Gazette* announces, "will in the course of a few days be ready to make her first trip. She is, "the *Gazette* says," one of the handsomest vessels of her size that ever swam upon the Ontario; and if we are permitted to judge from her appearance, and to do

her justice, we must say she bids fair to be one of the swiftest sailing vessels. She is admirably calculated for the reception of passengers, and can with propriety boast of the most experienced officers and men. Her master-builder" it is subjoined, "was a Mr. Dennis, an American, on whom she reflects great honour." This was Mr. Joseph Dennis; and the place where the vessel was built was a little way up

the Humber. (The name Dennis is carelessly given in the *Gazette* as Denison.)

The effects of rough weather on the Lake at the close of 1799, as detailed by the *Niagara Constellation* of the 7th of December, will not be out of place. "On Thursday last" the *Constellation* says "a boat arrived here from Schenectady, which place she left on the 22nd ult. She passed the *York* sticking on a rock off the Devil's Nose : no prospect of getting her off. A small deck-boat also, she reports, lately sprung a leak twelve miles distant from Oswego. The people on board, many of whom were passengers, were taken off by a vessel passing, when she instantly sank : cargo is all lost." The narrative then proceeds to say, "A vessel supposed to be the *Genesee* schooner, has been two days endeavouring to come in. It is a singular misfortune" the *Constellation* says "that this vessel, which sailed more than a month ago from Oswego, laden for this place, has been several times in sight, and driven back by heavy gales."

In the same number of the *Constellation* (Dec. 7th, 1799,) we have "the well-known schooner *Peggy*" spoken of. A moiety of her is offered for sale. Richard Beasley of Barton, executor, and Margaret Berry of York, executrix, to the estate of Thomas Berry, merchant, late of York, deceased, advertise for sale. "One moiety of the well-known schooner *Peggy* : any recommendation of her sailing or accommodation" they say "will be unnecessary : with these particulars the public are well acquainted, and the purchaser will, no doubt, satisfy himself with personal inspection. For terms of sale app'y to the executor and executrix."

In the *Constellation* of the following week is the mysterious paragraph : "If Jonathan A. Pell will return and pay Captain Selleck for the freight of the salt which he took from on board the *Duchess of York* without leave, it will be thankfully received and no questions asked."

The disastrous effects of the gales are referred to again in the *Gazette* of Dec. 21st, 1799. "We hear from very good authority," the *Gazette* says, "that the schooner *York*, Captain Murray, has foundered, and is cast upon the American shore about fifty miles from Niagara, where the captain and men are encamped. Mr. Forsyth, one of the passengers,

hired a boat to carry them to Kingston. Fears are entertained for the fate of the *Terrahoga*," (a government vessel so named.)

On the 15th of May, 1800, Governor Hunter arrives again in York Harbour. The *Gazette* of Saturday the 17th, 1800, announces that "on Thursday evening last, (May 15th), his Excellency Peter Hunter, Esq., Lieutenant Governor and Commander-in-Chief of this Province, arrived in our harbour on board the *Toronto* ; and on Friday morning about 9 o'clock landed at the garrison, where he is at present to side." On May 16th in the following year Governor Hunter arrives again in the *Toronto*, from Quebec. "Arrived this morning Saturday, May 16th, 1801," says the *Gazette*, "on board the *Toronto*, Captain Earl, his Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, his Aide-de-Camp and Secretary, from Quebec. We hear" continues the *Gazette* "that his Excellency has ordered the Parliament to meet on the 28th instant for the actual despatch of business."

In the *Gazette* of Aug. 29th, in this year, (1801), we have the appointment of Mr. Allan to the collectorship for the harbour of York. Thus runs the announcement : "To the public. His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor has been pleased to appoint the subscriber Collector of Duties at this Port, for the Home District : as likewise Inspector of Pot and Pearl Ashes and Flour. Notice is hereby given that the Custom House for entry will be held at my store-house at the water's edge, and that I will attend accordingly, agreeably to the Act. W. Allan, York, 25th Aug. 1801."

In this year, it is noted in the *Niagara Herald* (Nov. 18th 1801), the people of Niagara saw for the first time flying from Fort George the British Flag, as blazoned after the recent union of Great Britain and Ireland. "On Tuesday the 17th instant, at 12 o'clock," the *Herald* says, "we were most agreeably entertained with a display from Fort George, for the first time, of the flag of the United Kingdom. The wind being in a favourable point, it unfurled to the greatest advantage to a view from the town. Its size, we apprehend, will subject it to injury in the high winds that prevail here.' It was possibly the Royal Standard.

In the following year, 1802, Governor Hunter arrives at York on the 14th of May, and again in the *Toronto*. "It is with infinite plea-

sure" (such is the warm language of the *Gazette* of May 15th, 1802), "we announce the arrival of his Excellency Peter Hunter, Esq. Lieutenant Governor of this Province, and suite, in a very short passage from Quebec. His Excellency arrived in the harbour late yesterday evening (May 14), on board the *Toronto*, and landed at the Garrison at 9 o'clock. We understand he left Quebec the 27th ult." The officer in command at York on the occasion of Governor Hunter's visit in 1802 was Capt. Æneas Macdonell. We have before us a note from him, dated York Garrison, May 15th, to Lieut. Chiniquy at Fort George, in which he speaks of this visit. "General Hunter appeared off this harbour" he says, "at 4 o'clock yesterday, with a Jack at his main-top-mast head. A guard of two sergeants, two corporals, and thirty men," Capt. Macdonell continues, "was soon ready to receive him, which I had the honour to command; but I had not the pleasure to salute him, as he could not land before 9 o'clock last night." (At the close of his note, Capt. Macdonell begs Mr. Chiniquy to send him over from Niagara some butter,—such a luxury being, as we must suppose, difficult to be procured at York. "If you will be good enough to take the trouble," Capt. Macdonell says, "to procure me a few pounds of butter and send it over, I will willingly take the same trouble for you when in my power.")

In the *Gazette* of the preceding April a boat is advertised as about to make trips between York and the Head of the Lake. This is the advertisement: "The subscriber will run a boat from York to the Head of the Lake once a week. The first departure will be from York the 31st instant (on Wednesday), and from the Head of the Lake on Saturday, every week. Any commands left with Messrs. Miles and Playter, and Mr. Beaman at York, and at the Government House, Mr. Bates; and Richard Beasley, Esq. at the Head of the Lake, will be attended to with confidence and despatch. Levi Willard, York, 30th March, 1802."

So early as Jan. 18, in this year (1802), the following notice appeared in the *Niagara Herald*:—"The sloop *Mary Ann* will sail from this town (Niagara) on first favourable day."—In August of this year a young Scotchman falls from this sloop and is drowned. The *Niagara Herald* of Aug. 21, 1802, notes the in-

cident:—"On Monday last, James McQueen, a native of Scotland, aged about 20, fell from the *Mary Ann* and was drowned. The vessel being under sail, with wind and current in her favour, could not put about in the very short time he remained above water."—In 1802, "Skinner's Sloop" was plying occasionally between York and Niagara. We have a letter before us from Capt. Æneas Macdonell to Ensign Chiniquy, dated York Garrison, 28th March, 1802, acknowledging a budget of news received by "Skinner's Sloop."

In 1803, on the 13th of May, the arrival at York of a government vessel named the *Duke of Kent*, with troops, is announced in the *Gazette*. "This morning arrived at the Garrison the *Duke of Kent* from Kingston, having on board a detachment of His Majesty's 49th regiment, which is to do duty here in place of the 41st regiment, ordered to Lower Canada." This same vessel arrives again in the harbour on the 27th of the following July. She now has on board "The Right Reverend Jacob, Lord Bishop of Quebec:"—"On Thursday the 27th," says the *Gazette* of the 29th of July, 1803, "arrived here (York), the *Duke of Kent*, having on board the Right Reverend Jacob, Lord Bishop of Quebec. We understand," the *Gazette* adds, "his Lordship intended first to visit Detroit, but owing to contrary winds, was necessitated to postpone his journey. His Lordship will leave town for Niagara shortly after the Confirmation, which will immediately take place."

We hear of casualties on the Lake towards the close of the year. We read in the *Gazette* of Nov. 16, that "it is currently reported, and we are sorry to add with every appearance of foundation, that the sloop *Lady Washington*, commanded by Capt. Murray, was lately lost in a gale of wind near Oswego, on her passage to Niagara. Pieces of the wreck, and her boat, by which she was recognized, together with several other articles, are said to have been picked up. It is yet uncertain," the *Gazette* says, "whether the crew and passengers are saved; among the latter were Messrs. Dunn and Boyd, of Niagara."—Again: the *Gazette* of Dec. 10, 1803, reports that "a gentleman from Oswego, by the name of Mr. Dunlop, was on Wednesday last accidentally knocked from on board a vessel near the Highlands by the gibbing of the boom, and unfortunately drowned."

The disappointment occasioned to merchants sometimes by the uncertainty of communication between York and the outer world in the stormy season, may be conceived of from a postscript to an advertisement of Mr. Quetton St. George's in the *Gazette* of Dec. 10, 1803. It says: "Mr. St. George is very sorry on account of his customers, that he has not received his East India Goods and Groceries: he is sure they are at Oswego; and should they not arrive this season, they may be looked for early in the spring." It was tantalizing to suppose they were so near to York as Oswego, and yet could not be had until the spring.

The principal incident connected with the marine of the harbour of York in 1804 was the loss of the *Speedy*. We give the contemporary account of the disaster from the *Gazette* of Saturday, Nov. 3, 1804.

"The following," the *Gazette* says, "is as accurate an account of the loss of the schooner *Speedy*, in His Majesty's service on Lake Ontario, as we have been able to collect. The *Speedy*, Captain Paxton, left this port (York) on Sunday evening, the 7th of October last, with a moderate breeze from the north-west, for Presqu'isle, and was descried off that island on the Monday following before dark, where preparations were made for the reception of the passengers, but the wind coming round from the north-east, blew with such violence as to render it impossible for her to enter the harbour: and very shortly after she disappeared. A large fire was then kindled on shore as a guide to the vessel during the night; but she has not since been seen or heard of; and it is with the most painful sensations we have to say, we fear is totally lost. Inquiry, we understand, has been made at almost every port of the Lake, but without effect; and no intelligence respecting the fate of this unfortunate vessel could be obtained. It is, therefore, generally concluded that she has either upset or foundered. It is also reported by respectable authority that several articles, such as the compass-box, hen-coop and mast, known to have belonged to this vessel, have been picked up on the opposite side of the Lake.—The passengers on board the ill-fated *Speedy*, as near as we can recollect," the narrative goes on to say, "were Mr. Justice Cochrane; Robert J. D. Gray, Esq., Solicitor-General, and Member of the House of

Assembly; Angus Macdonell, Fsq., Advocate, Member of the House of Assembly; Mr. Jacob Herchmer, Merchant; Mr. John Stegman, Surveyor; Mr. George Cowan, Indian Interpreter; James Ruggles, Esq.; Mr. Anderson, Student in the Law; Mr. John Fisk, High Constable, all of this place. The above named gentlemen were proceeding to the District of Newcastle, in order to hold the Circuit, and for the trial of an Indian (also on board the *Speedy*) indicted for the murder of John Sharp, late of the Queen's Rangers. It is also reported, but we cannot vouch for its authenticity, that exclusive of the above passengers, there were on board two other persons, one in the service of Mr. Justice Cochrane, and the other in that of the Solicitor-General; as also two children of parents whose indigent circumstances necessitated them to travel by land. The crew of the *Speedy*, it is said, consisted of five seamen (three of whom have left large families) exclusive of Captain Paxton, who also had a very large family. The total number of souls on board the *Speedy* is computed to be about twenty. A more distressing and melancholy event has not occurred to this place for many years; nor does it often happen that such a number of persons of respectability are collected in the same vessel. Not less than nine widows, and we know not how many children, have to lament the loss of their husbands and fathers, who, alas, have, perhaps in the course of a few minutes, met with a watery grave. It is somewhat remarkable," the *Gazette* then observes, "that this is the third or fourth accident of a similar nature within these few years, the cause of which appears worthy the attention and investigation of persons conversant in the art of ship-building."

Two of the disasters to vessels probably alluded to by the *Gazette* were noted above. In 1802 the *Lady Washington*, Captain Murray, foundered in the Lake, leaving scarcely a trace. And three years previously, the *York*, in command of the same Captain Murray, was lost at the point known as the Devil's Nose, not far from the entrance to the River Genesee. And again, some years earlier, in 1780, before the organization of the Province of Upper Canada, the *Ontario*, Capt. Andrews, carrying twenty-two guns, went down with all on board, while conveying troops, a detach-

ment of the King's Own, under Col. Burton, from Niagara to Oswego. One hundred and seventy-two persons perished on this occasion, Capt. Andrews was, at the time, First Commissioner of the Dock Yard at Kingston, and Commodore of the small flotilla maintained on the Lake, chiefly for transport service.

As to the apparent fragility of the government vessels, on which the *Gazette* remarks, the use of timber insufficiently seasoned may have had something to do with it. The French Duke de Liancourt, in 1795, observed that all the vessels which he saw at Niagara were built of timber fresh cut down and not seasoned; and that, for that reason, "they never lasted longer than six or eight years." To preserve them for even this length of time, he says, requires a thorough repair: they must be heaved down and caulked, which costs, at least, from one thousand to one thousand two hundred guineas. "The timbers of the *Mississaga*," he says, "which was built three years ago, are almost all rotten."

A particular account of the homicide for which the Indian prisoner, lost in the *Speedy*, was about to be tried, and of his arrest, is given in our section entitled "Some Memories of the Old Court House."

Of the perils encountered by early navigators of Lake Ontario we have an additional specimen furnished us by the *Gazette* of Sep. 8th, 1804. That paper reports as follows: "Capt. Moore's sloop, which sailed from Sackett's Harbour on the 14th July for Kingston with a load of pot and pearl ashes, struck on Long Point near Kingston in a gale of wind; and having on board a number of passengers, men, women and children, he was under the necessity of throwing over forty-eight barrels of ashes in order to lighten the vessel." It is then briefly added: "She arrived at Kingston."

We hear of the *Toronto Yacht* in 1805, casually. A boat puts off from her to the rescue of some persons in danger of drowning, near the Garrison at York, in November of that year. "On Sunday last, the 10th," says the *Gazette* of Nov. 16th, 1805, "a boat from the River Credit for this place (York) containing four persons, and laden with salmon and country produce, overset near the Garrison, at the entrance of this harbour; and notwithstanding the most prompt assistance rendered by a boat

from the *Toronto Yacht*, we are sorry to add that one person was unfortunately drowned, and a considerable part of the cargo lost." At this date, the *Toronto Yacht* was under the command of Capt. Earl.

In December, 1805, a member of the Kendrick family of York was lost in a vessel wrecked on the New York side of the Lake. "We understand" says the *Gazette* of Feb. 15th, 1806, "that a boat, sometime in December last, going from Oswego to Sandy Creek was lost near the mouth of Salmon river, and four persons drowned. One of the bodies, and the articles contained in the boat, were driven ashore; the remainder, it is supposed, were buried in the sand. The persons who perished were—John McBride (found), John Kendrick of this place (York), Alexander Miller and Jessamin Montgomery."—In November of this year (1805), Miss Sarah Kendrick was married. It will be observed that her taste, like that of her brothers, of whom more hereafter, lay in a nautical direction. "Married on Tuesday the 12th instant," by licence, records the *Gazette*, "Jesse Goodwin, mariner, to Miss Sarah Kendrick." (This is the Goodwin from whom the small stream which ran into York Bay at its eastern extremity, used to be called Goodwin's Creek.)

In the *Gazette* of Oct. 11th, 1806, it is noted that Governor Gore crossed from York to Niagara in little more than four hours. The vessel is not named. Probably it was the *Toronto Yacht*.

In 1807, Governor Gore crossed from York to Niagara to hold a levee, on the King's birthday. The vessel that conveyed him again is not named. The following notice appears in the *Gazette* of May 16th, 1807: "Government House, York, 16th May, 1807. The Lieut. Governor will hold a levee at the Commanding Officer's Quarters at Niagara, at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, the 4th of June. Wm. Halton, Secretary." Then follows a second notice: "Government House, York, 16th May, 1807. There will be a Ball and Supper at the Council House, Niagara, on his Majesty's Birthday, for such ladies and gentlemen as have been presented to the Lieutenant Governor and Mrs. Gore. Wm. Halton, Secretary."

An accident to the *Toronto Yacht* is reported in the *Gazette* of Oct. 17th, 1807. That paper

says: "The *Toronto Yacht*, in attempting her passage across on Wednesday or Thursday last, met with an accident that obliged her to put back to Niagara, which port, we understand, she reached with difficulty."

The *Gazette* of Oct. 31st, 1807, speaks of the inconveniences to itself, arising from the irregularity in the communication between York and Niagara. "The communication with Niagara by water" it says, "from being irregular lately, has prevented us receiving our papers this week. The *Indian Express*" the *Gazette* then adds, "having commenced its regular weekly route, our publishing day will be changed to Wednesday. We have nothing of moment or interest. Should anything occur we will give an extra sheet." On the 18th of November the *Gazette* appears printed on blue paper, such as used to be seen on the outside of pamphlets and magazines. An apology is offered. "We have to apologize to our readers for the necessity of publishing this week on an inferior quality of paper, owing to the non-arrival of our expected supply." The same kind of paper is used in a succession of numbers. It is curious to observe that the effect of time has been to produce less disfigurement in the bright appearance of the pages and print of the blue numbers of the *Gazette*, than in the ordinary white paper numbers, which have now assumed a very coarse, dingy, inferior aspect.

In 1808 the important announcement is made in the *Gazette* of March 16th, that a Lighthouse is about to be immediately established on Gibraltar Point, at the entrance of York Harbour. "It is with pleasure we inform the public," the *Gazette* says, "that the dangers to vessels navigating Lake Ontario will in a great measure be avoided by the erection of a Lighthouse on Gibraltar Point, which is to be immediately completed, in compliance with an Address of the House of Assembly to the Lieutenant Governor."

We have understood that a lighthouse was begun at the point of York peninsula before the close of the last century; that the *Mohawk* was employed in bringing over stone for the purpose, from Queenston; and that Mr. John Thomson, still living in 1873, was engaged in the actual erection of the building. It was perhaps then begun. In 1803 an Act was passed by the Provincial Legislature for the establish-

ment of lighthouses, "on the south western-most point of a certain island called Isle Forrest, situated about three leagues from the town of Kingston, in the Midland District; another upon Mississaga point at the entrance of the Niagara river, near to the town of Niagara; and the other upon Gibraltar point." It was probably not practicable to carry the Act fully into effect before 1806. According to the Act a fund for the erection and maintenance of such lighthouses was to be formed by levying three pence per ton on every vessel, boat, raft, or other craft of ten tons burthen and upwards, doubling the point named, inward bound. That lighthouse duty should be levied at ports where there was no lighthouse, became a grievance; and in 1818 it was enacted that "no vessel, boat, raft or other craft of the burthen of ten tons and upwards shall be liable to pay any Lighthouse Duty at any port where there shall be no lighthouse erected, any Law or usage to the contrary notwithstanding."

Mr. Cartwright, (Judge Cartwright) built in 1808 two vessels on Mississaga Point at the mouth of the Cataragui, one for himself, the *Elizabeth*; the other for the North-West Company, the *Governor Simcoe*. The North-West Company had previously a vessel on the lake called the *Simcoe*; which was now worn out.

In June, 1808, Governor Gore departs from York for a tour in the western part of the Province. The *Gazette* seems mildly to rebuke him for having swerved from his first design in regard to this tour. He had intended to proceed *via* Lake Huron; that is, by the Yonge Street route; but he had finally preferred to go *via* Lake Ontario. "His Excellency the Lieut. Governor left this place, York," the *Gazette* announces, "on the 15th instant, on a visit to Sandwich, etc. We are sorry" the editor then ventures to observe, "that he did not, as he originally destined, proceed by Lake Huron, according to his amiable intention and view of promoting the first interests of this Province."

In the *Gazette* of Oct. 22nd, in this year, we hear once more of the *Toronto Yacht*.—Governor Gore has returned to York in safety, and has left again for Niagara in the *Toronto*. "On the 17th instant" the above-named *Gazette* reports, "His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor and Major Halton sailed for Niagara in the *Toronto Yacht*. It was His Excellency's

intention to have gone there on Monday last." The *Gazette* says; "he embarked for the purpose and received an honorary salute from the Garrison. Excessive gales and a succession of violent headwinds delayed his proceeding until Thursday morning." (He returned in the *Toronto* on Tuesday the 6th of November.)

On the 14th of December in this year, the editor of the *Gazette* again announces a change in the day of publication, in consequence of the suspension of water communication between York and Niagara. "The suspension of our water communication with Niagara at the present season obliges us to alter the day of publication, which will now be on Wednesday. John Cameron."

A postal notice issued in the *Gazette* of Jan. 4th, in the following year, 1809, is interesting now. It reads thus: "For General Information. The winter mail will be despatched from Quebec for Upper Canada on the following days: Monday 2nd Jan., 1809, do., 6th Feb: do. 6th March: do. 3rd April. Each mail may be looked for here (York) from 16 to 18 days after the above periods. The Carrier from Kingston (the Indian Express probably of which we have heard already) is to go on to Niagara without making any stay (unless found necessary) at this place; so that all persons will have time to prepare their letters by the time he returns from Kingston again. W. Allan, Deputy P. M., York, 2nd Jan. 1809." The mail between Montreal and Kingston was carried on the back of one Anderson. Between these two places the postage was ninepence.

Between 1809 and 1812 we do not light upon many notices of vessels frequenting York Harbour. In 1810, a schooner called the *Lady Gore*, or the *Bella Gore*, commanded by Captain Sanders and plying to Kingston, was a well known vessel. (It may be noted that in 1811 Governor Gore left York for England, on leave of absence, and was away during the four eventful years that followed.) In 1812, and previously, a sloop commanded by Captain Conn was running between York and Niagara. From some peculiarity in her contour, she was popularly spoken of as "Captain Conn's Coffin?" Another sloop, commanded by Captain Grace was plying between York, Niagara and Kingston about the same time.

The Government vessels with whose names we have become familiar were now either unseaworthy or wrecked. The *Mohawk*, the *Onondaga*, the *Caldwell*, the *Sophia*, the *Buffalo*, are no longer heard of as passing in and out of the harbour of York. It had been the fate of the *Toronto Yacht*, while under the command of Capt. Fish, to run on the sands at Gibraltar Point through a mistake as to the position of the light. Her skeleton was long a conspicuous object, visited by ramblers on the Island. This incident occurred just before the outbreak of the war.

Most of the vessels which had been engaged in the ordinary traffic of the Lake were, during the war, employed by the government in the transport service. Captain Murney's vessel, the *Prince Edward*, built, as we have already heard, wholly of red cedar, and still in good order in 1812, was thus employed.

In the fleet on Lake Ontario in 1812-14 new names prevail. Not one of the old titles is repeated. Some changes made in the nomenclature of vessels during the contest have created confusion in regard to particular ships. In several instances which we shall specify immediately, in the following list, two names indicate the same vessel at different periods of the war. The *Prince Regent*, the commodore's ship, (Capt. Earl), the *Princess Charlotte*, the *Montreal*, the *Wolfe*, the *Sir Sidney Smith*, the *Niagara*, the *Royal George*, the *Melville*, the *Star*, the *Maira*, the *Cherwell*, the *Gloucester* (Capt. Gouverneau), the *Magnet*, the *Netley*, the *St. Lawrence*; and the gunboats *Cleopatra*, *Lais*, *Ninon*, *Nelly*, *Regent*, *Thunderer*, *Wellington*, *Retaliation*, *Black Snake*, *Prescott*, *Dreadnought*. In this list, the *Wolfe* and the *Montreal* are the same vessels; as also are the *Royal George* and the *Niagara*; the *Melville* and the *Star*; the *Prince Regent* and the *Netley*; the *Maira* and the *Cherwell*; the *Montreal* and the *Wolfe*; the *Magnet* and the *Sir Sidney Smith*.

The *Maira* was lying off the Garrison at York when the *Simcoe* transport came in sight filled with prisoners taken on Queenston Heights, and bringing the first intelligence of the death of General Prock. We have heard the Rev. Dr. Richardson of Toronto, who at the time was Sailing Master of the *Maira*, under Captain Sampson, describe the scene.—The ap-

proaching schooner was recognized at a distance as the *Simcoe*: it was a vessel owned and commanded, at the moment, by Dr. Richardson's father, Captain James Richardson. Mr. Richardson accordingly speedily put off in a boat from the *Moira*, to learn the news. He was first startled at the crowded appearance of the *Simcoe's* deck, and at the unwonted guise of his father, who came to the gangway conspicuously girt with a sword. 'A great battle had been fought' he was told, 'on Queenston Heights. The enemy had been beaten. The *Simcoe* was full of prisoners of war, to be transferred instanter to the *Moira* for conveyance to Kingston. General Brock was killed!'—Elated with the first portion of the news, Dr. Richardson spoke of the thrill of dismay which followed the closing announcement as something indescribable and never to be forgotten.

Among the prisoners on board the *Simcoe* was Winfield Scott, an artillery officer, afterwards the distinguished General Scott. He was not taken to Kingston, but, with others, released on parole.

The year following (1813), York Harbour was visited by the United States fleet, consisting of sixteen vessels. The result other pages will tell. It has been again and again implied in these papers. The government vessel named the *Prince Regent*, narrowly escaped capture. She had left the port only a few days before the arrival of the enemy. The frames of two ships on the stocks were destroyed, but not by the Americans. At the command of General Sheaffe they were fired by the royal troops when beginning the retreat in the direction of Kingston. A schooner, the *Governor Hunter*, belonging to Joseph Kendrick, was caught in the harbour and destroyed; but as we have understood, the American commander paid a sum of money to the owner by way of compensation.—At the taking of York, Captain Sanders, whom we have seen in command of the *Bella Gore*, was killed. He was put in charge of the dockyardmen who were organized as a part of the small force to be opposed to the invaders.

We can imagine a confused state of things at York in 1813. Nevertheless the law asserts its supremacy. The magistrates in sessions fine a pilot £2 15s. for refusing to fulfil his engagement with Mr. McIntosh. "On the 19th

October, 1813, a complaint was made by Angus McIntosh, Esq., late of Sandwich, now of York, merchant, against Jonathan Jordan, formerly of the city of Montreal, a steersman in one of Angus McIntosh's boats, for refusing to proceed with the said boat, and thereby endangering the safety of the said boat. He is fined £2 15s. currency, to be deducted from wages due by Angus McIntosh."

It was in May the following year (1814), that Mr. Richardson, while Acting Master on board the *Montreal* (previously the *Wolfe*), lost his left arm in Sir James Yeo's expedition against Oswego.—The place was carried by storm. After describing the mode of attack and the gallantry of the men, Sir James Yeo in his official despatch thus speaks in particular of the *Montreal*. "Captain Popham of the *Montreal*" he says, "anchored his ship in a most gallant style; sustaining the whole fire until we gained the shore. She was set on fire three times by red hot shot, and much cut up in her hull, masts and rigging. Captain Popham," he then proceeds to say, "received a severe wound in his right hand; and speaks in high terms of Mr. Richardson, the Master, who from a severe wound in the left arm, was obliged to undergo amputation at the shoulder joint."

The grievous mutilation thus suffered did not cause Mr. Richardson to retire from active service. Immediately on his recovery he was, at his own desire, appointed to a post of professional duty in the fleet. In October, when the great hundred-gun-ship, the *St. Lawrence*, was launched at Kingston, he was made by Sir James Yeo Sailing Master of that vessel, his familiarity with the coasts of the Lake rendering his services in that capacity of great value.

In the record of disbursements made by the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada in 1815, we have the sum of One Hundred Pounds allotted on the 22nd of April to "Mr. James Richardson, of the Midland District," with the following note appended: "This gentleman was first in the Provincial Navy, and behaved well: he then became Principal Pilot of the Royal Fleet, and by his modesty and uncommon good conduct, gained the esteem of all the officers of the Navy. He lost his arm at the taking of Oswego, and as he was not a commissioned officer, there was no allowance

for his wounds. The Society, informed of this and in consideration of his services, requested his acceptance of £100."

By a curious transition, instances of which are now and then afforded in the history of individuals in every profession, Mr. Richardson became in after years an eminent minister in the Methodist Society; and at the age of 82 was known and honoured far and wide throughout Upper Canada as the indefatigable bishop or chief superintendent of that section of the Methodist body which is distinguished by the prefix Episcopal.

In 1814 it would appear that Commodore Chauncey and his fleet were no longer dominating the north shore. The *Nelley*, formerly the *Prince Regent*, is mentioned as being again in the harbour of York. On the 24th of July she took over Lieut. General and President Drummond, when on his way to support General Riall at Lundy's Lane. "I embarked" General Drummond says in his despatch to Sir

George Prevost describing the engagement at Lundy's Lane; "I embarked on board his Majesty's schooner *Nelley*, at York, on Sunday evening the 24th instant (July), and reached Niagara at daybreak the following morning." He then pushed on from Niagara to Lundy's Lane with 800 rank and file, and was the undoubted means of preventing a hard-contested fight from ending in a defeat.

On the 24th of December in this year the Treaty of Ghent was signed, by which, to adopt its own language, "a firm and universal peace was re-established between his Britannic Majesty and the United States, and between their respective countries, territories, cities, towns and people of every degree, without exception of persons or places."

After the close of the war with the United States, the era of steam-navigation on Lake Ontario opens. The first steamer, the *Frontenac*, was launched at Ernesttown on the Bay of Quinté in 1816. Her trips began in 1817.

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

In a recently published work on the "History of Science and Scientific Men," M. Alphonse de Candolle, one of the veteran botanists of Europe, and a firm believer in the truth of the Darwinian theory, has given utterance to some singular speculations as to the probable future of the human race. Looking forward but a few hundred years, he sees the probable extinction of all the less dominant races of men, and he thinks that the world will be divided amongst the white races, the negroes, and the Chinese, each of which will have respectively occupied those portions of the earth which are best suited for their peculiar characters. Looking forward, however, much further in the future, perhaps fifty or a hundred thousand years, he draws a by no means very encouraging picture of what will then probably be the state of things. By that time all the available supplies of coals and metals will have been used

up; and even if man should discover some new source of heat, and should be able to extract the metals which are dispersed in small quantities through the soil, still metals of all kinds will have become much scarcer and dearer than they are at present. He thinks that railroads, steamships, and all the appliances of modern civilization which depend upon an abundant supply of cheap metals, will then have become things of the past, and he predicts the most favourable lot for agricultural populations living in warm climates. As a result of this, he believes that the polar and temperate regions of the globe will ultimately become more or less completely depopulated, and that the centres of population will be transferred to the regions lying between the tropics. Seizing, again, upon the undoubted fact that the forces of nature are combined together in a gradual but never-ceasing effort to lower the level of the dry land, and

to bury it beneath the ocean, he argues that the land will ultimately become much less varied than it is now, and that it will ultimately come to consist of a few flat and arid plains, together with volcanic islands and coral-reefs. Even then, however, he thinks that human life may not only persist, but may be successfully carried on. In fact the men of that far-off period will in some respects be more advantageously placed than the men of the present day; since "they will enjoy the happiness which results from a peaceable existence, for, without metals or combustibles, it will be difficult to form fleets to rule the seas, or great armies to ravage the land." It is needless to say that the above views are purely speculative, and that it would not be difficult to point to many known counteracting forces, which M. de Candolle has overlooked in framing his theory.

It is a matter of interest to note the manner in which the Darwinian theory of the descent of man is received amongst the theologians of various schools. Some recent remarks by Henry Ward Beecher would appear to show that the mind of the celebrated preacher is sufficiently elastic to enable him to readily swallow the new hypothesis, whilst he knows so little of the subject that he evidently does not perceive how his most cherished beliefs might be thus endangered. "It is of little consequence to me," he remarks, "where I came from: it is a great deal of consequence to me to know where I am going. There are a great many men at the present day investigating the road which has brought man up to his present state, and I confess to a curiosity about the matter, and I do not say that these researches may not be of benefit. I regard the labours of Mr. Darwin with profound interest, believing that the world will in time accord him a great deal of credit. Although I am not prepared to accept all his speculations, I thank him for all his deductions of fact. I do not participate a particle with those who dread the idea of man's having sprung from some lower form of existence; all that I ask is that you show me how I got clear of the monkeys, and then I am quite satisfied to have had one as an ancestor fifty centuries ago. Only make the difference great enough, and I am content. I had just as lieve spring from a monkey as from some men I know around here.

I look upon the Patagonians or the miserable crawling Esquimaux, and I don't see much to choose between them and any latent animalhood. I had no early associations a great while ago. I have not the least recollection of what happened a million years ago. All my life is looking forward. I want to know where I am going—I don't care where I came from."

The well known painter, author, and traveller, Mr. George Catlin, has just died, at the age of seventy-seven. Mr. Catlin was a most active explorer, and travelled most extensively throughout both North and South America. He is best known by his first and most valuable work, the "Illustrations of the Manners, Customs, and Condition of the North American Indians, written during Eight Years of Travel and Adventure among the wildest and most remarkable Tribes now existing." This was illustrated by numerous steel engravings, and has passed through many editions. Little less valuable than this well known work is his gallery of paintings, which are of great importance as ethnological representations of many vanished or fast vanishing tribes. These paintings are now stored away in the Smithsonian Institution, pending their final disposal, and it is to be hoped that some measures may be taken to have them permanently preserved and studied.

An instrument has been invented in Germany for testing colour-blindness, a matter of some importance when it is considered to what an extent coloured lights or flags are used as caution or danger signals in railway travelling and in navigation. It consists of a rotating apparatus, which moves a disc the centre of which is in the form of a circle, one half black and the other half white. Outside of this is a ring of violet and green. When rapidly rotated, the centre appears to be gray, that is black and white mixed. To a person who is blind to green colours, the middle line will appear gray, whilst those who do not see red will find the outer ring gray, and the inner ring will be seen gray by those who are colour-blind to violet.

A company has been recently incorporated in Glasgow, Scotland, for the manufacture of asbestos into steam-packing, for which pur-

pose it has been found to exceed in durability and general usefulness every other material hitherto employed. This use of asbestos has been for some time known and put into practice in the United States. The Scotch Company, however, do not intend to stop at this comparatively limited application of this hitherto useless substance to the arts; as they allege that it is perfectly practicable to manufacture asbestos boats, tubes, boxes, waggon bodies, and even railway carriages.

According to *Nature*, the cuttlefish or *octopus* which was one of the great attractions of the Brighton Aquarium, has met with a sad fate. "Finding himself uncomfortable in a tank where he had been newly placed by the curator, he came out, in an unguarded moment, from the house of living oysters which he had collected as a shelter around him. In this tank were several large specimens of spotted dogfish. One of these fish, with the true acuteness of a sea-dog, immediately pounced upon the

unsuspecting *octopus* and swallowed him. *Apropos* of the preceding, Mr. J. G. George, of Nassau, Bahamas, describes in the *American Naturalist* for December, a gigantic *octopus*, measuring ten feet long, with arms five feet in length. The monster was found dead upon the beach, and its weight was estimated at between two and three hundred pounds.

One of the scientific curiosities observed in the recently concluded Hassler Expedition was the giant seaweed, the *Macrocystis pyrifera*, which grows off the coast of Patagonia in vast beds, springing out of from six to twenty fathoms of water. The stems of this seaweed are often from five hundred to a thousand feet in length, and they are thus the most gigantic of all existing plants. Patches of this sea-weed were passed in the open sea, with large sea-lions lying on its surface; and it is not at all impossible that some of the stories of the great sea-serpent may have been founded upon the floating stems of this plant.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Revue des Deux Mondes* has an article entitled "A British Province in India," the subject of which is Anglo-Indian administration, with special reference to Orissa, the scene of the terrible famine of 1865-66. The article is appreciative, and, like some other recent articles from French pens, indicates an increase of candour on the part of French publicists in writing of British affairs. It admits the liberal spirit of British administration, but dwells on the gravity of the burden which England has laid on herself in undertaking to provide all the means of civilization, moral and material, for the Hindoos. "It will be seen," says the writer in conclusion, "from the foregoing account how great are the difficulties which the English Government has to encounter in India, and into what expenses it is drawn in maintaining its dominion. It is commonly said that if the Anglo-Saxon race is more adapted for colonization than other races, it is because it displaces the natives and substitutes itself in their room.

We have seen that, far from displacing and exterminating the Hindoos, England endeavours on the contrary to preserve to them their independence, and that she exercises her authority as much as possible through the instrumentality of native chiefs. We have seen also, that the system of abstention which she wished to practise at first has its limits, that every day new interests arise which oblige her to interfere more and more directly. There is the public health to be protected, there are communications to be opened, inundations to be prevented, famines to be averted, schools to be erected for the diffusion of knowledge among the people, personal security to be provided for by means of an organized police; in a word England has successively to establish all the branches of the public service which civilized nations require. England has conquered India by force, her honour demands that in the present day she shall rescue her conquest from the scourges which imperil its existence. We are reminded of

the saying of Wellington—"it would be criminal to govern India ill, but it is ruinous to govern her well."

The *Revue* has also an article by *Paul Janet* on "The Physiology of the Present Day," dealing with the question between the ultra-scientific view of the universe and that which acknowledges design. "It is not for philosophy to dispute the methods and principles of science, and moreover it is perfectly true that the object of science is to discover in the complex facts of nature the simple facts of which they are composed. In every point of view then, it is right to encourage science in seeking for the simple elements of the organized machine. But if science is entitled, and perhaps bound, to exclude all enquiry which has not for its object secondary and immediate causes, does it follow that philosophy and the human mind in general ought to be confined to those causes, and to forbid themselves any reflexion on the spectacle which we have under our eyes, and on the mind which has presided over the composition of organized beings, supposing such mind to have really presided? It is easy to prove that such an inquiry is by no means excluded by the preceding considerations. We have in fact only to suppose that the organization is, as we believe it to be, a work prepared by art, and in which the means have been arranged with a view to the ends. On this hypothesis it would still be true to say that it was the part of science to penetrate beneath the forms and uses of the organs, to discover the elements of which they are composed, and determine their nature, whether by their anatomical arrangement or by their chemical composition; and it will always be the duty of the man of science to show what are the properties inherent in these elements. The inquiry into ends by no means excludes that of properties, it even supposes it; no more does the inquiry into the mechanical appropriation of organs exclude the study of their connexions. Supposing there is, as we believe, mind in nature (conscious or unconscious, inanimate or transcendental, matters not for our present purpose), this mind could manifest itself only by natural means, linked together according to relations of space and time; and the only object of science would be to show the collocation and succession of these natural means according to the laws of co-existence and succession. Experiment aided by calculation can do nothing more; everything beyond ceases to be positive science and becomes philosophy, thought, reflection—totally different things. No doubt philosophic thought is always mingling more or less with science, especially in regard to the order of organized beings; but science rightly endeavours to get free from it, in order to reduce the problem to relations capable of being

determined by experience. It does not follow from this that thought is bound to abstain from searching after the meaning of the complex objects presented to our view, nor, if it finds anything in them analogous to itself, is it obliged to abstain from recognizing and proclaiming the analogy, because science, with legitimate severity and rigour, refuses to lend itself to such considerations." It seems to us that in this passage scientific men may find a statement of the relations between science and philosophy, and of the limits of each, framed by one who thoroughly enters into the scientific view.

The *Edinburgh* pronounces Mr. Froude's "English in Ireland" the most eloquent book that has ever appeared on any portion of Irish history, but objects to the leading principle of the work.

"The dominant principle that Mr. Froude carries into the consideration of our relations with Ireland for the last seven centuries, is what is known as the Imperial idea—that is, that a strong, bold, courageous race has a sort of natural right to invade the territory of weak, semi-civilized, distracted races, and undertake the task of governing them in the best way possible, without any consideration for their rights or feelings. The conception is akin to the passion of the hour for men of blood and iron. We are taught that vigour and fortitude are to compensate always and in all circumstances for rapacity and faithlessness; that force of character must cover a multitude of sins; that the feeble are as bad as the false; and our admiration is claimed for the deeds of an Attila or a Tamerlane rather than for those of a Wilberforce or a Howard. This is the familiar philosophy of Mr. Carlyle, who glorifies force and justifies all its crimes. Mr. Froude is evidently one of his most ardent disciples, though we should be sorry to trace in his writings the deterioration of tone and sentiment so painfully obvious in the later writings of his master; the savage intolerance that has displaced the grim and not unkindly humour, and the cheerless uniformity of harshness and contempt that has established itself in the place of the old sympathies that relieved his sternest moods of indignation. We are hardly misrepresenting the relationship that exists between Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Froude, for it is not many years since the former likened Ireland to a rat, and England to an elephant whose business 'it was to squelch the rat on occasion.' In his life of Frederic Wilhelm he tells us that just as, when a man has filled the measure of his crimes, we 'hang him and finish him to general satisfaction,' so a nation like Poland, fallen into the depths of decay, must be disposed of by some similar process. The misfortune is, however, that though you can finish a man on the gallows, it is impossible to finish a nation in the same way. We shall presently trace the fruits of this teaching in the work of Mr. Froude. If we are to accept the historic guidance of either, we must submit to have evil turned into good at the bidding of genius, and the verdicts of history wantonly reversed, while the faculty of discerning the true from the false will be everywhere sensibly weakened. The doctrine of force is profoundly immoral, and opposed to every principle of English freedom, and to every generous impulse of sympathy with the oppressed."

The *Edinburgh* fancies that Mr. Froude's lectures have made a profound impression upon American society. But so far as we can judge, either from the utterances of the American-press or from private accounts, the impression made has been that the defence of England rests upon the immoral and inhuman ground reprobated in the passage we have just quoted, and which is as repulsive to right minded Americans as it is to the writer in the *Edinburgh Review*.

A strange controversy has been going on about a proposal emanating from the Positivists, or at least taken up by writers in their organs, under the title of *Euthanasia*. This proposal, though startling enough, is not justly described as a general legalization of suicide. It is a proposal to make death easy by legalizing the abridgement of the last agony, under medical advice, in cases where cure is hopeless. Among the cases specified are those of cancer, a creeping paralysis, and that of "a mortally wounded soldier who wishes to die, but whose wounds are laboriously tended, so that by an ingenious cruelty he is kept suffering against nature and against his own will." The practice is to be surrounded by all

imaginable precautions besides requiring the consent of the patient, which we suspect, even where life had become most painful, would seldom be obtained. It is urged that the relief to the relatives would be as great as the relief to the dying man. To the argument that such shortening of life would be a contravention of the ordinance of Providence, the advocates of the plan reply that all remedial measures are attempts to amend nature, and in that sense contraventions of Providential law, though in a larger sense they are fulfilments of it, inasmuch as Providence has created in us the desire of improvement, and placed the means within our reach. To the argument upon the sacredness of human life, it is answered that "it may well be doubted if life have any sacredness about it, apart from the use to be made of it by its possessor." A critic in the *Spectator* remarks that *Euthanasia*, instead of being an advance in civilization, is a return to the practice of savage tribes, which put to death the aged and infirm. The appearance of the proposal in a first-class English magazine is, at all events, a proof of the rapid march of the intellectual revolution.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE REFORMATION. By George P. Fisher, D.D.,
Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Yale College.

Dr. Fisher gives us, in the compass of a moderate octavo volume, a survey of the Reformation with its causes and its consequences, intellectual, social and political, as well as religious, down to the present day. The narrative is necessarily very succinct, and the work will be of more use in binding together and methodizing the knowledge of those who have studied the details of the history, than in informing those who have not. But in its way it is a very valuable book, and we have read it with much pleasure and instruction.

Dr. Fisher takes, as it seems to us, the right view of the Reformation generally. He regards it not as an isolated event, but still as a great crisis; not as exclusively religious in its character, but still as distinctively religious. "Political agencies were rather an efficient auxiliary than a direct and principal cause." Dr. Fisher also seems to us to hit the right medium between extreme theories, in estimating the part played by Luther and other individual Reformers. "The Protestant movement is often looked upon as hardly less preternatural and astonishing than would be the rising of the sun at midnight. But the more

it is examined the less does it wear this marvellous aspect. In truth never was a historical crisis more elaborately prepared, and this through a train of causes which reach back into the remote past. Nor is it the fact that such events are wholly out of the reach of human foresight; they cast their shadows before; they are the objects of presentiment more or less distinct, sometimes of definite prediction. But in avoiding an extreme we are not to fall into the opposite. We must take into account the personal qualities and the plastic agency of individuals not less than the operation of general causes. Especially if a revolution in long established opinions and habits of feeling is to take place, there must be individuals to rally upon; men of power, who are able to create and sustain in others a new moral life which they have first realized in themselves."

In a chapter exhibiting extensive reading and great power of condensing its results, Dr. Fisher traces the sources and the precursors of the Reformation in the Middle Ages. It is needless to say that he looks for them not, as it was once the fashion to do, only in heretical sects such as the Albigenses and the Waldenses, but in movements, schools of thought and antagonisms existing within the Papal church itself—in the growth of lay feeling, in the rise of national

spirit, in the consolidation of powerful monarchies, in the Mystics, such as Thomas à Kempis, in the Nominalists, in the Humanists, in the reforming movement within the Church produced by the moral and administrative vices of the Papacy, and which led to the reforming Councils of Pisa, Constance and Basel.

"Among the salient features characteristic of the Middle Ages were the subordination of civil to ecclesiastical society, of the state to the vast theocratic community having its centre at Rome; the government of the church by the clergy; the union of peoples under a common ecclesiastical law and a uniform Latin ritual; an intellectual activity shaped by the clergy and subservient to the prevailing religious and ecclesiastical system.

"Among the symptoms of the rise of a new order of things were:—

"1. The laical spirit, becoming alive to the rights and interests of civil society; developing in the towns a body of citizens bold to confront clerical authority, and with their practical understanding sharpened and invigorated by diversified industry and by commerce; a laical spirit which manifested itself also in the lower classes in satires aimed at the vices of the clergy; which likewise gave rise to a more intense feeling of patriotism, a new sense of the national bond, a new vigour in national charities.

"2. A conscious or unconscious religious opposition to the established system; an opposition which appeared in sects like the Waldenses, who brought forward the Bible as a means of correcting the teaching, rebuking the officers, or reforming the organization of the Church; or in Mystics who regarded religion as an inward life, an immediate relation of the individual to God, and preached fervently to the people in their own tongue.

"3. A literary and scientific movement, following and displacing the method of culture that was peculiar to the mediæval age; a movement which enlarged the area and multiplied the subjects of thought and investigation; which drew inspiration and nutriment from the masterpieces of ancient wisdom, eloquence and art."

We miss an adequate estimate of the direct influence exercised by the revived study and the translation of the Bible, though there is a notice of the point in connection with the revival of learning. But for this Dr. Fisher in some measure makes amends in the sequel.

The general account of this great and complex movement under its several leaders, Luther, Calvin, Zwingle and Knox, and in all the different nations of Europe, is clear, comprehensive, and we should say correct and fair, both as regards the different sects of Reformers, and as between the Reformers generally and the Catholics. Perhaps the estimate of Calvin may be regarded as rather high, and it may be thought that too little is said of the effect which the more repulsive features of Calvinism have had in producing a reaction against Protestantism and Christianity in general. Of course Dr. Fisher does not neglect the counter-reformation in the

Roman Catholic Church and its great organs, the Council of Trent and the Jesuits. He terminates his history of the Reformation proper with the Peace of Westphalia, which finally settled the bounds of the two religions in Germany. But in his concluding chapter he gives us the sequel, embracing all the subsequent religious movements of Europe in their connection with the Reformation, and including the Rationalism of the present day. The work forms as a whole a comprehensive manual of the religious history of Europe grouped about the Reformation as a centre, and regarded from the Reformation point of view.

In stating the case between Protestantism and its antagonists, Dr. Fisher is called upon to notice the assertion that Protestantism as well as Roman Catholicism was guilty of persecution. He candidly admits the fact that Protestants did persecute Roman Catholics, and that not only on political but on religious grounds. But he truly says that these instances of religious intolerance which stain the annals of Protestantism are, by the concession of its adversaries, incongruous with its principles, and with its true spirit. "What is the charge commonly made against Protestants? That while claiming liberty for themselves and a right of private judgment, they have at times proved themselves ready to deny these privileges to Catholics and to one another. In a word they are charged with inconsistency, with infidelity to their own theory. The charge is equivalent to the admission that the genius of Protestantism is adverse to intolerance, and demands liberty of conscience. If this be true, then we should expect that the force of logic, and the moral spirit inherent in the Protestant system, would eventually work out their legitimate results. This we find to be the fact. Among Protestant nations there has been a growing sense of obligation to respect conscience, and to abstain from the use of coercion in matters of religious faith. How does an enlightened Protestant look upon the records of religious intolerance in the past, among professed disciples of the Reformation? He does not justify acts of this nature, he reprobates or deprecates them. He acknowledges that they were wrong; that deeds of this kind, if done now, would deserve abhorrence, and that the guilt of those who were concerned in them is only mitigated by their comparative ignorance. The prevalent feeling among Protestants at the present day indicates the true genius and the ultimate operation of the system. Protestants abjure the principles on which the codes of intolerance were framed. How is it with their opponents? It is true that thousands of Roman Catholics would declare themselves opposed to these measures which the Protestant condemns. Their humane feelings would be shocked at a proposition

to revive the dungeon and the fagot as instruments for crushing dogmatic error or an obnoxious ritual. But the authorities of the Church of Rome do not profess any compunction for the employment of their instruments of compulsion in past ages, nor do they repudiate the principles from which persecution arose, and on which it was justified. So far from this, one of the pestilent errors of the age, which is thought worthy of special denunciation from the chair of St. Peter, is the doctrine of liberty of conscience. The massacre of St. Bartholomew and the fires of Smithfield will cease to be justly chargeable upon the Church of Rome when this church authoritatively disavows and condemns the principles of coercing the conscience, and of inflicting penalties on what are judged to be religious error, which was at the bottom of these and of a long catalogue of like cruelties."

Dr. Fisher's style is clear and good. But he occasionally uses words which are not English, such as "errorist," "indirection," "irenical," "tenuous." For the last some authority may be found, but its form is barbarous. We have also noticed a curious slip of the pen on p. 166, where Edward VI. is spoken of as the successor of Mary.

The appendix contains a chronological table and a list of works on the Reformation, both useful.

LECTURES ON LIGHT, DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES IN 1872-'73. By John Tyndall, LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

There must be very many who would have spent both time and money for the purpose of hearing Professor Tyndall lecture, but who were unable to gratify their wish. Many as were his hearers, they constitute but a fraction of those who would gladly have listened to his utterances, had it been possible to do so. The publishers of this little work deserve, therefore, and doubtless will receive, the thanks of a very wide and appreciative public, for having placed within their reach the words of this brilliant investigator and eloquent speaker. One finds some difficulty in believing it, but we have Prof. Tyndall's own voucher for the assertion that, on quitting England, these lectures were wholly unwritten, that they were begun, continued, and ended in New York, during his brief visit there, and whilst overwhelmed with his own work and with American

hospitality. Such, nevertheless, is the fact, and it must be conceded that the man who could write such a series of lectures in such a short space of time, and amid the thousandfold distractions of the life he was leading, must be endowed with no common clearness of intellect and with an industry that is something marvellous.

The ground covered in the six lectures which compose this volume is very extensive, and almost all the leading phenomena connected with light are discussed at greater or less length. Written, as they are, by the hand of a master, and treating of what has been the study of his life, it would be impertinent to attempt any criticism of these lectures. We will, therefore, only say that they are written in the clear and lucid style for which Tyndall is famous, that they are illustrated by engravings where these are necessary, and that they constitute as a whole an admirable introduction to the study of the phenomena and laws of light.

The lectures which form the body of the work are followed by a short appendix, containing a speech made by Prof. Tyndall at a banquet given in his honour at Delmonico's, in returning thanks for the toast of the evening. In this speech we are brought face to face with the lecturer as a man; and, however widely one may differ from him in theoretical opinions, one cannot help feeling that he is a man not only of high and cultivated intellect, but of high soul and noble aims. Those who wish to know Professor Tyndall as he is, and to know how he has come to be what he is, will read his speech with care, and will find in it much of abiding interest and worthy of permanent recollection. Two facts only we may note here. One of these is that Tyndall, like so many Englishmen who spend a mere passing visit in the United States, and who go there with strong claims upon public courtesy and hospitality, has returned to England with a strong belief that underneath the political differences which separate America and England is a deep and broad current of genuine brotherly feeling and friendship. This may be so—it certainly ought to be so—but we doubt if any Englishman who has ever lived in the United States as more than a bird-of-passage, and who has lived there as a humble and obscure individual, has ever been able to satisfy himself that the Americans, as a nation, possess this friendly feeling towards England. Few, indeed, but arrive at the melancholy conviction that this feeling is wanting or even reversed in the minds of the majority of the people.

LITERARY NOTES.

An American edition, authorized and illustrated, of the "Lectures on Light," delivered recently in the United States by Prof. Tyndall, has been published. The profits above expenses, amounting to \$13,000, accruing from the delivery of these lectures, were generously conveyed in trust by the lecturer to aid students who may devote themselves to original research on this side the Atlantic.

A reprint has been issued in Boston of Mr. W. R. Greg's "Enigmas of Life," which has run through three editions in England since its recent publication there.

Mr. Bayard Taylor has written a new and lengthy poem, entitled "Laso: a Pastoral of Norway." The story is told with great felicity of narration.

A curious and amusing book of 'Old Tales and Superstitions interpreted by Comparative Mythology,' under the title of "Myths and Myth-makers," is just published.

The first volume—from the Roman Invasion to the accession of Henry VII.—of "A History of Crime and of its Relations to Civilized Life in England," is announced.

It is announced that Mr. Richard Cobden's Letters are to be published shortly by the Cobden Club. They will be edited by W. Henry Richard, M.P.

The collection of articles mainly contributed last year to "The Leisure Hour," by Principal Dawson, of McGill College, Montreal, have been issued in book form, under the title of "The Story of the Earth and Man."

The Rev. Prof. Stanley Leathes, the Hulsean Lecturer for 1873, has just issued a work on "The Structure of the Old Testament." The author is well known as a writer and as the Professor of Hebrew at King's College.

A further batch of recent novels is announced.—"Pascarel," by Ouida; "London's Heart," by B. L. Farjeon; "A Fair Saxon," by Justin McCarthy; "Ready Money Mortboy," by the author of "My Little Girl"; "Home, sweet Home!" by Mrs. J. H. Riddell; "Milly Darrell," by Miss Braddon; "Little Kate Kirby," by F. W. Robinson; "In the Days of my Youth," by Miss Edwards; and a new work of fiction, by the joint-writers, MM. Erckmann-Chatrian, entitled "The Brothers Rautzaw: a story of the Vosges."

A new book, the "Memoir of a Brother," by the author of "Tom Brown's School Days," has just appeared.

A volume of "Essays on Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied," is announced from the pen of Prof. J. E. Cairnes, of University College, London.

A second edition of "The Letters and Journals of Lord Elgin" is now ready. Few books are more worthy of being read by Canadian legislators than this. It will be found a mine of political wisdom and true statesmanship.

The excellent series of sketches of prominent English statesmen which lately appeared in the *Daily*

News, are now published in book form, under the title of "Political Portraits." Mr. F. Hill is said to have written them.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. have just issued an authorized Canadian reprint of Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Lectures on the Study of History," delivered while the author was Regius Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

As a book of peculiar interest to the religious public, we draw attention to "Our Work in Palestine," being an account of the different expeditions sent out to the Holy Land by the committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund since 1865. A Canadian edition has been issued by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co. Toronto.

A new edition, largely re-written, of Mr. Hare's valuable work on "Representative Government" is just ready. The work now bears the title of "The Election of Representatives," and is brought up to the recent changes in the English law, on voting by ballot, &c.

Messrs. Cassell, Petter & Galpin announce the issue of the initial number of a new work illustrative and explanatory of the various books of the Bible. The publication will be under the editorship of the Rev. Prof. Plumptre, assisted by many eminent scholars and divines.

Messrs. Longmans announce the following scientific works among others for the coming season:—"The Star Depths; or, Other Suns than Ours: a Treatise on Stars, Star-Systems, and Star-Cloudlets," by Richard A. Proctor, B.A.; a new edition of the "Elementary Treatise on the Wave Theory of Light," by Humphrey Lloyd, D.D., D.C.L., Professor of T. C. D.; and "Principles of Animal Mechanics," by the Rev. Samuel Haughton, F.R.S., Fellow of T. C. D. The observations and calculations contained in this last book have occupied the author's leisure hours during ten years.

A literary curiosity, "The Poems of Mary, Queen of Scots," is in preparation.

An exhibition of pictures illustrating the siege of Paris will shortly be opened in Versailles.

Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston & Co. announce "The English Catalogue of Books published during 1863 to 1871." This volume, occupying over 450 pages, shows the titles of 32,000 new books and new editions issued during nine years.

The same firm announces as ready Captain Butler's new work, "The Great Lone Land; being an account of the Red River Expedition of 1869-70, and subsequent travels and adventures in the Manitoba country.

The Keeper of the MSS. in the British Museum intends to issue a catalogue of the oldest manuscripts in the national collection, with autotype fac-similes of the choicest early illuminations and texts. The copies are said to be wonderfully successful, and give the effect of the involved Anglo-Saxon patterns and colours with great softness and delicacy, while the often faded texts are even clearer in the autotypes than in the originals.