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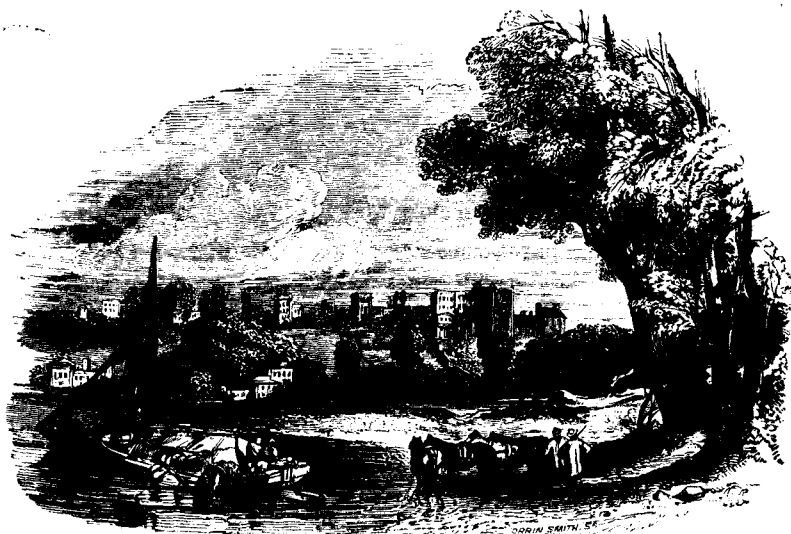
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BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

OCTOBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

SECOND PAPER.



VIEW OF RICHMOND HILL.

ARRIVED at Richmond, a spot which divides with Hampton Court and Windsor the sovereignty of rural Thames, the correct thing is to climb Richmond Hill, an eminence which secures a distinction over both the rival attractions in at least one respect—that of breadth of prospect. That so slight an elevation should do so illustrates the extreme flatness of the country. The rise above the plain is not so great as that which commands a less noted but not less beautiful view at Richmond, Virginia—a scene which stands credited with having determined the name of the latter city. The winding river, broken by islets, and the immense

expanse of level woodland, are the leading features of both pictures. The American has less advantage of association. It has no Windsor and



RICHMOND CHURCH.

no minor palaces. The town in the foreground, though boasting a far more picturesque site, is less picturesquely built, finely as the lath-and-plaster Capitol stands out against the eastern sky. But the James, as a piece of running water, no

doubt excels the Thames. It is, in the lower and more placid part of its course, much like the Thames, while it possesses in the so-called falls which foam and sparkle in a thousand rapids and cascades among nearly as many birch and elm clad-rocks and islets to the spectator's feet, an element wholly wanting in the other. Gazing upon the Virginian scene, Claude and Salvator would have opened their sketch-boxes and sat down to work side by side.

Let us borrow from Thomson—"Oh, Jamie Tamson, Jamie Tamson, oh!"—who sleeps in the odd little church below, and whose pen is most successful in the Claude style, what we need in the way of description of a scene so often limned with both instruments :

Here let us sweep

The boundless landscape : now the raptur'd eye
 Exulting swift to hugh Augusta send,
 Now to the sister hills that skirt her plain ;
 To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
 Imperial Windsor lifts her lofty brow.

* * * * *

Here let us trace the matchless vale of Thames,
 Far winding up to where the Muses haunt —
 To Twickenham bowers ; to royal Hampton's pile :
 To Claremont's terraced heights and Esher's groves.
 Enchanting vale ! beyond whate'er the Muse
 Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung.

Another minstrel from Tweedside tried his hand upon it in *The Heart of Midlothian*. He stops Jeanie and the duke, notwithstanding the life-and-death importance of their errand, to mark where "the Thames, here turreted with villas and there garlanded with forests, moved on slowly and placidly, like the mighty monarch of the scene to whom all its other beauties were but accessories." It is but a limited monarchy, of the mild

British constitutional type, that can be attributed to a sluggish stream of a hundred yards in width, majestic as it may have appeared to the poet of "Tweed's fair river, broad and deep." In this case, stateliness and dignity attach rather to the land than to the water, if only because there is more of it. Magnitude is essential to them. Kings must not be little, as Louis XIV. taught us with his robes and padding and periwigs. It is an odd sort of sovereign, moreover, that occupies the lowest place in the presence-chamber, and is dominated by all his surroundings.

One visit will not do for the scene before us. He who desires to test its multiformity must see it again and again. The English sky has a vast variety of cloud-effect, which repeats itself in "moving accidents," as artists term them, "by flood and field." When the sky is not en-

tirely overcast, the ever-varying catches of light and shade on so broad a surface forbid its presenting exactly the same appearance for more than a few moments together. The white buildings scattered over it assist this kaleidoscopic movement. As we gaze upon a smooth patch of unbroken shadow some miles off, it is suddenly and sharply flecked, thanks to a drift of the cloud above it, by a bright light, and another and another, till a whole town or range of villas, before unseen, brightens the distance. On-



THOMSON.

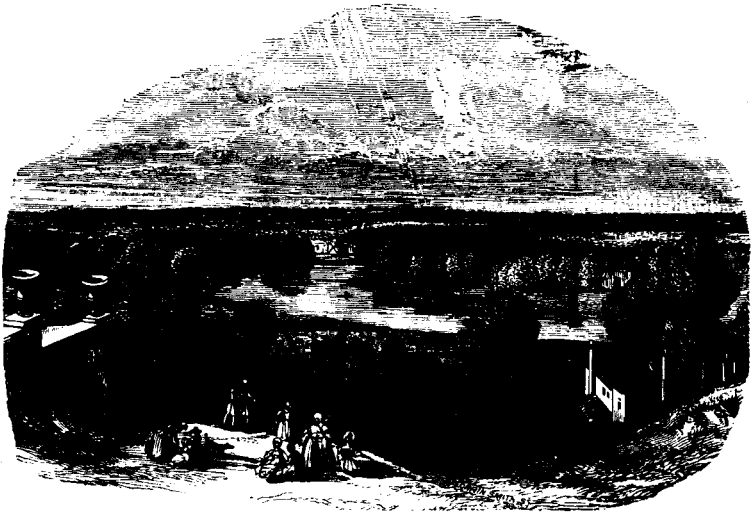
ward sweeps the cloud, followed by its fellows, and these new objects fade into nothingness, while others beyond them, or it may be nearer, flash into view. The water aids this incessant change in the general and particular distribution of light and shade by its reflection. It deepens shadow and intensifies light. It is never sombre, however dull may be the visage of the land. Somewhere, edging an island or shooting out from a point, it will furnish a bit of glitter, all the more effective because of the gloomy setting that demands it and supplies its foil.

Singular as is the predominance, in this view



THOMSON'S GARDEN.

of copse and grove, over the signs of habitation and industry belonging to the heart of so densely peopled a kingdom, art has not failed of its share in decorating the foreground. Villa and terrace cluster along the



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

slope ; for this has always been a favourite retreat of the Londoners, whether they came for a day or for a decade. Turning from the river, we lapse again under the sovereignty of turf and leaf as we enter the



GATE, RICHMOND GREAT PARK.

gateway of the Great Park. This must have been a second surprise to our countryman, whose disappointment with the front view vented itself in the remark : " Why, this country wants clearing ! "

Here we are within the precincts of royalty. The park, some eight miles in circuit, belongs to the Crown ; as part of it, with the old palace of Sheen, has done since Henry I., and the rest since Charles I., who

purchased and enclosed it at great cost to his purse and popularity, of neither of which had he much to spare. The gay groups of holiday folks who throng the walks suggest, instead, that it is the property of the people. The phrases are becoming synonymous. The grounds attached to the royal palaces, in this as in other parts of England, are



EDWARD III.

more enjoyed by the masses than by the sovereign. The queen abandons them all for her new boxes, with their scant and simple demesnes, at Balmoral and Osborne. Two centuries and more have elapsed since any of her predecessors lived at Richmond, and the chances are against its becoming the abode of her successors. It is too historical to be a home. Kings and queens, like common people, like to set up their household gods and construct a lair for themselves. They do not

like, even in the matter of a dwelling-place, to wholly sink their personality and become a mere dynastic expression. This fancy for setting up for themselves has been especially strong among the Hanoverians. George III. liked to bury himself at Kew, or among his pigs and sheep on the farms into which he converted part of Windsor Park. His hopeful son established himself at Carleton House, with the occasional relaxation of the Chinese monstrosity at Brighton. The present prince of Wales has domiciled himself at several places. His favourite resi-



RICHMOND GREAT PARK

dence, Sandringham, is a new purchase. Should he retain his liking for it, it may rank in future story with Woodstock or Sheen.

Sheen or Shene, with a variety of other spellings, was anciently the name of Richmond. Sheen Palace was occupied by the first three Edwards: the hero of Crecy there closed his eyes on the glory of this world in the leafy month of June, when the England whose language under him breathed the atmosphere of a court, and who singles him out as her favourite among the Plantagenets, was looking her loveliest. Through the window came to the dying warrior the murmur of the same river and the breath of the same groves we now look upon. Far in the west the new towers of Windsor, built by him, broke, as now, the flat horizon. The mass of leafage that matched it in the distant east may have bent above Chaucer's pilgrims on their merry return from Canterbury with sins newly shriven and an ample stock of indulgences to cover a new supply in the future. If the tales with which they beguiled their penitential way to the sacred shrine were of the character given us by their poetic chronicler, gay indeed must have been those which, pious duty discharged, and conscience disburdened, cheered their homeward ride.

Henry VII. gave the place its present name in honour of Richmond in Yorkshire, from which he derived his title. It witnessed his closing



DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH'S VILLA.

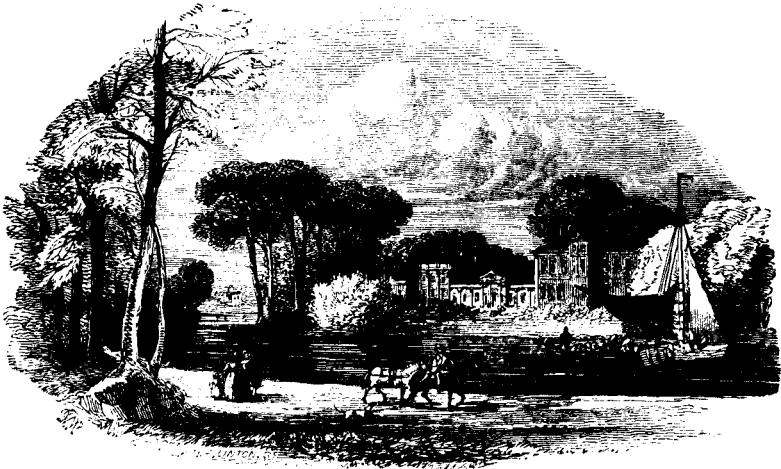
hours, as also those of the last of his dynasty. It was down Richmond Hill that "Cousin Cary" dashed on his long gallop to Scotland to tell James VI. that the halls which had received the body of his

ancestor, James IV., a slain enemy of England, brought from Flodden wrapped in lead and tossed unburied into a lumber-room, were his. In our day Cary would have simply stepped into the telegraph-office, and at the cost of a shilling placed the information in the hands of the new incumbent before the *rigor mortis* had seized the limbs of the old. But the nearest approach possible then to this achievement existed only in

the imagination of Mr. Burbage's partner in the Globe Theatre. That very practical business-man was exercising his mind on the invention of the still popular despatch-machine called Ariel, which promised to

—drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er your pulse twice beat.

The first of the Stuarts did not greatly affect Richmond, perhaps because he did not like treading too closely in the footsteps of the mur-



ORLEANS HOUSE.

derer of his mother, and perhaps because of other associations with the place. Elizabeth herself had been a prisoner at Richmond for a short time in her sister's reign. It served a similar purpose for Charles I. in 1647. All this helps to explain the fancy of monarchs for setting up new establishments. The old ones, in the course of time, accumulate



MARBLE HILL, TWICKENHAM

such an unpleasant stock of reminiscences. Memento moris lurk under the archways and glare out from ivy-clad casements. The Tuileries have earned the disgust of three French dynasties ; and no British sovereign will ever carry a good appetite into Inigo Jones's banqueting-room at Whitehall, beautiful as it is.

A further reminder of the misfortunes of royalty is furnished by a glance across the river. A stately mansion on the shore opposite Richmond was the retreat, during part of his exile, of the "citizen king," as Louis Philippe delighted to style himself ; and also, by another shuffle of Fortune's cards, since 1848 that of one of his sons. He left behind him an excellent repute, as did Charles X. at Holyrood, Louis le Bien-aimé at Hartwell, and the latest, not last probably, of the migratory Louises at Chiselhurst. It may be doubted if any of them were ever so happy as in England, allowing them their full share of the Frenchman's proverbial contempt for a home anywhere outside of France. The sense of repose and security could not fail to be the keenest of luxuries to the occupant of so shaky a throne. Nowhere in the broad British asylum could that sense be more complete and refreshing than here under the sleepy trees by the sleepy river ; everything in the remotest degree suggestive of war, tumult and revolution smothered out ; the whole strength of the British empire interposed against peril from the fevered Continent, and the peace of centuries inwoven into the ways of the people and the air of their abodes. In the time of Louis Philippe that prophecy of the first Darwin—the father who looked to the future, and not the son who reads the past—which harnesses steam to "the slow barge" had not come to pass. That snail-like craft, dependent on the tow-rope and such capfuls of wind as the groves allowed to filter through, monopolized the river. Even the very moderate commotion due to the passage of a small steamboat was wanting. And that is again disappearing. The wrinkles it drew upon the calm and venerable face—venerable in an old age the most hale and green imaginable—of Father Thames, are fading away, and he smiles up from his leafy couch into the face of king or commoner, Frenchman, Briton or American, with a freshness that is a sovereign balm for inward bruises of heart and mind. These Bourbons and Bonapartes all grew fat in England. Whatever else she may grudge the "blarsted foreigners," she is lavish to them of adipose tissue. The fat of the land will always find its way to their ribs, as the eglantine will to the cheeks. The ever-watchful pickets thrown by the nerves to the whole circuit of the body physical in our climate find themselves speedily driven in on landing upon British soil. Its assembled forces no longer sleep upon their arms.

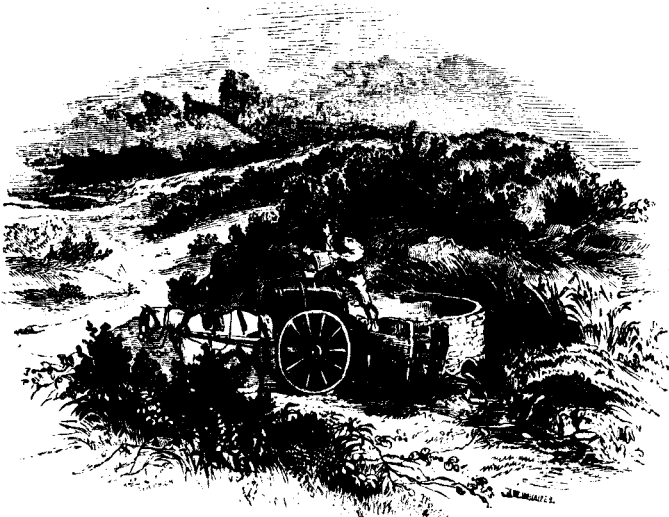
Let us trust that the enforced migrations of Gallic rulers are all over, and that the Septennate of Marshal MacMahon may end, after the scriptural rule, in jubilee. Should it fall out otherwise, however, the long

tiers of villas that terrace the green slopes of Richmond and Twickenham are ample to accommodate generations of exiles. Good company awaits them, too ; for fashion takes the locality under its wing, and the peerage is not unrepresented among what we should call the settlers. The " bauld Buccleuch," head of the rieving clan Scott, still makes occasional raids across the Border upon the beef of the Sassenachs, with the difference that he now brings knife and fork along instead of hurrying his sirloin northward on four legs at full trot.



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

Orleans House, we should add, was not indebted for its first introduction to royalty to Mr. William Smith, as Louis Philippe named himself on his final escape from Paris, having borrowed the idea of adopting that widely-known surname possibly from Buckingham and the Prince



WIMBLEDON COMMON.

of Wales (afterward Charles I.) on their visit, also incognito, to the same city in 1623. Queen Anne, when simply Princess of Denmark, and on her good behaviour to secure the honour of rising to a higher title after the demise of Dutch William, made it her residence. On an ait in front, sacred now to bourgeois picnics, and named Eel-pie Island from the viand to which, in deference to their tastes, it is consecrated, the last hope of the Protestant Stuarts, her son, the little duke of Gloucester, was wont to drill his young playmates in mimic war. But the Fates had other use for him. Hence the four Georges, Queen Victoria and—Arthur II. (?) Years after, when Mrs. Masham's and the Duchess of Marlborough's hand-maiden had followed her boy, Caroline, queen of the Second George, was entertained by Mr. Secretary Johnstone, the then proprietor of Orleans House. Her visit is memorable only as having caused the addition of the semi-octagonal excrescence seen in the engraving. That it was not repeated may be accounted for by the circumstance that Marble Hill, the next house, was built by her loving spouse for the countess of Suffolk. The reader will recall the death-bed scene, the request to marry again, and George's impassioned protestation, through blinding tears, "*Non, j'aurai des maîtresses!*" Capital fun those "wee wee German lairdies" have purveyed, unwittingly, for the wits of their days, from Swift down through Wilkes and Walpole to Tom Moore. The Hanoverian line may thus be said to form the vertebral column of a century of squibs, or rather the wooden pole around which they twine (not very lovingly) and shoot. It was a queer family. Its little peculiarity, notorious through its whole career on English soil down to our day, of being perpetually at war with itself, was alone ample material for satire. Lord Granville, one of its ministers, said, "It always has quarrelled, and always will quarrel, from generation to generation." The Princes of Wales have always been in opposition. Prior to George III., who was prompted to a neat touch in his first address to his



WIMBLEDON HOUSE.

Parliament in declaring himself "entirely English," and even in that furnishing new food for lampoons, the weaning of it from Germany, in speech, habits or residence, was not much more than a pretence. The difficulty of extracting the king from the delights of his Hanoverian hermitage, once there, was a perpetual worry to Lords and Commons. The vernacular of his subjects was as foreign as Sanskrit to the First George, and nearly as much so to the Second. The former communicated with his prime minister, Walpole, in Latin—royal Latin, a shade better than dog Latin, and not so good as law Latin. Carteret had the advantage of his chief. As Macaulay says, he "dismayed his colleagues



KEAN'S TOMB.

by the volubility with which he addressed His Majesty in German. They listened with envy and terror to the mysterious gutturals, which might possibly convey suggestions very little in unison with their wishes."

Horace Walpole, whose castle of cards, as fantastic and almost as unsubstantial as his *Castle of Otranto*, lies about a mile above Twickenham,



POPE'S VILLA—1774.

has sent down to us many gossipy items in reference to Richmond and its neighbourhood. His father enjoyed, among his long list of other profitable and pleasant sinecures, the rangership of the Great Park. The office was nominally held by his son, but

the statesman made it his resort on Saturdays and Sundays. His relaxation from business consisted he said, in doing more business than he could in town on those days. He and George found time, however, to do a good deal of shooting over the twenty-three hundred acres which compose the enclosure, and after that to dine tête-à-tête. Her Grace of Suffolk, fearful of the effect of post-prandial punch on the royal head, and consequent disclosure to the astute minister of more than he might otherwise know, placed some German spies around the board to check the elector's potations. The plan failed, the indignant monarch putting them to flight with a tremendous volley of the most sulphurous oaths and epithets the High Dutch vocabulary can boast.

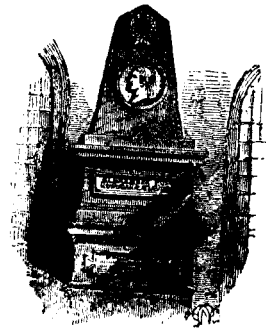
Blucher might have envied his accomplishments in that line.

Let us traverse the range of these old sportsmen to the south-eastern end of the park. The descendants of the bucks whose haunches furnished the chief dish at their—in several senses—rude feasts troop across our woodland path, or gaze at us from their beds of fern. Little cottagers, quite as shy, or little Londoners at play, quite the reverse, help to people the glades. What should we more naturally hit upon, under the greenwood tree in these depths of merry England, than Robin Hood Gate? It points us, in



POPE.

a short walk, to Robin Hood Farm, on the edge of Wimbledon Common. There is nothing here of the bold forester but the name; and that we find in other parts of England, for he represented the popular and anti-privilege party in the dim days ere party or constitutional government was invented. Some stretch of the fancy may bring him back in the flesh on match-days, when the modern successor of the trusty yew is displaying its powers in his hands, perchance, of keen-eyed and stalwart yeomen from over-sea forests undreamed of by him. "Teams" take the place of the bands of merry Sherwood, and the distance marked off for their aim is fifty score instead of six score, the ultimatum of the long bow. This he would after a bit of the conservative hesitation of the Englishman, admire; and he would mourn that he and Friar Tuck had lived too soon. Less



POPE'S TOMB.

adjustment of his perceptions and sympathies would suffice to place him quite at home among the modern throng upon the ground. Allowing for the change of dress, absurd enough, from the lithe jerkin and hood to the stiff hat and tight coat, he would detect, in the voices that spoke from and the forms imprisoned in the new garb, the rugged Saxons of old, deep of speech, deep also of thew and bone, rough and blunt in play and talk. He might wonder whence came the thousands that dotted the breezy swells of the common, and the long line of equipages, each more elegant than the most sumptuous litter of Cœur de Lion's court; but he would trace some triumph of his politics in the nearer fraternizing of Giles on foot or Fitz on wheels or horseback, implied in friendly rivalry at the butts of peer and commoner. The queen's son-in-law, a Redshank from the savage fastnesses of Argyll, figuring among the contestants, with lesser lights of his class around him, would seem a realization of his dreams.

The commons, too, is yielding to the march of progress. Long beleaguered by rank on rank of villas, they are gathering it to themselves.



LADY HOWE'S VILLA, MISCALLED POPE'S—1842.

Gangs of navvies not long since were levelling the embankment of "Cæsar's Camp" on its southern edge, a circular embankment of six hundred feet in diameter, the two opposite entrances, perfect till to-day, traversed by a farm-lane, through which Hodge, Buck and Bright, three well-matched cronies, lumber along in the track of the legions. The new Rome is not to be gainsaid. Her irresistible march sweeps away her own *pagani*—pace Hodge, who is unquestionably orthodox, and thinks with Mr. Gladstone, if he ever thinks at all, the Anglican Church

“worth preserving” if only to provide him a Sunday’s snooze below the curate as he

Heers un a bummin’ awaay loike a buzzard-clock
ower his yead.

Wimbledon House offers its park, beautiful exceedingly, for an eastward stroll toward London, if we wish to go back. But such is not our present plan. Standing on Charles I.’s “musk million ground, trenched, manured and very well ordered for the growth of musk-millions”—



HARROW.

wherein, all undreaming of his fate, a few days before he was brought to trial by Bradshaw & Co., he gave directions for planting some choice Spanish seed—we listen, unsuspected, to the siren strains of the South-western steam-whistle, that shrills across lake and grove from the station below, and turn back by a more southerly route than that which brought us hither. How smoothly and unconsciously the miles roll off under our feet in this cool air and on these cool pathways! We cross the park toward Ham, passing the knoll where Henry is said to have waited impatiently to hear the gun that announced his summary divorce from Anne Boleyn, and to have sprung instantly into the saddle to announce his happiness to her destined successor. The bend of the river which we now cross may be called Poet’s Corner. Thomson’s resting-place at Richmond we have mentioned. Edmund Kean, the powerful interpreter of poets, if not one himself, sleeps by his side; the thunders of the pit, whereof he had his full share, all forgotten. This nook was also the haunt of Collins, who composed at Richmond some of his best

productions. Unless on the principle of Christopher North, who, if called on to describe the loveliest of landscapes, would, he said, have carried his writing-desk into the deepest cellar of the Canongate, it is not very apparent how this slumberous river-side could have supplied inspiration for a stirring "Ode to the Passions."



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

Over Twickenham hovers a mightier shade than these. "Close by those meads for ever crowned with flowers," and quite as close to the river, once stood Pope's house. It was destroyed by Lady Howe, purchaser of the place, early in this century. This fair Erostratus comes in for a vast amount of inverted benediction from pilgrims to the shrine of the author of the *Rape of the Lock*; and the poet himself, could he have looked into futurity, would probably, after the example of Shakespeare, have bequeathed some maledictions to the desecrator. But it



HANWELL CHURCH.

stands to reason that she had a perfect right to build a house on her own property to suit herself. What else were the use of being a true-born Briton, with her house for a castle, and a right, of course, to model it as

she thought best for defence or any other purpose? She did not greatly improve the style of the structure, it is true, but that also was her own concern. She has the undisputed merit, moreover, of preserving the famous grotto in tolerable condition. Pope's account of this structure, fashionable in his day, will be as much as the reader wants of it: "From the river Thames you see through my arch up a walk of the wilderness to a kind of open temple, wholly composed of shells in the rustic manner, and from that distance under the temple, passing suddenly and vanishing, as through a perspective glass. When you shut the door of this grotto it becomes in an instant, from a luminous room, a *camera obscura*, on the walls of which all the objects of the river, hills, woods and boats are forming a moving picture in their visible radiations," etc.

The rheumatics seize us as we think upon it. Was it not damp enough above ground for the shivering little atomy, that he must needs have a subaqueous burrow, like a water-rat, and invite his guests to

Where Thames' translucent wave
Shines a broad mirror, through the shady cave,
Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distill,
And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill?



HARROW CHURCH.

Pliny's description of his villa seems to us more excellent fooling than this. And yet it was true taste once in the eyes of a writer a leading trait of whose verse, in selection of words and imagery, is exquisite taste. He had the aid, too, in his decorations, of the heirs to the throne, the Royal Highness the Prince of Wales.

The most interesting fact con-

nected with this seat, aside from the fame of its creator (and of the friends who visited it—Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, Arbuthnot, etc.—is

that, like Abbotsford, it was built with the pen. Abbotsford, the child of mediæval romances, was erected, naturally enough in the Gothic style. Pope's villa, the fruit of the profits in "trading" Homer, bears, or bore, as fitly the Periclean imprint. The blind old bard, weakened as he was in Pope's heroics, was yet, "all his original brightness not yet lost," strong enough to build for him a better house than is likely ever to have sheltered his own hoary head. Pope coined him into broad British sovereigns, and among Anglo-Saxon readers, as a mass, he is current under Pope's mint-mark to this day. When we quote the *Iliad*, we usually quote Pope. A host of other translations since, some of them superior in accuracy both of language and spirit, have failed to supplant his. Only a poet can translate a poet, and in such a translator we pardon liberties that would be scouted in others. He is sure to give us something fine, if not precisely what was bargained for. The others irritate us by the very exactness which he could afford to neglect, and which is their only merit. Pope's Homer washed and dressed up to the requirements of our civilization, has outlived the blunt semi-savage chalked in hard outline for us by his competitors.



HARROW SCHOOL CHAPEL.

From Richmond Hill we take in at one view the lairs of the greatest English poet of the eighteenth century and the chief of the nineteenth. Bluish-gray in the north—blue it would be in our atmosphere—rise the towers of Harrow-on-the-Hill. As we have now reached the upper level of the Thames, the first weir and lock occurring at Teddington, a short distance above where we stand, we may as well branch off through the rural part of Middlesex and follow the valley of the Brent, by Hanwell, with its neat church, to Harrow, lounge in the play-ground of Byron, Peel and some other notable boys, and regain our original start-

ing-point by the great North-western Railway, the world's wonder among iron roads, with its two thousand locomotives, its forty thousand waggons and coaches, and its revenue larger than that of the British empire a hundred years ago.



HARROW SCHOOL.

admirable judgment in his selection of a site. It occupies the highest ground in Middlesex. From its belfry we look down upon the "huge dun canopy" of St. Paul's in the east, and imagine, through the mist, fog or smoke that usually form a secondary canopy to the city beneath it, London. Over wood and hill, to the south-west, the view stretches to Windsor; the battlements of intellectual confronting those of feudal and monarchical power—siege-works raised against

the stronghold of despotism at long range, and working through a long leaguer, but triumphant at last.

The church dates, in part at least, from long before the school. They show you, in the base of the tower and the columns between the nave and the aisles, masonry attributed to Lanfranc in the time of the Conqueror. Near by, on the summit of the hill, you find a curious achievement of Nature a good deal older still in an unfailling well from which Saxon swineherds may have drunk when the Falaise tanner's daughter was in maiden meditation fancy free. It was a fair Castaly for Childe Harold, yet supplemental to those among "the highest hills that rise above the source of Dee." To them he himself traces the Muse's half-fledged flutterings that ripened into so broad a flight :

The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-Gair with Ida looked o'er Troy.



"BYRON'S TOMB."

He was then a child of but eight years. But for the lucky snatch of an attendant, he would, on one of his boyish scrambles above the Linn of Dee, have tumbled into the torrent and left Tennyson unchallenged. Three more decades were allotted to the line of the Byrons. The glory of eight hundred years was to be crowd-

ed into that closing span.

The place, with a slight reservation in behalf of his school-and form-fellow Peel, belongs to Byron. He is the second founder of the ancient seminary. More than that—as he would, we fear, were he alive, be amused to learn—he has, after a fashion, re-consecrated the church. The charm about that edifice lies no longer in crypt and column coeval with the Conquest, nor even in the edifying ministrations of the duly presented rector, but in a rusty old tombstone over some forgotten dead which the poet so much affected as a seat that his playmates dubbed it Byron's tomb. From it Windsor Castle is in full view, and constituted, conceivably, the core of his boyish meditations. It is still open as a resting-place to any sympathetic tourists who choose this mode of absorbing the afflatus. It does not appear, however, that any verse much superior to the *Hours of Idleness* has ever resulted from the process. We, at least, are content to stop with—

Oft when oppressed with sad, foreboding gloom,
I sat reclined upon our favourite tomb :

and, neither sitting nor reclining, much less both at once, we wind up our dawdling with catching a fly and utilizing its wings to reach the station in time to catch the next train from Mugby—*alias* Rugby—Junc-

tion, another educational centre of note, known to more as a railroad-crossing than as a school, since everybody travels and everybody reads Dickens, while the readers of *Arnold* and *Tom Brown* are comparatively a select few.

Ere we are well settled in our seat we are whizzing past Hampstead Heath, with its beautiful spread of down, grove, cottage and villa, and "slowing" into the—in its way—equally sublime station building at Euston Square. Here, if our sight-seeing enthusiasm be proof to the chaos of cabs and cabmen, porters, unprotected females and male travellers, and passers who plunge forward with that singleness of purpose and devotion to Number One characteristic of the bold Briton in a crowd and elsewhere, we may protect our flanks with arms akimbo, and, undisturbed by the wreck of luggage and the crash of cabs, look up at the statue of honest George Stephenson, the apostle of the rail and Watt of the locomotive. It is as much above the general run of railroad statuary as the façade of the building is above that of railroad architecture. He was a sculpturesque old fellow, with a career, "of the same." The tubular boiler is a better study for the chisel than the detached condenser or the spinning-jenny; or Peel senior's parsley-pattern, which made the fortune of the house, sent Robert to Harrow and secured the overthrow of the Corn laws. Had we been consulted as to the design, we should have proposed for a bas-relief on each side of the pedestal the smashed cow and the floored M.P., distinguished in George's chief recorded joke—that of the classic "coo." Not that it was his only joke, by any means, for he came fully up to the Yorkshire standard in point of "wut," and was generally able to give more formidable antagonists than the average run of British legislators at least as good as he got.

Here we are back in the heart of the metropolis, only a mile and a half from Waterloo Bridge. We have time left us to-day to hunt up some other seeable things. To begin, let us employ the next half-minute in getting out of London. How? Do we move east, west, north, south, or in the air? Neither. We step into the middle of the street and dive. Our first sensation in moving toward Orcus is, naturally enough, a sulphurous smell. Our next is a very comfortable railroad-car; and our third, a few seconds behind the heels of its predecessor, a rapid movement, attended by the Hades-like music of shriek, rattle and groan, familiar to all who have passed through a tunnel. We are travelling on another marvellous railway, eighteen miles underground, but really endless, since it forms an elliptical circuit around the central part of the metropolis. It bears the appropriate name of the Metropolitan Railway; cost four millions of dollars per mile, or eighty an inch; carried forty-four millions of passengers in 1874, and twenty-four mil-

lions in the first six months of 1875 ; runs one hundred and ninety-five trains of its own, and eight hundred and forty-nine for the different open-air roads which lead to all parts of the kingdom, each "swinging round the circle" in fifty-five minutes, and stopping at some or all of twenty-two stations ; and offers the statistically-inclined inquirer many other equally stunning figures. Such is the parent of rapid transit in London. Young as it is, it has a large family already, multiplying to



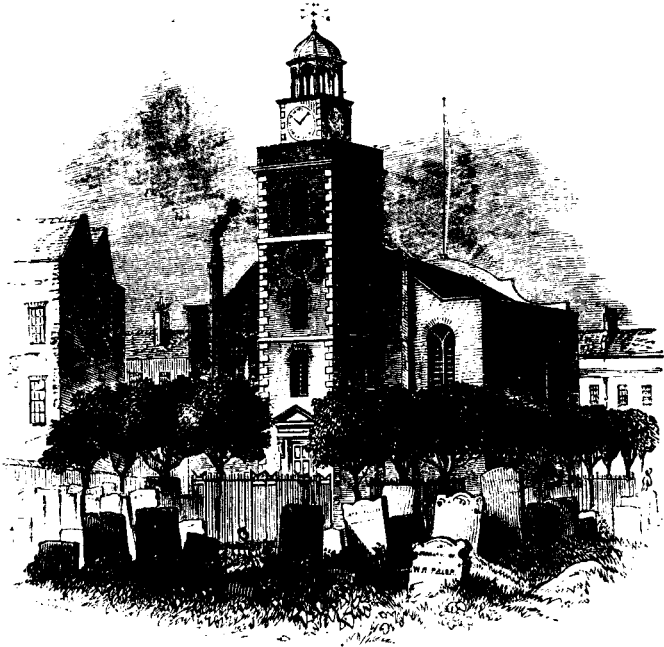
KENSINGTON PALACE.

such an extent that arithmetic fails us. Its progeny wander down to Greenwich, pop through the Thames Tunnel, and meander among and under the great docks in the most bewildering way.

But our destination is in the opposite quarter. We push westward, under the middle of the Marylebone road, its ponderous traffic rolling over our heads. Skirting Tyburnia, with its unpleasant memories of Jack Sheppard and other unfortunate heroes of his kidney, we emerge from our subterranean whirl at Kensington Gardens, the western amplification of Hyde Park.

The old structure, resembling a boarding-school or a hospital, and which would improve the beautifully planted park by its absence, began its history as a palace under William III., the genial and self-sacrificing Hollander so dear to Whig historians. It has probably finished its career in that capacity under Queen Victoria, who was born there, and who has remitted it, like Hampton Court and the old Palais Royal of Paris, to a class of occupants it will be hard to rummage out unless the rookery is set fire to.

It is afternoon, and a Guards' band is playing across the avenue to the left. The crowd is drifting toward them. Let us push a little farther west, past the not particularly interesting village church of Kensing-



KENSINGTON CHURCH.

ton, and follow in the footsteps of most of the literary and political celebrities of the nineteenth century to the most picturesque and (in strictly modern history) most noted of the old country-houses that London has swallowed up. This is Holland House, the home of Addison, the two Foxes, and, more freshly to our day than either, the last Lord Holland and his wife. If the lady kept her lions in order by much the same "heroic" method of discipline adopted by keepers of a menagerie, abruptly silencing Macaulay when his long fits of talk, and snubbing Rogers when his short fits of cynicism, began to bore, her quiet and amiable spouse was always prompt to apply balm to their wounds. He was the chief of British Mæcenases. The series of *ana* begotten of his symposia—of the list of guests at which, invited or uninvited, he used to say he was never advised until after they had met—would make a fair library.

The hour, as we turn eastward, speaks of evening. The summer sun, in a latitude five degrees north of Quebec, and a day of eighteen hours, contradicts it. We may pass in from what only the other day was the

country, toward what is but technically the City, and is reverting in sparseness of population to the country character, and find, on the way, the life of London streets as stirring as, and more gay than, at high noon. The heavier and slower features of it have died out. Drays, waggons and 'buses leave the road clearer. We see farther and see more. No longer blockaded to a block, the whole length of the street opens before us. Daylight *brightens* into gaslight, and we realize that for to-day we are no longer out of town.

E. C. B.

THE EVE OF THE AUTUMNAL EQUINOX.

O'ER Lake Ontario, like a bridal veil,
 The mist of morning floats in shining haze ;
 And like to sea-birds, on their pinions pale,
 The white-winged vessels sweep into the gaze.

Those avant-couriers of the Equinox,
 The wild-maned clouds, race up the sky at noon ;
 The maple murmurs and the pine tree rocks,
 As if awaking from their summer swoon.

The change-charmed birds have sought a Southern home,
 The wild bee makes far, lonely quests in vain ;
 The sad-eyed kine o'er empty meadows roam—
 The bare, brown laps where Summer's head has lain.

The earth in weird and withering glory lies ;
 For Summer, with her upturned torch in hand,
 Touches the forests with it as she flies,
 And glows the oak leaf as it were a brand :

Autumn's red blazon lords the maple's green,
 A hectic phantom haunts the woodland's dream ;
 And, floats upon the ear, like Celtic keen,
 The wail of water-fall and sob of stream.

The hues that glow on sunset's burnished wing,
 With the North's amber-tinted twilight blend ;
 From vale to hill the shadows seem to spring,
 And call unto the Night as to a friend.

Up in the dizzy zenith Cygnus swims,
 The Eagle is away in glittering flight ;
 The Harp floats westward, shining with the hymns
 With which it leads the host of heaven all night.

The sky, with tongues of glory calleth : "See
 The path through space the galaxy has riven ;
 The planets' march in peerless majesty,
 The starry pomp and pageantry of heaven."

S. J. WATSON.

DAWN.

Oh ! what is love that it should sing
 In liquid music through the day,
 And drown all fears in hopes that bring
 Fresh hopes that live in dreams of May ?

Oh ! what is love that it should take
 No tinge from sunless days that were,
 But sink into the heart and make
 The future vista only fair ?

It comes like morn : its golden hues
 Flush our dark beings into light,
 And tone the senses that we lose
 Naught of its own supreme delight.

It comes : if down the wold we tread
 Or crowded burgh, or quiet lawn,
 The prospect cheers, for overhead
 We feel the glory of the dawn.

It comes : and from the summer hills
 A light that charmeth ever breaks,
 And from the sounds of rippling rills
 A sweeter strain of rapture wakes.

Beneath the calm of blushing skies
 The scents of June are mix'd and blown :
 Earth seems as fair as Paradise,
 Or treasures we have never known.

For thoughts are greater than they were,
 And somehow we are more than dust :
 We rise above ourselves and share
 A sweeter hope and larger trust.

Love is the music and the light,
 Soft as the dew, deep as the sea,
 Which lift the curtains of the night
 That our short day of joy may be.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE depositors in the Poor Man's Savings Bank were favoured with only one day for the run which they had determined to make upon its ready funds. On the second morning a receiver took possession of it, the door was closed upon the gathering crowd, and a placard, stating the facts, was posted upon it. Many of those who assembled in front of Mr. Benson's house, and prevented his egress, were those who had been turned away from the bank,—men of desperate fortunes and desperate purposes, who were only restrained from violence by the presence of a body of police.

Mr. Benson's note, stating that he was too ill that morning to make his appearance at the bank, was received ; and it was concluded to let him alone that day, for rest and recovery, as he would need all his strength for the investigation determined upon.

To Mr. Benson, with his active habits, his accustomed freedom, and his long command of circumstances, the day seemed interminable. To be caged in his own house, with a lost dog for his only companion ; to have the attention of the whole city called to his fall by the miserable mob before his dwelling ; to be besieged and menaced by the men and women who had so revered and bowed down to him, filled him with anger and shame. He could see no way out of it. Why should he care to live ? What would there be left to him when his reputation and money were both gone ? Even should he escape the punishment of a prison, he could be nothing but an outcast. The heap of ashes in the street, from which he had called his brute companion, would be his home, and no cry nor whine that he might raise would move to beckoning the hands of sympathy and mercy. The mark of Cain was upon him. Every one who found him would slay him, and he felt that his punishment was greater than he could bear.

Practically, he was already a pauper. He had been practising the arts of the dead-beat for weeks. He had borrowed, from day to day, on such pretences as might be necessary to secure success, and the end had come. He could never fulfil his pledges ; he could never have a chance to rise again. He could see nothing before him but flight and disgraceful exile, or a pinched and disreputable life among the scenes through which he had moved for so many years in honour and assured

power and prosperity. As the night came down, and the crowd in front of his dwelling dispersed, he found that his untended rooms were growing cold. So he built a fire for himself in his library, and spent the evening in burning papers. Every scrap that could possibly make against him in the examination of his affairs was consumed. He tore the leaves which recorded his knowledge of the stolen bonds out of his note-book and burned them.

An awful purpose was taking possession of his mind. He had not received it fully, but it hung around him like an invisible spirit,—dreadful, but not unwelcome,—bearing the face of an enemy but the hand of a friend; pointing a path out of certainties into uncertainties—out of a known hell into one unknown—out of cruel entities into possible nothingness. He had arrived at a point where what he regarded as his faith had slipped away from him, and skulked in the distance, and laughed at him for a fool. If there had been anything in prayer—if there had been anything in religion—if there was a God above him or a hell beneath—why had he, whose life had been conspicuously religious, been left unhelped and unblest? It was all a foolish, cruel dream.

The heavens were not only brass above him, but they had become burnished brass, in which he could see reflected every unworthy motive by which he had been led to seek the propitiation of the Being who, as he had believed, made them his abode,—his desire for respectability—his wish, for duties rendered, to secure wealth—the yoke of obligation he had borne in the place of a love that should have borne him—the wide and fatal gulf that lay between his religion and his morality. It was all worthless dross—the residuum of a life which he had supposed was pure gold.

The first of the evening hours were busy ones. The dog sat and watched him, licking his cold hands when they were at rest. Even the dog seemed to feel that there was another dark shadow present which he could not see. He sniffed the air. He went back and forth between the window and the door. Then he lay down and lapsed into troubled dreams, from which he woke to reassure himself that nothing unwelcome had happened to his new master. The roar from the street was muffled by the intervening rooms, and only made the silence of the house deeper and more dreadful. The clock ticked so loudly that Mr. Benson rose and stopped it—and then the shadowy presence crept closer. It promised escape. It promised forgetfulness. It promised a sudden end of all earthly cares and sorrows. It promised an overwhelming defeat of all earthly enemies. It promised a revenge upon all persecutors. Under its stimulating suggestions he felt a tide of triumph rising in his heart. He was still master of the situation. There was only one consideration which damped his sense of triumph. Would not the act to which he

SEE HERE! SEE HERE, YOUNG MAN!



felt himself moved be a confession? Would it not stain him with a disgrace more dreadful than the alternative life of ignominious poverty?

And then there came the suggestion of a scheme which would relieve him even from this. He knew that Captain Hank would come, and he rejoiced in the thought that the robber was starved and desperate. There was no act at which the miscreant would hesitate, in his blind greed and rage.

It was already getting late. He took out his watch and saw that it lacked but half an hour of midnight. Rising from his chair, he patted the dog's head, and said:

"Old fellow, will you take care of this room?"

The dog understood the question, and wagged his tail in an affirmative response.

He passed out of his library, closing the door behind him without locking it. He slowly mounted to his room, lighting a single burner, poured out a potion from a phial, then crushed the glass into a thousand pieces, and wrapping these in a paper, raised a window and tossed them into the street. Then he carefully removed his clothing, turned down the light somewhat, and placed the potion within his reach, went to bed. He was dressed as usual for his rest, save in a single particular. He had put a handkerchief around his neck, and tied it loosely, in a hard knot.

A church bell not far off tolled the hour of twelve, and almost simultaneously he heard the door-bell ring. Captain Hank was true to his appointment. He rang again and again, and then Mr. Benson heard him, wearied and maddened, descending the steps.

The street was still, for the hour had come when the stir and strife of the old day had worn themselves out, and the life of the new day was not begun—that period which, sweet as it is in the country, is full of awe to the waking citizen—that period which seems as if a million hearts had ceased to beat, and the city were dead. The sleepless invalid, the superstitious child, the watchful mother, turned upon their couches, and longed for the sound of wheels, or the step of a passing watchman, to assure them that amid the dangers of the elements and the machinations of crime, more fearful than storm or fire, some one was awake and abroad.

But Mr. Benson was more than content with the silence. He hoped—he almost lapsed into his habit of praying—that it might not be broken. He had abounding faith in the desperate ruffianism of his midnight visitor, and believed that he had not gone away. He lay still, listening, with every sense alert, to catch the slightest noise that might reach his room. He lay thus an hour, nothing but his throbbing heart disturbing him. At length, when his patience was nearly exhausted,

he heard a low, grating noise in the rear of his dwelling. He rose upon his elbow, to make sure that he was not deceived. A creak, as of some fastening severely tried, or slowly giving way, assured him, and then he swallowed his draught to the last drop, and lay down again.

Ah! who can follow him now, even in imagination? Those first sweet, wild dreams, whither did they lead him? Far out to sea, bounding over waves of silver, with the breath of spicy islands regaling his quickened senses? Were there beautiful forms upon the deck around him? Were there marvellous fires in the sky above him? Did he fly, as if the bark that bore him were a thing of the air? Were the elements his slaves? Did the creatures of the deep, with iris-tinted sides, rise up to gambol in his sight, and strew the sea with pearly spray?

Did he hear the bells of his church ring far away—far away—as if their tones fell down to him like stars, blazing and fading, or flew down to him like angels, from some inaccessible height, and folded their wings as they touched and melted into himself? Did he hear the organ that once led him in his worship, beginning its cadences in some almost inappreciable dream of sound, like a rivulet picking its sweet, complaining way through a distant glen, and then rising by slow accretions of power, until the waves of awful music broke out upon the universe, hurrying the clouds out of heaven, and enveloping the world with the screams and thunder and multitudinous voices of a thousand storms? Did he walk through the streets of a golden city, a crown upon his head and a purple robe upon his shoulders, trailing over pavements of ruby and amethyst, while all who met him bowed or knelt in obeisance, and dusky slaves in gorgeous raiment announced his coming, and made wide the path for his feet?

And then, did there slowly come a change? Was he aware that a dog was at his side—a strange creature that would not away, but pressed a cold nose against his shrinking hand wherever he went—a living shadow that followed him or asserted a place by his side, through whatever glory shone upon him, or whatever ministry of honour was tendered to him? Did he try to fly from the creature, and, as he flew, did he find himself at sea again, the dog with gleaming eyes and glistening teeth, swimming in the wake of the scudding vessel, his body stretching miles away in serpentine waves and convolutions? Did ships wrapped in flame rush wildly across his path, paving the ocean with fire, and painting the clouds with blood, and bursting like rockets into stars of green and gold, and showers of crimson rain? Did his own ship split in twain, with a crack of thunder, and did he slip helplessly into the yawning chasm, his struggling heart grasped in the horny hands of fears that rushed in upon him, impersonated in forms of hideous terror—down—down—down—into the violet water, great monsters, with staring,

vacant eyes, chaffing him with their slimy sides ; rotting wrecks below him, with sleeping skeletons upon their decks ; gems on the ocean's floor, that slipped away from him as he tried to grasp them ; mocking laughter ringing that seemed to reverberate through interminable galleries, bursting upon one ear, and then echoing wide around the world, and coming back, shivered into spiteful ripples, to the other ?

Then by some swift miracle was he in his home again—with a great multitude of weeping, blood-shot eyes gazing up to him from the street, with a thousand tongues loading him with curses, and a thousand hands lifted in menace ? And then did he hear a far-off roar, coming nearer and nearer, as if some great engine of wrath and destruction were approaching upon wheels that ground the pavement beneath them to powder, while the faces of the crowd grew white with apprehension ? Did it come on and on, while men yelled and women fainted—on and on, fiery-throated, clothed with triple brass, drawn by demons, and rushing by at last with ponderous, thunderous, irresistible momentum, leaving behind its murderous passage an indistinguishable mass of mangled flesh and comminuted bones, all crimsoned with the vital tide from bursting hearts ?

And then, ah, then ! when the wheels had passed away, and a strange lull came down and enveloped all things, did he find himself standing in a vast, white silence, that seemed a part of his dream, yet presented materials and visions which had never entered into a dream ?

The stuff of which dreams are made was all behind him ! As a storm which sweeps from the west, on a late afternoon, with its burden of lightning, and thunder, and rain, and tempestuous wind, lifts its veil from the evening sun, while still its departing skirts trail down the east, so his dream had come and gone. There were flashes back upon the world-ward memory, but he had entered a new world, with an everlasting sun.

Was it a desert of illimitable sand, with mocking oases and seductive and deceitful mirages ? Was it a land of fair pastures—of flower-bordered paths that led to a golden city with gleaming spires, and welcoming banners, and walls of precious stones ? No one knows ; and those who have followed him through the possible dream which introduced him to his new life will gladly commit him to the just and pitying One whom he served so poorly and mistakenly in his earthly career.

Captain Hank, unknowing of the tragedy that had occurred during his tedious passage into the house, had at last effected an entrance. The family were gone with their jewels. Thomas and the cook, licensed by their owner, whose determination to end his life had already been dimly taken, had carried off the silver ; and he found the available rewards of his guilty enterprise provokingly scanty. He carried his dark

lantern around from room to room, peering into drawers and closets, stopping at intervals to listen, and inwardly cursing his ill luck. He regaled himself in the larder with such viands and wines as he found, and mounted leisurely from story to story making sure at every step of his backward passage, and looking for the room in which his victim slept. He did not enter the library, where he knew the safe to be, because he would not find the key there. The old grudge which he owed Mr. Benson for circumventing him in getting possession of the bonds, and the new grudge which had been inspired by Mr. Benson's failure to keep his promise with him on that evening, were burning bitterly in his heart. His disappointment at not finding anything in his search that was valuable, and, at the same time, portable, fed the flames of his anger and resentment.

At last he opened the door he sought, and carefully peered within. There lay the man he hated, in a sound and peaceful sleep! Unmindful of his engagement, enjoying the calm repose of a man to whom crime was a stranger, forgetful of the wrongs he had inflicted upon a thousand poor men and women, recruiting himself for another day's machinations and mischief,—there he lay in a slumber so profound that neither noise nor light turned full upon his face could disturb him!

At first Captain Hank was struck with a kind of awe. His heart beat thickly in his ears as he stepped within the room. He had seen the handkerchief around Mr. Benson's neck, and had determined what he would do with it if the wearer should stir. He found his clothes, and extracted a bunch of keys from the pockets, and then he looked again, and saw the placid face in a smile that seemed half conscious. He searched the room for treasure, and discovered a watch, which he pocketed. Then he heard, or thought he heard, a noise. Was Mr. Benson waking?

He turned upon him like a tiger, grasped the handkerchief at his throat, and gave it a cruel twist, that carried his knuckles deep into the cold flesh. Then he released his hold, and sprang back as if a viper had stung him.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "the man is dead!"

If invisible fiends haunt such a man and such a scene as this, what inextinguishable laughter must have possessed them when they saw how cleverly Captain Hank had been entrapped by his wily antagonist! The handkerchief was placed there for him by the man who, proposing to pass out of life, and lingeringly fond of his reputation, contrived every thing for the purpose of being reputed a murdered man. In the malediction of the crime of another, words of pity and commiseration would be spoken concerning himself! To be murdered would be to soften the world's judgment! To be murdered would be a calamity so much greater

than the loss of money, that the disaster which he had brought upon so many would be forgotten in his own !

There was no cause for haste now. Captain Hank had learned that he was then the only living man in the house. He sat down in a chair, pale in the face, feeling his hands and feet growing cold, and perspiring at every pore. He had not in his heart intended murder, but there lay the evidence of his crime. He recognised all the possibilities and probabilities of the situation, but with the keys in his hand he would not relinquish his quest for treasure until he had visited the safe.

Not a growl, not a whine, had the dog uttered during all the noise, but he stood ready and waiting, with fierce eyes and trembling limbs, to defend what he had agreed to defend. His keen scent had detected the invading personality. He knew already the antagonist he was about to encounter, and every savage, brutal instinct within him was aroused. The moment Captain Hank opened the door, and threw before him the bar of straight red light from his dark lantern, he saw two blazing eyes that sprang toward him. He darted back, but there was a grip upon his throat. He gave an involuntary yell of pain, and dropping his lantern in the darkness, fought wildly with his hands. He reached the staircase without knowing it, and then, just as he had drawn a pistol from his pocket, fell headlong, and man and dog rolled to the foot of the stairs together, the aimless firearm exploding during the passage. A groan, a cry mingling with the growl of the unhurt beast that held him fast, completed the tragedy of the moment.

A watchman who, unknown to Mr. Benson, had been detailed to stand outside during the night, and make sure that he did not fly, heard the tumult within, and knew that some strange and fearful violence was in progress. His club rang upon the sidewalk in a long series of sharply resounding strokes, and, as a police station was but a few rods distant, it was not five minutes before the entire block was surrounded by a cordon of strong and eager men.

The front of the house was bolted and barred, and nothing but extreme violence could effect an entrance there. No response came to the loudest knocking and the most persistent ringing. Then, three or four of the policemen found an opening into the block, and sought the rear of the dwelling. A window was up, and they saw that it had been forced.

One after another, they lifted themselves in, and lighting the gas in the basement, proceeded with their lanterns up stairs. There, stretched upon the floor of the hall, the great dog over him, lay a bleeding form which they recognised at once. They understood the nature of his errand, and did honour to his captor, who looked from his prize up into their faces, and wagged his tail. They patted his head, and told him that he had done well.

The dog seemed to know that these men had authority, and yielded his place to them. Creeping back he suddenly darted upstairs. He did not stop at the library, but went on, snuffing as he went, and while the policemen were stooping over the prostrate man, trying to determine whether life were still in him, they heard a howl far up among the chambers, so wild, so full of sorrow and the distress of despair, that their strong hearts almost stopped beating.

Having determined that Captain Hank was not dead, a single officer was left to watch him, while the remainder, with solemn faces, mounted the stairs, led by the brute voice that bewailed the lost master, to the room where he lay. It was a plain case. Mr. Benson, with whose dignified figure they had been familiar for many years, was dead, by a murderer's hand. The twisted handkerchief by which the awful deed had been wrought was in its place, and the print of a cruel hand beneath it. The doer of the murder had forced his way into the house. He had been caught in the house; and when they went back to him, too sober and awe-stricken to upbraid or curse him, they found upon his person the evidences that he had been in the room of the murdered man.

Captain Hank had opened his eyes. He looked wildly about him, and saw that he was a captive.

"Take care of the dog," he growled, huskily, "or I'll shoot him."

"Ay, old fellow, we'll take care of you, too," was the response.

They tried to lift him.

"Hold on, boys! Let me think," he said.

"You'll have time enough to think between this and the rope," was the answer. "Get up, if you can, or we'll help you."

"Hold on a minute," repeated Captain Hank. "There's something I want to say. I can't quite get hold on't. What was it about the rope? Oh, look here! Benson's dead."

"Yes, we know that, and we know who killed him, too."

"See here! He was dead when I found him. Now I remember all about it."

"That won't go down Captain Hank. You've left your mark on him."

"Boys," said Captain Hank, with a harsh oath, "this is rough on a hard workin' and slow-savin' man, as comes here by app'intment, to collect his honest debts. Old Benson owed me a pile, an' he telled me he'd pay to-night, an' he wasn't up to his bargain. He couldn't be. He was—he was—dead! I found him dead."

A chorus of derisive laughter was all the response that Captain Hank received for his attempt at explanation and justification, and, with a groan, he realized at last the adverse verdict of appearances, and saw before him a murderer's death.

"Boys, I'm in for it," he said, as he struggled to his feet, and supported himself against the newel of the staircase.

Meantime the dog had descended, and stood guarding the door. They patted his head, and told him his work was done; and as they opened the door into the street, he rushed out, and that was the last that was seen of him. His new master was gone, and he went on his fruitless quest for the old, to become the degraded occupant of some squatter's shanty in the outer streets, or a vagabond with his houseless fellows.

A force was left in charge of the house, and Captain Hank was conveyed to prison, stoutly asserting all the way that he had committed no crime, but was only trying to reclaim his own, "by app'ntment."

As Captain Hank is not a pleasant personage, he can be dismissed here with the statement that the preliminary courts made short work with him, and that, on his trial, he had no defence worth making. But up to the moment when his brutal life was violently ended by the strong arm of public justice, he persisted in the statement that he was not guilty of the crime charged upon him.

The next day after the arrest of Captain Hank, New York had another great excitement, and the crowd before Mr. Benson's door was larger than it was on the previous day. Those who had known Mr. Benson in the days of his power and popularity could not resist the inclination to pass his door and look up at the walls that hid his mortal remains. The hideous, filthy men and women who swarm in the bar-rooms and brothels crept out of their hiding-places, attracted by the scent of crime, and gazed at the notorious mansion. The victims of Mr. Benson's breach of trust came to bid farewell to all hope of regaining their lost treasures, and returned to drop, one after another, into hopeless pauperism. For a whole solemn and sickening week the street was forsaken by passing vehicles, to avoid the lazy, curious crowd.

And then came, too, the sad unfolding of Mr. Benson's deceits, tergiversations, wholesale breaches of trust, slaughters of the fortunes of widows and orphans, and of crime for which none dare make excuse. The public journals were full of the matter for many days. The church was scandalized, and careless and scoffing paragraph-writers flung his unseemly record and awful hypocrisies in its face. The men who had regarded him as an honourable citizen and a worthy companion, looked at each other with distrust—almost in despair. If such a man as he could fall—if such a reputation as his was valueless—if a man who had been almost boastfully devoted to duty could be basely selfish and even trade upon his own virtue, who and what were there left to be trusted? His death and disgrace shook the very foundations of public and private faith, and helped to make virtue and piety seem like old frippery, to be kicked about the streets by heedless or spiteful feet. Public and private

integrity was made a by-word by ten thousand ribald tongues, and the robes of Christianity were smutched by foul hands, as she walked along the streets or took refuge in her gaudy sanctuaries, shame-faced and silent. It was a great public calamity, by the side of which the loss of a few dollars by the suffering poor was as nothing.

Mrs. Benson and her family were so crushed by the death and disgrace of the husband and father that they could not attend his funeral. So the coroner held his inquest, and when he came to his conclusion, which involved the death of still another man, a few formal rites were observed, attended by old friends for humanity's sake, and then Mr. Benson was committed to his last resting place. Then some new excitement crowded the old one out of mind, and the world rolled on as before.

It is not for us to execrate his memory. He was imperfect, or he would not have been a man. He was sinful, or he would not have been mortal. He was tempted; who is not? He yielded to temptation; who does not? He was mistaken—mistaken in himself, mistaken in the spirit of the religion he professed, mistaken in the motive which ordered his relations to the world around him. None may cast a stone at him. All may toss one upon his dishonoured grave, to heap a warning that may drive every erring man to his knees in prayer for manliness and wisdom, and power to resist temptation.

CHAPTER XXIX.

It was a terrific storm, a lurid sunset, a night of slowly-coming stars, and a morning. Mr. Benson's history was within the horizon of the little group of friends which engages this swiftly-ripening narrative. They were all shocked and saddened by the closing events of that history, but youthful elasticity, interest in daily cares, and springing hopes and anticipations, left the burden behind, to be recalled only at rare intervals by a chance suggestion.

In the mansion of Mr. Coates there was an unhappy woman. Mrs. Coates had seen the season pass by, and still Jenny seemed to be no nearer the consummation of the maternal hopes than she was at its beginning. Nicholas, from whom she had expected so much at first, was past plotting and praying for. The victim of the "numb palsy" had not only ceased to be a victim, but had secured the prize so fondly and greedily coveted for Jenny; and Jenny had seemed not only to be content with her friend's triumph, but heartily glad of it. And there were the happy lovers in Mrs. Coates's own house, flaunting their happy loves in Jenny's face.

It was a great trial, and when Jenny laughed at her mother's foolishness, the tearful response was :

"Wait till you know a mother's feelings, though goodness knows when you'll get a chance! As I told your father about his being converted, it doesn't look as if you'd catch cold with the suddenness of it."

Then Jenny would laugh again at the utterly unconscious waggery of the reply.

Mrs. Coates had another trial. Glezen was Jenny's very attentive friend. He visited her frequently, spent long hours with her at the piano, read with her, and became her devoted escort to concerts and assemblies; but in Mrs. Coates's impatient and practical eyes, he was like a dog in a manger. He would neither appropriate the food within his reach, nor permit others to approach it. It was this aspect of the matter which offended and grieved Mrs. Coates. If he wanted Jenny, why didn't he say so? He was having a nice time at her expense!

Not that the fond mother approved of what she was pleased to call "a perffessional man," who had not yet become forehanded. And not that she would be unreasonable and oppose "a perffessional man," if Jenny should prefer one. Not at all! She would make any sacrifice for the happiness of Jenny, who, of course, always refused to be anything but happy.

If Jenny was unimpressible and refused to make any attempt to consider herself a mother, in order that she might be able to fathom the maternal anxiety on her behalf, Mr. Coates had the insensibility of the nether millstone. It was in vain that Mrs. Coates assured him that Jenny's affections were trifled with, that her youth was wasting away in unproductive dalliance with opportunities, that if she were a man she would either bring Glezen to his knees, or give him his "walking papers," and if he could look on and see his own flesh and blood sacrificed to a trifler, he was worse than an infidel.

"G—Glezen's a sly d—dog," Mr. Coates would respond, in a rasping way, which indicated that he rather enjoyed his trifling, and particularly delighted in its effect upon the wife of his bosom.

"Y—yes, G—Glezen enjoys g—girls. I used to enjoy'em m—myself I l—like 'em n—now."

"You're not a mother," Mrs. Coates was wont to rejoin, in a tone that seemed steeped in sorrow that she could find no one who could sympathize in her anxieties.

"Don't bl—ame me, w—wife, I n—never had half a ch—chance," were the cold words which drove her to other resorts.

Finding that neither Jenny nor her father could be enlisted to assist in bringing pressure to bear upon Glezen, she determined to make her next trial upon Nicholas and Miss Larkin, whose completed arrangement fronted the distressed mother as a reproach.

The winter had passed away. The tardy spring had come and almost gone. March, with its winds, had blown out its boisterous breath. April, with its long, sweet rains, and its fickle shine and shadow, had steeped the earth with fruitfulness, and May had clothed the parks with green and dressed the trees with tender foliage. The dead year was alive again, and the day was rapidly approaching when Nicholas was to leave the city for his home, with his fair companion at his side.

Spring is for love and the young. To the old, who have retained their integrity, the spring grows to be more and more a miracle. The skies are never more tenderly sweet, the young verdure and the bursting flowers never more marvellous and enchanting, the rivers, gleaming in the climbing sun, never brighter to any than to those who, still true to truth and purity, are seeing their closing years. But the spring is not a part of themselves. They see more of God in it, and less of human life. They look upon it from the outside, as a beautiful thing from which their own life is retiring. They look forward to it, they look at it, they look back upon it, but they are not in it and of it. The season has not a part of its birth in their own hearts. Is it that they are half or wholly conscious that their life has gone forward and united itself with another spring, of which the springs they are about to leave are types?

Very different is spring to the young! Hopes are springing with the grass. Loves are opening with the flowers. Plans are clothing themselves with foliage. Blood is set free and courses with the rivers. Eyes grow bright with the sun. The breezes, the languors, and all the sights and sounds and influences of the delicious season are answered or matched by sensations or emotions which prove that spring is as much a part of the animal life of youth as it is a part of the vegetable life of the field. Ah! those springs that annually come to the life of the young! Are they not the consummate blossomings of existence? Are they not the stuff of which poetry is made? When we grow old and get outside of them, do we not go back to them to gather our fairest flowers, and steep our senses in their perfumes?

Spring had come to Nicholas. He had been doing the work of an earnest man, and now he felt that he was a boy again. A great, inexpressible joy had taken possession of him. He was happy, high-spirited, playful. His engagement with Grace Larkin was made public, and hearty congratulations met both of them on every hand. She was growing stronger with every passing month; and, as she reviewed the history of the year, she felt, with the warmest and humblest gratitude, that she had been the subject of the divinest care—felt, almost, that miracles had been wrought on her behalf. She felt, too, that something of a miracle had been wrought in and upon Nicholas himself. The quiet,

aimless, reticent, bashful boy had developed into a self-possessed, forceful, ready-witted and active man, of whom she was not only fond but proud. Out from under the shadow of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's home; out from under the shadow of her long invalidism, out from under the shadow of the brooding despairs which her happy temperament and submissive piety could never wholly dissipate, she regained her old vivacity and *esprit*, and helped, with the much beloved daughter of the house, to make the Coates mansion one of the sunniest homes in the city.

Still Mrs. Coates was not in any degree sunny. She was a mother, with a daughter, and the gravity of the tremendous responsibility pressed the tears from her eyes, and crushed her joys, as a boulder weighing a ton might crush the flowers upon a mossy bank, and press the bank itself to wasteful weeping.

Failing, as has been said, to get satisfaction from her daughter, and that daughter's most unnatural father, she had determined to try her experiment upon Nicholas and Grace Larkin. One day the group was all to be collected at dinner, and she knew, not only that Nicholas would come a long time before Glezen and Mr. Coates, but that Jenny would cling to her room, and, obedient to the golden rule, leave the lovers to themselves.

This was her opportunity; and a few minutes after the arrival of Nicholas, she presented herself before the happy pair, with a handkerchief pinned around her plump throat as a sort of signal of distress, and a lugubrious expression upon her face, which they might have attributed to a toothache if she had not held one hand over the region of her heart.

"I expect you are very happy," said Mrs. Coates, with a sigh, "and I s'pose I ought to rejoice with them that do rejoice, but I can't always command my feelings. I've often said to Mr. Coates, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'let it never be said, whatever may be our troubles, that we don't rejoice with them that do rejoice, for if we don't do it, they may rejoice in our calamity and mock when our fear cometh,' says I; but nobody can tell what I suffer unless she is a mother. Here's Jenny, slipping along as cheerful as a lark, and not thinking a thing about a—about a—pervision for life, seeing opportunities as thick as spatter, going around begging for takers, and she just turning up her nose at 'em! It almost drives me distracted. I've often said to her, 'Jenny,' says I, 'opportunities,' says I, 'are things with long legs and quick motions, and they never stop to play by the way. Snatch 'em by the garments,' says I, 'take 'em by the hair,' says I, 'if necessary, but don't let 'em go by. You don't ordain 'em,' says I; 'they are sent in mercy for you to make the most of, and it's a shame and a sin for you to set and see 'em

get out of your reach, so that you couldn't touch 'em with a ten-foot pole, if you wanted to ever so much.' ”

“I'm sure I don't know what you mean,” said Nicholas, with an expression mingled of mirth and mystification.

“No, I don't suppose you do,” responded Mrs. Coates ; “but if you were a mother you could understand it.”

“But you know the difficulties, Mrs. Coates,” said Nicholas, biting his lips.

“Yes, I know the difficulties. You can't see anything now but Grace Larkin. I've sometimes thought it would have been better if I'd been took away when the measles went so hard with me, and all I could say was 'catnip,' and if I hadn't said 'catnip,' Mr. Coates would have been a widower, and Providence would have looked after Jenny. Providence,”—and Mrs. Coates regarded Grace with a mourning, tearful gaze,—“seems to do more for a girl than a maternal parent. Here's Grace, with nobody to look after her but Providence, making out well, and all I do comes to nothing.”

Nicholas and Grace were exceedingly amused, but kept their countenances in respectful repose.

“Is there anything that we can do?” inquired Nicholas, who was sure that Mrs. Coates had come in with some practical purpose on hand.

“When I was a gal,” said Mrs. Coates, “attentions meant something. Now, they don't seem to mean anything. A young professional man can hang around a young woman, who has not made her pervision for life, month after month, scaring everybody else away, and tempting her to sacrifice all her opportunities, and it's nothing ! It's just nothing at all ! They are only having a good time ! They play and sing together, and he puts her shawl over her shoulders, and she smiles in his face and says : 'thank you !' and he 'scorts her when she goes anywhere, and he comes and goes, and comes and goes, and comes and goes, and that's all there is of it ! I gets so provoked sometimes that it seems as if I should bust. I've said to Mr. Coates, again and again, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'are you aware that your daughter's affections are being trifled with ? Do you realize that there is a snake in the grass, and that it's your duty to bring his nose to the grin'stone ? You have a responsibility,' says I. 'You don't like to have a man running into your store every day, looking over your goods and tasting of your sugar and your tea, and never buying a thing.' ”

Nicholas understood the drift of these remarks, and was not a little embarrassed by them. He had introduced Glezen to the family, with the best intentions, and a hope that was very strongly sympathetic with that of Mrs. Coates, but between the two young men the name of the

young lady in question was very rarely mentioned. Glezen was not communicative concerning his own private affairs; and Nicholas would not obtrude upon him the delicate question which he was almost as desirous of having answered as Mrs. Coates herself.

"You can allude to no one, I suppose, but my friend Glezen," said Nicholas, "and you must let me say this for him, at least, that he is upright and honourable, and would, if he knew it, no more harm your daughter than he would harm one of his own eyes. I am sure that he is pleased with her."

"Then why don't he come to time, and p'opose? That's what I'd like to know;" and Mrs. Coates pressed her lips together, and looked out of the window.

"Perhaps," said Miss Larkin, "he may fear a refusal, or the objection of her parents."

The last suggestion was too much for Nicholas, who suddenly rose, and went to the window to hide his smiles.

"Well, that may be," said Mrs. Coates, softening under the flattering thought. "That may be, and I must say that I did not intend to have Jenny marry a professional man, but I'm not going to stand in the way, if Jenny is satisfied. I've said to Mr. Coates, many's the time, 'Mr. Coates,' says I, 'it's all very well for you to make a hundred thousand dollars on a jump in sugar, but a man isn't to blame for being a lawyer,' says I. 'He's got to get a living some way. Don't be hard on the profession,' says I. 'We've got enough for both of 'em, and you know,' says I, 'that we should never think of marrying off Jenny without giving her a house and furnishing it with the best, if her husband was as rich as mud. Let it not be said,' says I, 'that you and I should stand in the way of our own flesh and blood, even if they can't see the way clear to our ideas.'"

Mrs. Coates had now imparted all the information necessary for a vigorous prosecution of a campaign against Glezen, if Nicholas and Miss Larkin should see fit to undertake it. She had let down the bars to the pasture, salted the rocks, and shaded the spring; and she felt that Nicholas and Grace would indeed be ingrate if they should not manage, in some way, to drive this lawless creature, so prone to grazing by the road-side and browsing across the fence, within the charmed inclosure.

At this moment, however, the guilty man appeared, and saved to the lovers the necessity of making a response to the suggestions of their hostess.

Glezen had left the office earlier than his wont, because this was a special occasion. He was in great spirits, and brought into the room a most fresh and inspiring breeze of vitality. He only paused to give Mrs. Coates and the younger members of the group a hearty greeting,

and then he went directly to the piano, and revelled among its grander chords, as if he were plunging into the ocean surf, and enjoying the rhythmic wind and wave like a strong swimmer.

Mrs. Coates regarded him with mingled resentment and distress. This was his old trick for calling Jenny down. She had been familiar with it for months. Whenever the door-bell rang in the evening, and the piano was almost simultaneously aroused from its afternoon nap, both Mrs. Coates and Jenny knew what it meant.

"It's Mr. Glezen, mother," Jenny used to say, "and I shall have to go down," with a happy twinkle in her eye and a smile on her lips.

And then Mrs. Coates would respond: "Jenny, I wouldn't touch to go down. I'd make him send up his card like other folks. I wouldn't be called as if I was a heifer, and I don't think much of a man who always comes with a band of music, and his banners hanging on the outer wall."

And here he was again, rollicking in music in the old fashion, and her mother knew that at that moment Jenny had risen and was looking in her mirror, to make sure that she was presentable to the man who was so carelessly toying with her virgin affections.

There was a rustling of silk upon the stairs, a lively tripping of feet, and then Jenny swept into the room, her eyes alight, her cheeks blooming, and a welcome upon her lips, for her accustomed visitor. Mrs. Coates watched her entrance with equal pride and pain, and witnessed her almost affectionate meeting with the young man who seemed to be so unmindful of the obligations which his "attentions" imposed upon him.

The handkerchief of Mrs. Coates still clung to her neck, and her hand to her heart, while the sadness which pervaded every cubic inch of her plump personality found expression in sighs, and indistinct murmurs, and a look compounded of impotent anger, unavailing desire, and maternal pity for her "offspring."

"Oh, people, people, people!" exclaimed Glezen, jumping up from the piano. "I've tried my first case of breach of promise to-day. It was an awful case, but it was great fun. You ought to have heard me pitch into the faithless lover. There wasn't anything left of him when I finished. There were several old women in the court-room whose eyes actually swam in a briny flood."

"Give us your speech, Glezen," said Nicholas.

Glezen struck an oratorical attitude, and began:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you see before you a—shall I say man or person? a person, who, intent on the gratification of his own unbridled vanity, enters a peaceful home, shares the hospitality earned and proffered by an industrious father and a virtuous and affectionate mother,

wins their beloved daughter by all tender assiduities of affection—all those subtle arts by which, from time immemorial, the lover has moved to responsiveness the heart of his mistress—plights his sacred troth to her, fixes the happy day, and then, basely, perfidiously, insultingly, outrageously forsakes her, tramples on her affections and his own honour, and consigns her to the cold realms of rejected maidenhood, to be a scoffing and a by-word among her sex, and an outcast from the affections of men! What, gentlemen of the jury, shall I say of this man—this person? How shall I characterize him? Shall I call him a viper entering an Eden to despoil and destroy?—a thief, who robs a mansion of its treasures, for the mere excitement of theft, and then wantonly drops his stolen goods into the street, though they be the very household gods of the family he has bereft?—an incendiary, who wins his way into a house by flattering courtesies, and then sets it on fire and burns it to the ground, while he looks on and gloats over the smoking ruins?—a liar, who steals the livery of heaven to serve the devil in?—a scamp, a wretch, a scorpion, a miscreant?”

“I don’t think it’s a proper thing for a woman to bet,” said Mrs. Coates, whose face had been growing red through every moment of the mock harangue; “but if it was, I’d be willing to bet five dollars that the man played the piano.”

“No, madam,” said Glezen, who saw the point with painful distinctness, though determined not to betray his consciousness; “the man had no music in his soul. He was only fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Indeed, I think I made a remark of that kind in court, though I’m not altogether certain.”

Mrs. Coates had discharged her shot, and thought she saw that her missile was lodged where it would rankle. So, amid an awkward stillness that seemed to settle upon the group, and with an expression of melancholy spite about the corners of her mouth, she retired from the room.

Glezen and Miss Coates exchanged amused glances, and then Mr. Coates came in.

“W—what have you been d—doing?” inquired Mr. Coates, who seemed to feel as if he had interrupted some action or conversation.

“I’ve been making a speech,” said Glezen, with a laugh.

“S—successful?”

“Yes; more have stayed in than have gone out.”

“G—good t—test!” said Mr. Coates. “W—who’s run away!”

“Mrs. Coates,” replied Glezen.

“T—too warm, I s’pose. B—butter always runs away when the w—weather g—gets too hot for it.”

During the laugh that followed this philosophical explanation, dinner

was announced, and Mrs. Coates was discovered already at the table. She was in her silent mood, and had determined that Glezen should understand that in her own mind she held him to be all that he had described in the man whom he had denounced.

"Well, Minturn," said Mr. Coates, good-naturedly, "I s-s'pose this f-finishes the s-season,—pretty much."

"Yes," said Nicholas, "I have attended to everything but one."

"M-married, n-next week, eh?"

Nicholas blushed, and looked at Miss Larkin, involuntarily, who blushed in return.

"I suppose so," he said.

"Nicholas, how is 'The Atheneum?'" inquired Glezen.

"Going on swimmingly. Talking Tim has all he can do, and finds the reading-rooms full every night. It looks as if they were going to try to get along without me there. I feel a little jealous of the men who have the lead."

"And you've got your bonds back?"

"Yes, thanks to you; but Captain Hank seems to be taken out of my hands, and the other robbers have run away. Never mind; let them go. I don't think they'll trouble me again."

"And you are satisfied with your winter's work, aren't you, Nicholas," said Glezen.

"Yes, on the whole,—only Benson has made more paupers than I have cured. There's a new crop coming on, and there doesn't seem to be any end to the business."

"B-boys," said Mr. Coates, "There are t-two ends to it. There are the b-big paupers, who t-try to g-get a living without work, and the l-little ones."

Miss Larkin's eyes lighted at this.

"There, Mr. Coates," said she, "you have touched a secret that we have all failed to discover. There are so many among the nominally respectable who try to get a living without work, and they absorb so much to themselves, that there really is not enough left for the paupers at the other end of the social scale, who are only following their poisonous example, and repeating their measures in baser ways."

"Y-yes," responded Mr. Coates. "We're all under one b-blanket, and w-when we g-get too much of it over the h-head, the t-toes stick out, and g-get cold."

"True," said Glezen, who had a quick apprehension of the force of the figure; "and when the blanket is pulled down over the feet, and tucked in, you have another batch of paupers at the other end."

"Well, we have enlarged our definition of pauperism with a jump, and the matter looks worse than ever," said Nicholas.

"Then let's drop it," said Mrs. Coates, sharply, with a mind preoccupied by another subject, hardly less painful to herself. "I've often said to ——" here she checked herself, and looked first at Mr. Coates and then at Jenny—"to myself," she went on, "'Mrs. Coates,' says I, 'never despise the poor, and remember who made you to differ. You might have married a shiftless man—yourself,' says I, 'or a perlessional man, and it's not for you to carry a high head, nor a high hand, neither,' says I. 'But when it comes to be paupers, paupers, paupers—nothing but paupers—and we are obliged to have paupers on to the dinner-table, I think it's time to stop and 'tend to our own obligations. There's other things to be done besides paupers. Charity begins at home; and if we must talk about pauperism, let us talk about pauperism of the heart—for there *is* such a thing as pauperism of the heart.'"

"Can you tell us how it manifests itself?" inquired Glezen, leaning forward, his face aglow with fun.

"Yes! Manifests itself! I should think so!"

And she sawed her head forward and backward as if she were trying to get it loose enough to throw at him.

The patience of Mrs. Coates was worn out. Though a placid and good-natured woman, the deferred hopes in regard to her "offspring" were telling upon her spirits and her disposition with a terrible effect.

At the close of the dinner, there was music again, of course, and Mrs. Coates sat and watched the performers with sad and solemn eyes. Under the dampening influences of her lugubriousness, conversation flagged.

Soon Glezen rose to take his leave. Mrs. Coates bade him good-night, with a sigh that would have melted the heart of a stone, and then she quietly walked back into the dining-room, and disappeared. Mrs. Coates was roused; and no woman who has ever been a mother of a marriageable daughter should wonder that, under the circumstances, she had determined to witness, *perdu*, the parting of Glezen and Jenny in the hall.

The matter was worked as usual. Glezen took leave of the remainder of the family, and then Jenny accompanied him into the hall. The eagle eyes of aroused maternity were upon them, peering out through a crack in the door of the butler's pantry.

She saw Glezen and her daughter quietly chatting together, while he drew on his gloves with provoking deliberation. His quiet self-assurance, his affectionate and familiar demeanour, his unruffled and satisfied expression, filled her with rage. Her quickened heart jarred the door, while her half-suspended breathing and trembling excitement threatened apoplexy.

Then she saw Glezen—oh, horror of horrors!—stoop over, and im-

print on her darling Jenny's lips a kiss! She heard the kiss! She saw him holding her daughter fondly by both hands!

This was too much. She opened the door, and stamped bravely and swiftly toward them, exclaiming: "See here! see here, young man! That won't do! I want you to understand that you can't come here and trample on my hospertalities in this way. You're a pretty man to make speeches to a jury about snakes and incendiaries. Yes! I should think so!"

And then this dastard put his arm around Jenny and kissed her again. Then, whirling her out of the way, he advanced boldly towards Mrs. Coates with open arms, and folding her as far in his embrace as the mechanical difficulties permitted, kissed her, exclaiming:

"Mother-in-law, what is the matter?"

Mrs. Coates screamed as if a knife had been driven to her heart. The family rushed to the door, threw it open, and discovered Glezen absorbed in the effort to keep Mrs. Coates from falling, while Jenny was fanning her, and saying,

"Mother! mother! Don't! don't!"

Glezen led the distracted woman back into the drawing-room, where Jenny knelt at her side, and, with quiet words endeavoured to restore her to self-control.

Glezen, meantime, had imparted the secret of the strange exhibition to Mr. Coates, who sat in his chair, and shook with great internal convulsions. They must have been profound, for they did not reach the surface. He sat and regarded the partner of his joys and sorrows, his lips working strangely, and the spasms of his infernal merriment becoming less frequent and powerful, until he found himself in a condition to speak.

"W-wife," said he, "d-didn't you know it? I must have f-forgotten to t-tell you. I've kn-own it these th-ree months."

Then Mrs. Coates cried. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back. To think that the matter had been settled for three months, and that she had not been informed of it, to think that the paternal blessing had been sought and secured without consulting her, to think that this precious secret had been carried around, locked up in the cruel bosoms of her husband and daughter, and, last of all, to think that she had made such a fool of herself, was too much for her motherly, not to say wifely, sensibilities, and she wept real tears—tears that might have been gathered in a bottle—dews of feeling that even the sun of happiness could not dissipate—rains that the sweet west winds of satisfaction could not dry.

"I think it's mean of you all," she exclaimed, when she got her voice for a moment.

"M-my dear," said Mr. Coates, "the y-young p-people d-didn't want it made p-public."

Jenny saw her mother safely through the worst of it, and then rose and received the hearty and most affectionate congratulations of Nicholas and Grace, while Glezen stood with Mr. Coates and watched the proceedings.

After a thunder-storm has spent its fury, there comes a period of sweet, still rain, when trees and grass and flowers receive a sort of healing baptism, and rise from the prostrations to which the tempest has forced them with a long-drawn whisper of satisfaction and gratitude.

When the tempest in the bosom of Mrs. Coates had subsided, something like this natural change and providential ministry occurred. The birds did not sing, perhaps, but there were pleasant voices around her, and the still rain went on. She could not stop weeping. She did not wish to stop. The tears depleted the humours of her overcharged brain, and, as they were mopped away she was conscious of a great happiness dawning within her. To do the good woman justice, she knew that she could not have kept the secret if it had been imparted to her. What mattered it, so long as no one else had known it?

But still she cried. The clouds were exhaustless, and the clear blue sky had taken to raining.

"W-wife," said Mr. Coates, "w-what are you c-crying for?"

"Humph!" exclaimed Mrs. Coates, "it's all very well for you to talk that way, but you little know the feelings of a mother when she's called upon to part with her offspring!"

The equanimity of Mr. Coates was utterly destroyed. The sudden and unexpected tack in Mrs. Coates's feelings—or, rather, her "change of base"—took him off his guard, and he burst into a "ho! ho! ho!" so violently spasmodic that every syllable though engendered in his sense of humour was brought forth in pain. The occurrence was so unusual that Mrs. Coates actually smiled; and then they all laughed together. The corners of Mrs. Coates's mouth that had been drawn down for so many weeks changed their angle, and turned up again. The plan for the new house was already dawning in her mind. Interminable privileges for the expression of maternal grief in parting with a daughter stretched before her, and life was bright again.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE effort that Nicholas had made to transform his friends at "The Atheneum" into active, self-supporting men and women had been well seconded by their leaders, with whom he had been upon the most confi-

dential terms of association. Talking Tim, whom they all knew and respected, had proved himself to be a most important reenforcement to those special powers and influences concerned in reversing the attitude of the exigent, recipient, dependent mass, in the midst of which he had planted his life.

Of course, "The Beggars' Paradise" knew that Nicholas was about to leave the city, and it conceived a very delightful interest in the fact that he expected to take a bride with him to his country home. In some way, it had become acquainted with the leading incidents in the life of both the young people—incidents which lost none of their romance by being passed from hand to hand. These poor men and women, into whose life Nicholas had been instrumental in pouring so much that was new, significant and fruitful, felt their hearts going out towards him. They wanted to do something for him.

In the meantime, Nicholas had sent to Ottercliff the pictures and furniture with which he had beautified his city lodgings, and Pont, who went reluctantly from new associations—not to mention certain "entangling alliances" which he had made, with the characteristic facility of his race—was ordered home with all the heavy luggage.

The heaviest luggage, however, Pont took away with him was his heart.

"'Pears like we's goin' away from de promis' land, Mas'r Minturn—goin' back into de wilderness again," said Pont lugubriously, as he was taking his leave, the day before the wedding of his master.

"Oh nonsense, Pont!" exclaimed Nicholas. "You know you are dying to get home. I never wanted to see Ottercliff so much in my life."

"Ah, but de spirit an' de bride say come to you, Mas'r, but de spirit and de bride don't say nuffin to dis posson. I don't have no spirit an' bride to take home with me, Mas'r."

"Well, Pont, I'm sorry for you," said Nicholas; "and now go and get everything ready and meet us at the train to-morrow."

After Pont's departure, with his last load, the rooms which Nicholas still occupied were bare and cheerless, but it was into these that he was obliged to invite a large delegation from "The Atheneum," that called during the afternoon.

They came with a gift, which, with the formal words accompanying it, was to express the gratitude of themselves and those who had sent them. The gift was a humble one,—simply a handsome walking-stick,—but it furnished an opportunity for a manly return of Christian favour, and gave Nicholas one more opportunity to reiterate conclusions, which, of late, had been rapidly ripening in his mind.

The spokesman of the party, all of whom seemed to have acquired

a certain dignity from being intrusted with office, thanked Nicholas for the interest he had taken in their community, and for the excellent results that had followed his efforts on their behalf. He pledged himself and his associates and constituents to the work which their benefactor had begun, and expressed the hope that he would return, to cheer them by his presence, direct them by his counsel, and inspire them by his example.

The little speech was delivered, and the walking-stick was presented with superfluous formality; but Nicholas was heartily pleased. In response, he thanked the delegation for the gift they had brought him, and then said: "I feel that I have done very little for you, and those you represent, but if I have inspired one man with the disposition to take care of himself, and taught him how to do it, I have not failed. To lift a man out of pauperism is to re-create him. Why, my friends, there are very few among the rich who can withstand the poison of unearned money. A man has to be pretty carefully trained—has to be specially trained for it, indeed—to be able to use it without ruining himself, or to keep it at all. Among the poor there is no training for it, and, of course, it ruins them. I haven't got very far along in this matter, but I am far enough along to see that it is a thousand times better for a man to throw away his fortune upon his follies than it is to debauch a whole community by his benefactions. I am far enough along, too, to see that charitable relief, as an established safeguard against the results of intemperance, idleness and improvidence, operates as a standing premium on those vices. It is the very mother who bears, nurses and protects them. Charitable relief, as it is largely practised here in New York City, is practically a crime against society. I have seen enough already to prove to me that, as a rule, pauperism is to be measured by the provision that is made for its relief. If I were to announce that one hundred millions of dollars had been provided to shield the people of the city from want, for a single season, there would be pauperism enough developed by the announcement to absorb the whole sum. Some of you know that I have a scheme for the radical cure of pauperism. I may say that there is nothing which stands so much in the way of it as charitable societies, and the men who get their position in them, or get their living by them.

"I am glad of an opportunity to say just this to you, for I feel that you are one with me now, and that you and I have a good deal of work to do together in the future. Next year I hope to come back to you, prepared to do very much more than I have been able to accomplish during the past winter; but whatever may be the event, I shall be grateful, not only for what has been done for others, but for what I have won of satisfaction and wisdom for myself."

A very hearty round of applause followed the little speech, and then Nicholas took each man by the hand, as he passed out of the door, and bade him good-bye.

His heart was full of this manifestation of friendly regard on the part of his beneficiaries, as he left his rooms to spend his closing evening with her who was to become his bride on the morrow. The tide had turned. The community of the Beggars' Paradise had changed its attitude. They had begun to think of doing something for somebody, and were ceasing to think of having somebody do everything for them.

He found Mrs. Coates in high spirits, and the house in delightful excitement.

Miss Larkin was one of those eccentric young ladies who regard a wedding as sacred to friendship and family affection. She had no desire to advertise her love and her mantua-making to a rabble that would regard the latter with supreme interest, and vulgarly gossip over the former as a social and pecuniary bargain. She would not consent to celebrate the most sacred compact of personal affection in a public building, beneath the blaze of curious eyes, or environ the sacrament of Christian marriage with the publicities and pageantries of a heathen festival.

So it was to be a private wedding, in a private house, under the protection and patronage of Mrs. Coates, from whose eyes all tears had been wiped away. She had arranged everything, even to providing

"Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue,"

for the bride's dress, in accordance with the customs of the country village in which she was bred. As Jenny had ceased to be a care upon her mother's heart and hands in any way that loaded them with anxiety, her motherliness was left free to expend itself upon her beautiful guest. It was through Nicholas that her life had been saved. It was through Nicholas that Jenny had made Glezen's acquaintance. It was through Nicholas and Miss Larkin that a great deal of social importance had been won to herself and her family. Why should she not do all within her power to make their wedding a pleasant one?

Although, in the social life and benevolent enterprise in which Nicholas and Miss Larkin had been engaged, the old acquaintances of the "Ariadne" had been for a long time left behind or left out, it was determined to call the young ladies back as bride-maids. It would be romantic—it would be fitting that those who were associated in the sad peril of the sea the year before, should be associated in this event, that would come among its delightful consequences.

There was Miss Coates, of course, nearest and best. Miss Pelton,

too, would be highly ornamental, and stately Miss Morgan and little Miss McGregor, though exhibiting contrasts of physique that would mar the symmetry of the bridal party, would be quite indispensable to its poetical completeness.

The young ladies were all there when Nicholas arrived. They had come in to rehearse their entrance and attitudes, so as to be in readiness for the morning wedding, and were engaged in the exciting discussion of that which would be proper and graceful in the ceremony. Mrs. Coates was presiding benignantly over all, and Mr. Coates sat as a silent, critical observer. Mrs. Coates, indeed, had caught back to herself a glimpse of the poetry of youth. Marriage, for the previous few years, during the period of Jenny's eligibility to that holy and most desirable estate, had been so much with her a matter of scheming and anxiety and prudential policy, that she had somehow lost the romance and poetry of it. Now it had returned to her, and when she saw all the young people together, and realized what marriage meant to them, the vulgar little woman was not only softened but sublimed. She even mellowed toward her husband, and as the bride-maids appointed arranged themselves in the order and place in which they were to stand, she turned to him and said :

“Aint they beautiful !”

“Y-yes,” he responded, drily.

“What do they remind you of ?” she said, in the delusive hope that they would call back to his hardened soul the memories of a similar event in his own life.

Now Mr. Coates had been particularly amused by the incongruity of the types of young womanhood before him, and when Mrs. Coates asked him what they reminded him of he replied :

“‘W-Webster's D-Dictionary,’ ‘Pilgrim's P-Progress,’ ‘Thompson's S-Seasons’ and ‘D-Daily Food,’ s-set together on the s-same shelf.”

At this, all the young ladies laughed, and threatened to put him out of the room. So, with merry badinage and spirited discussions on delightful nothings, the evening passed away.

The morning wedding which followed was everything that it was expected to be. The happy bridegroom looked his best, and the bride was “too lovely for anything.” The company was not too large ; there was a profusion of flowers ; there was a collection of the most charming presents ; there were a great many kisses and a great many good wishes ; there were tears of sympathetic gladness ; and when, at last, the guests were gone, and the carriage drove away bearing the happy pair, a plump, tearful, happy-looking lady, stood in the door, and threw after them an old shoe, luckily dodged by a gaping urchin in the street, who fancied that the missile was thrown at his head.

Arrived at the railway station, Nicholas and his bride were received into one of the rolling palaces in waiting, and started northward toward Ottercliff. The long excitement was over, and they were one, quietly rejoicing in the sense of mutual possession.

To the profoundly happy, merriment is but a mockery. Indeed, nothing is more serious than happiness.

The moment that they became conscious that they were sundered from their old associations, a sense of the sweet dignities and ennobling responsibilities of united love descended upon them. As they swept along the border of the beautiful river, leaving the noisy city behind, and going toward their untried life, they were exercised and possessed by as much of reminiscence as of hope and expectation.

It was but one swift year before, that Nicholas had come down the river, with life untrodden and power untried. Nothing that he could see, had changed, but himself.

There is something very like mockery in the permanent youth of Nature, and its frictionless routine of change. We only who are capable of observing and measuring the phenomena around us, are conscious of the wear and tear of life. We count our own heart-beats, and note their faltering rhythm, until they cease. We feel the subsidence of vitality; helplessly we watch the gathering wrinkles on cheek and brow; we know that we are to die. Within the space of a single year, a revolution is wrought within us which places us in new relations to the past, the future, the material world, mankind, and even God himself. We consciously drive on and on, through permutations and transformations which leave our personal identity a thing hard to realize, and make self-knowledge impossible. But of one fact we are always certain,—we are growing old. We know that the house we build will outlast us, and that any good book which we may write will pass about, leaving benedictions at alien firesides when the eyes that looked into ours with love have missed us for many a year, or have themselves turned to dust.

Yet, amid all this pathetic mystery of change within ourselves—change of person, character, condition, feeling—which, whatever may be its range, leads inevitably toward dissolution, Nature remains as fresh, and full, and smiling, as she seemed on creation's morning. Day and night, summer and winter, years and centuries, come and go in silent, unvarying routine, and light, and dew, and beauty, never forsake the world. The lightning splinters a crag only to give foothold to a tree, and the storm-scarred mountain-side waits but a year to clothe itself in green. There is not a crack in the sky, there is not a wrinkle upon the earth, there is not a sign of weakness or decay in the forces which sweep the world around its course, and illuminate its surface with life and motion.

There was a keen apprehension of this in the mind of Nicholas, as, seated quietly by his bride, he swept onward toward Ottercliff. There stood the Highlands, just as they stood the year before. Their adamant foundations were unmoved, and the winter had done them no damage that the spring had not repaired. No verdure was ever fresher or more beautiful than that which clothed them. The shadows that climbed their sides, or swept over their summits, were from new clouds that had been lifted that very morning from the bosom of the maternal Atlantic; and no maiden's eye was ever fresher or bluer than the sky that bent over them.

But he had changed. He was not consciously weaker—in truth, he was consciously stronger—than he was a year before, but he had left behind a portion of his youth, and advanced by the measure of a year into the responsibilities of mature life. He had passed from that which was little more than boyhood into that which was nothing less than manhood.

To both of them came a grateful sense of Providence. They had foreseen nothing; they had ordered nothing. They had arrived at the goal of their hearts' best desires, by a path which they knew not of—which they did not choose.

Meantime, Pont, at the objective end of their flying journey, was full of excitement. He had harnessed his horses early, and was at the station an hour before the time for the arrival of the train that was to bring his master and his new mistress. Mrs. Fleming had opened the house, and was waiting, not altogether without a measure of regret, to surrender her authority to one whom she had never seen, but had learned in advance to love. But Pont had been made the recipient of a secret, in connection with the projected events of the day, and as it was all that he could do to carry it safely, it was just as well for him to sit upon his box at the station, and chat with the inquisitive crowd, as to undertake any task at home.

There were many curious villagers assembled, of course, when the train came in; for the mistress of the Ottercliff mansion had always been, and would always be, an important personage, and a most significant factor in the social life of the town. Nicholas was proud of his bride, and knew that her frank and handsome eyes, and smiling mouth, would win their way among the crowd that had collected at the station. So, with her upon his arm, he walked to the carriage, nodding from side to side to his humble friends, and bowing back to them as he rode away.

"Pont, you seem to be in a hurry to-day," said Nicholas, as the driver, who looked unusually square in the shoulders and straight in the back, urged his horses up the hill.

"Dar's an unfo'seen succdemstance, dat mus' be 'tended to, sah," said Pont, with dignity.

"You are mysterious, Pont."

"I can't help it, sah."

"What can the man mean?" inquired Grace of her husband.

"Oh! it is some nonsense. Make the most of the drive. It will be a short one."

Nicholas had described to his bride all the surroundings of his home, and she was delighted to recognise the details with which her imagination was already familiar.

To have a home once more was a blessing which she felt was too great to be measured. To enter a princely home as its mistress, with the man she loved—to rise to so sweet a destiny out of the very embrace of death, was a joy so great that no hour, no day, no year could hold it. There was enough of it to cover and fill a life-time.

So, with only an undefined consciousness of the great treasure that the future had in store for her, she surrendered herself to an almost childish delight in the things she saw, and smiled and wept by turns as the carriage turned into the gate-way, and swept between the borders and the trees which the hand of love had made her own.

Mrs. Fleming was ready with a motherly greeting for the new mistress, and all the servants were out to tender obeisance. It was quite an old-fashioned affair, which might have happened on the other side of the ocean, but had ceased to be common on this. Happily there were no social theorist present to protest against the natural expression of deference by one party, and of well-bred complaisance by the other. A very pretty and a very pleasant reception it was, and when it was over, Nicholas led his bride about the rooms, insisting, with delighted enthusiasm, that she should see the whole of her new home before ascending to her apartments.

He had noticed with some surprise, as he alighted, that Pont passed his horses into the hands of the gardener, and disappeared. He asked no questions about the matter, but when he and his bride came out upon the piazza, he saw the negro making signals, and acting strangely excited.

Then the ears of the pair were deafened by the discharge of a cannon. This was followed by cheers from a thousand throats, and these by the music of a band.

It was all a surprise, and for a moment they could not understand it. Then it gradually appeared that a huge river steamer was lying close in shore, swarming with an excursion party, and covered with banners and bunting. Among the banners was one, stretched almost from stem to stern, bearing the word "*Atheneum*." That word was the key to the mystery. The residents of "*The Beggars' Paradise*" had come up *en*

masse to manifest their interest in the occasion, and do honour to the young man who had devoted to them such wise and fruitful gifts of time and money.

There seemed to be no measure or end to the manifestations of enthusiasm on board the steamer. There were dippings of flags, and swingings of hats, and wavings of handkerchiefs. There were cheers, and shouts, and cannon, and the band again. The party upon the piazza, augmented by the servants, went out upon the lawn and frantically responded to the salutations. Then the wheels of the steamer began to move, a parting gun was fired, and amid cheers that grew fainter and fainter in the distance, and the waving of handkerchiefs by hands that had grown weary with the exercise, and the strains of "Sweet Home" from the band, the heavily loaded craft moved slowly down the river and disappeared behind the trees.

The servants retired, and the husband and wife were left alone.

"Nicholas," said the bride, with tears in her eyes, "you have earned that."

"Then I have earned something better than money," he responded.

"And you have earned me, too," she added, clasping his arm, and looking up into his eyes.

He stooped and kissed her, and with his arm around her, led her into the house.

They paused silently before his mother's portrait, that smiled its benediction upon them ; they climbed the old staircase that the feet of so many brides had pressed ; and so another family life, than which earth holds nothing sweeter, or more typical of heaven, began.

THE END.

PRESERVATION OF THE BUFFALO.

BY REV. ÆN. MCD. DAWSON.

THE immense herds of buffalo, which graze on the prairie lands of the North-west Territories, are indeed a valuable possession. They afford at once, pleasure, occupation, food and clothing, to the nomad Red man. With them also he builds his house, and sustains the only trade of any consequence known as yet to the simple dweller in the wilderness. Nor is the European without his share in this source of wealth and human comfort. The long and hard winter of Canada severely tries the more delicate constitution of the white man. Without the buffalo-ropes, which his dark-skinned brother sends in such quantities for his use, it would be intolerable. The great mercantile company, which so long enjoyed a monopoly of the North-west, can testify as to the value of the wild cattle of the prairies. The fur trade, their chief business, was largely supplied by these animals, whilst an abundance of savory food was always at hand for their numerous servants and retainers, their guides, huntsmen, and allies of the Indian race, with whom they traded so extensively. Need it be added that the European, when tired of the sports and recreations of his native continent, often found new pleasure,—sensations he could have never dreamt of, in pursuit of the Red man's game? How many wearied minds has not the bison chase restored to positive vigour? How many has it not taught to set due value on that greatest of all earthly blessings,—*mens sana in corpore sano*.

That fine animal, the buffalo, the most useful, perhaps, of all the wild animals which frequent the prairie lands of the North-west, is doomed to disappear. Sooner or later, it must recede before the advancing tide of settlement and civilization. It may, however, be yet a long time before, as a matter of necessity, the buffaloes give place to domesticated cattle. In the meantime, why should not such choice game be carefully preserved? In five or eight years hence, if the present reckless mode of hunting be persisted in, it will be wholly swept away. Unless some measures for its preservation are adopted and enforced, such a consummation will certainly befall. All the year round, the doomed animal is hotly pursued by expert and vigorous hunters. The Red man slays it in astonishing numbers, in order that he may live,—may have food, clothing, shelter. It is also sought as the staple of his trade. For this the hide chiefly is useful, and many animals are shot down, and their

carcasses thrown to waste, in order that the never-failing demand for buffalo-robcs may be supplied. There are even epicurean hunters who, prodigal of the wealth which nature bestows, thoughtlessly kill incredible numbers of buffaloes for the sake of their tongues, which they carry away as trophies of successful hunting, as choice morsels at their feasts, or in order to supply the customers with whom they trade. Those animals too which afford the most delicate repast are generally selected. The cows, which are as one to six, are shot by the reckless hunter at all seasons of the year. Indians, half-breeds, native white men, and foreigners from the neighbouring States, wage war on the devoted buffalo, and slay these animals as if it were their object to exterminate them rather than to supply their wants. This noble game, which tries so well the skill and activity of the huntsman, and which offers new pleasures to the lovers of field sports, enjoys not the protection which is extended to all other kinds of game. There is no season at which it may not be hunted,—no close season for the persecuted buffalo. Its enemies allow it no rest, neither when it rears its young, nor at the time when it is not fitting that either man or beast should travel through the crusted snow.

Some ten years ago buffalo could be seen in the regions to the east of Red River. Now, so rapid has been their decrease, that none are to be met with nearer the newly constituted Province of Manitoba than 500 miles west of Red River. The buffalo in that western land, chiefly the country of the Crees and the Blackfeet, must soon perish unless measures be adopted for staying the onslaught of their formidable enemies. The Indians alluded to consider the wild cattle as a gift of the Great Spirit, bestowed for their subsistence. Their hunting alone would not, perhaps, greatly diminish the useful herds. But other Indians and half-breeds who have already recklessly consumed their own birth-right, flock from Manitoba to the buffalo plains, and prey on the property of unoffending tribes. The settlers in the countries north of Saskatchewan act in the same lawless manner, and slay incredible numbers of buffalo. Traders from the United States are also very destructive enemies. These money-making people destroy more of the valuable game than can well be imagined. They are under no restraint as in their own country. In the United States, nobody is allowed to hunt without a license, and such license is never accorded to any but citizens of the United States. In order to avoid the inconvenience and expense of providing themselves with a license, the fur-traders and hunters of the United States make incessant raids on the hunting grounds of our Indian people, and do more, perhaps, than any other parties, towards the total extermination of the buffalo. This consummation will soon be reached, if there be no staying the tide of destruction which flows so

violently against the doomed animal from the east, north, south, and even, occasionally, from the rocky west. The Indians of the buffalo plains, who are the most rightful owners of the precious game, persuaded, no doubt, as more civilized people sometimes are, that a man may do what he likes with his own, are by no means sparing in their attacks; wolves devour a great number, and many perish by drowning, says the Rev. Father Lacombe, as quoted by the learned Dr. Schultz in the House of Commons: "There is a destruction of about eighty thousand in summer, and as many in the winter season, making a total of 160,000 yearly." This number will appear all the greater when it is remembered that of the vast herds which frequented the whole country from Red River,—yea, from Rainy River and the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, there is only a remainder to be killed off,—the fast diminishing patrimony of the Crees and Blackfeet. In eight years, according to Father Lacombe, the buffalo, if it continues to be so cruelly and recklessly hunted, must become extinct.

Considering the great utility of this animal, it is obvious that measures ought to be adopted for its preservation; whole tribes of inoffensive Indians subsist by it. Not to these people only does it afford clothing and shelter as well as food; it renders the same service to the millions who dwell in Canada and the Northern States of the American Republic. Our long winter, hard to bear in any case, would be intolerable without the cold defying buffalo robe. Who amongst us would venture abroad in his winter carriage without this warm and elegant array? As an article of trade, it is incalculably valuable. In that new Province of Manitoba, for instance, there would scarcely be any trade without it. Hemmed in, as it is, by all but inaccessible regions to the east, equally and even still worse barred to the north by the land of perpetual snow, closed on the south by a foreign country, which, in matters of trade, is peculiarly jealous, what outlet is there except towards the west, for the superabundant produce of the fields? The fur and buffalo robe traffic, hitherto unfailing, causes a demand in this direction, which must cease with the extinction of the buffalo.

But why should it be extinguished? We have just enumerated the causes which tend to, and which, if neglected, will accomplish its destruction. The evil arising from a foreign source, it is surely within the power of our Government to remove. The foreigner himself shews how this may be done. He will not allow any hunting on his own territory without a licence, and such licence he only gives to his own citizens. Let us do the same, and if we cannot enforce our regulations, let us cease to spend so many thousand dollars yearly in maintaining a police force in the North-West Territories. Our settlers north of the Saskatchewan are represented, by all authorities, as helping powerfully to

exterminate the buffalo. These are surely not beyond the control of our Government, and by the most direct means. The North-West Territories are as yet pretty much in the position of a Crown Colony. They are directly subject to the Dominion, which may legislate for them, as, in its wisdom, it may seem proper. And why should it not seem proper that they should be taught to respect the property of their neighbours? The filling up of the vast regions of the Saskatchewan with intelligent and industrious populations will be all the more easy of accomplishment, that the settlers are accustomed, from the first, to recognize the rights of the widely scattered aborigenes.

The half-breeds and other people are still more formidable enemies of the wild cattle. They have exterminated those of their own prairie lands, and now they go hundreds of miles west in pursuit of the remaining herds. This marauding, and it is nothing less, stimulates the trade of Manitoba, and keeps a market open for its superfluous supply of breadstuffs. It also helps to maintain that numerous class of the population who subsist by hunting. Let such turn their attention more exclusively to the pursuits of civilization, and let greater facilities be provided than at present exist, for trading with the other Provinces of the Dominion, where, for many a day to come, there will be great demand for the produce of the fields. Already the railway from Lake Superior to their country is in part constructed. Might not its construction be hastened, considering that it is so important to open for them the markets of Ontario and Quebec? Meanwhile, as regards the remoter regions occupied by the Crees and other Indians, let them be as foreigners, and let them be dealt with as such. A licence law will be necessary in order to stay the onslaughts of other foreigners, on the game which it is so important for us to preserve. Let this law be framed so as to operate effectually against the half-breeds and other Manitobans.

The wolves do their share in the work of extermination. Let these predators be hunted down in their turn. If necessary, let a price be set upon their heads or rather their hides.

Then less hotly pursued, fewer buffalo would be lost by drowning. This denizen of the prairie lands when allowed to choose his place and time for crossing the streams, would meet with fewer accidents.

A strenuous hunter of the buffalo, and one who could not be so summarily dealt with as remote foreigners, settlers and half-breeds, is the Indian of the plains. He has a claim. He looks upon, and he is entitled to look upon, the wild herds as his property, his inheritance, the gift which the Great Spirit has bestowed for his subsistence. Nevertheless, he could be treated with; and, we think, successfully. He is not so blind to his own interest, or so stupid as not to perceive that his own preservation depends, in a great measure, on the care that is bestowed in

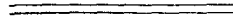
preserving his favourite game. Although he could not afford to abandon entirely the exciting bison chase, he would not be disinclined, there is reason to believe, to accept and abide by a game law. In Mr. Dickinson's report to the Government, quoted by Dr. Schultz in the House of Commons, we find a remarkable proof of this favourable disposition of the Indians. "While at the Qu'appelle Lakes, the Cree chiefs, accompanied by their principal headmen, waited upon me, and represented that they were becoming alarmed on account of their means of subsistence failing; and begged me to report what they said to the Government and to convey their request that something should be done to prevent the entire extermination of the buffalo. To show the importance they attach to this question, I may remark that each chief and his headman, separately, made the same request. In all my previous intercourse with the Indians, I have never seen this course adopted. In discussing other matters, a spokesman is generally chosen, who speaks for all the others, signifying their assent; but in this case, it was evident they considered something more was necessary, and adopted that method, in order to impress the gravity of their position upon me. In my opinion, the buffalo must be protected, or, in a few years, not more than ten at the farthest, the whole number of Indians in the North-west, who now rely upon these animals for subsistence, will require to be fed and maintained principally at the expense of the Dominion Government." Mr. Dickinson even suggests the possibility of an Indian war in consequence of the total failure of the resources which God and Nature have provided for the sustenance of the Red Man. The learned Dr. Schultz also puts forward this unpleasant idea. We are inclined, however, to agree rather with the honourable member for Selkirk, Mr. Donald A. Smith, whose great experience in the North-west, and intimate knowledge of the Indian character, give weight to the opinion which he expresses, that there is nothing less probable than an Indian war within the limits of the Canadian Dominion. The Indian people have been always kindly treated, and in such an extremity as the entire failure of their natural supplies, they would rely confidently on the same kind consideration. Most certainly the Government would not abandon them, or allow them to suffer want. But it would cost a great deal to supply them with everything necessary for their subsistence, and they could not be so supplied without being grievously demoralized. It would be hard to predict what direful results might flow from such a state of things.

By being wise in time, our Government may easily avert the calamitous consequences of neglect, and spare the country an incalculable amount of expense.

As we have seen, the Indians themselves are anxious that some measure for the protection of the buffalo be adopted. The Rev. Father

Lacombe has suggested a game law which could not fail to be effective.

Let there be a close season from 1st of November to 1st May, when it would be unlawful to kill buffalo, and let it be forbidden, at all seasons, to destroy the young. This would be no hardship to the Indian, as in summer he provides supplies of pemmican, or cured buffalo meat, which last throughout the winter. Hitherto, he has enjoyed, in addition, the use of fresh meat. This luxury, with a view to future advantage, he would willingly forego for a time. He could also be compensated for this privation without any great cost to the Government. The best of fish, fresh from the lakes and streams, would supply the place of meat. Some fishing-tackle, nets, lines, &c., would, indeed, be needed. But the cost would be comparatively small; and the Government would be fortunate in averting a great impending evil by such inconsiderable outlay. So prolific are the buffalo, that in four or five years, with the proposed protection, their numbers would be restored. The Indians themselves would see the wisdom of such a game law, and, no doubt, would aid powerfully in causing it to be enforced.



THE TWO ANGELS.

'Tis said that when the spirit of a child
 Is being gently put into the hearse
 By loving hands, pained, but yet reconciled,
 The spirit of the little darling, mild
 As Eden's visitants before the curse,
 Hovers about the casket where the clay
 Is left in silence till the latter day.
 So thought a mother at the open door,
 As through the mourners to the hearse they bore
 All her dead hopes, her rosy gem of light,
 That had made the darkness of her life so bright.
 Now quenched, for ever quenched, the earthly spark,
 To make the brightness of her life so dark.
 And as she thought, she prayed that she might see
 The spirit shape, however transiently,
 When lo, the answer smiled upon her there,
 The cherub's answer to the mother's prayer :
 There stood two radiant angels at the gate—
 Her Guardian, one, the other, little Kate.

THE STORY OF A FLIRT.

I.

SHE was certainly not beautiful, for hardly a feature was perfect enough to bear criticism, and the complexion had been spoiled by exposure to wind and weather, and yet as she sat in the stern of the skiff that lay with bow drawn upon the shore she looked provokingly pretty.

Alice was a brunette decidedly, with dark hair and eyes, and bright red lips. She was an ordinary Canadian girl, too much petted at home and allowed too much freedom with her gentlemen admirers, yet without any particular vicious taint in her disposition.

Cyril Hamilton, an acquaintance of a few days' standing, who had been presented to her at Mrs. Fraser's party, Monday evening, and had met her again at a picnic, Thursday, and invited her to take a row with him, was gathering some ferns and wild flowers on the shore.

He was a handsome young fellow with a fine well cut Saxon face and sandy hair. No moustache or whiskers as yet marred the smoothness of his lips and cheeks. They were fresh as a schoolboy's, and an index of his unruffled life whose current had not yet been vexed by any storm of love.

He was a great favourite at home with his mother and sisters, had been equally popular at school at Port Hope, and now at the end of his freshman's year at Trinity College had made his mark as a good fellow.

Alice sat lazily watching her handsome companion as he searched here and there for maiden-hair and the more delicate species of fern frouds, mixing with them columbine, hair bells, and one or two pieces of red lobelia which he found in a marshy place, to make up his wild bouquet.

She enjoyed the beautiful day, and the sweet perfumes which the breeze wafted from the wood, and the attention of her cavalier, most thoroughly. Alice was young in years but not innocent of the fascinations of flirting. Like many Canadian girls she had written love letters at the boarding school and pushed them through the seams of the fence, in spite of the watchful eyes of the little brown governess who only tried to do her duty and was cordially hated in consequence.

The red brick house, with croquet lawn and spacious grounds, in the west end of Toronto, held many a secret which had little to do with French exercises or the use of the globes, and the trees near the street had listened to many a foolish school girl row over which they laughed and mourned together, and hushed up with the rustle of their leaves.

It took some time to gather the ferns, then a wreath had to be made for her hat, after which Cyril took the oars to return to the party on the Island. He was a bright genial fellow, full of fun, and the conversation did not flag. Toronto and its numerous attractions, balls and parties, the respective merits of the waltz and galop, and the people who were mutual acquaintances, were discussed in that easy chit-chat way which seems commonplace enough, but, under favourable circumstances, breaks down many a barrier to friendship and touches many a cord of sympathy.

So the oars dipped leisurely in the beautiful river, and the boat gradually neared the island, and the current drifted them down while they too were drifting, Alice consciously, and Cyril unconsciously, into what is called a flirtation. They both felt that they had enjoyed a delightful hour in each other's company.

Dinner or tea, or whatever that picnic repast which has the elements of both, may be called, and which is spread on the white tablecloth on the ground about four o'clock in the afternoon, was nearly over. There was much chaff to be endured in consequence, that light, sparkling kind of chaff which is so pleasant to the giver and the receiver.

Then they sat down on a mossy seat beneath the shade of a cedar, and eat blueberries and cream, and sipped the most delicious coffee.

If Alice had looked pretty in the boat, she looked beautiful now, the fern-crowned hat thrown carelessly aside, her cheeks mantled with the blush which the chaff had left there, and her eyes bright with excitement.

The picnic party was on an island opposite Macdonald's Point, three miles above Brockville. It was a favourite resort, hardly an evening in the autumn passing without its being occupied by at least one, and sometimes by two or three parties.

At the other islands about could be seen boats drawn up on the rocky shore, flashes of white muslin among the trees, while snatches of songs and laughter came floating over the water.

It was a lovely place, familiar to Alice, to whom Brockville was home, and now making its first impression upon Cyril Hamilton.

After tea another turn on the river drifted Cyril further into the mazes of what was likely to prove a strong passion. He had hitherto been little more than a school boy. His heart had never been touched by school-boy love—all that he left to others, and chaffed and laughed at his susceptible chums who were ever ready to make him their confidant.

He would have laughed and protested had any one twitted him now, but that would have gone for nothing, for the sly little fellow, who

dispenses with superfluous clothing, and carries his bow and shafts so jauntily, always draws a handkerchief over the eyes of his victims.

The last red gleam had almost faded from the western sky over the sombre pines on Macdonald's Point, and the smooth water was growing black with shadow, when from the point of Picnic Island a tongue of flame shot up into the air.

"What is that?" said Cyril, dropping his oar.

"Only a *bon-fire*, we always make one after a picnic. Isn't it grand? See now how it lights up the island and throws that lurid glow upon the stream! Those fellows throwing on fuel look like demons!"

"It has a fine effect, certainly, and is a brilliant ending to a brilliant day."

"Oh! this isn't the ending. The ending is to me the best part of the pic-nic—not so brilliant, but more delightful."

"The going home part?"

"Yes, we collect the boats together, lock them abreast in mid-channel, and float down, singing as we go."

"All the way?"

"Oh! no, only a short distance. Boat after boat gets detached and separated; there are so many little flirtations going on. Then we reach home at our leisure."

"Do you like flirtations?"

"No, yes—*cela dépend*."

"Upon what?"

"Upon what you call flirting."

"Do give me your views on the subject."

"Well, I think . . . (with a laugh) I can't, Mr. Hamilton, give me yours."

"Mine are easily given—I don't like them at all. I think people ought to be true."

"You don't mind their dancing together, and boating, and riding, and seeing a good deal of each other without meaning anything serious?"

"One always does in the end—then there is a disappointment."

"Yes, (softly) I suppose it is not right."

Alice had taken a fern froud from her hat and was carelessly dragging it in the water.

Her thoughts had gone back a few months to a scene in her father's drawing-room. It was the end of a flirtation. A man she had encouraged without caring for, merely because it was pleasant, stood, hat in hand before her, hurt and angry. He took his *congé* silently and proudly, but she had heard bad accounts of him since, and her conscience had given many a twinge of remorse.

She had made a resolution then not to flirt again, and she intended to keep it—but what was this? She did not know.

She would not let it go any further until she was sure.

“Let us go back to the Island, Mr. Hamilton, I hear them getting ready to start.”

“Yes, it is nearly nine, and the moon is just rising. It will be a lovely night as it has been a delightful day.”

“Must you return with your brother, as you came?”

“Not necessarily.”

“Let me then have the pleasure of rowing you home.”

“Yes, if you will keep with the other boats. You know what you said about flirting.”

Cyril felt a little piqued at her reply. It was turning the tables upon himself, and it implied that she did not mean to accept at present any serious attentions.

It only put him on his metal, so that he made himself more than ever agreeable.

The boats were locked together, some eight of them in all, in the middle of the channel. An oar from those on either flank, with the help of the current, gave them all the speed that was wanted.

Down, down the river they floated, past the shadowy islands, with the dip of oar and the melody of voices, past the “Devil’s Rock” and the “Haunted House,” till the round house on the Soldier’s Island threw back the moonlight from its roof, and the limestone buildings of the town cast their reflections on the water, down to where the high rocks with their marks of Indian warfare and trailing cedars stood asleep in the deep water.

II.

Two months after the events recorded in our last, one bright morning in the beginning of October, the usual crowd of people stood on the wharf at Brockville awaiting the arrival of the two steamers, some for purposes of business, and many more for mere pastime. The *Grecian*, for Montreal, arrived and departed, and a few minutes later the *Passport*, for Toronto and Hamilton, neared the wharf.

As it approached, a group of young ladies eagerly scanned its decks to detect, if possible, the familiar forms and faces of acquaintances returning from sea-side resorts to the work and bustle of city life.

Among them was Alice Chapman, prepared for a journey, and evidently, from the expectant glow of her face, anticipating more than usual pleasure from the trip up the river.

Her eyes, no less than others, swept the deck in search of some one

and had hardly rested on a tall form near the capstan, when a confidential voice whispered in her ear, "There's Cyril, Alice," followed by "I believe you knew he would be going up."

Whether she did or not we will not inquire. Cyril's visit to his college chum, George Earl, had been extended week after week through July and August, during which time he had been constantly with Alice, until an urgent letter from his sister May, who rebelled against being robbed of her brother in this way, recalled him home to Cornwall.

Possibly they had exchanged letters in the meantime. Possibly Alice knew that on Friday, October the second, Cyril would be going up to commence term at Trinity, and it is just possible he thought Alice might be going up the same day to visit a friend at Kingston.

They were glad, at any rate, to find themselves travelling together, and in the shade of the awning at the stern, they watched the seething water cast up by the paddle wheels drift off into foam and bubbles, or the islands one by one float by them, like objects in a dream.

And so it was a dream,—one of those bright beautiful dreams which are never forgotten—which return in after life with the odour of the summer flowers and the freshness of the dashing spray, to remind us of the days when we were young.

They talked over the events of Cyril's visit to Brockville, and the sayings and doings which had transpired since, the croquet parties and dances, the picnics and rides.

She told him of the friends she was going to visit at Kingston, and the inducements which had been held out to her to go there.

He, with a tinge of jealousy, inquired about the men she had met on a former visit, and then grew confidential about his own life and his prospects, the two more years of work and pleasure at Trinity, and then the bar and, not the woolsack, but, at least the bench.

I do not mean to say that he spoke seriously of such a brilliant career as that; he was too good and sensible a fellow to indulge in such "gush," but in that half serious half chaffing way which may mean a good deal, or, on the other hand, very little.

The visit at Brockville had not been without results. Cyril had fallen desperately in love with Alice, and though he had determined not to speak of marriage until he had at least taken his degree, his conversation with her on the boat, and his fear lest she should form some other attachment during the months they must be separated, had shaken his resolution.

He had enough private means to live on with economy, and he did not see any particular reason for waiting. So when about three o'clock the Passport swept by Cedar Island, and was rounding Fort Henry, at the entrance to Kingston Harbour, he put his fate to the test.

They had been silent for a few moments, when he said with suppressed emotion, looking not at her, but in a dreamy way at a white gull which had just rested on the water. "Miss Chapman, you promised to be my friend, that is not enough. I love you, and want you to be my wife, I am sure we would be happy."

"Oh, Mr. Hamilton, what put that into your head?"

Here the conversation was interrupted. One of the deck hands came down the little ladder from the upper deck to get the hawser ready, and some passengers came out from the saloon to see the limestone city.

"How provoking," thought Cyril. "How fortunate," thought Alice.

To say that Alice was taken by surprise would not be true. It is seldom that a woman is. But she did not expect the revelation, which was no revelation, to come just when it did, and she was not ready with her answer.

She loved Cyril Hamilton potential, that is, she felt that she might love him.

She did not want to lose him, and yet, at the same time, she did not want to bind herself.

There was no opportunity to say more, for friends were at the wharf to meet her, but her manner towards him was encouraging, and with a pressure of the hand, and a whispered permission that he might write, she was gone.

III.

A MONTH had passed at Trinity, during which Cyril had not materially added to his stock of knowledge.

The round of chapels and hall and lectures had been more or less faithfully observed.

He had twisted himself about in the gymnasium to the admiration of all beholders.

He had made a brilliant score in the last cricket match, and was a successful contributor to the "Episcopôn."

But he could not apply his mind with pleasure to anything.

He had exchanged letters two or three times with Alice, who was still at Kingston, and things were pretty much as their last conversation on the Passport had left them.

On his arrival in Toronto he had written putting his love and his prospects plainly before her. She replied, not positively accepting him, but leading him to believe that she intended to do so.

Then he had written twice before he got another reply, which was just as uncertain as the previous one.

He wrote at once saying that he could not endure suspense any longer, and would be down by train next day to get his answer.

The indulgent Dean accepted his plausible excuse and gave him leave of absence, and the Thursday morning train bore the impatient lover from the Union Station.

A train off the track at Cobourg delayed the express so that it did not reach Kingston till five o'clock, and it was nearly six when Cyril found himself dressing for dinner at the British American.

Two hours later he entered Mrs. Bristow's drawing room and found Alice seated on a sofa before a wood fire, expecting him, with a pale face and an anxious and unsettled expression.

Her friend, Ethel Bristow, was carelessly strumming a waltz at the piano, while her cousin Bob went through the form of listening and making himself agreeable.

He sat down near her and as he talked in his bright easy way of his journey and the delay, of Toronto and the changes at college, the colour came again to her face, and the worried look gave place to one of evident pleasure.

But Ethel who suspected something, was determined not to leave them alone, and Bob who had found her more than usually gracious and entertaining, was not loath to linger longer than he intended. So the evening slipped pleasantly away for all but Cyril. He was obliged to take the five o'clock train next day to return to Toronto, and secretly fretted over the fact that fate seemed against him.

He managed however to make an appointment with Alice to meet him next morning.

It was a cloudy day, threatening rain, when he left the hotel and strolled up Princess street. As the time of his appointment drew near he turned west and met her coming towards him, under the shadow of St. Mary's, the Roman Catholic cathedral.

He saw at a glance the anxious uncertain expression of the previous evening had returned, and her manner was constrained. This however soon wore off, and they chatted freely about common place and trivial matters, until Cyril suddenly changed the conversation.

"You know Alice what I have come down for. I am not good for much at College this term and am wasting my time and opportunities. I want this matter to be settled and am determined to have a decided 'no,' if you can give me nothing better."

There was no answer. Her face was partly turned away from him as they walked, and he could only see that it was flushed and excited.

"Do you not care for me?"

"Yes, I think I do, now."

"Will you promise then to be my wife?"

"I can't make you that promise now."

"Why? Three weeks ago you wrote me what was a virtual acceptance."

Silence again as they walked slowly on.

"What is the matter? have you changed since then?"

"I don't know."

"Now this is not right, it is not treating me fairly and honourably. You must say one thing or the other."

"I know I ought to."

"Is there anyone else you care for?"

"I've been flirting."

"Since you came up here?"

"Yes."

"Then I suppose I can say good morning."

"No, no! I don't want you to go that way."

"Don't you care for him?"

"No."

"Has it been merely a flirtation?"

"Yes, I think so."

"Then I must have a definite promise"—Let us go in here."

They were passing All Saint's, a small Gothic Church in a poor part of the city. The door stood open, and they entered. There seemed to be no one within. The place was empty and still. They sat down on one of the benches and talked the whole matter over, Cyril urging his suit with all the warmth and vehemence of his nature, for he was a man who did nothing in a half-hearted way.

One by one he overcame every difficulty and objection she had to offer, and won from her a promise to marry him as soon as he had commenced the practice of his profession.

"Stand here Alice, before the altar and let us solemnly bind ourselves in betrothal."

"Yes, I am sure I love you now, and this will shut off all temptation to change."

Then they stood by the Chancel step, and he placed on her finger a ring he had brought with him from Toronto, and they promised with solemn words to be faithful to each other.

CHAPTER III.

THE June examinations were over. For months before Cyril Hamilton had worked steadily, reading for a scholarship.

The cricket matches had sorely tried his resolution, but he had not broken it. A long walk every day and a turn on the swing on the

parallel bar in the gymnasium had given him all the exercise he wanted to keep himself in good working condition, and he could not afford to spend more time than these exercises required.

He had not heard from Alice for two or three weeks, though he had written twice. He thought she must be away from Brockville on a visit, for after what he had seen of her at Christmas he could not doubt her affection for him. He was anxiously expecting a letter now.

The College was almost silent.

The Annual Cricket Match was in progress on the Toronto ground, and not only the Eleven but most of the other men were down there.

The "dons" were busy making up the marks and preparing the list of the results of the examination.

Cyril was sitting in his room, whose oriel window commanded a fine prospect of the island and the bay.

He had been packing two trunks, and books and papers lay strewn upon the table and the floor. Out on the bay a fine schooner was rounding the point of the island, and there were a few more sails in the distance.

He heard the quick step of his "gyp" echoing through the empty corridors. He knocked and entered, saying in the same breath "Mr. Hamilton here is a letter—and you're Wellington scholar."

This was more than Cyril expected. He had some hope of coming out second or third in the examination, but to be first was almost overpowering. In high excitement he ran down to see the list, and assured himself that the good news was true, and then returned to his room to get ready to take a copy of the list to the cricket ground. He had forgotten the letter in his hand. It bore the Brockville post mark and the address was Alice's writing.

Sitting down he tore open the envelope with a strange foreboding of evil, and read the few lines scrawled, therein by a nervous and trembling hand.

"DEAR MR. HAMILTON,—You must not blame me too much. You should not have asked me to wait two years for you, nor should you have made me promise that way in the church. I can't marry you. When you get this, I shall be the wife of a wealthy American gentleman. Do not think any more about me, excepting to forgive.

"ALICE CHAPMAN.

"Brockville, June 21st."

Had Cyril been struck a heavy blow on the head, he could hardly have been more stunned. All power of thought was gone. He sat white and motionless as a statue, like a man frozen in his chair with his eyes fixed and glassy.

He had been in this state half an hour, when George Earl came in to congratulate him on his success, and was shocked beyond measure to find his friend so undone.

A glance at the letter which Cyril still held in his hand explained everything.

He tried to rouse him, and said all that a good-hearted fellow, not given to sentiment, but who loved his friend more than all the women in Christendom, could say. Had Cyril been stunned by a cricket-ball, or broken his neck in the gymnasium, or had a bullet been put through him at the rifle butt, George would have thought it a misfortune, but an honourable and unavoidable one. But to be upset by a woman—a fine fellow like Hamilton—it was a shame! How a sensible fellow could trouble his head about a shallow hearted girl like that, he could not understand.

Poor George! He was not the only one who has been puzzled by the same phenomena. The good-hearted fellow nursed and tended Cyril through the long illness which followed. That night, while the June dinner was going on, for that institution had not at that time been abolished, and the rounds of applause which marked the progress of the toasts and speeches, or snatches of songs, reached the sick-bed, even through the closed door of an inner room, he patiently bathed the throbbing head, and did his best to stave off the evidently approaching brain fever.

But it was to no purpose. The system, prostrated by a course of long and severe study, easily succumbed to the shock it had experienced, and for days and nights the patient tossed about in the ravings of delirium.

During this time no one could have been more self-denying and devoted than George Earl.

At first he had the sole charge of his friend; and in his anxiety for his recovery, did not feel the loneliness of the deserted college when the men had gone down to their homes for their long vacation, and only the footstep of a stray "gyp" or a fitting "don," could be heard breaking the silence.

The case became so serious that the doctor telegraphed to Cornwall, and Mrs. Hamilton and May came up to George's relief.

George and May became great friends during the time they were so thrown together, and when Cyril at last was well enough to be taken home, and they were obliged to part for a time, he confessed to himself as he answered the waving of her handkerchief from the wharf at Brockville, and watched the steamer bear them quickly from his sight that even a sensible man might, without losing any self-respect, fall in love with May Hamilton.

V.

TEN years have passed and have brought many changes to our friends. Cyril's disappointment disarranged all the plans he had laid out for his life, so true is it that *l'homme propose et Dieu dispose*.

He never went back to Trinity, for much as he liked the place and the life there, he could not bear the associations with which it was now connected. He gave up also the idea of studying for the bar, and during a visit to a friend in St. Paul, Minnesota, met Bishop Whipple, and was so impressed with the desire of being a missionary, by what he saw of that good man's life and work, that he entered Nashotah, and eighteen months afterwards was ordained deacon.

He was completely devoted to his work in the far west, under the man he had learned to love as a father, and was eminently successful as a missionary among both settlers and Indians.

His untiring zeal and energy, and his universally acknowledged goodness made him a marked man, and he was chosen by the General Convention as Bishop of a new western diocese, an arduous and dangerous post, which required the vitality of youth and the fearlessness of perfect devotion.

He never loved again, and never married.

Alice's life was not a happy one. She reaped the full reward of a heartless flirt.

The wealth for which she sold herself went in the crash on Wall Street on Black Friday, and the home which had not been a happy one before became intolerable.

The husband, with all his vulgarity was a good-hearted man, and another woman would have stood by him and helped him to retrieve his fortune.

But she with her peevishness and heartlessness drove him into courses which ended in a divorce.

She is now, a wretched looking woman, with two spoiled children, under the shelter of her father's house, an object of pity to all her former acquaintances.

It is hardly necessary to say that George Earl found his way to Cornwall, and to the Hamilton's hospitable mansion.

His love for May ripened without check or interruption, and they are looking forward to be married next month, by the Right Rev. Cyril Hamilton, Bishop of D—

F. T.

THE SILENT COTTAGE.

(TRANSLATED FROM FREDERIC OTTE.)

FAR from the road—almost unknown—
 A silent cottage stands alone,
 That, midst a garden nestling coy,
 Peeps forth, as though with smiles of joy.
 Gay clambering plants entwine their leaves
 Around its walls, beneath its eaves,
 And all who view the scene declare,
 Life, surely, must be happy there.

A casement opes : within it glows
 A face as blooming as a rose,
 Framed, as it were, in flowers that breathe
 Balm round the maiden they enwreath.
 With gentle sigh the morning air
 Lifts the dark clusters of her hair,
 And seems to kiss the eyes that gaze
 Upon the distant mountains' haze.

Still, on that mouth there seems to press
 The shadow of some strange distress,
 Unmeet for one, of whom we say,
 As o'er her form our glances stray,
 "How blest the youth, whom fate ordains,
 To share her pleasures and her pains!"

But ne'er hath peasant, led by chance,
 Clasped her lithe figure in the dance—
 Ne'er hath her beauty shed its light
 'Mid festal throngs, by day or night—
 No friend, no stranger, e'er hath set
 His foot within her cottage yet.

Rank weeds the road have overgrown,
 Upheaving every mossy stone ;
 While, nestling in its garden's heart,
 The Silent Cottage stands apart.
 One man alone has entrance there—
 A tall pale man, with mournful air :
 He wears a military coat—
 A blood-red band is round his throat—
 And she, whose rosy lips have smiled
 So seldom, is—the Headsman's Child !

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE VETERANS, THEIR NUMBER, AGE AND CIRCUMSTANCES—THE
REGULAR TROOPS ENGAGED IN CANADA—SOCRATES HUNTER.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

ONE of the most striking facts in connection with the Canadian Veterans of 1812, now receiving a pension, is the very large number whose claims thereto have been recognised. According to the recently issued Report of the Department of Militia upon Militia Pensions, the total number of cases paid is 2,412; besides 197 cases still in abeyance; while new applications are daily received. A certain number of cases have been rejected, of these, it may safely be presumed, some have set up fictitious claims, yet there must have been some ground upon which the claim was based, at least that of age. Others of the number not unlikely are entitled to share in the pension; but from various circumstances, have, after so long a period, failed to establish such title. In addition to those who have applied, whether allowed or not, are a small number who from a feeling of independence (a wrong feeling, we think), or indifference, or some other cause, have not sought the honour, which is certainly out of all proportion to the pecuniary benefit associated with it. These all taken together form a comparatively large body of men who took part in, or had some association with, the war of 1812-15. Such a large number, after sixty years and upwards, seems disproportionate to the number who were actually participators in the war, else we must conclude that longevity in Canada is remarkably great. The total number of inhabitants in the country did not exceed three hundred thousand. Deduct from this number the old men, women and children, and incapables, and we can readily arrive at an estimate of the number capable of assisting in the momentous struggle, for momentous it was to Canadians. A statement from the Militia Department says, no exact data have yet been found to establish correctly the number of Militiamen under arms in Upper Canada in 1812-15, but it is stated in an address to the Prince Regent on the subject of services rendered by the Militia of that Province that "the population able to bear arms does not exceed 10,000 men; nearly one-half of these were embodied for the whole of the first, and a very considerable portion of the greatest part of the last campaign." The strength of the Militia on actual service above referred to, appears to have been as follows:—550 cavalry, 350 artillery, 55 artificers, and 4,500 infantry; total 5,455 officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

The Province seems to have had only one battalion 500 strong, which was styled "The Incorporated Battalion."

The number of Militiamen under arms in Lower Canada is definitely known from the documents on record in the Department of Militia. There were 9 Battalions of Embodied Militia, consisting of 6,617 men ; 6 Battalions of Montreal and Quebec, 3,638 ; cavalry 183 ; artillery 163 ; voyageurs 323, making a total of 10,919. In addition to these, however, there were about 12,606 Militiamen out for short periods varying from a few days to two months, making a total of 23,525 Militiamen of Lower Canada out for some period. At this remote time it is doubtless difficult or impossible to discriminate between those who served for a longer period, from those who were engaged for the shorter. And probably it would be unwise to do so.

Beside these in the two Provinces who were under arms, we have all those who in any way assisted in carrying on the war, who aided to provide the combattants with the necessaries of warfare, and who have an equal claim to recognition for services, and to share in the pension awarded by Parliament. During the course of the forty-two months over which the period of war extended, there was necessarily a large number engaged, directly or indirectly, as auxiliaries. An immense amount of war material and provisions was constantly, summer and winter, being transported along the lengthy frontier. There were then no railways nor telegraphs, nor steam vessels to facilitate the work of transportation. The few availing sailing vessels were altogether inadequate in summer, and much of the material was conveyed in batteaux or canoes over long stretches of water, up rapids, against winds, and over portages with great labour. In winter hundreds of teams of sleighs were employed in hauling various articles for the daily requirements and in preparation for the spring operations in the field.

Probably we may safely conclude that mostly all of the then young men who to-day are old men in our midst, did, in one way or another, take some part in promoting the Canadian interest in the war. It follows that Parliament, in undertaking to grant a pension to the veterans of 1812, engaged to pension almost every man who was old enough to do service in any manner during the time of war, who remains now alive. This will account, in a great measure, for the unexpectedly large number who have come forward in response to the call from the Militia Department. At the same time, it is a matter of no little importance to know that out of the number of those who, in 1812-15, were young men, so considerable a number still live to relate the events of that stirring period, sixty odd years ago. It establishes the fact that the habits of the Canadian people have been of a nature to promote long life, or that the climate of Canada is very healthful, or perhaps both.

In analyzing the list of pensioners, as to the several Provinces represented, we find that the Province of Quebec furnishes a very large proportion of the veterans, a fact readily accounted for when we remember the great disproportion of inhabitants in the two Provinces at that time, and the fact that many of the French Canadians served only a short time. Although we must not ignore the fact that competent authority affirms that the *habitans* enjoy, as a whole, exceptionally long life.

As we have stated, the number of veterans now receiving pension is 2,412. Of those, 1,439 reside in the Province of Quebec; 924 in Ontario; 29 in New Brunswick; 17 in Nova Scotia; 3 in Manitoba.

In examining the age of the pensioners, 1875, it is seen that the great majority are between 78 and 87; the largest number, 369, being 80. Four are only 73; not a few have attained to great age—fifty-four to 90 years; twenty-five to 91; twenty seven to 92; eighteen to 93; fourteen to 94; twelve to 95; six to 96; four to 97; three to 98; two to 99; four to 100; two to 101; four to 103; and one to 104. We have said that the youngest is given as being 74, but we find some recorded as less than this. The old U. E. Loyalist officers, retired on half-pay, were proverbially long lived, and it became a common saying that "half-pay officers never die." For a remarkably long time after the close of the war, in 1783, there were found in Canada a few still drawing their annual allowance; and when at last it was apparent that worthy persons were thus happily receiving from the Imperial chest an annual pension, who ought in the course of nature to have reached 120 or 130 years (if they had been old enough to do military duty in 1776-83, and yet would pass for something under centenaries), it became a matter for explanation. And fortunately the explanation was easy without compromising the individual, or convicting him of personating his father or any one else. After the close of the American Revolutionary War, the British Government was anxious to award those of the U. E. Loyalists who had rendered distinguished service, or who had suffered great losses from confiscation of property in the United States. For a few years there was much laxity in the granting of lands; and as officers received, according to rank, much larger quantities, and were as well entitled to half-pay, it was a valuable position to be numbered among that class. It is related that in some instances officers of disbanded regiments (with or without the knowledge of the responsible authorities, tradition says not) placed the names of all their sons upon the strength of the regiment, and even infants were honoured by a place upon the roll as Captain or Major. Hence arose a by-word in former years, "The Major won't take his pap." This occurrence has been brought to mind by observing among the pensioners of 1812 two or three names who may well be called youthful veterans, if their age be correctly reported. One is recorded as being

sixty, another as only thirty-seven, while a prodigy is presented as nineteen. It is, of course, hazardous to question the correctness of official reports, still we incline to the belief that there are errors, probably of printing, inasmuch as the war terminated sixty-three years ago. But four are given as being seventy-three, two seventy-four, four seventy-five, seven seventy-six, and sixty seventy-seven. These we may take to be correct and we thus learn that lads of ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen and fourteen took part in the struggle, and have proved themselves worthy of a place upon the roll of honour.

But the more aged of the veterans naturally attract our more earnest attention. Of those who had reached the age of 100, in 1874, we find the names of Augustus Ethier, of Ottawa County ; William McDonald, Haldinand ; Simon Vandette, of Stormont ; and Abraham Petrie, of Illinois. Jerome Dupuis, of St. Tite, Quebec, and Frederick Keller, of Sterling, County of Hastings, are 101. Michael Leclair, of Glengarry ; Charles Leduc, of Beauharnois ; Francis Marchand, of Glengarry, and Faches L. Robert, of Terrebonne, are 103. The patriarch of the veterans, according to the Report for 1876, is Socrates Hunter, of Port Bruce, Elgin County, who is 104.

A number of applicants have not been recognised, on account of being already pensioned by the Imperial Government, or having served in Imperial corps at that time in Canada. Ninety-five are mentioned as having left limits, five as having procured substitutes, three disallowed for short service, and 142 have died since making application. One person has declined to receive the allowance.

Certainly, the sum of \$20 seems a mere pittance in the way of a pension ; but most of the recipients prize the honour more than the money. As we have seen, when Parliament voted \$50,000, it was expected that each veteran would receive a respectable sum, about \$100. But although the amount allotted to each was so small, the \$50,000 was found insufficient to meet the cases of all the recognised claimants the first year, and fifty-four remained unpaid when the amount was exhausted. This was made good to the fifty-four out of the second Parliamentary grant of \$50,000.

It is a great pity the finances of the Dominion would not allow a larger sum for pensioning these worthy old men, many of whom, we are sorry to understand, are by no means well off, and some quite destitute.

We may here give the force of the regular troops who served in Canada during the war, as far as has been ascertained :—First battalion of 1st Foot, 8th King's Own, one battalion of the 10th Royal Veterans, 13th, 40th, 41st, 49th, 100th, 103rd, and 104th Regiments, beside the Royal Newfoundland, the Meuron and the Watteville Regiments, the

Fencibles, the Glengarry Regiments, the 19th Light Dragoons, about 800 Royal Marines and Seamen, and 500 Artillery and Engineers.

"The Meuron and Watteville Regiments," says the author of "Maple Leaves," "had been formed in England from French officers and soldiers detained as prisoners of war, and who had been granted their liberty on accepting to fight against all the enemies of England, except their own country, France." These were, at the commencement of the United States war, sent out to Canada; and at the termination of hostilities were disbanded in Canada, and most of the men became settlers.

Mr. Socrates Hunter, the chief of the veterans, deserves a more extended notice. He was one of the number who, although not enrolled, performed, it would seem, important duties, and found some difficulty in establishing his claim. We learn from a letter received from him, dated 28th November, 1875, that he was born in the State of Vermont, and came to Upper Canada some time before the war of 1812. He "was 40 years old on the 2nd September, as the war broke out in June." He was yet unmarried. He "did duty all through the war," and declares he "never got any pay for it." Probably he means adequate pay. He "was with the company that built the blockhouse on Bridge Island, and Corporal Delany told us that he would see that we all got half a dollar a day; but I never got one cent for it. I can't say for the rest." He also complains that his cow and one of his oxen were taken without any remuneration. Mr. Hunter went to St. Thomas to claim his pension, and felt somewhat aggrieved at not receiving it promptly. At the time of writing his letter he had not yet received the promised cheque, and expresses himself that "he guesses they had forgotten him at Ottawa, as he was so old." He states that for fifteen years he has been unable to do anything, and is in "want of many things to make him comfortable, but he trusts in God for the future." After making full allowance for any tendency to magnify grievances, it must be admitted Mr. Hunter's case is a touching one, especially when he, already upwards of 100, speaks of trusting God for the future. Surely his trust will not be in vain, and it is a solemn duty resting upon Canada to see that his reasonable wants are fully supplied.

THE BLESSED DEAD.

(FROM PINDAR : OLYMP. II. 104.)

WHEN the day of death has come,
 Sinful souls receive their doom,
 And whatever they have done
 Wickedly, beneath the sun,
 In the realm below the earth,
 Where no ray of light has birth,
 Has its fitting punishment
 From the Judge whom Zeus has sent,
 Bound by dire necessity
 To award a just decree.

But the good, in joyous light,
 Never ceasing, day or night,
 Pass a life more free from pain
 Than all bliss this world can gain;
 Wasting not their strength in toil,
 On the hard, unyielding soil ;
 Nor with ocean joining strife,
 For the scanty means of life ;
 But among the honoured gods
 They have found their blest abodes,—
 With the gods, who hate a lie,
 Happy through eternity !
 While the wicked, far below,
 Bear intolerable woe.

This, at least, is their reward,
 Who their souls have nobly dared,
 Ever from temptation's lure
 To keep innocent and pure.
 They have found the path that leads
 To the bright, celestial meads,—
 To the Islands of the Blest,
 By soft ocean winds caressed,
 Where the golden flowers grow,
 And the trees with blossoms glow ;
 And the water lilies wave
 In the land beyond the grave.
 And of flowers like those they twine
 Chaplets for their brows divine !

THE PARIS CAFÉS.

ALIMENTARY, and not literary, is the modern café. Times are so changed since Voltaire, Diderot and the rest sang and shouted in the Café Procope—jested, reasoned and made themselves immortal there—there are so many people who have the means to frequent cafés, and there is such an immense floating population, eager, curious and bent on sightseeing, that no clique can live. Its precincts, no matter how hallowed, are invaded by the leering mob and His many-headed Majesty the Crowd. Still, certain cafés are able to boast a *clientèle*, with a military, journalistic, artistic or commercial element in preponderating force—cafés where the stockbrokers, students or officers go—but the old historic café, the café of tradition, where you were sure to find some celebrity on exhibition—a first-class poet or philosopher—may be said to be defunct. The Grand Café and the Café de la Paix under the Grand Hotel, being very central, near the new Opera, and georgeously fitted up, are the chief rendezvous of the fashionable floating population, aristocratic loafers of all nations, where representatives from the remotest parts of the earth meet to stare at each other under the same roof—Persians, Greeks and Hindoos, Sandwich Islanders and Yankees. Tortoni's is a restaurant and café of the highest class, the most select in the city. Café Riche and Café Gretry, both fine cafés, are much frequented by stockbrokers, who in the evening are wont to assemble on the sidewalk near by, making the night air ring with their wild shouts of "give" and "take:" if dispersed by the police, as they often are, they generally gather into knots a little farther on. Café du Helder is appropriated almost exclusively to the military, officers in *bourgeois* dress, students from the Polytechnic and St. Cyr, and horse jockeys. The Café des Variétés belongs to the actors—a noisy, brilliant place—whilst the Café Madrid is the literary café of the nineteenth century, if there is any. Under Napoleon III. it was the centre of the radical opposition, being frequented by all the shades of Red, from the delicate hue of the *Débats* to the deep crimson of Flourens and Rochefort. Under the Commune it continued to be notorious, and to-day it is the resort of lawyers, journalists and Bohemians—lesser lights who seem to like the location, on the confines of the bad Boulevard Montmartre, and have no objection to the *cocottes* who come there in the evening. Like La Fontaine's mule.

Qui ne parlait incessamment
Que de sa mère la jument,

they talk only of literature, their nurse, and speak despairingly—it is a peculiarity of the place—of all the fellow-beings she has suckled. It is the typical French café in the central *salon* of which, in majestic repose, sits the *dame du comptoir*, who has a little grey moustache—the French like a little hair upon the upper lip of ladies—whilst overhead, forming a part of the extraordinary decoration, is a Madonna, goddess, angel—I can't say what—copied from one of the old masters in the palace of the Luxembourg. Gold-dust blown across the blue oval, with white-and-rose angels in the midst, shuts off the upward gaze in one of the other *salons*, whilst all around medallions large and small of heads and figures, male, female and infantile, with a variety of vine-wreathed Bacchuses and bow-drawing Cupids, which are considered especially fit to decorate cafés, cluster along the mouldings, encumber the panels or fill up the niches. Huge mirrors reflect the pea-green walls, the crystal chandeliers, the gilding, glass and divans; cats perambulate the apartments; people come and go—black, elegant fellows, with broad-brimmed hats, pretty canes, good clothes, good fits; absinthe-drinkers, with heavy jaws and dreamy, evil eyes. Billiard-balls are clicking in the back room; cards and dominoes are being played; cold-blooded demoralized people lean forward, gossip and gesticulate—men who would man a barricade on occasion or put a sword-blade through a stomach.

With a very few exceptions, all the leading cafés of Paris have become restaurants. You breakfast, dine and sup there; and in place of coffee being the sole or leading article of consumption, an infinite variety of drinks is now at the disposal of the thirsty wayfarer. Mocha, that product of the East, the preparation of which, like the making of bread, is the stumbling-block of house-keepers in both hemispheres, is served in three ways—as a *capucin*, a *mazogran* or a *demi-tasse*. A *capucin* (the name is but little used) is our cup of coffee—coffee with milk in it; a *mazogran* is coffee in a glass, accompanying which a decanter of water is brought. The name is derived from a village in Africa where the French had a brilliant feat of arms, and where the soldiers, in the absence of milk or brandy, had to water their coffee or drink it *au naturel*. The coffee itself is precisely the same as that furnished for the *demi-tasse*, which is served in a small china cup, accompanying which is a little decanter of cognac, with a fairy glass for measuring it; for the French, in place of cream, take brandy with coffee and rum with tea—to us an incomprehensible mixture. After breakfast and dinner the Frenchman desires coffee, and if he does not get it at home he goes to the café for it. To do without it, or to do without claret at meals, would be a dreadful alternative to which he would not long submit without, it might be, losing his reason and taking his life. Strong, black and fragrant, he would die without that beverage for which—and for Racine,

by the way—Madame de Sévigné prophesied an ephemeral popularity. Taken immediately after meals, it removes the fumes of the claret and champagne he has drunk, and leaves him feeling as clear-headed as Plato and grateful as a pensioner of the king.

Just before meal-time the cafés are crowded with people indulging in one of the renowned trio of appetizers, one of the great triumvirate of antepandial potations—*bittère*, *vermouth*, and *absinthe*. *Bittère* is a clear grateful drink of Hollandic derivation, considered more wholesome than either of its fellows; *vermouth* is a wormwood wine the drinker does not like at first (please draw the inference, that he becomes immensely fond of it at last); while *absinthe*—what shall we say of it? It is execrable stuff—the milk of sirens mingled with sea water. Of a dirty-green colour, pudent, all-powerful, it heats up the stomach, expending itself at the extremities in half-developed throbs, perpetual wavelets of rankling sting that break upon the shores of flesh. It mounts to the hair-roots, fills the entrails with a furnace-glow, goes everywhere. It is the worst of French drinks, representing and standing for what is worst in French character, worst in France. It cannot be tossed off at a throw; it must be toyed with, sipped. Stimulating, enervating, poisonous, horrible—all the more so perhaps because it is not intoxicating exactly—God has put a barrier against its use by making it distasteful; but, strange to say, all those things men run after: rum, tobacco, opium, *absinthe*, are always distasteful at first, if not for a long time afterward.

But the French do not drink rum, gin, whiskey or *water* to any great extent. With the exception of *absinthe* and considerable brandy, their drinking occupies a middle ground. They revel in a multitude of subtile, delightful mixtures—*liqueurs*, *crèmes* and *sirops*. Very dear to the heart of refined sensualists is the famous monks' liquor called *chartreuse*, which deservedly ranks at the head of the long list of *liqueurs*—*anisette*, *curaçao*, *maraschino*, *rosolio*, *alkermès*, *ratafia*, *genièvre*, etc. It is made by the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, near Grenoble, of certain aromatic herbs and brandy, the former gathered by them in their summer wanderings amongst the Jura Mountains. It is a sticky, sweet compound of a green or yellow colour, and of such a fiery nature that it must be sipped, not drunk. Many a hater of the priesthood, holding up one of the little thimbleful glasses in which it is served, has exclaimed, "Blessed be the monks for making thee! Compound of devil, dew and honey! in thee have they sought to indemnify themselves for lack of wife, and partially have they succeeded."

All these *liqueurs*, indeed, are rather ladies' drinks. So too are the *crèmes*—*mocha*, *tea*, *noyau*, *cumin*, *mint*, *ether*, etc.; also the *sirops*, including *orgeat*, very refreshing in the summer-time. Masculine preferences are for beer, immense quantities of which are drunk, especially in

the evening, or for fine champagne, the name bestowed upon superior brandy. However, ladies and gentlemen unite in disposing of half-frozen punch (*sorbets*) or eating ices—say a *tutti frutti* at the Café Napolitain—ravishing mixtures of cold and passion, the fruits of the tropics imbedded in a slice of the North Pole.

French drinks are, like French dishes, artistic preparations, and the French cafés artistic, pretty places, indispensable to the scenic completeness of things in France, if not to the comfort and well-being of the people. A landscape without water, a bride without a veil, a house without windows, would be something like France (Paris especially) without cafés. To take away its cafés would be to pluck out its eyes, to leave it dull and dead—food without appetite, marriage without love or the honeymoon. Its industries may give it sinew, muscle, bone and nerve; the Institute may give it brains; but the cafés—they are its life-blood and its pulse.

The French cultivate even a love of home in going to the café. For what is a love of home? It is certainly not a mere local attachment, such as the cat has for the particular hearth-rug where she dozes by day, or the particular tiles and water spouts where she howls by night. It is rather the love of family and friendly union, in which the French take especial delight, gathering together in little knots by the open window, in the garden, on the sidewalk, or it may be, in the café, talking in the leaping, emancipated touch-and-go style, in the merry, vaulting style in which they excel, on all the lighter topics.

But the desire to economize keeps away a great many people, for the French are very economical. In the great army of the *bourgeois*, as well as in the great army of the *blouses*—many of whom could be bourgeois if they chose—whole families, husbands, fathers, brothers, son abstains, from going to the café, either alone or accompanied, from Christmas to New Year's and New Year's to Christmas. Neither would you find MacMahon, Thiers,* or Victor Hugo at the café. The recognised great, the nobility and high officials, contrary to what perhaps is commonly supposed, are rarely to be seen there. They meet in some more private way.

But the café is nevertheless a very charming place. It is a place where it is permitted to you to surrender yourself to the most delicious reflections. You are in the presence of humming-birds, not ostriches or owls. The people are smoking cigarettes, or cigars at worst, not meerschaums. The establishment itself is a dazzle of decoration, a little corner of the Louvre. There is no shouting or swearing, but a pleasing

* This paper was written before the death of the veteran statesman and *litterateur* whom so many thousands of the best people of France followed the other day to the cemetery of Père la Chaise. The references to him are allowed to remain.—Ed.

hum. The calls of messieurs and the replies of garçons resolve themselves into a confused lulling sound. If you are well, and your conscience does not trouble you—and even if it does—you can select a quiet corner and dream away the livelong day. The air is nerve-slackening. You feel perfectly at your ease. You can think of nothing to apprehend—no incursion of your lady friends designing to reason with the proprietor and perhaps hold a prayer-meeting on the sidewalk; no incursion of the police, no row. Everybody is placable and quiet—preserves indeed a sort of deferential attitude toward his neighbour—and not only when he comes in, but again when he goes out, salutes the dame du comptoir—the lady superintendent, that is (not unfrequently the wife of the proprietor)—who sits enthroned in a little boxlike place superintending the delivery of drinks and making change. This matter of saluting, as the reader knows, is a deference which every Frenchman considers due to the great man or woman who, at the particular time of his entrance or exit, may chance to be in a particular apartment; and in the case of cafés, if the dame du comptoir were not in her place, he would salute the guests; and if there were but one guest, that one would be expected to return the salute, it being meant for him alone.

Sanctified in this way by the presence of a lady, the café does not seem such a very bad place; and it isn't. Even the *estaminets* and *brasseries*, which are but second-rate cafés, and the ordinary wine-shops, still lower in the scale, in which the coachman and commissionnaire regale themselves, taking a *canon* across the counter in the morning and playing a game of cards in the back shop at night, are by no means the hideous gulping-down places in which our land abounds. Drinking in public places in France is not so completely separated from all respectability and refinement as it is with us. It involves none of that horrid nomenclature, "slings," "punches," "cocktails," "smashes," which carry with them all the terror and awfulness of oaths. The French have pretty names for drinks, as well as a rather pretty, poetic way of alluding to a man's inebriation. "He is a little gray;" "He has a little corner in his head;" "He is in a condition for beating the wall;" "He is heading pins, etc., etc., are favourite expressions. Of course the delicacy or waggishness with which we allude to an evil is no excuse for it, but the French have little absolute drunkenness to excuse. They are emphatically a sober people and even in their cups neither rude nor quarrelsome. Of the few French people I ever saw drunk (except peasants), all were begging pardon of the owners of imaginary toes, and making various other polite concessions to the people whom they believed to be around them. And yet they drink prodigiously. The customary allowance of every man who can afford it is a pint of claret at meals, themselves prefaced generally speaking by an appetizer, and supplemented

almost invariably by a cup of coffee and cognac. He would be quite likely also in the course of the day to assist in the destruction of a bottle of champagne (almost certain to do so if a *bon vivant*), and during the afternoon and evening to drink several glasses of beer, perhaps taking a "night-cap" of hot wine before going to bed. All this would not necessarily make him drunk, but continued day by day it keeps him under the influence of a continual stimulus, which in time becomes indispensable and contributes to form the Hotspur character of which we hear so much. Strange it should not make drunkards outright, but it does not seem to produce that effect; and Paris, with all its luxuries in drink, is not a drunken city. You see more drunken people in a week in any large city in Great Britain and Ireland or this western continent than in a year in Paris, and more people who, if not drunk, are unmistakable toppers. They drink hard in Brittany (it is no unusual thing there to see a woman drunk), and so too in the manufacturing places of Normandy and other parts of France, especially those that produce no wine; and Champney, who doubtless studied from life, painted at Ecouen the picture of an old peasant-woman hauling her husband home in a hand-cart *dead drunk*; but for all that, the French are emphatically a sober people, either constitutionally or from climatic or other reasons: I do not pretend to say which.

On the whole, therefore, the picture of the French cafés is a pleasant one, and it is a pity the bar rooms of America and the gin-shops of England were not more like them. They are a compromise, it is true, but that is better than the prohibitionist's vain fight.

Tortoni's, the last survivor of whose founders died only the other day, has its historical reminiscences. Therein is to be found the salon, known as the "blue salon," once hallowed by the occupancy of M. de Talleyrand. The window is still pointed out at which the eminent diplomatist used to sit surveying the crowds that thronged the Boulevards, with his usual fine and cynical smile, like a Mephistopheles of the nineteenth century. A little later, and one has a vision of a young man of short stature, elegantly dressed, who every day or two rides up to door or window, springs from his horse, calls for a particular kind of ice, which he imbibes with a sort of nervous haste, and then disappears. This little dandy, always in a hurry, alert, nervous and sharp-eyed, is a future ruler of the nation: it is M. Thiers. Around Tortoni's there hovers too the souvenir of that other gracious and graceful dandy, king of fashion in his day, the Count D'Orsay. It was at a breakfast at Tortoni's that the preliminaries were arranged for the famous duel wherein D'Orsay appeared as the champion of the Virgin Mary. Some irreverent jester having made some slighting remark respecting the Virgin, D'Orsay took the matter up and called the speaker to account. "For," said the

Count, "the Virgin is a woman, and as such ought not to be slandered with impunity."

The cafés chantants of Paris form a division by themselves. The most noted of these is the Eldorado, which has given more than one prominent performer to the Parisian stage—Theresa, who, once a dishwasher in a hotel, left her soap-suds and mop to become a Parisian celebrity, the instructress of a princess, and now a really talented comic actress and bouffe singer; Judic and Theo, the rival beauties of the Opera Bouffe; and lively little Boumaine, now one of the stars of the Variétés. The career of Madame Theo has been a strange one. She was originally a failure at the Eldorado, and used to cry her eyes out behind the scenes at her own ill success. Finally, Offenbach discovered her and wrote for her his *Jolie Parfumeuse*. The little beauty cut off her hair, put on a blonde wig, and bloomed out a full-blown genius. Without voice, without talent, by dint of a lovely figure, a face of babyish prettiness and an innocent way of uttering speeches of atrocious naughtiness, she has become one of the theatrical successes of the hour, has brought back a harvest of diamonds from her recent Russian trip, and will probably retire into private life with a fortune before she is thirty.

Pass to the Café Anglais, that hypocrite of the Boulevards, white-washed, decent, outwardly respectable, yet whose windows are ablaze all night long in the Carnival season, and whose latest legend is the tradition of "Big 16." "Big 16" is a private cabinet in the entresol, numbered after the fashion that has given it its title, and famed as being the scene of the orgies of the young Duke de Grammont-Caderousse, that maddest of the mad *viveurs* of the Second Empire, and his friend the Prince of Orange. The latter still maintains his reputation in Paris as the most dissipated of European princes. Twice has he essayed to win the hand of an English Princess, or rather his high-minded and virtuous mother made the effort in his behalf, but neither his prospective heirship to the Crown of Holland nor his Protestantism has availed to gain for him a royal English bride. He is known among the society that he most affects by the sobriquet of *Citron* (Lemon), bestowed upon him by the Duke de Grammont-Caderousse at one of the little suppers of the day. The Duke continued to call the Prince Monseigneur, to which His Royal Highness objected, declaring that he wished all formality to be laid aside respecting his birth and title.

"Is that so?" cried the Duke gayly. "Then, Citron, pass me the cheese."

And the nickname has survived the Duke who gave it and the government under which it was given. Sometimes, after one of the masked balls, a pink domino at the Café Americain will call for champagne,

with the announcement, "M. Citron pays," without for a moment imagining that she is speaking of the heir to a throne.

To take a final survey, let us enter the Café de la Paix, the most imperial, cosmopolitan and stylish of cafés. That well-preserved man sitting by himself is playing *solitaire*—a group of one. That white-haired old gentleman sitting in the alcove yonder is drinking sweetened water—surely not a beverage calculated to pollute the palate. Those round-headed men, whose bald pates are fringed with gray, are now settling up their score. It is only a franc or two, but each one pays his share, "treating" not being common. You are often asked to drink, and left to pay for what you drink—an arrangement greatly to be preferred, provided it be understood. That stylish-looking man reading the *Figaro* is drinking a green chartreuse, and every time he stoops to sip from the little goblet that stands before him, his huge moustache, folding over it, looks like two great black wings. That pale-faced man is probably a professor. He has just sweetened his coffee, and is now pocketing the lumps of sugar remaining over in the little dish (considered a perfectly proper thing to do); and that stripling from the province, he is taking account of everything—the velvet, the marble, silver, glass, the flowers, vases, pictured panels, the waiters in their white aprons, the water-bottles in which the ice is frozen by artificial process, the crinkle-crinkle, gilding, glare, the plants in the doorway and the queen behind her box.

Looking out upon the sidewalk, all the world is passing by—Guadeloupe negroes with white servants at their heels; artillerymen with dangling sabres; cocottes, Englishmen, zouaves; washerwomen and their daughters carrying skirts suspended from the tops of poles; old men with goggles and young men with canes and great show of cuffs; multitudes of distinguished-looking people; *Français à l'outrance*; people with beaked noses and olive complexions; clerks and shop-girls, *gamins* and *bonnes*; policemen of inferior stature, who though armed with swords, look incapable of dealing with desperate men; labourers in blouses and old ladies in caps.

Sitting once in front of the Café de la Paix at five o'clock in the afternoon, and looking through a line of promenaders such as that, I counted two hundred 'busses, private carriages and hacks, most (or many at least) of whose occupants were presumably bent on pleasure, to sixteen carts and other vehicles devoted exclusively to business—eight of which, by the way, were hand-carts. Oh the gay and happy town! I thought. Where turn-outs bear such a proportion to the drays, no wonder cafés thrive, exquisite drinks are served, and a *corky* people, who have a happy faculty, as illustrated by the late war, of coming up the quicker the farther they are pressed down, find the thing enjoyable.

A café front indeed is better than an omnibus-top for studying Paris,

and the café itself is a club for everybody. People go to it to gossip and regale themselves, play games, talk politics, read the newspapers, write letters, transact business it may be, sit, think, dream, and rest themselves. To the Anglo-Saxon the life that is led in it seems a good deal like walking about in a botanical garden during the day and sleeping in an observatory at night—a decidedly artificial existence; but so long as we must drink or be amused at all, we shall do well to study the ways of the French. They alone know how to eat and drink properly and amuse themselves in a rational way.

G. C. F.

NATIONAL HYMN.

God of our fathers' choice,
 Thy people's humble voice
 To Thee we raise :
 Protect with loving hand
 Our queen and motherland :
 We bow to Thy command
 In grateful praise.

May this young nation be
 Reliant but on Thee,
 With faith to know,
 That, in Thy glorious light,
 Conscious of honest right,
 May she resist with might
 Each tyrant foe.

Guide Thou the stranger, who,
 With faith and hope anew,
 May seek our strand.
 Teach him by honest toil
 Freed from unjust turmoil
 To live in purpose loyal
 To this fair land.

Be Thou to us a shield,
 Bless thou each lake and field,
 Yield us increase.
 So we, with loud acclaim,
 May ever praise Thy name.
 Thus let contentment reign
 And crowning peace.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 6.—WHITTIER.

BY GEORGE STEWART, JR.

“I AM of the opinion,” said the Professor to his nephews, as they sat in the dining room sipping their coffee after a late dinner, and cracking jokes and walnuts together, “that Whittier is, with admirable show of reason, the poet of Patriotism. He is a true lyrist and a genuine maker of ballads for the people and of songs for the homely. He seems to adopt that quaint phrase of Andrew Fletcher, who, in a letter to the Marquis of Montrose, remarked, that he knew a very wise man that believed that, if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation. He has woven this maxim into his character so strongly, and so thoroughly, that it has become a part of himself. He breaks out into song at will, and all his songs and lyrics are full of patriotism and freedom. An obscure writer in a magazine once vulgarly said, that because Whittier was a Quaker, and wore a broad-brimmed hat, he could not be a representative American poet. He seemed to forget that a man does not always wear his characteristics on his sleeve, or stamp his individuality on the band of his hat. The reasoning of this critic is as fallacious as it is silly. The American is eager, he says; the Quaker is subdued. Because Whittier does not boast and is not loud mouthed, this elegant writer declares the poet of Amesbury to be no genuine American. Because Whittier has written no lay poem, which, in the opinion of John Keats, was a sure test of the inventive power, our critic lays down the rule that his imagination is poor, that there is no variety to his verse, that his narratives halt, and he is wearisome to a degree. This is wholesale denunciation, truly, and quite refreshing to read in this day.”

“Why, uncle you are getting warm over it.”

“And no wonder. I have spent very many hours turning over the leaves of his books of songs and drinking in the exquisite touches of nature that come uppermost so often in his evenly-turned verse. He strikes a note and every fibre of the heart throbs. What splendid painting there is in his winter idyl *Snow-Bound*? How gloriously and yet how delicately does he describe a household which we all recognise. It is not a poem alone for an old man like me to read. It is full of that joyousness of youth and nerve, which so admirably suits the lusty young mind. There are lines in it which make the blood rush to the cheek.

There are refrains in it which rouse the soul, and there are quiet glimpses of gentle home-life which fill the mind with beautiful thoughts, and make the wanderer from the homestead feel a longing and a sighing to be back again to the old home he has left. It is a poem which is best read when the blasts whistle without, and the dancing snow fills the air. One enjoys it more when it is bleakest, and it should be read before crackling blazing logs, with the family group for listeners in some far off cabin home. Scott says, Melrose Abbey should only be viewed by moonlight, though in 1830, the wizard told Sir John Bowring that he never saw the Abbey after set of sun. Whittier's picture of a winter in New England should be read at night in the winter time, in some farmer's rugged house. In such a spot these lines would ring out in grander measure :

The moon above the eastern wood
 Shone at its full ; the hill-range stood
 Transfigured in the silver flood,
 Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
 Dead white, save where some sharp ravine,
 Took shadow, or the sombre green
 Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black,
 Against the whiteness at their back.
 For such a world and such a night,
 Most fitting that unwarining light,
 Which only seemed where'er it fell,
 To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
 We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
 Content to let the north-wind roar
 In baffled rage at pane and door,
 While the red logs before us beat
 The frost-line back with tropic heat ;
 And ever, when a louder blast
 Shook beam and rafters as it passed,
 The merrier up its soaring draught
 The great throat of the chimney laughed,
 The house-dog on his paws outspread
 Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
 The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
 A couchant tiger's seemed to fall ;
 And, for the winter fireside meet,
 Between the andirons' straddling feet,
 The mug of cider simmered slow,
 The apples sputtered in a row,
 And, close to hand, the basket stood
 With nuts from brown October's wood."

"I agree with you," said Charles, "the picture is very complete. I have been often struck with its excellence. It is in reality a view of the gentle poet's delightful home in the legendary old town of Haverhill, Mass., where he was born in 1808. He has traced with artistic

fidelity this sketch of his early home-life. The house, dark and small in the landscape of snow, is his own. The rude-furnished room, the andirons, the hearth, the house-dog, the family circle, all complete a scene faithful to nature itself. The poet has left nothing untouched. His magic wand has turned everything to gold. With his pencil he has filled in every figure, and has left us a true picture of the home which is so full of poet association and thought. Like Scott and Wordsworth, Whittier has done much to familiarize his people with the beauty of the country in which he lives. He has sung of his own land, of its rivers and streams, and of the deeds of glory which his own countrymen have performed. Though a Quaker in his religion, in conversation using the 'thee' and 'thou' with scrupulous fidelity, and in his dress wearing the conventional cut though not always the colour, his poetry assumes another shape and form. He sings in a bold, untrammelled key, vigorous, robust, and hardy. He is at his best in his *Songs of Freedom*. Naturally shy, his home in Amesbury is a quiet one. For many years, till her death, the poet lived with his sister Elizabeth, whose 'Dream of Argyle' is so full of fire and spirit, and whose 'Wedding Veil' is so tender and sweet."

"She has written very little, has she not? I remember her lines on Lady Franklin, for they went the rounds of the papers some years since. They were attributed at one time to her brother, but afterwards I saw them again with Elizabeth H. Whittier's name appended to them."

"Yes, only a few of her poems have been published. She was a very lovable woman, with pure and noble thoughts, just the companion for a man like Whittier, whose tastes are so simple, and whose ways are so quiet. Their home was ever a happy one: the bard in his old days is left alone, but many bright and sunny memories remind him of the beautiful character that has passed away."

"Let us adjourn to the library," said the Professor as he finished his Marsala and arose from the table, "I have a new picture to show you of Whittier, which I think you will like. I received it yesterday, and a more speaking likeness I do not remember having seen before. There, is it not capitally taken? How well those lines are drawn, and how expressive the artist has made the countenance."

"Yes, the portrait is good, but the head seems too large. The eyes are not so full of lustre as they are in the original. I have seen many pictures of the poet, but none of them show Whittier in his true light. His is a face which will not photograph to advantage. You can never see in the pictures of him those lines in his face which show the genius of the man. There is a flatness about his portraits, and an unsatisfactoriness which do him a great injustice. I am disappointed in your portrait. It is the best I have seen, but it is not Whittier. It is not

the poet as I have seen him. His face is full of subdued power, and his eyes never come out as well in his portrait as they should."

"Well, I *am* disappointed, I thought surely I had at last got a good likeness. I must fall back on my old mode and try to fancy an ideal Whittier from his writings."

"You will find that a very difficult thing to do. Whittier in his poetry is in nowise Whittier the man. His genius is varied. He writes a war song with the same sublimity as he pens an evening hymn. His slave songs are among his best productions. One of the most powerful productions in our language is his noble song of slaves in the desert. Its origin may be traced to Richardson's Journal, under date 10th March, 1846. On that evening the female slaves were full of excitement, and singing, in their strange, weird fashion, the melancholy dirge which they often chanted when in this mood. The song was in the Bornou or Manadara language, and the word *Rubee* was often named. Curious to know the purport of these plaintive strains, Richardson asked *Said*, what the slaves were singing about. The interpreter responded, 'They sing of *Rubee* (God), and they ask from Him their *Atka*, which means their certificate of freedom.' 'O where are we going, O God. The world is large, O God, Bornou was a pleasant country, full of all good things; but this is a bad country, and we are miserable.' Over and over again these poor creatures sang these words, wringing their hands, till fatigue and suffering struck them down, and then the silence of the desert remained unbroken for a time. It was this sad story of anguish and pain that struck the key-note and wormed itself round the heart of Whittier. It was this extract from a journal kept at Sebah, Oasis of Fezzan, that impressed the poet with the idea of writing a song that would affect alike the stoutest and the tenderest heart. One can fancy the despairing look on the slave's face, as she asks her God, in her simple sing-song way, 'Where are we going, *Rubee?*'"

"It is, indeed, vast in its sentiment and emotional power; but to be emotional is a characteristic of Whittier. All of his poems breathe more or less of this feeling. Take, for example, the child songs. They are natural and pretty. 'Barefoot Boy' is familiar to us all. It did not need Mr. Prang, with his exquisite chromo, from Eastman Johnson's painting, to immortalize him, for the people all round the world had learned to repeat this poem years before the artist chose him for a subject. How the lines come flying back to us, and haven't we all seen, by the trout-streams and brooks in the country, just such barefoot boys, with turned-up pantaloons, and 'merry-whistled tunes.' There is no mistaking him as he comes leisurely over the hill towards us, and stands on the little bridge near by, watching every movement that we

make. This is a character poem, and reminds us, in several respects, of those occasional touches of nature which we find in the poetry of the old poet of Rydal Mount. In many ways Whittier is another Wordsworth. He is fully as homely, and as eager a lover of nature as the English bard. He has written nothing like the 'Excursions,' as a whole, but there are bits in his composition which sound the same echoes."

"Speaking of the barefoot boy," said Mark, "reminds me that there is a quiet vein of sarcasm in the poet, which requires circumstances to draw it out to the full extent of its richness. I remember a letter which Whittier wrote once, which, while being eminently characteristic, was at the same time so good in its way that I must tell you of it, and of the reason of its appearing. A wretched imitation of Prang's famous chromo was offered by a cheap periodical as a prize or premium when chromos were tendered as inducements for almost everything. It was a paltry enough looking print and the poet was horror stricken when he beheld it with his own endorsement labelled thereon. He had written to Mr. Prang of the Prang chromo, 'your admirable chromo of the "Barefoot Boy" is a charming illustration of my little poem, and in every way satisfactory as a work of art.' The wretched imitation bore the words of the poet and were used as if Mr. Whittier had written them of the chromo in question. He was so disgusted at this base and wicked perversion of the truth that he at once wrote a stirring letter to Mr. Prang about it, and among other things he took occasion to say the following which I will read to you if you will:—

"I have heard of writers who could pass judgment upon works of art without ever seeing them, but the part assigned me by this use of my letter to thee, making me the critic of a thing not in existence, adds to their ingenuity the gift of prophecy. It seems to be hazardous to praise anything. There is no knowing to what strange uses one's words may be put. When a good deal younger than I am now I addressed some laudatory lines to Henry Clay, but the newspapers soon transferred them to Thomas H. Benton, and it was even said that the saints of Nauvoo made them do duty in the apotheosis of the Prophet Joseph Smith. My opinions as an art-critic are not worth much to the public, and, as they seem to be as uncertain and erratic in their directions as an Australian Boomerang, I shall, I think, be chary in future of giving them. I don't think I should dare speak favourably of the *Venus de Medici*, as I might expect to find my words affixed to some bar-room lithograph of the bearded woman.'"

"Characteristic truly," laughed Charles, "but keen as a Toledo blade and as cutting too. Whittier must have smarted when he wrote that. He is so shy, and really indifferent to criticism, and even fame, that he must have felt the provocation strongly to have nerved himself sufficiently to write that letter."

“ Yes, I grant you that, but it is one of the peculiarities of the poet to fire up once in a while. Read his slavery poems and ballads. Why, they actually breathe vengeance on the slave-holder in every stanza. His whole frame shakes and trembles as he writes. His veins stand out in ridges and his nature changes as if undergoing some terrible action within.

‘ Woe then to all who grind
Their brethren of a common Father down ! ’

“ And again in this spirited verse—

‘ What, ho !—*our* countrymen in chains !
The whip on WOMAN’S shrinking flesh !
Our soil yet reddening with the stains
Caught from her scourging, warm and fresh !

‘ What ! mothers from their children riven !
What ! God’s own image bought and sold !
AMERICANS to market driven,
And bartered as the brute for gold ! ’

“ I could give you more splendid examples of his genius and fire and spirit, for his poems are full of them, turn where you will, but these show well the working of his mind and heart. With Phillips and Garrison, he early linked his fortunes, and like them he saw his principles triumph, and the slave liberated and free. He had many obstacles to ride over, and many burdens to bear, but his movement was a holy and just one, and he succeeded in the end. His great songs of freedom rang through the land, and many a weary heart, and down trodden man and woman found solace in these burning words of his, which penetrated every nook and corner of the country, and struggled to make themselves known and heard. His first poem was sent anonymously to the apostle of the anti-slavery cause, Mr. Lloyd Garrison, who was then editor of a paper. Whittier was teaching school then, and the two life-long friends met shortly after Whittier’s poem appeared in the journal. Garrison recognised the genius of the young poet at once, and he soon found him an able auxiliary in the fight. For a time the Quaker bard was the hero of the hour. His songs were upon every lip. His burning words were upon every tongue. He was the thought of the day, the spirit of the movement, the pet of the anti-slavery party, puny enough in those days, but terribly great in our day. He had no pretensions, no extravagance of verbiage, and indulged in no literary excesses. His mind then was not severely classical, and he wrote in a common tongue, and in a way that every one could grasp his meaning and understand him. He indulged in no idle metaphor, and he was sincere. He was free from affectation, a vice so common with young poets.”

“ I have often heard Wendell Phillips speak of Whittier,” said the Professor, “ and remember well his telling me how thoroughly wrapped

up the poet was in the great movement, and how eagerly he watched the progress of the party, and how proudly he felt when he read the President's proclamation of the emancipation of the coloured race. Mr. Phillips told me an incident once which I may mention to show how high the party feeling ran a few years ago. Whittier had entrusted him with the care of a young coloured girl, who was almost white, and few could tell her from a brunette. They travelled together in the north, and in more than one hotel Mr. Phillips was quietly taken to one side by the landlord, and requested not to stop at the hotel when he came that way again, unless he was alone, as the other boarders didn't like it. This is all changed now. One cannot but admire the steady and brave fight which these men made and continued so well and so long."

"For several years I have known a stirring ode which was very popular with Vermonters for years back. Until lately its author was not known. I had noticed it in the newspapers, but no name was to it, and though some who professed to know, attributed its paternity to Ethan Allen, the statement has been doubted. The ode is entitled, 'The Song of the Vermonters—1779,' and it begins 'Ho, all to the borders.' I learned only the other day that it was an old effort of Mr. Whittier's, who wrote it in 1834, and sent it anonymously to Buckingham's *New England Magazine*. For twenty-five years it remained unsuspected, and has never been included in any volumes of the poet's works. He was as a youth interested in the history of Vermont, and in the fortunes and career of Ethan Allen, and he was curious to see if his poem would be received and recognised as an olden time production, and he saw his wish gratified, though he never until lately owned his fugitive. He still considers it the practical joke of a boy."

"Whittier is not the first poet who finds himself confronted with the rough productions of his youthful pen, after he has grown on in years. Such incidents happen every day, and even the colossus of English literature is as well known by his verses on a lame duckling, as he is by his 'Lives of The Poets,' or 'The Adventures of Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia,' which as you may remember, was largely quoted as real history by more than one London journal during the Abyssinian war. With some authors it is a favourite pastime to publish their writings anonymously. Some famous men have even sought to deny them afterwards. Sir Walter Scott, it is said, once denied having written 'Waverley,' and it is a well-known fact that the witty divine, Sydney Smith, positively stated, that he did not write 'The Peter Plymley Letters.' Pope's 'Essay on Man,' first appeared anonymously, and it met with but indifferent success. Mr. David Mallet, who in his day was accounted a pretty good judge of poetry, a poet himself and a dramatist also of no mean reputation, dropped into Pope's room one day, and the conversation

turning on poetry, the bard asked the Scotsman carelessly, if there was anything new. Mallet, whose name was originally Malloch, replied, that there was a new piece out, an 'Essay on Man,' he thought it was, and which he had inspected ic'ly, and seeing the utter inability of the author, who had neither skill in writing nor knowledge of the subject, had tossed it away. Pope then told him that it was he who had written the essay, and the author of 'The Dunciad' was highly amused at the chagrin and discomfiture of Mallet when he learned the secret of the authorship."

"I have always thought," remarked Charles, "that Mallet knew all the time that Pope had written the essay, and only spoke in the way he did in order to draw the poet out, and make him acknowledge his work. Mallet was too clever and sharp a man to be deceived easily, and Pope, who was a trifle vain, confessed too readily. It was just like Pope to ask the question, so eager was he to hear complimentary things said about himself, and when he found the criticism likely to go against himself, he cut it short by acknowledging his poem."

"No. I still incline to my own opinion; Mallet was a good critic in his way, but very apt to form a hasty judgment, and as was his wont when he once formed an opinion, he always stuck to it, right or wrong. It was like him to jump at the conclusion he formed, for he read everything as rapidly as it came out.

"In regard to poets and their likings, it has often appeared curious to me to notice the wide gulf of opinion which exists frequently between author and reader in regard to the relative merits of a piece of poetry. I have seen it stated somewhere, unauthorized of course, that Whittier does not like his poem of Maud Muller. That may be so, but it will not prevent a great many of his admirers from doing so. I consider it one of the sweetest things which he has written. It is a simple enough story, but it is a story for all that which makes an immediate impression on the reader, and enlists his attention at once. It is one of these live poems which is full of naturalness and truth. The thoughts which the poet causes to arise in the breasts of the judge and of the youthful maiden who raked the hay, are as exquisite in their way and as delicately turned as anything we find in the poetry of a realm. What finer or more neat touch of nature can be imagined than the smiles of the lawyers that day in court, when every now and then the judge softly hummed to himself some old love tune? It is a story of what might have been, and it tells of two lives in a sweet and sympathetic way. In a way which acts on the heart of the reader and one sighs because the judge and Maud were widely separated and not in the end united. The reader feels as if he would like to have been in the fields that day when the judge came along and witnessed the interview when—

'He spoke of the grass and flowers and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees ;

'Then talked of the haying and wondered whether
The cloud in the West would bring foul weather.

'And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown ;

'And listened, while a pleased surprise
Lurked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.'"

"The whole story is deliciously set. It is a novel in a short space. The measure is charming though not new. The story is old, but it is freshly told. The language is chaste. The poet plays upon the heart, and I sometimes find my eyes watering when I come to,

'God pity them both ! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

'For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest of these : " It might have been ! "

'Ah, well for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes ;

'And in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from the grave away ! '"

"I do not believe," said the Professor, "that Whittier is dissatisfied with this ballad. It is very pretty and very real, and I should be sorry if Whittier thought otherwise. It is a fine ballad in every way, but many will think with Frank that 'Mary Earvin' carries out the actual principles of this class of poetry better. Macaulay, in those wonderful productions of his, sang of the glories of ancient Rome, and the graceful and mellifluous sweep of his measure and evenness of his rhyme, have made his poetry ever striking and brilliant. His numbers flow with majestic, aye, resistless rhythm, and every syllable strikes upon the ear with the sweetness of music. Now Whittier has caught this style, which certainly did not originate with Macaulay, but the brilliant essayist made it his own for all that, and in his noteworthy ballad of Mary Garvin, he gives full rein to his muse, and the easy flowing metre clangs like the peals of a chime of silver bells. It is a very happily-conceived old provincial tale, with a glimmer of romance about it. The legend abounds in glowing bits of descriptive writing."

"Mogg Megone is Whittier's longest poem, and one of the earliest pieces from his pen. It abounds in crudities, and beyond some delightful sketchy incidents, and a pleasant snatch of verse here and there, it is an unsatisfactory performance, and not equal to the poet's reputation. Many will read it for the romance which is in it, and the glimpse which we catch of the red-man and his mode of life. But there is an utter

absence of that freedom of expression which is so essentially the poet's own distinguishing characteristic. One cannot help missing the delicate touches which crop out everywhere in 'Mary Garvin,' in the 'Last Walk in Autumn,' in 'The Burial of Barbour,' and that thrilling chant, 'The Red River Voyageur.' "

"Or you might add those two poems, entitled, 'The Sisters;,' one after a picture by Barry is exceedingly musical and sweet, and the other, in the ballad form, is quite vigorous and robust. Everyone who reads poetry at all, will remember the story of Annie and Rhoda, who lived near the great sea, and woke one night, startled by the sound of roaring and warring waters, and the noise of huge waves climbing the rocky shore, and the swirling wind and deep pattering rain. Annie was gentle and timid, Rhoda bold and fearless. The former shuddered at the blast and cried in fear, but Rhoda ordered her back to bed, and said no good ever came of watching a storm. But Annie still shrank down in terror, and above the din and loud roar of the elements, she heard her name called, and nearer and nearer it came in the winding blast of the storm. It was the voice of a drowning man, and Estwick Hall, of the *Heron*, was out in the fury of the tempest. But Rhoda, who loved Hall of the *Heron*, too, said to Annie,—

' With eyes aflame,
Thou liest, he would never call thy name !
If he did, I would pray the wind and sea,
To keep him forever from thee and me !'

Then roared the angry sea again, and another blast rode on the gale, and a dying wail reached the startled ears of the sisters. Hall of the *Heron* was dead. The dramatic effect is well sustained in this ballad, and the accident is powerfully and skilfully drawn."

"It is indeed so in the dainty volume entitled 'Hazel Blossoms.' Here is a bright and truthful poem. It is addressed to Conductor Bradley, who nobly sacrificed his own life to save the lives of his passengers. 'Others he saved, himself he could not save!' 'Nay,' says the poet, 'his life *was* saved!' The conceit is pretty, and the idea is beautifully carried out. But for real excellence, in a poetic sense, Whittier's 'Sea Dream' is, unquestionably, his masterpiece, though a mad, weird thing. 'A Mystery,' is not far behind it. These gems reveal the richness of the poet's mind, and the extraordinary breadth of his imagery. They show also how true to nature he can be, and how charming is the genius he displays in these poems. His situations are delightful, his fancy is quaint and piquant, and full of interest, and his versification, though it sometimes labours, is generally smooth, flowing, and happy. All that is tender and gentle in the poet comes out with surprising fluency and beauty. Indeed, in the poem of 'A Mystery,'

Whittier grasps the Shadow Subject of his verse with rare and wondrous skill. In personal poetry he is the same true artist. His poem on Bryant, his lines on Sumner, his verses about his friend, the naturalist Agassiz, his delightful stanzas to James T. Fields, author, poet and publisher, are simply exquisite and rich. His lines to Ebenezer Elliott, the Corn Law Rhymers, who was to England what Burns was to Scotland, are bold and vigorous. Every line snaps with fire. It is a grand tribute to the memory of the humble poet of the poor, and a fitting sermon on his life and work. Elliott's splendid and homely verses caught the popular favour, and thousands of starving men and women sang his songs in the streets. It was largely due to his untiring labours that the detestable tax on bread was repealed, and all Britain rang with his name, and many a prayer was offered up for him in the dwelling of the poor and lowly. He was a true reformer, and, like Whittier, believed in just laws and liberty for the people. No poet of our time could have written such stirring lines as these to Elliott, for no bard has seen as much suffering as Whittier has, and every verse of this magnificent effort tingles with feeling. No wonder is it that when men read this poem, the eye sparkles and the cheek reddens, and the boiling blood leaps in the veins, for it is an effort which tells a story of broad and liberal humanity, and none can gainsay its sentiments or deny its truth :

' Lay down upon his sheaf's green verge
That brave old heart of oak,
With fitting dirge from sounding forge,
And pall of furnace smoke !
Where whirls the stone its dizzy rounds,
And axe and sledge are swung,
And, timing to their stormy sounds,
His stormy lays are sung.
* * * * *
' No soft lament nor dreamer's sigh
For him whose words were bread,—
The Runic rhyme and spell whereby
The foodless poor were fed !'

" We all remember the ringing ballad of ' The Three Bells,' which came out first in *The Atlantic*, and afterwards ran the circle of the press. Few ballads have enjoyed such popularity. It is the story of a stout ship, safely riding through the gale, ' over an awful ocean ;' and the poet tells us in a clear-sounding metre, how all souls were saved at last :

' Sail on, Three Bells, forever,
In grateful memory sail !
Ring on, Three Bells, of rescue,
Above the wave and gale !
' Type of the Love eternal,
Repeat the Master's cry ;
As tossing through our darkness
The lights of God draw nigh !'

"Do you know the passengers mentioned in the 'Tent on the Beach,' in Whittier's volume, which came out in 1867?"

"Oh, yes, Whittier himself told me the names. The first is James T. Fields, the second is the poet himself, and the third

' * * Whose Arab face was tanned
By tropic sun and boreal frost ;
So travelled there was scarce a land
Or people left him to exhaust,'

is Bayard Taylor, the poet, and author of 'Byways of Europe.' The lady's name I hold as a secret, and cannot confide it even to you. These characters are ably sketched, and exhibit the peculiarities so common to each. Almost every poem of Whittier's has a history. The ballad, for instance, of 'The New Wife and the Old,' is a curious legendary thing, founded upon one of those wonderful stories connected with the life of a celebrated General belonging to Hampton, N.H. An American Faust, whom many believed to be in league with the devil. The Chapel of the Hermits reveals an incident in the lives of Rousseau and St. Pierre, the occasion being their visit to a hermitage and while waiting for the monks to finish reciting the beautiful Litanies of Providence, Rousseau offered up his devotions. The poem is finely rendered, and illustrates some of Whittier's tenets. So with his other poems. They all mean something, and while his poetry sometimes bears hardly on Roman Catholicism and its teaching, he declares that he is no enemy of Catholics, but in order to do them full justice he has, on more than one occasion, exposed himself to the censures of people of his own faith and Protestantism generally. He attributes some of the severity of his language to the confession of the eloquent Romish Priest, Father Ventura, whom he declares to be his authority for many statements which he has made at times. For my part I do not at all like Whittier's lines to Pius IX. They are spirited enough, but rather too over-drawn, and the poet seems to have accepted too readily the ill that has been spoken of the venerable Pontiff. In the sharp and ringing verses entitled 'Garibaldi' the poet aims another blow at the Mother Church, which mars to some extent the beauty of the poem as a whole, and makes it quite unpalatable to a churchman of the Old Faith. I care very little for controversial poetry, and I fain would wish Whittier had left unsaid much that he has written in this way. He is too noble a poet, and too grand a character, to leave behind him a single product of his brain which might give offence to a reader. His poetry is so impressive, his thoughts are so lofty, and his genius so large and ripe, that every line that he has given us should live in our hearts and rejoice the souls of all mankind. He is a part of the world, and his poetry should be for the world. In his New England verses he shows us how great he can be,

and how rich in invention and in execution he is. The past of New England is replete with subjects for the poet, and I hope yet to read many more of Whittier's studies in this direction. He has pleased us with many pleasant bits, and told us a goodly number of stories and tales in verse, illustrating the early life and traits of the Puritans and New Englanders, and he should work his mine further and explore deeper, till all the riches within his reach are brought forward. His mission is clearly to develop this work."

"I think you are right; the country is full of historic lore and association, and no man of our century is more fitted to portray the thousand legends in an acceptable way than Whittier. In his poetry he has told us much that we did not know before, and in his prose writings he has added largely to the stock of knowledge. In a delightful paper on Thomas Ellwood, the poet brings out a living picture. No one can forget it. It is full of great truths and characteristic touches. One can see the young Quaker sitting at the knee of Milton, reading and talking, at Chalfort. All England is ringing with the coarse, satiric metres of Cleveland, and Milton's master power can scarcely struggle into print. Ellwood takes the grand epic—the sublimest poem ever written—home with him one bright autumn day and reads it. It is in manuscript, and written in that curious hand of the blind bard and schoolmaster. Young Ellwood reads it again and again. Then he returns to the great Puritan, and together they talk it over and compare its beauties. Thomas Ellwood was the first critical reader of *Paradise Lost*, the humble young Quaker's suggestion was the cause of Milton's other companion piece, *Paradise Regained*. 'Sir,' said Milton, as he handed it to him, 'this is owing to you, for you put it into my head by the question you put to me at Chalfort, which before I had not thought of.' Ellwood met many famous people in his day. George Fox and William Penn were frequently his guests. His principal work, a poetical version of the life of David, is to be found still, in some libraries."

"You made some reference to Cleveland, just now," said Frank, "I have read nothing of his. Was he not a contemporary of Dick Lovelace?"

"Yes, and also of Milton. He was noted for his loyalty and lyrics. He hated Cromwell, and his definition of a Protector is one of the bits of satire which will always be remembered. Cromwell forgave him this as well as other sins against him in answer to a petition which the lyricist wrote to him while in prison, which, while he used strong arguments to effect his release, yet he in no wise compromised himself, or abated a single jot of his principles as an adherent of the dynasty of King Charles. His petition was ingeniously worded, and the request and reply were honourable to both Protector and Poet. Neither compromised his dignity.

The cavalier lyricist was held in higher estimation in his day than the Puritan poet, and all London read edition after edition of his poetry while Milton was forgotten and neglected. The tables are turned to-day, and few remember now the pet of the people who lived so long ago. His style was coarse, for he wrote in an age when women read little, but some of his lines are refined enough in their way. His sonnet to the memory of Ben Jonson is the best of these, but his lines on Cromwell exhibit his power as a satirist and show how bitter and rancorous John Cleveland could be when he liked. I can quote it, I think. It runs in this way:—

‘What’s a Protector? He’s a stately thing,
That apes it in the nonage of a king;
A Tragic Actor. Cæsar in a clown.
He’s a brass farthing stamped with a crown;
A bladder blown, with other breaths puffed full;
Not the Perillus, but Perillus’ bull;
Æsop’s proud ass veiled in the lion’s skin;
An outward saint lined with the devil within;
An echo whence the royal sound doth come,
But just as barrel-head sounds like a drum;
Fantastic image of the royal head,
The brewer’s with the king’s arms quartered;
He is a counterfeited piece that shows
Charles his *effigies* with a copper nose;
In fine, he’s one we must Protector call—
From whom, the King of Kings protect us all.’

“That is certainly a fine piece of irony and criticism. I don’t wonder at the cavalier’s getting the ear of the people. Whittier’s other prose papers are ably written. His John Bunyan is a fine effort and not at all overdone. His review of Longfellow’s “*Evangeline*” gives him a chance to say a good deal about the expulsion of the French settlers of Acadia from their homes round the Basin of Minas, and he expresses himself in regard to the dark deed in forcible and unmistakable language. Many readers will admire the quaint chapter of Margaret Smith’s journal, which are given as a series of letters supposed to have been written about two hundred years ago and more. As a whole, the diary is a remarkable piece of writing, well sustained throughout, and only occasionally tedious. The humour is delicate, and the character drawing, of which we have a glimpse now and then, is as charming as anything we have had from the poet. All through his writings, whether poetic or cast in the prose form, Mr. Whittier loses no opportunity to ventilate his views on freedom, broad humanity, the rights of man and nobleness of character and mind. His writings are always pure and healthful. He panders to no tastes which are not noble, and he writes in a free and elegant vein.”

“I believe though, that Whittier, notwithstanding the fact that he

has written largely and well in prose, will be better known thereafter as a poet. His poetry is remarkable, and his warm nature sparkles in his verse, as though his whole soul was in his work."

"Was not Whittier, like Gifford and many other famous men of letters, once a shoemaker?"

"Well, that is a hard question to answer. The men of leather, I believe, do claim him as one of their poets, and they have some little reason for doing so. Whittier, like all boys on a farm, who had thrifty and careful parents, spent his leisure moments and rainy and wintry days in learning some useful occupation for his spare time. He learned in this way how to make shoes and how to mend them, but he never had an opportunity of practising his new calling much. We see he was an editor in 1829, of a Boston paper, and from that time he was constantly engaged in literature and newspaper work, besides teaching school occasionally, and representing his town in the State Legislature. I mention this out of no disparagement to the shoemakers, for whom I have a high respect, but merely to explain to you how Whittier became in his boyhood a disciple of St. Crispin, and how short a time he worked at the last. In 1836, he was elected Secretary of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and he has been prominently identified with it all his life. Indeed, his life has been dedicated to the great work—the freedom of the slave. Besides writing many volumes of poetry and three or four collections of prose papers, Whittier has edited three excellent books, one—'Songs of three Centuries,' embracing the whole range of English song and numbering over seven hundred pieces, and the other two—'Child Life' in prose, and 'Child Life' in poetry. Both of these books are admirably adapted for the young, and are highly satisfactory proofs of Mr. Whittier's ability and taste as an editor."

"Whittier is a poet who may be taken up at any time and read. His poetry is more bold and fanciful, and the love of justice, which he strives to inculcate among his fellow-men, gives his writings a high aim and lofty purpose. He goes through life quietly; his method of composition is slow, and his hospitable door is ever open to the wayfarer and stranger. We have discussed him to night in many of his moods. We have left unsaid much that might be said of his goodness, and kindness, and thoughtfulness. We have spoken of him as a poet or a writer. There is much still left to say of him as a man.

"It is past eleven, and in the delightful company of the gentle Quaker, the time has slipped rapidly away. I did not know it was so late. We must meet again, and at our next assembly we will have Bryant for our guest."

ELEGIAC DIRGE

On the Most Noble and Puissant Prince, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lennox, and Aubigny, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter, Governor-in-Chief and Commander of the Forces in and over the British Possessions in North America.

WELCH AIR—" *Poor Mariamne.*"

O'er Lennox, calm in death reposing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 His laurelled urn for ever closing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 While children (blissful ties endearing)
 With festive bands were joys preparing,
 Came Death, nor rank nor virtue sparing,
 Weep, mourners, weep.

How soon their hearts, from thoughts of gladness—
 Weep, mourners, weep—
 Were turned, alas ! to melting sadness,—
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 Each blooming rose-bud doomed to sever
 From tender parent stem for ever—
 Shall they e'er meet his like ? O never !
 Weep, mourners, weep.

Look round ! e'en warriors' tears are flowing,—
 Weep, mourners, weep—
 Their tribute to his worth bestowing,—
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 See joined with mournful cypress strewing,
 Canadia's sons' hearts, grateful glowing,
 All forward press, deep sorrow showing !—
 Weep, mourners, weep.

Though cold the hand which oft relieved them,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 The orphan poor shall long revere him,
 Weep, mourners, weep.
 Thy Sovereign's friend, thy country's glory,
 'Twill long be famed in Britain's story,
 That patriot hearts sincere deplore ye !—
 Weep, mourners, weep.

There's still a hope divine to cheer us,
 Cease, mourners, cease.
 Our Lennox lives, though lives not near us,
 Cease, mourners, cease.
 What though his star with honours gleaming,
 Hath set on us whose eyes are streaming,
 'Tis o'er some brighter world now beaming,—
 Cease, mourners, cease !

M.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

“My friend, and your host—and be hanged to him, eh?” said the colonel, comically. “That is the female view of the case, no doubt; nine-tenths of the ladies here are agreed with you. On the other hand, if it is a compliment to a wife, as it undoubtedly is, that her husband should marry again after her death, the sooner he does it the greater compliment he confers; that’s as plain as Euclid. The poor commissary as a widower is inconsolable; as a husband he hopes to be once more a happy man. What does it matter to anybody but himself and the De Horsingham?”

“I think it would matter a great deal to Gracie. It would be simply an outrage upon her mother’s memory if her father married within the year.”

“A year and a day, my dear Ella. If we are to be so very particular, let’s have the thing correct. Now you astonish me—a clever sensible woman, and married too—in taking this conventional line. It is nothing to me, you know. If I have a wish in the matter, it is that my friend should not make a fool of himself, because the De Horsingham will, I know, object to my smoking in this room. But if I was he, I should please myself.”

“I am thankful to say you are not he, nor anything like him. But surely, Gracie knows nothing of this?”

“I can’t say, but I should think not. You see her absence from home has been some sort of excuse to the poor commissary for going into society, and in fact for cultivating relations with the lady in question. And as you induced her to leave her home, you have yourself a share of the blame. Under the circumstances I think you should at least not interfere. Gracie is old enough to fight her own battles, should fighting be necessary. I really think a certain reticence is imposed upon you, at all events until you see the way the cat jumps—I mean how the De Horsingham behaves herself.”

“Of course, I shall say nothing to Gracie unless she speaks to me upon the matter.”

“A very right conclusion, and arrived at in the very nick of time, dear Ella, for I see the gallant commissary coming through the square.”

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COMMISSARY GROWS CONFIDENTIAL.

THE colonel's remark had a certain "lilt" with it, and as Ella looked through the window and saw "the gallant commissary coming through the square," she could not but acknowledge there was a romantic air about him that suggested melody; it was not the poetry of motion, for his walk was strictly, not to say stiffly, military; but his bearing was triumphant, his colour high—even to his cheek-bones—and he swung his cane in a quite light and airy manner. In his button-hole was a bouquet as large as ladies are wont to carry, and on his enormous hands were stretched a pair of lavender gloves. It was unusual to see the commissary out of uniform, he avoided mufti "upon principle," he said, and because "in his time officers were not ashamed of their profession," though his enemies affirmed that motives of economy, and a well grounded apprehension of being taken for a colour-sergeant out on a holiday had something to do with it; but to behold him thus attired was a portent.

"Does he not look every inch like an expectant bridegroom?" observed the colonel grinning.

"He looks more dreadful than ever, I think," said Ella with a little shiver.

Then her host came in, and welcomed her to his "humble roof" with what was for him "effusion;" and Gracie came down and was embraced with every demonstration of paternal affection. The colonel, from motives of delicacy, and also because he was on the brink of a burst of laughter, stood apart at the window whistling softly to himself, "Froggy would a wooing go."

"I hope you found what has been done in your old home a pleasant surprise, Gracie?" said her father.

"Everything looks so nice and pretty, papa; and it was very thoughtful and kind of you to put those charming flowers in our rooms."

"Eh, flowers, what flowers? Oh, I daresay that was Gertrude's doings—I mean Miss de Horsingham's. That lady has been most kind, my dear. I consulted her in your absence about the little arrangements in preparation for your return, and for the reception of our honoured guest here, Mrs. Landon; and I think she has acquitted herself to admiration."

"Everything is very nice, I am sure," said Ella, seeing that her friend was at a loss for words. "I am very sorry, however, to have been the cause of having kept Gracie from home so long, and from executing her own proper functions as the mistress of your house."

"Oh, don't mention it," returned the commissary coolly; "Miss de Horsingham has a great taste for embellishment."

"I hope that does not extend to her conversation," said Ella quietly.

The colonel, at the window, exploded into a roar.

"There's a boy's hat just fallen in the mud," he said in explanation, as the commissary drew himself up with an offended air.

"Miss de Horsingham is the soul of truth, Mrs. Landon," observed her host.

"Then I should very much like to see her," returned Ella blandly.

"Your wish shall be gratified to-morrow. Gracie shall ask her to dinner."

"But, papa, it is so soon," faltered Gracie. She knew Miss Horsingham, and rather liked her; but she had been by no means an intimate friend of the family: indeed they had had none such but Ella. At the same time if this lady had been kind to her father, she felt it was her duty to acknowledge it; and as to his having any matrimonial views, they never entered into her head, mainly, perhaps, because she concluded that Miss de Horsingham must needs be without dowry.

"Your objection would hold good, with respect to any stranger," said the commissary loftily. "Indeed, Gracie, I think you might give me credit for understanding that much. But Miss de Horsingham has shown an interest in me and mine which merits a peculiar acknowledgment. The colonel here is, of course, in an exceptional position. He will make one, I hope, of our little party."

"I'll come like a shot," said the colonel cheerily.

"But that does not prevent Ella's uncle from dining here to-day also, papa," said Gracie. The commissary was not generally lavish of his hospitality, and it was a stroke of policy for straightforward Gracie quite Machiavellian, which thus reminded her father of the relationship between the colonel and their guest.

"Of course not; of course he'll dine to-day—if he'll take us in the rough, and trust to pot-luck."

This observation must have been dictated by something of the pride that apes humility; for, in fact, very extraordinary preparations had been made on Ella's behalf; and the *avant courier* of them had already stolen into the room from the kitchen.

"I have an old campaigner's nose, commissary," said the colonel, alluding to this grateful odour, "and I will risk the pot-luck."

The dinner, in fact, was as great a success as circumstances permitted it to be; the two gentlemen were in high good humour; and Ella, as usual, endeavoured to forget her own sad thoughts in lively conversation with her uncle. Gracie could not banish from her mind that memory which seemed to have died out so soon from her father's, and his mirth

jarred upon her ears. She knew that her mother had expected to be forgotten by him ; that she had felt her own death not only as the laying down of a heavy burthen, but as releasing others from their share of it ; yet the thought : "Does she see, does she hear, is she sensible of this too swift erasure of the past ?" would intrude on her. Nevertheless, she did her best to play the hostess.

"Now, I call this very nice and comfortable," said the commissary, when the ladies had withdrawn, and the whiskey and hot water made their appearance. "Here's to your niece's health, colonel !"

"You are very good," said the colonel, a little stiffly. He did not dislike the other's companionship for himself, but he resented the idea of any familiarity upon his part with Ella. He had said no more than the truth, when he had expressed his wish that she had come to his own roof, rather than to that of the commissary ; and he thought it rather a liberty in him to have invited her.

"We will have a good bout of it this evening," observed his host, "since to-morrow we shall be rather on our p's and q's I suppose."

"Why ?" inquired the colonel.

"Well, Miss de Horsingham will be here, you know."

"I don't see why we should be more on our p's and q's, as you call it, because of the commandant's governess than now, with my niece and your daughter in the house."

"I only meant that she would be more of a stranger," said the commissary hastily.

"Well, I suppose that won't be the case very long, will it ?" observed the other.

He spoke indifferently, almost contemptuously, and looked up so impudently at his companion, that some men, having a glass of steaming grog in their hand, might have been induced to throw the contents in his face. But the commissary, who was drinking, merely winked significantly over the top of his tumbler, and when he had set it down replied :

"You have hit it, colonel."

"It was impossible to miss it," returned the other. "One can't miss a barn-door flying. I am not speaking of the lady of course"—for the commissary's face had suddenly turned to that yellow-red which in his signal-book betokened fury—"but of your intentions regarding her. They are honourable, I have no doubt, but they are deuced open."

"I mean them to be so."

"Wanted to compromise the lady, eh ? quite right," said the colonel, stirring his glass and looking at his boots.

The glance that his companion bestowed on him was a concentration of malignity and passion ; but it was unseen, or at all events unheeded. He went on in a philosophic tone :

"All is fair in love and war, they say, and to secure a woman there is nothing like the plan you have adopted; but it has this disadvantage, that it cuts both ways. You are as much bound to her as she is to you, and though there is no brother in the case, the commandant himself would think it his duty, remember, to see the lady righted."

"Of course he would, should there be occasion; but I have quite made up my mind upon the matter."

"You really mean to marry this woman, then?"

"I really mean to marry this lady," said the commissary, with a significant stress.

"Well, you know your own business best, no doubt; but I should have thought that a man like you—a warm man, a man with a good bit of savings, I suppose——"

The commissary shook his head; but smiled, nevertheless. It was a very gentle denial of the impeachment.

"I say, I should have thought, Ray, that you would have chosen a younger woman—'a companion for your dear girl,' as widowers with a grown-up daughter always say, to justify their choice of a chicken."

"I should not have thought myself justified, as regards Gracie, in making choice of any young woman," said the commissary, loftily, "unless she had an independence of her own."

"Which Miss de Horsingham has not, I conclude?"

"I never asked her any such question."

"Nor ever made any inquiries, I suppose?"

The commissary smiled, not so much, it seemed, in answer to the colonel's roguish look, as at something that was passing in his own mind.

"Come, tell me the truth, general."

The "general," coming as it did unexpectedly, and at the end of so many observations by no means of the conciliatory sort, was too much for even the commissary's reticence. His smile expanded to a grin, and his large face glowed with conscious pride.

"Well, I know I can trust you, colonel."

"I will be close as wax."

"And you won't—you won't take advantage of what I am about to confide in you, by endeavouring to cut me out."

"To cut you out? Gracious heavens! with the De Horsingham? Certainly not."

"Very good, that lady has ten thousand pounds, sir, in her own right."

"I don't believe it," said the colonel, bluntly. "It's no good you're being put out; this is really one of those statements which a man ought

to preface with : ' I would not have believed it if I had not seen it myself'—and so give his friend a loophole."

" Well, I have seen it myself," said the commissary.

" What, the money? The ten thousand pounds? Does she carry it about with her in notes? And if she does, are you sure they are not flash notes? Have you looked at the water-mark?"

The commissary held up his finger for silence, looked cautiously at the door, and then whispered in his companion's ear :

" I have been to Doctor's Commons and read her father's will : " I give and bequeath to my only daughter Rosanna, the sum of ten thousand pounds."

" Perhaps she has spent it since," suggested the colonel.

It was a random shot fired after the engagement was well-nigh over, for the speaker felt that he was beaten ; but it went home.

The commissary turned a dreadful colour—his own particular, with something added—as though he were crossing the Channel on a rough day.

" How on earth should she spend it?" faltered he with sickening apprehension.

" I don't know, because I don't know her tastes," said the colonel.

" But some women are devilish expensive."

" She is economy itself," said the commissary.

" Ah, that's a bad sign ; one never knows the value of money till one has lost it."

" I don't think she'd dare," muttered the commissary through his shut teeth, and looking very unlike a bridegroom. " She has never boasted of her money, it is true ; but she has led me to conclude—I mean before I found it out for myself—that she has got something."

" Like somebody else," said the colonel, " eh? You will be a pair of cunning ones, you two."

To this disparaging observation, the commissary answered nothing. His companion's chance suggestion had fallen on very fruitful soil, prepared for its reception by base suspicions of all human kind. He wiped his damp forehead with a huge red bandanna, and laid his bony hand upon his companion's arm.

" Look here, Juxon, we have been old friends for many a year, and know all about one another—or nearly so. You must give me a helping hand—I am not the rich man you suppose me to be. I don't want your money," he added hastily—for the colonel had drawn himself up a little, and was mechanically buttoning up his pockets—" but only your advice. You have a deuced long head of your own, and you understand womankind. It is necessary for me—absolutely necessary—that I should marry money. Now, if Miss de Horsingham hasn't got it"—the com-

missary looked so miserably embarrassed, and at a loss for words, that his friend took pity on him, and finished the sentence : " You would let her remain Miss de Horsingham, in short, to the end of the chapter."

" I would see her—at York," said the commissary, mentioning, however, a much more southerly spot. " It is necessary to be quite sure, my good friend, and I want your advice, as to how to make sure."

" Ask her," said the colonel bluntly. " You need not say anything about the money that has been left her, since you have made certain of that ; but let the conversation turn upon extravagance, and then put the question point blank. ' Dearest Rosanna, I am afraid with your generous instincts, and your scorn of petty details, that you are one neither to look after the pence, nor take care of the pounds.' Then she will say ' Yes, she is, because she has had a lesson ;' or she will say, ' No, she isn't,' and then you will know that the money—or some of it—is gone. I don't think a woman would evade a home-thrust like that. It would afford her such a capital opportunity of confessing to a little extravagance, if she has really committed a great one, and of course you must not let her suspect that, if she has, you are off your bargain."

" I'll just write that down," said the commissary, producing his note-book ; " I mean the question I am to put to her about her ' generous instincts,' Nothing like having a proper understanding about these matters. ' I have ten thousand pounds, you may take me or leave me,' is what I should like her to say ; but there's no getting a woman to be business-like. However, to-morrow evening, I will try and bring her to book."

I am afraid the colonel was not altogether sorry for having given his friend so much disquiet. He was annoyed with him with respect to Ella, partly on her account, and partly on his own ; he considered her in every way the commissary's superior, but especially so in a social point of view, as being his, the colonel's, niece ; and he was proportionately sensitive—after the manner of his kind—about his own female belongings, as he was callous with respect to those of other men's. He had the sagacity to make a good guess as to why the commissary had invited Ella to Woolwich ; namely, that she might throw the ægis of her own " position " over Miss de Horsingham ; though as for there being any reciprocity in the matter, such as his friend had hinted to Gracie, it had never entered into his mind. On the contrary, although he was by no means ignorant that Ella's reputation had suffered in local circles from the stories afloat concerning the deception used at her marriage, the commissary's roof was, in his opinion, by no means one adapted for the relacquering process. If she had been invited to the commandant's, instead of to patronise the commandant's governess, perhaps to be mixed up in some future scandal concerning her, that

would have been quite another matter ; but as it was, Ella's coming to Woolwich—especially, too, without her husband—was a mistake, and he was by no means pleased with the man who had counselled it. The colonel, notwithstanding that he resented the contempt of others for the commissary, did in fact himself secretly despise him ; their companionship was, upon his side, one of convenience only ; and when this is the case, a quarrel is very easily picked with the inferior party. It is well, therefore, for the host, albeit unconscious of his danger, that he now moved an adjournment to the ladies, whom they found deep in a confidential talk, on the sofa with a background of mother-of-pearl.

CHAPTER XXXV.

A NICE LITTLE DINNER PARTY.

“ I THINK, Gracie, you should call on Miss de Horsingham before she comes to dinner to-night,” said the commissary, on the morning after his daughter's return. Gracie was making the tea for breakfast, to which her friend had not yet come down ? she paused in her occupation, and looked up with a surprised air. “ Why, papa ? It is not as if she was a stranger to me, and surely it is scarcely fitting that I should go about just now making calls.”

“ Not in a general way, of course,” returned he sharply ; “ I thought I explained to you last night that this lady has earned the right to be considered an exceptional case.”

“ But the commandant's family have not earned it, papa ; and if I go to the house, I must needs seem to be calling on them also.”

“ Stuff and nonsense, I have no patience with such conventionalities. This is a matter of which I should think you might trust your father to be the best judge. I am sure Miss de Horsingham would not wish it unless it was the correct thing, and so forth ; and I happen to know she does wish it. I know of no better authority on all questions of propriety and — Ah, Mrs. Landon, how are you ? though having seen you I scarcely need ask ; Woolwich is, as it were, your native air ; and I am delighted to see it agrees with you.”

“ I am quite well, thank you ; how are you, Gracie ?—what is the matter ?” for Gracie was looking deadly pale.

“ Nothing, dear Ella ; my father and I were having a little discussion about my calling on Miss de Horsingham to-day, and since, as he says, it is a question of propriety, I should be glad of your opinion. Do you think it necessary that I should do so ?”

“ One moment,” interrupted the commissary ; “ I did not say ‘ neces-

sary,' Mrs. Landon ; but merely as an act of civility—of acknowledgment of kindness to her father under certain exceptional and distressing circumstances—I venture to recommend it."

"I should not go, if I were Gracie," said Ella quietly. "The lady is much her senior as I understand, and can scarcely require what must be taken more or less as an act of chaperonship. If Gracie were about to return thanks in person for kind inquiries, not to her in particular, but to other friends, Miss de Horsingham might be included ; but otherwise I think at present Gracie should not make calls."

"Very good," said the commissary indifferently. "It is, after all, a woman's question, and I bow to your opinion, Mrs. Landon."

He looked so black that Ella could not help remarking—though she was sorry for it the next moment :

"I should not have expressed it, Mr. Ray, had I not been asked to do so."

"I am sure you would not," said he, "but since Gracie thought proper to appeal to you, you were, of course, obliged to answer." He cast an angry glance in the direction of his daughter, and sat down to breakfast. He perceived that there were disadvantages as well as advantages in the presence of Mrs. Cecil Landon beneath his roof. If she had not been there—though in this he was in error—he felt sure that Gracie would have given in to his wishes at once ; the consciousness of the neighbourhood of an ally, he thought, had made her audacious ; whereas, as we have said, she was not so pliant—being under no such compulsion to be so—as of yore ; while, on any question involving respect for her mother's memory, she was more than resolute—she was unflinching.

So Miss de Horsingham came to dinner without the preparatory call ; and it must be confessed without any appearance of having lacked that attention to place her perfectly at her ease. The commissary in speaking of her to the colonel in confidence had poetically compared her to Juno ; she was certainly a tall, fine woman, with large eyes, and a majestic step ; but to less prejudiced observers she might not have seemed of the first Olympian quality. They would have set her down as a Juno, who had been Jupiter's housekeeper—in a perfectly decorous way, of course—or had let lodgings to the lesser gods. Her raven hair hung in two flat festoons upon her broad, white forehead, which gave it an artificial appearance that it did not deserve ; and she wore upon her stately person such a profusion of jewellery as is not often seen, except upon young ladies in cigar shops. There was this important difference, however, that Miss de Horsingham's ornaments were what they professed to be—gold and precious stones—as the commissary had assured himself by every means short of actual assay. No one that was not at all events in easy circumstances, he argued, could afford to wear that amount of precious metal ;

it was like letting two hundred pounds, at least, lie idle, and equivalent to a loss of ten pounds per annum. She had a sweet and rather sad smile, which was somehow unexpected in one of her robust appearance and, therefore, the more pleasing, and her voice was soft and low, though very distinct; Gracie received her with some warmth of welcome, for she liked her rather than otherwise, and was willing to please her father in all things permissible. Her guest returned her kiss with tenderness, but without effusion.

"I should not have come so soon, Gracie," she whispered, "at least not like this"—she meant on any such festive occasion—"but for your father's wish."

"I understand," returned Gracie, gratefully; though she was, in truth, very far from doing so, except that she saw Miss de Horsingham meant to be very sensitive and considerate. Her success with Ella was not great.

"I have heard so much of you, and am so pleased at last to see you, Mrs. Landon."

"You are very kind to say so," said Ella. "I have been always so unfortunate in not seeing you, when we dined at the commandant's."

This was a very sharp flick of the tongue, for Ella very well knew that the reason she had not seen her was that the governess did not dine with the family when there was a dinner-party. It was quite contrary to her custom to be so cruel, especially considering the subordinate position of the other lady; but she was angry with her upon her friend's account (who was still quite unconscious of her designs upon her father), and resented on her own part Miss de Horsingham's air of patronage.

Nevertheless, the two ladies smiled upon each other quite prettily, and it was in Miss de Horsingham's most dulcet tones that she inquired after Cecil.

"I have heard so much of him, too; I hope it is not ill-health which prevents him from being here to-night—but that is impossible; I forgot that in that case you would not have left him."

"He is quite well, thank you," returned Ella, calmly; but she felt that the "flick" had been returned with interest and winced under it.

Then Miss de Horsingham exchanged a few words with the colonel, whose courtesy never failed him with a "fine woman" (unless when speaking to her of others), and was conducted to the sofa by her host. Her magnificent proportions occupied the whole of it, and shut out the glories of "the abbey by night" that blazed upon its back, from all beholders.

"It was so good of you to come," whispered the commissary.

"Nay, general, it was so good of you to ask me. How beautiful Gracie

is looking; even the charms of Mrs. Landon cannot throw her into the shade."

"They are both very well in their way," answered the host indifferently.

He would have liked to have added something about somebody else's style of beauty being more in his way, but he felt a difficulty in expressing it neatly, and besides he still felt too uneasy about the existence of that ten thousand pounds to commit himself to such an extent.

Of course there are some circumstances under which stout gentlemen and ladies find themselves at a disadvantage in society—in a stall at the opera, or on a plank between the quay and a steamboat, and in a shell jacket; but taking them all round, they are certainly in a position of superiority. Their appearance gives them a certain aplomb: if their conversation is grave, a moral accompanies their physical weight; if lively, it adds piquancy to the jest. I doubt whether Falstaff would have been so great a wit if he had been a lesser man. If fat folks are stupid, allowance is made for them and if otherwise, they overwhelm opposition.

Miss de Horsingham was by no means stupid, and she carried all before her on the evening in question; and apparently without effort. She did not put herself forward in any way, and made herself agreeable to everybody, including Ella. She was apparently content at having shown her teeth to her at their first encounter; and was amiable without an attempt at conciliation; nor did she irritate her by showing the least sign of encouragement to the commissary. His attentions were, to Ella's eyes at least, unmistakable; but Miss de Horsingham either affected not to see them, or accepted them in such a manner as robbed them of much of their significance. She spoke quite naturally of her own way of life, using indeed that favourite phrase of hers with respect to her pupils, that she "loved to see their minds expand like the flowers to the sun;" but she had employed the metaphor so often that it had become at last second nature with her to use it.

"And yet you will some day get tired of teaching?" said the commissary.

She shrugged her shoulders very slightly, yet sufficient to show what very fine shoulders they were, and answered quietly:

"Perhaps I may. Then, I suppose, I shall give it up."

"Gad, it isn't everybody who can give up what they get tired of," observed the colonel. He did not say it with any intention of assisting the commissary—the rogue was thinking indeed of the married state, of poor devils with wives—but nothing could have been more grateful to his host, who would have made the same remark himself had he possessed the courage. He awaited Miss de Horsingham's reply with eager ears.

"I cannot imagine any one of principle," said she, coolly, "pursuing a calling for which they felt themselves no longer fitted."

The answer was not very satisfactory, it being another sort of principle which the commissary was anxious to hear about, and he could not resist the opportunity of pursuing the investigation.

"Unhappily," said he, in a low voice, "the vulgar question of pounds, shillings, and pence, Miss de Horsingham, keeps most of us to our posts whether we will or no."

"It may do so in a man's case," said she, "but women are more their own masters. If we are not ambitious, and know how to live on a little, we can afford some sacrifice to maintain our self-respect."

"I should not have thought your own tastes were very economical," continued the commissary, with a glance of his hawk's eye, that took in earrings, brooch, and bracelets at one swoop.

"Ah, you are thinking of my jewels. They were my dear father's gifts, who could deny me nothing; but as for myself, I think I may say I have never spent a shilling in my life in mere extravagance."

"Pray take some more champagne," said the commissary with effusion. "It is really very good."

"I have no doubt it is," said she, smiling; "but champagne—to me, at least—is an extravagance, and therefore a thing to which I have not been used."

"She is perfectly charming," thought the commissary, "and yet," suggested his practical intelligence, "she may have frittered away the money in speculations after all; women are so foolish in their frugalities." How could he make himself sure that it was not so in the present instance? He remembered the colonel's formula about "generous instincts;" but that would only serve him as respected her habits of economy, of which he now felt assured. He had no formula for the inquiry whether she had invested her money in bad securities.

It was very unfortunate, since the colonel and the other two ladies were engaged in some topic of interest, and the ear of Miss de Horsingham was all his own. The commissary's intelligence did not, however, fail him at this pinch. A most ingenious thought occurred to him. He would propose to her that they should play a round game after dinner, and would ask if she liked "speculation." Whether she replied "yes," or "no," or even that she knew nothing about it, the opportunity would be given him of speaking of the risks of investments. Like all the suggestions of real genius, nothing could be more simple, or go more directly to the point. It was one of those things the success of which appears assured until we try it, when some unforeseen misadventure wrecks the whole scheme.

"Are you fond of cards, Miss de Horsingham?"

“No ; they don't interest me in the least——What is that you are saying, colonel, about Mr. Darall ?”

The bird had escaped from the snare of the fowler and flown in his very face. The lady had turned from him abruptly, and, if it had been possible, like a listener bored, to ask a question, which she knew to be offensive to him, of another. For Miss de Horsingham was certainly not unaware that young Darall had paid some attentions to Gracie, against which he (her father) had put his veto ; it was known throughout the garrison, and Miss de Horsingham was not the sort of person who would be the last to hear such a piece of gossip. The commissary bit his lip and in his nervous vexation spilt his champagne over his trousers. Fortunately, among his recent acts of extravagance, he had substituted a pair of superfine black ones for the “ducks” that had hitherto been his evening wear ; but still it was very annoying. His attention was necessarily directed to the conversation too, which he did not wish to escape him, though its topic was so unwelcome. He perceived, indeed, that Gracie did not join in it, but she kept her eyes fixed before her, and was evidently bestowing on it her best attention. The others were giving tongue fast enough (confound them) and all together, like a pack of hounds in full cry.

“I am glad he has got it,” said the colonel, “for I think he deserves it.”

“Who is that who has got his deserts ?” inquired the commissary, with irritation ; “has anybody been hung ?”

“Not exactly,” said the colonel, grinning. “He has only been suspended from his military duties. We are talking of young Darrall, who is to be sent on survey, it seems, to the south of England.”

“He is surely very young in the service, to get such a good appointment ?” observed Ella, with interest.

“It does not require much intelligence for such a post, my dear madam,” remarked the commissary. “His stock in trade will be a theodolite and a chain—with which he will probably hang himself in the south of England——”

“Not a bit of it,” interrupted the colonel ; he is going to Pullham or thereabouts ; very excellent quarters, as it happens, with plenty of society.”

“Pullham, I've heard of Pullham,” said Ella, reflectively.

“It's it where the accident occurred upon the railway,” said Gracie, softly, and speaking for the first time.

“To be sure,” sighed Ella, “I had forgotten.”

She remembered it all now, and all that had happened since ; the moments were rare indeed when it was out of her thoughts. Her interest in the conversation vanished from that moment, and the colonel and Miss de Horsingham pursued it alone.

"I believe Sir Hercules got it for the lad," continued he, "he had always a very high opinion of him."

"That is true," observed Miss de Horsingham, "I heard him one day—at luncheon—speaking of Mr. Darall to the commandant, and he said that he had never known good conduct and hard work combined so happily in any young man."

"I should think he was plodding," put in the commissary, with a sneer.

"That is the pace that tells," replied Miss de Horsingham; "I think I may say that much from my own experience in education."

"Gad, and it is the pace that kills, madam," observed the colonel, with the air of a man whose natural genius had been too great for his advancement in life.

"I am wholly of your opinion, Colonel Juxon," said the lady, and with a sweet smile of acknowledgment, in reply to her young hostess' signal for retiring, she sailed majestically from the room.

"Well, commissary, did you bring her to book?" inquired the colonel, as soon as they were alone together. "I saw you whispering soft nothings to your 'Juno' all dinner time; was there anything wrapped up in them?" The colonel's air was gay, and his manner good-natured; to do him justice, champagne had always a conciliatory, as well as an elevating effect upon him; which was not universally the case with gentlemen with "tempers."

"Why, no," replied the commissary, sulkily. "I was getting on well enough with her, till you began to talk of that young scoundrel Darall, and that distracted her attention. There's one thing, however, if she was not independent—if it was of material advantage to her that she should marry yours truly—she would not have ventured to take that line—I mean of cracking up the man, when she knows I hate him like poison."

"A very intelligent observation, commissary; and there's also another thing, which you seem to have overlooked, but which to my mind augurs better for you than anything—shows, in fact, that she has made up her mind to catch you."

"What's that?" inquired the commissary, nervously. He didn't quite like the notion of being "caught."

"Well, this very praise she indulged in of young Darall. She wants to recommend him to your daughter, don't you see?"

"I see that, of course; and I don't like it," added the commissary with irritation.

"Then you must be a bigger fool than I took you for. Is it possible that you don't perceive her object? She doesn't care a farthing for Darall, but she wants to get Gracie off your hands. A widower with

a pretty daughter is not half so pleasant a party in her eyes"—it is probable the colonel meant "parti"—"as a widower without encumbrance. Don't you see?"

"There is something in that," observed the commissary; "I have no doubt however, that the prospect of becoming Mrs. Ray was agreeable to her."

"Ah, you have your misgivings, have you," said the colonel—irritated, perhaps, with his companion's complacency—"as to which will be the better horse when you come to run together in double harness."

"Not I," returned the other, with a laugh that had some smack of brutality in its contemptuous ring; "for my part I can't understand a man knocking under to his wife. I'll venture to say that there's not a shrew in England, whom, were I her husband, I wouldn't tame—in three—well, within twenty-four hours after she first showed her teeth."

He brought his great hand down upon the table to give emphasis to his words, and the action—coupled with the menacing expression of his face—was very significant.

"You wouldn't larrup her, would you?" inquired the colonel, with the air of a member of a social science committee, asking for practical information.

"Be gad, but I would though," answered the commissary, roughly; that is, of course," added he in a gentler tone, "if all other means failed."

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

If Mr. Trollope, and Mr. Trollope's admirers, will permit us to make such a statement, we will commence this short notice of his most recent novel* by saying, that at last his attempts at fiction are satisfactory and pleasing to the general reader. There is a kind of reader, doubtless, for whom "Orley Farm," and "Framley Parsonage," and "Barchester Towers" were written, and who, we can well believe, found great delight, or, at least, quiet interest, in the minute account of petty rural life, clergymen, old women and all. There is another kind of reader for whom a work like "Daniel Deronda" has the most absorbing interest, for whom Kingsley, George Eliot, and Blackmore seem to be peculiarly destined. But for the general novel-reader, who can appreciate delinea-

* *The American Senator.* By Anthony Trollope. Belford Brothers Toronto.

tion of character, be it ever so subtle, but which requires it in small and sugared doses, who is not wholly averse to an object, provided it intrude itself not too often, who loves and must have a plot of some kind—though unnecessary, if artistic complications are voted a nuisance—a very different novel from “Lady Anna” on the one hand or “Romola” on the other is required. Either Mr. Trollope has seen this, or else, unconsciously, he has reached a turning-point in his career which cannot fail to lead to more fame than he has yet won. As in the number and rapid succession of his works he resembles his mother, Frances Trollope, scarcely ever read in these days, so in the present work his dealing with Americans and American views recalls her first literary venture, which was entitled “The Domestic Manners of the Americans,” a bitter satire on the people of the States. In portraying Elias Gotobed, the American Senator, Trollope, however, rises considerably above satire, for a more thorough identification of an Englishman with the actual feelings and impressions of an American we have never met with in a book. Dickens’ morbid exaggeration prevented him from giving a truthful picture of American character; besides he painted them as Americans in America, whereas Trollope has painted with marvellous care and exactness an American in England, a very different thing.

When the reader is first introduced to the Senator, and finds him exclaiming, “quite a pile,” in reference to the spacious country house where he is staying, and, further, that he is in the act of lighting a huge cigar, “of which he put half down his throat for more commodious and quick consumption,” there is a feeling of disappointment and almost anger, for the slangy American addicted to tobacco and diamonds is fast passing away, and can no longer be taken as one of the representative types of the country. However, a few pages put it all right, and we then find in Senator Gotobed a man possessed of sterling worth, a fair education and considerable power of speaking. Added to these, we have the inevitable American inquisitiveness, love of thoroughness, of “rationality” and progress, and great powers of observation. He is a thoughtful man, and noticing how in his own country the English are condemned as enslaved and stupid, and yet, how, to a very certainty, English laws, habits, costumes and manners are being there cultivated more every year, he resolves to go to England himself, take notice of everything he sees, and in fact is “determined to learn as much as he could.” What perplexes him most in England is the innate nobility of the few aristocrats he meets, men who, as it happens, read nothing, do nothing and know nothing, beyond all that relates to sport, and yet men in whose presence, he feels “the lordship.” The condition of the poor annoys him, especially as many of the country tenants that he speaks to on the subject seem to consider it perfectly right that they are poor, and, as for hunting, it takes two or three meets to enlighten him at all as to its object, and *modus operandi*. When at last he comprehends it, with the true American idea of utility he says, “and you call that hunting? Is it worth the while of all these men to expend all that energy for such a result?” Fancy the disgust with which any true sportsman could receive such a remark! But the bachelors’ dinner-party at a country rector’s house is the most delicious thing in the book. The Senator finds himself at table with two clergymen, and three lay members of the

Church of England. The rector himself is jovial, proud of his wines, and hates any conversation on church matters during dinner. Behold the Senator under-valuing the wine, calling a "'57 Mouton" "a dinner claret," and denouncing church patronage in the most unmeasured terms." The rector certainly regretted that his "'57" claret should have been expended on such a man. "I don't think," said he, when John Morton had taken the Senator away, "that in my whole life I ever met such a brute as that American Senator." Certainly Mr. Gotobed's disinterested criticism of English institutions was not well received in any quarter, and finally he gave a lecture in St. James' Hall, which at first amused and finally inflamed the audience to such an extent that he was obliged to leave the platform and make his exit as quickly as possible. "He was angry because people were unreasonable with him, which was surely unreasonable in him who accused Englishmen generally of want of reason." Throughout the book the contrast between American and English character is well kept up, and some of the dialogue is so exceedingly natural, that one is fain to think the author has reproduced in it notes of an actual conversation. But this capital analysis of American character does not monopolize all the interest of the book. There are few prettier or more natural love scenes than the one towards the end of the tale between Reginald Morton and Mary. And what could show a more subtle reading of a woman's character than the very last sentence: "but she was not altogether happy herself till she had got Larry to come to her at the house at Brighton, and swear to her that he would be her friend—" Larry being a discarded and broken-hearted suitor of her own. Arabella Trefoil, Lord Dufford, and the remaining characters are well drawn. But there are characters that you may meet over and over again in fiction and occasionally in Trollope's other tales, and accordingly come to hand with much of their vigour impaired. Even in this excellent book, however, the author's old fault of prosianness crops up; as witness the second chapter. Says the author, "I can hardly describe adequately the exact position of the master's family without first telling you all that I know about the Morton family, and it is *absolutely essential* that the reader should know all the master's family *intimately*. Then he launches us out on the sea of family connections with the words truly considerate: "I need not take the readers back further than old Reginald Morton." For a page and a half the reader is tortured and bewildered by the vast number of Mortons, male and female, that the author drags in, in his old style, and when we reach the sentence "but death was very busy with the Mortons," a feeling of relief comes in time to save him from lunacy, when again without a warning he is plunged into the same labyrinth of genealogy all over again. Finally the author pulls up with the hope, nay the expectation, that "any reader with an aptitude for family pedigree will now understand that Reginald, master of Hoppet Hall, was first cousin to the father of the Foreign Office paragon, and that he is, *therefore*, the paragon's first cousin, once removed. We confess to our utter inaptitude, and will be content to take Mr. Trollope's word for it, advising all future readers of the book to take a short cut through such chapters as this. Barring such puerilities the novel is more satisfactory than any Mr. Trollope has lately written; his clerical sketches of course have not yet been surpassed, but one can have

too much of them, and the "American Senator" is certainly an exception in this respect.

CANADA may well feel proud of the fact that, young though she is, she can point to such men as the late Sir William Logan, Dr. Dawson, Dr. McCaul, and Dr. Daniel Wilson, as having not only adorned literary and scientific circles in their own country, but challenged the respect and admiration of the highest literary and scientific circles of Great Britain. In Latin Epigraphy Dr. McCaul has, perhaps, no superior in the world; Sir William Logan ranked with the best geologists of his time; Dr. Wilson's work on Pre-historic Man has an European reputation; and Dr. Dawson has no superior, it is safe to say, in the line of study which he has made peculiarly his own. A thorough Biblical scholar, he is also an eminent scientist. While too many scientists, alas! have bent their energies to the destruction of the foundations of our religious Faith, Dr. Dawson labours to show that, though geology and kindred sciences may be, in many cases are, unquestionably true, the Bible is not, as a consequence, untrue.

In 1861, Dr. Dawson gave to the world his *Archæia*, its purpose being to establish these positions. He now follows it up with a new work,* the scope of which is in the main identical with that of *Archæia*. It is rendered essentially a new book, however, by the new material which had to be dealt with to bring the subject up to its present condition. Dr. Dawson's design may be best stated in his own words: it is "to throw as much light as possible on the present condition of the much-agitated questions respecting the origin of the world and its inhabitants. To students of the Bible it will afford the means of determining the precise import of the Biblical references to creation, and of their relation to what is known from other sources. To geologists and biologists it is intended to give some intelligible explanation of the connection of the doctrines of revealed religion with the results of their respective sciences." But Dr. Dawson has a further purpose still. "A still higher end to which the author would gladly contribute is that of aiding thoughtful men perplexed with the apparent antagonism of science and religion, and of indicating how they may best harmonize our great and growing knowledge of nature with our old and cherished beliefs as to the origin and destiny of man." We have no doubt that to a large number, Dr. Dawson's book will prove a real "Aid to Faith," albeit he does not go with the evolutionists and many geologists in their ridicule of the Mosaic account of the Creation, nor yet with Chalmers, Smith, Harris, King, Hitchcock, and others, in their easy way of reconciling geology and Scripture.

The book is so exhaustive that any attempt even briefly to indicate its contents must fail. With the evolutionists, it may be said, Dr. Dawson has no sympathy. He is a thorough believer in the truth of the words spoken by the Apostle Paul to the people of Athens on the summit of Mars' Hill, when he said, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." The riches of ethnological discoveries are brought to bear

* *The Origin of the World*, according to Revelation and Science. By J. W. Dawson, LL.D., F.R.S., F.G.S. Montreal: Dawson Bros. 1877.

on this feature of the subject. Necessarily, the greater part of the argument of the work is devoted to the Creative days. Dr. Dawson treats as light and superficial the principal objections to the lengthening of the Mosaic days into great cosmical periods. He rejects, as strongly as Hugh Miller rejected it, the idea that the days spoken of are natural days of twenty-four hours each; and he contends strongly for the view that God's Sabbath is that period in which we are now living, Elohim having at the close of the sixth æon rested from all his work of material creation, which had gone on during a long succession of previous ages. The age of the world is one thing; very different is the age of man—the last creation of God. It is deeply instructive to see how much there is in the ancient cosmogonies tending to strengthen the position for which our author contends in this respect. The references to the Phœnician cosmogony, to the Assyrian tablets of creation, the Quiché legend, and the cosmogony of the Greeks, are all of peculiar interest. Whether Dr. Dawson will, in all cases, succeed in brushing away the cobwebs of doubt from the minds of his readers may be questioned. This, at all events, is certain, he approaches his task in an earnest spirit; and of his learning there can be no second opinion. He writes as well for the Huxleys of our time as for the honest believers in their Bible, who have within them the abiding faith that it is true whatever may be false. Canada has reason to rejoice that so valuable a book as the *Origin of the World* has issued from her press.

Musical.

An interesting book lately published in London, is "Copyright: A sketch of its Rise and Progress; the Acts of Parliament, and Conventions with Foreign Nations now in force; with suggestions on the Statutory requirements for the disposal and security of a Copyright, Literary, Musical and Artistic." Charles H. Purday, the author, is well known in England as a popular vocalist, as a lecturer on music, the writer of simple and homely music, as the champion of the Abyssinian prisoners, one of whom was a near and dear relative. Amid varied occupations Mr. Purday has been during the greater portion of his life "mixed up" in many questions of contested copyright and he has brought together a great deal concerning "copyright." With respect to the copyright of musical and dramatic work, the existing laws seem capable of being read in all kinds of ways, and no decision ever seems to decide more than the single case: the appreciation of musical copyright in particular seems to require a mind practically acquainted with the subject; a mind that would, at least, not countenance such absurdities as that the arranger of an opera for the piano-forte is the composer of an entirely new work; or that no musician is capable of playing a piano-forte version from the full score. We believe that the most striking instances of the glorious uncer-

ainty of the law are to be found in questions of musical and theatrical copyright.

The compiler of the work has been in the hot water of copyright litigation for half his life, but has been fortunate enough to come out unscathed. His book is accurate, interesting and amusing, and will please both those who read for entertainment, and those for the understanding of the law.

Both operatic seasons are over in London. At Covent Garden, Patti in the rôle of Aida, has been the chief attraction. At the Haymarket, Mr. Mapleson sustained a loss in *Mlle. Titjens*, which not even the presence of the new European success, *Mdme. Etelka Gerstes* could atone for. The latter artiste has, it is said, a clear, very high soprano and good vocalization, but no dramatic power.

About the second week in July, a numerously signed address and a handsome service of plate were presented to Señor Manuel Garcia, in recognition of the great services he has rendered alike to science and humanity, by his important discovery of the laryngoscope. Professor Huxley acted as chairman in the unavoidable absence of Lord Coleridge, and said that it was unnecessary to do more than remind the physician that in the laryngoscope he had gained a new ally against disease, and a remarkable and most valuable addition to that series of instruments, all of which, from the stethoscope onwards had come into use within the memory of living men, and the use of which had effected a revolution in the practice of medicine. They owed the instrument to Señor Garcia whom they all rejoiced to see among them as full of youthful vigour as when nearly a quarter of a century ago he made his remarkable invention, and from no one could it have more appropriately proceeded than from the son of a famous singer, and the brother of one whose fame was world-wide. Sweden and Germany had long since acknowledged the deserts of the inventor of the laryngoscope, and a feeling arose that Englishmen should not be behindhand in recognising the merit of one who had so long lived among them. Numerous representatives, therefore, of the aristocracy, and the commonalty, of the bench and of the bar, of artists, and of physicians, of the cultivators of the mathematical, physical and physiological sciences, had united for the purpose of presenting the inventor of the laryngoscope with a testimonial. Señor Garcia, in the course of his reply said: "The instrument which has caused this manifestation owes its existence to the difficulties which constantly beset me in my teaching. The idea of examining the interior of the larynx with a mirror during the act of singing had often presented itself to me, but was always rejected, as I believed it to be impracticable. It was not till September, 1854, that it occurred to me, that the best way to resolve my doubts was to submit them to the test of experiment. I purchased a dentist's mirror, which, having heated, I placed against the window; then flashing upon it with a hand mirror a ray of light from the sun, I saw, to my intense delight, the larynx exposed. There my part ends. If the laryngoscope has become a useful instrument it is all owing to the skill of the men into whose hands it has fallen. The approbation of my simple idea by so many leaders of the scientific world is to me an honour as unmerited as it is unexpected." The general impression will prevail that Señor Garcia was far too modest.

Mr. S. G. Pratt, the composer and pianist, of Chicago, who has been staying in Germany for some time, is at present in London. At a concert given at Mrs. Mackenzie's residence, Harley Street, he was assisted by Mdles. Valleria and Rosavella (Tucker); Signor Foli; Miss Freeman, a young American lady of much promise as a singer; Mr. Shakspeare, and Mdme. Antoinette Stirling.

Madame Christine Nilsson is to receive 7,000 francs (£280) a night at the Imperial Operas in St. Petersburg and Moscow. She is to perform twice a week, and the engagement is for three months. In addition to this, two performances are to be given in her name as "benefits," for which she is to be paid 28,000 francs. Before leaving Vienna last spring, Mdme. Nilsson signed a new agreement with Signor Morelli, and will sing in German Opera, in the German language, during the months of February and March at the expiration of her Russian engagement.

The Salzburg Festival was, after all, what any rational person might have expected it to be. Only one great work of Mozart's was given, the Symphony in C, "Jupiter;" and it seems that most of the time was spent in eating, drinking, speechifying and "such," added to excursions in the mountains.

Mademoiselle Titjens still continues in a most precarious condition, and the idea of her appearing at either the Gloucester or Leeds Festival had to be given up. During her long and serious illness she has proved herself the favourite of the English public who know that there is no living prima-donna that can for a moment be compared with Theresa Titjens in her own line of singing. The grand declamatory passion and intense grandeur which in every thing she attempts is manifested more or less has no other exponent at the present time and has had none since the days of Pasta and Grisi, of whom she is the legitimate successor. Her private life has also ensured her the esteem and admiration of all who are admitted to see it, and we are sure that the wish is universal that she may be spared a little while to do her duty as a woman if never again as an artist, for it is feared that her superb voice is much impaired.

Dr. Hans Von Bülow has accepted the post of conductor at the Glasgow autumn and winter subscription concerts in place of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, who has resigned. The *Graphic* doubts if the change will be advantageous, and judging from the fact that Wagner is almost the worst of conductors, at least in England, it might well be feared that his disciple Von Bülow would prove himself incapable.

Frederic Von Flotow, composer of *Stradello*, *Martha*, *L'Ombre*, &c., has sold his estate in Reichenau and retired to his villa in Mecklenburgh. He has finished a new romantic opera *Die Musikanten* (The Musicians), libretto by Richard Gluee. The story taken from one of Mozart's early adventures is said to be highly amusing, and the music is well spoken of. The opera, already translated into Italian, will be performed for the first time at Turin next October.

On Saturday, August 11, the promenade concerts at Covent Garden, under the management of Messrs. A. & S. Gatti, recommenced. The decorations were equal, it is said, to those of former years, and among other expedients for

neutralising the atmospheric pressure, incident to pent-up throngs within a given space, were observed huge blocks of Wenhham Lake ice, which not only afforded refreshing coolness to all within their immediate neighbourhood, but, being lit up with variegated colours, gratified the eye. Signor Arditì, the long experienced and distinguished conductor, is re-engaged, and for the opening evening, the fine band of the Coldstream Guards reinforced the usual orchestra of eighty. The selections included an arrangement of prominent themes from Gounod's latest opera, *Cinq Mars*, a movement from Spohr's 3rd symphony, and singing from three debutantes, Mdles. Celega, Derivis, and Raymondi. Mdle. Pommerane, the youthful violinist, was the chief attraction, however, and she is expected to prove herself in a few years' time, the equal of Camilla Urso or Mdme. Noemar Neruda. Prospective arrangements include Miss Rose Hersée and M. Victor Maurel.

When directing recently his concerts at the Albert Hall, Wagner took a strange delight in getting up conversations with those near him. At the last concert, during a—by no means easy—piece from *Tristan and Isolde*, he chose as the recipient of his utterances Herr Tombo, the harpist from Munich. But that gentleman did not appear particularly inclined to reply. At length, in answer to an oft repeated question of Wagner's, he rose and said: "Seven—please do not talk to me, eight—for I cannot reply, nine—I've seventeen bars rest, ten—or I shall mull the whole thing." Hereupon Wagner made a low bow, and counted the remainder of the eventful seventeen bars with his neighbour. The upshot was that Herr Tombo got triumphantly over the seventeen bars' rest, and Wagner gave him a friendly shake of the hand.

The oldest of existing Conservatories of Music is the School at Palermo, founded in 1747. They come in the order of their respective dates: the Conservatory of Paris, 1795; the Liceo di Bologna, 1798; the Conservatories of Naples, 1806; of Milan, 1808; of Prague, 1810; of Parma, 1825; of Madrid, 1831; of Brussels, 1832; of Leipsic, 1843; of Berlin, 1850; of Cologne, 1850; the Musical Institute of Florence, established in 1860, and opened in 1862; the Conservatories of St. Petersburg, 1862, and of Moscow, 1866. More recently founded were the Conservatories or Schools of Music at Vienna, Warsaw, Buenos Ayres, and the Liceo Marcello, at Venice.

Madame Adelina Patti is somewhat perplexing in her movements. She has lately paid M. Leon Escudie the "dedit" of 100,000 francs, as she will be prevented from appearing in the coming season at the Theatre Ventadour. Madame Patti has abandoned all idea of visiting the United States. There is some talk of a winter series of performances in the principal Scandinavian towns, to precede those for which she has already stipulated in the Austrian capital. One thing is certain,—that she will be one of the company at the Royal Italian Opera next year. The Caux-Patti case attracted much notice in Paris. A correspondent says: "The property vested by the Marquis de Caux for his wife in France amounts to nearly £80,000 sterling. As they were married without a contract he will, at the winding-up or liquidation, get the half of it. Her diamonds and other jewels and trinkets,—and I am told also laces, velvets, and shawls, which come under the head of articles of luxury—will be sold; or, if she chooses, she can take one-half, and the other at a valuation."

A WARNING!

J. W. F. HARRISON.

A. A. PROCTOR,

Allegretto.

1. Place your hands in mine, dear, With their rose-leaf touch;
 2. You have one great treas - ure, Joy for all your life;
 3. Build on no to - mor - row, Love has but to - day;

If you heed my warn - ing, It will spare you much.
 Do not let it per - ish In one reck - less strife.
 If the links seem slack - 'ning, Cut the bond a - way.

Ah! with just such smi - ling Un - be - liev - ing eyes
 Do not ven - ture all, child, In one frail weak heart;
 Trust no pray'r nor pro - mise, Words are grains of sand; To

cres. *f*

Years a - go I heard it: You shall be more wise.
 So, through any ship - wreck, You may save a part.
 Keep your heart un - bro - ken, Hold it in your hand. To

p

Years a - go I heard it: You shall be more wise.
 So, through any ship - wreck, You may save a part.
 keep your heart un - broken, Wear it in your hand.

p

p

4. That your love may fin - ish Calm as it be - gun,

Learn this les - son bet - ter, Dear, than I have done; Years

hence, perhaps, this warn - ing You shall give a - gain..... In

cres. *f*

just the self-same words, dear, and just as much, and just as much,

f rall.

And just as much in vain.