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INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

BY ALFRED H. DYMOND.

A WARM controversy, in which leading publishers both of London and New York, as well as some authors of distinction, took part, was recently carried on for several weeks in the English press on the subject of International Copyright. Although the correspondence disclosed a very wide divergence of opinion between the several disputants, the result, on the whole, went to show that there really existed no insuperable obstacles to an adjustment of this much debated question upon terms equitable and just to authors and publishers. It will be our object in this paper to notice generally the arguments and statements set forth in the discussion, and to consider the means by which it is possible an agreement may be arrived at. The question, approached from a Canadian stand-point, assumes a triangular aspect, as it is impossible to exclude Canada from our considerations with due regard to her geographical position and her own legislative action.

The laws of most, if not all, civilized na-

tions, recognize the justice and policy of according to their own subjects the protection of a copyright law. To British legislation we shall refer presently. France accords equal rights to foreigners and her own subjects in copyrights extending to twenty years after the author's death. Germany, Austria, and Denmark, concede the privilege for a period of thirty years after the author's death. Sweden gives a copyright for twenty-eight years, but it lapses to the State if the publication of the work is discontinued. Russia and Spain grant copyright extending, respectively, to twenty-five and fifty years after the author's death. In the United States, *citizens of the Union* may obtain copyright for twenty-eight years, with the right of extending it to a family surviving the holder for fourteen years more. The extension of such protection to the subjects of foreign states has also been effected by treaties between Great Britain, France, Germany, and other European countries. It is between the two great English speaking communities

that difficulties have mainly arisen, a common language and common literature being, it would appear, rather provocative of hostility to mutual concessions than influential in promoting agreement. In the American book market the British or Canadian author enjoys no legal protection whatever. The supply of American book literature is limited in quantity, and, with some distinguished exceptions, is generally of an inferior quality to that of the Old World. The demand of the most book-loving of peoples has, therefore, to be principally supplied from Europe, and no law exists to compel an American publisher to pay for the brain labour from which he derives, in the shape of cheap home-printed editions, an enormous harvest. The laws of the United States do not even reciprocate the advantages offered by the British Law to foreign authors. By the British Act of 1842 (5 and 6 Vic., c. 45) it was provided :

“That the copyright in every book which shall, after the passing of this Act, be published in the lifetime of its author shall endure for the natural life of such author, and for the further term of seven years, commencing at the time of his death, and shall be the property of such author and his assigns ; provided always, that if the said term of seven years shall expire before the end of forty-two years from the first publication of such book, the copyright shall, in that case, endure for such period of forty-two years ; and that the copyright in every book which shall be published after the death of its author shall endure for the term of forty-two years from the first publication thereof, and shall be the property of the proprietor of the author’s manuscript, from which such book shall be first published, and his assigns.”

Neither in this clause, nor in any other portion of the Act, is there any limitation as to the nationality of the author. It is interesting, in perusing the several legal judgments given upon the trial of copyright

issues in England, to observe in how broad and liberal a spirit its provisions have been construed by the great expositors of British Law. For our present purpose it is only necessary to state that, by the final decision of the House of Lords in the well known case of *Routledge vs. Low*, it was finally settled that, if a literary or musical work *be first published* in the United Kingdom, *the author being at the time resident within the jurisdiction of the Act*, he may acquire a copyright in any part of the British dominions ; but if, on the other hand, such work be first published in India, Canada, or any other British possession not included in the United Kingdom, no copyright can be acquired in that work, excepting only such (if any) as the local laws of the colony, &c., where it is first published, may afford. An American, therefore, resident for the time being in England or Canada, may make agreements simultaneously with a British and American publisher, respectively, and thus enjoy copyright privileges throughout the British dominions, as well as in his own country. It will be clear that this provision, honest and equitable though it be, can only be operative in a few exceptional cases. Still it is a national and honourable recognition of the foreign authors’ rights, and relieves the Mother Country from the imputation of resisting the just claims of the subjects of a foreign nation to the protection of her laws for the productions of their genius. Nor has the great British North American dependency, so closely connected geographically with the United States, been less liberal than Great Britain in offering to the foreign author the advantages of a Dominion copyright. By the Canadian Copyright Act of 1868 (31 Vic., cap. 54) it was enacted :

“That any person resident in Canada, or any person being a British subject, and resident in Great Britain or Ireland, who is the author of any book, map, chart, or musical composition, or of any original painting, drawing, statuary, sculpture, or

“photograph, or who invents, designs, etches, engraves, or causes to be engraved, etched, or made from his own design, any print or engraving, and the legal representatives of such persons, shall have the sole right and liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, reproducing and vending such literary, scientific, or artistical works or compositions, in whole or in part, and of allowing translations to be made of such literary works from one language into other languages, for the term of twenty-eight years from the time of recording the title thereof in the manner hereinafter directed.”

Further clauses enact how registration shall be effected, and that, to entitle the author to the benefit of the Act, his work shall be printed and published in Canada, and contain the name and place of abode of a publisher in Canada. An American author may, therefore, by simply crossing the frontier, and employing a Canadian publisher, be secured in the enjoyment of copyright over the whole Dominion. We shall have occasion to refer again to this statute, but meantime notice it for the purpose of showing how completely the advantages as between the United States and Great Britain and her colonies, lie with the former.

It will be evident that the Imperial legislation we have quoted is chiefly applicable to standard works, those, in point of fact, upon which the largest outlay of time and labour has been expended, and, consequently, on whose authors the absence of copyright protection must press most cruelly. It was stated in one of the numerous recent articles in the London press on this subject, that Mr. Erichsen, the author of an English work on “The Science and Art of Surgery,” had discovered that, up to the end of 1866, no less than 5,370 American reprinted copies of his book had been purchased by the American Government for the use of the army. Had the books been bought from Mr. Erichsen’s English publisher, the profit to the author on the sale would, it is alleged

have amounted to three thousand pounds sterling. His sole and proud reward, however, has been to see an American edition, of the result of years of toil and study, adopted as a text book of surgery throughout the Union. The author of a standard work on seamanship tells the same tale of flattering appreciation unmingled with the grosser but more substantial compliment of a publisher’s cheque. Had these authors been Americans we can readily imagine how eagerly they would have complied with the Imperial Act of 1842, or the Canadian Act of 1868, in order to secure copyright in Great Britain or the Dominion of Canada.

We have now to pass from the consideration of the legal aspects of the question to enquire what is the general practice of the trade, either in Great Britain or the United States, with respect to authors’ copyrights. The illustrations we have just mentioned clearly show that in the absence of an international copyright treaty the author may have, and does have, frequently to submit to great injustice. But we are assured, not only on the authority of Messrs. Appleton and other well known American publishers, but by the confirmatory statements of English contributors to the late controversy, that the harshness of the law is, to a very great extent, ameliorated by the honourable liberality with which British and American houses respectively pay for authors’ advance sheets. This practice is, there can be no doubt, carried so far on both sides as to condemn the application of such sweeping and offensive terms as piracy and fraud, so freely hurled to and fro by the more angry of the late disputants. In point of fact, as we shall see when we come to notice the relations of the United States and Canada in this connection, British-Canadian legislation even gives a quasi-sanction to the reprinting of English books by Americans when it provides for the importation into Canada of American reprints at a small duty, designed, it is true, as a remuneration to the author,

but of which, it is equally certain, he rarely receives the benefit. On the other hand, we must distinguish between the competitive generosity, if such a phrase is justly applicable to the case of the great British or American houses, and the practices of a multitude of less honest traders, who not only reprint without scruple, but issue imperfect, and at times spurious, travesties of the originals. Nor is the system, adopted we will assume generally by the larger firms towards authors of high repute and popularity, by any means universal in its application. Messrs. Appleton declare that not on novels merely, but on grave works of science, philosophy, and history, they have paid many thousands of pounds, and that for a dozen years they have been endeavouring to extend this arrangement amongst British authors willing to accept remuneration upon terms similar to those the publisher in the States could afford to pay to native writers. But whilst Messrs. Appletons' statement is frankly accepted as true with respect to their own good intentions, and probably may be taken as fairly representing the policy of many other firms, there will always, in the absence of legal protection, be a great many exceptions to the rule, if, indeed, the general rule be not the converse of theirs, and such honourable regard for unprotected private rights the exception. Even in Messrs. Appletons' own defence there occurs a statement which, by implication, admits this view of the case to be correct. Mr. Mortimer Collins complained that one of his novels had been reprinted by the Appletons. He was coolly told in reply, that "the book was probably one of those picked up at a slack time to keep the men at work," and Messrs. Appleton "trusted the author did not flatter himself that international copyright could ever help in the case of such books." In other words, if Mr. Collins had announced to Messrs. Appleton that he was about producing a new and popular novel, they would have entered the lists as competitors for advance sheets

and paid him handsomely. Trade rivalry would have kept them true to their avowed policy, but failing that moral corrective, the author's book was "picked up to keep the men at work," without one thought as to whether its appropriation was in accordance with a due regard for his interests. We are at a loss to conceive how it can be argued that an international copyright law would fail to reach such cases as this. Had such a law existed, a professional book-maker like Mortimer Collins would most assuredly have availed himself of its protection; and Messrs. Appleton, with the fear of the law before their eyes, would have found some more righteous method of employing their spare hands. Was it the mere temporary exigencies of the composing room that presented Mr. Erichsen's standard work, already mentioned, to the Government and surgical profession of the United States? It is, however, asserted that, under existing arrangements, the author obtains a larger remuneration from the foreign publisher than he would receive by the sale of his copyright. We may, no doubt, easily find illustrations in proof of this statement from the dealings of publishers with authors of high standing and world-wide fame. But even voluntary liberality must find its level. Wealthy firms may, from motives of policy, endeavour to attract the crowd of book-wrights to their mart by an occasional show of free-handed dealing. But it will hardly be alleged, we imagine, that the aggregate sum paid to British authors by American houses, or *vice versa*, is larger than it would be if all were equally protected by copyright laws. It might be worth while to enquire to what extent, in certain cases, a few popular authors benefit by the fact that the ability of the foreign publisher to pay them handsomely for their advance sheets is enhanced by the supply—for which he pays nothing—of books picked up to keep the men going during slack seasons. It is quite possible that, under the present system, the British publisher, reckoning on a heavy pay-

ment down from the American house, can afford to give the author a higher fee than would be the case if he had his own trade only to calculate profits upon. Under an international law the author would have to make two bargains, and, possibly, might sometimes find that he was in the end less satisfied than under the present system. We have only to repeat, however, that where the conditions of all are equal a standard of value must ultimately be found, and that the duty of governments is, not to legislate in the interest of exceptional cases, but in accordance with those of the whole people.

As the opposition to an international copyright treaty comes almost entirely, if not altogether, from the American side, it may not be unfair to consider whether the American book maker would be prejudiced or benefited by protection being granted in the United States market to his English competitor. It is incontestible that the scale of remuneration for literary labour in the States is lower than in Great Britain. Some of the discontent shown by British authors with American houses may be attributed to the fact that they are paid, if paid at all, according to an American standard rather than an English one. The cause of this cheapening of the grandest of all commodities in a country where other descriptions of work are better remunerated than in Europe, is obvious. The American is handicapped in the competition with European rivals. His works are reduced in value simply because there is an inexhaustible supply of the foreign article which costs nothing to the importers. It is too late to enter into the general question of authors' rights, under any circumstances, to protection. Our controversy turns solely upon the claim of authors to copyright in a foreign country, and it is from that point of view we have to regard the probable effect of such international arrangements as may be needed to secure that end. Mr. Macmillan asserts that during his travels in the United States he found the

desire of American authors for an international copyright law all but universal. If the American publisher is compelled to pay for the use he makes of foreign authorship, it needs no argument to prove that, by the simple operation of an economical law, the native author will be the gainer. Nor need the most pronounced free-trader start with alarm at this concession to the principle of protection to native industry. We have already repudiated any desire to use terms harsh or offensive in relation to existing practices. But putting our case hypothetically, we need cause no irritation by asserting that even the most extreme application of free trade was never intended to place honest traffic in competition with petty larceny. A case parallel to the wholesale appropriation of foreign books by publishers in the United States, which places the native producer at a disadvantage with a foreign rival, would be found in a buccaneering expedition, undertaken in the interest of New York or Boston bread-eaters, to despoil the granaries of Europe to the obvious injury of the Illinois corn-grower. The truest political economy is compatible with the purest justice. The results of thought, study and genius, have the same moral claim to the protection of law as material products. The old Common Law of England recognized this principle long before the statute of Anne fixed the limits and defined the extent of copyright. American authorship can never become hardy, vigorous and prolific, unless it enjoys the just stimulant of commercial profit. For a country that, for the express advantage of home producers, taxes foreign imports to the highest point the consumer can bear, to permit the whole world to be ransacked and its literary treasures brought to market not merely duty free but with the brand of "STOLEN" plainly marked upon them, is, certainly, an anomaly against which the American author may well lift up his protest. It is not from him that the opposition to an international copyright treaty will come.

That the boon is denied purely in the assumed interest of the trader is clear from the fact that, whilst no legal restriction is placed upon the reprinting of foreign books in the United States, the originals are subject to the heavy customs duty of twenty-five per cent. *ad valorem*. If the refusal of copyright to the foreign authors were a concession to the presumptive claims of popular education, there would be no logical consistency in maintaining the tax on imported books.

The opposition to an international copyright is really a publishers' question, and in that sense it is, even at the time we write, the subject of trade caucuses, debates in Congress, and articles in the American press. The great firms are not altogether in accord as to the measure proposed to be submitted to the House of Representatives at Washington. It is warmly supported by the Appletons, but opposed by the Harpers and others, and, having regard to the peculiar influences often brought to bear upon the decisions of Congress when important trade issues are involved, no one can safely predicate with any degree of certainty what may be the fate of the scheme formulated in the Bill referred to. The most complete proposals, out of two or three that have been printed, appears in the *Weekly Trade Circular* of January 25th, 1872. In the first clause of that Bill the main intention and scope of the measure are set forth in the following terms:

"Any person or persons, being a citizen or citizens of any foreign country, or residents therein, who shall be the author or authors of any book, map, chart, dramatic work, or musical composition that may be first published in any foreign country after this Act shall go into operation, or who shall invent, engrave, work, or cause to be worked or made, as a work of art, from his own design, any print or engraving that may be first published in any foreign country after this Act shall take effect, and the

"executors, administrators or legal assigns of such person or persons, shall have the same exclusive right and liberty to multiply and sell copies of such works in the United States, that now are, or may hereafter be, granted by the laws of the United States to authors and artists who are citizens of the United States, subject to the same conditions, regulations and limitations."

It is, however, provided that the benefits of the Act shall not be extended to authors and artists whose books may first be published in any foreign country wherein the laws do not secure equal copyright privileges to the citizens of the United States. The Act requires, further, that "the book or other work of the kind specified" shall be wholly manufactured in the United States, and be issued for sale by a publisher or publishers who are citizens of the United States. The third section makes provision for the reservation of the right of translation, and a subsequent clause for the deposit, in the Library of Congress, of the best foreign edition of the work, as well as for the registration of the title page "within three months after its first publication in such foreign country." No author will be entitled to the protection of copyright unless these stipulations be complied with and

"Unless within three months after such first publication an arrangement shall have been made in good faith with some American publisher or publishing firm for the immediate publication of the work in the United States."

In the case of translations a period of six months is allowed for their disposal by the author to an American publisher. The Bill discussed at the late convention of American publishers differs in terms, but not in spirit, from the foregoing. The latter is confined strictly to books and serial publications. Articles in foreign newspapers and contributions to foreign periodicals are expressly excepted, but the author of a contribution "known as a serial" may, if he makes an

arrangement with an American publisher at its first issue, secure the privileges and benefits of copyright. The second section contains a paragraph to which some exception may, we think, fairly be taken. It says :

“If an American publisher shall neglect, for the space of three months, to keep the book so published by him on sale, or obtainable at his publishing house, then it may be imported or reprinted, the same as might have been done before the passage of this Act.”

There is an element of sharp practice in this stipulation that seems to be a contradiction of the general principle of the proposed measure. The object to be attained is, as we take it, to secure the foreign author in what are now conceded to be his rights, and to place him on the same footing in the United States as in his own country, where no such restrictions are imposed. If a book is in large demand, it is true such a lapse in the production is not very likely to occur, and, therefore, the necessity for the proviso can scarcely exist. But it might happen that, where laborious revision is required by the author, or commercial embarrassments supervene on the part of the publisher, not to speak of many other possible temporary hindrances to the issue of a new edition, it would be most unjust to peril the copyright by enforcing so stringent and exceptional a rule. Before noticing further the terms of the bills we have above described, it may be well to observe that the conference was far from unanimous in adopting the last named measure. According to the *Tribune* “The whole body of Boston and Philadelphia publishers, as well as those of New York, had been invited. No one appeared from Philadelphia, the tradesmen of that city having declared themselves opposed to all international copyright ; and only fifteen prominent city houses were represented, the Harpers and nearly all the school book publishers being absent. All the gentlemen in attendance were desirous of an international

copyright law, but their opinions differed widely as to its construction. Mr. W. H. Appleton presented the report of the Committee of five appointed to frame a bill, which was approved by all members of the committee with the exception of Mr. Seymour, of the firm of Charles Scribner & Co.” From this statement we may safely conclude that the question of granting the foreign author the protection he demands at the hands of the American Government and people is still of very uncertain accomplishment. The dissenting member of the committee presented a minority report strongly combating several of the provisions of the bill, which he declared “was not an international copyright law at all, out an Act to protect American publishers such as they have no right to demand, and one that the British Government would not recognize as giving any claim to reciprocity.” The report of the majority was adopted by nine to five, two delegates refusing to vote, and others, while favourable to the general principle, suggesting amendments. We now know, therefore, what is the utmost extent of the boon that, if Congress be not far more liberal than the traders most directly interested, the people of America may be expected at present to grant to the foreign authors—to whose labours they are so largely indebted, and for which they have hitherto paid so little.

It is strictly and exclusively an authors' copyright that is proposed to be conceded. But if, whilst offering a tardy measure of justice to the English author, the Bill erects a “Chinese wall” between the American and the foreign publisher in the interest of the latter, such a course is not without a certain degree of justification. At the conference we have just mentioned a letter was read from a number of eminent English authors in which a very strong argument was presented in favour of the position assumed by the American publishers. After expressing the opinion that the interests of the British author and those of the British publisher are

separate and distinct, and that they should be so regarded in any attempt at negotiation, the writers go on to say:—"Americans distinguish between the author, as producing the ideas, and the publisher, as producing the material vehicle by which these ideas are conveyed to readers. They admit the claim of the British author to be paid by them for his brain-work. The claim of the British book manufacturer to a monopoly of their book market they do not admit. To give the British author a copyright is simply to agree that the American publisher shall pay him for work done. To give the British publisher a copyright is to open the American market to him on terms which prevent the American publisher from competing. Without dwelling on the argument of the Americans that such an arrangement would not be free trade, but the negation of free trade, and merely noticing their further argument that, while their protective system raises the prices of all the raw materials, free competition with the British book manufacturer would be fatal to the American book manufacturer, it is clear that the Americans have strong reasons for refusing to permit the British publisher to share in the copyright which they are willing to grant to the British author." To this important document, amongst many other distinguished names, are appended those of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Sir John Lubbock, G. A. Lewes, J. A. Froude, Thomas Carlyle, and John Morley.

The broadest application of free trade does not go further than to place the home and foreign producer on an equality. Its advocates certainly never demanded that the foreigner should be secured in a monopoly of the home market. The most practical argument, however, for the limitation of the right of protection to the author is the essential difference between the book manufacture of the two countries. The publisher in Great Britain manufactures for the libraries, the publisher of New York for the

people. The English are the greatest book-borrowers in the world, the Americans the most eager book-purchasers. To place the monopoly of the American market in foreign hands would be, it is argued, to ensure the introduction of a higher priced article (even leaving fiscal imposts out of consideration) thus circumscribing the sale and actually limiting the educational advantages derivable from a cheap literature. An objection to excluding the foreign publisher from copyright privileges has been put forward on the ground that, where the books contain expensive plates and illustrations, a considerable loss would be incurred by the production of duplicate editions. The author must suffer, it is said, if the initial expense of illustrations, setting up the type, and possibly stereotyping, is repeated in each country. As the ability of the publisher to pay the author depends on the margin of profit between the cost of production and the selling price, by doubling the former you reduce the chances of the author's remuneration. But is not the probability in favour of the author receiving more under such circumstances than he does at present? If the work is so unique in its costliness and beauty as to defy reproduction, it will carry on its face its own copyright; if, on the other hand, it can easily be reproduced and its illustrations imitated, even though perhaps coarsely, the author will receive all the benefit of the article being adapted to the foreign market and pushed with that energy the interest of the foreign publisher will induce him to bestow upon it. It may seem hard to the British publisher that he should be "left out in the cold" in these arrangements. But the bargain is not wholly one-sided. It is true that the American publishers will be the largest gainers, just as it is they who are making at the present time the largest payments, prompted on either side by a spirit of fair dealing and justice. With the author, however, lies the vested right in the commodity which is the object of negotiation; he is

entitled to make the best terms for himself that he can, and, with some modifications in detail, may be very well contented to accept such a measure as that before Congress.

We have, lastly, to notice the position, in regard to international copyright, of the Dominion of Canada. The existing Copyright Law of the Dominion has been already mentioned, and we have incidentally referred, in passing, to the special arrangement by which American reprints of English works are allowed to be imported into this country. By the Act of 1847 (10 and 11 Vic., c. 95) Her Majesty was enabled, by Order in Council, to suspend the enactment contained in the Copyright Act of 1842 against the importation into any part of Her Majesty's dominions of foreign reprints of English copyright works. But such Order in Council was not to be made as to any colony, &c., unless, by local legislation, such colony had, in the opinion of Her Majesty, so far as foreign reprints were concerned, made due provision for protecting the rights of British authors there. The Legislature of the Province of Canada at once passed an Act, still in force, admitting foreign reprints on payment of a duty of twelve and a half per cent. on the published price of the works, such duty to be paid over to the owners of the original copyright who might take the trouble to register their works in Canada as being entitled to share in the benefits of the Act. It has sometimes been contended that the Act of 1868 was an evidence of colonial selfishness, whilst, on the other hand, the wholesale introduction into Canada of reprints which paid the author nothing, was held to be a glaring illustration of the unfair advantage taken on this side the Atlantic of British authors and publishers. Certainly the Act of 1847, under which those reprints are admitted, is a most powerful argument in favour of such a measure as we have in our foregoing remarks been advocating. Here was, as we have seen, legislative sanction to a presumptive right on the part of the Am-

ericans to reprint British books; but with it an acknowledgment of the paramount claim of the authors, as shown by the toll levied in their interest on the works the publishers, often without payment, had appropriated. But in practice the Act is all but a dead letter. The necessary steps to secure the exacting of the duty are seldom taken by the authors; there is no check on a slovenly or partial performance of its duties by the custom house; book parcels are generally mixed, and the number of copies of a particular work may be so small as hardly to repay the trouble of charging them with duty; and, lastly, it is idle to expect the Canadian publisher to be a ready assistant in carrying out the law in the face of the system prevailing on the other side of the line, to which we have been adverting. The Canadian Act of 1868 has been in certain cases invoked as a protection against the reprints. The validity of that statute, however, has not been tested, and a nice point might be raised as to whether it was competent for the Canadian Parliament, by its statute in 1868, to override the Act of the Provincial Assembly of 1847, with the consequent Imperial Order in Council, having itself the force of an Act, under which reprints were admitted. Canada has lately been promised, by certain American journals of bellicose tendencies, the exhilarating sensation of becoming a battle-ground for the settlement of a great international quarrel. She is already the battle-ground of British and American editions of works imported from either Great Britain or the United States, the former having lawfully paid the author for producing them, the latter possibly having paid nothing. Yet, if the American reprints *do* pay the twelve and a half per cent., and the originals only five per cent., the reprints win the day. The fiscal legislation of Canada is liberal enough, and no one can complain of a five per cent. *ad valorem* duty as a serious grievance. Under it there is an enormous importation of British books into the Dominion. The growth of the book

trade is one of the most remarkable and gratifying circumstances in the social history of the country. If the author desires to obtain copyright in Canada, the Act of 1868 gives it him. If Canada were geographically isolated, the British author need with her have literally no grievance. But Canada is not isolated; her relations with the neighbouring country are close and intimate, and it is simply a necessity that, in any negotiations between Great Britain and the United States on this question, the position of Canada towards the latter should be fully recognized.

We have said that the validity of the Act of 1868 may be called in question. The power to make laws affecting copyright is expressly conceded to the Dominion by the British North America Act of 1867. But it is contended by some that this would apply only to native productions, and can have no force against the Imperial Act of 1842, especially in a retroactive sense. If this view be correct, the Canadian publisher who reprints an English copyrighted work is liable to all the pains and penalties of the Act last mentioned, whilst he is compelled to see, under the authority of the joint legislation of Great Britain and Canada, American reprints, with which he could often successfully compete, flooding the country, and practically paying nothing, either in New York or at the frontier, for the privilege. The contrast is made all the broader by the fact that, in the very year (1868) which saw the Canadian publisher, as he imagined, protected by an Act of his own Parliament, another Act was passed at Ottawa giving the Executive power to increase the duty on American reprints to twenty per cent, which is just as much a dead letter as its predecessor of 1847.

Business ingenuity and energy, however, are generally equal to the occasion, and they are likely, in this instance, to solve the difficulty more promptly than appeals to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. Nearly opposite to Montreal, on the Ameri-

side of the boundary line, which there approaches very near to the St. Lawrence, lies Rouse's Point. At this place Mr. John Lovell, of Montreal, one of the most honourable of Canadian publishers, has set up a press and the other machinery and appliances needed for book printing. Thither he sends his types, prints the sheets of British copyright works, pays the twelve and a half per cent. duty on "American reprints" at the custom house, and, having thus complied with an Act passed in the interest of the British author, can circulate the book in Canada with safety and profit. There has been some outcry at what is called this evasion of the law. We fail, however, to see the transaction in that light. It is more than probable that Mr. Lovell might print many of the books in question at Montreal and circulate them in Canada with impunity. We doubt much if, in the present anomalous state of legislation on this subject, a Canadian jury would sustain an action or prosecution against him. But he does well not to infringe upon any Act, local or imperial, that may be fairly construed to impose restrictions upon him and his *confreres* of the publishing trade. His arrangements appear to be not merely in honest compliance with the law, but positively advantageous to the British copyright holder. His experience tells him what style and price of book are best adapted to the Canadian market: the sale is, therefore, correspondingly large, and, on the whole, he pays a very fair royalty to the author or the author's representatives, not one dollar of which would they probably obtain if the books were imported into Canada by an American bookseller. It may be well for our countrymen at home to take this illustration of the effect of the present state of the law into very serious consideration. What Mr. Lovell is doing at Rouse's Point a Toronto publisher may do at Buffalo or elsewhere. We may depend upon it that the Americans will offer all possible facilities for arrangements that bring any class of productive in-

dustury across their lines to spend capital in the form of wages and local taxes. Would it not be far better at once to allow Canadians to reprint all British copyrights on the payment of a royalty? A delusive method of protecting the interests of British authors would then be exchanged for a substantial reality wherever the holder of the copyright preferred to accept a royalty instead of selling it to a Canadian publisher. Ordinary books can be produced more cheaply in Canada than in the States; we have seen that the condition of the book trade in Canada is altogether different from what it was in 1847. A people enjoying self government can hardly allow Imperial legislation to inter-

vene in questions affecting local rights of property and social progress. An ardent supporter of the political connection existing between Great Britain and the Dominion must desire to see every question set at rest that may prejudice Canadians in the eyes of their fellow-countrymen in the Mother land. Authors are a sensitive race; they have often a keener appreciation of an injustice than an accurate knowledge of the means that may secure its removal; and the pens they handle may prove instruments of mischief and misrepresentation, if fair and equitable legislation fail to come to the settlement of their claims on a just and practicable basis.

“SIC EST VITA.”

BY CHARLOTTE GRANT.

REJOICING in his strength, the Sun
 Espied on earth a lovely child;
 He stooped, and kissed the winsome one—
 The maiden, Spring, looked up and smiled!
 He played with her, and with his arms
 His shining mantle round her drew.
 Her beauty warmed to wondrous charms,
 And bloom'd in modest radiance through;
 He gave her flowers; she gave him song;
 Full gladsome grew her merry voice!
 He wooed her well, nor wooed her long,
 Ere his sweet love was her sweet choice.
 Ah, then! behind the clouds he crept,
 And hid his face from her in play;
 But when the Spring, forsaken, wept,
 He came and kissed her tears away.
 When gambol-wearied, happy-flusht,
 She laid her down to rest awhile,
 The lover saw her, slumber-husht,
 And brought the moon to watch her smile;
 And plac'd the stars about her head
 In varied clusters, that their gleam

Might play, a-twinkling, round her bed,
 And give unto her joyous dreams !
 Then, o'er the wolds to waiting lands,
 With lightsome footsteps sallied he—
 His glorious locks, in golden bands,
 Adazzling others fair as she !
 They hail'd his coming—brought forth fruits—
 And laid all at his feet, so bless'd !
 They danced, and sang to echoing lutes,
 And sought by him to be caressed !
 Rememb'ring Spring, his sleeping bride,
 He quieted them, lover-wise.
 She woke and found him by her side,
 Though tear-lash'd were her opening eyes.
 Thus loving, lived the beauteous Spring ;
 Thus loving, early passed away ;
 The Sun came close to hear her sing
 Her last sweet, trembling roundelaye.
 The claiming shades about her drew—
 She kept her eyes on *him*, and smil'd !
 And, as they bore her from his view,
 She gave him *Hope*, their living child.

The playful breezes missed her fun, .
 And, softly seeking, went and came :
 Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
 Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Soon met the Summer—stately maid !
 With ardent eyes and reigning flush—
 His locks, thro' all her regal braid
 Entangled, showing bright her blush !
 Beneath his fervent touch, her heart
 Did eager leap, and own his power !
 Oh, well he play'd the lover's part,
 While crowning her with leaf and flower !
 And trustful lived she, blest and bright,
 Till lustrous eyes grew still and mild ;
 And passing gently out of sight,
 She bore him *Faith*, their comely child.

The breezes missed so fair a one,
 And, sadly sighing, went and came :

Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
 Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Lo ! bowed in prayerful grace he saw,
 With hands outspread benev'lently,
 A form so grand he gazed in awe,
 And veiled his boldness reverently !
 Eyes wisdom-fraught, grave Autumn turned,
 Beheld him where he gazing stood—
 Her dusky brow before him burned !
 His presence thrilled her womanhood !
 He glided forward, silent, still
 All burnishing her dark, dark hair !
 And lingered near her heart, until
 His image bright was mirrored there !
 Oh, gen'rous proved her love, and deep !
 But soon the noble soul within
 Grew troubled, when she could not keep
 The love which thus her heart did win.
 To stifle all her yearnings wild,
 Long-suffering, brave, she vainly tried—
 Then brought forth *Charity*, their child,
 And moaning, laid her down and died.

The wondering winds thro' woodlands dun,
 Awaiting weirdly, went and came :
 Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
 Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Now Winter hurried, stern and chaste,
 The daughters of the earth to hide,
 That he their loves no more might taste,
 Nor conqu'ring, lure them to his side.
 In vain—the Sun, with spangling touch,
 Turned Winter's night to Summer's day,
 And flushed the Earth with glory such,
 That white-faced Winter fled away.

The wild winds, fierce at what was done,
 In loud wrath, raging, went and came :
 Rejoicing in his strength, the Sun
 Moved on the same ! moved on the same !

Again he wandered, bright to view,
 The children of the earth among :

To each his endless charms were new,
 To each he seemed forever young ;
 And some to whom he deigned not grace,
 In lonely woe grew pale and dim ;
 And some that knew his gracious face,
 Grew beautiful beholding him ;
 And some, unhappy, by his might,
 O'ercome and crush'd, lay sorrow-dried ;
 But all ! and all ! or wrong, or right,
 Lived, loved, and laughed, and wept, and died !

The mourning earth sobbed forth her cry—
 “ My generations pass away ! ”
 The measureless illumined sky
 Triumphant sang—“ Love lives for aye ! ”

LONDON.

DINAH BLAKE'S REVENGE.

IN FOUR PARTS.—PART TWO.

BY MRS. J. V. NOEL.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REV. MAXWELL BUTLER.

AFTER an interval of eighteen years I must again introduce my readers to Mrs. Dormer's home in Galway. Ten of those years she has been a widow, supported by her nephew, Maxwell Butler, now a clergyman, having recently been admitted to the order of priesthood. For the last year he had been residing in Dublin, performing the duties of Deacon in one of the Episcopal churches to the entire satisfaction of his rector and the congregation among whom he ministered. The high hopes Mrs. Dormer had entertained of her nephew during his boyhood were not disappointed. He grew up noble in purpose and strong in spirit, admirably fitted for the profession he

had chosen, not from motives of worldly interest, but because he felt in this walk of life he could best promote the honour of God by ministering to the spiritual wants of his fellow-creatures ; for even in boyhood Max had been deeply impressed by the godly example and religious training of Aunt Amy, and as he advanced in years these serious impressions deepened.

“ The Dublin mail arrived an hour ago. I wonder what keeps the postman so late to-day, Josephine ? ” These words were addressed by Mrs. Dormer to a beautiful girl who was seated at a piano, practising some operatic music. She is the foundling adopted by her some eighteen years before. She has grown up singularly attractive. Her figure below the medium height, slender and graceful, her face a perfect oval, the features small and regular, the complexion fair, a soft

roseate hue tinging the rounded cheek, the hair rich, sunny brown, and the eyes dark grey, with a bewitching archness gleaming in their liquid depths. She was simply dressed; yet in her plain attire she looked more stylish than many clad in costly array, for there was a native elegance about her which made Winny often remark to her mistress that "it was asy seen she come of a good stock of rale gentry, no doubt, if one only knew where to find them."

"The postman must be here soon, mamma," and rising from the piano, the young girl approached a window and looked out. "Here he comes!" she added joyfully, and she hastened to the hall door to receive the expected letter from Max.

"What news?" she resumed eagerly, on perceiving Mrs. Dormer's face brighten as she perused her nephew's letter.

"Good news, darling! Max has been presented with a small living at Carraghmore, through the recommendation of his college friend, Sir Gerard Trevor. He was leaving Dublin when he wrote. He desires us to prepare for an immediate removal to Carraghmore. Our home must be again with him, he says. Dear Max! how glad I shall be to see him, after our long separation. He has not been much at home since he entered college, and now we shall have him always with us."

"What kind of place is Carraghmore, I wonder!" was Josephine's thoughtful observation. The idea of moving from Galway to some out-of-the-way country village did not seem very inviting to the young girl.

"It is a maritime town. Sir Gerard Trevor passes much of his time there, Max says," observed Mrs. Dormer.

Josephine's face brightened. She felt some curiosity to see this college friend of Max, who he said was so very handsome, and generous, and noble-minded—quite a hero he must be, she thought. The next few days was a time of pleasing bustle to the Dormers, but the preparations for a removal

were at length completed, and full of pleasant expectation they set out for Carraghmore.

The parsonage at Carraghmore was sadly in want of repairs, and the new clergyman determined to spend some money in making it a comfortable dwelling before removing his family into it. As it would not be ready for several weeks, a temporary home was selected in a romantic spot, half-way between Carraghmore and Barrington Height. This was a cottage of unpretending appearance, placed near a small creek, land-locked by rugged cliffs which broke the wild force of the Atlantic. From its sandy beach, glistening with the white foam of the swelling waves that broke upon it incessantly, the land rose gradually into a rocky acclivity shadowing the present home of the clergyman's family, which nestled at its base. Half-way up this moss-covered height was a picturesque-looking summer-house, a favourite retreat of Mrs. Dormer and Josephine on account of the extended prospect it commanded. On one side rose Barrington Height, with its mansion of grey-stone, on the other the picturesque ruin of the Friary of St. Bride, and in front the surging waters of the Atlantic, with its misty headlands and white sail gleaming over its green expanse. It is a few evenings after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore; Mrs. Dormer and Josephine are seated in the summer-house enjoying the cool breeze from the ocean—for the day has been unusually sultry, and the Rev. Max Butler—returning from a fatiguing round of parochial visits which he had been making all the afternoon, has just joined them, and throwing himself wearily into a rustic arm-chair, is evidently enjoying the salt sea breeze as it fans his heated, flushed face. A handsome face it is too, with its grave beauty of expression, its large, lustrous blue eyes, and broad intellectual brow, shaded with rich brown hair. The figure is well proportioned and manly, though not much above the medium height, and the clerical dress—the tight fitting cassock—shows it off to advantage.

"Your long walk has tired you, Max ; how do you like your new parishioners ?" Josephine asked.

"There are not many wealthy people among them. They are chiefly of the poorer class, I suppose," put in Mrs. Dormer, without giving him time to answer Josephine's question.

"The congregation of St. Mark's is a small one ; the people about here are chiefly Romanists, but the respectable part of the community belong to me, and the Lady of the Manor, the heiress of Barrington Height, I am glad to say, is one of my flock. By the by, I had the honour of an introduction to her to-day," Max continued with animation, as if the event had given him considerable satisfaction. "I met my friend, Sir Gerard Trevor near Barrington Height, and he insisted on my accompanying him to the house to be introduced to his mother, Lady Trevor, and his cousin, Miss Barrington."

"What kind of looking girl is she, Max ?" asked Josephine eagerly. "Is she a beauty as well as an heiress."

"She certainly is very handsome, and strange to say, wonderfully like you, Josephine."

"Like me !" repeated the young girl in surprise.

"Yes, like you, although her complexion and hair are much darker, still you both have the same dark grey eyes, oval face, and chiselled features. In figure, however, you differ ; you are petite and graceful ; she is tall and commanding—a Juno-like figure that suits her haughty style of beauty."

"How did she receive you, Max ?" inquired Mrs. Dormer.

"Oh, graciously enough ! Still there was a certain hauteur in her manner which, I suppose, is natural to her. She is an heiress, and proud of her wealth and station. She is very young too, about Josephine's age. Perhaps as she grows older she may learn not to attach undue importance to the worldly advantages she possesses. There is the

lady we are speaking of," added Max hastily, as his eye caught sight of two equestrians riding along the public road, which passed near the cottage.

"Speak of an angel, and you see her wings," said Mrs. Dormer, smiling.

"I am afraid there is very little of the angel in Miss Barrington."

"There are no angels among our fashionable young ladies, aunt," was the clergyman's rejoinder.

The equestrians had now approached near enough to be seen distinctly by the little party in the summer-house, and the eyes of all were bent admiringly on them.

"What a graceful horsewoman Miss Barrington is !" exclaimed Mrs. Dormer, "and that riding habit of dark blue cloth displays her fine figure to great advantage ! She certainly is a handsome, imperious-looking girl. I cannot see much resemblance to Josephine in that haughty countenance, Max."

"What a handsome, distinguished looking man !" was Josephine's observation, in a low voice, as she looked earnestly at Miss Barrington's companion.

"That gentleman is Sir Gerard Trevor, I presume," remarked Mrs. Dormer. "The expression of his face is very prepossessing ; there is something so frank and noble in it."

"And he is just as good as he looks !" broke in Max, warmly ; "the best fellow in the world, not a bit proud, though his bearing is so aristocratic."

As the equestrians approached the steep upon which the summer-house stood, their eyes were attracted by the little group within it, and Sir Gerard Trevor's gaze lingered on the beautiful face of Josephine. The young men exchanged nods and smiles, and the Baronet raised his hat with graceful courtesy to the ladies, while Miss Barrington bent her head with haughty grace on recognizing the Rev. Max Butler.

"I think you said Lady Trevor is Miss Barrington's aunt," resumed Mrs. Dormer,

as the heiress and Sir Gerard passed out of sight. "Does she always reside with her?"

"Yes, she has lived at Barrington House for several years. Her brother, Major Barrington, left his daughter to her care at his death, which occurred when she was a child. Lady Trevor's jointure is small. Indeed the Trevor rent-roll is not large, owing to the extravagance of the late Baronet, and it is thought Sir Gerard will marry his cousin, whose fortune will enable him to pay off the mortgages on his estate."

"Is it not near tea time?" Max continued, abruptly changing the conversation. "My long walk has given me an appetite. Do go, Josephine, and see what Winny is about, and hurry her in getting tea ready."

"So he is to marry his cousin!" thought Josephine, as she descended the cliff-path to the cottage, and a little sigh of envy escaped her. "He is the handsomest man I ever saw!" was her next mental observation. "How much to be envied in every way is this beautiful Miss Barrington! Surely some get more than their share of the good things of life! Some highly favoured children of earth pursue a pathway from the cradle to the grave fragrant with flowers and glittering with sunshine. Will there be any compensation in the next world, I wonder, for those whose walk in life is dark and rugged, and uninviting, and who pass along to the gloomy end weary and worn, and wounded!" While the young girl was thus soliloquising, a newly awakened feeling of envy shadowing her usually pleasant thoughts, Mrs. Dormer had renewed the conversation about the heiress, asking Max if she was very wealthy.

"Yes, the estate since her father's death has been well managed by the agent, Mr. Crofton, one of my parishioners,—and a shrewd, clever man in his way—and her money invested so as largely to increase her income. Her father left the property somewhat encumbered at his death. He was a dissipated, bad man, I have heard."

"And you heard the thruth for onct in your life." These words came abruptly in deep harsh tones, making the aunt and nephew look around in eager surprise. A singular-looking woman in the dress of the peasantry stood in the door of the summer-house, the soft moss which carpeted the rock having prevented their hearing her approaching footsteps.

"You heard nothing but the thruth," she repeated, her dark sunken eyes gleaming with angry excitement, "for a blacker villain never drew the breath of life than that same Major Barrington."

The hood of her blue cloak was drawn closely over her head, partly shading the dark, hollow-worn face, but the restless passionate eyes recalled to Max Butler's mind an elderly woman whom he had that day met in the house of a sick parishioner, and whom he understood was a well-known character in the neighbourhood.

"How did you get here?" he asked, in surprise. "I did not observe you coming up the path from the cottage."

"I came a shorter cut; I climbed up the rocks from the road below."

"Rather a difficult ascent," observed Mrs. Dormer, eyeing the stranger curiously; but as her eye rested on those stern features, so deeply lined either by sorrow or passion—perhaps both—a strong feeling of compassion stole into her heart, and she asked kindly if she could do anything for her.

"I didn't come for help. I'm not a beggar," she answered stiffly.

"Then what did you come for?" asked Max, sharply, displeased at her ungracious reply to his aunt.

"I come to ax your riverence for a bit of advice about a thing that's bothering the life out of me, but sure if you can't spake aisy to a body it's no use saying more about it. Parsons should be able to keep their timper, and not snap the head off one."

"I stand reprovred," said Max, with a

pleasant smile, amused at the strange manner of his new acquaintance.

"May I ask your name?"

"Dinah Blake, at your sarvice," was the curt reply.

Mrs. Dormer now left the summer-house and proceeded towards the cottage, supposing the woman would prefer a private conference with her nephew.

CHAPTER VII.

DINAH'S TETE-A-TETE WITH THE PARSON.

"I DJDN'T think you belonged to my flock," remarked the clergyman, as he motioned his visitor to a seat near him.

"Nor do I. I'm a Roman, as all my people was afore me, and you're a Prodestant." There was a slight ring of contempt in her voice.

"I am a Catholic," hastily interrupted the Rev. Max, who was imbued with High Church notions, and resented the idea of being called a Protestant.

"A Catholic!" repeated Dinah, in surprise. "Aren't you the new parson that's come lately to Carraghmore?"

"Yes, but I call myself a Catholic; I don't mean a Roman Catholic though," Max added by way of explanation.

"Och, that makes all the differ! You're one of the New Light, may be, for I hear that every day there's some new religion starting up, but it would be better for you if you belonged to the Ould Church."

"And so I do!" put in Max, decidedly. "I'm a minister of the Apostolic Catholic Church."

A scornful light flashed from Dinah Blake's keen dark eyes. "I didn't come here to discourse about religion," she said, coolly. "Sure, all you could say till doomsday wouldn't make me believe that your church is as ould as mine, come down to us from the Holy Apostles themselves, besides all the Saints and martyrs. It's no use

wasting talk upon that, and as I see you're a new hand at the business, take me advice and don't be thryin' to convert any of Father Burke's flock. It'll be worse for you if you do. The ould parson never done it."

"I am not trying to convert you," said Max, with a good humoured smile. "I know well the devotion of the Irish peasantry to the faith of their fathers, and have no intention of interfering with their religious belief."

"And where would be the use of it?" asked Dinah, bluntly. "Sure, they'd believe what the priest tells them agin all the praching of you Prodestants, even with the Lord Primate of all Ireland himself at your head."

"I quite agree with you there, but let us drop this discussion, and tell me in what way I can be of service to you. I think you said there was something troubling your mind."

"And so I did, your riverence! The Lord be good to us, but it's a world of throuble anyhow. It's happy for them that's well out of it. I wondher what the half of us miserable craythurs was ever sent into it for?" the woman added, with gloomy bitterness.

"To serve God and prepare for a better and happier world," was the clergyman's grave rejoinder to this passionate outburst of discontent.

"It isn't one in a hundhred does that, and small blame to them, when one thinks how hard it is!" she retorted vehemently. "What wid the divil tempting us," she continued, with a defiant look at Max, "and the bad passions in one's own heart, and the throuble and disthress, and poverty, sure it's few of God's craythurs will ever see the light of Heaven."

"Why do you take so gloomy a view of this matter," asked the clergyman, compassionately.

"Och, parson dear! isn't the gloomy view the thruue one?" she asked, with touch-

ing pathos—"at least for one like me," she hastily added, "that has one great sin to answer for."

"And it is that which troubles you?" Max remarked, interrogatively.

Dinah nodded an affirmative.

"It seems strange you should come to me for advice instead of Father Burke."

"The reason is just this, the priest wouldn't advise me unless I told him all in confession, and it doesn't suit me to do that."

"So there is a secret. Does it concern others as well as yourself?"

"To be sure it does! and it's on that account I don't want to tell it."

"But how can I give you any advice in the matter unless I understand more about it."

"True for you! and I'm going to make it as plain as I can to your reverence without telling all. Well, the truth is," Dinah continued, after a short pause, "I did a revenging act once in my life, and it was owing entirely to that bad man yourself and your aunt was talking about when I came up."

"Major Barrington!" repeated Max, in surprise.

"Himself, and no other! as wicked a man as the devil ever got into his clutches, and he has him now fast enough anyhow!" Dinah added, with the fiendish glitter of gratified revenge in her passionate eyes.

"You shouldn't rejoice in the ruin of an immortal soul," remarked the clergyman reprovingly.

"Shouldn't rejoice!" she exclaimed, hissing the words through her set teeth. "Shouldn't rejoice that the devil has got his own, when the black-hearted rascal was the ruin of one belonging to me! And it was on account of that I revenged myself on him."

"On account of what? Pray speak more to the point."

"Och, but it's hard to insert you into the meaning of it!" she exclaimed, with an impatient gesture. "Can't you understand

it was because of the great wrong he done one belonging to me."

"In what way did you carry out your revenge?"

"That just what I can't tell, but I want to know if I ought to make amends for it."

"Certainly, if it is in your power," was the clergyman's prompt answer.

"Aisy, your reverence. Now, suppose by remedying it as you say, I do another great wrong to an innocent creature, what then? Two wrongs won't make a right; so I'm puzzled entirely."

"I really cannot advise you unless you are more explicit," observed Max, rather impatiently. "I think the best thing you can do would be to reveal the secret in confession to your spiritual guide, Father Burke; he will no doubt be able to make your way clear before you."

"Faix, it's dark enough now at any rate!" remarked Dinah Blake, moodily. "I can't make up my mind to do as you say, because I know Father Burke would order me to right her by all means."

"Right whom?" enquired Max eagerly.

"That's part of my secret, your reverence."

"But why can't you decide upon doing right to the one you have wronged," he asked, his curiosity now fully aroused by the woman's strange communication.

"For the very good reason that in doing so I would be bringing ruin and disgrace to one who isn't to blame at all at all."

"It does seem a singular case," remarked the clergyman thoughtfully, but as I do not thoroughly understand it and you will not explain it fully, I really can give no other advice than what I have already given. How long is it since the evil act you regret was committed?"

"About eighteen years; a good while back your reverence."

"And is it only now it troubles your conscience?" Max enquired, with a look of surprise.

"Well, the thruth is, whilst I had health and strength it never bothered me at all ; I was so glad to be able to circumvint *him* you see."

"Who ?" enquired Max.

"The Major ! Who else ! Sure, I tould it to him on his dying bed, and had the joy of seeing him dhruv near out of his mind with the grief and rage, bekase he couldn't do nothing to remedy it then, being just in the clutch of death. Och, it was a glorious revinge !" and the restless black eyes flashed with cruel brightness as memory presented that death-bed scene in Barrington House, some eighteen years before.

"I am afraid you do not feel very penitent," observed the Rev. Max Butler, with grave rebuke.

"Sorra bit !" she answered curtly, a grim smile flickering over her stern features. "But you see I'm getting ould, and it's time to be thinking of makin' me sowl. The dhread of purgatory is afore me night and day. Bedad, it'll put me in me grave soon, if something isn't done to aise me conscience. Your Church does not believe in purgatory, your riverence."

"No ; we believe in an earthly purgatory, a purification by suffering here on earth, not after death, you know."

"Yes ; I know what you mane well enough, but that docthrine won't hould good in all cases, parson. It might for the poor and the sorrowful, for them that's steeped in poverty all their life—but what purgatory have the rich and the great in this world ! What purgatory had Major Barrington, the villain," she continued, an impetuous angry tones. "Wasn't all the blessings of heaven showered upon him here below ? and do you mane to say there's no fires of purgatory awaiting him in another world. Yes there is !" she added, with fierce vehemence. "I couldn't believe in the eternal justice of God if there was not. And he is up to his neck in them now ! and if one little prayer of mine could get him out I'd never say it. Not if I lived till Doomsday !"

"You should not cherish such intense hatred towards this man," said Max, sternly, shocked at the woman's vindictive outbreak.

"And why not ?" she demanded fiercely ; "didn't he bring disgrace and death to me door."

"Was he ever punished," asked Max, on whom there dawned some suspicion of this strange woman's grievance.

"Never ! What punishment does the law of the land allow to the black-hearted desaver, who leads an innocent girl astray ?" demanded Dinah, with wild excitement in her look and manner ; "and the raison is the men make the laws to suit themselves. Sure it would be different if the women had the upper hand, but that's what they'll never have ; the men will hould their own agin them to the end."

"And it is right they should," broke in Max, hastily, "for Adam was first formed, then Eve."

"Och, bother, parson ! do you mane to tell me that the Almighty ever intinded that the purtiest craythur he made should be kept down like a slave, and betrayed, and wronged, and kilt intirely just bekase she wasn't made afore the man. And it's a mane sneak that same Adam was," she continued, with a gesture of contempt and a ring of intense scorn in her voice. "Aftther ating the apple, and enjoying it as much as his wife, didn't he, the spalpeen, put all the blame upon her, instead of standing up bouldly and confessing his sin afore his Maker. Bedad, aftther that, there isn't a man among ye ought to hould up your heads ! It ought to take the consate out of ye !"

"You have not a high opinion of mankind, I see," said Max, with a hearty laugh.

"Thru for you, parson dear ! not but that I'll allow there is some good men to the fore, although it's a pity the number isn't greater. But I must be going, its gettin' late, for there's the sun sinking down behind the mountains, and I have a good piece of

the road between me and Pat Sullivan's, where I'm going to spend the night."

"I hope you will make up your mind to see Father Burke," observed Max, as Dinah rose to go away."

"I'll think about it," she answered coolly. "Faix, meself can't yet see the sinse of doing a great wrong to one in ordher to do right to another. It's mighty puzzling intirely, and bothers me a good dale when I think of dying."

"You should attend more to your religious duties, Dinah, and try to crush out of your heart the bitter hatred you feel towards a man long since in his grave," remarked the clergyman earnestly. "How can you expect God to forgive your sins if you don't forgive those who have injured you?"

"That's aisier said nor done," she answered doggedly. "Sure I have the bitter revingeful nature of me people, descinded from the Spaniards, they say."

"But, Dinah, you should remember you are getting old; death may take you away suddenly."

"Thru for you, parson dear, and I'm afeard I'll never see the light of glory," she replied, with mournful pathos and a quiver of emotion about the stern mouth. "It's the onchristian life I have led, sure enough, for many a long day, nursing the cruel malice and revinge in me heart's core, and now repintance doesn't come aisly to me, and worst of all I can't go to confession bekase I'd have to make a clane breast of it, and that's what I hate to think of. Bedad, it'll break me ould heart to bring disgrace on Nora's child!" This concluding remark she muttered, as if speaking to herself, but it caught the quick ear of Max, startling him with a sudden suspicion.

Just at this moment Josephine Dormer's graceful figure was seen at the cottage dooi, calling Max to come to tea.

Dinah Blake gazed at the beautiful girl with a strange look in her dark flashing eye.

"They are mighty like one another," she remarked, thoughtfully; "only she is fairer and more like him. She is mighty purty, that young cousin of yours," she continued, turning to Max with a significant look, and emphasising the word cousin.

"Yes," he answered curtly.

"They might aisly pass for sisthers; they're as like as two pase," Dinah continued, still eyeing Josephine with no loving look.

"You mean my cousin and Miss Barrington," remarked the clergyman, interrogatively.

"Av coorse I do."

"They certainly do resemble each other; the likeness struck me forcibly."

"So it might; any one with an eye can see it; the only differ betune them is the young heiress is taller and darker-skinned. And you call that girl your cousin!" Dinah resumed after a short pause.

"She is my cousin," was the short, half-irritable answer.

"I wondher how you, a parson, can tell such a barefaced lie!" said Dinah, as she faced the Rev. Max Butler indignantly. "And to tell it to me, too, who know all about her!"

"What do you know?" burst eagerly from Max, as the colour mounted to his face at the woman's blunt censure.

"This much anyhow, that she is not any kin of yours, and that she was left a foundling in the streets of Galway a good many years ago."

"How do you know that?"

"Aisy enough," was the evasive answer. "Wasn't I in Galway at the very time?"

"Do you know anything more about her?" asked Max, with eager curiosity. "Can you tell who her parents are?"

"How should I know!" but there was a gleam of intelligence in Dinah's quickly averted eye.

"You do know!" broke impetuously from Max.

"And—if I do know I'll keep it to me—

self," was the cool rejoinder, and she moved hastily away, as if anxious to avoid further enquiries. But Max was not to be put off so easily now that his curiosity was aroused. Springing after her he clutched her cloak with a strong grasp.

"I cannot let you go until you tell me all you know," he exclaimed with subdued vehemence.

"If you keep me here till Doomsday you'll get nothing more out of me," Dinah said, with cool determination.

"But I will compel you to speak out." Max was getting angry now, and spoke with unusual excitement.

"A purty timper you have for a parson, to be sure," Dinah observed, with cutting irony. "But ye are all alike, priest and parson, firing up, and ready to snap the head off one on the least provocation. Can't you spake aisy to a body?"

The clergyman calmed down at this sarcastic remark. "Tell me what you know of Josephine and her parents," he pleaded.

"I didn't say I knew anything about them. What put that in your head? And even if I did where's the use of telling it. Such stories are better hid nor brought to the fore."

Max seemed to think she was right, for he suddenly released her from his detaining grasp, and walked thoughtfully back to the summer-house, while Dinah, chuckling at having evaded his importunity, strode down the cliff-path and took the road to Carraghmore.

CHAPTER VIII.

A STARTLING SUSPICION.

AT the tea-table Max was unusually silent, pondering on what had occurred during his interview with his new acquaintance. Mrs. Dormer noticed his abstraction, and felt curious to know what had

passed between him and the singular-looking woman who called herself Dinah Blake.

After tea, she followed her nephew to the summer-house, whither he had retired to think the matter over, and abruptly introduced the subject by inquiring why he looked troubled and thoughtful.

He gladly confided to her what had been said relative to Josephine, anxious to see whether the same suspicion which had pained him would flash upon her mind. She heard him with deep interest, and he saw by her face that she thought as he did on the subject.

"Josephine must be the daughter of Major Barrington—her likeness to his legitimate child is, as you say, remarkable," Mrs. Dormer observed in tones of deep regret. The thought seemed a very painful one.

"I think we must come to that conclusion, unpleasant as it is," rejoined Max, moodily, "but who is her mother? Can it be the relative of whom Dinah spoke, the girl she called Nora, who sleeps in a dishonoured grave? Good Heavens, how painfully humiliating to think our Josephine is connected by the ties of blood with that woman!—her granddaughter, perhaps!" he added contemptuously.

"That is not the worst feature in the case," said Mrs. Dormer, quietly, "the illegitimacy of her birth is more to be regretted, and yet the discovery of that should not really surprise us; it is only what we might expect to learn, knowing what we do, that she is a foundling deserted by her parents."

"Still, I did hope that the mystery of her birth might be cleared up some day more to our satisfaction. It is dreadful to learn she is so base-born as to have to connect one like her with sin and dishonour."

"She need never know it, Max, and, of course, this painful discovery will make no change in our feelings towards her," said his aunt earnestly.

"She must never know it!" exclaimed

Max, vehemently, "the discovery would render her wretched, and darken her bright young life. To one of her pure, refined nature, the knowledge of her parents' sin and her mother's shame would shut out the light of earthly happiness forever."

"Dinah Blake evidently wishes to keep the secret," resumed Mr. Dormer, "therefore the unpleasant revelation is not likely to come from her."

"I suppose not. She is a woman, it seems, who can keep a secret. But what can the evil act be which she is so unwilling to disclose, and which she said embittered the last moments of Major Barrington's life?"

"Did she tell you that?" asked Mrs. Dormer, with a look of intense surprise, as a strange thought flashed through her mind.

"She certainly said so," and Max now related the rest of the conversation between him and Dinah Blake.

It seemed to strengthen the startling suspicion which had seized upon his aunt. "It could not surely be that!" she said as if speaking to herself, in a bewildered way.

"Could not be what?" he asked eagerly.

"A change of children," she replied.

"Bless me, I never thought of that!" burst from Max, excitedly. "Really, that is jumping at an absurd conclusion, Aunt Amy."

"I don't think it is absurd, Max. When we think of Dinah's assertion that the evil act was committed through revenge on Major Barrington, and that it was only revealed to him on his death-bed, suspicion points to that solution of the mystery."

"And you think Josephine is the legitimate daughter, and the true heiress of Barrington Height, Aunt Amy?"

"That is my supposition, Max, and I believe I am right. Did not Dinah speak of righting some one, and, in doing so, of bringing disgrace on an innocent person?"

"Yes, that was her chief difficulty—she felt unwilling to bring disgrace on Nora's

child. Really, you have thrown considerable light on this strange affair, aunt," and the clouded face of Max Butler brightened as he saw the dark shadows of a shameful birth roll away from Josephine's horizon.

"If Dinah Blake said that, the thing is plain enough in my opinion," remarked Mrs. Dormer confidently.

"I wonder that idea did not strike me," said Max thoughtfully. "It takes the acuter feminine mind to grasp it though. And now what is to be done in the matter? What steps can we take?"

"We can do nothing at present. I think Dinah's awakened conscience will make her do all that is necessary. We can only wait and watch, and hope that our dear Josephine will some day regain her own."

"And that poor girl, Miss Barrington, how I pity her!" resumed Max, sympathetically. "To think of the disgrace hanging over her head, ready to descend and envelope her in its mantle of shame! I do not wonder at the woman hanging back, unwilling to crush her with the heavy blow she has it in her power to give. And she will feel it keenly, too, in her intense pride of birth and station. Really, aunt, I have no wish that this shameful secret should be made public." Max continued, in his great sympathy with the beautiful heiress, "Josephine is quite happy and perfectly contented in her present sphere, believing herself your daughter. Why then should she be exalted to a higher station at the expense of an innocent girl's happiness, and by bringing her down to the depths of a bitter humiliation?"

"It does seem very hard certainly, but still Josephine is dearer to us than this Miss Barrington, Max, and we must not forget her interests in our sympathy with the one who unconsciously has usurped her rights. However, we will do nothing in this matter, but let things quietly take their course. If it is the will of Providence to bestow worldly advantages upon Josephine, I do not think

we should regret it, or throw any obstacles in the way from motives of compassion to one who is a perfect stranger to us. You seem to have taken quite a fancy to this haughty heiress, Max," Mrs. Dormer added with an arch smile.

"I admire her exceedingly, but admiration is not love, aunt," and Max gave a little embarrassed laugh.

"But it may become love, Max, and I fear the poor parson of Carraghmore would have little chance of winning the proud mistress of Barrington Height."

"She may not always be the heiress, aunt."

"No," she said, coldly, "but, in that case, what a stain would rest upon her birth!"

The Rev. Max winced at this, but made no reply, and Josephine now joining them, the subject was dropped.

Some weeks passed on very pleasantly for the Dormers, especially for Josephine, before whom a bright new path in life had opened. At the request of Sir Gerard Trevor, Max had introduced him to his aunt and cousin, and he became a frequent visitor at the cottage. Lady Trevor and Miss Barrington made a formal call on the clergyman's family, and this acquaintance with the heiress was extremely gratifying to Josephine and particularly pleasing to Max. In their intercourse, however, the proud girl was often too supercilious, making them feel her condescension in noticing them, and the difference in their positions. This was rather exasperating to Max—suspecting what he did—in spite of all his admiration for the haughty beauty, and he prepared to exorcise the demon which had taken possession of her. Therefore one Sunday morning he preached an eloquent sermon on the sin of pride, describing in forcible language its sinfulness in the sight of Heaven. Eva Barrington listened with profound attention, as she always did, to the handsome clergyman's clever discourses, and he, in his simple faith

in the power of preaching, hoped he had made the desired impression; but on glancing towards her near the conclusion of his sermon, this illusion was dispelled, for he detected a gleam, half scornful, half defiant, in the brilliant eyes fixed on him so intently. The sermon, like most others, did no good. The demon of pride retained possession of Eva Barrington; there was the same chilling hauteur in her manner, the same imperious look in her dark, handsome face, and Max felt that his oratorical display was in vain. However, in all his plans for doing good in the parish, she was his able supporter, her purse was ever open to the claims of charity, for, with all her pride, she was kind to the poor.

It was about a month after the arrival of the Dormers at Carraghmore that Josephine received an invitation one morning to spend the evening at Barrington House, and take part in some *tableaux vivants* got up by Sir Gerard Trevor and his cousin. This was a great event in the quiet life of Josephine, and the evening was looked forward to with intense excitement, in which Max participated not a little, for he, too, was an invited guest. The pony carriage was kindly sent by Miss Barrington for the clergyman and his cousin, and as it drove slowly up the steep approach to the house, they had leisure to admire the magnificent view its elevated situation commanded. At the pillared entrance stood Lady Trevor and her son, looking seaward through a telescope, watching some outward-bound vessels gliding in full sail over the calm ocean. Lady Trevor's reception of the Rev. Maxwell Butler and Miss Dormer was very courteous. She seemed much struck with the singular beauty of Josephine, and Max observed that her eyes dwelt frequently on her with a wondering expression. Once he heard her whisper to Sir Gerard: "The likeness is certainly striking, but such is handsomer than Eva."

Among the guests was a young lady who,

as well as Josephine, had only lately arrived in the neighbourhood. She was the daughter of Mr. Crofton, the agent of Miss Barrington's estate. He also had other agencies in the county, and one of a very large property belonging to Lord Arranmore, an Irish absentee, who resided chiefly on the continent, travelling from one European city to the other in quest of pleasure, living in a constant whirl of gaiety and excitement. Miss Crofton had been residing with an aunt in Dublin for the benefit of her education. That was now said to be completed, and she had recently returned to her father's handsome home—situated a few miles from Carraghmore—highly accomplished, report said, and certainly very attractive, graceful and lady-like. She was about the same age as Josephine and Eva Barrington, but her style of beauty was different from either. Her hair was of the palest gold, her eyes a grayish blue, clear and brilliant, lighting up with every change of feeling; her complexion was clear, white and red, but the features were not regular, the nose was a little *retroussé*, and the mouth rather large, the lips well-shaped, disclosing, however, when she laughed, teeth of glittering whiteness. Her laugh, too, was very pleasing, its ring so merry yet so musical. The bright joyous nature of the girl had not yet been depressed by sad influences. To her "life's bitterness was still untried," and the happiness she felt showed itself on her fair young face. She was tall, with a lithe grace of movement, her rich costume—the work of a Dublin *modiste*—showing off her fine figure to advantage. This was Miss Crofton's first appearance in public since her return home, and she attracted considerable admiration. The Rev. Maxwell Butler was quite taken with this new face; though it had not the statuesque beauty of Josephine, or the haughty loveliness of Miss Barrington, still it possessed an indescribable charm for him. He was rather impressionable, this young clergyman. He had been very near falling in

love with the Juno-like heiress, but had been repelled by the chilling hauteur of her manner, which told him as plainly as words could do, that she was only to be worshipped at a distance, and he had too much good sense to pour out his homage before an unattainable idol. As there was no chance of winning the affections of the proud mistress of Barrington House, he turned his attention towards this new and less radiant star which had just risen upon the confined horizon of the little world of Carraghmore. Miss Crofton, unlike the heiress, seemed quite flattered by the attentions of the handsome parson. The evening passed pleasantly, the *tableaux vivants* were a great success, and Miss Barrington and Josephine looked peerless in the characters they respectively selected. But Max was not permitted to see the close of the entertainment. A summons to attend the bed of a dying parishioner obliged him to leave rather early, and he bade a reluctant adieu to the festive scene, thinking solemn thoughts as he walked along quickly in the summer moonlight, for the painful contrast between that scene of gaiety and the house of mourning he was about to enter struck him forcibly. Sir Gerard Trevor escorted Miss Dormer home, secretly rejoicing at the absence of Max, which gave him this opportunity of enjoying a *tête-à-tête* with Josephine. The night was one of summer beauty. A cloudless moon was flinging its brilliant light on wooded steeps and secluded glens and wild sea-coast, while the restless ocean shimmered beneath the radiant beams. Slowly the baronet drove the pony phaeton in order to prolong this delightful *tête-à-tête*. His attentions to Josephine during the evening had been marked. There was a charm in Josephine's *naïve* conversation to this young man accustomed to the society of fashionable young ladies. She had cast a spell around him by the witchery of her manner as well as by her singular beauty, and forgetting her want of birth or fortune, forget-

ting everything except his own passionate love, he was ready to lay himself and title at her feet, withheld only by the wish first to gain her pure, innocent affections. He wanted to be loved for himself alone—not accepted simply on account of the rank or station in society which a marriage with him would confer.

On reaching the cottage they met Max, just returned from fulfilling his painful duty at the death-bed to which he had been so hastily summoned, his manner completely sobered by the solemnity of the scene he had recently left, and his mind full of perplexing thoughts whether he had done right in being present at the gaities at Barrington House in the previous part of the evening. Surely the life of a clergyman should be one of greater self-denial, he told himself repeatedly. Had he not felt how unprepared his mind was to face death, when called suddenly from a place of amusement to administer a solemn rite to the dying. It was the first time that anything of the kind had occurred, and Max determined it should be the last. He would accept no more invitations to scenes even of innocent recreation, but would come out from the world and devote himself to the sacred duties of his profession. Only in that way could he hope to serve God and win souls; for what influence for good can a clergyman have whose life is not unworldly and full of self-denial?

CHAPTER IX.

THE INTERVIEW ON THE SEA-SHORE.

IT was the evening after the festivities at Barrington House. Winny, Mrs. Dormer's faithful old servant, had gone down to the beach to gather shell-fish. She had filled her pail, and, feeling tired after the labours of the day, seated herself on a low rock to enjoy the quiet beauty of the summer eve, as she listened to the deep boom-

ing of the waves along the shore. The sun was setting, and lighting up with crimson glory the broad expanse of ocean, and touching with golden lustre the rugged summits of the tall grey cliffs.

"It's a beautiful evening, ma'am, glory be to God!"

The sudden salutation, and steps crunching the pebbly shore, made Winny turn eagerly round. A woman of respectable appearance stood near her. Winny recognized her as one of the servants from Barrington House, Nurse Lynch as she was called. Having been Eva's nurse, she was now her most privileged domestic, as the nurse is in most Irish families. On the preceding evening, Nurse Lynch had assisted at the toilet of her young mistress and Miss Dormer when preparing for the *tableaux vivants*. Josephine's necklace having become unclasped, she had asked this woman to fasten it for her. As she did so, the peculiar mark behind the girl's shell-like ear caught the nurse's attention. A low exclamation of astonishment escaped her, and her hands trembled so she could with difficulty render the little service required of her. She, as well as others, had noticed the striking resemblance between Miss Dormer and Eva Barrington, and this little discovery had given that resemblance a strange importance in her eyes. A deep feeling of curiosity was awakened in the woman's mind, and it was with the hope of having it gratified, and her suspicions either confirmed or removed, that she sought this interview with Mrs. Dormer's servant.

"It's mighty pleasant by the sea-side this warm evening," she continued, taking a seat beside Winny.

"Thru for you, ma'am," was the laconic answer.

"They had fine doings up at the house last night; and your young lady was the belle of the party." This was said in Nurse Lynch's most insinuating tones.

"Sure there's nothing strange in that,

and she so mighty purty," was Winny's cool rejoinder.

"She's from Galway, I believe?"

"Yes, we come from there."

"Have you lived long with Mrs. Dormer?"

"About twenty years."

"She's a kind misthress no doubt?"

"Sorra betther from here to Dublin."

"Is Miss Dormer her only child?"

"No, she had another, but it did not live."

"Then Miss Josephine is her only living child?"

"Maybe she isn't her child at all!" said a voice, suddenly, near them; and an old woman, wrapped in a blue cloak, came from behind a huge rock, at the foot of which she had been sitting, before unnoticed.

"Do you know who we're talking about?" asked Nurse Lynch, eyeing the stranger with mingled curiosity and surprise. Winny, too, stared at the woman, having a dim perception that she had seen her face before, but where or when she could not recollect.

"Is it know what you're talking about?" asked the new comer, with a contemptuous curl of her thin lip. "Maybe I do, betther nor yourself, Nurse Lynch. You came down to palaver *her*"—with a significant nod towards Winny—"you wish to find out all about it. It's mighty puzzling, isn't it, ma'am?"

"Blessed Virgin! who are you at all?"

The old woman smiled grimly at Nurse Lynch's astonishment. "You'll know one of these days," was the curt reply, as she turned abruptly away.

Both women watched her tall figure till she was out of sight. Then Winny remarked she had seen her before.

"Where?" eagerly demanded the nurse.

"In Galway, about ten years ago. I couldn't remimber at first where it was I seen her, but it's come to me quite sudent."

"What's come to you? Arrah, spake plain, woman."

"All about her, av coorse," retorted Winny, rather indignantly.

"Sure, I know that, but what was it?" The tones were now more conciliating.

"Well, one day she called at our house in Galway, and axed lave to light her pipe."

"And is that all ye have to tell me about her?" interrupted Nurse Lynch, in a disappointed voice.

"If you have the patience to listen and not be snapping the words out of one's mouth, you'll hear more, ma'am," rejoined Winny, with an important air. "Well, as I was saying, she axed lave to light her pipe; and while she was smoking it, Miss Josephine come into the kitchen, and when the woman saw her she started and axed so many questions about her bedad, that me tongue was tired answering them. She's a cute one, I tell ye. She got round me so with her palaver, that I tould her widout maning it."

"Tould what?" was Nurse Lynch's eager question.

"Faith, then, I'm not going to bethray the saycret the second time," said Winny, with determination; and, rising suddenly, she took up her painful of shell-fish.

"Stop a moment! where's the hurry!" and Nurse Lynch laid her detaining grasp on Winny's arm, the eager curiosity to learn more gleaming in her gray eyes. "Sit down again, woman dear, and let us have a confab together. That's a good young man—the parson I mane. He's a kind masther, no doubt; he'll be for marrying Miss Josephine, maybe?"

"No, he won't. They're too much like brother and sister for that," was Winny's blunt answer, as she seated herself once more, yielding to the wishes of her new acquaintance.

"Miss Josephine will look higher, perhaps?" observed Nurse Lynch, significantly. "The young baronet is greatly taken with her, they say; but I'm afeard there's no chance of his marrying her."

"And why not?" asked Winny, sharply. "Isn't she good enough for him?"

"Purty enough she is, anyhow," was the cautious rejoinder.

"Ay, and good enough, too, why not?" said Winny, with an offended air.

"But, you see, there's a saycret about her birth," put in Nurse Lynch, quietly, with a meaning smile.

"Who said there was," asked Winny, testily.

"Yourself, woman alive; sure there's no use in getting so angry about it."

"Well, if there is a saycret, it's none of your business, ma'am," retorted Winny, stiffly, as she rose to her feet; and bidding Nurse Lynch a cold good evening, she turned abruptly away.

"She's cuter than I thought," was the nurse's mental observation as she stood watching Winny's sturdy-looking figure hastily retreating in the direction of the cottage. She felt irritated at being baffled in her attempts to get at the truth about Miss Josephine's birth. "There was a saycret in it, anyhow, that was plain enough," she told herself, exultingly. Winny had let that out unknown to herself. Her suspicions were not groundless. That conviction was so much gained, at any rate, and she hoped yet to ferret out the whole affair. That strange woman in the blue cloak had said she would know all about it some day. But who was that woman, and what had she to do at all in the matter? what concern was it of hers? It was all mighty' queer intirely, and as she returned slowly to Barrington House, she pondered deeply upon all that had been said on the sea-shore that summer evening.

On her way home she stopped to rest awhile at a cabin on the roadside, and have a chat with Nance Dillon, the "dacent" woman who owned it. Nance felt herself highly honoured by a visit from Nurse Lynch from the big house. The best chair was carefully dusted before it was offered to the welcome visitor, and the pig was driven from

the door, and kept at bay by a gossoon with a stout stick, lest it should dare invade the kitchen while it was honoured with her presence.

"Sure it's glad I am to see you intirely, ma'am; and how is the young mistress and the quality up at the house?"

While Nurse Lynch was replying to this question, the gaunt, weird figure who had so abruptly accosted her on the sea-shore passed the cabin door, and she eagerly inquired who she was.

"That's Dinah Blake, the Lord be good to her, the craythur!" was Nance Dillon's pathetic answer.

"She's a sthranger in these parts. I never remimber seeing her afore."

"Och, she isn't a sthranger at all, ma'am. She used to live here onct in her life—that was afore your time, Mrs. Lynch. Indeed she was a sarvint up at the big house when the ould masther lived there long ago. But when the black throuble darkened her door, she left the counthry all of a suddint, and never showed her face here for many a day. She is come back agin, but I'm thinking she won't stay long. She'll be off on the thramp agin in no time. The grief about poor Nora turned her head, and sure no wondher."

"Who was Nora, and what happened to her?"

"A young daughter of Dinah's that went to her grave in shame and sorrow. She lies beyant there in St. Bride's this many a year."

"And what became of her child?—she had one, I suppose?" asked Nurse Lynch, with eager curiosity. A new light was dawning upon the mystery that perplexed her.

"It died, Dinah said; and sorra word more could anybody get out of her about it."

"Are you sure it died? Can the woman's word be depinded on?"

"Faith, I dunno; but that's what she said, anyhow."

"How long is it since she left here?" was Nurse Lynch's next query; the subject seemed to interest her.

"Nearly twenty years, as near as I can count. It might be a year or two less or more, I can't say for sartain."

"And she has not been in the country since until now?" This was said interrogatively.

"Only onct since ; and that was when the major died ; you remimber the time yourself, ma'am, whin you was sint off with the young heiress to Ennis, to be out of the way of the sickness, the spotted faver that sthruck him down so suddint. Dinah Blake came back then, and bedad she helpt me to nurse him awhile, just afore he died, bekase I was worn out intirely for want of sleep."

"It was mighty kind of her, to be sure, but maybe she had a motive in it," remarked Nurse Lynch, thoughtfully. "Who was it

led Nora asthray?" she asked, abruptly, after a short pause.

"Sorra one ever knew except Dinah herself."

"And did she never tell it to anybody?"

"Never ! you daren't spake to her about it. The grief and shame near dhruv her out of her mind, and faith no wondher ! for isn't the black disgrace the worst throuble of all. Sure there's nothin' so bad as that, the saints betune us and harm !"

Nurse Lynch made no reply to this pathetic observation. The twilight was deepening fast, and as she had still some distance to walk, she bade Nance Dillon a kind good night, and continued her way to Barrington House, thinking deeply.

MY MESSENGER BIRDS.

BY F. A. DIXON.

SEA-gulls, flying to me,
 Have you a message to tell
 From my love, my dear love at sea,
 Say ! sweet birds, is he well ?

I.

I have a message for thee,
 From thy dear love far out at sea ;
 First it was told to the wind,
 But the wind, playful wind, stays behind,
 And scatters the wavelets in play,
 As hay-makers scatter the hay.
 I have flown home on swift wing,
 And this is the message I bring—
 "I am well, love, and think but of thee."

II.

I bring a message for thee,
 From thy dear love far out at sea ;
 First it was told to the wind,
 But the wind, faithless wind, stays behind,
 And drives up the waves as a flock,

Till they break on the decks with a shock,
 And the topmast is hidden in clouds ;
 But a voice came from high up the shrouds.
 I have flown home on swift wing,
 And this is the message I bring—
 "I fear, love, yet think but of thee."

III.

I bring a message for thee,
 From thy dear love far out at sea ;
 First it was told to the wind,
 But the wind, cruel wind, stays behind,
 Rending the sails from the mast,
 While waves fall heavy and fast,
 And strike the poor ship till she reels.
 Her bulwarks are splintered and shorn,
 And her cordage is broken and torn.
 Alas ! for the poor ship at sea,
 And the voice which came floating to me !
 I have come home on swift wing,
 And this, its last message, I bring—
 "Good-bye, love, I think but of thee."

 THE LATE SESSION OF THE PARLIAMENT OF ONTARIO.

BY A BYSTANDER.

OUR article on the recent struggle in the Parliament of Ontario drew from the organs of both parties some comments, the friendly tone of which we acknowledge with pleasure, accepting it as an indication that our article was, in spirit at least, not otherwise than impartial. We will only venture to remark that, while an anonymous writer refrains from any abuse of his privilege, it is better, in the general interest of the press, to respect his incognito. In the United States it is the rule to break through the incognito, and to give every discussion as personal a character as possible ; but this rule, in our humble judgment, is more honoured in the breach than in the observance. The moral influence of the press, like all moral influence, will ultimately depend upon its submission to necessary restrictions, among which, as we believe, are the preservation, for legitimate purposes, of the anonymous character, and of the impersonality of discussion.

We noticed as questionable the censure of the last Parliament involved in the amendment to the address which was carried by the Opposition. It has been replied that we must have overlooked the fact that the Railway Subsidies Act, at which the censure was levelled, had been condemned by the country at the polls. We, however, did not overlook this fact, which was indisputable, and was clearly proved by the secession of some of the Ministerialists from their party on the Railway question. But a Parliament formally assembled is not at liberty to exercise the

freedom of the hustings ; it is bound by rules intended for the preservation of its own dignity and the maintenance of the sovereign authority, of which it is the depository for the time being. A vote of censure on the Legislature which had passed the Railway Subsidies Act, implied a vote of censure on the Lieutenant-Governor who had signed the Act, which few would contend to be in accordance either with the forms or with the spirit of the Constitution. Without imputing any wrong intentions, we remain of opinion that an error was in fact committed, and one which, if Parliament wishes to preserve its authority and dignity, should be avoided for the future. No harm can result from the restriction, since it is always open to the Opposition to move no-confidence in the Government, and the motion will be carried if the policy of the Government is on any ground condemned by the majority of the House. Or if an Act of Parliament, carried under the influence of the Government, is the special object of reprobation, the repeal of the Act may be moved, and the Government, if its policy is identified with the Act, will, upon its repeal being carried, be compelled to resign. Should a Parliament ever exceed its legal powers, its successor will, of course, be called upon to vindicate the law, and in doing so will condemn the Legislature which broke it. But it cannot be contended that, in passing the Railway Subsidies Act, Parliament and the Lieutenant-Governor had exceeded their legal powers. Nor could anything be founded on the use of the vague term "unconstitutional." The legal act of a constitutional legislature, however impolitic, cannot be unconstitutional, at all events where there is a written constitution. In England, where there is no written constitution, the term unconstitutional has a substantive meaning, denoting that which is contrary to the unwritten law.

After such a storm as that which raged at the opening of the Session, the waves for a time will continue to run high ; and it was

almost inevitable that a great amount of the public time should be consumed in recriminations. Such recriminations are not the less to be deprecated. The lavish use of them, and of mutual imputations on character, has done as much as anything to reduce public life in the United States to its present low level, and to make the name of politician in that country almost incompatible with the reputation of a man of honour. When charges of roguery and corruption are bandied to and fro, though there may be but little foundation for the charge on either side, both sides are to some extent believed by the people. Members anxious for the reputation of the House, and for the dignity of public life, will interpose to check these affrays, and to relegate the discussion to the party press, unless one of the combatants takes upon himself the responsibility of putting his charge in form and demanding an investigation. In the present instance investigation took place in two cases. In one of the two—a charge made against the new Prime Minister of having used improper means to bring about the secession of a member of the late Cabinet—the tribunal having been constituted, the accuser declined to appear. His ground for refusing was the form which the investigation had taken, and which was different from that desired by himself. But if the connection of his own name with his charge in the resolution appointing the committee was the point of his objection, he was certainly in error. When facts, forming a case for inquiry, are before the House, it is open to any member to move for a committee without assuming the personal responsibility of an accuser ; but when, as in the present instance, there are no facts before the House, he who impeaches the character of another member must not refuse to connect his own name with the impeachment. The liberty of moving for a fishing committee, to collect the materials of an indictment, would be liable to the gravest objections.

Altercations, renewed till the public was more than weary of them, and inquiries instituted with little prospect of a definite result, have brought to light just enough to confirm us in the conviction that public life, if it is the highest of all callings, is the lowest of all trades, and that while there are some public men who embrace the calling, there are others who ply the trade. It is for the youth of Canada, at this most critical moment of their country's history, highly to resolve that they will shun and discourage the trade, and that, so far as in them lies, the nation shall be ruled, not by venal adventurers, but by patriotism and honour.

In these skirmishes, and generally through the Session, the new Opposition appeared in a very unorganized condition. The allegiance of the party having been withdrawn from, or declined by, its former chief, the lead was assumed, though not very definitely, by a member universally respected for his integrity and conscientiousness, but who, as a tactician, failed to carry the party with him. His tactics appeared too forensic for a political assembly. Extreme tenacity in fighting every possible point, however secondary and however doubtful, may be the duty of an advocate and may gratify a client, but it never fails to produce a bad effect on statesmen. A prudent leader will carefully select the issues on which victory is attainable or battle unavoidable, and will husband the pugnacity of his party for the decisive field. Such caution is especially necessary at a time when the party is discouraged by recent defeat and mistrustful of the strategy of its chief.

One of the most fruitful themes of recrimination was the acceptance by the late Speaker of a place in the new Ministry, which was alleged to have imparted to the Government the odious character of a coalition. What the ties of this gentleman may have been to his former associates, and whether his acceptance of office was a violation of those ties, are personal questions, which a by-stander

does not presume to touch. But when we are called upon to determine whether a Government of Ontario or Canada is a coalition, formed in disregard of party principles, we must ask ourselves what the principles of the parties in Ontario or in Canada are. The question is a serious one for the community; for party without party principles inevitably becomes faction; and faction as inevitably supports itself by intrigue, demagogism, and corruption.

Burke has declared party divisions to be inseparable from free government, and in another well-known passage he has thus defined party—"Party is a body of men united for promoting, by their joint endeavours, the national interest upon some particular principle in which they are all agreed. For my part, I find it impossible to conceive that any one believes in his own politics, or thinks them to be of any weight, who refuses to adopt the means of having them reduced into practice. It is the business of the speculative philosopher to mark the proper ends of government. It is the business of the politician, who is the philosopher in action, to find out proper means towards those ends, and to employ them with effect. Therefore every honourable connexion will avow it is their first purpose to pursue every just method to put the men who hold their opinions into such a condition as may enable them to carry their common plans into execution, with all the power and authority of the State. As this power is attached to certain situations, it is their duty to contend for these situations. Without a proscription of others, they are bound to give to their own party the preference in all things, and by no means for private considerations to accept any offer in which the whole body is not included, nor to suffer themselves to be led, or to be controlled, or to be overbalanced in office or council by those who contradict the very fundamental principles on which their party is formed, and even those upon which every fair connexion must stand. Such a generous

contention for power, on such manly and honourable maxims, will easily be distinguished from the mean and interested struggle for place and emolument. The very style of such persons will serve to discriminate them from "those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude."

It is remarkable that the very man who penned this classic apology for party, himself held office under the exceptionally odious coalition of Fox and North, and afterwards broke away in the most open and violent manner from the party with which he had acted all his life. But not to dwell upon this *argumentum ad hominem*, it will be observed that Burke assumes, as the foundation and justification of party, agreement in some particular principle, for the promotion of which the party is formed. This, he distinctly implies, is necessary to prevent the "generous contention for power" from becoming "a mean and interested struggle for place and emolument," to keep a "fair connexion" distinct from a gang of impostors with professions above the level of humanity, and a practice below that of the vulgar, to save the "philosopher in action" from degenerating into a low-caste politician. And in England a particular principle, to form the basis of agreement and united action, has always existed and still exists. Every one knows the characteristic sentiments and objects of a Cavalier, Tory or Conservative, on one side, of a Roundhead, Whig or Radical, on the other. The history of British party is a series of struggles between rival principles in relation to great questions, such as Prerogative, the power of the House of Lords, the conflict with the American Colonies, the War against the French Republic, Religious Emancipation, Parliamentary Reform. And still, in England, the Conservatives have something to conserve, the Reformers have something to reform—the House of Lords, the State

Church of England, the English Land Law, the remaining limitations on the Franchise, Denominational Education. But in this country, now that responsible and Parliamentary government has been fully conceded, the franchise extended almost as far as anybody wishes to extend it, and religious equality established by the secularization of the Clergy Reserve, what is the particular principal agreement which holds either of the two parties together? What is there for Conservatives to conserve or for Reformers to reform? What but mere personal fidelity to connexion binds together our public men, the chief of whom have in fact for the most part appeared in every sort of combination? What is there to preserve our parties from gradually becoming mere factions, and our country from becoming the unhappy scene of a perpetual struggle of factions for place, and being infested with the corruption and all the other evils which the conflicts of unprincipled ambition produce, and which have infested even England whenever the conflict of principles has slackened, as it did in the time of Walpole, and in the early part of the reign of George III?

In Dominion politics there is evidently still, if not a dividing principle, a dividing interest, which was involved in one of the two questions chiefly raised at the polls in Ontario—the assassination of Scott. The other question, the Railway Subsidies Act, was merely administrative, and contained nothing in itself indicative of any party principle, though it may be supposed that the agitation about it was not unconnected with the agitation about the Scott murder, and that both were parts of an effort to overthrow a Provincial Government which was subordinate and auxiliary to a Dominion Government based on the French interest.

We repeat that this is a serious question. Original as we pride ourselves on being on this continent, we do in fact import our fashions rather blindly in politics as well as in building, food and dress. Party, apparently,

has its justification, and its sole guarantee against corruption, in the circumstances of the old country, which are such that a man of honour may there sink his individual opinion on minor points to support the leader with whom he agrees on the main question ; though even in the old country the unwillingness of independent minds, especially on the liberal side, to bow to party discipline, is every day increasing, and giving more trouble to the party " whip." In Canada, so far as we can see, party can have no permanent justification, no lasting guarantee against corruption. But as party principle dies away, faction, with its system of caucuses, wire-pullers and tickets, practically depriving the people of the free exercise of the franchise, will probably increase, and we may at last fall under the domination, to use once more the masterly language of Burke, " of those nameless impostors who have deluded the ignorant with professions incompatible with human practice, and have afterwards incensed them by practices below the level of vulgar rectitude." Unhappily, however incensed the public may be, its ire, when faction is once in the saddle, will be vain ; the wire-puller becomes all-powerful, and freedom of suffrage is gone—gone past redemption—for individual effort is utterly powerless against the tyranny which has in its hands the party organization, the nomination of all candidates, and the press.

Under a reign of organized faction, men of pure mind may, perhaps, continue to enter public life in the belief that they can purify it by their influence, but they will find themselves compelled to pay homage to the wire-puller, to become his accomplices, though at first with averted eyes, in the use of corrupt agencies, and ultimately to descend to his level.

To those who are strongly impressed with the existence of these dangers, the election for North Simcoe of a candidate who professed allegiance to neither of the two organizations, was welcome as an instance of the

free use of the suffrage, and a proof of unabated independence of spirit among the people.

The most important measure of the Session was the abolition of Dual Representation, moved and carried by the new Government in honourable fulfilment of a pledge given by them in opposition. It appears certain that this measure was desired by the people. In its first aspect it belongs to a class of self-denying ordinances well known to students of political history as equally popular and unstatesmanlike. Some positions are radically incompatible with each other, as those of a party politician and a judge. But with these exceptions, able men do an injury to the State when they preclude themselves from serving it in any way or number of ways in their power ; and the people, however they may be gratified by the appearance of self-abnegation and hostility to pluralism, are really wronged when good objects are withdrawn from a choice which is not too often exercised aright. It may be too much for most men to sit both in the Provincial and in the Dominion Legislatures, though the united sessions are not equal in length to a session of the British House of Commons. But this difficulty would settle itself in each individual case. That there will be a sufficiency of able men, at least of able men who can command seats for both legislatures is a pleasant assumption, but unfortunately not agreeable to experience. The gist of the matter, however, and the real ground for the measure, no doubt lie in the following extracts from the debate :

MR. SINCLAIR asked who in this House was endeavouring to take away the people's rights? Every man in the House had consulted his constituents on the subject, and his (Mr. Sinclair's) constituents had pronounced in favour of the Bill. There was one reason why this Bill should pass : it was this—during the last four years the shadow of the Ottawa Government had rested on this

House. This was peculiarly the case in reference to the murder of Thomas Scott. The House could not speak out on the matter because their action might interfere with the action of the Ottawa Government. The same remark might apply with respect to the question of the Nova Scotia Subsidy. He hoped that the House would for ever rid itself of the emissaries of the Ottawa Government. For these reasons he would cordially support the Bill, for it would prove of great benefit to the Province. The passage of this Bill would create an Ontario feeling in this House, and make every member of the House feel as proud of his position as if he were a member of the Federal Parliament.

MR. BLAKE (*President of the Council*).—The position of the Reform party in regard to the Federal Government was, that they argued against alliance as well as against hostility. Their position was this, that the Local Government should be perfectly independent of the Central Government, and should neither be entangled by alliance nor embarrassed by hostility. And he spoke for this Government when he said that it was prepared to defend itself as against hostile efforts; but when Dual Representation was abolished, then there was also abolished the danger of entangling alliances as well as of embarrassing hostilities. Cases might occur at Ottawa in the future, when the interests of Ontario might be at stake, and in this event it would be of the highest moment that party alliances should not be brought into play; for her interests might be sacrificed to party considerations. If we desire to preserve the independence of the Province, we must abolish Dual Representation, and the independence of each of the Provinces was necessary for the working of the Federal system.

The object here stated is clear enough, but it may be doubted whether it is attainable. In the United States, though there is, we believe, no legal restriction on double election, the State Legislatures are in prac-

tice quite distinct from the Federal Legislature; yet the influence of Federal party pervades the State Legislatures, and not only the State Legislature, but the smallest municipal election. And so it will always be under party government. The great organizations will everywhere be present, and make everything subservient to themselves. If, indeed, the politics of Ontario could become the chief object of interest to her citizens, and the offices of her Government the chief aim of their ambition, the complete severance of the legislatures might have the desired effect. But the departure of the two leaders of the Government party, and the two foremost men in the House, from the Provincial to the Federal Legislature, which is the first consequence of the measure, at once demonstrates that Ottawa, not Toronto, is the centre, even to Ontario politicians; and this being the case, it may be taken as certain that parties, and the leaders of party, at Toronto, will continue to be subordinate to the leaders at Ottawa.

The framers of our constitution do not seem, if we may judge from the debates on Confederation, to have very clearly forecast the practical relations of the Federal and Provincial Legislatures to each other under a system of party government. It is a subject which invites the attention of those interested in the working of the Constitution.

The policy of subsidizing railways has been continued on an extended scale. This is a question, to some extent, of local experience, and one which, on that account, a by-stander scarcely presumes to approach. Yet an experience widely based and applicable to all localities assures us,—first, that the attempts of a government to stimulate private enterprise are apt to lead to improvident undertakings, and thus to a misdirection of capital peculiarly injurious in a young country; and, secondly, that though the constant control of Parliament may prevent the corrupt action of Government, we have no security that Parliament itself will not be-

come the scene of corruption. No legislature can be placed by wealth and general character more above corruption than the British, yet it is notorious that both Houses of Parliament were the scenes of great corruption during the early period of railway legislation. We may add that the phrase "opening up of country," so current in connection with this subject, is one of the many popular phrases which have a tendency to mislead. The great object of economical legislation should be to induce the incoming population to settle close and to farm high; close settlement being, besides nearness to markets and other material advantages, an almost necessary condition of high civilization. The rapid opening up of large tracts of country has an opposite tendency in both respects. Some parts of the Western States have been opened up till the farming is about the worst in the world, and corn, in default of purchasers, is sometimes used as fuel. Meantime the land is undergoing a process of exhaustion which, it is to be feared, even in Canada somewhat threatens our ultimate prosperity as an agricultural nation.

These questions have been raised by the existence of a large surplus. The existence of a surplus, generally speaking, is a proof that too much has been taken by Government from the people; and the most obvious, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the best, course, is to return the balance by a remission of taxation, or by providing out of the surplus for objects which would otherwise necessarily call for taxation in the future.

The Government model farm formed another topic of discussion. In England, where scientific farming pays better probably than in any other country, the scientific education of farmers has, nevertheless, been far from a marked success; and in the United States the result, so far as we can gather, has

been pretty much the same. Farming is mainly practical; enough of science comes to the farmer through associations and journals, or in the concrete form of improved implements, and better bred stock. In Canada, still more than in England, energy and endurance are the farmer's science; and the withdrawal from the scene and the habits of actual labour necessary for attendance at an agricultural college would, probably, in nine cases out of ten, make the farmer no farmer at all. But in a country where there are no large proprietors with long purses to lead the way in agricultural experiment, Government may do good by practically demonstrating that good farming pays well; and if the model farm serves this purpose it will be a most useful institution.

The new Government has honourably endeavoured to guard against corruption, which is our great and besetting danger in these democracies of the new world, by extending the operation of the law against the acceptance of lucrative appointments by members of Parliament. A high tone of public sentiment alone can effectually preserve us from the pestilence which rages with so much virulence to the south of us; but legal restraints are not without value.

An interesting question was mooted with regard to the constitution of the University of Toronto; but this question awaits its solution in the next session.

The operation of the Act against Dual Representation will deprive the Parliament of Ontario of a good deal of its oratoric power. But a sufficiency of practical ability will remain; and we shall continue to be well governed if members can only learn to dismiss from their minds the feuds, in the prosecution of which so much time and energy have been wasted, and to devote their undivided attention to the business of the country.

"IT IS PEACE."

II. KINGS iv. 26.

Forth from her mansion in the East,
 With downcast eye and burdened breast,
 Rode the childless Shunammite:
 Bending beneath the chastening rod,
 She flew to seek the "man of God"
 On Carmel's towering height.

Elisha saw her from afar,
 And forward sent his messenger,
 Her tale that she might tell :
 She paused not, not one moment stayed,
 But to his questions simply said
 In answer, "All is well."

So when the Christian's faith is tried,
 His heart, like silver, purified,¹
 By loss of children, husband, wife,
 Of all that may have gladdened life ;
 When health and strength decrease :
 Should it be asked, "How is't with thee ?
 Is all well with thy family ?"
 The answer still may meekly be,
 "Aye, thanks to Him who died for me,
 All *is* well, All is Peace !"²

B. A.

NORTH DOURO, Feb. 13th, 1872.

¹ Psalm xii. 6.² The Hebrew word **טוֹב**, translated, in the 26th verse, "well"—"It is *well*,"—signifies primarily, "Peace."

OLD COLONIAL CURRENCIES.

BY S. E. DAWSON.

HOWEVER true it may be that the history of European nations is merely the biography of a few great men, such an assertion cannot be made concerning the history of America. Hence the history of the New World, though it may lack the strong personal interest which attaches to the record of great kings, statesmen, or generals, has the surpassing interest of being the record of the experiments, political, social and religious, of some of the most highly gifted races of Europe, made under conditions of singular freedom, both from the straitened forms of old-world society, and from the dominating individuality of great men. Social experiments in America have succeeded or failed in consequence of their inherent virtues or defects, and have not been strained by outward pressure beyond their natural limits. Our present purpose is to chronicle some of the experiments which have been made in the New World in the important department of finance. We do not hope to establish any theory of money, or elicit any new principle. Experiments are still being made, and, doubtless, the true theory will in time appear.

In America, within a comparatively short period, every conceivable form of currency has been tried. The accounts of the New Netherlands (now New York State) were, in 1662, kept in wampum and beaver skins. That currency does not appear to have been more stable than others; for, in that year, complaints were made of its increasing depreciation, and the Chamber of Commerce at Amsterdam credited all its colonial officials with twenty-five per cent. additional salary in beaver skins to cover their loss, a precedent too seldom followed in later and more progressive times.

During the earliest period of the history of the English colonies whatever exchanges were not made by barter were made in a specie currency, consisting mainly of French and Spanish coins. These, being much worn and depreciated by constant clipping, were often weighed out in primitive style, and settlements were made, and salaries fixed, in ounces of silver-plate. Curious complaints were made to the Home authorities, and recriminations were frequent between the colonies regarding the clipping and defacing of coins. The dollar, or piece of eight reals, passed at a different rate in each colony, and the colonial legislatures all fancied that the best way of attracting money was to raise its nominal value. Competing traders, even in the same colony, vied with each other in giving the highest nominal value to the dollar. Pennsylvania endeavoured to draw money from New York by calling the legal value of a dollar 7s. 6d. New York had previously made the same attempt on Massachusetts by fixing upon 6s. 9d, and New Jersey got the better of both in the current opinion of that day by allowing 7s. 8d. for the same coin. These rates varied by colonial enactment from time to time, and Governor Hunter, of New Jersey, writing to the Board of Trade at London, "doubts if it be in the power of men or "angels to beat out of the heads of the "people of this continent a silly notion that "they gain by the augmentation of the value of pieces of plate," (*i. e.*, dollars.) This notion is held to the present day in Prince Edward Island, where it is still supposed that money stays upon the Island because the nominal value of the shilling sterling is 1s. 6d. currency. The Boston people of those days were not, however, so easily

beaten, although they kept the value of the dollar below the rate in the other colonies. One of the Governors of New York makes earnest appeal to London against them, because "having the main foreign trade, they "bring goods to New York which they will "sell only for good heavy money, which they "carry away and clip, and then send "back this light money to New York for "breadstuffs, which they ship to the West "Indies and undersell the New Yorkers "there in their own productions." The indignant governor calls loudly for the interference of the Mother country to check those singular financial operations of the lively Bostonians. Throughout all the correspondence between the colonial governors and the Mother Country the necessity of one general standard of value was continually urged, and the efforts of the Home Government and their officers to that end were as continually and pertinaciously thwarted by the colonists in their various assemblies.

Still at that time, the currency, such as it was, was of gold and silver. Schuyler and Dillon, who made an expedition into Canada in 1698, report with apparent surprise that there the currency consisted of paper only, but the power of a paper currency was shortly after discovered by the English colonists, and Massachusetts, as usual, took the lead. Although the need of it was not so much felt in the town of Boston, which had a large foreign trade, the people elsewhere were often in great straits for the want of some medium of exchange. The colonists could live in a rough sort of abundance—they had no need for food or shelter; but the pressing wants of existence being easily satisfied there soon arose a demand for manufactured goods—the luxuries of the old world. Moreover the settlers were continually extending their boundaries—and subduing new land, and their capital was thus being fixed as fast as acquired, consequently they were always heavily in debt to the Mother country, the exportable money was

incessantly swept away to England by the adverse balance of trade, and large communities were frequently reduced to barter, for want of a common measure of value.

The Navigation Laws, so far as they were observed, tended greatly to increase this inconvenience by compelling, or seeking to compel, the colonies to trade with England alone, and thus aiming to centre in England all the profits of both sides of the American trade. The staples of America, such as tobacco, indigo, and (from the West Indies) sugar, could be exported to no other European country but England; they might be sent to other British colonies, but only on payment of an export duty. The colonists could legally import manufactured goods from England alone, thus paying the price demanded by the English merchant, while their own exports could not bring in the often glutted English markets their fair value in the markets of the world. No wonder, then, that the available money of America always gravitated towards England, and, if it had been possible to have enforced these laws strictly, the Americans could never have had any money with which to eke out their remittances in produce.

These laws were, however, in practice almost wholly disregarded. There grew up between the commercial colonies and the foreign West Indies and Spanish Main a large and lucrative traffic. The Boston merchants pushed their ventures everywhere, and the surplus produce of the colonies—the lumber, fish, and grain, found a near and ready market in the Spanish colonies of the Gulf of Mexico. There they were exchanged for specie—the gold and the silver, which were the staple exports of Mexico,—and hence the coins of Spain, the doubloon, and especially the dollar, became the standard coins used in American trade, although the nominal currency was calculated in pounds, shillings and pence. With the money so obtained remittances were made to England; for the Spaniards had lit-

tle the colonists stood in need of. The English trade was thus fed by a systematic infraction of English law, connived at by everybody, so long as the French power remained unbroken in Canada. When that fell the latent divergence of interest became apparent, and the attempt of Parliament to stop this illicit trade by enforcing the Navigation Act was the real cause of the American Revolution—the Stamp Act was the pretext.

The specie thus obtained and the heavy tobacco remittances from Virginia could not pay the debts of the colonists and leave sufficient money for domestic use. The colonists were always pushing their settlements westward, and the drain of money to England was continual. Moreover the incessant wars with the Canadians and with the Indians often demanded great exertions from the Colonial Governments. Then the wonderful power of paper money was called into requisition. The various Governments (Virginia excepted) issued Bills of Credit for five shillings and upwards; with these they tided over great emergencies, and, as they became accustomed to them, they paid with these the current expenses of Government. It seemed to the colonists that they had discovered a new El Dorado. In some colonies loan offices were opened by Government, and these bills loaned to private parties on landed security at interest. In Rhode Island the interest might be paid in hemp, flax, or other produce, so that in appearance the Government derived an ample revenue without imposing a tax. The bills were made a legal tender, and as fast as one set of bills matured, others in increased amount were issued. The Government and the people were mutually accommodated, the currency passed readily from hand to hand, satisfying all the domestic exchanges, and causing for years a great apparent prosperity; but the inevitable result followed. There was no limit to the issue but the moderation of the people who were the

issuers. In 1738 one specie dollar in Massachusetts would buy five, in North Carolina fourteen, and in South Carolina eight paper dollars. Massachusetts, ever in advance, was the first to push these issues to the utmost, and the first to abandon them. The great efforts made by that colony in 1745 in fitting out the expedition which resulted in the capture of Louisbourg, brought the currency and credit of the Province to the lowest ebb; and the evils of unrestrained paper issues became so apparent that when England, exulting in the prowess of her daughter colony, refunded the cost of the expedition, the grant was used to place the currency upon a specie basis, which continued until the Revolution. The Government bought up all its outstanding bills by paying one Spanish dollar (six shillings legal par value) for every 45s. of the older, or 11s. 3d. of the more recent issue. This somewhat sharp financial operation was justified by the consideration that, the bills being no longer in possession of the original holders, and being largely depreciated, to pay their nominal value would be to impose a tax upon the people, to which the "people" generally objected.

The other colonies (Virginia excepted) never afterwards obtained a specie currency. Pennsylvania in 1723 issued a small quantity of paper at five years date. In 1729 Benjamin Franklin was one of the most strenuous advocates for a further issue. His pamphlet "Considerations on the necessity and value of a paper currency" largely influenced public opinion, and the printing of the issue which was entrusted to him probably tended to strengthen his convictions. Writing in his later years he confesses, however, that his views had changed, and that paper money might be abused; but the current theory among the people then was, that as gold was a representative of value, so paper was a representative of gold, and of value, by a double substitution. So firmly wedded did the people become to

paper money that even in Massachusetts, when the Assembly were making efforts to return to a specie basis, riots occurred among the country people, who fancied that it was a plot of the rich Boston merchants to sweep up all the money for their English remittances.

Paper money being, as before stated, a legal tender in most of the colonies, strange feats of finance were performed. Instead of remitting to England, payment was often made to a resident agent, who would be compelled to receive the amount in paper at its nominal value. Sometimes the debtor class would get the control of the issues, then money would be abundant, and mortgages, contracted in more unpropitious times, would be paid off. Again other interests would get the upper hand, issues would be checked and money would become scarce; then mortgages would be foreclosed and property brought to Sheriff's sale, when all who had ready money might buy to advantage. Specie was at a premium, varying in each colony with the amount of paper-issue, and differing at different times in the same colony. The injustice became so great that in the year of the Stamp Act, Parliament passed a law forbidding Colonial Legislatures to make paper a legal tender, a law which caused great bitterness in the Middle Colonies, and which is alluded to among others in the Declaration of Independence, where the king is arraigned for "having refused his assent to laws the most wholesome, just and good."

Putting aside, however, for the present all considerations of the fluctuations caused by paper money, it must be observed that there was all the while a legal par of exchange, differing in each colony, based on a value of the pound sterling. Thus in Massachusetts £1 stg. = £1 6s. 8d. currency. In New York £1 stg. = £1 15s. 6¾d. currency. In Pennsylvania £1 stg. = £1 13s. 4d. currency. In South Carolina £1 stg. = £1 os. 8½d. currency. The sterling pound

had four different values in as many West India Islands, and a yet different one in Nova Scotia and in Newfoundland. The exchange book of Colonial days "Wright's American Negotiator," was a thick octavo, giving the rates of premium up to one thousand per cent. These old currencies even now linger in the speech of the country people. In Massachusetts 16⅔ cents is now often called a shilling, for it was the sixth part of a Spanish dollar, which used to pass for six shillings. In New York a shilling still means 12½ cents, because the Spanish dollar was eight shillings at legal par in colonial days; and in Ontario the same usage, inherited from the U. E. loyalists, still prevails.

In all this chaos of currencies it is pleasant to find one fixed value which endured during nearly all the period we have been concerned with, and which, although it has disappeared in outward form, is yet present latently in every exchange calculation made even at this present day—we mean the old Spanish dollar. We have already seen how it became the almost universal coin in America, and during nearly the whole Colonial period, namely, up to the year 1772, it contained the same quantity of pure silver.

There were in circulation four kinds of dollars, viz. :—"Seville pieces of eight," "Mexican pieces of eight," "Pillar pieces of eight," "Peru pieces of eight." These pieces, of the value of eight reals Spanish "old plate," were all called "dollars," and were all of the same weight—17 dwts. 9 to 12 grains of silver, of a standard fineness of 11 parts pure silver to one of alloy. But the legal par at which they passed differed very much in the colonies. At the time of the Revolution it was 6s. in Massachusetts, 8s. in New York, 7s. 6d. in Pennsylvania, and 4s. 8d. in South Carolina. Very early in Colonial history the inconvenience of a varying par was felt by many, and the government especially urged the Home authorities to put a stop to it. Accordingly in 1707, the

sixth year of Queen Anne, an Act was passed by the Imperial Parliament, declaring the value at which foreign coins should pass in the colonies. This enactment was based upon careful assays, and fixed the value of the Spanish coins as follows :—

Seville pieces of eight "old plate,"	. 4s. 6d. Stg.
Mexico " "	. 4s. 6d. "
Pillar " "	. 4s. 6¾d. "
Peru " "	. 4s. 5d. "

It was also enacted that in future the dollar should not be accounted for in any of the colonies above the rate of 6s. currency. This statute was utterly disregarded in America, and like most other Imperial Statutes, became a dead letter. Some attempt was made in New York by the governor to enforce it, but the proclamation was withdrawn, because, as the governor alleged in excuse, "it was injurious to the trade of New York to cry down the value of the dollar while the neighbouring colony of Massachusetts treated the Statute with contempt." The letters of the New York officials of those days are very plaintive concerning the misdeeds of the Boston people, who seems always to have done as they liked, and to have paid no more attention to an Imperial statute which might not meet their approval, than to a Papal bull. This statute had, however, the effect of placing an authoritative value in sterling money on the coin most in use in America.

The value of the Spanish dollar was based not only upon its weight and fineness, but, of course, upon a comparison with the weight and fineness of the British silver coins then in use. The standard remained unchanged for silver in England from the time of Queen Elizabeth to the year 1816. One pound of silver of the fineness of 11 oz. 2 dwt. was coined during all that period into £3 2s. od. stg. There were therefore 5,328 grains of pure silver in 62s. stg., and the dollar contained 385 grains pure. The proportionate value of the dollar is then easily seen to have been 4s. 5½ precisely, and as, at that time, the

standard value of silver was in reality less than its commercial value, 4s. 6d. was fixed upon by the Statute. This was practically underrating the dollar, and as fast as they arrived in England they were sold as specie and exported.

It thus happened that the par of 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar became a fixed standard, to which all American values could be referred. And such it has continued during 164 years down to the present day, for this is PAR, or \$4.44 to the £ sterling. It is sometimes called old par—it is the par with which all our books of exchange tables commence—the par upon which all our calculations are based, from Montreal to New Orleans. The present legal par in Canada is a 9½% premium on that par. The Spanish dollar has changed, the British silver coins have changed, and the currencies of America have fluctuated, but the par of 1707 remains yet as the one fixed point in this sea of confusion.

We come now to revolutionary times. The extraordinary expedients of the Revolutionary Congress are among the best known incidents of history. The war was fought on the American side with paper money up to the time when the French expedition under Rochambeau landed, and brought the specie which was as necessary to success as bayonets. It would be tedious to narrate the steps by which the Continental money depreciated to 1000 to 1—until it finally disappeared. The leading spirits of the Revolution saw the necessity of laying a direct war tax, but they could not obtain the consent of Congress. "Do you think," said a member of Congress (quoted by Greene ; Historical Studies) "that I will consent to tax my constituents, when we can send to the printers and get as much money as we want?" The farmer who refused to take this money for his produce was treated as a traitor, and had his property taken from him for his disloyalty, but no enactments could keep it from depreciating. Meantime

the presses of the different States teemed with issues of their own during the war, and up to the period of the full consolidation of the Union in 1790. Their paper added to the volume of the currency and to the utter confusion of values.

Immediately after peace was declared the efforts of all thinking men were turned towards consolidating the Union, and for several years the proposed Constitution was discussed in every town and hamlet. But even then the lurking attachment to paper money was evident. Some of the States were unwilling to resign the right of issue, and it was not until 1790 that Rhode Island joined the Union, and its citizens finally relinquished their cherished habit of paying their debts in paper. The State Governments were forbidden by the new Constitution to make anything but gold and silver a legal tender, or to issue Bills of Credit. Inconvertible paper money from that period disappeared in America, until the Federal Government, exercising a power not apparent in the Constitution, repeated, in our own times, the experiment with happier results.

So soon as the new Constitution began to work, it was, of course, necessary to provide a revenue, and to fix values. The first Congress in 1789 passed an Act imposing Customs duties. By this Act the pound sterling was valued at \$4.44, or 4s. 6d. stg. to the dollar. Thus the old par of Queen Anne was restored, and the rate was called *Federal currency*, to distinguish it from the various State currencies. Still, there was no Federal coinage, and coins from all parts of the world were taken at the Custom Houses at a statutory value. In 1792 Congress organized the United States mint, permitting the circulation of the foreign coins for three years longer, until the new national coinage should be ready, and establishing the national standards—the Eagle to be counted at \$10, and to contain 270 grains of gold of

the fineness of 22 carats, and the dollar to contain 416 grains of silver 892 $\frac{1}{4}$ thousandths fine.

Changes in the currencies of Spain, of England, and of America now concurred to disturb the par of \$4.44. In 1772 the fineness of the Spanish dollar had fallen from 11-12ths to 10 $\frac{3}{4}$ -12ths. In 1774 silver had ceased to be a legal tender in England (in sums over £25) excepting at the rate of 5s. 2d. an ounce. The exchange between America and England was thenceforward regulated by the intrinsic value of their gold coins alone, a change which became more apparent in 1816, when England adopted the gold standard exclusively, and made her silver coins tokens only by coining the same weight of silver into 66s., which had previously (since the year 1666) been coined into 62s. The average value of the dollar of Spanish and American coinage in 1795, 1798 and 1803 was 4s. 4d. stg., calculated at the Mint rate of 5s. 2d. sterling per ounce. In other words the par of exchange on the basis of the dollar was 3 $\frac{7}{8}$ premium on old par. The Federal dollar remained unchanged until 1837, when it was reduced. The weight was made 412 $\frac{1}{2}$ grains, and the fineness $\frac{9}{10}$ ths; since that time the dollar has not been altered. In 1853 the half dollars and smaller coins were still further reduced, but without affecting the exchanges, for, as before stated, all estimations of exchange after 1793 should be made on gold and not on silver standard.

In order then to ascertain the various changes of new par since the revolution, the gold currency of England must be considered. This had been fixed by advice of Sir Isaac Newton in 1717, and has ever since remained unchanged. One pound of gold, of 22 parts pure to 2 alloy was, and is yet, coined into £46 14s. 6d.; but the Eagle, the standard American gold coin, has undergone three changes as follows:—

VALUE OF THE EAGLE COMPARED WITH THE SOVEREIGN.

Date.	Weight.	Fineness.	Weight of Fine Gold.	Value stg.	Par.	Value of Sovereign in U. S.
1792.	270 gr.	Same.	247½ gr.	43s. 9d.	2 $\frac{7}{8}$	4.57 £ stg.
1834.	258 gr.	$\frac{800}{1000}$ $\frac{1}{4}$	232 gr.	41s. $\frac{1}{4}$	9 $\frac{5}{8}$	4.87 £ stg.
1837.	258 gr.	$\frac{900}{1000}$	232.2 gr.	41s. $\frac{3}{4}$	9 $\frac{0}{8}$	4.87 £ stg.

It therefore clearly appears how the present par of exchange became fixed at so large a premium upon the old par of Queen Anne.

These changes in the value of the United States coinage affected in course of time the legal par of the loyal colonies. The currency of Canada was for a long period in great confusion, for having no Colonial coinage, the coins of all nations passed at values fixed by Statute with little apparent relation to intrinsic value. The first Statute is that of 1777. In 1795 the Customs Act declares that £5,000 stg. is equivalent to £5,555 11s. 1½d. currency. The old par of 1707 was evidently then the legal par. In 1808 a Currency Act was passed enumerating the most common coins—these were French coins, remaining from the period of French rule, Spanish and Portuguese coins, British coins, and United States coins. The guinea (21s. stg.) was valued at 23s. 4d. currency, the 1s. stg. at 1s. 1d., the Eagle at 50s, and the Spanish and American dollar at 5s. Thus the attempt was made to keep the currency at old par when reckoned in English coins, and at 2 $\frac{7}{8}$ prem. (or American par) when reckoned in United States coins. For if the guinea (21s.) was worth only 23s. 4d. currency, the eagle, which at that time was of intrinsic value for 43s. 9d. stg., could be worth only 48s. 7d. currency, instead of 50s. as enacted. The shilling sterling was undervalued as regards the dollar in the same ratio. This seems to have had the very

natural effect of driving all the British coins out of circulation, and in 1825 an Imperial Order in Council was issued, fixing the value of the dollar at 4s. 4d. stg. in British silver coin, and making provision for the introduction into the colonies of British silver in large quantities, by means of the Commissariat, and ordering that such coin should pass at its nominal value as in England. These regulations do not appear to have had much effect, for in that same year the value of the shilling was raised in Upper Canada to 1s. 2d. currency. In 1836 the same Province again raised the value of the shilling stg. to 1s. 3d. currency, and also fixed the value of the pound sterling at 24s. 4d., assimilating the legal par to the change of 1834 in the United States par, but overvaluing the sterling shilling.

An effort was made in 1839 by both Provinces to remedy this anomaly, but the bills passed failed to receive the Royal assent, and it became one of the first duties of the Parliament of United Canada in 1841 to remedy the confusion. The par of 24s. 4d. to the £ stg. was retained, but the silver was reduced to its proper proportionate value, and could only be used as a legal tender to the amount of 50s. currency. The convenience of easy reckoning and the competition of traders still kept up the current value of the British shilling to 1s. 3d. in spite of the Act, and the currency gradually became overloaded with British silver.

The subsequent changes in our currency

are too recent to require much notice. The dollar which in 1841 had been raised to 5s. 1d. was reduced in 1850 to 5s. And in 1851 the decimal system displaced the intricate and cumbrous denominations of pounds, shillings and pence. Every reader will recall the circumstances which led to the pouring of all the United States silver coinage into our already overloaded silver currency, and the various expedients vainly resorted to for relief until the effectual remedy of the present finance minister was applied. The Act of 1854 fixed our currency on its present basis, confirming the par of 1841 of \$4.86 $\frac{6}{100}$, or 24s. 4d. currency to the £ stg. or 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ % premium on the par of Queen Anne.

The Confederation of the British North American colonies and the consequent extension of the Canadian par has left but two anomalous currencies among the English-speaking people of this continent. In Newfoundland the par of 4.80 to the £, or 8% premium prevails, and the little Island of Prince Edward still rejoices in the enormous premium of 35 $\frac{1}{8}$ %, or 30s. to the £^{stg.}. We may surely hope that the time will shortly arrive when, not only these anomalies will disappear, but when the mother country will adopt a decimal system which will facilitate computation, and thus increase trade with all her children throughout the world.

“NEVERMORE.”

Merrily, merrily over the sea,
 Came he, my true love, a-courting to me ;
 Came with the spring-time and blossoming tree ;
 Came with the murmuring hum of the bee ;
 Came with the thistle to pipe on the lea,
 Sweet words to me.

* * *

Wearily, wearily pace I the shore ;
 Wearily hear I the cruel sea roar ;
 Wearily seek for him ; vainly implore ;
 Weary this heart beats, so tender, so sore ;
 Wearily wind-whispers sigh on the shore
 A dull—nevermore.

ALFRED JAMES.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER XI.

"LOVE THE GIFT IS LOVE THE DEBT."

THE next day, when Maurice awoke from the heavy slumber into which he had fallen, after a night's restless agitation, he was at first tempted to believe that all the strange, contradictory, intense emotions—the exquisite delight, the sharp pain he had felt a few hours before, had all been suffered in a dream. But there rose up before him, distinct as reality, that fair vision in the garden, that bright enchanting face, with its sunny tresses, its soft smiling eyes, its ineffable harmony of loveliness, which had penetrated his heart with such subtle and instantaneous power. And then, passing from the sunshine into the shadow, growing dimmer and dimmer every instant, he seemed to behold the dark pale face of Marguerite filled with a deep sadness he had never till now seen it wear.

"It is madness!" he exclaimed. "I will not believe that I can be so weak and wicked. I will go to Marguerite, and this nightmare will vanish before the glance of her true eyes, the touch of her faithful hand."

But even as he walked through the streets that shape of beauty which had taken such complete possession of him seemed to glide before him, drawing him towards her with her haunting eyes, and when he entered the house and stood again beside her, he knew, as he had known the night before, that he loved her with a wild resistless passion, such as he had read of in story and song, and had sometimes dreamed of, too, but which he had long since told himself he was never destined to feel.

Day after day the spell grew stronger, but he struggled hard, if not to subdue his feelings, at least to conceal them, and for some time he succeeded. Marguerite was too steadfast herself, and her faith in Maurice was too strong, to let the slightest doubt enter her mind, nor could she have believed, if an angel had spoken it, that her young sister, whom she loved so well, whom she had nursed in sickness and watched over in health, and cherished with a mother's fondness, was thus fated to destroy her happiness. But this state of things could not long continue. As time passed, and Maurice's passion grew stronger, his power to hide it grew less. True love has ever the power of divination, and gradually Marguerite felt that Maurice was changed. His words, his manner, were as kind as ever, but there was a subtle, indefinable difference. It was as if the perfume had left the flower, or the essence in which lay the elixir had escaped from the crucible, leaving only dull matter behind. The word, the act, were there, but the soul which once inspired them, the love which gave them life, were fled forever, and only the worthless form remained.

At first Marguerite shrank from her fears as those to whom life is sweet would shrink from the doom of death. Passionately she strove to repel the conviction which every day grew stronger, that Maurice no longer loved her, and when some half-spoken word, some furtive glance, would force upon her the truth which Maurice desperately sought to hide, she hated herself for the doubts which she could not resist, and accused herself of the meanest and most contemptible jealousy. In this struggle of feeling her face grew darker and paler than ever, her eyes

lost their brightness, and if she smiled it was resolute effort, not gladness, brought the semblance of gaiety to her lip. It was little wonder then, that Maurice, when he looked at her, marvelled how he could ever have found a charm in those sallow irregular features, those quiet melancholy eyes. Every day she grew graver and stiller; all those nameless graces which happy love bestows on its favourites, and which had once diffused their charm over all her looks and motions, now faded away as if they had never been; and there are few who would not have pardoned Maurice for preferring the bright loveliness, the bewitching gaiety of Claire to the deeper feelings and higher mind of Marguerite.

And besides that joyous beauty, that winning playfulness which gladdened every eye that beheld it, like summer sunshine, there was an ever-varying charm about Claire which seemed to invest her each day with a new attraction. Sometimes shy, sometimes saucy, full of playful and innocent coquetry, but always soft, gentle and yielding, her pretty vanities and affectations only served to make her, in Maurice's eyes, more truly woman, and to throw a more irresistible fascination round her.

But to know and feel all this was no balsam for Marguerite's pain. She uttered no reproach, made no complaint, betrayed no suffering, but she did not endure the less because she endured in silence. She had given her heart for love and love alone, and she could not accept in its stead a shadow springing from compassion. She was proud as well as loving, and would have died rather than receive kind words or caresses prompted by pity or any other feeling than the heart's own impulse; and when Maurice, in spite of himself, had suffered some proof of his passion for Claire to escape, and immediately after would try to atone to Marguerite by all the tenderness of manner and words he could assume, she would endure it sometimes with a sad quietude, often with a painful shrink-

ing which puzzled and irritated Maurice, and almost made him believe that he had been as much mistaken in thinking Marguerite's was a love which could never change, as in giving his calm affection for her that passion's name.

As for Claire, her vanity was flattered by the deep impression she soon saw she had made on the handsome young painter, nor would it have been easy to find any one more largely gifted with all those qualities of mind and manner best fitted to charm the fancy and win the heart of a young girl than Maurice Valazé. Claire loved her sister, and would not have deliberately made her unhappy, or robbed her of her lover, for all the world; but admiration was even dearer to her than Marguerite, and the homage expressed in every word and look of Maurice was far too delightful to be long resisted. She told herself that he could not help admiring her beauty, nor could she prevent him from showing that he did so; Marguerite herself had said that every true artist must worship the beautiful, and it would be absurd to suppose that this artistic admiration could at all interfere with his love for his betrothed bride. And so she looked, and listened, and laughed, like a child playing on the edge of a precipice, unconscious of the danger to which she was drawing nearer and nearer, till all power to escape seemed gone.

CHAPTER XII.

A PICTURE AMONG THE VINES.

ONE evening Maurice found Claire by herself in the garden gathering grapes. Marguerite, she said, had gone into the house, but was coming out again immediately.

"In the meantime," said Maurice, "let me help you to gather the grapes."

While they heaped a basket with rich purple and white clusters, Maurice described

to Claire a day he had spent among the vines at Tivoli in the vintage season.

"Do you recollect a drawing I showed you one day of a young fellow in a cone-shaped hat and red vest, with a green sash round his waist, holding down the topmost festoon of a tall vine to two girls in blue petticoats and red stomachiers who are picking the grapes?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, I remember," said Claire, "one of the girls was very handsome."

"Did you think so? It was the picturesque figures and attitudes of the group tempted me to sketch them. There is really very little beauty of a high order among the Italian peasants. They have nearly all finely formed figures and magnificent black hair, but their swarthy complexions and strongly marked features, however favourable to artistic effect, have nothing of that ideal softness and grace without which there can be no true beauty."

"Don't you think one tires of always seeing the same coloured hair and eyes," said Claire.

"Yes, especially if they are dark. But very lovely blondes are often seen among the higher ranks in Florence and Venice. You remember how many Italian heroines had golden tresses, and what lovely golden hair the old Venetian masters have painted. I saw a Florentine Marchesa with fair hair and blue eyes, whose face I then thought the most beautiful I had ever beheld. But I have seen one far more beautiful since!"

"Oh, I have dropped the finest bunch of grapes on the tree," cried Claire. "Take care you don't step on it, Maurice."

She stooped to pick it up, and so did Maurice, and her lovely shining hair, which the vine branches had caught and loosened, fell in a glistening stream over his hands.

"Petrarch's Laura never had such hair as this," said Maurice, "nor the divine Beatrice herself," and he pressed it passionately to his lips.

Claire, laughing and blushing, drew it

away, and began winding it round her head.

"You have painted Beatrice," she said, "I wonder what hair you have given her."

"Like yours, only not so beautiful—not half so beautiful."

"What nonsense," cried Claire; "you only say so because the picture is at Rome, where I shall never see it."

"Oh, if I might only show it to you!" said Maurice, and then checking himself, stopped. "Claire," he resumed, "do you remember that green silk net which you used to wear, and which I hated so much?"

"Yes, I remember it very well. But my hair is so long now I don't think any net would hold it."

"Such glorious hair ought never to be confined except by some slight ribbon," said Maurice.

"Since you admire it so much, perhaps I will let you paint it some day," said Claire.

"Only genius like Titian's or Giorgione's could paint such woven sunbeams," said Maurice. "As I look at you among the vines, raising your arms to reach the grapes above your head, or bending down to put them in the basket, some lovely nymph or grace that I have seen in Venetian pictures seems before me."

"Oh, how charming," cried Claire; "do I look like a picture now?" and, coming forward to an opening in the trellis, she stood and looked at Maurice; the green leaves and purple fruit twining round her with a wild natural grace, as if some Oread had wreathed the picturesque frame to set off her beauty.

"More beautiful than any picture," said Maurice. "Don't stir—don't move—stay just as you are!"

There was a little pause, while Claire looked beautifully conscious of Maurice's admiring gaze; then she moved hastily away.

"There, now, the picture has vanished," she said, "and I must finish gathering the grapes."

"It has not vanished," said Maurice. "I see it still; I shall see it as long as I live. Claire, have you forgotten that when I was going to Italy you told me you intended to grow beautiful before I came back?"

"Did I? I always told Marguerite that Dame Fortune had given all the genius which ought to have been shared between us to her, and that it would be very hard if she did not give beauty to me. But the blind goddess has not made a fair division after all, for Marguerite is not without beauty, and I have not a spark of genius."

"Do you know what genius is?" asked Maurice.

Claire laughed. "Not very well, but it is something that Marguerite has, that you have, and that I have not. That sounds like a riddle, does it not, but I am sure you can understand it much better than any other definition of genius I could give."

"I am not jesting, Claire," said Maurice. "Listen to me and I will tell you what it is. It is a feverish desire, a passionate longing for the beautiful, a craving to possess it in some visible, tangible shape and form. For this reason genius ceaselessly strives to create for itself images of the beauty for which it yearns, but which it so seldom finds on earth. But those who have in themselves that glory of the universe, full, perfect, complete, like you, have no need to waste their lives seeking for it, as a genius seeks perhaps never to find it, or to find it too late—like *me*."

At this instant some lines which Marguerite loved came to his memory with strange power, and he almost thought he heard her voice repeating them:

"But the Sensitive Plant, which could give small fruit

Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all: it loved more than ever,
Where none war'd but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower,
Radiance and odour are not its dower;

It loves, even like love, its deep heart is full—
It desires what it has not, the Beautiful!"

The next moment Marguerite joined them, and though she answered his hasty and embarrassed greeting as sweetly as ever, and he could not detect any change in the gentle quietude of manner which of late seemed never to alter, he felt certain that she had heard his last words, to which his voice and look had given a passionate meaning that still suffused Claire's cheeks with blushes.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Such a Lord is Love,
And Beauty such a Mistress of the World!"

A FEW days after this, Marguerite was at work in her *atelier*, while Claire, seated on a low stool near her, was busy with her embroidery, in which she was very skilful, and Maurice turned over a portfolio of Marguerite's sketches—often, however, glancing away from them to the graceful head and lovely face bending over the wreath of violets and lilies of the valley growing under Claire's delicate fingers.

During Maurice's absence in Italy, Marguerite had not been idle. The great painter whom she had met in the Luxembourg had invited her to visit his studio whenever she chose, had examined and criticised her drawings, and given her the kindest and wisest advice and assistance. He had also encouraged her to attempt a large original painting, which was now nearly finished, and which he had promised to see favourably placed at the next great exhibition at the Louvre.

She had chosen for her subject Clymene listening to the music of Apollo's lyre. She had painted as lovely a sea-shore as her fancy could conceive, covered with glittering sand and pebbles and tangled shells; its margin softly kissed by the blue Ægean sea.

Bright-coloured rocks, hollowed into caves and grottoes, and fringed with flowering shrubs, came down to the beach, and in front of one of these grottoes, wreathed with myrtles and rose-laurels, the god was seated, playing on his lyre, his bow lying at his feet. On a ledge of rock a little above the spot where Apollo reclined, the nymph Clymene was kneeling, her cheek supported on her hand, and her long fair tresses falling round her sweet young face, which was turned on the glorious minstrel with an expression of the most rapt and blissful attention. Over all the evening sunlight was streaming, gilding the scene with such a glory as it might have worn in the golden ages.

To the execution of this picture Marguerite had devoted all her powers, and she had been rewarded by the warm approbation of her friend Monsieur Delacroix, who had seen it several times since its commencement. He had especially praised the Apollo, and Marguerite was not the less gratified at this praise that she had given to the god a subtle indefinable likeness to her lover.

There was silence in the *atelier* for some time; Marguerite painting, Claire working at her embroidery, and Maurice slowly turning over the leaves of the portfolio. It was broken by Mère Monica showing herself at the door, and calling Marguerite out of the room to consult her on some household matters. Then Maurice, with an impatient sigh, threw down the sketches, and going up to the picture Marguerite had just left seemed to examine it attentively.

"What a lovely expression there is in the nymph's face," he said at last.

"Yes," said Claire, "but the Apollo is much more beautiful. I wanted Marguerite to give Clymene the same sort of resemblance to herself that she has given the Apollo to you, but she would not. She said Clymene must have golden hair. I wonder why all poets and painters think there is something celestial in fair hair and blue eyes!"

Maurice turned and looked at her, and as their eyes met, half ashamed of her coquetish speech, half agitated by his look, she blushed a bright beautiful blush.

"They *are* celestial," said Maurice. "Do we not look up to the cloudless blue of the skies as the abode of supernal beauty, purity and joy; and what can so vividly image the divine glory as the golden radiance of sun and star? Byron compares the dark eye of a woman to the beauty of night and storm and darkness, but in eyes of heaven's own colour we see angelic love, and light, and joy, and all the brightness of the seraphim in tresses which seem woven out of sunbeams!"

"Isn't there something in Shakspeare about 'a shadow like an angel with bright hair, dabbled in blood'—what is it?"

But Maurice did not hear Claire's hurried words, spoken in a wild effort to seem unconscious of his passionate gaze. Passion's tide had overwhelmed him, and he had ceased to struggle against it.

"Claire," he said, in a low agitated tone, "I am going to tell you something that seems very strange. Something I never told to any one, but which to-day I *must* tell you. Will you believe that in the picture of Beatrice sending Virgil to the aid of Dante, which I painted at Rome, the Beatrice is so like you that if I were to paint your portrait now I do not believe there would be any difference between the two!"

"It is very strange!" said Claire.

"Yes, but not more strange than true. As I look at you now, I see my vision of 'Beatrice with the lustrous eyes and radiant smile' before I tried to paint it,—I see my picture, except where my hand faltered and marred the perfect image. Do you recollect how disappointed Marguerite was when I told her I had lost all my sketches and studies for that painting? I had not lost them. I have them all. Oh, do not blame me. I dared not let her see them, for in Beatrice

she would have seen *you*, and read my heart too truly."

"But how could you in Rome have painted me as I am now?" said Claire.

"I cannot tell how it could be, except that in Beatrice I tried to paint my ideal of perfect beauty, an ideal of which I have dreamed ever since I can remember, but which I never thought to have seen in living shape. And now—Oh, Claire, at first I thought it hopeless to fight against the fate that had mocked me so cruelly. I believed I must be forever miserable. But to-day I know not what delicious hope gives me courage. Beautiful Claire! more beautiful, more beloved, than Beatrice, than Laura, 'han any poet's dream! look at me, speak to me; tell me you love me! Tell me it is not too late!"

He bent over her as he spoke, and she, leaning towards him, half met his embrace, when a voice, well-known, yet strange and unfamiliar, made them start asunder and spring to their feet, to see Marguerite, pale as a ghost, a wild unearthly light shining in her eyes.

"No, Maurice," she said, "it is not too late. I thank God that it is not, or we might all have been equally miserable."

Maurice grew pale, too, as he looked at her, but his face assumed an expression of fixed determination, and he said not a word. But Claire rushed to her sister in an agony of terror and remorse, and throwing her arms about Marguerite's neck, she exclaimed, while tears almost choked her voice—"Oh, Marguerite, don't look so—it is nothing—Maurice does not mean it; I know he does not!"

Marguerite clasped her sister closely, and after a brief struggle for self-command, turned to Maurice, who still stood, silent and motionless, striving to control the passionate emotions that seemed driving him to madness.

"I cannot talk to you now, Maurice," she said, in the same unnaturally forced and

tuneless voice, "you must have patience with me till to-morrow. Just now Claire and I will be better by ourselves."

And, firmly supporting the weeping Claire, who clung to her like a child, she led her from the room.

Maurice followed the beautiful, drooping figure of his idol with despairing eyes till she disappeared, then, catching up the embroidery at which she had been working, and which had fallen on the floor, he pressed it to his lips again and again. A skein of purple silk which he had watched trembling in her agitated fingers as, startled, bewildered, fascinated, she had listened to his passionate words, still clung to her work, and putting it as tenderly as if it had been part of herself, into his breast, he left the house, tortured with doubt and uncertainty, and bitterly at war with himself—dreading to meet Marguerite again, yet longing for the morrow, when, whatever followed, he would surely see Claire once more.

CHAPTER XV.

"Giv'st thou me red roses?"

'Tis my heart's blood makes them red."

THAT night Marguerite drew from Claire a confession that she loved Maurice;—a confession broken by many sobs and tears, by wild wishes that she were dead, and passionate entreaties for Marguerite's forgiveness.

"But I will not care for him any longer," she sobbed out, weeping more violently than ever. "I did not know what I was doing. I would rather die a thousand deaths than make you unhappy, my darling sister! And I know Maurice does not really care for me. How could he? There is no one in the world so good and so noble as you are, and Maurice knows it well. He has often told me so. What he feels for me is all nonsense. And I did not want him to be false to you, though sometimes I have been vain

and foolish enough to try and make him admire my beauty. Oh, Marguerite, I hate myself when I think of my folly and wickedness."

Marguerite tenderly kissed and soothed her, bathed her hot forehead and hands, made her go to bed, and sat beside her with one arm thrown round her, as if she had been a troubled child her fond nurse was hushing to rest, till at last, worn out by her tears and agitation, Claire fell asleep.

But Marguerite had yet much to do before she could be alone with her grief. Her father had been surprised and annoyed at Maurice having taken himself off so suddenly without even coming to bid him good-night, and Marguerite had to listen to his half jesting, half earnest complaints, that Italy had spoiled Maurice, and he was not half as good a fellow as he used to be,—and smile and stifle her bitter pain. When supper-time came, she had to sit down at the table and appear to eat, though the sight of food made her sick; to talk, and laugh, and seem gay and at ease, when her heart had been so cruelly bruised and wounded that no conscious feeling was left but one of hopeless anguish. At last it was her father's hour for going to bed; then Mère Monica locked the outer doors, and went to her room, and Marguerite was alone.

Taking up her candle, she went softly into the chamber where Claire slept, and carefully shading the light, stole to the side of the bed. Claire was sleeping the deep sleep that follows exhaustion. Her rich golden hair, loosened by her restless tossings, streamed over the pillow; long eye-lashes, darker than her hair, fringed her closed lids; her cheeks were flushed, like the heart of a damask rose; a smile seemed hovering round her lips. The coverings had partly fallen off, and Marguerite could see one little white hand pressing a little bunch of purple and white pansies, which Maurice had gathered for her in the garden that afternoon, against her breast. Beautiful she looked as Psyche when she

first wept herself to sleep after Cupid had flown, and the memory of her lost bliss still lingered in her dreams. It seemed to Marguerite she had never known half her sister's loveliness before, and turning away, she met the reflection of her own dark, pale face in a looking glass that stood near, with a smothered sigh. Then she stooped over Claire, softly kissed the smooth, innocent brow, and disappeared as noiselessly as she had come. Going into the studio, she locked the door and put out the light. At last she was alone, no mortal eye to see, no mortal ear to hear. Now she might take out the grief she had kept hidden away in her heart, and look at it in all its terror. She might let herself feel all the weight of the burden that had been laid upon her to bear, and teach herself, if she could, calmly to renounce love, and hope, and happiness on earth.

There was a narrow, latticed window, at one end of the room, with a broad window-seat, and throwing herself on her knees before it, Marguerite opened it and looked out. All was still in the street below, and scarcely a murmur reached her ear from the more noisy and crowded parts of the city. Nothing was to be seen but the quiet sky and a few pale stars. The night was calm and mild as if it had been summer. There seemed peace without, but in Marguerite's heart what a tumult of passionate pain! Deep tenderness for Claire and jealous bitterness against her; a wild yearning love for Maurice, and something that was almost contempt for his fickleness and weakness, contended with each other; and the struggles of wounded pride and slighted love, of anger and pity, of hopeless regret and conscious wrong, were renewed again and again through all that long night. There are dark chambers in the soul, of which only misery holds the keys, and into these poor Marguerite got fearful glimpses now.

At last the night passed. She watched the stars fade out, and the gray morning twi-

light brighten into the golden flush of the coming sun. Then she rose from the kneeling attitude in which she had remained all night, and went into a little room which served her for a dressing-room. She roused her stagnant energies with cold water, dressed herself carefully, and brushed and arranged her hair, anxiously trying to banish all traces of her sleepless night, her tears and mental struggles. Then she sat down and wrote a note to Maurice. A very few words sufficed.

"DEAR MAURICE,—Will you come to me immediately?"

"Your sincere friend,

"MARGUERITE."

She knew that Maurice was always early in his studio, and going down stairs to Mère Monica, whom she had heard stirring in the kitchen, she begged her to take the note at once.

"*Mon Dieu!* not this minute," said Mère Monica, beating the eggs, with which she intended to make an omelette for breakfast, more rapidly than ever.

"Yes, *ma mère*, this minute."

"*Mon Dieu!* why, he will be sure to be here by and by. Cannot you wait till then?"

"I am afraid he will not come if he does not get my note," said Marguerite; "that is the reason I want you to take it to him."

Now Mère Monica turned hastily round and looked at Marguerite. "There is something the matter, *ma mie*," she said, putting down her dish of eggs. "I remember he went away last night before supper. What has he been doing?"

"Oh, *ma mère*, how can you vex me by such nonsense!" said Marguerite, "why are you so cross to me to-day?" and she looked up at her faithful old nurse and smiled.

The smile did not seem very satisfactory to Mère Monica, for she shook her head gravely. "Well, well," she said, "I suppose I must take it, *ma mie*, but it seems very queer, and I never knew you do a queer thing in my life till Monsieur Matrice began to

come here. *Ma foi*, the longer I live the more I see that lovers are nothing but a trouble. A good, sensible husband that will provide well for the house, and never scolds or grumbles as long as his meals are well served, and his house *comme il faut*, is not to be despised; but your fine, fanciful lovers are another matter; there is no chance of making good husbands out of them."

After thus giving indirect expression to the growing dissatisfaction which she, as well as Christian Kneller, had lately felt with Maurice, Mère Monica arranged her gown and her cap, and set off with the note.

For a while Marguerite tried to quiet her impatience by making herself busy in the kitchen. She felt sure that Maurice would come the moment he received her note, but the time she had to wait, short as it was, seemed intolerably long. Now and then she went to a window from whence the street could be seen, to look if he were coming, and when at length his handsome figure came in sight, her heart sprang to meet him as fondly as ever, and for a moment she believed that the passionate words and adoring looks she had heard and seen him give to Claire the day before were only the creations of a dream. But the next instant the cold, stern expression into which his face had hardened when he saw she was in the room, came back with all the force of the cruel reality, and she felt strong again, and able to go through the bitter task she had set herself.

Maurice, too, had passed a sleepless night, and when Marguerite opened the door the sight of his pale, agitated face pierced her heart. But she had fought a fearful battle with herself during the last few hours, the victory had been hardly won, and had left her mind still wrought up to the desperate tension with which we strive for life itself, so that no pain just then could have shaken her self-control. Thanking Maurice for coming so soon, she led the way into the parlour, and Maurice followed.

"I wished you to come now, Maurice,"

she said, "because we are less likely to be interrupted than at any other time, and I thought it was right we should understand one another at once."

"Oh, Marguerite," exclaimed Maurice, impetuously, "forgive me. Forget what has passed. I must have been mad. Forgive me, and let everything be as it was before."

"How can everything be as it was before, Maurice? You no longer love me, and you do love Claire."

"But I have no right to love her—I will not love her—"

"Stop, Maurice," said Marguerite; "let me not have to believe that you can be false to her as well as to me—that you care for no woman's heart except as it affords a triumph to your vanity."

Maurice coloured painfully: "You are severe, Marguerite, but you do me wrong—Claire does not care for me."

"Are you sure of that, Maurice," said Marguerite, "I think you must have thought differently yesterday."

"Marguerite," cried Maurice, with a sudden change of tone, and a bright flash from his eyes, "do not mock me! does she care for me?"

Marguerite felt her emotion almost choke her, but she subdued it after a moment's struggle, and answered gently, "You must ask herself."

Maurice started up and moved restlessly about the room, then coming back to Marguerite, he leaned on a table beside her, and looked earnestly into her face. Marguerite was glad that it was a dull, gray morning, and that there was not much light in the room.

"Marguerite," he said, "since I have seen you this morning I have felt as if I were nothing better than a vain fool. I was such an idiot as to think it would make you miserable to lose me, and I had determined to sacrifice everything in the world sooner than destroy your happiness. But I ought to have known that you are too wise and strong to grieve for a fickle lover," and he smiled.

Marguerite smiled, too, but if Maurice had not been thinking more of himself and Claire than of her, he would have felt that smile more painful than any tears. "You are quite right, Maurice," she said, but again the choking agony stopped her voice.

Maurice did not see the quivering of her lip, the quick sudden shudder that shot through her frame. He had done all that it seemed to him his honour required; his sacrifice did not appear to be needed; and Claire might yet be his.

"And Claire?" he asked, timidly; "when may I see Claire?"

"Come at your usual hour this evening," said Marguerite.

"But your father?"

"I will explain everything to him. You may trust to me."

"I do, I do trust you altogether, Marguerite. You were always good and great, far too good for me. I always felt that you were."

"Because you did not love me," said Marguerite.

"Marguerite, we both deceived ourselves—you will know how much when you find some one whose nature is really suited to yours. As for me, I never knew what love was till I saw Claire. Oh! Marguerite, if you knew how madly I adore her, you would forgive me!"

"I do forgive you, Maurice, most truly."

"And you will promise me that I shall see her this evening?"

"Yes, you shall see her this evening. And now, Maurice, I think you had better go."

"Go!—bye, then, Marguerite," and he moved towards the door, but a sudden impulse made him turn back.

"Marguerite," he said, "we are friends still, are we not?"

"Oh, yes, Maurice, I hope we shall always be friends."

"And you are quite happy to be released from me—quite content?"

"I cannot bear this torture much longer,"

thought Marguerite, but she nerved herself to answer, not quite untruly, "I am content, Maurice. Farewell."

She held out her hand, and, as he grasped it, its icy chill made him start, and, with a sudden thrill of remorse, he glanced at her pale, sad face, released her hand, and left the room. But this feeling was gone in a mo-

ment. "She is noble, and good, and kind," he said to himself, as he walked away from the house, "but she is too proud and strong-minded to care for any one who does not care for her. If I could only hear Claire—my beautiful Claire!—say she loves me, I should be the happiest mortal on earth."

(To be continued.)

"ONLY."

BY M. E. MUCHALL.

ONLY a touch of her jewelled hand,
 As we met in the whirling dance;
 Only a smile from her deep blue eyes—
 Their colour might rival the azure skies—
 And my fate was sealed in that glance.

Only a clasp of her tiny hand,
 Then a smile and nothing more;
 A smile from her eyes and a clasp of her hand,
 But she threw athwart me the magic band,
 Then I felt I was treading an unknown strand,
 With the world of love before.

Only a touch of her little hand,
 Only a smile from her eye;
 One touch and one smile as she past in my sight,
 A vision of life and beauty bright;
 Before I met her my heart was light,
 Now I can only sigh.

Only a few short lines to read,
 Only a marriage that met my eye;
 Only a line, but it told a tale—
 And my heart grew faint and my cheek grew pale,
 And I longed so much to die.

Only a hope I have left me now,
 That when we shall meet once more;
 Meet in that far off better land,
 That I may be able to clasp her hand—
 Till then will my heart be sore.

THE ROMANCE OF THE WILDERNESS MISSIONS.

A CHAPTER OF OUR EARLY HISTORY.

PROLOGUE.

THE writer does not propose to propound a new historical theory, or to set forth any new or newly discovered historical facts. He proposes simply to run over with the reader one chapter in the early history of Nova Scotia and of Canada proper, containing the record of the rise and progress of the early missions, and of the lives, labours and deaths of some of the missionaries. The chapter will be new to some. It may be familiar to many; it ought to be interesting to all. For surely it is not too much to claim that the Canadian reader shall have a kindly and deep interest in the men who began the history of our country. It is a history to which we look back as the Greek looked back to the Homeric heroes, or the Roman to the dim figures which fill the epoch of his country's foundation, and which will ever be the prologue to the recital of the most splendid developments to which these colonies may in the future attain.

What, if in our case, the figures are those of Jesuits?

I do not know any one so little as to turn away from the contemplation of the labours of these fathers in North America. They stood alone, in that early time when their labours began, the only champions of our Christianity in the savage regions of the North-west. They opened up the way for all who came after them. If the roads of the north-west all the way to British Columbia have become familiar to the feet of the traveller, it was the Jesuit who laid the first trail across the country. It was Jean de Brebœuf—dead two hundred and fifty odd

years—who smoothed a Canadian governor's path to Fort Garry.

When the missions were first established in the Acadian forests, and in the dim regions about the lakes, not a very great deal of interest was taken in the things that were passing in this uncared for corner of the world.

It must be remembered that it was a full century and a half before the true value of the newly discovered continent was understood. As a road to the fabulous magnificence and lavish wealth of the East, as a preserve for furs, or minerals or precious stones, were the new regions alone looked upon for a long time. It was not till life had been lavished and treasure wasted, and energy misapplied to impossible purposes, that it was seen where the wealth of the new lands lay, and that an acre of land properly cultivated was worth more than the average gold mine in the long run. Merchants and politicians had lost hope a little in the new country about the time of the establishment of the missions. It was, however, looked upon as a treasure-house—of souls—by those who felt themselves divinely called to labour among the heathen for their salvation. If the general world took thought of the missionary scheme at all, it looked upon it as the impossible dream of visionary men—looked upon it as the average Spaniard may have looked upon the enterprise of Columbus; looked upon it as the average Roman might have looked upon some scheme of the pagan priests to overturn the Druidical altars, and rear up the temples of the Roman gods in the far-away monster-haunted fastnesses of Britain. What manner of man

were they who undertook the spiritual conquest of a continent? A dozen descriptions might be given from a dozen different points of view, and not one of them right perhaps. The conventional "Jesuit" is a familiar figure. A dark, mysterious, unreliable, intangible, terrible person, with ten tricks at hand, and ten times ten in a bag, fond of going, like the equally conventional "devil" of the middle ages, to an excruciating amount of trouble to compass an end that one sees could be got at with very little trouble at all—do we not most of us know that grotesque figure; the orator's never-failing resource, the dreadful delight of romantic young ladies, the terror of pious spinsters of both sexes. And truly there is something to excite wonder, if not awe, in the history of the almost omnipotent Order founded by the dreamy chivalrous soldier, whose campaignings were cut short by a hound at Pampeluna. Beginning at Rome, it grew till it had compassed the world by sea and land in the prosecution of its enterprises, and long before it had reached the meridian of its glory and its power, it had sounded the deeps of all human nature, had conquered for its own the almost boundless realm of human science, and had roused all the passions of which our nature is capable for its enthusiastic support or its speedy destruction.

Of such an order were the men who came from the cornfields and vineyards of pleasant France to the inhospitable wastes and forests of this new world. The task which they had set for themselves was one of the most hopeless ever attempted—the conversion of the North American Indians to Christianity. These Indians were among the worst of their kind. The cruel conditions and inexorable laws of life had well nigh killed all humane instincts, and awakened in them all the cunning of the fox and all the ferocity of the tiger. Governing themselves within each tribe by rigorous rules, for all their neighbours they had but one rule—death and confiscation. The manner of their

lives had bred among them the most horrible diseases, which, gathering up all their venomous forces, periodically swept off the savages thousands at a time. Their moral lives were no less loathsome and destructive. The dragons that tore each other in the prime were civilized and moral beings composed with these savages when the savage instinct was once aroused. It is a too common belief that advancing civilization has swept away the Indians; but it is said by some who have studied the question that in reality it has preserved them from an earlier extinction. For between wars and private feuds, immorality, disease and famine, they were, when the missionaries came, being killed off with a rapidity to which the destruction wrought by such calamities and crimes in a civilized country bears no proper comparison.

Their religious lives were not more promising. Sentimentalists have had too much of their own way with the Indians, and they are commonly thought to have had a settled religious belief. There was no such thing, it is said, among them. There was no word among them meaning God as we understand the word. Oki or Manitou might mean anything adopted as sanctified by the savage—it might be some unknown spirit who spoke in the sighing of winds, or the melancholy moan of the forest; or it might be a skin or an old tobacco pipe; a good meerschauum might have ranked as a Manitou of the first order, and even a T. D. might have taken place as a Tutelar Deity. To inculcate the Christian doctrine, to bind together in one common religious bond this wild and wayward savage people, was the task of the missionaries. Therefore they leave behind them the centres of civilization, the comforts of civilized life. They forsake the dim quiet cloisters in which their youth had sweetly been passed. They pass from the portals of the church, where from childhood they had assisted at the magnificent solemnities of their religion. They close

their eyes to the galleries where the art treasures were hung, to the well-beloved libraries where the collected volumes of ages were close at their hands. The stout ship bears them over seas. The perils of ocean are passed. They clasp hands with their fate and their duty upon the shores of a new land.

ABENAQUI MISSIONS.

It is in Nova Scotia that the history of the missions properly begins. Henry IV. of France had all the unbounded zeal of a convert thinking of the spiritual dangers from which he thought he had escaped; he was filled with horror at the thought of the dangers of the strange races over whom the sceptre of his authority stretched. He burned with zeal to signalize his conquests and his acquisitions by an offering of converted souls. His zeal was duly encouraged and inflamed by his director, who was soon instructed by the King to select fit agents for the mission. The men chosen were of the Jesuit Order, Enemonde Masse and Peter Biard. I pass advisedly over the difficulties which delayed their departure. Suffice it to say that at length, through the energy of their superior and the distinguished generosity of Lady Guercheville—who stands out in the history of these very early times as only a blameless and beautiful woman can stand out amid a worldly throng, moving through all the scandals and dangerous temptations of the time like the lady in *Comus*, entirely serene and pure—they departed from Dieppe and arrived at Port Royal on the 12th June, 1611. They found there one other French priest, F. Jesse Fleche, and with him began to study the Mic-Mac tongue. They received much assistance from that Sagamore Memberton who is so prominent in the early history of Port Royal, and whom at length they converted and baptized. Their hopes of success through his influence were soon dissipated by his unexpected death, and thenceforward their work had to go on unassisted under the trees and in the smoky wigwams

of the people, where they chiefly dwelt. The death of the influential Sagamore was not their only cross. Speedily quarrels arose with Biencourt, with whom they had come, and with whose father, Poutrincourt, they had been made, by liberal purchase, partners in the expedition. So violent was the anger of Biencourt that the missionaries resolved to return to Europe, having no proper means of carrying on the mission nor of assisting the Indians, on whom the inevitable rigours of a northern winter began to press. They had indeed embarked, and were about to sail, but were compelled to disembark on the eve of their departure.

This state of things was reported to Lady Guercheville and the Queen in France; and it was determined that if it was impossible to make Port Royal the seat of the mission a new and more favourable spot should be chosen. Père Biard had visited the region of the Penobscot, and knew the country and the people; and in this region the new mission was to be founded. The expedition arrived in due time at Port Royal, took on board the tormented missionaries, and, with Fathers Quentin and Lalement as a reinforcement, sailed for the mouth of the Penobscot. Here they landed on the east side of Mount Desert Island, and, having planted a cross and offered the Holy Sacrifice, they founded the mission of Holy Saviour.

Their first adventure, as related, was a most lucky one for their future relations with the natives. Penetrating into the forest with a Lieutenant of the ship, Biard heard a great sound as of some assembly shouting, and soon the two came across an Indian, who told them that a child was dying. Biard and the Lieutenant pushed forward, and soon came upon a village, where, at the head of a long line of sorrowing savages, stood an Indian with a dying child in his arms. At each manifestation of suffering in the infant the Indian gave out a yell, and the long line took it up, and echoed it till the forest rang with the terrific mourning. Father Biard advanced

and asked the Indian, whose dialect he knew, if he did not wish to have the child baptized. The Indian laid it in his arms. Water was procured, and the missionary knelt and prayed for some signal manifestation of the Divine power to the Indians. He baptized the child, which soon recovered and was handed to its mother: and great was the wonder of the savages at the power of the black-robed man, who had apparently performed a miracle. Auspiciously as the mission was thus begun it was destined to have but a brief existence. The forts planned by the expedition were well nigh completed, the vessel was ready to depart, when a sudden and fatal blow was dealt them. Some English fishing vessels, commanded by the well known Argall, were driven on the coast, and, hearing that a European colony was established in the neighbourhood, they determined to attack it. When the English vessels came the French ship had but four persons on board, the commander, de la Saussaye, being at the fort. A short defence was made, but the enemy was too powerful. The ship and fort were taken, and in the contest the mission received its baptism of blood in the death of the lay brother, Gilbert du Thet. On his departure from France he had prayed that he might meet death in the service of the mission. And behold, his wish was accomplished. They buried him at the foot of the cross he had helped to raise. And there they left him, in the quiet forest, under the sacred symbol, as nearly alone with God as the resting-place of mortal might be. His death was significant. The flowing of his blood was the first startling intimation to the missionaries that the labour of their lives was to be done in defiance of the bullet and tomahawk; and it might have prophetically revealed to them the fate that was in store for those who were to carry the Cross through the wilderness, through danger and disaster to death. Such is the story of the beginning and the end of the first independent mission in Acadia.

Père Biard returned to France, where he died, in 1622, quietly teaching theology at Lyons. Masse was to labour again and die in the service of the missions. For the future, all the missions were to have origin and centre at Quebec, which was well protected, and whither, in times of danger or trouble, the missionaries might repair for safety and assistance.

QUEBEC MISSIONS.

I.

The missions of Quebec owed their origin to the religious enthusiasm of the heroic and devoted Champlain. Finding so great a field for missionary labour, he induced some members of the Recollet Friars, a branch of the Order of Franciscans, to come to Quebec. In 1615 there came, at his request, two years after the failure of the Acadian mission, to Quebec, Fathers Jamet, Dolbeau, Le Caron, and du Plessis. Their first acts on landing were to select a site for their convent and to offer the mass. There, under the shade of the forest, the hope of New France was gathered, and the cannon from the ships on the river, and from the ramparts of the fort, saluted and proclaimed the inaugural celebration of Christianity. No time was lost in beginning to work. Father Dolbeau went to the Montagnais, and Le Caron to the Hurons; Jamet and Du Plessis remained at Quebec. As this narrative does not purpose to include a history of the doings of the the Recollet Friars, I shall not follow them into the forests. Their labours were not destined to be long. They were not equal to the work. They found themselves unable to surmount the difficulties of the situation, and called in the aid of the Jesuits, whose missionary success had been great; and fourteen years after Biard and Masse had landed at Port Royal, Canada first received the far-famed Jesuits in the persons of Fathers Brebœuf, Masse (who now returned), and Charles Lalement, who arrived at Quebec in

1626. A great work was before them. They had to accustom themselves to the climate and to the habits of the people ; and, above all, they had to master the most difficult of languages and their dialects. For this purpose they went among the Hurons at once. Brebœuf was very portly in figure, and found trouble in getting passage in the frail canoes, but at last he succeeded, and partly by his imposing presence, partly by his winning manners, and partly by the charm of the strange and new doctrines he preached, or rather hinted, to them, he succeeded in winning the enthusiastic admiration of the Hurons. But this first attempt at establishment among the natives was destined to an early termination. Some of the missionaries found it impossible to overcome the difficulties of the Indian tongue, and returned for instruction to Quebec. Brebœuf remained three years among his Hurons, and when he was ordered to return to Quebec it was a great grief to the Indians. Crowding around him they said "What, Echom!" for so they called him, "dost thou leave us? Thou hast been here now three years to learn our language, to teach us to know thy God, to adore and serve Him, having come but for that end as thou hast shown. And now, when thou knowest our language better than any of the French, thou leavest us. If we do not know the God thou lovest we shall call Him to witness that it is not our fault, but thine, to leave us so." He could not stay. An order from his superiors was as a "voice from Heaven" to him, and he went. The missionaries had gathered at Quebec in consultation when once more, as at Holy Saviour, a blow from the enemy struck them down. Three days after the arrival of Brebœuf the English under Kirk captured Quebec. The Recollet Friars were in favour with the English ; but even out here in the wilds the sight of the Jesuit was odious, and they were treated rigorously as captives. Thus was the second attempt to plant a mission in Canada brought to grief. It was the fortune

of war. Kirk carried off Champlain and the Jesuits. The latter made their way into France from England.

For four years the wandering Indians will wait for the black-robed men who were wont to instruct them. Four or five times will the forests of the fall turn red and the fields of winter wax white, and the green of the woods and the silver of the rapid rivers be glorified by the golden summer ; the infants that were baptized will learn to prattle the sacred words that were left them as a legacy, and many changes will take place among the tribe, ere "Echom" comes again.

The result of the mission had not been brilliant, but it had been encouraging. The introduction of the missionaries among the Algonquins and among the Hurons had, so far, 'deeply impressed the natives with the character of the "black-robos." The "black-robos" were so patient, so winning, so cheerful ; they were so brave ; they were so bold in denunciation, and so fervent in instruction, that they could not but impress the Indians. That was a point gained. But some more decisive work had been done. Some converts had been made who promised well for the future. A chief or two had been gained. Here and there a missionary like Brebœuf had won the esteem of a whole village. The people had become familiar with the "black-robos," and had lost some of their old superstitions, and had lost their old faith in their medicine men to some extent. And, on the whole, when the second blow came on the second structure and shattered it, there yet remained a foundation sound enough for a third attempt.

QUEBEC MISSION.

II.

We now begin the story of the third mission—the second from Quebec—the most successful of all, and the most disastrous, the great mission to the Hurons. Peace had been declared in Europe ; and, on Cham-

plain's representations in London, Quebec was ordered to be restored to France. So, in 1632, back from France—Brebœuf foremost—came the missionaries to the fields they knew, the labour they loved, and the deaths that were surely in store for them. In 1634 the new mission was begun.

In the Residence mission house of Our Lady of the Angels, were gathered together Brebœuf, Daniel, Davost, Masse, de Noue, and le Jeune, the Superior. The result of their deliberations was that Father le Jeune remained at Quebec as Superior, while, at different times, the others went out into the distant and dangerous missions. Let us remain for a little with the Superior to see how he goes about his work. "I have commenced," he says, in his Relation of 1633, "to call together some children with a little bell. The first time I had six, then twelve, then fifteen and more. I made them say the Pater, the Ave, and the Credo. We finish with the Pater Noster, which I have put into rhyme in their language, and I make them chant it; and, in conclusion, I give them each a little porringer of peas, which they eat with much appetite." All his spare time was given to the study of the Algonquin tongue; and in this study he was greatly assisted by an Indian named Pierre, who had been to France, and who had cultivated, with the piety of the people, a strong affection for the wines of the country. As Lent came on, however, Pierre went off, and left poor Father le Jeune to fast at once from meat and from Algonquin. To pursue his studies he determined to go off with a hunting party. It was winter. He did not know the difficulties in the way. His provisions were a temptation to the Indians, and, not understanding the eagerness with which he was requested to go, he went. Pierre had a brother called Mestigoit, and another who was a medicine man. Seeing with the keen eye of a savage of more than ordinary intelligence that the success of the Father meant his own downfall, the sorcerer hated le

Jeune and determined to work him evil. It was perfectly natural, and the missionaries were to find out when their star was dark, and their churches in flames, and their deaths at hand, that the revenge of the sorcerers was bitter and certain.

So le Jeune set out. His first experience was not encouraging. He had brought with him a small keg of wine in case of sickness or accident. Pierre found it and tapped it, and, it is quite needless to say, went even so far as to drink it. He became half mad, of course, and manifested a strong desire to do mischief. His amiable brother Mestigoit poured over him a kettle of boiling water which removed a good deal of his skin but did not improve his temper. He playfully resolved to annihilate the poor missionary who only avoided trouble by sleeping on the ground in the winter forest. The journey to the hunting-grounds was an awful one for the Father. Through the difficult obstructions of the winter woods he was compelled painfully to wend his way. Slipping and falling, yet wet and weary, tearing his clothes and his limbs, he toiled along. "Figure to yourself," he says, in one of the Relations, "a person burthened like a mule in addition to these (the afore-mentioned annoyances), and then judge if the life of these savages is sweet." And all his misery was aggravated by the malicious sorcerer, who not only persecuted him with gibes when he was well, but when he grew ill was still more malicious in the persistency with which he practised his noisy heathen rites for the missionary's recovery. For six months this sort of life continued, alternating between feasting and famine, so far as food was concerned, and steadily barren so far as conversions were concerned. The utter foulness of the Indian life presented greater difficulties to conversion than their mere heathenism. At last he accepted a chance to get back to Quebec. The Algonquins did not prove so easy of spiritual conquest as had been expected. They were too predatory and too unsettled.

It was impossible to do anything with them till they had been gathered together in villages ; and, as this was impossible, it was determined to penetrate further into the country of the Hurons, who were more settled. After a solemn council with the Huron chiefs who had come down the river, it was agreed that they should receive the missionaries. A dispute deferred the enterprise for a year, but when a year had passed Fathers Daniel, Davost, and Brebœuf were sent out to the Hurons. It was a toilsome journey. Barefoot, cramped in the canoes, laden like mules in the forest, separated at times, robbed and ill-treated, at last they all reached the Huron towns. Brebœuf had been deserted by his guides at what is now known as Thunder Bay. He hid his sacred altar vessels, and went in search of the town Ithonatria. Soon he found it, and the crowd came out to receive him with rejoicing for they knew the familiar figure, and were glad that "Echom" had come again. Soon, also, came Daniel and Davost. If they only knew to what they had come ! If some divine revelation of the not very distant future had been given them in some vision of the noonday, or in some midnight dream, would they have remained ? Knowing what we do of their fate, and knowing the feebleness of humanity, does it not seem to us that then their hands would have fallen helpless, and terror have come upon them like a thunder-clap ! But there was no revelation, and they remained.

THE PESTILENCE.

At this time the missions had attracted some attention in France, through the accounts of those who had returned and the Relations of those who remained. Other missionaries soon came, in time to share in the danger and the toil—Fathers Jaques, Chaletain and Garnier. They were received with rejoicing ; and, just as they had recruited their energies, the periodical pestilence broke out among the people. Pre-

vious to this some converts had been made among the adults, though for fear of backsliding the missionaries had been chary of baptism ; now everything was jeopardized. Those who were thoroughly converted were confirmed by their trials. Those who were not relapsed to the Okis and Manitous of their youth. The whole mission was now depending on any slight accident. The Indians, in their dread of the pestilence, began to look black upon the missionaries, at the instigation of the sorcerers, as its probable cause. But still they went on with their work—and the small-pox went on with its work also. Now ensued a scene of horror and dismay and death on one side, and of sublime devotion to a sacred duty on the other, which has seldom been equalled either in the plague-haunted streets of London or Lisbon in the olden time, or when the frieze-clad friars were busy with the burying of the dead in the stricken city of the Adriatic. The small-pox raged from cabin to cabin, from village to village. From every wigwam over a vast space arose the cry that never fails to raise sympathetic feelings in human bosoms, the cry of a people sorrowing for its dead. All the stores that the missionaries had were lavished in aid of the stricken people. Daily as they went their dangerous rounds they exhorted, consoled the adult, and secretly baptized the dying infant whose parent would have slain the missionary had he seen the act. The sorcerers continued their insinuations with effect. It was the black robes that brought the small-pox. It was contained in their cross, in their weather streamers, in the secret places of their dwelling. Ill-feeling rose high against them. They walked in danger. The tomahawk was over their heads. They were threatened and assaulted. At last a council was called to condemn them. They escaped condemnation through the influence of Brebœuf : but it was given them to understand that their death was certain at last.

So far the missions had got to be systematically arranged. The Huron towns had all been visited, and each had been named after a saint. They were partitioned into four districts. To these the Tobacco nation was added as a fifth, and Garnier and Jaques had been sent thither. The position and condition of the missions was now this:—The districts had been arranged, and the missionaries were systematically at work in the wilderness. At Quebec changes had taken place of an important nature. A seminary for boys, a convent for girls, and an hospital for the sick, had been built. Madame de la Peltrie, the recital of whose romantic career is almost needless for the reader, had arrived from the Convent of the Ursulines at Tours, with Marie de St. Bernard and Marie de L'Incarnation, and they had begun that system of conventual life and education which is now so familiar to us all. They had taken, these delicate women, their share, and more than their share, in the labours of the missionaries at Quebec among the pestilence-vexed people, spending night and day in their terrible duty. Surely we yield them the tribute of our loyal admiration. Le Jeune and others are at Quebec; Brebœuf is among the Hurons; Jaques is among the Mohawks; Bressani is among the Iroquois. The missions are doing fairly well. The harvest is great, but the reapers are few though they are untiring. With Heaven's help a strong Christian Church will raise itself among the heathen, and New France shall be an honour to Old France, and all the labour shall not have been in vain! Such hopes might have animated the breasts of the Brethren in France, but those who were at Quebec were looking grave, and they had cause to be grave.

THE CONFLAGRATION.

There is a great smoke in the west. On the wind comes borne a confused tumult nearer and nearer. Stragglers come in faint, bleeding, dying. They tell an awful tale.

The Iroquois have declared war—the most powerful and bloody nation in the North-West are on the war-path, and all the missions are at their mercy. The last act, the consummation of the growing tragedy, has come.

Father Jaques was the first sufferer. He had gone to Quebec for altar service and supplies, and was on his way to his mission along the winding river in the shade of the silent forests. There is a yell and a volley from the rushes! The Huron guides fly before the Iroquois, who bear down upon them in canoes. Jaques' companions are captured. He escapes, but seeing his companions in danger he returns in the midst of the enemy. They beat him with war clubs; they tear him with their teeth; they drag him along with a load on his back, and dying almost with unspeakable pain, and he as tender and delicate as a woman; they run him through the gauntlet of two hundred warriors with clubs; his thumbs are cut off with shells; and at night they stretch him on the ground, his limbs extended between stakes. But they do not kill him. He is in evil case; but still he goes on with his labours; his breviary he reads in the forest till the cold pierces his heart; and he stands up to rebuke his captors when they mock at his God. Shortly to sketch his career at this time, it suffices to say that he escapes through the kindness of the Dutch; and months afterwards the doors of a College in France are knocked at by an emaciated and mutilated man whom the Rector admits, and who falls at the Rector's feet to ask for a blessing on the head of Father Isaac Jaques! The day of his triumph is come. The king sends for him; queens and fair court ladies kiss those mutilated hands that, unless a dispensation is granted, will never offer sacrifice any more. That dispensation is granted; and after a period of rest Jaques is once more on his way to Canada, and we pass to scene the second.

The war cloud is getting blacker. All

over the country the Iroquois have spread. The Huron nation is melting like flax before fire, before the wrath of the banded Iroquois; and the second scene in the last act of the tragedy closes with the picture of Joseph Bressani, with his fingers split up into his hands, his hair and beard torn out by the roots, his body burnt with live coals; and with Père Anne de la Noue bewildered in the snow-blinded forest, kneeling in a space he had cleared for his grave, with his hands and eyes upraised to heaven, frozen dead.

Peace had been patched up for a time, and the third scene opens with Jaques appearing once more among the Mohawks. Busily he plies his vocation, exhorting, rebuking, baptizing, for he feels his end is near. It is indeed near. The peace is broken, and Jaques is seized again. His treatment is too terrible to dwell on. At last he is brought to his death feast; and as he enters the lodge a hatchet is buried in his brain. Broken body, thou hast rest at last! Patient soul, thou hast now thy reward! Noblest of men, thou hast entered into thy nobility!

The missions ripened as the end drew near. The Hurons, in deep terror at the ruin of their nation, flung themselves at the feet of the missionaries, and claimed their aid. But the end was coming. Conversions were rapid and baptisms many. There were churches with bells at St. Joseph, St. Ignatius, St. Michael, and St. John Baptist; and morning masses, and frequent ceremonies and sacraments. But the Iroquois were coming. It is at St. Joseph; it is July in the woods, balmy and beautiful. The mission house is crowded to the door. Antoine Daniel is at the altar. Suddenly there is a confusion in the distance. Then there is a wild cry "the Iroquois! the Iroquois!" They are coming across the clearing. The warriors offer a faint resistance and fly. Daniel stands clad in the brilliant vestments of his office. Then a volley of

arrows tear through him, a ball pierces his heart and he dies. The savages bathe their faces in his blood and rush to finish the ruin. What had been begun by a massacre is finished by a conflagration; the mission of St. Joseph is in ruins.

The deceptive and precarious Indian peace follows for a time; but eight months after war leaps again out of hell. The great heart of the mission, Brebœuf, giant in frame and martial in bearing, with the refined and gentle Lalement, are at St. Ignatius, and upon St. Ignatius the fire falls fiercely. The smoke and flames tell to those at St. Mary's, almost as soon as the fugitives, how fearful the ruin is being. A party is sent out to examine. They find a staring horror. Scorched and violated at the stake are the mangled remains of Brebœuf and Lalement. The Indians had known how great and brave the soldierly missionary was, and had taxed all their devilish ingenuity for tortures. They had beaten and scorched him. They had poured boiling water upon his head. They hung round his neck a collar of red-hot hatchets. They had torn away his lips and his tongue. Then they killed him. The effort to keep collected had nearly burst his heart, and he failed early in the torture; his companion, gentle as a woman, had, like a woman, lasted long under the agony.

EPILOGUE.

Thus one by one the missions were done to death, with what accumulation of horrors it is needless to say. The tide of Iroquois war was not to be checked, and it overflowed nearly all the north, to the ruin of the missions for the time. The Huron nation was broken up; and the remaining missionaries gathered at Quebec. And thus closes one imperfect chapter in the history of our country. Men who yield no sort of submission to the claims of these missionaries' religion may not love their Order, and while acknowledging its magnificent achieve-

ments, its energy, and its power, may find fault with its policy and its principles. But no man who reverences heroism in the form of self-sacrifice, can help yielding a tribute of admiration to the memories of the men who, under burning summer suns and bitter winter skies, in doubt and danger, toiled in the beginning of our history; and who, whether friends failed them or not, whether hope comforted them or not, whether fate favoured them or not, looking straight to

their one object, through yelling enemies and charred villages, through weary miles of wilderness, and the barriers which winter had piled in their track, saw only that souls, as they believed, were to be saved, and above all saw, shining in the heavens, the crown of glory that was to be the reward of the labours of their lives, and the consolation of their disastrous death.

M. J. GRIFFIN.

GENIUS.

BY MRS. MOODIE.

THE inspiration which by God is given,
 Born of the light, like light belongs to heaven;
 The eagle soaring to the noon of day,
 Meets with unblenching gaze the solar ray,
 His light of life, and, basking in its sheen,
 Sweeps on strong wing along the blue serene.
 The inky billows of the storm may rise,
 And roll a gloom of terror through the skies,
 Onward and upward still he proudly cleaves,
 And far below the murky vapour leaves;
 The thunders crashing through the shadows dun,
 Vainly impede his progress to the sun;
 Sailing through heaven's wide space on pinions free,
 He only feels the present Deity,
 The thrilling ecstasy absorbs his sight,
 And bathes his spirit in the fount of light.

BELLEVILLE.

THE LEGAL INTERPRETATION OF THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

BY JAMES BEATY, JR.

THE Washington Treaty is a document of such special importance in the interests of peace and humanity, that its contents cannot be too carefully examined or its meaning too critically elucidated. The interpretations already given to it; specially with reference to the character or extent of "the claims" submitted by it; have not in all points done justice to its true import. We will not now detail the events preceding the appointment of the Joint High Commission, to put all the questions arising out of the "Alabama claims" "in the way of a final and amicable settlement." The history of those facts will no doubt be sufficiently fresh in the minds of our readers.

We will at once enter upon an examination of the treaty, with the view of ascertaining the meaning which a disinterested tribunal—say the Tribunal of Arbitration—ought to place upon the document as to the claims submitted by it; the satisfactory determination of which may involve consequences of such serious import as the maintenance of peace and cordial relations between two great nations, who ought to cherish common sympathies arising from their community of race, language, literature and laws.

In pursuit of this object, the first enquiry would be, what must be understood by the recital in the first paragraph of the treaty, where it is said:—"Whereas differences have arisen between the Government of the United States and the Government of Her Britannic Majesty, and still exist, growing out of the Acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the *claims generically known as the Alabama claims*"; and also that portion of the third paragraph where it is stated that in order to *adjust all*

claims on the part of the United States and to provide for the speedy settlement of *such claims*"; the "High contracting parties agree that *all the said claims* growing out of acts committed by the aforesaid vessels and *generically known as the Alabama claims* shall be referred to a Tribunal of Arbitration"?

To ascertain what matters were contemplated by those words and what "claims" were "referred" to the "Tribunal," the Arbitrators are to "proceed impartially and carefully to examine and decide all questions that shall be laid before them." The high contracting parties have since the appointment of the Arbitrators laid before them their "cases" respectively; which occupy large volumes and involve a complete history from the standpoint of each side of the whole controversy.

If the arbitrators were asked to determine this question, they would require to consider these paragraphs calmly from an "impartial" standpoint, and regardless of the vociferated views of plaintiff and defendant thrown in such ponderous tomes at their selected heads. From this point of view we will as far as possible examine this treaty. With our present object in mind, a brief review of facts with respect to "the claims" will not be out of place, to enable us to arrive at an intelligent conclusion.

The Alabama escaped from England on the 29th of July, 1862, after construction there, but without fitting out or equipments of any kind of a warlike character, except the build. The Florida departed from England on the 22nd March, 1862, under the name of the Oreto. She was designed for warlike purposes, and was duly registered as a British vessel. No tangible evidence,

however, of her destination or ownership was provided before her departure. The Georgia and the Shenandoah were never "in any manner or degree within the dominions of Her Majesty, fitted out, armed, or equipped for war, or specially adapted to warlike use."

In the American case, "the cruisers for whose acts the United States ask this tribunal to hold Great Britain responsible" are detailed in what purports to be chronological order, as follows:—"The Sumter, the Nashville, the Florida. and her tenders, the Clarence, the Tacony, and the Archer; the Alabama and her tender the Tuscaloosa; the Retribution, the Georgia, the Tallahassee, the Chicamauga and the Shenandoah." The "depredations committed by those vessels," as the treaty words it, "have given rise to the claims," which were referred to the tribunal, and which in the literature of this controversy, if I may so term the despatches between the two governments, have been "*generically known as the Alabama claims*"; and recognized in the treaty in this their common and general acceptance.

These "claims," it must be observed, are not claims by the Government of the United States, as such; but claims of citizens of the United States who suffered the destruction of their property by the depredations of those vessels. The Government of the United States stood as an intermediary in prosecuting "the claims" presented to them by their own citizens. This is the position assumed by Mr. Secretary Fish in his letter of February 3rd, 1871, in reference to "other and further claims of British subjects or of American citizens, growing out of acts committed during the recent civil war," that "only such claims of this description" were to be considered "as may be presented *by the Governments of the respective claimants.*"

During the whole of this controversy, from the time the first "depredation" was committed by the Alabama until the close of the war, and ever since up to the time of the

appointment of the Joint High Commission, those claims only were contemplated by either party, which were filed by citizens of the United States in the archives at Washington, and which resulted from the destruction of private property by the acts of these vessels. The figures in which these claims were expressed never reached twenty millions of dollars. Fourteen millions were probably the highest figure they had ever attained during all this period. No other class or character of claims was ever contemplated or expressed by the responsible controversialists during the whole intervening nine years.

The immediate correspondence that preceded the appointment of the Joint High Commission will forcibly aid us in illustrating the meaning of the treaty. In this correspondence the first mention of the "so-called claims" was by Mr. Secretary Fish on the part of the United States. In his letter of Jan. 30th, 1871, to Sir Edward Thornton, it is said:—"He (the President) thinks that the removal of the differences which arose during the rebellion in the United States, and which have existed since then, growing out of the acts committed by the several vessels which have given rise to the *claims generically known as the Alabama claims* will also be essential to the restoration of cordial and amicable relations between the two Governments." Here "the claims" are identified as the claims "*known*" as of a certain class; those "*known as the Alabama claims.*" We may enquire, by whom were they so "*known*?" by the correspondents, or by all the governments they represented, or by all interested? Surely a practical and astute statesman of Mr. Fish's calibre would not for a moment use such language without knowing what he meant by it, and if he knew what he meant by it, he must have assumed that Sir Edward Thornton would attach the same meaning to his description that he did himself, from the very terms in which he expressed it, because he calls

them "the claims *known* as the Alabama claims." Sir Edward Thornton on the other hand, an experienced and wide-awake diplomatist, would certainly have asked explanation if he had not fully understood the language, or if he had been aware that it was ambiguous and indefinite in meaning. He shows, on the contrary, that he considered it unambiguous and definite, when in his answer of February 1st, 1871, and in reciting Mr. Fish's letter he transfers the meaning into the words:—"the claims *generally known* as the Alabama claims." In direct terms he also says in the same letter, "that it would give Her Majesty's Government great satisfaction if *the claims commonly known by the name of the Alabama claims* were submitted. In this letter we have two words of identification added to the list, the words "generally" and "commonly" known; one of which Mr. Fish adopts in his letter of February 3rd, 1871; and adds a new one for him when he expresses the President's pleasure at "the disposition to be made of the *so-called Alabama claims*." What "claims" were "so-called"? were they uncertain, unknown, unascertained before that? If so, what could be the meaning of the terms "the so-called Alabama claims"? What claims were "generally," "commonly," "generally known" by the "name of the Alabama claims," if they were not some claims previously and then clearly and distinctly known and understood by all parties concerned in the negotiations. It would be, to say the least, disrespectful to the two Governments and the gentlemen who conducted this correspondence, to suggest that they did not know what they were writing about all this time; and yet if there is any pretence for ambiguity or doubt about the language of either, that is what is suggested when it is claimed that those words included references to "differences" which previously had never been authoritatively mentioned.

It was under these circumstances that the Joint High Commission commenced their

labours as expressed in Her Majesty's commission, "for the purpose of discussing in a friendly spirit the various questions on which differences have arisen," and "of treating *for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement*." The President's commission thus expresses the purpose of the appointment of the High Commissioners on the part of the United States to be, "to meet the Commissioners" of Her Britannic Majesty, "and with them to treat and discuss *the mode of settlement* of the different questions." During this friendly discussion, on the 8th March, 1871, for the first time a new style of language was introduced in the "treating" of this question. The protocols state that the "history of the Alabama and other cruisers" and "the operations of those vessels showed extensive *direct losses* in the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes, and in the heavy national expenditure in the pursuit of the cruisers, and *indirect injury* in the transfer of a large part of the American commercial marine to the British flag, in the enhanced payments of insurance, in the prolongation of the war, and in the addition of a large sum to the cost of the war and the suppression of the rebellion; and also showed (?) that Great Britain, by reason of the failure in the proper observance of her duties as a neutral, had become justly liable for the acts of these cruisers and of their tenders; *that the claims for loss and destruction of private property which had thus far been presented* amounted to about fourteen millions of dollars, without interest, which amount was liable to be greatly increased *by claims* which had not been presented; that the cost to which the government had been put in the pursuit of cruisers could easily be ascertained by certificates of Government accounting officers; that *in the hope of an amicable settlement* no estimate was made of the *indirect losses*, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made."

New terms are in this statement for the first time brought into the discussion. These new terms are "indirect injury" and "indirect losses," and are expressly distinguished from the "direct losses," and "the claims for loss and destruction of private property" previously well understood under the terms, the "so-called Alabama Claims." These new phrases had never before been introduced into the controversy or negotiations; why? because what they represented had never been thought of as a claim, and had never been formulated in language. If they had been in the mind of those who had previously discussed these subjects they had never found expression.

The terms themselves, from their distinctness and certainty show a marked difference in comparison with the language heretofore used. "The claims" are clearly understood also; not all claims, any claims, or every claim; only "the claims." The words "damages," or "losses," or "indirect," or "consequential," or any of their equivalents, were not used in the negotiations at any time antecedent to this. The reason of this style is clear, the thoughts had not existed, and the language did not express it. There were no "losses" or "injuries" of the Government of the United States ever under consideration; "the claims" only, which had been presented to the Government of the United States, and which had arisen from losses or injuries suffered by private citizens, in "the destruction of private property" were the matters considered.

The despatches of the Secretaries of State in controverting these questions and in negotiating for their "amicable settlement," never did name these "losses," "injuries," "damages," "indirect," "consequential," or "inferential," because they only knew them as "claims" against the United States Government, or for the recovery of which the aid of the Government was sought. In

that sense they always treated them, wrote about them, negotiated about them, and finally referred them. This too, notwithstanding the introduction of this new phraseology at a stage of proceedings preceding the final reference, which affords another and if possible more conclusive reason that they were never "referred," seeing that after this time the new style was not introduced into the Treaty. It was in fact abandoned, and the old adopted by both parties and the Treaty concluded in the very terms commonly and generally known, and clearly and definitely appropriated by common consent to a class of "claims" well understood and ascertained by both Governments and by the people of both nations.

The argument deduced from the pretence that they are not expressly excluded, to show that they are included could with equal propriety be urged with respect to the Fenian claims concerning which there is not a word of exclusion in the whole Treaty. It is true they were discussed and were not introduced into the Treaty, and are therefore necessarily abandoned; but if so, the "indirect losses" were by the same mode of reasoning as clearly abandoned by the United States Government, and should never have been presented in their "case." One of the reasons given by the British Commissioners why they "would not urge further that the settlement of these (Fenian) claims should be included in the present Treaty," was "that they had the less difficulty in doing so, as a portion of the claims were of a *constructive and inferential character.*"

If "indirect losses" are admissible at all, the United States might as well at once make out a "case" for the value of four millions of slaves liberated, or the value of the labour of two or three millions of able bodied combatants diverted from industrial pursuits for the various years of the war. The latter would be about as reasonably included in the "so-called Alabama claims" as

some of the former. The British Government might on similar grounds make a "case" for "losses" certain and undoubted to their people in the destruction of the cotton trade with the South and the bartering in other products of the then Confederate States; and the prevention of commercial intercourse with them by the blockade. Article XII of the Treaty would admit a plausible case to be made out of this character, for for not only "all claims on the part of corporations, companies, or *private individuals* subjects of Her Britannic Majesty," which "have been presented"; but "any other such claims which *may be presented*," shall "be referred to three Commissioners." If this should be done, however, would not every citizen of the United States say, and say reasonably, this business which is a serious one and ought to be so treated was attaining the proportions of a broad farce; and would not the whole matter in the estimation of reasonably disposed people, the world over, be regarded as having reached an unenviable caricature? Yet this approximates the position in which the matter is even now placed by some one, whether responsible or not.

It may be, however, that it will turn out to have been done, in the way an extravagant bill of particulars might be drawn in an attorney's office. A clerk is told to draw it, he takes the instructions and sits down to write his bill. He has been ordered to write and he writes, he has a bill to make out and he makes one, whether it is consistent with anything that has gone before or anything to follow after he cares not. He will "claim enough" so that the jury will have room enough to oscillate between the minimum and maximum amounts, and decide the question either by guessing at a verdict or determining it by the turn of a tossed cent. In such case the client will not suffer by reason of preferring too small a claim and making the case appear shabby or mean. It is possible the American "case" in this

respect was prepared in some such way without sufficient consideration as to what had previously transpired or the consequences that might follow from mistake or wrong in this part of the proceedings.

It is a peculiar fact, however, that no figures are stated as to the extent of these "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone in one of those masterly speeches which distinguish him, delivered in the British Parliament about the middle of February in answer to a lucid and eloquent history of the question by Mr. Disraeli, says, "It is perfectly true that the American case does not state any figure of the indirect losses, but it supplies data from which figures may be computed, by no very elaborate process," and he admits, as Mr. Disraeli suggested, that the amount would equal, if not exceed, the war indemnity payable by France to Germany, or about one thousand million of dollars.

It has been urged with some earnestness that the treaty admits of the presentation of the indirect losses, and that it is for the arbitrators to say whether they will be allowed. In this connection an interpretation has been put upon the statement of the American Commissioners on the 8th March, 1871, already quoted, that is not warranted by the facts and documents. They said that "in the hope of an amicable settlement no estimate was made of the indirect losses, without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made": It has been therefore urged in justification of the presentation of the "indirect losses" that the suggestion that no estimate being made of them was "without prejudice" to indemnification "in case no "amicable settlement" was made; and that such settlement was confined to an acceptance of the liability for fourteen millions of dollars by the British Commissioners and by payment thereof without the arbitration; and that if such settlement were not then and there made they reserved the right to bring for-

ward such claims in the discretion of their Government. There is nothing in the statement of the American Commissioners to warrant this interpretation. It might be asked, too, Is the arbitration an inimical, an unfriendly settlement? Mr. Secretary Fish has interpreted it as an "amicable settlement," in those very words. He alleges in the first reference to the Alabama claims found in the correspondence between him and Sir Edward Thornton, that the President directed him to say "this subject also may be treated of by the proposed High Commission and may *thus be put in the way* of a final and *amicable settlement*." So that whatever way the Joint High Commission would devise for the settlement of this question would be "amicable," just as well as a settlement made by the Commissioners themselves with the sanction of their respective Governments; if indeed such a settlement was contemplated when such statement was made. On the contrary, the whole correspondence and the authority of the Commissioners show that they had no right to settle anything only "*the mode*" of settlement; to "put" the question "in the way" of a settlement; and they acted within the scope of their power in the reference to arbitration. Her Majesty also gives the same character to the acts of the Joint High Commission, as Her Commissioners are authorized to treat "for an agreement as to the mode of their amicable settlement." It should also be observed that at this time the question of arbitration had not been discussed at all by the Commissioners. The conclusion is inevitable that referring "the claims" to arbitration, and entering into a treaty to abide by the decision of the arbitrators without the unfriendliness involved in a war, was "a mode" adopted for an "amicable settlement."

Hence by the terms of the "statements," the "indirect losses" were waived and abandoned; and it was in fact substantially agreed that they should not even be brought

to the consideration of the "Tribunal of Arbitration." The American Commissioners thereby undertook that in the event which has occurred, their Government would only urge the claims for the "direct" losses; or, as the Treaty demands, for the claims arising out of the "depredations committed by the Alabama and other vessels in the destruction of private property;" or "the capture and destruction of a large number of vessels with their cargoes;" being, in fact, neither more or less than "the so-called Alabama claims," the only claims "referred" to the tribunal. The Treaty in terms does not include the second class of losses urged by the American Commissioners, namely, "the heavy national expenditures in the pursuit of the cruisers," amounting to about seven millions of dollars, and which they represent to be "direct" because, up to that time they were never "known" as the "so-called Alabama claims," and were not included in the negotiations between Mr. Fish and Sir Edward Thornton; and, consequently, did not come within their powers, and could not be referred by the Treaty. It was on this ground that the American Commissioners resisted the introduction of the Fenian claims, and certainly what was a good rule in this case for the Eagle, cannot be a bad one for the Lion.

The simple fact is, the introduction of this new claim for "indirect" losses at the time, might be very readily interpreted to be in the nature of a gentle threat to press the British Commissioners to an "amicable settlement;" "because," say the American Commissioners, "if you do not come to such a settlement now, we will hereafter not only look for the 'so-called Alabama claims;' but we will also seek to recover these 'indirect losses,' which we never before made any ado about; but if you come to friendly terms, we will forego urging these henceforward, and be content with whatever amount we can charge upon you of 'the claims commonly known as the Alabama claims.'"

The Treaty itself is in complete harmony with all that was said and done before its ratification. The paragraphs already cited, interpreted in the light of the facts briefly noted, tend to show but one meaning, that "the claims generally known as the Alabama claims," were the only claims "referred" in that branch of the Treaty. Article VII has been brought into requisition very gravely, to warrant the reference of the "indirect losses" to the "Tribunal of Arbitration." In the first place, "indirect losses," or any equivalent terms, are not once named in the Treaty. The duty of Great Britain "as to each vessel separately," was first to be determined by the Arbitrators, guided by the Rules adopted; and in case it was found that "Great Britain had failed to fulfil any duty or duties," the Tribunal might, if it thought proper, "proceed to award a sum in gross, to be paid by Great Britain to the United States for all the claims referred to it. These words which are again the well understood words of the negotiation, and the adopted words of the Preamble, cannot be held to mean more than they meant in the previous history of the question; in the correspondence leading to the appointment of the Joint High Commission; in the deliberations of the High Commission; in the Protocols; in the Commission of Her Majesty, appointing the High Commissioners; and in the recital of the Treaty. On the contrary, whatever meaning they had in the Preamble, where the claims are "referred," they have in this Article, as it includes only "the claims referred" to the Tribunal. The "gross sum" can only apply to "each vessel separately;" and is limited by the terms of the treaty to "the *depredations committed*" by each vessel; and not to "indirect losses," "arising out" of, or "growing out" of matters which cannot be said to be the subject of "depredations" of a vessel.

Article X is then added, in case a "gross sum" is not awarded; Assessors are to be appointed "to ascertain and determine *what*

claims are valid, and what amount, or amounts shall be paid by Great Britain to the United States, on account of the liability arising from such failure as to each vessel." This also maintains the harmony of thought and expression we have found to exist throughout. The Assessors are to proceed to the investigation of *the claims* which shall be presented to them by the Government of the United States, and shall examine and decide upon them *in such order* and manner as they may think proper; and "they shall be bound to hear on *each separate claim*, if required, one person," or agent of each Government. The "decision of these Assessors shall be given on *each claim* in writing." Examine also the wording in subsequent parts, such as: "every claim," "amount of claims," "further claims," "any claims," and all are in consonance with what precedes.

Article XI says, that the "High Contracting parties engage to consider the result of the proceedings of the Tribunal of Arbitration, and of the Board of Assessors, should such Board be appointed; as a full, perfect, and final settlement of *all the claims* hereinbefore referred to;" and "further engage that *every such claim* shall be considered and treated as finally settled, barred, and thenceforth inadmissible," when the proceedings of the Tribunal or Board are concluded. There can be no doubt that Mr. Gladstone is right in regarding the Treaty as "unambiguous," and certain in meaning. Indeed it would be difficult to suppose it possible, and it is a consideration that awakens curiosity to ascertain if it is the fact, that Mr. Gladstone, Earl Granville, the law officers of the Crown who must have advised on it, the Commissioners, including the Dominion Minister of Justice, Sir John A. Macdonald—than whom there is no better constitutional lawyer on the continent, nor a mind more acute in practical legal formula—could all have been mistaken as to the meaning and intent of this Treaty.

The "charges of negligence, slovenliness and other faults, which have been freely made against" the British Commissioners, as Sir Stafford Northcote expresses it in a late letter, concerning the distinction of Marquis conferred on Lord Ripon, the chief Commissioner, are not well founded. Sir Stafford may well say that, although they have not answered those charges, "their reticence is due, *not to any doubt of the force of the answer they have to give*, but their belief that it is better in the interests of peace and friendship, that they should say nothing to complicate the unfortunate difficulty."

I must notice briefly the present attitude of the two Governments. The American Government has presented its "case," and includes in it this new, and at the same time once abandoned, claim for "indirect losses." Mr. Gladstone, in a late speech, said of it: "I frankly own that, whether rightly or wrongly, when I first heard of the American case, my belief was, that it was an exact counterpart of the British case; that is to say, a dry, dull, but most able and close argument upon the points connected with *the Alabama* and her consorts; and I imagine that all those who gradually became possessed of the Volume, underwent the same sentiments of *surprise as myself at the entire novelty* of an important portion of the contents of the Volume." The portion about the "indirect losses" was to him an "entire novelty," in that connection; and, therefore, he was obliged to protest. These "losses" were "referred" or they were not. We have seen, satisfactorily enough, they were not "referred"—were not even "estimated"—in the hope of an "amicable settlement;" that only "the generally known Alabama claims" were referred.

When this novel feature presented itself the only course left open was either to go before the arbitrators and consent to discuss a matter over which they had no jurisdiction; or to say at once "such matters were not referred, and we will not consider them at all.

We cannot go before the Tribunal and be called upon to answer as to matters which the submission did not contemplate." The latter course was the one adopted, and, indeed, it was the only one open in reason or common sense; law or equity.

The Commissioners on either side did not make a mistake. The Governments had pre-determined that a settlement should be made. They appointed the High Commissioners to determine "a mode of settlement," to put this vexed question "*in the way of a settlement*. It was no part of their duty to settle, to close up the dispute by any arrangements or compromise as to the liability in the first place, or admitting the liability, as to the money question in the second place. Theirs it was to establish a "mode of settlement." That they did; they deserve, too, the highest credit for industry, patience and equanimity in the disposal of the vexed question upon which they treated. If, however, any one is disposed to blame any of the Commissioners, the American Commissioners are obnoxious to blame, and not the British Commissioners. If it were intended by the United States Government to have included in the treaty "these indirect losses," it is quite certain they did not accomplish it; and the charge of negligence if made at all should be laid at the door of the White House.

Since they were not included, and no doubt intentionally so; as a settlement was a foregone conclusion on both sides, and the spirit of concession wisely ruled the hour; each conceded their share of grievances, and these "indirect losses" were clearly a part of the concessions of the American Government. That being the case nothing further should ever have been said about them. The situation should have been accepted, and no new embarrassments created. As it is claimed now; these losses not being "referred" on one hand or abandoned on the other, the award of the tribunal, it might be said afterwards, did not dispose of them,

and the conclusion of their labours would not render such claims "inadmissible" thereafter, and thus the very "complaints" intended to be "removed," and "the claims" intended to be "adjusted," instead of being settled would only be open for renewed controversy and continual dissatisfaction and irritation.

Nothing can be done under such circumstances but stop the machinery of arbitration until it will be seen that the end aimed at will, undoubtedly, be obtained. What, then, it may be asked, is to be done as things stand? The proper answer is, the American Government ought to withdraw this portion of their "case." If it were a mistake, let it be acknowledged as freely as the British Government did when the High Commissioners were authorized to "express in a friendly spirit the regrets felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the Ala-

bama and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by those vessels." If it were a wrong, let not the wrong be perpetuated. No matter what the circumstances under which this claim was made, intentionally or inadvertently, let a proper acknowledgment be made promptly and magnanimously. Let this peaceful and happy mode of settling international difficulties be inaugurated by the two nations of all the earth in the van of general intelligence and Christianized civilization. Let a new era of harmony and peace dawn upon the world under the ægis of the moral weight of two peoples whose influences are felt to the remotest parts of the earth;—mutually abandoning the slaughter of one another and the destruction of property as acts necessarily precedent to the rectification of an error or the adjustment of a wrong, imaginary or real, inflicted by one upon the other.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE CANON'S DAUGHTER.

(Translated for THE CANADIAN MONTHLY from the French of Edmond About.)

THE following story was related to me by one of the most honest men of Strasburg. On a certain occasion, a few winters ago, I was invited to join in one of those large hunting parties which, in the country around Baden, make such a havoc among the rabbits. The gentleman who gave us this treat, was a Mr. Louis Frederic Zimmer, a notary of Strasburg. He was a man of high standing in the town, and exercised over his equals that friendly authority, which an unerring good sense accompanied by an irreproachable character always

commands. All those who think freely, and there are many such in this noble corner of France, sought his advice and followed his example. No intelligent work of benevolence was ever undertaken without his assistance. He was the very soul of the worthy and patriarchal city. A republic might have been founded, far superior to any Athens and Sparta ever boasted of, if a million of men, such as he was, could have been brought together. This citizen of the golden age did not, however, disdain the present time; his tolerance embraced all works

of contemporary art and literature. He would go to the theatre, read all new books, never failed to praise whatsoever was good, and always looked charitably upon all public or private shortcomings.

As the meeting place for the chase was a considerable distance from town, we had time to exchange many ideas, and talk about various people. Mr. Zimmer's criticisms, though always just and sober, seemed to me, however, defective in one respect. "One of your greatest mistakes," he said to me, "you novelists, dramalists, and comic authors of the day, is to study the exceptions of life only. The theatre and the novel live by nothing else. What are adultery, crime, suicide, but exceptions to the general rule? The *Demi-Monde*, that masterpiece of Dumas' son, the brazen faces, Giboyer, Master Guérin, the Natural Son, the Faux Bonshommes, are all exceptions; the whole of Balzac is a vast museum of all sorts of exceptions, deformities and moral monstrosities. Is it impossible to interest the reader or spectator at a cheaper rate? Life is fruitful enough in varied combinations, and natural events; sober sentiments, every day actions and actors, taken from amidst the crowd, might produce, with the help of art, the comic or dramatic effect you are trying to bring about at so great an expense."

I remarked to him that, in choosing from amidst the crowd, personages who had distinguished themselves by enormities, we only followed the example of the masters. Since the days of Homer, both romantic and dramatic art have lived on nothing but exceptions. Ulysses, Agamemnon, Achilles, have not been taken at hap-hazard from among the Lefèbvres and Durands of the war of Troy. The heroes of ancient tragedy—Œdipus, Jocasta, Orestes, Clytemnestra, Etioeles, Polylices, are all exceptions. The dramatis personæ of Shakespeare, Othello, Macbeth, Shylock, are exceptions; the Orlando of Ariosto, is an exception; Don Quixote is an exception; Don Juan an exception. Art is subject to a law of optics, which obliges its votary to choose from among the characters that present themselves, those that are the more striking—and even to exaggerate these a little. The portrait of a person neither handsome nor ugly, and taken at random, is not interesting. The ordi-

nary man with his half-vices and half-virtues, his small contentments, and small troubles, is not worth a pen full of ink. With whatever art you may season his commonplace, you cannot force him upon the attention of his contemporaries, and still less upon that of posterity.

"I am a man like any other," replied the old gentleman, and I sympathize with every thing human. Let me quote you Terence, who never put an exception on the stage. I should consider it a real service done to the reading public, and to me in particular, if some one would bring to life again, the simplest, the most modest, the least exceptional of the men that lived in Strasburg five hundred years ago. I should like to compare his ideas and sentiments with ours, and see what, on an average, we have gained or lost since then."

"We have gained much in ideas, and have lost considerably in vigour; but this is not the question now. We are talking about literature and not about moral archæology. You think that we writers, are wrong in imitating the masters, to try to cultivate and bring before the public that rare plant called exception. I maintain that our art would be contemptible if it treated only common-place subjects—those uniform, indifferent specimens of humanity that vegetate throughout life as plants in a garden. We write to be read, and the reader would not open our books if he did not expect to find in them types better or worse than himself."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, allow me now to submit this question to your own experience. Let me relate to you a story exceedingly simple, whose heroes, nay, whose personages are all commonplace people of the middle class, of ordinary powers and very homespun morality. I tell you beforehand that they are all equally interesting, because they are all good, sincere, and considerate, and no more; there is no violent passion, no sublime devotion in the whole case; nothing exceptional whatever. Let us see now whether a picture without lights and shadows, can hold the attention of an experienced amateur.

And thus he related the following story:—

"Professor Henry Marchal was, at the age of

thirty-five, one of the best physicians of our town. I may call him by his name, and the others too, for the event which concerned them happened a long time ago, and they have all long since died or disappeared. Professor Marchal was neither an Adonis nor a Quasimodo. He might have walked for hours together under the arches of the Broglie without being noticed. His passport said: 'nose ordinary and *idem* for all the rest.' He was neither tall nor short, his hair neither dark nor light, his beard I remember was somewhat reddish, his eyes soft and smiling, his person solidly built and slightly stout, but without any signs of obesity.

"He was a Strasburger by education, and spoke German without being exactly an Alsatian. His father, a French captain, had died in the service, leaving his two sons, one grown and the other still in his teens, without fortune, as foundation-scholars in our lyceum. The elder, who had a taste for business, went straight to Paris, entered a broker's office and became rich; at least rich enough to pay the inscription fees, and subsequently the diploma, in short, to meet all Henry's expenses, for five or six years. The younger attacked the profession of medicine, as a man who wants to make his own living, and that as soon as possible. He was not any better endowed than the generality of martyrs, but he had a correct mind and a determined will; after obtaining the doctor's degree he sought a fellowship in the University, and at thirty-five he was Professor in our faculty of medicine, which, thank God, is not one of the lowest in Europe. His practice had increased with his reputation, as is always the case. Professor Marchal attended the best families of the town and suburbs. He was, by appointment, the physician of Mr. Aytmann's foundry at Hagelstadt; there was in all Alsatia no important consultation without him. As he was orderly and saving, he soon bought a house on the *Quai des Bacheliers*, and I assure you that he felt no little pride in his proprietorship. He bought also new furniture, and then everybody of course began to suspect that he was going to get married.

The general sentiment in the town was that he had a right to choose, and that no mother would think of refusing him her daughter. Besides his position, which was in every way a

desirable one, he enjoyed a good reputation. His conduct had always been, if not an exemplary one, at least a decent and proper one. He had enjoyed himself like all young men, but had never been guilty of debauchery. All the gossips in town, and there are many in Strasburg, busied themselves therefore in finding out to what heiress the professor was going to offer his hand and name.

The thing was not hard to guess: it was to the only daughter of Mr. Lauth, professor in the Protestant Theological College, and Canon of St. Thomas' Church. Adda Lauth was then about seventeen years old. Picture to yourself an agreeable, light-haired, well-shaped, healthy young girl, of a playful disposition, pretty well educated, and you have Adda Lauth. Those who prefer grace to beauty would have thought her perfect; but the details of her person did not altogether bear examination. Her intelligence was of the common order; she was nothing more than a sensible, good-natured upright girl.

Whether right or wrong, people fancied that Marchal was more in love with the frame than with the picture. The fact was that the Lauth family had an irresistible attraction for all good men. The Canon and his wife, who had married at twenty, looked almost as young as their daughter. A sister of Mrs. Lauth, the wife of substitute Miller, lived in the Canon's house with her husband and four children. Old papa Lauth and his wife, a fervent churchwoman, occupied the second floor; their eldest son, Jacob Lauth, a highly esteemed tanner, lived near by; he also was married and the father of a fine and numerous family. The little tribe lived thus in close intimacy like Noah's children in the Ark. A stranger, suddenly introduced to the Canon's family, would have been struck by the collective character of its physiognomy. The whole house told of neatness, regularity, dignity and cordiality. The sentiments, ideas and habits of these people, made up a peculiarly worthy and kindly group. The usual expression of their faces was a grave and frank smile, a little proud perhaps, but nevertheless quite winning: a smile which could have been translated into—"We are old citizens of Strasburg; we have not a drop of blood in our veins that is not respectable; we have not a sou in our pockets

that has not been earned by work. We honour God, we practice the Gospel, we love each other, we are perfectly happy, we have need of no one, but our homes and hearts are opened to the neighbour, if he wishes it. Come all honest folks and take a seat among us ; we are quite enough ourselves, but you are not one too many."

Be assured the neighbours did not hesitate to accept. The best men in town considered it an honour to be on a familiar footing in that house. Mothers would take their daughters there of an evening ; the young men generally gave to the Canon's parlour the preference over the brewery of the Three Kings. I still remember how carefully I fixed my cravat in the dressing-room, the first evening I was to be presented there. There were two whist-tables in a side-room ; the drawing-room hung with gray-white paper, was modestly lit up by two lamps. Mrs. Holtz, the judge's widow, was performing on an immense piano of the Empire style ; Mrs. Lauth, junior, was preparing coffee in the dining-room ; about twenty young girls in high necked dresses, beautiful because of their candour and simplicity, were dancing. The first that caught my eyes, was Adda Lauth, tenderly encircled by Professor Marchal's arms. Their looks told me that they loved each other, or at least that there was much sympathy between them. Like every body else, I concluded from this that we should soon see a wedding.

This belief became so general amongst the friends, patients and colleagues of Mr. Marchal that he had to suffer all sorts of persecution from their allusions. The most considerate were satisfied with delicately hinting at the thing ; others, less civilized, would come flat out with it. The professor at first pretended not to heed their insinuations ; but, when called upon directly to answer, he would become angry, maintain that there was no such thing as marriage in his mind, and request all those busy-bodies to let him alone. The men were soon silenced, but it was not so easy to get rid of the women. One would say : "What are you waiting for ? The Lauths cannot surely offer you their daughter ; why don't you go and ask for her ? They will be but too happy to have you for their son-in-law." Another would reproach him with procrastination, and tormenting uselessly a poor girl that doated on him.

A third took him aside, and whispered to him : "They say that you dare not ask for Adda Lauth because she is too rich. Don't you believe that. I know for certain from the notary of the family that her dower and outfit does not exceed twenty thousand francs. The position you hold allows you to expect twice as much."

One evening, when this gossipy inquisition had tried him more than usual, he resolved to question himself on the subject, and examine his feelings. I want to get married, that is plain enough ; I want to get out of this hollow bachelor life before it is too late. A few years more and I shall be a confirmed egotist. No, I have still enough youth and health in me to found a family, and I will do so. Miss Lauth is, of all the young ladies I have met, the one that suits and pleases me most. Do I love her now passionately, as they do in novels ? I do not know ; but it is certain that for the last year all my feelings and thoughts tend towards her. I have the highest esteem for her father, her relatives, the whole household : I should be both proud and happy to be one of them ; but does Adda love me ? Setting modesty aside, I think that she sees me with pleasure. I never enter the parlour, but her face brightens up ; she comes to me as I to her, by a sort of impulse ; my eye never seeks hers but it meets it ; in the dances where the lady chooses a partner she invariably selects me. If any one happens to speak about marriage, she frankly expresses herself before me as wishing for a sensible and learned husband. The day I came to announce to the family my nomination to the chair of clinical pathology she had tears in her eyes. Last summer, at the foundry of Hagelstadt, when we had a dance on the river side, she almost betrayed herself. Young Axtmann was hanging paper lanterns on the lower branches of the lindens, Lieutenant Thirion was getting his horn ready, and lawyer Pfister his violin, I saw Adda dropping her black veil over her face, so I asked her if she was cold ? "No," said she, laughing, "it is merely a precaution that I may not be seen blushing when you talk to me." "Heaven forbid," I replied, "that any word of mine should ever cause Miss Lauth to blush !" I know it, Mr. Henry ; I was only jesting ; will you forgive me ? "Forgive ? we forgive anything in those we—respect." Respect ? yes, I am quite sure I

did not use another expression. Never did there escape me one word, gesture or look that could trouble the peace of her soul. If it is true that she loves me, my conscience does not reprove me for having done anything towards it. And if I tried to please her now? If I went about it resolutely at once to-morrow? If I seized upon the first opportunity to open myself to her, to say to her: 'I love you; will you accept me for your husband?' Could I be blamed for doing so? Perhaps. It would not be a violation of any moral law, for my intentions are the purest in the world; but I should run against French customs, and people might esteem me less for it. Morality is universal, but custom varies in different countries. In England, loving Adda, I should first try to obtain her heart from herself, and should afterwards ask the approbation of her parents. In France it is not right to talk of marriage to a young girl unless the parents authorize one to do so."

He considered the idea in all its bearings. The French custom seemed to him brutal and despotic; it looked like an abuse of paternal authority; the heart, he thought, should go before any family considerations. However, there was nothing to be done. Whether blame or praise-worthy, the established custom had to be submitted to.

"Well," said he, "I will observe the rule. I will ask of Mr. Lauth the permission to love and be loved. What have I to fear? These good people have always sought my friendship; why should they refuse me as a son-in-law? I will make a clean breast of it, and that no later than to-morrow. I have reached such a point that the sooner I do it the better. Let us go to bed!"

He went to bed, but did not sleep much; a thousand dreams beset him. Mr. Lauth would give and refuse him his daughter according to the right or wrong side he fell asleep on. The first rays of the morning found him anything but refreshed, and the more resolved, therefore, to carry out his intention. The students at the hospital winked at each other, and whispered: "There is something in the wind. The professor is himself more feverish than any of his patients." After his regular rounds, hospital and town patients' visits, he went home. He meant to stick to his purpose; still, as the de-

cisive moment approached, his courage began sensibly to fail. He dined slowly, dressed still more slowly, took time to correct some proof sheets which might have been put off—anything to retard the . . . and instant without breaking the promise he had made to himself. At last, towards three o'clock, he took courage, walked resolutely to the Canon's house, but, as he put his hand on the door-knocker, he stopped. It occurred to him all at once that Mr. Lauth might not be alone; that Adda might be in, which would render the visit useless, that to come so abruptly upon a father and ask him for his daughter was rather a brutal sort of thing. Were it not better to come to the point sideways, to sound first substitute Miller, or Mr. Lauth, junior, or some other relation of the young lady? This decision seemed to him preferable, as it somewhat put off the difficulty. As Mr. Marchal was going back and turned towards the tannery, the tanner himself, who had dined at his brother's, came out of the house, his pipe in his mouth, and, seeing the professor, cried out gaily:—"Hallo, Mr. Marchal, are you studying architecture now? I should not wonder. This house of ours is certainly one of the oldest, handsomest, most substantially built in the town.

"Mr. Lauth," stammered the Doctor, "I was not looking at the house; I was rather looking within myself. But I am glad I have met you, for I am greatly perplexed; I was just thinking of calling on you. Can you spare me a few minutes, and will you take a little walk with me?"

The Tanner did not refuse, but his countenance fell somewhat, and he replied "I am at your service, and glad to do anything for you." He took Mr. Marchal's arm, and walked a while with him, smoking his pipe.

"Dear Mr. Lauth, what I have to say to you concerns myself and another person, whom you well know—Miss Adda."

"Yes, yes," murmured the little fat man, in a tone which meant "that's what I feared." The Doctor continued!

"I hope that the family does not take in ill part the frequency of my visits at the house?"

"No, sir, the house is open to all good people, and the society of persons like you cannot fail to be welcome."

"I was a little afraid, because—because the gossips in town begin to talk, and—and—"

"Let them talk, doctor, let them talk, and go your way."

"Miss Adda is very pretty."

"No, no, there are three or four hundred much better-looking girls in town than she is."

"I do not think so, and have not seen any. She is so graceful and so bright"

"You think so, perhaps, but I, her uncle, beg leave to tell you that she is nothing more than ordinary."

"But, suppose I love her, Mr. Lauth, would my asking her in marriage of her parents give any offence?"

"No, Mr. Marchal; they would, on the contrary, feel greatly flattered by it. I fully appreciate all you have said on the subject; but my niece is not the wife for you. Now, don't get into a fluster, but listen to me. You surely could not suppose that we are all blind in the family, and that we have not seen what you were aiming at these six months. We know, also, that Adda, if she had her own way, would prefer you to many others. But why, think you, did my sister-in-law, and my sister, and my wife never encourage you when you complained of loneliness, when you asked them to find you a wife, and so on? It is because they could not speak to you on this subject as you hoped and wished they would. The family esteem you highly and love you, but we have made up our minds in regard to Adda, and fully determined that she shall not become Mrs. Marchal. We know your position, your character, your fortune; we are certain that you would make your wife happy. But there are two insuperable reasons which forbid my ever having the honour and pleasure of being your uncle. The first is your religion; you are a Catholic, we are Lutherans; and, although my brother has blessed many mixed marriages, he should not, as Canon, give an example of such a compromise. Even if he should wish to do so, my old mother, whom God preserve, and who is a living law to her children, would positively oppose it. You may say that you are hardly more a Catholic than a Protestant. I know it; you practice the universal religion, whose temple is the world, and whose creed is good works. I feel quite certain that it would be a matter of perfect indifference to you in which of the two

persuasions your children were brought up; but your own tolerance does not remove the obstacle. Besides there is a second reason, my niece is only seventeen years old, and you are thirty-five; more than twice her age. You might almost be her father, for the Canon is only three years older than you. I know that in the eyes of many people this would be a trifling consideration, that in a society somewhat less patriarchal than ours your marriage with Adda would be perfectly proper. Dear me! the fashionable prudence of the present day requires even that a man's position and fortune be fixed and made before he thinks of marrying, and one can hardly accomplish that before thirty-five; but we are people of former times; our father married at twenty-two, the Canon at twenty, and I at nineteen. It is a family tradition, not a theory. You may dispute it as a physician, but we, the old Lauths of Strasburg must respect it. From times immemorial, in our very modest house, husbands and wives have led their quiet, well regulated lives without interruption. We marry youth with youth, ignorance with ignorance, poverty with poverty. It seems hard at first to make both ends meet, and the first-born baby's outfit becomes quite a problem to solve; but the old grand-parents are not far off, and they come at the right moment with full hands. Comfort comes gradually with the years, and it is the more appreciated for the work it has cost. Then the young couple grow old, side by side—the wife a little faster than the husband; but it is not perceived, for all gradual change is invisible to those who are never separated. Besides, they have the consolation of bringing up their own children, of seeing them grow, of being able to say to a big thick-bearded fellow; 'look here, youngster, see what a fine, holy, complete thing a family thus moulded is!' It has a thousand more advantages, one especially which the Christians of the present time do not sufficiently appreciate: I mean the certainty of a past life as pure with the man as with the woman. Think of some of those poor young girls in Paris, who, at a vast expense, buy some old worn-out debauchee, or are sold to some decrepit millionaire! This is not meant for you, however, Mr. Marchal: we all know what sort of man you are, but there is no science in the world that can subtract ten years from your thirty-

five. It is therefore impossible for the Canon to give you his daughter's hand, even if you should abjure the faith of your fathers, which I should certainly advise you not to do."

The poor Doctor was as much stunned by this speech as an ox by the butcher's mallet.— "Come now, cheer up," continued the Tanner. "show yourself a man. Don't look so crest fallen; the world is not at an end. Consider the matter coolly: there is no cause for despair. You want to get married, very well, you are in the very best condition to do so. Your fortune, your rank, your looks and your name make you a desirable match for the best families in the country; there is not one in a hundred I could name that would refuse you their daughter. Bless me! this is but a little penance for your lesser sins, that the first girl you fancy you cannot get. Why, look elsewhere; I bet ten ox-hides against a rabbit skin, that you will not have to look a long time! Dear me, I had to hunt a good while before I got a wife! Just think, I was not a gentleman like you; my two arms, my apprenticeship certificate, and ten thousand francs from papa Lauth, was all I had. The first girl to whom I offered my heart, answered me by throwing a glass of beer at my head. It was Miss Christmana, the youngest daughter of the brewer at the Grape Vine. I went after another one, and another one, and another one still. Now when I think of it, I am but too glad that Providence crossed all these loves, till I found my Gredel, my darling Gredel; the best fitting wife that ever was. She was as exactly cut out for me as the lining for the coat. Do you understand? No! Well, never mind, Mr. Marchal we shall see each other again when you have got over this a little."

The doctor bowed sadly: "No one, dear sir, is quite sure of himself, and time has shaken resolution as firm as mine. However, I think I know myself sufficiently to affirm that no other woman will ever take the place of the adorable Miss Adda in my heart. Do not be afraid that your niece will ever know my feelings for her. I shall at once mark out for myself a plan of conduct that will defeat any evil interpretations the world might make of my absence from your house. Miss Lauth's future must be considered before anything else! I hope, or rather you oblige me to hope, that her heart

has not conceived any serious attachment for me."

"Oh no, just make yourself easy about that. Young girls prefer half a dozen gentlemen, one after the other, and never love any except the last, their husband; he sweeps away the memory of all the others."

"Thank you sir, thank you. One word more, and you are free to go; may I hope that this conversation will remain a confidence between you and me?"

"No sir, indeed; I am going this very moment to tell my brother of it. Surely the thing is worth the trouble, and the proposal coming from such a man as you, deserves at least a moment's consideration. I have told you what the feelings of the family are, but in reasoning as we have done, we have not yet been formally asked for a yes or a no. It seems to me, however, quite unlikely, that their sentiments should change from one day to another; yet must the Canon be apprised of the fact. I myself have no right to refuse you my niece."

"What does it matter whether it is you or her father that refuse her to me?"

"It matters this much, dear Doctor, that a message should reach its destination. I know what I am about, and I have your interests more at heart than you think perhaps. You are a conspicuous man, and we must not allow your enemies to take advantage of this."

"How so?"

"Just now all Strasburg marries you to Adda. To be sure, (and I do not reproach you for it) you have courted her a little. To-morrow the wind will have changed; you will be seen to turn away from the Canon's house, and soon after to pay your addresses to Miss Louisa, Theresa or Dorothea; next, you will order a new coat to take one of them to the altar, and . . .

"No."

"Yes you will; you are bent upon marrying, and when a man has once come to this point, he will marry any time—famine, the plague or war, rather than remain single. You are on the edge of the precipice; no one knows exactly when you will jump, but jump you will and the further back you step to take a start, the better will be the leap."

"Suppose this to be the case, what then?"

"Well, what I want to say is, that when that day comes, and your enemies taunt you with

fickleness or breach of promise to Adda, a man of authority like the Canon may silence them at once. Do you understand ?

"The precaution is useless, but it comes from a kind feeling, and I leave the matter in your hands and thank you. Good bye, Mr. Jacob, who knows when we shall see each other again ?"

"Why, very soon I hope, and as soon as you like ! My niece is not made of tinder and will not catch fire at the sight of you."

They parted, and the Doctor went home to conceal his disappointment. His house seemed a Sahara since hope had deserted it. He had been plunged for an hour or more in the most lugubrious meditations, when suddenly a big body, all dressed in black, stood before him with extended arms. It was the Canon ; the excellent man had come to offer a bit of consolation to the discarded and inconsolable lover.

"Adda cannot be your wife, but she shall always be your sister in God. Certain considerations worthy of all respect will not permit your becoming my son-in-law, but I beg you to look upon me as your spiritual father," etc., etc.

Good Canon Lauth was not a very successful consoler, and eloquence has made considerable progress since his time. He concluded his consolatory address by a few paternal and rather awkward remarks such as—

"The companion you want is a lady from thirty to thirty-two, of a matured mind, or a young widow already experienced in household matters and the education of children. Seek within these two categories of persons, and above all make haste, for every new year hurries you towards old age."

The Doctor listened politely, but did not think the remarks very obliging, and the canonical wisdom somewhat irritated his nerves.

He asked the Canon whether he meant to communicate the affair to Miss Adda ?

"No," he replied ; "it is not proper to awaken children's imagination by confidences of this kind."

"And yet she may wonder at my absence. I should like to keep the esteem of so dear and accomplished a lady."

"My daughter has been too well brought up to ask any indiscreet questions ; she may notice your absence at first, and even perhaps be

troubled about it, but time will here also do its kind work, and a regular and sensible love will soon fill the place of all the purposeless reveries she may indulge in for the present. I am quite sure that in a few months, Mr. Marchal, you can come and dine again with us as usual."

So disdainful a security all but exasperated the Doctor. He suffered intensely, and like all people given to analysis, he dissected his feelings and watched their painful writhings. He perceived that the answer of the Tanner had left him in a state of lethargic melancholy, but that the remarks of the Canon threw him into a disorderly state of mind, into a downright fury. After the visit of Mr. Lauth he behaved wildly, raved till midnight, formed a thousand projects and fell a prey to all sorts of contradictory ideas and sentiments. He brought his very delicacy of feeling and good nature into question ; thought of braving the whole family, and appealing to Adda's own feelings.

She looks upon me kindly, I am sure of it, her eyes tell me so ; I could in no time change this timid inclination into a strong and true love. She will then open her heart to her parents ; they may disapprove ; they may present her one, two or three suitors ; she refuses ; they insist ; she declares boldly that she will remain single or become Mrs. Marchal. I seize upon the occasion, I reiterate my request. Do we not constantly see at the theatre, in novels, in real life love crossed by the whims of families, and triumph in the end nevertheless ? And I, upon a simple refusal, should yield in this way — take my hat and cane and get discarded elsewhere again ! No ! I am going to show these stubborn people that I am a man and one not so easily put off.

Upon this basis he laid out a regular plan of battle. He was acquainted with Miss Lauth's habits, knew when to meet her every day, and at every hour ; the friends of the family were his, the house even of the Canon was left open to him, he was the physician of all these people. One scruple, however, held him back, he feared he had cut off all retreat by accepting the sentence without protest. Both the Tanner and the Canon had received his double resignation as suitor. Was it not too late now to revive the matter ? The poor man saw that his ready submission had spoiled his case ; he felt himself bound by his own assent, and turn-

ed his anger upon himself. In order to relieve his mind from this self-dissatisfaction, and call back some serenity, he tried to evoke the image of Adda ; but by a strange effect of moral reaction, Adda appeared to him less pretty and attractive than the day before. Naturally enough, the preceding day he had seen her through a prism of joy and hope, and now the image of that lovely girl was enshrined in numberless rebuffs.

I should impose upon your patience if I took you through all the oscillations of a disconcerted, restless, unhinged mind. The Professor's agitation was a spectacle to all Strasburg for a number of weeks, and, heaven knows, there was no lack of commentaries of all kinds. But it must be said in praise of the Lauths that nothing transpired of the truth, they kept the affair secret and let the people talk. Besides, what did these know? That Mr. Marchal visited no longer at the Canon's house, that the Lauths avoided mentioning his name, that the Doctor and the young girl looked like two souls in purgatory, and that the marriage so much talked about was broken off. If you know anything of provincial life you may surmise all that was said. Enough stories were invented to prevent a thousand fellows from getting wives, and a thousand girls from getting husbands. As for Adda, who lived within her family as in a fort, she heard but little of all this, but the Doctor, not so well protected, had all the benefit of it.

His anger developed into a firm determination to get married at all hazards. Rich or poor, handsome or ugly, he did not care provided he got a wife. He longed to silence the silly talk, to show to the Lauths that they were by no means indispensable to his happiness, in short he had come to that happy moment, predicted by the Tanner, when a man would marry all the plagues of the earth rather than remain single.

There lived in Strasburg at that time a Miss Blumenbach, a piano teacher, and something of a match-maker. She was the daughter of a colonel, and was thus admitted into society. She was a good sort of girl, had been quite pretty in her younger days, but had missed matrimonial opportunities, and was consoling herself in her celibacy by contributing to the happiness of others. She would never accept

any presents from the young couples she brought together, and only enjoined upon them to make haste and have daughters that she might not lack pupils.

It was this Miss Blumenbach, that our friend Marchal met one evening at the house of the Rector of the Academy. They took instinctively to each other, and the good creature after a few games at *écarté* appeared radiant as the sun. This transfiguration gave again rise to suppositions, and the next day Judge Pastourian, a Parisian, gave out that Mr. Marchal, out of sheer despair, had offered his hand to Miss Blumenbach.

People were still laughing about the matter when the public papers announced a promise of marriage between Marchal (Henry) Professor of the faculty of medicine, and Sophie-Clara Axtmann, daughter of the wealthy foundry proprietor of Hagelstadt.

Clara Axtmann was nineteen years old ; she was well educated, pretty, if not handsome ; a nice fat pigeon sort of a girl, full of captivating ways. The professor did not know her, although he had met her a thousand times, perhaps, because he had met her so often, and she had so to say grown up under his eyes. For the same reason had the attention of the young miss only glided over the Professor without resting on him. She had danced with him as with many others, but her heart had never beaten any faster for that. Sometimes she had allowed herself to recommend to him some workman's household or some one living at a distance from the foundry and in whose welfare she was interested, and the doctor out of courtesy or kindness of heart would spare neither his time nor his legs to do the errand ; but that was all the acquaintance these two souls, whom the Mayor and the Pastor of Hagelstadt were going to unite for life, had ever had.

Henry Marchal's indifference, or rather inattention to the young lady had, however, an honourable excuse which it is important to mention. Miss Axtmann, although she had a brother and two sisters, was considered one of the richest heiresses of the province. Her dowry, twice that of Miss Lauth, represented scarcely a fourth or fifth of the inheritance she had yet to expect. Now the Doctor was not a man to aim higher than his head. He had

looked forward merely to a suitable match, and the good fortune in which Miss Blumenthal played the part of Providence, was but the just reward of his modesty. Mr. Axtmann had cordially declared that he was as much delighted as honoured by the proposal, and Mrs. Axtmann was almost beside herself with joy at the idea of her daughter marrying a professor and being a professoress. The young people, (for every one becomes young again when about to take a wife,) the young people saw each other every day, and their love increased according to that curious progression which mathematicians have never yet been able to calculate. Since Clara and Henry knew that they were destined for each other, a million winged and indefatigable weavers, wove around and about them invisible golden threads. They would have wondered indeed if any one had told them that they had not known, loved and sought each other since the creation; and if any sceptic had dared to maintain before them that Clara might have fallen as violently in love with any other man, and Henry with any other woman, his philosophy would indeed have cost him a bitter moment.

All Strasburg confessed that Doctor Marchal had grown ten years younger. As he hurried through the streets you would have thought that he had wings. He was seen to enter the handsomest shops and buy the most expensive articles. At the hospital he was charming to the patients, nurses and sisters of charity, saw everything on the bright side, became most indulgent on the subject of diet, prescribed wine, chickens, cutlets to any that wanted them. At his lectures he professed the most consoling theories, denied any sickness to be incurable, could not see why a man, wise, happy and married should not live a hundred and fifty years! The people listened, smiled and yet confessed that the Doctor had never shown more talent. His pupils would bring down the house in applauding him. They once waited for him before the college intending to give him an ovation; but he slipped off, got out by a back door, and was soon seen travelling as fast as he could on the road to Hagelstadt. His future connexions promised to pay him a visit at Strasburg whilst he was yet in his bachelor-quarters. Mrs. Axtmann and Clara were to improve the occasion by announcing the good news to their intimate

friends; they intended also to make some complementary purchases for the trousseau, for a trousseau is never complete, and one might keep on buying till doomsday if one listened to mamma. The Doctor obtained by much intriguing that they should all take dinner with him. He was a whole week getting ready for the event. Not only did he put into requisition all the fish, poultry and game to be found in the markets of the town, but he bought so much furniture that his two servants, Fritz and Berbel, did not know where to put it; he had the front side of his house painted white, but either the painter took one pot for another or the devil got into his paints, for the newly painted front looked positively pinky, one would have been blind not to see it.

What a dinner, too, goodness gracious! A real wedding dinner before the wedding! The salmon was as big as a shark, the crabs like lobsters! All the wines of Alsatia and Burgundy paraded before father Axtmann who smacked his lips *en connoisseur*. The mother and her three daughters only moistened their lips—to clear the way for words. Clara told of all the calls she had made, the many compliments that were paid her, and the praises, ah the praises she had gathered from all around for her Henry.

"I am only sorry," she said, "that I could not meet Adda any where. She was neither at her father's, nor at her aunt Miller's, nor at her grandfather's, nor at uncle Jacob's. I should have liked so much to kiss her, and tell her how happy I was! You know Adda, Henry, don't you?"

The Doctor replied without the least embarrassment, and his serenity was nowise a feint. His heart was so full of Miss Axtmann that everything not her was indifferent to him. Adda Lauth seemed so far from him that he perceived her only as a mere speck on the horizon of his thoughts.

A week later the marriage was celebrated with great pomp at the foundry of Hagelstadt. The festivities were not only sumptuous, but also cordial and touching. The Mayor of the village had been a former domestic in the family; he had known Clara as a child, had been the confidant of her little secrets, her almoner as it were. The good man shed heartfelt tears in pronouncing the irrevocable words

that unite two hearts until death. The Pastor, who owed his living to Mr. Axtmann's bounty, had for a long time been the teacher of the three young ladies. He, better than any one, knew what a delicate and tender soul was given in marriage to the Doctor. The man of God distrusted somewhat science and learned men, those idol-breakers. He confessed his fears with such good natured frankness, recommended so artlessly to the husband to respect his wife's holy ignorance and prejudices, that Marchal would surely have kissed him, if his face had not been all besmeared with tobacco. The workmen of the factory had a thousand reasons to respect and love the Axtmann family. Mr. Axtmann was one of those Alsatian manufacturers who exercise over their workmen a paternal patronage, and weigh in a just balance the rights of capital and labour. Besides, the Doctor did not come as a stranger into that colony. Men, women and children had all had to do with him, and knew from experience his devotion to, and respect for, the human machine. These good people exerted themselves to the utmost to add something to the general rejoicings and family festival where-to they were invited. Their employer gave them a ball, they returned the compliment by a concert; they were asked to dinner, but they furnished the fireworks; in short the happy equality between work and capital was sustained to the last.

The upper ten of Strasburg shared, of course, in the festivities of the occasion. The dear, good Blumenbach was not forgotten, but Clara deplored most sincerely the absence of Adda. The Canon and his wife came early in the morning with some other members of the family; but Miss Lauth, who was to be bridesmaid, sent an excuse—"she was not well, had a sick headache," "and surely it must be so," remarked Clara to her husband, as she showed him the blurred writing. And blurred it was, indeed, but Henry Marchal listened as composedly to it all as if he was not the least concerned in the matter. The most important thing to him just then was the post-chaise that was to take him and his wife away that evening. The Doctor had a leave of absence for a month; the newly married couple visited Germany. These wedding-journeys are very pleasant, except that they are generally of very little profit. You go

through cathedrals, picture-galleries, theatres, without seeing any thing but yourselves. In vain the richest and most varied panorama spreads before you; the attention of the spectators is all rivetted on a little imp, Love, who fills up the whole foreground. When the Marchals returned to Strasburg they were not very well posted on the merits of the royal gallery of Dresden or the Glyptotheca of Munich, but they knew each other and adored each other. The every day contact, friction, even the jolts inseparable from travelling, had thoroughly mixed their natures; in short, these two beings had become one. It is useless to add that they had no secrets from one another.

However, the Doctor did not tell his lady of his little misadventure with the Lauths, the story of that love, crushed in the bud by well meaning parents. Not that he feared to make her jealous, by it, or that he had himself still some spite against it in his heart, but because he had well-nigh forgotten it. It had lasted so short a time, his heart had been so slightly touched by it; besides, how many things had happened since! The pitiless brutality of present happiness drove all such memories into fabulous distances Adda Lauth? What Adda? It was a century of three whole months since he had seen this young lady.

But Adda Lauth had not forgotten. These, to them so blissful, months had been to her painful enough. Time had seemed long, indeed, for she had counted its instants by her anxiety and her grief, and wondered that in so few months one could shed so many tears.

We have not enough pity for young girls. Here is now a pretty little thing, sincere, gentle, loving, who allowed herself to yield unresistingly to the inclination of an honest sympathy. She loves, or very nearly so, has reason to suppose herself loved in return; but custom does not allow her to show her preference or to ask the question on which depends her future. Her lot is to watch, to wait, to be silent. Her very parents would accuse her of effrontery if she opened herself to them. All conspire in making her inert, passive, without any will of her own; they would almost wish to make a fool of her. Young men indiscriminately are allowed to be about her; she is seen to fall in love, or nearly so, with Professor Marchal. Pshaw! the thing is not worth noticing, nothing risked but a heart.

But when this same Mr. Marchal comes forward like an honest man and asks to marry her whom he loves, ah, that is quite another thing. "How, sir! and so you were in earnest when you courted our daughter? You really think of marrying her? O! dear, dear, that must not be; you must leave the house, and stay away, and not come back till you are called again! You are too poor, or too old or too something else; our daughter cannot be your wife." "But I love her!" "Can't help that." "Suppose she loves me too?" "Impossible!" "But I have courted her; what will she think of me if I leave her thus abruptly without explanation?" "She will think nothing, sir; are young girls allowed to think?" "But will you, at least, let her know that I have asked for her hand, that it has been refused me, and that I deeply grieve about it?" "No, no, no sir; why, Mr. Lover, what do you take us for, to suppose that we would, under any consideration, fill our daughter's head with such romantic notions? Either she loves you not, and then your eclipse will not the least disturb her, or she loves you, and then all that she will have to do will be to try to forget you. If it were absolutely necessary to assist her in that we should take her travelling and thus divert her mind. There is nothing good parents would not do when the happiness of their daughters is at stake.

This is not an exception I am describing. Alas, no! there is hardly a father or mother, in France at least, that does not conceal from his or her daughter offers of marriage, which the family has rejected beforehand. It is feared that these young hearts might catch fire at the first proposal; that their sympathies may be wasted on a man discarded from motives of self-interest, caprice, or prejudice. And this false and unreasonable prudence is constantly followed up by some such misunderstandings as the one I am about to relate.

Adda, who, like all girls in love, spent a good deal of her time at the window, in constant expectation of some message from the outside, whether by dove or raven, had seen the meeting between her uncle and the professor. As soon as she spied Henry Marchal she was filled with the presentiment of an important event. His dress was unusual, there was emotion in his face; young girls have the genius of observation as soon as their hearts are in question. She

had seen Jacob Lauth accost her dear Henry; she understood from their gestures and the expression of their faces that the conversation was of a grave character. The two men walked on and finally disappeared, and the poor child remained alone with her surmises and the violent agitation of her heart. Fortunately, she was alone in her room; she could weep and pray without being tormented by questionings. Her anxiety lasted the eternity of an hour; she was all impatience against her uncle who had taken possession of her Henry at such a moment. The knocker of the front door brought her again to the window; alas, it was her uncle coming back, not Henry. She ran to meet him. He kissed her in a hurry, and went into her father's library, the door of which he decisively shut after him. She goes back to her room, and holds herself in readiness to answer the first call; it seemed impossible they should not come for her, whose destiny they were now debating. Yet she was not called, and saw again from the window her father go out with her uncle. They are going for Henry, she thought, and will bring him back with them. I will dress. The two Lauths, however, separated—one went towards the tannery, the other turned towards the *Quai des Bacheliers*. All is right surely; one is enough to go after Henry.

But he came not; poor Adda waited for him the whole day long. The family supper passed off as usual; nothing particular transpired; they talked of rain and sunshine; the father was in his usual mood; everybody felt natural except poor Adda, who laughed nervously at everything to dissemble her anguish. They rose from the table; soon the evening friends were heard in the hall, putting out their lanterns and hanging up their cloaks. They come in. Adda had not the least doubt that the doctor would be one of the first, and, perhaps, if he had come, she would have been imprudent enough to ask him, "what news?" But he alone came not, and by an odious fatality there was not a single remark made about his absence. The poor child groaned in her heart: Heaven! how selfish the world is! will no one pronounce that name?

Why did she not pronounce it herself? Because she was a young lady well brought up, and thoroughly trained from her childhood to repress her natural feelings.

From that evening up to the time when the professor's marriage became known through town, Miss Lauth spent weary and solitary days. She reads, she thinks, she weeps, she tries her piano, works at some tapestry, dances in the evening with the young men from town, and answers to their compliments with a pale and lifeless smile. The friends of the house suspect something, and question discreetly the Canon; the Canon replies as discreetly, and the matter is dropped. But as he is a kind father he makes it a duty to amuse Adda. He takes a season ticket at the theatre. Adda goes any where, but it is too plain that she is happy no where. Her health is not exactly threatened, but her colour has vanished, her cheerfulness is gone, and people say:—"There is another girl pining away."

It was during a round of visits, and in company with her mother that she heard the news.

"Well, ladies, do you know? Professor Marchal marries Clara Axtmann; quite a fortune for a physician!"

The blow hit her full in the heart; she fell flat down like a soldier struck by a cannon-ball. Her friends busied themselves about her, unlaced her, fanned her, opened the windows; it is the parlour stove that is too hot! these wretched stoves are always playing tricks like these.

When she was brought to, her countenance was fearful to look on; her eyes shot wrath, and she murmured in a strangled voice, hardly audible to any one: "The villain."

This word was a summing up of all the passionate contempt which unrequited love, wounded dignity, crushed hopes, violated honor could inspire. Up to that fatal moment she had endeavoured to justify that man; she had still hoped in him. Her honest heart would not believe the appearances that went so against him. In her mind Marchal was still faithful; some obstacle or other had made him hesitate, she thought, or foolish friends had advised him to try her faith. But now, no more doubt, he had betrayed a sacred, though silent engagement; the motive for his desertion was among all those that drive men into wrong-doing one of the basest: interest, cupidity, love of money! Oh! it was too infamous! She wished he stood before her, that she might utter to his face all the contempt she

felt for him, and at one stroke take back again all the esteem he had won from her.

This vigorous indignation did her good; her face regained its former freshness, her buoyancy returned. A just anger sustained her under the trial. She began then to hate Marchal as energetically as she had loved him. Now, according to our customs, an honest girl is no more authorized to show her hatred than her love. All passions are equally forbidden her; they must be repressed, cost what it may.

Miss Lauth's heart shuddered at the thought of meeting again the infamous professor. There was no avoiding the thing. He was the family physician; he had married a friend of the family; they frequented the same houses. What torture to be obliged to suffer his presence, and not to be able to give him his due; for there are accounts that cannot be settled before witnesses.

Meanwhile Clara's visit could not be avoided. Clara had betrayed no one; Adda had never entrusted her secret to her: she could not therefore make her answerable for her husband's crime. Yet did all her feelings turn cold towards that friend of her childhood, and she avoided meeting her by all possible means.

She succeeded in escaping the betrothal visits, in avoiding the journey to Hagelstadt on the wedding day; in short, she put into use all the little stratagems current in the province, whereby disagreeable or agreeable guests are denied or allowed entrance.

Miss Lauth's tactics were, however, innocently defeated by a pretty counter-movement on Mrs. Marchal's part. She had scarcely returned to Strasburg, when she hastened to her friend, caught her in her morning attire, and fell on her neck. It was so suddenly done that Adda had no time to parry the embrace. But as soon as the first fire was over, she entrenched herself in a peevish and cruel indifference. The good Clara was so astounded and taken aback, that she did not tell her a tenth of what she meant to say. She returned home all confused and hurt, bringing back the little presents she had intended for her friend, and which the latter would not give her a chance to offer, and all in tears related the event to the Doctor.

This incident revived Henry's memories, and

as he had no reason to dissemble with his wife, he told her all ; the little love story, his marriage proposal and the refusal of the Lauths. Clara, of course, judged the affair in the light of a wife's love, thought the Lauths absurd people, and denied flat that there was on earth a man any younger than her husband.

"But if they did not want you, these stupid folks, what are they angry with us for?"

"The family is not angry, it is Adda alone; they thought proper to conceal from her my offer, and she thinks probably that I have forsaken her out of caprice, or for some other foolish reason, in order to marry Miss Axtmann, here present; do you understand?"

"But that is dreadful!"

"It is very disagreeable at any rate, and if you please we will undeceive her, for I do not like to be ill-judged for having been too discreet."

"Do you care so much for her opinion?"

"It is not very pleasant to have one's good intentions misinterpreted."

"I should think it still more unpleasant to enter into any explanation with her about it. She might think you still courted her retrospectively."

"Pshaw, as if it were not plain to every one that I love you alone, darling!"

"Still, she might; I have learned to know her better this last hour; she would cry from the house-tops that you married me because you could not get her."

"Oh no!"

"Yes, she would. Let us drop the matter, and be content to avoid her as much as possible."

On this they agreed, and the agreement was sealed with a kiss.

But social necessities are often stronger than any resolution one can make. The young couple were obliged to accept the round of festivities generally termed wedding returns. Every where they met the Lauths and the implacable Adda. A family dinner was even forced upon them by the latter, and, whether it was through a freak of destiny or through revengeful premeditation, the poor Doctor was assigned a seat by his enemy. Every one felt the awkwardness of the situation, and suffered under it. Mr. Marchal was ill at ease, Clara was jealous and Adda felt probably as uncomfortable as all the rest. The poor girl was not made to

carry out deep laid plots or violent schemes. She succeeded, however, in insulting the professor in two instances, and in so direct and provoking a manner as to call upon herself the attention of all the guests, and deserved in consequence a severe reprimand from her parents. This circumstance became the means of breaking up the intimacy that had heretofore existed between the two families. The Doctor reproved Mr. Lauth for the course he had taken, and Mr. Lauth insisted that any father would have pursued the same. This rupture did not, however, put an end to hostilities. Wherever Miss Lauth met her former suitor, she persecuted him with a feline animosity; not by direct and coarse attacks, society would not have suffered it, but by an infinity of invisible stings, malicious epigrams and pointed witticisms. The poor Doctor on entering a drawing room where she was, was sure to be assailed. His sense of dignity would not allow him to conceal himself or to withdraw, yet was it a constant mortification to be thus subject to thrusts he could not parry, and the prolonged torture told gradually on his temperament. His wife would at times sympathize with him, but at others again would interpret his absent mindedness to thoughts about Adda, and reproach him with being absorbed by the revengeful sprightliness of their common enemy.

What most irritated Clara, was to see Adda so much courted and admired. The secret fire that devoured her, had strangely sharpened her wit, and animated her countenance. Judge Pastourian declared she had quite a Parisian style about her. In addition to this, and whilst the spiteful beauty was reaping so much admiration, poor Clara's face was suffering from the first effects of maternity: she had a tired, wan look about her which set the dashing Adda still more advantageously off, nor did her being a mother make her gain any ground over her fierce antagonist, for Adda would insult her even in her child, stopping the nurse whenever she met her, and making all sorts of ill-natured remarks upon the babe.

Things were going on thus, when in the course of the same year the papers on the other side of the Rhine announced that the little town of Hochstein was decimated by an epidemic of severe quinsy. There were neither physicians nor nurses left in the community;

all that were wont to attend the sick had perished in the attempt. Two physicians who had come to the rescue from Munich, had been brought back within forty-eight hours in a hearse. Mr. Marchal thought himself in possession of a certain specific against quinsy; his first attempts had been successful, but he had not had as yet an opportunity of experimenting on a large scale. He set out for Hochstein despite the remonstrances of his friends and the tears of his wife.—“If I was in the army,” said he to Clara, “you would not forbid my going to war; well my dear, the enemy is at Hochstein, and I should be there to fight him. He was six weeks absent and returned in perfect health, after having saved all that remained in the town to be saved. An act of courage performed in so simple a manner was much noised about in the world. The king of Bavaria wrote an autograph letter to Mr. *de* Marchal, conferring a title upon him and offering him a pension of six thousand francs from the state. The professor replied in respectful terms that the prefix *de* could not well be adapted to his name, and that the money would be better employed in helping the convalescents and orphans of Hochstein. About the same time the prefect of the department sent Mr. Marchal a letter of congratulation, saying that he had presented his name to the minister for the cross of the Legion of Honour. Mr. Marchal requested that the favour should be bestowed on old doctor Laugenhausen, who had, he said, an older and more national right to this honour than he.

This noble conduct obtained from the public the praise it deserved: all Strasburg felt itself honoured by the professor's conduct. One person alone protested against the general admiration. Miss Lauth could not understand how the same man could be alternately good and bad, loyal and treacherous, sublimely disinterested, and basely sordid. In one word, she could not admit that one could be guilty towards her without being so towards the whole world: woman's logic. Thus, without actually incriminating Henry's last actions, she tried to find a dark side to them, and not finding any, endeavoured to invent one out of spite. As Mr. Marchal had become something of a prophet in his country, she could no longer slander him as before without incurring the general

blame; she therefore changed tactics and began celebrating the hero of the day with ludicrous extravagance. She invented so grotesque a mode of admiration, travestied so perfidiously the praises which circulated from mouth to mouth, that little more was needed to turn the liberator of Hochstein into a ridiculous buffoon.

The Marchals escaped this danger, however, through a family misfortune which again drew upon him the general attention. Henry's eldest brother had for some time been in business difficulties. But luck had turned against him, so much so that the poor man had not even been able to attend his brother's wedding. For a long time he struggled bravely, but succumbed in the end. Henry received on the same day the intelligence of his death and the detailed account of his debts together with a list of some creditors poorer or more interesting than the rest. The doctor and his wife after five minutes' deliberation, wrote to the parties that they accepted all the liabilities of the deceased.

At those times a bankruptcy did not assume the monumental proportions we admire now-a-days; people were less enlightened and lived more plainly. Clara's dowry, and the house on the quay sufficed to cover the whole debt; it was a matter of two hundred thousand francs. Mr. Axtmann, who had not been consulted till all was over, protested vehemently at first; he declared that his daughter and grandchild were reduced to beggary and foretold all sorts of dire consequences. But when Henry gave him to understand that he owed to that unfortunate brother all that he was worth, that their domestic comfort would not suffer by it very materially, as he should always be able to provide plentifully for the little family, and that as to what regarded his son, he would much rather leave him an unspotted name than a large fortune, [¶]Father Axtmann being a worthy man finally gave in, and promised even to assist in mending matters.

When this last event became known, (and everything is known in a provincial town,) Miss Lauth began to open her eyes. She recollected from a child how the doctor had always been known for his extreme delicacy of conduct, she embraced at a glance the whole situation of things, and saw that delicacy in the light of heroism. The only unworthy action

she thought him guilty of stood out from this pure life like a monstrous contradiction. Adda for the first time wondered whether she could have been mistaken, and that doubt alone racked her whole soul, for, if there was a mistake, she had persecuted an innocent man, and Henry's resignation, the patience with which he bore so many public insults, were in that case simply sublime.

It was whilst making a visit with her aunt Miller to the wife of the President, that the light broke overpoweringly upon her. The Marchals' voluntary sacrifice had been carried over town by a Mrs. Mengus, whose husband had been commissioned by the Professor to dispose of all their goods and to forward the proceeds to Paris. As Mrs. Mengus entered into the details of the affair, the complete impoverishment of the little family, their future modest home, Adda became more and more uneasy. Unable to bear it any longer, she hastily took leave, hurried home with her aunt regardless of the calls that remained yet to be made, and the purchases the evening ball at the prefecture required, and bursting upon her mother, just then engaged with two laundresses, the biggest gossips in town, she asked in a tone which took the unsuspecting lady all by surprise: "Mother, upon your eternal welfare, tell me if Mr. Marchal has ever sought me in marriage?" There was no chance of eluding the question, or consulting her husband. Adda pressed her for an answer, and allowed not her piercing eyes to wander a moment from her mother's countenance, watching anxiously its every expression. And as Mrs. Lauth hesitated, "Answer, answer," she said, in so excited a manner, that the good lady, fearing a nervous crisis replied, stammering: "It is so long ago! You were so young! Besides, what do you care now, since he is married to another?"

Adda burst into tears, fell on her mother's neck, and after a nervous, "Thank you, thank you," fled to her room, where she gave free vent to her grief. Mrs. Lauth and Mrs. Miller found her there a short time after absorbed in the Bible.

For some time Adda's mental condition gave her parents considerable uneasiness. Her manners and language went beyond all the limits even of eccentricity, and the family became seriously alarmed about her reason. Grand-parents, uncles and aunts, father and

mother, came together to hold a council as to what was to be done. Some thought her mind should be diverted, and proposed amusements; others advised travelling and a journey to Italy, others again marriage. But how marry her if she herself would not consent? There was no lack of suitors: she had discarded about half a dozen within one year. Only the day before, a friend of the Canon had proposed, a certain Mr. Courtois, a fine fellow, good dancer, counsellor at the prefecture, and only son of a wealthy family. But Mr. Lauth had been so distracted by his daughter's late demeanour that he had not even acquainted her with the offer. It was, however, thought proper by the family to acquaint her with the fact, and to persuade her to accept. They were all prepared for resistance, and expected to find her as usual, irritable and peevish on the subject. But Adda, contrary to all expectation, astonished them all by an unusually respectful submission. She commenced by getting ready for the ball, took, contrary to her habit, a hearty supper, paid special attention to her toilet, and showed herself that evening extremely attractive. Her entrance made quite a sensation. Although she was aware of the general admiration she was creating, she heeded none of the praises whispered around her, and only satisfied herself, her eyes wandering over the ball-room, that certain persons were present. Mr. Courtois, her late suitor, showed himself duly attentive, and engaged her for the first dance. She danced divinely, but when her partner was going to take her back to her seat, she requested him to go a little further, to the place where Doctor Marchal was standing. Mr. Courtois knowing the invincible dislike the young lady had always manifested towards that gentleman, was getting ready for combat, to show off his championship, when he was strangely taken by surprise by the following dialogue:—

"Mr. Marchal, will you allow me to take your arm for a moment?"

"My arm, Miss Lauth."

"If you please."

"I am at your service."

"Thank you, sir; I expected no less from you," and, making Mr. Courtois a slight bow, she walked the whole length of the drawing room on his arm. The whole of Strasburg was amazement; every eye was fixed on them; Clara could not believe her senses; those who wore

spectacles took them off to wipe them ; the orchestra stopped playing.

As they had reached the end of the room, Mr. Marchal said "If this is a wager, Miss Lauth, you have surely won it."

"It is no wager, Mr. Marchal,"—and, after a pause, "What do you think of the gentleman I was dancing with a moment ago?"

"I? why, nothing."

"Do you think he would make his wife happy? He seeks me in marriage; my parents like him, and are ready to accept him; but I do not know him, and I have no means of knowing him. You are acquainted with him. If I were your sister instead of being your enemy would you advise me to become Mrs Courtois?"

"No, Miss."

"Why?"

"Because this gentleman, besides being dissipated, is also a gambler and a hypocrite. He would begin by ruining you, next would beat you, and would finally prove to the world that all the wrong was on your side."

"Thank you, Mr. Marchal. And among my other suitors, Mr. Marchal, is there one who, in your estimation, deserves full confidence?"

"Yes, Miss—Captain Chaleix, a man of talent and of exemplary conduct. You have discarded him, I believe?"

"Yes, but he loves me still; he will come back if I recall him. He shall be my husband. I accept him from your hand, Mr. Marchal, and I beg of you to consider this mark of confidence and esteem as a reparation for the many wrongs I have done you. And now take me to Clara, if you please."

The good notary Zimmer had reached this point in his story, and I was listening with undivided attention, when the horses stopped. We had reached the place of our destination, the Swan Inn. Our comrades were alighting from their several vehicles, applying themselves with arms and legs to restore the circulation of the blood, whilst the coachmen were handing them their guns, one by one. Twenty-five or thirty peasants, staff in hand, were confusedly grouped in a corner of the yard, under the orders of an old game-keeper. Two pointers, in a leash, whined impatiently like children. The host of the Swan appeared on the door steps, his fur-cap in his hand, and bade us welcome:—"The wine is drawn, the soup on the table, the omelet on the fire—to

breakfast." There was no time to lose, it had struck ten o'clock, and it was night at four. Every one hastened to the summons, drank, ate, filled his flask, buckled his cartridge-box, lit his pipe or cigar, raised the collar of his coat over his ears, and away!

Professor Marchal and the Canon's daughter were forgotten a while amongst the troupes of rabbits bounding before the hunters. My friend, the notary, was all engrossed by his duties of head hunter, and by thoughts of his guests. I succeeded, however, in getting near him, and between two beats, asked him for the rest of the story.

"Why, I thought I had finished it. You can guess the end. Adda Lauth married Captain Chaleix, and lived as Christian a life with him as Marchal with Clara. The Canon's daughter and the honest Professor found out by certain signs that they had not been intended for each other since they lived so happily apart."

"Well, and what has become of all these good people?"

"They lived a long time as good neighbours in pleasant intimacy. What more can I say? You know what the course of the things of this world is, and that all lives whether merry or sad, calm or stormy, come to the same end—old age, sickness and death. I must, however, tell you of a curious remark the Professor made once as the two couples were coming from the theatre, and were discussing an old stage-saying, 'I forgive you, but you shall pay for it. Adda maintained that it was impossible for a woman to forgive unreservedly."

"For example," said she to the doctor, "if you had made me suffer but a hundredth part of the affronts I heaped on you, I should never have forgiven you. Does not the remembrance of these things sometimes trouble you?"

"Sometimes."

"And then, don't you hate me?"

"No, on the contrary, I rather feel grateful to you and thank you."

"Now, that is strange!"

"It is so. It was at that time that I took a vigorous resolution, and accomplished perhaps the only meritorious acts of my life. I hardly think I could have summoned up sufficient energy for these acts if you had not put me in a condition that obliged me to force your esteem, my dear Mrs. Chaleix."

THE END.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE REV. JOHN WESLEY, M.A., Founder of the Methodists. By the Rev. L. Tyerman, Author of "The Life and Times of S. Wesley, M.A.," (Father of Revs. J. and C. Wesley). London: Hodder and Stoughton.

When we read a life of the founder of the Methodists we stand beside the source of a mighty river. Methodism, assuredly, is one of the great religious movements of history. More than twelve millions of persons, as Mr. Tyerman tells us, are now either members of Methodist Churches or receiving Methodist instruction. Vast missionary agencies are employed in the work of propagating the Church, and Methodist doctrines and sentiments are disseminated far and wide by a great Methodist press. The indirect influence of the movement upon other Churches, even those which have been most in collision with it, and upon society at large, has also undoubtedly been extensive. In the United States, Methodism is now waging a momentous war with Roman Catholicism for the allegiance of the masses, Methodism enlisting the people, while Roman Catholicism subjugates them. In his day Wesley, though acting on a national, not on a European scene, was practically the grand antagonist of Voltaire. His Church is now the grand antagonist of Loyola, whose spirit, finally predominant in the Papacy, is once more wrestling hard for the dominion of the world.

Mr. Tyerman's work is most valuable as a collection of facts and documents. Nor is it wanting in literary power. It might, perhaps, without detriment to its accuracy, have been somewhat more picturesque, but picturesqueness is so apt to run into sensationalism, and sensationalism is so fatal to veracity, that a lack of picturesqueness is not the fault which we should be most extreme to mark. Mr. Tyerman is a Methodist of the most primitive type, and evidently views with dislike some recent developments of his Church. His spirit is especially grieved by the growing architectural beauty of the Methodist Churches, and the increasing æsthetic attractiveness of the Methodist services. He regards all this as a falling off from the stern simplicity of the first Methodist Chapels and the primitive worship of the Church. But why should Beauty and Harmony be forbidden to serve their Maker? If they are forbidden to serve their Maker will they not serve the

enemies of their Maker? The true philosophy of the matter seems to be contained in old Rowland Hill's saying that he did not see why the Devil should have all the best tunes. When a church is in its apostolic and martyr state, enthusiasm supplies the place of every other incentive to devotion. The rudest upper chamber is then perhaps the most congenial of all temples, except the open air. Mr. Tyerman tells us of Wesley preaching in the house of a mechanic, where he had to stand on the ladder which led from the lower room into the loft, so as to address at once those who were in the loft and those who were below. We have no doubt he preached to a rapt audience, no one among whom was sensible of the grotesqueness of the arrangement, while the zeal of all was enkindled by the material difficulties against which they had to contend. But then that was the primitive age of Methodism and the preacher was its founder. An ordinary preacher in the present day would hardly venture to preach in the same position. The founders of Methodism lived in a spiritual atmosphere in which miracles seemed not incredible, and extraordinary influences were certainly at work. But when human nature subsides to its ordinary level, its ordinary needs must be recognized, and among those needs unquestionably is a certain congeniality of the mode of worship and the surroundings to the mental act of devotion. In the same way in the vital hour of a Church enthusiasm is the highest organization, but more settled times bring with them the need of a regular government. It is not to be supposed that the life of a church is failing because she adapts herself to the needs of the present time.

The general facts of the life of Wesley are as well known to the whole English-speaking race as the general facts of the life of Luther. Both Luther and Wesley rose to meet the pressing needs of a generation sunk in religious infidelity and practical immorality. Both are classed among the historical characters known as Reformers. But with regard to both the name *reviver* would be more adequate, for each of them was not a mere assailant of abuses, but the leader, and humanly speaking the author of a fresh outburst of spiritual life. Wesley's special scene of action was among the poor, whom the wealthy but torpid church establishment of those days had left absolutely without vital religion, and whose morals and habits are too familiar to us from the pictures of

Hogarth and the other hideous records of low life in the eighteenth century. The most loyal Anglicans in the present day are the first to deplore the total failure of religious life in their church, and the indolence of the clergy in those times. It is needless to repeat the history of clerical indifference, sinecurism, pluralism, and even vice. The highest offices of the church were part *(frequently)* than worldly politicians. The best and most active-minded of the Anglican divines occupied themselves with writing dry logical or historical apologies for Christianity, of which it was justly said they proved the truth but hardly knew what to do with it when they had proved it. A fair type of them was Paley, who, as the Cambridge tutor said, "had the credit of putting Christianity into a form which could be written out in examinations." With such an establishment, bound hand and foot as it was, and precluded from self-reform by political and social influences, the leader of a great movement of spiritual regeneration was inevitably destined to part company at last. Wesley clung with all the desperate tenacity of early affection, and perhaps also of professional sentiment, to the church, whose orders he had received; but the necessity was too strong for him, the old bottle would not hold the new wine, and, though unavowedly and perhaps half unconsciously, he became before the end of his life practically the founder of a new church.

Not only was Wesley a churchman, and a very loyal one, but he was a High Churchman, and to the end retained a decided tincture of the ascetism belonging to the character. It was natural that before abandoning the Anglican system, or bringing himself to work outside it, he should prove to the uttermost the system self. Luther, in like manner, proved Catholicism and Monasticism to the uttermost before he thought of striking into a new path. Wesley's movement, in its Oxford phase, in fact, was very nearly a prototype of that afterwards led by Dr. Newman. But Dr. Newman was a refined and eloquent intellectualist, who flattered the reactionary sentiments, both political and ecclesiastical, of the rich and fastidious, without, as we venture to think, any great force of practical conviction, and certainly without producing any extensive change in the hearts of men. His logic at last forced him without his being prepared for it, or desiring it, to take a leap, his accounts of which are mere bewilderment, and which terminated his course as a religious leader. Wesley was originally a man of far more practical force and capacity than Dr. Newman, but happy circumstances also drew him away from his Oxford seclusion, and from the genteel to the practical world and to the service of the poor. His visit to America, unlucky in other respects, was fortunate probably as th: means

of cutting him more completely adrift from the Oxford and High Church moorings of his youth.

Mr. Tyerman is not aware of a fact which lends special interest to Wesley's connection with Lincoln College. That college was founded by Fleming and Rotherham, two Catholic Bishops who were great enemies of the Wycliffites, and who specially dedicated their foundation to the holy war against that heresy. The fellows of the college were specially enjoined by the statutes to devote themselves to the suppression of "the novel and pestilent sect which threatened all the sacraments and all the possessions of the church." One of the Fellows admitted under those very statutes was destined to do a good deal more than Wycliffe for the novel and pestilent sect.

Voltaire owed his immense influence over his generation in a great degree to his longevity and to his long retention of his intellectual powers. His great antagonist had the same advantage, which, in his case, was all the more vital, because he had not only doctrines to propagate, but a society to organize; had Wesley been weak and short-lived, with all his marvellous qualities and powers, Methodism might have been buried in his grave. As it was, he not only retained his intellectual faculties, and even his power of preaching, almost unimpaired to the age of 85, but underwent through life, in his career as an itinerant preacher and organizer of his church, in an age of difficult locomotion, exertions and trials of his constitution which may be almost literally called superhuman. He is on horse-back, with but an hour or two's intermission from five in the morning till nearly eleven at night. Five hours after he sets out again and rides ninety miles. At midnight he arrives at an inn and wishes to sleep, but the woman who kept the inn refuses him admittance and sets four dogs at him. Again he rides five hours through a drenching rain and furious wind, wet through to the very soles of his feet, but he is ready to preach at the end of his journey. The frozen roads oblige him to dismount, but he pushes forward on foot amidst the snow-storm, leading his horse by the bridle, for twenty miles, though tortured by a raging toothache. At the age of 69, he encounters winter storms, wades mid-leg deep in snow, is bogged by the badness of the roads, preaches in the midst of piercing winds in the open air, delivers sometimes as many as four sermons a day, yet makes no entry in his journal indicative of failing health. The amount of preaching which he went through, besides all the work of governing his Church and that of writing a good many books and tracts, would kill any preacher of the present day. This wonderful strength was partly the gift of nature, but it was preserved and confirmed by most careful attention to health—early rising which ensured sound sleep, extreme temperance in diet, abstinence from

stimulants, even from tea. Mr. Wesley's mother also deserves gratitude for a system of bringing up her children directly opposed to that of most American and Canadian mothers, who seem to think it the first of maternal duties to ruin the stomachs, and with them the constitutions and the tempers of their children. The immense fruits of Wesley's healthiness and longevity are a lesson to all who affect to disregard physical health and to be indifferent to the length of life provided it be useful, as though the usefulness of a life did not, in great measure depend upon its length and upon the exercise of the mature powers. At the same time there was nothing about Wesley of the muscular Christian; if he took great pains to keep his body sound it was not for the sake of bodily soundness, much less of athleticism, but for the sake of a sound mind and of the great objects which that mind was to serve.

The amount of persecution and mal-treatment undergone by Wesley and his principal disciples was astounding. We might fill columns with details culled from these pages. The lower orders in England at that time were neither Christian nor civilized till Wesley diffused among them Christianity and civilization with it. They baited a Methodist preacher as they baited bulls or badgers. The soldiery were, perhaps, a shade more brutal than the mass of the common people, as Hogarth's *March to Hounslow* indicates, and it is a signal proof of the power of Methodism that it should have numbered among its earliest and sincerest converts soldiers who faced death at once like Christians and heroes at Fontenoy. No one acquainted with the manners of the time will be surprised to learn that magistrates and clergymen, in some cases, abetted the persecutions. Beau Nash tried to turn the vulgar intruder out of his realm of Bath, but was confronted by Wesley with a tranquil firmness before which the despot of the world of pleasure ignominiously recoiled. From the bishops, who, though appointed by political influence, and of the "Greek play" type, were superior to the mass of the clergy, Wesley does not seem to have met, on the whole, treatment which, considering the irregularity of the movement, could be called unkind. Bishop Lavinton, of Exeter, who seems to have been a great blockhead, as well as a bad man, took a more hostile course and received severe chastisement at Wesley's hands. Sympathy in high ecclesiastical quarters was not to be expected. As we have said before, the final independence of Methodism was unavoidable.

The least agreeable passages in the life are those relating to Wesley's love affairs and his marriage. These incidents are dark specks in a life of uncommon brightness. After all, however, the sum of the matter is that a man like Wesley living a life of

wandering labour without a settled home, was at once most sure to crave for domestic happiness and most certain not to find it. His lingering Oxford fancies about ecclesiastical celibacy add just another shade of absurdity to these affairs, and this is as much as can be said. Wesley's opportunities of observing female character in society had been so limited that he is not much to be blamed for having been taken in by the detestable woman who, in an evil hour, became his wife, and whose temper was such, that a friend going into the room one day, actually found Wesley on the floor, and Mrs. Wesley with locks of his white hair in her hands.

The biographer does not shrink from doing his duty with regard to these incidents. Nor has he any reason for shrinking. Wesley was the founder of Methodism, but he was not its origin, nor is he its life.

The size and cost of Mr. Tyerman's work, even in the smaller and cheaper edition, will prevent its being ever very popular; but it will take its place in our book-cases as the most complete and authentic account of the origin of one of the most important movements in history.

CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY AND MODERN SCEPTICISM.

By the Duke of Somerset. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The appearance of the Duke of Somerset in the field of religious polemics has probably caused considerable surprise. The head of one of the greatest Whig families, the Duke has hitherto been known, and very favourably known as the active and hard-working head of the department. During more than one Administration he was First Lord of the Admiralty, with credit to himself and advantage to the country. The greater part of the vessels now forming the iron-clad navy of England were built under his auspices. Since the formation of Mr. Gladstone's Government he has played the part of an assiduous, honest and somewhat acrid critic.

Though he now writes theology it is still as a politician, with a politician's object and in a politician's style. He observes that for many years past, religious questions have incessantly interfered with the social and educational improvement of the community, and that the disturbance seems to be increasing. A politician, he says, would gladly avoid touching these thorny subjects, but religious teachers never cease from intermeddling with politics. "The Church of Rome, as in olden times, pours imprecations on our heads; and the Roman Catholic clergy, in the United Kingdom, administer the same balm in a more inconvenient form. The Established Church distracts us with so many doctrinal disputes

and perplexing doubts that we almost wish she would slumber again, as she did during the greater part of the last century. The non-conformists appear to be exasperated, and threaten to upset, from the village school to the cabinet, unless they are to have their own way." The Duke accordingly proposes to administer a sedative to the Protestants at all events, and it is impossible, notwithstanding the gravity of the subject, to abstain from smiling at his business-like and almost grim fulfilment of his intention. Within the compass of 182 pages he has condensed, besides a preface, index and introduction, no less than thirty-nine chapters, each treating of a distinct branch of the inquiry, the whole being written in the terse, incisive style of an official *précis*. The bulk of the work is on the sceptical and destructive side, presenting against the existing forms of historical and dogmatic Christianity critical arguments mainly derived from writers of the Tubingen school, to which the Duke's intensely practical mind naturally inclines rather than to the more speculative and imaginative theories of Strauss and Renan. The constructive part of the work is comparatively limited and weak. The Duke, however, believes that he has preserved to Faith one unapproachable sanctuary—faith in God. "Here at last the natural and supernatural will be merged in one harmonious universe under one Supreme intelligence. In affliction and in sickness the thoughtful man will find here his safest support. Even in that dread hour when the shadows of death are gathering around him, when the visible world fades from his sight and the human faculties fail, when the reason is enfeebled and the memory relaxes its grasp, Faith, the consoler, still remains soothing the last moments and pointing to a ray of light beyond the mystery of the grave." The Duke also looks forward to "better days," when irrational dogma and sectarian distinctions having been eliminated, there will emerge a purely rational Christianity common to all Protestants, when the clergy will again become the teachers of the people, when the open Bible will irresistibly lead to the open Church, and the Church will without any violent commotion become the Church of the whole Protestant people. From the ascendancy of such a Christianity he expects inestimable benefits, moral, social and intellectual, as well as religious. It would be idle to attempt to discuss within the compass of a review the multitudinous questions raised by the critical portion of the work, which states, with apothegmatic brevity, almost every objection made by a certain school of sceptics. The Duke is well read for a layman, and a man of business, but he is not profoundly learned, or qualified to appear as an original and independent inquirer. He is hard-headed, but he is wanting in intellectual compre-

hensiveness, in largeness of sympathy, and generally in those qualities which are most essential to an appreciation of what are commonly called the moral evidences of Christianity. On the other hand, he is transparently honest, and his rank, though it can lend no weight to his arguments, is a sufficient guarantee that his aims are not those of a mere religious agitator or a political demagogue. The doubts to which he gives expression are, it would be idle to deny, widely prevalent among the most intellectual classes, and disturb brains far different from those of the sensual or scoffing sceptics of former generations. It is too true, as the Duke says, that "while our clergy are insisting on dogmatic theology, scepticism pervades the whole atmosphere of thought, leads the most learned societies, colours the religious literature of the day, and even mounts the pulpits of the Church." There is but one rational, but one effective, but one Christian way of dealing with such doubts. It is the way indicated by Bishop Watson in his reply to Gibbon: "I look upon the right of private judgment in every concern respecting God and ourselves as superior to the control of human authority. * * * Never can it become a Christian to be afraid of being asked a reason for the hope that is in him, nor a Protestant to be studious of enveloping his religion in mystery or ignorance, or to abandon that moderation by which she permits every individual *et sentire quae velit et quae sentiat dicere*—to think what he will, and to speak what he thinks." A higher than Bishop Watson had taught the same lesson before. The apostle who doubted the Resurrection was answered not with unreasoning anathema, but with convincing proof. "Reach hither thy finger and behold my hands; and reach hither thy hand and thrust it into my side; and be not faithless but believing."

THE LIFE OF JESUS, THE CHRIST. By Henry Ward Beecher. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

The world is now full of Lives of Christ, each of which is, in fact, the shadow of the writer projected across the Gospel. M. Renan's Life of Christ is the shadow of a French philosopher, not without a touch of the Parisian *coiffeur*. *Ecce Homo* is the shadow of an English Broad Churchman; and so with the rest.

Dr. Dio Lewis, in "Our Girls," says:—

"A great many people rather fancy a dyspeptic, ghostly clergyman, and can hardly bring themselves to listen to a prayer from a preacher with square shoulders, a big chest, a ruddy face and a moustache. The ghost, they think, belongs in some way to the

spirit world ; while the beef-eating, jolly fellow is dreadfully at home in this world.

"The ghost exclaims—

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Oh ! how I long for thee,
When will my sorrow have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

"The other, *like Mr. Beecher*, enjoys a good dinner, a nimble-footed horse, a big play with the children and the dogs, seems joyous in the sunshine, and, wretched sinner, does not sigh to depart."

And here is an account of one of Mr. Ward Beecher's sermons :—

"Henry Ward Beecher last Sunday evening, in discoursing on death, said that it was no evidence of special Christian grace to be willing to die. It was far better to be willing to live and do the duties of life. In the course of his address he mentioned that his brother Charles, who was always in a dying mood, once congratulated their father, old Dr. Lyman Beecher, on the fact that he couldn't live much longer. "Umph," said the old man, "I don't thank any of my boys to talk to me in that way. I don't want to die. If I had my choice, and, it was right to choose, I would fight the battle all over again." Old Dr. Beecher, as his son adds, 'was a war horse, and after he was turned out to pasture, whenever he heard the sound of the trumpet he wanted the saddle and bridle.'"

Mr. Ward Beecher, in fact, like his rival, in ability and popularity, Mr. Collyer, of Chicago, is a preacher of "The Life that now is." His sermons are not so much religious discourses as lectures on the formation of character and the rule of conduct in the present world, with as little as possible of the "ghost" in them, delivered in a good platform style, enlivened with plenty of references to mundane interests, and not unfrequently seasoned with a humour broad enough to make the congregation laugh.

We were very curious to see what sort of a Life of Christ would be produced by the projection of this shadow across the Gospels. What would Mr. Ward Beecher make of that part of Christ's history and teaching, not the smallest part in bulk or importance, which belongs so emphatically, not to the life that now is, but to that which is to come? What would he make of the closing discourses, the agony, the passion, the resurrection? How would all these and the character revealed through them be made to harmonize with the robust philosophy of the Plymouth Church and the hygienics of Dr. Dio Lewis? We confess that we opened the book more with the hope of finding an answer to these questions than in the expectation that the great popular orator would be able to throw much light on the deep problems of theology, which, in connection with the Life of Christ, are pressing on all minds and hearts.

Our curiosity, however, as yet remains, to a great extent, unsatisfied. The present volume does not present the problem in its full force, since it embraces only the early part of Christ's Life and Ministry, concluding with a discourse delivered on the shore of the sea of Galilee. Over this period of the Life Mr. Beecher is able to throw a congenial hue of cheerfulness and even of joyousness. "It was the most joyful period of his life. It was a full year of beneficence unobstructed. It is true that he was jealously watched, but he was not forcibly resisted. He was maliciously defamed by the emissaries of the temple, but he irresistibly charmed the hearts of the common people. Can we doubt but his life was full of exquisite enjoyment? He had not within him those conflicts which common men have. There was entire harmony of faculties within and a perfect agreement between his inward and his external life. He bore other's burdens but had none of his own. His body was in full health; his soul was clear and tranquil; his heart overflowed with an unending sympathy. He was pursuing the loftiest errand which benevolence can contemplate. No joy known to the human soul compares with that of successful beneficent labour. We cannot doubt that the earlier portion of this year, though full of intense excitement, was full of deep happiness to him." "Besides the wonder and admiration which he excited on every hand, he received from not a few the most cordial affection and returned a richer love." "It is impossible not to see from the simple language of the Evangelists that his first circuits in Galilee were triumphal processions. The sentences which generalize the history are few, but they are such as could have sprung only out of joyous memories and indicate a new and great development of power on his side and an ebullition of joyful excitement through the whole community. 'And Jesus returned in the power of the Spirit into Galilee; and there went out a fame through all the region round about. And he taught in their synagogues, being glorified of all.' (Luke iv. 14—15)." We are not so sure that the simple language of the Evangelists will bear the sense which Mr. Beecher has put on it, and which he tries to fix and intensify by his italics, as we are that Mr. Beecher's own words express the joyous excitement of a successful popular preacher with a body in full health.

A slight turn is given throughout to the Gospel teaching in favour of muscular, or at least, of robust Christianity. Thus the comment on "Blessed are the poor in spirit" is "Not poverty of thought, nor of courage nor of emotion,—not empty-mindedness, nor any idea implying a real lack of strength, variety and richness of nature,—was here intended. It was to be a consciousness of moral incompleteness. As the sense of poverty in this world's goods inspires men to enterprise, so the consciousness of poverty of

manliness, might be expected to lead to earnest endeavours for moral growth." And in reference to the baptism of Jesus by John, it is said: "That which repentance means in its true spirit, namely the rising from lower to higher moral states, Jesus experienced in common with the multitude; although he had not like them any need of the stings of remorse for past misconduct to drive him upwards. Repentance is but another name for aspiration."

As a set of Essays on the Life of Christ from this special point of view, the work has unquestionable merits. The style is fresh and vigorous, though occasionally marked by what seem to us faults of taste, among which we should be disposed to number certain touches of rhetorical woman-worship, such as "there was no circle of light about His head except His mother's arms." The effort to give human colour and vividness to the Life by painting the local scenery and surroundings, appears to us to be carried to a considerable length; but this is the fashion of the day. The most successful passage in the work in a strictly biographical sense is, we think, that in which a conception "not of Christ's person, but of his personality," is deduced fairly enough on the whole from what the Gospels tell us directly or by implication of his personal habits, bearing, look and gestures; though here again there is a tendency to exaggerate the social aspects of the character and to give the quality of "free companionship," an undue prominence and significance.

This work like *Eccle Homo* is totally destitute of the critical basis necessary to give any work on the subject a permanent value. The critical questions are totally ignored. The Gospels are taken without

scrutiny as "the collective reminiscences of Christ by the most impressible of his disciples," and the miraculous element is accepted, we might almost say, swallowed in the lump, the author sheltering himself rather ominously under the saying of Joubert "State truths of sentiment and do not try to prove them. There is danger in such proof; for an inquiry it is necessary to treat that which is in question as something problematic: now that which we accustomed ourselves to treat as problematic, ends by appearing to us really doubtful." The tremendous mystery of the incarnation is encountered; but an attempt to find, obviously for a practical purpose, a middle passage between conflicting theories ends as might have been expected, in a purely arbitrary solution.

Renan, Pressensé, the author of *Eccle Homo*, and Mr. Ward Beecher, all men of more or less ability, and all working upon the same materials, with which all of them are thoroughly familiar, bring out four widely different Christs, each deeply coloured, as we before said, with the individuality of the writer. Other writers again, especially those of the Ascetic School, bring out from the same Gospels a Christ totally different from the four. The natural inference seems to be that the attempt is chimerical. You may have Diatessarons and Harmonies of the Gospels, you may have commentaries and sermons on Christ's acts and discourses, you may have topographical and antiquarian illustrations of the Gospel History. But as to Lives of Christ—there is a life of Christ in the Gospels and there will never be another.

LITERARY NOTES.

CONTEMPORARY poets, are not, it appears, to have it all their own way. We have already noticed a criticism in the *Contemporary Review* on "The Fleshly School of Poetry." The paper was originally published under a pseudonym, but ultimately acknowledged by Mr. Robert Buchanan. On that occasion Mr. D. G. Rossetti was the chief object of attack; but in an article in the last number of the *Quarterly*, Messrs. Swinburne, Rossetti and Morris are pilloried together as the chief exemplars of "The Latest Development of Literary Poetry." In the previous number, the same critic, if we mistake not, treated his readers to a comparison between Byron and Tennyson, in which the laboured eulogy pronounced upon the one was as palpably factitious

as the studied depreciation of the other. The mantle of a satirist is, at best, a dangerous legacy; that of Gifford has made uneasy the shoulders of his successor. He cannot exactly imitate the savagery of the elder prophet, but the mission of both is substantially the same—to assail every assertion of nascent talent in the current age. Critics of this stamp are always born too late. If Gifford had lived in the Elizabethan period and the living critic had adorned the reign of Queen Anne, all would have been as it should be. Falling, however, upon evil times their mission was, and is, to take up their parable against the feeble degeneracy around them. Into the controversy between the *Quarterly* and the so-called "Literary" school, we have neither space nor inclination to enter,