

THE
MARITIME MONTHLY.

A Magazine of Literature, Science, and Art.

VOL. III.

FEBRUARY, 1874.

No. 2.

OUR BLIND.

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[THE writer of this article begs to acknowledge the most valuable services of C. F. Fraser, Esq., of the Blind Asylum, Halifax, of M. H. Richey, Esq., Secretary of the same Institution, and of Dr. Wiggins, Principal of the Institute for the Blind, Brantford, Ontario, who have all taken great pains in supplying him with information. As he has in many instances adopted whole passages written by these and by other gentlemen, from published reports and communications to himself, without giving credit, he feels that he is liable to a charge of literary piracy. He trusts, however, to the magnanimity of the writers, who will also see that such a course would necessitate the introduction in this article of a large number of foot notes and references. While speaking thus generally, however, he desires especially to acknowledge the aid afforded him from a number of letters on the subject of the education of the blind, written by Mr. Fraser, and published in a Halifax newspaper. He would also state that the scheme proposed for the establishment of a common Blind Institute for the Maritime Provinces was suggested by Mr. Fraser in the letters in question.]

“AND God said, ‘Let there be light and there was light.’”
Such is the brief statement of the first divine mandate for creation and its wonderful fulfilment, and since then millions of eyes have watched the sun bursting through morning mists and have seen the moon shining in the vaulted sky of night. Age after age have children clapped their hands for joy at the rain drops glistening on the leaves beneath the sunbeams, glinting from the rifted clouds, and jaded hearts have felt new life at the sight of nature’s panoramas unfolded far and wide. Age after age have birds fluttered with painted wings among flowers of bright and tender hues, while the gifted hands of genius have fastened on the canvas many visions of ethereal as well as earthly beauty to gladden the eye of man. Perhaps we scarcely pause to think, as we wander

through the fields or up the wooded slopes, or as we stand upon the mountain top, and feast, without an effort, on the thousand pleasing incidents of vision, what a blessed thing it is to see; but were we told that to-morrow we should tread the same soft turf and springing moss and burnished rocks, without the power of sight, the very thought would send a shudder through our frames. And yet within our midst, within our circle of acquaintance, perhaps among our very kindred, there are those whose eyes have never looked upon the world, to whom art and nature, as made known to the brain by vision, are dark and void and meaningless. To them the greater portion of the world is dead, and while their eager fingers learn the forms and features of loving mothers and faithful friends, tender glances and pleasant smiles to them are lost. But this is not the worst, for not only do our poor blind friends feel the absence of the pleasures, which those who see enjoy, but they also know that while others work they are powerless, and the fearful burthen of self-dependency, which every thinking man experiences at least at times, crushes upon their souls with double force in the lonely hours of introspection, when they hear the ticking of the clock, and call to mind that time is passing, that death is nearing, and that their short life will end with scarcely a single project carried out or even properly defined.

Fortunately, however, if it is not within the limits of human skill to remove or alleviate the physical defect, it is possible to enlighten that mental darkness which renders the life of the blind so peculiarly sad, it is within the province of modern educators to teach the eager learner various means of manual usefulness, and guide his genius into many intellectual channels. The same Deity which deprives the sufferer of sight seems indeed to develop his other faculties to a great degree of perfection, and while the sense of touch is, with the blind, delicate to an extent which we can hardly credit, experience seems to teach us that their sense of hearing is unusually accurate and acute. It is our purpose in this article to lay before the public the position and claims of the blind in the Maritime Provinces, not merely to attract attention to a most important topic, but to awaken a lively interest in a scheme which has been suggested for the formation of a common institute to be supported by the public funds and private contributions.

In order to enable the reader to form some idea of the requisites

of such an institution, and of the peculiar advantages which it may be made to offer, it will be both interesting and advisable to trace the origin and growth of the system of instruction generally adopted for the blind. Knowledge may be imparted by two methods, both of which are applicable to those who cannot as well as those who can see. The first or *vivá voce* method, which is obviously the more ancient, is open to two objections, namely: the arbitrary use of modes of expression, due in part to possible want of culture or readiness of the teacher; and the varying aptitude or perceptiveness of the taught, whereby the result must always be to a greater or less degree inaccurate, owing to the indistinct or unsettled statement and comprehension of the idea. Thus it can be readily understood that a pupil who cannot catch the exact terms of a proposition, when uttered orally, and who consequently cannot even attempt to apprehend its solution, may, by careful study of the same proposition, expressed in clear unchanging language, either visible or tangible, eventually arrive at its accurate solution. The second method, which supplies the defects of the *vivá voce* system, is based upon the principle of conveying ideas through fixed characters, to the brain of the seeing by means of the eye, and to that of the blind by means of the sense of touch. Without devoting any extended attention to the history of written language in general—a course which would be somewhat foreign to our present purpose—we may remark that the particular branch of written language which is available for the blind, has its origin at a comparatively recent period. It is terrible to think of the thousands of unhappy beings who sighed their lives away in an almost intellectual chaos before the invention of printing for the especial benefit of those deprived of sight, and the facilities now afforded for the mental culture of the blind should be a source of infinite satisfaction, not only to themselves but also to all true philanthropists. After the invention of printing many attempts were made to render the art available for the blind, several of which are mentioned as occurring in the sixteenth century. Archbishop Usher is said to have been taught to read by two blind aunts by means of movable wooden letters: while in 1640, a printer in Paris named Moreau, cast some movable characters in lead for the blind, but made no progress towards printing books. The following memorandum, furnished by Mr. Robert C. Winthrop to Dr. Howe of the Perkins Institute, is quoted by the

latter as a proof that at about the same period an interesting attempt was made to teach reading by tangible type in New England:—"Memorand: I have heard my Father say, y^t wⁿ they came first into ye country, they brought over an old woman who was Deafe and Blind,—this old woman lived at Ipswich in New England, w^r my Grandfather taught her to understand anything by ye letters cut in wood, and so she felt them."

"The above is copied exactly from a little scrap of paper in the handwriting of John Winthrop, the grandfather of my father. He was the son of Chief Justice Wait Still Winthrop; and the grandfather to whom he refers was John Winthrop, the Governor of Connecticut, son of the first Governor of Massachusetts. The writer of the memorandum was born in Connecticut 16th August, 1681; and died in England 1st August, 1747. He was a member of the Royal Society, and one of the volumes of the transactions of the Royal Society was dedicated to him. His grandfather was one of the first settlers of Ipswich, Mass., in 1632-3, and lived there for several years. I think the memorandum must have been written in England, as it designates Ipswich as in 'New England,' which the writer would hardly have done had he been writing in New England. He was in England from 1726 till his death.

ROBERT C. WINTHROP."

We hear also of letters made tangible by writing with a gummy liquid, and throwing fine sand upon it, which would stick when dry. But we have no clear and reliable account of any endeavours made in Europe to devise a tangible and useful type for the blind earlier than the middle of the last century, when Mr. Weisseberg, a blind man of Manheim, made some attempts in a rude way. But a most interesting account is given of a German girl named Paradis, who was born about the middle of the last century, who early manifested brilliant musical talents, and was carefully instructed, partly by Weisseberg himself. She devised a method of marking musical notes upon cards by pricking them with pins: also one by sticking pins into a large pin-cushion, and feeling the heads. In 1784 Mdlle. Paradis went to Paris and among her acquaintances there, was the celebrated Abbé Haüy. The pin-cushion suggested to the Abbé the idea of producing a book based on the same principle, and he accordingly embossed some stiff paper with large letters and, finding that they could be distinguished by the touch, he sought out some blind children and

taught them to distinguish letters, arithmetical figures, etc. The "Société Philanthropique" was so favourably impressed with his success that, by its efforts, a small building was placed at his disposal with the necessary funds for the support of twelve scholars. The school thus formed seemed, however, to have been badly managed, and in 1790 it was amalgamated with that of the Deaf and Dumb, a union which has never been found beneficial to either class of sufferers: in this instance disputes arose between both masters and pupils of the two departments, which induced the National Convention in 1794 to direct a separation. The school however, although thus separated, appears to have been so poorly directed that the minister of the Interior procured the removal of the pupils to the old establishment of "Quinze Vingts," an asylum for about three hundred blind soldiers. This change was productive of the most demoralizing effects but, after a period of fourteen years, the school was rescued from impending destruction, removed to a separate house and placed under the control of Dr. Guille whose successor, Dr. Dufare, eventually regenerated and obtained for it the liberal patronage of the government and made it the leading Institution on the Continent. Haüy, who seems to have been an extremely poor manager although a great enthusiast in his chosen task, attempted to establish other institutions for the blind in various quarters but without any marked success, although the institutions at Berlin and St. Petersburg are largely indebted to him for their inception. Great Britain has been the last of the European nations to take an active interest in the education of the blind, at least so far as the perfected system of instruction is concerned: about two years since, however, Professor Campbell, a native of the State of Tennessee, U. S., who was educated at the institution of Jacksonville, who also occupied the chair of music in the Perkins Institution for ten years and subsequently studied music at Leipsic, visited London and eventually succeeded in forming there a Normal College for the Blind. The pupils of this college are taught the higher branches of learning and not confined to the mere rudiments while music especially is taught as a real science, and it is confidently expected that a large proportion of the pupils will be enabled to support themselves in comfort on the completion of their courses of study. The first public effort to educate the blind in the United States was made in Boston in the year 1829, by Dr. John Fisher, who, while study-

ing in Paris, had visited the French Institutions; with him was associated the eminent historian Prescott, who was himself partially blind, and other public spirited gentlemen. The result of their efforts was the formation of the world-renowned Perkins Institution. Almost contemporaneously the States of New York and Pennsylvania became interested in the subject and founded similar institutions, and the success of all three awakened an interest throughout the whole of the United States which was largely increased by the exhibition of a portion of the pupils of the Perkins Institution before the Legislatures of seventeen different States. It is now a part of the policy of the Great Republic to provide for the blind a full share of the benefit of instruction, and the Legislatures of thirty-one States make special provisions either for the maintenance of schools at home or for the support of their beneficiaries in the institutions of other States. There are now in the United States twenty-six institutions for the blind which have received in all six thousand four hundred and seventy-six pupils, the number at a recent date actually in attendance being about two thousand and eighteen. The noble example set by our neighbouring cousins has attracted the attention of at least a portion of Canada, and it is to be hoped, that in a very short period, the whole Dominion will appreciate the necessity of adopting a policy affecting a portion of our population, which is far larger than is generally imagined. It may be interesting to say that the number of blind persons now on the face of the globe is quite incredible to those who are not conversant with the subject. The late Principal of the Institution for the Blind at Berlin prepared a table, in which it is estimated that Prussia has one blind person in every one thousand four hundred inhabitants; Belgium and France one in every one thousand three hundred; Norway one in every six hundred; Sweden one in every one thousand; Switzerland one in every one thousand six hundred; Great Britain one in every two thousand; Egypt one in every one hundred. The number of blind in France is about thirty-three thousand; Great Britain and Ireland twenty-five thousand; Prussia fifty-two thousand; Germany forty thousand; United States twenty thousand. As yet the proportion of the blind in Canada has not been determined but may be estimated as about one to every two thousand three hundred. There are at the present time two institutes for the blind in the Dominion, one in Ontario and the other in Nova Scotia: we believe, though we

cannot speak with certainty, that the Church of Rome in Quebec also affords some slight means for the instruction of the blind among members of that faith.

To the late John Sanfield McDonald, whose name is connected with a large number of important enterprises in his native Province, Ontario is indebted for the establishment of the Institution for the Blind. This establishment is situate at Brantford, and is under the superintendence of Dr. Wiggins, who, it may be stated, is a native of New Brunswick. The building was erected solely at the cost of the Province, and the chief part of the running expenses are paid out of the provincial revenues. From the first report of Dr. Wiggins, dated 1st October, 1872, we extract the following, which gives a fair account, not only of the number of pupils in attendance, but of the manner in which they are supported, and also of the difficulties with which he has had to contend:—"Out of the total number of *thirty-six* pupils, *seventeen* are supported by Councils" (*i. e.* Municipal Councils), "*seven* are orphans, *eleven* are paying pupils, and *one* is admitted free, there being two blind in the same family. But of the *seventeen* supported by Councils, *five* are orphans, making in all *twelve* orphans; and as regards the *eleven* paying pupils, the parents of six of them have paid only till they can make application to their Councils. *Four* only—one having died—can be reckoned as paying pupils, and these cannot long be continued in the institution, owing to the indigency of the parents.

"During the months of July and August, in accordance with instructions, I took a tour through the Province, in order to learn how many pupils might be expected to attend the ensuing season, and it is in point here to say that had I not seen the parents themselves, as well as many of the township councillors, not above one-half the number now present would have been in attendance. Many had never heard of the institution, while many of those who had heard of it entirely mistook its character, from its being dubbed an asylum, a name inapplicable to an educational institution. It was only by the most careful and persistent reasoning that the mother could be prevailed on to give up her helpless child, even when she knew it to be for its ultimate and certain good. In only two cases, however, were my arguments unavailing, and in both these the mothers consented and countermanded as often as the great Queen in signing the death warrant of Essex,

ultimately deciding to keep their children at home. Both these are fast falling into idiocy." Dr. Wiggins recently informed us that for many reasons the prescribed system of maintaining pupils by Councils was found disadvantageous, and even in some cases inoperative. In order to remove this difficulty, he therefore persuaded the Lieutenant Governor and his Ministers to bring the members of the Local House to the Institution for the purpose of listening to a grand concert of the pupils. They came accordingly, and, while their sympathies were at *maximum*, Dr. Wiggins pressed upon the auditors that the Institution should be rendered free to all those who were unable to pay. The result was that an Act to this effect was passed at the last session of the Ontario Legislature. From the Institution at Brantford we pass to that established at Halifax a few years before the former, but, as we shall show, as a private enterprise instead of a Government work. In 1867, Mr. Matthew H. Richey, who was at that time Mayor of Halifax, received in his official capacity a communication from the executors of the late William Murdoch, a gentleman who, after amassing a very considerable fortune in business at Halifax, had returned to the "old country" to spend his last days, stating that, by his will, he had bequeathed the sum of £5000 N. S. currency to an Asylum for the Blind in the City of Halifax, with a proviso that, if no such institution should be in existence at the time of his decease or erected at a cost of not less than £3000 within three years from his decease, the sum bequeathed should revert to his estate for distribution. When this communication was laid before the City Council, a very general disposition was evinced to aid the object and willingness expressed to present a site for the building. Thereupon an Act was procured from the Legislature, authorizing the Council to convey for the purpose any land held by them, and providing for the incorporation of the subscribers to the fund for erecting the building. The late Hon. Mather B. Almon took a very lively interest in the project, headed the list with a subscription of \$2000, induced the Legislature to give a similar sum, and largely aided Mr. Richey in realizing the total amount required. A piece of land was subsequently conveyed by the Council, on which a building is now erected, which is well adapted for the accommodation of from forty to fifty pupils. In May last there were in the Institution *eleven* pupils—*eight* male and *three* female—at ages ranging from *twelve* to *eighteen*. The

branches in which instruction is afforded are reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, geography, history and music. Some who have been in the Institution from the commencement now read pretty well, while in all the studies the progress has been satisfactory, but especially so in arithmetic, four of the pupils being now in decimal fractions and one in interest. The boys work at seating chairs, and the girls at bead and wool work. The Institution is intended to be strictly non-sectarian in every respect, and upon the Board are members of different Protestant denominations and of the Church of Rome, while clergymen are quite at liberty to see the pupils professing attachment to their particular denominations, at any time. We may observe in this connection that the non-sectarian principle is also adopted at the Brantford Institute, as appears by the division of pupils under religious heads. According to this statement, of the thirty-six pupils to which we have referred, sixteen are classed as Episcopalians, one as a member of the Society of Friends, ten as Methodists, one as a Bible Christian, four as Presbyterians, one as a Roman Catholic, one as a Lutheran, and two as Davidites. In regard to the support of the pupils at the Halifax establishment, it appears that it is mainly derived from the interest upon the legacy of the late Mr. Murdoch, and an annual grant of \$1000 from the Nova Scotia Legislature. The terms for pupils are \$120 per annum, but the Board have power to take the children of those unable to pay so much at a reduced rate, and, in fact, most of the pupils hitherto received are children of poor parents.

Having now considered the existing means provided for the requirements of the blind in certain sections of the Dominion, we are naturally led to consider how many blind persons could be found to avail themselves of opportunities such, as in our opinion, should be offered. In order to demonstrate this in a few words, we submit an estimate placed in our hands by Dr. Wiggins, who, as will appear hereafter, is keenly alive to the interests of the blind in New Brunswick, and we think we may add in the other Maritime Provinces. The Doctor says: "New Brunswick has a population of two hundred and ninety thousand, and, on an average, one blind person in every two thousand four hundred inhabitants, and therefore has one hundred and thirty blind persons of all ages. It may be fairly estimated that one-fifth of these are under thirty years of age (persons of this age not

generally being fit subjects of admission), giving a result of twenty-six. Applying the same calculation to Nova Scotia, that Province must have a blind population of one hundred and sixty, or thirty-two of school age, making in both Provinces fifty-eight, of which number say twenty-five will seek admission." We may mention the facts, which are doubtlessly unknown to many of our readers, that Dr. Wiggins spent some weeks in New Brunswick during the past summer, with the express purpose of awakening an interest in the condition of the blind in that Province, and that he has most generously offered to subscribe \$1000 towards the establishment of an Institute in St. John. Finding that he could arouse no extraordinary enthusiasm in that city, he devoted the remainder of the time at his disposal to searching out and conversing with a number of blind persons, hoping that they, in a desire to help themselves, might co-operate with each other to some extent in the accomplishment of this most useful and philanthropic project.

While fully recognizing the Doctor's most kind-hearted and disinterested offer however, and while agreeing with him that the establishment of an Institute for the Blind in the City of Saint John would be productive of many benefits both direct and indirect to the Province of New Brunswick, we think that on economical, if on no other grounds, an effort should be made to induce the governing body of the Halifax Institute to permit the blind from the other Maritime Provinces to participate in those benefits which are now monopolised by Nova Scotians. It would of course be most advisable if not absolutely necessary to discover whether the terms of Mr. Murdoch's bequest or of the Incorporating Act are sufficiently comprehensive to admit of the introduction of other pupils than those of Nova Scotia, into the Halifax establishment, but even supposing that any difficulty should arise in this respect we think that it might be overcome by the establishment of an affiliated institution to be under the same board of management.

We may be mistaken, but we may candidly state that we do not expect opposition to this project from our friends in Halifax. We believe that they will recognize in the scheme which we propose, a means for strengthening that unity socially, and we may add politically, towards which the different sections of Canada are now endeavouring to advance; and we contend that nothing assists

so largely to create unity of feeling as unity of action, and that when different parties unite in accomplishing a good object they find themselves drawn towards each other by bonds of sympathy. We also believe that by increasing the means of sustenance, even though the burthen may be increased in equal ratio, the general result must be beneficial to those most interested, and that practically, by the co-operation of all the provinces, the standard of education of the Institute at Halifax will be elevated and its curriculum greatly enlarged.

We would suggest for instance that special facilities might be offered for the study of music in the higher and even the highest branches, and we venture to predict that the results, both direct and indirect, would be most beneficial not only to the Institute but to the City of Halifax and to the Provinces generally. We now come to consider the financial conditions of the scheme proposed, and at the outset we cannot but express a decided opinion that the expense of carrying it into effect should be mainly, if not entirely, defrayed from the revenues of the co-operating Provinces, in proper proportions. We conceive that the paternal principle of government, which is now so popular, would in no instance be carried out with greater propriety than in providing for the education of those who cannot educate themselves and who, without education, are useless to society and a burthen to themselves.

It is of course impossible at present to offer any detailed scheme for the establishment and support of such an Institute, as that proposed; but we would suggest a primary appropriation of such sums as the Halifax board might be willing to accept, and we think that these might be raised by private subscription in the different Provinces. For the annual support of the Institution we think that an annual appropriation by the government of each Province of \$100 *per capita* for the blind pupils receiving instruction from each Province would probably be sufficient, due allowance being made for the earnings of the pupils and the fees paid by those able to pay. This would result in the payment by New Brunswick of from \$1000 to \$1500 annually, and of the payment of sums by the other Provinces based upon the number of blind which they send to the Institution.

In concluding this article we would most earnestly desire that our local statesmen and our local philanthropists should turn their attention to this most important subject. We urge the claims of

those who are too poor, too helpless to make known their wants, and we ask for help for those who pine in darkness in our sunlit land. We do not advocate the cause of restless agitators or discontented clamorers for charity, but we entreat those who have the power to help to lighten the sorrows of our blind friends, to give them intellectual and mental light, that they may see sources of happiness of which they never dreamed.

POMPEII.

PART II.

[The Excavated "City of the Dead."]

It is remarkable that before the Christian era, from the remotest period of which we have any tradition, Vesuvius would seem to have been entirely inactive. There is no record of any irruption having occurred previous to that in which Pompeii perished; and no suspicion was at the time entertained of the terrific forces which were imprisoned in the interior of the mountain. It is true the region around Naples and some of the neighbouring islands were known to be of volcanic character: and tradition handed down stories of igneous exhalations in the islands of Ischia and Procida, at the entrance of the Bay of Naples, by which Greek colonists who settled there, two or three centuries before the Christian era, had been compelled to fly. Traces of volcanic action were visible at several points all over this region; but the security enjoyed had been so long and unbroken, that no suspicion was entertained that the tranquility of the lovely, fertile district would ever be disturbed, or that the extinguished fires would be re-kindled. These numerous traces of former volcanic action led the ancients to name the region around the shores of Naples, the Phlegræii Campii or Burnt Fields; and they accounted for the traces of igneous action by the fabled battle between the giants and the gods, in which the former were cast down and destroyed by the thunderbolts of Jupiter. The scathed thunder-riven region, it was believed, bore enduring evidence of the power of these celestial bolts. One of the conquered giants named Typhon, who threw stones to Heaven with a loud noise, and from whose eyes

and mouth fire proceeded, lay buried, as they fabled, under the neighbouring island of Ischia. In this legend it is not difficult to trace the memory of some old volcanic eruption in that quarter. Similar in origin, probably, was the classic fable regarding Lake Avernus, near Vesuvius, which pictured it as the mouth of hell, over which no bird could complete its flight, but dropped overcome by the sulphurous exhalations. Sir Charles Lyell believes this lake to have been the crater of an extinct volcano, from which mephitic vapours exhaled for a long period after an eruption. Thus does science explode the poetical and superstitious fancies of the ages of ignorance, to replace them with the far more wonderful poetry of truth and facts far stranger than fiction.

Vesuvius must then have been an active volcano at some unknown period before the historic ages, and must have given passage to streams of melted lava long before the year 79, when the volcanic fires were recalled to their old channel. Since that date, though long intervals of repose have occurred, numerous eruptions of the mountain have taken place during the last eighteen hundred years. The most celebrated since that which overwhelmed Pompeii was that of 1779, in which white and sulphurous smoke rose above the summit to the height of twelve thousand feet; and at times a fountain of fire was hurled aloft, casting so bright a light that the smallest object could be clearly distinguished within six miles of Vesuvius. The liquid lava mixed with stones and scoriæ, after having mounted at least ten thousand feet, fell all around, still red-hot and liquid; and with that issuing fresh from the crater, formed a complete body of fire two and a half miles in breadth, and casting an intense heat to the distance of seven miles. Another remarkable eruption occurred in 1793, after which the crater filled up by lava boiling from below, and instead of a cavity became a rough and rocky plain; but in October of 1822, a violent eruption set in, which, in twenty days, blew out the whole accumulated mass, leaving an immense gulf, three miles in circumference, and more than fifteen hundred feet in depth. By this tremendous explosion, more than eight hundred feet of the cone was carried away, and the mountain reduced in height from four thousand two hundred feet to three thousand four hundred. The appearance of Vesuvius has not greatly altered since this eruption of 1822. If we ask whence come those enormous forces which produce such results in the

eruptions of volcanoes, or, in the earthquake's shock, shake the foundations of a whole continent at once, burying the inhabitants of great cities under their ruins, the most satisfactory explanation is furnished by the theory which represents the interior of the globe as being in a state of high incandescence or molten fluidity. Our globe is, in fact, but a huge ocean of fire, enveloped with a cooled rocky crust, on the outside of which we have our being. This crust is of varying thickness in different places, and, from various causes, has been rent and fissured. Through these rents and fissures the molten mass within escapes, creating volcanic eruptions; or it may be also that water finds its way through, and coming in contact with the heated mass, generates steam and other gases; and these exploding or struggling to expand, produce earthquakes. Thus the throat of the volcano is the vent for the internal vapours of the globe; and the earthquake's shock, which makes whole nations quake, are the effects of awful explosions in earth's caverns, or are caused by the pressure of huge waves of fire, rolling convulsively, and undulating and bending the thin crust which confines them.

It is a striking fact that some of the regions of the earth in which volcanic action is most frequent, and earthquakes most common, are nevertheless among the most habitable and delightful on our globe. The fertility of their soil is proverbial, and is owing to the matter ejected by repeated eruptions. We wonder, at times, that people are mad enough to rebuild their dwellings on the slopes of Vesuvius and *Ætna*, or in Chili and Peru, on spots so often devastated by earthquakes, notwithstanding the records of history and the threatenings of nature. Yet so beautiful, fertile and attractive are these regions of the globe that, in spite of all perils, they will ever be the most densely peopled districts of earth. The sloping sides of Vesuvius alone sustain a population of eighty thousand souls. In such places, where nature lavishes her most precious gifts in richest profusion, men forget or despise dangers. These "Burnt Fields" around Naples, are among the most beautiful and attractive scenes in the world, combining all that is soft and delicious in climate with all that is lovely and majestic in scenery. Other bays and cities may be beautiful, but Naples alone comprises all actual and possible elements of beauty. No wonder that in the palmy days of the Roman Empire, it was the fairy-land of poets and the favourite retreat of some of the

world's greatest men. On these shores Julius Cæsar and Pompey and some of the Roman Emperors had their palaces, to which, at certain seasons, they came from the heat and din of Rome, for refreshment and repose. Here the great Roman Orator, Cicero had a villa; and here, it is said, he wrote his treatise "De Officiis." The gay laughter-loving Horace quaffed many a cup of old Falernian, in his pretty mansion which once adorned these shores. Virgil too, the greatest of Latin poets, passed many happy years at Naples; and just above the grotto of the Cumaean Sybil, through which his hero Æneas descended into the shades, is the poet's tomb. Between Herculaneum and Pompeii, the whole shore was lined with costly, luxurious villas of Rome's nobility.

Such was the scene around Pompeii on that bright August day, in the year 79 of our era, which, as we have seen in a former article, witnessed the overthrow and burial of the doomed city. Enveloped in its ashen shroud it lay undiscovered for seventeen centuries, forsaken and forgotten, till, in the middle of last century, its remains were at length found. As yet, little more than a third of the city has been exposed to view. The niggardliness and narrow views of the old Neapolitan Government, for a length of time, prevented any considerable progress being made in the excavations; but the work has of late been carried on upon a much more skilful, liberal and enlightened plan. Still, years must elapse, even at the present rate of advance, before the whole is uncovered. It is true the more important public edifices, and most of the aristocratic quarters of the city have been already explored: but we cannot doubt that in the vast number of private houses yet to be excavated, discoveries of great interest will be made; and when the whole of this most perfect monument of the ancient world is laid bare, we shall possess, in almost the minutest details, "a city of the Roman Empire, as it stood in the days of Livy, Ovid, Pliny and Tacitus—as it looked in the century which witnessed the birth of Christ." Pompeii has been called by Sir Walter Scott "the City of the Dead," and yet the soul is there still, though the animal existence is departed. As by the waving of an enchanter's wand, an entire city has been unroofed, doors and windows left invitingly open, every mystery bared to sunlight, only the inhabitants have vanished, leaving behind them the familiar tokens of warm hearts and a busy life, to tell us what was the home-life of those old conquerors of the world, twenty centuries ago. From

these remains, better than from all the classics, we learn what sort of people this stout-hearted, world-conquering race was, and at what stage of civilization they had arrived.

The city stood on a rising ground, at the base of Vesuvius, its general figure being oval, its area nearly a mile in length and half a mile in breadth, and its entire circuit about two miles. A lofty wall surrounded the city in which eight gates have been discovered. Formerly the sea washed its western side, but now it is two miles from the sea, the shore having been extended by repeated volcanic deposits. Of the gates, the most important was that of Herculaneum, which was on a branch of the celebrated Appian way, that led to the city of Herculaneum and thence to Rome. This gate, in its arrangements resembles Temple Bar, in London, there being a large central and two small side entrances. This was the principal entrance to the city; and the other gates, leading to Vesuvius, Capua, Stabiae, the river and the harbour, all resemble it in design and construction.

The traveller, on entering now the Herculaneum gate, finds himself traversing a street of the ancient city, called Domitiana, which leads to the Forum, the distance being about four hundred yards. Five of the streets which have been excavated, may be regarded as the main arteries of the city—namely the street of the Forum, of the Baths, of Abundance, of Stabiae and of Mercury. The first thing that strikes the eye of the traveller is the extreme narrowness of most of the streets—some of them being but a single stride across. Only in the principal thoroughfares could two chariots pass, the widest not exceeding thirty-three or thirty-six feet. In a hot climate this arrangement is found beneficial in excluding the fierce rays of the sun. Every street, however, had a footway raised eight inches or a foot above the roadway, and protected by curb-stones. The streets were admirably paved with flat slabs of lava, joined together with great care—the ruts worn by the wheels, sometimes to the depth of an inch and a half, being still visible. At short intervals, there were raised crossing-stones on which people could step from one side of the street to the other, without wading through mud. The roofs of the houses were all flat and of wood, and have either been burned or crushed in. If we may judge from the admirable water-works and sewerage of Pompeii, the size and magnificence of their public baths, the number of public fountains, and of hot and cold baths in

private houses of any pretensions, these old Romans must have been lovers of pure water and cleanliness, and must have taken strong measures to prevent the accumulation of pestilence-breeding filth within the walls of their city. Their houses were not generally large in the palatial sense of modern times. Unlike ours, their plain side was towards the street, after the style of eastern houses, and the decorations were reserved for within. Curiously enough, the street doors opened outward, and it was necessary for the safety of the passers-by, in narrow streets, to utter from within a warning cry, when the door was about to be opened. The street windows were mere port holes, and were closed with wooden shutters, so that street effect, so far as domestic architecture was concerned, must have been meagre indeed. But then what wonderful art was lavished on the interior! The colours employed in painting were peculiarly bright, retaining even now an astonishing brilliancy; while the delicacy of tint and truthfulness of design in many of their paintings, still continue to be the admiration and study of modern artists. With a few exceptions, their paintings were on the walls, after the manner of modern frescoes, and with such durable art as to resist till now the damp to which they were exposed. Their secret of petrifying colours, as it were, is now lost. The most celebrated painting found in Pompeii is the parting scene between Achilles and Briseis—one that has been classed by some with the productions of Raphaël, and one which furnishes a proof, in its faithful delineation of sentiment and passion, and in its power of expression, how little we have gained on the ancients in art, and how great must have been the intervening darkness to make modern success appear so wonderful. The mosaics found in Pompeii surpass in beauty any specimens found elsewhere. One in particular, found in the "House of the Faun," is the most important work of the kind preserved to us from the ancients. It is believed to represent the battle of Issus, and is probably a mosaic copy from some well-known picture of antiquity, Greek or Roman. It is of the finest execution. The tesserae are all cut from natural stone, and are most skilfully and artistically laid. The grouping and expression of figures, and the whole spirit of the composition are pronounced admirable by the foremost artists.

The rooms and chambers of the houses were lighted from the inner court of the house, either by the doors or by openings defended by

wooden shutters. Glass was in use and the manufacture of it well understood; but whether owing to the expense or the climate, its use in windows seems to have been limited. In one of the baths a window was discovered of a single pane, three feet square, the glass two-fifths of an inch thick, and ground on one side, to restrain prying curiosity. The shops were for the most part small, no where equal to those of a second rate street in an English provincial town. They were usually built round the houses of the wealthier classes, whom, in many instances, they furnished with a respectable income. The tradesmen's signs are still visible, painted over their doors. The wine shop is indicated by a figure of two men carrying an amphora or jar of wine. The milk shop is marked by the figure of a goat. An inn is found with the figure of an elephant rudely painted on the pilaster which divides two doors; and, on a tablet, the host informed travellers that he had a *triclinium* or dining table, and three beds, with every comfort. A training establishment of gladiators is indicated by a painting of two-men fighting; while an academy advertises itself by a painting on the outside wall of one boy horsed on another's back—an agreeable reminder to the youths of Pompeii that the schoolmaster was at home, and that he used the *a posterioré* argument, in urging them along the flowery paths of knowledge.

One gets a little insight into the ways of the stout-hearted old Romans, by looking into the organic remains of one of their cheap eating-houses or cook-shops. On the marble counter of one of these establishments was found an earthen pipkin containing a number of small fish, which had been cooked in oil, with raisins and onions, and must have been almost ready to serve on the 24th of August, 79, when Vesuvius so rudely interfered with the dinner-hour. Other earthenware basins stood on a kind of brick dresser, with open fire-places to keep the soup and other messes warm; and close by were the ladles used to distribute the contents. In the centre of the room stood a neat, portable cooking-stove—so that there is nothing new under the sun. In an inner room were found jars of wine, marked with the date at which they were filled. In the same place was found, at the bottom of the inner room, a baking oven, containing eighty-three loaves, blackened and charred, but still retaining their shape, and scored at the top. The iron door which was closed on them, eighteen centuries before, had prevented the entrance of mud or ashes; and the iron shovel with which they had been put in their places, still lay on the floor.

On the outside walls of houses, especially corner houses, where doubtless the Pompeian roughs and wits congregated, there are found some curious scratchings and rude drawings, sometimes done with charcoal, at other times with paint. For example, a spiteful disappointed lover has recorded on the wall-plaster that, in his opinion, his faithless sweetheart Lucilla was made of the body of a wolf. This was rather hard on Lucilla; but let us hope that ere this, their lovers' quarrel has been adjusted in the Shades. Another gives it as his opinion that "if any one can restrain the lover, he may also bind the breezes, and forbid the perennial spring to flow"—a sentimental effusion evidently proceeding from some youth deeply smitten with the tender passion. The name of a reigning beauty is recorded on these rolls of fame where she is described as "victrix victorum"—conqueress of the conquerors. Here is another record; "Methe, the slave of Cuminia, loves Chrestus with all her heart. May the Pompeian Venus be propitious to both, and may they always live happily together." It is evident from these and many more in the same strain, that the grand passion entered largely into Pompeian life. It is interesting to find, among these scribblings on the wall, the first line of Virgil's *Æneid*—"arma virumque cano," etc.—a proof that the Mantuan bard was appreciated in Pompeii, years after his death. In one street a school-boy has rudely scratched on the wall the letters of the Greek alphabet which probably he was then learning. He must have been a very small boy, as his little hand could scarcely reach above three feet; and yet this little Pompeian has left an imperishable work behind him—one that excites more interest and is oftener looked at than the production of many a famous author. Another of these wall-scribes has informed posterity that on a certain day he had a very bad cold—a fact in which we find it difficult to take a deep interest, at this date. In the insides of the houses, too, many scratchings are discovered, which having been executed with a sharp instrument on the hard stucco, are as legible as the day on which they were inscribed, and afford curious indications of the every day life of the inhabitants. The mistress of one mansion, who must have been a careful housewife, has noted down, on the plaster of her chamber, certain additions made to her household stock on the 15th July 79,—five weeks before the eruption—mentioning among the rest two hundred pounds lard, and two hundred and fifty handfuls of garlic. She also

noted the number of tunics and togas sent on that day to the washerwoman—also certain articles sent to the dyer; and in another corner, she made a record of the birthday of her eldest son. Little did the good woman fancy that these little private entries would be read seventeen hundred years afterwards, and transmitted as precious relics to posterity.

The number and magnitude of the public buildings in Pompeii strike us with astonishment, when we take into account that it was but a fourth rate city of the empire. In addition to the amphitheatre, there were two theatres capable of holding eight thousand persons, numerous gorgeous temples, courts of law and spacious public baths. Herein we distinguish another characteristic of the people. The old Roman citizen found his pleasure, for the most part, abroad. His home was in public, and the splendour of public edifices and the profusion of public amusements compensated the great body of the people for domestic deficiencies. The central point of business and magnificence was the Forum, which, as in all Roman cities, served alike for commercial purposes and for the administration of justice. Here the merchants assembled, as in our Exchanges; here were the courts of law, the great public markets, the places for the money-changers and for civic assemblages. Most of the temples were either in the Forum or its immediate vicinity. Very magnificent must the Pompeian Forum have looked, in the days of its pride and prosperity, with its triumphal arches and their marble statues of eminent men, some of them equestrian; its three sides surrounded by Doric columns twelve feet in height, and two feet three inches in thickness. The stately temple of Jupiter at one extremity, and the Basilica or court of justice at the other: the Pantheon, dedicated to the aristocracy of the Roman mythology, and the Chalcedicum, or washing place for the magisterial and priestly robes, at either side. The steps leading to the entrance of the Basilica are deeply worn, telling of the tread of many busy feet. The little marble pulpit from which the advocate spoke is still visible. The Basilica itself measured two hundred and twenty feet in length and eighty in breadth. In a recess, at its furthest extremity, was placed the judge's tribunal, the space around it being separated by a railing from the other portions of the building, which were devoted to the same purposes as our modern Exchanges. Christian churches were imitated from these Basilicas—the altar

or communion-table occupying the semi-circular recess where the judge's chair stood. On either side of the Forum were numerous public buildings of remarkable beauty, the whole, even in ruins, forming a rare scene of architectural interest.

The public baths are also objects of great interest among the ruins. To bathe was a primary necessity of Roman life: to bathe in public was an enjoyment equivalent to the opera of modern civilization. The magnificence and extent of the public baths at Rome fill us with astonishment; and although those of Pompeii are comparatively insignificant, yet were they most compactly and skilfully arranged, and decorated with much artistic excellence. Every luxury of art was employed to gratify the taste, and every means which a sensuous race could invent, was used to heighten physical enjoyment. The Pompeian baths had their interior divided into the Tepidarium, or warming room; the Frigidarium, or cold water bath; and the Calidarium, or vapour and hot water bath—all being spacious apartments beautifully painted and ornamented. The Calidarium, for instance, was a chamber thirty-seven feet long and seventeen feet in breadth, containing a spacious marble tub raised on a pedestal of the same material, the room being so constructed that a column of heated air enclosed it on every side.

The Pompeian amphitheatre is in a wonderfully perfect state of preservation, and is an object of profound interest to the visitor. These enormous structures were devoted to spectacles in which, at certain times, human beings, and at other times, wild beasts engaged in deadly combats; or criminals, or trained gladiators, engaged in conflict with beasts of prey, that their dying agonies might feast the eyes of the spectators and crown the enjoyments of a Roman holiday. The extent and splendour of the structures, in which these brutal exhibitions took place, fill us with astonishment. But, what an insight they give us into the moral condition of these proud Romans, and what a tale they tell of the innate ferocity and barbaric love of excitement which existed beneath all the glitter of their semi-civilization. The more refined and imaginative Greek turned away in horror from these bloody exhibitions of the amphitheatre; but the more barbaric Roman gloated over the dying struggles of the gladiator in the blood-stained arena, and felt his heart throb with a fierce delirious excitement as the trained athletes butchered one another.

or the limbs of the wretched slave quivered in the jaws of the lion. These were the excitements which made his pulses bound with pleasure and led him to scorn all milder joys. The appetite for blood grew by what it fed on; gladiatorial shows multiplied, especially in the declining days of the Empire, and at length became a necessary part of all public entertainments. The numbers who fought in the arena for the amusement of the Romans seem to us almost incredible. Historians relate that in celebrating his victory over the Dacians, the Emperor Trojan feasted the eyes of the populace with the combats of ten thousand gladiators in the Coliseum at Rome. The contests of hired combatants at length palled upon the appetite of the degraded populace, and the nobles, in order to purchase popularity, went down into the arena and fought for the public amusement. There was even a lower depth to be reached—"Rome's proud dames whose garments swept the ground," forgetting their rank and sex, descended into the blood-stained lists and murdered one another with sword and spear, and the loveliest and noblest daughters of the city lay dead on the trampled sand. What a scene must one of these amphitheatres have been—the slope of the vast concave filled with tiers on tiers of marble seats, rising upwards from the arena! Lord Lytton's "Last days of Pompeii" and Melville's fine tale of "The Gladiators" help us to form some idea of these huge structures; and we can faintly imagine the scene, when the roar of one hundred thousand spectators, in the Coliseum, rent the air, and their eyes eagerly watched the thrusts and parries of the combatants, and their signals sealed the doom of the disabled victim. Byron's noble lines have well depicted the scene:

"I see before me the Gladiator lie,—
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow,
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder shower; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

"He heard it, but he heeded it not—his eyes
 Were with his heart, and that was far away.
 He recked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
 There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother—he their sire—
Butchered to make a Roman holiday!—
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire
And unavenged? Arise ye Goths and glut your ire.”

It required the mild and merciful spirit of Christianity to abolish these cruel, degrading entertainments. But whatever we may think of the purposes to which these buildings were devoted, we cannot but admire the architectural genius they displayed, and the ingenuity and skill lavished on their construction. The Coliseum of Rome was by far the most magnificent structure of the kind, the ruins of which, at this day, are enough to humble us aspiring moderns. In his “Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,” Gibbon says: “The slopes of the vast concave which formed the inside were filled and surrounded with sixty or eighty rows of marble seats, covered with cushions, and capable of receiving with ease eighty thousand spectators. Sixty-four vomitories (for by that name the doors were aptly distinguished) poured forth the immense multitude, and the entrances, passages and staircases were contrived with such exquisite skill, that each person, whether of the senatorial, the equestrian or the plebeian order, arrived at his destined place without trouble or confusion. Nothing was omitted which, in any respect, could be subservient to the convenience and pleasure of the spectators. They were protected from the sun and rain by an ample canopy occasionally drawn over their heads. The air was continually refreshed by the playing of fountains, and profusely impregnated by the grateful scent of aromatics. In the centre of the edifice the arena or stage was strewed with the finest sand, and successively assumed the most different forms. At one moment it seemed to rise out of the earth, like the garden of the Hesperides, and was afterwards broken into the rocks and caverns of Thrace. The subterraneous pipes conveyed an inexhaustible supply of water; and what had just before appeared a level plain, might be suddenly converted into a wide lake, covered with armed vessels, and replenished with monsters of the deep. In the decoration of these scenes, the Roman Emperors displayed their wealth and liberality; and we read, on various occasions, that the whole furniture of the amphitheatre consisted either of silver, or of gold, or of amber.” The Pompeian amphitheatre was, of course, small in comparison with that of Rome; but still it was capacious enough to admit ten or

twelve thousand spectators. Its form was oval; its greatest length four hundred and thirty feet; its greatest breadth three hundred and thirty-five. The upward springing of arch upon arch, in strong and graceful sweep, receding gradually from the arena, and mounting directly towards the sky, on the exterior, combined a grandeur of force and beauty in a higher degree than any other of the architectural works of man.

It is, perhaps, when we examine the interior of a Pompeian house, that we get the best insight into the Roman ways, and that these men of old cease to be mere historical phantoms, and become flesh and blood realities. A Pompeian house of the first class must have been very handsome and comfortable. Unlike the modern arrangement, the ground-floor was the principal part; for the luxurious Pompeians had a horror of staircases, and appropriated the upper stories to their slaves, and to the meanest uses. The visitor, after passing the *janua* or gate crossed the vestibule, and through another door entered the *atrium*, or reception room, where callers were obliged to wait the pleasure of the master of the house. The *atrium* was a spacious apartment, oblong in shape, having, at the side facing the entrance, the *tablinum*, or receptacle for the family archives—the busts and pictures of a long line of ancestors. The *alæ*, or wings, were on the right and left. The narrow passages leading to the interior of the house were called *fauces*, or jaws. In the centre of the *atrium* was the *impluvium*, or marble receptacle for the rain water, which descended from the *compluvium* above, towards which the roof sloped. The walls of the *atrium* were painted with arabesques and landscapes, each set round with a border of marble slabs of the rarest and costliest kinds. Through the *tablinum* the visitor entered the *peristyle*, a kind of court or ambulatory, surrounded by a bright and stately colonnade, and embellished with a parterre of blooming flowers and clumps of glossy evergreens. Opening on this were the *cubicula*, or bedchambers, mere closets and quite deficient in what we reckon comforts; for the Pompeians did not attach much importance to their sleeping apartments. The next most important apartment was the *triclinium*, or dining-room, so named from the three couches which encompassed the table on three sides, leaving the fourth open to the attendants. This was the most sumptuously decorated apartment in the dwelling, for the wealthy Romans knew how to feast magnificently. The walls

were hung with tapestry to a certain height, and above were painted with figures of young fawns, centaurs, and half-naked bacchanals. Bronze lamps were suspended by chains from the ceiling, and diffused a brilliant light. Tables of citron wood, resting on ivory pedestals, and covered with a plateau of solid silver, chased and carved,—couches of bronze, overlaid with ornamental work in silver or gold,—mattresses and cushions of the finest texture completed the sumptuous furniture of the *triclinium*. It looked out on a mosaic-paved court-yard, cooled by fountains, the murmuring of flowing waters playing among marble statues and flower beds. Such was a dining-room of one of the wealthy Romans. As every one knows, they did not sit at table, but reclined—the body resting on the left arm, the head a little raised and the back supported by cushions.

One of the largest of these private dwellings found in Pompeii is “The House of the Tragic Poet,” in which Lord Lytton has located Glaucus, the Greek hero of his tale. It must have been a most beautiful and magnificent mansion, and the owner must have been a man of refined tastes. Its *atrium* measures twenty-eight feet by twenty, its walls glowing with admirable fresco paintings, the colours of which are still bright, after the lapse of eighteen hundred years. The finest of these paintings are on Homeric themes—one in particular representing Achilles delivering up his beautiful Briseis to the heralds, has long been exceedingly admired. Scarcely less magnificent are the houses of Pansa and Sallust, of Cornelius Rufus, discovered so late as 1861, of Holconius, of the Centaur and the Faun.

Of course the various objects found in the course of the excavations are not left in Pompeii, to be injured or destroyed by exposure to the weather, or carried off by unscrupulous visitors. All articles of value are carefully removed to the museum of Naples, now a rich treasure-house, to which every year additions are made. Most of the beautiful fresco paintings are placed in the museum, the plaster on which they are, being carefully detached from the walls. In this museum may now be seen the finest mosaic extant, “the Battle of Issus,” found in the “House of the Faun,” to which reference has been already made. There is also here a fine collection of bronze statues, among them a colossal figure of Augustus as Jupiter, the sleeping and dancing Fauns, and Alexander the Great mounting his favourite horse, Bucephalus.

Bronze candelabra and ladies' toilet-ware are in great abundance. There is a vast collection of glass and terra-cotta vases, and vessels of the most artistic designs and graceful execution; while the gold and silver ornaments of the beauties and dandies of Pompeii serve as models for the artists of modern days. Nothing, however homely in its uses, was beneath their passion for adornment. The handle of a pitcher or the leg of a pot, as it left their hands, possessed a distinctive beauty and told a history. The cost of this prodigality of ornament must have been great; and when we find such evidence of taste and wealth in a small sea-port town containing but twenty-five thousand people, what must have been the grandeur of Imperial Rome!

But we must now bid adieu to the great race whose public and private life has been so wonderfully daguerrotyped in the ruins of Pompeii. With all their unlovely features, their lust of conquest, their cruelty which delighted in the slaughter of animals, and yet more, of human beings, their selfishness and rapacity, their vices which shock the imagination, still these Romans were a mighty and magnificent race of men, who have borne a part second only to that of the Jews, in the "education of the world." True indeed the Roman was distinctively a lover of war—an assailer and subduer of the world: but if he conquered the earth, one state after another, he united them—otherwise at ceaseless war one with another—under a strong and stable government, and introduced among savage tribes the arts of civilized life. That which he trampled down was bad and deserved to perish; and that which he introduced was immensely better than that which he destroyed. In the talent for grappling with facts and dealing with the practical in man's life, the Romans bore a striking resemblance to the Anglo-Saxons, the greatest of workers and earth-subduers. Think of that great system of roads, the remains of which are visible still, after two thousand years, and which radiating from Rome reached the extremities of the Empire. Think of their bridges, aqueducts, excavations for the drainage of cities, which, with all our engineering attainments, strike us with astonishment. Consider the rich legacy of their literature which has furnished, along with that of Greece, the germs of modern intellectual progress, and of which no other age can afford to be ignorant. Think of that wondrous, strong Roman language which has imbedded itself so firmly in the substance of every living tongue in Europe. Think of Roman

law—the ground-work of all our modern codes: think of all the world owes to this departed race; and let us remember that whatever they were, they arose, flourished and decayed under the providence of God, and bore a great and conspicuous part in the history of our race. With all their mighty achievements before us, we cannot deny them a share of our admiration and gratitude. And in the earlier periods of their history, we see them manly, courageous, self-sacrificing at the call of duty, reverencing law and order, and stamping these ideas on the mind of the world. We find a religious people, reverencing the domestic ties, and guarding the purity and sacredness of home. But riches multiplied; luxury and sensuality abounded, and the stern Roman degenerated into the pleasure-seeker; domestic corruption preceded political, and the nation, tainted at the heart, fell before the savage giants of the north, who spread themselves over the soil, and changed the character and blood of the ancient inhabitants. The last days of the Great Roman Empire, which had endured for one thousand years, furnished the darkest and saddest records in all the pages of history. Rome is gone and Greece and Judea and Egypt,—all buried far deeper than Pompeii in the wrecks of time, in the dust of centuries; but humanity sweeps onward. Nations grow old and pass away, like the withered leaves of autumn; but new nations are born, more vigorous than the old, and inherit all the rich treasures of the past. The substantial gains of the Romans have come down to us, and all that was good and true in them lives still and helps forward the progress of humanity:—

“For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,
Round the earth’s electric circle the swift flash of right or wrong;
Whether conscious or unconscious, yet humanity’s vast frame
Through its ocean—sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame:
In the gain or loss of onè race all the rest have equal claim.”

THE WALPURGIS-NIGHT.

FROM THE GERMAN OF H. ZSCHOKKE.

THE TEMPTER.

I FOUND myself far from home on business at Prague. It was in April. However agreeable the diversion, I could not help being home-sick. I longed for our little town, where my young wife had been impatiently expecting my return already for seven

weeks. Since our wedding-day we have never before been so long separated. It is true, Fanny sent me letters every week; but these lines, so full of love and fondness and melancholy, were only oil to the fire. I wished Prague and St. Nepomuc just four-and-thirty miles behind me to the northeast.

To him who has not a lovely little wife of two-and-twenty, charming as love, with two little loves playing around her, and who is not, after five years of married life, five hundred times more in love than on the day before his wedding, in vain do I talk of my home-sickness.

Enough, I thanked Heaven when all my business was finished; and taking leave of my few acquaintances and friends, told my host to make out my bill. I was to set off on the morrow with the post.

In the morning the landlord appeared with a pretty heavy account. I had not ready money enough to pay it and the expenses of the journey too. I wished to change a note. I felt for my pocket-book, and sought it in all my pockets, and in all corners. It was gone. I felt very uncomfortable, for there were more than fourteen hundred dollars in bills in it, and that is no trifle under the sun.

It was in vain that I turned the room topsy-turvy—the pocket-book was not forthcoming.

“I might have known it,” said I to myself. “Let a man be happy for only one moment in his life, the devil is sitting behind the hedge, ready to play him a trick. One ought not to rejoice in any thing in this world, and then should we have less vexation and misery. How often have I found it so?”

The pocket-book was either stolen or lost. I had had it in my hands only the day before; I was accustomed to carry it in the breast-pocket of my coat. Fanny’s letters were there too. I was certain that I had felt it the night before when undressing. How now were my bank-notes to be recovered? Whoever had got them could easily change them into gold and silver.

I began to swear, which by the way, is not my besetting sin. Had the Evil One gone about still, as in the good old times, although as a roaring lion, I should have struck a bargain with him on the spot. As my thoughts took this turn, there suddenly occurred to me the recollection of a figure which I had seen at billiards about a week before, in a close red coat, and which then

seemed to me like a prince of darkness in human shape. My blood actually ran cold at the remembrance; and yet I was so desperate, that I thought to myself: "I don't care, for my part! Were he here now, he would be right welcome, if he would only bring me my pocket-book."

Just then some one knocked at the door. "Holla!" thought I; "the tempter is not going to take a joke in earnest." I ran to the door; my mind was full of the plaguey red coat, and I really believed that it was he.

And lo!—wonderful surprise!—when I opened the door, in stepped, with a slight nod, the very tempter I was thinking of.

A MORE PARTICULAR DESCRIPTION.

I must relate how and where I had made the acquaintance of this apparition that the reader may not consider me a mere victim of my imagination.

I had gone one evening to a coffee-house or cassino, where an acquaintance had once before carried me to play billiards. I hoped to find the latest newspaper. At a small table sat two gentlemen, engaged at chess. Some young men were sitting at a window, in lively conversation about ghosts and the nature of the human soul. A little elderly man, in a scarlet cloak, was walking up and down the room with his hands behind him. I took a glass of Dantzic cordial, and the newspapers.

No one attracted my attention so much as the gentleman in scarlet. I forgot the newspapers and the Spanish war. There was, in his figure, in his movements, and in his features, something striking and repulsive, which corresponded with his evident want of taste in dress. He was something under the usual size, but large-boned, and broad-shouldered. He seemed to be between fifty and sixty years of age, and had a stoop in his walk. His coal-black hair hung thick about his head. His tawny complexion, and his hawk's-nose and high cheek bones gave him a very repelling look. For, while his features were cold and iron, his large eye sparkled like the eye of a young man; and yet one read in it no inspiration, no soul. There, thought I, is a born executioner, or grand inquisitor, or robber captain, or gipsy king. For a mere jest that man could set cities on fire, or see children stuck upon pikes. I would not like to travel alone in a wood with him. He has never smiled in all his life.

There I was mistaken. He could smile. He listened to the young men at the window, and smiled. But, God be with us, what a smile! It chilled me like ice. The malice of the infernal regions seemed to mock one from every feature. "If that man there in the red coat is not Satan himself," thought I, "he must be Satan's brother." I looked involuntarily at his feet for the cloven foot, and, sure enough, he had one human foot like ours, but his left was a club-foot in a laced-boot; yet he did not limp with it, but walked softly about as if among egg-shells, which he did not care to break. He ought to have let himself be exhibited for ready money, to make all the Voltaires believers.

I entirely forgot the Spanish war. I held the newspaper before me, it is true, but kept peeping over it at this remarkable figure.

As the red-coat passed the chess-table, one of the players said to his antagonist, who seemed somewhat embarrassed, "You are lost now beyond salvation." The red-coat stopped a moment, cast a glance upon the board, and remarked to the victor: "You are mistaken. In three moves you will be checkmated." The winner smiled haughtily; his opponent shook his head despairingly, and moved—at the third move the supposed victor was actually checkmated.

Whilst the chess-players were replacing their men, one of the young men at the window said warmly to the red-coat, "you smile, sir; our discussion appears to interest you; but your smile tells me that you are of a different opinion about the world and the Deity. Have you read Schelling?"

"O yes!" said the red-coat.

"And what does your smile mean?"

"Your Schelling is a sharp-minded poet, who takes the tricks of his imagination for truth, because no one can oppose him, except with other fancy-webs, which only require still greater acuteness to weave them. It is with philosophers now-a-days as ever; the blind dispute about the theory of colours, and the deaf about the laws of music. Alexander would willingly have been shipwrecked against the moon, in order to subdue it; and philosophers, dissatisfied in the sphere of reason, want to be super-rational."

So said the red-coat; some disturbance arose. But he waited not, but took his hat, and glided away.

I had not seen him since, but I did not forget the striking figure and the infernal physiognomy, and I was really frightened at the thought of dreaming about them.

And now he stood unexpectedly before me in my room!

THE TEMPTATION.

"Pardon, sir, if I disturb you," said he. "Have I the honour to address Mr. Robert ——?"

"I am that person," I replied.

"How do you prove it?"

"Strange questions," thought I; "a police spy without doubt." A half-torn letter lay on the table. I showed him my address on the envelope.

"Very good," said he. "But the name is a very common one; you may find it in every corner of Germany, Hungary, and Poland. You must give me better vouchers; I have some business with you, and have been directed hither."

"Sir," said I, "pardon me, I cannot now attend to business; I am just upon the point of leaving, and have yet a thousand things to see about. You must be mistaken in the person, for I am neither politician nor merchant."

He stared at me, and said: "Indeed!" He was then silent for a while, and appeared about to depart; but began again: "You have, however, been doing some business here in Prague? Is not your brother upon the point of becoming bankrupt?"

I must have grown fire-red, for, as I believed, that was known to no soul in the world except my brother and myself. Here the tempter gave one of his malicious smiles again.

"You are again mistaken, sir," said I: "I have a brother, it is true, and more than one, but none that fears bankruptcy."

"Indeed!" murmured the tempter, and his features again became hard and iron.

"Sir," said I, somewhat sensitively, for I was not at all pleased that any one in Prague should know of my brother's circumstances, and I was afraid that the old fox would see into my play as he did into the game of chess at the coffee-house—"You have certainly been directed to the wrong person. I must beg pardon for requesting you to be brief; I have not a moment to lose."

"Have patience only a minute," replied he; "it is important for me that I should speak with you. You appear disquieted. Has anything disagreeable happened to you? You are a stranger here. I myself do not belong to Prague; and I see the city now for the first time for twelve years. But I have considerable

experience. Confide in me. You look like an honest man. Do you need money?"

Then he smiled, or rather grinned again, as if he wanted to buy my soul. His manner became ever more suspicious. Involuntarily I cast a glance at his club-foot, and really I began to feel a superstitious dread. I was resolved in no case to commit myself with this suspicious gentleman, and said: "I need no money. Since you are so generous in your offers, sir, may I ask your name?"

"My name cannot be of much consequence to you," replied he; "that's nothing to the matter. I am a Mandeville. Does the name give you more confidence?"

"A Man-devil!" said I, in odd embarrassment, and knew not what to say, or whether the whole thing were in jest or in earnest.

Just then some one knocked at the door. The landlord entered, and handed me a letter, which had just come by the post.

"Read your letter first," said the red-coat; "and then we will talk further. The letter is, without doubt, from your lovely Fanny."

I was more startled than ever.

"Now do you know," continued the stranger with a grin, "do you not now know who I am, and what I want with you?"

It was upon my lips to say: "You are, sir, I verily believe, Satan himself, and want my poor soul for a breakfast," but I restrained myself.

"But farther," added he; "you are going to Eger. Good, my way lies through that town. I start to-morrow. Will you take a place in my carriage?"

I thanked him, and said that I had already ordered a post-chaise.

At this he became disturbed, and said; "There is no getting at you,—but your Fanny, and the little Leopold and Augustus, I must get acquainted with in going through. Can you not yet guess who I am, and what I want? The deuce! Sir, I would render you a service. Do speak."

"Well," said I, at last, "since you are a wizard, my pocket-book is missing. Advise me how I shall get it again."

"Bah! what signifies a pocket-book? Is there not something else—?"

"But in the pocket-book were important papers, more than fourteen hundred dollars in value.—Advise me what I shall do if it is lost, and what, if stolen."

“How did the pocket-book look?”

“It had a silk cover, light-green, with embroidery, and my initials wrought in flowers,—a piece of my wife’s work.”

“Then the cover is worth more than the fourteen hundred dollars.” With this he smiled upon me with his horrible familiarity; and then added: “We must see about it. What will you give me if I supply your loss?”

At these words he looked at me as sharply and strangely as if he expected me to answer, “I will make you a present of my soul;” but as I remained embarrassed and silent, he plunged his hand into his pocket, and drew out my pocket-book.

“There have you your jewel, the fourteen hundred dollars, and all,” said he.

I was beside myself. “How came you by it?” cried I, tearing it open, and finding all safe.

“I found it yesterday afternoon, about four o’clock, upon the Moldau bridge.”

Right, just about that time I had crossed the bridge, had had the pocket-book in my hands, and had, as I thought, put it into my pocket.

“It probably did not go into the pocket,” said the red-coat. “But I could not tell whether it had been lost by a person on foot or on horseback, before or behind me. I waited an hour upon the bridge, expecting to meet some one in search of it. As no one came I went to my hotel. I read the contents of the letters, to discover the loser. An address gave me your name, and your residence here. So I have come now to you. I was here last evening, but did not find you.”

Good Heavens! How one may be deceived by a man’s physiognomy. I was ready to throw my arms round the neck of my Man-devil. I said the most obliging things to him. My joy was now as excessive as my previous vexation had been. But he would listen to none of my thanks. I vowed that as long as I lived, I would never again trust to physiognomical impressions.

“Remember me to your beautiful Fanny,—a pleasant journey to you! we shall see each other again,” said he, and departed.

RETURN HOME.

I was now resolved to be off. I had paid mine host; and my servant, with my trunk on his back, was going before me, when

on the steps of the hotel I met my brother, on whose account I had come to Prague.

Of course all thoughts of starting immediately were at an end. We went back to my chamber. There I heard with pleasure that the embarrassed circumstances of my brother had been relieved, greatly to his advantage. Instead of suffering an immense loss, he had made a large profit on a speculation in cotton and coffee; and he had now hastened to Prague to attend to his affairs himself. "I have got my sheep out of the pit, now," said he, "but I have had worry enough. I will bid good-bye to business. I will put my money out at moderate interest, and so run no risk of being to-day a millionaire, and to-morrow a beggar and swindler. I have come now to thank you for your brotherly kindness; and to bring my business connexions for ever to a close."

I had to accompany my brother to different houses. But he saw my impatience and home-sickness, and, therefore, after a few days advised me to return home without him. I resolved to do so the more readily, as his stay in Prague would be prolonged several weeks. I took an extra post, and flew towards my dear home.

On the way the strange Man-devil continually arose before my imagination. I could not forget the odd figure with the red-coat, the club-foot, and the ill-omened features. I could not help thinking, too, of the bushel of black hair which stood about his brow. Perhaps there was a little horn under it, and then was he Beelzebub complete from top to toe.

It is true, he had brought back my pocket-book; no man in the world could have acted more honestly. He had read Fanny's letters, and brother's instructions to me, and so, naturally enough, had become acquainted with my secrets. But—his face—no, nature could not have written so illegibly!—Enough, had I ever believed in the existence of a Mephistopheles, I should have had no doubt of it now for a single moment.

I followed this train of thought, and will not deny, that I gave myself up right willingly to the play of my imagination; for it beguiled the time. I concluded that my honest Man-devil might be the real devil, and his honesty a mere trick to snap up my poor soul on the way to heaven. And if he really were the devil, what had he to offer me?—Gold and goods?—I was never avaricious. A throne? Yes, that I would have been glad to have

for a week, in order to give peace to the world; but then I should want to go back again to my own simple dwelling, to cultivate turnips with my own hand like a second Cincinnatus.—Pretty women?—A harem full of the most beautiful Helens, Armidas, and Armandas? No, when I thought of Fanny, the loveliest Circassians seemed to me but old women. I would not have given a straw to be Dr. Faust. And why? I was happy! Happy? No, not quite so, even because I was so happy. I trembled a little at the thought of the Skeleton, who with his terrible scythe might so easily mow down my Fanny, my two sons, and even myself. And then there was always the great question, whether, and how we should ever come together again in paradise?—I should have liked to have thrown a look into the future life, just to quiet myself. But suppose my devil had granted me my pious wish, and let me peep through a crack in heaven's gate, what else could a subject of Adramelech have been able to show but his own dark abode?

But enough of this nonsense.

I had been two days and a night on my way home, and it was getting late on the second day. In vain did I scold the driver, and urge him on with words and money. It was growing later and darker, and I was becoming more and more impatient. Ah, I had not seen Fanny for almost three months; nor my children, who bloomed at the side of their young mother like two rosebuds near a hardly blown rose!—I fairly trembled with delight, when I thought that my wife, the loveliest of her sex, would be in my arms that day.

It is true, that I had loved before ever I had become acquainted with Fanny. I had once had a Julia, who had been torn from me by the pride of her parents, and wedded to a rich Polish nobleman. It was our first love,—to both bordering on mutual idolatry and distraction. At the moment of separation, we had sworn eternal love, and kisses and tears had sealed the oath. But all the world knows how it goes with such things. She became the Countess St.—, and I saw Fanny. My love for Fanny was holier, riper, more tender. Julia was once the idol of my imagination, but Fanny was now the adored of my heart.

The clock of our little town struck one as we drove into the sleeping streets. I got out at the post-house, and leaving my servant behind me with my trunk, as I intended, in case all were—

asleep at home, to return and pass the night there, I walked out to the suburb, where the windows of my dear home, under the high nut trees, glimmered in the moonlight.

HATEFUL VISIT.

And all slept!—O Fanny, Fanny, had you only been awake, how much grief and terror you would have saved me! They slept—my wife, my children, the domestics; no where any light! A dozen times did I walk round the house—all was fast; I would not disturb any one. Better the rapture of meeting in the morning hour when one is refreshed by sleep, than in the feverish midnight.

Fortunately, I found my beautiful new summer-house open. I entered. There stood my Fanny's work-basket on a little table and I saw, by the moonlight, on the table and seats the drums and whips of my children. They had probably spent the afternoon there. These trifles made me feel almost as if I were with my loved ones. I stretched myself upon the sofa, and determined to pass the night there. The night was mild and balmy, and the fragrance of flowers and garden plants filled my apartment.

To be continued.

TO-MORROW.

WITH outstretched arms I follow thee,
 In sorrow,
 To-morrow!

But vainly, and thou laugh'st at me,
 To-morrow! To-morrow!

Ah me, to leave this shadow land,
 Upon thy sunlit shores to stand,
 Ah me, to clasp thy jewelled hand,
 To-morrow! To-morrow!

Thou beckonest, and I pursue,
 In sorrow,
 To-morrow!

Earth's falsest heart to thee is true,
 To-morrow! To-morrow!
 But thou art falser than the wind—
 A dream, vagary of the mind,
 And they that seek thee never find,
 To-morrow! To-morrow!

BY THE SEA.

A STUDY.

I.

IT is a dull, cheerless day: a little gleam of sunlight in the morning, and then the sharp, clear twilight of a wintry afternoon, which has lasted ever since.

From my window I can see the thin line of surf rolling in from the wide grey sea upon the Norman coast. The sea looks solid and leaden; not a white sail is anywhere visible; the smoke of a steamer is just disappearing upon the horizon. That vessel is freighted with the hopes and joys of how many! It is bearing friend to friend, lover to lover, husband to wife.

Slowly I have begun to realize the greatness of my calamity; but the events of the last few months have left me too weak to shake off the load of trouble. Every day, every hour, I am re-living vividly the past; and each scene, as it flits and fades before me, leaves me oppressed with the dull heavy pain as of a deep, incurable wound.

The desolate sea and sky seem to be my fit companions.

With this salt cool wind coming in from the main, and amid the absolute silence of all but the waves as they break upon the shore, I find a strange comfort in pouring forth alone the brief record of my irreparable loss.

It was a December afternoon, dark and foggy in the ill-lighted streets of one of the London suburbs. I was cold and hungry, and filled with a strange number of obstinate questionings. Was I going of my own free will? was I being drawn at the will of another? I cared not; right or wrong I could act no otherwise. Circumstances were to blame, I said, with that kind of half-sincerity which is more delusive than a whole lie. "If thou hast led me into temptation, deliver me from evil." But I was blind, too blind to see the insincerity of the prayer. I was drifting, and I prayed and thought, as men pray and think when they are drifting.

Presently I turned down a dark street, and saw in the dim black fog a church at the end. As I approached, I was guided by the pleasant light in the parsonage window; a load was off my heart, and yet it was not without trepidation that I rang the bell.

It was five o'clock. L—— was not in. Mrs. L—— came to meet me, and brought me into the uncurtained drawing-room, where, however, there was a good fire and some comfortable furniture. They had just removed to their dreary new house, in their dreary new parish. I sat down—the fire dazzled me and I was cold, but a few minutes sufficed to unfreeze me—then I felt a languor stealing over me which I struggled against successfully. It seemed as if my mind was growing sluggish, and my senses about to get the uppermost; but with an effort I recovered my mental ascendancy.

She knelt down on the rug and stirred the fire. "Was she cold?" I asked. "Yes, it had been such a miserable day." And with the old childlike confidence, she gave me her small hand, with the delicate tapering fingers heavy with rings. I leant back in my chair; I did not dare to analyse my thoughts; I pitched my sense of ideal duty high up, and almost succeeded in abstracting myself as an actor from the time and place. I seemed like a third person taking cognizance of everything and part in nothing that was going on. So I kept calm and dispassionate, hardly sensible of the immense effort of control I was exercising over myself. I had often been with her; I did not hold her hand then for the first time; in our most intimate conversations, let me say confessions, I had never betrayed any undue emotion. We were both sailing under false colours; we both felt that the first burst of feeling would be like the firing of the first gun, and the beginning of the end. By a kind of instinct I dared not retain her hand for a second. She sat down on the sofa by the fire as I lay back in my chair, and we were both silent.

I can see her now as in a picture, leaning half forward with her hand upon the mantelpiece, and her head resting upon the back of it, dreamily looking into the fire; a light-blue jacket, open in front and trimmed with eider-down, took the graceful curve-lines of her shoulders, and floated about her slender waist; the muslin dress flowed beneath like a voluminous white cloud, and rising in front broke low upon the snowy neck and left it bare.

"What will you do in this place?" I said. "Will you go about amongst the poor, and teach in the schools; will you visit the people?"

"I hate it so; it is the greatest misery to visit these kind of people. I don't mind the poor, and the schools; but the middle

classes, the shopkeepers—to be patronized by them, when they make themselves your equal, or superiors, and pat you on the back. I loathe them all!”

“Try another way,” I said; “don’t think of castes; keep your own dignity and position by all means; keep it insensibly if possible; but don’t be always saying to yourself, ‘I am in one class, these people in another; we never shall get on.’”

“But what am I to do? I hate their ways; and the clergyman’s wife is always a butt, expected to be at the beck and call of everybody. I never know what to say; I am always afraid of their seeing how much I dislike them; and if I never go amongst them, then I am ‘proud,’ and ‘stuck up,’ and I fancy I am neglecting my duty.”

“Suppose you tried to love them. Don’t think of them as shopkeepers, think of them as human beings, with joys, and sorrows, and feelings, not so very unlike your own. Try to love them, that is the only way; love covers a multitude of sins; people are so grateful for even a little of it. That is the only solution I have ever found to the difficulty of castes and classes whose thoughts are not as our thoughts.

“When I came amongst the barbarians the barrier seemed impassable. ‘We shall never get over this,’ thought I. I saw before me, as a young curate, a miserable parochial prospect, sunken and grinding poverty, and, higher up, snobs and shopkeepers, with all their low dishonesties, and all their airs and graces, and without their H’s. Such they appeared to me when I was an outsider. I went amongst them; I went to their marriage feasts, and their tea parties. I went to their homes when they were dying; I read the burial service over their dead; I went home in the mourning coach to comfort them; and explained the Bible to them over my watercresses and buttered toast. Many times I have nearly shed tears with them, sometimes quite; oftener still have I laughed and made merry with them; many warm affectionate squeezes have I had from the honest rough and ready hand; many true and noble hearts—how much truer and nobler than mine!—have I found where I expected to find less than nothing, or more than enough.”

“I know what you say is true. Oh! what a comfort it must be to be able to feel so; but still a clergyman is different from a clergyman’s wife. A clergyman’s wife has not the same feelings

of being a guide, of being looked up to, of being loved in a parish."

"Perhaps not, although I do not see why not; but I am only telling you how I solved my difficulties, or rather, how I attempted to solve them. The cases may not be quite parallel; we cannot help each other much; but some experiments are worth trying. Get out of yourself; leave off for a little time to think of what you would like or not like; share other people's joys and sorrows; even if you don't succeed all at once, try, and you will have gained something: you will find people's manners quite changed towards you when they think you are trying to get on with them; they will begin to try themselves; and when two people try to please each other, they do not often fail. Wonderfully true it is that 'Charity never faileth.'"

"How can I love people who make me shudder when they come into the room? One has a certain instinct which shrinks back; you cannot help that."

"No; you cannot make uncongenial people congenial; but what a victory is gained if two uncongenial people, who never can understand each other, are brought out of an almost natural state of hostility, to respect, and almost like each other!"

"Did you ever know of such a case?"

"Yes, I know people who for two years past I have been trying to get on with. We never shall get on. We are uncomfortable in each other's presence; miserable at conversation, always glad when it is over. But they are members of my congregation; my efforts at affability have been constant; and they, too, try very hard. The consequence is, that although neither of us succeed, we think of each other with kindness, and, I believe, real regard. Don't you feel—when you have made some effort, given comfort and relief to others, after an afternoon in the schools, after visiting your sick people, after deliberately sacrificing yourself—there has been a sweetness come out of the pain, the crushed sensibility has yielded a sudden and delicious fragrance? You go down to your house justified."

Her face lighted up for a moment, but became sad almost immediately.

"Yes," she said, wearily, lifting her eyes to mine with that look of strange sweet tenderness which I knew.

"But if," I continued, "you sit and mope in the house when

you ought to go out, and if you brood over your own thoughts instead of shaking them off, you cannot feel justified. Half our ills come from our brooding over fancies and impulses, until fancies loom like phantoms, and impulses grow irresistible."

"I am always acting from impulse, I cannot help it, I have tried—oh, how often! it is of no use; I wish there were no impulses."

"Do not say so, how many people think you have no impulses worth speaking of? To be able to enjoy and to suffer intensely—is that nothing? only impulses must be kept in their right channels; impulses alone cannot make you happy; nothing but doing right. Stern self-control can make life happy, then impulse will be like sunshine on a gloomy day."

I was intrenching myself behind these admirable sentiments, but my tenure was becoming every moment more insecure: it was the old, old mistake—putting the sentiment for the thing.

"But one's impulses get mixed, the bad and the good melt into each other. The mind gets confused, right and wrong get confused—I don't always know what is right and wrong."

"Yes," said I, more thoughtfully, speaking to myself, or rather thinking out aloud; and this time there was no sentiment, nothing but the naked truth; "I think we do always know right and wrong if we want to know it; but we don't always want to know it."

I began to feel a relief in taking the veil from my innermost heart: a weakness confessed so often seems like a weakness atoned for. In some states the conscience so easily takes the sop. I had begun by confusing mine, and its hold over me was growing weaker every moment.

"Is it not dreadful?" she said. "I sometimes shrink from knowing what is right, for fear—for fear it should be right and I be wrong!"

"Like St. Augustine, we pray to heaven to be delivered from temptation, and almost fear lest heaven should grant our prayer."

"What is to be done then? Prayer! prayer!" she said, passionately; and the white fingers writhed and twisted and bruised themselves against the rings with suppressed emotion; "what is to be done when one can't pray?"

It was a terrible home-thrust, the cry of a wounded soul, it went on vibrating through my own like echoes in sepulchral vaults.

There are times when you have no comfort for yourself, no comfort for any one else; when you dare not sham, when soul meets soul and truth leaps forth. Her eyes were fixed upon me, wide and tearless eyes. She was leaning forward a little, waiting my reply: "What is to be done when one can't pray?" The blind were leading the blind.

"Do not ask me," I said, "I cannot tell—God help us!"

There was a double knock, and presently L——came in and greeted me warmly. We liked each other well; and, strange to say, I felt the break in a conversation, which was becoming every moment more absorbing, a positive relief. Out of the world of moods and feelings into the actual every-day world, and with that, curiously, the sensation of hunger returned, and I felt glad when dinner was announced.

How strange is real life in its sudden transitions; as we turn back over the pages of the days and the hours, the scenes pass before us again like a moving drama. Here a summer garden, there a wild sea black with storm clouds, here the sublime solitude, and there the frivolous crowd; in real life there is no attempt at congruity—things never happen as we expect them to happen—difficulties solve themselves but are seldom solved by us.

The dinner passed pleasantly enough; there was no constraint. That night happened to be a church night; a friend of L——'s soon joined us, who was to preach. It was a cold dark night; there was a dark court to cross. Mrs. L—— came down in a heavy silk, and a still heavier black velvet cloak, that draped her slender figure nearly to the ground. She looked cold and unhappy, and hung shiveringly on my arm as we crossed the court to go to the church. Again her picture is vividly impressed on my mind as she sat in her pew nestling in the thick silk, and sheltered but not warmed by the heavy velvet. In the prayers, as she knelt, I could sometimes hear the faintest sob: it might have been the cold, I cannot say; for once when I turned all was so calm on the pale, lovely face, calm and weary. I fear the service was not of much use to-night, to her at least; for when I made some casual remark about the sermon, she said, as she took my arm to recross the court, "I did not hear a word of it—I could not listen."

"Have you a headache?"

"Yes—a little."

She clung close to me and trembled so, I almost feared she would fall. The wind blew chill.

"You should not have come out to-night," I said, as I almost lifted her along: for she seemed to sink in the wind and darkness.

The clerical friend came in to tea, and, I am bound to say, spoke very sensibly about missions and missionary societies.

Presently she came down in blue and white and eider-down, and I could not choose but drift out of the conversation, and leaving the preacher to L——, found myself once more talking to her on the sofa. She seemed more herself again now.

"Don't go away to-night."

"I must," I said. And a pang shot through me, and I thought I would not sit there; but I could not move.

"I have hardly seen you at all."

There was something in the half-smothered and painful way in which the words were uttered, more than in the words themselves, which made me look up at her. I said, "Which is the most beautiful of all these poems?"

I held a volume of Tennyson in my hand; I opened it almost at random on the poem "Love and Duty;" and giving her the book, "That," I said, "is the best;" and leaning a little forward, I read:—

"Wait! my faith is large in Time,
And that which shapes it to some perfect end:
Will some one say; then why not ill for good?
Why took ye not your pastime? To that man
My work shall answer, since I knew the right,
And did it."

"And do you remember after the fierce conflict," I continued, turning the leaf, "how the soul emerges from the lurid atmosphere of passion, purified by exquisite pain, into the clear calm glory? It is like coming up from an underground sulphur grotto to the outer world:—

"Then, when the first low matin chirp hath grown
Full quire, and morning driven her plow of pearl
For furrowing into light the mounded rack
Beyond the fair green field and eastern sea!"

"Let us get out of sulphur caves," I said; let us reach the fair green field and look out upon the eastern sea."

I hardly knew what I said—I was half talking to myself; speech was like a safety-valve to me at that moment; I was quite unconscious—quite careless of its effect upon her. There are moments in life when we are not sane.

The clerical friend soon left, and L—— proposed to me to smoke a pipe with him down-stairs. I would not smoke; he left me alone with Mrs. L——. He would leave her constantly for hours, not to say days. At night he would sit smoking in the kitchen, or playing chess somewhere else, and she would lie pale and tired upstairs in the drawing-room; and I too should have left her, with her great thirst for love, her childlike longing to be taken care of.

“Does he smoke much now?” I said to her.

“Oh, hours,” she answered. Again I found myself leaning back in my chair and looking into the fire; again I felt the feeling of languor steal over me, and I rose up and stood before the fire with one arm on the mantel-piece.

There was something unreal about that night—to this moment I cannot understand it—all that passed seemed to pass in a dream.

Again she was sitting on the low sofa drawn near to the fire, and as I turned towards her, I said, hardly knowing what I said—

“I must go, I must go!”

“Please!” she murmured, with that same imploring, irresistible sweetness which I knew so well, which made me not dare to look at her. My head was beginning to spin, I sat down again. In another moment I felt she was by my side—I knew not how she came there—I was not looking at her, I was staring at the fire, trying to collect my thoughts.

“Oh, stay, stay,” she said; “why will you not stay?”

“I must not, I cannot,” I cried, springing up from my chair.

“Why?”

“Because you ask me to; because I value my peace of mind, and yours; because I am as weak as a child and as foolish; because I think I am going mad!”

“Oh!” she cried, “I have nothing to live for; all is so cold and dark; if I may not love, I do not want to live!”

I looked for one moment at the face full of abandon and anguish. She fell forwards like a dead thing, and threw her arms round me; for a moment her head lay motionless upon my breast. I never saw anything like the misery of that pale, passionate face; I could have burst out crying like a child, but this was no time to succumb; gently I took her in my arms, and half-supported her to the sofa.

“For God’s sake compose yourself, my dearest Mrs. L——,” I

exclaimed. She sank back upon the sofa, and I rushed out of the room and went down into the kitchen, where I found L—— quietly smoking his pipe.

“Sit down old fellow,” said he; “must you go to-night?”
“I’m afraid so, I’ve got business early at my place.” And after a little chat upon matters indifferent, we went upstairs. Mrs. L—— was still in the drawing-room, on the sofa just where I had left her; as we entered she rose with an effort feigning extreme fatigue; we parted as if nothing had happened, and I went out into the darkness of the cold December night.

II.

I was to lecture that night at my old parish; it was the last time I should lecture there. I had indeed left for some weeks, but still on this night the last link was to be broken. I arrived late—the room was crowded—I was greeted with a long and continued burst of applause as I walked towards the platform. I could not help feeling strangely moved. On all sides were faces that I knew, faces that for two years I had known and learned to love; every week I had seen the greater number of them together from my pulpit. There was hardly one unconnected in my mind with some word of exhortation, hardly one who had not in some way become associated with my private thoughts and feelings; and now I had left them, but I felt they were still my people, that I still in some sense belonged to them; many heads were reached forward to greet me, many hands sought my grasp. I felt the old thrill again, and yet I felt that I was no longer the man I had been amongst them; a blight had fallen upon me; there was life and energy, but it was the energy of an engine rushing down hill with the steam off. I felt it would be a trying night, how trying I did not then know. I was anxious not to lose force before I began, and so I ascended the platform. I looked down upon the mass of faces, again the cheering broke forth. I felt sad, but I knew that night I could speak to them perhaps as I had never spoken before. L—— just then caught my eye: he sat towards the end of the second row, and beside him, in the corner, there was another; the same stiff silk dress, the same heavy velvet cloak, the same pale face half hidden in the black lace veil. For a moment the faces before me swam, but in another I had recovered my self-possession. The dramatic soul of

oratory seemed to kindle, strange and conflicting emotions were struggling together within me; I felt as if I had taken the strongest stimulants. My real life floated away like a shadow. I was living only in the creation of the moment. The subject was the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century; and as the impassioned harmonies of verse rolled forth, I felt they were bearing me along with them. The attention of the room was rapt—the eyes of all were fixed—that infallible sign of interest so well known to the orator. * Once only, in a pause, my eyes strayed to one form nestled in the corner, and apparently unconscious of all around her. The face was half hidden, one hand was raised to the forehead, and seemed to press heavily upon the eyes; a wild feeling came upon me; the sweet pale face mingled with my dreams, and lent me a deep and passionate utterance. For two hours I spoke with intense nervous energy, and when at the end of that time I sat down exhausted, the long pent-up applause broke forth, and the same feeling of sadness came over me, and then I seemed to be alone, sitting there in my chair, hearing, seeing nothing. I was soon roused from my ill-timed abstraction. There were many last words; every one must be shaken hands with. And all the while one large emotion was ready to break in upon me; I kept it off, the affection of all around me for the time had sway. For a few moments I was able to banish the one for the many. Rough faces melted into tears. Some could hardly speak. Others did not attempt to, only the affectionate warm grasp was eloquent. I made my way into the cool night air; others were waiting there for me; they could not see me in the crowd upstairs. Perhaps I am exaggerating what passed; perhaps I felt it all the more keenly owing to my very shaken and excited state of mind that evening. So many emotions had met, and clashed, and mingled in the course of the last few hours, that when I felt myself out in the open air, and had made my last adieus, I believe a child might have led me.

At this moment a hand was laid upon my shoulder. It was L——'s.

“Come home with us, and have some supper, old fellow.”

Mrs. L—— was near me in the darkness, she laid her hand upon my arm, and whispered a few words of entreaty. I started; the whisper went through me; it was my fate. I went with them. It was arranged I was to sleep there that night.

“Mrs. L—— has determined you shall,” said my friend; “and has prepared your room herself.”

I had enough force left to make up my mind not to stay. The sudden irreflective instincts as often lead us right as wrong. I was rapidly losing all my own principles of cool reasoning, and adopting those impulsive methods of action which I had insensibly caught from her.

There were others at supper; there was loud laughing and talking. L—— was prodigal of his fine champagne. I was exhausted, but could not eat; I drank a glass of sherry; I joined in the conversation with a kind of desperate energy. At the top of the table she sat, pale and smiling. I hardly dared to look at her, yet I felt her eyes sought mine. She was sitting with her back to the fire; the fire was too hot; she would sit by the side of the table. The gentleman next me rose to make room for her, and this placed her by my side. I believe I was laughing and talking loudly with L——. She said something to me in undertones; I answered shortly, and turned away. I could not help hearing the sigh; my heart smote me and again I looked round, and met her eyes—full, large, wild eyes, and yet calm with a certain utter abandonment of despair. Thought and passion flitted over the face like cloud-shadows chasing each other across some windy upland. Was it possible that no one else perceived it? could any one else have perceived it? I think not. I think the perception of such movements depends on the relation of souls; they see and feel each other; they mingle when those around them see no change.

Oh, what a world of woe! What a world of deep unfathomable love! Oh, poor little bird, breaking thy feathers, and dashing thyself to peices against the iron bars of circumstance! For a moment our hands met, and were clasped convulsively; a shudder ran through her limbs. Utter recklessness of self. And again the laughter and noise of voices broke in upon the feverish dream, and the lights seemed to glare more wildly, and she turned round to smile upon some one else. They offered her some cold chicken; she pretended to eat it, but she could take nothing. I knew she was suffering from extreme exhaustion, and poured her out a glass of wine.

“Take it. It will be best for you.”

“Will it?” she said, and took the glass from my hands with passive obedience.

The guests were gone. I was alone with her in the drawing-room. She made one more earnest attempt to detain me that evening. She was standing on the rug close by me; her face wore that look of exquisite sensibility which I dared not meet, and yet could not avoid. I had never seen her so bewilderingly lovely.

"Stay, now," she said.

"You should have let me go before," I cried. "I cannot; I will not come here to make you unhappy."

"If you knew how unhappy I was you could not leave me."

"Impossible; it must not be."

"Never?—half a loaf is better than none." Her words were passionate, but her quietness startled me. She seemed pale and cool, like one who had made up her mind and was resolved to do and dare everything. I turned from her.

"You are so weak and shaken," I cried, "you know not what you say!" I moved towards the door. In one moment her sweetness and gentleness forsook her. She seized my arm almost fiercely.

"Oh hard! hard!" she murmured in a kind of weird undertone of misery, and then almost instantly came a passionate revulsion of shame and disappointment; her grasp suddenly relaxed; her bosom swelled with a great convulsive sob; she threw herself upon the sofa, and hid her face amongst the cushions.

III.

I sat alone in my room thinking—and thinking, with that kind of cool analysis of self which so often follows a mood of overwrought passion. I had not drawn her, I said, by my will, we had been drawn to each other; neither had dreamt of resistance until it was too late. So I thought then, so I kept repeating to myself afterwards. I know it was a lie; from the first moment I saw her I had felt a strange irresistible spell, yet I might have resisted it; not with her, but away from her. I did not choose to resist.

And now, could she ever be mine? Then a vision of utter ruin rose before me; ruin to both of us, ruin within and without, ruin irrevocable, and why? Because society said nay, because the voice of morality said nay, because our Christianity said nay. Yet is not the law of love wider, deeper, than our conventions, our small moralities, our garbled interpretations of divine law itself?

“Forasmuch as these two have consented together,” is not that and no other the real foundation of marriage? “Ay; but relax the code and you open the flood-gates,” whispered Reason and Common-sense. “I know not,” cried Passion; “in particular cases I may see my way; I deal not now with generalities; say what you will, our modern laws and our modern Christianity are powerless to grasp some cases.” “And yet,” said Reason, “to rebel against these is ruin; it must not be, for her sake, it must not be. We have to deal with things as they are.” There are but two ways. We may be one with misery and sorrow, one with a blighted life and ruined hopes, with the fever of passion and the curse of crime,

“With the brief madness and the long despair,”

or—parted for ever. Such was the choice we had to make; no middle way—no reconciliation—no balm in Gilead. And all this I had to think for her, for she thought it not: she could not think it for herself.

An almost light-headedness stole over me as I sat before my smouldering fire; I fancied her sitting on my sofa, still pale and beautiful, but wearing a sweet smile of contented happy love. She was my wife—my pure and beautiful one. No cloud rested between us, she had never been another’s. She was mine without remorse; all the past was an evil dream; my brightest destiny, her most passionate longing—all—all was fulfilled. She gave me energy to work, she recruited me when weary; days glided by, I lived, I breathed not without her; the white arms woven about my neck, the soft happy eyes filling with delicious tears—but wild no more. Years glided by, still the same, ever the same, time brought no change; down into the valley of the shadow of death, hand in hand, divided not; beyond the resurrection day, far into the dim eternity—together—bathed in immeasurable peace.

How long this wild disordered dream lasted I cannot tell; when I roused myself it was all dark—the lamp was out—my hands and feet were numbed with cold—my head was burning hot; I dragged myself to bed and, from sheer exhaustion, sank into a deep sleep.

IV.

Some days passed, and I heard and saw nothing of her; I went about my duties in a sleep-waking state, repeating phrases which

had lost their meaning for me. All the world was an outside show; all offices of religion were vain and empty ceremonies; all the men and women I met were shadows, part of the unreal life.

In the great wreck of human passions the love of God goes out; prayer became to me a thin mockery. And yet I did not quite despair of help, coming through prayer—help to see, help to act. It was at best, however, but a half-unconscious cry, no sooner uttered than repeated.

In the dusk I walked out by the river side. The mist drove across, and the lights gleamed through and glittered in the dark rolling tide. And as I walked, without attempting to guide or rule my thoughts, my thoughts seemed to clear themselves. Again, as on that wretched night, the two alternatives rose strongly before me. I might either take her away from her husband and leave the world to rave and God to judge me, or I might desert her in the loveless wilderness of her own home. Her love would never find its earthly close; she would sit down by and by amidst the ruins, and learn to grow content and commonplace, with little joys and sorrows, all the great flower of her life unblown, all the sweetness never to come forth. I resolved it should be so, she should have not the greater but the less misery, not the ruin and despair, but the long suffering and the low content.

What a waste there is in this life! waste of thought, waste of feeling, waste of everything. Surely in the next there must be some atonement. Thoughts that struggled here for utterance will there come forth with power; hearts that yearned for love will there be satisfied. Souls, between whom there now washes a silent unnavigable sea, will there rush together.

V.

On my table I found a letter. No more passion, no more grief—all suppressed—with a kind of desperate, forlorn hope, just as we sometimes suppress our own emotions to spare another's; just as we smile half madly when the heart is breaking.

“Anything, anything to save her love.—She could not believe it hopeless, she was content to live, so only she might keep the shadow of affection. Let her believe I was her friend still—her best friend. In spite of myself, I ever must be that.—When would I come and see her? She had been wild; she had lost

herself; she would never lose herself again.—If I would come she would be so good, not selfish any more.”

My eyes grew dim with tears, but my resolution even then swerved not.

“Living in the future; living in the future!” those were her words.

VI.

In an hour I might be with her. I knew that L—— was away; I should find her alone. Her shawl was lying on my sofa, she had lent it me one night when I left in the rain. It was a thick woollen shawl, the sight of it brought back a thousand recollections. I was walking up and down my room restless; I had not slept the night before; my hand was clenched, her letter was crumpled up in it.

“Why was she not here?” I kept thinking. “If she knew how I longed for her she would come; drawn by a spell; she would come to me from the distance.” And desperately I set myself to will that she might come. I was all unhinged again;—I threw myself on the sofa, and burying my head in the heavy folds of her woollen shawl, fancied I could see her in the dark.

A fierce inward debate was going on. Demons and angels were striving for the victory, and yet through it all God never left me. He was planning to save me, to save her, when both of us were insane.

I rose up suddenly—the demons had conquered—the voice of the angels was drowned—my heart was filled with one overflowing impulse.

“I cannot bear it,” I cried. “I must—I will—go to her.” Then I refolded the soft shawl to take back to her. I was going out immediately, when there came a gentle tap at the door. I started; my nerves were strung up to the highest pitch with a desperate resolve. Was this she? I smiled at my own folly. The servant opened the door. I had been sent for, but not by her.

A person was dying in my district and wished to see the minister.

“I will come in a moment,” said I. The door closed; the shawl fell from my hands; the grim satire of life stared me in the face. For me to pray beside the dying who dared not face my God—who was even then going whither he had said “Thou shalt not go down.” Truly He had met me in a narrow way.

Like one who has heard of the death of a dear friend, and will not realise it, but goes out into the street, or into the fields, to put a little space between him and his sorrow, so there came this pause to me; and mechanically I went out into my district to do the work of the priest.

Down a narrow alley I came to a house: there was no number on the door. On a miserable pallet, with scarcely a rag to cover him, lay a man gasping for breath; the death-film upon his half-opened eyes; the heavy beads of cold sweat upon his brow; the arms were paralysed and cold; two half-naked children were crying at the foot of the bed. The wife was evidently feigning a decent sorrow, which was all the more easy as she happened to be in drink. A few neighbours had come in out of curiosity to see the end.

With heart unmoved, but with the mechanical unction which comes so naturally—too naturally to one familiar with such scenes—I spoke the usual words of kindness and sympathy.

What I prayed I know not, yet we all kneeled down beside the insensible body, and I did pray for some minutes.

When I arose a strange feeling came over me; the experiences of an hour ago seemed untrue; the passion which raged, the thoughts that burned, were all gone. I felt the same in that moment as I had felt before my great sinful love.

The feeling soon wore off, but it had diverted the headstrong current of impulse. I was not going to her now. Somehow, I felt I could not go; not that I really desired to uproot my love; nay, I had not the power to do so, I only felt utterly wretched—felt that I loved her as passionately as ever, and yet could not go to her.

VII.

In the evening I sat down and wrote: my steady purpose had slowly returned. I may not have written as I ought to have written; I may not have spared her. The thought that she would share my agony consoled me; the most unselfish love is so hideously selfish! Would she have wished to be spared this? I know she would not. It was better so. Any other words would have breathed a treachery on our love, and that, if any, was strong, was true; if it must be sacrificed, it should never be sullied by affected coldness, by a lie.

I was alone in my study; there was a green shade on the lamp; it shed a soft subdued light through the room. There were notes of sermons lying on the table, a tract or two on my desk; there was also a small piece of perfumed ribbon of the kind one burns to make a scented flame. I had taken it from her work-box one afternoon, quite in the early days. I took it up now; it smelt very sweet; with it there seemed to come a rush of the old fresh, sinless, feeling of the very early days; it brought back her ringing laugh, and the sunshine in her drawing-room.

I took up a pen and wrote to her. I said, "I should never see her again, because I loved her better than everything in life. I did not leave her because I feared God, because I feared to sin; I did not fear God and I had sinned in thought. I left her because I loved her, because I believed her life might be tolerable without me, not with me; I could not talk religion to her, or ask her to believe and pray when I could not believe and pray myself. I was so miserable I could not write any more."

I read over what I had written—there seemed to be great heavy sobs between the sentences, they were so broken and incoherent. I thought it would pain her so and tore it up. For a moment the idea of rushing to her came back upon me; there was only an hour between us. I went to my window and opened it,—the moon was rising on the Thames,—everything was very still. Then I sat down and wrote very nearly the same words over again, and the letter was posted that night.

VIII.

The next day a note was brought to me; I knew the handwriting, and, with trembling fingers, tore open the seal. It was written from her bed in pencil, and sometimes very indistinct. "My letter had stunned her—she had sat for an hour with it in her hand, thinking, almost lightheaded—She could not realise it, yet she knew what I had done was right and for the best.—She could not feel it to be so, she would try, it was all that was now left her; and, perhaps, after long pain and weariness and lowliness, God would help her. She was utterly desolate, shaken, ill,—longing only to rush away from all sights and sounds, and be alone and moan out her life in the dark." A mist of tears rose and dimmed the trembling letters; but dashing them away, I turned the leaf—there was no more—the note began and ended abruptly

without date, without signature: it was like the sharp short cry of a wild animal wounded in the woods at night. It filled me with a longing so intense to be with her, that to this hour I wonder what power it was that restrained me.

At nine o'clock that same night I stood on the pier at Dover. The fire from the steamer smote upon the surf; the wind blew the briny spray into my face. It seemed to relieve my hot aching head. It was very dark. I could see the storm lights flash along the coast—

* * * * *

J. EDWARD KNIGHT.

HORACE—BOOK I. ODE V.

TO PYRRHA.

WHAT graceful boy, while fragrance flows,
 In rippling breaths, from many a rose,
 Courts thee, O Pyrrha, 'neath the grateful grot,
 Thy yellow hair entwined in simple knot?
 Ah me! Alas! with weary tears,
 For broken faith he'll mourn in future years,
 And sorrowing, wonder when he finds
 The beaming waters lashed by storm clad winds.
 Poor fool, he fondly trusts the summer air,
 And thinks the breezes hushed, the prospect fair
 Always, nor dreads the treach'rous smiles
 On heaven's sweet face. O heedless of thy wiles,
 Thy bright and glittering snares! O happy me,
 Free from the dangers of that storm-tossed sea;
 With wave-drench'd garments hung to dry,
 I place my votive tablets now on high.

I. A. J.

THE FOLK-LORE OF BRITISH PLANTS.

ARTICLE III., AND LAST.

BY JAMES MASON.

Fern—Flax—Hemp—Hazel.

WE transport ourselves into the very heart of Wonderland, when we take up the subject of the folk-lore of FERNS.airy forms flit by us, treasures seem within our grasp, and good luck smiles on all our undertakings.

The full-grown fern, however, is not itself an object of such importance from our point of view as the seed—for popularly the spores by means of which the ferns are propagated are known as seed—from which it springs. This seed, gathered mystically on a particular night of the year, confers strange powers on the possessor. First and most important of all, it makes him become invisible, just as if he had become the owner of the marvellous cloak of our early friend, Jack-the-Giant Killer.

A very natural explanation of the origin of this belief is given by Johnson, the botanist, in his edition of Gerard, 1633;—

“Fern,” he says, “is one of those plants which have their seed on the back of the leafe, so small as to escape the sight. Those who perceived that fern was propagated by semination and yet could never see the seed, were much at a loss for the solution of the difficulty; and as wonder always endeavoures to augment itself, they ascribed to fern seed many strange properties, some of which the rustic virgins have not yet forgotten or exploded.”

The night on which the seed should be gathered, and the manner of gathering it, vary in different countries. Midsummer Eve, however, is generally held to be the proper time. In our own land it is so. “It should be gathered then,” says a MS. of the time of Queen Elizabeth, “between eleven and twelve at noone and at night.” The seed should be caught in a plate without touching the plants, an attempt, it must be confessed, rather trying to the patience and often found to fail. At dusk, on the Eve of St. John, say some, when the hosts of elf-land are abroad in power, the fern shoots out a small blue flower, which soon disappears; and the wonderful seed quickly ripening, falls from the plant at midnight. It must then, according to these authori-

ties, be carefully caught in a white napkin. There is a superstition somewhat resembling this in Shropshire. The people there say that the common Break Fern flowers but once a year, on Michaelmas Eve at midnight, when it puts forth a small blue flower, which vanishes at the first dawning of day.

Shakespeare, and many of our early poets and dramatists, refer to the invisibility-conferring powers of fern seed. Shakspeare, in Henry IV, (part I. 2, 1) records that:—

“He who hath the receipt of fern seed may walk invisible.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher we have the question asked:—

“Had you Gyves’ ring?
Or the herb that gives invisibility?”

In Ben Jonson’s “New Inn,” one of the characters says,—

“I had
No medicine, sir, to go invisible
No fern seed in my pocket.”

Browne, in his “Britannia’s Pastoral,” also speaks of “the wondrous one-night-seeding fern.” But instances crowd upon us; these must for the present suffice.

A curious tradition is current in Westphalia. A man once, on Midsummer night, happened to be looking for a foal he had lost, and he passed through a meadow just as the fern seed was ripening. Some of the seed fell into his shoes. In the morning he went home, walked into his sitting-room and sat down, but thought it very odd that neither his wife nor any of his family took the least notice of him. “I have not found the foal,” he said. Every body in the room started: they heard the man’s voice, but saw no one. His wife called him by name, thinking he had hid himself. Up stood the husband, planted himself in the middle of the floor, and said, “Why do you call me? Here I am, right before you.” Those present were now more frightened than ever, for they heard him rise up and walk, and yet they saw nothing. The man now became aware that he was invisible. And it struck him at once that he might possibly have fern seed in his shoes, for he felt as if there were sand in them. He took them off and shook them out. And, sure enough, there he stood, plain to be seen by everybody.

Besides this property of rendering the holder invisible, fern seed is credited with other extraordinary powers. In Suabia, they say that fern seed brought by the devil between eleven and twelve o'clock on Christmas night, enables one to do as much work as twenty or thirty ordinary men.

The folk-lore of FLAX may be divided into two parts, that which concerns it whilst growing in the fields, and that which deals with it in the hands of the spinner. The first of these is not the more extensive, for the plant does not seem to possess great attractions for supernatural beings until it is combined with human activity. They seem even to have a horror of it, if the Danish superstition be true, that if any one is afraid of spectres, he has nothing to do but strew flax seed before his door, in which case no spirit can cross the threshold.

In the Netherlands there is a saying that the flax is sure to prosper if the sun shines on Candlemas Day (February 2nd). In Westphalia the popular belief is, that if the sun makes its appearance on New Year's Day, the flax will be straight. It is a belief current in Bohemia, that seven-year-old children, by dancing in the flax, will become beautiful. There is a poetic turn about superstitions such as this that makes them pleasant to dwell upon. In Brandenburg, if one is afflicted with dizziness, his neighbours recommend him to run after sunset, naked, three times through a field of flax; after doing so he will be quite cured, for the flax will "take the dizziness to itself."

The first superstition worth mentioning about flax after it leaves the fields is one common to Thuringia. When a young woman there gets married she places flax in her shoes, so that she may never come to poverty. And in Lauenberg, in the same circumstances, she ties a string of flax round the left leg, that it may be endowed for her benefit with the marriage blessing.

That there should be no spinning on a Saturday is a wide-spread belief, as it brings only ill-fortune and punishment. A German legend relates that two old women, good friends, were the most indefatigable spinners of their village: their wheels, in fact, even on a Saturday night, never stood still. At length one of them died; but on the Saturday evening following, she appeared to the other, who, as usual, was busy at her wheel, and showed her her burning hand, saying:—

"See what I in Hell have won,
Because on Saturday eve I spun!"

The chief superstition connected with HEMP is a species of love-divination, by means of hemp seed sown on a particular night of the year. The form which the rite assumes in some parts of England may be seen from the following quotation from Gay's "Pastorals." The time is the mysterious St. John's Eve:

" At eve last Midsummer no sleep I sought,
But to the field a bag of hemp seed brought;
I scattered round the seed on every side,
And three times in a trembling accent cried,
' This hemp seed with my virgin hand I sow,
Who shall my true-love be, the crop shall mow.'
I straight looked back, and if my eyes speak truth,
With his keen scythe behind me came the youth.
With my sharp heel I three times mark the ground,
And turn me thrice around, around, around."

In Derbyshire, the peasants go to the church-yard, and when the clock strikes twelve run round the church, sowing the seed and repeating a rhyme somewhat similar to that quoted above. When they have performed the circuit of the church twelve times without stopping, the lover will appear and follow.

The sowing of hemp seed is one of the superstitious rites of All Hallows Eve, mentioned by Robert Burns as common to Scotland. It appears also to be observed on that occasion in some of the western districts of England.

Long ago, in this country, hemp was by some called "neck-weed." Whether this was on account of its frequent use in the execution of criminals, or because it was held to be a remedy for some complaints affecting the neck, has not been clearly made out. It is a common notion that to own a piece of the rope with which a man has been hanged brings good luck. An interesting relic of some departed rascal is thus frequently carried about by card players in France, and also it is said in our own equally enlightened land.

In Bohemia hemp is held to be "the exorcist of fevers as well as murderers."

The HAZEL is one of the really marvellous class of trees. By its associations and reputed virtues it merits our careful attention. Among the northern nations it was considered one of Thor's trees, and the Saxons in selecting sites for their temples often chose groves of hazel. It may be in consequence of this dedication of the tree to Thor that a legend, to be heard in Bavaria, sprang up,

that the Holy Family, overtaken by a thunderstorm whilst flying into Egypt, took refuge under a hazel. In East Prussia the country people cut a hazel-rod in spring, and when the first thunderstorm comes, make a cross with it over every heap of grain. By so doing they imagine that the corn will keep for many years.

But the most remarkable use to which the tree is put is in digging for hid treasures. It is an old belief that the hazel has a subtle sympathy with what lies hidden deep underground, and in the study of the records of the past, we are every now and again coming across this strange fancy.

“The child,” says Mr. Conway, “who, fortunate enough to get hold of the original version of Cinderella, sympathizes with poor Ashputtel as she sits under the hazel, saying:—

‘Shake, shake, hazel tree,
Gold and silver over me;’

and glows with delight as the bird alights with all that is desirable, is catching a faint echo of a profound faith, which once held the hazel to be in the secret of all the treasures of the earth.”

The way in which the hazel was used for purposes of discovery was very simple. A long forked branch or twig formed the divining rod. The person who bore it walked very slowly over the place where he suspected mines or springs (for the rod was also good for discovering springs) to be. When the rod, which was held horizontally, bent of itself, that indicated at once the presence of the desired metal or water. It was employed for finding metals of all kinds, gold, silver, copper, veins of lead, seams of coal, &c. Even to this day the superstitious practice is observed in the North of England, in Cornwall, and in other mining districts.

The cutting of the divining rod is, as may be supposed, a matter of much importance. In North Germany it is held that it must be cut from a hazel backwards, on St. John’s Day, and must then be bound on a child that has been baptized, and so receive the name of John. In the Tyrol it has to be cut on Good Friday; in Bohemia, on the Sunday of the new moon; in other countries, at midnight on St. John’s Eve. The tradition in the Hartz is, that after being cut the rod must be hid in the dress in which a child has been christened, and that the rod itself must be baptized in the name of the three Holy Kings, or in the name of

Caspar, if it be intended to discover gold, or Balthaser, if silver, or of Melchior, if water.

According to the Cornish miners, the hazel wand is guided to the hidden mineral by the pixies, all the treasures of the earth being in the keeping of these little people. Is it not a fact that many a rich lode has been discovered by their songs heard at nightfall on the lonely moor?

Another property belonging to the hazel is that, according to the people of Suabia, if cut on Good Friday, it will enable one to strike an absent person. This belief appears a remnant of a solemn ceremony formerly practised among the northern nations. The ceremony consisted in the setting up of a nith-stake, as it was called, and was considered a most effectual way of calling down evil upon the head of an enemy.

The hazel was long recognised in Bavaria as a symbol of authority, and as such was hung up in the court-rooms. The officers' batons were also made of hazel. Schoolmasters' rods, too, used, in the olden time, to be made of our tree.

We come now to speak of hazel-nuts, and the first fact to be recorded about them is the Bohemian belief that where they abound there will be many illegitimate children. The important part which they play in the superstitious observances of All Hallows Eve (the evening of the 31st of October), called in Scotland Halloween, and in the north of England Nutcrack Night, is well known. The manner of employing them may be seen from the following quotation from Brand's "Popular Antiquities," in which reference is made to the custom as observed in Ireland:—

"When the young women would know if their lovers are faithful, they put three nuts upon the bars of the grate, naming the nuts after the lovers. If a nut cracks or jumps, the lover will prove unfaithful; if it begins to blaze or burn, he has a regard for the person making the trial. If the nuts named after the girl and her lover burn, they will be married."

Divination by nuts is also practised on the eve of St. Mark, and in a slightly different way from either of the methods described above. A row of nuts is planted among the hot embers on the

hearth, one nut for each girl who makes the trial. The names of the lovers are then said, and it is expected that if the love in any case is to be successful, the nut will jump away; if not, that it will burn quickly till consumed.

“If you love me, pop and fly,
If not, lie there silently.”

THE CLASSICS.

ONE hour with Homer in the laurelled grot,
Where that rapacious Cyclops penned his sheep:
One hour with soft Anacreon in the spot
Where that pet dove rests on his lyre asleep:
One hour with Moschus while the Muses weep,
Because his best of poet-friends is not:
One hour with Maro when he plunges deep
Into the shades, and learns each hero's lot!
With these and Flaccus by the frothful sea
I lingered e'er my manhood's race begun;
To these and Martial, Ovid, Juvenal—three
Choice spirits—I return ere life be done.
One hour in such society? Ah me!
How swift the sparkling sands thrice-turned will run!

FISHING IN A FRENCH MOAT.

ACCIDENT rather than design caused me to be immured within one of the fortress towns of Northern France for a space of several days. The place itself was dull and stagnant notwithstanding that the annual fair lent some transitory animation to the Grande Place and quickened for a moment the lethargic pulsation of the adjacent streets.

That I should have found the half day expended upon several similar places amply sufficient for the inspection of this particular town is undebatable, had it not happened that amongst the inhabitants were friends to whom courtesy not less than inclination

demanding that I should devote myself for a period sufficiently long to hide any indication of *ennui*, which might have been repaid to my disadvantage at a future time. What with dinners, conversation, the theatre, the fair, and a very good collection of pictures in the Hotel de Ville, the after portion of the day could be disposed of without difficulty if not to great profit, but the mornings, which to an industrious soul appear at home so short and compressed by sheer weight of occupation, possess a tendency to expand in the rarer atmosphere of idleness; and certain it was that I viewed the recurrence of the long unbroken vista of time, from dawn to four hours past noon, with a feeling positively approaching alarm.

I speak of a vista, but nothing could be more purely imaginative: there was nothing like a vista obtainable in the good town of X—.

The companion of my first ramble was careful to inform me that it was due to no mere freak of architect or builder that the narrow streets curved and twisted like an entangled coil of rope, but to that prescience of the possibility, nay, the probability, of war which seems to have broken like a nightmare the rest of Gaul and to have lined and wrinkled her fairest features.

On the second morning after my arrival, whilst passing over one of the numerous drawbridges spanning the sluggish moat, I observed movements of the weeds and floatage which to an eye quickened by piscatorial experience indicated the presence of heavy fish in the waters beneath.

I inquired concerning the fishing eagerly, the morning's desolation coming full upon me.

"There are plenty of roach, perch, and pike," said my companion.

"And is there any getting leave to fish?"

"I can manage that."

"Goodness! and I not to have known of this before."

"We will see if M. L. is in his garden."

We turned off through a wicket which obligingly stood ajar, passed under the shadows of some masonry, took several sharp turns, and descended a long flight of stone steps.

A sentry was pacing the top of an adjacent earthwork, exhibiting all that looseness of "set up" which strikes the Englishman at once. He was a small man, and his uniform did not fit him. His waist-belt was half way over his hips, and he carried his

musket sword-bayonet fixed without reference to balance, the point of the bayonet being somewhat lower than the stock of the rifle.

At the foot of the stairs was a rough wooden gate. We opened it, and passed into the garden beyond. The garden consisted of a triangular piece of ground something more than an acre in extent, hemmed in by bastions, and with a picturesque tower at one extremity. A rustic arbor was built upon slightly rising ground in the centre, and within this sat M. L. smoking a cigar, and placidly contemplating his crops now advancing to maturity.

Learning that I was interested in gardens, he was at some pains to point out the most noticeable features of his own. I was more struck by the abundance and fine quality of his tomatoes than by anything else I observed. He cultivated them on rough espaliers, surrounding the outer circle of the garden and continued along the edges of some of the minor pathways. A gardener was digging potatoes, and as, in lifting one of the setts, he turned up some fine specimens of the lobworm, we easily passed to the topic uppermost in my mind, and ere our circuit of the garden was completed, punt, man, lobworms, and moat were all placed at my disposal, and nothing but want of skill or an east wind could come between me and the morrow's captures.

I did not feel quite so sanguine as, between eight and nine o'clock the next morning—weather chilly and a damp fog hanging about—I crossed the little bridge leading to Bastion No. 84, wondering whether there were really a Bastion No. 1 and No. 2, and so on all the way up, and if so, whether there were an 85, and where the numbers stopped.

It was not necessary that I should call upon No. 84 to surrender, as the keys had already been delivered to me over night. Did ever fortress pass so quietly into the hands of the foreigner? A few *gamins* were loitering in the neighborhood, and of course several red-trousered soldiers, who stared a little as I executed my "open sesame" performance and disappeared within the sacred precincts, the heavy door closing behind me with a dull thud.

I use the word "disappeared" advisedly, for I was literally gone—fallen into darkness worse than that of Erebus—and only emerging after a painful groping towards daylight, which I succeeded in finding at the further extremity of an underground passage of some thirty yards in length, and seeming three hundred at least.

The man in a blouse, who stood in a rather dejected attitude on the wall, brightened up as he caught sight of me, and after a greeting in French which I did my best to acknowledge, considering the distance, he proceeded to wave his hand and to shout "All right, sare!" a welcome which, as I subsequently discovered, literally exhausted his knowledge of the English language.

We reached the punt by means of a ladder, and I was glad to observe that it contained a landing net of huge proportions, as its presence indicated the possibility of heavy fish though when I reflected upon the delicate nature of the tackle I was able to command, my monitor's assurance, given as we pushed off from the ladder, that there were *des poissons tres-grands*, evoked something of misgiving in my mind.

The atmosphere was certainly not exhilarating in tone. The sensation was as though we were navigating a vast well, or rather a perfect congeries of wells, for we passed from one to another with as much rapidity as the nature of our craft and the manner of locomotion would permit.

Of course the wind was east, or to be accurate E. N. E.; rather worse perhaps, and occasionally as we turned the corners we met little gusts which blew the water into cold hard ripples, and shivered them against the colder, harder masonry.

There were incessant sounds of trumpets and drums, showing that the garrison was stirring; but as yet no soldiers could be seen, though the big trees which at intervals capped the earthworks loomed through the fog like giant sentinels.

The exertions of some twenty minutes brought us to the desired spot, and deep hole, well under the shelter of a projecting angle of the wall, where the water lay calm and motionless, and big rushes drooped forward as though asleep.

The punt having been secured, I plumbed the depth and found we had about nine feet of water with a bottom of black mud. It was my intention to get anything I could, though ostensibly I proposed trying the perch; and the whole surroundings of the scene were so novel that I should have been scarcely surprised had I landed a man in armor.

"Now by my angling soul," reasoned I with myself, as I selected my stoutest line, "where next will this propensity lead me? I verily believe Dr. Johnson's dictum to be literally true as applied to myself this time. True, I have fished funny waters before—

oftentimes with a strong suspicion of no fish—but I could always fall back on the exercise, the prospect, the contemplation, the fresh air, when at a loss for an argument to excuse the idleness. Now, here I am cramped up in a terribly uncomfortable boat, a blank wall for my horizon, villainously stagnant air to breathe, with a probable failure to justify my pretensions as angler by permitting myself to be out-generalled by these military fishes, and a possibility of becoming an object of suppressed ridicule to the Frenchman opposite, with whom, owing to my school-learned French and his atrocious *patois*, I am utterly unable to carry on a connected conversation, and to whose parlous mind I must, therefore, *prima facie* present a ridiculous appearance.”

“However, here goes!”

The recklessness of tone apparently needed no translation, for the Frenchman looked up, sighed deeply, and at once withdrew his glance. The rubicund lobworm with which I had threaded the hook clove the watery plain with the gentlest of splashes, yet not so noiselessly but that it attracted the attention of a predatory perch, which rose for an instant to the surface and then dashed in pursuit.

It is needless to say what followed. Given a fresh lobworm on a tough hook, and a hungry perch, and the sequel is assured. My first fish weighed about a pound, and was safely aboard within two minutes. One or two of smaller size followed, and then came the inevitable lull.

We changed quarters repeatedly, with varying luck, taking fish now and again; sometimes an eel, and, on one occasion, the inordinate craving of a deluded gudgeon, brought a trifling addition to the basket, until at last they went fairly off the feed and I could lure them no more.

It was now twelve o'clock. How quickly had the hours flown on this particular morning! I had actually omitted to count the strokes of the church bell as it gave its hourly invitation to prayers. I was quite unable to say how often bugle had appealed to bugle or drum to drum. Yet, as I had taken nothing for the last hour, the sport was becoming decidedly slow, and I was by no means sorry that an engagement for two o'clock left me no alternative but to suspend operations at one, else I felt assured that the infatuation of my nature would have kept me there, fish or no fish, until nightfall; and in that case I had scarcely answered for

the continued patience of my attendant, whose native politeness could but just conceal a disposition to vote the whole thing a bore.

I was the less surprised at this when he informed me that his occupation was to *net* other portions of the water, and much he wished the governor were not so careful about this particular ditch, as the pike lay there in shoals.

At this reminder of the riches of the waters I cast a somewhat sanguinary eye at the unfortunate gudgeon, and inwardly congratulated myself that I had not returned him disdainfully to his family.

But the want of tackle seemed an insurmountable difficulty—my few lines were of fine gut, and the largest hooks I possessed were but medium perch size. Live bait fishing was out of the question; my gudgeon was dead, and, if otherwise, I had no float large enough to hold him suspended. I had recourse to spinning. I took three of the perch hooks and lashed them securely back to back. With some difficulty, having no bait needle, I threaded the gudgeon, bringing the three hooks firmly against his tail and fastening them to a treble-twisted gut line. I had previously forced several pellets of lead down the unconscious victim's throat to give him the necessary gravity, and I now hitched his tail round to cause the required rotary motion whilst passing through the water. My rod was short and thick, of a wood not unlike hickory, with no rings or fastenings for running tackle. We loosed the boat from her moorings; I seated myself with my face towards the stern and made my first throw—rather a clumsy one I am afraid.

My friend in charge, with an "All right, sare," swung back the pieces of wood which did duty as sculls, and propelled the craft gently through the water. Hitherto I had been only anxious to rig up a line somehow, but now that I was really at work I could not help mentally inquiring what would happen if a fish were really hooked. So serious were my misgivings as to the result, that I seemed involuntarily to derive consolation from the reflection that if the jack behaved, as a decent jack should, he would certainly reject the bait the moment he felt the check my fixed line would inevitably give.

I was proceeding to speculate upon the probability of real experience upon this point, when the line suddenly seemed to

leap backward, cutting the water with a sharp whish—st, and the rod was almost pulled from my hand.

“Voila! Monsieur!” cried the Frenchman in an ecstasy.

“Back water hard!” shouted I, entirely oblivious for the moment of the difference in our vocabularies, though under any circumstances I should have been puzzled to find the counterpart in French.

My companion, however, was quick-witted enough to do the right thing, and, whatever the probabilities had been, the fact was patent that, rightly or wrongly, the fish had been hooked, and was at considerable pains to demonstrate that there could be no manner of doubt on this head.

He fought bravely—passionately. Down—down he went until he forced half the rod under water; he described a series of eccentric circles, bringing a tremendous strain upon my plaited line; he rushed from right to left and back again, causing the punt to rock violently with his efforts, driving the Frenchman into the ejaculatory stage of excitement, I holding on to the rod for very life, as it were, with the perspiration rolling down my cheeks, and liable at any moment to be overbalanced into nine feet of water, yet every energy directed to keep my gentleman from a blind rush under the punt, which must have set him free immediately.

Once or twice when the captive became quieter I attempted to coax him to the surface, but in vain. I even went so far as to try to force him there, but I had as easily brought a whale to the surface. How I wished this had happened on an English lake or river, with a nice shelving bank or a shallow creek into which we might have literally towed the monster; but instead, there were horrid walls rising perpendicular from the deepest water, and offering absolutely no point of vantage anywhere.

What was to be done? It seemed as though I had already held him for an hour—as a matter of fact the time was some ten minutes. He evidently had no intention of giving in, and so far the line had most unexpectedly held out.

There was so much commotion now that a considerable crowd of soldiery was attracted to the scene. In a few minutes half the garrison appeared to be on the walls, all talking and shouting, and every man of them gesticulating violently.

Rumination during a moment's lull had evidently decided the creature upon a change of tactics. He rushed fiercely to the end

of his tether, and struggled persistently forward. He would not be turned from his purpose; there was a perceptible motion of the boat in the same direction. In front was a bridge already filling with spectators. Good gracious! here was a pretty predicament for an English angler, to be towed whether he would or not under a bridge by a French fish!

In vain I called upon the astounded Frenchman to pull; he took no heed—his sculls were shipped, he was altogether off his head now. I almost execrated the line's stubborn endurance; and another attempt to bring my captive under control having signally failed, I had thoughts of cutting the obstinate gut, when as if to repay my ingratitude, the line suddenly snapped under water, and the fish was gone!

My disappointment was now as keen as my anxiety had been intense. It was my firm conviction—still maintained—that I had been very near capturing the champion fish of those parts. I had heard of sturgeons royal taken in our own muddy Thames, and as I held the monster fast, notions of a pike royal, engendered possibly by the then condition of the French atmosphere, intruded upon my mind.

I made no effort to conceal my mortification, and to do my guide justice, he seemed overcome with regrets, though, perhaps with a view to dissipate my gathering melancholy, he immediately adopted a more cheerful tone, and much I grieve that the finer periods of his sympathy were entirely lost upon my alien soul. He, however, made me comprehend that there was a good time coming, or its French equivalent, and facetiously he hinted that the basket would yet be filled.

"But I have no time left. I have finished," said I, glancing at my watch, and hurrying my tackle into its case.

"N'importe, Monsieur."

He took the sculls in hand, and we went on our way. It did not appear to me that we were returning. I did not recollect this and that prominent feature of the endless walls. There was a low archway on our left protected by a gate. He pulled towards it and thrust back the rusty bars. We lay close in the boat as he propelled it by his hands through the long narrow archway. On the other side the water widened somewhat, and as I sat up in the boat I perceived we were in an oblong ditch, with no outlet at the further extremity, and hemmed in by lofty brickwork, on the top

of which I could distinguish, against the grey sky, tufts of rank grass and nettles. I looked at the guide in astonishment, and requested information as to our whereabouts.

He replied in a mysterious manner, and with a motion of laughter, mellowing into a decided chuckle. By dint of great exertion on his part—for myself, I was intensely passive—we had reached a box, floating buoylike on the thick water. The Frenchman brought the boat up alongside, and stood erect grinning.

Something evidently pleased him immensely. I earnestly wished I could participate in his merriment, but could discover nothing calculated to produce it in the smallest degree. Having opened the box, he carefully explored its interior with the landing-net. There was a violent lashing of the water by a big tail, whose owner evinced a determined and not unnatural objection to the proceedings, but to no purpose, as a few minutes sufficed to transfer from the box to the floor of the punt a handsome jack of some ten pounds.

M. L. had bidden the boatman place the fish at call, in case M. l'Etranger failed to fill his basket. This was the explanation, and I confess I was much affected at the exhibition of French politeness, though as I carried my fish home I was painfully aware of a decided imposition on my part. The French small boys regarded with considerable awe both the fish and its quasi captor, and it was certain that the material and substantial evidence of my prowess had already established the angling reputation of M. l'Etranger.

My consolation lay in the reflection that many a man's reputation had been built upon the achievements of another, and after all I had been *very near* capturing a giant.

MY MURIEL.

THE gloaming's reddening light lies low
Upon the woodland ways and seas,
And cool winds from the hill-side blow,
And, passing, whisper to the trees.
Yet is not this as other days—
My love, I will the meaning tell;
What say the seas and woodland ways,
To thee, my Muriel?

Love's day is o'er, love's sun is set,
 But us the sunset gleams enfold,
 For sweet love lingers with us yet,
 Love's sunset changing all to gold;
 For suns must set, and love must die,
 And lips, not hearts, must say, "Tis well,"
 And hearts must bid a long good-bye,
 My sweet, sweet Muriel.

In golden aftertime forget
 The one who loved, staked all, and lost;
 Forget me love, sweet love, and yet
 Canst thou forget how dear thou wast?
 Farewell! farewell! it must be said,
 Though my fond heart should break—farewell!
 Forget me, think my love is dead,
 As thine is, Muriel.

—*London Society.*

JUST HIS DUTY.

A STORY OF THE GREAT MINNESOTA SNOWSTORM.

IT was in the year of the great Minnesota snowstorms. You heard of them, I dare say. Most people did; and I've little doubt that, to ladies and gentlemen sitting by their snug firesides in London, or even New York, there was something pleasantly exciting in the daily accounts from those far Western States in America, of how the snow kept fall, fall, falling, day by day and week by week, in one soft, steady sheet of dazzling white, till it rose high over walls and hedges, blotted out roads, and fields, and streams, and made hills and dales alike one dead, blank level. People read with eager curiosity of whole coach-loads frozen up in one night, of travellers lost in the whirling drifts within a yard or two of their own homes, of men going out to seek for stray cattle, to be found dead and stiff within an hour or so.

"There is something not altogether unpleasing in the misfortunes of others," says that cynical old Frenchman, who seems to have only lived for the sake of opening our eyes to the weaknesses and meannesses of our fellow-creatures; but, indeed, I thought he was

in the right of it during those weeks of winter, while the snow kept falling in the West; and we, safe and warm under a milder sky, asked—"What news from Minnesota?" as we would have asked—"What was done in the House last night? or, Is Patti really engaged for St. Petersburg this season?"

Bah! one man's meat is another man's poison. Why should I grumble because men and women found a subject for harmless gossip in the snows which cost me one of the dearest lives God ever sent to flower on this decayed old world of ours?

His name was Hugh Garston, and he was the master of an infants' school half-way between Rock Rapids, Iowa, and the village of White Water Springs. Also, he was an Englishman, like myself, and an under-graduate of Exeter College, Oxford. Opposing elements, I grant you; but easily reconciled when you know his story. Hugh's father had been a gentleman of property, given to travelling in his youth; and having rambled as far as Iowa one summer, had there fallen in love with and married a trapper's daughter.

As soon as the deed was done he became very much ashamed of it; deserted his wife as soon as possible, and returned to his ancestral halls in Yorkshire. Unfortunately, the trapper's daughter was not a person of delicacy. Instead of taking her desertion as a gentle hint that Mr. Garston was tired of her, and resigning herself accordingly, this young woman packed up a change of linen, and not only started off in pursuit of him, but actually found him in his own home; and arriving at the hall with a fortnight-old baby in her arms, she presented the baby to the hall's master as his son.

Mr. Garston was at once a moral and a resolute man. He had determined not to place a trapper's daughter at the head of his table; and he kept to his determination. He felt the obligation of providing for his son, and did so. Threats of proving the marriage illegal, and promises of kindness to the child, were accordingly used to subdue the mother; and both succeeded to perfection. The trapper's daughter gave up her baby; and, under obligation to return to her people and trouble no one any more, was assured that Hugh should be acknowledged and provided for.

So far, so good. She went. Mr. Garston kept his word, and in due time Hugh went to college. In the latter's twentieth year, however, something occurred which turned all this good to bad.

Mr. Garston had destined him for the church. Hugh declined to enter it, for the paltry reason that he did not believe in the Thirty-nine Articles which he was going to subscribe. A quarrel ensued. Unpleasant disclosures followed. Hugh learnt for the first time that his mother was not dead, but living and disowned; and that the second Mrs. Garston—(oh, yes, *she* had appeared on the scene some time back, an unexceptionable person of property and position)—owed her marriage to a lucky and legal flaw in the first ceremony.

Passion is productive of hasty words. Wise men pay no heed to them. Hugh was not wise. Within a week he had thrown up father, college, and prospects; and departed to seek his mother in the far West. Please to remember his trapper blood in excuse, and excuse him—as I did.

When I next met him it was out there, and he was returning from his mother's funeral. He had found her living alone in a small house on the hills, keeping a small school, and suffering from a lingering internal disorder which made life one long torture to her. Hugh brought the best medicine that torture could admit—his presence and his love; and under that gentle balm Mary Garston lingered two years, resting from her labours in peace and happiness, while the young Oxonian kept school and house for her, and tended her like nurse, servant, and son in one.

Naturally, now she was gone, I urged him to give up this wretched life, and begin a better in England, with my aid. He thanked me, and declined. He liked teaching. The school had increased, and was a blessing to those outlying farms and cabins, whose young fry would otherwise have grown up mere heathens and savages. If he gave it up, no other would take it, the pay was so poor and the situation so lonely. Besides, he was now bent on the Independent ministry, and found this a capital place for perfecting his studies in quiet, and practising their lessons in freedom. These were his arguments, and I combated them with ease. Then he turned on me, and told me—

“I have grown to care for a girl in the village yonder, Malva Keith. She is not a lady, and I am not a gentleman—after my father's pattern, at least. This state of life suits her better than any other; therefore, if I marry her, it and no other shall suit me.” I had used reason against arguments, and turned them into smoke. To use reason against love would have been folly; and I was not

a fool. We shook hands heartily, bade each other "God speed," and parted the best of friends, never to meet again in this world. The rest of Hugh's story I give from his letters and Malva's lips.

She was a practised coquette, honest enough in her way, and beautiful beyond measure, with the full, upright figure, lithe, round limbs, and rich colouring of a prairie Hebe; well aware of her beauty too, both from her glass and the more audible homage of at least a score of rough and ready admirers, trappers, timber-fellers, railway employés, loafers, and the like, who all vied in paying court to the flower of White Waters. Hugh came in among these like a star from another system; and straightway Malva cast off her old suitors, and hauled down the flag of freedom to lay it at the young schoolmaster's feet.

So far, so well; but, unfortunately, surrender was easier than subjection to this young lady. Hugh lived fully three miles off, and was at his work all day. Malva lived just outside the village—her father was a timber contractor, and a well-to-do man of the roughest class—and the house was always full of those of her swains as did not care for work, and found making love a pleasant pastime; and Malva was too partial to this incense to relinquish it at once, and for the sake of a grave, stern young man, who had other work than hanging on her apron-strings all day. The end of all this was that Hugh grew anxious, then jealous, then angry; took to reproving instead of worshipping, and so irritated Malva's pride; all of which culminated in a desperate quarrel on Christmas Eve respecting a certain Miles Pearson, whose over-familiar worship of the flower of White Waters had for some time been arousing Master Hugh's wrath. I fear that latter gentleman had inherited his father's pride; at any rate, he bore himself so sternly on this occasion that Malva, who was on the point of yielding and asking pardon, suddenly nailed her colours to the mast, and said she "wasn't going to be bullied. Miles was as good as *some* folk, and better. He didn't get riley and tyrannical; and for her part she preferred Americans to half-bred foreigners," &c., &c., blue eyes flashing and pomegranate cheeks aflame. Hugh looked her full in the face, and answered her, very white and cold—

"That is your choice then? Very well. The half-bred foreigner will resign you until such time as you change your mind, and *ask* him to come back. Good morning, Miss Keith."

And so walked back to his school, and came no more to Keith's homestead.

This was Christmas Eve, as I said, and the weather was cold enough then; but the real heavy snow did not set in much before January. It had been falling off and on for several days, and was so deep in places that Hugh's school benches had grown very empty, many from the more distant clearings not being able to come. Still, the master was a great favourite with children, and these in Iowa and Minnesota are a tough and hardy little race; so on the 5th of January, 187—, though the sky was an ominous colour, and the barometer falling fast, about nine boys and girls arrived as usual, and, after a good warming at the fire, began their studies.

One of them, Seth Halkett, brought a bit of news.

"Miles Pearson's gwine to splice with old Keith's gal. Guess there'll be grand fixings down to her place. Air you a-gwine to the marryin', teacher?"

"You shut up, Seth," cried his sister, a sharp girl of twelve, who, with precocious womanhood, had got hold of Hugh's feelings in that quarter. "He's always talkin' when he knows nuthin', teacher; an' he aren't done one figger of his reck'nin' yet."

Seth stuck his hand defiantly in the ragged bands of his corduroys, and muttered—"Darn the reck'nin';" but Hugh spoke to him mildly, and bade the girl mind her own work. It was not with children that his sternness came out.

And the snow went on falling.

It soon grew too dark for studying. The flakes froze as they fell in a solid heap on the window-sill, and blotted out the light. One of the boys looked out at the front door, and got his nose frost-bitten; and a murmur rose that they would be obliged to stay in school all night. Hugh went to the back door, which was at the lee of the house, and confirmed the foreboding. The road was impassable for children already, and the snow falling in two cross currents, which made a sort of frozen whirlwind in the air. There could be no going home that evening, and he busied himself in piling up the fires, and helping the old negress, who waited on him, to get supper ready for his pupils. That night, the two girls who had been plucky enough to accompany their brothers to school slept in Hugh's bed, while he camped down with the boys in the school-room. They kept roaring fires, and used every wrap there was in the house; but the cold increased hourly, and one, the youngest child, woke crying more than once.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all the next day and night. Hugh kept up the fires, fed the children well, and told them stories. Little Tommy, the youngest, cried for his mother at first; but soon ceased when the master took him on his knee and comforted him. Still the time passed very drearily; every peep from the back room showed only a white waste of snow, trending downwards to the valley, and blotting paths, fences, and landmarks in one hugh winding-sheet. Worse was coming still; for that night old Cassy whispered her master that the food was almost gone. Nine hungry mouths soon made away with the contents of one man's larder.

And the snow went on falling.

On the following day breakfast was a miserable meal, and one of the girls having discovered the cause thereof, began to wail out that they would all be starved. Hugh quieted her, gently but firmly, and going to the window pointed that the sky was clearing, and the snow-flakes falling less thickly. They continued to lessen hour by hour; and by noon Hugh determined to make his way to the nearest village store, and bring back food to the hungry children.

It was a difficult errand, even for him, who knew every inch of the way, and was cased in fur and leather from head to foot. All signs of the road were obliterated. More than once he missed his way, and sank into the snow nearly to his thighs; and the cold was so intense that the very breath froze upon his lips like an icy skin. The poor fellow was well-nigh dead when he at last reached Ethan Ball's store—a log ranch, sunk deep in snow, on the outskirts of the village; and Mrs. Ball, whose two boys were both at school, half choked him with a tumblerful of raw brandy, which she tried to pour down his throat, in her anxiety to learn the fate of the children.

The spirit did him good, however; and seeing that the sky looked very threatening, he would not even linger long in the grateful warmth, but loaded a small hand-sled with brandy, biscuits, and beef, and set off again—refusing to allow Ball, a sickly, rheumatic man, to accompany him. This husband and wife, who had never said a prayer in their lives, and only knew the name of their Maker by way of a lively curse or two, braved the cold at the open door to cry “God keep you, man,” as Hugh started on his errand of aid to the children on the hill.

I think He did—though not in their sense.

Only a light sprinkling of snow had fallen since his departure; so that he was able to retrace the journey by his own track, and was toiling heavily up a steepish hill, when, of a sudden, his ear was caught by the dismal howling of a dog far away. He paid no heed, thinking it came from the settlement; and presently it ceased, then changed to a bark, growing nearer and nearer; till finally, a large black dog came in sight round a point of rock, and, bounding upon him, began a series of fawning and whining, running away a few steps, and returning to look up in his face with all a dog's frenzy of impotent eloquence. Men soon grow to understand these signs in the far West. Hugh knew, as well as if he had been told, that somewhere within hail that dog's master was lying in strait so great as to need help; and help accordingly he set out to give. The dog led the way, and he followed; now stumbling, now falling outright; sometimes letting the handle of the sled slip from his half-frozen fingers, and often determining to give up the attempt and get home while he could; but always urged on, as much by that inflexibility which made part of the man's character as by dislike of leaving a fellow-creature to perish within reach. So on and on, for half a mile or so; and then the dog stopped beside a big, motionless mound of snow, and Hugh, bending forward, found himself staring into the white and rigid face of his old enemy, Miles Pearson.

Independent of rivalry, this man had always been peculiarly obnoxious to Hugh. He was a big, burly fellow, foul in his tongue and loose in his living, with a rooted hatred to "Britishers"—which he took every occasion of testifying by the coarsest offence which could be conveyed into words and manner—and an amount of brutal good looks and flash attire, which found him favour with the White Waters women, and were more offensive to Garston than any insults. That such a man should dare to admire Malva Keith, and not be repulsed with loathing, had certainly lowered that young lady in her lover's eyes; and of late the two men had hardly even met without exhibiting a manifest animosity, which White Waters, looking on with cheerful anticipation, predicted would soon "end in shooting." Pearson was a dead bullet within a hundred yards, and had killed his man before. White Waters considered it safe to lay ten to two against the schoolmaster, and waited rather impatiently for an opportunity to "realize."

Now, Pearson lay a half-frozen, insensible log upon the Minnesota snows; and Hugh Garston stood above him!

Only for a moment; then he knelt down and felt the man's wrist. It gave back no answering beat. He laid his hand on his heart; that still ticked on, but very feebly. Death was running a race with Miles Pearson, and no time could be lost if he were to be beaten. Hugh lost none. Without a moment's hesitation, he set to work to force some drops of brandy down the man's throat; then jerked the bags of food out of the sled, and half dragged, half lifted the helpless body on to it instead. The children were very hungry, but *they* could wait. Miles was past waiting. But, not to lose the food, he drove the long stick with which he had been walking, into the frozen snow, and fastened the dog to it. He had got out of the way, he knew, and was far from home; but that would mark the spot. And now he looked round, half despairingly, for some nearer shelter, and straightway uttered a shout of joy. A spiral column of smoke was rising into the air, beside a huge grey bluff, about half a mile off; and Hugh's heart beat thankfully as he recognized the chimneys of Keith's homestead.

As he started to reach it, the snow began to fall.

In the great log kitchen at the Keiths', the family were all gathered round a huge fire that afternoon, talking of the snow, of the time it had lasted and the casualties it had occasioned, and wondering when fine weather would set in again. Abram Keith had heard of a Minnesota bride and bridegroom snowed-up in the sleigh, *en route* to their married home, and only rescued after two days—living, but crippled for life; and his father told of a neighbour found dead and frozen stiff, within a few yards of his house, that very morning. There was no end of such stories. Only Malva held her tongue, and looked pale and weary. Possibly she had begun to miss Hugh Garston.

A heavy bang at the door startled them all; and Abram, going to open it, gave vent to such a volley of oaths and ejaculations of wonder as brought all the family to his side, and turned the solo to a chorus. No wonder, for what had entered was the body of a man, feet foremost, laid on a sled; and propelled by another man, who, as if utterly exhausted, dropped his burden at the door, and staggered to a bench, without uttering one word in reply to the questions which assailed him. No heed was paid to him, however,

for all eyes had turned upon the apparent corpse; and there was another shout from Abram.

“Jeehosophat and all his tarnation grand-uncles, ef ’taint Miles Pearson!”

The whole house was in a commotion at once. Brandy and hot blankets were called for, Miles was put into Abram’s bed; and every one was so busy in attending to his restoration, that Hugh had stumbled to the fire, helped himself to a drink of hot coffee, and turned to the door again, before any one noticed him. Then Mrs. Keith cried out—

“Garston, don’t open that, man; or you’ll let more of the cold in.”

“I will shut it behind me,” he said, laconically.

“Why, what the fury!—you’re not going?” in a chorus from the men.

“Yes, I am—home.”

Abram delivered himself of a whole bagful of curses, ingeniously diversified. Malva came close, and put her hand wonderingly on her lover’s arm. Hugh did not look at her; but turning to his host, stated the reason for his departure—nine famishing children.

“What! out there? Why I reckoned you were coming down here till the thaw. Where did you spot poor Miles, then?”

Hugh told.

“An’ you left the prog, and come away to toat him along down here! Well, I’m darned!”

Old Keith shrugged his shoulders; but Malva’s eyes glistened, and her warm fingers stole down his arm, and glided sinuously into his gloved ones.

“Garston,” said old Keith, giving up the past idiocy for the present—“it’s most dark already, an’ the snow falling like wild-fire. You’ll never get home with your life this day. Don’t be a darned fool, an’ risk it.”

“And my children?”

“Dodrot the shavers! If they’ve empty bellies one day, they can fill ’em the next, an’ no harm done, I reckon. Let ’em be. Why, you’re most broke down a’ready, an’ as white as a skunk’s liver.”

This from Abram. Hugh looked at him coldly.

These two young men did not “hitch well,” to use Malva’s phrase.

"Will you go if I stay?" he asked; "or will you come with me and help?"

With the greatest sincerity, young Keith shook his head, and wished himself at eternal perdition if he were such a fool—

"*He'd keer fur his life, he guessed, ef schoolmaster didn't fur his'n.*"

The schoolmaster laughed contemptuously.

"I thought so. Good night, friends. I care for the children given to my charge. Look after your frost-bitten friend, Abram. You can do that without running the risk of losing your precious life, or freezing your foul tongue either."

He went out as he spoke, and Abram, boiling with rage, caught up a "Colt's," and made as he would follow. Old Keith held him back.

"Let the darned fool go, and be cussed to him!" he said. "Look at the snow, boy. He'll never spot home to-night. Malva, bolt the door."

She flew off; but not to obey. Hugh had taken but a few steps, when his arm was caught, and Malva, half buried in her father's huge bearskin robe, clung panting to his side.

"Hugh, dear Hugh, do come back! Why, for pity's sake, do you flare at Abram so? He only wanted to stay you. Come back, do!"

"I beg your pardon, Malva. Your brother always irritates me; but his selfish cowardice just now put my blood up. Go back yourself, child. It isn't safe for you to be here a moment."

He put her back as he spoke, pressing her into the shelter of the deep porch, and wrapping the mufflers still closer round her. She got one arm free, however, and flung it round his neck.

"Hugh, don't you now—don't! Look at the snow, it's falling fast again; an' dusk's drawing in. Don't go to-night, Hugh—for my sake, don't! Listen"—trying to rub her soft cheek against his caressingly—"I love you—I love you better nor any one; an' I'll never speak another word to that drunken brute you saved, nor no one if you bid me—never, Hugh! Do forgive me, old man! Say you believe me, and stay to-night—do!"

She was sobbing and crying now, with her wet, flushed face hidden on his breast, and her warm, shapely arms clasped and quivering about his neck. The proprieties of courtship are not a matter of education in the North-Western States. Hugh lifted her face and kissed it.

"I do forgive you," he said. "I would make you my wife to-night if I could, and I believe you would come."

"That I would, old man, right away."

"Do your duty, then, child; and obey me like one. Mine is to go to those children this very minute, and I must do it. There," unclasping her hands, and kissing both them and the trembling lips with long, grave kisses—"God bless you, love, and good-bye. I've delayed over long already."

He opened the door for her, and strode away into the driving snow, without waiting for an answer. She walked heavily into the house, put up the bolts, and, dropping down into a seat, hid her face in her apron, weeping bitterly.

And the snow went on falling.

It never ceased all that night and the following morning; but towards evening the sky cleared, the barometer rose steadily, and two of the children's fathers from the village found their way to the school-house on the hill. The drifts had blocked up the front door and windows, but the back was still clear; and at the sound of their voices, half a dozen little faces, white, gaunt and haggard-looking, appeared in the open doorway, clamouring for food.

"Thank the Lord, mine are safe!" Jim Halkett said, griping his son's hand, while his other arm held the sobbing girl. "Why, where's schoolmaster, my kids; an' what's gone wi' Nathan's little Tommy?"

"Teacher went away to get somethin' t' eat yesterday mornin', an' never come back," Seth said; "an' Tommy, he tuk bad an' died last night. Guess he were so hungry he couldn't wait. We're most dead wi' hunger, father."

Jim had brought a bagful of bread-stuff, on the chance of such need. He hastened now to divide it among the sick and famished children, while Tommy's father went into the back room, where the little white body lay, cold and quiet—not hungry now. Old Cassy stood beside him.

"He did nothing but cry," she said, "after de massa went, till he took sick; an' den he quiet berry soon. He'd been a lyin' still, mout be a couple o' hours, when all of a suddent he skeered right up, his little face all smilin', an' cries out, 'Teacher's comin'! I see him walkin' up de hill, aside of a man all white an' shinin'. Oh, let me go! He's holdin' out his hands to me. Let me go! Dem was his berry last words, massa. He went off slick that

minnit, and ef you ask my 'pinion, Massa Garston went fust. He'd never ha' stayed away from these 'ere blessed children ef the snow hadn't caught him.

She said truly. Two days later, a man and woman, starting from Keith's homestead for the school, found his body half covered with snow, and lying within a dozen yards of the stick, where the dog, stark and stiff too, crouched guardian-like upon the heap of now useless provisions. He must have lost his way in the blinding drift, and wandered round and round in circles, till he dropped from sheer exhaustion; for there were marks of his footsteps still visible, crossing and re-crossing each other in every direction. But the face was quite peaceful; and on the stern lips there still lay a smile, frozen there by the icy hand of Death, before he rose up to meet the Man whose dazzling whiteness is beyond that of all snows—yea, even of the sun and stars. And even in dying he had tried to carry out that task which, unfulfilled, had troubled his last moments; for one rigid hand still grasped an end of a pencil, while beside him lay the pocket-book, in which the poor frozen fingers had scrawled—

“Food—to the children—*Quick!*”

That strong right hand must have grown strangely dead; for the letters were all but illegible.

But what will you? He had done his best. Which of you will do more?

SLEEPY TURTLES OFF CORSICA.

[Extract from J. Newton Wilson's Journal in 1860.]

OUR beautiful barque *India* was gently moving through the sparkling waters of the Mediterranean. The breeze was exceedingly light—so light that we were scarcely making any perceptible headway. We were very near the shores of magnificent Corsica, and my young heart leaped with joy to behold the island that gave birth to Napoleon Bonaparte. I am far from capable to describe this land of marshes, low sandy beaches, lagunes abounding with game, vast mountains ranging away like a world

of fortifications, and the sides of old Monte Rotondo adorned with great forests of oak and fir, and its summit, looming above the clouds, frosted with eternal snow.

Grand torrents would now and then arrest our attention, tumbling from some dark gorge, a thousand feet down, down, amidst a rising vapour and lost in mist, which often stole from our gaze many charming pictures of fertile hills fringed with olive and laurel trees, among which a very army of black sheep and well fattened goats nibbled the succulent grass and chewed their cud. Conspicuously perched on a crag, we sometimes would observe a solitary little dwelling, that appeared as if it might slide off from its dizzy height.

Through our spy-glasses we could discern a roundish object on our lee bow. The cutter was immediately lowered, and three of us were soon on board of her; we pulled very quietly and carefully for a couple of hundred yards, then ceased rowing and propelled the little boat with motions of our surging bodies that jerked her along slowly and noiselessly. We neared the armor-covered rover, and at last touched his shining back, turned him over, and amidst great splashing hauled him in out of the cold. His turtleship awoke on this occasion exceedingly surprised, and manifested his disgust by flapping his fins and hissing threateningly. For two days the weather continued calm, and we followed up this good sport and captured in all fourteen, some of which weighed over a hundred pounds each. We had sumptuous fare now—steaks, savory stews, and soups—that would tempt the palate of a Delmonico. We kept alive several of the turtles for three weeks, by turning them on their backs and covering their mouths with a wet swab. We slaughtered them by decapitation, and I most particularly noticed that they never appeared to flinch from the keen edged knife, only on the spinal cord being severed; this would produce a slight tremor, while the blood would flow freely. A wind called the *sirocco* at last came whistling over the sea—a deluging rain accompanied it—and Corsica was hidden from our view.

THE EMPTY BOAT.

[From the German of Julius Sturm.]

THERE sailed a fisher far over the lake,
Far over the lake,
With song the air awaking;
And in it sounded woe so deep,
A woe so deep,
It seemed his heart were breaking.

Came floating back an empty boat,
An empty boat,
Wind-driven to the shore;
Now tell me, fishermaid, false and fair,
So false and fair,
Shall we see thy lover more?

Halifax, N. S.

C. D. M.

DR. HEIDEGGER'S EXPERIMENT.

THAT very singular man, old Dr. Heidegger, once invited four venerable friends to meet him in his study. There were three white-bearded gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, and a withered gentlewoman, whose name was the Widow Wycherly. They were all melancholy old creatures, who had been unfortunate in life, and whose greatest misfortune it was, that they were not long ago in their graves. Mr. Medbourne, in the vigour of his age, had been a prosperous merchant, but had lost his all by a frantic speculation, and was now little better than a mendicant. Colonel Killigrew had wasted his best years, and his wealth and substance, in the pursuit of sinful pleasures, which had given birth to a brood of pains, such as the gout, and divers other torments of soul and body. Mr. Gascoigne was a ruined politician, a man of evil fame, or at least had been so, till time had buried him from the knowledge of the present generation, and made him obscure instead of infamous. As for the Widow Wycherly, tradition tells us that she was a great

beauty in her day; but, for a long while past, she had lived in deep seclusion, on account of certain scandalous stories, which had prejudiced the gentry of the town against her. It is a circumstance worth mentioning, that each of these three old gentlemen, Mr. Medbourne, Colonel Killigrew, and Mr. Gascoigne, were early lovers of the Widow Wycherly, and had once been on the point of cutting each other's throats for her sake. And before proceeding farther, I will merely hint, that Dr. Heidegger and all his four guests were sometimes thought to be a little beside themselves; as is not unfrequently the case with old people, when worried either by present troubles or woeful recollections.

"My dear old friends," said Dr. Heidegger, motioning them to be seated, "I am desirous of your assistance in one of those little experiments with which I amuse myself here in my study."

If all stories were true, Dr. Heidegger's study must have been a very curious place. It was a dim, old-fashioned chamber, festooned with cobwebs, and besprinkled with antique dust. Around the walls stood several oaken book-cases, the lower shelves of which were filled with rows of gigantic folios and black-letter quartos, and the upper with little parchment-covered duodecimos. Over the central book-case was a bronze bust of Hippocrates, with which, according to some authorities, Dr. Heidegger was accustomed to hold consultations, in all difficult cases of his practice. In the obscurest corner of the room stood a tall and narrow oaken closet, with its door ajar, within which doubtfully appeared a skeleton. Between two of the bookcases hung a looking-glass, presenting its high and dusty plate within a tarnished gilt frame. Among many wonderful stories related of this mirror, it was fabled that the spirits of all the doctor's deceased patients dwelt within its verge, and would stare him in the face whenever he looked thitherward. The opposite side of the chamber was ornamented with the full-length portrait of a young lady, arrayed in the faded magnificence of silk, satin, and brocade, and with a visage as faded as her dress. Above half a century ago, Dr. Heidegger had been on the point of marriage with this young lady; but, being affected with some slight disorder, she had swallowed one of her lover's prescriptions, and died on the bridal evening. The greatest curiosity of the study remains to be mentioned; it was a ponderous folio volume, bound in black leather, with massive silver clasps. There were no letters on the back,

and nobody could tell the title of the book. But it was well known to be a book of magic; and once, when a chamber-maid had lifted it, merely to brush away the dust, the skeleton had rattled in its closet, the picture of the young lady had stepped one foot upon the floor, and several ghastly faces had peeped forth from the mirror; while the brazen head of Hippocrates frowned, and said—"Forbear!"

Such was Dr. Heidegger's study. On the summer afternoon of our tale, a small round table, as black as ebony, stood in the centre of the room, sustaining a cut-glass vase, of beautiful form and elaborate workmanship. The sunshine came through the window, between the heavy festoons of two faded damask curtains, and fell directly across this vase; so that a mild splendour was reflected from it on the ashen visages of the five old people who sat around. Four champagne glasses were also on the table.

"My dear old friends," repeated Dr. Heidegger, "may I reckon on your aid in performing an exceedingly curious experiment?"

Now, Dr. Heidegger was a very strange old gentleman, whose eccentricity had become the nucleus for a thousand fantastic stories. Some of these fables, to my shame be it spoken, might possibly be traced back to mine own veracious self; and if any passages of the present tale should startle the reader's faith, I must be content to bear the stigma of a fiction-monger.

When the doctor's four guests heard him talk of his proposed experiment, they anticipated nothing more wonderful than the murder of a mouse in an air-pump, or the examination of a cob-web by the microscope, or some similar nonsense, with which he was constantly in the habit of pestering his intimates. But without waiting for a reply, Dr. Heidegger hobbled across the chamber, and returned with the same ponderous folio, bound in black leather, which common report affirmed to be a book of magic. Undoing the silver clasps, he opened the volume, and took from among its black-letter pages a rose, or what was once a rose, though now the green leaves and crimson petals had assumed one brownish hue, and the ancient flower seemed ready to crumble to dust in the doctor's hands.

"This rose," said Dr. Heidegger, with a sigh, "this same withered and crumbling flower, blossomed five-and-fifty years ago. It was given me by Sylvia Ward, whose portrait hangs yonder; and I meant to wear it in my bosom at our wedding. Five-and-

fifty years it has been treasured between the leaves of this old volume. Now, would you deem it possible that this rose of half a century could ever bloom again?"

"Nonsense!" said the Widow Wycherly, with a peevish toss of her head. "You might as well ask whether an old woman's wrinkled face could ever bloom again."

"See!" answered Dr. Heidegger.

He uncovered the vase, and threw the faded rose into the water which it contained. At first it lay lightly on the surface of the fluid, appearing to imbibe none of its moisture. Soon, however, a singular change began to be visible. The crushed and dried petals stirred, and assumed a deepening tinge of crimson, as if the flower were reviving from a death-like slumber; the slender stalk and twigs of foliage became green; and there was the rose of half a century, looking as fresh as when Sylvia Ward had first given it to her lover. It was scarcely full blown; for some of its delicate red leaves curled modestly around its moist bosom, within which two or three dew-drops were sparkling.

"That is certainly a very pretty deception," said the doctor's friends; carelessly, however, for they had witnessed greater miracles at a conjuror's show; "pray how was it effected?"

"Did you never hear of the 'Fountain of Youth?'" asked Dr. Heidegger, "which Ponce de Leon, the Spanish adventurer, went in search of, two or three centuries ago?"

"But did Ponce de Leon ever find it?" said the Widow Wycherly.

"No," answered Dr. Heidegger, "for he never sought it in the right place. The famous Fountain of Youth, if I am rightly informed, is situated in the southern part of the Floridian peninsula, not far from Lake Macaco. Its source is overshadowed by several gigantic magnolias, which, though numberless centuries old, have been kept as fresh as violets, by the virtues of this wonderful water. An acquaintance of mine, knowing my curiosity in such matters, has sent me what you see in the vase."

"Ahem!" said Colonel Killigrew, who believed not a word of the doctor's story; "and what may be the effect of this fluid on the human frame?"

"You shall judge for yourself, my dear Colonel," replied Dr. Heidegger; "and all of you, my respected friends, are welcome to so much of this admirable fluid as may restore to you the bloom

of youth. For my own part, having had much trouble in growing old, I am in no hurry to grow young again. With your permission, therefore, I will merely watch the progress of the experiment."

While he spoke, Dr. Heidegger had been filling the four champagne glasses with the water of the Fountain of Youth. It was apparently impregnated with an effervescent gas, for little bubbles were continually ascending from the depths of the glasses, and bursting in silvery spray at the surface. As the liquor diffused a pleasant perfume, the old people doubted not that it possessed cordial and comfortable properties; and, though utter sceptics as to its rejuvenescent power, they were inclined to swallow it at once. But Dr. Heidegger besought them to stay a moment.

"Before you drink, my respectable old friends," said he, "it would be well that, with the experience of a lifetime to direct you, you should draw up a few general rules for your guidance, in passing a second time through the perils of youth. Think what a sin and a shame it would be, if, with your peculiar advantages, you should not become patterns of virtue and wisdom to all the young people of the age!"

The doctor's four venerable friends made him no answer, except by a feeble and tremulous laugh; so very ridiculous was the idea, that, knowing how closely repentance treads behind the steps of error, they should ever go astray again.

"Drink, then," said the doctor, bowing: "I rejoice that I have so well selected the subjects of my experiment."

With palsied hands they raised the glasses to their lips. The liquor, if it really possessed such virtues as Dr. Heidegger imputed to it, could not have been bestowed on four human beings who needed it more woefully. They looked as if they had never known what youth or pleasure was, but had been the offspring of Nature's dotage, and always the grey, decrepit, sapless, miserable creatures, who now sat stooping round the doctor's table, without life enough in their souls or bodies to be animated even by the prospect of growing young again. They drank off the water, and replaced their glasses on the table.

Assuredly, there was an almost immediate improvement in the aspect of the party, not unlike what might have been produced by a glass of generous wine, together with a sudden glow of cheerful sunshine, brightening over all their visages at once. There was a healthful suffusion on their cheeks, instead of the

ashen hue that had made them look so corpse-like. They gazed at one another, and fancied that some magic power had really begun to smooth away the deep and sad inscriptions which Father Time had been so long engraving on their brows. The Widow Wycherly adjusted her cap, for she felt almost like a woman again.

"Give us more of this wondrous water!" cried they eagerly. "We are younger—but we are still too old! Quick—give us more?"

"Patience, patience!" quoth Dr. Heidegger, who sat watching the experiment with philosophic coolness. "You have been a long time growing old. Surely you might be content to grow young in half an hour! But the water is at your service."

Again he filled their glasses with the liquor of youth, enough of which still remained in the vase to turn half the old people in the city to the age of their own grandchildren. While the bubbles were yet sparkling on the brim, the doctor's four guests snatched their glasses from the table, and swallowed the contents at a single gulph. Was it delusion? even while the draught was passing down their throats, it seemed to have wrought a change on their whole systems. Their eyes grew clear and bright; a dark shade deepened among their silvery locks; they sat around the table, three gentlemen of middle age, and a woman hardly beyond her buxom prime.

"My dear widow, you are charming!" cried Colonel Killigrew, whose eyes had been fixed upon her face, while the shadows of age were flitting from it like darkness from the crimson daybreak.

The fair widow knew, of old, that Colonel Killigrew's compliments were not always measured by sober truth; so she started up and ran to the mirror, still dreading that the ugly visage of an old woman would meet her gaze. Meanwhile, the three gentlemen behaved in such a manner as proved that the water of the Fountain of Youth possessed some intoxicating qualities; unless, indeed, their exhilaration of spirits were merely a lightsome dizziness, caused by the sudden removal of the weight of years. Mr. Gascoigne's mind seemed to run on political topics, but whether relating to the past, present, or future, could not easily be determined, since the same ideas and phrases have been in vogue these fifty years. Now he rattled forth full-throated sentences about patriotism, national glory, and the people's rights; now he muttered some perilous stuff or other, in a sly and doubtful whisper,

so cautiously that even his own conscience could scarcely catch the secret; and now again he spoke in measured accents, and a deeply deferential tone, as if a royal ear were listening to his well-turned periods. Colonel Killigrew all this time had been trolling forth a jolly bottle-song, and ringing his glass in symphony with the chorus, while his eyes wandered towards the buxom figure of the Widow Wycherly. On the other side of the table, Mr. Medbourne was involved in a calculation of dollars and cents, with which was strangely intermingled a project for supplying the East Indies with ice, by harnessing a team of whales to the polar icebergs.

As for the Widow Wycherly, she stood before the mirror curtsying and simpering to her own image, and greeting it as the friend whom she loved better than all the world beside. She thrust her face close to the glass, to see whether some long-remembered wrinkle or crow's-foot had indeed vanished. She examined whether the snow had so entirely melted from her hair, that the venerable cap could be safely thrown aside. At last, turning briskly away, she came with a sort of dancing step to the table.

"My dear old doctor," cried she, "pray favour me with another glass!"

"Certainly, my dear madam, certainly!" replied the complaisant doctor; "see! I have already filled the glasses."

There, in fact, stood the four glasses, brimful of this wonderful water, the delicate spray of which, as it effervesced from the surface, resembled the tremulous glitter of diamonds. It was now so nearly sunset, that the chamber had grown duskier than ever; but a mild and moon-like splendour gleamed from within the vase, and rested alike on the four guests, and on the doctor's venerable figure. He sat in a high-backed, elaborately-carved, oaken arm-chair, with a grey dignity of aspect that might have well befitted that very Father Time, whose power had never been disputed, save by this fortunate company. Even while quaffing the third draught of the Fountain of Youth, they were almost awed by the expression of his mysterious visage.

But, the next moment, the exhilarating gush of young life shot through their veins. They were now in the happy prime of youth. Age, with its miserable train of cares, and sorrows, and diseases, was remembered only as the trouble of a dream, from which they had joyously awoken. The fresh gloss of the soul, so early lost,

and without which the world's successive scenes had been but a gallery of faded pictures, again threw its enchantment over all their prospects. They felt like new-created beings, in a new-created universe.

"We are young! We are young!" they cried, exultingly.

Youth, like the extremity of age, had effaced the strongly marked characteristics of middle life, and mutually assimilated them all. They were a group of merry youngsters, almost maddened with the exuberant frolicsomeness of their years. The most singular effect of their gaiety was an impulse to mock the infirmity and decrepitude of which they had so lately been the victims. They laughed loudly at their old-fashioned attire, the wide-skirted coats and flapped waistcoats of the young men, and the ancient cap and gown of the blooming girl. One limped across the floor, like a gouty grandfather; one set a pair of spectacles astride of his nose, and pretended to pore over the black-letter pages of the book of magic; a third seated himself in an arm-chair, and strove to imitate the venerable dignity of Dr. Heidegger. Then all shouted mirthfully, and leaped about the room. The Widow Wycherly—if so fresh a damsel could be called a widow—tripped up to the doctor's chair, with a mischievous merriment in her rosy face.

"Doctor, you dear old soul," cried she, "get up and dance with me!" And then the four young people laughed louder than ever, to think what a queer figure the poor old doctor would cut.

"Pray excuse me," answered the doctor, quietly. "I am old and rheumatic, and my dancing days were over long ago. But either of these gay young gentlemen will be glad of so pretty a partner."

"Dance with me, Clara!" cried Colonel Killigrew.

"No, no, I will be her partner!" shouted Mr. Gascoigne.

"She promised me her hand, fifty years ago!" exclaimed Mr. Medbourne.

They all gathered round her. One caught both her hands in his passionate grasp—another threw his arm about her waist—the third buried his hand among the glossy curls that clustered beneath the widow's cap. Blushing, panting, struggling, chiding, laughing, her warm breath fanning each of their faces by turns, she strove to disengage herself, yet still remained in their triple embrace. Never was there a livelier picture of youthful rivalry,

with bewitching beauty for the prize. Yet, by a strange deception, owing to the duskiness of the chamber, and the antique dresses which they still wore, the tall mirror is said to have reflected the figures of the three old, grey, withered grandsires, ridiculously contending for the skinny ugliness of a shrivelled grandam.

But they were young: their burning passions proved them so. Inflamed to madness by the coquetry of the girl-widow, who neither granted nor quite withheld her favours, the three rivals began to interchange threatening glances. Still keeping hold of the fair prize, they grappled fiercely at one another's throats. As they struggled to and fro, the table was overturned, and the vase dashed into a thousand fragments. The precious Water of Youth flowed in a bright stream across the floor, moistening the wings of a butterfly, which, grown old in the decline of summer, had alighted there to die. The insect fluttered lightly through the chamber, and settled on the snowy head of Dr. Heidegger.

"Come, come, gentlemen!—come, Madame Wycherly," exclaimed the doctor, "I really must protest against this riot."

They stood still, and shivered; for it seemed as if grey Time were calling them back from their sunny youth, far down into the chill and darksome vale of years. They looked at old Dr. Heidegger, who sat in his carved arm-chair, holding the rose of half a century, which he had rescued from among the fragments of the shattered vase. At the motion of his hand, the four rioters resumed their seats; the more readily, because their violent exertions had wearied them, youthful though they were.

"My poor Sylvia's rose!" ejaculated Dr. Heidegger, holding it in the light of the sunset clouds; "it appears to be fading again."

And so it was. Even while the party were looking at it, the flower continued to shrivel up, till it became as dry and fragile as when the doctor had first thrown it into the vase. He shook off the few drops of moisture which clung to its petals.

"I love it as well thus, as in its dewy freshness," observed he, pressing the withered rose to his withered lips. While he spoke, the butterfly fluttered down from the doctor's snowy head, and fell upon the floor.

His guests shivered again. A strange chillness whether of the body or spirit they could not tell, was creeping gradually over them all. They gazed at one another, and fancied that each

fleeting moment snatched away a charm, and left a deepening furrow where none had been before. Was it an illusion? Had the changes of a lifetime been crowded into so brief a space, and were they now four aged people, sitting with their old friend, Dr. Heidegger?

“Are we grown old again, so soon?” cried they, dolefully.

In truth, they had. The Water of Youth possessed merely a virtue more transient than that of wine. The delirium which it created had effervesced away. Yes! they were old again. With a shuddering impulse, that showed her a woman still, the widow clasped her skinny hands before her face, and wished that the coffin-lid were over it, since it could be no longer beautiful.

“Yes, friends, ye are old again,” said Dr. Heidegger; “and lo! the Water of Youth is all lavished on the ground. Well—I bemoan it not; for if the fountain gushed at my very door-step, I would not stoop to bathe my lips in it—no, though its delirium were for years instead of moments. Such is the lesson ye have taught me!”

But the doctor’s four friends had taught no such lesson to themselves. They resolved forthwith to make a pilgrimage to Florida, and quaff at morning, noon, and night, from the Fountain of Youth.

A PARTY IN NEW YORK TWO CENTURIES AGO.

IN those happy days a well regulated family always rose with the dawn, dined at eleven, and went to bed at sunset. Dinner was invariably a private meal, and the fat old burghers showed incontestable signs of disapprobation and uneasiness at being surprised by a visit from a neighbour on such occasions. But though our worthy ancestors were thus singularly averse to giving dinners, yet they kept up the social bands of intimacy by occasional banquettings, called tea-parties.

These fashionable parties were generally confined to the higher classes, or noblesse; that is to say, such as kept their own cows, and drove their own waggons. The company commonly assembled at three o’clock, and went away about six, unless it was in winter time, when the fashionable hours were a little earlier, that

the ladies might get home before dark. The tea-table was crowned with a huge earthen dish, well stored with slices of fat pork, fried brown, cut up into morsels, and swimming in gravy. The company being seated round the genial board, and each furnished with a fork, evinced their dexterity in launching at the fattest pieces in this mighty dish—in much the same manner as sailors harpoon porpoises at sea, or our Indians spear salmon in the lakes. Sometimes the table was graced with immense apple-pies, or saucers full of preserved peaches and pears; but it was always sure to boast an enormous dish of balls of sweetened dough, fried in hog's fat, and called doughnuts, or olykoeks—a delicious kind of cake, at present scarce known in this city, except in genuine Dutch families.

The tea was served out of a majestic delf teapot, ornamented with paintings of fat little Dutch shepherds and shepherdesses, tending pigs, with boats sailing in the air, and houses built in the clouds, and sundry other ingenious Dutch fantasies. The beaux distinguished themselves by their adroitness in replenishing this pot from a huge copper tea-kettle, which would have made the pigmy macaronies of these degenerate days sweat merely to look at it. To sweeten the beverage, a lump of sugar was laid beside each cup, and the company alternately nibbled and sipped with great decorum; until an improvement was introduced by a shrewd and economic old lady, which was to suspend a large lump directly over the tea-table by a string from the ceiling, so that it could be swung from mouth to mouth—an ingenious expedient, which is still kept up by some families in Albany, but which prevails without exception in Communipaw, Bergen, Flatbush, and all our uncontaminated Dutch villages.

At these primitive tea-parties the utmost propriety and dignity of deportment prevailed. No flirting nor coquetting—no gambling of old ladies, nor hoyden chattering and romping of young ones—no self-satisfied struttings of wealthy gentlemen, with their brains in their pockets—nor amusing conceits, and monkey divertissements of smart young gentlemen, with no brains at all. On the contrary, the young ladies seated themselves demurely in their rush-bottomed chairs, and knit their own woollen stockings; nor ever opened their lips excepting to say *yah Mynheer*, or *yah ya Vrouw*, to any question that was asked them; behaving, in all things, like decent, well-educated damsels. As to the gentlemen,

each of them tranquilly smoked his pipe, and seemed lost in contemplation of the blue and white tiles with which the fireplaces were decorated; wherein sundry passages of Scripture were piously portrayed—Tobit and his dog figured to great advantage, Haman swung conspicuously on his gibbet, and Jonah appeared most manfully bouncing out of the whale like Harlequin through a barrel of fire.

The parties broke up without noise and without confusion. They were carried home by their own carriages, that is to say, by the vehicles nature had provided them, excepting such of the wealthy as could afford to keep a waggon. The gentlemen gallantly attended their fair ones to their respective abodes, and took leave of them with a hearty smack at the door; which, as it was an established piece of etiquette, done in perfect simplicity and honesty of heart, occasioned no scandal at that time, nor should it at the present. If our great-grandfathers approved of the custom, it would argue a great want of reverence in their descendants to say a word against it.—*Diedrich Knickerbocker.*

HOW TO WRITE FOR THE PRESS.

THE swiftness with which the lightning telegraph transmits information is not its only merit. It teaches the important and much neglected art of word-pruning. Countless reams of paper and gallons of ink are wasted by writers who do not understand the art, or do not think fit to practice it. The pith and substance of many an octavo volume might be comprised in a pamphlet; the ideas in many an editorial column compressed into a paragraph. Were waste of stationery the only evil of prolixity, it would be a trifling one; but the time of the public is shamefully taxed by scribblers, who either regard verbosity as a literary accomplishment, or are too lazy to condense. Some men think in short-hand, and in committing their thoughts to paper, never use a phrase that does not tell; but even diffuse thinkers may, if they choose, solidify what they write by a critical revision. If authors had to pay for every superfluous word in their works at the telegraphic rates, what a blessing it would be to the reading

world! We have often thought it would be a good idea for young writers, who are troubled with a verbal flux, to try a course of lightning despatches as a cure. The literary market should be, in some respects, subject to the same rules as the grain market. Wheat and corn cannot be sold together; why should a few seeds of thought, half smothered with verbal husks, be merchantable in the marts of literature? Contributors to newspapers should be especially careful to avoid wordiness. Articles containing much that is valuable and interesting are often rejected because of this fault. Editors have no time to prune such productions; and hence they are consigned to the waste-basket. In the days of the patriarchs, when the lives of men were measured by centuries, time might have been spared by such a process: but in this age, when a lifetime is limited to three score years and ten, and more brain-work has to be crowded into it than Methuselah ever dreamed of, no man can afford to correct and put into shape the loosely expressed ideas of his fellows, unless he does it professionally, and is paid for it. Our advice to all writers whose besetting sin is prosiness, may be put into six words: Make the telegraph system your model. This hint is intended for all who desire to inform, interest, or amuse the busy public by means of the pen.

TO OUR READERS.

THE "MARITIME MONTHLY CLUB," having become invested with the proprietorship and management of the MARITIME MONTHLY MAGAZINE, wish to say that no efforts will be spared on their part to make it worthy of the general patronage of the reading public.

The editorial chair will be filled by a gentleman who has had previous experience in magazine enterprise, who understands the popular taste, and whose qualifications as a critic and writer are widely known and appreciated.

THE CLUB wish it to be understood that the editor is authorized to wield it to the demolition of everything dull and brainless, and to the protection and introduction to a generous public of whatever is bright, beautiful, and entertaining.

THE CLUB being made up of various kinds of political wood, the Magazine will eschew party politics, which might shiver its timbers. The great principles of politics, however, may be discussed, and it may not be incompetent to publish superior articles from correspondents, in which political opinions are expressed, subject to criticism and reply.

The chief aim of the Magazine will be to give to its readers a superior bill of literary fare—original when originality is found of great excellence; selective of whatever is good and popular.

THE CLUB trust that at the end of the year, the Maritime public will be so wedded to the MARITIME MONTHLY that no possible rivals in the realms of literature will be able to procure their divorce.

THE original proprietors of the MARITIME MONTHLY have to tender their thanks to the subscribers to the Magazine for their liberal support; to the press for its kindly notices; and to the many friends who have felt and expressed themselves favourably to the undertaking. Feeling, however, that other avocations entailing onerous duties prevented them from doing justice to the work in which they had engaged, they have resigned their interest in the Magazine to the "MARITIME MONTHLY CLUB," under whose management it will be prosecuted with taste and energy to assure success. Trusting that the literary public of these Provinces will not fail to recognize the renewed vigour which the change will, without doubt, infuse into its pages, we resign our position without regret, and with hope of a successful future for the MARITIME MONTHLY.