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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1878.

ABOUT SOME FIRE MOUNTAINS.

BY E. C. BRUCE.

IZALCO.

BEFORE considering the embryology of fire-mountains, let us begin with their birth. This was formerly provocative of disputes not unworthy in their ardour of the fiery theme. The theory of "craters of

elevation," or the lifting of a great mountain bodily by subterranean force in the form of a gigantic vesicle or bubble, was asserted and defended by no less authority than that of Von Buch and Alexander von Humboldt. It was opposed by Lyell, Poulett-Scrope and the great majority of modern geologists. Von Buch, the father of the theory, based it chiefly on his observations in the Canary Islands. One of them especially, Palma, seemed to offer support to it by the shape in which the mountain was projected above the level of the sea. From all the coast of the island the ground rises gradually toward the centre, attaining a height, at the rim of the hollow interior, of over five thousand feet. The depth of the central basin is nearly as great. At one point it is cut through by a ravine which opens a passage to the sea. Along this furrow, called the Barranca de las Angustias, the almost perpendicular inside walls of the great crater continue themselves at a diminishing elevation. The external slope, much gentler, is studded

VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

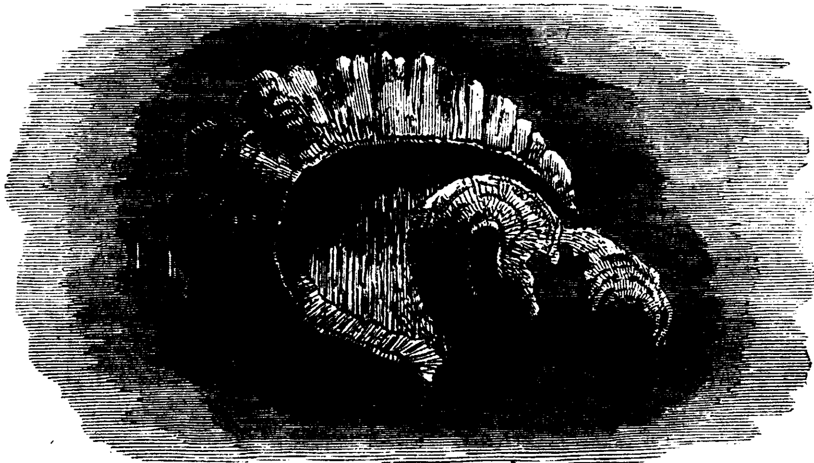
with cones of scoriæ, many of them having miniature craters which formerly sent forth lava.

Von Buch conceived that the layers of volcanic matter which compose the island, and are now tilted toward a common centre, lay originally in a horizontal position at the bottom of the sea. Raised thence, the hollow summit, after enduring the strain to a certain point, fell in, and left the immense cavity now occupying its place. To subsequent accretions by ejection he allows but little effect in swelling the mass of the island. Finding in the centre of the reversed and fallen cone the point of least resistance, the forces beneath effected there a new outlet, and formed a crater of eruption, the matters expelled from which gradually filled the cavity and raised themselves above it. Hence the familiar spectacle of an active cone rising in the centre of an amphitheatre. Barren Island, in the Bay of Bengal, offers a clear illustration. The Somma, or ancient wall which encloses Vesuvius, and a similar erection which has been traced around Teneriffe, suggest themselves among many others we could cite. Volcano, represented in these pages in profile and in plan, has a secondary crater on the exterior circuit.

Another argument in favour of this view was based on the assumed impossibility of lava coming to a stand upon an inclination of more than six degrees to the horizon. Observations are, however, numerous and positive of its having arrested its progress and formed sheets upon a surface of fif-

teen, or even at Mauna Loa of twenty-four, degrees slope. At Lanzerote, in the eruption of 1750-56, a stream of basaltic lava formed a layer from two to four feet thick on a grade of thirty degrees. The sharply-drawn furrows at Palma, supposed by Von Buch to be crevices opened in the process of elevation, are wider at bottom than top, contrary to the shape required by such an origin.

According to the view of the opposite party, a comparatively slight opening, like the fissures through which water passes down, having been effected in the crust of the globe, ashes and melted stone, simultaneously or in various shades of alternation, are projected in volumes which in the course of time build up the volcano, with no great local disturbance of the penetrated strata. The canal or vertical pipe, inconsiderable it may be at first, enlarges its dimensions—like that, for instance, of Vesuvius, which was widened to a diameter of one thousand feet by the explosions of fifteen days. The ejected matter rolls



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF VOLCANO AND VOLCANELLO.

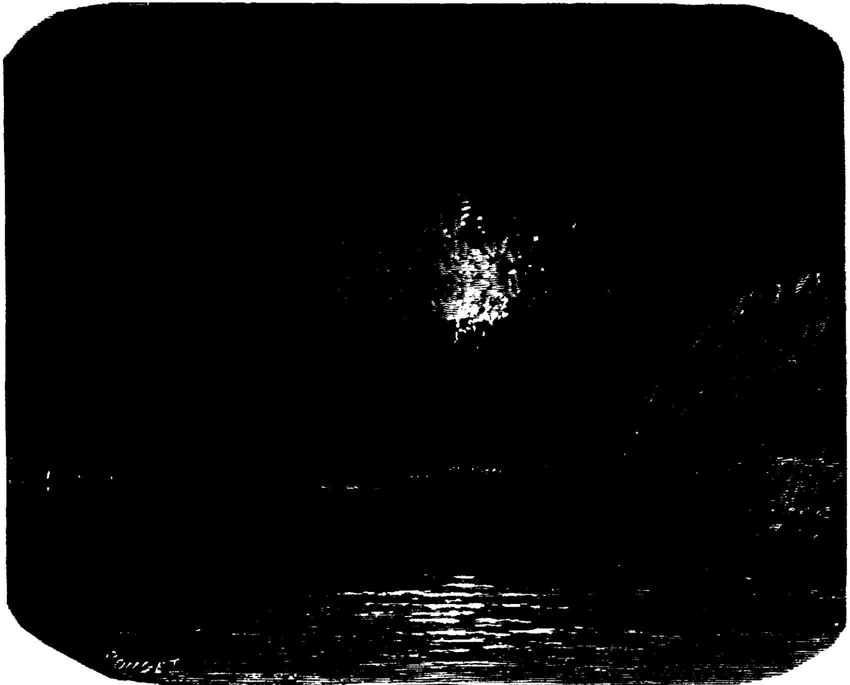
back into the enlarged funnel, and thus, aided by the secular sinking of the exhausted focus beneath, forms a vast cavity, sometimes miles across. The showers and currents which reach the scrap are subject only to the influence of gravity and the rains. Thus, their thickness increases. The apparent height of the enceinte is enhanced also by the breaking through, generally at a single point, of water or lava from the cavity. The degradation thus caused often forms peninsulas in the sea, and corresponding deposits on land. In the Pacific are many hollow islands like Palma, with the floor more depressed, so as to lie under water. One of this character furnished a refuge, two or three years ago, to the water-logged transport Magæra and her crew. If we draw a horizontal line across the lowest point of the crater of Orizaba, we have one of these islands reproduced and their formation illustrated.

Upon the perpendicular walls of the tremendous seam called the Val del Bove, three thousand feet deep, the anatomy of Etna is depicted. It presents a succession of inclined beds of lava, tufa and scoriæ, cut through by dykes or narrow injected clefts, which traverse them nearly at right angles. Such fissures, we may remark here, are the channels into which pass, either originally or after the decomposition of their first contents, the sublimations which leave metallic ores.

It is a fair presumption, were there no facts to justify other than a presumption, that the great volcanoes are born like the little ones, and they are frequent attendants upon cataclysms in all volcanic regions. Two small mountains, called Monte Rossi, were formed in a fortnight on the side of Etna in 1669, the ejected cinders covering a space of two miles. These are members of a large family that flourishes around the same hearth. It numbers about eighty at present, but is liable to change from the diseases which afflict infancy. Many are swept off in early childhood, while others grow up through a *jeunesse orageuse*, and finally fill the place of their enfeebled parent in the active world.

But the study of nascent volcanoes is not limited to specimens like these. Hills of greater size and in detached localities have erected themselves before the eyes of modern observers, and added to the long list sent down by their predecessors. The Chinese and Japanese records note occurences of the kind. Aristotle tells us of a submarine eruption in his day. Strabo describes a flaming mountain that sprang up in a night, and made the sea boil to a distance of five furlongs. Ovid speaks with the scientific precision to be expected from a poet of his stamp of a like apparition on the promontory of Methone.

We shall refer to events not dependent for their authenticity on Mongol chroniclers or Roman poets. On a September afternoon in 1538 the sea suddenly backed a thousand yards from the Neapolitan coast under Monte Barbaro. Next morning the earth sank in the place afterward occupied by the crater. Water flowed from the spot, at first cold, but afterward tepid, with a strong odour of sulphur. Toward noon, the sea, which had lowered its level twelve yards since morning, rose again, and at the



MONTE NUOVO.

same moment a crater opened near Lake Avernus, hard by, and ejected smoke, flame, cinders, stones and mud with the noise of cannon. The air was black with ashes and scoriæ, and in four days they had built up in the valley between the lake and Monte Barbaro a hill nearly as high as the latter, and three miles in circumference. The eruption began on the 29th, and four days after, the 3rd of of October, it was possible to climb the hill, three thousand feet high. The work had been done, however, in forty-eight hours. That the blister theory gets small comfort from Monte

JULIA ISLAND.

Nuovo is clear from the fact that the columns of the ancient temple of Apollo at the base of the mountain maintained their perpendicular. A result, either of the immediate outburst or of the earthquakes which had afflicted the neighbourhood for two years previously, was an upheaval of the adjacent shore to an extent of thirty-six feet, as a deposit of recent shells at that elevation indicates. This is a rise utterly trivial by the side of that attained by the mountain, and it appears to have been but one of several oscillations experienced on the same shores within the Christian era, as Lyell has pointed out in his remarks on the so-called temple of Serapis.

Monte Nuovo has been idle since the year of its birth, only a little smoke representing the once formidable life that filled its crater. But it may revive at any time, as perhaps even may, after a far longer period of repose, its classic neighbours, Lucinus, Acheron, Avernus, and a host of others silent for many centuries, but still breathing heavily, and sometimes stentoriously. From 1500 to 1631, A.D. the crater of Vesuvius was as placid and pastoral as when Spartacus, the Roman Robin Hood, pranked it there gaily with his merry men in dells dense and fragrant with ilex and myrtle.

It was on the 29th of September, two hundred and twenty-one years later, and on the opposite side of the Atlantic, that Jorullo saw the light. It rose, and stands, fifteen hundred feet above the plain, thirty leagues from the coast and more than forty from any other volcano. The basaltic rocks of the neighbouring mountains, however, indicate an ancient seat of volcanic activity. This apart, its isolation from the ordinary sources of irritation is, as compared with Monte Nuovo, complete. Jorullo rose so sud-

denly that the first warning was the discovery of ashes on the hats of peons at work on the spot. These infernal snowflakes 'soft and mute,' preceded the tempest. It burst in all its fury by the time the natives had fled to the hills.

Jorullo appears to have burned for about a year, and to have ejected in that time four sheets of lava, and covered a tract four miles square, thenceforward known from its utter desolation, as the Malpays or Bad Lands. It, with five other cones reared at the same time, and somewhat less in height, emits in our day only a little smoke. The plain around it is nevertheless covered with jets of smoke and vapour from thousands of little fumaroles three or four feet high, styled by the inhabitants *hornitos*, or ovens. This lava-strewn plateau was thought by Humboldt to have been raised five hundred feet above the surrounding level at the instant of Jorullo's appearance or just before it; but modern explorers agree in the opinion that what elevation exists is due to emissions of lava. It does not exceed a fourth of the distance from the original surface to the summit of the new mountain, nor does it amount in bulk to a greater mass than that repeatedly ejected at a single eruption elsewhere.

Izalco, in San Salvador, is ten years younger than Jorullo. Its birthday was the 25th of February, 1770. It came up through a farm, the occupants of which had for some months been disturbed by subterranean shocks and noises. The earth opened half a mile from the steading, and sent out lava and smoke. No tumescence is mentioned. It could not possibly have been great enough to give any countenance to the bubble theory, or the hacienderos would have been abruptly poured off the sides of their unfortunate plantation. They had no care but to get out of the way of the cinders, which were borne by the wind eighteen miles.

EXTINCT CRATERS IN AUVERGNE.

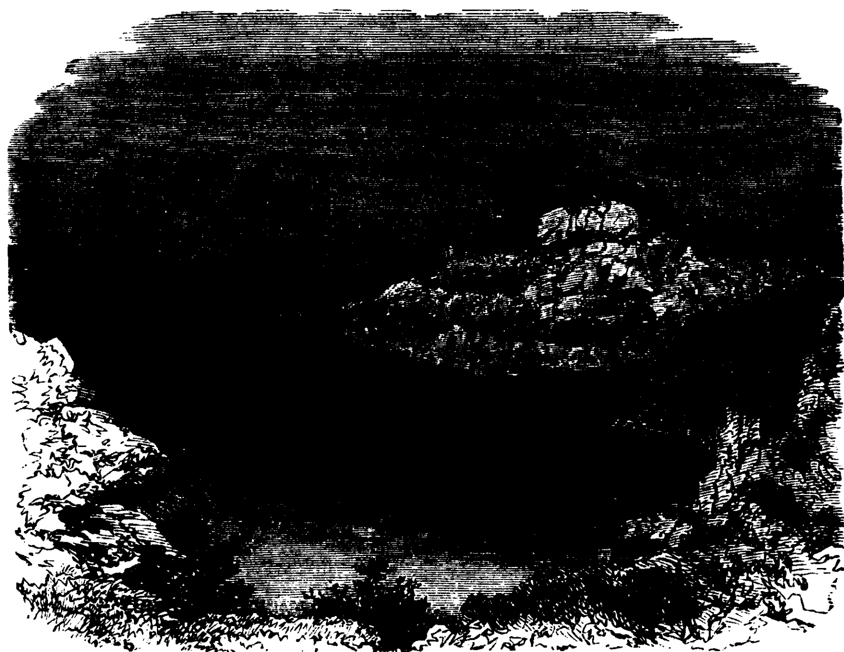
Unlike the two others, Izalco did not exhaust itself with a single effort. It continues, and still continues, to rage and to increase in height. It has attained the stature of Vesuvius, and there is no reason why it should not, in the remote future that shall make our age geologic, rank with the existing giants of the Cordilleras, created doubtless in substantially the same way.

It is barely a quarter of a century

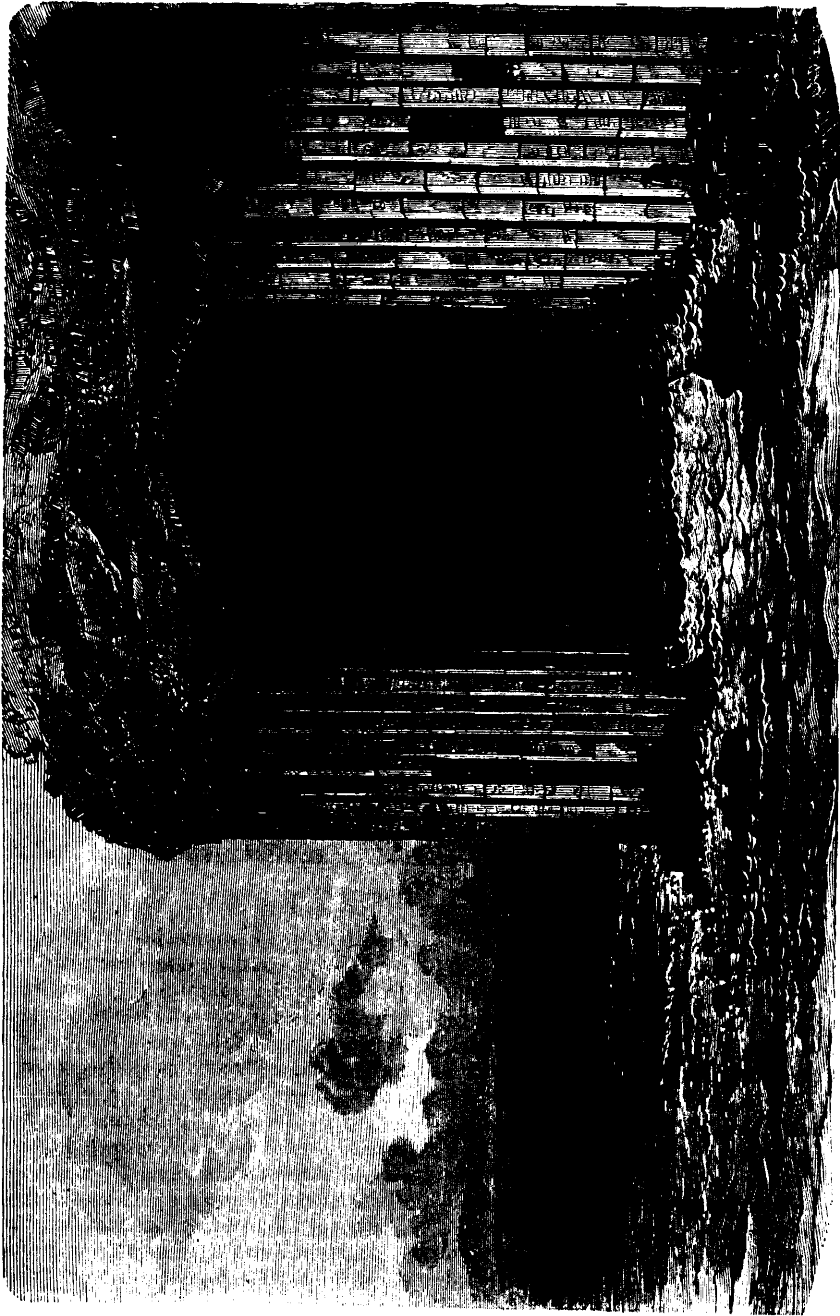
since Central America was further enriched with a new volcano. Mr. George Squier witnessed the occurrence, and describes in his lively way an ascent he soon after made to the cone. The volcano was a lusty infant, but ceased to breathe before the neighbouring clergy could follow their custom of blessing and baptizing it. All the Nicaraguan volcanoes were thus Christianized soon after the Conquest, with the exception of one fiery heathen who never sent back the deputation of monks commissioned to plant the cross upon his crest. Unregenerate Momotombo still speaks in the old thunder to the strange idols of stone that stare up at him from the woods below.

Religious honours were likewise accorded to islets of volcanic origin in the Mediterranean. Delos and Rhodes the classic historians and naturalis s could report only on the strength of tradition as having suddenly sprung from the waves. To the birth of others, as Thera, Theraica, Hiera and Thia, t' ey were able to affix known dates. Their accounts have been verified by modern geologists, who trace the eruptive rocks in all these islands. Collateral evidence has been furnished by the actual elevation of additional islands in the same sea, and out of the substance of the ancient ones, within the Christian era.

In A.D. 726, Hiera and Thia were blended by a new eruption into one island. This, now called Great Kaïmeni, was enlarged in 1573 by the accession from the same source of a fire-blackened rock styled Little Kaïmeni; and in 1707-12, New Kaïmeni. two thousand yards across and two hundred feet high. was added to the group. In 1866 this persistent focus was again convulsed. New Kaimeni was enlarged by a promontory two hundred feet long at one point, and a projection of nearly equal dimensions at another part of the coast. During this eruption an incandescent rock set fire to a vessel and killed the captain.



LAKE PAVIN.



FINGAL'S CAVE.

Elevation and depression were alike traits of these convulsions. The new islands rose and fell several times before establishing a firm submarine foundation, and their elder neighbours suffered at some points a lowering of their level. The road of Santorin, in which they lie, may be accounted the mother crater.

Meanwhile, far west of the Cyclades, Etna was giving signs of a propensity for annexation. In July, 1831, in the open sea off the harbour of Sciacca, on the south-western coast of Sicily, the skipper of a Sicilian brig was astonished by the spectacle of a wave that swelled to a height of eighty feet, and when it subsided gave way to a dense

ENTRANCE TO FINGAL'S CAVE.

column of smoke. This happened several times, at intervals of fifteen or twenty minutes. Scoriæ and dead fish floated ashore in great quantities. In twelve days an islet had been formed, crateriform in shape, and capped with a sheaf of smoke and ashes two thousand feet high. The greatest breadth of the mound was eight hundred feet. Its height was variable, but usually at the extreme point sixty feet. The materials ejected were too light to build a solid substratum or resist the action of the waves. Hence the short-lived island, with a flag and a name—Julia, Graham, Nerit, Ferdinandea—for each month of its existence, had in November disappeared. On the 25th of December the sounding-line showed twenty-four fathoms on its site. Etna's first outlying colony was a failure.

The island of Sabrina, in the Azores, had a longer lease of life—from 1811 to 1822. That of Johanna Bogaslawa, in the Aleutian Archipelago, has passed threescore and ten, but shows plain marks of age and portents of dissolution. Like Sabrina and Julia, the hyperborean recruit was rickety from the cradle. His bony framework was defective and deficient. The softer tissues predominated: and as neither

men nor volcanoes can live like jellyfish, he must perforce succumb. He lacked the stamina of the Grecian striplings, the lusty sprouts of Olympus.

The traces of superficial volcanic action, perfectly apparent to the tourist of to-day in Germany, Hungary, Spain, Greece and its islands, were not detected, or certainly not openly recognized, before the beginning of the present century. Lyell has made us familiar with the beautifully-marked groups of craters in Catalonia and Auvergne. In the latter are pointed out thirty-nine, besides some others less unmistakably marked. They all lie within a space of twenty-five or thirty miles. Lava, scoriæ, calcined stones and soil of the character due to the disintegration of such materials leave no doubt of the forces which have once been at work, even were the conformation of the country such as to admit of question on that point. The most cursory reader who glances at the engraving of the beautiful Lake Pavin, slumbering at the foot of Mont Dialme in its cradle railed in with basalt, must pronounce its basin a duplicate of those of Etna and Kilauea. 'Its fires are out from shore to shore,' and the probability of their rekindling may be postponed at least to some remote period in the future when the continent shall have been remodelled. They have been extinguished from the Pliocene period, and deposits containing the bones of the hippopotamus, tapir, etc., interleave with their latest lava-beds. Yet these beds, one of them thirteen miles long, are as fresh looking in their texture as though the eruption had occurred last year. The surface of the country, in its relations to the sea-level, has not been materially changed. The region was then, as now, inland, and the volcanic outbursts sub-aërial.

CRATER OF TENERIFFE.

Very different in the conditions of formation are the traces of the same force we encounter in Staffa and on the coast of Antrim. The famous cave and causeway were shaped at the bottom of the sea, and the lava, crystallized into columns, subsequently upheaved by a movement extending over a wide area, and acting so smoothly

and uniformly as to cause little or no disruption. The pillars are as erect as when the whale swam above them. A reproduction on land of Fingal's retreat is seen in the Cheese Grotto near Coblentz. The basalt there flowed from a height on which craters are traceable to-day. Beds of the same rock in the Bay of Trezza carry us back to the sea, and lead us south toward another island of volcanic origin, not dependent on tradition or fable for association with giants, but trodden within living memory by a mightier than Fingal. For Napoleon, born of the fire-fraught soil of the Mediterranean, the summit of an extinct volcano was a fitting tomb.

The United States can claim but two active volcanoes—St. Helen's, a fellow-picket, far removed, of Jorullo on the line of the Cordilleras, and its

RUINS OF LISBON.

file-closer on the north, St. Elias, a twin in height of Orizaba. Prehistoric craters are nearly as rare. Oddly enough, the chief one we have to cite, that of Mount Shasta, near the California and Oregon line, has associated itself with the single military event which the meagre annals of the Pacific coast have contributed to history.

The eastern and northern coasts of the Pacific are formed by a volcanic range, as every schoolboy knows. Starting from Tierra del Fuego, it passes through Mexico and our western limits to Behring Strait. There, deflected south-westwardly, it makes stepping-stones of the Aleutian cluster, and goes through Kamtchatka, Japan and the Philippines to the Molluccas. There it divides—one branch turning westward by Borneo, Java and Sumatra to Birmah, while a second threads the New Hebrides and New Zealand toward its culmination at the South Pole in Mounts Erebus and Terror,

making a tolerably continuous oval. Looking to the Atlantic, another system may be traced from Iceland past the Hebrides, the middle Rhine, Auvergne, and the Apennines to Vesuvius, Etna and the Grecian Archipelago. This line may be connected with the other system on the coast by Ararat and the Thian-Shan, and to the west by Madeira, the Azores, the Caribbees and Venezuela. From this branch an offshoot skirts the African coast in a line parallel with it, and strikes by way of Teneriffe, St. Paul and St. Helena, toward the same objective point at the South Pole.

Upheavals and depressions on a great scale, and operating slowly over vast areas, have made broad gaps in these lines, and obliterated others formerly no doubt quite as clearly marked. No one of these rows of

STAFFA.

chimneys is at any time continuous and synchronous in activity; but the clefts supposed to underlie and be tapped by them reveal their continuity frequently by sympathetic movements involving points separated by thousands of miles. Paroxysms in Hecla, Vesuvius and Etna have more than once been palpably coincident. In 1835, Coseguina in Nicaragua, Corcovado and Aconcagua, burst into eruption on one and the same day. The first and last are separated by an interval of thirty-five hundred miles. What vehicle of communication is it that travels with such velocity? Sound would traverse the distance named in about five hours. It is on record that Coseguina was heard at Bogotà, eleven hundred miles as the crow flies. The atmosphere could not have accomplished this. The reverberation must have been conveyed along the crust of the earth through the secret speaking-tube of the fraternity. The mere concussion may have caused the explosions, by unsettling the equilibrium of the slumbering forces, much as the Strockr is summoned into action by a pebble. Without requiring the existence of hollow cores to the mountain-ridges, we may

justly assume a horizontal prolongation of such ducts as supply active craters, or grooves which facilitate the passage of gases along certain lines. The products of combustion must have the means of reaching their definite and permanent outlets. When any of these are found to act in concert, the conviction of their having a subterranean connection cannot be escaped. That acute and systematic observer, Charles Darwin, long ago made such a declaration, and facts to sustain it have since accumulated.

When the gases rising from the molten interior lake seek egress, they force their way in a broad sheet through the space between its surface and the under side of the incumbent shell, and the enormous tension cannot fail to tell upon the inelastic crust. As a rule, the volume of these fluids

WELLS CAUSED BY EARTHQUAKES.

seems insufficent to produce a serious tremor unless steam be added to them by an influx of water. Even then, the vibration they cause before reaching the escape-valve is, even in extreme cases, relatively very slight. The most terrible earthquake does not compare, when measured by the body upon the surface of which it acts, with the twitch of a horse's skin in shaking off a fly. It is imperceptible to the eye of those who experience it in an open plain. Men and the lower animals are seldom overthrown by the movement of the soil. Their injuries are due to falling of walls, and less frequently to the sudden opening of crevices in the soil. These disruptions, a few feet across, dwindle to an infinitely small dislocation as they sink toward the centre of disturbance. Usually, the shocks last but a few moments, room for expansion into sea or air having been found by the im-

prisoned vapour. Sometimes, however, they are repeated during days, and even months. The destructive earthquake which warned the Pompeians of their approaching doom, and gave them a foretaste of it, preceded the eruption six years.

More puzzling and perilous than the propulsive is the rotatory style of agitation. We may well believe that notes from calm and curious observers of

TEMPLE OF SERAPIS.

this phenomenon are not plentiful. The soil is described as whirling like the surface of coffee when stirred with the spoon. It seems to be liquid. The land-waves may be regular or irregular. The results of both astonish, whether with ruin or the inexplicable arrest of ruin. Cultivated fields slide one over the other. In the Calabrian earthquake above mentioned the pedestals of two obelisks in front of the church of St. Etienne del Bosco maintained their normal position, but the capstones were twisted some inches upon the centre. Still greater is said to have been the wrench undergone by a tower in Majorca in 1851. The base turned sixty degrees upon its axis, while the upper part stood firm.

Of numerous and equally disastrous earthquakes in more recent years, none have eclipsed in the general mind that of Lisbon, November 1, 1755. The attack and instantaneous reduction of a European capital by a new and terrible invader made an impression that will yet be long in dying out. The accounts of eye-witnesses are abundant and full. Even in our day, a hundred and twenty years later, new ones are discovered in private letters written at the time, and since buried in desks and chests. Many English were in the city or on vessels in the Tagus who could describe the event in its two aspects on land and water.

In this case there was no warning. At half-past nine in the morning a tremendous noise was followed by a shock which prostrated the most solid structures of Lisbon in an instant. Some minutes after the movement was renewed in a kind likened to that of a chariot rolling with extreme violence over a rugged surface. First and last, the terrible blow occupied six minutes. The bed of the river rose in several places to the level of its waters, and the great quay of the Prada was swallowed up with a crowd who had sought safety upon it. For a brief space of time the harbour was left almost dry, but the water returned in a billow fifty feet high, which swept many walls left standing. Toward noon another shock, more feeble than its predecessors, closed the tragedy, which was not confined to Lisbon. Oporto, Cadiz and Madrid felt the shock at the same time, almost to a minute. Other towns and some of the loftiest mountains of the Peninsula experienced it with more or less

marked results, but it did not restrict itself to the bounds of Spain and Portugal, nor was its severity by any means measured solely by distance from any supposed focus. The convulsion is estimated to have affected an area equal to a twelfth part of the surface of the globe; not only was all Europe shaken but a part of America and North Africa. The disturbance, however, was not simultaneous over this extent. It distributed itself through some days. Turin and Milan felt it seriously, the latter on the 1st of November, and the former on the 9th. In Brieg houses were overthrown. The Lake of Neufchâtel overflowed its banks. The small Lake of Morat near it sank twenty feet, and remained at the new level. Vesuvius, in eruption at the time, was suddenly silenced, and its column of smoke reabsorbed into the crater. Churches in Rotterdam were shaken ten hours

CRATER OF MERBABU.

after the Lisbon shock. Lakes and springs in many parts of Germany, Norway and Sweden were affected. A littoral wave swept the coasts of Western Europe, rising eight or ten feet on the coast of Cornwall, and doing great mischief there. The Scottish lakes rose three feet. Tetuan, Tangiers, Fez, Mequinez and other African towns, approached Lisbon in the completeness of their destruction. At Mequinez a mountain opened and discharged torrents of turbid water—one of the escape-valves, possibly. Westward across the Atlantic the vast oscillation took its way. At Madeira the sea rose fifteen feet. A billow twenty feet high is said to have entered the harbour of St. Martin's in the West Indies. On the 18th November the impulse reached New England. In Boston chimneys were overthrown or cracked, and among the farms stone fences had the like mishaps.

The tread of the earthquake is not stamped only in shattered cities. The granite of Monte Polisterra in Calabria was split in 1783 for a distance of nine or ten leagues. At Terranova and Oppido houses disappeared utterly. Rosarno shows a bequest of the same convulsion in cylindrical wells which recall the Geysers. These are but examples of crevices and wells opened in other parts of the world recently, and anciently. Dykes and "faults," or slides, thus originating, are familiar to quarrymen, miners and geologists.

Evidence is wanting of permanent elevation or depression of the soil over any considerable area due to these sharp and sudden commotions. Localized effects of this kind have been often traced to them. Since the shock of 1750 at Concepcion in Chili, vessels have been unable to come within three leagues of the old port, and the rise of the coast is estimated at twenty-six feet. Again in 1822 the level of the coast at Valparaiso is said to have been changed four feet, and in 1835 a shock which followed an eruption of Coseguina raised three hundred miles of the Chilian coast five feet, and immediately depressed it three feet. This last change was so very slight as to be contested. Admiral (then Lieutenant) Wilkes tested the point by soundings, and came to an adverse conclusion. An elevation of the surface of New Zealand over a space of 4,600 square miles to a height varying at different points between one and nine feet, by a violent shock on the 23rd January, 1855, seems to be better avouched.

In the oft-cited case of the Neapolitan ruin which antiquarians dub the temple of Jupiter-Serapis the alternate elevations and depressions are probably secular. The preservation of absolute verticality by the remaining columns, and absence of dislocation in the pavement on which they stand and constructions around them, is at war with the allegation that the movements were due to a cataclysm.

A gradual depression of the western coast of Greenland, continuous during at least the past four centuries over a length north and south of six hundred miles, is established by incontestable proofs. Another northern peninsula, that of Sweden, has been for a longer period in process of upheaval. This movement covers a line of a thousand miles north and south. The rate at the North Cape is calculated at five feet in a century, diminishing toward Denmark.

From such facts we may conclude that the subterranean forces act with a steady, equable and prolonged effort, as well as with sporadic and violent blows, and that they accomplish more by the former than by the latter method. We have seen that the two forms of movement may coexist without interfering, earthquake shocks shooting across areas of upheaval and depression like lightning over the plain, as the vast succession of strata enveloping the earth 'like the coats of an onion' are penetrated by injected clefts.

Are these forces, various in their manifestations, complex and distinct in their character? Are they all to be summarily ascribed to a molten interior? If so, does liquefaction by heat extend to the centre of the sphere? Has the shrinking of the earth from either pole and expansion at the equator, productive of a present difference in diameter five times greater than the height of the loftiest mountains, nothing to do with the erection of those mountains, of the long ridges they stud, and of the broader and more gentle plateaus upon which they stand? May not the assigned fluctuation of two and a half degrees—granting that to be its extreme amount—in the inclination of the equator to the ecliptic, perpetually changing, as it does, the distance of each point on the earth's surface from its centre of gravity, combine with the former influence in affecting gradually or suddenly the distribution of land and water?

THE HAUNTED HOTEL.

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXV.—*Continued.*

HENRY made no further attempt to dispute with her. She had impressed him with a certain reluctant respect for her own opinion in spite of himself.

'Have you thought of any better way of arriving at the truth?' he asked. 'Who is to help us? No doubt there is the Countess, who has the clue to the mystery in her own hands. But, in the present state of her mind, is her testimony to be trusted—even if she were willing to speak? Judging by my own experience, I should say decidedly not.'

'You don't mean that you have seen her again?' Agnes eagerly interposed.

'Yes, I had half an hour to spare before dinner; and I disturbed her once more over her endless writing.'

'And you told her what you found when you opened the hiding-place?'

'Of course I did!' Henry replied. 'I said, in so many words, that I held her responsible for the discovery, and that I expected her to reveal the whole truth. She went on with her writing as if I had spoken in an unknown tongue! I was equally obstinate, on my side. I told her plainly that the head had been placed under the care of the police, and that the manager and I had signed our declarations and given our evidence. She paid not the slightest heed to me. By way of tempting her to speak, I added that the whole investigation was to be kept a secret, and that she might depend on my discretion. For the moment I thought I had succeeded. She looked up from her writing with a passing flash of curiosity, and said, "What are they going to do with it?"—meaning I suppose, the head. I answered that it was to be privately buried, after photographs of it had first been taken. I even went the length of communicating the opinion of the surgeon consulted, that some chemical means of arresting decomposition had been used, and had only partially succeeded—and I asked her point-blank if the surgeon was right? The trap was not a bad one—but it completely failed. She said in the coolest manner, "Now you are here, I should like to consult you about my play; I am at a loss for some new incidents." Mind! there was nothing satirical in this. She was really eager to read her wonderful work to me—evidently supposing that I took a special interest in such things, because my brother is the manager of a theatre! I left her, making the first excuse that occurred to me. So far as I am concerned, I can do nothing with her. But it is possible that *your* influence may succeed with her again, as it has succeeded already. Will you make the attempt, to satisfy your own mind? She is still upstairs; and I am quite ready to accompany you.'

Agnes shuddered at the bare suggestion of another interview with the Countess.

'I can't! I daren't!' she exclaimed. 'After what has happened in that horrible room, she is more repellent to

me than ever. Don't ask me to do it, Henry! Feel my hand—you have turned me as cold as death only with talking of it!'

She was not exaggerating the terror that possessed her. Henry hastened to change the subject.

'Let us talk of something more interesting,' he said, 'I have a question to ask you about yourself. Am I right in believing that the sooner you get away from Venice the happier you will be?'

'Right?' she repeated, excitedly. 'You are more than right! No words can say how I long to be away from this horrible place. But you know how I am situated—you heard what Lord Montbarry said at dinner-time?'

'Suppose he has altered his plans since dinner-time?' Henry suggested.

Agnes looked surprised. 'I thought he had received letters from England which obliged him to leave Venice to-morrow,' she said.

'Quite true,' Henry admitted. 'He had arranged to start for England to-morrow, and to leave you and Lady Montbarry and the children to enjoy your holiday in Venice under my care. Circumstances have occurred, however, which have forced him to alter his plans. He must take you all back with him to-morrow, because I am not able to assume the charge of you. I am obliged to give up my holiday in Italy, and return to England too.'

Agnes looked at him in some little perplexity: she was not quite sure whether she understood him or not. 'Are you really obliged to go back?' she asked.

Henry smiled as he answered her. 'Keep the secret,' he said, 'or Montbarry will never forgive me!'

She read the rest in his face. 'Oh?' she exclaimed, blushing brightly, 'you have not given up your pleasant holiday in Italy on my account?'

'I shall go back with you to England, Agnes. That will be holiday enough for *me*.'

She took his hand in an irrepressible outburst of gratitude. 'How good you are to me!' she murmured tenderly. 'What should I have done in the troubles that have come to me, without your sympathy? I can't tell you, Henry, how I feel your kindness.

She tried impulsively to lift his hand to her lips. He gently stopped her. 'Agnes,' he said, 'are you beginning to understand how truly I love you?'

That simple question found its own way to her heart. She owned the whole truth, without saying a word. She looked at him—and then looked away again.

He drew her to his bosom. 'My own darling!' he whispered—and kissed her. Softly and tremulously, the sweet lips lingered, and touched his lips in return. Then her head drooped. She put her arms round his neck, and hid her face in his bosom. They spoke no more.

The charmed silence had lasted but a little while, when it was mercilessly broken by a knock at the door.

Agnes started to her feet. She placed herself at the piano: the instrument being opposite to the door, it was impossible, when she seated herself on the music-stool, for any person entering the room to see her face. Henry called out irritably, 'Come in.'

The door was not opened. The person on the other side asked a strange question.

'Is Mr. Henry Westwick alone?'

Agnes instantly recognized the voice of the Countess. She hurried to a second door, which communicated with one of the bed-rooms. 'Don't let her come near me!' she whispered nervously. 'Good night, Henry! good night!'

If Henry could, by an effort of will, have transported the Countess to the uttermost ends of the earth, he would have made the effort without remorse. As it was, he only repeated, more irritably than ever, 'Come in!'

She entered the room slowly with

her everlasting manuscript in her hand. Her step was unsteady; a dark flush appeared on her face, in place of its customary pallor; her eyes were bloodshot and widely dilated. In approaching Henry, she showed a strange incapability of calculating her distances—she struck against the table near which he happened to be sitting. When she spoke, her articulation was confused, and her pronunciation of some of the longer words was hardly intelligible. Most men would have suspected her of being under the influence of some intoxicating liquor. Henry took a truer view—he said, as he placed a chair for her, 'Countess, I am afraid you have been working too hard: you look as if you wanted rest.'

She put her hand to her head. 'My invention has gone,' she said. 'I can't write my fourth act. It's all a blank—all a blank!'

Henry advised her to wait till the next day. 'Go to bed,' he suggested; 'and try to sleep.'

She waved her hand impatiently. 'I must finish the play,' she answered. 'I only want a hint from you. You must know something about plays. Your brother has got a theatre. You must often have heard him talk about fourth and fifth acts—you must have seen rehearsals, and all the rest of it.' She abruptly thrust the manuscript into Henry's hand. 'I can't read it to you,' she said; 'I feel giddy when I look at my own writing. Just run your eye over it, there's a good fellow—and give me a hint.'

Henry glanced at the manuscript. He happened to look at the list of the persons of the drama. As he read the list he started and turned abruptly to the Countess, intending to ask her for some explanation. The words were suspended on his lips. It was but too plainly useless to speak to her. Her head lay back on the upper rail of the chair. She seemed to be half asleep already. The flush on her face had deepened: she looked like a woman who was in danger of having a fit.

He rang the bell, and directed the man who answered it to send one of the chambermaids upstairs. His voice seemed to partially rouse the Countess; she opened her eyes in a slow drowsy way. 'Have you read it?' she asked.

It was necessary as a mere act of humanity to humour her. 'I will read it willingly,' said Henry, 'if you will go upstairs to bed. You shall hear what I think of it to-morrow morning. Our heads will be clearer, we shall be better able to make the fourth act in the morning.'

The chambermaid came in while he was speaking. 'I am afraid the lady is ill,' Henry whispered. 'Take her up to her room.' The woman looked at the Countess and whispered back, 'Shall we send for a doctor, sir?'

Henry advised taking her upstairs first, and then asking the manager's advice. There was great difficulty in persuading her to rise, and accept the support of the chambermaid's arm. It was only by reiterated promises to read the play that night, and to make the fourth act in the morning, that Henry prevailed on the Countess to return to her room.

Left to himself, he began to feel a certain languid curiosity in relation to the manuscript. He looked over the pages, reading a line here and a line there. Suddenly he changed colour as he read—and looked up from the manuscript like a man bewildered. 'Good God! what does this mean? he said to himself.

His eyes turned nervously to the door by which Agnes had left him. She might return to the drawing-room; she might want to see what the Countess had written. He looked back again at the passage which startled him—considered with himself for a moment—and suddenly and softly left the room.

Chapter XXVI.

ENTERING his own room on the upper floor, Henry placed the manuscript on his table, open at the first leaf. His nerves were unquestionably shaken; his hand trembled as he turned the pages; he started at chance noises on the staircase of the hotel.

The scenario, or outline, of the Countess's Play began with no formal prefatory phrases. She presented herself and her work with the easy familiarity of an old friend.

'Allow me, dear Mr. Francis Westwick, to introduce to you the persons in my proposed Play. Behold them, arranged symmetrically in a line.

'My Lord. The Baron. The Courier. The Doctor. The Countess.

'I don't trouble myself, you see, to invent fictitious family names. My characters are sufficiently distinguished by their social titles, and by the striking contrast which they present one with another.

'The First Act opens——

'No! Before I open the First Act, I must announce, in justice to myself, that this Play is entirely the work of my own invention. I scorn to borrow from actual events; and, what is more extraordinary still, I have not stolen one of my ideas from the Modern French drama. As the manager of an English theatre, you will naturally refuse to believe this. It doesn't matter. Nothing matters—except the opening of my first act.

'We are at Homburg, in the famous Salon d'Or, at the height of the season. The Countess (exquisitely dressed) is seated at the green table. Strangers of all nations are standing behind the players, venturing their money or only looking on. My Lord is among the strangers. He is struck by the Countess's personal appearance in which beauties and defects are fantastically mingled in the most attractive manner. He watches the Countess's game, and places his money where he sees her deposit her own little stake. She looks round at him, and says "Don't trust to my colour; I have been unlucky the whole evening. Place your stake on the other colour, and you may have a chance of winning." My Lord (a true Englishman) blushes, bows, and obeys. The Countess proves a true prophet. She loses again. My Lord wins twice the sum that he has risked.

'The Countess rises from the table. She has no more money, and she offers my Lord her chair.

'Instead of taking it, he politely places his winnings in her hand, and begs her to accept the loan as a favour to himself. The Countess stakes again, and loses again. My Lord smiles superbly, and presses a second loan on her. From that moment her luck turns. She wins, and wins largely. Her brother, the Baron, trying his fortune in another room, hears of what is going on, and joins my Lord and the Countess.

'Pay attention, if you please, to the Baron. He is delineated as a remarkable and interesting character.

'This noble person has begun life with a single-minded devotion to the science of experimental chemistry, very surprising in a young and handsome man with a brilliant future before him. A profound knowledge of the occult sciences has persuaded the Baron that it is possible to solve the famous problem called the "Philosopher's Stone." His own pecuniary resources have long since been exhausted by his costly experiment. His sister has next supplied him with the small fortune at her disposal; reserving only the family jewels, placed in the charge of her banker and friend at Frankfort. The Countess's fortune also being swallowed up, the Baron has in a fatal moment sought for new supplies at the gaming table. He proves, at starting on his perilous career, to be a favourite of fortune; wins largely, and alas? profanes his

noble enthusiasm for science by yielding his soul to the all-debasing passion of the gamester.

'At the period of the Play the Baron's good fortune has deserted him. He sees his way to a crowning experiment in the fatal search after the secret of transmuting the baser metals into gold. But how is he to pay the preliminary expenses? Destiny like a mocking echo, answers How?'

'Will his sister's winnings (with my Lord's money) prove large enough to help him? Eager for this result, he gives the Countess his advice how to play. From that disastrous moment the infection of his own adverse fortune spreads to his sister. She loses again, and again—loses to the last farthing.

'The amiable and wealthy Lord offers a third loan; but the scrupulous Countess positively refuses to take it. On leaving the table, she presents her brother to my Lord. The gentlemen fall into pleasant talk. My Lord asks leave to pay his respects to the Countess, the next morning, at her hotel. The Baron hospitably invites him to breakfast. My Lord accepts, with a last admiring glance at the Countess which does not escape her brother's observation, and takes his leave for the night.

'Alone with his sister, the Baron speaks out plainly. "Our affairs," he says, "are in a desperate condition, and must find a desperate remedy. Wait for me here while I make inquiries about my Lord. You have evidently produced a strong impression on him. If we can turn that impression into money, no matter at what sacrifice, the thing must be done."

'The Countess now occupies the stage alone, and indulges in a soliloquy which develops her character.

'It is at once a dangerous and attractive character. Immense capacities for good are implanted in her nature, side by side with equally remarkable capacities for evil. It rests with circumstances to develop either the one or the other. Being a person who produces a sensation wherever she goes, this noble lady is naturally made the subject of all sorts of scandalous reports. To one of these reports (which falsely and abominably points to the Baron as her lover instead of her brother) she now refers with just indignation. She has just expressed her desire to leave Homburg, as the place in which the vile calumny first took its rise, when the Baron returns, overhears her last words, and says to her, "Yes, leave Homburg by all means; provided you leave it in the character of my Lord's betrothed wife!"

'The Countess is startled and shocked. She protests that she does not reciprocate my Lord's admiration for her. She even goes the length of refusing to see him again. The Baron answers, "I must positively have command of money. Take your choice, between marrying my Lord's income, in the interest of my grand discovery—or leave me to sell myself and my title to the first rich woman of low degree who is ready to buy me."

'The Countess listens in surprise and dismay. Is it possible that the Baron is in earnest? He is horribly in earnest. "The woman who will buy me," he says, "is in the next room to us at this moment. She is the wealthy widow of a Jewish usurer. She has the money I want to reach the solution of the great problem. I have only to be that woman's husband, and to make myself master of untold millions of gold. Take five minutes to consider what I have said to you, and tell me on my return which of us is to marry for the money I want, you or I."

'As he turns away, the Countess stops him.

'All the noblest sentiments in her nature are exalted to the highest pitch, "Where is the true woman," she exclaims, "who wants time to consum-

mate the sacrifice of herself, when the man to whom she is devoted demands it?" She does not want five minutes—she does not want five seconds—she holds out her hand to him, and she says "Sacrifice me on the altar of your glory! Take as stepping-stones on the way to your triumph, my love, my liberty, and my life!"

'On this grand situation the curtain falls. Judging by my first act, Mr. Westwick, tell me truly, and don't be afraid of turning my head:—Am I not capable of writing a good play?'

Henry paused between the First and Second Acts; reflecting, not on the merits of the Play, but on the strange resemblance which the incidents so far presented to the incidents that had attended the disastrous marriage of the first Lord Montbarry.

Was it possible that the Countess, in the present condition of her mind, supposed herself to be exercising her invention when she was only exercising her memory?

The question involved consideration too serious to be made the subject of a hasty decision. Reserving his opinion, Henry turned the page, and devoted himself to the reading of the next act. The manuscript proceeded as follows:—

'The Second Act opens at Venice. An interval of four months has elapsed since the date of the scene at the gambling table. The action now takes place in the reception-room of one of the Venetian palaces.

'The Baron is discovered, alone, on the stage. He reverts to the events which have happened since the close of the First Act. The Countess has sacrificed herself; the mercenary marriage has taken place—but not without obstacles, caused by difference of opinion on the question of marriage settlements.

'Private inquiries, instituted in England, have informed the Baron that my Lord's income is derived chiefly from, what is called, entailed property. In case of accidents, he is surely bound to do something for his bride? Let him, for example, insure his life, for a sum proposed by the Baron, and let him so settle the money that his widow shall have it, if he dies first.

'My Lord hesitates. The Baron wastes no time in useless discussion. "Let us by all means" (he says) "consider the marriage as broken off." My Lord shifts his ground, and pleads for a smaller sum than the sum proposed. The Baron briefly replies, "I never bargain." My Lord is in love; the natural result follows—he gives way.

'So far, the Baron has no cause to complain. But my Lord's turn comes, when the marriage has been celebrated, and when the honeymoon is over. The Baron has joined the married pair at a palace which they have hired in Venice. He is still bent on solving the problem of the "Philosopher's Stone." His laboratory is set up in the vaults beneath the palace—so that smells from chemical experiments may not incommode the Countess, in the higher regions of the house. The one obstacle in the way of his grand discovery is, as usual, the want of money. His position at the present time has become truly critical. He owes debts of honour to gentlemen in his own rank of life, which must positively be paid; and he proposes, in his own friendly manner, to borrow the money of my Lord. My Lord positively refuses, in the rudest terms. The Baron applies to his sister to exercise her conjugal influence. She can only answer that her noble husband (being no longer distractedly in love with her) now appears in his true character, as one of the meanest men living. The sacrifice of the marriage has been made, and has already proved useless.

'Such is the state of affairs at the opening of the second act.

'The entrance of the Countess sud-

denly disturbs the Baron's reflections. She is in a state bordering on frenzy. Incoherent expressions of rage burst from her lips: it is some time before she can sufficiently control herself to speak plainly. She has been doubly insulted—first, by a menial person in her employment; secondly, by her husband. Her maid, an Englishwoman, has declared that she will serve the Countess no longer. She will give up her wages, and return at once to England. Being asked her reason for this strange proceeding, she insolently hints that the Countess's service is no service for an honest woman, since the Baron has entered the house. The Countess does, what any lady in her position would do; she indignantly dismisses the wretch on the spot.

'My Lord, hearing his wife's voice raised in anger, leaves the study in which he is accustomed to shut himself up over his books, and asks what this disturbance means. The Countess informs him of the outrageous language and conduct of her maid. My Lord not only declares his entire approval of the woman's conduct; but expresses his own abominable doubts of his wife's fidelity, in language of such horrible brutality that no lady could pollute her lips by repeating it, "If I had been a man," the Countess says: "and if I had had a weapon in my hand, I would have struck him dead at my feet!"

'The Baron, listening silently so far, now speaks. "Permit me to finish the sentence for you," he says. "You would have struck your husband dead at your feet; and by that rash act, you would have deprived yourself of the insurance money settled on the widow — the very money which is wanted to relieve your brother from the unendurable pecuniary position which he now occupies!"

'The Countess gravely reminds the Baron that this is no joking matter. After what my Lord has said to her, she has little doubt that he will communicate his infamous suspicions to his lawyers in England. If nothing is done to prevent it, she may be divorced and disgraced, and thrown on the world, with no resource but the sale of her jewels to keep her from starving.

'At this moment, the Courier who has been engaged to travel with my Lord from England, crosses the stage with a letter to take to the post. The Countess stops him, and asks to look at the address on the letter. She takes it from him for a moment, and shows it to her brother. The handwriting is my Lord's; and the letter is directed to his lawyers in London.

'The Courier proceeds to the post-office. The Baron and the Countess look at each other in silence. No words are needed. They thoroughly understand the position in which they are placed; they clearly see the terrible remedy for it. What is the plain alternative before them? Disgrace and ruin—or, my Lord's death!

'The Baron walks backwards and forwards in great agitation, talking to himself. The Countess hears fragments of what he is saying, He speaks of my Lord's constitution probably weakened in India—of a cold which my Lord has caught two or three days since—of the remarkable manner in which such slight things as colds sometimes end in serious illness and death.

'He observes that the Countess is listening to him, and asks if she has anything to propose. She is a woman who, with many defects, has the great merit of speaking out. "Is there no such thing as a serious illness" she asks, "corked up in one of those bottles of yours in the vaults downstairs?"

'The Baron answers by gravely shaking his head. What is he afraid of?—a possible examination of the body after death? No: he can set any post-mortem examination at defiance. It is the process of administering the poison that he dreads. A man so distinguished as my Lord cannot be taken seriously ill without medical at-

tendance. Where there is a doctor there is always danger of discovery. Then, again, there is the Courier, faithful to my Lord as long as my Lord pays him. Even if the Doctor sees nothing suspicious, the Courier may discover something. The poison, to do its work with the necessary secrecy, must be repeatedly administered in graduated doses. One trifling miscalculation or mistake may rouse suspicion. The insurance office may hear of it, and may refuse to pay the money. As things are, the Baron will not risk it, and will not allow his sister to risk it in his place.

'My Lord himself is the next character who appears. He has repeatedly rung for the Courier, and the bell has not been answered. "What does this insolence mean?"

'The Countess (speaking with quiet dignity—for why should her infamous husband have the satisfaction of knowing how deeply he has wounded her?) reminds my Lord that the Courier has gone to the post. My Lord asks suspiciously if she has looked at the letter. The Countess informs him coldly that she has no curiosity about his letters. Referring to the cold from which he is suffering, she inquires if he thinks of consulting a medical man. My Lord answers roughly that he is quite old enough to be capable of doctoring himself.

'As he makes this reply, the Courier appears, returning from the post. My Lord gives him orders to go out again and buy some lemons. He proposes to try hot lemonade as a means of inducing perspiration in bed. In that way he has formerly cured colds, and in that way he will cure the cold from which he is suffering now.

'The Courier obeys in silence. Judging by appearances he goes very reluctantly on this second errand.

'My Lord turns to the Baron (who has thus far taken no part in the conversation) and asks him, in a sneering tone, how much longer he proposes to prolong his stay in Venice. The Baron answers quietly, "Let us speak plainly to one another, my Lord. If you wish me to leave your house, you have only to say the word, and I go." My Lord turns to his wife, and asks if she can support the calamity of her brother's absence—laying a grossly insulting emphasis on the word, "brother." The Countess preserves her impenetrable composure; nothing in her betrays the deadly hatred with which she regards the titled ruffian who has insulted her. "You are master in this house, my Lord," is all she says. "Do as you please."

'My Lord looks at his wife; looks at the Baron—and suddenly alters his tone. Does he perceive in the composure of the Countess and her brother something lurking under the surface that threatens him? This is at least certain, he makes a clumsy apology for the language that he has used. (Abject wretch!)

'My Lord's excuses are interrupted by the return of the Courier with the lemons and hot water.

'The Countess observes for the first time that the man looks ill. His hands tremble as he places the tray on the table. My Lord orders his Courier to follow him, and make the lemonade in the bedroom. The Countess remarks, that the Courier seems hardly capable of obeying his orders. Hearing this, the man admits that he is ill. He, too, is suffering from a cold; he has been kept waiting in a draught at the shop where he bought the lemons; he feels alternately hot and cold, and he begs permission to lie down for a little while on his bed.

Feeling her humanity appealed to, the Countess volunteers to make the lemonade herself. My Lord takes the Courier by the arm, leads him aside, and whispers these words to him. "Watch her, and see that she puts nothing into the lemonade; then bring it to me with your own hands; and, then, go to bed, if you like."

'Without a word more to his wife,

or to the Baron, my Lord leaves the room.

'The Countess makes the lemonade, and the Courier takes it to his master.

'Returning, on the way to his own room, he is so weak, and feels, he says, so giddy, that he is obliged to support himself by the backs of the chairs as he passes them. The Baron, always considerate to persons of low degree, offers his arm. "I am afraid, my poor fellow," he says, "that you are really ill." The Courier makes this extraordinary answer: "It's all over with me, Sir: I have caught my death."

'The Countess is naturally startled. "You are not an old man," she says, trying to rouse the Courier's spirits. "At your age, catching cold doesn't surely mean catching your death?" The Courier fixes his eyes despairingly on the Countess.

'"My lungs are weak, my Lady," he says, "I have already had two attacks of bronchitis. The second time, a great physician joined my own Doctor in attendance on me. He considered my recovery almost in the light of a miracle. Take care of yourself," he said. "If you have a third attack of bronchitis, as certainly as two and two make four, you will be a dead man. I feel the same inward shivering, my Lady, that I felt on those two former occasions—and I tell you again, I have caught my death in Venice."

'Speaking some comforting words, the Baron leads him to his room. The Countess is left alone on the stage.

'She seats herself, and looks towards the door by which the Courier has been led out. "Ah! my poor fellow," she says, "if you could only change constitutions with my Lord, what a happy result would follow for the Baron and for me! If *you* could only get cured of a trumpery cold with a little hot lemonade, and if *he* could only catch his death in your place—!"

'She suddenly pauses—considers for awhile—and springs to her feet, with a cry of triumphant surprise; the wonderful, the unparalleled idea has crossed her mind like a flash of lightning. Make the two men change names and places; and the deed is done! Where are the obstacles? Remove my Lord (by fair means or foul) from his room; and keep him secretly prisoner in the palace, to live or die as future necessity may determine. Place the Courier in the vacant bed, and call in the doctor to see him—ill, in my Lord's character, and (if he dies) dying under my Lord's name.'

The manuscript dropped from Henry's hands. A sickening sense of horror overpowered him. The question which had occurred to his mind at the close of the First Act of the Play assumed a new and terrible interest now. As far as the scene of the Countess's soliloquy, the incidents of the Second Act had reflected the events of his late brother's life as faithfully as the incidents of the First Act. Was the monstrous plot, revealed in the lines which he had just read, the offspring of the Countess's morbid imagination? or had she, in this case also, deluded herself with the idea that she was inventing when she was really writing under the influence of her own guilty remembrance of the past? If the latter interpretation were the true one, he had just read the narrative of the contemplated murder of his brother, planned in cold blood by a woman who was at that moment inhabiting the same house with him. While, to make the fatality complete, Agnes herself had innocently provided the conspirators with the one man who was fitted to be the passive agent of their crime.

Even the bare doubt that it might be so, was more than he could endure. He left his room; resolved to force the truth out of the Countess, or to denounce her before the authorities as a murderess at large.

Arrived at her door, he was met by

a person just leaving the room. The person was the manager. He was hardly recognisable; he looked and spoke like a man in a state of desperation.

'Oh, go in if you like!' he said to Henry. 'Mark this, sir! I am not a superstitious man; but I do begin to believe that crimes carry their own curse with them. This hotel is under a curse. What happens in the morning? We discover a crime committed in the old days of the palace. The night comes, and brings another dreadful event with it—a death; a sudden and shocking death, in the house. Go in, and see for yourself! I shall resign my situation, Mr. Westwick; I can't contend with fatalities that pursue me here!'

Henry entered the room.

The Countess was stretched on her bed. The doctor on one side and the chambermaid on the other, were standing looking at her. From time to time, she drew a heavy stertorous breath, like a person oppressed in sleeping. 'Is she likely to die?' Henry asked.

'She is dead,' the doctor answered. 'Dead of the rupture of a blood-vessel on the brain. Those sounds that you hear are purely mechanical—they may go on for hours.'

Henry looked at the chambermaid. She had little to tell. The Countess had refused to go to bed, and had placed herself at her desk to proceed with her writing. Finding it useless to remonstrate with her, the maid had left the room to speak to the manager. In the shortest possible time, the doctor was summoned to the hotel, and found the Countess dead on the floor. There was this to tell—and no more.

Looking at the writing-table as he went out, Henry saw the sheet of paper on which the Countess had traced her last lines of writing. The characters were almost illegible. Henry could just distinguish the words, 'First Act,' and 'Persons of the Drama.' The lost wretch had been thinking of her Play to the last, and had begun it all over again!

Chapter XXVII.

Henry returned to his room.

His first impulse was to throw aside the manuscript, and never to look at it again. The one chance of relieving his mind from the dreadful uncertainty that oppressed it, by obtaining positive evidence of the truth, was a chance annihilated by the Countess's death. What good purpose could be served, what relief could he anticipate, if he read more?

He walked up and down the room. After an interval, his thoughts took a new direction; the question of the manuscript presented itself under another point of view. Thus far, his reading had only informed him that the conspiracy had been planned. How did he know that the plan had been put in execution.

The manuscript lay just before him on the floor. He hesitated—then picked it up; and, returning to the table, read on as follows, from the point at which he had left off.

'While the Countess is still absorbed in the bold yet simple combination of circumstances which she has discovered, the Baron returns. He takes a serious view of the case of the Courier; it may be necessary, he thinks, to send for medical advice. No servant is left in the palace, now the English maid has taken her departure. The Baron himself must fetch the doctor, if the doctor is really needed.

'"Let us have medical help, by all means," his sister replies. "But wait and hear something that I have to say to you first." She then electrifies the Baron by communicating her idea to him. What danger of discovery have they to dread? My Lord's life

in Venice has been a life of absolute seclusion: nobody but his banker knows him, even by personal appearance. He has presented his letter of credit as a perfect stranger; and he and his banker have never seen each other since that first visit. He has given no parties, and gone to no parties. On the few occasions when he has hired a gondola or taken a walk, he has always been alone. Thanks to the atrocious suspicion which makes him ashamed of being seen with his wife, he has led the very life which makes the proposed enterprise easy of accomplishment.

'The cautious Baron listens—but gives no positive opinion as yet. "See what you can do with the Courier," he says; "and I will decide when I hear the result. One valuable hint I may give you before you go. Your man is easily tempted by money—if you only offer him enough. The other day I asked him, in jest, what he would do for a thousand pounds. He answered, 'Anything.' Bear that in mind; and offer your highest bid without bargaining."

'The scene changes to the Courier's room, and shows the poor wretch with a photographic portrait of his wife in his hand, crying. The Countess enters.

'She wisely begins by sympathising with her contemplated accomplice. He is duly grateful; he confides his sorrows to his gracious mistress. Now that he believes himself to be on his death-bed, he feels remorse for his neglectful treatment of his wife. He could resign himself to die; but despair overpowers him when he remembers that he has saved no money, and that he will leave his widow, without resources, to the mercy of the world.

'On this hint the Countess speaks. "Suppose you were asked to do a perfectly easy thing," she says; "and suppose you were rewarded for doing it by a present of a thousand pounds, as a legacy for your widow?"

'The Courier raises himself on his pillow, and looks at the Countess with an expression of incredulous surprise. She can hardly be cruel enough (he thinks) to joke with a man in his miserable plight. Will she say plainly what this perfectly easy thing is, the doing of which will meet with such a magnificent reward?

'The Countess answers that question by confiding her project to the Courier, without the slightest reserve.

'Some minutes of silence follow when she has done. The Courier is not weak enough yet to speak without stopping to think first. Still keeping his eyes on the Countess, he makes a quaintly-insolent remark on what he has just heard. "I have not hitherto been a religious man; but I feel myself on the way to it. Since your ladyship has spoken to me, I believe in the Devil." It is the Countess's interest to see the humorous side of this confession of faith. She takes no offence. She only says, "I will give you half an hour by yourself, to think over my proposal. You are in danger of death. Decide, in your wife's interests, whether you will die worth nothing, or die worth a thousand pounds."

'Left alone, the Courier seriously considers his position—and decides. He rises with difficulty; writes a few lines on a leaf taken from his pocket-book; and with slow and faltering steps leaves the room.

'The Countess, returning at the expiration of the half-hour's interval, finds the room empty. While she is wondering, the Courier opens the door. What has he been doing out of his bed? He answers, "I have been protecting my own life, my lady, on the bare chance that I may recover from the bronchitis for the third time. If you or the Baron attempt to hurry me out of this world, or to deprive me of my thousand pounds reward, I shall tell the doctor where he will find a few lines of writing, which describe your ladyship's plot. I may not have strength enough, in the case supposed,

to betray you by making a complete confession with my own lips; but I can employ my last breath to speak the half-dozen words which will tell the doctor where he is to look. Those words it is needless to add, will be addressed to your ladyship, if I find your engagements towards me faithfully kept."

'With this audacious preface, he proceeds to state the conditions on which he will play his part in the conspiracy, and die (if he does die) worth a thousand pounds.

'Either the Countess or the Baron are to taste the food and drink brought to his bedside, in his presence, and even the medicines which the doctor may prescribe for him. As for the money, it is to be produced in one bank note, folded in a sheet of paper, on which a line is to be written, dictated by the Courier. The two enclosures are then to be sealed up in an envelope, addressed to his wife, and stamped ready for the post. This done, the letter is to be placed under his pillow; the Baron or the Countess being at liberty to satisfy themselves, day by day at their own time, that the letter remains in its place, with the seal unbroken, as long as the doctor has any hope of his patient's recovery. The last stipulation follows. The Courier has a conscience; and with a view to keeping it easy, insists that he shall be left in ignorance of that part of the plot which relates to the sequestration of my Lord. Not that he cares particularly what becomes of his miserly master—but he does dislike taking other people's responsibilities on his own shoulders.

'These conditions being agreed to, the Countess calls in the Baron, who has been waiting events in the next room.

'He is informed that the Courier has yielded to temptation; but he is still too cautious to make any compromising remarks. Keeping his back turned on the bed, he shows a bottle to the Countess. It is labelled "Chloroform." She understands that my Lord is to be removed from his room in a convenient state of insensibility. In what part of the palace is he to be hidden? As they open the door to go out, the Countess whispers that question to the Baron. The Baron whispers back, "In the vaults!" On those words, the curtain falls.'

Chapter XXVIII.

So the Second Act ended.

Turning to the Third Act, Henry looked wearily at the pages as he let them slip through his fingers. Both in mind and body, he began to feel the need of repose.

In one important respect, the latter portion of the manuscript differed from the pages which he had just been reading. Signs of an overwrought brain showed themselves, here and there, as the outline of the Play approached its end. The handwriting grew worse and worse. Some of the longer sentences were left unfinished. In the exchange of dialogue, questions and answers were not always attributed respectively to the right speaker. At certain intervals the writer's failing intelligence seemed to recover itself for awhile; only to relapse again, and to lose the thread of the narrative more hopelessly than ever.

After reading one or two of the more coherent passages, Henry recoiled from the ever-darkening horror of the story. He closed the manuscript, heartsick and exhausted, and threw himself on his bed to rest. The door opened almost at the same moment. Lord Montbarry entered the room.

'We have just returned from the Opera,' he said; 'and we have heard the news of that miserable woman's death. They say you spoke to her in her last moments; and I want to hear how it happened.'

'You shall hear how it happened,' Henry answered; 'and more than that. You are now the head of the the family, Stephen; and I feel bound, in the position which oppresses me, to leave you to decide what ought to be done.'

With those introductory words, he told his brother how the Countess's Play had come into his hands. 'Read the first few pages,' he said, 'I am anxious to know whether the same impression is produced on both of us.'

Before Lord Montbarry had got half way through the First Act, he stopped, and looked at his brother. 'What does she mean by boasting of this as her own invention,' he asked. 'Was she too crazy to remember that these things really happened?'

This was enough for Henry: the same impression had been produced on both of them. 'You will do as you please, he said. 'But if you will be guided by me, spare yourself the reading of those pages to come, which describe our brother's terrible expiation of his heartless marriage.'

'Have *you* read it all, Henry?'

'Not all. I shrank from reading some of the latter part of it. Neither you nor I saw much of our elder brother after we left school; and, for my part, I felt, and never scrupled to express my feeling, that he behaved infamously to Agnes. But when I read that unconscious confession of the murderous conspiracy to which he fell a victim, I remembered, with something like remorse, that the same mother bore us. I have felt for him to-night, what I am ashamed to think I never felt for him before.'

Lord Montbarry took his brother's hand.

'You are a good fellow, Henry,' he said; 'but are you quite sure that you have not been needlessly distressing yourself? Because some of this crazy creature's writing accidentally tells what we know to be the truth, does it follow that all the rest is to be relied on to the end?'

'There is no possible doubt of it,' Henry replied.

'No possible doubt?' his brother repeated. 'I shall go on with my reading, Henry—and see what justification there may be for that confident conclusion of yours.'

He read on steadily, until he had reached the conclusion of the Second Act. Then he looked up.

'Do you really believe that the mutilated remains which you discovered this morning are the remains of our brother?' he asked. 'And do you believe it on such evidence as this?'

Henry answered silently, by a sign in the affirmative.

Lord Montbarry checked himself—evidently on the point of entering an indignant protest.

'You acknowledge that you have not read the later scenes of the piece,' he said. 'Don't be childish, Henry? If you persist in pinning your faith on such stuff as this, the least you can do is to make yourself thoroughly acquainted with it. Will you read the third Act? No? Then I shall read it to you.'

He turned to the third Act, and ran over those fragmentary passages which were clearly enough expressed to be intelligible to the mind of a stranger.

'Here is a scene in the vaults of the palace,' he began. 'The victim of the conspiracy is sleeping on his miserable bed; and the Baron and the Countess are considering the position in which they stand. The Countess (as well as I can make it out) has raised the money that is wanted, by borrowing on the security of her jewels at Frankfort; and the Courier upstairs is still declared by the doctor to have a chance of recovery. What are the conspirators to do, if the man does recover? The cautious Baron suggests setting the prisoner free. If he ventures to appeal to the law, it is easy to declare that he is subject to insane delusion, and to call his own wife as a witness. On the other hand, if

the Courier dies, how is the sequestrated and unknown nobleman to be put out of the way? Passively, by letting him starve in his prison? No: the Baron is a man of refined tastes; he dislikes needless cruelty. The active policy remains. Say, assassination by the knife of a hired bravo? The Baron objects to trusting an accomplice: also to spending money on any one but himself. Shall they drop their prisoner into the Canal? The Baron declines to trust water—water will show him on the surface. Shall they set his bed on fire? An excellent idea; but the smoke might be seen. No: poisoning is no doubt an easier death than he deserves, but there is really no other safe way out of it than to poison him. Is it possible, Henry, that you believe this consultation really took place?'

Henry made no reply. The succession of questions that had just been read to him exactly followed the succession of the dreams that had terrified Mrs. Norbury, on the two nights which she had passed at the hotel. It was useless to point out this coincidence to his brother. He only said, 'Go on.'

Lord Montbarry turned the pages until he came to the next intelligible passage.

'Here,' he proceeded, 'is a double scene on the stage—so far as I can understand the sketch of it. The doctor is upstairs, innocently writing the certificate of my Lord's decease, by the dead courier's bedside. Down in the vault the Baron stands by the corpse of the murdered lord, preparing the strong chemical acids which are to reduce it to a heap of ashes.—Surely, it is not worth while to trouble ourselves with decyphering such melodramatic horrors as these? Let us get on! let us get on!"

He turned the leaves again; attempting vainly to discover the meaning of the confused scenes that followed. On the last page but one he found the last intelligible sentences.

'The third Act,' he said, 'seems to be divided into two Parts or Tableaux. I think I can read the writing at the beginning of the second Part. The Baron and the Countess open the scene. The Baron's hands are mysteriously concealed by gloves. He has reduced the body to ashes, by his own system of cremation, with the exception of the head —— '

Henry interrupted his brother there. 'Don't read any more!' he exclaimed.

'Let us do the Countess justice,' Lord Montbarry persisted. 'There are not half a dozen lines more that I can make out. The accidental breaking of his jar of acid has burnt the Baron's hands severely. He is still unable to proceed to the destruction of the head—and the Countess is woman enough (with all her wickedness) to shrink from attempting to take his place—when the first news is received of the coming arrival of the commission of inquiry despatched by the Insurance Offices. The Baron feels no alarm. Inquire as the commission may, it is the natural death of the Courier (in my Lord's character) that they are blindly investigating. The head not being destroyed, the obvious alternative is to hide it—and the Baron is equal to the occasion. His studies in the old library have informed him of a safe place of concealment in the palace. The Countess may recoil from handling the acids, and watching the process of cremation. But she can surely sprinkle a little disinfecting powder —— '

'No more!' Henry reiterated. 'No more.'

'There is no more that can be read, my dear fellow. The last page looks like sheer delirium. She may well have told you that her invention had failed her!'

'Face the truth honestly, Stephen—and say her memory.'

Lord Montbarry rose from the table at which he had been sitting, and looked at his brother with pitying eyes.

'Your nerves are out of order, Henry,' he said. 'And no wonder, after that frightful discovery under the hearth-stone. We won't dispute about it; we will wait a day or two until you are quite yourself again. In the meantime, let us understand each other on one point at least. You leave the question of what is to be done with these pages of writing to me, as the the head of the family?'

'I do.'

Lord Montbarry quietly took up the manuscript, and threw it into the fire. 'Let this rubbish be of some use,' he said, holding the pages down with the poker. 'The room is getting chilly—let the Countess's Play set some of these charred logs flaming again.' He waited a little at the fire-place, and returned to his brother. 'Now, Henry, I have a last word to say, and then I have done. I am ready to admit that you have stumbled, by an unlucky chance, on the proof of a crime committed in the old days of the palace, nobody knows how long ago. With that one concession, I dispute everything else. Rather than agree in the opinion you have formed, I won't believe anything that has happened. The supernatural influences that some of us felt when we first slept in this hotel—your loss of appetite, our sister's dreadful dreams, the smell that overpowered Francis, and the head that appeared to Agnes—I declare them all to be sheer delusions! I believe in nothing, nothing, nothing!' He opened the door to go out, and looked back into the room. 'Yes,' he resumed, 'there is one thing I believe in. My wife has committed a breach of confidence—I believe Agnes will marry you. Good night, Henry. We leave Venice the first thing to-morrow morning.'

So Lord Montbarry disposed of the mystery of The Haunted Hotel.

POSTCRIPT.

A LAST means of deciding the difference of opinion between the two brothers was still in Henry's possession. He had his own idea of the use to which he might put the false teeth, as a means of inquiry, when his fellow-travellers returned to England.

The only surviving depository of the domestic history of the family in past years was Agnes Lockwood's old nurse. Henry took his first opportunity of trying to revive her personal recollections of the deceased Lord Montbarry. But the nurse had never forgiven the great man of the family for his desertion of Agnes: she flatly refused to consult her memory. 'Even the bare sight of my lord, when I last saw him in London,' said the old woman, 'made my finger-nails itch to set their mark on his face. I was sent on an errand by Miss Agnes, and I met him coming out of the dentist's door—and, thank God, that's the last I saw of him.'

Thanks to the nurse's quick temper and quaint way of expressing herself, the object of Henry's inquiries was gained already! He ventured on asking if she had noticed the situation of the house. She had noticed, and still remembered the situation—'did Master Henry suppose she had lost the use of her senses, because she had happened to be nigh on eighty years old?' The same day, he took the false teeth to the dentist, and set all further doubt (if doubt had still been possible) at rest for ever. The teeth had been made for the first Lord Montbarry.

Henry never revealed the existence of this last link in the chain of discovery to any living creature, his brother Stephen included. He carried his terrible secret with him to the grave.

There was one other event in the memorable past on which he preserved the same compassionate silence. Little

Mrs. Ferrari never knew that her husband had been—not as she supposed, the Countess's victim—but the Countess's accomplice. She still believed that the late Lord Montbarry had sent her the thousand pound note, and still recoiled from making use of a present, which she persisted in declaring had 'the stain of her husband's blood on it.' Agnes, with the widow's entire approval, took the money to the Children's Hospital; and spent it in adding to the number of the beds.

In the spring of the new year the marriage took place. At the special request of Agnes, the members of the family were the only persons present at the ceremony: the three children acted as bridesmaids. There was no wedding breakfast—and the honeymoon was spent in the retirement of a cottage on the banks of the Thames.

During the last few days of the residence of the newly-married couple by the riverside, Lady Montbarry's children were invited to enjoy a day's play in the garden. The eldest girl overheard (and reported to her mother) a little conjugal dialogue which touched on the subject of the Haunted Hotel.

'Henry, I want you to give me a kiss.'

'There it is, my dear.'

'Now, I am your wife, may I speak to you about something?'

'What is it?'

'Something that happened the day before we left Venice. You saw the Countess during the last six hours of her life. Won't you tell me whether she made any confession to you?'

'No conscious confession, Agnes—and therefore no confession that I need distress you by repeating.'

'Did she say nothing about what she saw or heard, on that dreadful night in my room!'

'Nothing. We only know by the event, that her mind never recovered the terror of it.'

Agnes was not quite satisfied. The subject troubled her. Even her own brief intercourse with her miserable rival of other days suggested questions that perplexed her. She remembered the Countess's prediction. 'You have to bring me to the day of discovery, and to the punishment that is my doom.' Had the prediction simply failed like other mortal prophecies? Or had it been fulfilled, on the memorable night when she had seen the apparition, and when she had innocently tempted the Countess to watch her in her room?

Let it, however, be recorded, among the other virtues of Mrs. Henry Westwick, that she never again attempted to persuade her husband into betraying his secrets. Other men's wives, hearing of this extraordinary conduct (and being trained in the modern school of morals and manners) naturally regarded her with compassionate contempt. They always spoke of Agnes, from that time forth, as 'rather an old-fashioned person.'

Is that all?

That is all.

Is there no explanation of the mystery of the haunted hotel?

Ask yourself if there is any explanation of the mystery of your own life and death.—Farewell.

SHELLEY.

BY WALTER TOWNSEND

> 'Most wretched men
> Are cradled into poetry by wrong:
> They learn in suffering what they teach in song.'
>
> – *Julian and Maddalo.*

IT has frequently been said that it is neither necessary nor wise, in passing judgment upon a poet's work, to consider either his personal character, private opinions, or the events of his life. If this be true at all, it is true only to a very limited extent. It is not only justifiable, but actually necessary to consider all of these, in so far as they have determined the nature of a poet's work, or the manner of its execution; to go beyond this were to be profane and sacrilegious, not to go so far were to neglect a most obvious means of learning to the full the lessons fit and proper to be learned from poetry. It is, unfortunately, necessary to say here, to prevent the possibility of mistake, that we have no kind of sympathy with those literary ghouls, who make a business of 'the defamation at second hand of the illustrious and defenceless dead,' nor with those more harmless, but perhaps more foolish people, who, with meddling hand, venture to remove the dust of time and oblivion from the most sacred privacies of life. The events of a poet's life may have no visible connection with the work he does, and to argue that we should be guided either in receiving or rejecting a man's work, by the fact that he was moral or immoral, is, on the face of it, absurd. But there are some great poets whose writings have been so completely informed and inspired by the action, upon their character, of the accidents of life and the usages of the world, that it is impossible to discuss their works altogether apart from their lives; and of such poets Shelley is undoubtedly one. To discuss Shelley's works without discussing Shelley would be to run the risk of grave injustice, both to the poetry and to the poet. We shall, therefore, consider how far Shelley's peculiar temperament and unconventional life determined the nature of his poetry, before we discuss the abstract merits of the glorious work he has done; or in other words, we shall endeavour to view him, first from the human, and then from the intellectual side. In attempting this it will not be necessary to give a detailed account of the poet's life; its incidents are too well known, or in any case within such easy reach of all, that it were superfluous to recapitulate them here.

A sensitive poetic genius can feel the torments that arise from a perception of the evil and misery of the world, at an age when most boys think of nothing but how to obtain enjoyment or avoid punishment. Imagine a child, with that sense of resistance to injustice, always so strong in childhood, abnormally magnified by the divine comprehensiveness of genius, until it extended, not only to his own petty woes, but also to the wrongs of all with whom he came in contact or of whom he had read or heard: imagine such a child, delivered at a tender age to the rough and brutal usage of a vulgar and undisciplined private school; imagine the proud and lofty spirit which even then refused to bend before persecution; imagine the tender heart which bled most freely at

another's sufferings tortured by the hourly sight of brutalities against which revolt was vain; imagine all this, and it is not surprising that Shelley entered on the second stage of his boyhood at Eton with a spirit already at war with a world in which he thought that injustice reigned supreme, and with a mind burning with desire to set wrong right, to brand the oppressor and to succour the oppressed. It has been truly said, that life at the great English public schools is but a miniature of life in the actual world, and Shelley's career at Eton is a remarkable example of this. His conduct there was the same as his conduct in after life—bold, defiant, and uncompromising to all he thought false or wrong, and the treatment he received there but too accurately forshadowed the treatment that awaited him in the wider arena of the world. At Eton he had not to suffer from the unlicensed cruelty of a private school, but he found there, in the system of fagging, a legalized form of what he considered wholesale tyranny. He resolutely refused to fag, and was in consequence subjected to the most brutal cruelty, his persecutors being upheld and abetted by the authorities of the school. Shelley has left a most affecting record, not only of the sadness and misery of his school life, but also of the purifying influence upon his loving nature of the suffering he so early endured. In the introduction to the 'Revolt of Islam' there occurs the following inexpressibly beautiful picture of a boyhood misunderstood and abused :—

'Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first
The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass.

'I do remember well the hour which burst
My spirit's sleep. A fresh May-dawn it was,
When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
And wept, I knew not why: until there rose
From the near school-room voices that, alas!
Were but one echo from a world of woes—
The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

'And then I clasped my hands, and looked around;
But none was near to mock my streaming eyes,
Which poured their warm drops on the sunny ground.
So, without shame, I spake :—"I will be wise,
And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
Such power: for I grow weary to behold
The selfish and the strong still tyrannize
Without reproach or check." I then controlled
My tears, my heart grew calm, and I was meek and bold.'

These well-known lines show how potent the events of Shelley's boyhood were in forming and determining his character. His school life did not alone foster and develop his inborn hatred of all things foul and wrong, but it also endowed him with the bitter knowledge that our social laws recognize sin and evil as permanent institutions, regarding them as fixed and unalterable parts of a divinely appointed universe. Against this knowledge, instilled into him so early, Shelley's soul rebelled; the cardinal point of his creed was that sin and suffering are not the necessary adjuncts of, but excrescences upon, existence here; he believed that it is within the power of man to remove these excrescences, to make himself perfect and all the world a paradise. In 'Queen Mab,' the crude, undigested work of youth, only partially redeemed in its excesses and faults of workmanship by some passages of exquisite music and burning eloquence, Shelley first gave passionate expression to this belief. This is the gist and aim of the poem, and is never lost sight of through all the fierce arraignments of religion and social law, until it finds full expression in the beautiful passage ending :

'Thus human things were perfected, and earth,
Even as a child beneath its mother's love,
Was strengthened in all excellence, and grew
Fairer and nobler with each passing year.'

In 'Prometheus Unbound,' the magnificent monument of Shelley's maturity, perhaps the greatest poem given to the world in the years between Shakespeare and Victor Hugo, the leading idea is the same. The tortured Titan in his direst agony knew that the day of his release must come :

'*Mercury*—Thou knowest not the period of Jove's power?
Prometheus—I know but this that it must come.
Mercury.— Alas!
Thou can'st not count thy years to come of pain!
Prometheus—They last while Jove must reign; nor more nor less
Do I desire or fear.'

From the beginning of the third act, in which the Titan's freedom is consummated, the passionate strain of exultation at the triumph which 'Love from its awful throne of patient power' has at last achieved, continually rises, alternately swelling harmonious in stately verse, or running riot in joyous, entrancing music, until the last grand words of Demogorgon:

'Gentleness, Virtue, Wisdom, and Endurance—
These are the seals of that most firm assurance
Which bars the pit over Destruction's strength;
And, if with infirm hand Eternity,
Mother of many acts and hours, should free
The serpent that would clasp her with his length,
These are the spells by which to re-assume
An empire o'er the disentangled doom.

'To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night;
To defy Power which seems omnipotent:
To love, and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, nor falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free:
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!'

This intense belief, that it is within man's power to obtain perfectibility, really lay at the bottom of Shelley's hatred of all restraint and authority. He found, naturally enough, that what are called the bulwarks of social order, viz.: properly constituted authority and appointed law are the greatest apparent obstacles in the path of any Utopian scheme; and he also found what must inevitably occur in an imperfect state of society, that properly constituted authority and appointed law are not invariably arrayed on the side of strict justice and freedom, and these considerations drove him in his early youth into semi-revolt against *all* authority and law. In this frame of mind Shelley went to Oxford, and his career at that University is remarkable only for the manner of its close. As is well known, he was expelled for promulgating an atheistical pamphlet entitled 'The Necessity of Atheism,'* and this severe action on the part of the authorities has frequently been blamed. It has been alleged in Shelley's defence, that the pamphlet in question contained no absolute confession of Atheism, but merely set forth the weakness of the stock arguments in favour of the existence of a God, and invited discussion, in order, if possible, to dissipate the clouds of doubt that darkened his mind. A careful perusal of the pamphlet will hardly bear out this view, and moreover in extenuation of the conduct of the Oxford authorities the whole circumstances of the case must be taken into consideration, which tend to shew that it was not so much the offence itself, as the manner in which it was committed, that drew upon Shelley so severe a penalty. Although in those days Oxford Professors did not write articles abreast, or perhaps rather ahead of the times, in scientific reviews, still, a little pamphlet such as Shelley's was, if modestly and anonymously published, might even then, on the excellent principle of letting sleeping dogs lie, have been permitted to pass unnoticed. It is indeed directly stated by De Quincey that on the first appearance of the pamphlet, the heads of Colleges met and decided to take no action in the matter, and that it was in consequence of this very decision that Shelley, with characteristic fearlessness, forced them from their quiescent position, by sending to each a copy of the pamphlet with a letter challenging open discussion. De Quincey's account of the whole transaction, however, contains so many inaccuracies, that it cannot be absolutely relied upon, but it is most probable that, as we have said, the offence which precluded all forgiveness, consisted more in the open defiance shewn to the authorities, than in the

* This pamphlet appears almost verbatim in Shelley's own notes to 'Queen Mab' which are given in full in Mr. Rossetti's edition.

mere writing of the pamphlet. Harsh as the measure was, and unfortunate, as tending further to impress Shelley with the conviction of the hardness and injustice of the world, we must in candour admit that as the Christian religion, whether true or false, is the basis of their society, there was apparently no alternative course possible to the authorities of Oxford.

Shelley's expulsion from Oxford excited a considerable amount of public notice; he quitted it with the reputation of a confirmed Atheist, a reputation which drew upon him cruel persecution during life, and clinging to him after death, has subjected his memory to the vilest misrepresentations and the most horrible slander. The truth is, and in any consideration of Shelley or Shelley's writings the fact cannot be too strongly insisted upon, that he was *not* an Atheist. Even at this, the starting point of his career, when, as a boy of nineteen he flew in the face of all received opinions, there is nothing approaching to proof that he was an Atheist. But even if we grant, that when he wrote the Oxford pamphlet, his tenets, so far as he had any, were atheistical, is it fair from the crude dogmatical ideas of boyhood to infer the creed of a lifetime? No man can quote a single passage from any writing of Shelley's maturity, either poetry or prose, which upholds a belief in annihilation after death,* and from many of his poems, his letters, and his prose works, distinct proof of his belief in an omnipresent Deity can be adduced. When Trelawney asked him why he, who certainly was not one, allowed himself to be called an Atheist, Shelley replied: 'I used it (the name Atheist) to express my abhorrence of superstition: I took up the word as a knight took up a gauntlet, out of defiance.' Shelley was not at any period of his life a Christian, and if to be not a Christian is to be an Atheist, then and then only our argument falls to the ground. As far as his belief can be gathered from his writings, he was far more a Pantheist than an Atheist, and he was at all times a sworn foe to Materialism. Even in 'Queen Mab,' the poem which contained so violent and outrageous an assault upon the established beliefs of mankind, that later in life he bitterly repented its production, Shelley could speak thus:

> 'Death is a gate of dreariness and gloom,
> That leads to azure isles and beaming skies,
> And happy regions of eternal hope.'

It is true that he abhorred the vulgar anthropomorphic conception of the Deity; it is true that he denounced in scathing verse the evil that men have wrought under the sacred banner of religion; it is true that he laughed to scorn those precious teachers, who would carve out for us our line of life in the other world as well as in this; it is true that he hated all things false, and vile, and wicked; it is true that he was pure in his life, true in his friendships, and steadfast in his love, that he loved all men and hated none, that the one burning desire of his life, and the ultimate goal of his striving, was to lessen the suffering of his erring fellow-creatures; all this is true, and if these be the ways of an Atheist then Shelley was one. Mr. Barnett Smith admirably says: 'The author of "Queen Mab" was a man of faith compared with the author of "Don Juan," and many less avowed unbelievers than Byron would stand no better comparison with Shelley in this respect than he does. The truth is that Shelley,

* The following passage from 'The Sensitive Plant' might be quoted against me:

> 'But in this life
> Of error, ignorance and strife
> Where nothing is but all things seem,
> And we the shadows of the dream,
> It is a modest creed, and yet
> Pleasant if one considers it,
> To own that death itself must be,
> Like all the rest, a mockery.'

This is, however, an hypothesis rather than a proposition, and an hypothesis of so vague and shadowy a character that no conclusion can fairly be adduced from it, and it is possible moreover, so to read the latter lines that they annul rather than confirm the 'Berkleyan' philosophy of the preceding ones.

like Voltaire, drew upon himself the wrath of his fellow-men, by pointing out to them wherein their creeds have failed; not only—both of them say in effect—have you erred in spite of religion, but behold the many instances wherein you have erred *because* of religion; and the truth of this is so self-evident that there is no answer to it but denunciation. Shelley and Voltaire were alike in their burning hatred of wrong, and in their fervent desire to uphold the right; they both picked out the same weak spots in the enemy's armour, and they both fought the battle *à l'outrance*, refusing to credit Christianity with the manifold blessings it has bestowed on mankind; but here the comparison ends, for the author of 'Prometheus Unbound' was no more capable of derisive ribaldry than he was of falseness or cowardice. One fought in the spirit of exaltation, the other in the spirit of bitter mockery; but none the less were their aims identical, and their ultimate triumph will be co-eval.

Another fact, which is at variance with the vulgar ideas concerning Shelley, forces itself upon the student of his poems, viz: that his philosophy was essentially practical. To the superficial who regard Shelley as a misty dreamer, suggesting nothing clearly except Atheism, the assertion may seem strange. To those who know him, its truth is self-evident. His aims were always practical, however wild and visionary the means by which he sought to attain them. He rarely, if ever, indulged in speculative dreaming; he was no metaphysician, but an active, earnest philanthropist, bent on teaching men the thoroughly practical lesson—how to make themselves virtuous, and the world happy. Nor were his actual propositions at all times impracticable. In the scheme he drew up for the regeneration of Ireland Catholic Emancipation and the disestablishment of the Irish Church were the cardinal points, and in a pamphlet on Parliamentary Reform, written in 1817, he actually proposed a basis of suffrage, substantially the same as the Household Suffrage measure, passed by a Tory Government in 1867. These are well-known instances of his foresight, and others less remarkable, but not less conclusive, might be adduced.* His deeds also, on behalf of suffering humanity, took the most nobly practical form: he studied medicine in order the better to minister to the wants of the poor during his residence at Great Marlow; early and late, in wet, or frost, or snow, he laboured amongst them. Nor were the abject poor the sole recipients of his bounty. Poor as he was, it is hardly too much to say that Shelley gave away, during his life, almost as much as he expended on himself. These brief, and necessarily imperfect remarks on Shelley's creed and philosophy, have been introduced in connection with his school and college career, because the events of this portion of his life were undoubtedly the chief agents in the growth of his opinions and the formation of his character. It is now necessary to speak of Shelley's manhood, to some of the incidents in which we are so largely indebted for the glorious legacy of verse he left behind him.

When Shelley quitted Oxford, he had written some romances, some feeble and extravagant verse, but nothing worthy of preservation, if we except the 'Necessity of Atheism,' a two-page pamphlet remarkable only for the cogency of its logic. In consequence of his avowed opinions, his father refusing to see him withdrew his allowance, and close upon this misfortune followed the most ill-fated event of his life. He was thrown into contact with a schoolmate of his sisters, Harriett Westbrook, a beauty of sixteen, who was the daughter of a retired tavern-keeper, and finding that she was unhappy at home, he gener-

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* Such as, for instance, the views in 'Hellas' upon the Eastern Question and the conduct of England towards Greece and Turkey, which *mutatis mutandis* apply as forcibly to 1878 as to 1821.

ously accepted her offer 'to throw herself on his protection,' and married her. This mad step, for the weight of evidence shows that he never really loved her, was most disastrous to Shelley's happiness, and had he not met later with a more congenial spirit, might have robbed the English language of some of its most priceless treasures. While he lived with Harriett, the only poem of note which he produced was 'Queen Mab,' and that was probably composed wholly or in part at an earlier period. But even if we concede this poem as belonging to the period of his life with Harriett Westbrook, the concession only involves the least perfect of his published works. The fact that it should have linked itself so inextricably with his name, that to many people he is known as the author of 'Queen Mab,' and nothing else, would be inexplicable, but for the fact that during his life the poem was rendered specially notorious as the source from which Malice drew her most envenomed darts. 'Queen Mab' contains many melodious and eloquent passages, and the fact that the opening stanzas are the most musical of any has done much to create its false reputation as one of Shelley's greatest lyrical works. In truth, judged as a whole, Shelley's inexperience and insufficient study render the lyrical portions of the poem the weakest; while his energy and enthusiasm render the declamatory passages the stronger. Moreover, in its conception it was an outrage upon beliefs which, if Shelley could not sympathize with, he should at least have attacked without virulence; in its construction it is faulty, and its very beauties are marred by the fact that the poem in which they occur is totally devoid of interest as a whole. It must be remembered that no one was more conscious of this than Shelley himself; he never published the poem, and at once withdrew it, when it was surreptitiously given to the public some years after it was written.

Shelley had been married less than three years when the event occurred which changed his whole life and being. In the spring of 1814 he first met Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin, with whom he fell passionately in love at first sight, and she returned his affection. His union with Harriett had long been a clog to both of them, and later in the same year they mutually agreed to separate. Mary Godwin, who, as was natural to the daughter of Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, had rather an aversion from, than any predilection for, marriage, at once gladly cast in her lot with his, and became his dearly loved and inseparable companion to life's end. The precise degree of blame to be cast upon Shelley for this transaction, it is hardly necessary to appraise here. As far as the separation goes he was almost, if not wholly, blameless, but with regard to its sequel, it must be admitted that, however decided both he and Mary Godwin were of the worse than uselessness of marriage, they should have remembered that the Millennium they imagined had not arrived, and that in violating so flagrantly the laws of the society under which they lived, they were committing a most grievous error. But posterity should be disposed to pass over the manner of their connection in silence, because of the marvellously good fruits it produced. The influence upon such a poet as Shelley of the companionship of a thoroughly congenial woman, can never be over-estimated, and the world will perhaps never know how much it is indebted to Mary Godwin for the glorious flowering of Shelley's luxuriant genius. They had not been together a year, when he produced the first poem which entitled him to a place among the immortals: 'Alastor; or, The Spirit of Solitude.' Henceforth his song never ceased to soar upward, ever nearer to divine perfection. 'The Revolt of Islam,' 'Rosalind and Helen,' 'Julian and Maddalo,' are the

steps by which he attained to the full, flawless majesty of 'The Prometheus Unbound,' and 'The Cenci.' His happiness with Mary Godwin soon received a rude shock. His first wife, who, through no fault of Shelley's, had sunk to a state of wretchedness, committed suicide, and the horror of this never ceased to haunt the poet. Shelley's two children by Harriett Westbrook had remained with their mother, and he now applied to her relatives to restore them to his care. They refused to do so on the grounds of Shelley's atheism and 'immoral life,' and out of their refusal arose the famous chancery suit. The notorious judgment of Lord Eldon, refusing to entrust Shelley with the care of his children, excites nowadays almost universal indignation, and there can be no doubt that to declare a man of such exalted character unfit to be the custodian of his children would, in our time, be an absolute outrage. But to be just we must remember, that things in 1817 were not as things in 1878; that the judgment was not solely based on Shelley's alleged atheistical beliefs; and that it is most probable, that Lord Eldon had by no means so good an opportunity as we have of judging Shelley's real character: points which are strangely overlooked by those who blame Lord Eldon, instead of blaming the law he administered, and the age in which he lived. We hold the judgment (not the judge) to have been iniquitous, but after all it must resolve itself largely into a matter of belief, and in this respect we entirely agree with Mr. Rossetti's summing-up of the case, which we shall venture to appropriate: 'We may say that logical minds which accept "saving faith" as a principle, are entitled, in the ratio of their logicality, to accept Lord Eldon's judgment as righteous; logical minds which affirm this to be unrighteous will, in the like ratio, demur to the theory of saving faith. It is a very spacious arena for discussion; and he who denounces the judgment or the judge in this English "Mortara case" without going several steps further is presumably at least as much of a partisan as of a reasoner.' There can be no doubt that of all the wrongs done to him, of all the woes, merited and unmerited, which he endured, the deprivation of his children was the bitterest to Shelley. The lines addressed to the Lord Chancellor are awful in their grief and wrath:

> 'I curse thee by a parent's outraged love:
>   By hopes long cherished and too lately lost;
> By gentle feelings thou couldst never prove;
>   By griefs which thy stern nature never crossed;
>
> 'By those unpractised accents of young speech,
>   Which he who is a father thought to frame
> To gentlest love such as the wisest teach,
>   *Thou* strike the lyre of mind! Oh grief and shame!
>
> 'By all the happy see in children's growth,
>   That undeveloped flower of budding years,
> Sweetness and sadness interwoven both,
>   Source of the sweetest hopes and saddest fears.'

And in 'The Masque of Anarchy,' the verses beginning:

> 'Next came Fraud, and he had on,
>   Like Lord Eldon, an ermine gown,

are even fiercer in their terse, sardonic bitterness. In the same year (1817), Shelley and his wife, for upon becoming a widower, he had married Mary Godwin, left England for Italy, and the poet never again saw the land which reviled and rejected him whilst living, but which now rejoices in him as one of her purest and most illustrious sons.

We have now briefly indicated those leading events in Shelley's life, which exercised the most marked influence on his opinions, his character, and his poetry, and further than this as we stated in the outset, we do not propose to go. The details of the tragic end of his brief life are too well known to need repetition. When such a genius, such a pure and noble spirit is so suddenly snatched away, the old Greek adage, 'Those whom the Gods love die young,' finds an echo in our hearts We can almost fancy the denizens of some brighter, purer world, rising up through the clear green waves and bearing the beloved youth, unspoiled by the contamination of earth, with

the divine radiance still bright upon his brows, to share with them their bliss, to be no more despised, to err no more, to reap no more harvests of suffering, but to find in another sphere what he yearned for so on earth, the reign of divine and universal love.

We might fitly end here our remarks on the human side of Shelley, were it not that we feel bound to protest against the idea, insinuated by some critics, that Shelley was absolutely immaculate and perfect in all the acts of his life. It is not given to any human being to reach the ideal of pure excellence. Shelley came perhaps as near it as any whose life has been dissected by the scalpel of Fame; but even he committed many errors which caused an immense amount of suffering to others, and of remorse to himself, and his memory will no more benefit by the extreme laudations of the present day than it will suffer from the scurrilous abuse of the Quarterly Reviewers of 1820. That no nobler or purer man among the men of all time can be named, we firmly believe; that every separate act of his life was worthy of praise and adulation we do not believe; still we can say in the words of his most candid and fearless critic: 'After everything has been stated, we find that the man Shelley was worthy to be the poet Shelley,—and praise cannot reach higher than that; we find him to call forth the most eager and fervent homage, and to be one of the ultimate glories of our race and planet.'

Of all poets, Shelley is least to be gauged by the footrule of criticism; his mighty purpose breathes so intensely in every line of his poetry, that his work must be judged as a whole, unless we wish to risk losing sight of that which animated it, and to which, indeed, it owed its very being. His poems, considered separately, are as the individual notes or chords in a great musical creation, beautiful in themselves, but deriving their chief meaning and greatest glory as component parts in an harmonious whole. There is no poet who approaches more nearly to the prophet than he does; his utterances are instinct with the spirit of a seer; he never ceases to sing with the fire and spontaneity of inspiration :—

> 'The eternal law,
> By which those live to whom this world of life,
> Is as a garden ravaged, and whose strife
> Tills for the promise of a later birth
> The wilderness of this elysian earth.'

His work, if appraised merely for its qualities of artistic workmanship, attains near to what men, who can only judge by a standard of comparison, call perfection. This is, however, the lowest, not the highest phase of his glory. He is one of the immortals who write for future ages more than for their own, who are not themselves fully conscious of the inestimable worth of their words, often only dimly perceiving their vast interpretation. Each century that has elapsed since Shakespeare died, has added, from its store of fresh knowledge, new meaning to, and cast fresh light upon the products of his inexhaustible mind; and so it will doubtless be with Shelley. It may perhaps be argued that the everlasting applicability of Shakespeare's poetry to the affairs of mankind arises from its intense human interest, and that Shelley's poems have for us little or no human interest; but it is in this very respect that time will do most for Shelley. Future ages, existing under widely different social conditions from our own, may discern in him an interest of a higher kind than any we can conceive, and events, as yet unborn, may to them, surround his poetry with the glory of prophecy fulfilled.

In attempting therefore, within our brief limits, to give a general idea of Shelley, we shall not dissect or analyse any particular poem, but shall endeavour briefly to indicate the broader aspects of his poetry. In each of three directions Shelley is equally great and glorious : as the poet of Nature; as the poet of Freedom; and as the

singer pure and simple. The characteristic of the revival of poetry at the end of the eighteenth and beginning of the nineteenth century, was the great love and knowledge of nature, which sprang up in the hearts of poets. Hitherto in English poetry, the observation of external nature had played at best a secondary part. Shakespeare's all embracing genius and Milton's exquisite sensibility enabled them to do work entitling them to a high place among the poets of nature, but with neither of them was its study a chief motive power. With the advent in the seventeenth century of the artificial school, all love for, even any reference to nature disappeared ; but with Wordsworth commenced a race of poets whose distinctive feature was their passionate love of nature. Of these poets, the two greatest beyond compare were Wordsworth and Shelley. To Wordsworth must for ever belong the pre-eminent glory of being the originator and leader of the school, and he can also claim the possession of the most extended and minute knowledge of nature in all her varied forms; but, as between the two poets, Shelley hymned her in the most impassioned strains; his song was not the product of observation, but the irrepressible outburst of Love. Shelley's poetry is the highest expression of that exquisite rejoicing in mere existence, which even the dullest and least responsive feel something of on a sensuous spring or an invigorating autumn morning ; he sings from pure delight, while Wordsworth too often assumes the tone of a schoolmaster, teaching nature, or of a showman desirous to show her off to the best advantage. Wordsworth is the more didactic and philosophical, Shelley the more spontaneous and *natural ;* Wordsworth thought the most deeply, Shelley felt the most acutely. The following passage from 'Rosalind and Helen :'—

'It was the azure time of June,
When the skies are deep in the stainless noon,
And the warm and fitful breezes shake
The fresh green leaves of the hedge-row briar ;
And there were odours there to make
The very breath we did respire
A liquid element, whereon
Our spirits, like delighted things
That walk the air on subtle wings,
Floated and mingled far away,
'Mid the warm winds of the sunny day.
And when the evening star came forth
Above the curve of the new bent moon,
And light and sound ebbed from the earth,
Like the tide of the full and weary sea
To the depths of its own tranquillity,
Our nature to its own repose
Did the earth's breathless sleep attune.'

may be compared with the opening lines of 'The Excursion,' describing a summer noon-tide ; lines beautiful in themselves and perfect as a picture of the external sights and sounds of nature—more realistic than the passage we have quoted from Shelley, but not so emotional, and failing to influence us so much because of the comparative absence of that direct appeal to the receptive capacity for the enjoyment of nature which is inherent to us all. The poet of nature must not only possess this receptive capacity in an extraordinary degree, but also the power of retaining and giving future expression to what are with most men fleeting impressions. In power of pure description, in ability to transfer to our minds the exact impression formed upon his own Shelley is, if second to any, second to Wordsworth alone. The glorious picture of sunset in Italy, in 'Julian and Maddalo' is unsurpassed and unsurpassable in grandeur :

'The hoar
And aery Alps, towards the north, appeared
Through mist—an heaven-sustaining bulwark reared
Between the east and west ; and half the sky
Was roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grew
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue
Brighter than burning gold, even to the rent
Where the swift sun yet paused in his descent
Among the many folded hills. They were
Those famous Euganean hills, which bear,
As seen from Lido, through the harbour piles,
The likeness of a clump of peaked isles.
And then, as if the earth and sea had been
Dissolved into one lake of fire, were seen
Those mountains towering, as from waves of flame,
Around the vaporous sun ; from which there came
The inmost purple spirit of light, and made
Their very peaks transparent.'

The influence which the exhilarating atmosphere and lovely scenery of Italy had upon the whole spirit of Shelley's poetry cannot be over-estimated. He himself says in the Pre-

face to 'Prometheus Unbound,' 'the bright blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits, even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama.' Such a climate was thoroughly in unison with his own nature, and the unconscious feeling of sympathy with his surroundings which it engendered, quickened his perception of, and love for, the beautiful. Shelley's descriptive passages are generally luxuriant, and sometimes overcrowded with imagery, but as a proof that he possessed the power of condensation, a passage may be quoted which will appeal with added force to the dwellers in a land where autumn robes herself in brightest splendours:

> 'And here,
> The children of the Autumnal whirlwind bore
> In wanton sport those bright leaves whose decay—
> Red, yellow, or ethereally pale—
> Rivals the pride of Summer.

Here in a few brief words we have fixed upon the camera of the mind the whole glories of autumn.

There is, however, a higher form of love of nature than mere delight in her visible beauties. A true votary worships her in the spirit of love and universal charity; her simplest sights and sounds to him form part of a never-ending lesson, and in his heart there is found room for love of what appears to the dull eyes of most men, her meanest and least lovable creations. It was in this spirit that Shelley never ceased to worship Nature; from his infancy he drank in new lessons from every changing incident; as he himself tells us:

> 'The shells on the sea-sand, and the wild flowers,
> The lamplight through the rafters cheerly spread,
> And on the twining flax—in life's young hours,
> These sights and sounds did nurse my spirit's folded powers.'

His comprehensive love of everything that lives and breathes; his delight in the mere thought that 'birth proceeds, that things subsist;' his glorious attempt to teach us that the spirit of the Universe, and the spirit of the Deity are commingled, so that as he says:

> 'The spirit of the worm beneath the sod,
> In love and worship, blends itself with God,'

these are our evidences that in its representation of Nature, Shelley's poetry was born of, and inspired by Love. Shelley went a step further than most poets in insisting upon the evident laws of nature, and in showing how by our perversity we mar some of the purest beauties of her system. The burning consciousness of this first forced him into song, and until the end of his life he sang, with the fiery inspiration of a prophet, this truth. His soul revolted against the senseless restrictions, the meaningless tyrannies with which man circumscribes his own existence, and with unconscious art he rarely inveighs against these without as a counterpoise holding up a picture of the calm serenity and undisturbed beatitude of nature. If in his song he was sometimes too eager, too impetuous and too sanguine; if he made light of obstacles, and laughed at prejudices nothing is thereby detracted from his glory; for the well-head of his song was the vision of perfect Man and perfect Nature, a vision altogether hid and obscured from our dull sight, but which it was permitted to him to see, not perhaps in its full and awful glory, but 'as in a glass darkly.'

The year of the birth of Percy Bysshe Shelley was the year which witnessed the fall of the Monarchy in France. It is among the unfading glories of the French Revolution, that it awoke throughout Europe a burst of enthusiasm for freedom, which not only influenced poetry, but which out of itself created poets. Upon Shelley its effect was peculiar, in that he lived too late to witness its excesses, but not too late to see the final success of despots, in destroying for the time all that it contained of good. This consciousness envenomed the darts which he flung at despotism, and rendered him a fiercer defender of the freedom against which he thought all the mighty ones of the earth were in

arms. But it cannot be said to have strengthened, much less to have inspired his love of liberty. This love was not a part of Shelley, it *was* Shelley: without it he is nought, and by reason of it he is divine. There is hardly a poet, since poets first were, who has not in some form or other sung the praises of Freedom; with the majority, however, the love is but half-hearted and the singing conventional. Many poets whose love of liberty, so far as it goes, is genuine, have fallen into the mistake of believing that Freedom only concerns a poet as a thing beautiful in the abstract, and therefore to be praised and upheld in a dilettante patronizing spirit, so long as the praise can be given without implying any practical application to the actual conditions of life. It was not in this wise that Shelley loved Freedom: he not only sang her praises but attacked her enemies, in season and out of season, with almost ruthless disregard of temporalities. In 'The Revolt of Islam,' he thus proclaims his mission:

> 'It shall be thus no more! too long, too long,
> Sons of the glorious dead, have ye lain bound
> In darkness and in ruin!—Hope is strong,
> Justice and Truth their wingèd child have found.
> Awake! Arise! until the mighty sound
> Of your career shall scatter in its gust
> The thrones of the oppressor, and the ground
> Hide the last altar's unregarded dust,
> Whose idol has so long betrayed your impious trust!
> It must be so—I will arise and waken
> The multitude, and, like a sulphurous hill,
> Which on a sudden from its snows has shaken
> The swoon of ages, it shall burst, and fill
> The world with cleansing fire; it must, it will—
> It may not be restrained!'

Other men have been content to devote their lives to the promotion of some particular phase of liberty—the abolition of slavery, or the emancipation of a nation, or religious or political freedom, but Shelley's meaning of the word was a wider and a deeper one. He applied it not as a panacea for the reformation of any particular evil, but as the one glorious principle by which at last the world

> 'Will be without a flaw,
> Marring its perfect symmetry.'

To their wilful loss of freedom he attributed all the crime and evils that vex men. He found restraint everywhere, not only in the larger concerns of life, such as education, religion, love, war, and politics, but even intruding itself into the smallest social affairs, and he believed that man needed but freedom from all such restraint to attain perfect virtue and perfect happiness. This is the creed he upheld, and would have found some means to preach, had he been deaf, dumb, and blind, and it is for this reason that, robbed of its hyperbole, De Quincey's saying that had there been no such thing as literature, Shelley would hardly have lost one plume from his crest, is a true and just criticism. Shelley, in his enthusiasm, too often overlooked the fact that to be fit for perfect freedom, man must first attain perfect wisdom; yet this very forgetfulness finds its condonation in the fact that it arose from his noble belief that

> 'Every heart contains perfection's germ.'

Shelley's proposition was that all men not only ought to be free, but may of their own will become free, by which he understood not only free from tyranny, but free from sin and suffering—free from all desire of sin and all possibility of suffering. The exposition of this belief forms the groundwork of all his more important poems, with the sole exception of 'The Cenci.' 'The Revolt of Islam' is the most direct and most passionate of Shelley's poems written in defence of freedom. The poem is faulty in its primary construction, and contains more evidence than almost any other of his works of the impetuous carelessness with which he worked, abounding as it does in examples of loose rhyme and license of metre. We have said, not without fear of presumption, that this poem is faultily constructed, and for this reason, that it sets in juxtaposition the Allegorical and the Actual, both with so slight a definition and so shadowy an outline, that they act upon each other only in the direction of a mutual lessening of power. An allegory or a

parable impresses us in direct ratio with the realism and ultra-probability of its details, but as there is no such attempt even made in 'The Revolt of Islam,' it fails as an allegory; and as whatever of human interest might be found in the plot is destroyed by the commingling of the real and the fanciful, it fails in this respect also. There is, however, no greater proof of Shelley's genius than the fact that, notwithstanding all its faults, the poem is a magnificent and in one respect an harmonious whole. It is one sustained appeal to mankind to arise and be free—free from servitude, free from sin, and free from misery. Before this fact its want of plot, its wild license of imagination, fade into insignificance. It is not a parable nor a story; it is, as Shelley meant it to be, 'a series of thoughts which filled his mind with unbounded and sustained enthusiasm,' and it is, as he also meant it to be, the most complete record of himself which he has handed down to future ages. These few inadequate remarks upon a poem which rarely receives full justice, must conclude our observation of Shelley as the poet of Freedom. In his singing of Liberty, as in all his singing, he was animated by Love, and sustained by enthusiasm, sustained, too, by the consciousness that if not in his day, at least in the future,

> 'All shall relent
> Who hear me - tears as mine shall flow,
> Hearts beat as mine now beats with such intent
> As renovate the world : a will omnipotent!'

We now come to the province wherein none question Shelley's preeminent greatness. There are many who fail to sympathize fully with his aspirations, and to whom the spirit of his poetry is alien, but the ears must be deaf and the eyes blind indeed, which refuse to acknowledge that he has embodied his aspirations in matchless verse, and that, whatever may be its spirit, the outward form of his poetry is divine. Shelley's poetry is remarkable for its immense range, and its steady, yet rapid and sustained progress towards perfection. In two directions he has shown himself the greatest of moderns—in the lyrical and in the dramatic. The tendency of all those poets who are called of the 'School of Wordsworth' was towards the lyrical and musical in poetry. Shelley, Keats and Coleridge all base their renown on their marvellous possession of the faculty of *singing*, and of these three Shelley possesses it in by far the highest degree. Song was inborn in him, and flowed from him without an effort, and with such a steady increase in volume and power that the degree of strength and sweetness in his later lyrics could hardly have been foretold from the efforts of his youth. In 'Alastor, or the Spirit of Solitude' Shelley first burst into full song. The poem is essentially one of nature, and is the elaboration of an idea rather than an attempt to pourtray human emotion or feeling. The poet who wanders through the world, ostracising himself from his fellow-beings in the search for unattainable perfection, and in despair at his failure, perishes untimely, is a subject that might, in other hands, have been susceptible of a directly human treatment. Shelley, however, discards the human element, and, as was his wont, idealizes the real. This poem, as compared with 'Queen Mab,' shows a remarkable advance, not only in power, but in knowledge of, and reliance upon, his own resources. There had been nothing in Shelley's previous career to show that he possessed the exquisite musical faculty which alone could inspire such verses as the following:

> 'Beyond, a well,
> Dark, gleaming, and of most translucent wave,
> Images all the woven boughs above,
> And each defining leaf, and every speck
> Of azure sky darting between their chasms;
> Nor aught else in the liquid mirror leaves
> Its portraiture, but some inconstant star
> Between one foliage lattice twinkling fair,
> Or painted bird sleeping beneath the moon,
> Or gorgeous insect floating motionless,
> Unconscious of the day, ere yet his wings
> Have spread their glories to the gaze of noon.'

'The Revolt of Islam,' the general characteristics of which we have al-

ready noticed, contained the first signs which Shelley gave to the world of the possession of tragic power. To delineate the horrible with all the licensed exaggeration of poetry, but without offending the most delicate sense, is a gift bestowed on few poets. The description of War and Famine in the Revolt of Islam is drawn with the utmost fiery power and horrid realism, and some critics think that Shelley has given undue prominence to harrowing and repulsive details. But the hand of genius continually relieves the most ghastly pictures by the introduction of a tenderly human incident, such as that contained in the concluding line of the following stanza :

'There was no corn—in the wide market-place
All loathliest things, even human flesh, was sold ;
They weighed it in small scales—and many a face
Was fixed in eager horror then. His gold
The miser brought ; the tender maid, grown bold
Through hunger, bared her scorned charms in vain ;
The mother brought her eldest born, controlled
By instinct blind as love, but turned again,
And bade her infant suck, and died in silent pain.'

In addition to the increase in strength apparent in this poem, there is also an increase no less considerable in sweetness and flow of melody. Shelley's lyrical faculty, growing stronger with each effort, was now approaching its zenith. 'Rosalind and Helen' and 'Julian and Maddalo,' are the only considerable poems which interpose between the full and glorious attainment of 'Prometheus Unbound.' The first of these is Shelley's most serious attempt at a narrative poem, and perhaps this is sufficient reason for the fact that, although it contains many passages of rare beauty, it is a comparative failure. He was conscious that such an attempt was at that time unsuited to him for he abandoned the poem when half finished as unworthy of completion, and the conclusion was unwillingly added by him, only at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Shelley. 'Julian and Maddalo' is the first of Shelley's works which absolutely fulfils its every purpose : it is perfect not only in outward form, but in conception and treatment. Shelley called it a "conversation," and although technically the definition is incomplete it exactly describes the character of the poem.* There is an air of dignified simplicity and half concealed tenderness diffused throughout, which invests the poem with an indescribable charm. Although the story is episodical and the chief incidents but dimly shadowed, there is a more penetrating human interest in 'Julian and Maddalo' than in any of Shelley's poems with the exception of 'The Cenci.'

'Prometheus Unbound' is the divinest and completest example of Shelley's matchless powers of song. The subject gave him ample scope for the exercise of both tragic and lyric power. The spectacle of the mighty Titan, chained to the rock of torture, the alternation of the fierce exultation of the Furies "Shapeless as their Mother Night," with the sweet and liquid singing of the 'Spirits of the Mind,' strike, in the opening act, the keynote of the drama. Shelley gave his own interpretation to the Greek myth, and instead of allowing Prometheus, the embodiment of Good and Champion of Mankind, to yield to Jove, the embodiment of Evil and Oppressor of Mankind, he represents him as remaining firm in spite of torture, and at last obtaining his release from the Primal Power of the Universe. The second portion of the poem, wherein all the glorious spirits who circle round the earth, and Earth herself burst into glad strains of rejoicing at the emancipation of Humanity, is not only unrivalled, but not even approached by any other lyrical poet of modern times. There is nothing at all resembling it in kind, nothing that can be placed in the same category with it ; it stands alone in the divine isolation of flawless beauty. It is impossible from such a collection of gems to select any one as unquestionably of purer lustre than another, but the following antiphonal

* It will be apparent to the most casual reader that Count Maddalo is designed for Lord Byron, while Julian represents Shelley himself.

singing may be quoted as in a measure typical:

Chorus of Hours.

'Break the dance and scatter the song:
Let some depart, and some remain.

Semichorus I.

We beyond heaven are driven along.

Semichorus II.

Us the enchantments of earth retain.

Semichorus I.

Ceaseless and rapid, and fierce and free,
With the spirits which build a new earth and sea,
And a heaven where yet heaven could never be.

Semichorus II.

Solemn and slow and serene and bright,
Leading the day, and outspeeding the night,
With the powers of a world of perfect light.

Semichorus I.

We whirl, singing loud, round the gathering sphere,
Till the trees and the beasts and the clouds appear
From its chaos, made calm by love, not fear.

Semichorus II.

We encircle the ocean and mountains of earth,
And the happy forms of its death and birth
Change to the music of our sweet mirth.

Chorus of Hours and Spirits.

Break the dance and scatter the song,
Let some depart and some remain.
Wherever we fly, we lead along
In leashes like star-beams, and yet strong,
The clouds that are heavy with love's sweet rain.'

The bent of Shelley's mind, in which the real was indissolubly mingled with the visionary, rendered possible his marvellous treatment of this subject. As we read, we feel ourselves transported to another world without altogether losing remembrance of this one; love, pain, sin and suffering are all there, and in spite of their divinity its denizens are informed with the spirit of humanity. One remarkable feature of Shelley's poetry is prominently displayed in 'Promotheus Unbound,' and that is the manner in which he illustrates nature by the emotions of mankind, and in turn draws his illustrations of human feeling from the vast vocabulary of nature. Thus it is said of Spring:—

'Thou comest as the memory of a dream,
Which now is sad, because it hath been sweet.'

We have already referred to this poem as an illustration of Shelley's overpowering belief in the perfectibility of man. The speech of the Spirit of the Hour with which the Third Act closes, is the most exhaustive and deeply inspired exposition which Shelley has given us of what the world, under a reign of perfect wisdom and love might become, leaving man

'The king
Over himself; just, gentle, wise; but man.
Passionless? No: yet free from guilt or pain,—
Which were, for his will made or suffered them;
Nor yet exempt, though ruling them like slaves,
From chance and death and mutability,—
The clogs of that which else might oversoar
The loftiest star of unascended heaven,
Pinnacled dim in the intense inane.'

It is fitting that Shelley's most glorious poem should contain such evidence of his noble belief in the ultimate destiny of his race.

We pass now to the consideration of the poem which establishes Shelley's reputation as the second of English poets in dramatic, as he is first in lyrical composition. 'The Cenci' stands alone among Shelley's works. It is absolutely different in kind from anything he had hitherto attempted, and as to its form, there is hardly to be found in it one of the peculiar characteristics which mark his previous poems. The horror of the story of the Cenci family vividly impressed Shelley, and in dramatizing it he contrived most marvellously to sink his own personality, opinions and theories, and even to abandon all his familiar modes of workmanship. He does not openly display the most monstrous horror in the story, but treats it so delicately that there is only one direct allusion to it in the whole drama. He works out his plot with the intense directness of Shakespeare: there are no passages of exuberant fancy, no poetical descriptions which would be valuable for their poetry alone, and not for their bearing on the story: every line serves its purpose towards his great end, the thorough development of the character of Beatrice. What a many-sided nature Shelley has here depicted! First, the tender loving girl bending under the weight of afflictions from which she refused to escape if she must leave those whom she loved to 'suffer what I still have strength to share;' the tortured creature, driven mad by the last hellish outrage; the courageous woman, firm

of hand to strike her loathed foe, and ready of brain to defend herself and her loved ones; and the proud exalted martyr, whom torture could not move, stepping to her grave as it had been her marriage-bed, still comforting, still sustaining others; all these are embodied in the character of Beatrice. The combination of strength, courage and endurance with the tenderness of woman is rare in actual life, and almost as rare in poetry; Shakespeare and Shelley have alone perfectly depicted it. Beatrice is not the only character in the play which reminds us of Shakespeare; the magnificent conception of Count Cenci, to whom evil is the only good, who loves nothing but:

> 'The sight of agony, and the sense of joy,—
> When this shall be another's, and that mine.'

is thoroughly Shakespearean. Richard the Third's enjoyment of evil was more vivacious, and less horrible than Count Cenci's, because he is invested with more of the human and less of the monstrous element, and Iago, with the same devilish malice as Count Cenci, had an aim, if but a shadowy one, in what he did. But all three characters have this in common, that each in his different degree loved evil and the infliction of pain for their own sakes, and apart from any ulterior result. The mighty power and vigour of the man pour forth in burning words, and to find a parallel for such a passage as the curse invoked upon Beatrice, we must go back to the dramas of Marlowe or Ford. It is said that Macready was so struck with the acting capabilities of this character that he declared if the play were ever acted he would emerge from his retirement to assume it.* The minor characters are in no case elaborately worked out, and indeed, with the exception of Orsino, are somewhat shadowy. Orsino, the heartless casuist, who, hesitating at no crime to secure his ends, yet determines to do

> 'As little mischief as I can; that thought
> Shall fee the accuser Conscience.

is finely conceived, but the conception is hardly sustained, and a character which in the first act promised to be a second Iago, disappears from the play in the fifth act, leaving a decided sense of disappointment and incompleteness on the reader's mind. 'The Cenci' is the finest, perhaps to most minds the only, example of pure and deep human pathos which Shelley has left us; the last words of Beatrice with which the Drama ends call up 'thoughts which lie too deep for tears,' and are nowhere surpassed even by Shakespeare himself:

> 'Give yourself no unnecessary pain,
> My dear Lord Cardinal.—Here, mother, tie
> My girdle for me, and bind up this hair
> In any simple knot; ay, that does well—
> And yours, I see, is coming down. How often
> Have we done this for one another! now
> We shall not do it any more. My lord
> We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.'

Shelley's inborn genius for pure song and his vehement desire to proclaim his theories of the ultimate destiny of mankind forced him from the path of the drama of action, nor, during the few years left to him did his footsteps ever again tend in that direction. The 'Witch of Atlas,' and 'Epipsychidion' show no decline in his exquisite powers, and 'Adonais' is surpassed as an Elegy by 'Lycidas' alone. It has not the dignified grace and calm conscious strength of Milton's poem, but in beauty of imagery and sweet sadness of melody it stands unrivalled. One line in the poem defines the poem itself:

> 'And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.'

There are two of Shelley's minor poems which, brief as is our remaining space cannot be passed over unnoticed. 'The Cloud' and lines 'To a Skylark' have been said by some critics to sum up Shelley's chief excellencies as a poet. This is an exaggerated estimate, and unjust to his

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* It has always been a matter of surprise to us that the play has never been put upon the stage; although, as Shelley himself said, to see Beatrice finely acted 'would tear our nerves to pieces.' Perhaps the difficulty lies as much in finding representatives for the two chief characters as in any objection to the horror involved in the plot.

more important poems, but some colour is given to it by the absolute undeniable perfection of the two lyrics in question. There is certainly nothing of the same kind in English poetry in any way comparable to them. The exquisite lines in 'The Cloud,'

'That orbèd maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece like floor
By the midnight breezes shewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.'

or those in 'The Skylark,'

'We look before and after
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.'

surely prove that the wish uttered in the last verse of the 'Skylark' was not altogether fruitless:

'Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now.'

Notwithstanding the exquisite music of Shelley's poetry, it does not cling to the memory, nor can we recall it so easily as we can some poetry less worthy to be remembered. This is the reason that, although so widely read, he is so little quoted. To add largely to the world's stock of quotations a poet must needs be terse and epigrammatic, qualities which cannot be combined with the musical flow of lyrical poetry.

We must perforce end here our remarks on Shelley's powers of song, leaving unnoticed many poems, such as 'The Sensitive Plant' and 'Ode to the West Wind,' which worthily rank among his finest creations. There is one direction, however, very generally overlooked in any estimate of him, in which he showed the germs of greatness, and that is in satire. The 'Masque of Anarchy' is a master-piece of bitter irony, and fierce invective, and the airy and playful satire of 'Peter Bell the Third' is delightful, while for grotesque and Rabelaisian humour, 'Œdipus Tyrannus or Swellfoot the Tyrant,' has few rivals in modern poetry. To compare 'Peter Bell the Third' with another satire of the same period Lord Byron's 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers,' is to compare the courtier's keen and polished rapier, with the leaded bludgeon of the housebreaker. What can be more happy than the hit at Coleridge in the verse:

'He was a mighty poet and
A subtle-souled psychologist;
All things he seemed to understand
Of old or new, of sea or land
But his own mind, which was a mist.'

The truth is, that whatever Shelley attempted, song, drama or satire he succeeded in; each year of his life he entered some new field, only to gain additional glory, and we can but dimly guess what the world lost by his early death. His faults are as spots upon the sun, or as specks of dust upon a shining mirror, they cannot even dim the exceeding brightness of his fame as a poet or his glory as a man. If future ages will discern beauties in, and gather wisdom from, his poetry which are obscured from us, we, at least, who are nearest to him in time, can glory in him most as a man. One of the most beautiful tributes to his pure and noble nature has been offered by one who disagreed most bitterly with all his theories and opinions. When we find, in one of those exquisitely touching passages of which he alone is capable, De Quincey, the prejudiced, almost bigoted dogmatist, speaking thus of Shelley, 'When one recurs to his gracious nature, his fearlessness, his truth, his purity from all fleshliness of appetite, his freedom from vanity, his diffusive love and tenderness—suddenly out of darkness reveals itself a morning of May; forests and thickets of roses advance to the foreground, and from the midst of them looks out "the eternal child," cleansed from his sorrow and radiant with joy,' surely we may say of Shelley that, deathless as is his fame as a poet, his god-like nature

'Seems half his immortality.'

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE,

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

Chapter XXIX.

'Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.'

MRS. BOSTOCK continued to take the same gloomy view of Alma's wonderful fortune. Instead of rejoicing with her husband, and holding up her head as he did, she went about downcast and murmuring, instead of thanking Heaven. She said it was unnatural; she laughed to scorn her daughter's earnest efforts to make herself a lady; she even went so far as to declare that it was a flying in the face of Providence.

There is only one manner of meeting with opposition possible to men whose powers of utterance are not equal to their powers of indignation. Everybody knows that method: most women have experienced its force, and can testify to the remarkable lack of results which follow its exhibition. What one 'damn,' in fact, cannot effect, fifty cannot. Yet a certain artistic pride in rising to the occasion carries on the swearer. But even after the greatest provocation, followed by the most extraordinary efforts, you always feel, as a merchant skipper once complained to me with tears in his eyes, after swearing till the topmasts trembled, that you have hardly done justice to the subject. The Bailiff did his best, poor man; and yet his wife remained obdurate.

No one sympathized with her, except, perhaps, Miranda, to whom she poured out her soul.

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'How should the girl be fit,' asked her mother, 'to be a gentleman's wife? It isn't from her father that she'd learn the soft ways that Master Alan has been used to, that's quite certain. Then he'll turn round some day and blame me for it—me, his mother's own maid, as held him in my arms before he was a day old!'

'But Alma looks soft and gentle,' said Miranda; 'and I am quite sure that Alan would never impute any blame to you.'

Mrs. Bostock spread out her hands and nodded her head.

'Soft and gentle!' she echoed. 'Miss Miranda, a cat is soft and gentle; but a cat has got a temper. Only a cat has manners; which,' she added, after a pause, 'my daughter hasn't got.'

'Bostock,' she went on, 'thinks it will be a fine thing for him. So it will, no doubt. Alma thinks it will be a fine thing to sham grand lady. Well, until she tires of it, no doubt it will be. Instead of learning her gratitude and duty to her husband—instead of trying to see how she can prevent being a shame and disgrace to him—goes into the village and flaunts round, trying to make that blacksmith's girl burst with spite, while her father goes to Athelston market, and makes believe he's equal to the biggest farmer in the place.'

This was a gloomy, but a true picture.

'And no taste in dress,' the ex-lady's maid went on. 'Anything

that's got a colour in it: here a bit of red, and there a bit of yellow. It makes me ashamed, I declare, Miss Miranda, just to see you in that lovely pearl-grey, so cool and sweet this hot morning, is a rest for weary eyes. There! you always had, next to my lady, the true eye for colour. That is born with a woman.'

Then Miranda took the step which she had been meditating since the first news of the engagement. It was not a thing which gave her any pleasure; quite the contrary. It gave her a great deal of pain; it was a step which would keep before her eyes a subject on which she was compelled to think—Alan's engagement and his *fiancée!* In fact, she asked Mrs. Bostock to send Alma to Dalmeny Hall, to stay with herself until the wedding.

Mrs. Bostock hesitated.

'Would Mrs. Dalmeny like it?'

'My mother is almost entirely confined to her own room. Alma will see little or nothing of her.'

'And the ladies of Weyland Court?'

'Alma will probably see none of them,' said Miranda, smiling. 'We shall not make her a Sister of our Monastery.'

'It's more than kind of you, Miss Miranda, and I know it is all for Mr. Alan's sake. The banns are to be put up next Sunday, and her things to be got ready and all. But I can manage better without her, and up here with you she will be out of mischief, and learning nothing but what's good.'

'Out of mischief, at least,' said Miranda.

'Unless you're a lady, and can make your daughter a lady,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'it's a dreadful difficult thing to bring up a girl. Full of deceit they are, and cunning as no one would believe. Look as innocent, too, if you trust their looks, which I don't, nor wouldn't let one of them go out o' sight for five minutes. Even now, while I am here, I shouldn't wonder if Alma isn't carrying on with ——. But she shan't say I made mischief,' concluded the good woman, as if her whole discourse had tended to the praise and honour of her daughter.

Alma was not 'carrying on' with any one. She was harmlessly employed before the biggest looking-glass in the house, practising the art of walking as she had seen Miss Nelly walk, with her long skirts gathered up in the left hand, and a parasol in the right. She worked very hard at this imitation, and really succeeded in producing a fair caricature.

It must be acknowledged that, so far, Alma's only gratification in her engagement was this kind of exercise. Whatever else would happen to her, whatever 'rows'—this young lady confidently expected rows—with her husband, whatever defiance or disobedience she would have to exhibit, one thing was quite certain, that she should be a lady. She would have her servants and her carriage; she would have as many dresses, and as fine, as she wished.

Her only gratification—worse than that, her only consolation! The prospect of actual marriage with that grave and solemn man, full of books and things beyond all comprehension, was becoming daily more repugnant. She was not a girl of strong will; she was afraid of her father, of Mr. Dunlop, and of Harry. She was afraid of all three, and she could not bear to think of the consequences which might follow whatever line she adopted. As for the grandeur of the thing, the poor girl was already *désillusionnée.* Grandeur with perpetual company manners was not, she felt, worth the fuss people made about it. All very well to flaunt in the face of Black Bess, and the like of her; but a *gêne* when one is alone, or surrounded by those very wearying companions, stiff manners and incomprehensible talk.

Three weeks before the wedding. A good deal may be done in three weeks, did one only know the right

thing to do. A clear run of three weeks, which she had hoped to use for some good purpose, to be devised by Harry, at home. And now she was to give up this precious interval of liberty, and spend it in learning company manners at Dalmeny Hall—company manners all day long, and no relaxation.

And she had begun, in her foolish and irrational jealousy, to hate Miss Dalmeny, whom, in former days, she had only envied. The young lady represented all that her betrothed regarded as perfect in womanhood. Can a girl be expected to fall in love with some one else's ideal—her engaged lover's ideal—of what she herself might be? It is not in human nature.

She dared not yet show her animosity. Once married, she thought, Miss Dalmeny should see of what a spirit she could be. Only, when Alan talked of Miranda, she set her lips together and was silent; and when Miranda came to see her, she hung her pretty head and became sulky.

Miranda saw the feeling, and partly guessed its cause.

It was impossible for Alma to refuse an invitation at which Alan was rejoiced beyond measure, and her father gratified, because it seemed, to his amazing conceit, as if the whole world was ready to acknowledge the fitness of the match.

'My little gell,' he said, rubbing his great red hands together, and assuming an expression of gratified vanity, which made Alma long to spring to her feet and box his ears for him—it is understood that young ladies with such fathers as Stephen Bostock accept the Fifth Commandment with a breadth of view which allows large deductions—'my little gell is to be received at Dalmeny Hall. She is not to walk there, if you please, nor is she to go in by the back way ——"

'Like her mother,' interposed Mrs. Bostock.

'She will be drove there by Miss Miranda herself,' resumed her husband. 'She will be bowed down before and scraped unto by the footmen, and the butler, and the coachman, and the lady's-maid. She will be made a lady before Mr. Alan makes her a lady.'

'I wish being a lady wasn't all company manners,' sighed Alma.

'Think of the grandeur!' said her father. 'Think of setting alone on your own sofy at Weyland Court—because that's all nonsense what Mr. Alan talks—and receiving your father when he calls to see you. You will be grateful then to your father for being such a father, as it does a gell credit to take after.'

Miranda drove her pony-carriage to the farm to take her. She saw that the girl was unwilling to come, and she guessed, from the red spots in her cheeks, and her lowering look, that there had been some difference of opinion between her and her mother. In fact, there had been a row royal, the details of which present nothing remarkable. The contention of Mrs. Bostock, had the matter been calmly argued, was that her daughter's disinclination to spend the three weeks before her wedding at Dalmeny Hall was another proof of her unfitness to rise to the greatness which was thrust upon her. Nothing but a natural love for low life and conversation, such as her father's, could account for her wish to refuse the invitation. Alma would have pleaded, had not temper got the better of reason, that he might have allowed her to enjoy in her own way the last three weeks of her liberty.

The controversy, warmly maintained on either side, was raging at its height when Miss Dalmeny's ponies were seen coming up the road from the village. Both disputants instantly became silent.

Very little was said when Alma left her home, and scant was the leave-taking she bestowed upon her parent. But her heart sank when the thought came upon her that she was leaving the old life altogether, never to come

back to it, and that for the future it would be always company manners.

Mrs. Bostock watched the carriage drive away. She, too, felt a heart-sinking. Her daughter was gone.

> 'A son is a son till he marries a wife,
> A daughter's a daughter all her life.'

It was not so in her case. She knew that, lady or not, there would be a space between her and Alma more widening as she acquired new ideas, and began to understand how a lady thinks of things. And spite of her temper, her craft, and her subtlety, the good woman was fond of her daughter. Now Alma was gone, she would be left alone with her Stephen, and he with the thirst for brandy-and-water growing upon him. What difference did a little quarrel, however fierce, make for mother or daughter?

Alma preserved her silence and sulkiness during their short drive to Dalmeny Hall. It made her worse to observe that Black Bess was not in the village to watch her driving in state with Miss Dalmeny.

Miranda took her to her own room, a pretty little room, furnished with luxury to which the Bailiff's daughter was wholly unaccustomed. The aspect of the dainty white curtains, the pretty French bed, the sofa, the toilet table, the great glass, took away her breath, but it did not take away her sulkiness. She reflected that all these pretty things meant company manners—why, oh! why, cannot people have nice things, and yet live anyhow?—and she hardened her heart.

'This is your room, Alma,' said Miranda. 'I hope you will be happy with us,'

Alma sat on the bed, and began to pull off her gloves, pulling at them with jerks.

'You don't really want me,' she said, slowly, glancing furtively at her hostess, for she was dreadfully afraid. 'You don't really want me here at all. You only want to teach me manners. You want to improve me before I am married, that's all.'

It was quite true, but not a thing which need be said openly.

'Come, Alma,' said Miranda, kindly; 'you are going to marry Alan. Is not that reason enough for our being friends?'

But Alma went on pouting and grumbling.

'That's all very well, and if I hadn't been going to marry Mr. Dunlop, of course you wouldn't have noticed me no more than the dirt beneath your feet. I know that. But it's all nonsense wanting to be friends. You think you can teach me how to behave so as he shan't be ashamed of me. Very well, then. I always thought, till I was engaged to a gentleman, that I knew as well as anybody. But I know now that I don't. Mr. Dunlop, he's always saying that there's nobody like you in all the world.' Here Miranda blushed violently. 'Why didn't he ask you to marry him, then, instead of me? I'm to imitate you if I can, he says. Then mother keeps nagging—says I'm not fit to sit at table with gentlefolks. It isn't my fault. Why did she not teach me? She ought, because she knows, though father doesn't.'

'Manners,' said Miranda, 'are chiefly a matter of good feeling.'

Here she was quite wrong. In my limited pilgrimage, I have met abundant examples of men possessing excellent hearts and the kindest dispositions, who seemed to regard a plate as a trough. I am not at present thinking of the *commis voyageurs* whom you meet at French country town *tables d'hôte*, because their hearts are not commonly considered to be in the most desirable place.

Then Miranda took Alma's red hand—it was shapely and small—in her own white fingers, and pressed it kindly.

'Come, my dear, we will improve each other.'

They had luncheon together, and alone. In the afternoon they sat in Miranda's cool morning-room, which

looked upon the shady garden, and while the bees droned heavily outside among the flowers, and the light breeze rustled among the leaves, and the heavy scent of summer floated through the open windows, Miranda told the girl something—she did not trust herself to tell her all—of Alan's life.

'And so you see, my dear, his whole life, from the very first, as soon as he understood that he was born to wealth, has been an endeavour to find out how best to use that wealth, not for any personal advantage or glory, but for the good of others. And while other rich men have contented themselves with giving money, speaking on platforms, and leaving secretaries to do the work, he put his theories into practice, and has always worked himself instead of paying others to work. He has thought out the kind of life which he believes will be of the greatest benefit, and he has lived that life. I think, Alma, that there is no man living who has so much courage and such strength of will as Alan.'

'Yes,' said Alma, thoughtfully. 'Father always did say that he was more cracked than any man he'd ever come across. And I suppose he is.'

This was not quite Miranda's position, but she let it pass.

'To live among the people as one of themselves, to live as they live, to eat among them, sleep among them, and to show them how the higher life is possible even for the poorest, surely, Alma, that is a very noble thing to do.'

Alma looked as if she should again like to quote her father, but would refrain. Those who dwell habitually among the lower sorts acquire an insight into the baser side of human nature which, perhaps, compensates for the accompanying incredulity as to noble or disinterested actions.

Alma did not quote Mr. Bostock, but she laughed, being on this subject as incredulous as Sarai.

'After all, what good has he done the villagers with his notions?' she asked.

'Who can tell?' replied Miranda. 'You cannot sow the seed altogether in vain. Some good he must have done.'

'He hasn't, then,' said Alma, triumphantly. 'Not one bit of good. If I wasn't afraid of him, I'd tell him so myself. You might, because you are not going to marry him, and have no call to be afraid.'

Miranda shuddered. Was this girl chosen on purpose to carry on Alan's schemes, going to begin by openly deriding them?

Alma lay back in her easy-chair—in spite of company manners, the chair was delicious—and went on with her criticism of Alan's doings.

'Stuff and rubbish it all is, and stuff and rubbish I've called it all along. There was the Village Parliament. When the beer stopped, that stopped. Not one single discussion was held there. Only the usual talk about pigs and beer—same as in the Spotted Lion. Then there was the shop, where everybody was to have little books, and put down what they bought, and have a profit in it at the end of the year. As if the people would take that trouble! And there was no credit, until the boys gave credit, contrary to orders. And then there was the Good Liquor Bar, where the beer was to be sold cheap, and the best. Why they used to water the beer, those two boys, and unless they'd given credit, too, no one would have ever had a glass there. And you know how both the boys have run away with all the money, and Mr. Dunlop's found out that they kept a double set of books.'

'Yes,' said Miranda. 'It is such a pity that dishonesty must be taken into account in every plan.'

'All the village knew about it—at least, all the women. Then the men on father's farm got three shillings a week extra. That makes all the other men jealous. For do you think that the men took the money home to their

wives? Not they, nor wouldn't if it had been thirty shillings. Spent it all, every drop, in beer.'

She almost rose to the level of righteous indignation as she made these revelations.

'And the Library! That makes a nice place for Prudence Driver. She—and a nasty little cat she is—tried to get Mr. Dunlop to listen to her tales and gossip. Well, we shall see before long.'

Miranda began to feel very uncomfortable indeed. The young lady was revealing the seamy side to her character.

'And the baths! As if those beer-drinking louts ever wanted to wash. It's too ridiculous. Well, I hope Mr. Dunlop's had enough of his foolishness now. I'm afraid to tell him. But I hope you will, Miss Dalmeny.'

'We will grant,' said Miranda, with a feeling of hopelessness, because the girl could not even feel respect for Alan's self-sacrifice—'we will grant that some of the experiments have not been successful. You, however, Alma, are his last experiment. It depends upon yourself whether you will be successful.'

'Oh! yes,' sighed the girl, wearily. 'He's always talking, but I can't understand, and sometimes I listen and sometimes I don't. Said once he wanted to marry me in order to enter more fully into their minds. Their minds, indeed! As if that would help him. I always thought men married girls because they loved them—and never a word, not a syllable about love. How would you like it, Miss Dalmeny?'

Miranda could not help it. The feeling was unworthy, but her heavy heart did lift a little at the thought that Alan had made no pretence of love to this girl.

'Then he lends me books. Books about all sorts of things. Books so stupid that you would think no one would ever be found to read them.'

'But you do read them?'

'Oh! I pretend, you know. I tried to, first of all, but it was no use; and then, because I saw he liked it, I took to pretending.' This she confessed with the perfect confidence that among persons of her own sex such little deceptions are laudable when found expedient.

And so the truth was at last ascertained by Miranda. The girl, in spite of all Alan's preachings, which had fallen upon unlistening ears, was wholly unprepared for the life designed for her, and perfectly ignorant of her suitor's design.

What was to be done? She was afraid to tell Alan, and she shrank from telling Alma. Then she sent a note to Desdemona, asking her to come to her help. Desdemona came to dinner, and after dinner—which Alma thought a most tedious and absurdly ceremonious affair—Miranda played and sang a little, while Desdemona talked to Alma.

She talked artfully, this craftiest of comedians. She congratulated Alma on her success of the Golden Apple, which she insinuated was the means by which her splendid subsequent success had been brought about. And when Alma, who found in her a person much more sympathetic than Miss Dalmeny, at once plunged into her private grievances at being deprived of the usual accompaniments of courting, Desdemona murmured in tones of real feeling, 'Dear! dear me! how very sad! and how very strange!'

And then she added, as if the thing made Alan's coldness conspicuously disgraceful: 'And when, too, he is going to make you sacrifice yourself in that dreadful way!'

'What dreadful way?' asked Alma.

'Why, my dear child, after your marriage.'

'After my marriage. What do you mean, Mrs. Fanshawe?'

'Why, my dear, what do you think you will do when you are married?'

Miranda heard the question, and went on playing softly.

'Why . . . live at Weyland Court, to be sure; and have carriages and servants, and be a lady.'

'But that is not at all what you will do,' said Desdemona. 'Has not Alan told you?'

Alma's face grew white.

'You will never live at Weyland Court at all,' said Desdemona, slowly and icily. 'The Court will be let to other people. You will have no carriages and no servants: you will live in the village among the people: you will work as you do now: you will lead the same homely life that you have always led, only simpler: yet it will be necessary, for your husband's sake, that you make yourself a lady. It will be your lifelong business to show the villagers how a cottage woman may be a lady.'

Alma gasped.

'Is this the meaning of all his talks that I never listened to?' She sprang to her feet and clasped her hands. 'Oh! I am cheated—I am cheated! And why did he pick me out for such foolery?'

'Because,' said Miranda, leaving the piano, and looking her sternly in the face, 'because Alan thinks that he has found a woman who will enter into his noble plans, and help him to carry them out. Because he trusts entirely in your loyalty and truth, Alma. And because he thinks that you, too, desire a life which shall be one of self-sacrifice, and yet most beautiful and holy for him and for you.'

But Alma broke out into passionate crying and sobbing. She asked if this was to be the end of her fine engagement, that everybody was to laugh at her, that she was to be worse off than Black Bess, and her wedding only land her among the wash-tubs of the rustics. She was a practical young lady, and life in a cottage without a servant suggested wash-tubs as the prominent feature. And then, in an uncontrollable rage, she sprang to her feet, and cried:

'I might have had Harry Cardew, and he's a man and not a milksop.'

And then she sat down again in her chair, and sobbed again.

Presently she plucked up her spirits a little, left off crying, and stated calmly her intention of going to bed, to avoid being laughed at any more.

No opposition was made to this proposal, except a faintly deprecatory remark by Miranda to the effect that they were very far from laughing at her.

When she was gone the two ladies looked at each other.

'My dear Desdemona,' said Miranda, 'my heart is very heavy for poor Alan.'

'He is not married yet,' said Desdemona. Really, that was getting a formula of hers.

Miranda, presently, instead of going to her own room, sought Alma's. The poor girl had cried herself to sleep, and lay with her tear-stained cheek on her open hand—a picture for a painter. Alma in repose, Alma asleep, Alma motionless, was like a possible Greuze. You thought, as you looked at the parted lips and the closed eyes, what the face would be like when the lips were parted for a smile, and the eyes were dancing with delight or languid with love. But when the lips *were* parted for a smile it was generally a giggle or a feminine sneer—when the eyes were dancing with delight, it was joy at another's misfortunes; and if they were ever soft and languid with love, it was not when they looked in the face of Alan Dunlop, but in that of Gamekeeper Harry. For Alma was all her fond mother painted her: a young lady of unpolished manners and low views of life.

Miranda put down her candle, and sat awhile looking at the girl who had robbed her of the one man she could ever love. It seemed cruel. He would not, and did not pretend to, love this village maiden: she made no pretence of any sort of affection for him. She didn't even regard him

with respect. She thought him cracked. She did not understand, even now, what he wanted her for; there was not the smallest possibility that she would ever rise to understanding him. She was no helpmeet for him, and he, with his enthusiasm and simple loyalty, was no fit husband for her. But Miranda could do nothing.

Presently the light awakened Alma, who sat up, startled, and seeing Miranda, began to cry again, partly because she was rather ashamed of her recent outbreak.

'My poor child,' said Miranda, taking her hand and sitting down beside her; 'I am so sorry. I thought you knew the whole of Alan's designs.'

'I di—didn't listen,' she said. 'It all seemed so stupid, and, oh! I did think I should be made a lady.'

'So you will, Alma, if you choose to be a lady. No one could live with Alan Dunlop without becoming nobler and better. My dear, there is nothing to cry about. You will have the best husband in the world, and he will smooth your path for you. It will be your happy task to show the villagers the beauty of a modest life. Alma, you will be envied in the long run far more than if you were going to Weyland Court to live in idleness. You will think of things in this way, won't you?'

'I'll try to,' said Alma. 'But, oh! he's cheated me.'

Miranda stole away. 'He' was no doubt Alan, and it was a bad omen of the future when she prefaced her promised meditations on the Higher Life with the observation that her guide and leader had cheated her.

Next day, Gamekeeper Harry received by hand two letters. This greatly astonished him, as he was not in the habit of maintaining a correspondence with any one. The first, written in a fine Italian hand, difficult for the honest fellow to read, was given him by a footman in the Thelema livery. It was signed 'Clairette Fanshawe'—I think I have already alluded distinctly to the fact that Sister Desdemona's marriage having proved a failure, she had long since resumed her maiden name with the marriage prefix—and asked him simply to call upon the writer at the Abbey that same afternoon, if possible. He accepted the appointment by word of mouth with the footman.

The other letter was brought by a boy—in fact by the son of an under-gardener. He drew it from the inside of his cap, and gave it to Harry with a show of great secrecy.

'Oh! Harry,' the letter began. It was written in a hand which was legible but yet not clerkly. 'Oh! Harry —such a revelations as you little dream of! and what to do—with Mr. Dunlop on one side and Miss Miranda on another, both at me like printed books, and Mrs. Desdy Moner, as they call her, who was nothing but a painted actress and glories in it, with her scornful ways about my not going to Weyland Court after all. I don't know what to do nor where to turn. So if you can help me, and mean to, now's the time. And I'll try to be at the little gate at the end of the garden —that which Mr. Dunlop always uses, and it opens on the park—at nine o'clock; and do you be there, too, punctual. To think of living in the village alongside of Black Bess, and she to come out and laugh all day long, and me to go on slaving worse than at home.

'Your miserable true love,

'ALMA.'

Said Gamekeeper Harry to Robert the boy: 'You tell her, boy, that I've read the letter, and I'll be there.'

CHAPTER XXX.

'"Are you going to be a fool?" asked George.
'"Of course I am not going to be a fool," answered the young woman.'

TROLLOPE.

BEFORE six the next morning Alma awoke according to usual

custom. It took her a few moments to remember everything, that she was in one of the rooms of Dalmeny Hall, the scene of last night, her tears and disappointment. But the knowledge came all too quickly, and she sprang from the bed and began to dress herself swiftly.

Then she sat down to the table, where the thoughtful Miranda had provided pens and paper, and dashed off the letter we know of already with the ease of a practised pen and the impetuosity of a war correspondent.

Then she recollected that it was only half an hour's walk to the village of Weyland across the park, that she could get there, see her father at his breakfast, lay the whole horrid truth before him, and be back again at the Hall before Miss Dalmeny came down. She slipped down the stairs as lightly as Godiva; the house was silent and shut up. The great front doors were locked and barred, and the shutters up, and the door which led into the garden was closed in the same manner. She made her way into one of the rooms—she did not know which—on the ground-floor, and managed, with some difficulty, to open the shutters. The window looked out upon the garden, and on the lawn was a boy whom she knew, an under-gardener's son, sweeping and tidying up.

'Robert!' she cried, in a loud whisper.

Robert looked up, and saw, to his amazement, Alma Bostock.

'Robert, I want to get out, and the doors are locked. Bring me a ladder, or the steps, or something.'

The window was about eight feet from the ground. Robert brought her his short gardeners' ladder, and the young lady, with much agility, proceeded to get out of the window and to descend. Seen from the outside, it looked like an elopement.

'Now, Robert,' she said, 'you go up the ladder and shut the window. They will think the shutters were left open by accident, and if anybody asks you about me, you didn't see me go out of the house, mind.'

'I mind,' said the boy, grinning.

'And, Robert,' she went on, hesitating, 'can I trust you, Robert?'

He grinned again.

'I want you to take a letter for me to Harry Cardew. You know where to find him?'

'I know,' said the boy.

'Then here is the letter. Let no one see you give it him. Hide it in the lining of your cap—so!—and I'll give you the very first shilling I get.'

'I'll take it safe and quiet,' said the boy, stoutly.

She sped down the garden, out by the garden gate, and ran as fast as she could across the dewy grass of the park. Nobody was there but the deer, who thought it a shame that they should be disturbed so early in the morning, and looked at her as indignantly as the natural benignity of their eyes enabled them, refusing entirely to get up and scamper away, as they would do later on.

Fortunately, there was no necessity to go through the village, so that she was seen by no one; and she reached the farm before her father—who in these days of fatness was growing late in his habits—had left the house on his early round. And she was so early, that it was yet an hour from their breakfast.

She rushed in, breathless and exhausted, with eager eyes, as if something dreadful had happened; so much so, that her mother was fain to sit down and gasp, and her father stayed his hand which was grasping his hat.

'Alma!'

'Yes, father,' she replied, with short gasps. 'Yes, mother: well may you say "Alma!" Oh! the things I've discovered. Oh! the plots and the conspiracies!'

The Bailiff turned very pale. Had anything happened then? Was the match, on which, to him, everything depended, in danger? Had these plots anything to do with him?

'We've been nicely fooled, all of us. Oh! nicely fooled. And you, too, father,' added Alma, 'wise as you think yourself.'

'Who's been a fooling of me?' asked Mr. Bostock, proceeding, in general terms familiar to his daughter, to state the certain fate of the one who made a fool of Stephen Bostock.

'Mr. Dunlop, and Miss Dalmeny with him. They're them that have fooled us all,' cried Alma, breathless. 'What do you think he wants to marry me for?'

'To make you his wife, I suppose,' said her father. 'That's what most men want, and a most uncommon stupid want it is.'

'Ah!' his wife echoed, 'for once you're right, Stephen.'

'Then it isn't,' said Alma; 'and you're just wrong. He doesn't want to make me his wife a bit; that is, he won't make me a lady.'

'Nobody ever thought he would, Alma,' said her mother, staunch to her principles.

'He can't help it, Alma,' said her father. 'The wife of the Squire *must* be a lady: she's a lady by position. When a woman marries, she takes the rank of her husband. When I married you'—he nodded to his wife, formerly lady's-maid—'you took my position.'

It was one of the minor results of the new allowance that the Bailiff had taken to consider himself a man of high, and even dignified, social position.

'That was fine promotion,' said his wife. 'Go in, Alma.'

'You don't understand—neither of you understand. I thought I was going to be Mrs. Dunlop in proper style up at the Court and all. Well, it seems he's been explaining to me ever since we were engaged what he meant. It isn't that a bit. But I've been that stupid, as I wouldn't understand one word he said, and the more he said, the less I understood. It was Miss Miranda who told me the truth last night. Ah! father, you and your fine plans indeed!'

'What the devil is it, then?'

'It's this. I'm not to go to the Court at all—I am never to go there. I'm to be kept hidden away down here in the village. I'm to live in a pig-sty, like what Mr. Dunlop has lived in for a year. We're to have no servants—no nothing. I'm to do all the work all day long, and listen to him talking all the evening. Father, he'll drive me mad! What with the work and the talk, I shall go cracked!'

She shook her pretty head tragically, and sat down on one of the wooden kitchen chairs with a desperate sigh.

'But you will be married,' said her father, thinking of himself. 'You'll be married to the Squire. You can't well get over that. Mr. Dunlop will be my son-in-law.'

'And no fine dresses, and no pony-carriages, and nothing grand at all! And I'm to make friends with all the women in the village, and show them how they ought to live; and I shall be as poor as any of them, because we shall live on five-and-twenty shillings a week. Mother, I'd rather come back home and work in the dairy again.'

'So you shall,' said her mother, 'and welcome. I always said it was unnatural.'

'You keep your oar out of it,' Mr. Bostock observed to his wife with firmness, 'and let me think this out a bit.'

He sat in his arm-chair, his stick between his legs, and thought it out for ten minutes.

'I remember now,' he murmured, 'the Squire did talk about setting examples and that sort of stuff. He's full of soft places, is the Squire.'

Then he relapsed into hard thinking.

Meantime, the mother looked blankly at her daughter. It was hard enough to realise that her lady's son could positively prefer her Alma to Miss Miranda It was still harder to understand why he wanted her to live

with him in a cottage after the manner of the rustics, in order to set an example. Did not Miss Miranda set an example to all the world of a beautiful young lady leading the most beautiful of lives? What else did he want?

'And what,' the girl went on with choking voice—'what will Black Bess say? And what will Prudence Driver say?—the nasty, spiteful, little, twisted thing! And what will all of them say?'

'As for that,' said Mrs. Bostock, 'I suppose they will say just what they like. You can't tie tongues. It isn't that as I care about; nor it isn't that as your father thinks about.'

'No,' said Alma, who had taken the bit between her teeth altogether since her engagement, and now permitted herself to criticise her parents with the greatest freedom. 'All you care about is to stop the wedding if you can. You think your own daughter is a disgrace to Mr. Dunlop. In all the story-books I ever read yet, I never heard of a mother spiting her own daughter. Step-mothers a-plenty, but never a real mother. You ought to be ashamed of yourself, mother.'

Mrs. Bostock began what would have proved too long a speech for insertion in these pages, but she was interrupted by her daughter, who now turned with vehemence upon her father.

'And as for you,' she cried, with such force that the thinker, who was resting his chin on the stick, having closed his eyes for greater abstraction, sprang erect in his chair, and gazed at her with open mouth—'as for you, what you care about is to call Mr. Alan your son-in-law, and squeeze all you can out of him. I'm to marry the man for you to get his money.'

Mr. Bostock, recovering his self-possession, remarked that, as a general rule, sauce is the mother of sorrow, and cheek the parent of repentance; but that in this particular case his daughter's provocations being such as they were, he was prepared to overlook her breach of the Fifth Commandment, of which, when she fully understood a fond father's projects and counsel, she would repent upon her bended knees. That is, he said words to that effect in the Bostockian tongue. After which he relapsed into silence, and went on considering the situation.

It seems extraordinary that not one of these good people should before this have realised the true position of things. Alma, however, heard the truth from Alan's lips once, and once only, and then she was too confused to understand. Later on, when Alan repeated in genial terms, again and again, his plan of life, the girl was not listening. Mrs. Bostock had never heard the truth at all. The Bailiff understood only—we must remember that he, too, for private reasons, was confused on the first hearing of the statement—that Alan was going to give up actual farm-work. And this being the case, there seemed really no reason at all why he should not go back and live in his own great house.

And now Alma's greatness was to be shorn of all but barren honour. And what for himself? Mr. Bostock went on meditating.

'What's the good of being the Squire's wife,' asked Alma, 'if I'm to be his kitchen drudge as well? Thank you for nothing. I'll stay at home, and let him marry Black Bess if he likes. I won't marry him at all.'

Then Mr. Bostock, having arrived at a definite conclusion, slowly untwisted his right leg, which he had twined round the left calf, raised himself in his chair, and gazed steadfastly and in silence on his daughter.

Then he rose, took hat and stick, and spoke.

'You'll take a little walk with me, Alma,' he said.

Mrs. Bostock saw that the paternal advice would be such as she would not approve, but it was no use for her to interfere, and she was silent.

Outside the house her father thus addressed Alma:

'The Squire is a-going to marry you, my gell. He will live, he says, down in the village, along with the farm labourers, you and him together. Gar! in a cottage where you will do all the housework. He's mad enough to want that, and obstinate enough for anything. But there's one thing he's forgotten.'

'What's that, father?'

'When he asked for you, I told him you took after your father. But I didn't tell him that my gell had got a temper of her own, like her father. She is not one to be put upon, nor is she one to be deprived of her rights.'

'But I'm so afraid of him.'

'Ta, ta! afraid of your husband, and you a Bostock! You'll sort him once you get the use of your tongue, free as you have been accustomed to have it in your humble 'ome. Lord! I see it all reeling out straight before me. First the church, then the cottage; that may last a week or a fortnight, according as you feel your way and get your freedom. Then, one morning, you sit down and fold your arms, and you says, "Take me to Weyland Court," you says; "that's the place where I belong, and that's the place where I mean to go." He begins to talk, you put on your bonnet, and you walk up to Weyland Court, willy-nilly, whether he comes or whether he stays behind, and you sit down there, and there you stay. You send for your old father, and he will come and back you up. Do you think he can drag you out of your own house? Not a bit of it.'

'But he doesn't love me a bit, and he's head over ears with Miss Dalmeny.'

'Love! stuff and rubbish! Now look here, Alma. Don't mix up foolishness. You've got to marry him. I can't afford to let the chance go. If you prefer the work'us, say so, and go there—you and your mother. Love! what's love, if you've got your carriage and pair? What's love when you can walk up to the church a Sundays with the folk scraping a both sides? What's love when you can have a new silk gownd every day? What's love with no more trouble about money? Gar! you and your love!'

Alma had nothing to say to this.

'And now, my gell,' resumed her father, 'you just go straight back to the Hall, and you'll get there before breakfast, and go on as meek as a kitten with them all; and if they show their pride, remember that your time is coming. And your father's to give you away in the church, and to back you up when you do sit in your own house and laugh at 'em all. As for they lazy Monks, we'll soon send them about their business.'

Thus dismissed, the girl walked slowly back to the Hall. What her father said was just. She might, by being bold at the right moment, assert herself, and reign at Weyland Court. On the other hand, she did not feel confidence in her own powers, and she was, besides, profoundly humiliated. She wanted revenge, and she did not comprehend, as her father saw, that her most efficacious revenge, as well as her wisest plan, would be to marry Alan first, and upset all his plans afterwards.

She got back before breakfast, and found Miranda in the garden. She told her hostess that she had run across the Park to see her mother.

After breakfast she sat in Miranda's room with one of Alan's selected books in her hand, and pretended to read.

As was this room, so, she supposed, were all the rooms of Weyland Court. It would be pleasant to sit in such rooms, to roam from one to the other, to feel herself the mistress. Pleasant, that is, if Mr. Dunlop was not there too. Pleasant, if you could slip into the garden and meet Harry Cardew. And here her heart fell low, because, as she reflected, after she was married, she would never, never see Harry any more.

In her way—her shallow way—Alma was certainly in love with this man. He had taken her fancy; and to think of giving him up, and taking in his place the grave and solemn gentleman with the soft, cold manners, the deep and earnest eyes, whose every word fell upon her like a reproach! Then her heart hardened, and Weyland Court, with all its glories, seemed a poor return for life spent with such a man.

Presently, looking up from her book, into whose pages she was gazing while she worked out these problems, she saw that she was alone. Miranda had left her. Alma tossed the book away, and began impatiently to wander round the room. First she looked at herself in the mirrors, of which there were two; then she looked at the books and the pretty things on the tables; and then she went to the window and began to yawn. Did ladies do nothing all day but sit over books?

While she was still yawning, the door opened, and the lady they called Desdemona appeared. She was in walking dress, having just come over from the Abbey, and as Alma looked at her, she felt as if she was at last looking into the face of a real friend.

Desdemona's face was capable of expressing every passion at will, but chiefly she excelled in conveying the emotion of sympathy. Her face this morning expressed sympathy in abundant measure. Sympathy beamed from the pose of her head—a little thrown back, because Alma was a little taller than herself, and a little thrown on one side—from the softened eyes, from the parted lips, and from the two hands, which were held out to greet the village maid. I have never seen any actress who equalled Desdemona in the expression of pure, friendly, womanly sympathy.

'Oh! my dear,' she began, taking both Alma's hands and squeezing them softly, 'my dear, I *was* so sorry for you last night, so very sorry. How I felt for your sad position. And to think that he never told you! And we knew it all the time. What a pity! Oh! dear, dear! What a pity!'

'Perhaps he told me, but I was not listening.'

'Such a pity! It seems so very hard upon you. What is the good of marrying a rich man if you have to be a poor woman?'

'Why, that's just what I told mother this morning,' said Alma, eagerly.

'Yes, and to think, oh! to think'—Desdemona's manner became sympathetic to the highest degree, and she almost wept with sympathy, and her voice trembled—'to think that you should *have* to listen to him, whatever he says, as soon as you are married!'

Alma groaned.

'And men—oh! my dear, I know them well—are so fastidious. You will have to do all the work of the house, make the beds, wash the linen, scrub the floors, scour the pots, cook the dinner, serve the breakfast and the tea, wash up the cups, and all; and he will expect the manner—I mean the appearance—and dress of a lady with it all. My poor dear! no lady could do it. It is not to be expected.'

'Of course not,' said Alma; 'but you are the first person to find it out. Miss Dalmeny, I suppose, thinks it as easy as easy.'

'Miss Dalmeny does not know anything, my dear,' said the perfidious Desdemona, with almost a gush of sympathy. 'And then, in addition to all that, you will have to go about among the labourers' wives and make friends of them. That will be a very hard thing to do, for I am sure, my dear, such a pretty and well-mannered girl as yourself has never had much to do with that class of people.'

'Indeed,' said Alma. 'I always despised the whole lot. Black Bess is no better than a labourer's daughter, and half a gipsy, too.'

'There it is, you see; that is the

pity of it. And then you will have to read the books which your husband will choose for you, because when you are married, you will not be able to pretend any more to have read his selections. Really, my poor Alma, I pity you from my very soul.'

Alma resented this a little.

'At all events,' said Alma, 'there will be lots to envy me, and think I'm a lucky girl.'

'Those,' said Desdemona gravely, 'will be the people who do not know what we know. The worst of it is, that Alan is so obstinate. Nothing, for instance, would ever persuade him to bring you up to Weyland Court. He is fixed upon the village life.'

'But suppose,' said Alma meaningly, 'suppose that I were to go over there and say I was going to remain there.'

This was rather a facer.

'My dear,' said Desdemona, after a pause of a few moments, 'that would be impossible, because Weyland Court is let—to the Monks of Thelema.'

Then Alma gave way altogether. Her father's scheme, then, was entirely unfeasible. She felt cold and faint.

'It will be quiet for you in the village. Dull, I am afraid. No amusements. Miranda says she will call upon you, but you cannot make yourself happy with an occasional call.'

Alma turned white with jealousy—that meaningless jealousy of hers.

'You see,' her motherly adviser went on, 'I want you to know and understand everything. That is best, to begin with a right understanding, is it not? Well, you can never be to Alan Dunlop what Miranda has been to him. No one can. Had it not been for his philanthropic schemes, he would have certainly married her. She is, indeed, the one woman in the world who knows him thoroughly, and, under other circumstances, ought to be his wife. So, my poor dear, you will have to content yourself with the second place—or, perhaps, as he has many other friends in the Abbey, even with a much lower place in his affections. Of course, he will be personally kind to you. Gentlemen do not beat or swear at their wives.'

'You mean,' said Alma, her eyes glittering with suppressed fury, 'that I am to be nothing in my own house, and that my husband is to think more of Miss Dalmeny than of his wife.'

'Why, of course. We all know that. What can one expect after his long friendship with Miranda? I suppose he has never even pretended to make love to you, my dear?'

'No,' replied Alma gloomily; 'he never has. He is as cold as an icicle.'

'He does not kiss you, I suppose, or say silly things to you, as other men do to their sweethearts?'

She shook her head.

'He has never kissed me. He isn't a bit like other men.'

'Dear me! dear me!' sighed Desdemona. 'What a dreadful thing to have such a sweetheart! As well have none. And you, too, a girl who knows how men fall in love.' Desdemona added this meaningly, and Alma flushed a ruby red. 'Did Harry Cardew ever leave you of an evening without a kiss?'

'What do you know about Harry Cardew?'

'Everything, my dear. And not only Harry, but gentlemen, too. Did not Mr. Caledon once meet you in the lane and offer to kiss you? Did Mr. Exton take you through the park that night when you won the Golden Apple, without the same ceremony? My dear, I am a witch; I know everything. You need not try to hide anything from me. I could tell you the past, and I can tell you the future. So you see, Mr. Dunlop does not love you, else he would kiss you, just as other gentlemen have done. Tell me, my dear child,'—here her voice grew persuasive, and she took the girl's hand in her own soft palm and stroked it—'tell me, do you *want* to marry him?'

'No,' said Alma, 'I don't. But I must—I must—cause of father.'

'Let me look at the lines of your hand.' Desdemona took the pretty little hand in hers, and began to examine it curiously. 'I am a conjurer. I know all about palmistry. Um—um—um—this is a very strange hand.'

'What is it?' cried Alma, superstitious, as other maidens be.

'Have you ever had your hand examined by gipsies?'

'Only once,' said Alma, 'and it was all nonsense.'

'But this is not nonsense. Dear me! Really! The most curious thing!'

'Oh! do tell me,' cried Alma.

'My dear, if it had not been for what has happened, you would think I was inventing. Now look at your own hand. What does that line mean across the middle?'

'I am sure I don't know.'

'A marriage interrupted. And what does that line mean under the ball of the thumb? But, of course, you do not know. A long and happy life. And those lines round the third finger? Children and grandchildren. My dear, you will be a happy wife and a happy mother; and yet . . . and yet . . . I do not think it will be in the way you think. I wonder, now, if you have a pack of cards anywhere.'

'I am sure I don't know.'

'There ought to be,' said Desdemona, looking about. Presently she opened the drawers of a Japanese cabinet. 'Ah! here are some.' Alma could hardly be expected to know that she had put them there, arranged for use, that very morning. 'Let us see what the cards say.'

Alma looked on breathlessly while the conjurer dealt, arranged, and laid her cards in rows, quite after the fashion approved among wise women.

'A brown man,' she said, dropping out her sentences as if the cards called for them, 'a man with curly hair: a man with rosy cheeks: a tall man: a young man: wedding bells and a wedding ring: a cross: this card looks like a father's anger: this . . . what is this? Your mother does not seem angry. A poor man, too, but riches in the background. My dear, can you explain it all to me?'

'It's Harry Cardew,' said Alma, eagerly. 'It can't be no one else.'

'Is it now? You see, my dear, we cannot read names. We can only tell events. And what does all this mean, do you think? Cards *and* the lines on your hand cannot tell lies, either together or separately.'

'I don't know. All I can say is, the banns are up.'

'Yes; but there is many a slip, you know. And Harry?'

'Well . . . but you'll tell Miss Dalmeny.'

'Indeed, I will not.'

'Then I will try to meet Harry some evening, and ask him can he do anything? Because, whatever father says, I can't abide the thing, and I won't.'

'You are right in one thing, my dear. Have a spirit and a will of your own. I always did say for my own part that a wife should be a man's one thought. Now, there's Miranda and Alan—there they are in the garden at this moment.' Alma looked out, and saw them walking over the lawns in eager converse, and her little heart was like to burst with jealousy. 'A pretty pair, are they not? After all, though, it would be a pity to spoil Alan's philanthropic aims, just because he's in love with Miranda.'

Alma tossed her head.

'It isn't his philanthropy that I care for,' she said; 'not one straw. It's only father, who wants to get things for himself out of his son-in-law.'

Here, however, the lady they called Desdemona broke off the conversation by sitting down to the piano and beginning a song. She had a sweet, strong contralto, and she knew how

to enunciate her words, so that Alma understood them, and her heart began to glow within her.

For Desdemona began to sing a song of a faithful pair of lovers, who were to be separated by paternal decree and the maiden given to another; but that they ran away, like Keats's young lady, on the very eve of the wedding, and did not appear again until Holy Church had fairly made them one.

It was a beautiful song, and sung with the clear intonation which stage practice gives. Also, oddly enough, there was a personal application in the song to her own case, a thing she had never noticed in hymns, which were the kind of songs most familiar to her.

'How should you like, Alma,' murmured the temptress, turning on the piano-stool, 'how should you like to be carried away by your own true love?'

'Ah!' said Alma.

'What a splendid revenge!' cried the actress. She sprang from her feet and began to act. By what witchery, what enchantment, did the girl read in the face of the actress, in her gestures, in her eyes, the whole of a single scene? 'A revenge indeed. Your father waiting in the church; your betrothed at the altar;'—her hands were spread out, her head erect, her eyes fixed, while Alma bent before her, mesmerised, unable to lift her gaze from Desdemona's face, with parted lips and heaving breast—'your bridesmaids wondering where you are: the clergyman with the book: the organist tired of playing: the people all wondering and waiting. Then—a sound of wheels . . . it is the bride. How beautiful she looks!—almost as beautiful as you, Alma, my dear. But she is on the arm of another man. Heavens! it is the rival. The people press and crowd. The men whisper: the girls laugh and envy her: true love has won again. You can go, avaricious father—go—and count your gold.' She acted all this with energy. 'You can go, baffled suitor—you who looked to make your profit out of the bride you never loved. And you—all you who pray to see true love rewarded, come out with us and dance upon the village green. . . . What a scene! Can you not picture it? Oh! Alma, Alma, my beautiful Alma!'

It was a simple trap, but set with subtlety. Any less direct method would have roused Alma's suspicions. Now, however, the simple cottage girl, entranced by this bewildering picture, intoxicated by Desdemona's praises, overcome by so much sympathy and so much kindness, yielded herself a ready victim to the actress's blandishments, and fell into those fat and comfortable arms, and on that ample bosom which lay open and invited the fond embrace.

Chapter XXXI.

'A tall and proper man.'

It was with curiosity that Desdemona awaited the young gamekeeper, who had taken the fancy of this village girl. Doubtless, some clumsy rustic, half a step removed above the clods of the soil: some bashful, grinning swain, who might be drawn with his finger in his mouth, to convey a faithful impression of his character. Well, she saw a rustic, certainly, and yet one of the most magnificent men she had ever looked upon, the comeliest, the straightest, and the strongest. His cheeks were ruddy like David's, his hair was curly like Absalom's, only he avoided that excessive length which led to Absalom's untimely end; his eye as keen as that of the last Mohican.

Desdemona rose out of respect to such splendid humanity. And then, to the honest young giant's amazement, she murmured, still looking at him:

> 'There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
> In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
> To fall in love with him.'

And she said aloud :

'Shake hands with me, Mr. Cardew ; I think you are a very handsome man.'

Harry bowed respectfully, but he did not accept the invitation to shake hands. And then Desdemona discovered that this handsome man was perfectly self-possessed and had perfect manners. Her experience of gamekeepers was naturally small, but her knowledge of human nature should have taught her that men who live alone in the woods, watching the habits of creatures, and whose work brings them into close contact with gentlemen, would be likely to acquire a fine manner.

Harry, then, bowed gravely when this lady told him he was handsome. He knew the fact already ; he had experienced this kind of attack on his personal vanity more than once ; but, though it is undoubtedly better to be good-looking than ugly, good looks will not keep off poachers, nor will staring at yourself in a glass keep down vermin. Harry was not altogether without imagination, but he devoted all his available play of fancy, all that was imaginative and unpractical in his composition, to Alma.

'I wanted to see you.' said Desdemona, 'about Alma Bostock.'

'About Alma Bostock?'

'I have learned from Mr. Caledon, who knows you, I believe——'

Harry smiled. 'Yes, madam, I know Mr. Tom very well. Almost as well as I know Mr. Alan.'

'That you and Alma were, until her engagement with Mr. Dunlop, attached to each other.'

'Yes, madam,' said Harry quietly ; 'that is so. And we are attached still.'

And you hoped to marry her?'

'Surely,' said Harry, 'surely, we did think and hope so.'

The quiet self-possession of this young man, and his modest way of answering, struck Desdemona with a little confusion.

'Pray do not consider me impertinent. I assure you that I am for many reasons most desirous of helping Alma in this matter.'

'No one can help me. Nothing can be done now,' said Harry. 'Alma's going to marry Mr. Alan, and there's an end.'

'And you? What will you do?'

'I shall emigrate,' he replied. 'I've saved a little money, and I shall go out to Canada.'

Desdemona was silent for a while.

'Does Mr. Dunlop know?'

Harry shook his head.

'Unless Alma's told him, he can't know. Because there's only we two, and Mr. Tom Caledon, and now you, who know anything about it.'

'Would it not do good to tell him?'

'I think not, madam,' replied Harry slowly. 'I've turned that thought over in my mind all ways, day and night, to try and get at the right thing ; and I've made up my mind that if Mr. Alan hears of it from any one except Alma herself, he'll be set against her, may be, for deceiving him. Let things be.'

'And you have decided to do nothing?'

'Nothing,' he said. 'There was hope while Alma was at home. I didn't know, but I used to think, when she came out to meet me in the orchard at night, when he was gone, that I should somehow try and find a way. And Mr. Tom, he came and talked it over with me ; but the days went on, and I couldn't hit on any plan. And now, Miss Dalmeny has got her up at the Hall, and will show her the pleasant ways of living like a lady, and fill her head with notions, so as nothing can be done.'

'I think that you are wrong ; something may yet be done. Now, Mr. Cardew, what I want to make quite clear to you is that those who love Alma and those who love Mr. Alan

—of whom I am sure you are one—'

'Yes,' said Harry, 'there's no one like Mr. Alan, except Mr. Tom, perhaps.'

'All of us, then, have got to do what we can to prevent this marriage.'

'But the banns are put up.'

'That does not matter. For many reasons I cannot ask Lord Alwyne, or Miss Dalmeny, or any of the ladies here, to do anything, but I have seen Mr. Caledon, and he will join me, and we will both work our best for you to break off the marriage, and you must give us your help.'

Harry looked puzzled.

'You do not understand? Then let me explain something. Alma finds out at last what we have known all along, that Mr. Dunlop wants her to marry him solely in order to carry out certain plans and theories of his; that he means her not to live at Weyland Court at all, but in a little cottage among the farm labourers, as he himself has been living, and to work among them, as he has worked. Stop.' —for Harry was about to speak— 'Mr. Dunlop, for his part, believes that she understands his views, that she will gladly follow in his steps, and help him with all her heart to enter into the minds of the villagers, understand them, and show them the real Christian life.'

Here Harry laughed with derisive pity.

'Alma, for fear of her father, dares say nothing. Mr. Dunlop, who is, of course, entirely honourable, will keep his engagement, even if he finds out the truth about her. I need not tell you that the prospect before both is of the darkest and most unhappy kind—for Mr. Dunlop, disappointment and humiliation; for Alma——'

Here she was silent.

'Yes,' said Harry gravely, 'I've seen it all along. For Alma it will be worse,'

'Then let us prevent it.'

Harry only looked incredulous. How to prevent a wedding of which the banns were already put up? The thing was not in nature.

'Will you let me tell you a little story?'

Desdemona told a little story. It was a story of the same *genre* as that little scene which she acted for Alma. She acted this as well, but in a different way, for to Alma she was melodramatic, exaggerated, exuberant; but to this man of finer mould, she was concentrated, quiet, and intense. He was not externally carried away, as Alma. He did not lean forward with glistening eye and parted lips, but his cheek grew pale, and his lips trembled. Indeed, it was a story very much more to the purpose than any related by Mr. Barlow to Masters Sandford and Merton.

'And.' said Desdemona, coming to an end, 'it is not as if we were inviting you to join in a conspiracy against Mr. Dunlop's happiness, or against Alma's. Whatever is the result, so far as Mr. Dunlop is concerned, you will have prevented him from a step which would have ruined his future.'

'It seems like a dream,' said Harry.

'And perhaps,' continued Desdemona, 'if those friends so arrange matters as that this wedding does not take place, everybody who knows who those friends were would hold their tongues if necessary.'

'Surely,' said Harry, 'that is the least they could do.'

'Then we quite understand ourselves,' Desdemona continued. 'You will hold yourself in readiness to act some time within the next fortnight. Above all, secrecy.'

'It seems like a dream,' said Harry. 'Mr. Dunlop, he'd never forgive me.'

'Perhaps not,' replied Desdemona; 'and if he does not, there are other people in the world. You will not offend Lord Alwyne, I am sure, nor Mr. Tom, nor myself.'

Harry stood musing for a little. Then he collected himself.

'I am to see her to-night,' he said, 'at the end of the garden of the Hall.'

'By appointment?' asked Desdemona, a little taken aback—the artful little creature!

'Yes, madam, at her request. What am I to say to her?'

Desdemona could have wished him to tell Alma that she was a cunning and crafty little animal, thus beginning the very first day of her stay with a secret appointment. But she refrained.

'Tell her as little as you can. Only let her know that you alone will be able to stop the marriage, if she keeps quiet and tells no one. And go on meeting her. I will do all I can to make the meetings easier for her and unsuspected by Miss Dalmeny. And now, my friend, good-bye. Shake hands, in token of confidence.'

Harry bowed and extended his brown fist with a blush which became him.

'I like you,' said Desdemona, 'and I will show my liking by giving you an old woman's advice. It is only useful for married men. My advice is no good for bachelors and selfish people like them. Do not, then, begin your married life by thinking your wife an angel. If you do, you will be disappointed. Remember that she is a woman, and though, perhaps, a good deal better than yourself, with a woman's vanities and weaknesses. Remember that. Also, don't humble yourself. Remember that if she has her points, you have yours. And what a woman likes is a husband who rules her; never forget that. She looks for guidance, and if you don't guide her, some other man may. And begin in your home-life as you mean to go on. And do not trust her blindly, because there are some women who go on better if they feel that they are running in harness, with an eye to watch, and a hand upon the rein. One thing more. Remember that all women, like all men, are most easily kept in good temper by praise administered with judgment. Shall you remember all this?'

'I will try,' said Harry. 'At all events, I see what you mean. Alma isn't a goddess, but I think I can make her into a good wife for me.'

Desdemona sat down and considered carefully.

'It cannot be wrong,' she thought. 'Alan will be cleared of this entanglement. He will marry Miranda. Alma, the poor, little, shallow Alma, will marry the man who has fascinated her, and no one will be harmed—except perhaps, that man himself. What a splendid man it is! And he may not be harmed. Alma is not up to his elbow in intellect and goodness; yet he is strong, and will rule. When a man can rule in his own house, very little harm comes to it. They will all bless and laud continually the name of Desdemona.'

And then her fancy wandering back, she sat for a long time thinking of the past, in which Alan's father was a good deal mixed up.

This was at three in the afternoon. Harry walked across the Park and inspected certain spots where he suspected wires, certain traps where he looked for stoats, killed two vipers, shot a kite, and took other steps in the gamekeeping interests. This brought him to five. Then he made his tea, which took longer in the making than in the drinking. Then he took a pipe, and considered with a certain elation, dashed with sorrow, the events of the day. Had his thoughts been written down, they might have taken some such shape as the following: 'I am the servant of Mr. Alan, and I am going to take away Mr. Alan's wife that was to have been. But he took away mine that was to have been. And it would be a sin and a shame to let the wedding ever take place. Alma would be wretched, and Mr. Alan disappointed. When he can't marry Alma, he will go back to the young lady he always ought to have married—Miss Dalmeny.

'As for me, Mr. Alan will never forgive me. I shall lose my place,

and that is worth a great deal more than I am ever likely to make off a small farm in Canada. But Lord Alwyne will be pleased. One would go a long way to please Lord Alwyne : and him our best friend always, before Mr. Alan came of age. And Mr. Tom will be pleased. One would like to please Mr. Tom. I think that everybody will be pleased.

'Except Bostock. But Bostock has had a whole year's steady run with the Squire, cheating him at every turn, as all the world knows ; he ought to be content. I suppose he expected to go on cheating all his life. No, Bostock, you are not going to be the Squire's father-in-law ; and it will be worth—well worth Mr. Alan's displeasure to see your rage, when you find the prize slipped out of your fingers, and yourself nothing but bailiff still, with the accounts to make up.

'And as for Alma . . . well . . . Alma is what the Lord made her . . . and if one is in love with Alma, why trouble one's head about Alma's little faults? The lady meant well, no doubt, and gave excellent advice, which if a man would always follow, he'd keep clear of many a pitfall. Poor little Alma!'

All this thinking brought him to half-past eight, and then, mindful of his assignation, he took his gun and strolled leisurely in the direction of the Park. It was half-an-hour's walk to the garden-gate where Alma was to meet him. Presently at the point nearest to Weyland Court, there came slowly along in the twilight a pair, hand in hand.

They were Mr. Tom and Miss Nelly, and they looked sad.

Harry took off his hat respectfully.

'Well, Harry,' said Tom, putting on a cheerful air, 'what news?'

Nelly went on alone, trailing her parasol in the grass.

'I've seen Mrs. Fanshawe, sir—the lady they call Sister Desdemona.'

'Yes—yes.'

'And I've come to an understanding with her. I'm to depend on the help of friends, and take the word when the word is given to me.'

'All right, Harry, all right. I shall not forget. Have you seen Alma lately?'

'Not since she came to Dalmeny Hall, sir.'

This meant, not for four-and-twenty hours, and Harry hardly thought it necessary to explain that he was on his way to meet her.

'Have you talked it over with her yet?' Tom went on.

Harry shook his head. Just then Nelly turned back, and joined Tom again.

'Girls,' he said, 'are girls. That means, begging your pardon, Miss Despard, because I am not talking of ladies, that girls of our class like admiration and ease, and sitting by the fire, warm. Therefore, when Mr. Dunlop asked Alma, she thought at once that he admired her more than the young ladies of the Abbey. That turned her brain. And then she thought it was to be all sitting by the fire, with her feet on the fender. And that attracted her too. So that we can't altogether blame Alma, Mr. Tom.'

Harry spoke wistfully, touched his hat, and went on his way.

Then Nelly, who had been hanging her head, burst into tears.

'Oh! Tom, every word comes home to me. *I* like to be chosen out of all the rest. *I* like to look forward to a life of ease and comfort, "with my feet on the fender." Oh! it's shameful —it's shameful. But how to get out of it. Pity me, Tom.'

The 'revelations' which Alma made to her lover were conveyed with the dramatic energy which characterises young women of the lower class all over the world, when narrating their wrongs. She was furious with everybody : with Miranda for telling her the truth—'She knew it all along, Harry, and was only laughing at me

in her stand-off way :' with Alan for not telling her before—he had told her dozens of times, only she was not listening : with her mother for rejoicing that her daughter would not be stuck up for the derision of all as a fine lady : with her father for not instantly declaring that the honour of the Bostocks demanded a breaking off of the alliance : with herself for having been so fooled : and, above all, prospectively, with Black Bess for the advantages which this new complication might give her. Nor was her anger appeased at all either by the very hearty kiss which her lover bestowed upon her by way of greeting, nor by that which followed the conclusion of her tirade.

She looked prettier as she stood there, worked up into a royal rage, than even on that night—to be sure Harry was not there—when she stood triumphant before the assembled multitude, bearing round her neck the chain of the Golden Apple. I do not think, now one tries to remember, that an irate Venus has ever been painted. She smiles, she sprawls, she laughs, she leers, she is Venus Victrix, Venus Triumphant, Venus the compeller of hearts, Venus followed by a troop of abject grovelling men, but she is never, I believe, Venus in a royal rage. And yet, when one thinks of her uncongenial husband, worse for her than Alan Dunlop would be for Alma, one may be sure that there were moments in which her patience gave way, and she sought the relief of attitudes, gestures, and invectives such as one would fain see painted and written. Heavens ! What a divine subject—Venus in a Rage ! Methinks I see the heaving bosom, the parted lips, the bright and glorious eyes charged with the lightnings of scorn and wrath, the thunders of the brow, the tresses flying in disorder—it is a subject beyond the powers of mortal painter.

'And now, what's to do, Harry ?' she asked.

She had exhibited a copiousness of language and a display of imaginative colouring to help out details, in themselves, perhaps, unpromising, which did her infinite credit ; and now, her story told, she stood quivering still with her wrath.

'First,' said Harry, 'first, tell me true—you were proud that day when Mr. Alan asked you to marry him ?'

'Yes,' she replied, 'I *was* proud. Wouldn't any girl be proud when the Squire come courting her ? And Miss Miranda and all the beautiful young ladies at the Abbey after him in vain. Why, Harry, it wouldn't be in nature not to be proud, when all the others were made envious.'

'And you didn't ask whether he was in love with you ?'

'No, I didn't. He said something about it to begin with, but then—who knows what he says or what he means ? If a man doesn't love a girl, what's the good of his marrying her ?'

'And now you find he doesn't, and you know he wants you for his own experiments, you'd cry off if you could. Think carefully what you say, Alma. More depends than you know.'

'I would cry off,' she replied, 'and welcome, only for father. To live in a cottage, and do all the work myself, and have that man with his everlasting talk all day and all night about the house—why—it would be better to stay at home with father, and that's not too lively.'

'Never mind father,' Harry replied huskily, because this was a very important question which he was about to put ; 'never mind father. Look here, Alma—once for all—and make an end of it. Will you have me ? No fooling this time.'

'What do you mean, Harry ?' There was a light of hope, if not of responsive love, in Alma's eyes. 'Whatever do you mean ?'

'I mean what I say. And this time you must mean what you say. Say No, and I'll go away and never trouble you nor yours no more. Say

Yes, and we'll laugh at them all yet.'

'But what do you mean, Harry?'

'What I say. Promise to marry me, and I'll manage it somehow. I shan't tell you what I'm doing. There shall be no chance of your letting out secrets. But I'll manage; I tell you I know how.'

'Then, Harry,' she said firmly, 'I'll say Yes, and joyful, if only to get rid of Squire Sobersides. And now, I suppose,' she added, with a little natural jealousy, 'he'll take and marry Miss Miranda. Then they can preach to each other, and much joy may they have.'

Clearly Miss Bostock was as yet unfitted for the professed practice of the Higher Culture.

'And what are you going to do, Harry? Won't you tell your own Alma, as loves you true?'

By this time the fond gamekeeper had encircled the waist of this twice-betrothed nymph. But he was not to be wheedled.

'Never you mind what I'm doing. What you've got to do is just to sit at home, here, quiet. You wait patient, and say nothing, till I give the word, and then you do exactly what I tell you, without letting out a word to anybody.'

'And how will you send me word, Harry?'

'By a messenger,' he replied mysteriously. 'Never mind who that messenger is. He'll tell you. And you may know him, and you trust him, and do what he tells you.'

This was romantic. This was a conspiracy. Alma felt the delicious excitement of a secret intrigue creep over her.

'But you've no time to lose, Harry. The banns were up last Sunday, only three weeks before the day.'

'Plenty of time. Will you be patient and quiet, even if you don't hear from me till the very day before?'

She promised again.

'As for your father, we'll make him go round like a bubbling turkey-cock, and as red in the gills. And as for Mr. Dunlop—well—I'm sorry for Mr. Alan. But it's all for his own good,' said Harry, cheering up. 'He's like David, when he wanted to take away that single ewe lamb of his neighbour's, and the prophet came and prevented of him doing it.'

As a gamekeeper, Harry's opportunities of going to church were limited, as everybody knows that Sunday morning is the gamekeeper's most busy and anxious time. This fact fully accounts for the curious mess he made of his Bible history.

'Did him good, that prophet,' he repeated.

'Ah! but, Harry, Mr. Dunlop 'll never forgive you.'

'Let him forgive or not, as he likes,' said Harry. 'We'll go to Canada. I'd as leave go there and farm my own bit o' land, as stay here watching for poachers and destroying of vermin.'

'And what will they all say? Oh—h!' said Alma, with a long sigh of delight at the prospect of assisting in an adventure.

'Folks will talk,' said Harry; 'and they may talk about us, if they like, just the same as about other people. Good night, my pretty. You do just what I say, and heart up.'

(To be continued.)

WATER :—FIT TO DRINK OR NOT.

BY J. F. EVERHART, A.M.

WATER is fluid at all ordinary temperatures, but becomes solid when the temperature falls below zero; and changes into vapour when it rises above the boiling point. The degree of heat thus indicates the physical condition of water. It is composed of two gases, named hydrogen and oxygen. One part, by weight, is hydrogen, which is inflammable, and is a considerable part of the gas burned in the street lamps. Pure hydrogen has neither taste nor odour, and being very light it may be used to inflate balloons. Oxygen, of which eight parts by weight are combined with one of hydrogen to form water, is a colourless, tasteless and odourless gas. It is a little heavier than common air, of which it forms one fifth part. In the air it sustains animal life, and supports combustion or fire by combining with the hydrogen and carbon of fuel. If oxygen did not exist in the air man would die; and but for oxygen dissolved in the water, not the oxygen of the water itself, the fishes and other animals of the rivers and seas would perish. Water forms three-fourths of the weight of living animals and plants, and covers about three-fourths of the earth's surface. A professor in one of the French schools once dried the body of a man in an oven, like a brick in a kiln, and, after drying, the body weighed only twelve pounds. This seems an astonishing statement, but it is well attested. Again, rather more than a pound of water is exhaled by the breath daily; about one and three-quarter pounds are given off by the skin, and two and three-quarter pounds pass off by the kidneys, making a total of about five pounds. Rain-water, the water of the clouds, is the purest of all natural waters, and is next to distilled water in absolute purity. It is, in fact re-distilled from the lakes, and rivers, and seas. The beds of these great reservoirs are a kind of still or filter, so to say; the sun's rays take up the water which is condensed in the clouds, and wafted back by the winds over hill and valley and continent, becomes liquid again in the refreshing shower or the unwelcome torrent of rain, the rivulet and the river are thus again supplied, pouring their contents into the mighty sea, which is never full: for unto the place whence the rivers come, thither they return. And right here, I think, the light we need begins. In towns, rain water is contaminated by atmospheric impurities, the sewage of the air, such as dust, leaves, and bird refuse on the roofs of houses. Rain water is thus modified by the locality in which it falls; near the sea it becomes slightly salty, and in the neighbourhood of smoky chimneys of public works it is not so pure as that which falls on the country house or hamlet. The longer the shower continues the purer the water becomes. Rain water contains traces of ammonia, which is present in the atmosphere to a small extent; and when preserved in *old cisterns* it purifies more readily than spring water, though, at best, it is not well adapted for drinking, on account of its insipidity. A heavy shower, therefore, is a capital public scavenger, and, unfortunately, some villages are cleaned only when a heavy fall of rain takes place.

Water takes its character from the nature of the soil whence it is derived.

It is generally hard, owing to the presence of lime and magnesia in certain forms, called salts of lime, salts of magnesia and some other agents, which, unless when in excessive quantity, are not injurious to health. It is chiefly the carbonate of lime that encrusts the insides of kettles and boilers ; and till its hardness be neutralized with soap, washing with spring water is imperfect and unpleasant. When the hardness is due to sulphate of lime, boiling will not soften the water by throwing down the lime. Carbonate of soda is sometimes put into tea-kettles in order to soften the water. Hard water causes an excessive use of soap by the lime decomposing the soap, and uniting with its acids to form the well known curd that floats on the surface of the water. Any water that does not contain more than fifteen grains of solid matter in a gallon is considered moderately hard. The following are the characteristics of unpolluted water: 'It is tasteless and inodorous, possesses a neutral or faintly alkaline reaction, and is incapable of putrefaction even when kept for some time in close vessels at a summer temperature.'

Through ignorance, neglect, and carelessness, the water of spring wells is often poisoned with sewage, filth, and for the possibility of unpolluted water it is absolutely essential that the wells be situated remote from ash pits, sewers, and gutters. If situated at the bottom of a bank or hill, the well will receive sewage from the dwellings built at a higher level. Dipwells should have a stone coping and fence, so that children may be kept back from them. The covering in of the well, and the erection of a pump prevent the admission of leaves, dead animals and other impurities. As an example of the distance to which dangerous matters may percolate to a well, it is recorded that some creosote poured into a trench near the workhouse at Carlisle, Eng., found its way to a well 200 yards distant, where the creosote taint was distinctly perceptible.

The water of springs contains atmospheric air, oxygen, and carbonic acid. When such water is exposed to the air, these gases escape, and the water becomes warm and insipid. No water that has stood in an open vessel all night should be used for drinking or cooking. It has not only lost the freshness and sparkle which aeration gives it, but has absorbed many of the dust germs floating in the apartment. Where spring water can be had free from sewage contamination, it is certainly pure and refreshing.

River water is made up usually from rain water. Near cities and large towns rivers are converted into open sewers. River water should not be taken for internal use, unless when procured from very high levels, removed from the reach of contamination.

Lake water is supplied to some cities by gravitation ; its quality has been an occasion of frequent disputation and professional profit among experts chemists and engineers ; some claiming that a lake remote from the haunts of men, should be the purest source of water in larger quantities for all purposes ; while others assert that lakes are almost stagnant receptacles for the *debris* of the hills,—waste vegetable matter, the excreta of sheep and other animals, as well as a habitat for myriads of the water flea. When water cools down to 32° F. it freezes, and the greater the frost the lower it is below that point. Cold contracts some bodies: at 39° it expands water at least 1-12 greater in bulk. This is of practical importance in connection with water pipes led through houses. The frozen water, by its expansion, causes a rupture of the pipe. And although nothing may appear wrong till ice thaws, yet then will come the deluge.

In a paper read before the College of Physicians and Surgeons on Pol-

luted Water, it was admitted that hardness and softness are qualities in water upon which there are honest differences of opinion; but there can be no doubt about the objectionable quality of water in which the presence of impurities can be proved. The maladies most likely to be generated by polluted water are typhoid or bowel fever, cholera and dysentery. Some families may be more predisposed to such fevers than others—for instance, Prince Albert died of bowel fever; the Prince of Wales was nearly dead with it, and lately one of his sons was ailing with the same disease.

A large proportion of the human family die annually from the effects of impure water, and the important point is the remedy. This is found in securing good drainage and using water uncontaminated from the earth or air, or the refuse of people on the rivers. Since Calcutta has been supplied with pure water, there has been fewer deaths from any cause in which water could be involved. Some ten years ago five persons were sent to the fever ward of the Glasgow Royal Infirmary from the cottages belonging to the Garnkirk Fire Clay Company. The fever ward was under the charge of Dr. Robert Perry, who, remembering that a physician's duty is to prevent disease as well as to remove it, communicated with the manager of the works, and went to the place from which the fever patients came, and traced the source of the evil to the use of water which had been contaminated with sewage and putrifying matter that had leaked into the water supply by means of a broken water pipe. Parties who did not use water delivered by this pipe were unaffected. Immediate measures were taken by the manager of the works to prevent the water being any longer polluted, and a marked diminution of the number attacked was observed; in a little more than a month the epidemic subsided.

Diphtheria—that scourge of children—may be conveyed by means of water.

In May, 1877, the children of a hotel keeper in Ellsmere were at Duddleston, and, being thirsty, a glass of water was procured from a cottage where, it subsequently transpired, a child was suffering from diptheria, and one or more of the children at the door drank of the water. The deadly disease spread through the whole family of six children, and every one died. Six lives were thus lost by drinking a cup of polluted water.

A little plain chemistry, which every one may understand, will serve to guard against such ills.

Water Analysis.—Strictly speaking, this can be undertaken only by chemists, yet the following will be easily understood:—

Colour and Brightness.—When viewed in bulk or examined in a tall glass tube, on a sheet of white paper (looking down upon it), water should be perfectly bright, and nearly colourless. Both of these conditions may be fulfilled, however, and yet the water be unwholesome, owing to organic matter of animal origin or other poisonous substances being in solution; and, conversely, neither of these conditions may be met, and yet the water be quite fit for domestic use—the colour and turbidity being due to such innocent substances as are derived from peat (which has antiseptic properties), and finely divided suspended particles of sand and clay. Water that appears unusually bright may owe its brightness to dangerous matter in solution, but, as a rule, unless local circumstances warrant an opposite conclusion; the brighter and more colourless the water, the better the quality.

Smell.—Pure water has no smell. Any remarkable smell will beget suspicion. Shake up some of the water in a large bottle half full, the hand being placed over the mouth of the bottle, and then observe the smell. Warming brings out the smell of bad water more decidedly.

Filtration.—A good filter removes impurities in suspension, such as sand, woody fibre, leaves, fungi, worms, and fleas. Bone-charcoal, silica, and spongy iron are the best purifying agents in the construction of filters. Either of these not only retains mechanical impurities, but, by its oxidizing power, renders less hurtful any deleterious organic matter dissolved in the water. Sponge, flannel, and similar filtering media, break up by and by, and become themselves impurities.

Boiling.—This probably destroys the vitality of every species of animalcule that may remain after filtration, although no one can say that even boiling will remove the infecting power of water contaminated with cholera or fever discharge. Most natural waters contain oxygen, carbonic acid, and other gases in solution. Boiling repels these, and precipitates carbonate of lime (chalk) when that agent is present in appreciable quantity. By pouring boiled water from one vessel into another for a few minutes, the atmospheric gases will be restored, and the insipid taste partially removed.

Hardness.—The more lime thrown down by boiling, the harder the water has been. Hardness is now stated in figures, by knowing how a sample of water with a solution of lime of known strength is affected with a standard solution of soap, which, while it injures the appearance and occasionally the taste, does not render the water unwholesome. Even animal matter may become oxidized, and so rendered innocuous. This is particularly the case in running streams, when the flow is frequently broken by rocks and other obstacles, causing the water to be churned up with the atmosphere, the oxygen of which is the active purifying agent. To estimate accurately the nature and amount of organic impurities in water is a work of some difficulty; and while there are different processes, it is, perhaps, too much to say that any one gives all the required information. The incineration process is now all but abandoned, but while unreliable as a means of estimating the quantity of impurity present, it nevertheless is serviceable as affording a clue both as to the nature and amount of organic matter present, and, with care, the process can be made useful when more refined methods are unavailable. Two pints of the suspected water should be taken and evaporated to dryness in a platina basin; towards the close of this operation the evaporation must be conducted very carefully at a temperature not exceeding 212° F. This can best be done in what is called a water bath. The residue thus obtained should be weighed and then ignited (incinerated). The organic matter, if any be present, will be decomposed; the residue at the same time becoming black, owing to the liberation of carbon. While the process is going on, both eyes and nose should be on the alert. If nitrates, which are injurious mineral salts, generally of an organic origin, are present, muddy fumes will be given off. If animal matter be present, then the odour will likely reveal it; and so with many other indications which experience will enable the operator to interpret. After the carbon has been burned off, weighing should again take place. The residue will be mineral matters; the loss in weight or organic matter, water of combination, etc. There is a very simple and efficient test known as *the permanganate test.* This may be taken as affording an indication of the presence or absence of offensive organic matters. A few drops of Condy's fluid, which is a solution of permanganate of potash, and is a very powerful oxidizing agent, are to be added to a tumblerful of the water to be tested, and the effect noted from time to time. The more rapidly the solution changes or loses its bright pink colour (the permanganate turns the water a bright pink colour at first), the more the water is to be suspected of containing unwholesome impurities. If iron be present it will

have the same effect on the permanganate, and it is well, therefore, to ascertain what proportion, if any, of that agent is present. This may be done by adding two or three drops of nitric acid to another tumblerful of water, stirring well, and then adding a small quantity of yellow prussiate of potash. If iron be present, a blue colouration will take place.

Presence of Lead.—Cases of lead poisoning occasionally appear in the public journals. The action of lead on the body is manifested on the nervous system, causing the upper extremities to be semi-paralyzed ; and the sufferers also frequently experience attacks of colic. The odour of the breath is leady, and if the case is an aggravated one, the presence of lead is exhibited by a bluish line on the gums where they join the teeth. Workers among white lead are special victims, becoming subject to colic, gout, spasms, neuralgia, and sleeplessness. When iron is substituted for lead pipe the lead malady disappears. It is easy to understand why leaden cisterns for house supply and the manufacture of aerated waters are specially dangerous. At investigations made with regard to the prevalence at one time of colic in Devonshire, it was found, after examination of eighteen bottles of cider, that each bottle contained a quarter of a grain of lead. This lead had been disengaged from the lining of the cider troughs.

In the neighbouring parish of Campsie, in 1874, Dr. Wilson was perplexed with the symptoms of disease in a lady whom he was attending. After many inquiries the soda water she was too freely drinking, was chemically examined. In one bottle lead was found in the dangerous proportion of nine-tenths grain in a gallon. Dr. Wallace, of Glasgow, in a certificate, said that *four* bottles of this soda water would contain a quarter of a grain of lead. Now, when one-tenth of a grain of lead in water is esteemed dangerous, nobody need be surprised at the aggravated illness of this lady, who was drinking half-a-dozen bottles of this soda water every day.

Dr. Straton, Wilton, reports the case of a well at Stoford, from which a leaden pipe was conducted to a pump. By and by the inhabitants of the two neighbouring cottages suffered from obscure dyspeptic symptoms ; the horses in the stables also exhibited symptoms of slow poisoning. Suspicion led to the well, and about eight feet from the surface Dr. Straton found that the lead pipe, which ought to have hung free, had been allowed to touch the well wall, and was very much crowded for about eighteen inches of its course. Galvanic action had been set up by the contact below the water line, and solution of a quantity of lead was the result. The pipe was drawn away from the side of the well, so as to hang freely, the well was pumped dry for another trial, and all mischief from the lead ceased.

The use of pure water for animals as well as man is ably argued by many. White's 'Compendium of Cattle Medicine,' lays great stress on supplying pure water, not only for the health of the animals, but, so far as cows are concerned, for the quality of the milk, butter, and cheese. Mr. White gives examples of the improvement of cattle by means of a good water supply. Leaden pipe is so easily bent and accommodated to the turns and angles in a house, that its use inside buildings is likely to be continued, no matter what the consequences, therefore, it should never be used outside, however, for any distance ; and I have been in the habit, when seeing a new pipe laid, to advise the house occupant to let the water run for three minutes in the morning before drawing any for food purposes, during at least the first three months of the pipe being in use, till a coating is formed on the inside of the pipe over the new lead. Lead cisterns, or any kind of cisterns, are objectionable for storing water to be

used for drinking or cooking ; water is so apt to absorb every impurity in its neighbourhood.

Uses of Water.—This is, perhaps, the most important consideration, certainly next to that of its purity : for water has a most important share in the functions of the body. Where there is life there must be water : not only to maintain the bulk of the body, but to supply the waste which it sustains.

Thirst is a sensation expressive of a want of fluid in the animal economy to supply the continual waste in the system. Fever increases thirst, while the appetite for food is then sensibly diminished. Food is largely prepared with water, and when used by itself water facilitates the solution of food in the stomach—all tending to repair the losses going on in respiration and perspiration. On account of diminished perspiration less water is required by the body in winter than in summer; and a man whose work does not cause him to perspire needs less water than a 'heavy sweater.'

There may, however, be too much of even a good thing. Drinking water at any time, unless when thirsty, is injurious, because excess of water weakens the gastric juice, and *overworks the kidneys.* No more than two tumblerfuls of water should be drank at a time on any pretence. It may be taken in so excessive a quantity that the skin and kidneys cannot carry it off conveniently, and it remains in the system to embarrass for a time the solid tissues of the body. I have little faith in the excessive potations of ordinary water and mineral waters which some people swallow. Good may result from drinking an occasional pint of water, so as to flush out the body by setting to action all the emunctories. Two pints of warm water drank during the evening was Edmund Burke's remedy for a bilious attack. Moderation is recommended by the best medical writers in the hydropathic school.

Dr. Balbirnie says : 'In the healthy, drinking during a meal aids digestion, if the solid matters be of a nature to require it; and, on the other hand, it impedes digestion, if the quantity taken renders the mass too liquid. The healthy may safely trust their own sensations, which are often safer guides than abstract principles not clearly understood. But to the *Dyspeptic*, we say, do not disturb digestion by *undue dilution* during a meal, or too soon after it. This relaxes the coats of the stomach, impairs its secretions, and paralyzes its movements. By drinking a little at a time, the risk of exceeding proper limits will be avoided.

Cold water, unless in small sips at intervals, should not be drunk when the body is hot and fatigued ; as either inflammation, or shock without reaction, may be the sad result. The shock is carried to the heart by the intimate nervous connection between the stomach and that organ.

A mineral water is ordinary water, plus an extra quantity of salts and gases blended. The ingredients are derived from the soil or rocks through which it passes ; and they consist principally of chloride of sodium, sulphate and carbonate of soda, sulphate and carbonate of magnesia, carbonate of lime, carbonate of iron, bromine and iodine, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, nitrogen, or oxygen, that is to say, some one or combination of these. Hot mineral waters seldom vary in temperature, and their heat is not readily accounted for.

Internally, mineral waters increase the excretion of waste matters from the system, acting both on internal organs and the skin, their influence being largely aided by locality, climate, absence from business, regularity of diet, friendly intercourse and general regimen.

It is evident that people acutely ill, cannot travel to this or that watering place, and no watering place will cure old age ; but people with chronic complaints who cannot move about, say, with skin disease, and stiff rheumatic,

and gouty joints, sluggish digestive organs, and nervous disorders, may derive a general benefit from being at a spa. About a month at a time is usually sufficient. Whatever the complaint and the water may be, it is safe to say that a couple of tumblerfuls night and morning will be ample for a beginning; and these drank slowly, not at a gulp. When used to that quantity, then a tumblerful may be taken during the day.

The external use of water, though not so essential as the internal use, is of daily importance.

The necessity of frequently washing the whole body, and not merely the exposed parts of the skin is perfectly obvious. Possessed of a sensitive network of blood-vessels and nerves, the skin, by means of its pores, allows the whole body to be largely operated upon. Medicines can be absorbed by the skin, and through it, by means of water, both cold and hot, powerful principles in the case of disease can be brought into play. This is not the time for going into the science of hydropathy, with multiform baths, plain and medicated. Much good may have been done by hydropathic establishments, but they ought to be under the medical management of persons who have studied the anatomy and physiology of the human body. There has been at least one death in the Turkish bath; and even sponging the body, by invalids, should be undertaken with care. The whole body should be bathed or sponged at least twice a week. Those who cannot afford a sponge may use a damp towel —drying well afterwards. If engaged in a dirty employment, wash clean every night. Children should be washed every day. Washing or bathing, either at home or in a river or sea, immediately after a meal, or when the body is chilled, is highly injurious. Warmth and cheerfulness after a bath indicate that it has been beneficial. The use of ice for drinks and desserts, and for the thirst of the sick has increased very much of late. It is useful outwardly for sun-stroke, while internally it is excellent for fever, sore throat and irritable or bleeding stomach. I do not approve of eating ices after a hearty dinner; the change is too abrupt for the coat of the stomach.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

THE leaves grow green on every shrub and tree,
  And meek-eyed flowers are seen among the freshening grass,
The fields are furrowed, as with waves, the sea,—
  The world grows young, but I, alas, alas,
Grow older, older as the seasons pass.
  Oh, palsied heart, and hand that's lost its cunning!
Eyes that grow dim, and dimmer day by day!
  Oh stream of life through cheerless deserts running!
Oh sunshine sweet that's shut from me away!
  But such the common lot! so hath fate decreed it!
The staff we lean on, breaks when most we need it,
  And all our golden idols turn to clay,
They turn to clay, and mock our child-like trust,
  While glittering phantoms, grasped, resolve to dust.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER I.

THE TWO MASTERS.

IN Mother England, teeming with progeny as she is, and knowing, alas, often times no more what to do with them than the old woman who lived in her shoe, the population is nevertheless partial. She has probably more sheltered nooks, far from the madding crowd, and known only to neighbours, than any other civilized country; lone spots, visited indeed by man, but occupied only by one or two families in half a score of generations; 'haunts of ancient Peace,' where the echoes only of wars and tumults have penetrated, and those obeying no obedience to the laws of sound, but reaching the stolid ear—for all recluses are stolid—after a huge interval. Some of these spots are really distant (as we count miles in England) from towns and even villages: others again are not so far removed from human communities by space as by circumstance—they are merely out of the way; the road to them leads nowhere else, and therefore no one comes by it save those who have business in the place—a quite inconsiderable number. Now and then, in these secluded glens or plateaux (for they are of both kinds) the vagrant or mistaken traveller comes upon some stately dwelling quiet as a star, which seems, like a star, to have fallen there. He asks himself, for there is perhaps no one else to ask, How came this noble edifice in so retired a spot? It reminds him of some Charles V., in stone, that has embraced the cloister.

Such a spot, and containing such an ancestral mansion, is the hamlet of Halcombe in the north of Devon. You may roam over the purple moors to north and east and south of it for days and never dream of its existence, though it is always, so to speak, at hand; or you may travel along the high road—and it is very high—on a coach top, seeing, as you fancy, everything upon all sides, both on sea and land, and never catch a glimpse of the tall tower of Halcombe Hall, in so deep a glen are its foundations set. At one point, indeed, where a narrow road branches westward, you might ask, if you are by nature curious, 'Whither does that lead?' and the coachman would reply, 'Only to Halcombe,' as though Halcombe were the grave—whither no one goes, with a few exceptions, however—unless compelled to do so.

Even from the west, which is the sea side of it, you can only see the spire of Halcombe Church, which is set on a little hill between the village and the ocean, a landmark to which mariners take care to give a wide berth, for the coast is cruel. True, there is a little harbour, where coal is brought by coasting vessels on calm days; but when the least sea is 'on,' the place is unapproachable; the little blue bay is lashed by the lightest breeze into frenzied foam, beneath which are jagged rocks and far stretching ridges of granite on which many a good ship has laid her bones. No

passenger ever comes to land alive at Halcombe Point, as the place is fitly termed, for it would be irony indeed to call it Harbour, and there is little salvage for the honest villagers, for what the Atlantic hurls and grinds against that rock-bound coast in clouds of spume it mostly whirls away again; then, after some three days' fury, it will lap and smile about the rocks and ledges for a treacherous hour like some marine Macbeth with its 'Thou canst not say I did it.'

Nothing, however, but the church on the hill in Halcombe feels the fury of the gale. The village lies deep in a sheltered dell, where lofty elms and oaks grow to their full height, and never lose a limb or die from the buffets of the storm-fiend. In the centre of the hamlet, approached by a long grassy avenue, sentinelled by giant trees, stands the Hall, a composite mass of buildings, but so irregular in outline from the first that no addition has robbed it of its picturesque appearance. Its main features are Gothic, and doubtless architectural pedants would apply that term, in a deprecatory sense, to the whole mass; but the Poet and the Painter would admit its claim to beauty of a high order. Every room differs from its fellow not only in magnitude but form; here juts out an oriel window, and there a bay; here the long line of building fronts the level lawn without a break, and here again a modern conservatory, wherein the well-warmed air grows faint with alien fragrance, dazzles the eye with its white radiance.

To one who comes on Halcombe on a sudden from the lone moorland it seems as though the trees had been driven into it like sheep, from the country round, and all the flowers. It lies an oasis in the desert, fresh with foliage, and cool with verdure, and bright with blossom. There is nothing new or staring in the little village; even the billiard-room at the Hall, built out by its preceding tenant, has already put on a decent garb of ivy which hides its modernness; and for the most part all the houses are very old. There are no new comers, and consequently no accommodation for them is needed. When a family grows too large for its residence its surplus numbers go forth into the world without and make dwellings for themselves elsewhere.

A few hundred yards from the mansion there is the Manor Farm, almost coeval with it, and besides these two there is no house of any pretensions—the rest are cottages, all the property of the tenant of the Hall, Sir Robert Arden.

This gentleman has no ancestral connection with the place, having purchased the estate of its late tenant about four years before our story opens. It was whispered that the purchase money was no less than 90,000*l.*; if so, it must have been a fancy price, for the Halcombe land, where it is not absolutely barren, is poor, and there are no local industries—unless a saw mill near the Point can be so termed, and some occasional wrecking. Sir Robert, however, is a man who does not count the cost in matters where his sympathies are concerned, and Halcombe seemed in his eyes, when he became a widower, the very place wherein to bury himself and his great sorrow. He lost his young wife, with his only child, in her confinement, and sought this place of retirement, as a stricken deer some solitary spot wherein to sob out its last hours. He did not, however, pass them altogether in this way, for within eighteen months of his bereavement he married again.

His second choice was a widow with four children, all of whom he took to his generous heart as though they were his own. The question, Why did he do so? often put by his neighbours, was like all other inquiries of a similar nature, either very easily answered, or quite inexplicable. Mrs. Nicoll, though not of course in her first youth, was still young, and very beautiful after her own fashion—plump of figure,

gentle of speech, and with a complexion of cream. Perhaps he chose her out of delicate compliment to his first wife, who was her antipodes in every way. No. II. could never remind him of No. I., whose pure image remained in his heart as uninjured by Comparison as by Time. Such was the opinion of one who knew Sir Robert at least as well as he knew himself, though I am aware it is open to ridicule. The second Lady Arden also entertained the same view. Before she married Sir Robert she may have entertained a secret hope that in time she would occupy the first place in his affection, though he had given her fair warning that that could never be ; but she soon came to acknowledge that she had no power to oust from his bosom her dead rival. After all it was not a woman, but only the memory of one, which thus came between her and her husband's love ; and the subordination was not intolerable. Moreover, it must be considered, that though his dead Madeline thus remained his idol, enshrined in the very temple of his soul, his living Mary was in no way neglected ; she had all that money could buy, and almost all that heart could wish. She saw her children possessed of a second father, and herself the object of his tenderest care and regard. He made her as absolute mistress of Halcombe Hall as though he were dead, and had left it to her for use during her life. Notwithstanding that her four children found a permanent home in it, she had *carte blanche* to invite whom she pleased thither; she would ask permission just for form's sake, but his answer was invariable. "Well, my dear, there is surely room enough."

Everybody thought Lady Arden "a very lucky woman," and in saying so perhaps implied that she did not quite deserve it. Not that there was anything to find fault with in her ladyship, who, though she had some fashionable tastes, was both dutiful and simple; nay, though somewhat hypochrondical, she was really genuine, so far as she went—but then she went but a very little way. What her neighbours meant to imply was that though a deserving woman as women go, the widow herself had in her second marriage been rewarded above her deserts.

At the same time, even in her sunny lot there was a crumpled roseleaf. Being by nature more than tolerably just, it was only to be looked for that all friends of her husband would have been welcome under that roof. His nephew, and only blood relation was, for example, as dear to her as one of her own family, indeed he was one day to become such, for his uncle had set his heart upon his marriage with Evelyn Nicoll, Lady Arden's eldest daughter, into which arrangement the young people had fallen without the least remonstrance ; he had been prosecuting his studies on the Continent, after he took his degree at Cambridge, and was now expected home. But there was another person 'on Sir Robert's side of the house,' as the simple Halcombe folks termed it, who was not so agreeable to Lady Arden—notwithstanding that he did his best to make himself so. This was Ferdinand Walcot, the brother of Sir Robert's first wife, and who exercised a great and somewhat inexplicable influence over him. Perhaps, to begin with, Lady Arden resented the fact that this person, who was 'neither kith nor kin' to Sir Robert, should in these latter days have been admitted to his confidence solely on the ground of the relationship to his dead wife. This intimacy of the two men dated, indeed, from after Sir Robert's second marriage, and perhaps her ladyship had a shrewd suspicion that had they come together earlier she would never have been Lady Arden at all.

There was nothing, however, in Mr. Walcot's conduct to suggest this ; on the contrary, he was polite and deferential to her in a high degree ; if he erred in behaviour, it was, if one may say so, in the other direction ; on

the very rare and trivial occasions when Sir Robert and his wife disagreed, Mr. Walcot always took the side of the latter, and in so doing occasionally threw into his manner a touch of patronage. The feelings of some wives are very sensitive on a point of this kind; they do not wish to receive foreign aid in contending with their husbands, and especially to owe their victory to it. And it must be acknowledged that, whatever Mr. Ferdinand Walcot took in hand was not only done, and effectually, but also suggested the idea that he could do twice or even ten times as much with equal ease: a state of things, which, when we ourselves have had some trouble with the same matters and have failed, it is not in human nature not to resent.

With the exception of this trifling and only occasional source of friction, the relations of Mr. Walcot with the mistress of the Hall were amicable, if not cordial; while with the other inmates of the house he was on excellent terms. As these persons were of both sexes and of various characters, this must be surely put down to his credit. Nature, too, there was no doubt, had been friendly to Ferdinand Walcot. He was thirty-five years of age, but had still the figure and even the grace of youth. His dark hair, though it could not boast of a curl, was still fine and plentiful; his face was handsome, pale, and full of thought. At the first glance you would have said, 'This is a student;' but there was too much mobility of feature, of the lively play of intelligence, for a lover of books. His eyes were large, soft, and gentle, but could on occasion suddenly become keen and penetrating. He claimed to have some mesmeric powers, of the commoner sort, and had certainly a very attractive manner and address; of this he was very conscious without being conceited about it. He used to say of himself quite simply, 'People like to have me about them whether sick or well.'

This was certainly the case with his brother-in-law and host, Sir Robert, a gentleman of such highly nervous temperament that the good folks, his neighbours, while admitting his many virtues, scarcely knew at times 'what to make of him,' and who was never so much at ease as in Mr. Walcot's company.

And yet, as in most cases of intimate friendship, there was little similarity of character in these two men, except that they both wore the intellectual stamp. Walcot was a tall, strong, though somewhat lean figure, dark as a Spaniard, with a musical but decisive voice; Sir Robert a small grey man, frail of limb, somewhat weazened as to face, though comely, too, and like a gentleman in presence. He was the senior of his brother-in-law by at least ten years, and looked older yet; at times, when excited, his utterance was shrill and rapid, like a very old man's, but more generally it was hesitating, thoughtful, and with that sort of echo in it which may be noticed in the voices of those who concern themselves mainly with the past.

CHAPTER II.

A TÊTE-A-TÊTE.

THE two men I have attempted to present to the mind's eye of the reader are sitting together in the great dining room of the Hall on a certain September evening; the ladies, that is to say, Lady Arden and her eldest daughter, Evelyn (who, though she is eighteen, and has accordingly 'come out,' still retains her schoolroom name of Evy), have long retired from the dessert table; and their absence has been, as usual, the signal for producing the cigarette box which lies between the two gentlemen, and within easy reach of either's hand. The table, which is one adapted for a small party, has been laid in the great bay win-

dow, so that three fair scenes are presented to them at once; on one side the avenue, its two straight lines of oak appearing in the far distance to contradict Euclid's definition, by meeting and enclosing a space; in the centre the bowling-green, of late years desecrated by croquet, but yet retaining—thanks to a grand back ground of those 'green-robed senators, the trees'—most of its venerable air; and, on the third side, a portion of the garden proper, still ablaze with red geraniums, with their blue borders of lobelias.

Sir Robert has his gaze dreamily fixed upon this spot, and Mr. Walcot's eyes, as is common with him, follow those of his companion. They are not engaged in conversation, nor have they spoken for some time, a circumstance which discomposes neither of them; they are much too intimate with one another not to be able to endure any amount of silence; but their reflections often run—to some distance at least—in the same groove. The beautiful description of the poet, of two sympathetic minds, whose

> Thought leapt out to wed with thought
> Ere thought could wed itself with speech

was only, however, in part applicable to them. Mr. Walcot often knew what his host and friend was thinking of, but the reverse of this was not the case. Nor was this to be wondered at, the elder living almost wholly in the past—a past with which the other was more or less acquainted, and the younger concerning himself mainly with the future.

It was curious, however, how very clearly Sir Robert's train of thought was sometimes followed by that of his companion—an instance of which occurred at this moment. Into the garden plot comes a young girl, with a pair of 'La Crosse' sticks and a hoop in her hand; she stands sideways to the bay window, and proceeds, unconscious of spectators, to play the game with some one who stands nearer to the house, and is, therefore, not in sight. The effect is peculiar, since she appears to put herself into a hundred attitudes without any other object than to exhibit her grace and beauty. She is tall and fair, with little natural colour, save the rose tints which the exercise is now giving to her, but her complexion is exquisitely delicate; her long brown hair, tossed back from her face, with each quick movement of her shapely neck, flows well-nigh to her waist; and now and again her bright lips part and a merry laugh breaks out from them, evoked by some blunder of her unseen playmate.

> A vision fit to make an old man young.

Sir Robert gazes on it with serene content; Mr. Walcot with a deep-set pleasure that is seldom indeed permitted to reveal itself as at present, but his companion, always unobservant, is now utterly wrapped in his own thoughts. His eyes, however, being presently raised to the top of the tall cedar on the lawn, which sways and swerves as if under the influence of a tornado, though all lesser things in that sheltered spot are calm and well nigh motionless, he exclaims with anxiety, 'There is a storm at sea.'

'George does not start till Thursday,' returns Mr. Walcot in his measured tones.

He understands at once the connection which has led his companion's thoughts from Miss Evy to his nephew, and the apprehension that has been aroused in his mind.

'He said he should pass through Paris, and might be a day or two late, or a day or two earlier,' continued Sir Robert nervously.

'To-day is but Monday, however, Arden. Moreover, this storm would not affect ships upon that route—it is to the last degree unlikely he would come by Bristol.'

'Why!' inquired the other quickly, yet without testiness; he was willing to be convinced.

'Because it is the cheap route.'

Sir Robert laughed good-humouredly.

'Well, George is not very economical, that is true, but what does it matter?—when I am gone there will be enough for everybody, himself included. Did I ever tell you how the dog answered me at Heidelberg, when I rated him for his extravagance, and told him that at his age I should not have dreamt of running into such expenses. "Ah," he said, "but you had no rich old uncle as I have." One cannot help liking a frank lad like that—you allow he *is* frank, don't you?'

'I did not say anything to the contrary, did I?'

'No, but you did not speak, and with you Silence does not always mean Consent.'

'It means, in this case, disinclination to differ, Arden,' answered the other softly. 'I like your nephew; you are as fortunate, it seems to me, in your one blood relation as any man can expect to be; but when you speak of him as though his chief virtue was frankness — there—well, I must be excused for remaining silent.'

'Ferdinand, pray be more explicit,' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'How can you, with your eyes upon that pure girl destined for his bride, treat his hypocrisy—if he has been a hypocrite—so lightly? If he has deceived *me*, may he not deceive *her*.—'

'He has certainly deceived *you*,' put in the other, quietly; 'but a young man need not be rendered an outcast for a mere venial crime. I should not even have thought of mentioning it had you not been so importunate for the proof of his guilt.' Here Mr. Walcot's swift intelligence had a little forestalled matters; for there had been no importunity such as he had described as yet.

'Of course I require the proof,' said Sir Robert, falling into the other's groove that had been thus cut for him. 'I should not dream of condemning George unheard.'

'It is not a question of condemnation, I hope, nor even of reprobation,' answered Mr. Walcot. 'But, since you speak of your nephew's frankness, I will tell you what I saw him do at Homburg, the very day before we left him. Do you remember finding him in the Saloon there, contrary to your express injunctions?'

'I remember forbidding him to play, but not, I think, to enter the gambling room. Otherwise, I should have been annoyed to find him there as I did, standing by the *trente et quarante* table. I remember the circumstance, now you mention it, perfectly.'

'You caused him to lose about forty pounds that morning.'

'I? How could that be? He never played; and, besides, he came away with us.'

'Yes, but he had been playing. He drew back from the table as you entered, and left his stake upon it on the red. The red turned up four times while you were speaking to him, yet he did not dare to take up his gains. At last, as was certain to be the case, he saw them swept away before his eyes. To see him listening, with apparent seriousness, to all your good advice against gaming, while his eyes were fixed upon the cards, and his thoughts occupied with the idea of how he was wasting his good luck, was as good as a comedy.'

'It seems to me to have been a very bad piece of taste, to say the least of it, and nothing laughable about it,' observed Sir Robert gravely.

'You are too serious-minded, Arden; your own feelings of honour are too delicate; and, besides, you must remember George is but a boy.'

'He is old enough to think of taking the responsibility of another's happiness upon his own shoulders,' answered the other; 'it is useless for you to make excuses for him, though I respect the motive which prompts you to do so. Still, even you may have been mistaken. I will tax the lad with it with my own lips, and see what he has to say for himself.'

'No, Arden, you must not do that,' answered Walcot quietly. 'The fact is, I have myself been guilty of a breach of confidence in the matter. I perceived George's error, for it was but that at most—and reproached him with it. He did not attempt to deny it, but he promised amendment for the future. Under these circumstances I am afraid it was tacitly understood between us that I should not mention the matter to your ears.'

'Then I am very sorry you did,' said Sir Robert, in tones of deep annoyance.

'And so am I, Arden. I have done amiss; my desire that your charity—I mean, of course, your kindness of heart—should not be imposed upon has carried me too far. Of course you can tax George with this peccadillo; he will confess to it without much remorse, if I am not mistaken in his character; but he will look upon me, and with reason, as having in a manner betrayed him—he will hold me henceforth as his enemy—'

'Nay, he will not do that, Ferdinand,' interrupted the other. 'No one shall ever do that in my house. Let byegones be byegones. He shall never know that I know aught about it, although it gives me pain to think of George as otherwise than truthful. I had thought him as open-hearted as he certainly is open-handed.'

'Without doubt he is that, Arden, though, having no money of his own, one can hardly put it down to his credit. He has other virtues, however, I make no question.'

'You have saddened me, Ferdinand,' said Sir Robert, after a pause.

Mr. Walcot raised his shoulders and smiled sadly. It was evident that he had said all he had to say, and was sorry it had been so much. There was a long silence. The baronet rose and went slowly to the window; the girl had left the garden, and the light of the moon was on the trees, the tops of which rocked and vibrated more than ever.

'There is a terrible storm at sea, I am sure, Walcot. Hush—is that thunder?'

'No, it is a minute gun.' As he spoke the door opened, and in ran a fair-faced, blue-eyed lad of about nine years old.

'Oh, Papa! oh, Mr. Walcot! There is a shipwreck off the Point!'

The boy's words were significant of much. He had called Sir Robert, who was but his step-father, Papa, as indeed he might well do in return for much loving treatment: and he had then addressed himself to Mr. Walcot, as being the master of the house *de facto* if not *de jure*, and the person to be appealed to in every emergency. The flushed face and glowing eyes of the speaker betrayed intense excitement.

'If there is a shipwreck there is danger to some poor souls, Frank,' said Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'You should be sorry rather than pleased at such a catastrophe.'

'Oh, but indeed, Papa, I am sorry, only——'

'Only we young people are a little thoughtless, eh,' put in Mr. Walcot. 'We are apt only to think of ourselves, even though what is fun to us (as in the case of the fable of the Frogs) may be death to others.'

'Don't let us say "Death,"' said Sir Robert, gently. 'And if it be so, how can the young picture it to themselves? We are not angry with *you*, my boy. If there was any one on board that unhappy ship in which you had any interest or connection you would feel sorry enough, I know—— You smile, Ferdinand. What is it?'

'Oh, nothing; I was only smiling at human nature. As it happens there *is*, in all human probability, on board this very ship some one connected with our young friend; but then it is not likely to be a pleasant connection. Lady Arden expects the new governess from Bristol to-morrow. She should arrive there from the Continent by sea to-night.'

'Good heavens, I had forgotten that, but so, of course had Frank; else his conduct would have been heartless indeed.'

Again Mr. Walcot shrugged his shoulders and smiled his pitying smile.

'You expect too much of poor Humanity,' he said; 'you have been taught to look for too much.'

'That is true, indeed,' said Sir Robert, with a deep sigh. 'There was no one like my Madeline for thinking of others, nor ever will be.' He sat down in his chair again, as though quite forgetful of his intention to go out, and covered his face in his hands. The thud of another storm-gun broke the silence, and once more roused him to a sense of the occasion. 'Come,' said he, 'let us do what we can; it is well to remember the dead, but we must not forget the living.'

CHAPTER III.

FROM THE QUAY.

WHEN the two men entered the hall for their coats and wraps they found all the rest of the family about to start on the same exciting errand—that is, all the able-bodied ones, which did not include 'Baba' Nicoll (aged three and a half), nor Lady Arden herself, who never trusted herself to the tender mercies of the night air (in the country), and objected to all excitements (such as shipwrecks) which were not of a strictly fashionable kind. Notwithstanding her thick Ulster and hard cap, and the great fur scarf that was wound round her shapely neck, Evelyn looked distractingly lovely, as she would have equally done in the shovel hat of a bishop or a coalheaver, for her beauty was such that attire did not so much become her as she it. Cousin George, as she called him (though, of course, they were not relations), used to admire her most in the rough costume that the wind and weather of Halcombe necessitated, and had dubbed her (almost everybody at the Hall had a nickname) 'the Fair Smuggler.

Milly Nicoll (her real name of Millicent was absolutely forgotten—the only record of it being at the Register Office in Marylebone Church, where she had been christened) was two years junior to Evy, and therefore but one year beyond the age described by the poet as 'bashful fifteen.' But no one but a poet could have called her 'bashful.' She was about to become so, it is true—'Tomboys' always do so in due time—but for the present she was like an untamed colt, shaggy as to her hair, which was of a deeper brown than her sister's; wild, though tender, as to her hazel eyes; and as to her limbs a very tarantula. Yet, strange to say, in that perpetual motion of theirs, there was never a false concord —the least awkwardness.

She had equipped herself, on this occasion, in a pea-jacket of Cousin George's, and with her sailor hat, and ever twinkling legs, looked like that marine young person whose gallant conduct under fire was rewarded, as the bard informs us, by the First Lieutenantship of the gallant *Thunderbomb*. Curiously enough, that ballad was Milly's favourite poem (indeed the only one she cared about), and those stirring lines

> Which, when the Captain comed for to hear of it,
> Very much applauded what she'd done,

were frequently on her lips.

Frank himself, with his delicate eager face, and large, soft, restless eyes, scarcely looked more like a sailor boy than his two sisters, which was the cause of much domestic 'chaff.' He had what others beside his mother termed a 'heavenly temper,' but the way to ruffle it was to 'call him out of his name,' to address him in place of Frank or Franky as Finella, or still worse, by its contraction 'Nellie.' He would bear it from the godfather who gave it him (Cousin George), but from

no one else; though oddly enough the first syllable of it, euphonised to 'Fifi,' was an address to which the young fellow would answer with the greatest docility.

It is not to be seriously contended, of course, that these three young people were starting out upon a rescue expedition; but nevertheless each was provided with something or other—if it was but a flask of brandy—that might be of use to some half-drowned wretch if opportunity arose; and if their eagerness had something of delight in it all genuine students of human nature will forgive them. They were looking on no 'sinking ship and praying hands,' it must be remembered, but only going vaguely forth on an errand of high excitement, and of which, as it happened, they had had no previous experience. It was curious and very striking to mark the comparative calmness of the air while the little party crossed the lawn and made their way up the terrace at the back of the Hall, and then to compare it with the fury of the blast that met them on the hill-top. It had blown in the door that led through the garden wall into the churchyard, and was streaming through the aperture like pent up waters through a suddenly discovered channel. 'Fifi,' who was first, went down before it, as though it had been a volley of musketry, and he the first stormer in the breach. The two girls only saved each other by an involuntary embrace and a flank movement (very hurried and confused) behind the sheltering wall. Then Sir Robert moved forward, throwing a word of raillery to the young ladies, upon their pusillanimous conduct. His fate would have been the worst of the four, for the wind whisked him off his legs, and would have laid him as prone as Frank, without that young gentleman's ability to pick himself up again, had not a strong arm linked itself with his at the critical moment.

'Union is strength, and a twofold man is not easily withstood,' said Walcot in his ear as he landed him on the right side of the wall, and with his back to it. It was characteristic of the man to imply that the other was giving him aid in return for his own, instead of being, as he really was, an additional burthen. Frank came after them with a rush, and was instantly flattened against the wall by his stepfather's side, like a small placard beside a large one.

Then Mr. Walcot went back for the ladies; Milly at once seized him by the coat-tails and hung on, and with head depressed and body bent he charged the pass and brought her through triumphantly.

In view of its success Evelyn would, perhaps, have adopted the same simple plan, but Mr. Walcot did not give her the opportunity: doubtless, being a great stickler for the proprieties, he thought it indecorous; he took her left hand in his, and with his right arm round her waist, bore her steadily, if somewhat slowly, through the breach. This Thermopylæ of the winds being thus carried, progress, though very difficult, became possible; the church itself afforded the little party some oblique protection, as they made their way through its God's Acre. This spot would to a stranger's eyes—who did not happen to have a tornado blowing into them—have afforded a curious spectacle. There were but a few homely graves in it; but one corner of it was devoted to the reception of the bodies of poor shipwrecked souls who had been from time to time cast ashore on the rocks below. To these it could hardly have been expected that the parish should supply gravestones; but pious hands had done what they could. Large sea shells were laid on every swelling mound to mark the fate of him who lay beneath it; and in some cases the figure-heads of the lost vessels had been set up by way of monument. One of these, the bust of a young person without raiment, the *Erin*, of Bristol, stood out from the sacred soil

in a manner which, by moonlight, had a very striking effect, and had once frightened a new curate almost out of his wits; his ideas (running in a Scriptural direction) having led him to imagine that she was anticipating the Resurrection Day.

It seemed wonderful, indeed, with that tempest howling and roaring over the long grasses of their graves, that the dead themselves could lie so quietly; for all the powers of the air were abroad that night and working their wild will on earth and sea and sky. The moon was at the full, but was only visible by fits, when the hurrying masses of grey clouds left her pale face clear at intervals of unequal duration. A great master of word-painting has described the wind as coming into 'a rocking town and stabbing all things up and down;' but to no town-dweller can be conveyed an adequate conception of the force and fury of that element as it rages on such a coast as that which lies around Halcombe Point. The very land seemed to shudder as it swept across it; the sea grew livid under its ceaseless scourging. As far as the eye could reach, from the hill above the Point, was a world of wild, white waters, the foam of which was dashed upwards in sheets fathoms high, and carried inland in sharp sleet.

On this white surface there was but one object, from which ever and anon there flashed a jet of flame, succeeded by a dull thud—a hoarse cry for help that it lay not in human power to give; it looked, and was, but a black, inert mass, a broken plaything, of which the storm had not yet tired; but it had been an hour ago a gallant steamship, prompt to obey its master, man. The wind was now the only power it acknowledged, and it was being driven before it at headlong speed towards the Point. The little party, huddled together for foothold, gazed on this spectacle with awestruck eyes.

'Poor souls, poor souls,' cried Sir Robert. 'Good God, can nothing be done?

'Nothing,' answered Walcot, gravely. 'She will go to pieces when she touches the rocks.'

'Thank heaven, here is Mr. Dyneley, with some men,' ejaculated Evy, looking back.

Mr. Dyneley is a clergyman, Miss Evelyn,' answered Walcot, with the least touch of scorn, 'but he cannot work miracles.'

'He has, however, brought the mortar apparatus,' observed Milly, naïvely.

And, indeed, as the tall, brown-bearded curate drew nigh, they could see that he was followed by half-a-dozen stalwart men, who dragged behind them the implement in question.

'A sad sight, Sir Robert,' bawled the curate (for indeed every one spoke at the full stretch of their lungs); 'but if the ladies can bear to look at it you had better bring them down to the mill.'

This was the saw mill, of which we have already spoken, built upon the very edge of the harbour, and the only place for miles upon the coast in which on such a night shelter could be found.

'You are always right, Dyneley,' said Sir Robert, approvingly, 'do you take charge of one of the girls.'

With a diffident, hesitating air that contrasted rather comically with his stature and proportions, the young curate was about to offer his arm to Evy, but Mr. Walcot, who stood beside her, was quicker in his movements, and took possession of that young lady, leaving her sister to fall to the other's share.

Thus they moved down the hill together to the mill, from the windows of which could be obtained almost as good a view of the driving ship as from the hill itself, but, nevertheless, such was the excitement of the little party, that they preferred to stand outside, sheltered only in a very moderate degree by the low stone wall of the quay.

The vessel, we have said, was approaching the point very rapidly, but not in a direct line; it was possible that she might just skirt it, and go ashore a few score yards beyond. In this case her destruction would not be so immediate, but, on the other hand, the life-lines could hardly be shot over her from the apparatus. The curate and his men, however, had everything in readiness; you would have said, to judge by their resolute and earnest faces as they stood beside the mortar, that they were about to defend their native soil against the attack of a foe. Mr. Walcot, too, faced the cruel blast with stern eyes and knitted brow, except when he dropped a word of exhortation to be of good courage to Evy; but Sir Robert and the young people wore looks of fear and pity, and more than one of them already repented that they had come out with a light heart to behold so sad a scene.

'Do you know the ship?' asked the curate of the man beside him. He himself had been on the coast for years, but to his landsman's eyes the shattered mass before him was but a black and shapeless hulk.

'It is the *Rhineland*,' answered the other, confidently, 'the steamer that plies between Rotterdam and Bristol,'

'You may say "that used to ply,"' put in another—it was John Jenkins, parish clerk, who plumed himself on employing terms of accuracy—'for she will never make another voyage.'

'Do you hear *that*, Mr. Walcot?' exclaimed Evelyn, in terrified accents, 'it is the *Rhineland*; that is the boat that poor Miss Hurt is to come by.'

'*Was* to come by,' murmured Mr. Jenkins, fortunately beneath his ordinary ecclesiastical tones, so that the amendment was inaudible.

The huge hull came flying on, like some mighty sea-bird on a broken wing, for whose discordant screams the shrieking of the wind might easily have been taken; her mainmast and rigging could now be clearly seen standing out against the moonlight; without a rag of sail or puff of steam, her ghastly and spectral form was hurrying on, when her headlong course was suddenly arrested; the crash of rending timber was mingled for an instant with the roaring of the storm, and a white shroud of foam enveloped her and hid her from sight.

'God of Heaven, she has foundered?' exclaimed Sir Robert. The two girls uttered a scream of anguish.

'Nay, I still see her," cried the curate, eagerly.

'She is on the Lancet, sir,' said a coastguardsman. 'The wind must have shifted a point to have took her there.'

The Lancet was a long sharp line of rocks, about two hundred yards from shore, but quite disconnected with it, the waves always covered it, but at low tide—which was now the case—only a few inches.

The hull looked considerably higher now than she had been in the water, the wind and waves having probably carried her bodily on to the ledge; nevertheless, in her stationary position, the sea, climbing and raging about her at its will, seemed to devour her more completely even than before.

'Is the position altered for the better by this, Marley?' inquired the curate anxiously.

'She may hold together now for a few hours,' answered the coastguardsman; 'but she will go to pieces at the flow.' He was an old sailor, and his mind was fixed on the fate of the ship rather than on those it carried.

'I mean as respects the poor souls on board, man,' continued the curate, with some asperity.

'In my opinion nothing can save them, sir. If the men at Archester have already put out the lifeboat, it is possible they may be here in time; but not otherwise.'

'But is it not probable they have done so?'

'No, sir; they must have known from its position (judging from the sound of the guns) that the ship would

be ashore hours before they could reach her; and of course they did not take into account the chance of her grounding on the Lancet.'

'A swift horse, even with this wind across him, would reach Archester in an hour,' soliloquised the curate. 'I am a heavy weight; but then I know how to ride, which these men don't. —Might I take your bay mare, Sir Robert?'

'Of course, my dear fellow; and don't spare her. Ten pounds a piece from me, mind, to every man who mans the lifeboat, but don't volunteer yourself, Dyneley; Halcombe can't spare you.'

The compliment was lost on him for whom it was intended, for the curate was already on the slope of the hill.

'He's a rare good plucked one,' observed Mr. Jenkins, approvingly, 'and allus was.'

'Especially at the University,' muttered Mr. Walcot, not so low, however, but that Evy, who was still his close companion, could catch the sneer.

'I can now stand by myself quite well,' said she, withdrawing her arm. The tone was as unmistakable as the action, and signified not only mere disapproval, but disgust.

'A thousand pardons, Miss Evy; I did not intend my little joke to be overheard.'

'I don't think this is a time for jokes, Mr. Walcot.'

'Or rather, Miss Evy,' returned the other, tartly, 'do you not mean that Mr. Dyneley is not a fit subject for them. I had forgotten that a certain Divinity doth hedge a curate in some people's eyes.'

'When he is doing God's work, I think it does so,' answered Evelyn, sharply. 'You are always trying to turn Mr. Dyneley into ridicule.'

'I am very sorry; I had no idea he was under your particular protection; of course if it had been George, I should have known better than in your presence to have taken such a liberty with him. You are his natural defender; but in Dyneley's case I had no idea——'

She turned away from him with a face of scarlet, and fixed her eyes upon the wreck, as it could now in truth be called. Yet for the moment she was not thinking of the vessel, nor even of its unhappy crew. She was full of pity for them, but a still deeper feeling than pity had been stirred within her.

"I think I see figures upon the rigging,' observed Sir Robert, anxiously. 'Is it not so, Marley?'

'Yes, sir; the sea has found its way into the hull, and some poor souls have taken to the shrouds.'

'To the shrouds?' murmured little Frank, trembling with awe. He knew that shrouds and death were somehow associated.

'Yes, my boy,' said Sir Robert, kindly. 'They will thus, for the time, be out of the reach of the waves, and let us trust that they will be able to hold on there till help arrives.'

Mr. Marley shook his head with a grunt. It was his manner of expressing disagreement with the baronet's opinion. They might hold on indeed up in the cross-trees and elsewhere for an indefinite time, but it was not possible, he meant to imply, that the ship could hold together.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NIGHT WATCH.

THE storm had abated nothing of its ferocity, yet none of the party at the Point thought of going home. It seemed to all of them, though they could do nothing in the way of help, that it was a forsaking of these poor drowning creatures to quit their post. But the Hall folks did leave the quay, and withdraw into the mill, from the windows of which they continued to watch the doomed vessel.

'Was not this poor Miss Hurt,'

asked Sir Robert of Mr. Walcot, 'to have come to us last month instead of now?' The baronet knew almost nothing of the domestic arrangements at the Hall, which were effected without any consultation with him by his wife—not, however, without some indirect assistance from Mr. Walcot. He never 'meddled,' but her ladyship, who was of an indolent disposition, had always the advantage of his advice, and to say truth it was generally valuable. Mr. Walcot hastened to explain.

'No, Arden, you are confusing Miss Hurt, the German governess, with Annabel Spruce, who, but for some indisposition, was to have come last month to be the young ladies' maid.'

'Oh, yes; I remember my wife said you had recommended her.'

'Nay, it was not quite that. The young person was spoken of very highly by a common friend of ours; indeed I think she mentioned her to Lady Arden first. I never set eyes on her but once in my life; but her story touched me, and would have touched you, with your tender sensibilities, even more. You remember the Swintons who lived at Makerly Hall; our dear Madeline used to rather like them, you know.'

'Did she?' he sighed. 'I had forgotten—and yet I thought I had forgotten nothing in connection with her. Yes, I remember the name of Swinton. This girl, then, was in service with the family.'

'Oh, no; it is a much stranger history. The old man had a son who died at college, and after his death it was found that he had left an illegitimate child. This was Annabel Spruce. His mother was anxious to adopt her, but the old man would not hear of it.'

'Dear, dear,' said Sir Robert. 'It was a difficult case as to morals, but I hope he was not hard upon her.'

'Well, something was done for the child; but Mrs. Swinton died first, and her wishes were no longer attended to.'

'That was abominable,' exclaimed Sir Robert. 'The wishes of the dead ought to be sacred.'

'Of course, that is your view, Arden: but all men are not cast in the same mould. This girl, then, fatherless, and, as it happened, not perhaps so unfortunately, motherless also, was left utterly unprovided for at her grandfather's death. A friend of Lady Arden's did what she could for her—put her in service and so on; but she is now out of place. She has the highest character from her employers. There is nothing against her except the misfortune of her birth; and I judged that that would not be an objection in your eyes.'

'You judged well, Walcot; and my wife also—it was the more creditable in her, however, being a woman.'

'Ah, you know human nature, Arden. It is, as you say, to Lady Arden's credit that this poor girl is her *protegée*. But it is as well that the circumstances of the case should be kept to ourselves.'

'Certainly; though it behooves those who know them to be all the kinder to the girl on that account——Do you know anything of this poor Miss Hurt?'

'Nothing whatever, except that she, too, is an orphan girl, highly accomplished, I believe, who has been recommended to Lady Arden by a German friend.'

'I fear she will never touch English soil,' said Sir Robert, glancing at the foam-covered wreck.

'I fear not; still if she is doomed to meet with so unhappy a fate I had rather it happened now, while she is unknown to us, than after she had been under your roof.'

'Our sorrow would be more personal, of course, in that case.'

'Yes; but I was thinking of Annette Roy. She was poor Madeline's governess, you know; the one that was lost on her passage to Havre, with her father, at Christmas time. Did she never tell you about it?'

'Yes, yes; but my memory is not what it was. I remember it but very dimly.' He spoke with a nervous eagerness uncalled for, as it seemed, by the occasion. 'What was it?'

'Well, it was a strange story; this Annette was an old-fashioned little woman, who dressed in a mob-cap, and looked like a buy-a-broom girl. She was very particular about all her little possessions, and when she went away that Christmas left a huge box in one of the attics with a written notice on it that it was not to be opened till her return. She never did return, and her father who was drowned with her was the only representative she had in the world; so the question was, What was to be done with the box? However, nothing was done. It lay untouched for a year until a certain bill for her happened to come in from some tradesman by whom it had been forgotten; when it seemed only reasonable that this should be discharged by the sale of her effects. On the day that my father had come to this decision one of the maids who had only been with us a few months ran down to him, half frightened out of her wits, to say that there was a strange woman in the attic. She said "she stared at her like a dead creature, and had a baggy lace cap on.'"

'Yes, yes,' said Sir Robert, 'I remember it all now; my poor Madeline saw the figure herself.'

'Well, she thought she saw it,' replied Mr. Walcot, 'I am slow to believe such stories. Still occurrences of that kind are disagreeable in a house; and whether they occur or not they are easily imagined. That is why I said I am glad for your sake that this was poor Miss Hurt's first voyage rather than her second. When any inmate of a house comes to a violent end superstitious ideas are always suggested.'

'I would prefer to say that spiritual conditions are likely to be induced, Walcot,' answered the other, gravely. 'If, for instance, instead of my sweet Madeline having expired tranquilly in my arms, such a fate as that of yonder poor creature had overtaken her, I should, I know, have been haunted by her dripping form, her fair hair draggled in the brine—pshaw; I tremble to think of it.'

There was a look of horror on Sir Robert's face at least as marked as that which the spectacle of the shipwreck had at first evoked on it; it was curious under such circumstances that Mr. Walcot should have pursued the subject; but perhaps he thought the opportunity for the administration of a little pure reason was not to be thrown away. His silence might have seemed too like adhesion to the other's fantastic views.

'I think you should say, Arden, that in the case you put you would have imagined yourself to be so haunted. When the feelings are deeply moved the Imagination becomes a slave to them.'

'One is obliged to believe the evidence of one's own senses,' answered Sir Robert gloomily.

'I do not see the necessity. Moreover, some of our senses are more liable to deception than others.'

Sir Robert waved his hand with a deprecatory air. 'I know what you are hinting at, Walcot, and appreciate your good intentions. It is no use arguing the matter, and especially'—here he threw a glance at the young people, who were crowded at the other window—'since we are not alone. It is enough for me that I know what I know.'

Mr. Walcot uttered a sympathising sigh, and was silent. Nothing was heard in the almost empty chamber—the only room the Mill afforded not used for the purposes of trade—but the roaring of the wind and the rattling of the window frames. The minute guns of the ship had long ceased to fire, and, indeed, so far as matters could be made out, the sea had made a clean sweep of her.

Presently there was a knock at the

door, and a short, thick-set man, with a shawl wound about his neck, presented himself. He held his cap in his hand, and thereby displayed a head covered with red stubble mingled with grey.

'The mistress says,' observed he in a strong north-country accent, 'that it is very late for the young ladies and the bairn to be out of doors, and the sooner they gang hame the better.'

Sir Robert looked displeased. This gardener's rough manner always annoyed him, but for that very reason he passed over certain misdemeanours in the man—especially a fondness for nips of whiskey at premature hours—lest he should act harshly towards him through prejudice.

'That was not her ladyship's own message, Groad,' remarked Mr. Walcot, severely.

'Well, no, sir,' the man's voice took a more respectful tone at once, though it was far from deferential, 'I took the mistress's order from Mr. Beamish.'

'And why didn't Beamish bring the message himself?'

'Because all the breath was out of his body before he got to the kirkyard wall, sir,' grinned the gardener. 'He was blowed down flat—or at leastways as flat as his shape permitted—by the wind in the wicket gap.'

'O, Papa dear, *don't* send us home,' pleaded Frank, removing for an instant his sharp thin face fron the window pane to which it was glued in rapt excitement. 'I do so want to see the lifeboat come.'

'And I,' echoed Milly; 'I am sure I could never get a wink of sleep till I knew what is to become of those poor creatures yonder.'

'You can know that, Missie, by just putting a word to any coastguardsman,' observed Groad, slowly; 'they all say as they'll be drowned.'

'If it is God's will, man, it will be so, and not otherwise,' exclaimed Sir Robert, reprovingly. 'What do you think, Walcot, about the young people going home?'

Before Mr. Walcot could reply Evelyn interposed, 'Of course, if mamma wishes it we will go home, but she does not understand that we are in shelter here; and I do think that neither Milly nor Frank will get much rest till they know what happens to these poor people. Baba was sound asleep when I came away, so that we have only ourselves to look after.'

'It will be a good many hours,' said Sir Robert, doubtfully, and looking at Mr. Walcot.

'Still, as Miss Evelyn says,' replied the latter gentleman, 'the young folks are too excited to go to sleep. And if they could get refreshments—' Here the door opened again, and admitted a good-looking young fellow bearing a small hamper on his shoulders.

'I have brought some bread and butter and things from the farm,' said the new comer, 'which Mr. Dyneley sent down, Sir Robert, with his compliments; and he says if a bit of fire was lit here he thinks a cup of tea might be of advantage to the young ladies.'

'That is the very thing,' said Sir Robert; 'now the garrison is victualled for the night. Thank you, Gilbert, it was very thoughtful of Mr. Dyneley, very.'

'Well, yes, sir: and he hadn't much time to think of anything either. I met him coming to the Hall stables, and saw him start off on the mare like a flash of lightning. She'll take him to Archester if four legs can do it, but the wind is mad upon the moors to-night and that's the truth.'

'Get some sticks, Groad, and light the fire,' said Mr. Walcot, in a more authoritative voice than he was accustomed to use, even out of Sir Robert's presence. He was a little annoyed, perhaps, by the forethought which the curate had exhibited in sending supplies from his own lodging at the Manor Farm.

John Groad obeyed, though with a very ill grace; lighting fires, except

in a hot-house, being, as he considered, an operation exceedingly derogatory in a head gardener at eighty pounds a year. He brought the sticks, 'as cross as two of them,' as Gilbert Holme afterwards observed, and even produced a kettle and coals. In a few minutes the apartment lost much of its cheerless aspect, and Master Frank found his attention divided between the shipwreck and an impromptu repast. Their exposure to the wind had given him and Milly a vigorous appetite, but the others only took a cup of tea.

'How I wish,' sighed Evy, 'I could give a draught of this to those poor shuddering souls upon the wreck; it seems quite shocking to be warm and have no wants, while they are perishing yonder of wet and cold.'

'Tea would do them little good I fear, Miss Evelyn,' said Mr. Walcot. 'They are past that by this time. There is plenty of brandy for them on the quay, however, if they ever reach it.'

'May it please God that they may,' observed Evelyn, fervently.

Sir Robert said nothing; his eyes were fixed upon the casement, but his finger was raised mechanically, as if for silence.

'What is it, Arden?' inquired Mr. Walcot in a whisper.

'She is speaking to me,' replied he, in the same under tone. 'I heard her say, "Robert, Robert."'

'You mean you imagined you did; pray remember we are not alone.'

'Yes, yes: that makes no matter to her, however. It was a more cheerful voice than usual, Walcot. It seemed to say, "Be of good courage." I believe these people will be saved.'

(To be continued.)

STEWART'S CANADA UNDER LORD DUFFERIN.*

Sir Francis Hincks, in a *brochure*, published some months since, expressed his surprise that no constitutional history of Canada, in English, had hitherto been published; and Sir John Macdonald, in a speech on the Quebec crisis, delivered only this year, urged, with greater point than compliment, 'that, in this age, the people do not know the history of their time.' Both these complaints are well-founded; yet the reason is not far to seek. No writer who desires lasting fame as a historian is willing to expend his time and abilities upon a thankless task; and no man can write the annals of the times in which he lives, with general acceptance, because whether he be fervid or phlegmatic, the result must be substantially the same. In the one case he will find himself assailed by an army of hostile sharpshooters, and, in the other, his work will neither delight partisans, nor possess, of itself, sufficient vitality to preserve it from an early death.

Almost all historians are, from necessity, more or less party men, and there is no power on earth to restrain them from remaining such, when they take up the pen and attempt to transcribe the events, not merely of the present time, or their own country, but of days far remote, and nations long since passed away. The diversity between Macaulay and Hume or Lingard has its analogue in the contrast between Grote and Mitford. In matters colonial, the student of civil polity and constitutional history has

**Canada under the Administration of the Earl of Dufferin.* By GEORGE STEWART, JR., Author of 'Evenings in the Library,' &c. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company. 1878.

still greater difficulties in his path. What these are may be indicated, rather than enlarged upon, by a quotation from Lord Dufferin's lengthy despatch on 'the Pacific Scandal' dated August 15th, 1873 :—'Unfortunately, in this country, party animosity is intense, and the organs of each side denounce the public men opposed to them in terms of far greater vigour than those to which we are accustomed in England. The quarrel at this moment is exceptionally bitter.'

Now the Earl of Dufferin's Administration, although unusually brilliant, covered some political crises which were 'rugged,' if not 'awful.' It was his singular power of personal attraction that alone saved him and his rule from many a severe jolting in mind, if not, as with Lord Elgin, in body. It was the suavity, the genial temper of His Excellency which enabled him to get over these rough bits of 'corduroy' road, and perhaps to enjoy all the more, by comparison, the even highway lying beyond. The lines in Horace (*Sat.* ii. 7. 35) so often quoted, seem almost written for a Canadian viceroy :

> 'In se ipso totus, teres atque rotundus
> Externi ne quid valeat *per leve* morari,
> In quem manca ruit semper Fortuna.'

How Lord Dufferin's 'polish' saved his vice-regal fortunes and made his career seem 'complete, smooth and rounded' when the critics reviewed it as a whole, Mr. Stewart has clearly shown in this handsome volume; and he has performed his duty with skill, tact and discretion. Constitutional questions have been at once the malady of Canada and the cause of its robust political health; and they will crop up now and again, to rally the patient and to harass biographers. The noble Earl who has just left our shores had his share of these vexations, as a maker, rather than a chronicler of history, and has happily survived to learn that, after all the worry, they do no more harm to the doctor than to the invalid.

The history of the theory and practice of what is known as 'Responsible Government' would, if satisfactorily written, be full of instruction, not only in Canada, but other British Colonies, and even at headquarters in Downing Street. Not to go back to those antediluvian times 'while the ark was a-preparing' under the auspices of Lord Durham, it is clear that it was, for many long years, only a shaky bark on the troubled waters of political strife. Lord Sydenham was not spared long enough to do more than launch the vessel; and perhaps, if he had, some perilous snags might have been encountered on the voyage. He was not over conciliatory in his dealings with the Lower Province, had a wholesome hatred for all who had any sympathy with the movement culminating in the Rebellion, and endeavoured to fuse parties which were as likely to unite as oil and water. Sir Charles Bagot's efforts to act loyally to the principles of Parliamentary Government were cut short by disease and death; and then came Sir Charles Metcalfe, who tried to put the brakes on, when the car of progress was toiling up hill, and nearly succeeded in upsetting both the coach and its driver.

It was to Lord Elgin that Canada owes the real fruition of this constitutional scheme, and in spite of the abominable usage received from a people he so loyally served, he lived to overcome the ill-tempers of the hour, and to leave the Province, highly respected and, by those who knew him, deeply beloved. Like the subject of the work under review, he possessed peculiar geniality of temper and grace of manner, and survived any temporary unpopularity he had been so unfortunate as to incur. He ended his career too soon, where Lord Metcalfe served an unlucky apprenticeship as Governor—in India. Nearly a decade after the period of Lord Elgin's troubles, Sir Edmund Head unhappily got into constitutional hot water; but his

successors, Lords Monck and Lisgar, by an unswerving adherence to duty, were saved the anxiety and humiliation of partisan attack, chiefly perhaps because party men had found work more patriotic to their hands.

The Earl of Dufferin reached Canada on the 25th of June, 1872, and but little more than a year elapsed before his qualifications as a constitutional ruler were somewhat roughly called in question. Into the 'Pacific Scandal' *per se* it is not necessary to enter; Mr. Stewart gives all the documents and also a very fair and unbiassed commentary upon them. It is not at all likely that any Canadian Minister will again venture to err in a similar way. It is true that no hands, held up on either side of the House, were particularly 'clean' after the elections of 1872, and that the agents and the means of securing evidence employed on behalf of the Opposition were disreputable; but the fact that the moral instincts of the people, however much they were morbidly excited, were deeply stirred by the sins of those who had been found out, is sufficient to prevent their commission in future. The agitation of that time has purified the moral atmosphere, and the 'Pacific Scandal' will go down to posterity, as a 'negative instruction' forever, to use the words of Junius, not 'as a pattern to imitate, but as an example to deter.'

The constitutional question raised was a collateral one, and in no way connected with the merits of the case. Matters stood in this position when the new issue was raised, to which it was not only sought to make Lord Dufferin a party, but also to attach him as a partisan. A full and fair account of the whole subject is to be found in Mr. Stewart's third chapter, and only one or two facts need be noted here. On the 2nd of April, 1873, Mr. Huntington formulated his charges, in a somewhat vague manner, and moved for a Committee of investigation. This motion, as one of non-confidence, was rejected by the House, on a division by a majority of thirty-one. On the 8th a motion for inquiry, introduced by Sir John Macdonald was carried, and a committee of five, Messrs. Blake, Blanchet, Cameron, Dorion and Macdonald (Pictou), was named by the House in the ordinary way. The question of oaths then came up, and a Bill passed, with the approval of all parties, to authorize this Committee to administer oaths to all witnesses. Sir John Macdonald expressed some doubts as to the constitutionality of the measure, but acquiesced in its passage.

His Excellency, who had hitherto remained a silent, yet anxious spectator behind the scenes, now appeared for the first time. He had readily assented to the Bill, and it became law; but, in fulfilment of a duty imposed upon him both by law and his instructions, he transmitted a copy of it to the Colonial Office, with an expression of his own opinion that the act was not *ultra vires.* This despatch was of course, not seen by the Canadian public at the time, but so soon as the words 'Oaths Bill disallowed,' were flashed across the cable, much to the surprise of His Excellency, the 'hot haste' with which the measure had been sent home formed the first of the complaints against him. He was, in fact, denounced for a faithful discharge of his duty and because he did not conceal the Bill in his pigeon-holes, until it had served its purpose, whether constitutionally, or the reverse, being a matter of no consequence. There now remained no course open but one of two, either a continuance of the Committee's proceedings without the administration of oaths, or the appointment of a Royal Commission. The first course was obviously unfair to the accused ministers, and became more flagrantly so as the doubtful character of the witnesses and their more than doubtful mode of collecting evidence appeared, little by little.

Meanwhile Parliament, early in

July, had adjourned to the 13th of August, so as to save the Committee from dissolution. To this both sides of the House had agreed in the clearest and most explicit manner. In order to enable the Committee to prosecute the inquiry, an adjournment, instead of a prorogation, was resolved upon; still, the Committee apart, it was to have all the effect of a prorogation. Members at a distance were assured from both sides, that the meeting on the 13th prox. was to be merely a *pro formâ* one, and on that solemn assurance and compact, the majority left for their homes—some on the Pacific Coast, others of them in the Maritime Provinces of the Atlantic.

Before the 13th arrived, the Oaths Bill had been disallowed, and what was more to the purpose, public feeling had been raised to fever point, and kept there, by an ingenious publication of documentary evidence in parts. It was highly important, therefore, to the Opposition, that a blow should be struck before the iron had ceased to glow upon the anvil. Accordingly on the day appointed for the prorogation, ninety members of the House or ten less than the half of it, served upon the Earl of Dufferin the request, couched in the language of a demand, that he would not prorogue Parliament. The reply of His Excellency (p. 206) was what might have been expected from a constitutional ruler; he resolved to adhere firmly, and, at all hazards, to the straight path of duty marked out by Lord Durham, and trodden loyally by the Earl of Elgin. It served also as a practical commentary on His Excellency's views on a Governor's functions, contained in his Halifax Club address of less than a week before. (pp. 193-197). How the representatives of a party historically identified with the struggles and triumphs of 'Responsible Government' could seek or expect any different answer, passes comprehension.

These gentlemen, however respectable in point of numbers and ability, did 'not form,' as His Excellency pointed out, 'a moiety of the House of Commons;' and, more than that, when Parliament was not sitting, they merely exercised the right of petition possessed by all British subjects, Technically, of course, the Session had not terminated; but in fact it had been brought to a close six weeks before, as effectually as if its prorogation had then been declared. To hold the contrary view is to proclaim that political honour and good faith may be preserved or violated at will. Now what was the Governor-General asked to do by a minority of the House? First, to break a compact deliberately made, and to which he had become a party in Council. Secondly, to drive from office a Cabinet which, so far as he was constitutionally informed, still possessed the confidence of the House and of the country, at the bidding of an irresponsible minority of members, who, *quoad hoc*, were not members at all, but private subjects of the Queen. Thirdly, to dismiss his advisers first, as if he were convinced of their guilt, and then have them tried afterwards by a packed House of political foes, on evidence not fortified by the sanctity of an oath.* The Opposition members of the Committee, be it observed, had already prevented the constitution of that Committee into a Royal Commission by their refusal to act—although that measure would have served every

* What His Excellency's personal impressions were at that time may be gathered from a few sentences in his despatch to Lord Kimberley of the 15th of August. After inserting the celebrated telegrams, his Lordship observes :—'But for the appearance of the foregoing documents, I doubt whether so great an impression would have been produced on the public mind by the statement of Mr. McMullen. I myself have no knowledge of that gentleman, and have no right to impeach his veracity, but it is manifest that many of his assertions are at variance with Sir Hugh Allan's sworn testimony, while others have been contradicted by gentlemen whose credibility it would be difficult to impugn. Even with regard to the documents themselves, it is to be observed that they were neither addressed to Mr. McMullen, nor to any one with whom he was associated, and that they could scarcely have come into his possession by other than surreptitious means. They do not, therefore, necessarily connect themselves with those nefarious transactions to which Mr. McMullen asserts he was privy.'

legitimate purpose, by preserving its responsibility as a Committee, while endowing it with the disputed power of taking evidence on oath. All that need be said upon the course taken by the ninety signatories to this address is, that if a minority of one branch of the Legislature could so bring about a change of Administration, there would soon be an end to constitutional government altogether.

This subject has been dwelt upon thus at length, because Lord Dufferin's views and practice as a ruler are likely to be lost sight of in the more attractive speeches delivered during his progresses over the Dominion. The brilliant rhetoric of the officer in undress will no doubt survive in the memory of most Canadians those less showy but substantial merits his Excellency displayed in the discharge of higher and more important duties pertaining to the vice-royalty. When Mr. Mackenzie assumed the reins of power in November, 1873, Lord Dufferin gave additional evidence of his strict impartiality by a loyal devotion to his new advisers. The dissolution of Parliament, recommended by the Premier, was certainly a hard measure from the Opposition standpoint, but it was one which the new Ministry had a right to ask, and which Lord Dufferin, true to his constitutional principles, granted without demur. In the matter of the North-West Amnesty again, he exercised the Royal prerogative of mercy on his own responsibility, partly because the question had become a matter of Imperial concern, and partly because his advisers had been placed in an embarrassing situation by the acts or words of their predecessors, rather than from any fault of their own. The British Columbia *imbroglio* again enabled his Excellency to display a chivalrous concern for the honour and good faith of his advisers, in a vigorous and exhaustive speech at Victoria on the 20th September, 1876. There in an address, logical and convincing in its matter, and almost passionate in its expostulations, his Excellency stood between Mr. Mackenzie and calumny or misunderstanding, with an effect as telling as it should be abiding.

There is no reason for entering again upon the vexed question involved in the dismissal of M. de Boucherville and his colleagues of the Quebec Ministry. Most people will be content to rest satisfied with the authoritative opinions of Mr. Alpheus Todd, the learned Librarian of Parliament, and Sir Francis Hincks, the veteran statesman, who have the best right to speak with weight upon a constitutional question. Lord Dufferin, faithful to his views of Parliamentary government, declined to interfere with the Lieutenant-Governor. The introduction of the subject into the Dominion House was, although strictly legal, on the whole unfortunate. Sir John Macdonald's speech was worthy of his best days; but it was inconclusive, simply because none of his precedents were applicable, and all the *dicta* quoted proved nothing his opponents were unprepared to admit. The question involved at Quebec was not one between M. Letellier and the majority of the House at all; it was a dispute between the representative of the Crown and his advisers touching the dignity and the rights pertaining to his office. All questions and, it may be added, all motions asserting the general principles of 'Responsible Government' were simply beside the question. The plain issue was this: Is a Governor, whose office has been treated with disrespect and himself dealt with as if he had no existence, without any constitutional means of redress? If not, then in what way can he obtain redress but by the dismissal of his Ministry? In his speech, able and forcible as it was, Sir John Macdonald singularly enough ignored the only precedent strictly relevant. Indeed, the right hon. gentleman seemed never to have heard of it. His last cited instance was of 1835,

and he added, 'such a case has not occurred since then.' Yet Lord Palmerston's resignation was demanded by the Queen in 1851 on precisely the same grounds as those upon which M. Letellier dismissed the De Boucherville Administration at Quebec, not much more than a quarter of a century after.*

In taking leave of these purely political subjects, upon which opinions will still be divergent, one cannot but express regret that the Governor-General's name and dignity should have been dragged forcibly into the arena, so often as they have been. It would be ungracious now to refer to the partisan attacks made upon Lord Dufferin simply because he, conscientiously and impartially, performed his duty. Still, although they are half-forgotten, and perhaps entirely repented of, by the partisans on both sides, they remain in the national memory and will be recorded in the historical annals of Canada, upon tablets more enduring than brass. What Lord Dufferin called the 'peculiar animation' of the press in this country, may be a sign of national vigour, but it is one also, at times, of unscrupulous passion and unreasoning partisanship. Now that the 'Pacific Scandal,' so far as it was beneficent, has done its perfect work, it may be wise not to forget that the Viceroy, who, by vigorous determination, withstood the storm that threatened him with annihilation by paper pellets of the brain, was the faithful guardian of the constitution and preserved it intact in spite of those who were its clamorous, not to say officious, defenders.

So much space has been devoted to constitutional matters that the space yet remaining is much too limited for any adequate reference to a phase of Lord Dufferin's Administration concerning which there can be no difference of opinion. In an Address at the Montreal banquet, early this year, His Excellency remarked: 'After all, the Viceroys of Canada are but ἀμενηνὰ κάρηνα—fleeting shadows and evanescent *eidolons* that haunt your history, but scarcely contribute a line to its pages. Should we leave behind us a single kindly memory—should our names hereafter mark a date, or identify a period, it is the most we can aspire to. Half a column of a biographical dictionary would suffice to exhibit the sum of our united achievements; so imperceptibly do we come and go, play our small part, and fade from off the scene.' This passage has all the tender melancholy of tone which suggests, rather than speaks, a regretful farewell. Still whatever truth there may be in these remarks as a general observation, Lord Dufferin has proved that a Canadian Governor-General can strike out a path for himself which he may traverse, like the minstrels of old, making the heart-strings of the people thrill with an unwonted melody destined to echo through the corridors of memory during years that are yet to be.

To the toilers of the sea, the mine, the prairie, the forest or the city, politics are, after all, of less account than the sympathy, the encouragement a genial and kindly Viceroy may bestow upon them. An honest grasp of the hand, a tender smile on a kindly woman's face—a feeling of human kinship in all ranks, for ranks there are everywhere, are to most of us, far more than reams of *Hansard*, or floods of editorial ink. Evidently, when Lord Dufferin left his warm-hearted native country, he had already marked out the social path he proposed to make for himself and her Ladyship, as firmly as he had resolved to preserve the old land-marks of the con-

* The explanations, with Her Majesty's previous note of warning, are in *Hansard;* but they are more readily accessible to the general reader in the Rev. Mr. Molesworth's popular 'History of England from 1830 to 1874,' vol. ii., p. 372. It is not a little remarkable that Sir John Macdonald's quotation touching the ignorance of people in regard to contemporary history is taken from a recommendation of Mr. Molesworth's work, by John Bright, and inserted to face its title page.

stitution. The progresses of their Excellencies over the Dominion were not settled at hap-hazard. In the autumn of 1872 they were spying out the land, and reached so far over the western peninsula, as the point where, as his Lordship remarked, both the corn and oil abound. In 1873, they traversed the Maritime Provinces ; in 1874, Muskoka, Parry Sound, and the Upper Lakes, taking on the return Chicago, Detroit, and our own thriving cities and towns of Ontario from Sarnia and Goderich to Ottawa. In 1875, on a visit to England, His Lordship sounded the praises of Canada at the 'Albion' in London and wherever opportunity served. In 1876, he was at the other end of the world on the far Pacific, surveying the beautiful scenery of British Columbia. In 1877, he reached Winnipeg and discoursed with French, English, Russian Mennonites, Norse Icelanders, Indians and Half-breeds. In 1878, a more formal visit to Montreal, a tour in the Eastern Townships, with a rapid farewell to Ottawa, and a splendid epilogue at Toronto, closed perhaps the most memorable achievement ever successfully performed by any British Viceroy, even in India.

It would be vain to attempt even to characterize the merits of the addresses delivered *en route.* Happily they are preserved in Mr. Stewart's work, with the advantage of his Lordship's personal revision. To it the reader must be referred. No one who now reads them in their collected form, can fail to recognize the broad humanity—the love of all his kind, irrespective of creed, colour or condition—which breathes in every page. Endowed with all the goodness of heart, all the genial affability, all the sense of humour one would expect in a grandson of Sheridan, there are not a few traits of character which were wanting in the grandsire. Such are the balance and evenness of temperament, and that lovable domesticity not always combined in a mind so versatile. An acquaintance with their homes, their needs, their aspirations, and even their weaknesses was Lord Dufferin's key to the hearts of all Canadians. With that vivid penetration which in some gifted minds seems to be an instinct, his Excellency knew, at once, what his audience were, what they felt and what they wanted, and could clothe all in graceful and polished words, which at once interpreted his sympathy and gave him a place in their affections.

One added element in his Lordship's success was the graceful partner and the happy home he could show glimpses of, ever and anon, to the people. Nothing touches the hearts of the English people—using that word in its broadest sense, for lack of a better—than a picture of home happiness and home virtues. It is true that there is a sacred enclosure about the hearth which only the grossest rudeness would attempt to enter. In Canada, notwithstanding their sincere and grateful regard for her Ladyship, it may be hoped that the Earl of Dufferin has not encountered amongst Canadians much of that American familiarity with a man's domestic privacy, of which he more than once complained. The people of the Dominion were content to know, by that unerring instinct which, in the mass of men, supplies the want of deep logical acumen, that the home, into which they had no desire to pry, was a united and singularly joyous one. The unity of effort for the public good, of desire to learn, not less than to teach, and to please and divert, as well as to instruct, marked every step in the Canadian life of their Excellencies; and, although her Ladyship's genial and kindly share in the common work was externally unobtrusive, everyone felt, and was gratified in feeling, that when his Excellency spoke of education—especially of female culture, of manners, of morals, of æsthetic refinement, and the pursuit of art—he expressed not less her Lady-

ship's feelings and aspirations than his own. In the public mind neither could be, for an instant, dissociated from the other.

There is much more of interest in this memorial of a most successful vice-regal career a reviewer would desire to note. The work itself, however, contains in their best form, both text and commentary. In taking leave of Lord and Lady Dufferin, the people of Canada feel that they have lost warmly attached friends to each of them and to all, and, as his Lordship once remarked, it is no slight achievement to have won the esteem and affection of an entire nation. Having traversed the British domain in North America from ocean to ocean, having listened to the wants, sympathized with the toils, and lightened the burdens of all sorts and conditions of men, they have left our shores amid the gratitude, respect and lasting regret of them all. It is not too much to say that these feelings are deep, abiding, and universally felt over all the vast expanse of the Dominion, from the mines of Vancouver or the scarred and rugged slopes of the Cascade Range, far east to that sea-girt island, where once, from the citadel of Louisbourg, the royal lilies flung out their proud defiance to the foes of France and Acadie.

WM. J. RATTRAY.

BERLIN AND AFGHANISTAN.

BY PROF. GOLDWIN SMITH.

IT is with the aristocratic, Tory and Jingo England that we in Canada are brought most into contact. This is the England of which the journals are chiefly quoted by the leading organs of our press. But it ought not to be forgotten that there is another England, the England of industry, of commerce, of science, of domestic progress, of peaceful enterprise, of popular education, of philanthropic effort, of Liberal opinion, of rational self-defence and a foreign policy of good will; the England with which, after all, the Canadian people surely have most in common. This England is Anti-Jingo, and recoils from the path of filibustering aggrandizement into which the Jingos are trying to drag the nation. Scotland is Anti-Jingo; so in the main is the North of England herself, the chief seat of her industrial activity and political intelligence. The elections and the journals show it. The *Scotsman*, for example, has been steadfastly Anti-Jingo. Since the beginning of the crisis and the development of the Tory foreign policy, the elections, both Parliamentary and Municipal, have, on the whole, gone against the Government. Evidently the Government, if it dared, would dissolve Parliament and go to the country for a new lease of power, but it dares not. That you may be true to England without being Jingo—that the more true you are to England the less Jingo you will be—is clearly the opinion of at least half the English nation.

It is not to be forgotten either that two Ministers have seceded from the Jingo Cabinet, protesting both against the wisdom and against the morality of its course. Lord Derby, till he seceded, was cried up by the party as the wisest of Foreign Ministers, while everybody has confidence in the honour and rectitude of Lord Carnarvon.

Forty years ago England played her natural part as the leader of free nations by promoting the emancipation of Greece. She now opposes the extension of emancipation alike in the case of the Greeks and the other nationalities which are struggling to

throw off the Ottoman yoke. What is the reason of this change? The reason is that in 1828 the way to India was round the Cape of Good Hope, now it is by the Isthmus of Suez. To secure against hostile interference the passage by the Suez Canal, political death must reign round the Eastern Mediterranean, and the Eastern Mediterranean itself must be made a British bay. The surest mode of effecting these objects is to prop up the Turkish Empire and to defend it against the struggling nationalities and their champions. This is the Eastern Question, and the whole of it, so far as Jingo England is concerned. India in danger has been the cry throughout the Eastern Crisis, as it was in the Crimean War. Liberal England is still what it was; it is still on the side of emancipation; it wishes, instead of holding down the oppressed nationalities under a barbarous yoke, to take the lead in setting them free, and to make friends of the powers of the future.

In the repression of the nationalities England has one ally and coadjutor. Austria had a reason for her existence as a sort of imperial federation of the communities of Eastern Christendom while Christendom was threatened by the arms of Islam. She has no reason for her existence now. She has long been a mere power of reaction. Italy has cast her off. Germany has cast her off. She still feels herself in constant danger of dissolution, and knows that the growth of any young nations in her neighbourhood, especially of Slav nations, will further shake the crazy edifice of her empire, and precipitate her doom.

England, a nation eminently civilized, eminently moral, full of humanity and benevolence, England, who but yesterday gave birth to a famous group of philanthropists and social reformers of all kinds, who at a great cost abolished slavery, and still crusades against the Slave Trade, who in the past has delighted to be called the protectress of the weak, and, above all, of struggling nationalities, is thus constrained, by the fell exigencies of conquest and of Empire, to do utter despite to her nobler self, and to uphold against struggling liberty and humanity the reign of despotism—the brutal despotism of the horde—of polygamy, slavery, concubinage, fatalism, and all the foulness and the desolation which they bring in their train, over some of the fairest regions and the most interesting communities of the world. I say nothing of Christianity, except that the chief English supporters of Islam in the East are in England the chief supporters of the Established Church, which they defend against religious equality, on the ground that it is essential to the maintenance of Christianity, and that Christianity is the moral life of the nation.

In the despatch written by Sir Henry Eliot, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, to his Government after the Bulgarian massacres, are these portentous words:—

'We may, and we must, feel indignant at the needless and monstrous severity with which the Bulgarian insurrection was put down, *but the necessity which exists for England to prevent changes from occurring here which would be most detrimental to ourselves is not affected by the question whether it was 10,000 or 20,000 persons who perished in the suppression.* We have been upholding what we know to be a semi-civilized nation, liable, under certain circumstances, to be carried into fearful excesses, but the fact of this having just now been strikingly brought home to us cannot be sufficient reason for abandoning a policy which is the only one that can be followed with due regard to our own interests.'

Whether it was 15,000 or 20,000 Bulgarians that had perished, mattered not. It mattered not whether they had perished by simple massacre or in the most hideous tortures, and after enduring outrages worse than death.

It mattered not, for example, whether it was true that babies had been nailed to gates. The system which was necessary to the selfish objects of English policy must be maintained. A passage so frankly vile could scarcely be found in the archives of any other nation. And the writer was not rebuked; he remained the trusted representative of England at Constantinople, and the special organ of the Prime Minister and the dominant party in the Cabinet.

After this naked avowal of the real motive, it is needless to discuss pretexts. It is needless to ask whether it was in order to save civilization from Muscovite barbarism that England upheld the worst barbarism in the world. It is needless to ask whether the real cause of British Turcophilism was the 'gentlemanliness' of the Turk, as all British snobs affected to say, or the generous tendency of Englishmen to sympathize with the weaker side. Whether that tendency is universal and uncontrollable we have seen in the case of the Indian princes; we have seen in the case of the poor Chinese, when they tried to resist the importation of opium; and we are now seeing in the case of the Ameer. Sympathy with the weaker side was the reason given for taking the part of the slaveowner, as it is for taking the part of the Turkish oppressor. Was not the Negro, is not the Bulgarian, weak?

As to saving civilization from Russian barbarism, let us hear the special correspondent of the *Standard*, the leading Tory and Jingo organ:—

'There are, of course, many here who declare that Russia will continue to act as she acted before the war, and will foment intrigues in the provinces which she has left to the Sultan, until she has gradually led up to the final catastrophe. This may be so, but if I were a Turk I should dread the good conduct of Russia more than her misconduct. By intrigue she may doubtless destroy the Turkish Empire; but the task will not be unattended by difficulty, and cannot be rapidly accomplished; whereas, by carrying out the Treaty fairly, and in the spirit in which she claims to have framed it, she may destroy the Turkish Empire with ease.

'Let us assume—and the assumption is not an extravagant one—that during her two years' occupation of Bulgaria she succeeds in establishing a good government, in providing for the future maintenance of order, in giving security to life and property, and in framing an equitable system of taxation. If she does this the population of the province will be largely augmented by immigrants, its natural resources will be developed, and its wealth will be vastly increased.

'Is it reasonable to suppose that the people of that part of Roumelia which is left to the Sultan, will not envy the lot of those who are growing rich in that part which is taken away from him? Is it probable that the inhabitants of Adrianople, 150,000 in number, will be content to look out across the Maritza into a land flowing with milk and honey, and not sigh for the removal of the political barrier which shuts them out from it?

'I was talking yesterday with an Englishman who has lived in this country for many years, and who knows it and its rulers well. "The Turks" said he, "ought to have allowed Adrianople to be included in Bulgaria. They would have gained largely by thus parting with it. I see how hard it would have been for them to have given up the first capital of the Ottoman Empire, but still they should have made the sacrifice. Adrianople would soon have grown wealthy under Christian rule, and out of trade between it and Constantinople the Turks would have gained a large revenue." Now if my friend's view be correct, I want to know how long Adrianople will be content to be deprived of the means of growing wealthy? Is it probable that Salonica with its 70,000 in-

habitants, will be content to stagnate, while a new maritime city rises into life and power and wealth in its immediate vicinity? And if Russian rule produces the same results in that part of Armenia which is to be ceded to Russia—if Batoum and Ardahan, and Kars and Bayazid, become rich and flourishing towns—is it to be supposed that the people of Trebizond and Erzeroum will not pine for annexation?'

So then it was not civilization that was to be saved from barbarism. It was barbarism, that, being congenial to English policy, was to be saved from the dangerous contagion of Russian civilization. And how long do the Jingos suppose that this game can be played? Can they doubt that a policy, as abominable as ever was that of reactionary Spain, is sure, like the policy of Spain, to meet its doom?

Evidences of the character of Ottoman rule, and of the moral and social effects of the system which British ambition is upholding, have been accumulated till the world is weary of them; and the fact that the oppression was intolerable has been solemnly attested by the Europe assembled in Conference at Constantinople. Nowhere are the proofs more abundant than in the writings of Sir Austin Layard, then traveller and impartial observer, now British Ambassador, and charged to support the Turk. But I will venture to give one pregnant extract from 'A Journal kept in Turkey and Greece,' by Mr. Senior, who was celebrated as a trained and accurate inquirer, and who assuredly had no religious prejudices of any kind. The passage is in the form of a dialogue between Mr. Senior himself, X., a European resident at Smyrna, and Y., a European physician at the same place:—

'But,' I (Mr. Senior) said, 'there was a time when the Turks were rich and prosperous. What difference is there between their national character then and now?'

'As respects hope,' answered X., 'ardour, self-reliance, ambition, public spirit, in short all that makes a nation formidable, the difference is enormous. Until the battle of Lepanto and the retreat from Vienna, they possessed the grand and heroic but dangerous virtues of a conquering nation. They are now degraded by the grovelling vices of a nation that relies on foreigners for its defence. But as respects the qualities that conduce to material prosperity, to riches and to numbers, I do not believe that they have much changed. I do not believe that they are more idle, wasteful, improvident and brutal now than they were four hundred years ago. But it is only within the last fifty years that the effects of these qualities have shown themselves fully. When they first swarmed over Asia Minor, Roumelia and Bulgaria, they seized on a country very populous and of enormous wealth. For 380 years they kept on consuming that wealth and wearing out that population. If a Turk wanted a house or a garden, he turned out a Rayah; if he wanted money he put a bullet into a handkerchief, tied it in a knot and sent it to the nearest opulent Greek or Armenian. At last, having lived for three centuries and a half on their capital of things and of men, having reduced that rich and well-peopled country to the desert which you now see it, they find themselves poor. They "cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed." They use the most mischievous means to prevent large families; they kill their female children; the conscription takes off the males, and they disappear. The only memorial of what fifty years ago was a populous Turkish village is a crowded burial ground now unused.'

'As a medical man,' said Y., 'I, and perhaps I only, know what crimes are committed in the Turkish part of Smyrna, which looks so gay and smiling, as its picturesque houses, embosomed in gardens of planes and cypresses, rise up the hill. I avoid, as much as I can, the Turkish houses,

that I may not be cognizant of them. Sometimes it is a young second wife who is poisoned by the older one; sometimes a female child whom the father will not bring up; sometimes a male killed by the mother to spite the father. Infanticide is rather the rule than the exception. No inquiry is made, no notice is taken by the police. What occurs within the harem is a privileged mystery. A rich Turk, my patient, was dying of heart complaint. He had two wives, a Greek and a Turk. He suffered much and gave much trouble. His wives were all gentleness and affection in his presence. But their imprecations against him when they had left his room were horrible. The Turkish wife said to me one day, "You know that he must die. It is a pity that he should kill *us*. Can you not give him something to shorten his misery? We would make it worth your while." I have no doubt but he suspected them; he kept imploring me not to leave him. "He was sure," he said, "that he would not live long if a Turkish physician visited him." Probably he was right.'

To ask such a race to reform itself is to ask it to cease to be.

That an end should be put to Ottoman rule and its effects had become the peremptory behest of humanity. That an end could not be put to it by the efforts of the oppressed people themselves, without the intervention of a foreign power, all Liberals lamented, as they had lamented that Italy could not achieve her own independance without the intervention of France. But England had made this impossible by supplying the Turk with loans that enabled him to maintain a standing army and a great fleet. Our ancestors, held down by the standing army of James II., had to call in William of Orange. In that case, also, the motives of the deliverer were mixed; but closely to scrutinize the motives of the deliverer is not necessary, provided the work of deliverance be done. As to the conspiracies with which the Bulgarians were charged by the British upholders of the Turk, no doubt the Bulgarians did conspire with their friends abroad against tyranny at home in 1875, just as the English conspired with their friends abroad against tyranny at home in 1688.

The Emperor Alexander was the natural protector of the sufferers, as the head of the race and religion to which they belonged; as the greatest philanthropist and emancipator on any throne, he had earned a title to a fair construction of his motives; he, in common with the other signatories of the treaty of Paris, had a special claim, if not a technical title, to justice in the premises, in addition to the rights of kinship, religious sympathy and humanity. By calling the Conference of Constantinople, and by his subsequent appeal to each of the powers to give effect to the demands made by them jointly at that Conference, he exhausted the pacific means of obtaining redress before he drew the sword; he carried into effect his professed object by liberating the Bulgarians, as far as the jealousy of England would allow him; and he took as indemnity for his immense sacrifices no more than France and other powers had taken in like cases. There has been nothing in his conduct throughout this transaction to justify the belief that it would not have been the part of wisdom, as well as of humanity, to co-operate with him in pressing reform upon the Porte, instead of leaving him to enforce it separately by war. His personal desire for peace was attested in the strongest terms by both Lord Salisbury and the British Ambassador at St. Petersburgh; and he had recently given his only daughter to England as the pledge of a desire for amity which we cannot imagine to have been feigned. It was said that he could not be sincere in his professions as a liberator because he was keeping

Poland in chains; but the Polish scandal was inherited, not made, by him; and England believes herself to have been sincere in her professions when she liberated Spain from Napoleon, and when she emancipated the negro, though all the time she was holding down an oppressed and writhing Ireland. If perfect consistency were indispensable to sincerity, few indeed could claim the credit of being sincere. That Alexander deceived England as to his intentions is a calumny; before he passed the Balkans he frankly communicated to the British Government the terms which he intended to enforce, the same substantially which were afterwards embodied in the much-decried Treaty of San Stefano; and the British Government at that time entered no protest, but, on the contrary, thanked him for his communication. No power has accused him of deception but the one which was hostile to him from the beginning.

If, with the desire of the Slav and the Christian to avenge the cause of his kinsmen and co-religionists, there has mingled the desire of a great and rapidly growing inland nation to gain access to an open sea, this may be selfishness in a certain sense, but surely it is not for England to cast the first stone. That the Dardanelles shall be closed in order that England may dominate securely in the Eastern Mediterranean is a claim to which other nations can at all events hardly be expected to defer out of respect for the unselfishness and moderation of the claimant.

When the war began, all the powers of Europe declared their neutrality; all but one honourably observed it. The Tory Government of England had made the Conference of Constantinople miscarry by keeping Sir Henry Eliot, as the organ of the policy advocated in his despatches, at the ear of the Porte; by privately assuring the Turkish Ambassador that it would be no party to coercion; and by allowing, and, it cannot well be doubted, inciting the whole of the Ministerial press to write against the object of Lord Salisbury's mission and abet the Turk in his resistance. It again displayed its animus when the war broke out by launching, alone of all the powers, a hostile manifesto against Russia, in which it preposterously accused her of creating the difficulty by putting her army or part of it on a war footing, as though there would have been the faintest hope of bringing the Turk to reason if he had not seen that some means of coercion were prepared. Another manifesto took Egypt practically under British protection, while she was allowed to send her forces to fight against the Czar. During the war, the neutrality of Tory England was just what that of the Tory party had been during the civil war in the United States. Moral support of every possible kind was given to the Turk, and Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador, acted openly as the bottle-holder of the Porte. His bottle-holding cost the Porte rather dear, since at the crisis of its fate he persuaded it to decline moderate terms of peace. When the fortune of war brought the Russian army near the enemy's capital, the British fleet was ordered up, in violation of the Treaty of Paris, on the pretext of protecting British life and property, which had never been alleged to be in danger.

All this time the Jingo orators and the Jingo press poured without ceasing upon the Czar, his army, and his people a torrent of slander and insult just like that which had been poured by the same party on the North and its soldiers during the American Civil War. 'Booty and beauty,' the wholesale violations of women, the dreadful massacres, the prison camps full of Confederates starved to death, the stories of cowardice, vileness and infamy of every kind—we had them all over again with immaterial variations. And the hero of these Bayards all the time was Baker Pasha! The very

same charges of cruelty and brutality which the Turk, who was the only authority, made against the Russians, are now made by him against the Austrians; but Jingoism turns a deaf ear. It is as well proved as any fact of the kind can be by the evidence of British and German officers as well as by that of newspaper correspondents, that while the Turks regularly refused quarter, murdered the wounded and mutilated the dead, the Russian armies, during those campaigns, gave quarter, usually treated the enemy's wounded in the hospitals like their own, and committed no excesses but those which always attend the cruel steps of war.

For the gift of his daughter to England, the Emperor Alexander was repaid by Mr. Martin, the English Court biographer, with the third volume of the life of the Prince Consort. In that volume there is an attack on the Russian soldiery, in the shape of an extract from a letter written from the Crimea, so gross and venomous that the reader, when he sees it in such a work, can scarcely believe his eyes. This passage and the book generally are not unlikely to cost blood if Alexander's son, less gentle and pacific than his father, should mount his father's throne. History will do justice on these calumnies. Amidst all the trickery, all the treachery, all the solemn technicalties, all the hollow bombast and vainglorious fanfaronading of the High Mightinesses and High Mountebanks, the Russian soldier, by his valour, his endurance and his discipline in the murderous days of Plevna, and in the terrible marches through the Balkans, has wrought a solid work of deliverance for humanity. It may be true that he fought and bled in obedience to the command of his Czar, and under the impulse of his peasant faith, with very imperfect light as to the real nature of his mission; but perhaps a being endowed with a vision larger than ours might say pretty much the same of the life's work of us all.

In the imbroglio which ensued upon the promulgation of the Treaty of San Stefano, England, for the first time, had recourse to that vilest and most dangerous of all the instruments of national ambition, a mercenary soldiery. Till then the Sepoys had been kept for India, or at all events for the East alone. Amidst the loud applause of all Jingos these barbarous and savage hirelings were now mingled with the British army and brought on the European scene to add, at some future day, new crimes and horrors to European war.

Then came the Congress of Berlin. That Congress was to be an august international tribunal, an 'Areopagus' of Europe, deciding all questions not by the rule of force but by the rule of right and public law, a great example to a violent and intriguing world. To prove that force was not to prevail in the assembly all the weaker nations were excluded from the outset. Next, when the Congress met, it was found that the chief questions had been already settled behind its back, by agreements entered into with felonious secrecy between the several powers. Two of these agreements were sprung upon the Congress at the time, and others are evidently in reserve, though Sir Stafford Northcote styles them 'only confidential communications.' Strong Areopagites—England, Russia and Austria—took what they pleased; everything weak—Greece, Bulgaria, Roumelia, Crete, Montenegro—went to the wall. England, in proof of her disinterestedness and as a rebuke to all selfish and hypocritical ambition, filched Cyprus from the ally, the integrity of whose Empire she was in arms to defend. Egypt she would have taken, had not France growled. It was not for the purpose of holding stock in a French company that four millions were paid for shares in the Suez Canal. Cyprus, however, was not all. Mr. Forbes, in his famous article in the *Nineteenth Century*, has proved with superfluous

cogency that the island is of no use for the purpose for which it was ostensibly taken, that of defending the Turkish frontier in Armenia. It is of no use for the purpose of defending the Turkish frontier in Armenia, but it may be of more use as a starting point for the gradual annexation, under the guise of protection and reform, of the Asiatic dominions of England's confiding client. Such is the hope which Jingoism does not scruple to avow.

It is necessary always to bear in mind that at least half England is against this policy. For it are the drawing-rooms, the clubs, the stock exchange, the music halls, the taverns and the rowdies to a man. Against it is most of the intelligence and the real manhood of the nation. The Tory government, as has been already said, is conscious of this, and shows its consciousness by recoiling from the test of a general election for which it had manifestly begun to prepare.

As a final settlement the Berlin Treaty was a total failure. To arrive at a final settlement, from the point of view of the framers, it would have been necessary to arrest the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire; and to arrest the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire you must transform the Turk. This diplomatic edifice, lauded as the masterpiece of statesmanship, was built on a foundation which was rushing down into hopeless ruin.

From Berlin to Afghanistan. The wisest men in the councils of British India have always been, as Lord Lawrence is now, opposed to unmeasured aggrandizement, and especially to pushing the frontier of the British Empire aggressively up to that of Russia. Russia, they know very well, will never attack British India if she is only let alone. She has enough to do and room enough to expand in her own sphere. But the Jingos in those councils have always craved for the annexation of Afghanistan. Forty years ago, being in the ascendant, as their political heirs are now, they made the attempt, on the ever-ready pretext of counteracting Russian intrigue, though the reports of their own envoy at the Court of Cabul, in their genuine form, were against the design. The result was terrible disaster. Then the despatches of the envoy, who had himself perished, were laid before Parliament with the damning passages cut out. Many years afterwards, authentic copies of the despatches were discovered and the fraud was dragged to light; but by that time the ashes of those who had perished in the Khyber Pass were cold.

The Ameer has a perfect right, as an independent prince, to refuse to receive an envoy from a power which he mistrusts. He knows, from the examples of other Indian princes, that the envoy would not be an ambassador but a master. It is idle, however, to discuss the ground of quarrel. Jingoism is bent on striking a blow at Russia and effecting the coveted annexation at the same time. In every country but one the hearts of all who love justice and hate iniquity will be on the side of the Ameer. Of course if he ventures to resist, he will be crushed, and he and the gallant mountaineers, of whom he is the chief, will be trodden down with the other two hundred millions into that general mass of spiritless, featureless and hopeless servitude, which owns the sway of the Empress of India.

The people of England have reposed in the belief that conquest, which in all other cases had been a curse both to the conqueror and the conquered, might be and was in their case a blessing to both. They have fancied that the Indian Empire was conducive at once to their own aggrandizement and to the elevation of the Hindoo. The hideous reality now stands unveiled before them. They know now, or are beginning to learn, that the state of the Hindoo peasantry under their rule is one of utter misery and despair. India, though some of her products

are gorgeous, is as a country very poor. Her native manufactures have been killed. The bulk of her people are small cultivators, whose income is estimated at little more than seven dollars a year per head for the whole population. This is starvation point, and the people are brought below that point by the taxation. England takes no tribute in a direct form, nor do her officials steal as they did in the days of Warren Hastings; on the contrary, remarkable purity reigns in her administration. But the burden of taxation required to maintain a great army of occupation, to keep up a civil service on an enormously expensive scale, every member of it being paid exile price and pensioned besides, to build military railroads, to maintain all the other apparatus of conquest, and to supply the means of Imperial aggrandizement, is enormous; and it is increasing every year. Under its steady and unrelenting pressure the ryot is being ground down more effectually than he could be by irregular exaction; and his outlook is now desperate. 'I again state here,' says Mr. Hindman, in his article on the Bankruptcy of India, in the *Nineteenth Century*, 'what I have stated before, that this taxation so increased is levied from a people who are becoming poorer, and consequently is becoming more and more crushing in proportion to their means. Whenever the Government examines into the circumstances of a particular district, there this same appalling fact is found, that so far from becoming richer, the ryots are losing what little means they had, and are falling fast bound into the grip of the usurers.' In regard to the district of Cawnpore, Mr. Halsey says, 'I assert that the abject poverty of the average cultivator of this district is beyond the belief of any one who has not seen it. He is simply a slave to the soil, to the zemindar, to the usurer and to the Government. On the first symptom of scarcity in this province lately, thousands immediately died or came upon the hands of the Government.' There is a chorus of witnesses testifying the same thing as to different districts. Whether it was four millions or only a million and a quarter of these wretches that died in the late famine, nobody can exactly tell.

Twenty millions sterling England drains away from poverty-stricken India. Then, in a great famine, she gives back one sum of £400,000, and calls upon the world to witness her immense generosity. The Indian Government provided relief, no doubt. But out of whose pocket? Out of the pocket of the Hindoo.

The ryot being able out of his hunger and nakedness to yield no more to the British taxgatherer, the Government would be bankrupt were it not for the opium trade. Eight millions sterling a year are raised by forcing poison, physical and moral, on the Chinese. The opium trade is not merely a trade licensed by Government, it is a government trade. Semi-civilized but paternal, the Chinese Government struggles to save the bodies and souls of its people by keeping out the hellish drug: the British Government forces it in at the point of the bayonet and has compelled the Chinese Government to permit its importation by a special clause in the treaty of Tientsin. English Christians appeal to the Indian Secretary, Lord Salisbury, who professes to be pre-eminently Christian and High Church, against the continuance of the iniquity. Lord Salisbury tells them that the traffic 'is questionable in principle, but is bound up with our finance.' All the wars with China have been opium wars, though under the pretext of 'national honour.' In the hideous annals of conquest, there are things more ferocious, there is nothing more deeply vile.

What are the relations between the dominant and the subject race? Is the presence of the Englishman ex-

ercising a beneficent and civilizing influence on the Hindoo? Hear Lord Elgin.* 'It is a terrible business, however, this living among inferior races. I have seldom from man *or woman* since I came to the East heard a sentence which was reconcilable with the hypothesis that Christianity had ever come into the world. Detestation, contempt, ferocity, vengeance, whether Chinamen or Indians be the object. There are some three or four hundred servants in this house. When one first passes by their salaaming one feels a little awkward. But the feeling soon wears off, and one moves among them with perfect indifference, treating them, not as dogs, because in that case one would whistle to them and pat them, but as machines with which one can have no communion or sympathy.'

Of a murder of a Hindoo by one of the dominant race, Lord Elgin says that 'it was committed in wanton recklessness, almost without provocation, under an impulse which would have been resisted if the life of the victim had been estimated at the value of that of a dog.' Of another case he says—'The other day a station-master, somewhere up country, kicked a native who was, as he says, milking a goat belonging to the former. The native fell dead, and the local paper, without a word of commiseration for the native or his family, complains of the hardship of compelling the station-master to go to Calcutta in this warm weather to have the case inquired into.' It is not altogether wonderful that it should be necessary to secure by a gagging act the loyalty of the Indian press. So far from being bridged over, the gulf which separates the two races is always growing wider. Increased facilities of communication with England make the Anglo-Indian more than ever a mere sojourner without interest in the country over which he rules. In this respect the British Empire in Asia essentially differs from that of Russia. The Russian Empire is not a distant conquest, it is a natural extension over adjacent territory sparsely occupied by unsettled tribes, incorporating as it advances, and turning the people into Russians.

Then comes an insurrection or a mutiny. Insurrections and mutinies as Sir James Stephen serenely tells us, are inevitable incidents of Empire; and so no doubt he would say are the butcheries which attend their suppression. Some wretched tribe, placed between death by fiscal extortion and death by the sword, flings itself on the sword. A body of barbarian mercenaries, whose fidelity can only be secured by vigilance, is left without the proper complement of officers to watch and control it. At the same time its superstition is alarmed by an aggression, or fancied aggression, upon its caste. It mutinies; it is put down; and then we have the spectacle of a Christian nation rioting in butchery under the name of necessary vengeance. The massacre of the people of Delhi by Nadir Shah is one of the monster crimes of history, but Lord Elgin says, on authority which he deems trustworthy that it was exceeded in real cruelty by the British reign of terror in the same city. A Sepoy regiment which had not so much mutinied in the proper sense of the term has been seized, as barbarians are apt to be, by the contagion of frenzy, and upon being summoned had laid down its arms, was slaughtered like the rest. An English officer, Lieut. Majendie, has told us with great simplicity his personal experiences. Here is one of them. The British officer of a Sikh regiment has been killed in storming a post held by the mutineers; the post is carried and all the garrison cut down but one.

'Infuriated beyond measure by the death of their officer, the Sikhs (assisted, I regret to say, by some Englishmen) proceeded to take their revenge on this one wretched man. Seiz-

* Letters and Journals, p. 199. (Calcutta, August, 11th.)

ing him by the two legs, they attempted to tear him in two. Failing in this, they dragged him along by the legs, stabbing him in the face with their bayonets as they went. I could see the poor wretch writhing as the blows fell upon him, and could hear his moans as his captors dug the sharp bayonets into his lacerated and trampled body, while his blood, trickling down, dyed the white sand over which he was being dragged. But the worst was yet to come; while still alive, though faint and feeble from his many wounds,. he was deliberately placed npon a small fire of dry sticks, which had been improvised for the purpose, and there held down, in spite of his dying struggles, which, becoming more feeble every moment, were, for their very faintness and futile desperation, cruel to behold. Once during this frightful operation the wretched victim, maddened by pain, managed to break away from his tormentors, and already horribly burnt, fled a short distance, but he was immediately brought back and placed upon the fire and there held till life was extinct.'*

These are the soldiers by whom civilization is to be defended against the barbarism of the Muscovite! Englishmen, we see, took part, and others were looking on; such is the effect of Empire on the character of the Imperial race.

The poor villagers of Oude, as Lieut. Majendie truly says, were not mutineers: they were fighting, if they fought at all, for their own country and for their native dynasty. Nevertheless they were involved in the butchery. Lieut. Majendie moralizes on the scene with his usual artlessness:—

'I do not mean to say that we did wrong in shooting down in open fight any man, Sepoy, budmash, villager, be he whom he might, that used arms against us; but I do mean to say that it would have been more satisfactory if for the people of Oude—Sepoys excepted—there had been some mercy and quarter; that they at least should be treated as fair enemies, and that unless proved to have participated in, or connived at, the murder of Englishmen, captives of this class should not necessarily be put to death, but treated as prisoners of war usually are. At the time of the capture of Lucknow—a season of indiscriminate massacre—such distinction was not made, and the unfortunate who fell into the hands of our troops was made short work of—Sepoy or Oude villager, it mattered not—no questions were asked; his skin was black, and did not that suffice? A piece of a rope and the branch of a tree, a rifle bullet through his brain, soon terminated the poor devil's existence.'

Behold the real character of the Empire for the sake of which England is to sully her bright escutcheon, deny her glorious past, and become the enemy of nations.

People wonder that Christianity does not make more way in Hindostan. The converts are few. Yet the religion of Jesus of Nazareth prospers as much as it could reasonably be expected to prosper in partnership with the pride of conquest, the insolence of race, fiscal extortion, massacre, and blowing away from guns. The preachers themselves are imperial. Lord Elgin found reverend gentlemen outheroding even lay terrorists in the ferocity of their sentiments at the time of the mutiny; and he says that if he were to pursue a humane policy in China, the loudest outcries against him would be raised by the missionaries and the women.

To do Jingoism justice, it does not now talk much about propagating Christianity, or even about propagating civilization. It has pretty well dropped the mask and revealed the frank features of the buccaneer. During the whole course of these events there has been, as might have been expect-

* *Up Among the Pandies*, p. 186.

ed, a marked and rapid evolution of Imperial morality.

The native manufactures of Hindostan have been destroyed; the native art has been destroyed; the native germs of progress and civilization have been destroyed; the vigour and variety of the native character have been destroyed. In place of them, India has large consignments of English goods not always the soundest; and a few Hindoos of the wealthier class, varnished with European civilization. Ten years of friendly intercourse with Japan have done more good than a century of the conqueror's rule in India.

And now the Asiatic dominions of Turkey are to be turned into another Indian Empire; so the Jingos boast, and such is evidently the game. Upon those lands, too, a swarm of officials and adventurers will descend, suck out their wealth, destroy every germ of self-development, kill in the bud whatever promise there might be of gifted and fruitful addition to the family of nations, and when resistance is offered, re-enact the massacre of the Sepoys and of the villagers of Oude. This will be the result, unless some power of right interposes and curbs the filibuster of his will. Jingoism has its eye on China too, and when Afghanistan has fallen the turn of China will surely come.

Are the people of England accomplices in these deeds? Not a hundredth part of them even know what is being done in their name. Nor do they share the gain. Not a particle of the plunder of India comes in the shape of increased comfort or happiness into any artisan's or peasant's home. They pay the cost of Jingoism, not only in taxes, but in wars, and enmities which close the hearts and ports of nations against British trade. Worse than this, Empire is sapping by its contact, as it never fails to do, the foundations of free institutions at home. British liberty is in danger of expiring in the deadly embrace of Indian servitude. If Asiatic Turkey, Egypt and China are annexed, the fatal process will be quickened. Retribution always comes at last, though often in the most unexpected forms, sometimes in the form of supreme success. It came to the oppressor of the Negro, and it will come to the oppressor of the Hindoo.

To say that those who wish to arrest their country on the slope down which she is being dragged by unprincipled ambition are bad Englishmen, is to say what great calamities, brought on by the present policy, are likely only too soon to disprove.

A MODERN DRYAD.

BY FIDELIS.

WITH soft blue eyes and curls of gold
And cheeks like a rose leaf, fresh unrolled,
Like a very Dryad of story old,
She smiles at me from her airy hold;
Sunny and bright and fair to see
Brimming with laughter and bounding glee
Is my fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When spring buds, on the branches bare,
Are kissed into life by the sweet spring air,
And rose-flushed clusters, so bright and rare,
Are bursting forth into promise fair
Of the coming fruits, so fair to see,
Fairer still than the blossoms is she,
—My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When the sun of June has turned to snow
The tree that was tinged with a rosy glow,
And over each bough that droops so low
Showers of white petals come and go,
Crowned with the snowy flowers is she,
And she shakes her curls and laughs at me,
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When autumn has brought the October glow
To the rosy apples with hearts of snow
My fairy is ready to merrily throw
Her treasures down to the grass below,
Laughing aloud with joyous glee
As she slyly throws the largest at me,
My fairy who dwells in the apple-tree.

When winter comes, and the tree is bare
Of the last brown leaflet that fluttered there,
And the snow drifts whirl in the biting air,
I know a nest, somewhere, somewhere,
Warmly lined and there shall she
If she's more than a vision—dwell with me—
My fairy who haunts the apple-tree.

RICHARD REALF.

BY W. H.

THE period between February, 1854, and December, 1859, was remarkable in the United States for the appearance of many singular characters, who seemed to have followed the perception of a great struggle, the clouds of which were then darkening the political horizon, to a point where all that was heroic, of body or mind, was in demand. The 'Irrepressible Conflict' between slavery and freedom was narrowing down to actual battle, and the fighting men were rallying. They who fought with arguments; they who poured out torrents of eloquence in speeches; they who reported and execrated the wrong in the newspapers; the poets who wrote fiery songs; the minstrels who sung them; and they who quietly provided themselves with Sharp's rifles for the more deadly and earnest encounter, were on the *qui vive*. The new Territory of Kansas was the immediate battle ground; and thither every heroic philanthropist who was loose-footed repaired. There, with their representative leader, JOHN BROWN, they took up land, built cabins, laid out towns, made settlements of free State men, built school-houses, in which they preached, prayed, and stored their arms and munitions of war, and from which they wrote letters to the newspapers, especially the New York *Tribune*. The City of Lawrence sprung up as if in a night, and some of the ablest and brightest writers for the press, with many lesser lights, lit down there as if in a flock, and made a centre of public opinion, that spread over and permeated the Northern States. It was the great rendezvous of a crusade, to which every 'Peter-the-Hermit' sent his recruits; where they prepared for the strife which ended ten years later.

Among these recruits appeared a young Englishman, who was already known for his genius as a poet, his ability in general literature, and his altogether remarkable career. RICHARD REALF, the subject of this sketch, was born in England of obscure parentage, so poor that they were unable to give him an education of any kind, or even provide him with the commonest necessaries. Somehow, he attracted notice at a very tender age, when he was taken up and provided for at school by Lady Byron, who gave him the benefit of her patronage in a most liberal manner. This lady not only assisted him by ordinary patronage, but supported him with her bounty, as a part of her household, for a time. She introduced him to her literary set, and thus enabled him to bring out a volume of poems, that were received in that and other literary circles with great favour. In this relation he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of such people as the Bishop of Chichester, Charles de la Pryme, who collected and published his verses, Mrs. Jameson, Miss Mitford, Harriet Martineau, Walter Savage Landor, Samuel Rogers, Sheridan Knowles, Leigh Hunt, and Bulwer.

In this position, he told me, he felt like a caged bird, and often chafed to madness under a sense of the weight of chains, which, though golden, he could not endure. He felt that he did not belong to them, and that his relation to his patrons was unnatural and overpoweringly oppressive—so much so, he said, as to degrade him

before himself and crush his feeling of independence to a degree that prevented a sense of gratitude. He characterized his condition as imposing ingratitude upon him as a means of asserting himself against an intolerable humiliation. He spoke of this to me once, with feeling, when he related this incident. Lady Byron had made him a present of a watch, that he valued as her present, but which seemed to him a badge of slavery, but intolerably so on one occasion, when she lectured him upon some departure from the line she had marked out for him. He could not return the present to her, and in the exasperation of his madness he could only find relief by dashing it upon the floor and crushing it under his heel! In the cooler reflection of after years he condemned this conduct, but he could not explain to others the frenzy that swayed him. I have no doubt that much of his life was of the same character—broken, distorted and mad,—like a caged bird that tears itself at a thought of its wild freedom,—an uprooted plant that has been set awry in uncongenial soil, to grow and bloom in fruitless shapes.

His restless spirit could not endure the quiet and restraints of the social condition into which he had been transplanted; and as a thing of course, he left England, to seek—not fortune, but freedom in America. At New York, he entered upon a philanthropic life, in the mission work of the Five Points; where he worked earnestly and industriously for a time, in a subordinate position, till the opening scenes of Kansas beckoned him to a grander and more natural field. Here he joined his fortunes with John Brown, and remained with him or near him, writing letters to the Eastern papers, and occasionally turning off a song or poem adapted to the times. How he was employed in other respects I do not know.

When John Brown came to organize his Provisional Government, under which he designed to take and set Virginia in order, he engaged three or four eccentric young men, whom, perhaps, no one else could have handled, to whom he assigned positions; and among these, Richard Realf was made Secretary of State; and, I believe, most of the writing was done by him. A few months before the attack on Harper's Ferry, Realf, having leisure on his hands, started off on a lecturing tour, in some kind of relation to the Roman Catholic Church. His principal subject, however, was Lord Byron. He was growing into popularity with the more cultivated people of Texas, when Brown was captured at Harper's Ferry, and his plans made public. Realf was in a close place. Far in the heart of the South, and exposed to the fury of a maddened people, his ingenuity was taxed to the utmost to get out; but he managed it, where many a sane man would have failed. He gave out that he had secrets which the South could not afford to lose, and thus not only secured himself against a summary lynching, but procured his transportation over a thousand miles to a place of safety, and got pay as a witness; for the United States' Senate, then under Southern management, sent a Sergeant-at-Arms after him to Texas, who protected him on the way. He really had but little to tell, beyond what was already notorious; still he gave it consequence enough to make it serve the purpose of saving himself and making it pay. On arriving at Washington, he shrewdly contrived to shape his testimony so as to save himself and not implicate his friends; and, thanks to John Brown's sagacity, he really knew but little. He left the Capital with a handsome sum received as witness fees, with which he travelled North, delivering eulogistic lectures on John Brown, who had faced and suffered death with the rarest heroism; which Realf pourtrayed in glowing colours and exalted terms.

After this he spent a few months as a newspaper correspondent. When the war began he enlisted in an Illinois regiment (the 88th), in which he served till he was transferred to a captaincy in the 50th Coloured Infantry, which he left as Brevet Lieut.-Colonel. At the close of the war he declined a commission as lieutenant in the regular army, and soon after enlisted as a private, with the hope, as he said, that a kindly bullet would close the scene. Soon after, he married, unhappily and disreputably, from which he was relieved by a divorce. In 1868, he was teaching a negro school in South Carolina, and soon after held a position on the editorial staff of the Pittsburgh *Commercial.* Thence he drifted to New York, where, having married again, he was reduced to the severest straits to live. His health, and particularly his sight, failed, and he was thrown upon the charity of friends. These interested themselves, and raised the means to send him to California, to retrieve his health and fortune. A recent account from Oakland tells us that he closed his fitful and varied career by suicide, on the 28th of October last.

Thus ended the unhappy story of a broken life, a shattered genius—splendid in the ruins of unavailable talent. Wherever he wrote or spoke, he was brilliant and grand. When he acted he was fated to fail—one of the many wrecks that strew the shores of life's sea, whom we mourn and love, but cannot praise.

What he might have been under other stars we cannot say. Born to poverty, a poet and a chartist, he might, perhaps, have borne fruit, though wild, in his native sphere; transplanted to the aristocratic association of his early patrons, he withered into barren acerbity and fruitless ruin. We point to such lives as warnings of danger, and mourn the loss of what might have been.

Perhaps nothing can tell his story better than this one of his poems—a witness of his talent and his sorrow:

MY SLAIN.

This sweet child which hath climbed upon my knee,
This amber haired, four-summered little maid,
With her unconscious beauty troubleth me,
With her low prattle maketh me afraid.
Ah, darling! when you cling and nestle so
You hurt me, though you do not see me cry,
Nor hear the weariness with which I sigh,
For the dear babe I killed so long ago.
I tremble at the touch of your caress;
I am not worthy of your innocent faith,
I who with whetted knives of worldliness
Did put my own child-heartedness to death,
Beside whose grave I pace forever more,
Like desolation on a shipwrecked shore.

There is no little child within me now,
To sing back to the thrushes, to leap up
When June winds kiss me, when an apple bough
Laughs into blossoms, or a butter cup
Plays with the sunshine, or a violet
Dances in the glad dew. Alas! alas!
The meaning of the daisies in the grass
I have forgotten; and if my cheeks are wet,
It is not with the blitheness of the child,
But with the bitter sorrow of sad years.
O, moaning life, with life irreconciled;
O backward-looking thought, O pain, O tears,
For us there is not any silver sound
Of rhythmic wonders springing from the ground.

Woe worth the knowledge and the bookish lore
Which makes men mummies, weighs out every grain
Of that which was miraculous before,
And sneers the heart down with the scoffing brain
Woe worth the peering, analytic days
That dry the tender juices in the breast,
And put the thunders of the Lord to test,
So that no marvel must be, and no praise,
Nor any God except Necessity.
What can ye give my poor, starved life in lieu
Of this dead cherub which I slew for ye?
Take back your doubtful wisdom, and renew
My early foolish freshness of the dunce,
Whose simple instincts guessed the heavens at once.

But perhaps the following lines, found among his effects after he had committed suicide, best describe him and his wild and shattered life. They certainly say what one would like to say of him, in the best way possible, terms and manner:

'*De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*' When
For me the end has come and I am dead,
And little voluble, chattering daws of men
Peck at me curiously, let it then be said
By some one brave enough to speak the truth,
Here lies a great soul killed by cruel wrong.
Down all the balmy days of his fresh youth
To his bleak, desolate noon, with sword and song
And speech that rushed up hotly from the heart,
He wrought for liberty; till his own wound,
(He had been stabbed) concealed with painful art
Through wasting years, mastered him and he swooned.
And sank there where you see him lying now
With that word 'Failure' written on his brow.

But say that he succeeded. If he missed
World's honours and world's plaudits and the wage
Of the world's deft lackeys, still his lips were kissed
Daily by those high angels who assuage

The thirstings of the poets—for he was
Born unto singing—and a burden lay
Mightily on him and he moaned because
He could not rightly utter to this day
What God taught in the night. Sometimes, nathless,
Power fell upon him, and bright tongues of flame
And blessings reached him from poor souls in stress;
And benedictions from black pits of shame;
And little children's love; and old men's prayers;
And a Great Hand that led him unawares.

So he died rich. And if his eyes were blurred
With thick films—silence! he is in his grave.
Greatly he suffered: greatly, too, he erred;
Yet broke his heart in trying to be brave.
Nor did he wait til Freedom had become
The popular shibboleth of courtier's lips;
But smote for her when God himself seemed dumb
And all his arching skies were in eclipse,
He was a-weary, but he fought his fight,
And stood for simple manhood; and was joyed
To see the august broadening of the light
And new earths heaving heavenward from the void.
He loved his fellows, and their love was sweet—
Plant daisies at his head and at his feet.

SONNETS.

BY WATTEN SMALL.

I.

I LOVE the art by which the Poet seeks
To give expression unto thoughts which dwell
Within the mind; who fondly hopes to tell
The beauty that he finds in field, and dell,
And mountain bare, far hills and placid creeks.
My mind is spell-bound to old Chaucer's verse,
And Milton's pure and sacred song;
While Shakespeare's diction, noble, sweet and terse,
Floats thro' my brain with memory long;
And he the gentlest of all spirits who died young
In that wild storm which swept the Italian Bay,
I think of oft when earth is fresh and gay,
With thoughts of pensive tenderness alway,
Whose songs the sweetest are that ever Poet sung.

II.

Once more O God! in this calm twilight hour,
Thy wonders take my loving soul away;
I fain to Thee pure orisons would pay
And humbly now adore Thy wondrous power.
Yon sunset dieth as a monarch dies,
Who clad in jewelled pomp takes his last leave
Of kingly rule, and splendour, ah! why grieve
When such a scene can gladden mortal eyes,
And thrill the heart with pure and sacred joy,
Which nought of earth unhallowed can destroy.
O gentle maiden, who can interpret now
Our untold longings, visions manifold;
Whilst thou who walkst with me, even thou
Art cloth'd in fairer beauty than of old.

UNDER THE TREES BY THE RIVER.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

UNDER the trees by the river
We lazily float along,
And the dreamy hush of the summer day
Is broken by jest and song.

II.

Under the trees by the river—
Long years have passed away,
Since a boat went by with jest and song,
As this boat goes by to-day.

III.

Under the trees by the river
There is shadow late and soon—
But these happy young hearts only feel the joy
Of the summer afternoon.

IV

Under the trees by the river—
Oh! strangely two-fold scene!
Oh! joy that is unconsciously nigh
To the sorrow that has been!

ROUND THE TABLE.

I HAVE no claims to authorship beyond, perhaps, an occasional letter to the newspapers. I do not write poetry. Indeed, I scarcely ever even read it. Humiliating as the confession may be, I must confess also to a heinous sin, and admit that I do not read Huxley, nor Darwin, nor Spencer, nor any of those *heavyweights* in letters. I take in the *Fortnightly Review* merely because it is the best English magazine published, and after I have cut the leaves and placed a book-mark between them, for I am never guilty of turning down a page, I throw myself into an easy chair and look about me with a vague but thoroughly literary air. I do this

once or twice every month, or at least as often as the magazine comes in. And yet I am a great reader. My leisure moments are always devoted to literature of some kind and I am rarely to be found in the evening without a book in my hand. I think every one should read that which is congenial to his tastes and feelings, without regard to the opinions or high-minded notions of his friends. I love to read novels and don't care much who knows it. I am not ashamed of my taste in this respect, though perhaps some will look upon it as a very depraved taste indeed. Well next to reading books, I like to read about what is going on in the great world of letters, and for that purpose I regularly take in *The London Academy*, *The Athenæum*, *The New York Nation*, and *The Boston Literary World*. I find just what I want in these ably conducted journals. Literary paragraphs about new books, criticisms, announcements, and chit-chat about books and authors regularly fill the pleasant pages of these papers. And I find my liking in this respect is a predilection which finds a ready echo in thousands of persons situated like myself. Every one wants to know something concerning the hundreds of new books which come every month or two from the press, whether he is a book-buyer or a borrower of books, or one who merely likes to talk about books at the expense of the reviewer. I have often thought that in so far as criticism and reviewing are concerned our great Canadian papers are wofully behind the times. The smallest English or American newspaper employs a literary editor, and a feature in the journal is a column or two of carefully prepared reviews of new books, every week or oftener. The conductors of these newspapers find that it pays to give attention to this important branch. It is inseparably connected with the success of the paper. It is ever an interesting department of the daily, or the semi-weekly or the weekly. The ladies of the household turn to it second, for of course the births, marriages, and deaths, are looked at first. It is melancholy to see the way in which the Canadian editor, proper, notices the books which the publishers send to him. Generally only the title and names of author and publisher, and bookseller, are given ; rarely anything more, except perhaps a few lines written from the Preface. Like Sydney Smith, may be, they are afraid that if they read the book before they reviewed it, their judgment might become prejudiced. I have no fault to find with the papers. There is plenty to read in them, but sometimes I must admit, I would rather read a good slashing criticism, even if it were half a column in length, than twenty columns of fires, runaway horses and boat-races, important as these latter may be to the "fancy."

E. N. G.

—The *irreverence* of *reverend* men strikes one as rather a curious combination; but however great an anomaly it ought to be, unfortunately it is not always one.

I have often been shocked with the pious (?) jokes of preachers, deacons, and other *good* men, and though an irreverent speech is always disgusting, it is doubly so from consecrated lips.

I do not mean that I expect or want solemnity of either the sepulchral or owlish sort from ministers of the Gospel. On the contrary; nothing is more charming than a sunny, genial, even gay participation in things temporal by the teachers and leaders of our spiritual lives. Intelligence without pedantry, wit without levity, and always dignity and reverence upon sacred themes. This is little to ask. There is extant at the present day a class of ministers who, in and out of the pulpit, say and do irreverent things, and glory in the notoriety which accrues to themselves therefrom.

Relying upon the popularity which

draws crowds, and the sensationalism which fills their churches, they grow bolder and more startling in their departures from accepted ideas of what is sacred and appropriate.

Ambitious to afford a show to the curious throng who have come to be entertained, they sacrifice, not only their own dignity, but what is of more value, that of the calling they are supposed to honour.

'Now,' said an *eminent divine*, the other Sunday, in giving out the hymn to his *audience*, 'I want you to sing like h—— (laughter)—heaven!'

Another and equally gifted brother also made his listeners laugh, one very warm day, when he ascended into the pulpit, pushed back his coat sleeve, wiped his brow with his cambric handkerchief, and remarked: 'It's a d-- d hot day! — as I heard a young man say just now in the street.'

No need to record here the many blasphemously irreverent speeches uttered in the pulpit and paraded in the newspapers as the eccentricities of genius. I should fill too much space *Around the Table* if I brought forward too many specimens of the feasts afforded the congregations of these clerical leaders in this new departure *from* religion.

They are numerous, and have a host of imitators.

And how base the imitation of a base thing.

I believe it is Swedenborg who says that a passage of Scripture quoted without reverence, or used with levity to point some distorted joke, is, to a certain extent, desecrated for ever—that is, that whenever you read or think of that passage again, however piously, the ludicrous sense put upon it remains in your memory and obscures its holiness.

And yet how constant a habit it is with many clerical men to quote lightly and joke heavily with scriptural subjects.

I wonder if they look upon holy things as their stock in trade, which they may handle as they please. Surely familiarity in this case does not breed contempt.

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—We have 'Poems of Places'—and charming little volumes they are—'Poems of the Affections,' 'Poems of Peace and War,' 'Poems of Travel,' 'Poems of Wit and Humour,' 'Personal Poems,' and no end of 'Libraries of Poetry and Song,' and collections of rhyme without limit. It may be said that these books enjoy great popularity and are much appreciated in the circles where they circulate. I have been dipping into poetry of late, and I am struck with the remarkably long list of poems which are descriptive of the noble savage and his haunts, manners and customs. It has occurred to me that a very entertaining book might be made out of what our eminent poets have said about the Indian. Shakespeare, Milton, Pope, Campbell, Moore, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Aldrich, Joaquin Miller, Edgar Fawcett, and many others have written very pretty things on the subject, which would look exceedingly well in a single volume. The book would prove attractive I am sure. The design would be quite new, and the material is so abundant that such a collection as I have in my eye could be easily made. I throw out the suggestion for what it is worth, and charge nothing for the hint. Won't some guest at the table edit the book?

RED JACKET.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

MR. Edgar Fawcett is one of the sweetest of the younger American poets. His skill lies in the concentrated effort which he puts forward, the elegance of his diction, and the depth and harmony of his thought. His verses betray a cultivated intellect, a love for the mystic, the impenetrable and the unseen, and occasionally strong passion and fire and vehemence. He can be tender, too, and in his sonnets and some of his minorchords he displays great warmth of feeling and much natural delicacy. His descriptive powers are good and ample. He has plenty of motion and grace and poetic fervour, but he lacks playfulness and the element of humour. He is not an imitator nor a parodist, but it is easy to see the effect which a mind like Swinburne's or Tennyson's has upon a temperament such as his. As Huxley and Mill and Herbert Spencer influence in a manner his thought, so do the Laureate and the author of *Bothwell*, and perhaps Browning,—though in a lesser extent,—assist somewhat in shaping and individualizing his poetry. Mr. Fawcett copies no one, and recognizes no one as his master; but his mind, perhaps unconsciously to himself, is strengthened largely by the intimacy which exists between him and the writings of these older men. Mr. Fawcett is still a young man, having barely passed his 31st year. He began writing poems and stories and short essays at a very early age, and was known as a magazinist while he was yet in his teens. Already he has written three novels, two books of poetry and a drama. His literary work is much sought after, and the care and systematic way in which he prepares his manuscript for the press, render his 'copy' an acceptable boon to the printer. Mr. Fawcett has plenty of fancy, but he is deficient in the quality of light. His poetry wants this element. He has joyousness, but this faculty is overstrained and seems to be assumed on occasion. Despite these shortcomings, and many perhaps will not consider them as defects, or wants in his literary style and spirit, there is a good deal in Mr. Fawcett's poetry which will evoke the admiration of the reader, and enlist his hearty sympathy and appreciation. There is an almost Homeric vigour and glitter about his work, and even in some of his shorter and less ambitious pieces this characteristic may be observed. Mr. Fawcett belongs to the mystic school of poets. He does not impress his reader at first. His poetry requires study and examination and thought. He will always have a select audience, but we doubt whether his poetry will ever become popular, in the common acceptation of the term, or that his poems will be found, like Whittier's and Longfellow's, among the masses.

'Fantasy and Passion'* is the title of his latest volume, and the reader will recognize in it many pieces which have appeared in the current numbers of the English and American magazines, and in some of the newspapers. The book is divided into three parts. 1st. The Minorchords; 2nd. Voices and Visions; and 3rd. Sonnets. Mr. Fawcett has been quite happy in his selection of topics, and the collection cannot help adding largely to his reputation. Among the Minorchords especially, some exquisite fancies will be found, notably the lines to 'An

* *Fantasy and Passion.* By EDGAR FAWCETT. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Old Tea-Cup,' 'To The Evening Star,' 'Immortelles,' and 'To A Tea-Rose.' We take the liberty of quoting the latter poem to show the delicacy and grace of the poet, who reveals in these lines some of his daintier characteristics.

'Deep-folded flower, for me your race
Bears what no kindred blooms have borne
That gleam in memory's vistas,—
A charm, a chastity, a grace
The loveliest roses have not worn,
Of all your lovely sisters!

'Half-tinged like some dim yellow peach,
Half like a shell's pink inward whorl
That sighs its sea-home after,
Your creamy oval bud lets each
Pale outer petal backward curl,
Like a young child's lip in laughter!

'And yet no mirthful trace we see;
Rather the grave serene repose
Of gentlest resignation;
So that you sometimes seem to be
(If we might say it of a rose)
In pensive meditation!

'Ah! how may earthly words express
This placid sadness round you cast,
Delicate, vague, unspoken?
As though . . . . some red progenitress,
In some old garden of the past,
Had had her young heart broken!'

In his poem, 'A Toad,' Mr. Fawcett certainly contrives to invest a most unpoetic subject with more than an ordinary interest. It is chiefly remarkable for its descriptive power, and may be regarded as a portrait. We do not care especially for the subject, nor are we greatly taken with the lines in its honour. As a bit of natural description the poem is good. These lines are quite striking:

'Gray lump of mottled clamminess,
With that preposterous leer!'

And

'* * Thick-lipped slaves, with ebon skin,
That squat in hideous dumb repose,
And guard the drowsy ladies in
Their still seraglios!'

But little more can be said of them.

In his treatment of 'The Bat,' Mr. Fawcett is equally successful. He describes, with the skill of a true artist the 'half-bird, half-reptile,' and some of his lines have a real dramatic flavour about them, and a verisimilitude that cannot be mistaken. 'Grapes' is another fine poem, and, though it consists of but seven short verses, each stanza is a perfect picture, and reveals a rich and charming fancy. This verse is particularly grand, and full of true poetry and allusion:

'Ripe clusters, while our woods in ruin flame,
Do yearnings through your rich blood vaguely thrill
For glimmering vineyard, olive-mantled hill,
And Italy, which is summer's softer name?'

The last line will strike the reader as the utterance of a poet who possesses a positive genius for happy expression and comparison.

The 'Voices and Visions' part contains poems of stronger calibre than the 'Minorchords.' Some of Mr. Fawcett's mystical pieces may be found here, as well as his more subtle verses. The poem on 'Individuality' will bear reading and re-reading. It has been most carefully constructed and elaborated on the principles of the fascinating science which relate to man and his future. Mr. Fawcett concludes this majestic and stately poem thus:

'I marked how some large purpose was fulfilled
That power supernal had sublimely willed;
I marked, in thrilling vision, while I read,
How the full flower of manhood backward bore
From the white splendour of its dazzling core
The large rich petal, and was perfected!

'But through this dream of marvels that should be,
One strange sardonic thought came haunting me
With the mute pathos of weak yearning tears:
In all such halcyon times what joy or pain
For him whose dust inertly shall have lain
A nothingness through millions of slow years?

'What message in this lofty cheerless creed
Aids personality's commandant need?
What comfort in this cold imperi us plan,
Where all men, whether ill or nobly wrought
Lie crushed beneath one awful Juggernaut,
The universal commonweal of man!

'The love, hate, hope, fear, passion that is I,
The throbbing self that loathes to wholly die,
Disdains a future where it holds no place,
As one with lot beside the Euphrates cast
Might carelessly disdain that stately past
When Babylon's domes dared heaven, in mighty grace!'

'Conception,' headed by Spencer's motto, 'In its ultimate essence nothing can be known,' is another poem which contains an immense thought, a grand central idea, which the poet developes with consummate skill. 'Winds,' 'A King,' and 'Attainment' are three poems, different in scope and power, but equally brilliant in elaboration and poetic expression.

Indeed, in poetry which requires thought Mr. Fawcett is eminently successful. His mind runs on the higher things which engage sometimes the attention of mankind, and his book is filled with the fruits of his study of the unfathomable.

The Cradle-Song is very musical. It is tender and sweet, and the refrain which comes in at the close of each verse is pretty and tuneful. There are other bits, here and there, in the second part of this book, which on even a first reading will commend themselves to the general reader, such as Wine, The Atonement, One Night in Seville, and some three or four others. These will likely interest the reader at once on account of their musicality and freshness and brightness. Of a far deeper texture are D'Outre Mort, which is very grand, From Shadowland, which reveals one of Mr. Fawcett's best phases, Pest, which is odd and bold, and To-Morrow which is full of the poet's characteristic manner and thought. In the third part we have some noble sonnets, some of them nearly equal to Keats'. This one on Whittier is peculiarly appropriate,

'Fresh as on breezy seas the ascendant day,
And bright as on thick dew its radiant trace;
Pure as the smile on some babe's dreaming face:
Hopeful as meadows at the breath of May,
One loftiest aim his melodies obey,
Like downward larks in roseate deeps of space--
While that large reverent love for all his race
Makes him a man in manhood's lordlier ray!

His words like pearls are luminous yet strong
His duteous thought ennobles while it calms;
We seem to have felt the falling, in his song,
Of benedictions and of sacred balms;
To have seen the aureoled angels group and throng
In heavenly valley lands, by shining palms!'

This is all very charming and very graceful. There are other personal sonnets which do credit to the poet. These are Keats, Doré, Dumas, *père*, Dickens, Thackeray, Andersen, and the lordly lines to

'A spacious-brained arch-enemy of lies.'

A sonnet to Baudelaire is a perfectly finished production, and rich in all that wild fancy and boldness of thought which distinguish at times Mr. Fawcett's better work. His more enduring work we might add.

Here is something worthy of Swinburne

MEDUSA.

(*For a Picture.*)

'A face in whose voluptuous bloom there lies
Olympian faultlessness of mold and hue;
Lips that a god were worthy alone to woo;
Round chin, and nostrils curved in the old Greek wise.
But there is no clear pallor of arctic's skies,
Fathom on crystal fathom of livid blue,
So bleakly cold that one might liken it to
The pitiless icy splendours of her eyes!

Her bound hair, coloured lovelier than the sweet
Rich halcyon yellow of tall harvest wheat,
Over chaste brows a glimmering tumult sheds;
But through the abundance of its warm soft gold,
Coils of lean horror peer from many a fold,
With sharp tongues flickering in flat clammy heads!'

Indeed, Mr. Fawcett is quite successful in his management of the sonnet. His book contains many beautiful things—the best specimens of his genius, perhaps, that he has thus far given to the public. Occasionally a feeling of morbidness creeps into his lines, and this tendency, which so far is but slight, he should check.

In the volume of brief biographies of Modern Frenchmen,* which Mr. Philip Gilbert Hammerton has just published, the reader will gain a correct and clear insight into the careers of five famous men, who in different directions shed lustre on their country, and by their works increased the world's store of knowledge. Each in his way was a devoted student, a lover of his especial calling, and a large contributor to the general information possessed by mankind. Mr. Hammerton is a sympthetic biographer, and a true artist. Believing that a biography should be like a painted picture and that the canvas should never be disfigured by coarseness or roughness, he brings to bear on his subject all that is tender and delightful. He is an adoring biographer, but conscientious withal, and he

* *Modern Frenchmen.* By PHILIP GILBERT HAMMERTON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

never allows the admiration which he may feel for the man he describes to overpower his judgment or obscure his faculties. He delicately refers to his work as merely the result of the labours of the picture-cleaner, and says with reference to some cases that his duty 'is not so much to paint a new picture as to make one that has been already painted more clearly visible, by removing what obscures it, whilst reverently respecting and carefully preserving those delicacies of tone and detail, those thin glazes of transparent and semi-transparent colour, on which both its beauty and its truth depend. This is not to be done by scraping down to the bare canvas, and it is not to be done by daubing additions; but it may be accomplished by method and patience, united to watchful care.'

In this amiable spirit, Mr. Hammerton proceeds to sketch in his artistic and splendid way the lives of the eminent traveller and naturalist, Victor Jacquemont; Henri Perreyve, the pure-minded ecclesiastic and orator; François Rude, the greatest character in the book and a sculptor of magnificent genius; Jean Jacques Ampère, the historian and traveller; and Henri Regnault, whose skill as a painter has been compared to that of Eugène Delacroix, and whose lofty patriotism holds no second place among the patriots of the world.

Mr. Hammerton's materials consist for the most part of letters, though in instances where these are wanting, notably in the case of Rude, he has been aided by accounts furnished by near friends of the subject. His narratives may be accepted as accurate, for he has been careful to sift and verify every detail contained in them. The story is most delightfully written. Every page is distinguished for its grace and symmetry and beauty. The anecdotes are told spiritedly and well, and the incidents and description are admirable. Mr. Hammerton hints in his Preface of other lives among his little list of eminent Modern Frenchmen which he would like to write. We hope he will not lose sight of this idea. A supplementary volume would be gratefully received by the admirers of scholarly and astute biography.

Scholars and students of English literature everywhere will thank Mr. Matthew Arnold for his edition of 'Johnson's Lives of the Poets.'* In an article in one of the magazines some months ago, Mr. Arnold alluded to the great value such a work as the volume under notice would prove, and he expressed the hope that some one, properly qualified, would undertake the issue of such a book. No one coming forward, Mr. Arnold has himself taken up the task, and the volume he has given us shows how admirably he has carried out his original idea. It is well known that Johnson's Lives are of unequal merit. They were written for the booksellers in the great author's 'usual way, unwilling to work, and working with vigour and haste.' But for all that they stand as Byron has said, 'the finest critical work extant.' In the shape in which the public have been in the habit of getting them, in the best four-volume edition, or in the very good single-volume copy which is accompanied by Scott's Memoir, the book has proved most inconvenient for text-book purposes. There is much that is both insignificant and unnecessary. And as the editor of the edition before us says, 'The volumes at present are a work to stand in a library, "a work which no gentleman's library should be without."' Few are acquainted, therefore, with this splendid work—a work which Scott declared 'displayed qualifications which have seldom been concentrated to the same degree in any literary undertaking,'

* *The Six Chief Lives from Johnson's 'Lives of the Poets,' with Macaulay's 'Life of Johnson.'* Edited with a Preface by MATTHEW ARNOLD. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and which with equal truth Lord Macaulay pronounced 'the best of his works,' 'as entertaining as any novel,' 'well deserve to be studied,' and much more to the same effect. Mr. Arnold has selected from the original source the six chief lives, viz., Milton, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Pope and Gray —the representatives of a century and a half of English culture and literature—from 1608, the date of Milton's birth, to 1771, the date of the death of Gray, To this admirable volume, Mr. Arnold has written a masterly preface, illustrative of his object, and pointing out to the student the works he should read in connection with the sketches of the lives which are contained in the book proper. Read in this way, the student will get, as Mr. Arnold says, 'a sense of what the real men were, and with this sense fresh in his mind, he will find the occasion propitious for acquiring also, in the way pointed out, a sense of the power of their works.'

But a greater treat awaits the reader. Lord Macaulay's powerful essay on Samuel Johnson—a piece of writing which exhibits the eminent author at his best—is prefixed to the lives, forming a volume of great compass, scope, beauty and character. This 'Life' by Macaulay is the famous one which he wrote for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, permission to use which was generously accorded by the Messrs. Black and Mr. Trevelyan, the biographer of the historian, especially for this work, which is handsomely published by the Messrs. MacMillan, of London and New York. Mr. Arnold has not burdened his text by unnecessary notes, explanatory of trivalities, which only confuse the reader and overtax the mind of the scholar. But one note of any material length appears, and this explains away an error into which Johnson fell in his account of Addison and The Old Whig. 'Little Dicky,' Johnson thought, was an allusion to Richard Steele, but Macaulay, whose astuteness was as wonderful in little things as it was in greater ones, with some confidence declared that Johnson was wrong, and that 'Little Dicky' was the nickname of some comic actor. It afterwards transpired that Macaulay was right, and that the actor's real name was Henry Norris, a favourite comedian, who was nicknamed 'Dicky' because he first obtained celebrity by acting the part of Dicky in the 'Trip to the Jubilee.' Macaulay was quite proud of his discovery.

Mr. R. Hamilton Lang, late British Consul at Cyprus, has just given the public the benefit of his nine years' experience of life in the somewhat misknown island.* Mr. Lang writes without any affectation and a good deal of skill. He filled various positions in Cyprus, and his means of gaining information were quite large and of the best character. As manager of the Imperial Ottoman Bank at Larnaca, he was frequently brought into intimate relations with the people, and he had fine opportunities for studying the questions of taxation and administration, as well as acquiring an intimacy with the mode in which business was transacted, and the general spirit which obtained regarding commercial operations and mercantile affairs. Mr. Lang's tastes led him to prosecute farming and antiquarian researches, and in the pursuit of these he came often in contact with the Cyprian peasants. His materials have been all gained from his residence in the Island, and he has certainly contrived to write a very agreeable and pleasant account of his experiences there. He exhibits a faithful picture of the character of the people, the resources of the country, its mineral wealth, and general characteristics. There are four carefully engraved maps and two engravings in the book,

* *Cyprus: its History, its Present Resources, and Future Prospects.* By R. HAMILTON LANG, London and New York: Macmillan & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

and these will assist the reader a good deal in his examination of the letter-press.

The introductory chapter consists of a good description of Cyprus, its origin, early settlement, and the various phases through which it passed, together with an account of the Lycian and other inscriptions which must prove of great interest to the reader of antiquarian tastes. Specimens of these curious writings are also given. The other chapters take up, in order, the early history of the country, the towns of ancient Cyprus, the Assyrian period, the time of Evagoras, the annexation to Rome, and its history down to modern times. The prospects of the new era are practically set forth, and a succinct account of the agricultural resources of Cyprus follow. A chapter on drought and locusts, another on minerals and salt, and an examination of the Turkish and future administration, together with a carefully written sketch entitled 'A Trip Through the Island,' the archæology and the rock tombs of the place, and a brief description of Mr. Lang's farm bring this acceptable book down to the present day, and throw a vast amount of light on a subject about which little has hitherto been known.

There are many people still living in Canada, and especially in Toronto, who retain a somewhat vivid recollection of that remarkable woman, Mrs. Anna Jameson, the author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art.' Mrs. Jameson belonged to that brilliant literary circle of forty and fifty years ago. She was the elder daughter of a talented miniature painter, and was born in Dublin in the year 1794. Her father was a patriot and an adherent of the party of 'United Irishmen.' A professional engagement, at an important juncture of his affairs, called him away from Ireland and he went to England before the rebellion broke out, and the destruction of his friends Emmett and Lord Edward Fitzgerald followed. Thus through accident alone, rather than from any wisdom of his own, it may be said, were his life and talents spared. Brownell Murphy had an English wife, and in 1798, before the last struggle occurred, the little family were safely residing in Whitehaven. Little Anna lived with her parents but the two younger children remained with their nurse near Dublin. In Cumberland a fourth daughter—Camilla—was born, and for a time things prospered well with the young artist and his home was bright and happy.

Mrs. Jameson's biographer is Mrs. Gerardine MacPherson, niece of the subject under notice, who writes with much power and expression, and who unfortunately was not spared to complete her work. Mrs. MacPherson was one of those tender women so often found in literary annals, of fine æsthetic tastes and aspirations, of delicate frame and sensitive disposition, she was early thrown on the world, and while suffering from an incurable disease was forced to earn her bread by the intensest application to labour of the most harassing and wearying kind. She and her husband —an artist of fine abilities—settled in Rome, and for a while things went very well with the young couple. MacPherson's eye-sight, however, failed him at an early age, and he was forced to take up some other occupation. He went into the photographic business, and for a number of years his career was quite prosperous. He was fortunate too, in discovering Michael Angelo's great picture of 'The Entombment' which he was afterwards forced by circumstances to sell at a price much below its real value. In 1873 he died, leaving his wife and family to struggle on 'through a sad entanglement of debts and distress.' Mrs. MacPherson's history is a sad one, and every circumstance connected with the preparation of the Memoir*

* *Memoirs of the Life of Anna Jameson.* By her niece, GERARDINE MACPHERSON. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto; Hart & Rawlinson.

of her aunt is of the most painful description. The book was commenced last year, and the labour of its composition must have seriously weakened the constitution of the author, and hastened her death which occurred on the 24th of May.

Mrs. MacPherson's descriptions of the home of the young Murphys, their juvenile sports and pastimes, their 'adventures,' the literary precocity of Anna, and other pleasing incidents in the life of the excellent lady who afterwards asserted such an influence on her own future career, is done with a loving and tender hand. Little Anna developed talent at a very early age, and anecdotes of her poetical effusions, her fairy tales, and the fictions with which she delighted the nursery, and numberless other characteristics and episodes of her youth, are related with charming simplicity. Mrs. MacPherson's pen is quite minute, and she tells us, with careful regard to detail, everything she knows about Mrs. Jameson. We expect this in a memoir fashioned as this one has been, and no one will be disposed to quarrel with the book on that account, when it is remembered that the materials have been quite scant and the sources of information are few.

While yet very young Anna Murphy married Mr. Jameson, and though a prosperous career seemed destined for the young lovers, it soon became apparent that the marriage was a most unfortunate one. Both husband and wife had kindred tastes. Both were fond of literature, music, the drama and cultivated society, but it was not long before incompatibilities of temper and disposition began to show themselves. This unfortunate state of affairs went on for some years, and finally led to a separation. In 1829, Mr. Jameson went to the Island of Dominica as puisne judge. His wife remained with her father, and presently Mr. Murphy, and Anna, and Sir Gerard Noel left England for a tour on the Continent. A charming series of sketches, entitled 'Visits and Sketches at Home and Abroad' was the result of this journey.

In 1833, Judge Jameson returned from Dominica, and rejoined his wife at the house of her sister, Mrs. Bate. They remained together in London until the spring, when Mr. Jameson left for Canada, with the full intention of preparing a home for his wife. In the meantime she went to Germany, and was warmly welcomed in the highest literary and social circles. Her papers on Shakespeare's heroines were already familiar there, and her other writings were equally as well known and esteemed. She travelled all over Germany, and gathered much material, which was afterwards embodied in her books. In January, 1836, she met the great Humboldt, and the account of her introduction to him is related in a vivid and striking way.

In sixteen months she had only received two letters from her husband and these were cold and formal. In February, 1836, she wrote him from Weimar, in which she complained of his long silence and said :

'Between October, 1834, and October, 1835, I wrote you *eleven* letters. In August, 1835, I received from you a bill of 100*l*., and in January, 1836, I received from Henry the intelligence that you had sent me a bill of 100*l*., but *no letter for me*. I wrote immediately to beg for some information concerning you, and Henry by return of post sent me your letter to him. It is a letter of about two pages, in a jesting style, complaining that you never hear a word from me, but not saying that you have written, or giving the dates of any letters you have forwarded to me ; not saying anything of your position in Canada, although the state of affairs there, as it is reported in all the papers, English and German, made me expect either the news of your return, or some intelligence from you that should tranquillise me about your situation and movements. You say

in the same letter that it is your intention to marry again immediately. My dear Robert, jesting apart, I wish it only depended on me to give you that power. You might perhaps be happy with another woman—a union such as ours is, and has been ever, is a real mockery of the laws of God and man. * * * If it is your purpose to remain in Canada, to settle there under any political change, and your real wish to have me with you and make another trial for happiness, tell me *distinctly* and *decidedly*—tell me at what time to leave England—tell me what things I ought to take with me, what furniture, books, &c., will be necessary or agreeable, what kind of life I shall live, that I may come prepared to render my own existence and yours as pleasant as possible.'

This letter had some effect with Jameson for he sent for his wife, and in September she sailed for Canada. She reached New York in November, and was greatly depressed in mind to find herself alone in the great city. No one met her at the boat, and friendless and alone she sought shelter in a hotel. On the 11th she wrote to her husband, who was still in Toronto, to ask why she had not been met, and for directions as to her future journey. No reply was returned to this letter. Three weeks later she received a letter from Jameson through the British Consul, and she left for Toronto. During her stay in New York she was visited by the leading literary and artistic people of the place, notably Washington Irving, Chas. Augustus Davis, the author of 'Major Downing's Letters,' the widow of De Witt Clinton, and several others. Mrs. Jameson pursued her journey and the impressions of this tour and the history of her life in Canada may be found in her book 'Winter Studies and Summer Rambles.'

Our readers may be curious to know what impression Toronto made upon this lady as she approached its shores in the very worst season for travelling. She slept all through the sail on Lake Ontario, and was roused as the steamer touched the wharf of the 'Queen City.' She says:—

'The wharf was utterly deserted, the arrival of the steamboat being accidental and unexpected; and as I stepped out of the boat I sank ankle-deep into mud and ice. The day was intensely cold and damp, the sky lowered sulkily, laden with snow which was just beginning to fall. Half blinded by the sleet driven into my face, and the tears which filled my eyes, I walked about a mile though a quarter of the town mean in appearance, not thickly inhabited, and to me as yet an unknown wilderness, and through dreary miry ways, never much thronged, and now, by reason of the impending snowstorm, nearly solitary. I heard no voices, no quick footsteps of men or children. I met no familiar face, no look of welcome.'

And again she says:—

'What Toronto may be in summer I cannot tell; they say it is a pretty place. At present its appearance to me, a stranger, is most strangely mean and melancholy. A little ill-built town on low land, at the bottom of a frozen bay, with one very ugly church without tower or steeple; some Government offices built of staring red brick in the most tasteless vulgar taste imaginable; three feet of snow all around, and the grey, sullen, uninviting lake, and the dark gloom of the pine forest bounding the prospect. Such seems Toronto to me now.'

This picture will be new to many of the residents of the Toronto of the present day. In May, Mrs. Jameson writes:—

'This beautiful Lake Ontario—my lake, for I begin to be in love with it, and look on it as mine—it changes its hues every moment, the shades of purple and green fleeting over it, now dark, now lustrous, now pale like a dolphin dying, or, to use a more exact though less poetical comparison, dappled and varying like the back of

a mackerel, with every now and then a streak of silver light dividing the shades of green. Magnificent tumultuous clouds came rolling round the horizon, and the little graceful schooners falling into every beautiful attitude, and catching every variety of light and shade, came curtseying into the bay; and flights of wild geese and great black loons skimming away, sporting on the bosom of the lake, and beautiful little unknown birds, in gorgeous plumage of crimson and black, were floating about the garden; all life, and light, and beauty were abroad, the resurrection of Nature. How beautiful it was! How dearly welcome to my senses—to my heart—this spring which comes at last, so long wished for, so long waited for.'

These letters from Toronto are charmingly written, and later on she alludes to her 'ill-humoured and impertinent tirades' against the city she was doomed to leave with regret. Mrs. Jameson penetrated to the depths of the Indian settlements, and explored Lake Huron. Her life in Canada was a very stirring one throughout, and this part of the biography will interest Canadian readers especially. The authoress spent some time in the United States, and at Boston she met Father Taylor, Miss Sedgwick, and several other people of note; and in the early part of spring, 1838, she returned to England, and went to reside at her sister's.

This biography is very attractively written, and accounts are given of Mrs. Jameson's literary life, the eminent persons with whom she was brought into contact, and letters from distinguished people appear at frequent intervals. There are anecdotes, too, about her books, how they came to be written, her trials, misfortunes, and successes, and many other things of interest; and, in the Appendix, Mrs. Jameson's able paper—the one she contributed to the *Art Journal*—on John Gibson is given.

Few books have been written which appeal more directly to the reader's sympathies than this kindly memoir of a noble woman, written by an equally gentle lady, in the last days of a grief-stained life. We have only words of praise to bestow upon it. The great delicacy with which the veil is removed from certain unfortunate circumstances in the life of the accomplished author of 'Sacred and Legendary Art,' must commend the book to all persons of sensitive and delicate minds. A portrait of Mrs. Jameson, at the age of sixteen, forms the frontispiece to the volume.

One of the most dramatic stories which we remember to have read is 'Remorse,'* a really powerful romance of the very highest order. It is from the French of Th. Bentzon, and forms No. xiii. of Appleton's Collection of Foreign Authors, and is translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is artistic throughout and brilliant, the plot is skilfully constructed and carefully elaborated, but the morality of the story is quite another thing. When we say that it is 'Frenchy,' perhaps the reader will understand what we mean. The story—which is a perfect study of itself—reveals impassioned glimpses of human life, and the subtle workings of the heart. Its movement, incident, and spirit, and character drawing belong only to the great novel, and *Remorse* is certainly a great novel.

* *Remorse; a Novel.* From the French of TH. BENTZON. ('Collection of Foreign Authors, No. xiii.') New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.