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# JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

## CHAPTER XXVI.

### THE TRUTH AT LAST.

COLONEL FLEMING, thus suddenly ushered into the room, made one step forward, and then stopped short in some confusion.

'My dear Mrs. Travers, you are in trouble—what is the matter? can I help you? or rather I had better leave you—I have come at an inopportune moment.'

Juliet was standing with her face turned away from him, stifling down those bitter sobs which his entrance had interrupted. For a moment, prudence and wisdom counselled her to say, 'Yes, leave me, I am not well,' and to let him go. But for one moment, and then the old impetuous nature rose within her, the nature that was weak and uncalculating in its possibly unwise impulses, yet ever true and honest to itself.

She turned quickly towards him, and placed the faded yellow letter in his hands.

'Not inopportune, Colonel Fleming,' she said, in a low, trembling voice, as she looked up at him with eyes all heavy with unshed tears; 'you never came at a more appropriate moment—look at that!'

Hugh Fleming looked down at the torn paper she had thrust into his hand, and turned it over wonderingly.

'What is it?' he said: and then with a sudden flush he recognized his own handwriting, and remembered at once what letter it was that she had given him.

He looked up at her almost angrily, and then walked away to the window, and stood with his back towards her.

What did she mean by showing him this old, disregarded, disdained love-letter, of which for years she had never given the faintest sign or acknowledgment? was it to mock at his love and to insult him?

But no! what then meant her tears and her agitation? and why was the letter all torn and mutilated?

'What does it mean?' he asked, coming back close to her as she stood with drooping head supporting herself with both hands against the edge of the table.

'It means—' she said, looking at him, whilst a bright flush covered her face—'it means, that for years I have misunderstood

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you and done you injustice, that I thought you had scorned and forsaken me—it means that I have found out my mistake—it means—O God, Hugh! it means that my heart is broken!'

With a cry she sank down again as he had first found her, with her arms stretched out before her and her head bowed upon them, whilst convulsive sobs shook her whole frame.

Scarcely as yet understanding her meaning, but filled nevertheless with a great yearning pity for her sorrow, Hugh Fleming stood by her side softly stroking the small dusky head as it lay bowed down in bitter grief before him.

'My poor child!' he said gently, whilst his compassionate hands strayed tenderly as a woman's over her soft dark hair, and by degrees the soothing touch quieted and calmed her.

'Now tell me, Juliet,' he said at length, when her sobs had ceased, and he had with gentle force raised her and placed her in an arm-chair; 'tell me now, for I hardly understand what you mean, and why the sight of that old forgotten letter should have upset you so strangely.'

'Oh, don't you understand,' she said, wringing her hands together, 'don't you see that I never received it—never saw it until to-day?'

Colonel Fleming started.

'Never saw it before!' he repeated in amazement. 'What do you mean! can you mean that you never received it?'

'Never!'

'That you thought I had left England for years without a line or a word—that I had deserted you in such a heartless way, Juliet! did you think that of me?' he asked in great agitation.

Juliet nodded sadly.

'I did think all that of you,' she answered sorrowfully. 'I lost my belief in you and in all mankind.'

'But I cannot understand it,' he said, passing his hand in a bewildered way over his forehead; 'it seems impossible. Why, I wrote it quite a week before I left England; and, yes—I remember perfectly that I posted it myself—and, of course I could not have addressed it wrongly—it seems impossible that it could have gone wrong! and besides, if so, how did it come into your possession now? by what chance have you suddenly found it again?'

'It was brought to me not ten minutes ago by Ernestine—you don't remember Ernestine? she was my stepmother's French maid. It seems that Mrs. Blair has sent her away very suddenly for some cause or other; and partly, I suspect, from revenge, partly to extract money from me, she brought me this letter.'

'But how on earth did she get it?'

'Her story is that she only just found it slipped down between the linings of an old dress which Mrs. Blair gave her about that time, and which she had never unpicked nor made any use of; but that in turning out all her things, in order to pack them to go away, this old fragment of a letter fell out. She says—what must be true—that Mrs. Blair stole it out of the post-bag and destroyed it.'

'Good God! what could induce the woman to commit such an iniquity!' exclaimed Hugh, pacing excitedly up and down the room. 'What cause, what possible reason, could she have for such a wicked action?'

'It seems indeed hardly conceivable that any one could do such a thing,' answered Juliet; 'and yet I suppose that there is very little a spiteful wicked woman would not do to injure another.'

'But was she indeed so wicked and spiteful?' asked Hugh, as he came back and sat down beside her. 'Are you indeed sure that it was Mrs. Blair who did this thing? it hardly seems consistent with her character. I remember she used often to speak of you to me with great affection; and although she always seemed to be a very silly and conceited woman, yet I should have thought her a perfectly harmless one. Indeed, Juliet, I used often to think that you were hard on her.'

'Did you?' said Juliet in astonishment; 'did you really? In what way could you have thought me hard on her?'

'I never thought that you made sufficient allowance for her very frivolous and childish nature.'

'Ah, you did not know her as well as I did!' said Juliet, with a short bitter laugh. 'All that silly gushing childishness was put on. Mrs. Blair is by no means a fool: she is as cunning and designing a woman as I have ever met in my life, and perfectly dis-

honest and unscrupulous. Years ago I remember how she used to work and work with that soft playful manner, and yet with untiring perseverance, at anything she wanted to get out of my poor father. Young as I was, I could see perfectly through all her lies and her artifices. I believe she moved heaven and earth to get my father to make a will that would give her a life interest in Sotherne, curtail my rights, and place me under her guardianship and control. But my father was too wise for that: and when she found how things had been left, she hated me. Outwardly she was all sweetness and affection, because it suited her interests to be so; but in reality she hated me bitterly because I was rich and she was poor, because Sotherne was mine and she only a guest in it at my pleasure.'

'But still,' argued Colonel Fleming, 'why should she have stopped my letter? it seems such a senseless, meaningless piece of spite.'

'She stopped your letter because—because—' said Juliet hesitatingly, and a deep flush covered her face as she nevertheless ended her sentence bravely—'because she knew that had I received it I should have married you.'

Hugh Fleming shaded his face with his hand and was silent.

'She had found out that much about me,' continued Juliet after a short silence; 'she was sharp enough for that; and you know I was never very clever at hiding my feelings,' she added with a little sad smile that was unspeakably touching.

Still Colonel Fleming did not speak, and Juliet went on after a pause—

'Had things turned out so, it is certain that Sotherne and not London would have been my permanent home—and in that case Mrs. Blair would certainly not have continued to live there. I could never have tolerated her presence—she would have been forced to seek another home; and Sotherne is a comfortable house, and she gets it rent-free. It would not at all have suited her to leave it. She did not want to leave it. What she wanted is exactly what has happened. I see perfectly through all her devices now: she wanted me to marry a man who had no country tastes, whose society was not a sufficient resource to me to enable me to endure it in the retirement of a country home, and as whose wife I should probably prefer the excitement and variety of a London life. Everything,' added Juliet very bitterly, 'everything has turned out perfectly to her satisfaction: she first intercepted and tore up your letter—she then urged a marriage with Cis upon me in every possible way; other circumstances—poor little Georgie's death and my own utter recklessness and misery—played most conveniently into her hands. Mrs. Blair has remained in undisturbed possession of Sotherne Court, and I—have made a shipwreck of my life!'

Juliet ceased speaking, and bowed her head down upon her hands; whilst Hugh Fleming hastily left her side, and, walking away to the window, stood for some minutes with his back turned to her.

When he turned again and spoke to her, his voice was hoarse and trembling.

'Tell me one thing,' he said. 'You have said that your faith in me was broken; is that faith now restored, Juliet? will you trust me again now?'

'Trust you!' she exclaimed, rising quickly and stretching out both her hands towards him. 'Trust you! How can you ask it! Yes, through life unto death!'

'God bless you for that!' he answered. For one moment he bent over the hands he held within his, and pressed them passionately to his lips—then suddenly dropped them hastily, and without another word turned away and left her alone.

As the front door closed behind Hugh Fleming, the luncheon bell rang. Juliet hastily roused herself, brushed away the traces of her emotion, and went downstairs.

It is all the same—if our hearts are breaking, if we have lost our money or our happiness, if our eldest son has been rusticated, or our daughter has run away with the doctor's assistant—all the same we must go down to our meals at their stated hours, sit unmoved and impassive through the ordained number of courses, talk of the weather, or of any trivial subject we can think of, with a calm and smiling face; and all that we may conceal our wounds from the servants who wait upon us, and who would certainly, if we departed from the ordinary routine of our lives, begin to wonder and chatter over what ailed us.

Juliet Travers would have given a great deal to have escaped the tedious luncheon hour, with the two solemn men-servants in

attendance—but it was impossible. She went down and found Cis already at table. For a wonder, no one had 'dropped in,' and the husband and wife were alone.

'Not a thing fit to eat!' Cis said irritably as his wife came in and not looking up at her. 'You know I can't bear all these brown sauces—they always disagree with me; and this is the third day running you have had roast chicken for luncheon. I really wish, Juliet, you would see to things a little better.'

'I am very sorry, Cis,' said Juliet rather absently, sitting down and helping herself mechanically to the first thing that was handed to her.

Her husband sat opposite to her, looking the picture of misery. Like most people of delicate health and indolent habits, he was extremely fastiduous and dainty in the matter of food.

When they were first married, Juliet had taken some pains to study his tastes and fancies in this respect; but when she found that do what she would, Cis always grumbled equally, she gave up the effort to satisfy him as a hopeless task.

The cooking was always either too plain or too rich to suit him: this was too strong-flavoured, that had not flavour enough; and it generally ended in his pushing away his food untasted, and leaving the table in a fit of bad temper that was absolutely childish.

Juliet had no sympathy whatever for these daily complaints. She only felt pity, and almost contempt, for a man who could make a misery out of such trifles.

'What's this?' said Cis, standing up and poking his fork into a game-pie. 'All messed up with aspic jelly! Can't one get a good honest piece of roast meat in the house?'

'There is some cold beef on the sideboard,' said Juliet, with a not very lively interest in her voice.

'Yes, I dare say! as tough as leather! I wish you would change the butcher; we get worse meat than anybody else in London.'

'Who's that went out just now?' asked Cis presently, as Juliet did not answer him.

'It was Colonel Fleming,' she answered shortly.

'Then why couldn't you have asked him to lunch?'

'It is a good thing I did not as you say everything is so nasty,' she said with a laugh. 'But Colonel Fleming would have stayed, I suppose, if he had wished to do so; I did not think it necessary to ask him.'

'No, you can have that horrid Mrs. Dalmaine and all your stuck-up lords and swells here every day, but you can't be civil to an old friend like Fleming!' said Cis tauntingly.

Juliet bit her lip and was silent.

'I am going down to Sotherne to-morrow,' she said presently; 'we have no dinner engagement to-morrow, and I am thinking of running down for the day.'

Now it so happened that Cis was under promise to take Gretchen Rudenbach down to the Crystal Palace for an afternoon concert, and he had been wondering much how he should manage to escape unnoticed from home for the best part of the day.

Cis was at heart terribly afraid of his wife. His friendship with Gretchen was, in truth, of the most innocent character, and if from the first he had made no secret of it with his wife, she would probably have been only too glad that he should find amusement anywhere, to object in the very least to it. But he had liked to keep up the little halo of romance with which his intercourse with Gretchen had from the first been surrounded. Cis Travers thought of no actual evil with regard to Gretchen Rudenbach, and yet he would have liked to be suspected of it; and it flattered his vanity to compromise her by taking her about with him rather publicly.

More than once lately he had been noticed at Richmond and at Maidenhead on a hot afternoon, with the blue-eyed music-player, when his wife was driving in the Park, or entertaining her friends at afternoon strawberries and tea—perfectly unconscious of her husband's occupations.

And it so happened that Cis had one of these expeditions with Gretchen in contemplation for the morrow, and had moreover been wondering what excuse he could frame for dining as well as spending the afternoon at the Crystal Palace. So that when Juliet announced her intention of going down to Sotherne, his face cleared at once, and he answered with alacrity:

'Well, I think you had better; you have not been down to Sotherne for some time,

and you ought to run down occasionally. You won't want me, I suppose?'

'Oh dear no, thank you! I am only going to see Mrs. Blair, and to look how Andrews has planted the garden out this summer. And perhaps I shall go on to Broadley and bring Flora back with me, if she can get ready in time.'

'Very well, then; as you say we have no dinner engagements, I think I will dine out, and then you need not hurry back before the evening train; it will be cooler for you to come back by, this hot weather; and if you are home by half-past nine, it will, I suppose, be in plenty of time for your evening engagements: if I am dining out, it will leave you free.'

'Thank you, Cis,' said Juliet, slightly surprised, for her husband did not often study her convenience and comfort. 'It will be pleasanter, certainly, to come up by the later train, and will give me more time there. Oh, yes, I shall be in plenty of time; I have only Lady Withers's ball, and I need not go to that till eleven—and if I am tired, I shall very likely not go to it at all.

And so it was settled.

Cis went his way up to Notting Hill after lunch, to settle with Gretchen about calling for her the next day, and to ask her to dine with him at the Crystal Palace after the concert; whilst Juliet went about her daily round of visits and shopping. But driving along at a foot-pace under the trees in the Park, listening wearily the while to Mrs. Dalmaine's chatter, she felt, notwithstanding, that the world was a little better and brighter and happier to her for that torn yellow letter that was folded upon her heart.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

### BROUGHT TO BAY.

SMOTHERED in dust, and creaking dismally like a creature in agonies, the twelve o'clock train was steaming into the station at Sotherne.

The very sight made one hot—so covered with fine white dust and so begrimed with dirt and heat was every carriage and every passenger.

Simmonds, the porter, had sauntered leisurely forwards. No one now ever got out at Sotherne, and, apparently, no one ever got in—no one, at least, of any significance. Only a fat farmer from a second-class carriage, and two rough-looking drovers from a third, got out; whilst one girl with a bundle in a blue-checked handkerchief was waiting to get in.

To-day, however, there was a little variety, for a lady got out of one of the dusty, hot-cushioned first-class carriages.

At the sight of her, Simmonds, who had been bestowing considerable attention upon the blue-bundled young lady, suddenly and mercilessly left that damsel to find a seat for herself, and hurried forward, touching his cap obsequiously.

'I don't think the carriage has come yet, ma'am,' he said, taking Mrs. Travers's hand-bag and shawl from her, and shading his eyes with his hand as he looked down the white highroad.

'I don't expect the carriage,' answered Mrs. Travers. 'Is your wife quite well, and the baby?'

'Quite well, thank you, ma'am. You will find it very hot walking, ma'am,' added the man respectfully. 'Should I send a boy up to the house to say you've come, ma'am? He wouldn't be gone long, if you would not mind sitting in the waiting-room.'

'No, thank you, Simmonds; I had rather walk. I shall go slowly, and I dare say I shall not find it very hot.'

Nevertheless Juliet did find it very hot indeed.

It was one of those perfectly breezeless, cloudless days, when the whole air seems hazy and swimming with the heat. By the time she had walked along the quarter of a mile of dusty highroad, she began to regret that she had not allowed Simmonds to send up the boy for the cariage. But the worst part of the walk was over.

Presently, by a path well known to her she turned into a waving cornfield, cutting off the corner of which she came to a small wicket gate which led into her own park. Here at once was shade and peace and loveliness.

Juliet was in no hurry; she sat down under the first tree she came to and took off her hat.

Before her lay the cornfield through which she had passed, already in full ear, flecked all over with blue and purple cornflowers and great scarlet poppies, above which a

thousand white and yellow butterflies fluttered ceaselessly; behind her were the great woods that were her own; from their deep shades she could hear the soft cooing of the wood-pigeons, the occasional crackle of the branches as some squirrel scampered along them, and the soft everlasting ripple of the leaves. A little stream babbled fresh and cool at her feet, fringed by drooping ferns and tall meadow-sweet and star-like wild-parsley flowers. Behind her, from the green slope hard by, came the steady munch of big-eyed dark-skinned Alderney cows standing knee-deep in the luscious grass; and right above her head, up in the deep blue sky, was one fluttering lark singing away with all his might and main.

Sweet sounds and sights and smells! How delicious, how wonderful, after months of brick and mortar, of the stone pavements and the stunted shrubs of London squares! How intoxicating to find oneself suddenly transported into a scene like this! What a feast for the tired eyes is all the luxuriant greenery of midsummer! What peace to the wearied ears and head are the hundred hushing sounds of a summer's day!

Who is there that understands the country with the deep joy, the intensity of appreciation, the delight too rapturous for words, of the imprisoned Londoner set free for one blessed day from the unloveliness of his daily surroundings!

It is worth while to live nine months of the year in a city for the sake of the keen delight of the other three: a delight which I believe no country-nurtured person, however fond he may be of country life and country pursuits, ever understands and realizes with the same intensity.

Juliet had all the vivid imagination, the deep poetry of soul, which is above all needful to constitute a true lover of nature. It was not merely to her a fine day and a pleasant prospect; there was a whole world to her in the fair sights and sounds around her. There was a meaning in the deep shadows under the trees and the yellow glare of the sunlight beyond, a rhythm in every babble of the brook; a poem in every waving flower on its banks; it was like an essay on life to her to sit and look upon it all, like a lesson in all that is best and purest and loveliest. Sweet teachings of nature! how is it that to some you are but a a blank meaningless page, while others can read all the wisdom of your hidden story as in an open book?

Tired with the heat of her journey, and soothed by the murmuring sounds around her, Juliet leant her head back against the lime-tree under which she sat, and gradually fell asleep. A little breeze from beneath the drooping woods caught the soft rings of her dark hair; low-voiced insects hummed and buzzed about her; flakes of scented blossom fluttered down from the lime-tree above, and the brook gurgling on beside her blended vaguely with the music in her dreams.

Such a sweet picture she looked, sitting there in her cool blue muslin dress, with her head thrown a little back, her lips a little parted, and her hands clasped loosely together in front of her! She looked very young—hardly more than a girl; and yet there were many sad drooping lines on the clear pale face, that would never perhaps look free from care and suffering again.

By-and-by, a cloud stole for an instant over the face of the sun, and with it the breeze freshened. With a start and a little shiver, Juliet awoke and sprang to her feet. 'I did not come down here to go to sleep!' she said aloud to herself as she looked at her watch and found that she had wasted nearly half an hour. Skirting the shady border of the wood, she began slowly to climb the side of the hill, and presently the many-twisted chimneys and the three red gables of Sotherne Court appeared before her. Leaving the park, she turned into the gardens through the shrubbery gate. No one seemed to be moving around the house or gardens. It was about the men's dinner-time, and the roller was standing on the lawn and the wheelbarrow on the gravel walk just as Andrews and his assistant had left them to go off to their midday meal.

The windows stood wide open, and soft muslin draperies fluttered out from the morning-room. Mrs. Blair had adopted as her own the little morning-room that used in the old days to be Juliet's special retreat. It was here that she was sitting on this particular morning. A white muslin dress plentifully adorned with pink ribbons decked the somewhat angular lines of her spare figure, and a mob-cap of muslin and lace to match invested her with a combined elegance and simplicity suitable to the novel character of a betrothed damsel in which she was now figuring.

She sat on the sofa, whilst in front of her on a low stool squatted the happy lover, obediently holding a skein of white wool,

which his lady-love was deftly winding off his outstretched red hands.

'Now, Daniel!' said the lady playfully, 'how can I wind if you fidget so? do keep still!'

'My charming love, who could keep still at the feet of so much beauty!' returned the lover gallantly; 'when the heart is on fire, the—ahem, the—a—the tenement of clay is naturally restless!'

Mr. Lamplough was secretly ardently desiring to get up, as the position into which Mrs. Blair had sportively pushed him was beginning to be sadly trying to his back and knees.

'You naughty darling!' she answered, laughing affectedly and shaking her finger at him; 'always flattering your poor Maria! When we are married, Daniel, I am afraid you will no longer make me such pretty speeches!'

The Reverend Daniel promptly reflected that, when he was married, he was not likely to waste much time squatting on the floor like a journeyman tailor at his Maria's feet; but courtship, as he was well aware, brings its own appointed duties.

'Cruel, cruel angel!' he exclaimed tragically; 'already you begin to doubt my devotion!'

'Never, my dearest love—do not suspecty our own Maria! it is my exquisite sensitiveness that leads me for one moment astray. Doubt you, my love!—you that are the kindred soul so long sought for in vain by this widowed, lonely heart!'

And here Mrs. Blair, dropping the ball of wool, melted into gentle tearless sobs behind her lace handkerchief; upon which Mr. Lamplough joyfully seized the opportunity of releasing his cramped legs from their aching posture, and rising from the ground with difficulty, by holding on to the corner of the table, he landed himself safely upon the sofa by his Maria's side, where he proceeded to clasp her somewhat shrinking form to the rumpled and not altogether spotless shirt-front which veiled his manly bosom.

It was at this critical moment in the proceedings of these fond lovers that an intruding shadow suddenly darkened the window.

With a little scream Mrs. Blair pushed back her lover.

'We are watched, Daniel!' she cried; 'for Heaven's sake, leave me!'

The Reverend Daniel had also caught sight of the interloping somebody outside, and was not slow to take the hint. It was all very well to act the adoring lover in strict privacy with this charming widow, but he had no fancy for making himself ridiculous before a third person. With a sudden bound, he sprang for the door, and when Juliet Travers, pushing aside the muslin curtains, stepped in through the long French window, she just caught sight of a pair of black legs flying precipitately through the door.

It did not strike her that she had come in at an inopportune moment. It could not have been Higgs, of course, who had bolted in so undignified a manner; and it only vaguely crossed her mind that Mrs. Blair's visitor, whoever he might be, had an unpleasantly rough manner of slamming the door behind him.

Mrs. Blair, at the sudden appearance of her stepdaughter, jumped up with a little cry of genuine astonishment.

'My dearest Juliet, how you made me start! I could not think who it was. What made you come in that way? and what has brought you down to day? and why did you not write, my darling girl? and, dear me! you must have walked from the station—and in all this heat!'

'Yes, I walked—' answered Juliet quietly, as she threw down her hat and sunshade upon the table. 'I have something to say to you Mrs. Blair—something that could not well be written; so I thought it best to come down myself.'

'Have you, dearest Juliet? but you will have something to eat first? surely you must want something after your journey—a cup of tea or a little claret, at all events, to cool you?'

'No, thank you, Mrs. Blair,' answered Juliet, laying her hand on her stepmother's arm as she was rising to ring the bell; 'do not ring for anything—I shall have the carriage to take me on to Broadley to lunch as soon as I have said what I have to say to you. I want nothing but your attention for a few minutes.'

Something in Juliet's manner suddenly filled Mrs. Blair with a vague apprehension.

'Dear me!' she said, with a little nervous laugh; 'what can you have to say to me,

Juliet? I am sure I am delighted to listen to anything you have to say; but is it so *very* important, that you cannot even rest and have some luncheon first?'

'Yes it is very important,' answered Juliet gravely. And then for a moment she was silent, standing looking sternly down upon the woman who had wronged her so deeply and so remorselessly.

Mrs. Blair had turned a little pale under her rouge, and her heart was thumping in a manner very unusual to her. She could not meet her stepdaughter's eye, but sat fidgeting nervously with the pink ribbon bows on the front of her dress.

'I have seen Ernestine,' began Juliet. A sudden sense of relief sent the blood back into Mrs. Blair's face.

'Oh, my dear Juliet,' she said with alacrity, 'I know that you have come to plead with me about that poor misguided girl! I see she has been to you with some tale about my cruelty and harshness in sending her away so suddenly; it is just like your goodness and charity of heart to take her part and to come down to plead for her—and of course it *does* sound rather severe, I admit, after so many years, to send her off at a day's notice; but if you heard all the rights of it, and *my* version of the story, I think you would agree with me that I have done perfectly right in sending her away—such a flighty, untrustworthy wretch as she has turned out, and has been giving herself such airs—impertinence to my visitors, and Heaven knows what besides!'

'You are mistaken,' answered Juliet quietly; 'it is not about your dismissal of your maid that I came to speak. Whatever I may or may not think of your sending her away so suddenly, you had a perfect right to do so, and I should not dream of interfering with or questioning your arrangements. No, Mrs. Blair, it is not of your maid's dismissal, but of something which she told me that I have to speak to you.'

Again the color fled from Mrs. Blair's cheeks.

'Something she told you!' she repeated blankly.

'There was a letter,' said Juliet, 'a letter which should have been received by me five years ago—that letter is now, or was until yesterday, in Ernestine's possession. Mrs. Blair, I have come to ask you why that letter never reached me?'

'A letter?—I cannot think what you mean! What have I to do with Ernestine's letters? what on earth do you suppose that I am likely to know about it?' faltered Mrs. Blair, whilst their flashed rapidly through her mind the recollection of all that had happened on the morning of the arrival of that letter which she had destroyed.

As distinctly as if it had been yesterday she remembered tearing it in half upon her maid's sudden entrance, and then throwing it into the fire. No, there could not be a doubt of its destruction—she remembered well how the bright flames had danced up and licked up the white paper in a second, and how the charred and blackened fragments had fluttered with the smoke up into the chimney. It was as plain before her eyes as if she could see it now. The letter had most assuredly been utterly destroyed. Ernestine might have guessed at the story and raked it up out of revenge, but she could have no possible proof—and who would believe the word of a discarded servant against that of her mistress? She might (putting together the fact of her fetching the bag and seeing the blazing letter) have got hold of the truth, but it was quite impossible that she could bring forward any evidence to support her accusation; therefore Mrs. Blair rapidly decided that her best and safest plan was to brazen it out and to deny it utterly.

'I really cannot think what you are talking about, Juliet,' she said, in well-feigned bewilderment. 'You look at me in such a strange manner—you seem almost to be accusing me of something!' she added, with a nervous laugh.

'I do accuse you of something; I accuse you of intercepting and destroying a letter addressed to me by Colonel Fleming just before he went away to India!'

'Juliet, you positively insult me! what can you mean? *I* intercept a letter, indeed! *I* interfere with a another person's correspondence! What on earth do you take me for? I never was so insulted in my life!' and Mrs. Blair's voice actually quivered with the force of her righteous indignation.

'Then how do you account for this?' said Juliet, unfastening her pocket-book and holding out to her the torn letter which Ernestine had brought her. 'This, Mrs. Blair, your maid found in the lining of a dress which you had given her!'

Mrs. Blair stared blankly and speechlessly at the fragment in Juliet's hand; she recognized the letter immediately, but the sight of it filled her with utter amazement. How on earth did Ernestine get hold of it? for of course she knew at once that the dress story was a fabrication.

'I know nothing of it,' she faltered at last; 'I never saw it before: it must have been Ernestine's doing entirely.'

'What motive could Ernestine have had?' exclaimed Juliet impatiently. 'Mrs. Blair, do not take the trouble to deny what is as plain as daylight. You knew that I expected a letter from Colonel Fleming, for I had told you that he was going to write to me. You watched for it and intercepted it; how it came into your maid's possession I neither know nor care; but I do know that you—and you alone—stole my letter.'

Then Mrs. Blair, driven from her last entrenchment, burst into tears. 'I did it for the best, Juliet—indeed, indeed I did. I was so afraid you would be led into making an imprudent match. I only wished for your happiness.'

'*My* happiness!' repeated her stepdaughter scornfully. 'You did not think much of my happiness, I fancy. All you wanted was your own selfish ends and your own cruel revenge on a girl whom you always hated and envied.'

'Dearest Juliet, do not speak so! Pray believe me—I meant it for the best, I did indeed!' and Mrs. Blair sobbed and wrung her hands, and looked the picture of woe.

'And do you know what your "best" has done for me?' answered Juliet in a low concentrated voice; 'do you know that you have ruined my happiness and embittered my soul? do you know that you have spoilt two lives, his and mine? Remember that, if evil were to come of it, it would be your fault—lie at your door; and bitterest curses would fall upon your head.'

'Juliet, Juliet, spare me!' cried the unhappy Mrs. Blair, covering her ears with both her hands.

'What had I done—' continued Juliet, bitterly and wildly; 'good heavens! what had I done to you, that you should have treated me so cruelly? What in the whole course of my life had I been guilty of to deserve such a terrible retaliation? Had you not lived under my roof, been fed at my expense, been treated in my house with all due honour and respect as my father's widow? Are you not human, have you no womanly pity, that you were not able to stop short of breaking my heart! How could you do it! Good God! woman, how could you do it!'

She flung up her hands in a paroxysm of despair, whilst tears hot and bitter welled up suddenly into her eyes.

At the sight of her stepdaughter's emotion Mrs. Blair recovered her presence of mind.

For one moment, in her utter discomfiture, she had sobbed and prayed and owned herself to be guilty; but she soon began shrewdly to perceive that it would never answer for her to be too humble or too penitent.

The worst was over. Juliet, it is true, knew of her treachery and baseness, but she was not likely to betray that knowledge to others. After all, the cards were still in her own hands, for Juliet's secret was in her possession. She was a married woman, and she loved another man—here to her very face she had acknowledged it! what a hold such a confession gave Mrs. Blair over her stepdaughter!

Drawing herself up with a look of virtuous horror, Mrs. Blair addressed her stepdaughter in an altered voice.

'Juliet I am amazed at you. Whatever my faults may have been—and I confess that I am sorry now for what was simply an error of judgment, caused by over-anxiety for your happiness and welfare—whatever *mistake* I may have committed, I have at all events never lost sight of the decencies, I may say the moralities, of life. But can I believe my ears, that you, a married woman, the wife of Cecil Travers, have the audacity to confess to *me*, your father's widow—a pure-minded virtuous woman—to own to *me* with your own lips that you love another man who is not your husband!'

'Silence, woman!' cried Juliet, starting from her seat and crimsoning with anger to the very roots of her hair; 'how dare you say such words! what is it to you whom I love or whom I don't love?'

'I am disgusted—simply disgusted!' said the widow, turning away, and waving her scented handkerchief before her face as if the thought of Juliet's iniquities made her feel faint.

Juliet stifled down her anger and laughed a short bitter laugh.

'You will probably be still more disgusted at what I have to say further to you, Mrs. Blair,' she said scornfully. 'You have made my house your home for several years—I do not care that you should do so any longer. As soon as it is convenient to you, I shall be much obliged if you will find another abode. I do not wish to hustle you out with unkind haste, but my house is, after your insulting words and your wicked conduct to me, no longer fitted to be your home.'

Mrs. Blair turned livid with rage. She was silent for a minute, and then, with a sudden smile of triumph, she got up and made her stepdaughter a sweeping curtsey.

'Very much obliged to you, Mrs. Travers, I am sure! Your revenge is very nicely aimed, certainly; only, unfortunately it has no power to wound me. I was on the point of telling you that I no longer require the kind shelter of your house, which I should in any case have left altogether in a few months—to oblige you, I will make it a few weeks. But as I am going to be married very shortly, and have a house of my own in London, I am fortunately quite independent of the charitable tender mercies of my stepdaughter.'

'To be married!' gasped Juliet in amazement.

'Yes—very wonderful, of course,' said the widow, smiling and fanning herself with great *sang-froid.* 'Wonderful, of course, but nevertheless true. My future husband is the eminent divine the Reverend Daniel Lamplough, who has a nice house in Eccleston Street. I dare say I can hurry on my marriage to oblige you, Juliet, and turn out of Sotherne in about five or six weeks. Have you anything else to say to me?'

No, Juliet had nothing else to say. In truth she was so much astounded at this unexpected piece of news, that she forgot all her anger in blank bewildered amazement.

She could only take her leave shortly and coldly, and depart by the way she came; whilst Mrs. Blair, triumphant to the last, laughed a scornful laugh of victory as her adversary went out.

'I had the best of it there, I think!' she said aloud, as soon as Juliet was out of hearing.

And there is no denying it: she *had* very much the best of it. Juliet had been out-trumped!

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### FLORA.

ON that same morning, Broadley House lay full in the midsummer sunshine, whilst its master sat out on the lawn under the shadow of a spreading walnut-tree.

The house was to the full as untidy and dilapidated-looking as of old. There had been no money spent upon house-painters and decorators since the days when little Georgie was the ruling spirit in it and the Squire kept the hounds.

What the old man called a 'lick of paint' had indeed been patched on here and there, just to keep body and soul together, as it were, in the rambling old house; but there had been no thorough overhauling and doing-up of the doors and windows, no repapering of the rooms, no resuscitation of the cracked yellow plaster and stucco, such as undoubtedly the whole place required in every part.

Neither was the garden any better kept and tended than of yore. The evergreens had grown up long and straggly, and, for want of being regularly clipped, had become weedy and thin-looking near their roots; the borders were a tangled mixture of flowers and weeds, with, if anything, a predominance of the latter; whilst the lawn was badly mown and scratched up by the swarm of chickens and dogs which strayed all day long unreproved over it.

They none of them cared for these things at Broadley. Mrs. Travers, indeed, sometimes fretted unavailingly over the untidiness and disorder of her surroundings, and pleaded for another gardener, and suggested the ejection of the live stock from before the drawing-room windows; but the Squire would only grumble savagely—'Another gardener! pray where's the money to come from, ma'am?' whilst Flora regarded the notion of exiling the dogs from any portion of the domain with such indignant horror, that Mrs. Travers, being quite in the minority, had to smoother her remonstrances into an aggrieved and snubbed silence.

Squire Travers sits in a low chair under the walnut tree, dressed in a sort of East Indian planter's costume of nankeen-coloured cotton, with a straw hat on the

ground behind him, his spectacles on his nose, and 'The Field' on his knees.

Flat on her back on the grass in front of him lies his daughter Flora—her arms stretched up behind her blonde shiny head, and her grey eyes looking sleepily up at her father from beneath their long dark lashes. Her lithe young figure, in its close-fitting pink cotton dress, gathered in by a simple leather belt at her slender waist, is shown off to full advantage by the *abandon* and ease of her attitude. Two fox terriers and a collie puppy at its most riotous age are tumbling and chasing each other with boisterous mirth round and round her recumbent form, without in any way disturbing her tranquillity; and a whole brood of soft white fluffy chickens, with their solemnly clucking mother at their head, are pecketing their way over the grass not a couple of yards from her head.

Flora has been dozing, but she is wide awake now, and she is wondering when on earth her father will have finished that article on salmon-culture in 'The Field.'

'He can't find it so very absorbing,' she said to herself; 'why doesn't he talk to me instead?' for Miss Flora was a chatterbox, and found enforced silence very hard to bear.

'Papa!' she said at last, seeing that the salmon-culture had been gone through, and a page on cricket-matches just turned to.

'Yes, my love?'

'Papa, that's the third small red spider I watched come down on the top of your dear old bald head.'

'Bless my soul! you don't say so, Flora!' said the Squire nervously, putting up his hand to rub his head, and dropping 'The Field' as he did so.

Flora laughed. 'All rubbish, papa—I only wanted you to stop reading! I'm not going to let you have "The Field" again;' and she took possession of the fallen paper, and placed it safely out of his reach under her own head.

'Now talk to me, papa.'

'Talk! bless the child! what is there to talk of out of the hunting season?'

'Why, there's Vesper's new litter, and Jock's distemper, and whether my mare is to be turned out to grass—and, good gracious, papa,' with a little scornful impatience, 'can you talk of nothing else but the dogs and horses?'

The Squire rubbed his chin thoughtfully—what did the child want to talk about? he wondered. Georgie had never wished for any more exalted topic of conversation.

'I thought you were so fond of the horses and dogs,' he said, reproachfully, looking at his younger daughter.

'So I am, the darlings, I love them!' said Flora, catching at one of the fox terriers as he bounded over her, and kissing his brown head rapturously ere she released his struggling, kicking body.

'So I am, of course; but they are dull to talk about. Do you know of what I have been thinking for the last quarter of an hour?'

'Not in the least.'

'Well, look up into the tree above you,' she said, casting up her clear grey eyes as she spoke; 'look right up into it. Do you see how the branches all bend out from the trunk in regular curves, and how all the leaves lie one over another in a sort of vaulted roof?—and listen, papa, to the sort of murmur the voices of the birds make high up above there; do you remember when we went into Wells Cathedral once, when the choristers were practising somewhere out of sight—and we stared up at the roof till the sound seemed to come from there like angels' voices—don't you remember how lovely it was! Now, doesn't looking up into the walnut-tree remind you of the roof of Wells Cathedral, papa?'

Mr. Travers had done as he was told, and leaned his neck back till it ached, to look up straight above his head. He listened attentively to all his daughter said, and then looked down again at her with a puzzled, bewildered face. What could he make of a girl who said a tree was like a cathedral?

'Upon my soul, Flora, I suppose I am very stupid,' he said, almost humbly; 'but I don't see how a green tree can be like Wells Cathedral!'

'Don't you, papa? oh, I see it so plainly,' she answered, with her eyes still above his head, continuing the drift of her own fanciful imaginations. 'I can see all the frettings and carvings of the groined roof, and the capitals of the columns with leaves and berries and arabesques, and there is one little grinning demon's head, yes, and there is another, and another too—those are the bosses, and then a whole legion of little saints and fiends mixed up together

under that arch—ah! cruel little puff of wind! it has blown them all away.'

The Squire had looked up again, half fancying the things must be there, since Flora saw them, and angry at his own stupidity for not doing so too, and then he looked down again at her in perplexity.

'What queer things the child has got in her head,' he said, half to himself. 'Is it from Wattie, I wonder, that you've got all these crazy notions, Miss Flora?'

A faint flush swept over the girl's face as her father spoke, and she half raised herself from the ground.

'Never mind all the nonsense I talk, papa. I like saying aloud all the odd things that come into my head—perhaps I ought not to expect you to understand—but hush! is not that the sound of carriage wheels coming up the drive? Yes, it is a carriage; fancy visitors at this hour in the morning—why, papa!' springing up gladly, 'it is the Sotherne carriage, and there is Juliet inside it,' and she ran eagerly forward; whilst the Squire, stooping to pick up his 'Field' and his straw hat, followed her more leisurely.

'There must be something wrong in the head of a child that sees cathedrals up in the trees,' he said to himself again, with a puzzled pucker on his old forehead.

'Anything wrong with Cis—is my dear boy ill?' cried Mrs. Travers, coming anxiously out of the front door to meet her daughter-in-law.

Mothers-in-law have a way of thinking that nothing else on earth can occupy the time or thoughts of their sons' wives, excepting only those sons, who to the mother are such demi-gods, and to the wife often such very commonplace and faulty personages.

'Nothing is wrong with Cis that I know of,' answered Juliet, smiling, as she alighted from the carriage; 'he was quite well this morning;' and a little pang went through her heart, at the thought that no one asked or cared whether anything was wrong with her, a pang which, an instant after, she accused herself of foolishness for feeling. 'How are you, dear Mr. Travers? can you spare me Flora? I have come to carry her off. Flora, do you think you can pack up your things and be ready to go back with me in a couple of hours? Never mind if your wardrobe is not quite what it should be—we are not going to a desert; there are plenty of shops in London, you know.'

'O Juliet! do you really mean it?' exclaimed the girl, clapping her hands in delight, whilst visions of London, of balls and theatres, and flower shows, dreamt of often, but never experienced, flashed through her mind and flushed her fair young face with a bright rose tint.

'Flora is too young to go out in London,' said her mother,—'a child not seventeen yet.'

'Indeed, mamma, I am!' interrupted the girl eagerly; 'I was seventeen last Monday—don't you remember? Oh! do let me go!'

'I think she had much better stay at home. I have no opinion of turning girls' heads with vanity and frivolity, before they are out of the school-room,' said the mother severely.

But the father was thinking of the cathedral up in the walnut-tree. High time something should be done to drive such fanciful notions out of the child's mind.

'Let her go, let her go,' he said. 'What's life to a girl out of the hunting-season, with no one but a couple of old folks to talk to? She only gets a pack of nonsense and poetry into her head. You may go with your sister-in-law, my dear; go and pack up your frocks; and Juliet, come in and have some lunch.'

Mrs. Travers sighed resignedly, as Flora executed a pirouette of delight, and fled indoors with her face all aglow with pleasure to pack up 'her frocks.'

So Juliet carried off her young sister-in-law to Grosvenor Street. Was it, perhaps, that she needed that pure young presence to defend her against herself?—that she dreaded to return alone to all the storms and temptations of her life—that she required a companion, some one to be with her and to stand by her daily, a some one who should be quite a different sort of person from Rosa Dalmaine?

Possibly, for with the events of the last two days, there had grown up a great terror in Juliet Travers's heart, a mortal fear, a terrible dread of herself. Whilst she had believed that she was unloved and forgotten, she had been indeed miserable, but she had been safe; but with the knowledge which the discovery of that old letter had brought her, that she was not unloved,

not scorned, not forgotten, every safeguard of pride and duty behind which she had formerly entrenched herself seemed to be crumbling away.

By the very joy that the knowledge of Hugh Fleming's love gave her, she realized the greatness of her danger. And now her secret was no longer her own—to her very face her enemy, the woman whose selfish cruelty had already ruined her life, had accused her of loving a man not her husband, and had worded her accusation in coarse uncompromising words, that had possibly scared and terrified her more than all her own most heart-searching thoughts. As this woman had wrecked her past, might she not also equally wreck her future.

With a shudder of terror she turned eagerly from her own thoughts, with a certain sense of security, to the girl who sat beside her in the railway carriage, and who was chattering gaily of the unknown pleasures and delights which London can contain for sorrowless seventeen.

Flora was in Fairyland. The fields and woods and villages, as they flew by in the deepening summer twilight, seemed to her a flower-bordered pathway, that was to lead her to the summit of all her dreams.

She had never been to London before, except for an occasional day's shopping, usually including a visit to the dentist, of which she had anything but pleasant reminiscences, and she had never been to a ball in her life. Flora was neither worldly nor frivolous, but she had that craving for enjoyment and pleasure which all young girls naturally possess, and which is so often unwisely checked and smothered away as a sin by mothers who believe themselves to be honestly doing their duty, but who seem to have entirely forgotten their own young days.

Why, in the name of all that is innocent and good, should not girls enjoy to the utmost their first hey-day of youth, when they are heart-whole and frolicksome as the young lambs in the cowslip-covered field! God knows that heart-burnings, and disappointments, and weariness of mind, come soon enough to most women!

And beyond and above this natural pleasure and excitement in the change that had come into her life, there was hidden away somewhere in the depths of Flora's heart a certain joyous delight in the thought of something very specially happy, which might, in all probability, come across her path in London.

Now, this something had a tangible name—and the name of it was Walter Ellison.

Flora Travers was not at all 'in love,' with our old friend Wattie; at least, if you had accused her of such a thing, she would have laughed at you. Wattie was to her as an elder brother, a home authority, a somebody to be at times teazed and lorded over, and at other times admiringly listened to and meekly obeyed. She had had very little sisterly intercourse with her own brother—indeed, she knew very little of him at all; and the little she did know was so uncongenial to her own nature, that she could hardly be said to be fond of him.

But in Wattie, Flora had realized, as she thought, all her notions of fraternal affection, and perhaps a something more besides, of which she was hardly aware.

When he came down to Broadley from Saturday to Monday, an event which had happened less often now than in the first years after poor Georgie's death, Flora ran gladly to meet him at the front door, which in opening to admit his handsome figure, seemed to her to let in a flood of life and sunshine along with it.

When he talked to her she listened to him patiently, when he lent her books she devoured them eagerly; but when, as frequently happened, he gave her gentle fraternal scoldings and wise little bits of advice, she laughed at him scornfully, and told him to mind his own business, and then, after he was gone, repented in tears, and strove to do all he wished.

And Wattie loved the girl with all his heart and soul; not as he had loved Georgie, with the fervour and passion of a boy's first love, but soberly and gravely, and none the less deeply that he had hitherto suppressed every outward demonstration of it.

This transferring of his heart from his dead first love to her young sister was not done all in a minute.

Wattie had been attracted to her first because of the reflected light of his affection to Georgie, because she was so heartbroken at her death, and perhaps still more because of her great personal likeness to her sister. But by degrees, as time went

on, he grew to love her for herself alone, and to love her with a totally different and distinct love from that he had felt for Georgie.

Not for her sweetness or gentleness or unselfishness could anyone love Flora Travers. None of these things had she in common with Georgie; their love of riding, and of all healthy out-door occupations, and their fair shining hair alone, had made the sisters alike.

Flora was wilful and self-indulgent and spoilt, as only the younger child of a doting old father can be. She asserted her own opinions, spoke out her own views, contradicted her elders, and laughed at them to their faces, with a boldness which horrified Wattie, whilst at the same time it attracted him strangely.

She was so saucy, and so conscious of her own power, and so pretty with it all, that it would have required a stronger minded man than Wattie to have resisted her. And then Flora had a serious side to her volatile nature, a vivid imagination, a refined mind, and the warmest heart in the world.

Walter Ellison was no longer the impetuous lover who had wooed poor Georgie five years ago. He knew very well that the Squire would as joyfully give him his younger daughter, as he had jealously withheld the elder from him in days gone by. But Wattie did not mean to take advantage of that knowledge: The child should not be taken unawares; she should have time to look about her, and see other men, and learn her own heart thoroughly before he asked her for it. Meanwhile Wattie stuck to the Bar and worked in earnest. He had long ago given up the idea of rising to fame and fortune by the pursuit of the Fine Arts, and opportunity having on one occasion given him a brief with which he had made a slight success, he buckled down bravely to court the legal muse, and by this time was earning a small but steadily increasing income by his untiring energy and perseverance.

He did not go down very often to Broadley now. He fancied that the Squire's hints and nods and winks had made Flora slightly conscious and confused in his presence, and he did not want her to be driven into considering him as a lover, or even as an admirer, by the well-meant insinuations of anybody.

If she loved him she must do so of her own accord, he said to himself, or else not at all.

And yet, all the time he plodded away at his daily work, he was not constantly thinking that he was working and toiling for her. Indirectly, for her—yes, if she would have him; but if not, then for himself.

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## CHAPTER XXIX.

### FLORA IN LONDON.

THE whirl of London life went on—dinners, balls, evening parties all night, flower-shows, afternoon parties, visits, and shops all day—and no one among all the gay crowd of matrons and maids caught the spirit of the life more quickly, or entered more thoroughly into every passing pleasure, than did out little friend Flora Travers.

In three weeks Flora had developed from a girl into a woman; the hot-bed life of London excitement drew out of her things that had before lain dorment within her, and which it would have taken years of the quiet humdrum existence of Broadley House to have brought to light.

For in three weeks she had learnt the secret of her own attractiveness. She had gone to her first ball with a thousand tremors and misgivings. As she had followed Juliet up the flower-bedecked staircase, and had encountered all the gay couples of men and women coming down it—a quadrille was just over—talking and laughing and nodding to each other with the ease of perfect confidence in themselves and in their own enjoyment, her beating heart had sunk down in dismay.

She knew no one. Was it likely that she would get any partners? Who would care to dance with a girl so young and so ignorant of everything connected with London life as she was? And to sit still and watch other girls dance and enjoy themselves was, Flora felt, more than the fortitude of seventeen could bear. She knew she should disgrace herself and cry. Oh, how heartily she longed to be able to turn back and fly down that bright thronged staircase, jump into the dark carriage again, and be carried home to bed before the dreadful misery which she anticipated should overtake her;

And then, just as these agonized thoughts were at their climax, somebody introduced her to her first partner:

'Miss Travers, let me introduce Captain Hartley.'

And an unknown somebody, whom she had not the courage to look up at, straightway whirled her away in his arms.

Jack Hartley was wondering what on earth he should say to his partner. The lady of the house had asked him if he minded dancing with a very young girl, who knew nobody; and Jack, who was good-natured, pulled a grimace and submitted to be victimized.

'She is pretty, at all events,' was his first thought, adding, after a dozen steps or so down the room, 'and dances well, too, by Jove! Well, I'd better keep her at it, for I suppose she can't say a word!'

And keep her at it he did, until his own breath was utterly gone, and he had to come to a stop to recruit it, whilst Flora stood fresh and cool as a summer flower by his side.

'Well, I must say something to her,' thought Jack, when his violent panting had somewhat abated, 'so here goes for the Row or the Royal Academy for the nine hundred and sixteenth time this week!' and he was just clearing his throat to open fire on these interesting topics when a clear sweet voice by his side said:

'I am afraid you will find me very stupid!'

'Stupid!' said Jack, opening his blue eyes in amazement, but feeling rather guilty the while; 'what an extraordinary idea! what can make you think so?'

'Girls are always considered stupid when they are quite young. I know you were cudgelling your brains to think of something civil to say to me.'

'What a witch you are!' said Jack, laughing at being so cleverly found out, and beginning to notice that his companion was even more than pretty. 'Well, I won't deny the soft impeachment; but I see now that I was blind--you are not like ordinary girls at all.'

'Perhaps not,' said Flora, lowering her glance a little under her partner's admiring gaze, 'but this is my first ball.'

'Everybody must have a beginning,' said Captain Hartley, with reassuring condescension. 'So it is your first ball, is it? Well, and how do you like it?'

'Oh, not at all, as yet,' said Flora, with ingenuous earnestness.

Jack Hartley burst out laughing. 'Upon my word, Miss Travers, you are not complimentary, considering that I am "as yet" your only partner!'

'That is just it—I mean,' correcting herself with a blush, 'I don't mean to be rude, of course,—but it is because you *are* my only partner—I know you will be the only one,' she added, looking melancholy.

'Do you mean that I am to dance with you the whole evening? said Jack, more and more amused.

'Oh, no, no! how very stupid you are!' cried Flora, quite distressed; 'no, I mean of course that no one else will.'

'Why on earth should you imagine that such an awful state of imbicility is going to befall the whole of the male sex here present?'

'Because I am seventeen, and I don't know a single soul in the room,' answered the girl with a demure solemnity that was almost tragic.

Jack laughed heartily as he passed his arm round her waist, and as he carried her off again among the dancers he whispered, with his long moustache almost brushing against her smooth fair plaits,

'You little goose, you dance divinely; you are lovely, and, better still, you know how to flirt already. Take my word for it, before the end of the evening you will be queen of the room.'

And he was right. Before the evening was over Flora had more partners than she knew what to do with, and was lording it over them with all the saucy impudence of a young sovereign.

It is little to be wondered at that in three weeks' time there was no longer only one man reigning supreme in Flora Travers's imagination.

Wattie Ellison was no more the dominant influence of her life. Instead of him dozens of young men of all shades and kinds hustled and jostled each other through her thoughts night and day, one succeeding the other with surprising rapidity. Captain Hartley, with his blue eyes and long moustache, and with the privileged freedom of old friendship which that little talk at her first ball had empowered him to assume, was perhaps the foremost and most constant on her list of admirers—at all

events, he attracted her fancy and touched her vanity more than did any of the others.

Captain Hartley was a young man who understood women and the art of pleasing them thoroughly. He had studied them at all ages and in all moods from his boyhood upwards; he understood when to pursue them and when to stand aloof, when to cajole and when to appear indifferent, when to gaze with bold admiration and when to glance covertly with feigned timidity—he could be humble with them at times; but, above all, he knew when and how to be audacious; for what woman at heart is not attracted by audacity, though she must perforce feign to resent it? 'Faint heart never won fair lady,' is the truest proverb that ever was written concerning the much hackneyed subject of love-making. In a word, Jack Hartley was a finished flirt; moreover, he was a cavalry officer, in a crack Lancer regiment, and Flora was at that age when the military element makes a profound impression on the female imagination. When one morning she had been taken down to some field-day at Aldershot, and had seen him trot by at the head of his troop, a brilliant vision of blue cloth and gold lace and shining accoutrements glittering in the sunshine, little Flora gave in at once and believed herself, for that day at least, to be really and truly desperately in love with the fascinating captain.

Meanwhile, Wattie Ellison was not unmindful of what was going on, but he knew the child better than she knew herself.

He had met her at several balls, and, although he had never danced himself since the death of his first love, he had been partly pleased and partly pained to stand aside in some sheltering door-way to watch Flora.

He was pleased that she was so happy and so much admired, and to see her looking so lovely; but he was pained to note how much all the admiration and flattery engrossed her, and to see how little part he himself had in her present life. Especially did he dislike the very decided flirtation which Flora was carrying on with handsome Jack Hartley. Wattie well knew that Jack was the kind of man who never meant anything serious by attentions to young ladies, and he was terribly afraid lest Flora should allow herself to get too fond of the handsome lancer. He wondered that Juliet did not see and guard against the danger for her young sister-in-law; but Juliet, although she zealously performed all the arduous duties of chaperone, was possibly too much engrossed by her own troubles to notice very particularly how often Flora danced or sat out with one partner; and as long as the girl was well dressed and enjoying herself, she did not, perhaps, think her supervision over her need go further.

One evening, it was a day or two before the Eton and Harrow cricket-match, Juliet and Flora were together in a box at the Opera; for the moment no one was with them, and the curtain had gone down for the first act.

The house was crowded, and they were both looking down at the glittering *parterre* of stalls below them.

'Look, Juliet, at that fat old woman in a pink silk turban—did you ever see such an object?' said Flora, peering down through her opera-glass. 'Why, I do declare it's old Mrs. Rollick! I never saw her come out in that style before—and there is Arabella with her, in a low white tarlatan dress. Well, if I was thirty, with a scraggy neck and a couple of broomsticks for arms, I wouldn't appear in a low dress like that!' she added, with all the severity and disgust which the consciousness of undeniable youth and beauty can give.

'You are seventeen, and have pretty little plum shoulders,' said Juliet, smiling. 'If you are unmarried at thirty, and have grown scraggy—'

'*If!*' interrupted Flora, with a scornful little toss of her pretty chin.

Juliet laughed, and then sighed. She too had been looking eagerly down amongst the crowd below them—longing and yearning for a sight of Hugh Fleming.

Since that day when the truth about that old letter had been spoken between them, he had not once been to her house, and she had only twice seen him, once in a crowded ball-room and once out-of-doors. On both occasions merely a bow had passed between them.

She was perfectly conscious that he kept aloof from her purposely; and although she fully appreciated his motives and honoured him for them, and though she acknowledged the wisdom of his avoiding her for both their sakes, yet, womanlike, she could not.

help reproaching him, and fretted angrily against his desertion.

'If he loved me more, he could not keep away,' she said to herself, whereas in her heart she knew that it was the very greatness of his love that made him keep away.

'There is Wattie,' said Juliet, looking down through her opera-glasses.

'Yes, I see,' said Flora, as if she did not care at all, although she had seen him a long time ago.

And presently Wattie came up into their box.

'What is this about your going to Lord's on Friday?' he said, sitting down by Flora, with perhaps a little too much of the elder brother in his tone.

'What about it?' said Flora defiantly, scenting opposition before it came.

'Why, I hear you are going on the drag of the 99th Lancers. I hope you won't think of it, Flora,—and without your sister-in-law, too.'

'Not think of it, indeed! As if I was going to give it up! Why on earth should I not go? I am going to be chaperoned by two married women, Mrs. Dalmaine and the Colonel's wife. You talk as if I was going off all by myself on the sly. Juliet has given me leave to go, haven't you, Juliet?'

'Given you leave to go where, Flora?' asked Juliet, rousing herself with an effort as the girl turned eagerly ro her.

'I was objecting to Flora's going by herself to the cricket-match on the 99th drag, Mrs. Travers,' put in Wattie.

'Mrs. Dalmaine is going to take her; I have been engaged myself long ago to go in Lady Caroline Skinflint's carriage, and I did not see how Flora was to go at all, so I was rather glad when she got such a pleasant invitation—how do you do, Lord George?' she added, turning to Lord George Mannersly, who at that moment entered the box and sat down beside her.

Flora turned triumphantly to Wattie.

'There!' she said, 'You see Juliet does not mind my going.'

'But *I* do very much, Flora; if you will give it up to please me, I will take you myself.'

'How?' she said, temporising a little.

'I will call for you in a hansom directly after lunch and take you up.'



'After lunch! well, and when there what shall we do?'

'Why, walk about,' said Wattie a little doubtfully, conscious possibly that his plan was hardly an equivalent for the 99th drag and the champagne luncheon.

'Thank you, sir,' said Flora, with a toss of her head, 'I prefer my own arrangements.'

At that moment Captain Hartley came into the box.

'I have just looked in, Miss Travers, in case I don't see you before Friday, to say that I will call for you in my phaeton at ten o'clock, if that is not too early. Mrs. Dalmaine will wait for you inside the door —I have just seen her—will that suit you?'

'Oh, perfectly, thank you, Captain Hartley; it will be delightful!' cried Flora, with a little more *empressement* in her tone than if Wattie had not been standing behind her chair.

'Very well, then, let us settle it so. We have nothing to do now but hope for fine weather; and of course, Miss Travers, you will wear Eton colours?'

'I will see about that,' said Flora, who had a new pale-blue bonnet just come home from the milliner's on purpose.

Jack Hartley bent over her chair and whispered something to her which Wattie did not hear.

She looked down, smiled, fidgeted with her fan, and then looked up with a sudden flash of her grey eyes into his.

'Well, for *your* sake I will try,' she said sentimentally.

Wattie ground his teeth together in a fury, whilst Captain Hartley, looking perhaps a little surprised at her manner, took his leave of both ladies.

'Good night,' said Wattie shortly, immediately after, and went out without shaking hands, with a face like a thundercloud.

And Flora pretended to listen to Patti, and felt a good deal elated by her small triumph, and a little bit sorry too.

What Jack Hartley had whispered to her had been very innocent indeed.

'That dreadful Rollick woman and her daughter have just been asking me to give them lunch on our drag at Lord's. I wish you would tell them the wheels are rotten and will give way, or something alarming; do try and keep them away,' was what he had said,—and Flora's words had answered.

him perfectly; but her manner had been intended to make Wattie believe that something sentimental had been said about the Eton colours, for she did not forget that Wattie was a Harrow man.

Old or young, fair or plain, in their dealings with men who love them, woman are at heart all the same. Only the different circumstances of their lives make the different shades of their character in this respect.

Down at Broadley House, among the horses and dogs, and under the shady walnut-trees on the lawn, no little maid had been more simple-hearted and more free from every shade of coquetry than was Flora Travers; but up in London, courted and flattered and sought after, she had already learnt all the thousand and one trickeries by which a woman exasperates an honest lover to the verge of despair, and often half breaks her own heart by the way. What can be the pleasure of it?

The natural feminine result of Miss Flora's naughtiness was that she lay awake crying all night; and had Wattie only come again in the morning, she would have given up the cricket-match without a pang. But Wattie did not dream of coming.

Flora was in the depths of penitence—she would at all events do something to show her good intentions.

'Juliet,' she said diplomatically, 'that bonnet is hideous! I really cannot wear it to-morrow. I think I must change it.'

'I thought it suited you so well, Flora; why should you want to change it?'

'I have taken the greatest horror of it. I positively cannot bear the sight of it!'

'You funny child! I liked it so much; but if you wish, we will take it back this afternoon.'

And when the two ladies reached the shop with the rejected bonnet, to Juliet's astonishment, Flora insisted on having a dark-blue one.

'Changed your colours,. Flora! Why, what is that for?'

'Light blue is horribly unbecoming to me,' said Flora, blushing guiltily.

'On the contrary, I think it is dark blue that does not suit you—but please yourself, child,' said her sister-in-law, with a smile, becoming aware for the first time of some romance that was taking place in the girl's life.

Flora was trying on a dark-blue bonnet. It did not suit her—her complexion was too pale. She was perfectly conscious of the fact, but stuck to her resolution with the heroism of an early martyr.

'He shall see that I can even make myself look a fright to please him,' she thought, and aloud she said, 'This one will do very well.' The dark-blue bonnet was paid for and carried off, and Flora felt that she had given Wattie every reparation within her power. All day long she longed for him to come, or at least for a note from him. If only he would offer again to take her himself, how gladly she felt she would give up the glories of the 99th drag and the champagne lunch, to say nothing of Captain Hartley's phaeton in the morning, to go with him humbly in a hansom! But Wattie made no sign, and Flora did not feel strong-minded enough to give up the expedition altogether. Towards evening she grew angry and impatient with him again.

'He is jealous, simply jealous,' she said to herself. 'Captain Hartley is much pleasanter, he never makes himself disagreeable for nothing. I shall certainly go now. Besides, it is too late to put him off. I almost wish I had not changed the bonnet.'

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## CHAPTER XXX.

### A VISIT FROM A BRIDE.

On a blazing morning some four or five days before the London world thought it necessary to go mad in light and dark blue over the schoolboys' cricket-match, a heavily laden four-wheel cab might have been seen drawn up lazily in front of one of the stuccoed porticoes in Lower Eccleston Street.

On the top of the cab were two large dress boxes, a portmanteau, and a tin box, all marked very strikingly with the letter L in red and white paint. Out of the cab there emerged, when the cabman opened the door, first, a small bird-cage containing a canary, secondly, a larger ditto containing a grey parrot, thirdly, a wickerwork dog-kennel containing a Maltese poodle—which latter animal enlivened the noonday tranquillity of the street by uttering sundry dismal and jackal-like howls as soon as he was deposited on the pavement.

After the live stock, were handed out a lady's dressing-case, a gentleman's dressing-bag, a bundle of umbrellas, and a rug; and then came a middle-aged female in a rusty black silk dress, and with a severe cast of countenance, who proceeded to hand out a shapeless bundle of muslin flounces and blue ribbons, who descended cautiously to the ground and looked timidly around her.

'It's very trying for a bride to come home all alone like this, isn't it, Dorcas? And to think of its being broad daylight too, with everybody to stare at me in the open street.'

'What is the heye of man?' said the female addressed, sternly fixing her own on the only male observer of the proceedings, a one-legged crossing-sweeper at the corner, who was idly wondering if so many packages would mean 'a job;' 'the heye of man signifies little, marm; reflect upon the judgment-day when all our sins will be revealed.' And it was with those cheerful words sounding in her ears that Mrs. Lamplough passed the threshold of her new home.

Mrs. Blair had not allowed many days to elapse after her stormy interview with her step-daughter before securing to herself, by all the strength of marriage bonds, the various good things which she imagined would fall to her lot as the lawful wife of the Rev. Daniel Lamplough.

No sooner had Juliet virtually ejected her from Sotherne than she became possessed with a mortal terror lest her lover, who was now her only refuge, should slip through her fingers also, and she be left destitute and homeless.

With many blushes and much simpering shyness she communicated to her dearest Daniel her wish to be married soon—sooner than she had originally intended—so very soon, indeed, that even that worthy man, who was not troubled with many bashful sentiments, was a little bit surprised.

She was never well at Sotherne in the summer, she said. She wanted an immediate change of air—it fretted her to think she was keeping her Daniel away from his parish and his poor people, who must miss his ministrations so sorely; it would be nice, too, to be married quietly, without any fuss; indeed, in her delicate position, it would be more seemly; and then, they would get a little glimpse of the world before the London season was quite over; and as to her clothes, why, she really wanted very little, and could get everything much better in town after she was married.

Mr. Lamplough was only too pleased at the turn which his courtship was thus suddenly taking. Truth to say, he was getting very tired of the love-making; the lady once secured, he was anxious to get back to his ordinary life, and was thoroughly sick of winding Mrs. Blair's wools and carrying her shawls, and of making her pretty speeches all day long. It was time, he considered, that all these follies should come to an end. A certain amount of philandering he had always known to be requisite and desirable on these occasions, but he was beginning to think that he had had pretty well enough of it, so that he hailed with joy this sudden fancy of hers to be married in a week, and congratulated himself on having found a woman who was sensible enough to forego the extravagant delights of a large trousseau, and who did not mind walking into church arm-in-arm with him, without a wedding party and without a wedding breakfast.

'My Maria,' he said, with that ineffable sweetness which always characterised his language to the lady of his affections, 'you are the fairest ornament of your sex; your goodness and your solicitude for my happiness positively overwhelm me;' and then he hummed and hawed, and said something about the settlements.

As to that, Mrs. Blair said it would be all very easily arranged. She would send for Mr. Bruce, who had always managed her affairs, and he would come down and settle everything, and if Mr. Lamplough would write any directions he might wish to give to him, she would do the same, and he would bring down the necessary documents with him all ready to be signed, so that there need be no delay on that score. And then she added tenderly,

'And you know, Daniel, that everything I have is yours.'

And Mr. Lamplough murmured 'My angel!' with a fondness which was not altogether assumed, considering the circumstances.

But whether it was by accident or by design, certain it is that Mr. Bruce's letter to the bridegroom elect did not give him the least idea of the true state of the case. In all probability Mr. Bruce imagined that the amount of Mrs. Blair's fortune was

known to him; at any rate, it was only when the family solicitor arrived at Sotherne with the settlements all drawn out in his pocket, the very afternoon before the wedding-day, that Mr. Lamplough found out, to his horror and dismay, that his 'rich widow,' as he had always fondly imagined her to be, possessed three thousand pounds of her own, and five hundred pounds per annum settled upon her for her lifetime,—which upon her death lapsed again to the Sotherne estate, upon which it was chargeable.

Certainly Mrs. Blair had done her utmost for her lover, for her own three thousand pounds were to be settled absolutely upon him. He could find no fault with her; to the best of her power, she had behaved fairly, and even generously, to him; she had not cheated him nor lied unto him, she had never told him she was rich, nor misled him concerning her fortune in any way. It was entirely from the gossip of other people, from the style in which she lived, and from his own misguided suppositions, that this fatal misconception had arisen.

And it was now too late. Mrs. Lamplough had no overweening sense of honour, neither was he a man of any refinement of feeling; but to cast off a lady on the very eve of his marriage-day, because she had not so much money as he had imagined her to have, was a thing which even he felt to be an impossibility.

So Mr. and Mrs. Lamplough were duly married at Sotherne Church the following morning, and the only change in their programme was, that, instead of a week's honeymoon, two days at the Red Lion at Henley, on their way to London, was all that Mr. Lamplough considered necessary under the altered circumstances of his marriage.

Some days before the wedding there arrived from London, as lady's-maid to the bride, a stern-looking middle-aged woman, Mrs. Dorcas Mullins by name. She was engaged and sent down by Miss Lamplough, the Rev. Daniel's maiden sister, with a first-rate character; indeed, she was well known to her, having already lived with several members of the Lamplough family.

Mrs. Blair did not fancy the austere and puritanical aspect of the waiting-maid her future sister-in-law had chosen for her; but Mr. Lamplough having stated that she was a God-fearing woman, and came of a pious family, and further that it was his vary particular wish that his dearest Maria should engage her, she did not venture to make any more objections to her.

Dorcas was undoubtedly a good servant and understood her duties, so that Mrs. Blair could find no reasonable fault with her, but she felt vaguely that her new maid was a spy upon her actions, and that Mr. Lamplough had chosen her to be a sort of gaoler over her. When the bride and bridegroom arrived at Paddington Station from Henley, Mr. Lamplough said to his wife:

'My love, will you go home with Dorcas?—I have a little business to do in the City, and shall be with you during the course of the afternoon.'

His smooth-toned, gentle words left no room for rebellion. Mrs. Lamplough felt it hard to be left to go to her new home alone, but already she had learnt that she was no longer a free agent, and that her husband was not a man whom she could dare to disobey, even concerning the smallest trifle.

So, accompanied only by her sour-faced scripture-quoting maid—a sad change from the voluble, worldly little Ernestine, whom her mistress already bitterly regretted—the three-days' wife arrived, as has been seen, at the unknown house of her new husband.

No. 160 Lower Eccleston Street was a large and well-built corner house, but when you went into it you felt much as if you were entering a family vault. Heavy mahogany furniture, black with age, faded flock papers of antediluvian designs, dingy threadbare carpets, and curtains out of which the sun had long ago taken every vestige of their original colour, and reduced them in every room to a uniforn rusty hue; a great gaunt drawing-room, from whose misty ceiling depended a monstrous and hideous chandelier done up in a yellow muslin bag; old-fashioned console tables with white marble tops surmounted by mirrors, whose gilt frames of scrolled and floriated designs were also swathed in yellow muslin; a large round table in the middle of the front drawing-room, another a size smaller in the middle of the back drawing-room, with red Utrecht velvet covers on each of them; a few hard strait-

backed sofas and chairs, all in red Utrecht also, scattered at wide intervals over the room; a white alabaster clock, with a blackened ormolu cupid on the top of it, on the mantelpiece, flanked on either side by two large and extremely hideous cut-glass lustres, completed the decoration of this cheerful apartment. The rest of the house was in the same style. All was good indeed, but heavy, ponderous, and frightful. There was not a little table, nor a light chair, nor a scrap of prettiness, from the cellar to the garret.

Poor Mrs. Lamplough, who had been accustomed to all the feminine knicknacks of the day in the pretty rooms at Sotherne, looked about her in dismay. Something must of course be done to improve all this; everything ugly must be swept away, and all sorts of new-fashioned things must be substituted—but meanwhile how depressing, how appalling, was the present state of things!

When Mr. Lamplough came home he found the furniture in the drawing-room all dragged about from one side of the room to the other, the yellow muslin torn off the chandelier and the gilt frames of the mirrors, and his wife standing in the midst of the confusion jotting down sundry items with a pencil and paper.

The reverend gentleman stopped in amazement in the doorway.

'My love, what *are* you doing? Are you pushing up the furniture for a carpet dance, or are you taking an inventory to let the house?

'Neither,' she answered, a little sharply; 'I am only putting down what things I shall want to make this room decently habitable, and what old rubbish must be sold.'

'New things!' said Mr. Lamplough, with a short laugh. 'I don't quite know, my dearest Maria, where the new things are to come from. I shall not provide the money for any new things; do you feel inclined to do so?' It was the first time he had alluded to the lack of money which he so sorely repented in his bride, and, possibly feeling not altogether guiltless of deception in the matter, Mrs. Lamplough bit her lip and was silent.

'Here, Florizella!' he exclaimed, addressing somebody behind him, and for the first time Mrs. Lamplough discovered that he had not come in alone. A great puffing and panting was heard on the last steps of the staircase and in the landing outside, and then the individual addressed as 'Florizella' waddled, I cannot say walked, into the room.

A short woman, little more than four feet high, and very nearly as broad as she was tall, a very fat red face, and fierce-looking little brown curls which stuck out stiffly from under a salmon-coloured bonnet, very large hands arrayed in grey cotton gloves, and very large feet in black cloth boots that stuck out conspicuously from under her short green silk gown—such was the outer appearance of the woman who answered to the poetical name of Florizella, suggestive of shepherdesses and flowery meads and all sorts of summer blossoms.

'Here, Florizella!' cried her brother, 'here is Mrs. Lamplough talking of selling my furniture already!'

'Selling the furniture!' repeated Miss Florizella in dismay, in the cracked wheezy voice which extreme obesity and constant attacks of asthma had made habitual to her. 'Selling *my mother's* furniture! gracious heavens!' and from the sour expression in Miss Lamplough's face it did not appear that she was likely to be over-affectionate to her new sister-in-law.

But Mrs. Lamplough did not intend to let herself be snubbed by her new relative. She laid down her pencil and advanced to meet her. 'I suppose this is your sister, Daniel,' she said, 'although you have not introduced her to me. You find me all in confusion, my dear Florizella; it would have been better to have deferred your visit a little; still, I am very pleased to see you.'

Miss Lamplough submitted to be kissed with a sulky grunt, and offensively repeated some remark concerning her mother's furniture, and what was wrong with it.

'Oh, as to the furniture,' said Mrs. Lamplough with a very sweet smile, 'of course, if dear Daniel values it for his mother's sake, I should not dream of selling any of it; but you must confess that it is ugly, and in the worst possible taste. But perhaps we could not expect any great refinement from her, poor woman, could we?'

Now, the late Mrs. Lamplough had, at an early period of her career, been engaged in the useful but homely occupation of dis-

pensing butter and eggs behind the counter in her husband's shop in Southampton Row, and Miss Lamplough, who was always painfully alive to the humiliating fact, felt the sting of the allusion and was silenced.

Mr. Lamplough, who had been listening to the little passage of arms between the ladies of his family with an amused smile, not altogether displeased to find that his elegant wife had the best of it, here called out to Dorcas, who happened to be passing upstairs, to send the housemaid into the drawing-room to move the furniture back into its place again, and to replace the yellow muslin bag on the chandelier.

And thus ended Mrs. Lamplough's fruitless attempt at beautifying and reforming her new home.

It so happened that Juliet Travers did not go to the cricket match at all. After Flora had gone off in high and somewhat artificial spirits in Captain Hartley's phæton, Juliet had received a note from Lady Caroline Skinflint announcing her inability to go in consequence of a bad sick-headache, so she resigned herself not at all unwillingly to a quiet day alone.

Great was her astonishment when, early in the afternoon, a visitor was announced—none other than Mrs. Lamplough.

Mrs. Lamplough, arrayed in lace and satin and gorgeous apparel, and a wonderful Parisian bonnet, came towards her with outstretched lavender-kid hands, and with the most delighted and *empressè* manner, as if nothing unpleasant had ever passed between them.

'My dearest Juliet! how fortunate I am to find you alone, and how nice to think of having a chat with you, my dear girl? I knew you would not wish me to stand upon ceremony with you; of course, being a bride,' with a little affected giggle, 'I ought, I suppose, to have waited for you to have called upon me first, but between you and me, dearest, I felt that there could be no such formalities, and I was very anxious to see you;' and she took hold of Juliet's hands and made as if she would have kissed her.

Juliet had half risen from her chair, and and looked and listened to her stepmother in positive amazement.

It passed through her mind to wonder at the various phases of human nature which were constantly presenting themselves to her. What could this woman be made of to be smiling and fawning upon her, and calling her by loving names, as if the memory of their last interview were wholly wiped out of her mind?

Could she be neither a sincere friend nor even an honest enemy? The straightforwardness of her own nature revolted against the duplicity of the other.

She drew back a little coldly from the proffered embrace.

'I am surprised, I confess,' she said, with hesitation; "I did not think—I did not imagine that after our last interview—'

'Ah, my dear, I am not one that can bear malice,' exclaimed her visitor with easy self-possesion, sinking down into the cushiony depths of an easy-chair. 'You know I was always warm-hearted; my feelings always carry me away; my sensibility, as I often say, is a snare to me, a positive snare; often, where prudence would keep me back, my heart, Juliet, carries me forward with a glow of enthusiasm. I positively *cannot* keep up a little quarrel with anyone I love—to forgive and forget is ever my motto.'

'There are some offences so deep, Mrs. Lamplough,' answered Juliet sternly, 'that it must be a matter of years to forgive them, and to forget them is perhaps impossible.'

And then Mrs. Lamplough was silent for a minute, looking keenly at her. Juliet was standing with her face turned slightly away from her, and her eyes bent down upon the pages of a book upon the table with which her slender fingers were trifling.

Through Mrs. Lamplough's mind there passed a rapid deliberation as to what was the best course for her to pursue. Here was a woman with whom it behoved her at all risks to keep on good terms; her own position in London society depended in a great measure upon her stepdaughter. She was bent upon entering into fashionable society, and Juliet's house was the threshold and stepping-stone by which alone she knew how to attain that coveted paradise. Time enough to cast her off and to quarrel with her by and by when she had made good her own footing within the charmed circle; but for the present, for the next year probably, Juliet's goodwill

and Juliet's invitations and introductions were an absolute necessity to her existence.

She had hoped to have established herself upon her old footing with her stepdaughter by a few affectionate words and caresses; it would have been much pleasanter and much easier to have ignored the stormy words that had passed between them, and to have avoided all reference to disagreeable subjects. But as Juliet did not seem disposed to let things slide into such easy grooves, there were other means at her disposal which she must perforce employ.

'Why are you so vindictive to me Juliet?' she said, looking fixedly at her stepdaughter. 'I really cannot see what you are to gain by making an enemy of me.'

'An enemy!' repeated Juliet, turning round upon her with a heightened colour, 'I would far rather have an open enemy than a false friend.'

'Fie, fie, Juliet!' putting up both her hands in front of her face; 'what ugly words to apply to me! My dear, how can you think I should wish to be anything but most fond of you? It is true that circumstances have perhaps given me more knowledge of the details of your life—'

'Use your knowledge,' broke in Juliet passionately, 'do your worst; I defy you to harm me.'

'Well, I *might* do you a great deal of harm, Juliet,' answered Mrs. Lamplough, with a glitter in her blue eyes that was almost a threat. 'I might, of course, take away your character—it does not take much to do *that* for a fellow woman nowadays, if one has the inclination; but, my dear, why should you imagine that I wish to do so? Depend upon it, Juliet, your happiest and best plan is to give me a kiss and let bygones be bygones, and we will say no more about it. Of course, you believe that I did you a very unkind turn in stopping that letter—well, I am sorry for it; but there is no real harm done; you are married, and rich, and sought after, and your husband does not bother you. Why should he or anyone else ever know that the Colonel Fleming who comes to your house now is an old lover for whom you are hankering? Will such knowledge improve your position or your happiness?'

Juliet did not answer, bitterly feeling the truth of her words, and forced to acknowledge that it would be indeed best for her to be friends with this woman, who held her secret so cruelly in her power; and yet an outraged turmoil of pride and anger kept her silent.

Mrs. Lamplough looked at her for a few minutes, watching the effect of her words, and then she said, with a little laugh:—

'If you are so obstinately silent, I shall begin to think that I am indeed in the way this afternoon; possibly, as you are alone to-day, you are expecting a favoured visitor, or perhaps, like the lovers in the French plays, he fled at my inopportune entrance, and is hidden behind the window-curtains.'

The gnat-bite answered where the open stab had failed. Juliet turned round to her like a wounded creature.

'For heaven's sake,' she cried, 'spare me such cruel pleasantries. My life is as innocent as yours, and you know it; and if my heart is guilty, you know better than anyone how far more sinned against than sinning I am. Say nothing more about this subject to me, I entreat you; it is an insult to me to allude to it, and—perhaps you are right—let us be friends; it will be better, possibly, for us all.'

'Ah, there is my own dear girl!' cried Mrs. Lamplough, with an easy return to her usual gushing manner. 'I knew you would be sensible and let this little cloud blow over, and leave us nothing but fair blue skies. Come, sit down beside me, and give me a kiss, dearest.'

She drew her stepdaughter down into a seat close to her, and kissed her impassive cheek with a sort of clinging rapture that almost made Juliet shudder. 'As if I ever could believe any naughty bad things of you, my dear girl! Pray don't imagine me to be such an unkind creature, I who am so fond of you. And now we will say no more about it ever again; let us talk of something else.'

With an effort Juliet roused herself to talk of ordinary topics—to ask her when she had come to town, how she liked her new home and her new life—and by degrees, as the bride's new hopes and aims and ambitions became revealed to her, Juliet began to undertand what was to be her part of the contract of peace between them, and what was the price she was expected to pay in order to ensure her silence upon the one subject on which alone she

was vulnerable—numberless invitations to her own house, and introductions to the houses of her friends. It would be a bore, of course, but Juliet was cheerfully prepared to do her best; and she could not help admiring the skilful cunning which had enabled her stepmother to turn everything so satisfactorily to her own ends, and to make use of her so cleverly as a stepping-stone to attain her own objects and desires.

*(To be continued.)*

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## MEMORIES.

A withered lily in a book,
  A daisy crushed, to mark a place;
Oh! past and present, can I look
  On each and see not a dear face?
The Gospel page for Easter morn
  The daisy marks in book of prayer;
And there, one misty All Saints dawn,
  I found the lily, once so fair.

A shady place where lilies grew,
  With noise of rooks and minster chime;
The fairest face I ever knew,
  Which bloomed, and passed before its prime.
Oh lilies, plucked by hands so dear,
  All dearer for the eyes that smiled!
Vanished, ah me! one long past year,
  Those pale clasped hands, and sweet eyes mild!

An Easter morning, long ago,
  With distant church bells on the breeze,
And daisies like a drift of snow,
  A grassy bank, and hum of bees.
Again, the soft, smooth April wind,
  Reminds me of a child's caress;
And balmy sunshine, warm and kind,
  With Spring-like memories round me press.

A memory of a baby form,
  Dimpled and soft, a cooing dove;
Oh daisy! crushed by sudden storm,
  Oh daisy! reft from our poor love!
Blossoms like thee no Easter skies
  Nor April lights can e'er restore;
Mayhap, another morn will rise,
  And we may see our flower once more.

Balm for past pain and present care
  The future shows in faith's keen sight,
Another Easter, far, yet near,
  Whose flowers shall feel no wasting blight.
So let the withered lily stay,
  And daisy crushed, in book of prayer,
To mind me of the happy day,
  When we shall meet in gladness there.

M. B.

# THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

IT HAS often been remarked with what curious simultaneity, great movements originate and grow at points far remote from each other, as if produced by some great general law, springing out of what is somewhat vaguely called the 'solidarity' of the human race. A striking instance of this is found in the extent to which the subject of restrictive legislation, as a mode of diminishing the terrible and wide-spread evils of intemperance, has taken hold of the public mind in countries far separated from each other by distance, and differing widely in institutions, habits, and manner of life. But they are all alike in this, that they have a hydra-headed enemy busily at work in sapping, silently but insidiously, their physical and moral welfare, an enemy whose deadly work has attained proportions so menacing to the public weal, that it has become, in the opinion of many of the most thoughtful observers, a matter of necessity for the state to take cognizance of the liquor traffic as a 'nuisance,' and, by legislation the most judicious that can be devised, to restrict its injurious effects within the narrowest possible limits.

Glancing at the present extent of this agitation, we find that distant Sweden seems to have taken the lead, and having tried her 'Gothenburg system' for more than ten years in some parts of her dominions, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom. In Britain, ecclesiastical courts, bishops, and presbyteries, and the corporations of great cities, as well as members of parliament, are alike considering the best and most effectual means of meeting the great evil. Mr. Chamberlain, who has ably advocated the merits of the Gothenburg system, in the *Fortnightly Review*, giving the results of a careful personal investigation, has succeeded in securing its introduction into Birmingham, even at the cost of an immense expenditure in buying up the vested rights of the publicans, whose licenses have there a permanent value, which is secured by parliamentary law.* Sir Wilfrid Lawson and many others continue to advocate the 'Permissive Bill,' a measure very similar to our Dunkin Act, while some writers on the subject advocate absolute prohibition. The English reviews have been almost as prolific, of late, on this subject, as on the 'Eastern Question.' Mr. Lowe has come out in the *Fortnightly*, opposing Mr. Chamberlain; and writers in the *Contemporary* and other reviews earnestly advocate strongly restrictive or prohibitory legislation, as the only means of rescuing the country from the flood of pauperism, vice, and misery which intemperance brings in its train.

In New England, strenuous efforts are being made to extend the prohibitory system, which has already been found effectual at various points, into more general use, while we need hardly refer to the zeal and energy with which, in Canada, the advocates of the Dunkin Act have been prosecuting their crusade, and to the attempts which have been made, with considerable success, to amend our license legislation, so as to put some check on the ravages of the destroying traffic. Even in distant Madagascar, we find the queen exercising her power to prohibit the source of the evil, on the ground that 'the rum does harm to the persons of her subjects, spends their possessions in vain, harms their wives and children, makes foolish the wise, makes more foolish the foolish, and causes people not to fear the laws of the kingdom, and especially makes them guilty before God.' No intelligent observer will maintain that its effects are at all less injurious in what we are accustomed to call 'more civilized countries.'

In dealing with an enemy so insidious, and one which has its interested apologists in all classes of society,—not indeed apologists for the evil results, which are far too flagrant for defence,—but for the super-

* Mr. Chamberlain has also undertaken to bring in a Bill before Parliament to make the 'Gothenburg System' general in Great Britain.

abundant traffic, which is the immediate cause of the results; it is small wonder if even honest and disinterested legislators, in countries representatively governed, are sorely perplexed as to what is their wisest course. On the one hand, there is the extreme right wing of the temperance cause, which demands absolute prohibition as the only effective safeguard; on the other hand the 'extreme left' of its opponents, who oppose every restrictive measure as an interference with individual liberty, and, in the face of the facts that the increase of the supply, in this case more than in any other, creates a fatal increase of demand, advocate free trade in one of the most deadly enemies to the welfare of the race.

It hardly seems necessary to spend much time in demonstrating the right of 'Society,' as representing no mere shadow, but a real, valid, and salutary human organization, arising out of man's social needs and relations, to regulate a traffic, the results of which so vitally concern its well-being. The common-sense of mankind, which looks at facts as they are, is one of the best correctives of the mistakes into which speculative and abstract theories, uncorrected by experience, are apt to lead even the noblest minds. And this common-sense has led to those attempts to regulate what has been perhaps too long regarded at a necessary evil, which are embodied in our license laws. But if society has the right to regulate the traffic at all, it has equally the right to restrict it still further, should the interests of the community demand it; and even to extend this restriction to prohibition, should this be deemed necessary.

The opponents of restrictive legislation do, indeed, often argue as if the right to sell intoxicating liquors were one of the 'natural rights' of man. Now every man has certainly the right of existence as one of his fundamental rights, and this further implies the right to practice any industrial calling unmolested, so long as this does not conflict with the rights of others. But in the case of the liquor-dealer, his occupation *does*, as a matter of fact, conflict with the rights of others. It conflicts with the rights of wife and children to the support and protection of the husband and father; with the rights of employers* to the faithful service of the employed; with the rights of quiet and sober citizens, to live in unmolested security to life and property. It is because the natural fruits of liquor-selling are pauperism, domestic brutality, careless work and breach of contracts, and reckless injury to property and life, that the traffic cannot be classed among the ordinary industrial callings, which every man has a right to practice if he will. Mr. Lowe has certainly put himself 'out of court,' on this subject, with all thoughtful lovers of the well-being of man, by declaring the calling of a liquor-seller or publican to be 'as legitimate as any other.' That is, the dispensing, for the sake of gain, of that which the seller knows must act as a physical and moral poison in the case of the majority of the buyers, is as legitimate as the sale of the food which nourishes and sustains! If we are to accept such a verdict as this, we shall have first to get rid of the Divine morality which teaches: 'Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself,' and enthrone in its place that which has been well called a demoniacal one: 'Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself,' no matter what may be the consequences to others. If this is to hold good, then the man who reaps a large profit out of the unsafe railway bridge, at the expense of the lives and sufferings of the victims of its insecurity, is to be praised rather than condemned. But we are hardly ready for the reign of utter selfishness yet!

It should never be forgotten that it is only within certain limits that a man has a right to do as he pleases. To every human being, indeed, belongs the right to do good, but to none the right to do evil—a contradiction in terms. A man has no right to do that for his own pleasure or profit, which is dangerons to the common weal, still less that which is actually injurious, and in many cases fatal. One of the most distinguished political economists of the present day, Professor Jevons, remarks that 'the rights of private property and private action may be pushed so far that the general inter-

*From returns made to queries sent to manufacturers, merchants, and contractors in Ontario, by a Select Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, we find that six-tenths of the accidents and the destruction of property which annually occur, are traced by them to the use of intoxicating drinks, while seven-tenths of the employers agree in asserting that they will not employ *any* but temperance men, knowingly.

ests of the public are made of no account whatever.' Our statutory and municipal laws recognize this principle in restricting individuals in many things which, in themselves, might be considered rights. A proprietor may have an abstract right to do what he pleases on his own property and in his own house. But if he persists in leaving a stagnant pool undrained, or a reeking mass of decomposing matter, to spread the seeds of poison and disease around him—if he neglects to take proper precautions against making his house a source of nuisance or contagion—or if he insists on storing dangerous explosives on his premises—the authority of the community comes down with a veto and a penalty at once. It may be in itself an innocent act for one man to sell strychnine or arsenic to another. But the law says, you are dealing with *poison*, and these must be surrounded with the most rigid restrictions. Similarly it might be said that a bookseller has a right to sell what books he chooses. But if it can be shown that he is selling a class of literature which poisons and corrupts the mind, society again interferes, and its action will be endorsed by every parent who cares for the moral wellbeing of his child. This is not a 'short-cut to morality,'—it is simply removing gratuitous evil influences, whose natural result would be to increase immorality, just as malaria and miasmatic germs increase disease and mortality. If, then, 'Society' is justifiable—as we maintain it is—in restricting the absolute liberty of the individual in doing that which would naturally tend largely to increase physical or moral evil,—it is, *a fortiori*, assuredly, justifiable in restricting, to the utmost extent that is safe or salutary, the open sale of that which is a prolific source of both moral and physical evil, which acts as a slow poison to the body, enslaves the will, deadens or destroys the mental faculties, and ruins the moral nature! If the sale of unwholesome meat is rightly prohibited,—although no one is compelled to buy it, on what principle can the sale of unwholesome *drink*—as alcoholic liquor is to the immense majority of its consumers—be freely tolerated? If merely physical poison is to be surrounded with such careful restrictions, what is to be said of this poison, none the less deadly in its effects, because subtle and gradual? No one would assert that there are not among liquor dealers, some honest and upright men, who, from not fully appreciating the evils that flow from their traffic, regard it as a legitimate business. It may even be that there are among them—as one of their number has asserted—some who are enthusiastic missionaries of temperance, endeavoring with one hand to warn men away from the dangerous cup, which yet they hold out to him with the other! But looking at facts as they stand—facts which cannot be ignored—the term 'licensed poisoner,' might be applied, far more appropriately than the strange misnomer 'licensed victualler,' to those whose business it is to sell, not the food which nourishes and invigorates, but the alcoholic poison, which, used as it is used, debilitates and destroys, not the physical frame alone, but the mental and moral being of its thousands of victims.

None who candidly looks at its effects, direct or indirect, can question the truth of this description. Let us in the first place, merely glance at its direct effects. Its physical effects are unquestionable, and may be daily seen in every bar-room, and in many a wretched home, despoiled, for the liquor-seller's profit, of every comfort that made life endurable. There can be no doubt that innumerable lives are prematurely lost through the influence of drinking habits, weakening constitutional vitality, exhausting energy, fostering the seeds of disease, and exposing to accidental death. Their fatal effects on the mind follow closely those on the body, as is amply testified by all superintendents of Insane Asylums. From many testimonies we select one,—that of Dr. Mann, Medical Superintendent of the Emigrant Insane Asylum, Ward's Island, New York, who 'gives it as his opinion that it is impossible to estimate the complex influences exerted by intemperance upon the production of insanity. He has traced intemperance as a cause in almost every case of general paralysis that has fallen under his notice, and states that others have made similar observations, among which it is estimated that 50 per cent. of all the idiots and imbeciles that are to be found in the large cities of Europe have had parents who were notorious drunkards. Out of 350 insane patients admitted during two years at Charenton, insanity was attri-

buted to drink in 102 cases.' And in some of our own asylums, the proportion of insanity caused, directly or indirectly, by intemperance is placed as high as two-thirds at least.

Dr. Dickson, the well-known and skillful Superintendent of Rockwood Asylum at Kingston gave the following emphatic testimony to the Select Parliamentary Committee:

'Intoxicating liquors used as a beverage not only predispose to mental and physical disease, but actually produce more mental and physical suffering and disease than all other known noxious substances combined.'

As to the moral effects of intemperance, it seems hardly necessary to say to any one who has candidly thought about the matter at all, that the strongest words are far too weak to express the ruin, the misery, the degradation, and crime which are distinctly traceable to its influence. Judges, Recorders, Prison Inspectors, and Police Magistrates in all countries testify to this as with one voice,—a voice which might well silence certain vague assertions of interested persons, that 'it is not true,' or that if it is true, something else is just as bad! To begin with ourselves, the Recorder of Montreal* has set down the proportion of criminal cases before that court, due to intemperance, as nine-tenths. Lord Shaftesbury, in speaking for the Permissive Liquor Bill, in England, declares his belief that seven-tenths of the moral evil of London 'are attributable to that which is the greatest curse of the country,—habits of drinking and the systems of intoxication.' The testimony of the Inspector of Prisons in Belgium says: 'My experience extends over a quarter of a century, and I can emphatically declare that four-fifths of the crime and misery with which in my public and private capacity I have come in contact, has been the result of drink.' M. Quetelet says: 'Of 1129 murders in France during the space of four years, 446 have been in consequence of quarrels and contentions in taverns.' Judge Coleridge testifies: 'There is scarcely a crime that comes before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink;' and Judge Gurney and other English judges give the same testimony in almost the same words. Mr. Charles Paxton, M. P., a celebrated English brewer, gives the following candid testimony, which is in striking contrast to statements we have heard from persons similarly interested among ourselves: 'It would not be too much to say that if all drinking of fermented liquor could be done away with, crime of every kind would fall to a fourth of its present amount, and the whole tone of moral feeling in the lower orders might be indefinitely raised. Not only does this vice produce all kinds of wanton mischief, but it has a negative effect of great importance. It is the mightiest of all the forces that clog the progress of good. It is in vain that every agency is set to work that philanthrophy can devise, when those whom we seek to benefit are habitually tampering with their faculties of reason and will, soaking their brains with beer or inflaming them with ardent spirits.' And there are few, if any, who cannot supplement such testimonies from their own observations, who have not seen lives of promise irretrievably blighted, once happy homes made scenes of heart-rending misery and wretchedness and degradation unutterable, as the baleful fruits of this Upas tree.

But its poisonous influences do not stop even with its direct fruits, fatal as these are. One might well think that abounding pauperism, crime, physical suffering and degradation, ruined and wretched homes, wives and children brutally maltreated, too often murdered, brawls and manslaughter, with alienated or destroyed mental powers, shortened lives and ruined souls, presented a catalogue too dismal for the most selfish and apathetic opponent of restriction to contemplate without dismay. But there is still more behind—hereditary disease and suffering brought upon innocent beings through the drinking habits of their parents,—lives poisoned at the fountain-head by mental or physical disease, by tendencies to vice, by helpless idiocy, and by the terrible dipsomania, or constitutional craving for the poison, through which the sin and

* These expressions of opinion, with a number of others, were collected by the Rev. J. Hilts of Kincardine, and given by him in a published speech. In addition to these, the returns to the queries of the Select Parliamentary Committee, already referred to, from Judges, Police Magistrates, Justices of the Peace and Sheriffs in Ontario, agree in ascribing more than three-fourths of the crime of the Province to intoxicating drink; while the Coroners trace six-tenths of the cases coming under their official notice directly to intemperance.

degradation of the past are repeated in the present. If all these things, collectively, do not constitute a 'true bill' against the liquor traffic, on which the community has a right to proceed in restraining private liberty, then it would be hard to say in what case it has a right to protect the weak and the common weal against the utter selfishness and recklessness of the individual.*

Nor can we afford to overlook the aspect of the evil as it bears upon the education of the community. Large numbers of children in our cities and towns are robbed of the advantages of our common-school system, not only through the utter carelessness of intemperate parents, too degraded to care for the education of their children, but also because parents who habitually spend all they have upon ardent spirits, as habitually keep their children from school, that, by their begging, they may procure for them, under false pretences, the means of living, or, too often, of drinking. As a consequence, the children grow up ignorant also, contracting, too generally, habits of vice, imbibing the parental love for strong drink; and so the wretched families of drunkards go on reproducing themselves *ad infinitum*, a burden to the community, and resisting the most persevering efforts to rescue and raise them. And thus the influence of education, from which so much is hoped in the reduction of intemperance, is postponed from generation to generation, so far at least as a large class of the community is concerned. All who have ever tried to make education general among our poorer classes, know that the intemperance of parents is one of the most serious obstacles in their way.

Furthermore, it may be remarked, as against another argument of the opponents of restriction, that intemperance cannot be looked upon by society merely as a private vice for which a man is responsible only to his conscience and his God. It is, even in itself, and still more strongly when looked at in connection with its inevitable consequences, a crime against society. A man has no right to put himself in a condition in which he is disabled from performing his duties to society, or driven by a fury within him flagrantly to violate them, as in the case of the drunkard who disables himself, temporarily or permanently, from maintaining his family by his labour, or puts himself into a condition in which he brutally maltreats them; nor even, by a gradual course of self-poisoning, to bring himself to a premature grave, and leave society to support his children. To do this last, or to make himself temporarily an idiot, or a maniac, is a form of *felo de se*, and society, whose very foundation is mutual dependence, has a right to take cognizance of it as such, and does take cognizance of it to a certain extent,—even apart from the further consideration that the greater proportion of criminals against the public, and of actual and permanent lunatics, are made criminals and burdens to society through the same prolific source of evil. But if intemperance be a crime against society, then, assuredly the man who sells that which he knows will produce this crime, is actually an 'accomplice before the fact.' Society has a perfect right to deal with him as such. And if, by restrictive laws, it can prevent men from becoming such 'accomplices before the fact,'—can bar the way to a calling so injurious to the interests of the community,—this is surely wiser, more humane, and more effectual than any policy which merely punishes after the mischief is done, and seldom succeeds in preventing it in future. Moreover, those members of the community who are taxed, voluntarily or involuntarily, for the support of the criminals, lunatics, imbeciles, and helpless invalids,—the victims directly or indirectly of intemperance,—or who are compelled to stand in the breach and keep from starvation the families of able-bodied men whose earnings

* The following remarks are taken from a recent speech by Mr. Fortescue Harrison, M.P., on temperance legislation in England:—'I admit that legislation alone is incompetent to deal successfully with this evil. I myself rely mainly on the general spread of education, and that culture which is its outcome, on the influence of public opinion, and in the elevation of feeling amongst all classes of the people. The consideration I am brought to is this, what can legislation do to mitigate the present amount of drunkenness in this kingdom? I know that many good men on both sides of the House of Commons deprecate all legislative interference with any trade as being an encroachment on individual liberty. I am as unwilling as they can be to allow personal freedom in any matter to be trammelled by the legislature; at the same time, if it is proved that some particular form of personal freedom is opposed to the interest of the community, then I think no amount of abstract preference for liberty should stand in the way of its abolition.'

are swallowed up in the tavern, have a right to ask for the restriction of a traffic which causes heavy pecuniary loss to every temperate and hard-working member of the community. The extent of this loss may be to some extent estimated from the following statistics,*—calculated in 1872,—of what the liquor traffic costs the United States:—

| | |
|---|---|
| Yearly retail cost of liquors.... | $616,814,490 |
| Labour wages, or value of time of dealers and clerks........... | 250,000,000 |
| Loss of productive industry to the community by drunkards and tipplers.................... | 225,000,000 |
| Public support of 800,000 drunken paupers and children.... | 100,000,000 |

When to these sums are added the estimated cost of sickness, &c., caused by intemperance, the taxation and expenses caused by three hundred thousand intemperate criminals. and the burden of supporting as many maniacs and idiots, also victims of intemperance, the aggregate cost of the liquor traffic to a population of forty millions is swelled to twelve hundred millions of dollars. When this comes to be its cost to the State,—produced, too, through the physical and moral ruin of hundreds of thousands of lives,—surely the State is justified, simply on grounds of economy, hygiene, order, and the protection of property, in dealing with the traffic as a gigantic enemy to the community, which must be met or restrained by stringent legislation. Moreover, the wives and children of drunkards—as members of the community—have a claim to be protected from the brutality even of those who should be their natural protectors; and this protection can be given in no way so effectually as in the restriction of the sale of that which is the source of their inexpressible misery, and often of injuries resulting in death.

It is not surprising, taking into consideration this long array of injuries inflicted on society by the liquor traffic, that many earnest and thoughtful men should feel with Mr. Fortescue Harrison, that this 'particular form of personal freedom is opposed to the interests of the community,' and that 'no amount of abstract preference for liberty should stand in the way of' its restriction. The only question in the minds of many is, as to the special kind and extent of restrictive legislation which is best fitted to diminish the acknowledged evil. The various plans which have been devised to meet it may be included under three principles, that of government monopoly, on which is founded the 'Gothenburg system;' that of local control, which is the principle of the new English 'Permissive Bill'; that of our own 'Dunkin Act,' and that of Prohibition or absolute abolition of the traffic.

The first of these the Gothenburg system, as almost every one knows, places the traffic entirely in the hands of the Government, or of the municipality under the Government, which appoints its own agents,—the smallest number deemed expedient,—and by preventing the seller from having any profit on the sale of liquor, while he has the ordinary profit on the other commodities he sells, makes it his interest to sell as little as possible of the intoxicating beverages, and so takes away from him all motive to tempt the buyer to his hurt. Of course the system is abstractly open to the objection of being a monopoly, as Mr. Lowe, somewhat unfairly, takes pains to show; but this ought to be met by the consideration, that unlike other monopolies, it has avowedly for its aim the restriction of a dangerous traffic, and the well-being of the whole community,—not the aggrandisement of any particular class. Such an aim, if successful, certainly relieves the 'monopoly' of any objectionable feature, and makes it not only innocent, but beneficial; and despite the opposition of Mr. Lowe and others, and the heavy expense entailed in buying up vested rights, the system is growing in favour in England, and has already, as has been said, been introduced by Mr. Chamberlain into Birmingham, where its results will be looked for with much interest. Of its success in Sweden we have very favourable accounts, which, as they were gathered by Mr. Chamberlain in person, may be considered trustworthy. We are told however, that while drunkenness and crime are very much decreased, intemperance is not entirely suppressed. 'But the advocates of the scheme in Sweden—and

* Also, from statistics compiled in 1873, we find that in every 5,000,000 of the national population, there are 50,000 confirmed drunkards, and that seventy-five per cent. of the crimes committed are traceable to oinopotic profligacy, and that of every 5,000,000 women, 21,429 are confirmed inebriates

these are the whole of the educated classes, with the exception of the distillers—say that as they never were sanguine enough to expect the absolute suppression of intemperance as the result of any practical legislation, so this is not the test by which their success in more limited aims is to be finally judged.'

'Experience has convinced me,' said one of the ablest supporters of the Gothenburg system, in Sweden, 'that there is absolutely only one way by which drunkenness can be put down, and that is by the entire prohibition of the use of intoxicating drinks. But such a measure is utterly impracticable (in Sweden), and you have therefore to consider how the evils attendant on the consumption of liquor may be reduced to a minimum. This is the object which we are gradually accomplishing by our plan.' 'It is clear that as the consumption of branvin is dependent on the desire for stimulants and the power of satisfying that desire, and also the desire of gain on the part of the seller, the consumption must decrease in proportion as one of these influences ceases to operate; and as the law does not allow a monopoly to a company unless the whole of the proceeds are devoted to public purposes without gain to any individual, we cannot but believe that such a company in Stockholm would cause a diminished consumption of spirits, as it has done in Gothenburg.'

The following is Mr. Chamberlain's summary of the benefits resulting from the Gothenburg system :—'A great reduction in the number of houses, the entire prevention of adulteration, the removal of all extraneous temptation, such as is now offered by the garish attractions of our gin-palaces, and by the music, the gambling, and the bad company which are permitted or winked at in so many cases;—the restoration of the victualler's trade to its original intention, and the provision of alternatives and substitutes for the intoxicating drinks to which the traffic is now confined;—the observance of the strictest order, and the certainty that all police regulations, now too often a dead letter, or enforced only by the employment of detectives, will be invariably obeyed;—these are all results which all friends of temperance are united in desiring, and which are proved to follow the adoption of the principle that the sale of strong drink is a monopoly which can only safely be entrusted to the control of the representatives and trustees of the community, and which should be carried on for the convenience and advantage of the people, not for the private gain of individuals.'

On the other hand, Mr. Harrison advances a reasonable objection :—'I want to see our Magistrates heartily engaged in limiting the sale of drink, not in directing their attention to its sale, and price, and quality. Its operation would, no doubt, give the temperate man a better article at a lower cost, but to the drunkard it would bring his vice home to him in a pleasanter and largely increased form. There is sure to be a considerable margin of profit in such a plan, and the temptation to reduce rates by an increased sale of liquor would be greater than I should wish to see our local authorities subjected to.' It is to be feared, from our experience of some Canadian town councils, that this is a temptation to which it would hardly be safe to subject them.

The principle of local control, as exemplified in the Dunkin Bill, is on its trial among us, and if it be found to work well where it has been adopted, will doubtless soon gain moral force enough to become general.* Its weak point, undoubtedly, is the apparent unfairness in virtually restricting the poor more than the rich. This, however, though plausible at first sight, cannot be fairly pressed when it is remembered that the very class in which the traffic works most injuriously, is the class most restricted, and that it is for their own good that they are restricted; and if a majority of that class as well as others desire to be freed from its injurious consequences by having its retail sale prohibited, the minority to whom the measure is distasteful, (generally those most injured by the evil they wish to perpetuate), must just submit

* The Act has actually been adopted in a majority of the townships or counties in which it has been submitted. In many cases, however, this does not betoken absolute satisfaction with the Act, which is accepted rather as a stepping-stone to Prohibition than as a finality,—the Government having intimated that while *this* means of restriction was untried they could not consider more stringent ones. Ontario will probably soon be in a position to demand these however, and public opinion is fast growing in favor of a Prohibitory Act for the whole Dominion.

as they are constantly called upon to do in regard to other matters.

In the meantime, we may be thankful that the recent amendments of our license laws will tend to mitigate to some extent the evils of intemperance among us. The following suggestion of Mr. Harrison as to the election of the licensing power might be considered as one of the amendments still possible and advisable:—'The friends of temperance say—give us a licensing board specially elected for the work its members are called upon to do. Put us on the same footing as are the friends of education. You don't allow your Councillors or Magistrates to select from their own numbers a board to control the teaching of your children. Why should you treat the control of a traffic which you admit is the greatest curse humanity can be inflicted with to hands not elected by the community. Surely the community, whose* quiet and expenditure and public decency is involved in the question of a larger or smaller number of public houses in a given radius, ought to be the sole and final arbiter on such a question.'

And there is another reform which might well be made, even with our present system. This is, the abolition of retail 'shop licenses,' so that intoxicating liquors shall not be sold in small quantities at groceries and provision shops. Liquor-selling in taverns is bad enough, but there, at least, it does not meet men unawares, as it does in the shops to which they must repair for other purchases. There, the man or woman who may have mastered moral courage enough to keep out of the tavern, meets the temptation and succumbs. Nay, the temptation is not seldom pressed on them by the seller, who will 'treat' even a female customer, to 'open her heart,' and induce her to buy, perhaps beyond her means. In this very way are drinking habits often formed which are the ruin of husbands, and, what is still worse, of wives and mothers of families; in this way are the chains of the habit often riveted, after many a brave and earnest attempt to break them. For these evils, is not the seller, the tempter, guiltily responsible? A tavern-keeper of many years' experience gave it as his opinion, that even were single glasses permitted to be sold in taverns, still, if no sale were allowed of anything between a single glass or a gallon, drunkenness would be very much restricted. For, he said, very few tavern-keepers will allow a man to drink himself intoxicated on their premises, and they might refuse even a single glass, to be drunk immediately, to a man just on the verge of intoxication, while they have no compunction in letting him take home with him enough to transform him into a brute, and sometimes, for the time, into a fiend incarnate. Moreover, there are many who are 'too respectable' to be seen going into a tavern and drinking there, who have no scruples about buying a pint or a quart of liquor at a grocery, and stealing off to some quiet spot to indulge their degrading appetite. The innocent-looking grocery or 'corner-shop' is too often a hot-bed of more extensive and more degrading drunkenness than is the more obtrusive, openly offensive tavern or saloon.

It were well that it should be generally known that the portion of the Dunkin Act which is generally in force,—whether the rest of it is adopted or not,—provides for giving damages in cases where spirits are sold to a known drunkard, and gives recourse against the seller when deeds of violence are done, under the influence of liquor. It would be well if these provisions could be carried out, but every one who knows the practical difficulty of doing so,—especially in the case of a tender or timid wife—knows that they are, actually, of but little avail. But the Dunkin Act, as a whole, is a measure, which, well enforced, would have a most beneficial effect in reducing intemperance, pauperism, and crime, and all lovers of their country should gratefully recognize the means for good which it affords, and in all sections of the country in which it is passed, should give it their cordial support.*

* In opposition to the strange assertion of Mr. Lowe, that the multiplication of taverns is not accompanied by an increase of intemperance,—the contrary of which has been again and again proved by statistics,—the London *Times* remarks that 'the marvellous multiplication of public houses which one sees going up in certain respectable districts, means only a most mischievous multiplication of the temptations to drink; nor can it see the slightest objection, on the score either of justice or expediency, to diminishing the number.'

* Since writing the foregoing, the writer has seen Mr. Totten's unfavourable report as to the working of the Dunkin Act, more especially in the County of Prince Edward. In this report however it is the

But there is little doubt that the more thorough-going measure of Prohibition would be at once a more effectual,* and, taking all things into consideration, a fairer measure, than one that seems to press unequally on the poor and the rich, or than one which privileges a certain class to sell liquor and declares that others may not. The unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown by the almost incredible number which have been successively tried in Britain, without solving the difficult problem. Prohibition, at least, cuts the Gordian knot. Nor can it be said to interfere with any 'natural right,' for if it were the 'natural right' of any man to sell intoxicating liquor, it would be the natural right of all. And by submitting to license laws, men have already admitted that it is not; nor can it be said that any man has a 'natural right' to find alcoholic stimulants freely exposed for sale to suit his convenience. If he were not a member of 'society,' he certainly would not do so, and 'society,' by its very constitution, has a right to protect itself from the abuse of the privileges which itself creates. Let it be granted that there is some hardship involved in debarring temperate men from the opportunity to purchase freely that of which they may make no wrong use. But is the slight inconvenience of some—the loss of a petty sensual gratification, in any case a doubtful good to men in health†—to be put for a moment in comparison with the unutterable misery of thousands, that the first, as a means of preventing the last, should be called an 'intolerable inroad on personal liberty'? In times of raging epidemics many things which in ordinary times would be 'inroads on personal liberty' are right and necessary. It is the necessity which makes the right. Christian Missionaries in Africa speak of the Mahommedan legislation against intoxicating liquors as being the great bulwark which keeps the destroying tide of intemperance from rolling across the whole interior of the country; and in Lapland, which was being decimated by the traffic, the wholesale destruction has been stopped by prohibition. Desperate evils require desperate cures, and intemperance has become a desperate evil. Mr. Leslie Stephens, writing on Positivism, says most truly, that 'not the wants, or tastes, or desires of the individual, but the needs of the social organism, form the standard by which pleasures are to be measured.' And a recent writer on the History of Free Thought remarks that 'the social well-being may demand considerable sacrifices of happiness,—not only of individuals, but of a whole generation, as in periods of revolution, or foreign invasion.' If this be so, cannot we agree to give up for the sake of the 'social well-being,'—not happiness—not the lives of our nearest and dearest,—but only a dangerous luxury, which most of us are better without? If we cannot do this for our country's good, there must be

lack of sufficient machinery for enforcing the law to which its non-efficiency is mainly attributed. This defect is surely capable of being remedied. And moreover at the time when Mr. Totten visited Prince Edward, the working of the Bill was almost paralysed by doubts which had been thrown on its legal validity there,—doubts which have since been settled,—and by the determined efforts of the liquor sellers to thwart the operation of the law.

* That 'Prohibition does prohibit' is proved by abundant testimony in a published lecture on the Maine Liquor Law by the Rev. Dr. Burns, of Halifax. From numerous testimonies, I select the following by Dr. Leonard Bacon, of Newhaven, Conn. :—'The operation of the Prohibitory Law for one year is a matter of observation to all the inhabitants. Its effect in promoting peace, order, quiet, and general prosperity, no man can deny. Never for twenty years has our city been so quiet as under its action. It is no longer simply a question of temperance, but a governmental question—one of legislative foresight and morality.' And the following from New Britain :—'This law is to us above all price or valuation. Vice, crime, rowdyism, and idleness are greatly diminished, while virtue, morality, and religion are greatly promoted.' Of 538 answers returned by the clergy of Ontario to the query as to the best remedy for intemperance, nine-tenths of the respondents replied Prohibition! The distinguished advocate of total abstinence, Father Stafford, says: 'Prohibition. Stop the traffic. Prohibition immediate, pure and simple, unconditional and uncompensated; make the manufacture, importation, and sale of intoxicating liquors a crime of the worst kind; attach capital punishment to it; hang any man caught with it. In this way you may lose one or two lives a year, in any other way you will lose hundreds of lives yearly.'

† The almost unanimous consensus of the Medical men of Ontario, as of other places, testifies that the habitual use of intoxicating liquors as a beverage predisposes to mental and physical disease; that total abstainers have a much better chance of recovery from disease in similar circumstances, and that even as a medicine, alcoholic remedies are not necessary to the extent which has often been supposed, while their remedial effect is much more powerful on those who habitually abstain from intoxicating beverages.

little heroism indeed among us;—little of the spirit which could 'do or die' to rescue a country from a less fatal bondage than that of intemperance;—less still of the spirit of him who declared that if meat should make his brother to offend, he would eat none, while the world standeth.'

Of course there will always be those who will have their 'glass,'—*coute qui coute*,—even though it be the price of blood. To such it is hardly worth while to appeal, since nothing but an entire moral revolution can bring them to a sense of their duty towards their brother. And there are others, of whom more might be expected, in whom sentiment overpowers sense,—who are blinded by the illusory glamour which surrounds the wine-cup to the poison which lurks within it. Let us grant all the poetic associations which cluster around the vine and its luscious clusters,—all that bards have sung in its praise, from Horace and his 'Falernian wine,' down to the stirring choruses of the German *Burschen lieder*. Let it be granted that an intended blessing has, by the 'trail of the serpent,' been turned into a curse. But will any one say that a scrap, either of beauty or poetry, lingers about the ordinary dram-shop,—about the wretched men who gather within it,—about the miserable, half-starved children, who bring under their pinafores bottles to be filled for their still more miserable parents? Men can no longer go on sentimentalizing about the beauty of the 'young Bacchus,' when the bloated and loathsome Silenus stalks by his side an inseparable companion. Surely the nobility and ideality which are the only stable foundations of poetry, are on the side of those who would fain wipe out this foul blot on our human nature, and who refuse to share in a system which perpetuates it!

Nor let any one say that to plead for temperance legislation implies any distrust of 'moral means.' No one pretends that any amount of legislation can make men moral, —though it may save them from needless temptation. But so long as men are kept in a state of chronic stupefaction,—so long as they are slaves to a tyrannical physical craving like that induced by intemperance,—they are not fair subjects for 'moral means.' * Their weakened wills are in bondage to the overpowering habit, their mental and moral powers are paralyzed; and those who have most earnestly sought to reform confirmed drunkards, know best that it is, humanly speaking, impossible to do so, so long as they are left in the midst of the abounding temptations, from which the poor victims themselves would often gladly be delivered. Let those who are seeking to raise their brothers out of the slough of intemperance have, at least, the vantage-ground of restricted opportunity, and they may hope, with God's help, to complete the victory by using 'moral means' with men who are no longer slaves! And so, in time, we may hope to banish from among us a wide-spread evil which is at present not only the direct cause of so much positive misery, crime, pauperism, and disease, but is also the greatest barrier to our elevation as a people,—to our physical, intellectual, and moral culture.

* A well-known lecturer in Canada, in the course of an able lecture on Burns, recently remarked that if the power expended by such men as Burns in attempts to subdue a fatal habit had not been exhausted in this way, they might have been able to accomplish far more in using their God-given genius for the good of their fellow man.

FIDELIS.

## TO A SKYLARK.

Poor bird! within thy wiry prison pent,
  What mournful music in thy captive song!
Each note seems as thy little heart it rent.
  So like a sigh its sound, so sad, so long.
Ah! how unlike thy cheerful native hymn,
  When erstwhile thou enjoyd'st sweet liberty,
And through blue air, on dewy wing did'st swim,
  Pouring from throbbing throat thy minstrelsy.
Oh! who hath wrong'd thee thus poor bird,
  And torn thee from thy constant, loving mate?
Here doomed thee widow'd thy sore woes to sing,
  And beat thy breast against thy prison grate?
Fly forth, poor bird! now freely soar on high,
  And taste again thy kindred sky.

T. W. A.

# A LAND-LUBBER AT SEA.

I WONDER if the fishes know that nearly three-fourths of the globe is covered by the sea. What rare old times they must have had when the world of water was their own, and they had nothing to fear from men in general and fishermen in particular—not to speak of revolving screws and paddle-wheels. Old ocean, too, has been an aggressor from the outset, and still gnaws away at the very rocks and crags, biting and beating fiercely upon the shore, as if it hungered to bring creation back again into its monopoly. And looking superficially at a map of the globe, as land-lubbers devoid of gills and fins, to whom five minutes under the water means death and dropsy, there appears to be a confused distribution of land and water, as if the fishes had been given the lion's share, and we lions had been left out in the cold. Islands and continents seem to have fallen into pleasant and unpleasant places like the throw of the dice; seas, peninsulas, gulfs, and mountains appear to have drawn lots for position and to have dropped into the most inharmonious relations, like incompatible marriages. In fact, the whole globe seems to have been thrown together at haphazard : and doubtless there are cynics, like Alphonso of Castile, who think it would have been better made had they been consulted. But relations between the fluid and solid surfaces of the earth are as necessary and fixed as between the sun and moon and the movement of the tides; the balance is as beautifully adjusted as between the seed and the soil : and what appears chaos or chance to the ordinary observer, is one of the most harmonious and wonderful arrangements of Divine wisdom.

In the earliest ages there must have been an active curiosity to explore the breadth and mystery of the sea : but the Egyptians were the first to use ships, and they reached the western coast of India and the Mediterranean with no other guide than the constellation of the Little Bear. The progress of maritime discovery within the memory of man has so revolutionized the science of navigation, that England's wooden walls are as useless in modern warfare as Noah's ark, the 'schedeia' of Homer, or the coracle of the ancient Briton. Mariners can turn up their noses at Orion or the Dog Star, and compel the very sun to do them service; and passengers enjoy luxuries of diet and accommodation in mid-ocean, which would have made Phœnicians and Carthaginians weep tears of joy, and Homer's blind eyes in finest phrensy roll. Sailors no longer can call the sea their own. We are a seafaring, though still a sea-sick generation, and have, moreover, investigated the physical geography of the deep, so that we have vast stores of information about its basin, depths, temperature, currents, salts, winds, and fogs, and have measured and mapped its bounds and its routes, examined the make, manners, and morals of its inhabitants, and finally, cast a line which hooks a world at both ends and brings the hemispheres within electric-chatting distance. Puck never put his girdle round about the earth in forty minutes, but science has done it in fewer seconds. Ariel's flight and Prospero's wand may pass into the dark ages of fancy, for we live in a time when fact eclipses all that fancy ever bred.

I suppose many a one goes to sea and spends the voyage much after the manner of a fly in amber. Hamlet's 'trick of seeing' has more scope in a coal-mine than in the berth of a vessel, where No. 1 is howling violently for the doctor, and No. 2 is praying as vigorously for death. Yet there are scores of good sailors whose stomachs weather any storm, who have no faculty of observation, and who are as wise after ten voyages as one. But we must remember that there are people as insensible as a caraquet oyster to the wonders and charms of nature ashore : who see nothing to admire in the flowers and trees, the hills and streams ; who, in fact, could only be tickled into anything like emotion by an electric shock, or the proximity of a snake. They would just as soon smell thistles as roses ; would luxuriate and lie in them if the thorns

would let them; would rather jingle a tune for themselves out of baubees than stop to look for the first time at the lark, or listen for the first time to the nightingale. I sometimes think that insensibility to nature is nothing more nor less than that sort of affectation which prides itself in being odd: but I sat on the glorious shore of Dover one splendid moonlight night with a friend, who, though a scholar and a gentleman, honestly told me that he was no more affected by his first view of the sea than by his first shave; that the sight before and above us;—the sea solemnly swelling and surging 'in all its vague immensity;' the deep murmuring of the waves breaking lazily upon the sand, and rolling the pebbles at and over each other on the shore; the glamour of a full moon throwing a long avenue of golden glory, eclipsing the phosphorescence, and rivalling the stars; the sky, with its divine mosaic, twinkling with the night worshippers of God; the associations of history and tradition which rose from the noble cliffs behind us, and echoed over the deep in the clear notes of the British bugle as it sounded the last post, sounding away up from overhead, as if it came from the skies; —that all this and more had no power to move his soul. Yet when I ran a pin into him for experiment he evinced more sensation than a rhinoceros. I know he was sincere, and suppose it was some sort of 'moping melancholy' of taste or temper which wouldn't last long, for I knew him to rave a week about the arch of his favorite forehead, and lose his appetite over the mere memory of a pair of blue eyes. It just occurs to me that he must have been in love. I think it was Charles Lamb who, standing on the shore, uttered his dislike of the sea, and dubbed it 'the antagonist of the earth;' but a view from the yellow sands, with the '*oceanus dissociabilis*' of Horace in mind, and fogs in sight, is not fair play, and I doubt if the genial essayist was serious, for he was a creature of whims and wrote many quaint things on the spur of the moment, and hadn't the heart to hate even an enemy—if he had one.

Out in mid-ocean you are launched in a new world without anchor. Day after day passes away and you see nothing but the sea and sky. You are as effectually cut off from every-day scenes and associations, from land and landmarks, as if the earth was still without form and void. The sea has no parallel. It is the only thing in nature without rival. It rolls in majestic mystery and independence, nature's monarch. It is no respecter of persons. It humiliates the haughtiest and upsets the humblest: it turns a king inside out as unceremoniously as a beggar. Indeed, the beggars have generally the best of it. It only pities you after long acquaintance, and only spares you when you love it, and live on it. It never ages or shows its years. Its wrinkles are everlasting dimples. The hills moulder and the valleys change, but it is the same forever and ever. It has a thousand lessons to offer; and a voyage at sea, to an observing man, ought to be one of endless interest and information, given that he's not ill. But there's one thing worth remembering. It is worth your while to familiarize your mind with the history, art, and literature of lands you intend to visit, it is infinitely more necessary to learn something before you start of the physical geography of the sea, and the theory and practice of navigation. It opens a new world of interest on board your floating home, and does its share, at least, to keep you from the blue-devils and sea-sickness.

Lieut. Maury beautifully describes the basin of the Atlantic, which he calls 'a long trough separating the Old World from the New, and extending probably from pole to pole.' Its deepest part is southward of our Great Bank of Newfoundland—two miles and three quarters have been reached. 'Could the waters of the Atlantic,' he says, 'be drawn off so as to expose to view this great sea-gash, which separates continents, and extends from the Atlantic to the Antartic, it would present a scene the most rugged, grand, and imposing. The very ribs of the solid earth, with the foundations of the sea, would be brought to light, and we should have presented to us at one view, in the empty cradle of the ocean, "a thousand fearful wrecks," with that dreadful array of dead men's skulls, "great anchors, heaps of pearls and inestimable stones," which, in the dreamer's eye,* lie scattered on the bottom of the sea, making it hideous with sights of ugly death.'

* Shakspere, King Rich. III, act 1, scene 4.

When I first went to sea I found I had forgotten to learn, or even to wonder, why it is salt: but the question suggested itself to me when the spray from large waves shot in my face, and I could taste the brine on my lips. You will notice too that the sea-water which evaporates on your port-hole window has left a film behind, which consists of crystals of salt; and you learn that this salt is one of the waste mineral substances of the rocks dissolved by water, and carried by springs and rivers into the sea. Of course you won't learn this by merely looking at it, but by thinking and inquiring.

Is there any design in this condition of the ocean, or is it mere chance? It is shown that upon this very peculiarity largely depends the circulation of the ocean; that the Gulf Stream would probably have no existence if the sea was fresh water; that in this saltness we have an agent that mitigates and softens climates, giving to the equatoral current almost all its warmth. The vapour of salt water is fresh, and the evaporation feeds the winds with moisture to replenish the earth with showers. Over two millions of tons of water evaporate daily from the ocean into the atmosphere. Coral islands are dependent for their existence upon the saltness of the sea. Professor Chapman, of Toronto, maintains that the object of the saltness is mainly to regulate evaporation. Were the sea fresh water, the character and condition of nearly the whole earth would be seriously changed.

Then again, one's mind reverts to the Gulf Stream, and the wisdom of its Creator is seen in its influence upon climates, mitigating in Europe the rigours of winter, dispensing heat and warmth to the extra-tropical regions, clouds and rain to the dry land, and carrying cooling streams from Polar seas to the torrid zone; and yet,—with that mixed good and evil which seem as inseparable as Juno's swans, and which supply food for the grumbler,—breeding many of the great gales in the Atlantic and the fogs of Newfoundland, and being responsible for the dampness of the British islands. One learns that the sea is not a mere freak of creation, or a hydrographer's dream; but that it is a sort of organism, with a circulation as regular as that of the blood, 'a pulse ever beating and throbbing, veins, arteries, and a heart;' that over it and its very whirlwinds, harmony and order preside. The sea is more than a life study. Its waves and their formation, their velocity and height—bringing us down from the fiction of 'mountain high' to the fact of about thirty feet, except when they beat against a ship or a rocky coast. Then, the land and sea breezes, the drift of the ocean, its storms, inhabitants—these and a thousand other things open a new world of fact and fancy, where scientists can revel in the rich depths of its revealings, and poets run its lullaby into metre, and its rolling into rhyme.

Ten days spent on an ocean vessel is a precious bit of life, now that life is so short and fast; but if you only have the fortune to be a good sailor, and the luck to have fine weather, you may get such a new lease of life for body and mind, that it will prove the most wholesome ten days of your existence. Not only in the delight of waking fresh as a rose, free as a lark, and hungry as a hawk, but in the real pleasure of using your own eyes and ears, instead of stale second-hand information, about the practical working and management of the vessel, and the science of discovering how to steer in order to reach a given place. You will have to sit on deck with your book, ask proper questions at proper times from the officers when off duty, watch the sailors and the helmsman, and be neither presumptious nor shy. It won't take you long to learn that nowhere on earth—to use a Hibernicism— is it easier or harder to pick up information than at sea. Jack is terribly bored with the silly questions of people who've nothing else to do but bore him, and is a good bit of a practical joker if out of humour. I fancy one of the best medicines for body and mind at sea is an intelligent interest, not a presumptous meddling, in the day's work. A voyage is a revival and deepening too of old lessons. Even if you've been sick in your berth, there is a stage of convalescence to ninety per cent of the passengers, when it is enjoyable to lie on your back, and rub up forgotten knowledge of the sphericity of the earth and the definitions connected with it,—its diameter, axis, poles, equator, ecliptic, latitudes, and longtitudes,—with an interest which is increased by your situation. A bit of dry reading, and a bite of dry biscuit are often

a medicine to the soul at sea. I know that some travellers would prefer to pore over a work on domestic medicine, if they had one, and haunt the doctor with their queries; but if you mope and think of nothing more sublime than your 'bread-basket,' you get into a chronic state of dumps; the fogs of Newfoundland seem to settle upon your soul; the bell for dinner sounds like your last knell; every unusual noise at night startles you from sleep, with ugly dreams of wreck; and your berth becomes a literal cave of despair, especially if you haven't company in your misery. What little you know of the compass and its declination, the log, the mode of taking soundings, (the *catapeirates* of Lucilius), the construction and rig of the vessel, the philosophy and working of the engines, may be largely increased by the chances you will have on board for practical observation. Half the sea-sickness of which people complain is nature's and art's revenge for deliberate contempt of their teachings at hand. If on every ship there was the passenger's hour, when all hands in the cabin would be ordered on deck to take a tug at the ropes, or even to scour the anchor, or scrape the decks, I think sea-sickness would be confined to the swells and the lazy. Just think, too, what an impulse it might give to manning the navy. But I won't venture to guess how many good ships it might send to the bottom.

On board too, you constantly see the quiet observations made by the officers and crew, which, by the co-operation of all nations and navigators, have become a valuable system of philosophical research, and are carried on with regard to the winds, currents, and other phenomena of the sea. Every vessel is an independent floating observatory, using instruments compared with standards common to all, and combining their experience for the benefit of ship-masters of every nation. In the event of a vessel's capture in time of war, the log is held as sacred as the Jews kept the Talmud.

One of the hungering passions of many a school-boy is to run away to sea. At our school it was a sort of summer complaint, that came in with the ships and sailors in the spring, the inspiration of the songs they sang, and the yarns they spun, and only left when the last vessel turned its tardy rudder outward bound, and cut through the thickening cakes of floating ice. The prospect was cheerful for the open-air skaters, but rather chilled one's ardor for a life on the ocean wave. For who ever heard land-lubber, or even sailor, sing of the joys of a frozen sheet and an icy sea, a northern wind stiffening the reefed sails, while the bending masts, coated with glare ice, shone in the sun like pillars of glass, and slippery spars and rigging were untrustworthy for the grip of the nimblest tar afloat. The passion for the sea was more of a midsummer day's dream. When spring returned and the port was once more alive with the vessels, back came those darling daring fancies, which from time immemorial British boys have woven around ships and sailors; back came that hunger to taste and know the romance and mystery of the sea. The English sailor's song, his adventurous life, his changeful wanderings, his traditional pluck and cool daring, how he can woo fair maids ashore, and fight brave foes at sea,—are not they engraven in the warm heart of youth, as well as the hard adamant of fact and experience? But why should we not love the sea? Is it not our inheritance and in our blood? His trials and pains, his family separation and his poor pay, his tough work and 'hard tack,' were clean forgotten and consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Fancy had built castles in the air which needed no earthy fact to sustain them, and the imagination had been fed on the sunshine of inspiring pictures, books, and songs; the inherent combativeness of the race was in perfect harmony with the Mariners of England, and we longed to join them in their glorious mission of roaming about the sea, seeking enemies to devour. To feed the heart with fight, and fling defiance at foes, what greater glory could the boy descendants of the Vikings want? The future was one bright vista of unbounded hope and adventure. It is one of the privileges of boyhood to be utterly oblivious to the perils their sires foresee, and to pin perfect faith to the stability of the airy castles of which they are the most adventurous architects under the sun. May the shadows of splendid boyhood never be less!

I remember one of our old school-boys, who afterwards had a glorious death as a middy in the Crimea. He volunteered to

do a most daring deed, and did it as calmly as he would eat his dinner. An hour's realization of success, and a shot went through his heart. He used to spend all his legitimate holidays, as well as those on which he played truant, climbing up to the sky-sail masts, and sliding down the back stays of the ships in port; making a mental inventory of the terms connected with the hull, spars, and standing rigging, which he compared with a descriptive plate he carried in his pocket. He was a square-built lithe lad, as supple as a cat, and could beat us all at climbing trees for birds' nests, or telegraph poles for fun. Next to playing on a ship, his choice amusement was to slide down the roof of a high house, and enliven his affectionate sisters by hanging head downwards from the eaves by his toes. He was as clearly cut out for the ocean as a sea-gull. He had a large anchor in Indian ink on one arm, and various nautical hieroglyphics on the other. If you took up his English history, it opened of itself from frequent reading at the defeat of the Spanish Armada and the Battle of Trafalgar. He had not the remotest idea of the difference between the Æneid and the Ilaid, or whether Josephus was a Jew or a Gentile, but he could tell any kind of craft on water as far away as the keenest-eyed 'look-out.' Classics in the abstract were to him a horrid bore, but he knew by heart the English of Horace's ode, 'To the ship in which Virgil was about to sail to Athens,' and many of Virgil's and Homer's vivid descriptions of the convulsions of the sea; while the story of the Argonautic expedition and the voyage of Æneas were far more familiar than most of his father's dissuasive household words. He was somewhat confused as to the chronological order of the British Kings, but he could run over every term connected with a ship from the flying jib to the spanker boom, from the keel to the sky-sail masts and stays, as quickly as he could say his alphabet. He was happier on the spars of the fore, main, and mizzen masts than when sitting in school chewing the cud of a dreamy discontent, and drawing anchors on his bench and books. Fact and fable had linked to craze him for the ocean. To sail before the mast, to exchange the school floor for the forecastle, and Cerberus for the Captain; to sing Dibdin's and Campbell's ballads in the teeth of the 'rolling forties,' to hang between sea and sky like a bird on the dizzy mast, to risk a ride at single anchor on a lee shore; and again, to bear down upon the enemies whom our national anthem inspires us to confound, with British cheers that would paralyze their pluck, and broadsides that would send them to Davy Jones's locker, to flirt with the mermaids, or like Arion to ride on the backs of dolphins, or to stand in file down in the stillness of the deep, with bones changed to coral and eyes to pearls—such was the odd current of grave and gay fancies running through his waking or sleeping brain. He knew all the sea-songs and sailor's choruses, from the sublime 'Death of Nelson' to the ridiculous 'Whiskey, Jolly, O;' could imitate the boatswain's whistle to perfection; and though he was trained up in the way he should go at sea or on shore, the only approaches to hymns he knew were those sweet refrains which compare the journey of life to a sail on the ocean.

Another school-fellow, set on fire by our hero, ran off to sea, and in a few months came back with his metaphorical tail between his legs, as sick of his bargan as the Prodigal Son. Two more of us, with four shillings between us, made a start, like the Two Gentlemen of Verona,'

> 'To see the wonders of the world abroad;'

but were unfortunately caught on the 'Shandon,' cuffed on the deck by our respective fathers, taken home in a cab, given a taste of the 'taws,' and reduced to the ranks of dry bread, a week's restraint, and the stinging ignominy of going to bed at six o'clock. In such a way has Her Majesty's navy frequently been shorn of immature and perhaps immortal heroes.

I fancy this yearning for the sea is not altogether a fictitious dream of the undeveloped hobbledehoy. It is no doubt entirely absent in boys brought up on pap and petting, and who never, no never, never, tore their pants, or made mud pies. I fancy it is instinctive with the majority of genuine boys of British birth or descent, and is one of the vestiges in our veins of that old Norse love of the ocean which once vented itself on the coasts of its foes, but now has been tamed into a more intellectual taste,

> 'For always roaming with a hungry heart.'

Tamed, I say, yes, and all the worse for it. The love of adventure is now more restless than it was in the middle ages. The spirit of the Sea-kings has lost none of its ancient vigour during the last eleven hundred years. You find the Anglo-Saxon of the 19th century following his hereditary passion, and poking his inquisitive nose into every corner of earth, and on every shore. He is impelled by an instinct like the salmon, which returns from the depths of ocean to the stream where it was bred. The love of adventure, the pride and the peril in it, as a national trait, haunts the dream of the stripling who longs to sail before the mast, and warms the cockles of the Briton's heart who climbs the highest Alps and explores the frozen regions of the north. No longer a mere freebooter as were the Norse Vikings, but with the love of science and the genius of discovery filling his soul and obliterating every selfish consideration. Among the advances of civilization, few are marked with more splendid self-sacrifice and devoted zeal than the efforts of modern scientists to unravel the mysteries of nature in every part of the world. But side by side with this scientific afflatus, or rather impelling this scientific inspiration, we find a relish for abstract adventure as keen as Danish rovers ever felt when they penetrated into Switzerland, and played havoc in the English channel, the Bay of Biscay, and the North Sea. Aye, keener by far, and often grandly sanctified by the simple sense of loyalty and duty. Were there ever Norsemen dared to go down to certain death, cool as if on parade, like the British troops on the Birkenhead; or ever dared dash into its open jaws without earthly hope of escape, like the Light Brigade at Balaklava? Leander swam the strait of the Hellespont while his lover Hero in Sestos directed his course by a burning torch, and was finally drowned—which served him right. He was not the first man that came to grief for the love of a woman. But plain-going Captain Webb swam the English channel, twenty-eight times further, with neither lover nor reward in view. Had the bravest Norsemen such sons as the little gutter boys of London, whose heroism, born in the blood and bred in the bone, shone out like a thrilling epic on the 'Goliath'? The leap of Curtius into the gap of the Roman Forum is a myth. Poetry has exaggerated simple deeds of ancient courage into marvellous prowess. But England has a Victoria and an Albert cross, whose simple emblem tells of braver modern heroes by the score; and the stuff out of which their sinews are made is as plenteous as English daisies, Scotch thistles, Irish shamrocks, or Canadian maples. Valor is almost a national surfeit. The race is fond of peace until it wearies of it, and pretends to loathe what it is born to love. Valor is one of the constituents of British mother's-milk. If their boys thrive at all, they thrive on pluck as well as *casein*. Macaulay has left us some glowing lays of ancient Roman valor; but modern British history supplies far more splendid matter for future poets to portray. There was nothing valorous ever done by ancient Greek, Roman, or Norseman, but can be as bravely, if not more bravely, done by those who speak the English tongue to-day. There have been cool deeds of valor done by modern Britons, from a sheer sense of duty, and without any strut or show, which I trow, would have made Greek, Roman, and Norseman quail.

Doubtless it was something of this old spirit, this ancient instinct of sovereignty, which prompted Blackstone, the celebrated commentator on English law, to claim, the main or high seas as part of the realm of England. And so vigorously, and I may say, so conscientiously have we maintained in song and saying, that Britain at Heaven's command 'arose from out the azure main;' that not only have *we* adopted it as one of the fundamental articles of our national faith, but our very enemies seem disposed to believe, that guardian angels did sing this strain,—

> 'Rule Britannia !
> Britannia rules the waves !'

At any rate, the sailors believe it just as unreservedly as that—

> 'There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
> To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.'

The novelty of a sea voyage has pretty well worn off, yet scientists and sailors never tire of describing its delights, while many land-lubbers never tire of telling their dislike. If one is ill, or has no taste for travel, or no desire to know the interior economy of a ship and the phenomena of the sea, and moreover has grumbling in his grain,

the best part of a sea voyage is ended. For my own part, my old passion for the ocean had clung to me like barnacles to a ship's bottom, and I had'nt quite overcome my regret at having been caught on the 'Shandon.' Following the custom of boys —a joy of life which no boy ought to be denied—I had devoured the sleep-stealing pages of Robinson Crusoe, and the dream-weaving story of Gulliver's Travels; while since leaving school I had read stacks of books of travel, rubbed off the rust from forgotten history, and dusted down the geographial lore I should need. In fact I was like a hair-trigger at full cock. A holiday on or over the sea! It must be had! It shall be had! Not long ago I heard a Montreal merchant, a man of wealth and taste, boast that he had not taken a holiday for over thirty years, and was surprised that modern workers wanted one every year. I suppose if we could get into the mind of a fish—if fishes have minds—we should find it wondering how we can live on land. A man who has lived and worked for over thirty years without a holiday, and who spins elaborate philosophy to show why others should do the same, ought to be pickled when he dies, bottled, and preserved beside the snakes in our museums as a natural curiosity. At least he need not be surprised if we holiday lovers wonder how he can be both a fool and a philosopher at the same time.

One Friday evening of last year I found myself *en route* to Quebec, to take the splendid steamer 'Sarmatian' for Liverpool. About 7 on Saturday morning we reached Point Levis, and after the large luggage and the various small boxes, big babies, and other darling bothers had been disposed of on board the tug, we were carried across the river to the side of our vessel, which opened a huge gap in its side to receive us. Some of our passengers, with dread presentiments of sickness and wrecking, looked as cheerful if they were entering a lion's den against their will, or the mouth of a monster whale, without the prospect of Jonah. After taking possession of my share of a cabin, and arranging various necessaries for the vicissitudes of the of the voyage, and finding I had the luck to have an old college friend for a companion, I went on deck. Most of us were soon naturalized, and promenaded from quarter deck to forecastle with the air of monarchs, or at least, holiday rovers. Youth was at the prow and Pleasure at the helm. A crowd of Quebecers stood on the wharf. How they envied us! How I pitied them! poor land-birds, with wings clipped. A lover and his lass—she is going home without him—were leaning over the starboard side of the vessel, talking of heaven —on earth—and vowing rash vows. The quick-repeated clatter of the ship's bell warned loiterers and lovers ashore. The nervous passenger rushed from below in his first outburst of excitement to know if the ship was on fire. The tender good-byes were bade: some legitimate and some foolish piping of the eyes. The lover and the lass had a farewell taste of successive sweetness long drawn out. It made my mouth water. Most of us were leaning on the port side; the orders of the officers rang out in the mother tongue of Neptune; the boatswain's whistle, in shrill notes, like a breath of the north wind, pierced the air; the sailors moved about in jolly spirits as if glad at leaving land; the man at the helm was a picture of attention, the hawser was let go, the screw revolved, and we were off! Waving of handkerchiefs; abbreviated farewells over the taffrail; an apology for cheers from the shore in honor of a certain illustrious nobody, or in other words, in honor of one of our Provincial Judges; a soft solitary response;—then sailors settled to duty in that simple way which marks the British tar, and we began to realize that now there was no retreat. The holidays for some and the horror for others had begun. The charm of change; the delicious freedom from overwork and worry; the beginning of the fulfilment of one's dreams of the sea and of travel made every sense yield to the novelty and pleasure of the hour. I thought then of Charles Kingsley's delight when he found himself 'at last' on board a West Indian steamer, about to realize the dream of his life, bound for the West Indies and the Spanish main.

In leaving Quebec, one leaves behind some of the finest natural scenery in the world. I felt this particularly when, two months afterwards, I stood on the rocky height of Arthur's Seat in Edinburgh from which the Lothains, the distant Highlands, the Firth of Forth, and the rich panorama of city and country challenged comparison with

the splendid view from the Citadel of Quebec. Naturally a Scotchman would prefer the modern Athens, even though the landscape was in a Scotch mist; but what can rival our Canadian Acropolis, with its rolling hills and valleys, its cataracts and woods, and the magnificence—which Edinburgh's princely heights do not possess—of the stately river flowing at its base, speaking of a history proud though not ancient, winding around islands and wending between mountains in its broad and beautiful journey to meet and marry the sea.

And here it seems to me we do not sufficiently estimate one of the great advantages of our Canadian over the New York route. If the river St. Lawrence and the Gulf belonged to our neighbours, all the world would ring with its praises, because our cute friends would blow their own trumpets with as much worldly wisdom as enthusiasm. By our route you have first of all the choice between all rail, or all river to Quebec; you have nearly three days inland, and, if a poor sailor, have a fair chance of getting acclimatized to the vessel—the motion and the novelty of your surroundings; while you learn to know your fellow passengers, and you get initiated in the ship games. By New York you are at sea in a short sail; get the pluck knocked out of you at the outset; and have nothing in the way of scenery to look at. By our route you have a succession of fine landscapes. The oldest history we possess looks down on you from Quebec; the lower St. Lawrence, with its mountains, woods, lakes, rivers, precipices, waterfalls, shipping, neat houses and farms on shore; a variety of scenery in the Gulf and along the stretch of the picturesqe coast of Gaspe, where Jacques Cartier first planted the *fleur de lys*. Then the desolate Anticosti, looking like the fabled sea-serpent asleep, and not at all like a spot where the lotus-eaters would care to camp. Then lonesome-looking Labrador, famed for the quality and quantity of its fish; then Newfoundland, which one of our passengers could only associate with dense fogs and shaggy dogs. Many white cosy cottages on the way, bits of frames laid out in squares like a chess-board; tinned church steeples; clustering villages—Cacouna, Murray Bay, Tadousac, Father Point, and other favorite Canadian watering places; fishing smacks getting in and out of the way; outward and inward bound vessels within saluting and sometimes speaking distance;—all this company of land and water scenery makes our Canadian route unique and unparalleled.

No sea-voyage is complete for a novice, without a sight of 'the sea-shouldering whale,' of Spenser, porpoises, and icebergs. About Cape Rosier we saw several of the former, raising their bulky heads vertically on high, or playing with their enormous flukes in the air, or blowing huge spouts of water, which at a distance looked like smoke. Perhaps one big fellow is seen leisurely floating, looking like a rock. A bird from shore rests on his back, when down the monster goes with native terror, whipping the ocean into terrific foam, as he remembers the tradition in his family of his ancestor who was harpooned. The gambols of the porpoise seem more human, as they leap in the water, showing their backs, and keeping their heads and tails under cover. The icebergs are a sublime sight if they keep a respectful distance, and the sun lights up their cold splendor like a calcium light. Those in search of the picturesque want to see one iceberg; sailors prefer to give them the cold shoulder. Sea-water freeze; at a lower temperature than fresh waterd part of the salt separates, and if you coult, knock a chip off an iceberg and melt is you would have water much fresher than the original. Most of these bergs are wanderers from the polar ice-fields and glaciers, off for a holiday, runaways to sea, who have lost their way. Sometimes they are two hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level, while their volume below the water is eight times that of the mass above. I did'nt measure this, but suppose some one did. Sometimes they look like massive cliffs of clean chalk, while the fresh fractures have a deep green or blue colour.

> 'Chaste as the icicle
> That's curded by the frost from purest snow,
> And hangs on Dian's temple.'

Occasionally they carry large pieces of granite from the coasts where they were formed, and the great bank of Newfoundland is covered with stones from 'Greenland's icy mountains.' When in sight of New-

foundland we saw a dozen, of various shapes and sizes, but one especially was so magnificent that our Captain said he had never seen a finer. It must have been nearly three hundred feet high; and little stretch of the imagination was needed to picture it as crystal ruins of some grand cathedral, with spire and pointed tower, Norman and Gothic arch and column. Its body was milk-white and untainted by blemish; its crest more translucent and dazzling than polished shaft of silver or column of glass. A thousand scintillations of light sparkled from its highest peak: no shade or shadow: a wierd, cold, death-like throne for the Ice-King, around which one might expect to find the Nereides or nymphs of the sea, sitting on dolphins, lost in admiration, until impetuous Neptune, seated in his chariot made of shell and drawn by winged sea-horses, scolds them back to their grottoes by the shore. About a hundred yards in front, looking like an outlying reef of this splendid berg, lay another, long and flat, like a footstool for the Ice-King. Were these islands of glass raised by Neptune with a blow of his trident from the bottom of the sea, from lust of territory? Well satisfied should he have been with his slice of Saturn's empire. Unpaternal old dog, to conspire against thy brother Jupiter, for his dethronement. Away he goes, saucy, stuck-up, crowned old Nep., with his Homeric hop, step, and a jump over the whole horizon. No 'seven-leagued boots' you need. You did earth a good service when you gave it the first horse, but if you've anything to do with the icebergs, pray keep them more due north, or send them singly for show.

The first Sunday outward bound, is generally passed in the Gulf. The bell tolls solemnly. The nervous passenger anxiously inquires 'who has died?' All hands, except those on immediate duty, and the passengers from the cabin and steerage, muster in the cabin. Ignorant fanatics get off into a corner on deck, and think, with their book in hand, they monopolize salvation; fools sit in the smoking-room, superior, in their own estimation, to creation itself. The service is read by one of the officers, or by a clergyman. The trim and tidy appearance of the sailors and the novelty of the surroundings, as you hear the revolution of the screw and feel the roll of the vessel, seems to make the service peculiarly impressive. Sometimes there is a special service in the steerage or on deck, where the conventionalism of the cabin is relaxed, and all voices rally round in praise and song. On the out voyage there are thus two Sabbaths spent at sea; the last one generally when sighting the coast of Ireland. If the weather is fair, the day does seem more like the primitive day of rest than any Sabbath on land. You feel, too, your utter helplessness, especially if you've passed through a storm. You may trust in your ship, your captain, and his crew; but he must be the soul of conceit who is ashamed to avow his trust in Him who ruleth the sea, and at whose command the waves are still.

When the shades of Monday night are falling, you generally reach Belle Isle. It is the land's end, after passing which you are on the Atlantic in all its purity. Several of us sat up till after midnight to see the reception old ocean would give its St. Lawrence bride and her friends. Just as eight bells (12 o'clock) struck and the look-out drawled his 'all's well,' we felt the long Atlantic roll, as a new sensation, and began to realize that at last we were leaving land and lighthouses behind. The giant had us in his grip. An unfathomable mystery lay beyond. The nervous passenger was sure the captain had mistaken the route; that we were going to certain death; that like the ancient mariner,

> 'We were the first that ever burst
> Into that silent sea.'

In the depths of his terror he appealed to the officer on duty on the quarter-deck, who gruffly told him to go to bed. Several of my companions were seized with ominous qualms, not of conscience, but of stomach, and bade us a sick, sad, soft farewell. I found I enjoyed the roll. We watched the phosphorescence, and pitied those who had to succumb, but thinking discretion the better part of valor, I retreated to my berth, where my friend had struck the key note of nausea, and faint echoes of feeble stomachs were heard rumbling from the other berths, like poor stage thunder, or the wail of souls in Dante's purgatory. I didn't feel exactly hilarious, but I had to laugh.

The next day dawned on a stiff storm. I felt a miserable tension in my head, as if my brains had been removed for some pur-

pose or other, and replaced wrong side up; or as if I had been at a succession of very late and indigestible dinners. My first fear was that I should die; my next was that I should not. I felt the most utter indifference to the life here and hereafter. I wanted to be an angel or a merman. I felt like poor Gonzalo in the 'Tempest.' 'Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground: long heath, brown furze, anything.' Yet I cannot confess to fear. My friend in the berth below had been running the gamut of sea-sickness all night. He clung to his basin like a frightened child to its mother. But for the life of me—and I think it would have been the life of me—I could'nt follow suit. My share of sickness simply—yes, simply,—consisted in extreme lassitude and languor when I tried to rise, with something of a cross between a headache and a nightmare. The ship was evidently in its element in the full pitch of its enjoyment. Sharp cries, from treble to deep bass, of 'Steward!'—melted from the pitiful 'Stew—ard!' into the pathetic and suggestive 'Stew—!' This provokingly hearty person, when he came at all, appeared with all the composure of a seraph, with the comforting assurance that sea-sickness was healthy and would do us all good when we got over it. The unfortunate passenger of nervous temperament was as bilious as nervous, and had 'no stomach for the fight;' but in the intervals of effervescence, he had strapped on a life-preserver and said his prayers. I determined to get up and die on the floor. I got one leg out on the washstand and both arms on the wooden edge of my berth, and at the imminent risk of breaking my neck rolled out in a limp lump—and there I lay. I managed to stand up like the crooked part of the letter K. Looking at the port hole, in one roll of the vessel you have an opportunity to study the sea; in the counter roll, a chance to meditate on the sky. I walked uphill at an angle of thirty-five degrees to the sofa, and just when I had strained every nerve and muscle to reach it, the roll of the ship sent me against it with a bang that nearly drove my nose against the window; and while I was rubbing that organ, another roll sent me back again, and I narrowly missed the excusable homicide of my friend in the birth below, without malice prepense. As it was, I mangled him badly. At last I succeeded in lying on that miserable sofa; but the next moment I rolled off like a round log. My brush and comb tumbled down off the rack on my head; a box of tooth-powder was spilled on my friend's quilt. The clothes hanging on the pegs were swaying and swinging like culprits hung by the neck, waiting to be cut down. The small traps were behaving as if bewitched; now careering over the floor, now under the sofa, now shunting back under the lower berth. You try to open your door. If you don't go slam against it, you will likely reach the knob in time and at that peculiar angle of gravity when it opens and goes slam against you. You try to pick up your stockings, but they slide away from you, and in your desperation to get them you probably get your nose or your crown severely bumped. You have to wait for the return of the tide to catch your boots, unless you go down on your marrow-bones and sprawl for them. One of the most ingenious performances for a gentleman is getting into your pants, and especially interesting, if, like my friend, you put them on wrong side foremost, and have to take them off again. By a series of expert gymnastics and improvised feats of posturing, you catch your equilibrium by fits and starts, feeling very much like a pendulum. You dress amid a consecutive order of rolls and jerks, bumps and thumps. You hear the dishes slipping and sliding in the pantry in battalions, as if they had gone to smash; and you picture to yourself for grim consolation the condition through all this of the various passengers. You remember the advice given you to keep on deck, but no one told you how to get there. It would be humiliating to your manhood to be carried, and it seems impossible to climb or to crawl. Finally, you feel you must conquer. The cabin is close and stuffy. You stagger to the companion-way as if your legs were jelly and your head lead, and if no one is looking, drop into your second childhood, and crawl up on your hands and knees. It rather abates your pride, if it doesn't assuage your malice, to meet a fellow sufferer at the top in the like predicament, shouting, not 'Excelsior!' but 'Doctor!' The first sight of the sea in mid-ocean is'nt nearly as glorious as poets and painters made you believe. You can

now sympathize with Lamb's disgust, and with him gladly exchange the sea-gulls for swans, 'and scud a swallow forever about the banks of Thamesis.' Your first step on deck is nearly your last. You grip the first rope, or rush into the first arms, lie down in the first corner, waddle a bit, walk a little, and try to keep midship. If the nervous passenger be on deck, you may mollify your own misery by regarding his distress. He has fully made up his mind to shipwreck. He would not care to be slain in battle on land, but thus to die 'unsepulchred' is to him as inglorious a death as to any Greek. You harken to the cheery chorus of the sailors as they haul on the ropes and trim the sails. Music hath charms at sea. It is a sort of sedative to your stomach as well as your soul. The songs are measured by the amount of rope to haul, and as you hear the rough strains of,

> 'Here's success to the old black Jack,
> Whiskey, Jolly,
> And may we all get plenty of that,
> Whiskey, boys, ho! Jolly,'

you begin to think, after all, that though the sea and winds are stormy, and your ship is pitched about by the angry waves, your chances of reaching port are not worse than those of thousands who have sailed before, and your pluck comes to the fore again; you determine not to give in; you stiffen your lip and gird up your loins, and begin to like the motion and almost to forget there is such a thing as land.

A sight of the convulsions of the sea is something never to be forgotten. I think it was Vernet, who, in a storm where all hope was abandoned, yielded to his master-passion and sketched the waves. Another artist had himself lashed to the main mast to witness a storm. You see the huge billows swelling and rolling upon one another, charging in immensely long mountain ridges, which sometimes hurl themselves wrathfully against your ship, and dash up huge clouds and sheets of foam and spray on deck and masts. If you can stand near the stern—a dangerous spot in a storm—you can form some idea of the grandeur of the waves as they roll after you. When the vessel rises on the crest of a wave, the full height from screw to taffrail is seen at a glance, and you look down into a deep seething gully of foam, and the screw whizzes its anger at getting out of water. The next instant the taffrail almost touches the water and you probably get doused. If you pass a ship its whole hull is frequently lost to view as it dives into a valley, and then again is seen almost to its keel as it is pitched into full sight on the top of a wave. You can see but a short distance amid the surges lifting themselves in precipices and peaks, hiding the horizon in the spray, and tossing your iron vessel about like a helpless chip. What are a hundred fleets, with their thousands of souls and millions worth of cargo, to such a monster maw. Life hangs by a thread. The man at the helm has you on the brink of eternity. You may be the hero of a hundred fights, Alexander-like, longing for more, but you are a mere babe on the bosom of the sea. Pluck can do nothing more for you than conduct you to the bottom in that orthodox way with which Britons can look death in the face. But that's a good deal, is'nt it? Better than taking to the boats, and leaving the women and children to their fate, and thinking, not even of your own soul, but only of saving your own cowardly, contemptible carcass. Absolutely, you may as well grin and bear it bravely, and covet the wings of the gulls who follow the wake of your ship. The very life-boats mock you. If your fine vessel will not live in such a storm, how long would it take the boats to go to the bottom? The life preservers are a delusion and a snare. They might possibly float your corpse about for the gulls to roost upon, and the sharks to pick. Yet I'd rather wear a sixty pound cannon-ball to my feet than a life-preserver in such a storm, for then the agony would sooner be over, as you'd go down after the shot to the stillness of the deep, where, even when the tempest rages above, the ocean is as calm as a pond, and the very hand of decay is palsied. As the microscopic inhabitants of the deep are known to lie quiet and uninjured, so it is supposed that the dead are embalmed who are at the deepest part of the sea, salted down, and stand upright on the bottom, lineaments and features unchanged and preserved from decay.

But a grand calm comes; the great lifeless ocean, with scarcely a wrinkle

> 'mournful rolls
> Singing glory to the souls
> Of the brave.'

But the old salts whistle for the wind. The noble army of martyrs emerge from their cabins like worms after rain. The sailors look a little fagged. Poor fellows! they never get more than four hours sleep any night at sea, but in a heavy storm not even forty winks. The log has been heaved overboard, and tells us that from the average 300 miles a day, the storm has cut off a hundred. One morning the sailors were hauling in the log line, when our nervous passenger, who had finished his breakfast in haste, and who was as green as the sea, went up on deck. It was the first time he had observed the performance, and ventured to ask one of the crew what they were doing. 'Pulling up a whale, sir.' Down he ran, and with a shout cleared the breakfast table of its occupants, who rushed up pell-mell. The scene may be imagined. It was a standing joke during the rest of the voyage to lift the log when he was passing, and ask him if it was'nt 'very like a whale.' As time rolls on, most of passengers begin to get their sea legs, and learn to walk with some precision. When the weather is fair, and you are equal to the four or five meals a day, life is delicious. A friend of a sketching turn of mind told me he had discovered more when watching one rolling wave from the taffrail than he had learned from books and paintings in a lifetime. The sea-breeze braces you from top to toe. You feel it has blown away your land rust. Michael Angelo thought the pure air of Arezzo favourable to genius, but the sea air feeds every sense of body and soul whether you're a sage or a numskull. When the weather is not too cold, it is delicious to rise at four and have the sailors pump the sea-water on you when washing the decks, while you stand against the taffrail with a sheet around you, or *in puris naturalibus.* There is no end of pleasure to one who is well If you make friends with the engineer, you can have an interesting exploration of the coal bins, where you'll feel as if you were in a coal mine; around the engines and furnaces, examining the beautiful mechanism of the power at full play, and the weirdness of the latter in full flame, when the stokers are feeding the hungry red-hot mouths with shovel-fulls of hard coal diet. A stooping walk or crawl along the low narrow space conducting to the screw should not be missed, and before you go up, examine the ingenious little register which tells to a figure that the screw makes 53 turns a minute, each turn revolving 26 feet, and that by the time we reach Ireland, it will probably make a million and a half.

At night, the calm moonlight is sublime beyond description. The stars, 'those everlasting blossoms of Heaven' as they were called by an old Greek, seem to shine with a softer light than on land, and as you approach the old world you'll observe they appear smaller and the sky more distant than in our own land of blue skies and clear atmosphere. Then you lean over the traffrail and watch the foamy milky-way furrows made by the revolution of the screw, and the masses of phosphorescence in round or long trails of flaming and fading light. This is one of the most splendid phenomena of the sea, and appeared to be much more brilliant on our side of the Atlantic. Many explanations have been given from time immemorial of this beautiful sight. Sea-water must derive great quantities of phosphorized matter from dead fish. Fresh water will not produce this effect. The sun or moon fish will, revolving like a wheel in the water; but the most common cause is the presence of great quantities of jelly fishes. Sometimes, by simply shaking a bottle of sea-water in the dark you will observe the luminous little animals. A stroke of an oar in the sea will produce phosphorescence. It is said if you even scoop up a handful of sea-water on a dark night the same thing will be observed.

For the benefit of those who dread seasickness, I will immortalize in detail the list of 'sure preventives' given me in the shape of advice before starting. Men who go to sea are as apt to differ as men who go to college. There is no infallibility in opinion, and what may cure you may kill me. Lying flat on the back was probably an old trick of the Egyptians; but there are rolls at sea that only make this possible for stout people whose sides nicely fit their berth. Another bit of advice is to lie with your head to the bow and your heels to the stern; while some perverse prescriber recommends lying on your face. No one has yet suggested standing on the head. No doubt bed is the best dose for most of our ills, and is as favorable to convalescence as a French philosopher said it is to thought. But whatever you do, by no means forget

the following *vade mecum*, which I carefully compiled from the lips and experience of various travellers. Previous Turkish Baths and blue pill; a good sleep and a good cigar; then, when on board, if nausea approaches, try one or all of the following: hard boiled eggs, raw eggs, lemons, sour apples, pickles, seltzer, brandy, grapes, cold tea, chloroform in drop doses, lime juice, chloral, ice along the spine and to your head, hot water at your feet, chlorodyne, sea-biscuit, Old Tom, and resignation. But the fact is, there's nothing in the pharmacopœia like the motto of Londonderry; conforming your will to the motion of the ship, as you would on a swing, joining in social games, walking the deck, and neither stuffing nor starving.

On the last Sunday out, our first arrival from the old world was an Irish thrush which flew on the mizzen-mast. The gulls had kept up with us pretty well, sailing at the stern, and soaring in circles and figures of 8, coaxing for food, or lying on the water as if they had cork bladders; but this was a real land-bird, one of our own kith and kin. The excitement was for the nonce intense, and mistaking our gladness for something worse, it was scared back to the land which as yet we could not see. Opera-glasses and telescopes were now in demand. By and bye, a dim, hazy cloud-like rise on the horizon could be observed. An hour or so afterwards we were able to make out Tory Island, and soon the island of Arranmore and other bits of the Irish coast. A reticent passenger, who had not spoken a word to any one but the steward, burst into eloquent exclamations of delight and nearly dropped his opera-glass into the sea. The nervous passenger crossed the line at the bow, and being at once 'chalked,' manfully gave Jack a sovereign, and started a subscription for the Sailor's Widows and Orphans Fund. Cabin and steerage began to mingle: strangers looked eye to eye: the sailors set to work to fold the sails and polish the brasses, when the lighthouse of Innistrahull and the bold Malin Head to the right, with its square tower on top, became clear, and by and bye we could see the ivy-covered ruins of Green Castle, nestling beside rocks and a fort, the fishing smacks, the yellow fields of grain, the living green hedges of privet and hawthorne and holly, trimmed with care, the cluster of houses and huts lying on the grassy slope of Innishaven Head, the peat drying on the high rocks, and, soon after, the two white light-houses and the group of white cottages and the soft undulating fields of the rounding into Moville. The emotion of those of us who saw the Old World for the first time may be surmised. The cattle on the hills walking over the daisies, the people on the roads taking it leisurely, the smoke curling up from the chimnies, the green grass—and such green! The sea-green of the ocean had a glorious tinge. Nature had her pallet and brush in hand for welcome, and had thrown her richest Old World colors on sea and sky. The sunset was to us a new one. A magnificent sky of golden mist, such as one sees wonderfully reproduced in the landscapes of Turner and Claude; while the sun itself—no older here than in Canada—set in a huge drowsy red ball, like a monster eye of fire, as if it was tired of the old land, or had been up too late. Sometimes we see such a sun in Canada when the woods are on fire in autumn. But our eyes were all for the green isle before us—its greeness even more beautifully developed by the ebbing of the day. And this was really the Old World; our first sight of the land of glorious tradition, of brave men and beautiful women. The grey mountains, the rich meadows and hills, the rough rocks, this was really the Emerald Isle,—fickle, funny, fighting, friendly, frolicksome Ireland.

A little below Green Castle, and about seven miles from Moville, the pilot to Liverpool came out in a boat pulled by four men. Light bets of a shilling were freely made as to the foot he would first put on deck. He was an Irishman, and he put down both together. When we reached Moville, his pretty daughter, a lady-chip of the old block, with bright eyes, a broad beautiful brow, and plump cheeks, came on board, having with her a bouquet of fresh flowers. The dew was scarcely dry on them. Eyes hankered and noses hungered for a smell. They were kindly handed over to their fate, and passed the ordeal of snuffing by many a sea-tired nose. But they were fresh from the dear old land, you know.

Well, a land-lubber loves the solid earth, after all, and is glad to get within sight again of familiar or even foreign green hills. Here I had better cast anchor.

W. GEORGE BEERS.

## BERMUDA.

LAND of the rose and the orange, the banana and the onion, how shall I do justice to thy hospitable shores, how paint thy coral glories and thy sapphire seas? Oh, muse, inspire my feeble pen!

I well remember the morning the island rose before me, from the deck of the gallant little *Canima*, (best of boats, with most courteous of captains,) three days after leaving New York, and the impression inspired by its rugged coasts and dark grey cedars, which was, I must confess, one of disappointment. I had pictured visions of tropical beauty, waving palms, graceful aloes, feathery bamboos, and all the luxuriance of West Indian vegetation, and beheld a land not dissimilar to our northern clime, the white houses bearing, from a distance, no small resemblance to patches of snow lying in some sheltered valleys in the early spring.

The sun's heat, however, was as tropical as the most ardent mind could desire, and after crossing the Gulf Stream I willingly laid aside all superfluous clothing, and donned the lightest attire my portmanteau could produce.

Off St. George's, 14 miles from Hamilton, the principal town, we were boarded by a pilot,—fattest and jolliest of negroes! How he succeeded in swinging himself from his small boat on to the deck of the *Canima*, while a heavy sea was rolling, will ever remain a mystery to me, though I spent some time in vain conjectures as to the relative weights of black and white fat.

His advent safely accomplished, we resumed our way along the north shore, past Government House and Admiralty House, conspicuous by their flag staffs and signal stations, past the dockyard, and steamed slowly through the narrow channel commanding the entrance to Hamilton Harbour.

Here the view became truly lovely. Hundreds of islands unrolled themselves before us, rising like emeralds from a sapphire sea. The clear sky, the warm sun, and the soft balmy air, made up a scene never to be forgotten. As we cast anchor, fired our gun, and swung slowly round to the wharf, numbers of boats put off from it, manned by negroes of every conceivable type of ugliness and variety of costume; here a stalwart individual struggled bravely to support the dignity of a battered high hat, there a grinning gamin peered saucily at you from beneath a brimless Panama, while all clamoured loudly for passengers and baggage.

Here I must explain that neither wharf nor steamer is provided with a gangway, and as there is not sufficient depth of water to allow a vessel to draw close alongside, one has to be slowly and laboriously constructed, of thick wooden poles drawn on board by ropes; these are straddled by men and boys, who lash bars of wood securely across them, forming a foundation on which planks are laid, and freight, passengers, and luggage disembarked. While this operation was going on, I examined the front street of Hamilton, which runs parallel with the water, and was at once struck with the blinding glare. The houses are all built of solid blocks of limestone, quarried from the soft native rock with saws, and cemented together. The island being totally destitute of fresh water, the roofs are whitewashed to purify the rain water, which is carried from them into tanks below. Walls and roads, all are white; everywhere the same dazzling colour, or rather want of it, prevails, affecting the tortured eye-ball much like new-fallen snow under a brilliant sun. I was not seriously inconvenienced by this, however, till late in the season, when the sun daily acquired fresh power, and many of my friends sported coloured spectacles.

The shops, with their cool, green verandahs, open doors, and lack of plate glass windows, were very strange and foreign, in strong contrast to those of Canadian cities. All goods must be hidden from the destructive glare of the sun and the insidious effects of damp, often so successfully, that a prolonged search is necessary to

produce the required articles, so that shopping in Bermuda is a work of time and patience.

I noticed a long line of zinc-covered sheds, filled with cargoes for the vessels lying alongside, or with those that had just been disgorged from them; the Club, with its airy verandahs; and the Pride of India trees, bordering the road at intervals, standing out bare and black, in their winter nakedness, against the clear, blue sky. I also observed that the harbor described a horse-shoe, running into a point at its eastern extremity, bounded on the north by the town of Hamilton, on the south by the continuation of the island stretching far away in an unbroken line to Somerset and the dockyard. My drooping hopes of tropical vegetation were revived by the discovery of five large cocoa-nut palms, with granite stems and huge tufted heads, innumerable palmetto palms, with their enormous fan-like leaves, and other denizens of the tropics.

By the time I had completed my survey, the gangway was finished, and my fellow-travellers were preparing to disembark. Now came the tug of war. For be it known unto you, oh unwary and innocent stranger! that custom and fashion in Bermuda ordain that its inhabitants, gentle and simple, shall assemble, *en masse*, to witness the arrivals per New York mail steamer, and scrutinize the wretched traveller, who, limp, yellow, and woe-begone from the nauseating effects of a three days' voyage—just long enough to stir up all the bile in his system—is ill prepared to run the gauntlet of a thousand critical eyes. I plunged gladly into the sheltering haven of a cab, and was rattled speedily up to the Hamilton Hotel, a fine building situated on a hill commanding a lovely view of the town, harbour, and surrounding country.

Such was its exterior; of the interior the less said the better. It was something between a railway station and a third-rate inn; but it has, I hear, much improved of late, and with its delightful situation and many advantages there is no reason why it should not be a charming winter resort, if in good hands and properly managed.

Good lodgings are difficult to meet with; in fact I heard of none that could be highly recommended, and came to the conclusion, after a prolonged residence on the island, that the only way to be truly comfortable was to hire a house and servants, and cater for one's self. Unfortunately, however, a house of any kind is not easy to procure, and a furnished one is truly a *rara avis.* A shelter once provided, the question of furniture may be speedily solved, either by importing it from New York, or getting it from the shop of Mr. Nelmes, known in vulgar parlance as the Tower, (I suppose because it is not one,) one of the institutions of Bermuda, a vast emporium of science, literature, and the arts, warranted to produce any article called for, from a tooth-brush to a wheelbarrow, imitating a similar establishment on the far Pacific slope advertised to supply testaments and treacle, godly books and gimlets, soap, starch, and candles. Nor is Hamilton destitute of other shops, all trades being well represented except, so far as my personal experience went, in the matter of gloves and boots, an important but weak point. Otherwise I found things good in quality and reasonable in price. English money is the current coin of the realm.

The fair portion of my readers may be interested to learn that they will find silk and woollen costumes most useful; furs are never required, and a warm wrap only occasionally. Cotton dresses can be worn all the months of the year, with some few exceptions; and there is so much gaiety that a well-stocked wardrobe is a necessity, though the inhabitants dress very simply.

The climate of Bermuda is perfect from November until May, the average temperature ranging from 65 to 72° in the shade. The nights are delightfully cool, so much so that one is glad to sleep with doors and windows closed; the sun is always warm, and there is never a degree of frost. Invalids, however, suffering from throat and chest complaints, will find the climate damp, and the changes and heavy dews trying; also a difficulty in procuring food tempting to delicate appetites. The pampered palate, accustomed to all the dainties a city can provide, will sigh in vain for departed joys, never to be realised in Bermuda except through the agency of the fortnightly New York steamer. There are no oysters, and only one species of fish that I considered eatable—the angel fish, if one can imagine a fish so called being consumed by the vulgar public.

Bermuda is not a place to economise in; all the necessaries of life are dear; fish, flesh, and fowl selling at a shilling a pound, all standing, bones and feathers inclusive. The expense of living is easily accounted for when we remember that everything is imported, the island producing nothing but the annual crops of vegetables, tomatoes, potatoes, arrowroot, and the odoriferous onion, most of which are exported to New York, little being retained for home consumption. Nor does the island afford good pasturage, the grass being of a coarse and innutritious quality; hence the difficulty of procuring good milk and fresh butter; while to supply the meat market, a large schooner monthly brings a hundred head of cattle to the island, besides those supplied fortnightly by the New York steamer, whose cargo always includes sheep.

This apparent sterility must be attributed to native laziness, not to any fault of the soil, which is so fertile that a bit of stick planted in it will soon sprout and grow. There are abundance of tropical trees, as I found on closer inspection—palmetto and cabbage-palms, cocoa-nut, pomegranate, orange, lemon, and pride of India trees, with bananas, cactus, aloes, and numerous other plants and flowering shrubs, seen elsewhere only in conservatories. The delicate maiden-hair fern grows luxuriantly from every nook and cranny in rock and wall, tapestring them with its graceful foliage. The life plant, so called from its tenacious nature, is a perfect weed in two senses of the word, with its dull, rich ruby colouring and fairy-like bells. Oleanders also overrun the place, in spite of the war that has long been waged against them, and are to be seen intersecting the country with their spear-like hedges, bursting in the spring into masses of pink, red, and white blossoms, stretching away in varied mosaics, as far as the eye can reach.

The drives throughout the island, over excellent hard roads free from all dust in the dryest weather, are lovely, especially that to St. George's, by way of the north shore and Harrington Sound; the landscape changes at every mile, and each view is perfect, set in an azure frame of sea and sky.

The water is remarkable for its great transparency, and brilliancy of colouring, being of a rich sapphire blue, streaked with purple by the numerous reefs below the surface, in deep water; in shallow it is of an exquisite pale malachite green, impossible to describe. The sunsets would baffle the wildest flights of Turner's gorgeous fancy, in their glories of crimson, purple, primrose, and lake, melting and mingling into perfect opal, every tint and hue reflected back in the transparent waters with their dancing shimmering lights and shadows. There are various lions to be visited in Bermuda. Foremost among them are the caves, huge subterranean caverns, deep in the bowels of the earth, only attainable by a long and weary scramble, up and down ladders, over rocks and boulders, through seas of slippery red mud, armed with staff and candle, at an immense sacrifice to one's clothes. However, the end justifies the means, and once obtained, is an ample reward for all one's toils and exertions. A brilliant illumination of dry brushwood, red and blue lights, and rockets, reveals a scene only comparable to fairy-land. Immense basaltic columns, white as driven snow, a roof arched and fretted like some huge cathedral, enormous stalactites hanging from every available point, and water clear as crystal, unfathomably deep, reflecting back the myriad dancing lights. The Joyce's Dock and Convolvulus Caves, at Walsingham, are the most remarkable, the latter taking its name from the mass of blue flowers covering the exterior, giant brethren of our puny garden specimens.

Moore's calabash tree at Walsingham* is

* This 'noble old tree,' as Moore calls it in the preface to the second volume of the collected edition of his works published in ten volumes, in 1841-2, is thus referred to by the poet, in the lines 'To Joseph Atkinson,' written from Bermuda:

> ''Twas thus in the shade of the Calabash-Tree,
> With a few, who could feel and remember like me,
> The charm that, to sweeten my goblet, I threw
> Was a sigh to the past and a blessing on you.'

A picture of the tree is introduced in the vignette prefixed to the volume above mentioned. One of Moore's treasures was a goblet, presented to him by Mr. Dudley Costello, formed of one of the fruit-shells of this remarkable tree, tastefully mounted, and inscribed: 'To Thomas Moore, Esq., this cup, formed of a calabash which grew on the tree which bears his name, near Walsingham, Bermuda, is inscribed by one who,' &c. In these days of bloated armaments, of wars and rumours of wars, it may not be amiss to reproduce here the following remark of Moore's made shortly after his visit to Bermuda: 'It is often asserted by trans-Atlantic

another object of interest, together with the picturesque old English house, fast falling into decay, associated indelibly, as they must be, with the name of the poet. He was appointed to a Government post at Bermuda, where he arrived in January, 1804, but finding the life not to his taste, he resigned and left the island in the April following. Nor must I omit to mention the Devil's Hole, *alias* Neptune's Grotto, a large pond stocked with every variety of fish peculiar to these waters, among which the angel fish with its rainbow hues is conspicuous; nor the floating dock, a huge unsightly monster, capable of containing the largest man of war, and in which the Bellerophon looked almost a toy.

I cannot close this brief sketch without dwelling upon the kindness and hospitality of the Bermudians, of which I enjoyed no small share; not that they scatter their favours broadcast ; far from it. *Experientia docet*, and they are a more prudent and worldly-wise people; but any stranger provided with letters, or even one letter, of introduction, is sure of a welcome, and will receive every attention so long as he remains on the island.

Socially Bermuda is a great success, and I soon found myself plunged into quite a whirl of gaiety, with engagements many days ahead, principally for the afternoon, a most sensible form of entertainment, to which the delicious climate and the lovely grounds of the inhabitants not a little conduces.

The hospitable doors of the Governor, General Lefroy, and the Admiral, Sir C. Key, were thrown open regularly once a week, when every one assembled uninvited, and lawn tennis and badminton, varied with tea and claret cup, were the order of the day. There were various other At Homes, as they were called, the Colonel of the 20th and the officers of that regiment receiving on alternate fortnights at Prospect; so there was a continual round of diversions, the blank days being filled up with pic-nics, boating and riding parties, and lawn tennis matches. With two regiments of infantry, artillery and engineer officers, and the North American squadron, represented by the flag ship, the Bellerophon, there were plenty of idle men about, who made all entertainments pleasant.

The fortnightly hunts, lasting from November until March, were also very pleasant affairs,—an infinite source of chaff and amusement, from the motley array of steeds that were assembled to do them honor, and were hustled and scrambled over their jumps to the best of their riders' abilities, often amidst loud execrations, the struggle not unfrequently ending in the rider pulling his horse over, in ignominous defeat. The paper chase was an institution most creditable to its originator, in a land barren of all the elements of hunting,—foxes, hounds, I might almost add, horses, for with few exceptions, the equine race was miserably represented This novel method of hunting was conducted as follows: a couple of men started on foot, over a line of country previously marked out, provided with bags of paper, which they scattered as they went, for scent; the rest of the cavalcade followed on horseback. The jumps were stone walls, two to three feet high, with an occasional stiff post and rails, where it was a case of over or down, with horse and rider. The run usually finished at some private house, where numerous guests assembled, and the hunters dismounted to partake of their host's hospitality. The festivities of the island were not exclusively by daylight, however; many balls and parties were given in the course of the winter, all brightened with a good sprinkling of the various uniforms, and enlivened by the strains of an excellent band, most inspiring of music.

Sailing is another Bermuda pastime, for which the harbor, with its trim little boats, is admirably fitted. I am not sufficiently acquainted with nautical terms to explain the rig of these small craft, which are eminently seaworthy, and to be seen in all weathers scudding about under double and triple reefs, and crossing the open sound to the dockyard and Somerset, in the teeth of a biting gale.

It must not be imagined that Bermuda is

politicians that this little colony deserves more attention from the mother-country than it receives, and it certainly possesses advantages of situation, to which we should not be long insensible, if it were once in the hands of an enemy. I was told by a celebrated friend of Washington, at New York, that they had formed a plan for its capture towards the conclusion of the American War, "with the intention (as he expressed himself) of making it a nest of hornets for the annoyance of British trade in that part of the world."' Poems, p. 118, note.

a godless island because I have not dwelt upon the number of its churches, by no means a small one. Suffice to say that in Trinity Church, in Hamilton, the service is most carefully and nicely conducted. The interior is very handsome, and is provided with a magnificent organ. At Christmas and Easter the decorations, with abundance of tropical plants and flowers, were most artistic, the only drawback being the almost oppressive perfume of thousands of fragrant blossoms.

The active, energetic-minded man or woman may deem life in Bermuda, with its fortnightly mail steamer, its weekly paper, and its innocence of telegrams, a species of stagnation to be only patiently endured; but it is wonderful how soon habit becomes second nature. I often sighed involuntarily over my heap of home letters demanding an answer by return of post. Many, on the contrary, wearied in mind and body by the toils and anxieties of this busy world, will find Bermuda, with its primitiveness, kindliness, and simplicity, a haven of rest, a little garden of Eden dropt unawares on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, and these will leave at last with as many regrets as I did, and an equally sincere desire to revisit the island at some not far distant day.

SHIRLEY.

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# LACROSSE.

'UNDER the heading of "Sports and Amusements," *The Field* of the 10th instant says, "Lacrosse is to be played at Rugby during the present term, and it is to be hoped that other English schools will follow the example." *Bell's Life* of the same date says: "If the game takes root at Rugby, a great step towards fixing it on the English soil will be accomplished."' This extract from a recent issue of the Toronto *Mail* has recalled to my mind an intention long ago entertained, of saying a few words on the subject of Lacrosse, a game derived from the Aborigines, but which has obtained for itself among Canadians an historical interest; and to urge upon Lacrosse players, both here and in England, the adoption for it of its original Indian appellation of '*Baggatiway*,' in place of the unmeaning and altogether inappropriate French name by which the Jesuit missionaries christened it.

What the literal meaning of the word '*Baggatiway*,' may be, I regret to say, I do not know, but the name, if not of Chippeway origin, was at least such by adoption and use more than a hundred years ago, and some of your readers, better up than myself in the dialect of these people, may readily supply its meaning.

The language of the Indians is highly representative, emblematic, and significative in character; every name, whether of man, animal, or place, symbolizing clearly and characteristically the thing designated. Thus, the name of a rosy-cheeked maiden of the Ojibbeways was, 'Miskwabunokewa,' signifying literally, '*the red sky of the morning*;' 'Tabush'sha,' *he that dodges down*,' was the name of an Ojibbeway warrior who had evidently distinguished himself by 'dodging.' 'Saskawjawun,' the name of the river called by us '*Saskatchewan*,' signifies literally '*swift-running water*.' Jebingneezho-shinnaut,' the name of a beautiful landing-place on the little Saskatchewan, is literally '*two dead lie here*,' for here in days gone by a young Indian in a quarrel stabbed and killed his brother; the murderer was at once taken and slain by his tribe, and the two were buried together upon the spot. 'Nanahpahjinikase,' the name of the mole, means literally '*Foot the wrong way*,' and that of the flying squirrel 'Ozhugpiskondahwa,' literally, '*strikes flat on a tree*,' which is exactly what it seems to do when alighting from flight. There can be no doubt that the Indian name '*Baggatiway*' is equally significant, and adapts itself accurately to the character of the game it represents, and it is under any circumstances a better and more appropriate appellation

than that arbitrarily bestowed upon it by the Jesuit missionaries, who certainly showed little knowledge of the 'eternal fitness of things,' when they likened the peculiar racket-ended bat with which it is played to the Cross.

But apart from such considerations, we owe thus much recognition at least to those from whom we have adopted the game; it is little indeed we have left to them. There is no sadder history than theirs to be recorded—none which awaits with greater certainty this tardy justice at the hands of civilized man. Little more than three centuries and a half have elapsed since the Indian first gazed with terror and admiration upon the white strangers that the great waters cast up as hungry suppliants upon his shores; and already nine-tenths of his inheritance is reft away, and nine-tenths of his race have vanished from the earth; while the sad remnant, few and feeble, faint and weary, 'are fast travelling to the shades of their fathers beyond the setting sun.'

'All the relations of Europeans to the Indian,' says the lamented Warburton, 'have been alike fatal to him, whether of peace or war; as tyrants or supplaints; as conquerors armed with unknown weapons of destruction; as the insidious purchasers of his hunting-grounds, betraying him into an accursed thirst for the deadly "fire-water;" as the greedy gold-seekers, crushing his feeble frame under the hated labours of the mine; as shipwrecked and famished wanderers, while receiving his simple alms, marking the fertility and defencelessness of his lands; as sick men enjoying his hospitality and at the same time imparting that terrible disease which has swept away entire nations; as woodmen in his forests, and intrusive tillers of his ground, scaring away or destroying in mere wantonness those animals of the chase given by the Great Spirit for his food;—there is to him a terrible monotony of result. In the delicious islands of the Carribean Sea, and in the stern and magnificent regions of the north east, scarcely now remains a mound, or stone, or trace even of tradition, to point out the place where any among the departed millions sleep.'

The game of Baggatiway was known and cultivated by the Western Indians from time immemorial, as a means of encouraging emulation, activity, fortitude, endurance, and self-control among the young men of the nation. The form of the bat used, varied among different tribes; the Choctaws and other southern nations inhabiting the country now known as Alabama and Mississippi, played it with two bats, one in each hand, much resembling an English racket, only having the loop, which was a perfect oval, considerably smaller—about 6 x 4 inches—and bent slightly upon the handle, which was about three feet long, like the bowl of a mustard spoon. A description of the game as it was played by these people is given in a curious and now rather scarce book, written by one James Adair, who dwelt among them for forty years, from 1735 to 1775, a portion of which, as it may interest some readers I here transcribe.

'The ball is made of a piece of scraped deer-skin, moistened and stuffed hard with deer's hair, and strongly sewed with deer's sinews. The ball sticks are about two feet long, (other authorities say three), the lower end somewhat resembling the palm of the hand, and which are worked with deer-skin thongs. Between these they catch the ball and throw it a great distance, when not prevented by some of the opposite party, who fly to intercept them. The course is about five hundred yards in length; at each end of it they fix two long, bending poles into the ground, three yards apart below, but slanting a considerable way outwards. The party that happens to throw the ball over these counts one; but if it be thrown underneath, it is cast back and played for as usual. The gamesters are equal in number on each side; and at the beginning of every course of the ball, they throw it up high in the centre of the ground, and in a direct line between the two goals. When the crowd of players prevents the one who catches the ball from throwing it off with a long direction, he commonly sends it the right course by an artful sharp twirl. They are so exceedingly expert in this manly exercise, that between the goals the ball is mostly flying the different ways by the force of the playing sticks, without falling to the ground, for they are not allowed to catch it with their hands. It is surprising to see how swiftly they fly when closely chased by a nimble-footed pursuer; when they are intercepted by one of the opposite

party, his fear of being cut by the ball sticks commonly gives them an opportunity of throwing it perhaps a hundred yards; but the antagonist sometimes runs up behind, and by a sudden stroke dashes down the ball. It is very unusual to see them act spitefully in any sort of game, not even in this severe and tempting exercise.'

'By education, precept and custom, as well as strong example, they have learned to show an external acquiescence in everything that befalls, either as to life or death. By this means, they reckon it a scandal to the character of a steady warrior to let his temper be ruffled by any accidents,—their virtue, they say, should prevent it. Their conduct is equal to their belief in the power of those principles. Previous to this sharp exercise of ball playing, they will supplicate Yo-He-Wah,' (their name for the Great Spirit) 'to bless them with success. To move the deity to enable them to conquer the party they are to play against, they mortify themselves in a surprising manner; and except with a small intermission their female relations dance out of doors all the preceding night, chanting religious notes with their shrill voices to move Yo-He-Wah to be favourable to their kindred party on the morrow. The men fast and wake from sunset till the ball-play is over the next day, which is about one or two o'clock in the afternoon. During the whole night, they are to forbear sleeping under the penalty of reproaches and shame, which would sit very sharply upon them if their party chanced to lose the game, as it would be ascribed to that unmanly and vicious conduct.' 'Each party are desirous to gain the twentieth ball, which they esteem a favourite divine gift. As it is in the time of laying by the corn, in the very heat of summer, they use this severe exercise, a stranger would wonder to see them hold so long at full speed and under the scorching sun, hungry also and faint with the excessive use of such sharp physic as the button snake root, the want of natural rest and of every kind of nourishment; but their constancy which they gain by custom, and their love of virtue as the sure means of success, enable them to perform all their exercises without failing in the least, be they ever so severe in the pursuit.'

Every tribe wore its own peculiar dress in the game of Baggatiway—or rather adopted the same absence of dress. In all, the entire body was stripped naked, so as to afford the most perfect freedom to the limbs and lungs in an exercise so severe and often protracted as to tax the speed and endurance of the player to the utmost, the breech-cloth alone being retained, not even moccassins being worn by many tribes on these occasions. Sometimes, more especially among the southern tribes, inhabiting a territory scorched during summer by an almost tropical heat, the body was painted uniformly white. The Choctaw player wore no single article of dress 'except the breech-cloth around his waist, with a beautifully ornamented bead belt, a tail standing well out from the body made of white horsehair or quills, and a mane on the neck of horsehair dyed of various colours.'

Among the Naudowessies, now known by their French name of Sioux, once a great and warlike confederacy occupying a territory farther north, the game of Baggatiway was played with only one racket or bat, the handle of which was not less than four feet in length, and was used with both hands—a much more difficult and scientific game. The racket loop at the extremity of the Naudowessie bat was perfectly circular, inclined slightly from the handle like the bowl of a salt-spoon, slightly cup-shaped, and little larger than the half-closed hand. Their skill in catching the ball in its flight, with this instrument, even when running at the greatest speed, was amazing. Carver relates that though the game was often engaged in by more than three hundred at one time—the goals being six hundred yards apart—'they are so exceedingly dexterous that the ball is usually kept flying by the force of the rackets, *without touching the ground during the whole contention*,' and the distance to which it was occasionally thrown was extraordinary. Their dress on these occasions differed little from the Choctaws, already described, saving that they wore no mane except their own long, natural hair, and the tail, which drooped more than that worn by the Choctaws, and was made invariably of plumes, with which the head also was ornamented. The preparation, which always occupied the night before the game, and included dancing and absolute abstinence from food and sleep, was very similarly observed by a great number of

tribes. Jonathan Carver, an officer of the Provincial forces, who was present at the massacre of Fort William Henry in 1757, but managed to escape, and who afterwards spent some years with the Naudowessies, near the Falls of Minnehaha, on the Upper Mississippi, describes the game as played by those people, in his 'Travels,' published in London in 1784, to a portion of which I have already referred.

The incident however, which has invested the game of Baggatiway with historical interest, occurred on the fourth of June, 1763. It is familiar to most readers of Canadian history; but as I write for the information of those who *do not*, rather than for those who *do* know all about it, I may perhaps be excused for referring to it somewhat in detail.

Shortly after the conquest of Canada by Great Britain, when the English had taken possession of and garrisoned all the forts taken from the French, extending from Quebec to the western shores of Lake Michigan, a chief of the Ottawas, named Pontiac, possessed of great courage and capacity, and hostile to the English, whom once he received as friends but now justly regarded as invaders of his territory and usurpers of his authority, conceived the spirited design of uniting the nations over whom he held sway into one confederacy, of retaking the old French forts within his country, eleven in number, now garrisoned by English soldiers, exterminating or driving out the English, and restoring again to his Indian followers and allies those magnificent regions of the west, lately wasted by conquest, of which they only were the true and rightful lords. The nations which entered with him into this confederacy were the Miamis, Ottawas, Chippewas, Wyandots, Pottowotomies, Mississaugas, Shawanese, Outagamis, and Winnebagos. So boldly were his plans conceived, and so stoutly executed, that within fifteen days from the opening of hostilities ten out of the eleven forts in Pontiac's domains were in the hands of his followers; Detroit, the sole remaining one, garrisoned and afterwards strengthened by detachments from the 80th, 55th, 60th, or Royal Americans, and the Queen's Rangers, having been saved through the timely warning given to the commandant, Major Gladwin, by an Indian woman; but only to be ultimately rescued from a like terrible fate after the severe losses, sufferings, and privations of a six months' siege, by the arrival of provisions from Niagara, under circumstances demanding the greatest courage, heroism, and devotion, in a schooner manned for the most part by Mohawk Indians.

With the history of those not too well remembered times, our present article has nothing to do, save only so far as it relates to the capture of Fort Michilimakinak, now better known as Mackinaw, one of the French forts above referred to, which was surprised and taken from the English in broad daylight by a body of Chippewa and Saükie Indians, a detatchment of Pontiac's forces, under a chief named Menehwehna, at the time referred to, during a game of Baggatiway.

The best account of this interesting episode in the history of the game which has come down to us, may be found in the 'Travels of Alexander Henry,' published in New York in 1809. Henry was a highly intelligent Englishman, who came out to Canada with the army of Gen. Amherst, and being a resident in Michilimakinak at the time of the massacre, was an eye-witness of the scenes he so graphically describes. As the book is already a rather scarce one, and the subject may prove of interest to many who have no opportunity of consulting the original, I give the account of the occurrence in his own words.

Some traders who had recently arrived at the Fort, had already made known to the commandant their belief that the dispositions of the Indians were hostile to the English, and that even an attack might be apprehended; but Major Etherington would give no ear to such reports, and expressed much displeasure with those who brought them.

'The garrison at this time consisted of ninety privates, two subalterns, and the commandant; and the English merchants at the Fort were four in number. Thus strong, few entertained anxiety concerning the Indians, who had no weapons but small arms.

'Meanwhile the Indians from every quarter were daily assembling in unusual numbers, but with every appearance of friendship, frequenting the Fort and disposing of their peltries in such a manner as to dissi-

pate almost everyone's fears. For myself, on one occasion, I took the liberty of observing to Major Etherington that in my judgment no confidence ought to be placed in them, and that I was informed that no less than four hundred lay about the Fort. In return the Major only rallied me on my timidity; and it is to be confessed that if this officer neglected admonition on his part, so did I on mine.

'Shortly after my first arrival at Michilimakinak in the preceding year, a Chippeway, named Wawatam, began to come often to my house, betraying in his demeanour strong marks of personal regard. After this had continued some time, he came on a certain day, bringing with him his whole family, and at the same time a large present consisting of skins, sugar, and dried meat. Having laid these in a heap, he commenced a speech in which he informed me that some years before he had observed a fast, devoting himself, according to the custom of his nation, to solitude and to the mortification of his body, in the hope to obtain from the Great Spirit protection through all his days; that on this occasion he had dreamed* of adopting an Englishman as his son, brother, and friend; that from the moment in which he first beheld me, he had recognized me as the person whom the Great Spirit had been pleased to point out to him for a brother; that he hoped that I would not refuse his present, and that he should ever regard me as one of his family.

'I could not do otherwise than accept the present and declare my willingness to have so good a man as this appeared to be for my friend and brother. I offered a present in return for that which I had received, which Wawatam accepted, and then thanking me for the favour which he said I had rendered him, he left me and soon after set out on his winter hunt.

'Twelve months had now elapsed since the occurrence of this incident, and I had almost forgotten the person of my *brother*, when, on the second day of June, Wawatam came again to my house, in a temper of mind visibly melancholy and thoughtful; he told me that he had just returned from his *wintering ground*, and I asked after his health; but without answering my question he went on to say that he was sorry to find me returned from the Sault; that he intended to go to that place himself immediately after his arrival at Michilimakinak, and that he wished me to go there along with him and his family the next morning. To all this he joined an inquiry whether or not the commandant had heard bad news, adding that during the winter he had himself been frequently disturbed with the *noise of evil birds*; and further suggesting that there were numerous Indians near the fort, many of whom had never shown themselves within it. Wawatam was about forty-five years of age, of an excellent character among his nation, and a chief.

'Referring much of what I heard to the peculiarities of the Indian character, I did not pay all the attention which they will be found to have deserved to the remarks and entreaties of my visitor. I answered that I could not think of going to the Sault so soon as the next morning, but would follow him there after the arrival of my clerks. Finding himself unable to prevail with me, he withdrew for that day, but early the next morning he came again, bringing with him his wife, and a present of dried meat. At this interview, after stating that he had several packs of beaver for which he intended to deal with me, he expressed a second time his apprehensions from the numerous Indians who were round the fort, and earnestly pressed me to consent to an early departure for the Sault. As a reason for this particular request, he assured me that all the Indians proposed to come in a body that day to the fort, to demand liquor of the commandant, and that he wished me to be gone before they should grow intoxicated.

'I had made at the period to which I am now referring so much progress in the language in which Wawatam addressed me, as to be able to hold an ordinary conversation in it; but the Indian manner of speech is so extravagantly figurative that it is only for a perfect master to follow and comprehend it entirely. Had I been further advanced in this respect, I think I should have gathered so much information from this my friendly monitor as would have put me into possession of the design of the enemy, and enabled me to save as much others as my-

*The dream of an Indian at such a time is regarded as prophetic, and he considers it a religious duty to fulfil it.

self. As it was it unfortunately happened that I turned a deaf ear to everything, leaving Wawatam and his wife, after long and patient but ineffectual efforts, to depart alone, with dejected countenances, and not before they had each let fall some tears.

'In the course of the same day, I observed that the Indians came in great numbers into the fort, purchasing tomahawks (small axes of one pound weight), and frequently desiring to see silver arm-bands, and other valuable ornaments, of which I had a large quantity for sale. The ornaments, however, they in no instance purchased, but after turning them over, left them, saying they would call again the next day. Their motive, as it afterwards appeared, was no other than the very artful one of discovering, by requesting to see them, the particular places of their deposit, so that they might lay their hands upon them in the moment of pillage with the greater certainty and despatch.

'At night, I turned in my mind the visits of Wawatam, but though they were calculated to excite uneasiness, nothing induced me to believe that serious mischief was at hand. The next day, being the fourth of June, was the King's birthday. The morning was sultry. A Chippeway came to tell me that his nation was going to play at Baggatiway with the Sacs or Saäkies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding, that the Commandant was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippeways. In consequence of this information I went to the Commandant, and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might have some sinister end in view; but the Commandant only smiled at my suspicions.

'Baggatiway, called by the Canadians * *le jeu de la crosse*, is played with a bat and ball. The bat is about four feet in length, curved and terminating in a sort of racket. Two posts are planted in the ground at a considerable distance from each other, as a mile or more. Each party has its post, and the game consists in throwing the ball up to the post of the adversary. The ball at the beginning is placed in the middle of the course, and each party endeavours as well to throw the ball out of the direction of its own post, as into that of the adversary's. I did not go myself to see the match which was now to be played without the fort, because there being a canoe prepared to depart the following day for Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow-trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call upon me saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the back to enquire the news, it so happened that I still remained to finish my letters, promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from the door, when I heard an Indian war-cry and a noise of general confusion.

'Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found; in particular I witnessed the fate of Lieut. Jemette. I had in the room in which I was a fowling-piece loaded with swan-shot; this I immediately seized, and held it for a few minutes waiting to hear the drum beat to arms. In this dreadful interval I saw several of my countrymen fall, and more than one struggling between the knees of an Indian who, holding him in this manner, scalped him while yet living. At length, disappointed in the hope of seeing resistance made to the enemy, and sensible, of course, that no effort of my own unassisted arm could avail against four hundred Indians, I thought only of seeking shelter. Amid the slaughter which was raging, I observed many of the Canadian (French) inhabitants of the fort calmly looking on, neither opposing the Indians nor suffering injury; and from this circumstance I conceived a hope of finding security in their houses. Between the yard-door of my own house and that of M. Langlade, my next neighbour, there was only a low fence over which I easily climbed. At my entrance I found the whole family at the windows gazing at the scene of blood before them. I addressed myself immediately to M. Langlade, begging that he would put me into some place of safety until the heat of the affair should be over; an act of charity by which he might perhaps preserve me from the general massacre;

* The word 'Canadian' whenever employed in Mr. Henry's recital, means always French Canadian; this should be borne in mind by the reader.

but while I uttered my petition, M. Langdale, who had looked for a moment at me, turned again to the window shrugging his shoulders and intimating that he could do nothing for me :—'*Que voudriez-vous que i'en ferais?*' This was a moment for despair; but the next a Pani women,* a slave of M. Langlade's, beckoned to me to follow her. She brought me to a door which she opened, desiring me to enter, and telling me that it led to the garret where I must go and conceal myself; joyfully obeyed her directions, and she followed me up to the garret-door, locked it after me, and with great presence of mind took away the key.

'This shelter obtained, if shelter I could hope to find it, I was naturally anxious to know what might still be passing without. Through an aperture which afforded me a view of the area of the fort, I beheld in shapes, the foulest and most terrible, the ferocious triumph of barbarous conquerors. The dead were scalped and mangled; the dying were writhing and shrieking under the unsatiated knife and tomahawk, and from the bodies of some, ripped open, their butchers were drinking the blood scooped up in the hollow of joined hands, and quaffed amid shouts of rage and victory. I was shaken not only with horror but with fear; the sufferings which I witnessed, I seemed on the point of experiencing. No long time elapsed before every one being destroyed who could be found, there was a general cry of "all is finished"! at the same instant I heard some of the Indians enter the house in which I was.

'The game of Baggatiway, as from the description above will have been perceived, is necessarily attended with much violence and noise. In the ardour of contest, the ball, as has been suggested, if it cannot be thrown to the goal desired, is struck in any direction by which it can be diverted from that designed by the adversary. At such a moment, therefore, nothing could be less likely to excite premature alarm than that the ball should be tossed over the pickets of the fort, nor, that having fallen there, it should be followed on the instant by all engaged in the game, as well the one party as the other, all eager, all struggling, all shouting, all in the unrestrained pursuit of a rude athletic exercise. Nothing could be less fitted to excite premature alarm; nothing, therefore, could be more happily devised under the circumstances than a stratagem like this; and this was in fact the stratagem which the Indians had employed, by which they had obtained possession of the fort, and by which they had been able to slaughter and subdue its garrison and such of its other inhabitants as they pleased. To be still more certain of success, they had prevailed upon as many as they could by a pretext the least liable to suspicion, to come voluntarily without the pickets, and particularly the Commandant and garrison themselves.'

So far Mr. Henry. The anxieties and terrors to which he was subjected during the night following, in the garret where the Indian woman had secreted him, the hair-breath escapes he made from discovery by the savages who were searching the place for him, the conversation between the Indians and his amiable host, overheard by him the next morning, 'informing the Indians that he had been told that I was in his house, that I had come there without his knowledge, and that he would put me into their hands.' How, after being seized and stripped to the skin by his captor, 'that my apparel might not be stained with blood when he should kill me,' he was driven naked towards the woods to be slain. Yet bare handed and naked, like a plucky Englishman as he was, he foiled the savage in the very act of striking the knife into his breast, and being swift of foot, regained the main body of the Indians and found temporary protection from death. How, in the night following, while his reckless conquerors drank long and deep, he, being placed with Major Etherington, Lieut. Leslie, and twenty-one others, including soldiers, all naked like himself, the sole surviving Englishmen of the fort, in the temporary charge of the French Canadians, three hundred in number, he 'proposed to Major Etherington to make an effort for regaining possession of the fort and maintaining it against the Indians,' but was discouraged by the Jesuit missionary, who was consulted, on the ground that little dependence could be placed upon the Canadians. How, at length, being led to the beach to be carried away in a canoe

* An Indian woman of a Southern tribe.

'a keen north-east wind' blowing, and suffering much from the cold in his unusually scant attire, he besought his courteous and hospitable neighbour, M. Langlade, who was, as usual, 'looking on,' to lend him 'a blanket, promising if I lived, to pay him for it at any price he pleased; but the answer I received from him was this, that he could let me have no blanket unless there was some one to be security for the payment;' how one John Cuchoise, to whom he afterwards addressed a similar request, kindly gave him a blanket, or 'naked as I was and rigorous as was the weather, but for this blanket I must have perished;' until at length after many painful vicissitudes he was ransomed and restored to his friends by his faithful Indian *brother* Wawatam, must be sought only in the original, as they are alike beyond the objects and the limits of this paper.

A great deal more concerning the history of the game of Baggatiway might be gathered from old records well known to those familiar with the habits and traditions of the North American Indians. Much also may yet be recovered from living representatives of the Red Race still inhabiting remote portions of our country, but enough has been said to show its origin and characteristics, and the relation it once bore to the early history of the land we live in. The game has already won for itself a deservedly high place in our regard and estimation; being, when governed by good taste, temper, and feeling, one of the very finest of out-door exercises; calculated to develop in our youths, as in those of the race whose inheritance they possess, not only the highest degree of physical perfection, but the greatest patience, endurance, and self-control. Such a game is certain to take a fast hold upon the affections of the English nation, a people who have ever pre-eminently distinguished themselves in those manly exercises and hardy field sports which have laid the foundation of her past glories and her present power, and which, so surely as they are wisely encouraged and maintained, must crown the future of her sons with a no less splendid and enduring fame. Let me then once more appeal to the sympathies of a brave and generous race in favour of adopting the Indian name. It is a great pity, to call it by no harsher term, that so many of the old traditional and significant Indian names of our rivers, lakes, mountains, valleys, and other natural objects, should have been permitted to pass away and be forgotten; and unmeaning, because totally misapplied, names, dear though they might have been in another land, established in their stead, thus leaving this glorious Dominion almost a stranger to its old familiar names; a very *terra incognita* so far as the past is concerned, a past which nevertheless had once a history, which like all others was a true poem—a poem now lost for ever—but which then endowed and rendered instinct with life every bay and headland and nameless isle, which now to us have little other significance than if they had but yesterday emerged from the deep.

Let it be remembered that the game is essentially an Indian game, a game to be loved and enjoyed by all who desire, even at the cost of hard labour and self-denial, to render their bodies, for other higher and noble uses, as perfect as the Great Giver of all our faculties has enabled us to make them. Let Frenchmen continue to call it 'Lacrosse,' if they will; it never was and never will be, any more than cricket, a French game. It must and will make for itself a new and permanent home among the Anglo-Saxon race. The name conferred upon it by the Jesuit missionaries is alike unnatural and absurd. The name given to it by its true fathers, and by them transmitted to us their rightful representatives here on Canadian soil, is unquestionably, like all other Indian names, representative—suggestive and symbolical—and its signification can yet be recovered: but whether this be so or not, its Indian name is here. Let all Canadians who love and cultivate the game for its own sake, learn henceforth, and the sooner the better, to call it by its rightful name of Baggatiway.

SHEBAYGO.

## MY OLD SCHOOLMASTER.

Heroes there are unknown to fame,
Who live and die without a name,
And yet whose lives might put to shame
The proud of birth;
Meek, humble, unassuming ones!
Ye are the spiritual suns
That gladden earth!

My old Schoolmaster,—upright John!
Tho' to the world but little known,
Was one who might have fill'd a throne;
Well would it be
If all earth's thrones were only fill'd,
And men were taught, and train'd, and drill'd,
By such as he.

Wide was his spiritual ken;
One born to guide with tongue and pen;
A leader—yea, a king of men!
A soul upright!
Meanness and malice, lust and greed,
And all their hungry, heartless breed,
Quail'd in his sight.

A bulwark to the mild and meek,
A staff was he for all the weak,
A voice for all who could not speak;
And sorrow lone,
With none to succor, none to cheer,
Had aye thy sympathetic tear,
Great-hearted John!

Many there are could look on death,
And freely fling away their breath;
But few, like thee, could face men's wrath,
And do and dare
The bigot's frown, the tyrant's snoul:
The pointed finger of the fool,
How few can bear!

But throwing oft such things apart,
He found in music's melting art
A solace for his weary heart.
Music, ah me!
Amid a world of sin and strife,
Thou art the very bread of life
To such as he!

Oh how he sang Old Scotia's lays !
Of love in long forgotten days,
Of Freedom's battles 'mong the braes;
Heroic strains !
That thrill'd my heart, and sent the blood
All leaping like a roaring flood
Along my veins.

E'en ballads old to him were dear,
And still the wailing strains I hear,
That cost me many a sigh and tear,
Long, long ago !
Those little dramas void of art !
Those heavings of the Scottish heart
In joy or woe !

Tho' men were his peculiar care,
He lov'd all things of earth and air,
The bounding deer, the timid hare,
And he would say,
'Range, pretty creatures ! range at will !
We lie not here in wait to kill;
In freedom stray !'

By Nature's loveliness impress'd,
Each little wilding was his guest,
The gowan crept into his breast,
And blossom'd there;
Their loveliness his spirit caught,
And in his web of life he wrought
The jewels rare.

By valleys green and mountains hoar,
And on old Ocean's sounding shore,
He studied Nature's mystic lore,
And learn'd her tongue:
Creation widen'd—till he saw
All objects through the veil of awe
Around her hung.

Saw matter's forms from spirit spun—
This rock-built world—yon regal sun !
But types of the Eternal One !
With awe-struck mien
Beheld in the stupendous whole,
The grand procession of the Soul
That is not seen.

But leaving speculations high
For other things which round us lie—
Things which our inmost spirits try—
He spoke words fit,—
Ye living words all void of art,
The very coinage of his heart !
I hear them yet !

'Falsehood may flourish for an hour,
And sit within the seat of power,
And virtue in her presence cower,'
'Twas thus he spoke,
'But surely she'll be overcast,
And weary earth be free at last,
From her vile yoke.

'We see the just man vilely treated,
But God and Nature can't be cheated!
He still is victor, tho' defeated
Ninety times nine!
For who can put the Truth to rout?
Or who can ever trample out
Aught that's Divine?

'When once thy duty's plain and clear,
Then do it thou, and never fear,
Tho' friends may pity, fools may jeer,
And cowards flee!
Yea! what tho' all the world disdain;—
While God and Nature thee sustain,
What's that to thee?

'We issue from a bright abode,
But, weighted with this earthly clod,
We crawl through matter back to God,
The glory gone!
While all the hosts of angel eyes,
No, not in anger—but surprise,
Are looking on.

'Oh why will men not walk erect?
Their brows with native glory deck'd,
And feel the joy of self respect,
And moral worth;
And throw aside their castes and creeds,
And make their standard noble deeds,
Not blood and birth?

'Cast selfishness from out thy mind,
Feel for and with all human kind,
Leave nothing to regret behind,
And death shall be
A summons to a higher state,
Where all thy lov'd and lost shall wait
To welcome thee!'

ALEXANDER McLACHLAN.

# THE JELLY-FISH:

## NOTES OF RECENT IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN RUDIMENTARY BIOLOGY.*

IF, as the theory of evolution postulates, our present complex life had an humbler origin; if the volume of the human nervous system, with its enormous power, now so specialised in the structure and functions of the several parts, originated in some simpler and more general primordial form, which, as time advanced, grew more 'heterogeneous, yet more definite,' it concerns us much, if we desire to understand our own mental structure, to trace back our being as we do in the case of the individual, to some more primitive root-type, and to study life as it gradually unfolds itself in an ever-growing complexity. Accordingly, we owe much to the laborious and careful student, who instead of guessing gives us facts, and, lifting the veil, shows us nature in her primitive workshop as she puts forth her simplest efforts, or as she forges the first rude links of that manifold divergent chain of progressive life which the history of nature discloses to our view.

That 'each organism, in the course of its development, progresses from homogeneity to heterogeneity,' is the special discovery of Von Baer. But this, which is true of each higher and of each human organism, has been shewn by that great massive thinker, Mr. Herbert Spencer, to be true of generic man—and of course of all complex organizations—in his development throughout the ages from a more rudimentary type of life.

In the simpler, as in the primitive organisms, the senses are embryonic, involved, indistinct, obscure; as life advances they become distinct, special, differentiated. In the first case, there is no clear division of labour, no limitation of the sense to special work; but one organ does its own work and the work of some other part or parts likewise, and what it does can scarcely be well done, for the sense is too vague and feeble.

With these preliminary remarks, I desire to lay before your readers a slight sketch of the results of the work of Mr. George J. Romanes, on the Medusæ,* from which it will be seen that Mr. Romanes possesses those essential endowments of mind which go to make up the true scientist. He first shapes to himself distinctly what he wants to elicit; then, he knows what questions to put to nature; and, thirdly, how to put them; and he is never satisfied with a reply of delphic ambiguity, but presses for an answer with ever increasing importunity and more and more definiteness of question, till he gets, if possible, what he wants, a simple yes or no. He has another valuable quality; he never dogmatises beyond his facts. If in his facts the conclusion seems involved, he states it. If these are only indications of a tendency in any direction or towards any hypothesis, no matter how leant towards, he never exaggerates or tries to force a verdict; and lastly, he is learned in the language of nature and knows how to read and interpret her cuneiforms.

The Medusæ—whether the naked-eyed or the covered-eyed—have among them-

* This article is based upon the following papers: 1. Observations on 'the Physiology of the Nervous System of Medusæ,' by George J. Romanes, M.A., F.L.S., being the Croonian Lecture of the Royal Society for 1876, and published in its Philosophical Transactions. 2. Abstract of a paper by Mr. Romanes, containing further investigations on the same subject, which will appear in the Philosophical Transactions for the present year. These important investigations should have especial interest fo: Canadians, from the fact that Mr. Romanes is a native of Kingston, Ontario, the son of the former Professor of Classics in Queen's University.

* The Imperial Dictionary gives the following account of the Medusæ or Jelly-fish: 'A genus of marine radiate animals, belonging to the class Acalepha. The Medusæ approach nearly to the fluid state, appearing like a soft and transparent jelly. The usual form of the Medusæ is that of a hemisphere with a marginal membrane: they are met with of various sizes, the larger abound in the seas around our coast, but immense numbers of the more minute, and often microscopic species occur in every part of the ocean.'

selves, according to their species, higher and lower degrees of organization. They are 'locomotive animals,' swimming more or less rapidly by means of an alternate contraction and dilatation of the entire swimming organ. It may not be so generally known, however, adds our author, 'that these swimming movements, although ordinarily rhythmical, are, at any rate in the the case of some species, to a limited extent voluntary' . . . for 'if Sarsia or Aurelia, &c., be *gently* irritated, the swimming motions immediately become accelerated.' Of all the naked-eyed Medusæ examined by Mr. Romanes, he informs us, that of every one of them it held true that 'excision of the *extreme margin* of a nectocalyx caused *immediate total and permanent* paralysis of the entire organ'—'this genus being remarkably active, the deathlike stillness which results from the loss of *so minute* a portion of their substance being rendered by contrast the more surprising.' This shows 'an intensely localized system of centres of spontaneity.' The slight thread of 'severed margin, however, continues *its* rhythmical contractions with a vigour and a pertinacity *not in the least impaired* by its severance from the main organism; so that the contrast between the thread-like portion which has just been removed from its margin and the perfectly motionless swimming-bell, is as striking a contrast as it is possible to conceive. Hence it is not surprising that if the margin be left *in situ*, while other portions of the swimming-bell are mutilated to any extent, the spontaneity of the animal is not at all interfered with.' 'Indeed, if only the *tiniest* piece of contractile tissue be left adhering to a single eye-speck' (the swelling at the root of the tentacles that arise from the extreme rim of the bell of the Medusæ, so named) 'cut out of the bell of Sarsia, this tiny piece of tissue in this isolated state will continue its contractions for hours or even for days.' One exception only, and that 'in a somewhat aberrant form of the true Medusæ,' occurred, in which, after the removal of 'the entire margin,' there were 'stil' three distinct centres of spontaneity.'

Of the species of Medusæ examined by Mr. Romanes, the Sarsia were the most highly, the Aurelia the least highly, organized, the Discophorous species holding a position midway between these; 'and so,' he adds, 'I find the Sarsia-plexus most differentiated, the Aurelia least diffentiated, and the Discophorous intermediate.'

I said that at the extreme margins of the bells from which the tentacles arise and at the root of each tentacle is a slight swelling, which Agassiz conjectured to be an eye-speck and which Haeckel inclines to believe to be sense organs of some kind. The latter, however, says that these swellings are ganglionic, that the cells are distinctly nucleated, and that the nerves originate here. These swellings Mr. Romanes named 'loco-motor centres,' but for this term has lately substituted the words, 'ganglion cells and nerve-fibres.' For though he has not been able to 'distinguish any *structural* modification of the tissue' in the rim of the bell, yet it is owing to the nervous power here localized that 'the contractile tissue' of the bell can be utilized for locomotive purposes, and, therefore, 'these slender lines of differentiated tissue' of the margin are 'functionally nerves.' In the 'Aurelia aurita . . . all the spontaneity of the margin, and so, in most cases, of the whole animal, is concentrated in the eight lithocysts,' (the eye-specks or sense organs or ganglionic swellings), for when these are carefully cut out the creature becomes paralysed in the same way as if the whole margin had been removed; while, in the Sarsia, a greater 'degree of paralysing effect was produced by cutting out their four eye-specks alone than was produced by cutting out the intertentacular tissue alone.' In none of the covered-eye Medusæ had he found 'any evidence of the marginal tissue *between* the lithocysts' being endowed with spontaneity.

It had long been *guessed* as probable, I said, that the so-called eye-specks were 'rudimentary or incipient organs of vision,' though they bear no 'structural resemblance to an ocellus.' This question, however, Mr. Romanes has, so far, set at rest in the case of Sarsia at least. In these, he says, 'the visual sense is localized in the eye-specks. It has also been found that, in this *the first appearance* of a visual organ in the animal series, the rays by which the organ is affected are the properly luminous rays,' and not the heat rays.

With a view to determine this, he 'put

200 or 300 Sarsiæ into a large bell-jar' in a darkened room, and then 'by means of a dark-lantern and a concentrating lens he cast a beam of light through the water in which the Sarsiæ were swimming,' when 'from all parts of the bell-jar they crowded into the path of the beam......and close against the glass they formed an almost solid mass, which followed the light wherever it was moved. The individuals composing the mass dashed themselves against the glass nearest the light, with a vigour and determination closely resembling the behaviour of moths under similar circumstances.' He then selected twelve Sarsiæ and 'removed all the eye-specks from nine and placed these together with the three unmutilated ones in another bell-jar. After a few minutes the mutilated animals recovered from the nervous shock and began to swim about with tolerable vigor.' He then subjected them to the former experiment, when the three 'sought the light, but the nine swam hither and thither without paying it any regard.' Again, it was supposed that, 'as the pigment spot of the eye-speck in Medusæ is placed in front of the presumably nervous tissue, the rays by which the organ would be affected would be the heat rays lying beyond the range of the visible spectrum.' To test this hypothesis 'a heated iron just ceasing to be red was brought close against the large bell-jar,' but 'not one' of the numerous Sarsiæ 'approached the heated metal.' Our author is evidently a man for facts and proofs. Still, if I may suggest anything for his next experiment, I would ask him to sift the luminous rays of their heat before letting in the beam on the Medusæ. It must not, however, be supposed that Mr. Romanes maintains that the marginal eye-specks are 'so specialized as organs of sight as to be precluded from ministering to any other sense.'

In experiments made on Aurelia aurita he says, 'so far as I can remember, in every case, when sufficient care was taken to remove all the lithocysts, the contractile zone entirely ceased its contractions; and not only so, but by removing the little sac of crystals composing the central part of the lythocyst. . . I found that the whole spontaneity of the lithocyst appeared to be exclusively lodged in the minute sac of crystals.'

Mr. Romanes thinks (and who can say not justly?) that the rythmic action of Medusæ, and all rythmic action—that of the human heart and lungs, for instance—is 'due to the alternate process of exhaustion and recovery of the contractile tissues,' *i.e*, to 'the primary qualities of these tissues'—the ganglia supplying continuous energy, not intermittent but constant.' For where the swimming organ of the Aurelia had been paralyzed by the removal of its lithocysts and subjected to Faradaic stimulation of minimal intensity, the response it gives is not tetanic' (not contractively constant) 'but rythmic.' 'Every time the tissue contracts, it must, as a consequence, suffer a certain degree of exhaustion, and must, therefore, become slightly less sensitive to stimulation than it was before, but after a time the exhaustion will pass away and the original degree of sensitiveness will return.' The marginal ganglia or eye-specks of Sarsia keep the muscular fibres in a state of tonic muscular contraction; for when cut out, 'the manubrium relaxes to five or six times its normal length.' Of course such chronic contraction could only be kept up by 'continuous ganglionic discharge from the margin'—'a kind of tetanus due to persistent ganglionic stimulus'—a state of tonus, not of rhythm.

It is curious, too, and yet what might have been expected, that the poisons and anæsthetics—ether, chloroform, arsenic, morphia—produce like effects on Medusæ as on men. There is, however, an exception, which is accounted for.

'All medusæ, after being paralyzed by the loss of their marginal centres, respond —like the brain-emptied frog—to artificial stimulation, and this by performing whatever action they would have performed in response to the stimulation employed, had they been in their perfect state.'

'To Medusæ,' he adds, 'we must look for the first decided integration of tissue, having, to say the least, something closely resembling a nervous function to subserve, . . . . localized centres of spontaneity. Is the swimming organ pervaded by a definite system of sensory and motor tracts, so to speak, radiating respectively to and from the marginal centres,' *i. e.* from the ganglia or nerve-roots there? Or is the whole apparatus of a 'more primitive nature'—'the functions of nerve and muscle being

blended more or less throughout its substance,' more vague, less differentiated; or does there 'exist a more or less intimate plexus of such lines of discharge, the constituent elements of which are endowed with the capacity of vicarious action, and that in some cases the section happens to leave a series of their anastomoses in a continuous state.' He does not, however, regard this 'plexus as presenting the high degree of integration characteristic of a properly nervous plexus.' 'In none of the excitable tissues of the Medusæ had he found any exception to any of the rules, with regard to chemical stimulation, which are conformed to by the excitable tissues of other animals.' 'Oxygen forced under pressure into sea-water containing Sarsiæ had the effect of greatly accelerating the rate of their rhythm.' 'Carbonic acid had the opposite effect . . . . and if administered in too large doses destroyed both spontaneity and irritability.' Mr. Romanes has also proved that 'the stimulating influence of light,' wherever producing an effect, 'is exerted solely through the sense-organs.' 'The plexus theory,' above referred to, I omitted to state, 'does not suppose anything resembling nerve-*fibres* to be present, but merely tracts of functionally differentiated tissue.'

'If any point in the irritable surface of the bell' of Tiaropsis indicans—'a bowl-shaped species of naked-eyed Medusa'—'be pricked with a needle, the massive manubrium moves over towards that point, and applies its tapered extremity to the exact spot where the wound has been inflicted' . . . but 'this apparent reflex action is independent of the only ganglia that can be shown to occur in the organism, —*i.e.* the pointing action of the manubrium is not at all interfered with by removing the margin of the bell' . . . and even when 'the manubrium was cut short or removed, the stump that remained *in situ* would continue to move over as far as it could towards any point of irritation situated in the bell.' Now if any function 'resembling this had occurred in the higher animals,' it would certainly have definite ganglionic centres for its structural correlative,' yet here 'it is shared equally by every part of the exceedingly tenuous sheet of contractile tissue that forms the outer surface of the organ. We have thus in this case a general diffusion of ganglionic function, which is co-extensive with the contractile tissues of the organ.'

Though this is the merest sketchy account of the work in which Mr. Romanes has been engaged, yet enough has been written to indicate the importance of the study of this rudimentary life, and to show the intimacy and strength of the nexus which binds the highest and most complex organism to the simplest and lowest.

If this simple creature has its rhythmic pulsings unconnected with the will; so have we: if these pulsings spring from nucleated ganglion cells; so do those of our hearts and lungs: if the cell with its molecular contents is a sufficient cause for the work it performs; so is it likewise in our case: if the force that is resident there is in itself adequate to the production of this constant rhythmic motion; the same force is adequate to its production in ourselves: if it is all causal with respect to the Medusæ; it is also causal with respect to us: if a lithocyst, so small as to be hardly ponderable, 'has animated a structure more than 30,000,000 times its own weight,'; has a speck of brain substance been known to much transcend this in action? And what a wonderful energy in that ever-exploding protoplasmic speck!

Again, if some of the actions of this rudimentary creature are likewise voluntary, 'subject to the control of will,'—of its vague weak will; so, too, are some of ours: and if the great motive power of pain and pleasure—the avoidance of the one and the attainment of the other—rules its will, does it always less rule ours?

The Medusæ, too, have their different species of low, higher, highest, as widely distinct from one another as the various tribes of men: and who can say to-day how much more developed is the very lowest of them than the creature from which they sprung? and if in the very highest of them there is only the merest speck of nerve-substance to work these rhythmic and voluntary and other movements, and to transmit to bell and tentacle and manubrium an unceasing stream of force, how enormous must be the energy of the human brain, where millions of corpuscles of this energetic substance have been gathered into one concentrated mass. The system under which we live is one of mediateness or

means, but in which the means are always causes, and no phenomena can ever be exhibited of Medusa or of man unless the root-power be imbedded in the organism which exhibits it.

In thinking over the facts elicited by Mr. Romanes in his experiments on Medusæ, we are continually reminded of the groundwork of the magnificent generalizations of Mr. Herbert Spencer, and of the course of evolution from homogeneity to heterogeneity,—from simple, vague indefiniteness to complexity and definiteness. But though the ascent has been long and slow and gradual, yet a great end has been accomplished, proving how wholly adequate were the means to the achieved result.

And now, let me add, that in seeking to reach the highest rung of the ladder, we can seldom do better than, with Mr. Romanes, begin low down.

J. A. ALLEN.

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# GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

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## CHAPTER I.

### INTRODUCTORY.

YOU may be sure there was a stir among our women-folk when they heard that a young man had come courting the Earl's daughter. We have among us—or over us, rather—a miniature major-domo of a woman, a mere wisp of a thing, who has nevertheless an awful majesty of demeanor, and the large and innocent eyes of a child, and a wit as nimble and elusive as a minnow; and no sooner is this matter mentioned than she says,

'Oh, the poor child! And she has no mother.'

'That,' it is observed by a person who has learned wisdom, and does not talk above his breath in his own house—'that is a defect in her character which her future husband will no doubt condone.'

She takes no heed. The large and tender eyes are distant and troubled. She has become a seer, a prophetess of evil things in the days to come.

'Think of the child!' she says to our gentle visitor—who was once being courted herself, but is now a brisk young matron blushing with the honors of a couple of bairns—'think of her being all alone there, with scarcely a woman friend in the world. She has no one to warn her, no one to guide her—'

'But why,' says our young matron, with mild wonder—'why should she want warning? Is it such a terrible thing to get married?'

Common-sense does not touch the inspired.

'The getting married? No. It is the awakening after. How can she tell—how can she know—that this young man, if he really means to marry her, is at the present moment courting her deadliest rival? Whom has she to fear in the future so much as her old idealized self? He is building up a vision, a phantom, no more like that poor girl than I am like her; and then, when he finds out the real woman after marriage, his heart will go back to the old creation of his own fancy, and he will won-

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der how she could have changed so much, and grieve over his disappointment. Yes, you may laugh'—this is a sudden onslaught on another meek listener—'but every woman knows what I say is true. And is it our fault that men won't see us as we are until it is too late? We have to bear the blame, at all events. It is always the woman. Once upon a time—and it only happens once—she was a beautiful, angelic creature; she was filled with noble aspirations; wisdom shone in her face; I suppose the earth was scarcely good enough for her to walk on. Then she marries; and her husband discovers, slowly and surely, not his own blunder, but that his imaginary heroine has changed into an ordinary woman, who has an occasional headache like other people, and must spend a good deal of her life in thinking about shops and dinners. He tries to hide his dismay; he is very polite to her; but how can she fail to see that he is in love, not with herself at all, but with that old ideal of his own creation, and that he bitterly regrets in secret the destruction of his hopes? That is no laughing matter. People talk about great tragedies. The fierce passions are splendid because there is noise and stamping about them. But if a man stabs a woman and puts her out of the world, is she not at peace? And if a man puts a bullet through his head, there is an end of his trouble. But I will tell you my belief, that all the battles and wars that ever were in the world have not caused the fifteenth part of the misery and tragic suffering that have been caused by this very thing you are laughing at—those false ideals formed before marriage. You may laugh if you like.'

Indeed, we were not disposed to laugh. She was really in earnest. She had spoken rapidly, with something of an indignant thrill in her voice, and a proud and pathetic look in her dark eyes. We had, after all, a certain fondness for this gentle orator; and it was difficult to resist the eager pleading of her impassioned words when, as now, her heart was full of what she was saying.

Or was it the beautiful May morning, and the sunlight shining on the white hawthorn and the lilacs, and the sleepy shadow of the cedar on the lawn, and the clear singing of the larks far away in the blue, that led us to listen so placidly to the voice of the charmer? A new-comer broke the spell. A heavy-footed cob came trotting up to the veranda; his rider, a tall young man with a brown beard, leaped down on the gravel, and called aloud in his stormy way,

'Donnerwetter! It is as warm to-day—it is as warm as July. Why do you all sit here? Come! Shall we make it a holiday? Shall we drive to Guildford?—Weybridge?—Chertsey?—Esher?'

The two women were sneaking off by themselves, perhaps because they wished to have a further talk about poor Lady Sylvia and her awful fate; perhaps because they were anxious, like all women, to leave holiday arrangements in other hands, in order to have the right of subsequently grumbling over them.

'Stay!' cries one of us, who has been released from the spell. 'There is another word to be said on that subject. You are not going to ride rough-shod over us, and then sneak out at the back-door before we have recovered from the fright. This, then, is your contention—that a vast number of women are enduring misery because their husbands have become disillusionized, and cannot conceal the fact? And that is the fault of the husbands. They construct an ideal woman, marry a real one, and live miserable ever after, because they can't have that imaginative toy of their brain. Now don't you think, if this were true—if this wretchedness were so wide-spread—it would cure itself? Have mankind gone on blundering for ages, because of the non-arrival of a certain awful and mysterious Surrey prophetess? Why haven't women formed a universal association for the destruction of lovers' dreams?'

'I tell you, you may laugh as you like,' is the calm reply, 'but what I say is true; and every married woman will tell you it is true. Why don't women cure it? If it comes to that, women are as foolish as men. The girl makes her lover a hero; she wakes up after marriage to find him as he really is, and the highest hope of her life falls dead.'

'Then we are all disappointed, and all miserable. That is your conclusion?'

'Not all,' is the answer; and there is a slight change of tone audible here, a slight smile visible on her lips. 'There are many

whose imagination never went the length of constructing any ideal, except that of a moor covered with grouse. There are others who have educated themselves into a useful indifferentism or cynicism. Unfortunately it is the nobler natures that suffer most.'

'Well, this is a tolerably lively prospect for every girl who thinks of getting married. Pray, Frau Philosophin, have you been constructing all these fiddle-stick theories out of your own head, or have you been making a special study of Sylvia Blythe?'

'I know Lady Sylvia better than most people. She is a very earnest girl. She has ideals, convictions, aspirations—a whole stock in trade of things that a good many girls seem to get on very well without. If that poor girl is disappointed in her marriage, it will kill her.'

'Disappointed in her marriage!' calls out the young man, who has been standing patiently with the bridle of his cob in his hand. 'Why do you think that already? No, no. It is the girl herself—she lives in that solitary place, and imagines mere foolish things—it is she herself has put that into your mind. Disappointed! No, no. There is not any good reason—there is not any good sense in that. This young fellow Balfour, every one speaks well of him; he will have a great name some day; he is busy, a very active man. I hear of him in many places.'

'I wish he was dead!' says my Lady; and, curiously enough, at this moment her eyes fill with tears, and she turns and walks proudly away, accompanied by her faithful friend.

The young man turns in amazement.

'What have I done? Am I not right? There is nothing bad that Balfour has done?'

'There is plenty bad in what he means to do, if it is true he is going to carry off Lady Sylvia Blythe. But when you, Herr Lieutenant, gave him that fine certificate of character, I suppose you didn't know that people don't quite agree about Mr. Hugh Balfour? I suppose you don't know that a good many folks regard him as a bullying, overbearing, and portentously serious Scotchman, a little too eager to tread on one's corns, and not very particular as to the means he uses for his own advancement? Is it very creditable, for example, that he should be merely a warming-pan for young Glynne in that wretched little Irish borough? Is it decent that he should apparently take a pride in insulting the deputations that come to him? A member of Parliament is supposed to pay some respect to the people who elected him?'

Here the brown-visaged young man burst into a roar of laughter.

'It is splendid—it is the best joke I have known. They insult him; why should he not turn round and say to them, "Do you go to the devil!" He is quite right. I admire him. Sackerment!—I would do that too.'

So much for a morning gossip over the affairs of two people who were not much more than strangers to us. We had but little notion then that we were all to become more intimately related, our lives being for a space intertwisted by the cunning hands of circumstance. The subject, however, did not at all depart from the mind of our sovereign lady and ruler. We could see that her eyes were troubled. When it was proposed to her that she should make a party to drive somewhere or other, she begged that it might be made up without her. We half suspected whither she meant to drive.

Some hour or two after that you might have seen a pair of ponies, not much bigger than mice, being slowly driven along a dusty lane that skirted a great park. The driver was a lady, and she was alone. She did not seem to pay much heed to the beautiful spring foliage of the limes and elms, to the blossoms of the chestnuts, nor yet to the bluebells and primroses visible on the other side of the gray paling, where the young rabbits were scurrying into the holes in the banks.

There was a smart pattering of hoofs behind her; and presently she was overtaken by a young gentleman of some fourteen years or so, who took off his tall hat with much ceremony, and politely bade her good-morning.

'Good-morning, Mr. John,' said she, in return. 'Do you know if Lady Sylvia is at home?'

'I should think she was,' said the boy, as he got down from his horse, and led it by the side of the pony-chaise, that he might the better continue the conversation. 'I should think she was. My uncle's gone

to town. Look here; I've been over to the "Fox and Hounds" for a bottle of Champagne. Sha'n't we have some fun? You'll stay to lunch of course?'

In fact, there was a bottle wrapped round with brown paper under his arm.

'Oh, Mr. John, how could you do that? You know your cousin will be very angry.'

'Not a bit,' said he, confidently. 'Old Syllabus is a rattling good sort of girl. She'll declare I might have had Champagne at the hall—which isn't true, for my noble uncle is an uncommonly sharp sort of chap, and I believe he takes the key of the wine-cellar with him—and then she'll settle down to it. She's rather serious, you know; and would like to come the maternal over you; but she's got just as good a notion of fun as most girls. You needn't be afraid about that. Old Syllabus and I are first-rate friends; we get on capitally together. You see, I don't try to spoon her, as many a fellow would do in my place.'

'That is very sensible of you—very considerate.'

The innocence of those eyes of hers! If that brat of a school-boy, who was assuming the airs of a man, could have analyzed the tender, ingenuous, lamb-like look which was directed towards him—if he could have seen through those perfectly sweet and approving eyes, and discovered the fiendish laughter and sarcasm behind—he would have learned more of the nature of women than he was likely to learn in any half dozen years of his idiotic existence. But how was he to know? He chattered on more freely than ever. He had a firm conviction that he was impressing this simple country person with his knowledge of the world and of human nature. She had been but once to Oxford. He had never even seen the place; but then, as he was going there some day, he was justified in speaking of the colleges as if they were all on their knees before him, imploring him to accept a fellowship. And then he came back to his cousin Sylvia.

'It's an awful shame,' said he, 'to shut up the poor girl in that place. She'll never know anything of the world: she thinks there is nothing more important than cowslips and daisies. I don't suppose my uncle is overburdened with money—in fact, I believe he must be rather hard up—but I never heard of an earl yet who couldn't get a town-house somehow, if he wanted to. Why doesn't he get another mortgage on this tumble-down old estate of his, and go and live comfortably in Bruton Street, and show poor old Syllabus something of what's really going on in the world? Why, she hasn't even been presented. She has got no more notion of a London season than a dairy-maid. And yet, I think if you took her into the Park she would hold her own there: what do you think?'

'I think you would not get many girls in the Park more beautiful than Lady Sylvia,' is the innocent answer.

'And this old place! What's the good of it? The whole estate is going to wreck and ruin because my uncle won't have the rabbits killed down, and he won't spend any money on the farm buildings. And that old bailiff, Moggs, is the biggest fool I ever saw: the whole place is overrun with couch-grass. I am glad my uncle gave him one for himself the other day. Moggs was grumbling about the rabbits. "Moggs," said my uncle, "you let my rabbits alone, and I shall say nothing about your couch." But it's an awful shame. And he'll never get her married if he keeps her buried down here.'

'But is there any necessity that your cousin should marry?'

'I can tell you it is becoming more and more difficult every year,' said this experienced and thoughtful observer, 'to get girls married. The men don't seem to see it, somehow, unless the girl has a lot of money and good looks as well. Last year I believe it was something awful; you could see at the end of the season how the mothers were beginning to pull long faces when they thought of having to start off for Baden-Baden with a whole lot of unsalable articles on hand.'

'Yes, that is a serious responsibility,' is the grave answer. 'But then you know, there need be no hurry about getting your cousin married. She is young. I think if you wait you will find at the right moment the beautiful prince come riding out of the wood to carry her off, just as happens in the story-books.'

'Well, you know,' said this chattering boy, with a smile, 'people have begun to talk already. There is that big boor of a Scotch fellow—what's his name?—Balfour—has been down here a good many times

lately; and, of course, gossips jump at conclusions. But that is a little too ridiculous. I don't think you will catch old Syllabus, with all her crotchets, marrying a man in the rum and sugar line. Or is it calico and opium?'

'But I thought he had never had anything to do with the firm? And I thought it was one of the most famous merchant houses in the world?'

'Well, I don't suppose he smears his hands with treacle and wears an apron; but—but it is too ridiculous. I have no doubt when my uncle gets all he wants out of him, he won't trouble Willowby again. Of course I haven't mentioned the matter to old Syllabus. That would be no use. If it were true, she would not confess it: girls always tell lies about such things.'

'There you have acted wisely; I would not mention such idle rumours to her, if I were you. Shall I take the bottle from you?'

'If you would,' said he. 'And I shall ride now; for we have little time to spare; and I want you to see old Syllabus's face when I produce the Champagne at lunch.'

So the lad got on his horse again, and the cavalcade moved forward at a brisk trot. It was a beautiful country through which they were passing, densely wooded here and there, and here and there showing long stretches of heathy common with patches of black firs standing clear against the sky. And the bright May sunlight was shining through the young green foliage of the beeches and elms; the air was sweet with the scent of hawthorn and lilac; now and again they heard the deep 'joug, joug' of a nightingale from out of a grove of young larches and spruce.

By and by they came to a plain little lodge, and passed through the gates, and drove along an avenue of tall elms and branching chestnuts. There was a glimmer of a gray house through the trees. Then they swept round by a spacious lawn, and drew up in front of the wide-open door, while Mr. John, leaping down from his horse, rang loudly at the hall. Yet there seemed to be nobody about this deserted house.

It was a long, low, rambling building of gray stone, with no architectural pretensions whatsoever. It had some pillars here and there, and a lion or two, to distinguish it from a county jail or an asylum: otherwise there was nothing about it to catch the eye.

But the beauty of Lady Sylvia's home lay not in the plain gray building, but in the far-reaching park, now yellowed all over with butter-cups, and studded here and there with noble elms. And on the northern side, this high-lying park sloped suddenly down to a long lake, where there was a boat-house and a punt or two for pushing through the reeds and water-lilies along the shore, while beyond that again was a great stretch of cultivated country, lying warm and silent in the summer light. The house was strangely still; there was no sign of life about it. There was no animal of any kind in the park. There was no sound but the singing of birds in the trees, and the call of the cuckoo, soft and muffled and remote. The very winds seemed to die down as they neared the place; there was scarcely a rustle in the trees. It was here, then, that the Lady Sylvia had grown up; it was here that she now lived and walked and dreamed in the secrecy and silence of the still woodland ways.

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## CHAPTER II.

### THE MISTRESS OF WILLOWBY.

THE Lady Sylvia arose with the early dawn, and dressed and stole noiselessly down the stairs and through the great stone hall. Clad all in a pale blue, with a thin white garment thrown round her head and shoulders, she looked like a ghost as she passed through the sleeping house; but she was no longer like a ghost when she went out on to the high terrace, and stood there in the blaze of a May morning. Rather she might have been taken for the very type of English girlhood in its sweetest spring-time, and the world can show nothing more fair and noble and gracious than that. Perhaps, as her boy cousin had said, she was a trifle serious in expression, for she had lived much alone, and she had pondered, in her own way, over many things. But surely there was no excess of gloom about the sweet, young face--its delicate oval just catching the warm sunlight—or about the pretty, half-parted, and perhaps somewhat too sensitive, lips; nor yet rest-

ing on the calm and thoughtful forehead that had as yet no wrinkle of thought or care. However, it was always difficult to scan the separate features of this girl; you were drawn away from that by the irresistible fascination of her eyes, and there shone her life and soul. What were they—gray, blue, or black? No one could exactly tell; but they were large, and they had dark pupils, and they were under long eyelashes. Probably, seeing that her face was fair, and her hair of a light, wavy, and beautiful brown, those eyes were blue or gray; but that was of little consequence. It was the story they told that was of interest. And here, indeed, there was a certain seriousness about her face, but it was the seriousness of sincerity. There was no coquetry in those tender and earnest eyes. Familiar words acquired a new import when Lady Sylvia spoke them; for her eyes told you that she meant what she said and more than that.

It was as yet the early morning, and the level sunshine spread a golden glory over the eastward-looking branches of the great elms, and threw long shadows on the greensward of the park. Far away the world lay all asleep, though the kindling light of the new day was shining on the green plains, and on the white hawthorns, and on the trees. What could be a fitter surrounding for this young English girl than this English looking landscape? They were both of them in the freshness and beauty of their spring-time, that comes but once in a year and once in a life.

She passed along the terrace. Down below her the lake lay still; there was not a breath of wind to break the reflections of the trees on the glassy suface. But she was not quite alone in this silent and sleeping world. Her friends and companions, the birds, had been up before her. She could hear the twittering of the young starlings in their nests as their parents came and went, carrying food, and the loud and joyful 'tirr-a-wee, tirr-a-wee, prooit, tweet!' of the thrushes, and the loud currooing of the wood-pigeon, and the soft call of the cuckoo, that seemed to come in whenever an interval of silence fitted. The swallows dipped and flashed and circled over the bosom of the lake. There were blackbirds eagerly but cautiously at work, with their short spasmodic trippings, on the lawn. A robin, perched on the iron railing, eyed her curiously, and seemed more disposed to approach than to retreat.

For, indeed, she carried a small basket, with which the robin was doubtless familiar, and now she opened it and began to scatter handfuls of crumbs on the ground. A multitude of sparrows, hitherto invisible, seemed to spring into life. The robin descended from his perch. But she did not wait to see how her bounties were shared: she had work farther on.

Now the high-lying park and ground of Willowby Hall formed a dividing territory between too very different sorts of country. On the north, away beyond the lake, lay a broad plain of cultivated ground, green and soft and fair, dotted with clusters of farm buildings and scored by tall hedge-rows. On the south, on the other hand, there was a wilderness of sandy heath and dark green common, now all ablaze with gorse and broom; black pine woods high up at the horizon; and one long, yellow, and dusty road apparently leading nowhere, for there was no trace of town or village as far as the eye could see.

It was in this latter direction that Sylvia Blythe now turned her steps; and you will never know anything about her unless you know something of these her secret haunts and silent ways. These were her world. Beyond that distant line of fir wood on the horizon her imagination seldom cared to stray. She had been up to London, of course; had stayed with her father at a hotel in Arlington Street; had been to the Opera once or twice; and dined at some friends' houses. But of the great, actual, struggling, and suffering world—of the ships carrying emigrants to unknown lands beyond the cruel seas, of the hordes driven down to death by disease and crime in the squalid dens of great cities, of the eager battle and flushed hopes and bitter disappointments of life—what could she know? Most girls become acquainted at some time or other with a little picturesque misery. It excites feelings of pity and tenderness, and calls forth port-wine and tracts. It comes to them with the recommendation of the curate. But even this small knowledge of a bit of the suffering in the world had been denied to Lady Sylvia; for her father, hearing that she contemplated some charitable visitation of the kind, had strictly forbidden it.

'Look here, Sylvia,' said he, 'I won't have you go trying to catch scarlet fever or something of that sort. We have no people of our own that want looking after in that way; if there are, let them come to Mrs. Thomas. As for sick children and infirm grandfathers elsewhere, you can do them no good; there are plenty who can—leave it to them. Now don't forget that. And if I catch either Mr. Shuttleworth or Dr. Grey allowing you to go near any of these hovels, I can tell you they will hear of it.'

And so it came to be that her friends and dependents were the birds and rabbits and squirrels of the woods and heath; and of these she knew all the haunts and habits, and they were her companions in her lonely wanderings. Look, for example, at this morning walk of hers. She passed through some dense shrubberies—the blackbirds shooting away through the laurel bushes—until she came to an open space at the edge of a wood where there was a spacious dell. Here the sunlight fell in broad patches on a tangled wilderness of wild flowers—great masses of blue hyacinth, and white starwort, and crimson campion, and purple ground-ivy. She staid a minute to gather a small bouquet, which she placed in her dress; but she did not pluck two snow-white and waxen hyacinths, for she had watched these strangers ever since she had noticed that the flowers promised to be white.

'Should he upbraid,
I'll own that he'll prevail,'

she hummed carelessly to herself, as she went on again; and now she was in a sloping glade, among young larches and beeches, with withered brackens burning red in the scattered sunlight, with the new brackens coming up in solitary stalks of green, their summits not the fiddle-head of the ordinary fern, but resembling rather the incurved three claws of a large bird. She paused for a moment; far along the path in front of her, and quite unconscious of her presence, was a splendid cock pheasant, the the bronzed plumage of his breast just catching a beam of the morning light. Then he stalked across the path, followed by his sober-colored hen, and disappeared into the ferns. She went on again. A squirrel ran up a great beech-tree, and looked round at her from one of the branches. A jay fled screaming through the wood—just one brief glimpse of brilliant blue being visible. Then she came to a belt of oak paling, in which was a very dilapidated door; and by the door stood a basket much larger than that she had carried from the Hall. She took up the basket, let herself out by the small gate, and then found herself in the open sunshine before a wide waste of heath.

This was Willowby Heath—a vast stretch of sandy ground covered by dark heather mostly, but showing here and there brilliant masses of gorse and broom, and here and there a small larch-tree not over four feet in height, but gleaming with a glimmer of green over the dark common. A couple of miles away, on a knoll, stood a windmill, its great arms motionless. Beyond that again the heath darkened as it rose to the horizon, and ended in a black line of firs.

She hummed as she went this idle song; and sometimes she laughed, for the place seemed to be alive with very young rabbits, and those inexperienced babes showed an agony of fear as they fled almost from under her feet, and scurried through the dry heather to the sandy breaks. It was at one of the largest of these breaks—a sort of ragged pit some six feet deep and fifty feet long—that she finally paused, and put down her heavy load. Her approach had been the signal for the magical disappearance of about fifty or sixty rabbits, the large majority being the merest mites of things.

Now began a strange incantation scene. She sat down in the perfect stillness; there was not even a rustle of her dress. There was no wind stirring; the white clouds in the pale blue overhead hung motionless; the only sound audible was the calling of a peewit far away over the heath.

She waited patiently in this deep silence. All round and underneath this broken bank, in a transparent shadow, were a number of dark holes of various sizes. These were the apertures for the gnomes to appear from the bowels of the earth. And as she waited, behold! one of those small caverns became tenanted. A tiny head suddenly appeared, and two black eyes regarded her with a sort of blank, dumb curiosity, without fear. She did not move. The brown small creature came out further; he sat down, like a little ball, on the edge of the sandy slope; he was just far enough

out for the sunlight to catch the tips of his long ears, which thereupon shone transparent, a pinky gray. Her eyes were caught by another sudden awakening of life. At the opposite side of the dell a head appeared, and bobbed in again—that was an old and experienced rabbit; but immediately afterward one, two, three small bodies came out to the edge and sat there, a mute, watchful family, staring and being stared at. Then here, there, every where, head after head became visible; a careful look round, a noiseless trot out to the edge of the hole, a motionless seat there, not an ear or a tail stirring. In the mysterious silence every eye was fixed on hers; she scarcely dared breathe, or these phantasmal inhabitants of the lower world would suddenly vanish. But what was this strange creature, unlike his fellows in all but their stealthy watchfulness and silent ways? He was black as midnight; he was large and fat and sleek; he was the only one of the parents that dared to come out and make part of this mystic picture.

'Satan!' she called; and she sprang to her feet and gave one loud clap of her hands.

There was nothing but the dry sand bank, staring with those empty holes. She laughed lightly to herself at that instantaneous scurry; and, having opened the basket, she scattered its contents—chopped turnips—all around the place; and then set off homeward. She arrived at the Hall in time to have breakfast with her cousin, though that young gentleman was discontentedly grumbling over the early hours they kept in his uncle's house.

'Syllabus,' said he, 'are you going to stand Champagne for lunch?'

'Champagne?—you foolish boy,' said she; 'what do you want Champagne for?'

'To celebrate my departure,' said he. 'You know you'll be awfully glad to get rid of me. I have worried your life out in these three days. Let's have some Champagne at lunch, to show you don't bear malice. Won't you, old Syllabus?'

'Champagne?' said she. 'Wine is not good for school-boys. Is it sixpence you want to buy taffy with on the way to the station?'

After breakfast she had her rounds of the garden and greenhouses to make; she visited the kennels, and saw that the dogs had plenty of water; she went to the lake to see that the swans had their food; she had a dumb conversation with her pony that was grazing in the meadow. How could the sweet day pass more pleasantly? The air was fresh and mild, the skies blue, the sun warm on the buttercups of the park—in fact, when she returned to the Hall she found that her small bronze shoes and the foot of her dress were all dusted with a gold powder.

But this was not to be an ordinary day. First of all she was greatly troubled by the mysterious disappearance of Johnny Blythe, who, she was afraid, would miss his train in the afternoon; then she was delighted by his appearance in company with a visitor, who was easily persuaded to stay to lunch; then there was a pretty quarrel over the production of that bottle of public-house Champagne—at which the girl turned, with a little flush in her cheek, to her visitor, whom she begged to forgive this piece of school-boyish folly. Then Mr. John was bundled off in the wagonette to the station; and she and her visitor were left alone.

What had Madame Mephistopheles to do with this innocent girl?

'Oh, Lady Sylvia,' she said, 'how delightfully quiet you are here. Each time I come, the stillness of the Hall and the park strikes me more and more. It is a place to dream one's life away in—among the trees on the fine days, in the library on the bad ones. I suppose you don't wish ever to leave Willowby?'

'N—no,' said the girl, with a faint touch of color in her face. And then she added, 'But don't you think that one ought to try to understand what is going on outside one's immediate circle? One must become so ignorant, you know. I have been reading the leading articles in the *Times* lately.'

'Oh, indeed!'

'Yes; but they only show me how very ignorant I must be, for I can scarcely find one that I can understand. And I have been greatly disappointed, too, with another thing. Have you seen this book?'

She went and fetched from an adjoining table a volume, which she placed in her visitor's hands. It was entitled *The Ideas of the Day on Policy.*

'There was a friend of papa's here one evening,' said Lady Sylvia, demurely, 'and

we were talking about the greatly different opinions in politics that people held, and I asked him how an ignorant person like myself was to decide which to believe. Then he said "Oh, if you want to see all the *pros* and *cons* of the great political questions ranged opposite each other, take some such book as Buxton's *Ideas of the Day;* then you can compare them, and take which one strikes you as being most reasonable." Well, I sent for the book; but look at it! It is all general principles. It does not tell me anything. I am sure no one could have read more carefully than I did the articles in the *Times* on the Irish Universities Bill. I have followed everything that has been said, and I am quite convinced by the argument; but I can't make out what the real thing is behind. And then I go to the book that was recommended to me. Look at it, my dear Mrs.——. All you can get is a series of propositions about national education. How does that help you to understand the Irish Universities?'

Her visitor laughed and put down the book. Then she placed her hand within the girl's arm, and they went out for a stroll in the park, through the long warm grass and golden buttercups and blue speedwells.

'Why should you take such a new interest in politics, Lady Sylvia?' said Madame Mephistopheles, lightly.

'I want to take an interest in what concerns so many of my fellow-creatures,' said the girl, simply. 'Is not that natural? And if I were a man,' she added, with some heightened color, 'I should care for nothing but politics. Think of the good one might do—think of the power one might have! That would be worth living for, that would be worth giving one's life for—to be able to cure some of the misery of the world, and make wise laws, and make one's country respected among other nations. Do you know, I cannot understand how men can pass their lives in painting pretty pictures and writing pretty verses, when there is all that real work to be done—millions of their fellow-creatures growing up in ignorance and misery—the poor becoming poorer every day, until no one knows where the wretchedness is to cease.'

These were fine notions to have got into the head of an ingenuous country maiden; and perhaps that reflection occurred to herself too, for she suddenly stopped, and her face was red. But her kind friend took no notice of this retiring modesty. On the contrary, she warmly approved of her companion's ways of thinking. England was proud of her statesmen. The gratitude of millions was the reward of him who devised wise statutes. What nobler vocation in life could there be for a man than philanthropy exalted to the rank of a science? But at the same time—

Ah! yes, at the same time a young girl must not fancy that all politicians were patriots. Sometimes it was the meaner ambitions connected with self that were the occasion of great public service. We ought not to be disappointed on discovering that our hero had some earthly alloy in his composition.

Indeed, continued this Mephistopheles, there was always a danger of allowing our imaginative conceptions of people to run too far. Young persons, more especially, who had but little practical experience of life, were often disappointed because they expected too much. Human nature was only human nature. Lady Sylvia now, for example, had doubtless never thought about marriage; but did she not know how many persons were grievously disappointed merely because they had been too generously imaginative before marriage?

'But how can any one marry without absolute admiration and absolute confidence?' demanded the girl, with some pride, but with her eyes cast down.

And there was no one there to interpose and cry, 'Oh, woman, woman, come away, and let the child dream her dream. If it is all a mistake—if it has to be repented for in hot tears and with an aching heart—if it lasts for but a year, a month, a day—leave her with this beautiful faith in love and life and heroism which may soon enough be taken away from her.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THE MEMBER FOR BALLINASCROON.

IN the first-floor room of a small house in Piccadilly a young man of six-and-twenty or so was busily writing letters. By rights the room should have been a draw-

ing-room—and a woman might have made of it a very pretty drawing-room indeed—but there were no flowers or trailing creepers in the small balcony; there were no lace curtains to prevent the sunlight streaming through the open French windows full on the worn and faded carpet; while this half study, half parlor, had scattered about in it all the signs of a bachelor's existence in the shape of wooden pipes, time-tables, slippers, and the like. When the letters were finished the writer struck a bell before him on the table. His servant appeared.

'You will post these letters, Jackson,' said he, 'and have a hansom ready for me at 3.15.'

'Yes, Sir,' said the man; and then he hesitated. 'Beg your pardon, Sir, but the gentlemen below are rather impatient, Sir—they are very excited, Sir.'

'Very well," said the young man, carelessly. 'Take my bag down. Stay, here are some papers you had better put in.'

He rose and went to get the papers—one or two thin blue-books and some drafted bills—and now one may get a better look at the Member for Ballinascroon. He was not over five feet eight; but he was a bony, firm-framed young man, who had much more character than prettiness in his face. The closely cropped beard and whiskers did not at all conceal the lines of strength about his cheek and chin; and the shaggy dark brown eyebrows gave shadow and intensity to the shrewd and piercing grey eyes. It was a face that gave evidence of keen resolve, of ready action, of persistence. And although young Balfour had the patient and steady determination of the Scotch—or, let us say, of the Saxon—as part of his birthright, and although even that had been overlaid by the reticence of manner and the gentleness—the almost hesitating gentleness—of speech of an Oxford don—any one could see that there was something Celtic-looking about the grey eyes and the heavy eyebrows, and every one who knew Balfour knew that sometimes a flash of vehement enthusiasm, or anger, or scorn, would break through that suavity of manner which some considered to be a trifle too supercilious.

On this occasion Hugh Balfour, having made all the preparations for his departure which he considered to be necessary, went down stairs to the large room on the ground-floor. There was a noise of voices in that apartment. As he entered, these angry sounds ceased; he bowed slightly, went up to the head of the room, and said, 'Gentlemen, will you be seated?'

'Sorr,' said a small man, with a big chest, a white waiscoat, and a face pink with anger or whiskey, or both—'Sorr, 'tis twenty-three minutes by my watch ye have kept us waiting—'

'I know,' said the young man, calmly; 'I am very sorry. Will you be good enough to proceed to business, gentlemen?'

Thus admonished the spokesman of the eight or ten persons in the room addressed himself to the speech which he had obviously prepared. But how could he, in the idyllic seclusion of the back parlor of a Ballinascroon public-house, have anticipated and prepared for the interruptions falling from a young man who, whether at the Oxford Union or at St. Stephens, had acquired a pretty fair reputation of saying about the most irritating and contemptuous things that could vex the soul of an opponent?

'Sorr,' said the orator, swelling out his white waistcoat, 'the gentleman' (he said gintlemen, but never mind)—'the gentlemen who are with me this day are a deputation, a deputation, Sorr, of the electors of the borough of Ballinascroon, which you have the honor, Sorr, to represent in Parliament. We held a meeting, Sorr, as you know. You were invited to attend that meeting. You refused to attend that meeting—although it was called to consider your conduct as the representative of the borough of Ballinascroon.'

Mr. Balfour nodded: this young man did not seem to be much impressed by the desperate nature of the situation.

'And now, Sorr,' continued the orator, grouping his companions together with a wave of his hand, 'we have come as a deputation to lay before you certain facts which your constituents, Sorr, hope will induce you to take that course—the only course, I may say—that an honorable man could follow.'

'Very well.'

'Sorr, you are aware that you succeeded the Honorable Oliver Glynne in the representation of the borough of Ballinascroon. You are aware, Sorr, that when Mr. Glynne contested the borough, he spent no less than £10,800 in the election—'

'I am quite aware of these facts,' interrupted Balfour, speaking slowly and clearly. 'I am quitē aware that Mr. Glynne kept the whole constituency drunk for three months. I am quite aware that he spent all that money, for I don't believe there was a man of you came out of the election with clean hands. Well?'

The orator was rather disconcerted, and gasped a little; but a murmur of indignant repudiation from his companions nerved him to a further effort.

'Sorr, it ill becomes you to bring such charges against the borough that has placed you in Parliament, and against the man who gave you his seat. Mr. Glynne was a gentleman, Sorr; he spent his money like a gentleman; and when he was unseated' (he said onsated, but no matter), 'it was from no regard for you, Sorr, but from our regard for him that we returned you to Parliament, and have allowed you to sit there, Sorr, until such times as a General Election will enable us to send the man of our choice to represent us at St. Stephen's.'

There was a loud murmur of approval.

'I beg your pardon,' said Balfour. 'I must correct you on one point. You don't allow me to sit in Parliament. I sit there of my own choice. You would turn me out if you could to-morrow; but you see you can't.'

'I consider, Sorr, that in that shameless avowal—'

Here there was a flash of light in those gray eyes; but the indiscreet orator did not observe it.

'—You have justified the action we have taken in calling a public meeting to denounce your conduct as the representative of Ballinascroon. Sorr, you are not the representative of Ballinascroon. I will make bold to say that you are sitting in the honorable House of Commons under false pretences. You neglect our interests. You treat our communications, our remonstrances, with an insulting indifference. The cry of our fellow-countrymen in prison—political prisoners in a free country, Sorr—is nothing to you. You allow our fisheries to dwindle and disappear for want of that help which you give freely enough to your own country, Sorr. And on the great question which is making the pulse of Ireland beat as it has never beaten before, that is making her sons and her daughters curse the slavery that binds them in chains of iron, Sorr, you have treated us with ridicule and scorn. When Mr. O'Byrne called upon you at the Reform Club, Sorr, you walked past him, and told the menial in livery to inform him that you were not in the club. Is that the conduct of a member of the honorable House of Commons, Sorr? Is it the conduct of a gentleman?'

Here arose another murmur of approval. Balfour looked at his watch.

'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I am sorry I must leave you at 3.15; my train goes at 3.30 from Paddington. Do I understand you that that is all you have to say?'

Here there were loud cries of 'No! no! Resign! resign!'

'—Because I don't think it was worth your while to come all the way to London to say it. I read it every week in the columns of that delightful print, the *Ballinascroon Sentinel*. However you have been very outspoken, and I shall be equally frank. You can't have all the frankness on your side, you know. Let me say, then, that I don't care a brass farthing what any meeting in Ballinascroon thinks, or what the whole of the three hundred and eighty electors think about me. I consider it a disgrace to the British constitution that such a rotten and corrupt constituency should exist. Three hundred and eighty electors—a population of less than five thousand—and a man spends close on £11,000 in contesting the place! Disfranchisement is too good for such a hole: it should be burned out of the political map. And so you took me as a stop-gap. That was how you showed your gratitude to Mr. Glynne, who was a young man, and a foolish young man, and allowed himself to be led by your precious electoral agents. Of course I was to give up the seat to him at the next General Election. Very well; I have no objection to that; that is a matter between him and me; though I fancy you'll find him just as resolved as myself not to swallow your Home Rule bolus. But, as between you and me, the case is different. You wished to make use of me: I have made use of you. I have got into the House; I have learned something of its ways; I have served so far a short apprenticeshin. But do you think that I am going to give up my time and my convictions to your wretched projects? Do you think I would bolster up your industries, that are

dwindling only through laziness? Do you think I am going to try to get every man of you a post or a pension? Gracious heavens! I don't believe there is a man-child born in the town but you begin to wonder what the government will do for him. The very stones of Westminster Hall are saturated with Irish brogue; the air is thick with your clamour for place. No—no, thank you; don't imagine I'm going to dip my hands into that dirty water. You can turn me out at the end of this Parliament—I should have resigned my seat in any case—but until that time I am Hugh Balfour, and not at all your very obedient servant.'

For the moment his Celtic pulse had got the better of his Saxon brain. The deputation had not been at all prepared for this scornful outburst; they had expected to enjoy a monopoly of scolding. Ordinarily, indeed, Hugh Balfour was an extremely reticent man; some said he was too proud to bother himself into a passion about any thing or any body.

'Sorr,' said the pink-faced orator, with a despairing hesitation in his voice, 'after the language—after the language, Sorr, which we have just heard, my friends and myself have but one course to pursue. I am astonished—I am astonished, Sorr—that, holding such opinions of the borough of Ballinascroon as those you have now expressed, you should continue to represent that borough in Parliament—'

'I beg your pardon,' said Balfour, with his ordinary coolness, and taking out his watch, 'if I must interrupt you again. I have but three minutes left. Is there any thing definite which you wish to say to me?'

Once more there was a murmuring chorus of 'Resign! resign!'

'I don't at all mean to resign,' said Balfour, calmly.

'Sorr, it is inconceivable,' began the spokesman of the party, 'that a gentleman should sit in Parliament to represent a constituency of which he has such opinions as those that have fallen from you this day.'

'I beg your pardon; it is not at all inconceivable; it is the fact. What is more, I mean to represent your precious borough until the end of the present Parliament. You will be glad to hear that that end may be somewhat nearer than many people imagine; and again the bother comes from your side of the water. Since the government were beaten on their Irish Universities Bill they have been in a bad way; there is no doubt of it. Some folks say there will be a dissolution in the autumn. So you see there is no saying how soon you may get rid of me. In that case will you return Mr. Glynne?'

Again there was a murmur, but scarcely an intelligible one.

'I thought not. I fancied your gratitude for the £11,000 would not last as long. Well, you must try to find a Home Rule candidate who will keep the town drunk for three months at a stretch. Meantime, gentlemen, I am afraid I must bid you good-morning.'

He rang the bell.

'Cab there, Jackson?'

'Yes, Sir.'

'Good-morning, gentlemen.'

With that the deputation from Ballinascroon were left to take their departure at their own convenience, their representative in Parliament driving off in a hansom to Paddington Station.

He had scarcely driven away from the door when his thoughts were occupied by much more important affairs. He was a busy man. The deputation could lie by as a joke.

Arrived at the station, Balfour jumped out, bag in hand, and gave the cabman eighteen pence.

'What's this, Sir?' the man called out, affecting to stare at the two coins.

Balfour turned.

'Oh,' said he, innocently, 'have I made a mistake? Let me see. You had better give me back the sixpence.'

Still more innocently the cabman—never doubting but that a gentleman who lived in Piccadilly would act as such—handed him the sixpence, which Belfour put in his pocket.

'Don't be such a fool next time,' said he, as he walked off to get his ticket.

He had a couple of minutes to spare, and after taking his seat, he walked across the platform to get an evening paper. He was met by an old college companion of his.

'Balfour,' said he, 'I wanted to see you. You remember that tall waiter at the Oxford and Cambridge, the one who got ill, had to give up—'

'And you got him into some greengrocery business or other. Yes.'

'Well, he is desperately ill now, and his affairs are at the worst. His wife doesn't know what to do. I am getting up a little subscription for her. I want a couple of guineas from you.'

'Oh,' said Balfour, somewhat coldly, 'I rather dislike the notion of giving money to these subscriptions without knowing something of the case. I have known so many dying people get rapidly better after they got a pension from the Civil List, or a donation from the Literary Fund, or a purse from their friends. Where does the woman live?'

'Three, Marquis Street, Lambeth.'

'Take your seats, please.'

So these two parted, and Balfour's acquaintance went back to the carriage in which he had left his wife and her sisters, and to these he said,

'Did you ever know anything like the meanness of these Scotch? I have just met that fellow Balfour—he has thirty thousand a year if he has a penny—and I couldn't screw a couple of guineas out of him for a poor woman whose husband is dying. Fancy! Now I can believe all the stories I have heard of him within the last year or two. He asks men to dinner; has Champagne on the sideboard; pretends he is so busy talking politics that he forgets all about it; his guests have to content themselves with a glass of sherry, while he has a little claret and water. He hasn't a cigar in the house. He keeps one horse, I believe—an old cob—for pounding up and down in Hyde Park of a morning; but on his thirty thousand a year he can't afford himself a brougham. No wonder those Scotch fellows become rich men. I have no doubt his father began with picking up pins in the street.'

Quite unconscious of having provoked all this wrathful animadversion, Balfour was already deeply immersed in certain Local Taxation Bills he had taken out of his bag. Very little did he see of the beautiful landscapes through which the train whirled on that bright and glowing afternoon; although, of course, he had a glance at Pangbourne; that was something not to be missed even by a young and enthusiastic politician. At the Oxford Station he was met by a thin, little, middle-aged man, with a big head and blue spectacles. This was the Rev. Henry Jewsbury, M.A., and Fellow of Exeter.

'Well, Balfour, my boy,' called out this clergyman, in a rich and jovial voice, which startled one as it came from that shrunken body, 'I am glad to see you. How late you are! You'll just be in time to dine in hall: I will lend you a gown.'

'All right. But I must send off a telegram first'

He went to the office. This was the telegram:

'H. Balfour, Exeter College, Oxford, to E. Jackson, —— Piccadilly, London: Go to three Marquis Street, Lambeth; make inquiries if woman in great distress. Give ten pounds. Make strict inquiries.'

'Now, Jewsbury, I am with you. I hope there are no men coming to your rooms to-night: I want to have a long talk with you about this Judicature business. Yes, and about something more important even than that.'

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury looked up.

'The fact is,' said the young man, with a smile, 'I have been thinking of getting married.'

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## CHAPTER IV.

### ALMA MATER.

IT was a singular change for this busy, hard-headed man to leave the whirl of London life—with its late nights at the House, its conversational breakfasts, its Wednesday and Saturday dinner parties and official receptions, and so forth—to spend a quiet Sunday with his old friends of Exeter. The very room in which he now sat, waiting for Mr. Jewsbury to hunt him out a gown, had once been his own. It overlooked the Fellows' Garden—that sacred haunt of peace and twilight and green leaves. Once upon a time, and that not very long ago, it was pretty well known that Balfour of Exeter might have had a fellowship presented to him had he not happened to be too rich a man. No one, of course, could have imagined for a moment, this ambitious, eager, active young fellow, suddenly giving up his wealth, and his chances of marrying, and his political prospects, in order that he might lead a quiet student life within the shadow of these gray walls. Nevertheless, that dream had crossed his mind more than once: most commonly when he had got home from the house

about two in the morning, tired out, vexed with the failure of some pet project, unnerved by the apathy of the time, the government he supported being merely a government of sufferance, holding office only because the rival party was too weak to relieve it from the burden.

And indeed there was something of the home-returning feeling in his mind as he now slipped on the academical gown, and hurried across to the great, yellow-white hall, in which the undergraduates were already busy with their modest beef and ale. There were unknown faces, it is true, ranged by the long tables; but up here on the cross table, on the platform, he was among old friends; and there were old friends, too, looking over at him from the dusty frames on the walls. He was something of a lion now. He had been a marked man at Oxford; for although he had never made the gallery of the Union tremble with resonant eloquence, (he was, in fact, anything but a fluent speaker), he had abundant self-possession, and a tolerably keen instinct of detecting the weak points in his opponent's line of argument. Besides—and this goes for something—there was an impress of power in the mere appearance of the man, in his square forehead, his firm lips, and deep-set, keen, gray eyes. He had an iron frame, too—lean, bony, capable of enduring any fatigue. Of course the destination of such a man was politics. Could anyone imagine him letting his life slip away from him in these quiet halls, mumbling out a lecture to a dozen ignorant young men in the morning, pacing up and down Addison's Walk in the afternoon, and glad to see the twilight come over as he sat in the common-room of an evening, with claret and cherries, and a cool wind blowing in from the Fellows' Garden?

It was to this quiet little low-roofed common-room they now adjourned when dinner in hall was over, and the undergraduates had gone noiselessly off, like so many rabbits to their respective burrows. There were not more than a dozen around the polished mahogany table. The candles were not lit; there was still a pale light shining over the still garden outside, its beautiful green foliage enclosed on one side by the ivied wall of the Bodleian, and just giving one a glimpse of the Radcliffe dome beyond. It was fresh and cool and sweet in here; it was a time for wine and fruit; there were no raised voices in the talk, for there was scarcely a whisper among the leaves of the laburnums outside, and the great acacia spread its feathery branches into a cloudless and lambent sky.

'Well, Mr. Balfour,' said an amiable old gentleman, 'and what do the government mean to do with us now?'

'I should think, sir,' said Mr. Balfour, modestly, 'that if the government had their wish, they would like to be drinking wine with you at this moment. It would be charitable to ask them to spend an evening like this with you. They have had sore times of it of late; and their unpopularity is growing greater every day—why, I don't know. I suppose they have been too much in earnest. The English public likes a joke now and again in the conduct of its affairs. No English cabinet should be made up without its buffoon—unless, indeed, the Prime Minister can assume the part occasionally. Insincerity, impertinence, maladministration—anything will be forgiven you if you can make the House laugh. On the other hand, if you happen to be a very earnest person, if you are foolish enough to believe that there are great wrongs to be righted, and if you worry and bother the country with your sincerity, the country will take the first chance—no matter what services you have rendered it—of kicking you out of office. It is natural enough. No one likes to be bothered by serious people. As we are all quite content, why should we be badgered with new projects? May I ask you to hand me those strawberries?'

The old gentleman was rather mystified; but Mr. Jewsbury was not—he was listening with a demure smile.

'They tell me, Mr. Balfour,' said the old gentleman, 'that if there should be a general election, your seat may be in danger.'

'Oh, I shall be turned out, I know,' said Balfour, with much complacency. My constituents don't lose many opportunities of letting me know that. They burned me in effigy the other night. I have had letters warning me that I had better give Ballinascroon a wide berth if I happened to be in that part of Ireland. But I dare say I shall get in for some other place; I might say that, according to

modern notions, the money left me by my father entitles me to a seat. You know how things go together. If you open a system of drainage works, you become a knight. If you give a big dinner to a foreign prince, you become a baronet. If you could only buy Arundel Castle, you would be an earl. And as I see all round me in Parliament men who have no possible claim to be there except the possession of a big fortune—men who go into Parliament not to help in governing the country at all, but merely to acquire a social distinction to which their money entitles them—I suppose I have that right too. Unfortunately I have not a local habitation and a name anywhere. I must begin and cultivate some place—buy a brewery or something like that. Regattas are good things : you can spend a good deal of money safely on regattas—'

'Balfour,' cried Jewsbury, with a laugh, 'don't go on talking like that.'

'I tell you,' said the young man seriously, 'there was not half as much mischief done by the old pocket-borough system as there is by this money qualification. For my part, I am Tory enough to prefer the old pocket-borough system, with all its abuses. The patrons were men of good birth, who had therefore leisure to attend to public affairs—in fact, they had the tradition that they were responsible for the proper government of the country. They had some measure of education, experience of other countries, an acquaintance with the political experiments of former times, and so forth. So long as they could present to a living—to a seat in the House, I mean—a young fellow of ability had a chance, though he had not a penny in his pocket. What chance has he now? Is it for the benefit of the country that men like——and——should be running about from one constituency to another, getting beaten every time, while such brainless and voiceless nonentities as——and——are carried triumphantly into Parliament on the shoulders of a crowd of publicans? What is the result? You are degrading Parliament in public estimation. The average member has become a by-word. The men who by education and experience are best fitted to look after the government of a nation are becoming less and less anxious to demean themselves by courting the suffrages of a



mob, while the h-less men who are getting into Parliament on the strength of their having grown rich are bringing the House of Commons down to the level of a vestry. Might I trouble you for those strawberries?"

The old gentlemen had quite forgotten about the strawberries. He had been listening intently to this scornful protest. When Balfour spoke earnestly—whether advancing a mere paradox or not—there was a certain glow in the deep-set eyes that exercised a singular fascination over some people. It held them. They had to listen, whether they went away convinced or nc.

'What an extraordinary fellow you are, Balfour!' said his friend to him, as they were on their way from the common-room to Mr. Jewsbury's easy-chairs and tobacco. 'Here you have been inveighing against the money qualification of members of Parliament, and you yourself propose to get into the House simply on the strength of your money.'

'Why not?' said the young man. 'If my constituents are satisfied, so am I. If that is their theory, I accept it. You called me no end of names because I took the seat those people at Ballinascroon offered me. I was reaping the harvest sown by bribery and I don't know what. But that was their business, not mine. I merely made use of them, as I told a deputation from them this very forenoon. I have not given them a penny. What I might have given, if there was a chance of my getting in again, and I could do it safely, I don't know.'

'Always the same!' exclaimed his friend, as they were going up the narrow wooden stairs. 'When you are a little older, Balfour, you will learn the imprudence of always attributing to yourself the meanest motives for your conduct. The world takes men at their own valuation of themselves. How would you like other people to say of you what you say yourself?'

There was no answer to this remark, for now the two friends had entered the larger of Mr. Jewsbury's two rooms—a sufficiently spacious apartment, decorated in the severe modern style, but still offering some compromise to human weakness in the presence of several low, long, and lounging easy-chairs. Moreover there were pipes and a stone canister of tobacco on a small table. Mr. Jewsbury lit a couple of candles.

'Now,' said he, dropping into one of the easy-chairs, and taking up a pipe, 'I won't listen for a moment to your Judicature Bill, or any other bill; and I won't bore you for a moment with any gigantic scheme for reforming the college revenues and endowing scientific research. I want to know more about what you said at the station. Who is it?'

The young man almost started up in his chair—he leaned forward—there was an eager, bright light in his face.

'Jewsbury, if you only knew this girl—not to look at her merely, but to know her nature; if you could only imagine—' Then he sank back again in his chair, and put his hands in his pockets. 'What is the use of my talking about her? You see, it will be a very advantageous thing for me if I can persuade this girl to marry me—very advantageous. Her father is a poor man; but then he is an earl—I may as well tell you his name; it is Lord Willowby—and he has got valuable connections. Willowby is not much in the Lords. To tell you the truth, I dislike him. He is tricky, and meddles with companies—perhaps that is to be forgiven him, for he hasn't a penny. But he could be of use to me. And his daughter would be of greater use, if she were my wife. Lady Sylvia Balfour could get a better grip of certain people than plain Mr. Hugh—'

His companion had risen from his chair, and was impatiently pacing up and down the floor.

'Balfour,' he cried, 'I am getting tired of this. You know you are only shamming. You are the last man in the world to marry for those miserable motives you are now talking about.'

'I am not shamming at all,' said Balfour, calmly. 'I am only looking at the business side of this question. What other would you like to hear about? I don't choose to talk about the girl herself—until you have known her; and then I may tell you what I think about her. Sit down, like a good fellow. Is it my fault that I am ambitious?—that I want to do something in politics?'

His friend sat down resignedly.

'She has accepted you?' he said.

'Not openly—not confessedly,' said the young man; and then his breath began to come and go a little more rapidly. 'But—but she could not mistake what I have said to her—if she had been angry, she would have sent me off—on the contrary, it is only because I don't wish to annoy her by undue precipitancy—but I think we both understand.'

'And her father?'

'Oh, I suppose her father understands too,' said Balfour, carelessly. 'I suppose I shall have to ask him formally. I wish to Heaven he would not have his name mixed up with those companies.'

'The Lady Sylvia—it is a pretty name,' said his friend, absently.

'And she is as sweet and pure and noble as her name is beautiful,' said Balfour, with a sudden proud light in his eyes—forgetting, indeed, in this one outburst all his schooled reticence. 'You have no idea, Jewsbury, what a woman can be *until you* have known this one. I can tell you it will be something for a man that has to muddle about in the hypocricies of politics, and to mix among the cynicisms and affectations and mean estimates of society, to find at home, always by him, one clear burning lamp of faith—faith in human nature, and a future worth striving for. You don't suppose that this girl is any of the painted fripperies you meet at every woman's house in London? Good God! before I would marry one of those bedizened and microcephalous playthings—'

He sank back in his easy-chair again, with a shrug and a laugh. The laugh was against himself; he had been betrayed into a useless vehemence.

'The fact is,' said he, 'Jewsbury, I am not fair to London women—or rather, I mean, to those London girls who have been out a few seasons and know a good deal more than their mothers ever knew before them. Fortunately the young men they are likely to marry are fit matches for them. They are animated by the same desire—the chief desire of their lives—and that is to escape the curse imposed on the human race at the gates of Paradise.'

'The curse was double,' said his clerical friend, with a laugh.

'I know,' said Balfour, coolly, 'and I maintain what I say. There is no use beating about the bush.'

Indeed, he had never been in the habit of beating about the bush. For him, what was, was; and he had never tried to escape the recognition of it in a haze of words

Hence the reputation he enjoyed of being something more than blunt-spoken — of being, in fact, a pretty good specimen of the perfervid Scotchman, arrogant opinionated, supercilious, and a trifle too anxious to tread on people's corns.

'Do you see,' he said, suddenly, after a second or two of quiet, 'what Lady —— has done for her husband? She fairly carried him into office on the strength of her dinners and parties; and now she has *badinaged* him into a peerage. She is a wonderfully clever woman. She can make a newspaper editor fancy himself a duke. By-the-way, I see the Prince has taken to the newspapers lately; they are all represented at his garden parties. If you have a clever wife, it is wonderful what she can do for you.'

'And if you have a stupid wife, can you do any thing for her?' inquired Mr. Jewsbury, to whom all this business—this theatrical 'business' of public life—was rather unintelligible.

Balfour burst out laughing.

'What would you think of a cabinet minister being led by the nose—what would you think of his resigning the whole of his authority into the hands of the permanent secretary under him—simply because that sectetary undertakes the duty of getting the minister's wife, who is not very presentable, included in invitations, and passed into houses where she would never otherwise be seen? She is a wonderful woman, that woman. They call her Mrs. Malaprop. But Tommy Bingham gets her taken about somehow.'

The two friends smoked in silence for some time; the Irish Universities, the High Court of Judicature, the Endowment of Research, may perhaps have been occupying their attention. But when Balfour spoke next, he said, slowly,

'It must be a good thing for a man to have a woman beside him whose very presence will make the whole world sweet and wholesome to him. If it were not for a woman here or there—and it is only by accident they reveal themselves to you—what *could* one think of human nature?'

'And when are you to see this wonderful rose that is able to sweeten all the winds of the world?' his friend asked, with a smile.

'I am going down with Lord Willowby on Monday for a few days. I should not wonder if something happened during that time.'

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## CHAPTER V.

### POLITICS AND NIGHTINGALES.

The Lady Sylvia was seated before a mirror, and her maid was dressing her hair. The maid was a shrewd, kindly, elderly person, who exercised a good deal of control over her young mistress, and at this moment she was gently remonstrating with her for her impatience.

'I am sure, my lady, they cannot be here for half an hour yet,' said she.

'And if I am too soon?' said the young lady, with just a trifle of petulance. 'I wish to be too soon.'

The maid received this admonition with much composure, and was not driven by it into scamping her work. The fact was, it was not she who was responsible for the hurry, if hurry there had to be. There was a book lying on the table. It was a description of the three Khanates of Turkistan when as yet these were existing and independent states. That was not the sort of book that ordinarily keeps a young lady late for dressing; but then there was a good deal of talk, about this time, over the advance of General Kaufmann on Khiva; and as there was a member of the House of Commons coming to dine with a member of the House of Lords, they might very probably refer to this matter; and in that case, ought not a certain young lady to be able to follow the conversation with something of intelligent interest, even when that school-boy cousin of hers, Johnny Blythe, could prattle away about foreign politics for half an hour at a stretch?

'Thank you, Anne,' said she, meekly, when the finishing touch was put to her dress; and a couple of minutes afterward she was standing out-of-doors, on the gray stone steps, in the warm sunset glow.

She made a pretty picture as she stood there, listening and expectant. She was dressed in a tight-fitting, tight-sleeved dress of cream white silk, and there was not a scrap of color, or ribbon, or ornament about it. She wore no jewelry; there was not even a soft thin line of gold around her

neck. But there was a white rose in her brown hair.

Suddenly she heard a sound of wheels in the distance; her heart began to throb a bit, and there was a faint flush of color in the pale and calm and serious face. But the next minute that flush had died away, and only one who knew her well could have told that the girl was somewhat excited, by the fact that the dark pupils of the gray eyes seemed a trifle larger than usual, and full of a warm, anxious, glad light.

She caught sight of the wagonette as it came rolling along the avenue between the elms. A quick look of pleasure flashed across her face. Then the small, white, trembling fingers were nervously closed, and a great fear possessed her that she might too openly betray the gladness that wholly filled her heart.

'How do you do, Lady Sylvia?' cried Hugh Balfour, with more gayety than was usual with him, as he came up the stone steps and shook hands with her.

He was surprised and chagrined by the coldness of her manner. She caught his eyes but for a moment, and then averted hers, and she seemed to withdraw her hand quickly from his hearty and friendly grasp. Then why should she so quickly turn to her father, and hope he was not tired by his stay in London? That was but scant courtesy to a guest; she had scarcely said a word to him, and her manner seemed extremely nervous or studiously distant.

Lord Willowby—a tall, thin, sallow-faced man, who stooped a little—kissed her, and bestowed upon her a ferocious smile. That smile of his lordship's, once seen, was not to be forgotten. If Johnny Blythe had had any eye for the similitude of things; if he had himself poured out a glass of that mysterious and frothy fluid he had bought at the 'Fox and Hounds;' if he had observed how the froth hissed up suddenly in the glass, and how it instantly disappeared again, leaving only a blank dullness of liquid—then he might have been able to say what his uncle's smile was like. It was a prodigious grin rather than a smile. It flamed and shot all over his contorted visage, wrinkling up his eyes and revealing his teeth; then it instantaneously disappeared, leaving behind it the normal gloom and depression of distinctly melancholy features.

'I hope you enjoyed the drive over from the station?' said Lady Sylvia, in a timid voice, to Mr. Balfour; but her eyes were still cast down.

He dared not tell her that he had not consciously seen a single natural object all the way over, so full was his heart of the end and aim of the journey. 'Oh, beautiful! beautiful!' said he. 'It is a charming country. I am more and more delighted with it each time I see it. Is not that—surely that is Windsor?'

All over the western sky there was a dusky blaze of red; and at the far horizon line above the dark blue woods, there was a tiny line of transparent brown—apparently about an inch in length—with a small projection just visible at each end. It was Windsor Castle; but he did not look long at Windsor Castle. The girl had now turned her eyes in that direction too; he had a glimpse of those wonderful clear depths under the soft dark eyelashes; the pale, serious, beautiful face caught a touch of color from the glow in the west. But why should she be so cold, so distant, so afraid? When they went into the hall, he followed mechanically the man who had been told off to wait on him. He said nothing in reply when he heard that dinner was at seven. He could not understand in what way he had offended her.

Mechanically, too, he dressed. Surely it was nothing he had said in the House? That was too absurd; how could this girl, brought up as she had been, care about what was said or done in Parliament? And then he grew to wonder at himself. He was more disturbed by a slight change of manner in this girl than by anything that had happened to him for years. He was a man of good nerve and fair self-confidence. He was not much depressed by the hard things his constituents said of him. If a minister snubbed him in answer to a question, he took the snub with much composure; and his knowledge that it would appear in all the papers next morning did not at all interfere with his dinner of that evening. But now, had it come to this already, that he should become anxious, disturbed, restless, merely because a girl had turned away her eyes when she spoke to him?

The dinner gong was sounding as he went down stairs. He found Lord Willowby and his daughter in the drawing-room—a spacious, poorly furnished chamber, that

was kept pretty much in shadow by a large chestnut tree just outside the windows. Then a servant threw open the great doors, and they went into the dining-room. This, too, was a large, airy, poorly furnished room; but what did that matter when the red light from the west was painting great squares of beautiful color on the walls, and when one could look from the windows away over the level country that was now becoming blue and misty under the deepening glow of the sunset? They had not lit the candles yet; the fading sunlight was enough.

'My dear fellow,' remonstrated Lord Willowby, when the servant had offered Balfour two or three sorts of wine, he refusing them all, 'what can I get for you?'

'Nothing, thank you. I rarely drink wine,' he said, carelessly. 'I think, Lady Sylvia, you said the archery meeting was on Wednesday?'

Now here occurred a strange thing, which was continued all through dinner. Lady Sylvia had apparently surrendered her reserve. She was talking freely, sometimes eagerly, and doing what she could to entertain her guest. But why was it that she resolutely refused to hear Balfour's praises of the quiet and beautiful influences of a country life, and would have nothing to do with archery meetings and croquet parties, and such trivialities, but, on the contrary, was anxious to know all about the chances of the government—whether it was really unpopular—why the Conservatives had refused to take office—when the dissolution was expected—what the appeal to the country on the part of ministers would probably be?

So much for her. Her desire to be instructed in these matters was almost pathetic. If her heart could not be said to beat with the great heart of the people, that was not her fault; for to her the mass of her fellow-countrymen was but an abstract expression that she saw in the newspapers. But surely she could feel and give utterance to a warm interest in public affairs and a warm sympathy with those who were giving up day and night to the thankless duties of legislation?

Now as for him. He was all for the country and green fields, for peace and grateful silence, for quiet days, and books, and the singing of birds. What was the good of that turmoil called public life? What effect could be produced on the character by regarding constantly the clamorous whirl of eager self-interest, of mean ambitions, of hypocrisy and brazen impudence and ingratitude? Far better, surely, the independence and self-respect of a private life, the purer social and physical atmosphere of the still country ways, the simple pleasures, the freedom from care, the content and rest.

It was not a discussion; it was a series of suggestions, of half-declared preferences. Lord Willowby did not speak much. He was a melancholy-faced man, and apathetic until there appeared the chance of his getting a few pounds out of you. Lady Sylvia and Mr. Balfour had most of the conversation to themselves, and the manner of it has just been indicated.

Mr. Balfour would know all about the church to which the young lady went. Was it High or Low, ancient or modern? Had she tried her hand at altar screens? Did she help in Christmas decorations? Lady Sylvia replied to these questions briefly. She appeared far more interested in the free fight then going on between Cardinal Cullen and Mr. O'Keefe. What was Mr. Balfour's opinion as to the jurisdiction of the Pope in Ireland?

Mr. Balfour was greatly charmed by the look of the old-fashioned inn they had passed. Was it the 'Fox and Hounds?' It was so picturesquely situated on the high bank at the top of the hill. Of course Lady Sylvia had noticed the curious painting on the sign-board. Lady Sylvia, looking very wise and profound and serious, seemed rather anxious to know what were the chances of the Permissive Bill ever being passed, and what effect did Mr. Balfour think that would have on the country. She was quite convinced—this person of large experience of jails, reformatories, police stations, and the like—that by far the greater proportion of the crimes committed in this country were the result of drinking. On the other hand, she complained that so many conflicting statements were made. How was one to get to know how the Permissive Bill principle had worked in Maine?

Lord Willowby only stared at first; then he began to be amused. Where the devil (this was what he thought) had his daughter picked up these notions? They were

not, so far as he knew, contained in any school-room 'Treasury of Knowledge.'

As the red light faded out in the west, and a clear twilight filled the sky, it seemed to Balfour that there was something strange and mystical in the face of the girl sitting opposite to him. With those earnest and beautiful eyes, and those proud and sensitive lips, she might have been an inspired poetess or prophetess, he imagined, leading her disciples and worshippers by the earnestness of her look and the grave sweet melody of her voice. As the twilight grew grayer within the room, this magnetic influence seemed to grow stronger and stronger. He could have believed there was a subtle light shining in that pale face. He was, indeed, in something like a trance when the the servants brought in the candles; and then, when he saw the warmer light touch this magical and mystic face, and when he discovered that Lady Sylvia was less inclined to let her eyes meet his, it was with a great regret he bade good-bye to the lingering and solemn twilight and the vision it had contained.

Lady Sylvia rose to withdraw from the table.

'Do you know,' said she to Mr. Balfour, 'this is the most beautiful time of the day to us. Papa and I always have a walk through the trees after dinner in the evening. Don't let him sit long.'

'As for myself,' said Balfour, promptly—he was standing at the time—'I never drink wine after dinner—'

'You never drink wine during dinner,' said his host, with a sudden and fierce smile, that instantly vanished. 'Sit down, Balfour. You must at least try a glass of that Madeira.'

'Thank you, I am not thirsty,' said the younger man, with great simplicity. 'Really I would just as soon go out now—'

'Oh, by all means,' said the host. 'But don't hurry any man's cattle. Sylvia will take you for a stroll to the lake and back—perhaps you may hear a nightingale. I shall join you presently.'

O course it was with the deepest chagrin that the youug man found himself compelled to accept of this fair escort: and of course it was with the greatest reluctance that the lady Sylvia threw a light scarf over her head and led the way out into the cool clear evening. The birds were silent now. There was a pale glow in the northwestern skies; and that again was reflected on the still bosom of the lake. As they walked along the high stone terrace, they caught sight of the first trembling star, far over the great dark masses of the elms.

But in her innocent and eager desire to prove herself a woman of the world, she would not have it that there was any special beauty about this still night. The silence was oppressive to him; he would weary of this loneliness in a week. Was there any sight in the world to be compared to Piccadilly in the evening, with its twin rows of gas lamps falling and rising with the hollow and hill—and the whirl of carriages—the lighted windows—with the consciousness that you were in the very heart of the life and thinking and excitement of a great nation?

'We are going up the week after next,' said Lady Sylvia, 'to see the Academy. That is Wednesday, the 21st; and we dine with my uncle in the evening.' Then she added, timidly, 'Johnny told me they had sent you a card.'

He did not answer the implied question for a second or two. His heart was filled with rage and indignation. Was it fair—was it honorable—to let this innocent girl, who knew no more of London life or reputations than a child, go to dine at that house? Must not her father know very well that Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe, in regard to a betting transaction, was at that very time under the consideration of the committee of the County Club?

There was a good deal of fierce virtue about this young man; but it may be doubted if he would have been so indignant had any other girl told him merely that she was going to dine with her uncle—that uncle, moreover, being heir-presumptive to an earldom, and not as yet convicted of having done anything unusually disreputable. But somehow the notion got into Balfour's head that this poor girl was not half well enough looked after. She was left here all by herself, when her father was enjoying himself in London. She needed more careful and tender and loving guidance. And so forth, and so forth. The anxiety young men show to undertake the protection of innocent maidens is touching in the extreme.

'Yes,' said he, suddenly. 'I shall dine with Major Blythe on the 21st.'

He had that very day written to say he would not. But a shilling telegram would put that right, and would also enable Major Blythe to borrow a five-pound note from him on the first possible occasion.

And so these two walked together, on the high stone terrace, in the fading twilight and under the gathering stars. And as they came near to one dark patch of shrubbery, lo! the strange silence was burst asunder by the rich, full song of a nightingale; and they stood still to hear. It was a song of love he sang—of love and youth and the delight of summer nights: how could they but stand still to hear?

*(To be continued.)*

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## ROUND THE TABLE.

To what mysterious harmony of adjustment between our mental constitution and the external world is due that indescribable sense of exaltation which is felt by most people—of sensitive organization at least—at the first token, however faint and indefinite, of coming spring? We all know how spring, when it comes, inspires the poets as well as the birds to sing, how the leaves and the flowers bud and blossom in their verses, and the ripple of the brooks dances through them. But there is a still more delicate and exquisite delight in the first thrill that runs through the system when the relaxation of the icy fetters of winter seems also to relax the fetters which it had thrown around our spirits, and these open once more, like the softening soil, to all sorts of sweet gracious impulses and influences.

> 'In the Spring a livelier iris changes on the burnished dove;
> In the Spring, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

The opening skies and tender ethereal sunsets seem to disclose glorious vistas of ineffable hope and joy, and we almost fancy that, with the new season, we are beginning a new life in which everything is to be absolutely fresh and new,—in which old troubles and old worries are to drop off forever. To many, every winter is a growing old, and every spring a growing young again. The soft balmy air, prophetic of opening buds, seems charged with all the vague sweetness of anticipated summer,—a summer all roses and no thorns, no dust or sultry heat or flies or mosquitoes,—only rich verdure and crystal lakes and rippling streams and golden sunshine. Where do we ever see summer so fair as the summer that is coming? Even the animals seem to feel the subtle influence. The horse just let out from his long durance, shows in every line of his tense figure and uplifted head, with ears erect and tail jubilantly curved in air, that he is already dreaming of summer pastures, while as yet not a blade of grass is green. Chief among the 'pleasures of hope' should be placed the delights of approaching spring, which every year brings a new charm to steep the awakening fancy in a dreamland of indefinable sweetness. Keble alludes to this feeling—hard to embody in inflexible and inadequate words—in the lines beginning,—

> 'And wherefore is the sweet spring-tide,
> Worth all the changeful year beside?'

Whatever be its precise explanation, it is evidently a part of the 'electric chain with which we are darkly bound,' and which, in some hidden and inexplicable way, binds together what we now call 'matter' and 'mind.'

—When last we were gathered round the table, I ventured to say that I thought a reading-party a sort of social entertainment which might be introduced into society with profit. I do not mean a party where everybody should be expected to bring a book and bury himself or herself in its pages, but a party where one, two, or three persons should read aloud and in succession

for the entertainment and edification of the rest. I mentioned this idea recently to a person of intelligence, and I am compelled to admit that the suggestion was not received with enthusiasm. 'My own impression' my friend said, 'is that your reading-parties would be an unmitigated bore. I suppose you would expect to hold a regular series of them, when once commenced, and as the greater part of the *literati* who attended them would be of necessity stupid people, you would be sure to have hackneyed or weak selections read for the most part, and the selections would generally be too long and read badly. But apart from that I have no faith in the success amongst us of any sort of amusement, to call it such, which implies the slightest exercise of the mental faculties. The fact is the tone of what claims to be considered our "best society" is hopelessly frivolous. The young men and women who give it its tone are barely half-educated. Sixteen or seventeen is the age when they give up school and self-improvement, the boys to go into business, the girls to 'come out.' So at the age when the mind of average beings is just becoming ripe for the reception of ideas, and before a taste for reading is created, our young folks are cut off from books, the most important sources of ideas. This is one reason why in our society any one who incautiously displays a taste for literature, or introduces a subject in conversation which requires any knowledge for its discussion, is looked upon as rather a prig, and arouses the suspicion of being unused to the ways of good society. Then we have nothing to think of but petty personal or local affairs. There are no high public questions in which even men and women of *ton* might condescend to take an interest, and on which they might seek an interchange of opinion, so as to lift them sometimes above the trivial details of every-day life. Public affairs with us are such that they can excite no enthusiasm in any-body except those who trade in politics. We have no national aims or longings, no future to look forward to with a glow of hope: we have nothing in fact affecting the public weal of which intelligent men and women in society consider it worth while to think and talk. There is no high ground of national interests upon which Canadians may meet, so that, throughout our whole social system, our individual interests are the sole objects of concern, and our ideas are small, commonplace, and vulgar in consequence. Frivolity—.' How long this malcontent might have continued in this unwarranted strain I know not, but finding he had mounted a hobby, I gently checked him. I remarked that if what he said about the ignorance of our gentlefolk were true, the necessity of reading-parties was manifest, although in truth it was not my desire to introduce them as an effective instrument of culture. My aims were not so ambitious: I should be content if a few people found them a source of rational and sensible enjoyment. I should invite to my reading-parties none who, from natural incapacity or an unconquerable hatred of literature, appeared to be able to get no pleasure out of books. I should endeavour not to violate the laws of hospitality by urging any one to come to my parties, who, having once tried them, found them productive only of pain. Before we parted, my cynical friend went so far as to admit, though not without incredulity, that enough people might be induced to come together and form an audience for *one* occasion. If he had anything to do with the matter no one should be allowed to read for more than twenty minutes at a time, and he would pass an edict forbidding, under the severest penalties, the admission of bank-clerks and young ladies with an uncontrollable tendency to giggle.

—While people are deciding whether 'Middlemarch,' or 'Daniel Deronda,' is their favourite amongst George Eliot's books, I do not hesitate to say that I like 'The Mill on the Floss' better than any of them. A friend of mine, who claims a sort of monopoly in appreciating the beauties of George Eliot, hears this assertion with pity, and tells me that I fail to comprehend the highest range of the writer's genius, or I would not confess such a preference. He asks what novel that was ever written displays such subtle analysis of character and motive, such a searching of the springs of thought and action, as 'Deronda,' and in self-defence I answer, that as a treatise on metaphysics 'Deronda' is admirable, but as a story I prefer 'The Mill on the Floss.' And indeed, to say nothing of the exquisite picture of child-life it contains, as a over-story, I think that for beauty and pathos,

'Romeo and Juliet' alone can be named with it. As a work of art, too, it seems to me 'The Mill on the Floss' is perfect. One becomes strongly impressed with this feeling after one's attention is drawn to a particular purpose which underlies the whole story, and which, half-concealed with the skill of the highest art, is probably not obvious to every reader. What I refer to I shall try to make clear. As I understand her writings, it is the groundwork of George Eliot's philosophy that our lives are not in our own hands, to make them what we will, but, in despite of our own aims and longings, are shaped for us by circumstances external to ourselves. In the 'Mill on the Floss' I think one purpose is to shew how the inanimate objects of nature which surround us may be the silent and unnoticed arbiters of our destiny. Read in this light we perceive that the life of every person in the book is more or less influenced by the stream which flows placidly by the old mill. Throughout the whole story we never lose sight of the Floss as it winds on its course like a thread of fate. To old Tulliver, the miller, it is the source of quarrels, ending in litigation, ruin, and premature death. Out of these disputes arises the enmity which places a bar between Philip Wakem and Maggie Tulliver. The river which ruined Tom Tulliver's father, and thereby hardened the disposition of Tom himself, becomes, at length, to the young man, the source of competence and prosperity, for it flows to the sea, enabling Tom to invest his earnings profitably in a modest trade with the foreign lands visited by the ships which sail upon its bosom. Even Bob Jakin, the most unpromising of water-rats, is converted by the same means into a thrifty and law-abiding citizen. It is the river again which decides the destiny of Stephen Guest and noble-hearted Maggie. Will they break the spell which draws them together? Will Stephen be true to his first love? Will Maggie be true to Philip; to her dear, trustful Lucy; to her own sense of truth and honour? The river flows pleasantly at the foot of the lawn on a summer afternoon: it invites Stephen and Maggie to embark upon its waters: they yield to the invitation: they are born unconsciously by the sleepless current far from home: they are detained on the treacherous stream: and Maggie awakes from the stupor of love to find herself compromised in the eyes of the world, and, to all seeming, hatefully false to those whose happiness is dearer to her than her own. (And, by the way, is there in all literature a more thrilling love-scene than that prolonged drifting in the boat, whose silence is hardly broken by a word from either of the hapless lovers?) Again, it is true art to make the stream, which has played so important a part in the earlier drama, the chief agent of the final tragedy. In a season of floods the Floss overflows its banks, and becomes a terrible minister of ruin. The stream which has for years flowed by the mill peacefully and silently, but with a sinister influence upon the life of poor Maggie, mercifully rescues her at last from the tragic sorrows amid which it has drifted her, and sweeps her away to unbroken rest, with the well-beloved brother, who is himself beset with the cares of this troublesome world, who has misjudged her and been estranged from her in life, but who in the hour of death partially fathoms the depths of her illimitable love.

—It is four hundred years ago since Caxton issued the first book printed in England, bearing a date. It rejoiced in the somewhat tautological title of 'The Dictes and Sayinges of the Philosophers,' and no doubt both philosophers and fools in that year of grace, 1477, thought it little but a nine days' wonder. The one single press of which England could then boast was put up under the shadow of the Collegiate Abbey Church of St. Peter, Westminster, in the Almonry Chapel of St. Anne, long since destroyed. As Dean Stanley reminds us, the name 'chapel,' still applied by printers to their meetings, is a relic of this old connection between things spiritual and things temporal; and perhaps the playful habit printers have (at least in England) of flinging a few loose type at any hat which is not doffed on entering their sanctum, may be accounted for in the same way. In those days the Abbey, with its almost regal powers and privileges, was capable of fostering the young invention. Since then keen winds have whitened and worn down the buttresses and pinnacles of that noble edifice, and, keener still, the lapse of years has sapped the temporal power of which that building was but the type. An underground

railway shakes the sepulchred dust beneath the paved precints where Caxton often walked; close by, the Civil Service Commission offers up its perennial sacrifices to the deity of Competitive Examinations; and, across the way from Henry the Seventh's chapel, the echoes will soon be awakened by Church Disestablishment. There has turned out to be much that was incompatible between the results of Caxton's work, and the system that harboured him; and the weak parts of that system have felt the erosive force of growing knowledge ever since. Yet the true Church will experience no desire to charge its *ci-devant* protégé with ingratitude, for it has gained more by its aid than it has lost through it. Dean Stanley recognized this gracefully in a fine sermon he preached five years ago in aid of the Printers' Orphans' Fund, and again in accepting the Presidency of the Caxton Celebration Committee now sitting in the Jerusalem Chamber. The Committee propose forming a Loan Exhibition at Stationers' Hall of interesting relics and appliances of the art, and specimens of typography of various dates and varying styles. Between the laborious blackletter of the 'Dictes' and the dainty dinner ménus or damp newspapers which are every day distributed 'round the table,' there have been some curious things set up in type.

—Few movements are advancing with greater rapidity in this age of rapid movements, than that which is fast opening to women, everywhere, facilities for that higher and more liberal education which formerly was considered the monopoly of the stronger sex. Edinburgh and St. Andrews in Scotland, as well as Oxford and Cambridge, in England, have established University examinations for women, and the tide is rapidly flowing westward and has reached our neighbours. An American teacher, Bishop Doane, who has a girl's school in Albany, has availed himself of the Oxford local examination, which he, last year, prepared four of his pupils to pass. Question papers were sent out from Oxford, were answered in strict accordance with the University rules, were returned to England, and were accepted,—all the candidates receiving certificates. One of these candidates was the Bishop's daughter. This year seven junior and five senior candidates have sent their papers to England. Harvard University has now, however, followed the example of the British Universities, and its faculty held examinations for women at Cambridge in 1874, 1875, and 1876. It is strange that a larger number have not taken advantage of them—only five, ten, and six, in these three years respectively; but the reason is supposed to be that they are comparatively little known. It has, however, been thought advisable to hold the examinations at a new and more prominent centre, and they are now to be held at both Cambridge and New York, in May or June of the present year. The 'Women's Education Association of Boston' has taken up the matter, and announces the subjects for examination in two grades or classes,—the first examination being a preliminary one for girls not less than seventeen, and the second for those who have passed through the preliminary examination and are not less than eighteen. The subjects for the preliminary examination embrace English, French, Physical Geography, with Elementary Botany or Elementary Physics, Arithmetic, Algebra through quadratic equations, Plane Geometry, History, and any one of the three languages, German, Latin, or Greek. The advanced examination will be divided into five sections, one or more of which the candidates may select. These five sections are,—1 Languages, 2 Natural Science, 3 Mathematics, 4 History, and 5 Philosophy. Notices of intention for candidature were to be sent to the secretaries on or before April 1st. The fee for the preliminary examination is $15.00, and for the advanced examination $10.00. The address of the Women's Education Association is 94 Chestnut Street, Boston; that of the New York local committee is 60 Fifth Avenue. Any one who wishes to see a specimen o the Harvard examination papers, will find in *Scribner's Magazine*, for September, 1876, in 'Topics of the Time,' a specimen paper in English literature, showing what must be the proficiency of the candidate who would sustain a successful examination. New York University has also now opened its regular classes to female students, but, as the class-rooms are already overcrowded, the ladies who matriculate will have to be taught by themselves, at different hours from the young men, so that the vexed

question of co-education does not come up. Are our Canadian Universities going to bestir themselves in this matter? It is time they should.

—Among the most noticeable pictures of the New York Loan Exhibition, already referred to, was Géromes 'Gladiators,' the close of a gladiatorial combat in the Coliseum, at the moment when the conqueror, standing on the prostrate body of his foe, looks up for the signal from the spectators which decides the life or death of the conquered. The ferocious and bloodthirsty expression of the women, who are eagerly bending forward, with turned down thumbs, gives a painful sense of the reality of the old story, in which one has but half believed; and the figures of the two gladiators, with the light gleaming on their burnished armour, are exceedingly vivid. It is a painful picture, however. Another by Max, which hung near, represents a young girl—a Christian martyr—just about to encounter the wild beasts in the amphitheatre, while she stoops to pick up a rose that some one has thrown down. It is treated in a rather commonplace manner for such a subject, but the idea is original and pathetic enough. One of the most striking works, and the most attractive to mothers especially, was a naive and lively picture called 'Croquemitaine's Baggage,' by Sobrichen, which is somewhat known from photographs. The three chubby children in the basket and the little one sitting beside it asleep, are unmistakably real children, one of whom won't 'be good,' but is screaming lustily to be taken out. Jules Breton's somewhat hard and severe, but very characteristic pictures of Breton peasants, are a strong contrast to Bouguereau's beautiful but rather sensuous pictures of mothers and children. He seems to have taken up the role of a French Raphael, minus the religious idea. Meissonier's elaborate miniatures were pretty well represented, and Cabanel's large and somewhat shadowy style was shewn in three paintings at least; one of which—a Funeral in the Catacombs'—is interesting as an antiquarian study; while 'Aelae' is painted with wonderful and luminous softness. Gérome had several other paintings, taking their subjects from the picturesque Algerine life, which the French have interwoven with their own, as for instance 'The Pacha's Forerunners.' Troyon's charming poetic landscapes, with cattle, seemed to surpass everything else of the same kind, though Verboeckhoven's sheep and cattle pictures were strong and lifelike, and Achenbach's landscapes had a stern power of their own. Two of the most beautiful landscape paintings in the whole collection were Church's 'Parthenon,' and Kensett's 'Lake George.' The old Athenian temple stands vividly out in a glow of rosy sunset, which gives even the heaps of ruins at its base a poetic suggestiveness. 'Lake George' lies sleeping in a placid summer beauty, which soothed and tranquillized almost as the real scene would have done. Then there were some charming woodland pictures by James M. Hart—silvery birches reflected in a still woodland stream,—or woods bathed in the magic hues and ethereal haze of Indian summer. And Gifford had some exquisite mountain paintings among the Adirondacks, though his favourite subjects are Mediterranean or Adriatic sunsets, or picturesque views among Swiss and Italian lakes. These four painters are decidedly the most poetical of American landscape-painters at least; and both Church and Gifford seem to show the influence of Turner. Zamacois and Madrazo are Spanish painters who seem great favourites with American buyers. The former is more strong and rugged, the latter has a great deal of richness of colouring, power of expression, and often no little humour in his compositions. He is evidently fond of satirizing Spanish ecclesiastics and monks, and his 'Return to the Monastery' is full of most mirth-provoking and genial humour,—representing the struggles of one of a troop of mendicant monks with a refractory ass which has upset the heterogeneous contents of its panniers, while the surrounding monks are convulsed with contageous laughter. Meyer von Bremen is another naif painter, whose subjects are chiefly peasant children. Nothing could be more charming than his picture of 'Showing the Baby' to a group of wondering children, or more pathetic than his 'After the War,' a girl leaning sadly against her basket in a ruined cottage. Bach's 'Dogs not Admitted,' is almost as good as Landseer; and Verboeckhoven's 'Mother's Lament,—a woolly mother bleating mournfully over her dying lamb,—was worthy, in its almost human pathos, of the same great English painter.

—I am surprised that as yet I have seen no newspaper article referring to 'M's' very interesting contribution on the subject of the Treatment of Crime, in the February number of the *Canadian Monthly.* Had an article of that nature and quality appeared in an English Magazine or Review, it would have been speedily pounced upon by astute editors who, even if they were not philanthropically inclined, could appreciate the value of such a text for a 'leading article.' The subject of the treatment of crime—from a reformatory point of view—is one of the deepest importance to us as a community; one which will be freighted too, with results, long after the ephemeral political questions of the day have been forgotten. But our Canadian press, as a whole, seems to be nothing if not political, and is discouragingly unresponsive to great social questions,—always excepting that of temperance, however, for which some journals are enthusiastic advocates; and some of them act on the principle that their readers appreciate nothing so much as "spicy" exposures of the delinquencies of the opposite party. There may be readers who never get tired of this sort of thing, but I know that there are many who do, and who would gladly see something of another kind to vary the monotony. This particular subject is well worthy of the attention of our b t writers and thinkers. I have much pleasure in quoting the following remarks of a thoughtful American writer—the author of 'A Living Faith'—upon 'M's' interesting article: 'Its leading suggestion was to me a novel one, and seemed to me highly valuable, not as admitting of immediate and full application, under the existing machinery of society, but as an expression of the proper spirit and aim of penal administration: an ideal toward which we ought to work. It is a subject of the highest consequence; indeed the real value of our theological speculations is largely measured by their effect upon our practice as individuals and in the community. Of what real good is it to believe all God's punishments to be remedial unless we make *our* punishments remedial?'

—*A propos* of revivals, on which a friend at 'the table' touches, it is a subject of no little perplexity to me why persons of 'culture' so often speak of these, and of those who conduct them, in a tone of patronising toleration, as if the latter were a species of irrational enthusiasts, whose fanatical zeal was only to be condoned by the excellence of their motives! I can quite understand that many good people dislike anything which seems to them like religious excitement, knowing that excitement of any kind is apt to be followed by an undesirable reaction. But revivals are not neeessarily attended by excitement, and who shall deny that there is only too much need for them? It would undoubtedly be in some respects better if they were not needed,—if men habitually gave to the things that most profoundly concern their higher life the full weight and practical consideration which their importance demands. But we know that human nature is always erratic,—that it has an incorrigible tendency to gravitate downwards, and allow the rush of sensuous and earthly interests to crowd out and stifle its purer aspirations. Most of us believe that all men do need and sorely need something or other,—to experience a 'change of conviction and purpose,' in other words, a 'change of heart.' In many cases this is the gradual and insensible result of years of teaching and training; while, in many others, it is necessarily conscious and abrupt,—the result of a state of aroused and 'awakened' feeling that impels them to make at once that decision, which, under other circumstances, they have indefinitely postponed. Now there are many natures which, without such arousing impulse, are likely to go on in a passive indifference to what most concerns them, — never once realizing their greatest spiritual needs, or the help which is ready to supply these needs. To such, a 'revival' brings the very treatment they need, and in the glow of awakened feeling they are lifted above their ordinary indifference and trust in outward things, and really experience an inward and vital change. No wonder that they who are gifted with the power of so influencing their fellow-men, (as distinctly a 'gift' as any other power), should find their highest happiness and privilege in exercising it, and in seeing the whole course of hundreds of lives altered by their earnest words. And those who cannot preach otherwise than by the example of a faithful Christian life, may well rejoice to see others accomplish what

they cannot. The greatest benefactors of the human race have been 'revivalists,' —men who, even without the light of Christianity, have roused their fellows to a deeper, truer spiritual life, and whose chief power has been their intense earnestness. Such an one was Buddha. Such an one, under a purer light, was the Apostle of the Gentiles, not to speak at present of the Divine founder of Christianity Himself, who stands at the head of all. And St. Paul, like other revivalists, was incomprehensible to the cultured indifferentism of his day. The luxurious Roman Governor could only suppose that 'much learning had made him mad.' But the sneeering Festus is now known only by his flippant charge, whereas the 'words of truth and soberness,' spoken by the despised but enthusiastic Jew, are still mighty to influence the hearts and lives of thousands. So it will be always in the spiritual sphere, which is ever reversing the judgments of those who look only at the outward appearance. And in these days, especially when materialism has, to many, spread like a thick cloud over the sky that once was open for angels to come down and speak with human souls, men need more than ever to be aroused to test by personal experience the truth of the poet's words:

> 'No fable old, no mystic lore,
>   No dream of bards and seers,
> No dead fact,—stranded on the shore
>   Of the oblivious years;—
> But warm, sweet, tender,—even yet
>   A present help is He,
> And love hath still its Olivet,
>   And faith its Galilee!'

All honour to the 'revivals' which 'revive' a cold and dead belief into a warm and living Faith!

—'Nothing like leather,' was a good cry in its day, but must plainly give way now to 'nothing like paper.' Armies have marched, or tried to march (across the border) on paper soles, sick folk have slept, or tried to sleep, on paper pillows, and now railway trains are to run, or try to run, on paper wheels. My facetious friend Jones says it is only a new form of a very old idea, "paper currency." But I ignore him and continue, in a statistical vein, to inform my friends that the material used is straw-paper, rendered adhesive by paste, pressed into a narrow compass by an enormous hydraulic force, and fitted into steel tires. Only think what a splendid opening for satire such an industry affords! We shall see among the 'locals' such items as the following: 'Messrs. Cream, Laid, & Co., the celebrated wheel makers, attribute their recent suspension to the bad success of the last batch of wheels turned out of their factory. Tempted by the lowness of the figure (waste paper price, less ten per cent. off) they took the entire stock of Mr. Blank's new work' (fill up name of author to taste) 'off the hands of his enterprising Toronto publishers. The material worked up splendidly, but unluckily the manufactured article proved so heavy that all trains fitted up with it got behind time, and the axle-greasers unanimously fell asleep, so that the firm has had its contracts cancelled at a very severe loss.' Or this: 'It is feared by experts that old files of the Mail and Globe will be useless for this purpose, owing to their inveterate propensity for running off the track, and the plentiful lack of even temper which they show. They might also be expected to explode or wax warm on the slightest application of the brake.' Whereupon our friend Jones, who is really incorrigible, and should not be encouraged at this table, remarks that he has often heard of *papier maché*, and supposes this would be a case of *papier smash, eh?*

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE current Session of the Dominion Parliament, if it be noticed at all by the future historian, will probably strike him as having a tolerably good, and an essentially bad, side. Whatever other sins of omission or of commission may be laid to the charge of the Government, want of activity in the preparation of measures is certainly not one of them. The 'bill of fare' may have been as meagre as Sir John Macdonald pronounced it to be; the dishes actually served up have been varied in style and character, and there are plenty of them. The good wine has been kept, by way of a surprise, to the last, not until 'men have well drunk,' but until they have become heated and thirsty by acrimonious discussion. In addition to the consolidation of the Customs Laws and the Insurance Laws, there are measures on Insolvency, Extradition, Admiralty Jurisdiction, and various amendments to the Criminal Law, including one Bill of great importance on Breaches of Contracts of Service. This list is by no means exhaustive, but it may serve to show the practical turn Ministers have given to legislation. The Minister of Justice especially has distinguished himself by the large number of useful measures he has introduced. There is scarcely a department, not purely financial, left untouched by Mr. Blake, and, to our mind, he has touched none without leaving upon it the impress of his thoughtful and comprehensive intellect. Let us select one or two of these by way of illustration.

The Bill relating to breaches of contracts of service has provoked some discussion from the Opposition journals, though it would seem as if their objections took the form of adverse criticism, not because they had substantial fault to find with the measure, but merely because it was framed and introduced by a Minister. The events of last January on the Grand Trunk Railway should have inculcated this lesson at all events—that one of two courses is open to the public in similar contingencies. Either some limit must be imposed upon the overt acts of those, who although servants of a corporation, are really, to all intents and purposes, servants of the community; or the government, the national defences, and the health, convenience, and business facilities of the people must be left at the mercy of any capricious and self-willed combination. There is no need to recapitulate the incidents of the strike, because they are still painfully fresh in the minds of our readers. The question Mr. Blake propounds to the legislature is a simple one: 'are the public good, the public convenience, and the public safety, to be paramount, or the fancied grievances of a class?' It is asked why the employees of railway, gas, and water companies should be punished criminally for breaches of contract, when redress can only be obtained in other cases by civil process? The answer is obvious: because in the former cases the entire community is injured by the breach of contract, whilst, in the latter, it resolves itself into a dispute which is, in the main, confined to employers and employed. To refuse to work on certain terms in a factory may be productive of serious loss to its owner and perhaps indirectly to his customers; but to stop the traffic upon the only highway between the East and West, and that in the depth of winter, to cut off communication with the Capital, to stop the transportation of the mails and of freights, and to subject passengers to the rigours of a winter's snow-storm, form altogether, if anything does, an offence 'against the peace of our Sovereign Lady the Queen, her crown and dignity.' The more especially so, when, as at Belleville, the success of the conspiracy involved personal violence and the wanton destruction of property. At all events, notwithstanding *ad captandum* appeals to that modern Dagon, 'the working-man,' reasonable men have not yet discarded the ancient maxim, '*Salus populi,*

*suprema lex.*' The sentence passed upon the gas-stokers who left London in darkness to the mercy of foot-pads and burglars, was, in effect, an affirmation that no assertion of private rights, no attempt to redress private wrongs, can be permitted to operate against the peace, the security, or the welfare of the community. Mr. Blake's Bill deals only with breaches of contract; and those who are not satisfied with the terms upon which they have agreed, have their remedy by giving fair notice of their intention to terminate the contract. If they do so, they will not come within the purview of the measure. If, on the other hand, they prefer to break their agreements and to make war upon the community, they ought, and must expect, to suffer for it.

The question of extradition, again, is one which has attracted serious attention of late on both sides of the Atlantic. The position of Canada, conterminous as it is with a foreign country for thousands of miles, presents difficulties in the way of the administration of criminal justice on both sides of the boundary line. The inadequacy of the Ashburton treaty in the matter of extradition has long been felt as a serious evil, but for a variety of reasons, some of them traditional and obsolete, the government of the United States has always been disinclined to enlarge the scope of the Treaty. Yet it is certain that the monetary and commercial interests of the large American cities have suffered infinitely more, even in proportion to their extent, than ours. The crying sins of the time in the States, more especially since the war drove large classes into the race for sudden prizes in the gift of fortune, have been embezzlement, breaches of trust, and fraud of all descriptions. These offences, however, were non-extraditable, and Canada has been made the Alsatia of the New World. The contagion spread to Canada, unfortunately, as a melancholy experience of the past few years has too clearly proved, and thus the United States became in turn a refuge for Canadian fugitives from justice. Prior to the unfortunate controversy between Great Britain and the Republic, arising over the cases of Winslow and Brent, we believe there was some prospect that Mr. Fish would have consented to extend the Treaty so as to deal effectively with what had become a gigantic evil. During Mr. Blake's visit in England, he pressed the subject of extradition forcibly upon the attention of the Colonial Secretary, in an able State paper which covers the entire ground, including the history of past efforts, diplomatic and legislative. This document, as well as the correspondence which ensued, will be found in the Report of the Minister of Justice. The Bill introduced this Session, whilst it carefully guards against the surrender of political offenders, either directly or on a colourable pretext, extends the list of extraditable offences so far as practically to wipe out the boundary line altogether. Instead of the seven offences enumerated in the Treaty of 1842 and in our own Act of 1843, there are twenty-three classes of crimes, and, in addition to these, are included all other offences under five separate Acts. These are the Acts concerning larceny and similar offences, malicious injury to property, forgery, offences relating to the coinage, and those against the person. We are thus in a fair way of ridding ourselves of the crowd of miscreants who annually flock for refuge to our large cities; the recruiting ground for our criminal population will keep its baser elements to itself, and there is some chance that our assize calendars may be materially and permanently lightened. Whether the United States will think proper to follow this laudable example, remains to be seen. Such notices of Mr. Blake's Bill as have appeared in the American press have been highly eulogistic, and it is not unlikely that Congress, when it settles quietly down to prosaic business, may enact something in the shape of reciprocal legislation. At any rate Canada will have done its duty.

The claims of the present session to kindly remembrance, as we have said, will rest upon the value and varied character of its practical legislation. The only 'burning question' which has come before the House this year, has been temporarily disposed of, as will be seen presently. There is another aspect of Parliament during the past five weeks, which will leave no trace upon the statute-book, although it is enshrined in the 'Hansard'—an altogether unpleasant aspect. It cannot be concealed and should not be ignored that the tone of the debates on more occasions than one has been the reverse of healthy. The first

sign of the series of petty tempests which followed, appeared upon the horizon during the Budget debate. Dr. Tupper's angry assault upon the Government and the Premier's somewhat petulant retort might have passed away like a summer cloud; but following it, cropped up a vaporous and miasmatic mass made up of scandals, charges of official favouritism or downright peculation. The consequence was that during a number of sittings, the debates were disgraced by personal attacks, gross in their character and scurrilous in the language in which they were clothed. There is little use in attempting to apportion the blame between the belligerent parties, where both were, though not perhaps equally, in fault. Most of the springs of trouble had their source in the Maritime Provinces, where, we suppose, 'parish' politics and vestry squabblings make up the ordinary conception of legislative work. The dismissal of three officials at Great Bras d'Or, the throwing up and resumption of a contract, and even Mr. Vail's proficiency in orthography, not to speak of other matters equally insignificant, were quite sufficient, paltry though they were, to arouse on both sides a tempest of wrath. As a rule, it may be laid down with a certainty seldom attainable where human conduct is concerned, that bad temper and bad language in parliamentary debate are in an inverse ratio to the importance of the question at issue. The Tariff has been discussed in a great calm, as compared with the dismissal of a partisan landing-waiter, which aroused the passions because it is utterly without interest, except so far as it gives the opportunity for vituperation and personal attack. There are some cases where individual integrity or right conduct may be called in question with dignity, as well as with propriety; such were the Pacific Railway inquiry and the exposure of the 'big push' letter. In cases like these, scandal rises above itself, and personal assault is transformed into a vindication of public justice. In their eagerness to fasten the *tu quoque* upon a Minister, the Opposition is grasping at straws and endeavouring to magnify them into oaks. The attacks they have hitherto made upon the Government are puny attempts at retaliation, only serving one purpose—to disgust the people with the perpetual up-turning of mares' nests, and, as we hope and believe, to wean their political affections from a party system which can provide no better *casus belli* than such as these.

On the other hand it must be confessed that Ministers are not without blame. They ought, at least, to have remembered their responsibility and have had some respect for the dignity of office. Instead of that, it cannot be denied that some of them have descended into the *poissonerie* and exchanged bad language with any one who encountered them. They have had great provocation, it is true; the petty attacks of the rank and file of the Opposition, backed by the support of their leaders, were most galling; yet Ministers should be pachydermatous and even affect good humour, though they have it not. Besides they, and the party to which they belong, should not forget their own conduct when on the left of Mr. Speaker. From the time when Mr. Hincks was Inspector General, and for twenty years thereafter, their policy was substantially the same as that of the present Opposition. The Reform party were then *par excellence* 'the party of purity,' and remained so without impeachment until they attained power. So soon as they had possession of place and power, the poisoned chalice was commended in turn to their lips, and it does not become them now to be too virtuously indignant when another Opposition retorts in kind, following the example set by its predecessors. The Reform party made professions out of office it is powerless to make good now that it is in office. In Opposition, the leaders and members of it were not above making mountains of corruption out of molehills chiefly thrown up by active imaginations; and, therefore, they ought to submit to similar treatment now that their turn has arrived. When in Opposition they bore the banner of purity and laid down the law on all delicate questions of political ethics; the law is now turned against themselves and their banner is fouled by the foe. They may moralize with the lyric poet, *eheu! quam temere in nosmet legem sancimus iniquam*, but they should have thought of that before, and not grow indignant now. In short, to get rid of a disagreeable topic, it must be admitted that both sides are to blame. Upon Ministers and ex-Ministers, Reformers and Conservatives alike, must

rest the reproach of having, only for the time let us hope, made of our Parliament if not the rival of Western State legislatures in reckless *abandon*, at least a faint shadow of the demonstrative chamber which assembles at Versailles. Our hon. member~ have not yet advanced to the shaking of fists, but they ought to remember that foul language is the forerunner of threats and blows. Hitherto, save in times of wild excitement, the conduct of our representatives has been almost beyond reproach, and it is sincerely to be lamented by all who love Canada and are grieved by anything that can tarnish her honour or dignity, that such scenes as those to which we have referred should have been enacted in our Parliamentary arena, for reasons so paltry, and in controversies so unworthy of our statesmen and so degrading to the credit and reputation of the Dominion. The more so, when to the humiliation every Canadian must have felt when perusing the reports of these unseemly altercations, there is added the bitter reflection that they are the price paid for no boon to the Dominion,—the painful, but inevitable result of no attrition of opposing principles, worthy of the name, but simply an ugly and venomous struggle between the parties for place and power.

The requiem of 'Canada First' has so often been said or sung by party politicians, that Nationalists have become used to the melancholy crooning, and as a body have begun to feel weary even of their own obsequies. 'Canada First,' in the flesh, resembles in this respect what we conceive to be the feelings of a disembodied spirit permitted, from year to year, to listen to the masses offered for the repose of his soul. The lamentations and regrets of party men over the defunct 'party' were growing monotonous, when Mr. McCallum attempted a diversion the other day by striking Mr. Blake over the prostrate body of Nationalism. So noisy and hilarious was the hon. member for Monck, that his performance resembled nothing so much as the boisterous orgies of a wake, as they are pourtrayed by the comic muse of Erin. Mr. McCallum and his party allies in this matter seem to have forgotten the purpose of 'Canada First.' That purpose was, and still is, not to establish a third political party by the side of the other two, but to infuse a national spirit into the policy of our statesman and people. It is not so much as asked that men should abandon altogether the party to which, from habit more than anything else, they are attached; but only that they should reserve sufficient freedom of thought and action to enable them to sit loose from its entanglements. Unpromising as the effort may have appeared at the outset, it has already been crowned with an unexpected measure of success. The working of the national spirit manifests itself in both parties, in a growing indifference to the trifling concerns of party, in the prevailing impatience of old-time dictation, and, above all, in a readiness to discuss principles and measures upon their merits, without regard to the fate of ministries. It may be readily admitted that the transformation has not yet proceeded far; the majority of our public men still cling to their traditional attachments, preferring to be partisans first and patriots afterwards, or not at all. Yet the National movement retains what it has acquired, and year by year grows in strength aud influence. It knows no backward step; like the tortoise in the fable, its progress may be slow, but, by steady persistence, it cannot fail to win the race. Already there is a notable change for the better in the tone of public utterances on questions of principle, and an independence in the discussion of ministerial policy even by the friends of the Government, unknown until recently. If any one feels disposed to question it, let him examine the Reform journals of the day, especially the abler and more intelligent of them, and he will most frankly admit that there is a sturdy spirit at work which was unknown a decade or less ago. 'Canada First' then is neither dead nor smitten with catalepsy, but working silently yet vigorously in every department of the national life. That this is true, slavish adherents of the old factions are fully aware, and it is their consciousness of its truth which afflicts them with chronic uneasiness, prompting ever and anon the delivery of *oraisons funèbres* over the tenantless grave they have dug for 'Canada First.' Were it otherwise, we should hear less of Nationalism in the party journals; for men do not usually wax angry with the dead. If the movement has fallen still-born, why trouble their practical heads or vex the tranquillity of their souls by continuing to

denounce it? Why, moreover, do they persist in assailing Mr. Goldwin Smith, whom they regard as its hierophant, with a violence and rancour never before employed against any man not in public life, and seldom against those actively engaged in it? Even Sir John Macdonald, the *bete noire* of Gritism, is not abused by the Government organ with a tithe of the scurrility it chooses to pour upon an absent scholar. Why not expend a little of it on Mr. Blake, Mr. Bethune, or any of those public men who are striving to give practical effect to National principles? Simply because it dare not; simply because it has the courage of the bravo, smiting only where it is sure there is no danger of its being smitten in return.

Two motions introduced during the current session sufficiently attest the vitality of 'Canada First.' The first step towards the disintegration of our effete parties is the destruction of patronage in the Civil Service. Mr. Casey's resolution is a move in the right direction, and, sooner or later, will result in the purification of the Augean stable. It is surely time that we, in Canada, were alive to the importance of the subject, when, even in the United States, the paradise of party office-seekers, the President is making an earnest effort to abate the nuisance. It is not at all surprising that neither political party grows enthusiastic over the motion of the member for West Elgin. To oppose it boldly and openly was out of the question, because party men know that the existing system, which they are at pains to maintain and extend, is utterly indefensible from any point of view; they therefore look askance at Civil Service reform, nibble and quibble at it, and resolve in their hearts to stave it off, if possible, to the crack of doom. The Montreal *Herald*, as might have been expected from its wonted independence of tone, repudiates the favorite hack word 'hobby' as applied to Mr. Casey's labors in the cause. That term is one of the rusty weapons' in the armoury of party always at hand to be 'furbished up' whenever a distasteful principle is persistently urged or a crying abuse deftly exposed. The abolition of slavery was Wilberforce's hobby, retrenchment, Burke's, Parliamentary Reform, that of Lord John Russell. William Pitt boasted two hobbies, Catholic Emancipation and Reform, which he rode in turn until his Royal Master ordered him to turn them both out to pasture. Every salutary reform of the last hundred years has been called a 'hobby,' and Mr. Casey's, if its secret enemies choose, may rank in the honorable list. The reason of the natural opposition to any effective reform in the Civil Service is almost too obvious to need exposure. It is only necessary to deprive politicians of the power of rewarding party services by offices, bestowed without regard to fitness, and the zeal of many an unscrupulous adherent will rapidly wax cold. As there are electors who will not vote at all unless they be bribed, so there are party schemers and wire-pullers in every constituency who will not work unless the glittering bait of office be dangled invitingly before their eyes. To lose so potent a political agency as patronage would of itself be an important step towards the emancipation of the country from party thraldom. It is not to be expected that so important a measure as Mr. Casey is prepared to submit, will triumph for some years to come. The champions of the old system cannot attack it overtly; but they will take order that it shall be quietly buried so long as they can do it with safety. It rests with the people to assert themselves in their own case, and to insist upon it that the Civil Service for which they pay so much shall be constituted so as to subserve its ostensible purpose, and that party hacks, good for nothing elsewhere, shall not be quartered upon them and pensioned off with money abstracted from their pockets.

Mr. Devlin's motion on the representative system opens up another 'unsettling question' to the discomfort of all rigid partisans. It is a singular proof of their obtuseness that, notwithstanding the lucid explanatory speeches of Messrs. Blake and Devlin, they have not yet managed to grasp the significance of the proposed reform. Mr. Dymond made a temperate speech on the other side, but since he 'reserved to himself the right to be convinced by argument' he may be regarded, as the old theologians used to say, as still in a salvable state. Yet it is clear that neither he nor the *Globe*, which followed in his wake, has the faintest glimmering of intelligence on the

subject. The unfortunate illness of Mr. Devlin at the beginning of the session, will probably prevent a thorough inquiry at this late date; still the subject is not inexhaustible, and, in any case, documentary evidence may be laid before the House and printed for public information. That such information is sorely needed is abundantly evident. The motion was very properly extended at the suggestion of Mr. Blake; yet, after all, the only system likely to be the subject of investigation is that known as Hare's.

It seems advisable, just now, to show rather what this system is not, rather than what it is; yet it may be well to state that the objects aimed at by Mr. Thomas Hare are not only just and rational but eminently practicable ones. What the present system effects may be illustrated by a sentence or two from Mr. Blake's admirable speech: 'His investigation as to the elections of 1867 convinced him that the Liberal party had a slight popular majority as to the Province of Ontario, and under a system of minority representation would have had a slight majority in the House. Of the eighty-two members who were returned a popular vote would have returned forty-two against forty. As a matter of fact, the return was forty-nine for the gentlemen opposite and thirty-three for the Liberal party.' In short, as the Minister of Justice forcibly urged, 'there was no guarantee that the ruling party in the House was not an absolute popular minority in the country.' Now then, let us briefly examine the claims of this 'best possible' system of popular representation. In the first place, there is no certainty even that the desire of those who cling to majority representation will be fulfilled. If it be answered that in each contested election there is usually a majority for the elected member, we reply in the words of Mr. Dymond:—'They (the House) were all there, not as representatives of the mere constituencies from which they came, but as representatives from the whole country.' If so, why does not the whole country elect or reject them; and how comes it to pass that the majority of the country may be 'represented,' in Mr. Dymond's *bizarre* sense of the term, by members chosen by the minority? Now Mr. Hare's system, the proper name of which is the system of 'personal representation,' makes it certain that the House of Commons will be the exact reflex of the nation, and that every elector in it will be represented by some one for whom he voted, not misrepresented by some one else whom he opposed. The *Globe* claims that the right of the minority to representation has not been proved. Does it stand in need of proof? Is it not tacitly admitted when it is urged that they are virtually represented by somebody sitting for another constituency? If that be true, why should not a member of that minority vote directly for the man who is supposed to represent him at present by the most transparent of fictions? In this connection the *Globe* brings forth one of its 'rusty weapons.' It alleges that at the bottom of the proposed system there lurks a 'fundamental fallacy'—a favorite expression with other people besides our contemporary when they are unable to dislodge an opponent. In this case the fallacy consists in assuming that the minorities have 'an inherent and indefeasible right to direct representation.' This 'fallacy' seems so atrocious to the *Globe* as almost to merit the term 'fundamental falsehood.' Perhaps it is; but then that is exactly one of the things which Mr. Hare does not assert. He claims no inherent, indefeasible right even to the franchise, much less to representation; but he does contend on indisputable grounds, that it is a mockery to enfranchise any one and then virtually to disenfranchise him again, because he happens to be in the minority—and that as clearly and effectually as if it had been done by act of Parliament. Why should a Conservative living in a strongly reform constituency, vote, election after election, for his party candidate there, knowing well, perhaps during the whole of his adult life, that, for all practical purposes he might as well be without a vote at all? Who represents him, pray? The Reform member? Certainly not, for so far as his vote and influence went they were exerted against that member. A Conservative somewhere else? Then why should he be prevented from placing his vote where, instead of being lost, it would be available for the purpose every one has in view when he records a vote?

Even this does not exhaust the fallacies, and we have not far to go before receiving the grand *coup* from 'hobby,' the great sword Excalibur of our contemporary.

'This goes,' it would appear, 'upon the most absurd and untenable ground that the minority is a unit as well as the majority.' Now if the *Globe* knew anything at all about Mr. Hare's system, it could never have penned this sentence, for the exact reverse is the truth. That system regards neither the majority nor the minority as a unit, but as being made up of units, each of them being an individual, who thinks for himself and would vote, not for the nominee forced upon him, whether he likes him or no but for the man of his choice, or at any rate, some man of whose principles and character he approves. It is of the very essence of 'personal representation' that it recognizes only one unit—the individual man between whom and the exercise of the franchise it permits no officious party mediator. It is the party system, with its devices of wire-pulling caucus and intrigue, which makes of both the existing parties a unit in the same sense as a flock of driven sheep may be termed a unit. Some new light is thrown upon the subject of 'hobbies' by the assertion that they are peculiarly characteristic of the minority. Prohibition is a 'hobby,' according to our contemporary, and yet its advocates are, for the most part, Reformers, and we suppose the *Globe* would contend that they form the majority. Majority and minority, in the article referred to, have in fact an equivocal meaning, sometimes being used to signify the parties respectively in power and in opposition, and elsewhere to signify sections of either or both parties riding 'hobbies,' which are or are not kept well in hand, and even national fractions of a party, united merely by the accident of birth. It is urged as a fatal objection to 'personal representation', that each of these fractions of the community could then if it chose be represented according to its numbers. Supposing that to be the case, what harm would be done? Would it not be a simple piece of justice? Take the Irish Roman Catholics of Ontario for example, who are in a chronic state of discontent on this subject. Under Mr. Hare's system they could only expect such influence as their numbers would entitle them to exert, and would probably exert much less, because a respectable number, perhaps a majority of them, would prefer the triumph of particular measures or opinions to the claims of nationality. Individual Irishmen, of course, could do as they pleased, but the body could no longer blame the parties with denying a rightful share in the representation, because the remedy would be in their own hands. And the same is true of the Prohibitionists and all other 'hobby' riders. The 'personal' system has no magic at its command by which to transform a minority into a majority, as Mr. Matthew Cameron once appeared to suppose; on the contrary, its chief purposes are, first, to make sure that what appears to be a majority in the Legislature is really a majority, and secondly, that every individual voter should be represented in fact and not constructively by a figment of the imagination. The argument in proof of the opinion that 'the decision of the majority, when fairly ascertained'—which, by the way, it never is under the existing system—'should determine the national action' is a work of supererogation, for who ever disputed the proposition? What the advocates of personal representation desire is to ensure that the majority shall be 'fairly ascertained.' Of a piece with that is the fatuous *argumentum ad ignorantiam*, that if you represent minorities in Parliament, they must be represented proportionately in the Cabinet! Surely the *Globe* has not forgotten that a minority is now represented in the House of Commons; does it seriously believe that Sir John Macdonald and Dr Tupper are entitled to seats in the present Administration?

The reasons why the leaders of party are opposed to 'personal representation' lie on the surface. It would at once and forever put an end to the trade of the political dictator, with his aides, wirepullers, and other assistant schemers. There would be freedom of candidature and freedom of choice for the elector. Parties would continue to flourish, no doubt, much as they do under the existing system; but their tactics and their management would undergo a beneficent reformation. No elector would be obliged either to vote with his party for a candidate he disliked and perhaps despised, or to support the nominee of the other side. As matters stand at present, he is often compelled to do one or the other, unless he prefers to lose his vote altogether. Under the Convention system, as it used invariably to be and still is, to some extent,

even the delegates are not free agents, and have no more real power of choice than the members of the Electoral College in the United States. Either a candidate is sent to them with a *congé d'élire* somewhat similar to that issued to a Dean and Chapter by the Royal authority in England, the meetings nominating delegates being often packed, oftener still taken by surprise; or the Conventions are manipulated by crafty intriguers: the result often is that even the majority is not 'fairly represented.' In this City, more than once, Reformers have been heard to protest against the nomination made by their leaders, but in vain. To them it was the choice of Hobson, 'this man or none,' and, in the end, they were wheeled into line and constrained to vote reluctantly for the man they would never have voluntarily chosen. Such abuses of political influence and authority as these would be impossible under the proposed scheme, and it would have the further advantage of preventing the exclusion of valuable men on either side the House, by the caprice of a small majority or plurality in single constituencies. It is to be hoped that the entire subject will receive careful and intelligent consideration next Session; meanwhile it may be as well to warn the newspaper reader against the idle attacks of those who know nothing of the 'personal system,' and are equally unacquainted with its logical basis and the method of its practical operation.

The annual debate on the Tariff was exceedingly flat and tedious. It is perhaps going too far to allege, as the Government journals have done, that Sir John Macdonald is not in earnest in his advocacy of a National fiscal policy; but he has certainly afforded some ground for the insinuation. Nobody knew better than the right hon. gentleman that the crucial vote, if it had been taken on his amendment to the resolution to go into Committee of Ways and Means must necessarily have been a party division. It could only be construed as a motion of non-confidence; indeed the amendment bears upon its face the proof, either that Sir John was unfortunate in phrasing it, or was careless whether he attracted support or repelled it. No adherent of any Government could be reasonably solicited to vote for a motion which declared—'That this House regrets that the financial policy submitted by the Government increases the burthen of taxation on the people, without any compensating advantage to Canadian industries' and so on. The occasion was inopportune, as Mr. Wood must really have felt when he introduced his amendment to the amendment; because, although it does not launch forth into the bold and bald censure of the Opposition leader, it could not help being in some sort, a motion of want of confidence. To resolve 'that the interests of the country would be better served' by a policy essentially different from that deliberately adopted by the Government, is surely tantamount to declaring that the Government policy does not deserve the confidence of the country. It was Mr. Wood's misfortune that he could hardly have framed his amendment in a more acceptable way; but the fact that Messrs. Blain and John Macdonald of Centre Toronto were unable to give it their support, is a sufficient proof that the one motion, from a party point of view, was only less objectionable than the other.

The debate was a very dreary one from the beginning, and it is certainly not our intention to pursue its course even in outline. Had the motion been a substantive motion—introduced without any ulterior party objection as the affirmation of a principle, the turn of the debate and the result of the divisions might have been different. Over the entire discussion there hovered a suspicion of insincerity on one or both sides. The arguments were stale and trite, the temper of the House was listless and languid, and the result, in consequence, eminently unsatisfactory to every lover of his country. Even the platitudes of Mr. Mills were refreshing to read, in comparison with the residue of the debate, because, whatever may be said of his reasoning, he was at least in earnest. Generally speaking, the reverse was the case with the purely partisan speakers. They either sheltered themselves under the form of the motion, opposing it whilst they were strong adherents of the principles it enunciated, or making *ad captandum* appeals in its favour with a view of laying up political capital against the day of reckoning. The election which is, in any case, not far distant, looms up before the politician's vision, magnified by

the mists of distance amid which the prospect of office, like a mirage of the desert, allures from afar. Mr. Wood's amendment attracted all the support that could be hoped for, considering that it was open to the objection already alluded to, that, although more gently phrased, it equally with Sir John Macdonald's was clearly a motion of non-confidence. Had the leader of the Opposition proposed a substantive motion, couched in language less hostile to the Administration, the division-list would have showed a more favourable result. Perhaps that would not have fulfilled the right hon. gentleman's strategic purpose, but it would certainly have been infinitely more satisfactory, not merely to the Canadian interests primarily concerned, but to the electorate as a whole. Mr. Wood's amendment was negatived by a vote of one hundred and nine to seventy-eight—a majority of thirty-one, being a gain of thirteen over the vote taken a year ago, notwithstanding the defection of a number of Government supporters.

It is far from our intention to attempt an outline of a debate which was barren and uninstructive throughout; yet it may be well to make a few remarks on the laboured speech of the Hon. Mr. Mills. The Minister of the Interior appears still to labour under the delusion that political economy is an exact science, the cardinal principles of which are as certain and universal in their application as those of natural philosophy. In Europe, especially on the Continent and in an increasing degree from year to year in England, the disciples of Adam Smith, Ricardo, and Mill are beginning to understand that only a small portion of their so-called science is deserving of the name. Where man is a factor in the calculation, there can be no universal truths predicated with sufficient certainty to be an infallible guide either in government or in social life. To lay down with *ex cathedrâ* positiveness a fiscal policy from the text-books, supposed to be adaptable to all times and places, is as irrational as to frame a constitution with a similar purpose. Even the Hon. Mr. Wells, who is 'the guide, philosopher, and friend' of Mr. Mills, has sagacity enough to perceive that, in economical matters, it is wise to be content with moulding and applying axioms to the needs and circumstances of a particular community, instead of attempting the impossible task of stretching every country upon the Procrustes' bed of *à priori* doctrinairism. The Minister of the Interior repeats the saws of the elder economists as glibly as if they were indisputable and irrefragable principles, like the laws of Newton and Kepler. The diversion of capital and labour from their natural channels is one of the mischiefs denounced by Mr. Mills, without the slightest regard to the fact that Canada, in regard to capital and labour, differs *toto cœlo* from England, and that no uniform maxims can be applied to both, without serious modification. Moreover, capital and labour are not, in fact, transferred so readily as Mr. Mills and his mentors seem to imagine. The one is, of course, more fluid than the other; yet even it has a tendency to flow in fixed channels from which it is not easy to divert it. In the case of labour, especially skilled labour, in a new country bordered upon by a much larger community, speaking the same language, the diversion seldom or never takes place. The printer, the sugar refiner, the tobacco manufacturer, and the cotton-spinner have learned their trades in many cases across the frontier or the ocean, and if their occupation be taken away, they do not turn farmers or carpenters on that account. Instead of abandoning their trades, they abandon the country, and, in the long run, capital follows them. It is not, therefore, a choice between the employment of capital and labour in a more or less advantageous way, but the more important one for a new country like ours, whether we shall surrender both agents in production to the United States, or enjoy them ourselves—whether we shall attract or repel them. When a publisher discovers that the Imperial copyright laws prevent his branch of business being remunerative, he does not change his trade and employ his capital in another way; he simply transfers the seat of his operations to the other side of the lines; his capital is employed elsewhere, and those engaged in paper-making, printing, and book-binding here suffer proportionately. It is hardly necessary again to expose the fallacy that a fair measure of protection to a number of manufacturing interests is afforded at the expense of the community. That is never the case, unless the protection be extravagant, and even then, unless a monopoly were guaranteed

to the manufacturer, competition would soon reduce prices to their normal level.

Mr. Mill's reference to the opinions of Sir Alexander Galt was particularly unfortunate, because it makes evident his entire ignorance of contemporary opinion in his own country, indeed, of any recent views upon the subject he discusses, except those of Hon. Mr. Wells—a foreigner discussing it from a foreign standpoint. If the hon. gentleman will take the trouble to read Sir Alexander's letter to the Hon Mr. Ferrier, dated the 6th Sept., 1875—and he will find it in Morgan for 1876—he may probably learn what egregious mistakes he has made. In that letter, the Minister of the Interior will discover the reasons why the ex-Finance Minister had felt constrained to modify his opinions. To one who imagines that the maxims of economists are stereotyped truths like the orthodox doctrines of religion or the axioms in Euclid, any alteration of opinion or policy which seems necessary under altered circumstances, appears to be an evidence of instability or want of consistency. Hence Mr. Mills imagines that he has disposed of Sir Alexander's matured views on our fiscal policy by balancing against them earlier utterances on the same subject. Even if this were a legitimate process in argument, the views of 1875, which remain settled convictions now, should be preferred, and, if capable of refutation, should be answered. That our new Minister is quite capable of replying to the letter without having read it, we entertain no doubt; still it would perhaps be as well, before again referring to Sir A. T. Galt, if he took the trouble to cast his philosophical eye over it. Two minor results of having omitted to do so hitherto may be noted. Sir John Macdonald had stated that he was 'a free trader in the abstract,' whereupon Mr. Mills professed ignorance of the meaning of the phrase, as it was natural that a believer in the plenary inspiration of Smith and Mill should do. In the letter of Sir Alexander Galt, he will find a definition of it, which is by no means so 'metaphysical as to be beyond his comprehension.' Then again the member for South Ontario was credited with the invention of the term 'modified free trade,' which was Sir Alexander Galt's own; and, as for the sense in which it was used, Mr. Mills will discover that he has made another blunder. The Minister of the Interior possesses many sterling qualities which command respect, but his mind unfortunately is not plastic enough when he comes to deal with the involved and complex elements of human society. Whether the responsibilities of office will enlarge his views and give spring and elasticity to his intellect remains to be seen. The progress of public opinion on trade questions is too obvious to be ignored. Last year the unpatriotic policy could boast a majority of fifty-five. It then dwindled to forty-six, and this year has sunk to thirty-one. The Ministers of Finance and the Interior may well ponder over these figures, because they forebode shipwreck to the Government, unless it shows some disposition to meet, half-way, the wishes of the people and the needs of the time. The later stages of the discussion have been protracted because of the bereavement which came, suddenly and unexpectedly at the last, upon the Premier. It is a melancholy evidence of the pitiless burden which rests upon our public men, that Mr. Mackenzie should have been denied the privilege of waiting upon his brother in sickness or even looking upon him again in life. Yet so urgent was the pressure of public business, so indispensable the presence of the Premier at Ottawa, that until the solemn voice of death had been heard, he could not venture to abandon the post of duty. We can only add our feeble tribute of sympathy to that universally felt and expressed by the entire community.

The Minister of Justice has introduced a large number of bills amending, or rather extending the scope of the Criminal Law. Some of these ought to have been on the statute-book years ago, and as there is not likely to be any serious discussion upon them, reference to them in detail is not requisite. Mr. Dymond introduced a Bill, which was afterwards withdrawn, to allow 'persons charged with crime to give evidence as witnesses for the defence.' With the object of that measure we must confess to some sympathy. That gross injustice often results from the established system of criminal procedure is beyond question. In cases where there is a clear *animus* in the private prosecutor, colouring and distorting every unfavourable circumstance, or where the most damaging evidence is that of one

witness only, fortified by concomitant facts which may admit of ready explanation, or under many other conditions which a student of criminal jurisprudence will have no difficulty in suggesting, it seems a great hardship that the lips of the only man who could clear up the mystery and probably free himself from the *onus* of the charge, are closed, although he has really the most lively interest in the issue. Unfortunately, the very fact that he has so vital a stake in the issue constitutes the chief obstacle in the way of an alteration in the law. The pressing temptation to perjury, to which Mr. Blake referred, suggests no imaginary mischief which may result from it. Moreover, if a prisoner be sworn, he must be open to cross-examination, and then there is but a short step to the French system of interrogation, so distasteful to Englishmen. Then again, an innocent man may really suffer more, in the end, than the cool and self-contained criminal. If he declines to submit to examination, jurors will be apt to regard that as *primâ facie* evidence of guilt; if he submits to the ordeal, he may be badgered and brow-beaten until he shows signs of that confusion which is vulgarly supposed to be an unequivocal evidence of guilt. The subject is confessedly a delicate one to deal with; perhaps it cannot be settled satisfactorily one way or the other; yet in endeavouring to strike a balance between the existing system and that proposed by the member for North York, we are reluctantly constrained to pronounce for the former.

The Senate has been enlivening the sluggish current of its torpid life by an animated outburst of self-assertion, which was as vigorous as it was unexpected. The general effect upon the public may probably be expressed by a slight amendment of Lady Macbeth's exclamation—'who would have thought the old men to have had so much blood in them?' It cannot be said that the majority of the Senate had no cause for the expression of their displeasure; on the contrary, we think they had ample justification for it. Since Mr. Mackenzie assumed the reins of power, there has been a majority in the Senate opposed to the Administration. This, of course, was to have been expected under the circumstances, but unless serious embarrassments arise from this cause, it ought to be a subject of congratulation rather than complaint. The only chance of any liveliness in the somniferous atmosphere of the Upper Chamber must lie in an opportunity for the display of pugnacity. Rip Van Winkle, in mortal combat with a brother Dutchman, would never have been lulled into that prolonged slumber on the Catskills; and it is certain that if the Senate be merely a registry of enactments by the Commons, its members will, before long, sink into a state of coma from which there will be no awaking. The Premier, in asking for the three or six new Senators, whose appointment is contemplated in the twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh sections of the British North America Act, desired something in the nature of a *coup d' état*. It may be very desirable in the eyes of a Minister to have a majority in both Houses, but that is no reason why he should invoke a provision obviously made for political crises, when no emergency has arisen. Even in 1832, although William IV had finally yielded to the demand of Grey and Brougham that he should create peers, he was spared in the end from being forced into a step which was most distasteful to him, by the prudence of some of the recalcitrant Lords. But no English Premier has ever thought of adding to the Upper House, merely to obtain an ordinary party majority. Every Whig government which has been in power during the century has been in a minority in the House of Lords, and yet not even the wildest Radical ever suggested new creations in order to bring the House into accord. It may be true, as the Hon. Mr. Brown remarked, that the analogy between the Senate and the House of Lords is an imperfect one, yet, for the question at issue, it is sufficiently exact. Indeed the Senate is not likely to maintain a settled political complexion for so long a time as the House of Lords. In the latter, party views as well as patrician honors are hereditary, although there are of course exceptions; but the Senate is in a state of perpetual flux and flow, and cannot long be one-sided, unless a particular party, by its long term of office, makes it so, and, in that case, if no extraordinary crisis arise, it is better to let time be the healer, instead of invoking the extraordinary powers contemplated by the statute. It appears to us that these clauses were a great mistake. They were intended to remove one possible source of trouble,

but may easily cause another. Suppose Mr. Mackenzie, by discounting the future, were to obtain a majority in the Senate, and then be ejected from office at the expiration of a year or so. His successor would be powerless to remedy, on his own behalf, the very same grievance which vexes Mr. Mackenzie; for until six vacancies had occurred, even the Crown could do nothing for him. It is also worthy of notice that similar difficulties would arise were the Senate elected, as we know from the history of the United States, and then there could be no remedy. Certainly our Senators were quite justified in censuring the course of the Government; nothing has occurred to justify the attempt to swamp the majority, and it will be time enough to make it when a serious emergency shall have arisen.

Two judgments lately delivered in our Courts deserve fuller attention than can be given to them here on the present occasion. We refer to the decision of the Supreme Court in the Charlevoix case, and to that of the Ontario Court of Appeal, on the copyright question in Smiles v. Belford. By the former it was authoritatively decided in the highest Court of the land, that clerical intimidation, or, as the judgment terms it, undue influence, is an offence against the election law sufficiently flagrant to void the election of any candidate on whose behalf it is employed. The Hon. Mr. Langevin owed his return for Charlevoix to the illegal exertions of five clergymen whose names are set forth in the judgment, and was unseated in consequence. The semi-ecclesiastical law of Judge Routhier, and the specious but scarcely ingenuous pleadings of the *Globe*, have thus been dissipated in the clear light of judicial scrutiny. It would not become us to revert to the consistent and unwavering line of argument always maintained in these pages; yet it is satisfactory, considering the dogmatic positiveness of the Quebec hierarchy and its Ontario backers, to see it definitively settled that the influence of the clergy in elections, put forth from altar or pulpit, is as contrary to law as it is repugnant to the eye of reason and common-sense. Henceforward it must be understood that clerical intimidation only differs from other forms of intimidation by being more heinous and offensive than any of them.

In the Chancery suit of Smiles v. Belford finally adjudicated upon by the Court of Appeal, a clear case has been made out for an immediate application to the Imperial Parliament. Mr. Justice Burton's judgment against the publishing firm leaves no doubt that the Act of 1842, as subsequently amended, is in full force in the Colonies, and that nothing our Parliament may do can vary or affect its provisions. Canadians are at the mercy of the American publisher, to whom, so far as they are readers, they are sold or thrown into the bargain, like a flock of sheep. There is no pretence that the British author cannot obtain adequate protection either by the imposition of a royalty on the sales, or on each edition. Indeed he is actually a loser by the prevailing system, from which also the publishing business of Canada, with all the trades employed in connection with it, suffers heavily. Here is a case in which foreigners are actually protected against this country; for the American publisher is the only gainer, and although he holds no copyright in his country, he actually owns one here. At the same time Canadian interests are totally disregarded, and our publishers, who are quite willing to pay the author of any works they may desire to reprint, are obliged to open printing offices at Rouse's Point or somewhere else across the border, employ foreign workmen and foreign paper, and then import their books for sale within the Dominion. The Messrs. Belford have acted with spirit in testing the question thoroughly, and we only venture now to express the hope that Mr. Blake, who has done so much for Canadian self-government already, will bring his great abilities, as well as the weight of his official influence, to bear upon this serious grievance.

The result of the Presidential struggle in the United States was no longer a matter of doubt from the moment the Electoral Commission, by a strictly partisan vote of eight to seven, refused to go behind the State certificates. It then became evident that Hayes would be declared elected, notwithstanding gigantic frauds in Louisiana and Florida, clearly and conclusively proved by the Congressional Committees. That the Republican candidate was not legitimately elected is as certain as any fact depending on human testimony can possibly

be, and he certainly would never have been inaugurated had a searching scrutiny of the returns been made, But although President Hayes owes his election to fraud, the people were so wearied by the suspense, and business interests have suffered so severely, that the result has been received with general acquiescence. The declarations of Mr. Hayes, both before and at his inauguration, were eminently satisfactory and reassuring to all parties, especially in the South. In constituting his cabinet, the new President's aim appeared to be eminently conciliatory. Messrs. Evarts and Schurz especially were favourably known as liberal Republicans opposed to Gen. Grant's Southern policy, and Postmaster General Key had been a prominent Confederate. Moreover, Mr. Hayes had, of set purpose, separated himself from the Grant connection and its unsavoury memories. No member of the late Cabinet was solicited to retain his portfolio, and the Chandlers, Mortons, Camerons, and Blaines were left out in the cold. With regard to the South, Mr. Hayes announced his determination to remove the National troops, and openly favoured the claims of Nicholls and Hampton to the Governorships of Louisiana and South Caroline respectively. He has now appointed a Southern Commission to investigate the rival claims of the parties—a step which appears to have revived the distrust of the people in the disputed States. They are beginning to fear that the insinuation that Mr. Hayes was wanting in inflexibility of will was too well founded. At the present time there are grave apprehensions of an armed outbreak in the South; but it is to be hoped that the same calm spirit of forbearance which has hitherto preserved the Union from turmoil and bloodshed may endure until the deadly legacy left by the rebellion ceases to vex the peace of the Republic.

As spring approaches the Russo-Turkish difficulty again appears to assume menacing proportions. The protocol submitted by England, though rejected by Turkey, has been assented to by Russia, but only with modifications Lord Derby refuses to admit, unless the Czar orders previously the demobilization of his army. Turkey having enacted the farce of a Parliamentary meeting, with a Royal speech, appears determined to make an obstinate stand upon that embodiment of false pretence. There are rumours of fresh outrages in Bulgaria, Macedonia, and Albania. The preparations for war are being hastily urged forward, and, as spring advances, there is too much reason to fear that the mask will be thrown aside by both the diplomatic mummers, and the quarrel submitted at last to the dread arbitrament of the sword.

March 23rd, 1877.

# BOOK REVIEWS.

TEN YEARS OF MY LIFE. By the Princess Salm-Salm. Detroit: Belford Brothers, 1877.

Whatever faults this work may contain, and it is far from faultless, it is decidedly readable. It is probable that before the book is laid down, a doubt will have flitted across the reader's mind more than once as to the absolute reliability of all the statements it contains, and we have, certainly, neither time nor inclination to sift or test their accuracy. But for all that, the book is written in an easy manner, and the author carries her readers through some stirring scenes, in which, by her own account, she herself bore a sufficiently stirring part. Perhaps the earlier parts of the work, where she depicts camp-life near the Potomac, and the exigencies of recruiting agents at New York, when the War of the Secession was becoming increasingly serious, are the most interesting. Some of the touches are very graphic, and carry us, as it were, directly to the spot and time pictured. The irregularity of the mail delivery during the war is forcibly brought to our notice by the incident of her having received sixteen of her husband's letters at one time, rather an embarrassing pile of correspondence to answer. There is a good deal of quiet humour shown sometimes, as, for example, when after describing the clamorous devotion of the Baldwinites, who 'fought the devil' on stated nights next door to their lodgings, she adds that they 'afterwards always went out on those evenings.' That she can appreciate an enemy's good qualities is evidenced by the description that she gives of the humiliated, yet dignified bearing of the Southerners, driven by stress of need to enter the Federal Camp on the Tennessee in search of such necessities as salt. But the shade of suspicion drops over the reviewer's countenance when he finds the Princess gravely, and on two distinct occasions, giving graphic accounts of how she rode on the cow-catcher of a locomotive, comparing it to a high-trotting horse, and eulogising it for the absence of smoke and dust!

The method apparently in vogue in the States during the war, of ladies pestering high public officials for regiments or general's commissions for their husbands, must have been completely subversive of all proper departmental work, and, if we could believe the account our author gives of it, would draw down well merited odium on many names which are yet admired by our neighbours.

The second of the three subdivisions into which the work naturally ranges itself, treats of the author's life in Mexico, which might have been made the most interesting part of the whole book, but which, to our taste, is the poorest. The peculiar mode of travelling, with eight mules, harnessed by two, four, and two, and driven by a picturesque coachman aided by a small boy, who enforces his master's orders by well aimed stones, viciously directed at the erring quadrupeds, is hit off in an amusing fashion. But the accounts of the intrigues and difficulties which ended in the death of Maximilian are not well told. The writer is kept too prominently in the foreground; she never forgets her own personality, and although she disclaims any idea of *writing* history, she appears, at her own telling, to have no objection to *making* it. We cannot help commending the proverbial grain of salt to be taken with these *contes*. It is highly improbable, to say the least, that the Austrian Envoy would have let a scion of the Imperial family be sacrificed for lack of a few paltry coins of bribe money to administer to his guards, and if he objected to sign a cheque for the amount lest he should be implicated in the plot, he might surely have found other less dangerous ways of raising the money. Throughout these delicate negotiations, the Princess, even by her own showing, and while apparently under the delusion that she was hoodwinking Liberal leaders and Generals right and left, was evidently no match in cunning for the cool men of Spanish-Indian blood, and was completely countermoved and outwitted in all her plottings.

The opening scenes of the third part of the book are intensely stupid, more egotisical than ever, and snobbish to boot. It surely cannot concern the ordinary reader that the Princess 'met Baron von B—,' or that 'the Queen wanted to see Lieut. Colonel von G. and us next day,' or still less that 'the father of the fair bride led me to dinner which was splendid,' leaving us in doubt whether it was the dinner or the peculiar circumstance of her being taken to it that pleased her so. And thus it goes on for several chapters about our 'dear Queen,'

and our 'noble King,' and the names, dates, and hours of breaking up of all the balls she attended at Berlin and Coblentz, generally without further detail than that she 'danced every set with old and young' (which formula appears more than once), 'and made herself as amiable as she could!' On one occasion, the Chinese Embassy showed her respect at a concert by attempting to feed her (she was in the row in front of them) with ice cream from their 'own spoon,' (query, had they only one among them). She refers to this as a 'ludicrous calamity,' and directly afterwards as a 'highly interesting ceremony;' perhaps, however, she calls the concert a ceremony; if so, it is the first time we ever heard one so named.

The Princess's style is, at times, as in the preface, inclined to 'spread-eagle.' 'The genius of the age looks smilingly from its sunny height upon flying superstition, carrying tyranny on its back.' *Diplomast* can hardly be chargeable to the printer, and to write *Cazadores* for Cacadores is to sacrifice orthography to the principles laid down by that radical rewspaper known as the 'Fonetik Nuz,' (Anglice 'Phonetic News'). Some errors are attributable to the Princess having spoken much in foreign tongues; we know what it means to say a lady is *passée*, but refuse to recognise the phrase 'rather past.' To foreign construction, too, we are indebted for this sweet sentence: 'He had scarcely so much a month as cost sometimes one dinner at his brother's.' And lastly, *are* we to believe that the rules of the Catholic Church were suspended in favour of Princess Salm-Salm, when she gravely assures us that 'Monsignore himself *conferred on me the distinction of celebrating*, assisted by one priest, a private mass, on the grave of St. Peter.'

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TRIED, TESTED, PROVED. THE HOME COOK BOOK. Compiled from recipes contributed by ladies of Toronto and other cities and towns. Published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

Since man must eat in order to live,—and what he eats has no little bearing on how he lives,—and since no 'higher education of women' is complete without a competent knowledge of housekeeping, it is well that our infant literature should include a Canadian Cookery Book. The present is, we believe, the first appearance of the kind, and should be duly welcomed. It comes out in a neat and tasteful dress,—as a feminine book should,—is very clearly printed, and is published for the benefit of the Hospital for Sick Children,—all which attractions should help to secure it a favourable reception. The recipes, which are the main feature, we cannot yet say we have 'tried, tested, and proved;' but we have feminine authority for saying that they 'look good,' and the names of the ladies who furnish them is a guarantee for their excellence. But it strikes us there is rather an *embarras de richesses*, in having occasionally a confusing number of recipes for the same dish, when one or two good ones would have sufficed. And how is it that in a Canadian Cookery Book we look in vain for a recipe for 'strawberry short-cake,' which is such a favorite institution with our neighbours? We should have liked, also, to have seen a little more space devoted to sick-room cookery, one of the most important branches of the culinary art. Also, there might have been, with advantage, added to the remarks on luncheons, dinners, &c., some words on the important matter of children's dinners, a subject on which a few judicious hints are by no means unnecessary, and to which a good deal of attention has been paid of late in some English family newspapers. In a second edition, however, the book could easily be made more complete in these departments. The preliminary remarks on House-keeping, Table Service, &c., are sensible and useful, though occasionally, we think, unnecessarily detailed, and going a little too much into the A, B, C, of social deportment. For instance, is it necessary to tell any one who is likely to 'dine out,' that 'asparagus should not be touched with the fingers,' and that 'fish is eaten with the fork'? Some of the remarks, too, on 'social observances' are rather curious. Thus, we are told that 'unmarried ladies do not give their hands in salute to any but gentlemen relations,' and that when ladies *do* condescend to give the hand, 'the gentleman respectfully presses it without shaking.' However, perhaps no book on social etiquette ever appeared without containing something absurd, and we are sure that the 'Home Cook Book' will have—as the object for which it is published deserves—a wide circulation. We hope it may realize a large sum for an institution so benevolent and so important as the Hospital for Sick Children.

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MADCAP VIOLET. By William Black. Harper Brothers, 1877.

'Madcap Violet,' notwithstanding its unpromising title, touches higher chords than any former novel of William Black's, since his 'Daughter of Heth,' which we have always thought the most touching of all his stories. His later ones have been too much filled up with 'word painting,' and the mere surface of human life, to be anything better than a recreation for an idle hour. The same remark will apply to much of the present book; still

the characters are more real, and the tragic close makes the simple little history take a firmer hold of the imagination. The scenery is, as usual, inimitably painted; in fact, reading William Black's stories is almost as good as going on a yachting excursion on the west coast of Scotland, so vividly does his pen call up fairy visions of mountain and sea and salt-water loch. The wild mountain and moorland scenery about 'Castle Bandbox,' becomes as real to our vision as to that of the yachting party, and nothing could be more exquisitely drawn than his misty mornings and calm, still moonlight nights at sea. The suburban scenery about London, too, is just as truly and poetically sketched, though the materials are less inspiring.

As to the characters, however, we are not quite so sure, especially the two in the foreground. The minor ones are very well drawn, especially Mr. Miller, who is a very fair portrait of a common type of young Englishman, and whom we can't help being sorry for in the end, much as we have been exasperated by his shallow self-complacency and unblushing worldiness. Mr. Drummond's deeper and more complex nature is hardly so real to us, although now and then we seem to indentify him, in his odd mixture of intense, but controlled feeling and whimsical fancy. He is by far the most interesting personage in the book, even where he is a little vague and shadowy; and we do not share his and his sister's incredulity as to the possibility of Violet's preference. But Violet herself is the least natural character of all, in one particular at least. It is by no means unnatural that an impulsive and irrepressible 'madcap,' as Violet is drawn in the beginning, should be susceptible of love so deep and enduring for such a man as her guardian. But that a young lady so exceedingly candid and outspoken should have allowed a stupid misunderstanding to wreck her own happiness and that of another, when a few words or frank explanation would have cleared it all up, or that she should have made up her mind to a tragic disappearance, as the only way of setting right the complications which distressed her, seems very unlikely,—more unlikely than Mr. Warrener's obstinate adherence to her surmises, when a simple question to either of the two concerned would have settled a matter too important to be left to surmise. This unnaturalness rather spoils the latter part of the story, which, however, in its close is so simply and profoundly touching that we forget all our fault-finding in the pathos of the closing chapter, and take a reluctant farewell of the girl, whose freaks are all obliterated in the devotion of her unselfish, self-sacrificing love.

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THE BASTONNAIS: TALE OF THE AMERICAN INVASION OF CANADA IN 1775-6. By John Lesperance. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

This is emphatically a Canadian story, and, in addition to that, an admirable story in every respect. The author is distinctively an artist, and whether regard be paid to the skilful grouping of his materials, the deft interweaving of history and fiction, or the delicacy of his touch in description, the same felicity is always conspicuous. The crisis which forms the historical background of the story is one of which everybody has heard and read; yet it may be doubted whether its momentous importance in determining the future destiny of this continent is fully realized by those who only glean their notions of it from our ordinary histories. It is no slight tribute to Mr. Lesperance's abilities, to bear testimony to this vivid presentment at once of the chances and the dangers of that brief but eventful invasion. Early in the struggle for American independence, it was clear to the revolutionary leaders, that, to cripple the power of England and to escape an attack in flank, it was necessary to overrun and possess Canada. It was in the latter end of November, 1775, that it first became certain that the rebel army would attempt to emulate the exploit of Wolfe. Montreal had fallen into the hands of the ill-fated Montgomery. Three Rivers, where Sir Guy Carleton made a temporary stand, followed, and so, by rapid marches, the entire country bordering on the St. Lawrence was occupied by the enemy. Montgomery had impressed it upon Congress that 'until Quebec is taken Canada is unconquered.' Most readers know something of Arnold's dreary march from Boston, through the dreary forests of Maine, to the shores of the St. Lawrence—the failure of his ambitious single-handed attack—the junction of his forces with those of Montgomery—the failure of the combined attack, and the death of the intrepid American commander.

Mr. Lesperance has succeeded in constructing an interesting historical tale, in which the facts of history are handled with scrupulous reverence. Evidence of careful and conscientious research are met with in abundance. But he has done more. He has contrived to clothe the dry bones of history with the flesh and blood of humanity, and has breathed into the reconstructed body of the past a fresh and vigorous vitality, which one recognizes as natural and of kin to ourselves.

It may be as well to explain here that the word 'Bastonnais' is a Canadian corruption of Bostonnais or Bostonians, a name by which the rebels were known amongst the *habitans*. Our author is by no means prejudiced against the revolutionary party; on the contrary, he deals with them, as well as with our own peo-

ple, in a generously appreciative spirit. Of Montgomery he speaks in warm terms of eulogy; but although he admires the bravery and strategic ability of Benedict Arnold, the shadow of the perfidy to come seems to be thrown across the scene in advance, casting a sombre gloom over the portraiture of the man who betrayed his country. Mr. Lesperance has a sense of honour too keen and delicate to speak with patience of that treason, still less to mention it, as we have somewhere read, as a 'returning to his allegiance.'

It would be unfair to give even a meagre outline of the imaginative portion of the tale, which gives light, life, and colouring to the whole. The circumstances under which so singular an exchange of lovers took place strike us as strange, and one would almost think that the author is sceptical of abiding constancy in love. Pauline Belmont and Roderick Hardinge appear to have been devotedly attached, and their affection has already survived several rude shocks when Cary Singleton, a noble specimen of the manly rebel, comes upon the scene. Then there is Zulma Sarpy, who appears to have been enamoured of both young men simultaneously, and in the end matters take a very strange turn. This appears to be odd, however, only when the tale is subjected to cold analysis, for the author is so fertile in expedients, and events happen so naturally, that everything seems to be inevitable. Pauline is a sweet girl, the beauties and latent strength of whose character are developed by the storm of adversity. Zulma, however, is the heroine, a noble, fearless, self-reliant maiden, a Gwendolen, differing from George Eliot's in her helpfulness, and in the want of petulence and wrong-headedness.

The author dwells with evident affection upon descriptions of the female character. He is a philogynist in the best sense of the word, and his tender delineations, displaying an intimate acquaintance with his subject, prove that he only can understand the character and idiosyncrasies of woman, who has learned to respect and reverence her. Mention has been made of the author's powers of description, especially of natural scenery. Perhaps the finest example of it is his word-painting of the Falls of Montmorenci. This graphic sketch, with its suggestion of supernatural machinery, reminds us of a firmly drawn and deeply interesting figure, that of Batoche, with his little Blanche, the intrepid recluse of the Falls. This weird old figure, either listening to the roar of the cataract, or extracting through his violin the meaning of its solemn sounds, is unique in character, and so tenderly limned as to be peculiarly attractive. The minor characters we have not space to comment upon, and it only remains to commend the work most conscientiously to our readers, as an ably written and thoroughly attractive Canadian story.

THANKFUL BLOSSOM. By Bret Harte. Illustrated: Toronto, Belford Bros., 1877.

Bret Harte has here taken a 'new departure,' and in so doing has overstepped the limits of ordinary comprehension. It may be that he has soared above it; but, while that is at least questionable, it is certain that he has got beyond it. He has broken new ground by choosing, as the scene of his story, 'The Jerseys,' during the War of Independence, and by leaving the 'rough-diamond' type of miners and adventurers, with whose large hearts and vigorous profanity he has made us familiar, for a group of shadowy last-century personages, whom regard for brevity rather than for accuracy forces us to call characters. 'Thankful Blossom' is grievously disappointing. It opens with one of those clever, clear-cut bits of description which are always charming in Bret Harte's writings, notwithstanding that they are all much of one pattern, and have of late conveyed suspicions of a tricky and monotonous rather than a spontaneous and flexible skill. Nor is there wanting the dry humour and the ready perception of quaint and incongruous detail which are peculiarly his. But pretty description and quiet fun—both very good things in their way- obviously will not suffice for a story, without a connecting thread of interest either in plot or characters. We will not say that 'Thankful Blossom' is lacking in plot. On the contrary, it glories in a superabundance of little plots, leading with much mystery away from one another, and up to nothing in particular. They leave the impression that the author changed his intention at every few pages, without caring to start afresh each time that he did so. The characters have nothing distinctive or positive about them but their names; in two cases there is mystery even about these. All of them suffer from an absence of motive or intention, and from a general vagueness, resulting in painfully jerky and purposeless action. The hero (or the gentleman we venture to suppose the hero) allows Mistress Thankful Blossom to lash him playfully across the face with her whip on the slightest of provocation, and thus to furnish a prominent instance of an artless impetuosity by which that young lady is evidently expected to win the hearts of all readers. Unfortunately she just falls short of the point where faults become virtues. She is silly rather than artless, rude rather than frank; and her general behavior is less coquettish than hoydenish. The sketch of George Washington is one of the few things in the book worthy of Bret Harte. It is marred, however, by the introduction of phantom-like nocturnal wanderings on the part of the Commander-in-Chief, with no apparent purpose but that of compassing one more joke on the threadbare subject of his veracity.

On the whole it is a pity that an author capable of better things should draw so heavily,

by the publication of such a crude and confused story as 'Thankful Blossom,' upon a popularity already somewhat on the wane.

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KATE DANTON; OR CAPTAIN DANTON'S DAUGHTERS: A Novel. By May Agnes Fleming. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

This work is, we believe, from the pen of a compatriot, a daughter of New Brunswick, therefore, following Prior's advice, its readers will no doubt—

> Be to its virtues very kind;
> Be to its faults a little blind.

The story opens in an old-fashioned country-house (in Lower Canada we suppose), whose inmates are two girls, Eeny, and Grace Danton, a poor relative, who plays the part of half mother, half sister to her motherless companion. Rose, Eeny's sister, another member of the household, and a very disturbing element, is absent on a visit. Captain Danton, their father, after leading a nomadic life for many years, suddenly returns to the bosom of his family, with a highly accomplished and beautiful daughter, who has been educated in England, and is the heroine of the story. With them comes a Mr. Richards, a mysterious stranger, an invalid, who is said never to leave his room, and is only seen by the Captain, Kate, and his valet Ogden.

Kate Danton, though a little too superfine, is a most admirable girl, deserving a more worthy lover than the Hon. Lieut. Reginald Stanford, of Stanford Royals, Northumberland, England, younger son of Lord Reeves, a fickle swain who eventually elopes with and marries the piquant Rose, a wicked, but alas! too fascinating little sprite, one of the best drawn characters in the book. Such a marriage could hardly turn out happily, and accordingly Rose meets with retributive justice by being deserted in her turn for some less exacting fair one, and she and her child are rescued from poverty and starvation in a London lodging-house, and are restored to her sorrowing but forgiving relatives in Canada. Here her punishment is completed by the mortification and envy which she feels at the marriage of her sister, Eeny, to Jules La Touche, an old and discarded lover of Rose's, who since his rejection by her has come in to a vast fortune. In the meantime, Kate, having recovered from the loss of her worthless lover, consoles herself with Dr. Frank Danton, Grace's brother, a penniless physician (the best character in the book), who also falls most opportunely into a large fortune.

The mysterious Mr. Richards proves to be Captain Danton's only son, a wild youth, supposed to have been killed in a duel in New York. It seems however, that his opponent had been the victim, and Richards, impelled by remorse and by fear of the terrors of the law, lives hidden away in his father's house, from which he only ventures out at night, accompanied by his devoted sister Kate, whose character for a time suffers much misconstruction in consequence. Eventually, through the unwearied exertions of Dr. Frank, the supposed victim is discovered alive and well in New York, and Harry Danton, thus freed from the imputation of guilt, is restored to the arms of a loving and long-lost wife, and the curtain falls amidst great and general rejoicing.

There are some good points about the book: the plot, though improbable and sensational, is well contrived, the characters are fairly drawn, and there is no lack of interest. The descriptions of Canadian life and scenery, too, are excellent. Notwithstanding these merits, however, Mr. Fleming's novel has nothing in it to place it outside or above the general run of novels of average merit which are poured from the press in a perennial stream, to be read, laid aside, and forgotten. If Mrs. Fleming wishes to leave a permanent impress upon Canadian literature and to make for herself a name therein, she will do well to engage in a profounder study of human nature than she yet appears to have done, to write less, and to take greater pains with what she does write. If, on the other hand, her aim is merely to enable her readers to pass away a few idle hours pleasantly and without fatigue, then novels of the calibre of 'Kate Danton' will very well answer her purpose.

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## BOOKS RECEIVED.

STUDENT-LIFE AT HARVARD. Boston: Lockwood, Brooks, & Co. 1876. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

FRAGMENTS OF SCIENCE; A Series of detached Essays, Addresses, and Reviews. By John Tyndall, F. R. S. Fifth edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

A YACHT VOYAGE. Letters from High Latitudes. By Lord Dufferin; New Edition. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co.

SIDONIE. (Fromont Jeune et Rister Aine). From the French of Alphonse Daudet. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

THE HERITAGE OF LANGDALE. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MAJOLICA AND FAYENCE: Italian, Sicilian, Majorcan, Hispano-Moresque, and Persian. By Arthur Beckwith. With Photo-engraved Illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

LESSONS IN ELECTRICITY. By John Tyndall, D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

THE TURKS IN EUROPE; By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877. Paper.

LE CHIEN D'OR. The Golden Dog. A Legend of Quebec. By William Kirby. New York and Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson, & Co. 1877.

KISMET. No Name Series. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

THE ART OF TEACHING: A Manual for the use of Teachers and School Commissioners. By Frederick C. Emberson, M.A. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

ELI PERKINS (At Large): His Sayings and Doings. By Melville D. Landon. With multiform Illustrations by Uncle Consider. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

# MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AS usual during Lent, theatre-going has diminished considerably, and the audiences at the Grand Opera House during the past month have been much scantier than ordinary. The bill of fare, too, has been of a somewhat lenten character, the only things which call for notice being Boucicault's 'Forbidden Fruit,' given for three nights and a matinée by a New York Company, and Mr. Montague's week's engagement.

'Forbidden Fruit' is an adaptation from the same French drama which supplied the materials for the 'Great Divorce Case,' in which Sir Randall Roberts appeared early in the season. Mr. Boucicault's play is very much the cleverer and more entertaining of the two; indeed, no more amusing performance has been witnessed in Toronto since the Vokes Family appeared last summer. It is a mistake, however, to call that a comedy which is really a farce in three acts; the plot and situations are so wildly absurd as to remove the production altogether out of the category of legitimate drama. A far graver objection is that much of the business of the piece is of a more than questionable description. A fast and vulgar female trapeze performer, whose manners and morals appear to be equally free and easy, exercising the arts and wiles of the demi-monde upon every man, married or unmarried, with whom she comes into contact, is not precisely the kind of spectacle which a wise mother would select for the edification of her unmarried daughters,—unless, indeed, on a principle akin to that acted upon by the old Spartans when they made their Helots drunk. It must be admitted, however, that the dialogue is so exceedingly sparkling and witty, the situations and surprises are so ludicrous, and the whole thing is acted with such unflagging zest and spirit, that the objectionable features are, to a certain extent, kept in the background. Still, the taint is there, and being of the very substance and fibre of the piece, is ineradicable. The best drawn and best acted character is *Sergeant Buster*, said to be a 'portrait in oil' of a well-known member of the London bar. It was played by Mr. Herbert (the English actor who supported Mr. Toole during his visits here last season) with a freedom from exaggeration, an unforced humour, and a lifelike naturalness that made it a really delightful bit of comedy. Next best in artistic merit, was Miss Dickson as the irrepressible *Mrs. Sergeant Buster*. Miss Josie Bailley, as *The Great Zulu*, the Princess of the Trapeze, was also, alas! unquestionably amusing, notwithstanding a good deal of exaggeration. The other characters were all well acted, but do not call for special mention.

'False Shame' and 'Our Idol,' the two principal plays in which Mr. Montague appeared, are both admirable specimens of the modern society drama, and perfectly unobjectionable in every respect. In both, we have simply a modern society novel cut down to the limits of three or four acts. Mr. Montague acted the part of *Jack Beamish*, in 'Our Idol,' naturally, and with a good deal of spirit; but there are many actors who could perform it equally well, and one or two, much better. As *Lord Chilton*, in 'False Shame,' however, Mr. Montague is unapproachable. The impersonation is as unique in its way as the *Dundreary* of Mr. Sothern. There is, however, no real likeness between the two parts. The semi-idiotic, semi-supernaturally-clever nobleman whom Sothern has created, exists nowhere except on the boards of the theatre. *Lord Chilton*, however,—making allowance for some exaggeration and idealization, is a genuine specimen of a by no means uncommon type of young English aristocrat. Miss Wyndham, who accompanied Mr. Montague, is a sister of Mr. Charles Wyndham, the well-known English actor. She appeared in Toronto last season with Mr. Sothern, and is a natural and charming actress in light society parts such as those filled by her during her two visits. Of the other characters in 'False Shame,' the best acted were *Col. Howard* (Mr. Hudson) and the *Earl of Dashington* (Mr. Stokes). The last named actor has greatly improved during the present season. The scene in the third act, where these two badger *Lord Chilton* about his supposed cowardice, was so admirably played as to make it one of the richest episodes in a piece fertile in telling situations.