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ROSE-BELFORD'S  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

FEBRUARY, 1880.

CANADIAN NATIONALITY.

*A Present-Day Plea.*

BY WILLIAM NORRIS, TORONTO.

WE are on the eve of startling events. Public opinion in Canada has come to the conclusion that something must be done, or some change made, to meet the crisis that is approaching. Half a continent cannot be settled and peopled by a colony; a nation may plant colonies, a colony never can. The Canadian people have assumed the responsibility of populating the North-West, and they must rise equal to the emergency. Already they have spent \$15,000,000 in the partial construction of the Pacific Railway, and it will cost nearly \$100,000,000 more to complete it. The revenue of the country is only \$25,000,000 a year at the most, \$7,000,000 of which is required to pay interest on the public debt, leaving only \$18,000,000 to meet the expenses of government, and the public works. As a colony, with our present revenue,

to meet the liabilities we have undertaken will place us in irretrievable bankruptcy in the near future. The men who advocated Confederation and the acquisition of the North-West, must have seen what such would necessarily lead to. Why will they then oppose the legitimate result of their own work—Independence?

It is said there are two ways out of the difficulty—Canada must either assume nationality, or join the United States. The first is the legitimate and only solution. Generally speaking, England would never permit annexation, unless forced on her by a long and disastrous war, which would almost destroy Canada, for her soil would be the battle-ground of the contending nations. Independence could be obtained without embittering the relations which now exist. But annexation would be no remedy for the evils from

It would seem to be necessary to repeat the statement, previously made in the MONTHLY, that the Editor disclaims responsibility for the opinions of contributors, whether the articles are signed or not. It has been the rule to open the pages of the Magazine for the discussion of subjects currently up in the public mind without reference to the point of view from which the articles are written, the only requirements being temperateness of tone, courtesy, and a fair ability in their treatment. The Magazine continues to be conducted on the same principles that have hitherto governed its policy. Contributors to, and critics of the Monthly, will kindly note this announcement.—ED. C. M.

which we suffer. Politically, it would only be a change of masters; and, as a means of settling and developing our country, it would be more than doubtful. Indeed, it would be the sure means of killing all our projects. No one can believe that the Americans would build our Pacific Railway to the detriment of their own Northern Pacific and the one already in operation. Neither is it likely that our sea-board would be developed to the injury of Portland, Boston and New York. Hence, annexation would be of no use to further the projects upon which, for good or evil, the Canadian people have set their hearts.

Politically, annexation would surely render Canada tributary to the States. There are those who think, and say, that suitable enactments could be made to secure the liberties of Canada; but no enactments could make a dwarf equal to a giant; and we do not see that enactments, even among Americans themselves, have much force to protect their own people when the supposed interests of one of the parties require that any particular section should be oppressed. Enactments and laws of the plainest interpretation and of the most binding force could not keep Hayes out of the presidential chair contrary to the will of the majority of the people. How then would enactments protect the people of Canada who must appear, and really are, aliens to the people of the United States? Sections of the American people, when deprived of their right by tyranny or fraud, have the memories and common sacrifices of the whole united country to fall back upon to sustain them in submitting to the usurpations. What common sacrifices or aspirations would Canadians have with the American people which would enable them to submit to such an act as that which lately deprived the people of Maine of their properly elected representatives? None whatever. Such an act, perpetrated in Canada, would be barren, unmitigated

tyranny, which could not be borne, and which would likely be resisted by armed force. The only valid ground which the advocates of annexation have to stand on, is that, that the measure would give us access to the markets of the United States—a very dear privilege if it would entail the loss of our liberties—and if this result could be obtained by a means which would not also bring with it the evils of annexation, then their only argument is gone.

Canadian independence, it is submitted, would enable us to make such treaties with the United States as would give us access to their markets, as well as enable us also to gain access to the markets of the world. We cannot make such treaties at present. The Americans will not treat with an "irresponsible semi-independent power," necessarily controlled by an aristocracy which they hate; or by their rivals in trade—the British commercial class. Moreover, a just and proper treaty could not be made. To make such a treaty as would be of any use to Canada, she must have full and unrestricted access to American markets, both for her productions and manufactures. To obtain such privileges, she must be able to give similar ones as regards her own markets. The privileges of Canadian markets, to be of any use to the Americans, must be refused to the English, otherwise the Americans would get nothing for what they gave. How can a colony give privileges to a foreign nation, and refuse them to the nation to which she belongs? Hence, so long as we retain our present connexion, a proper treaty cannot be made between Canada and the United States.

Then, as our position excludes us from the markets of the United States, does it assist to open the other markets of the world to us? No; on the contrary, it is also the means of closing all other markets to us. Our mother-country is a commercial and

manufacturing nation. To support her own people, she requires to sell an immense amount of goods every year; and, whenever the required amount is not sold, she has bread riots and starvation. How can she be expected to make rivals to her own trade? How can she assist us to open the markets of the world to our products and manufactures, when her great trouble is to find markets for her own goods? Irish manufactures were killed because they interfered with British goods. Can the manufacturers of Canada expect any better fate? They cannot, for England must find markets for her goods so that her workmen shall have bread, otherwise there would be a revolution. Hence, by our position, we are shut out, not only from the markets of the United States, but also from the markets of the world.

It is said there is an offset to this state of things. If England's necessities prevent us from obtaining markets, she furnishes herself a market for all our natural products, and our efforts should be directed to agitate a commercial union with the mother country. Let her, it is said, discriminate in favour of our breadstuffs, and we ought to be content to accept her manufactures. As this argument has been extensively used by the advocates of Imperial Federation, it would be well to ascertain upon what grounds the corn laws were abolished in England, with a view to ascertaining whether English discrimination in favour of Colonial breadstuffs and provisions is possible.

The land of the United Kingdom is owned by a comparatively limited number of the people, and, beside owning the land, this same limited number is specially endowed with hereditary rank and privilege. Liberalism in England, for centuries, has consisted in lessening the privileges of the aristocracy, and dividing political power with the people. In a country, also, which does not raise within itself suf-

ficient of any one commodity to satisfy the wants of its own people, any duty placed on the importation of that article, raises the price of it by the amount of the duty. England raises only a little over one-half of the breadstuffs and provisions required by her own people, and, consequently, any duty placed on such goods raises their price by the amount of the duty. But the moment the prices of breadstuffs rise in England, the aristocracy raise the rents of the land, consequently, placing a duty on breadstuffs and provisions in England in favour of the Colonies would only be taking money out of the pockets of the poor, half starved working man, and putting it into the pockets of the already too-rich aristocracy, to be spent in dissipation and luxury, or to be squandered in devastating Afghanistan, or in slaughtering Zulus. How, then, could England discriminate in favour of the products of our country, or, indeed, of any country? Even now, Ireland is on the brink of rebellion from sheer distress, and the smallest rise in provisions in England would soon bring her people to the same condition: consequently, discrimination in favour of our breadstuffs in England is entirely out of the question, and the great argument in favour of Imperial Federation falls to the ground.

The above circumstances also account for the wonderful tenacity with which British Liberals stick to Free trade as a liberal doctrine in all parts of the world, though manifestly the facts and arguments which make Free trade the great liberal principle it is in England have no application whatever in Canada, where the social condition of the people is so different, and where the lands are held by the people generally.

It would seem plain, then, that the present colonial position of Canada prevents her from obtaining a proper reciprocity treaty with the United States, and shuts up the markets of the world to her goods, while giving no possibility of securing any better

position for her goods in British markets than that possessed by other countries. It would also seem that independence would enable us to make such a treaty with the United States, and treaties with other countries, as would enable us to gain access to their markets without lessening our present privileges in those of Britain. There is no question that access to these markets, especially to those of our own continent, would be to the great and lasting benefit of Canada: every one is agreed on that.

There is also no doubt that independence would elevate the character and status of our people. It would give Canada a national credit in the money markets of the world, and better enable it to raise money by borrowing, or, by the creation of a national currency, similar to that of the United States, for the purpose of building the Canadian Pacific Railway.

There is one more argument in favour of independence greater than all the others put together. Without population, a great North-West is useless to Canada. So is a Pacific Railway. If there be no one to use the railroad, the money required to build it may as well be thrown into the sea. It will be like our present school system—an immense expense to Canada for the benefit of others. Every year Canada spends millions in educating her young men, and the moment they are made fitted to be of use to her, they emigrate to the United States in thousands. In like manner, leave Canada in her present condition, and the chief use of a Canadian Pacific Railway will be to carry food to starving Indians, or to serve the Americans. Who will use it? There is not much use of expecting the people of foreign countries to come hither and occupy our lands. Our emigration agents were arrested in Germany a few years ago as frauds and cheats, in trying to get the people to emigrate to a place where they would have no country, as Canada cannot

make a British subject, and she has no citizenship of her own. Then look at the statistics of British emigration for the year 1878. One-half of all the people who left the United Kingdom went to the United States, and one-tenth only came to Canada. What else is to be expected? People are running away from England, Scotland, and Ireland, because of landlordism, privileges, and aristocracy. Will they come to a colony where a scion of one of the houses which hunted them out of Scotland holds high appointment to remain, both they and their children, colonists still, when, until recently, they could get double the amount of land, with the privileges of citizenship, in the United States? We never can expect to retain even our own Canadian population until we can give them the same advantages they can get in the United States—that is, a country with all that a nationality implies and manhood suffrage. As to obtaining the people of the old countries, we must remain content, so long as we are a colony, with the poorer classes of immigrants which charity and paid passages send to our shores.

Apart, however, from the advantages or disadvantages of independence, we must make up our minds to look the inevitable in the face. We have resolved not to cast in our lot with the Americans, and their continual precarious political condition confirms our resolution. Coming events will surely force us shortly to take up the destiny which every one admits must necessarily ultimately be borne. Jingoism is on its last legs in England. It is dead now, and Afghanistan is going to be its grave. The coming elections in England will surely be won by the Liberals, and the escape of the army, lately in so much peril, will not help the Tories. The triumphant journey of Mr. Gladstone through Scotland is the latest indication of the feeling of the Scotch people towards him; and Ireland, brought to the verge of rebellion

by Jingoism, will send three-fourths of her members to support him. Beer and other political influences are exhausted in England, and, whether a remedy for the hard times or not, a change in Government will be sought as a relief from the present depression. It is the acknowledged policy of the Liberals to change all that has been done by the Tories, and the people will support them. We may certainly look for a great reaction, and the recoil may be so great as to sever the slight link which now binds our Dominion to the Empire.

It, therefore, behoves all true Canadians to be prepared for whatever may occur. There is but little to be done. A Governor elected every seven years by both our Houses of Parliament, the appointment of a small diplomatic body, and the adoption of a flag are all that is needful. Surely, a people who have an independent and final Supreme Court is equal to this. The flag may cause some difficulty, but not necessarily. We have the colours already—it is only necessary to place them. The red first, representing Englishmen and Scotchmen; the white, representing the French who first colonized Quebec and the French Canadian people who now inhabit it; and the green, though questioned by some, is acknowledged by all to represent the Irish. These colours, placed vertically, with the Union in the upper corner as now, would make a good Canadian flag and attract the regard of a majority of the people who inhabit the Dominion. The green, especially, would be worth 100,000 men to the Dominion in case of any difficulty with our neighbours, and would effectually Canadianize the Irish.

The near prospect here held out may frighten the timid, but timidity is one of the things nationality is intended to remove. 'You are big enough and strong enough for independence,' said the *Times*, 'and if not, the education of self-reliance will soon

make you so.' But there is nothing to fear but weakness and cowardice. We shall have 5,000,000 of brave, hardy, industrious people, unused to luxuries and all enervating influences. We have a commercial marine second only to that of America to carry a fully developed national trade. We have 800,000 men between the ages of 16 and 45, should they be required, to defend our liberties. We have resources in natural wealth—lumber, coal, iron, and gold—almost measureless, while our agricultural lands in the North-West give double the average of the yield of the North-Western States. We are already Confederated and bound together in one Dominion, having executive, legislative, and judicial bodies, the last of which is independent, and the other two nearly so. And, lastly, we shall have the good will of England and possibly her guarantee for our independence, as she guarantees that of Belgium, in starting on our national career.

We can then look forward to the future with hope and confidence. In twenty years of Canadian independence, twelve or fourteen states will occupy what is now an unbroken solitude, whose trade, and that of the whole North-West of the continent, will flow in one stream through our territory, either through Lake Winnipeg and Nelson's River into Hudson Bay, or down the Great Lakes and the St. Lawrence to the Atlantic, fertilizing and enriching the country through which it passes. Political power follows in the steps of material wealth. Modern nations on this continent grow with prodigious strides. In one hundred years the United States have passed through all the phases of national life that took a thousand to mould Europe, and they are fast hastening to a premature old age. Our country has come into existence at a grand period of the world's history. Humanity, on this continent, has advanced beyond the evils of the old civilization. Feudalism

slavery, and extreme ignorance and poverty, have never been known to any extent among us, and we shall never be handicapped by them. Our great competitor and rival will never recover from the evils of one of them—slavery. Already she shows signs of dissolution. The evils of the old civilization amid which she was begotten, and the corruption engendered by the civil war, are doing their work. A hot-bed progress among alien and half-assimilated people will surely accelerate the end. They are in a dilemma either horn of which is fatal. They must either submit to the mob and the commune, and see their cities blaze as they did three years ago, or to a standing army and a general who will destroy their institutions and make himself dictator. In either event, dis-

integration is sure to follow. As power steps from the disorganized grasp of the United States, it will fall to Canada as her natural right, making her the first nation on this continent, as she is now the second. United closely, as we shall be from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a common nationality, our country will go on, increasing from age to age in wealth, in power and in glory; and it may not be too much of a stretch of the imagination to think, that as it is the latest developed portion of a new world—as it was the first, by millions of years, to nurse and cradle in her bosom the first spark of animal life in the eozoon,—it may be the country where a last great, and fully developed humanity may find its fitting habitation and abode.

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## ITERUMNE?

BY CHARLES E. ROBERTS.

AH me! No wind from golden Thessaly  
 Blows in on me as in the olden days;  
 No morning music from its dew-sweet ways,  
 No pipings, such as came so clear to me  
 Out of green meadows by the sparkling sea;  
 No Goddess any more, no Dryad strays,  
 And glorifies with song the laurel maze;—  
 Or else I hear not and I cannot see.

For out of weary hands is fallen the lyre,  
 And sobs in falling; all the purple glow  
 From weary eyes is faded, which before  
 Saw bright Apollo and the blissful Choir  
 In every mountain grove;—nor can I know  
 If I shall surely see them any more.

## NO LAW SCHOOL.

IT has been remarked on as significant that, at recent meetings where lawyers were invited to meet the public and have a 'legal talk,' the tone adopted was one of apology. There is, undoubtedly, a great deal of unjust misconception regarding law and lawyers in the popular mind. Perhaps there is no profession in which integrity is so essential to great success as in law, nor one in which loftiness of character can play a more useful part, or is surer of grateful recognition. Our laws betray abundant marks of haste, and to some extent explain the largeness of the item for cutlery and paste in the public accounts. But if laws are, in any case, obscure, contradictory, ungrammatical, and misleading, the farmers may feel assured this arises, not from the redundancy, but from the lack, of legal acumen in our legislators.

Yet when a learned judge proved that lawyers were blameless embodiments of all the virtues, no one need be surprised that laymen opened their eyes wide, nor that one more daring than the rest ventured to demur. His demurrer is not met by pointing to the noble lives lived by lawyers of renown, the great part played by such in our constitutional history, the exploits hardly short of heroic, of courageous advocates in days of peril. Those shining and attractive persons were all drawn from the ranks of the bar, a body of men who have, in the old world, always belonged to a superior class, enjoying all the educational advantages of their time. These men, owing to the division of the legal profession into two classes, have been subjected only to those influences in the administration of law which are, if not ennobling, certainly not morally

depressing; while the attorneys, breathing a much less wholesome atmosphere, seldom educated and often illiterate, brought into contact with weakness, cunning, greed, treachery, and other petty dark passions, made the name of lawyer a by-word, the slur of which, by persons unable, or too careless, to separate the advocate and lawyer, *par excellence*, from the attorney and pettifogger, has too frequently been applied to all who are engaged in the profession of the law.

Here in Canada, where the salutary division referred to does not obtain, it would be well to ponder the causes which have made the attorney the favourite villain and trickster of the novel and the stage. Some of those causes are within our control. The most virulent—ignorance—undoubtedly is. And when the immense private interests entrusted to lawyers are considered, no safeguards against characters unworthy of trusts so important can wisely be spared.

But when we, here in Canada, contemplate the legal profession, we have not merely to think of getting good attorneys; we also want a high-minded, capable, erudite bar, whence we may draw our Cokes, our Mansfields, our Currans. A distinguished lawyer, Mr. James Bethune, speaking on this subject at a public meeting of the Osgoode Hall Legal and Literary Society, pointed out that a lawyer is Prime Minister of Canada, another lawyer Prime Minister of the Province, another lawyer the leader of the Reform party in the House of Commons, another lawyer the leader of the Opposition in the Assembly, and the inference that the character of lawyers was of some importance to the public having regard to the highest interests of

the State was not far-fetched. Nor surely is it far-fetched to wonder why, the circumstances being thus, the Benchers of Osgoode Hall should retrograde rather than advance in the matter of education.

I had intended taking the question up, but found my friend, Mr. Gorham, had already done so in an essay, which will be found below, and which is written from the best possible standpoint—that of a Student.

NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

The law student, having paid his fees, enters on 'a profession whose general principles,' as Story says, 'enlighten and enlarge, but whose minutiae contract and distract the mind.' Some of us who, like Story, had 'dallied with the muses in the gardens of classic and English literature,' and learned

'To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,  
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair,'

have shuddered at the cold and stiff embrace of the Common Law. Many of us, with Lord Brougham, may have felt it to be 'the cursedest of cursed professions,' and, like him and Story, vainly cast about us for some other venture in which to engage our time and talent. 'We have stepped across the threshold of manhood eager to realize the visionary future which imagination had painted in such enchanting colours. Pure in heart, rich in affection, and sanguine in fancy, we looked forward to life as to an Eldorado paved with the golden sands of romance. We have found on it prosaic dust.' How many of us have floundered wearily in the 'Slough of Despond,' as, with exertions renewed again and again, we have struggled through, and at last conquered the difficulties couched in what Sir Henry Spelman termed the 'barbarous jargon' of the law. It will not be inappropriate to recall the experience of Joseph Story, who, as he tells us, had

'no cheering encouragement to light up the dark and intricate paths of the law.' 'Beginning,' he says, 'my studies in this recluse and solitary manner, I confess that I deeply felt the truth of Spelman's remarks when he was sent to the Inns of Court for a similar purpose; my heart, like his, sunk within me, and I was tempted several times to give up the science from a firm belief that I could never master it.' Again he says, 'you may judge how I was surprised and startled on opening works where nothing was presented but dry and technical principles, the dark and mysterious elements of the feudal system, the subtle refinements and intricacies of the middleages of the Common Law, and the repulsive and almost unintelligible forms of processes and pleadings, for the most part wrapped up in black letter or in dusty folios. To me the task seemed Herculean. I should have quitted it in despair if I had known whither to turn my footsteps and to earn a support.' Of his introduction to Coke on Littleton, he writes:—'It was a very large folio with Hargrave and Butler's notes, which I was required to read also. . . . I took it up, and after trying it day after day, with very little success, I sat myself down and wept bitterly; my tears dropped upon the book and stained its pages.' Have not some of us fully or partially realized these feelings of bitter disappointment? What one of us can say he has mastered 'the subtle distinctions incident to landed property,' or fathomed the mysteries and intricacies of the practice of the law without feeling in his doubt and struggles that nature never intended him for the sphere of life to which he is attempting to mould his being? What one of us dare say he has been able to mount the difficulties obstructing his path without feeling the want of some one to level and render less rocky his road? Do not many of us, having gained an eminence, look back upon the boulders of

-the law, against which we wasted our strength in vain, and see with what ease we could have rolled them aside had our efforts been directed by some kind friend who had travelled the way before. Those subtle distinctions, those mysteries and intricacies, those difficulties of the path, those boulders of the law, have existed, do exist, and will continue to exist. Let us hear Sir William Blackstone on the student's introduction to its study. He says: 'We may appeal to the experience of every sensible lawyer whether anything can be more hazardous or discouraging than the usual entrance on the study of the law. A raw and inexperienced youth, in the most dangerous season of life, is transplanted on a sudden into the midst of allurements to pleasure, without any restraint or check but what his own prudence can suggest; with no public direction in what course to pursue his inquiries; no private assistance to remove the distresses and difficulties which will always embarrass a beginner. In this situation he is expected to sequester himself from the world, and, by a tedious, lonely process, to extract the theory of law from a mass of undigested learning; or else, by an assiduous attendance on the courts, to pick up theory and practice together, sufficient to qualify him for the ordinary run of business. How little, therefore, is it to be wondered at that we hear of so frequent miscarriages; that so many gentlemen of bright imagination grow weary of so unpromising a search, and addict themselves only to amusements or less innocent pursuits; and that so many persons of moderate capacity confuse themselves at first setting out, and continue ever dark and puzzled during the remainder of their lives.' Are not these words in point? Do they not fit the case of the Canadian student-at-law, who is bound to 'submit to the drudgery of servitude and the manual labour of copying the trash of an office;' compelled to run hither

and thither at the bidding of a principal whose practice, at best, consists of a monotonous routine of attendance at Chambers. The student may become 'dexterous in the mechanical part of business,' but is this the object of his study? It may be an object, but it should not be the end. 'Making due allowance,' says Blackstone, 'for one or two shining exceptions, experience may teach us to foretel that a lawyer educated to the bar in subservience to attorneys and solicitors, will find he has begun at the wrong end. If practice be the whole he is taught, practice must also be the whole he will ever know; if he be uninstructed in the elements and first principles upon which the rule of practice is founded, the least variation from established precedents will totally distract and bewilder him; *ita lex scripta est* is the utmost his knowledge will arrive at; he must never aspire to form, and seldom expect to comprehend any arguments drawn, *a priori*, from the spirit of the laws and the natural foundations of justice.' To the law students in Canada who 'aspire to form and expect to comprehend arguments drawn, *a priori*, from the spirit of the laws and the natural foundations of justice' the present policy of the Benchers offers no encouragement.

Compelled to serve an apprenticeship of three or five years—compelled to bend to the study of text books unaided—what wonder if he becomes discouraged? What wonder if he contents himself with a knowledge of practice, and becomes a sharp attorney, and a mere case-mongering barrister?

Is it any wonder that the student finishes his servitude with narrowed and distracted mind, a dulled ambition and a meaner aim?

We live in an age of high pressure, and in a country where all are expected to earn their bread young. We cannot afford to spend the half of a lifetime in preparation before entering upon the object of our lives. Cast your

eyes on the three black graces. The disciples of Esculapius no longer smell of the gallipots of Galen. They have kept abreast of the times, and have their rival schools of thought. They have shaken themselves free of precedent. They no longer argue because their forefathers spent years of apprenticeship in the study of medicine that they must necessarily do so. They have harnessed philosophy and science to the car of experience, and fearlessly explore new paths. Even the divines have laid by on the shelf the black lettered folios of theology, and in the most conservative of all professions, we have active modern schools. The lights of the law alone burn in the old socket. There is heaped around them the melted wax of former tapers. The old wick is snuffed again and again in the search for truth. Why should there not be in law also a school of modern thought? Why, to aid us in keeping up with the times, should we not have a school of law, in which we may be taught the origin, the history, and the principles of law?

This enlightened Province of Ontario, in the study of the law, is at a stand-still. Look at the neighbouring Republic, the decisions of whose courts are beginning to have weight in our own; whose schools, and none more than those of law, are sending forth men who guide the councils of half a world, who are able to contend, in diplomacy, with the sages of Europe; whose suggestions are no longer lightly considered in the social and political countries of Christendom. It is a common failing among Englishmen, a failing reproduced in Canadians, to laugh at the American Republic and her institutions. While young—she has now reached her majority, though at an early age—her efforts, no doubt, were feeble, and, like those of the school-boy, did not compare favourably with those of the graduate. But we need only turn our attention to the Law School of Columbia College, in New York City, and

the department of Law in the Universities of Harvard, Yale, and Michigan, to find institutions worthy of our consideration, and challenging our imitation, if we are only wise.

In Albany Law School is such an institution as could be established by the Law Society of Ontario, which should have, to quote from the circular of that school, 'a higher aim than simply teaching young men the law. It should use its best endeavours to teach those who are intending to enter the profession to be lawyers. This is an arduous and difficult task. It is training the mind to a right use of its own faculties. It is giving it a power over its own resources, and enabling it to fully avail itself of its own stores of knowledge.

'This is to be accomplished in a variety of ways, principally by accustoming the young man to do that as a student which will afterwards be required of him as a lawyer.'

We are fast approaching either the confederation of the British empire, or the independence of the Dominion of Canada. We are either to form part of a vast empire, which will be bound together by laws as yet unformulated, or we are to become a dominion, and one of the powers of the earth, recognised as an independent, self-governing body, and amenable to the laws between nation and nation; and yet notice the total want of instruction in international and constitutional law; notice the total want of instruction in the science and the art of law in all our institutions. Our Legislative halls resound with the labours of law makers. *Ignorantia legis non excusat* is echoed by judge after judge, and yet there is no centre of legal thought. To quote again from the Albany Law School Circular—'The student of medicine and surgery can resort to schools in which he can be thoroughly instructed in all the principal branches of his profession; while the student of law enjoys few opportunities of acquiring anything more

than he is enabled to obtain by reading in a lawyer's office.' Who is to blame for this want, which will soon become an urgent necessity? Who is to blame for the total want of any instruction in the subjects which lead to the degree of Barrister-at-Law? By turning to the *Canada Law Journal* of March, 1878, we find as follows:— 'The consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Law School was taken up.

'Moved—That the Law School be abolished and cease, from and after the last day of Easter term next.

'Moved, in amendment, that the further consideration of the Report of the Committee on the Law School be postponed until the first meeting of Convocation in Hilary Term next, and that it be referred to the said Committee, and the Committee on Legal Education, in the meantime, to confer with the authorities of the University of Toronto, with a view to the affiliation of the Law School with that University, and to consider such amendments in the system of legal education as may appear to be desirable, the said Committee to report to Convocation at the same meeting—Lost.

'The original motion was then carried.'

Notice the wording of the amendment, 'to confer with the authorities of the University of Toronto with a view to affiliation of the Law School with that University.' There can be but little doubt that the authorities of Toronto University would have raised no serious objections to affiliation. They might have been so induced as to have taken into consideration a partial alteration of their course to the degree of LL.B., so that, on proceeding to the degree of Barrister-at-Law, by a little extra exertion, the degree of LL.B. could have been obtained. The Committee also were 'to consider such amendments in the system of legal education as might appear desirable.'

The Law Society of Ontario is a wealthy institution. At a meeting of

the Benchers, in February last, the financial report for the year 1878, as adopted, shows that the Society had, invested in Dominion 5 per cent. stock, \$50,000; in the Government Savings' Bank, at 4 per cent., \$5,800, besides a large balance, bearing 4 per cent., in the Bank of Toronto, and recommends 'that the further sum of \$10,000 be invested in Dominion stock, so as to increase the permanent reserve of the Society to \$60,000.' The receipts for that year show the Notice Fees as amounting to \$687; Students' Admission Fees, \$8,940; Attorneys' Examination Fees, \$4,350; Call Fees, \$6,330; making the handsome total of \$20,307, which, together with the other receipts, make up the immense sum of \$42,504. The expenditure for that year was \$36,233. The surplus on the whole year's operation was \$6,361. Thus, at a glance, it may be seen the students' fees lack only \$990 of being the half of the total receipts for the year. Have any of those contributing to that magnificent sum received any return from the Society in the way of instruction?

Each student-at-law pays into the coffers of the Law Society, at the very least, \$225 in his course, and what return does he receive? It will be answered he is to be permitted to practise in the Courts of the Province. Is it forgotten that he will have to pay \$17 a year for that privilege? Is it, also, forgotten that he will be taxed for the support of those courts?

Let the students who are junior members, and who are contributing to the standing of this wealthy society, demand, in tones not to be misunderstood, a method of instruction founded on correct principles and with the design of instructing them in the art as well as the science of the law; of fitting them to enter at once upon the successful practice of the profession; a course of instruction which will qualify them to take a position in the councils of their country and enable them to contend not unworthily at the diplo-

matic board with their rivals. Let be the exponents of—justice.  
 them demand that which they are to THOMAS A. GORHAM.

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TWO WINDOWS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN, KINGSTON.

I.

ONE looks into the sun-dawn, and the steep  
 Curved slopes of hills, set sharp against the sky,  
 With tufted woods encinctured, nodding high  
 O'er vales below, where broken shadows sleep.  
 Here looking forth, before the first faint cry  
 Of brooding bird, that stirs a drowsy wing  
 Above her young, awakes the full-voiced choir,—  
 Ere yet the morning tips the hills with fire,  
 And turns the drapery of the East to gold,—  
 Where the far heavens unfold their glowing deep,  
 My wondering eyes the opening skies behold,  
 And ask, in the hushed silence worshipping,  
 If thus the gates of pearl shall slow unfold,  
 When earth beholds the coming of her King !

II.

This opens on the sunset and the sea,  
 From its high casement : never twice the same  
 Grand picture rises in its sea-girt frame ;  
 Islets of pearl, and rocks of porphyry,  
 And cliffs of jasper, touched with sunset flame,  
 And island-trees that look like Eden's, grow  
 Palm-like and slender, in gradations fine  
 That fade and die along the horizon line,  
 And the wide heavens become, above, below,  
 A luminous sea without a boundary.

Nay, wistful heart, at day dawn or at noon,  
 Or midnight watch, the Bridegroom cometh soon,—  
 By yonder shining path, or pearly gate,—  
 The word is sure,—thou, therefore, watch and wait.

## ETHEL MARCHMONT.

*A Recollection of the Himalayas.*

BY ARTHUR J. GRAHAM.

In your patience ye are strong ;  
 Cold and heat ye take not wrong ;  
 When the trumpet of the angel blows Eternity's  
 evangel,  
 Time will seem to you not long.

DO you remember the beautiful lines in that most weird of poems 'The Rhyme of the Duchess May,' addressed to the dead people in the churchyard? They come very forcibly upon me to-day, amidst a crowd of thoughts and images that throng my brain as I stand looking down upon a newly made grave in the cemetery at Meerut. A plain cross at the head with the single inscription 'F. C., died July 9th, 18—,' was all that marked it as the resting place of one I had known so well. I had travelled far and fast in response to the summons that bade me haste to his side; but the great Destroyer was swifter of foot than I, and I reached the station only in time to follow his body to the grave. And yet it was with no feeling of regret, with scarce one pang of sorrow, good friend as he had been to me, that I stood looking upon the clay that hid his mortal remains for ever from my sight; rather with a feeling of relief, a sigh of content, such as one breathes as the curtain falls on some great tragedy. He was at rest; all his earthly troubles were over, and, perhaps, who knows, they were together. They! who? But I must tell the story from the beginning if I am to explain that.

It was just a year ago that I fell a victim to that attack of cholera which

had so nearly laid me in his place—only a year, and yet it seems separated from to-day by so long an interval that I can hardly believe the words as I write them down. I was then occupying a temporary position as magistrate and collector at one of the stations in the north-west provinces of Bengal. The hot season had been unusually severe, and prolonged somewhat beyond its normal duration, and as a consequence, when the rains at length made their welcome appearance, the parched earth, dried and heated till it seemed like a sheet of hot iron, flung off the moisture into the air in volumes of steam, and we seemed to move about in a perpetual vapour bath. As we had feared, with the advent of the rains a considerable amount of fever and cholera began to show itself, both amongst natives and Europeans. Scarcely a day passed without some death reported, and in the distant cantonment we heard with terrible frequency the 'Dead March in Saul,' whose notes, always more or less awe-inspiring, are never listened to with such a feeling of heart-sinking as in the cholera season in India. We all went about our daily work like men treading upon some hidden mine; taking, all of us, what precautions we could against the treacherous foe, avoiding fruit and vegetables, and most of us armed with an array of patent medicines of more or less undoubted efficacy, ready to be resorted to at the first symptoms of the malady. My own work happened to be unusually

severe, I remember, just about that time, and our doctor had more than once warned me that I must take more care of myself, so that it was scarcely a matter of wonder to anyone when one day, after a protracted sitting in my Kutcherry (court-house) listening with what patience I could to the involved evidences of a number of Ryots, and endeavouring, with but small success, to get at the bottom of a dispute that seemed well-nigh interminable, I felt the stifling atmosphere, thickened as it was by the steam from a crowd of oily natives, become suddenly unendurable. Court-house, officers, disputants, all seemed to swim before my eyes in a confused mass, and as I fell back fainting in my chair, I knew that I was 'down' with cholera.

Thanks to a good constitution, and the almost unremitting attentions of that cheeriest of friends, and best of surgeons, Dr. M——, I passed safely through the crisis, and recovered wonderfully quickly; and as soon as I was able to be moved, my kind friend packed me into a *doolie* with a sick-certificate, and started me for the cool fastnesses of the Himalayas to regain the strength I had lost.

I will not weary you with a description of my first view of those glorious mountains (I had been stationed entirely in the plains since my arrival in India, and had been long looking forward to such a visit as this), nor the exquisite sensation of returning vigour I experienced as the delicious bracing air fanned my fevered cheeks, and blew freshly over my relaxed frame. I recovered, as though by magic, my lost strength, and in the highest of spirits I plunged into the pleasant whirl of Hill Society. It was, as I have said, my first visit to the hills, but in India one is soon at home in any fresh station, and at Mussooria I found plenty of acquaintances, plenty more whom I knew by name at least, and with whom an introduction only was needed to put me on easy terms.

There were no lack of attractions; by day every species of expedition amidst the loveliest of scenery, by night moonlight garden parties, concerts, private theatricals, balls at the large club-house succeeded each other with almost breathless rapidity. There was no lack either of pleasant agreeable companions, and but that my heart was in safe keeping far away in England it would have stood a poor chance of remaining untouched in the presence of so much beauty and fashion. As it was, my story was pretty generally known, and I was looked upon as a 'safe man,' a, by no means, unenviable position in such a society, and managed to extract my fair share of amusement from the love episodes of my neighbours.

The great event of the season, to which all Mussooria society more or less looked forward, was a grand fancy ball given at the large club-house. For weeks before the question of costumes had been discussed with feverish eagerness by men and women alike, and the limited staff of tailors in the station had their work pretty well cut out for them. The ball itself was in every way worthy of the pains which had been spent upon it, and was acknowledged by all present to be a most undoubted success. Upwards of two hundred visitors, in every variety of costume, in curious medley of incongruity, moved through the crowded rooms, or sought the cool of the verandahs in quaintly assorted pairs. I was standing at one corner of the large ball-room in conversation with a charming married lady of my acquaintance, watching the brilliant throng file past us, and indulging, I fear it must be confessed, in pretty free criticism of their characters no less than their dresses, when a face, which I had not before seen at the station, suddenly attracted my attention. 'What a beautiful girl!' I exclaimed, almost involuntarily, for, indeed, it was impossible to avoid being struck by those highbred clear cut features,

whose only fault was, perhaps, that they seemed somewhat inanimate and cold. Yet there lay behind them, visible even to a superficial observer, a certain potentiality of passion, if I may so call it, which, I felt convinced, could at times light up the eyes and colour the cheeks—nay, I was satisfied had done so ere now. She was dressed as Ophelia, and the plain white robe set off her slight, somewhat tall figure, while a mass of the most perfectly golden hair, which even the gaslight could not rob of its lustre, clustered about her shoulders, and made such a picture as would have driven Raphael crazy. I did not, at first, recognise her companion, whose bloated figure was scarcely calculated to fulfil the requirements of the character he assumed. A more repulsive Hamlet could hardly be found. He was a man of about fifty, fat and dissipated looking, with a disagreeable spoil-sport expression, a sort of suppressed sneer constantly upon his lips. As he drew closer, I recognised him as a man whom I had met several times since my arrival in Mussooria, and for whom I had, without any definite reason, save a sort of animal instinct, conceived a violent dislike. He was a retired Major, and had contrived to hoard a considerable amount of money, which, people whispered, was none too honestly come by. He was, I believe, a species of gentleman usurer, and, like most of his class, found the profession, if not a strictly honourable, at least a profitable, one; while by means of the power he held over his victims, he was enabled to keep his footing in a society to which he was in no sense an ornament. The girl I had never seen before, and was more than surprised to see her in such company. I turned inquiringly to my companion.

'Ah,' she said, 'I don't wonder you are struck. She is a Miss Marchmont, one of the Marchmonts of H——, don't you know.'

'Indeed,' I replied, more surprised than ever; 'then, what on earth, is

she doing in company with that black-guard Sharpley?' I am afraid I felt very much at the moment as though I should like to kick the Major.

'Ah,' sighed Mrs. Chambers, 'you may well be surprised. Poor Ethel; with her glorious beauty! She is fit to marry a prince,' she cried with a sudden access of enthusiasm.

'Marry!' I exclaimed, 'you surely don't mean to say that——'

'Yes, I am afraid so. It is a bad business altogether, as you can easily believe of anything Major Sharpley is concerned in. She is one of a large family, and her father, a weak man, and passionately devoted to racing, has fallen more completely year by year into the Major's power, until, at last, there must be a final break-up, with nothing but disgrace and ruin for Colonel Marchmont and all connected with him. For the last three years that odious little man has been after Miss Marchmont, and using every means in his power to persuade her to marry him; but, it is needless to say, without success. Now, I have just heard, she has yielded to the pressure put upon her, and, at her father's earnest entreaty, has consented to save his honour, and the future of her younger sisters, by a sacrifice of herself. She is to marry the Major, on condition that he cancels all her father's debts.'

'Monstrous!' I exclaimed. 'Impossible; she could never consent to such a degradation.'

My friend smiled a little at my outburst, and added, 'I am afraid it is true, nevertheless, and her appearance with him to-night seems to confirm it.'

I said no more at the time, but the story had made a great impression on me, and I discovered, somewhat to my own surprise, that I was exceedingly anxious to make the acquaintance of the young lady herself. It was not a matter of great difficulty to obtain an introduction, and I had to confess myself even more charmed with the girl's manner and conversation than I had been with her face and story.

Acquaintances soon ripen into friendships in such a society as ours at Mussooria, and I found myself, before many days were over, on terms of exceedingly pleasant intimacy with Miss Marchmont and her family. She had no mother, but a sister of Colonel Marchmont's acted as chaperon and housekeeper to the establishment, a Mrs. Campbell, best known in Mussooria, and, indeed, pretty well throughout all India, as a remarkable pistol shot; and in other respects an exceedingly agreeable and pleasant companion.

Just about this time Major Sharpley—to nobody's delight more than mine—was obliged to go down to Calcutta, and being, as I have said, considered 'safe' from the fact of my engagement, I was freely admitted to the society of Mrs. Campbell and her nieces, and saw the latter almost daily. As our acquaintance ripened into intimacy, I may say friendship, my respect and admiration for her increased; I was constantly struck by fresh evidences of her unselfish and loving nature, and every day increased my indignation at the thought that so much goodness and beauty should be thrown away on such a being as Sharpley.

'Ah,' I thought, 'if I could only bring Frank Courtenay up here, make them fall in love with each other—Frank would be a fool if he didn't do so instantly—and marry them off-hand,' a vague project, which, upon reflection, occurred to me as more suited to the pages of a romance than likely to be fulfilled in real life. Nevertheless the idea once formed occurred to me with a curious persistency. Courtenay had been my friend from early boyhood: we had been inseparable at school and college; and when, some years after I had obtained my first civil appointment in Bengal, his regiment, the Buffs, were ordered out to a neighbouring station, we had renewed all our old friendship, and were, so long as fate, Her Majesty's

orders, permitted, as inseparable as ever. Since then we had constantly met, and he was now stationed with his depôt at Meerut, at no great distance from Mussoorie. On my arrival at the latter place, after my illness, I had written to ask him to get leave and join me there, and it was not without some thought, ridiculous as it may seem, of bringing him and Ethel together, that I now wrote and pressed my invitation upon him, receiving in answer a promise that he would, at any rate, run up and see me for a couple of days.

Meanwhile I began to feel serious apprehensions on the subject of Miss Marchmont's health. As the days went by she grew pale, thin, and listless, and more than once I noticed, when she was off her guard for a moment, an expression of pathetic weariness pervade her whole figure. I had several times contemplated speaking to Mrs. Campbell on the subject; but I desisted from a feeling of the uselessness of any attempts in that quarter; and a fear, too, lest Ethel should resent, as I felt sure she would, any interference of that nature. Still I felt that something must be done, and at last, after much hesitation, I made up my mind that I would speak to the girl herself, and see whether any words of mine could persuade her to relinquish what I felt to be a wicked sacrifice. It was not long before the opportunity offered itself. One morning, as I was dressing, I received a note from Mrs. Campbell, asking me to be her niece's escort on an afternoon ride, in the absence of Colonel Marchmont, who had gone down to some horse fair on the plains. 'Ethel looks ill,' she wrote, 'and seems to have lost her nerve, for she will not ride alone, and I am afraid to trust her with any of these hair-brained young subalterns.' Here was the very opportunity I had been looking for. I eagerly accepted the invitation, and that afternoon our ponies stood together at the door of Colonel Marchmont's bungalow. As

we let our animals stroll quietly along over the steep inclines of a mountain path at some distance from the main road, I was more than ever struck by the wistful look in the girl's eyes as she raised them languidly to the distant hills whose virgin whiteness was beginning to glow under the ardent kisses of the setting sun.

'Miss Marchmont,' I said, determined to dash at once into the subject I had at heart, 'you are not happy. At your age, and with all your advantages of mind and body, you should have no cause to grieve, as I know well you are grieving now.'

'Really, Mr. Turnbull,—' she began, but I interrupted her.

'Pardon me, Miss Marchmont, I am older than you, and have seen, perhaps, more of the world. If I risk losing your friendship, which, believe me, I should be sorry indeed to do, I must ask you one question. Do you love Sharpley? and if not, for your face gives me an answer to that, have you considered what you are about to do in marrying a man to whom you have not given your heart?'

The colour rushed to her cheeks as I spoke, and for a moment her lips curled and parted, and her eyes flashed indignantly; but the colour died away almost as quickly as it had come, and her face was ashen pale when she answered me with her eyes fixed upon the pommel of her saddle.

'I was angry for a second, for I thought you had no right to ask me such a question; but something tells me you mean kindly, and I do not know why I should not give you an honest answer. No, I do not love the Major, but I am determined to do my duty to the utmost as his wife, and that, at any rate, must bring me peace.'

Her voice was very firm as she said this, but there was a weary yearning in the tone in which she uttered the last word that was inexpressibly touching.

'I am sure you are quite wrong in

your idea of duty,' I said. 'It can never be right to marry without love, as you are going to do. Believe me, Miss Marchmont, I take a great interest in your welfare: I long honestly to be your friend; to save you from what I know must bring misery to yourself and all about you.'

She did not speak, but sat still looking down upon her saddle, and playing listlessly with the ends of the reins. I went on heedlessly, scarce knowing what I said:

'I have had wonderful dreams of a happy future for you, Miss Marchmont. I have thought of you, married to an honest good man, who would love you as you deserve to be loved. Such a man, for instance, as my friend Courtenay of the Buffs—why, Miss Marchmont, what is the matter; are you ill?'

She had covered her face with her hand, and turned away from me, but I saw that a deep scarlet flush had dyed the little throat and deepened the delicate tinge of the tiny ear.

She steadied her voice with a visible effort before she replied.

'I did not know that Frank—Mr. Courtenay—was a friend of yours. I also know him.'

I was rather disconcerted for the moment by the turn matters had taken; but I thought it better to take no notice of her obvious confusion, and so I answered as unconcernedly as I could.

'Really. I am so glad to hear it. He is a capital fellow, is he not?'

She had quite recovered her usual self-command by this time.

'I think very highly of him,' she said; 'but I do not wish to meet him, nor do I think he would wish to see me.'

I felt confident that there was more in this than she cared to tell me. The girl's manner, looks and words all went to convince me that she and Frank were more to each other than mere acquaintances. A hundred possibilities flashed through my mind;

but I felt that I could not continue the subject without offence, and so changed the conversation, somewhat awkwardly, I am afraid, and we chatted on ordinary topics until we reached home. After depositing Ethel in safety at her father's, I went down to the club, where I had had rooms allotted me, and that night, after dinner, I sat until late in the verandah, watching the moon rise and bathe the great hills in soft light, smoking cigar after cigar, and pondering over the meaning of what I had discovered. What a strange half-realization of my dreams. Ethel and Frank had met. Had they loved each other? I felt convinced that it must be so, and yet, what had separated them? Things were all in a muddle, was the philosophic conclusion to which I came at length. 'The times are out of joint,' in fact, I quoted to myself as I got into bed, and I fell asleep wondering whether I were not the hapless being 'born to set them right.' To my delight, the next morning brought a note from Courtenay himself, announcing his arrival for the following day. From him, at least, I should be able to learn the truth concerning his relations with Ethel Marchmont, and it was with the greatest impatience that I awaited his coming. The first thing that struck me, almost as he entered the room, was the great change in his appearance. I had not seen him for six months or more, and it seemed to me that his manner, as well as his looks, had undergone a complete transformation. There was a reckless half-defiant air about him which contrasted strangely with his usual easy indolent way, and when the first pleasure of meeting had died out of his face, he looked ill and careworn, like a man who has passed many sleepless nights. He softened a little as we talked, but even with me he seemed constrained and self-conscious, with a nervous and excited manner that I had never before observed in him. For the time I forgot Ethel Marchmont and the inquiries

I had been so impatient to make concerning her.

'Why, Frank, old boy,' I said, 'what has come to you—no trouble at home, I hope? You look quite unlike your old self.'

'Oh, I'm well enough,' he replied, with a forced laugh. 'That is, I only want a little change.'

'Well, we can't have you looking like that, you know. You might be in love, with that long face of yours.'

I spoke quite without thinking, for, as I have said, Ethel and her affairs had, for the time, clean gone out of my mind; but the whole truth flashed upon me in a moment when I saw the effect of my random remark.

He did not even smile, but said, in a vexed irritable tone, 'I don't care for those sort of jokes, Turnbull. I have had pretty hard work at musketry instruction, and a touch of fever on top of it; so, I daresay, I don't look very thriving. A few days of this air will soon set me on my feet again.' Then he plunged into a rapid conversation on general topics, horses, racing, sport and what not; speaking in a forced, unnatural tone, and with the air of a man who is talking to avoid thinking.

I had made an appointment to ride that afternoon with Ethel and her father, and was pondering on the best way of imparting this information to Frank, intending, if possible, to make use of it to draw from him the secret of the love which I felt sure existed, or, at all events, had existed between them, when that gentleman took the initiative by asking me what I proposed doing for the rest of the day, declaring himself, with a touch of his old manner, ready for anything.

'I am afraid you'll have to get along without me this afternoon,' I said. 'I am engaged to ride with a very charming young lady of our mutual acquaintance, so must leave you to your own devices till dinner. I daresay I shall see you on the Mall; you're sure to find plenty of people you know; the Vaughans are here,

and the Ashleys (of the stud), and several other old Meerut friends.'

'Oh, all right then,' he replied. '*Au revoir* then till dinner-time. But who is the young lady, Turnbull?'

'Oh,' I replied as carelessly as I could, 'Miss Marchmont, a daughter of old Marchmont of H—. You know her, don't you?'

I looked him full in the face as I spoke, and read the confirmation of my suspicions in his quick start at the mention of her name, and the sudden rush of the blood to the temples, to recede with almost equal rapidity, leaving his face an ashy white as he asked eagerly :

'Do you mean Miss Ethel Marchmont?' then recovering himself with an effort, he added with an assumption of carelessness: 'Yes, I know her slightly, but I had no idea she was up here;' then after a moment's pause he continued, 'I don't think you'll see me on the Mall this evening; I find I'm a bit tired, so I think I'll stay here with my cigar. I shall find some books to amuse me, I daresay.'

'Frank,' I said, 'will you tell me what you know about Miss Marchmont. I take a very great interest in her, and—she is very unhappy.'

A hard look came into his eyes as he answered with a sarcastic little laugh: 'I think you and I must be speaking of different people. To be unhappy one must have a heart, and the Ethel Marchmont of my acquaintance is certainly not burdened with any such troublesome anachronism;' adding sternly, almost fiercely, 'I must insist upon your not mentioning Miss M.'s name to me again.' He looked so determined that I thought it best to say no more on the subject; so, with a laughing apology, I left him to join Ethel and her father. We had a somewhat gloomy ride, for Ethel was prepossessed and absent, and I could not help wondering if she had heard of Courtenay's arrival. My own thoughts, too, I could not keep from wandering, and the old Colonel

had the whole field to himself, and gallantly manned the breaches in our conversation with his long-winded histories.

When I reached home again, Frank had recovered something of his old gaiety, and I forebore to touch upon the evidently unwelcome theme for that night at least.

It was not until some days later that I succeeded in getting my friend to open his grief to me. He had met Ethel some six months before while she was on a visit at Meerut, had loved her, and received in return the assurance of her affection. They had parted but three weeks ago betrothed lovers, and ten days after her return to her father's house he had received a letter from her, breaking off the engagement, and telling him of her approaching marriage with Major Sharpley.

'And did she give no *reason* for her strange conduct?' I asked.

'None.'

Then I told him what I had learned of the matter. How she had generously sacrificed her own happiness to save her family from disgrace and ruin, and how, of course, she could not write this to him without appearing to blame her father. 'She is a noble girl, believe me, Frank,' I said; 'and it will only need a few words from you, I believe, to save her from this horrid sacrifice.'

Courtenay, to my surprise, and almost indignation, did not see the matter at all from my point of view. He was still smarting under his rejection, and little disposed to admit any excuse for one who had treated him so. 'If she had a heart, she *could not* have done it. And I could have given my life for her's so gladly. No, no, she never loved me; it was but a passing fancy, and the Major's money-bags are too tempting to be resisted.'

'Ah, Frank,' I said, 'don't be so hard. See her, give her a chance to redeem her happiness and yours. Don't go down to-morrow without one

more effort to save her from her fate. Mistaken, nay wrong, she is, I grant you, but self-sacrificing and noble in all she has done. It is not too late yet, and I shall find it hard to believe in your love if you go away without making an attempt, at least, to see her.'

I was sorry for my hasty words when I saw their effect on Courtenay. He clenched his strong hands together, and his face grew white and rigid as he cried, with something like a sob: 'You don't know what you are speaking of, Turnbull. Love her! I wish to Heaven I could leave off loving her, poor weak fool that I am. I despise myself for the want of proper pride, but my love is stronger than I, and I must go on loving so long as I am myself.' And he broke down and sobbed out loud. I had never seen him so deeply affected before, and thought the kindest thing to do was to leave him to himself for a few moments. I stepped out into the verandah in the soft moonlight. I had scarcely lit my cigar when Frank joined me without a trace of his former emotion visible in his face; nor, except, perhaps, in a somewhat too demonstrative gaiety, did his manner show any change. He resolutely avoided any further reference to the subject, and our conversation for the remainder of the night was of a purely neutral character.

I rode with him the next day to the foot of the hills, and when we parted, I thought he wrung my hand a little more fervently than usual, and I fancied I saw a tear glisten in his eye as he turned away, but he did not allude to the subject of our conversation, and after what he had said, I deemed it useless to press him further. Poor Ethel! I had hoped so much from his visit, and now he was gone, and with him, apparently, all chance of repairing the breach between them. I was in very low spirits when I reached my quarters that evening, and went to bed without, I am afraid,

invoking a blessing on Major Sharp-ley's head.

I could not make up my mind to go to the Marchmonts the next day; but the following evening found me seated in the verandah talking much as though nothing had happened to Mrs. Campbell and her niece. The former was busy polishing her 'pets,' as she called the perfect armoury of pistols which lay on the table by her. As I said, she was a noted pistol shot—it was quite a fashionable amusement at one time amongst the ladies at Mussoorie—and several of the weapons she showed me had been the gifts of admiring friends. She was displaying these trophies to me, and expatiating with some animation on their merits, when the mail came in, and Ethel called out from the other end of the verandah, where she was sitting—

'Do put down those horrid pistols, Aunt Norah, and read your letter. It is from the Nortons, I think.'

'What a hurry you are in,' laughingly cried the elder lady. 'I am coming directly. See, Mr. Turnbull,' she continued, 'these are my especial friends, these two revolvers. Isn't it curious? They are both so alike that you can't tell one from the other, and yet they were given me at different times by different people—though I believe they were bought at the same place. I wonder if my aim is good to-night,' she went on, and walking to the steep edge of the garden, she pointed the pistol at a bottle placed in the fork of a tree. 'I keep them always loaded,' she said, as she fired, and a shower of glass followed the report.

'Not so bad,' she cried, triumphantly, and, replacing the pistol on the table, she tore open the envelope of the letter Ethel held out to her. Her face grew grave as she read.

'Captain Norton has had a bad accident out pig-sticking, Ethel,' she said, 'and Mrs. Norton writes to ask if you and I can go down to her at once to help her. Her baby is very small, and the little girl ill with fever.'

I don't quite see how it is to be done,' she continued.

'Of course we must go at once,' said Ethel, rising. 'Poor Mrs. Norton! Her misfortunes never do come singly. All the children are quite well, and Pupa and nurse can look after them for a few days at least.'

It needed but little persuasion on her niece's part to induce Mrs. Campbell, kind hearted as she was, to consent, and once agreed, she was as eager as Ethel to be off at once.

'I am afraid we shall hardly be able to get our bearers before to-morrow, at sunset,' said she, 'so we had better arrange to start then. Mr. Turnbull,' she added, turning to me, 'would you be so kind as to make the necessary arrangements for us?'

'With pleasure,' I said, 'Mrs. Campbell, but pardon me, this is hardly a nice country for ladies to travel alone in. There are no lack of wild animals in the *Doom* through which you will have to pass, and those cowardly niggers would think nothing of leaving you at the first approach of anything like danger. Will you let me accompany you at least part of the way? My leave is up, any how, in a few days, and I cannot spend the remainder of it more pleasantly than escorting you.'

Of course there were many demurs from the ladies on the score of curtailing my leave, etc., but it was finally settled that we should start together, and after a short time I rose to take my departure, Mrs. Campbell calling after me, with a laugh:

'I shall take my revolver, Mr. Turnbull, so we shall be quite safe.'

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when we started to ride down the steep mountain path which led to the foot of the hills. I noted with pleasure how bright Ethel seemed to be, and I could not help saying to her, 'Why, Miss Marchmont, the very anticipation of the change seems to be doing you good; it is quite a treat to see you so gay.' She smiled in a way

that set me wondering still more at her manner, but further conversation was cut short by our arrival at the foot of the hills where our train of bearers was impatiently awaiting us. Each *doolie* (a kind of canvass litter) has its complement of sixteen bearers (eight to carry, eight to relieve), with a chief bearer in charge of the gang, and our chiefs urged us to make no delay in settling ourselves for the journey, as it was growing late, and they were anxious to push through the thickly-wooded valley and the further range of low wild hills before nightfall. Both valley and hills were rich fields for the sportsman. Deer, leopards, and bears, and occasionally a herd of wild elephants or a tiger, were to be met with in their recesses; but we had all of us passed through the same ground so often without being rewarded by the sight of a wild cat even, that we laughed at the bearers' evident anxiety, and settled ourselves quite leisurely for an uneventful ride. I did not even think it worth while to load my rifle, but lay lazily back in my doolie, and lit a cigar.

The sky was still bright with the glow of a glorious sunset as we rounded a sharp corner in the mountain defile. I had fallen into a reverie, and was, in thought at least, far away in a little cottage home in England, when a loud cry from one of the chiefs roused me from my dreams. Before I could put my head out to inquire the meaning, there was a stop and a sudden jar, and I found myself on the ground. I sprang hastily out on to my feet in time to see the bearers flying in all directions, while all three litters lay with their occupants in the middle of the road. '*Hatti ahta hi!*' ('Elephants are coming!') cried the natives, as they hastily rushed, some to climb trees in the vicinity, others to hide themselves among the rocks which lined the empty watercourse along which our road lay. I looked in the direction to which they pointed, and there, sure enough, a thick cloud

of dust testified to the correctness of their suspicions. In another moment we could make out the black waving mass it enclosed, while we heard clearly the trumpeting of the huge brutes, apparently in a state of great excitement.

There was evidently not a moment to be lost. Escape, for the ladies at least, seemed absolutely impossible, while, if the elephants were allowed to come on they would, without doubt, trample us and our frail shelters to pieces. There was one hope of turning them. 'Give me your revolver,' I cried hastily to Mrs. Campbell, 'and do you lie still in your *doolies*. I have often been told of a herd of elephants turning tail at the report of firearms.' She handed me the pistol with wonderful coolness, merely remarking, 'What a pity I did not reload the barrel I fired last night. There are still five, however.'

I sprang to the top of the litter nearest the middle of the road, pointed the weapon straight into the now rapidly approaching mass and fired. The first shot seemed to check their speed. At the second and third they halted, and swayed from side to side. Taking advantage of their evident indecision, I fired the fourth and fifth in rapid succession, shouting at the same time at the top of my voice, and, to my intense relief, after a moment's hesitation, they turned tail and quickly trotted off. 'Thank God,' I cried from my heart, as I turned towards the ladies, who had risen from their litters, and we congratulated each other fervently enough on our almost miraculous escape. The bearers too, now the danger was past, began to come out from their hiding-places, and advanced one by one, sheepishly enough, towards us. I handed Mrs. Campbell back the revolver, saying, 'Well, one of your pets has done us good service this time at all events.'

'Yes, she said,' caressing it affectionately, 'is it not a darling?' adding, 'Luckily you did not want the sixth barrel, so it did not matter about its being *unloaded*.' As she spoke she absently 'clicked' the lock of the pistol which she was holding quite low down at her side.

A flash—a report—and Ethel, who was standing at my side, gave a little moan and staggered back, shot close by the heart. I caught her in my arms, and as I laid her gently on the ground, she turned her dying eyes upon me with a beautiful smile, and gasped: 'Tell Frank I—loved him—always—pocket—letter to my father—Frank—oh, Frank' and never moved or spoke again.

In her pocket we found a half-finished letter to her father, which she had doubtless intended to send back from our first halting place. In it she declared that after many struggles she had made up her mind that it was impossible for her to marry Major Sharp-ley, and that she had posted a letter to him to that effect. 'My heart is not in my own keeping,' she wrote, 'and though I have given up my happiness at your wish, I cannot be untrue to my own words. I shall, probably, never see Frank Courtenay again; but whether I do or no, I will be ever faithful to the memory of my love.'

\* \* \* \*

There is little more left to tell. Frank took the news very quietly; but he never held up his head again, and when a year later he was attacked by jungle fever, he had neither strength of body nor mind to fight against it, but laid down his arms and quietly succumbed to the foe. Has he found her at last? waiting for him on the shores of that land where men 'meet to part no more?' Who knows? I have only told the story as it occurred. Let who will, finish it for himself.

## IN MEMORIAM.

THE LATE PROFESSOR MACKERRAS.

CANADA has not yet so many literary men that she can afford to let any of them pass away without such tribute to their memory as is their due. The recent lamented death of the genial and beloved John H. Mackerras, late Classical Professor of Queen's University, is a public loss to the nobler life of the Dominion. As such, it deserves something more than a passing notice in the pages of a national review. When the prospectus of this Magazine was first issued, the name of Professor Mackerras was given as one whose writings, it was hoped, would add interest to its pages. And, but for the ever increasing weight of bodily infirmity which latterly made of his own immediate duties a burden all too great for his sinking strength to sustain, it is probable that his ripe scholarship and high literary gifts would not infrequently have delighted and instructed its readers. It is doubly fitting, then, that the CANADIAN MONTHLY should contain a brief record of one whose untiring faithfulness and inspiring enthusiasm as a teacher have done much to build 'liberal education' on sure foundations, and to develop the intellectual life of a rising generation.

Professor Mackerras was not a native of Canada, but was brought hither from Scotland in early childhood. He was, however, to all intents and purposes, a most loyal and patriotic Canadian, while never losing a particle of the romantic and almost passionate devotion which bound him to the dear old traditions and associations of the home of his fathers—the 'land of the

mountain and the flood.' One of his last evening appearances on a public platform, about two years ago, was the occasion of the delivery of an eloquent and spirited oration, spoken from the warmest depths of a warm heart, before the St. Andrew's Society of Kingston. He held in no esteem the modern so-called philosophy which teaches that patriotism must necessarily be a narrowing and disintegrating emotion, and his own life gave the lie to the superficial error; for no 'Canada First' man could have been more enthusiastically eager to do all that in him lay to advance the highest interests of our own Dominion.

It was in the infancy of Canadian University life that John Mackerras, a bright, ardent boy of fourteen, came fresh from the thorough teaching of an honoured father, then Grammar-school teacher at Cornwall, to take his place as a student in Queen's College. Despite his youth, he was *facile princeps* in all his classes, taking his place above young men considerably his seniors, yet so modest and lively, winning and lovable, as to be a general favourite with both professors and students. Not a few of the truest mourners of his death were those the foundations of whose love and esteem had been laid in those early student days, only to grow broader and deeper as life and time advanced. His blamelessness of character and industry as a student continued to win for him esteem through his whole college course. The old classical languages were his *forte* and his chosen field of study all his life. Yet his Hebrew

professor, during his theological course, was wont to remark with irrepressible approbation, 'That boy does everything well!' Few, indeed, who could look back over his whole career, could find in it anything to regret, which was the more remarkable, since even the most superficial observers could not fail to find in it so much to admire. It is seldom, indeed, in our complex human nature, where the best traits seem often linked with the worst, that the 'white flower of a blameless life' so conspicuously crowns a nature so abounding in ardour, enthusiasm, force of character, and consuming energy as that of John Mackerras!

After taking successively his degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts,—the first in 1850 and the second in 1852, he passed through the usual theological course preparatory for the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and was ordained, at twenty-one, over the charge of Bowmanville. There, notwithstanding the disadvantages of early youth and inexperience, he proved a most useful and acceptable pastor, winning, during a faithful ministry of eleven years, the love and esteem, not only of his own people, but of the community at large. In 1864 he was selected by the Trustees of Queen's University to fill the then vacant chair of Classical Literature, of which, as has been already said, he had been always an enthusiastic student. Of his career as a professor, it might have been said as one of his old professors said at his funeral of his career as a student, that 'he was distinguished by the same quickness and clearness of apprehension, the same regular and thorough performance of work, the same exactness of information, and the same firm grasp of his various knowledge, which characterized him in everything, whether great or small, in which he was engaged in maturer life.' When to these qualifications are added his enthusiastic appreciation of all that was noble and beautiful in the great poets and orators who

have so moulded much of our modern thought and style—his sensibility to the poetic associations of classical legend and the wonderful works and histories of Ancient Greece and Rome—his power of inspiring young minds with some portion of his own enthusiasm, and, above all, his power of bringing the true inspiration of 'each old poetic mountain' into harmony with the inspiration which held the deepest allegiance of his inmost heart—the inspiration of the Cross—it would have been wonderful if he had *not* been a successful teacher! And when to all these qualities we add his loyal, never-flagging devotion to the interests of his *Alma Mater*; the unselfish zeal which led him to exertions in her behalf that fatally undermined a naturally vigorous constitution; the practical usefulness of his judicious counsels and the kind and genial interest which he took in each student individually, and in the various societies for improvement which they formed collectively; cordially furthering all innocent enjoyments, while he frowned down, with inflexible firmness, everything dishonourable or savouring of insubordination; it will not be thought wonderful that professors and students, moved by a common sorrow for his loss, should mourn that loss as one well nigh irreparable.

As a lecturer, Professor Mackerras's natural vivacity and imagination invested even the drudgery of the classics with an interest that relieved what was necessarily dry. To him the old sages and poets and dramatists were not names, but living men, whose characters he had studied—whose very faces he seemed to know; and many a lecture was adorned with a vivid pen and ink portrait of the author under consideration and of the peculiar circumstances under which he wrote or spoke. He was never weary of prosecuting his own studies that he might throw more light on the path in which he led his students. Accur-

acy, one of his own distinguishing qualities, he sedulously cultivated in them, and the greatest drudgery of a professor's work, the correcting of piles of exercises, received, it is hardly necessary to say, his most painstaking care. A season of dearly-earned holiday—a winter spent in Italy with the object of recruiting his impaired health—afforded him, notwithstanding the alloy of physical weakness, the richest enjoyment and most delightful recreation possible to his enthusiastic nature, in the opportunities it afforded him of exploring those classic scenes which not only delighted his appreciative eye by their natural beauty, but were endeared to his imagination by their association with so much that is noble and memorable in human thought and action. Often, after his return, did he speak with beaming countenance of the enjoyment of that winter, and he loved to point out to interested students and friends, with the aid of the fine photographs and engravings he had brought with him, the most interesting localities of Ancient Rome, or the particular spot in the old Forum where some specially memorable oration was delivered. In a lecture prepared after his return on the Ancient Drama as contrasted with its modern representative; an effort of eloquence which to his hearers it did not seem too high praise to call magnificent; he gave a most vivid presentation of the genius of the early drama of Ancient Greece; of its great masters; of the actors and surroundings and accessories of its performances, and paid a noble and worthy tribute to the great souls whose imperishable works embody their efforts to penetrate the awful mystery of human life and death, sin and retribution, the 'before and after,' and to give the problems that so held their deepest thoughts in such answers as in the absence of a more definite revelation, seemed to reach them from the Inscrutable Unseen:

'To welcome from every source  
The tokens of that primal Force,

Older than heaven itself, yet new  
As the young heart it reaches to.

But his services as a professor of Queen's University would have been but poorly measured by the work of the class room. As a member of the College Senate, he was ever one of the most valued advisers and trusted friends of successive Principals. Every interest of his college, which he loved with single-hearted devotion, lay near to his heart. And at a time when heavy financial losses and the withdrawal of the Government grant imperilled its very existence, Professor Mackerras's enthusiastic eloquence, at a meeting of the friends of the College, held in Kingston, in 1869, rallied the sinking spirits of the less hopeful, and led the van of a bold movement to repair the pecuniary loss by the raising of a voluntary endowment. One of the leading clergymen of his Church said to him after the meeting: 'You have only to deliver that address throughout the country, to secure all the endowment that is needed.'

And so it proved. Not only did the influence of the speech and of the meeting reach far beyond those immediately present, stimulating the zeal and calling forth the contributions of many a distant graduate; but Professor Mackerras, in conjunction with the then Principal, Dr. Snodgrass, voluntarily traversed the length and breadth of the land, stirring up, by his energetic appeals, the Presbyterian population to come forward to maintain the existence of the University which their fathers had patriotically founded. It was not alone his love for his *Alma Mater* that prompted his zeal, though that was a strong element in it; but also his strong appreciation of the importance of maintaining intact all facilities for thorough university training which had already proved their usefulness, and grown with the youth of a growing country. In this arduous work several of his 'vacations' were spent, scorning hardships and enduring cheerfully the ex-

hausting labour of addressing numberless meetings and travelling thousands of miles by all kinds of conveyance. Little, however, as the brave spirit heeded the toil, finding relief from the pressure of graver work in the quick sense of the ludicrous which gleaned material for many a humorous anecdote from these experiences, his too unremitting exertions sowed the seeds of lasting disease which neither the most watchful care nor the tenderest nursing could afterwards eradicate. Yet he never grudged even this sacrifice, so that the College might be placed on sure foundations. For himself he sought no reward but the satisfaction of having 'done what he could.' When his much esteemed friend, the present Principal, accepted the vacated office, he rejoiced exceedingly, in the anticipation of the impulses it would give to the success of the University. And when Principal Grant inaugurated and successfully carried on a new endowment scheme for placing the still straitened University on a firmer financial footing, Professor Mackerras rejoiced with noble self-forgetfulness in the ability of another to carry on the work, in which his failing strength denied *him* the power to give other aid than a hearty God-speed. The certainty that *he* must decrease while others increased, he accepted with a cheerful self-abnegation worthy of the original speaker of the thought. He shared in the satisfaction of all the friends of the College when the laying of the foundation stone of the new building by the Governor-General and Princess afforded a tangible land-mark of progress, and though his familiar voice will never be heard in the new and spacious halls, he had at least the satisfaction of seeing the external completion of a building stately and substantial enough to be a fair omen of an assured future to the hitherto chequered life of his *Alma Mater*. When that building is formally opened, the brightness of the ceremony will be sadly shadowed

by the absence of his familiar face and figure from their wonted place on an occasion which would have afforded intense satisfaction to his loyal heart.

Professor Mackerras's College work was not, however, the sole occupation of his busy life. For many years he held the responsible and arduous office of clerk of the Supreme Court of the Church, uniting in the discharge of his duties the accuracy of a careful secretary with a knowledge of ecclesiastical polity and forms of procedure which made him a valued referee on all disputed points; while his argumentative power in debate and practical common sense did good service in many an important discussion. When he laid aside his ever busy pen and rose from his place at the clerk's table to address his brethren, all knew that it was for no slight occasion, and that something would be said to which it would be worth while to listen; and some of the most effective efforts of his eloquent tongue were made at such times, when all the fire of his ardent spirit was roused by some interesting question bearing strongly on the welfare of his beloved Church. Yet, while always fearless and firm in expressing his earnest convictions, and as inflexible as energetic in his opposition where he felt it necessary to oppose, no man was less likely to make an enemy or to alienate a friend. A heart in which there was no room for bitterness—a manner full of the attractive power that we call magnetism—disarmed prejudice and animosity, and readily converted ordinary acquaintances into warm friends. That he enjoyed the cordial confidence and esteem of his brethren it is scarcely necessary to say, and many were the glad congratulations when, after his return from Europe, he resumed with apparently much of his former vigour his official duties—which he continued to discharge, despite his failing strength, up to the close of the last assembly held in Ottawa in June, 1879. His colleague in the office gave full

testimony at his funeral to the value of his unwearied services, too early lost.

His pulpit ministrations by no means ceased when he relinquished his pastorate for a professorship. For the last year or two, however, the state of his health and voice almost entirely precluded his use of a privilege which he had been ever ready to exercise when called to do so, and with growing usefulness and power, as maturer and richer thoughts, a deepening spirituality, and an intenser realization of 'things not seen,' toned down his earlier exuberance of metaphor and imagery, and gave to his preaching a simpler directness and a solemn impressiveness which spoke from heart to heart. These qualities were specially noticeable on the last occasion on which, with evident physical effort, he addressed a congregation, on the solemn recurrence of a Communion Service, on the 'walk with God;' that 'walk' in which, he firmly believed, lay the only possibility of the highest development of humanity. We are told in some quarters, in these days, that religion and morality have no real connection—that the moral life of the world may thrive very well though the Christian faith should perish. It was his ever present conviction, which he would have died to defend, had need been, which he *did* defend by his life—that whatever is truly 'pure and lovely, and of good report' in the human character must spring consciously or unconsciously, from the 'life led with Christ in God.' It was this, purifying and sanctifying to the noblest ends his naturally amiable qualities, that made his own life a 'living epistle known and read of all men,' so full of loving faithful labour for God and for man,—'without rest,' most truly—but also 'without haste,' that made it so full of kindly sympathy, of disinterested self-sacrifice—of the conscientious and unflinching discharge of every earthly duty, of the unostentatious liberality of 'a cheerful

giver,' to the very utmost of his means. It was the unwavering faith in which he lived which led him to face unflinchingly the certainty of a prematurely closed career, of leaving his dearest earthly friends and objects and relinquishing cherished hopes of continued and growing usefulness. It was the same faith which enabled him to bear a lengthened season of acute suffering with patient, unquestioning submission, and which nerved him to work on to the end, amid increasing weakness and frequent pain; not only bravely and uncomplainingly, but with a bright and cheery buoyancy of spirit which made his friends often wonder whether he were really so ill as the wasted frame betokened. No man could have been more free from the slightest approach to 'cant' of any description, or to anything like precision or measurement of phrase or tone. As one who knew him well truly says, 'there was not an untrue or a selfish thread in his cord of life.' Simple and natural always, he retained almost to the last, the natural playfulness and ready humour which had made him, well or ill, one of the brightest and most attractive of companions. Yet it would be hard, in looking back from the shadow of the grave, to find a word spoken in his lightest moment which it could be judged unfitting that a Christian minister should speak. He was not much given to what is commonly called 'religious conversation,' it was his way to *live* his religion rather than talk much about it. Yet he could find time to visit the sick and the afflicted, to cheer human darkness with heavenly hope. And when he did speak, with all his unaffected simplicity, of the sacred truths which were the magnet of his own life; and more especially of that central one which drew forth his own warmest love and deepest adoration, of divine love descending to identify itself with a sinning and suffering humanity in order to raise it by the mysterious self-sacrifice of Divinity itself;

the unconscious solemnity of his expressive face, the deepening fervour of his latterly weak and broken voice, could not fail to impress the most ordinary observer with its intense and heartfelt realization.

Professor Mackerras died, as he had lived, at work. Except during a period of acute and prostrating suffering, which occurred about two years ago, he scarcely lost an hour of his college work; in which, however, he was latterly aided by an assistant. It was just at the close of the Christmas vacation, spent in Peterboro', that his exhausted vitality finally sank. The evening before he quietly passed away he sent to a beloved relative the message, 'Comfortable within, but distressed without.' It might have stood for his life-record for years past. His earthly remains were brought, by his own desire, to Kingston, to be laid in Catarauqui Cemetery. The large church, in which his funeral service was held, was filled to overflowing, and chiefly with true mourners. It is character, after all, which tells. No brilliant combination of dazzling qualities,—no power of intellect or mere earthly greatness,—could have evoked such a demonstration of genuine feeling. All felt that a good man—a great man—had gone to his rest, one who would be sorely missed—as such men are in a world like this. The occasion was rendered more touching by the circumstance that the body of his aged mother, who had died in Kingston in ignorance of his departure, lay near that of her son, and was committed at the same time to the same resting-place. It was what mother and son would both have chosen could they have had the choice, to be thus 'in death not divided.' The sorrow of students and professors, for a revered and beloved tutor, a loved and trusted colleague and associate, was manifest in their evident emotion, honourable alike to him and to them. Many who had scarcely known him personally testified to the force with which his

character had impressed them. 'I never admired any one so much of whom I knew so little,' said one, and this was but one testimony out of many. His colleague and former Professor, Dr. Williamson, in his funeral address, said most truly that he felt himself among not 'hundreds of mourners, but thousands.' In many a new settlement in the Far West, or in homes more distant still, the tidings of the death of John Mackerras will bring sorrow to the hearts of widely scattered *alumni* who have drawn intellectual stimulus and moral and spiritual inspiration from his spoken words or his noble life. Those of them who may read this tribute to his memory will know that not a line is overdrawn. And to those who were privileged to take a last look at the peaceful face from which the repose of death had removed the traces of physical suffering, such a life as his—ripening and brightening to its earthly close, with a ripeness and brightness not of earth to give—seemed a pledge which the heart, at least, could not refuse to accept, of the undying continuance and progress of that nobler life which grew

'Not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour,  
In reverence and charity.'

Long had we trembled for the life  
That to our prayers was given,  
And looked with reverence on a face  
Touched with the glow of Heaven.

The radiance of the better land  
In those clear eyes was shining;  
So pure the spirit's flame burned through  
The fragile form enshrining.

We sought to cheat foreboding hearts  
With hopes to fears replying;  
For listening to those cheery tones,  
We could not think him dying.

And so, as sudden came the end,  
As heavy seems the sorrow,  
As though strong health had promised fair  
For many a bright to-morrow.

We little dreamed the year,  
With solemn, still familiar,  
Had borne that long familiar form  
Forever from our vision.

And tears, unbidden, have their way  
 From eyes unused to weeping;  
 For life looks darker for the loss,  
 Of him, not dead, but sleeping !

And yet it seems, to us who mourn,  
 Even to the heaviest hearted,  
 That set to music is the life  
 Of him who is departed ;

The music of a noble heart  
 That beat, with quick vibration,  
 To every true and earnest call  
 To serve its generation.

With noble deeds that knew no stint,  
 With all ungrudging labour,  
 Glad, while life lasted, to be spent,  
 For God and for his neighbour.

We may not grudge the shortened years,  
 So full of truest living,

We may not grudge the health and strength  
 He gave, with 'cheerful giving.'

True life runs not by earthly suns,  
 But by the spirit's growing,  
 And his are the eternal years  
 Where endless life is flowing.

One of God's noble ones is gone,  
 Yet hope smiles through our sorrow,  
 'The Resurrection and the Life'  
 Point to a glorious morrow.

And as we feel, with clearer sense,  
 That spirit brooding o'er us,  
 We fain would follow in the path  
 Our friend has trod before us;—

That life divine, whose endless joy  
 Transcends our poor expressing,  
 The 'walk with God,' he knoweth now  
 The fulness of its blessing !

FIDELIS.

## JEAN INGELOW AND HER POETRY.

BY FELIX L. MAX, TORONTO.

### II.

IT is for its lyrical sweep and idyllic beauty that Jean Ingelow's poetry has won its place in the literature of England.

From among her idyls let us first take *Laurance* and *The Letter L*. They both show close observation of human life, of the delicate shades of difference between characters, and vividness in delineation. In common with all her poems their interest is enhanced by valuable thoughts not directly connected with the story, while beautiful descriptions of nature lend charm to every page.

*The Letter L* is a perfect lyrical idyl. The verse is iambic and the effect is very pleasing of making the last line of each stanza shorter by one syllable than the others. The rhythm is very musical, and there seems to be a most natural connection be-

tween the words and the ideas they are designed to express.

Note the fine stroke by which we instantly see the relation which two of the characters bear to each other. When the letter is written on the sand, the girl who has been watching the writer's face instinctively feels that around that letter are twisted memories of a past in which she has had no share ; and the sweet little dream of happiness in which she has been indulging is suddenly broken. Then he tells his story, using a beautiful figure to express the loss of his love, a jewel which a woman had scorned and cruelly flung away, but which the girl now sitting beside him will value as her most priceless treasure if it only may once become hers. He thinks, however, that his heart is not his to give again. But she is one of those more 'content, in their own lavish love complete, to give' than to

receive. Hence, there seems to be nothing strange in her becoming his wife,—accepting his friendship and regard without his love. His regard is indeed founded on high respect for her beauty of character; and ‘trust waxeth unaware as worth is known.’ So, when after a long interval he meets again the woman who had wronged him, the ideal of his youth is rudely destroyed by the humiliating truth of reality, and he is overwhelmed with shame that he has been blind to the real love which for six years had been waiting for his response.

The interest of the story thus centres around an idea which Miss Ingelow often expresses,—that there is a magnetic power in love which cannot fail to become, sooner or later, contagious. The idea reappears in *Laurance, When Sparrows build*, in the interviews between Japhet and Amarant in the *Story of Doom*, and in several shorter poems. Especially in this poem and in *Laurance* is it expressed with a peculiar passion and beauty.

The story of *Laurance* is told in that simple, clear way which enhances its eloquence and grace. The language, as in so many poems, is sometimes mixed with quaint and archaic expressions which seem to very naturally suit the subject. They remind us of the old town of Boston on the banks of the Witham.

The poem is the record of a strong, self-forgotten love, a kind of love very beautiful because it is so rare. Laurance has returned from college, and much to his friends' delight has chosen to remain with them instead of seeking his fortune elsewhere. One reason of this choice is apparent, for he had ‘already entered on his strife—

‘A stirring of the heart, a quickening keen  
Of sight and hearing to the delicate  
Beauty and music of an altered world,—  
Began to walk in that mysterious light  
Which doth reveal and yet transform;

Which gives

Destiny, sorrow, youth, and death and life  
Intenser meaning; in disquieting  
Lifts up; a shining light; men call it love.’

He knows that the girl he loves has no such feeling for him, but absorbed in the happiness of sometimes seeing her, and with his eyes fixed in passionate hope on the future the days slip by till at last the bitter disappointment and heartache which overwhelms so many in this world comes to him. He has discovered that she loves another, and will soon be married. He nobly resolves to hide his grief from them at home, to keep them from knowing that his heart is ‘wild with a mortal pain and in the grasp of an immortal love.’ The analysis of motive and feeling just here shows the poet's penetration of mind. No one but she who has herself endured sorrow could describe it with such fidelity and sympathy.

In course of time the blissful dream of happiness is broken, and to her whom he would always have wished to shield the bitterness and disappointment also come. It is but the old story of deception and betrayal told again. She finds that the man she is to marry already has a wife, and from that wife's own lips the truth is heard. A long illness follows, for ‘A bitter thing it is  
To lose at once the lover and the love.’

During this conflict of feeling Laurance often visits her. The touches of nature are very fine and exact just here, and will well repay study. At last his love, so steadfast and true, touches her heart hitherto so unresponsive, and she, expecting soon to die, offers to die as his wife. But as the months slowly withdraw into the past, death too withdraws, and Muriel wakes to life with the consciousness that ‘it is folded fast, drawn to another life forever more.’ We cannot put in plain prose the description of the struggle in her heart merging gradually into a faint, uncertain feeling of love for her husband. But one day when he is absent a picture of him is brought, and as she studies with deep and strange delight that

‘Mouth for mastery and manful work,  
A certain brooding sweetness in the eyes,

A brow the harbour of grave thought and hair  
Saxon of hue.'

the love for which he has waited so long and won by such devotion sweeps through her heart.

*The Four Bridges* is also a love story, touching nature very closely though the characters are not so clearly and definitely outlined as in some of Miss Ingelow's more dramatic poems. The metre, however, is very pleasing.

The next poem of which we shall attempt to give a bare outline is that called *Brothers and a Sermon*. In as far as style is concerned Jean Ingelow's greatest beauty consists in her skilful use of rhyme and her melodious arrangement of words, but her success in this and other poems written in blank verse shows that she has considerable versatility and command over a wide range of metre.

Two brothers, strangers in a little fishing village, are lying upon a reef of rock which juts far out into the sea watching the tide bringing in the shoals of fish, meanwhile listening to the talk of an old fisherman who tells them in his quaint, rough way the story of a terrible shipwreck. The conversations throughout the whole poem show a great deal of dramatic skill and keen observation of English life; for instance the language put into the mouth of the fisherman; and that of the preacher too, who is a simple-hearted man speaking to simple listeners. He does not use words suitable to a theological professor.

Then, afterwards, the brothers leave these high cliffs and wandering aimlessly in the evening twilight find themselves within the porch of the little church where the parson of whom the fisherman had told them is preaching to the rough men and women gathered there. The whole of its grace and beauty would be spoiled were we to attempt to analyze this sermon. It would then be just a mere skeleton of some grand, living religious truths, whereas it is certainly one of the finest of all the beautiful

things that Jean Ingelow has written. Her pen seems here to have been inspired. It is a poem in which she fully expresses the unrest and unhappiness of the age, and she causes the preacher to point out the sole cure for that sorrow and pain which afflicts poor, uncultured fishermen as well as those with wider wishes and broader minds. His words are full of comfort and hope for all on whom care and perplexity fall as life-burdens. \*

*The Monitions of the Unseen and Dreams That Came True* are also poems touching very closely one aspect of modern life—the sorrow and suffering of the poor, and the means by which society is to relieve them. A fine and earnest ethical lesson is enforced, expressed in language of much felicity; while in the former poem there is a mystical element very fascinating to the imagination.

Though *Gladys and her Island* may be an 'imperfect fable with a doubtful moral' it is certainly a most delightful poem, full of exquisite little descriptions and very rich suggestive thought. And yet it must be confessed that Jean Ingelow's powers are not so well suited for the rather 'prosaic ingenuities' of allegory as for the simple delineation of life or of intense emotion in the form of graceful idyl or lyric.

Gladys is a young girl with an ardent poetical temperament, a nature throbbing with love for everything sublime and wondrous; but she is a teacher in a school for young ladies, and there is little in her busy, monotonous life to feed

'her hungry heart  
That longed to draw things marvellous to itself,  
And yearned towards the riches and the great  
Abundance of the beauty God hath made.'

The poem is a good antidote to that

\* Mr. Thompson informs us that 'so strictly is this a sermon in form and fact that it has been read as such, with marked effect for good, in the church assembly on Sunday, preceded and followed by the usual public prayers and hymns.'

'Gospel of Despair' with which so many literary men favour us in these days. Its leading idea is that though conditions of life are such that we are shut out from many pleasures which others enjoy and which are usually thought to be indispensable elements of human happiness, there is a world of ideal pleasure ever ready to unfold its wonders to us; that though we are too poor to enter foreign picture-galleries and study the marvels of ancient art, we can paint mental pictures for ourselves and endow them with all the splendours of our own bright and vivid fancy; that earth in all its endless variety, and humanity with all its manifold forms are given to us to study; that time, too, is ours, and by the light of history we can explore past ages and bring them within the circle of our own narrow existence; and finally, though we are too lowly born to be presented to princes or to dine with kings and queens, we can at will come into the presence of the kings and queens of literature who will give us, without asking requital, the best thoughts of their most exalted and sublime hours.

This region of the ideal which is to many the most precious reality is described by Miss Ingelow as an Island 'purple with two high peaks,' the higher peak with fell and precipice and straight steep sides enclosing the domain of history; while the other, broken with curves and covered with verdure, represents the domain of poetry; forasmuch as poetry is chiefly concerned with beauty, and curved lines in the definition of art are alone beautiful.

And so Gladys, on one of her rare holidays sees wondrous things though her feet do not wander beyond the seashore near the school.

In the midst of a brief attack of self-pity because of her hard life and peculiar temperament, (for she sometimes almost feels sorry that she has so much finer a nature, so many more aspirations than those around her who

seem to be thoroughly satisfied with the monotonous pleasures of fashionable life), she is interrupted by a woman who, as she passes by, speaks to a child in her arms in such a way as to answer Gladys' unspoken thoughts. She blames Gladys for wishing to change her 'greater' for the 'less' of others. Can she be poor when she can have the *Island* with all its treasures to contemplate and enjoy?

This woman represents Imagination, and in her presence Gladys catches a glimpse of this beautiful, far-off isle. Soon a ferry-boat very conveniently approaches. Fancy, in the shape of a capricious and somewhat erratic maiden who has meanwhile appeared upon the scene takes the sail, and Imagination guides the helm and off they go, while the boat furrowed up—

'A flaky hill before, and left behind  
A sobbing, snake-like tail of creamy foam.'

The island reached at last Gladys is filled with ecstasy at the beauty and variety of the vegetation, the novelty of everything she sees. We must, however, be brief in speaking of a few of these. Eden in all its happiness and peace is first entered; then soon the treasures of old Egypt are explored, its art, religion and history almost bewildering her with the multitude of ideas suggested.

Coming to a gateway, Gladys breaks a glittering cobweb which divides the actual from the possible, and what she sees cannot be understood without reference to Scott's 'Lay of the Last Minstrel.' The creature who hastens from her is, of course, Lord Cranstoun's elfin page, who assumed such strange shapes, and muttered so often 'lost, lost, lost!' (The word 'tint,' which Miss Ingelow uses here is the Scotch for 'lost.') William of Deloraine, who speaks of a shape in Amice gray, refers to the celebrated wizard of the 13th century, Michael Scott, whose grave in Melrose Abbey he visited one dark night, and took from

the cold hands of the dead man his mighty book which had been buried with him. The last canto of 'The Lay' explains Deloraine's prophecy of future peace, owing to the disappearance of the goblin page amid a burst of terrific thunder, accompanied by the phantom of his master the old wizard.

Late in the afternoon, Gladys arrives at the Hill of Parnassus, and hears the voices of those who have the poetic power to make the old world young again; and Gladys herself gives several instances of heroism and courage which she wishes she could embody in verse. Then she beholds three characters of three great poets—Shakespeare's King Lear, Tennyson's *Ænone*, Longfellow's *Evangeline*. And, as she lingers on the sea shore in the fading twilight, she makes the acquaintance of one of Shakespeare's heroines—Miranda of 'The Tempest,'—from Gladys' own quickened intellect many things being suggested, 'things not in the story.'

The peaks of her blest island die away in the sunset glory, and murmuring

'Fare you well,

My country, my own kingdom;  
Till I go visit you again, farewell !'

the happy girl with something new and beautiful to think about once more resumes duty.

Charm of language, fresh, beautiful imagery and metre especially musical are characteristics of *The Star's Monument*. But the parts of the poem are not in perfect proportion, and are too carelessly put together. Being a story within a story, and with but little obvious connection between the two, the interest is too much diffused. The poet would have been more successful had she made two poems instead of one. Certainly her material is fully adequate.

*The Two Margarets* are the last poems in Miss Ingelow's third volume. They are beautiful idyls, having the same excellences of description as her earlier

efforts, with perhaps a more polished style and more unity of thought than *The Star's Monument* or *The Four Bridges*.

But it is in her short *lyrical poems* that Jean Ingelow's magic power over words and rhythm is especially discernible. The charm and naturalness of her idyls are here reproduced, enhanced by more beautiful melody,—rhythmic music which never fails to delight the ear. And the rhythm, in most cases, corresponds with exquisite effect to the thoughts expressed. 'It rises or falls, pauses or hurries rapidly on' as the imagery or the nature of the emotions dictate. And this is accomplished in such a way that we are seldom conscious of the art which produces it.

Then the grace of her transitions from one thought to another is everywhere strikingly manifest, while a unity of conception connects them all together as one whole.

There is indeed not the energetic sweep, the force and intensity of passion in these poems that there is in some English lyrics, but they show a spirituality, a delicacy of imagination, a pathos and tenderness of feeling which many grander lyrics lack. For instance, *Songs of Seven*, and *Divided*, *Looking over a gate at a pool in the field*, and *Mother showing the portrait of her child* are poems as fresh and sweet as the scent from a bank of violets; while the two former are good illustrations of Miss Ingelow's power to excite the imagination, to vividly suggest thoughts and emotions which go far beyond those directly expressed.

It is this quality which makes some of her poetry vague and obscure to the reader whose imaginative power is limited; but it proves Miss Ingelow to be a true artist.

A group of 'Songs on the Voices of Birds,' shows a good deal of variety in versification and emotion. The introduction, written in blank verse (the characters being well represented in a few words), is followed by six poems,

each different in structure. Of these, though *Blackbirds and Sea Mews in Winter Time* come not far behind, the best poems are those on *The Nightingale* which to the unsatisfied heart sings of

'Life's fair, life's unfulfilled, impassioned prophesies,'

and on the *Cuckoo Bird*, whose voice brought to the poet music

'From the spheres! as if a thought,  
Having taken wings did fly  
Through the reaches of the sky.'

This last poem, in connection with *A Lily and a Lute*, should be studied as examples of Jean Ingelow's tendency to seize and attempt to analyze very subtle and unsubstantial emotions.

In the poem called *Tired* (among the 'Songs of the Night Watches'), the mingling of beauty and pathos from a feeling of grief and regret for a lost love is very fine. There are lines here which show 'objects burnt as it were into the sharpness of outline which they only take in the intensest light of emotion.\* Can anything be more vivid than the picture of the forsaken girl rowing out into the river at night to catch one last look of the face of her false lover?

Then, though the style is somewhat obscure, *The Middle Watch* describes very well the communion of the soul with the Infinite and Divine during long hours of sleeplessness in the night silence.

Among another group of poems, *The Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection*, written in imitation of Milton's famous ode on 'The Nativity,' displays a good deal of picturesque power and richness in allusion; and *Sailing Beyond Seas*, a sweet, pathetic little song which we often hear sung in our drawing-rooms, taken in connection with *Regret* and *A Dead Year*, illustrates the sorrow which is supposed to have overwhelmed the poet's heart. Of the 'Songs with Preludes,' *Wed-*

*lock* is very beautiful indeed, a fine example of Miss Ingelow's lyric charm and grace,—her airiness of touch.

'The racing river leaped and sang  
Full blithely in the perfect weather,  
All round the mountains echoes rang,  
For blue and green were glad together.

'This rained out light from every part,  
And that with songs of joy was thrilling;  
But, in the hollow of my heart,  
There ached a place that wanted filling.

'Before the road and river meet,  
And stepping-stones are wet and glisten;  
I heard a sound of laughter sweet,  
And paused to like it, and to listen.

'I heard the chanting waters flow,  
The cushat's note, the bees low humming,—  
Then turned the hedge, and did not know—  
How could I?—that my time was coming.

'A girl upon the highest stone,  
Half doubtful of the deed, was standing;  
So far the shallow flood had flown  
Beyond the 'customed leap of landing.

'She knew not any need of me,  
Yet me she waited all unweeting;  
We thought not I had crossed the sea,  
And half the sphere to give her meeting.

'I waded out, her eyes I met,  
I wished the moments had been hours;  
I took her in my arms and set  
Her dainty feet among the flowers.

'Her fellow-maids in copse and lane,  
Ah! still methinks I hear them calling;  
The wind's soft whisper in the plain,  
The cushat's coo, the water's falling.

'But now it is a year ago,  
But now possession crowns endeavour;  
I took her in my heart, to grow  
And fill the hollow place for ever.'

Compare with this the lyrical gems of her third volume,—*Not in Vain I Waited*, and *The Long White Seam*.

With some success, Miss Ingelow has tried her hand at sonnets, though the rhymes are not always technically accurate. *Fancy* is the best of them.

The poem ending the second volume is a very perfect ballad artistically considered. In a note, the poet tells us that it was written 'with the purpose of attaining such simplicity and plainness of narrative as might captivate the minds and memories of an ordinary set of school-children.' Her hero is Henry Winstanley, a London

\* Athenæum.

silk merchant of the time of William III., who, fired with a heroic spirit of self-sacrifice and love for humanity, planned and built the first Eddystone light-house on the rocks fourteen miles south-west of Plymouth Sound. Though it took a fortune and almost a lifetime to accomplish this marvel of architecture, its strength was hardly sufficient to long withstand the terrible power of the sea, and so, during a violent storm in 1703, it was swept away by the wind and waves, and Winstanley and his workmen perished with it. But he had solved a problem as well as set the English nation a noble example of heroism, and Miss Ingelow has rescued from the past a name which England might soon have ungratefully forgotten.

Her poem for force, simplicity and lyrical sweep, reminds us of some of the best old English ballads. Its language is clear, idiomatic, suited to the time it describes, and has an animation which well expresses the nervous excitement and determined energy of the brave merchant. Miss Ingelow's effort shows that if she would concentrate her powers on this kind of poetry what a master of it she might become.

In the *Story of Doom*, her longest and most ambitious poem though indeed not equal to some of the lyrics already considered, Jean Ingelow's genius takes a higher range than before, conducts us out of the region of human life and natural scenery into that of the supernatural. Its subject is original and striking, and the whole conception of it shows strong grasp of mind, and the imaginative power to get beyond the control of modern ideas, and bring before us in clear, though necessarily broad, outlines the scenes of a pre-historic age. And yet in the poem there is wanting that mysterious principle of unity, so essential to every work of art, which can combine all its parts into one perfect whole. There are many fine ideas introduced into the narrative which are not worked out with enough pa-

tience and care, while undue prominence is sometimes given to those less necessary for the complete presentation of the subject.

The poet has made good use of the few facts in regard to the Deluge furnished by the biblical records. She accepts it as literal, and there is nothing in her most imaginative flights directly opposed to its spirit.

Thus she represents Satan as still invested with the dragon-like form which he assumed in Eden in order to tempt Eve. He has all the intellectual strength and spiritual characteristics of the fallen Lucifer, being, however, more the personification of subtlety and treachery than that of pride; but wedded to his immaterial nature and ever present to daunt it is a body of flesh subject to pain and sickness, fear and every low and beastly passion,— a condition of slavery from which death can only free him. Yet among the most terrible of the evils this body dreads death ranks first.

This conception is so unlike that of Milton (who is the author of most current ideas about Satan) that the reader is at first a little disappointed; but it shows Jean Ingelow's genius to good advantage, and she has worked it out admirably. Her highest powers have been brought to bear in the delineation of such a supernatural being. To have presented him with an individuality which keeps him 'distinct from previous representations almost accepted as models and yet to have made him consistent and impressive is an achievement deserving high praise.' \*

At different times Noah has, by a phantom-like voice, been warned of the destruction soon to overwhelm the world, and in obedience to its command has commenced to build the ark which is to save him. The poem opens with an interview between him and his wife Niloiya when he has come home for a brief rest in his discouraging work of wandering over the earth

\* Athenæum.

beseeking the people to repent and turn to God. He is sad and disheartened. Men scorn him and he has sometimes himself doubted the reality of this message from God, doubted the authority for his mission. And Niloiya, over whose heart human love and the grief of separation have more influence than what she thinks to be little more than an imaginary evil, does nothing to help him in his struggle. The description is fine of her change of mind under his gentle control :

'As the quietness of night  
Began to comfort her, the fall  
Of far-off waters and the winged wind  
That went among the trees,'

She utters the words he wishes to hear :

'I do avow that He which calleth thee  
Hath right to call.'

The condition of the earth is terrible. Men have forgotten Him who holds the waves and has command of the storm, and are in close fellowship with Satan. They worship him as especially their friend—'the god who gave them knowledge at so great a price and costly.' The angels, 'God's white soldiers,' too pure to live in an atmosphere tainted by human sacrifice and other abominable crimes, have departed; but Satan's evil messengers are everywhere, sowing discord and hate. And so oppression, violence, shameless profligacy reign supreme. Men have 'lowered the stamp of the fair image of God' by taking from among those whom they had conquered the men and women of lowest stature and feeblest intellect and will, that the children of these might, on account of their very powerlessness, remain willing slaves. Then there are not only 'pigmies' but giants too on the earth, mastodons, and lizards that have a good deal of musical talent as well as the power of speech!

In the second book the universal argument that the world will not be destroyed because of the lack of precedent for such an event is further elaborated.

It shows very well Miss Ingelow's reasoning power. Then Noah visits Methuselah the Elder who, in a noon-day trance, foretells the coming destruction, and the survival of his race in the person of Noah. The trance ended, Noah reproaches him for his numerous crimes (for he is unfaithful to the religion of his family), and in a strange passage he explains the reason of his hating God, whom he calls the enemy. The angels had destroyed his pet lizards! The effect of this bereavement upon him, of course, symbolizes the hardness of the human heart when afflictions come, when they occasion resistance and rebellion instead of submission and resignation. Unable to convince the old man of his guilt, Noah turns sadly away, and in the evening twilight goes into the waste to hear the Voice once more.

In the roof above Methuselah's seat two demons, invisible to human eyes, have been lying. They hear the strange words of prophecy and hurry off to the dwelling-place of their chief, stopping on the way to listen to Noah's prayer in the wilderness. Observe the fine description of the dragon's cave as an example of the poet's skill in word painting. In strange disguise they arrive there,—in a boat which, bursting to pieces at the cavern's mouth, disclose two glowing balls. At Satan's command the spirits imprisoned therein come forth and breathlessly tell him that which the Voice has declared shall surely come to pass unless man repent. Fearful that his authority is waning, the old serpent is in an agony of despair. The idea is very fine that he dreads the influence which the expression of God's love will have upon the hearts of those threatened with destruction.

Just at this time a light among the trees is seen and an angel with a message comes. Though he does not restrict Satan's power to still tempt the human race he forbids him to reveal the fact that a Messiah has been promised to redeem it lest man should

scorn the revelation ungratefully, and thus add to the weight of his condemnation. The angel and the brightness from his presence quickly vanished, and amid the darkness caused by thunder-clouds Satan and his counselors discuss the danger threatening them. The touches are very fine by which the poet describes these evil spirits. The vague indistinctness of the picture shows her artistic skill, because clear, unmistakable definition would take away the mystery of the whole scene, and lessen its effect on the reader's imagination. The result of the conference is that the dragon determines to go and stir rebellion in the mighty hearts of the giants, for after all he has suffered in assuming this inconvenient form of flesh to 'ruin God's two children beautiful,' he will do his best to prevent his deed from 'confounding him in the end.'

The fourth and fifth books give glimpses of the domestic life and customs of the time. Jean Ingelow is perfectly at home when she paints a scene such as the meeting of Japhet and Noah. Between its joy and the disappointment caused by the indifference of Shem and Ham there is a noble antithesis. As we said before, the poet has certainly been very successful in making everything in the *Story of Doom* consistent with the time she has undertaken to describe—the sense of primitiveness is well preserved.' Japhet and Amarant, Noah and Niloiya, are not modern people transported back into the dim, remote past; the life they live bears little resemblance to that of the 19th century, nor have the 'scenes in which they figure any accessories which do not belong to the youth of the world.'

In the sixth book occurs a fine description. From the tent door Japhet lifts his eyes,

'And day had dawned. Right suddenly  
The moon withheld her silver and she hung  
Frail as a cloud. The ruddy flame that played  
By night on dim, dusk trees and on the flood,  
Crept red amongst the logs and all the world  
And all the water blushed and bloomed. The  
stars

Were gone, and golden shafts came up, and  
touched  
The feathered heads of palms, and green was  
born

Under the rosy cloud, and purples flew  
Like veils across the mountains; and he saw  
Winding athwart them, bathed in blissful  
peace,

And the sacredness of morn, the battlements  
And outposts of the giants; and there ran  
On the other side the river, as it were,  
White mounds of marble, tabernacles fair,  
And towers below a line of inland cliffs:  
These were their fastnesses, and here their  
homes.'

It is to this place, in the hope of winning these formidable beings to the service of God, that Noah has come. He finds the Dragon already there. In forcible, eloquent language, Noah denounces their sins, and vividly describes the future; but here, as everywhere, his earnest words are received with indifference and unbelief.

The philosophy of the poem culminates in this seventh book. The whole argument relating to the possibility of miracles deserves careful study. It shows that Miss Ingelow is a deep thinker on metaphysical subjects as well as a true poet.

The ninth book contains many sublime passages. Noah has done his utmost to induce men to repent, and in agony of spirit he prays, while the darkness thickens, and the earth seems to quiver and tremble in sympathy with him. In solemn words the poet describes the feelings of those who alone are to survive this death of the world. They hide their faces in terror while Noah whispers that the door of the ark is shut.

Whether Jean Ingelow has expended all her power on these three volumes of poems is a question which time alone can decide. She may be even now living a life which will stimulate her creative power, give new strength to her imagination and enable her to strike a still deeper chord on the hidden strings of human passion, love and sorrow. If she is true to her own genius, perhaps her best poetry is yet to come.

## THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

## CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE inquiry into the circumstances under which Mrs. Farnaby had died was held in the forenoon of the next day.

Mr. Melton surprised Amelius by calling for him, and taking him to the inquest. The carriage stopped on the way, and a gentleman joined them, who was introduced as Mr. Melton's legal adviser. He spoke to Amelius about the inquest; stating, as his excuse for asking certain discreet questions, that his object was to suppress any painful disclosures. On reaching the house, Mr. Melton and his lawyer said a few words to the coroner downstairs, while the jury were assembling on the floor above.

The first witness examined was the landlady.

After deposing to the date at which the late Mrs. Farnaby had hired her lodgings, and verifying the statements which had appeared in the newspapers, she was questioned about the life and habits of the deceased. She described her late lodger as a respectable lady, punctual in her payments, and quiet and orderly in her way of life; she received letters, but saw no friends. On several occasions, an old woman was admitted to speak with her; and these visits seemed to be anything but agreeable to the deceased. Asked if she knew anything of the old woman, or of what had passed at the interviews described, the witness answered both questions in the negative. When the woman called, she always told the servant to announce her as 'the nurse.'

Mr. Melton was next examined, to prove the identity of the deceased.

He declared that he was quite unable to explain why she had left her husband's house under an assumed name. Asked if Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby had lived together on affectionate terms, he acknowledged that he had heard, at various times, of a want of harmony between them, but was not acquainted with the cause. Mr. Farnaby's high character and position in the commercial world spoke for themselves; the restraints of a gentleman guided him in his relations with his wife. The medical certificate of his illness in Paris was then put in; and Mr. Melton's examination came to an end.

The chemist who had made up the prescription was the third witness. He knew the woman who brought it to his shop to be in the service of the first witness examined; an old customer of his, and a highly-respected resident in the neighbourhood. He made up all prescriptions himself in which poisons were conspicuous ingredients; and he had affixed to the bottle a slip of paper, bearing the word 'Poison,' printed in large letters. The bottle was produced and identified; and the directions in the prescription were shown to have been accurately copied on the label.

A general sensation of interest was excited by the appearance of the next witness—the woman-servant. It was anticipated that her evidence would explain how the fatal mistake about the medicine had occurred. After replying to the formal inquiries, she proceeded as follows:

‘When I answered the bell, at the time I have mentioned, I found the deceased standing at the fireplace. There was a bottle of medicine on the table, by her writing-desk. It was a much larger bottle than that which the last witness identified, and it was more than three parts full of some colourless medicine. The deceased gave me a prescription to take to the chemist’s, with instructions to wait, and bring back the physic. She said, “I don’t feel at all well this morning; I thought of trying some of this medicine” (pointing to the bottle by her desk)—“but I am not sure it is the right thing for me. I think I want a tonic. The prescription I have given you is a tonic.” I went out at once to our chemist, and got it. I found her writing a letter when I came back, but she finished it immediately, and pushed it away from her. When I put the bottle I had brought from the chemist on the table, she looked at the other larger bottle which she had by her; and she said, “You will think me very undecided; I have been doubting, since I sent you to the chemist, whether I had not better begin with this medicine here, before I try the tonic. It’s a medicine for the stomach; and I fancy it’s only indigestion that’s the matter with me, after all.” I said “You eat but a poor breakfast, ma’am, this morning. It isn’t for me to advise; but, as you seem to be in doubt about yourself, wouldn’t it be better to send for a doctor?” She shook her head, and said she didn’t want to have a doctor if she could possibly help it. “I’ll try the medicine for indigestion first,” she says; “and if it doesn’t relieve me, we will see what is to be done, later in the day.” While we were talking, the tonic was left in its sealed paper cover just as I had brought it from the shop. She took up the bottle containing the stomach-medicine, and read the directions on it: “Two teaspoonful by measure-glass twice a day.” I asked if she had a measure-glass; and she said, yes, and sent me

to her bedroom to look for it. I couldn’t find it. While I was looking, I heard her cry out, and ran back to the drawing-room to see what was the matter. “Oh!” she says, “how clumsy I am! I’ve broken the bottle.” She held up the bottle of the stomach-medicine and showed it to me, broken just below the neck. “Go back to the bedroom,” she says, “and see if you can find an empty bottle; I don’t want to waste the medicine if I can help it.” There was only one empty bottle in the bedroom, a bottle on the chimney-piece. I took it to her immediately. She gave me the broken bottle; and, while I poured the medicine into the bottle which I had found in the bedroom, she opened the paper which covered the tonic I had brought from the chemist. When I had done, and the two bottles were together on the table—the bottle that I had filled and the bottle that I had brought from the chemist—I noticed that they were both of the same size, and that both had a label pasted on them, marked “Poison.” I said to her, “You must take care, ma’am, you don’t make any mistake, the two bottles are so exactly alike.” “I can easily prevent that,” she says, and dipped her pen in the ink, and copied the directions on the broken bottle, on to the label of the bottle that I had just filled. “There!” she said, “now I hope your mind’s at ease?” She spoke cheerfully, as if she was joking with me. And then she said, “But where’s the measure-glass?” I went back to the bedroom to look for it, and couldn’t find it again. She changed all at once, upon that—she became quite angry; and walked up and down in a fume, abusing me for my stupidity. It was very unlike her. On all other occasions, she was a most considerate lady. I made allowances for her. She had been very much upset earlier in the morning, when she had received a letter, which she told me herself contained bad news. Yes; another person was present at the time—the same woman that my mistress

told you of. The woman looked at the address on the letter, and seemed to know who it was from. I told her a squint-eyed man had brought it to the house—and then she left directly. I don't know where she went, or the address at which she lives, or who the messenger was who brought the letter. As I have said, I made allowances for the deceased lady. I went down-stairs, without answering, and got a tumbler and a teacup to serve instead of the measure-glass. When I came back with the things, she was still walking about in a temper. She took no notice of me. I left the room again quietly, seeing she was not in a state to be spoken to. I saw nothing more of her, until we were alarmed by hearing her scream. We found the poor lady on the floor in a kind of fit. I ran out and fetched the nearest doctor. This is the whole truth, on my oath; and this is all I know about it.'

The landlady was recalled at the request of the jury, and questioned again about the old woman. She could give no information. Being asked next if any letters or papers belonging to, or written by, the deceased lady had been found, she declared that, after the strictest search, nothing had been discovered but two medical prescriptions. The writing-desk was empty.

The doctor was the next witness.

He described the state in which he found the patient, on being called to the house. The symptoms were those of poisoning by strychnine. Examination of the prescriptions and the bottles (aided by the servant's information) convinced him that a fatal mistake had been made by the deceased; the nature of which he explained to the jury as he had already explained it to Amelius. Having mentioned the meeting with Amelius at the house-door, and the events which had followed, he closed his evidence by stating the result of the post-mortem examination, proving that the death was

caused by the poison called strychnine.

The landlady and the servant were examined again. They were first instructed to inform the jury exactly of the time that had elapsed from the moment when the servant had left the deceased alone in the drawing-room to the time when the screams were first heard. Having both given the same evidence, on this point, they were next asked whether any person, besides the old woman, had visited the deceased lady—or had on any pretence obtained access to her, in the interval. Both swore positively that there had not even been a knock at the house-door in the interval, and that the area-gate was locked, and the key in the possession of the landlady. This evidence placed it beyond the possibility of doubt that the deceased had herself taken the poison. The question whether she had taken it by accident was the only question left to decide, when Amelius was called as the next witness.

The lawyer retained by Mr. Melton, to watch the case on behalf of Mr. Farnaby, had hitherto not interfered. It was observed that he paid the closest attention to the inquiry, at the stage which it had now reached.

Amelius was nervous at the outset. The early training in America, which had hardened him to face an audience and speak with self-possession on social and political subjects, had not prepared him for the very different ordeal of a first appearance as a witness. Having answered the customary inquiries, he was so painfully agitated in describing Mrs. Farnaby's sufferings, that the coroner suspended the examination for a few minutes, to give him time to control himself. He failed, however, to recover his composure, until the narrative part of his evidence had come to an end. When the critical questions, bearing on his relations with Mrs. Farnaby, began, the audience noticed that he lifted his head, and looked and spoke for the first time, like a man with a settled

resolution in him, sure of himself.

The questions proceeded :

Was he in Mrs. Farnaby's confidence, on the subject of her domestic differences with her husband? Did those differences lead to her withdrawing herself from her husband's roof? Did Mrs. Farnaby inform him of the place of her retreat? To these three questions the witness (speaking quite readily in each case) answered Yes. Asked next, what the nature of the 'domestic differences' had been; whether they were likely to affect Mrs. Farnaby's mind seriously; why she had passed under an assumed name, and why she had confided the troubles of her married life to a young man like himself (only introduced to her a few months since), the witness simply declined to reply to the inquiries addressed to him. 'The confidence Mrs. Farnaby placed in me,' he said to the coroner, 'was a confidence which I gave her my word of honour to respect. When I have said that, I hope the jury will understand that I owe it to the memory of the dead to say no more.'

There was a murmur of approval among the audience, instantly checked by the coroner. The foreman of the jury rose, and remarked that scruples of honour were out of place at a serious inquiry of that sort. Hearing this, the lawyer saw his opportunity, and got on his legs. 'I represent the husband of the deceased lady,' he said. 'Mr. Goldenheart has appealed to the law of honour to justify him in keeping silence. I am astonished that there is a man to be found in this assembly who fails to sympathise with him. But as there appears to be such a person present, I ask permission, sir, to put a question to the witness. It may, or it may not, satisfy the foreman of the jury; but it will certainly assist the object of the present inquiry.'

The coroner, after a glance at Mr. Melton, permitted the lawyer to put his question in these terms:—

'Did your knowledge of Mrs. Far-

naby's domestic troubles give you any reason to apprehend that they might urge her to commit suicide?'

'Certainly not,' Amelius answered. 'When I called on her, on the morning of her death, I had no apprehension whatever of her committing suicide. I went to the house as the bearer of good news; and I said so to the doctor, when he first spoke to me.'

The doctor confirmed this. The foreman was silenced, if not convinced. One of his brother-jurymen, however, feeling the force of example, interrupted the proceedings, by assailing Amelius with another question:— 'We have heard that you were accompanied by a young lady at the time you have mentioned, and that you took her up stairs with you. We want to know what business the young lady had in the house?'

The lawyer interfered again. 'I object to that question,' he said. 'The purpose of the inquest is to ascertain how Mrs. Farnaby met with her death. What has the young lady to do with it? The doctor's evidence has already told us that she was not at the house, until after he had been called in, and the deadly action of the poison had begun. I appeal, sir, to the law of evidence, and to you, as the presiding authority, to enforce it. Mr. Goldenheart, who is acquainted with the circumstances of the deceased lady's life, has declared on his oath that there was nothing in those circumstances to inspire him with any apprehension of her committing suicide. The evidence of the servant at the lodgings points plainly to the conclusion (already arrived at by the medical witness), that the death was the result of a lamentable mistake, and of that alone. Is our time to be wasted in irrelevant questions, and are the feelings of the surviving relatives to be cruelly lacerated to no purpose, to satisfy the curiosity of strangers?'

A strong expression of approval from the audience followed this. The

lawyer whispered to Mr. Melton, 'It's all right.'

Order being restored, the coroner ruled that the juryman's question was not admissible, and that the servant's evidence (taken with the statements of the doctor and the chemist) was the only evidence for the consideration of the jury. Summing up to this effect, he recalled Amelius (at the request of the foreman), to inquire if the witness knew anything of the old woman who had been frequently alluded to in the course of the proceedings. Amelius could answer this question as honestly as he had answered the questions preceding it. He neither knew the woman's name, nor where she was to be found. The coroner inquired (with a touch of irony) if the jury wished the inquest to be adjourned, under existing circumstances.

For the sake of appearances, the jury consulted together. But the luncheon-hour was approaching; the servant's evidence was undeniably clear and conclusive; the coroner, in summing up, had requested them not to forget that the deceased had lost her temper with the servant, and that an angry woman might well make a mistake which would be unlikely in her cooler moments. All these influences led the jury irrepressibly, over the obstacles of obstinacy, on the way to submission. After a needless delay, they returned a verdict of 'death by misadventure.' The secret of Mrs. Farnaby's suicide remained inviolate; the reputation of her vile husband stood as high as ever; and the future life of Amelius was, from that fatal moment, turned irrevocably into a new course.

#### CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ON the conclusion of the proceedings, Mr. Melton, (having no further need of Amelius or the lawyer) drove away by himself. But he was too inveterately polite to omit making

his excuses for leaving them in a hurry; he expected, he said, to find a telegram from Paris waiting at his house. Amelius only delayed his departure to ask the landlady if the day of the funeral was settled. Hearing that it was arranged for the next morning, he thanked her, and returned at once to the cottage.

Sally was waiting his arrival, to complete some purchases of mourning for her unhappy mother; Toff's wife being in attendance to take care of her. She was anxious to hear how the inquest had ended. In answering her question, Amelius was careful to warn her (if her companion made any inquiries) only to say that she had lost her mother under very sad circumstances. The two having left the cottage, he instructed Toff to let in a stranger, who was to call by previous appointment, and to close the door to every one else. In a few minutes, the expected person (a young man, who gave the name of Morcross) made his appearance, and sorely puzzled the old Frenchman. He was well dressed; his manner was quiet and self-possessed—and yet he did not look like a gentleman. In fact, he was a policeman of the higher order, in plain clothes.

Being introduced to the library, he spread out on the table some sheets of manuscript, in the handwriting of Amelius, with notes of red ink on the margin, made by himself.

'I understand, sir,' he began, 'that you have reasons for not bringing this case to trial in a court of law?'

'I am sorry to say,' Amelius answered, 'that I dare not consent to the exposure of a public trial, for the sake of persons living and dead. For the same reason, I have written the account of the conspiracy with certain reserves. I hope I have not thrown any needless difficulties in your way?'

'Certainly not, sir. But I should wish to ask, what you propose to do, in case I discover the people concerned in the conspiracy?'

Amelius owned, very reluctantly, that he could do nothing with the woman who had been the accomplice. 'Unless,' he added, 'I can induce her to assist me in bringing the man to justice for other crimes which I believe him to have committed.'

'Meaning the man named Jervy, sir, in this statement?'

'Yes. I have reason to believe that he has been obliged to leave the United States, after committing some serious offence—'

'I beg your pardon for interrupting you, sir. Is it serious enough to charge him with, under the treaty between the two countries?'

'I don't doubt it's serious enough. I have telegraphed to the persons who formerly employed him for the particulars. Mind this! I will stick at no sacrifice to make this scoundrel suffer for what he has done.'

In those plain words Amelius revealed, as frankly as usual, the purpose that was in him. The terrible remembrances associated with Mrs. Farnaby's last moments had kindled, in his just and generous nature, a burning sense of the wrong inflicted on the poor heart-broken creature who had trusted and loved him. The unendurable thought that the wretch who had tortured her, robbed her, and driven her to her death had escaped with impunity, literally haunted him night and day. Eager to provide for Sally's future, he had followed Mrs. Farnaby's instructions, and had seen her lawyer privately, during the period that had elapsed between the death and the inquest. Hearing that there were formalities to be complied with, which would probably cause some delay, he had at once announced his determination to employ the interval in attempting the pursuit of Jervy. The lawyer—after vainly pointing out the serious objections to the course proposed—so far yielded to the irresistible earnestness and good faith of Amelius as to recommend him to a competent man, who could be trusted

not to deceive him. The same day the man had received a written statement of the case; and he had now arrived to report the result of his first proceedings to his employer.

'One thing I want to know before you tell me anything else,' Amelius resumed. 'Is my written description of the man plain enough to help you to find him?'

'It's so plain, sir, that some of the older men in our office have recognised him by it—under another name than the name you give him.'

'Does that add to the difficulty of tracing him?'

'He has been a long time away from England, sir; and it's by no means easy to trace him, on that account. I have been to the young woman, named Phoebe in your statement, to find out what she can tell me about him. She's ready enough, in the intervals of crying, to help us to lay our hands on the man who has deserted her. It's the old story of a fellow getting at a girl's secrets and a girl's money, under pretence of marrying her. At one time, she's furious with him, and at another she's ready to cry her eyes out. I got some information [from her; it's not much, but it may help us. The name of the old woman, who has been the go-between in the business, is Mrs. Sowler—known to the police as an inveterate drunkard, and worse. I don't think there will be much difficulty in tracing Mrs. Sowler. As to Jervy, if the young woman is to be believed (and I think she is), there's little doubt that he has got the money from the lady mentioned in my instructions here, and that he has bolted with the sum about him. Wait a bit, sir, I haven't done with my discoveries yet. I asked the young woman, of course, if she had his photograph. He's a sharp fellow; she had it, but he got it away from her, on pretence of giving her a better one, before he took himself off. Having missed this chance, I asked if she knew where he lived last. She

directed me to the place; and I have had a talk with the landlord. He tells me of a squint-eyed man, who was a good deal about the house, doing Jervy's dirty work for him. If I am not misled by the description, I think I know the man. I have my own notion of what he is capable of doing, if he gets the chance—and I propose to begin by finding our way to him, and using him as a means of tracing Jervy. It's only right to tell you that it may take some time to do this—for which reason I have to propose, in the meanwhile trying a shorter way to the end in view. Do you object, sir, to the expense of sending a copy of your description of Jervy to every police-station in London?'

'I object to nothing which may help us to find him. Do you think the police have got him anywhere?'

'You forget, sir, that the police have no orders to take him. What I'm speculating on is the chance that he has got the money about him—say in small bank-notes, for convenience of changing them, you know.'

'Well?'

'Well, sir, the people he lives among (the squint-eyed man, for instance!) don't stick at trifles. If any of them have found out that Jervy's purse is worth having—'

'You mean they would rob him?'

'And murder him too, sir, if he tried to resist.'

Amelius started to his feet. 'Send round to the police stations without losing another minute,' he said. 'And let me hear what the answer is, the instant you receive it.'

'Suppose I get the answer late at night, sir?'

'I don't care when you get it, night or day. Dead or living, I will undertake to identify him. Here's a duplicate key of the garden gate. Come this way, and I'll show you where my bedroom is. If we are all in bed, tap at this window—and I will be ready for you at a moment's notice.'

On that understanding Morcross left the cottage.

The day when the mortal remains of Mrs. Farnaby were laid at rest was a day of heavy rain. Mr. Melton, and two or three other old friends, were the attendants at the funeral. When the coffin was borne into the damp and reeking burial ground, a young man and a woman were the only persons, besides the sexton and his assistants, who stood by the open grave. Mr. Melton, recognising Amelius, was at a loss to understand who his companion could be. It was impossible to suppose that he would profane that solemn ceremony by bringing to it the lost woman at the cottage. The thick black veil of the person with him hid her face from view. No visible expressions of grief escaped her. When the last sublime words of the burial service had been read, those two mourners were left, after the others had all departed, still standing together by the grave. Mr. Melton decided on mentioning the circumstances confidentially when he wrote to his friend in Paris. Telegrams from Regina, in reply to his telegrams from London, had informed him that Mr. Farnaby had felt the benefit of the remedies employed, and was slowly on the way to recovery. It seemed likely that he would, in no long time, take the right course for the protection of his niece. For the enlightenment which might, or might not, come with that time, Mr. Melton was resigned to wait, with the disciplined patience to which he had been mainly indebted for his success in life.

'Always remember your mother tenderly, my child,' said Amelius, as they left the burial ground. 'She was sorely tried, poor thing, in her life-time, and she loved you very dearly.'

'Do you know anything of my father?' Sally asked timidly. 'Is he still living?'

'My dear, you will never see your

father. I must be all that the kindest father and mother could have been to you, now. O my poor little girl!

She pressed her arm to his as she held it. 'Why should you pity me?' she said. 'Haven't I got You?'

They passed the day together quietly at the cottage. Amelius took down some books, and pleased Sally by giving her his first lessons. Soon after ten o'clock she withdrew, at the usual early hour, to her room. In her absence he sent for Toff; intending to warn him not to be alarmed if he heard footsteps in the garden, after they had all gone to bed. The old servant had barely entered the library, when he was called away by the bell at the outer gate. Amelius, looking into the hall, discovered Morcross and signed to him eagerly to come in. The police-officer closed the door cautiously behind him. He had arrived with news that Jervy was found.

### CHAPTER XXXIX.

'WHERE has he been found?' Amelius asked, snatching up his hat.

'There's no hurry, sir,' Morcross answered quietly. 'When I had the honour of seeing you yesterday, you said you meant to make Jervy suffer for what he had done. Somebody else has saved you the trouble. He was found this evening in the river.'

'Drowned?'

'Stabbed in three places, sir; and put out of the way in the river—that's the surgeon's report. Robbed of everything he possessed—that's the police report, after searching his pockets.'

Amelius was silent. It had not entered into his calculations that crime breeds crime, and that the criminal might escape him under *that* law. For the moment he was conscious of a sense of disappointment, revealing plainly that the desire for vengeance

had mingled with the higher motives which animated him. He felt uneasy and ashamed, and longed as usual to take refuge in action from his own unwelcome thoughts. 'Are you sure it is the man?' he asked. 'My description may have misled the police—I should like to see him myself.'

'Certainly, sir. While we are about it, if you feel any curiosity to trace the stolen money, there's a chance (from what I have heard) of getting at the man with the squint. The people at our place think it's likely he may have been concerned in the robbery, if he hasn't committed the murder.'

In an hour after, under the guidance of Morcross, Amelius passed through the dreary doors of a deadhouse situated on the southern bank of the Thames, and saw the body of Jervy stretched out on a stone slab. The guardian who held the lantern, inured to such horrible sights, declared that the corpse could not have been in the water more than two days. To any one who had seen the murdered man, the face, undisfigured by injury of any kind, was perfectly recognisable. Amelius knew him again, dead, as certainly as he had known him again, living, when he was waiting for Phœbe in the street.

'If you're satisfied, sir,' said Morcross, 'the inspector at the police-station is sending a sergeant to look after "Wall-Eyes"—the name they give hereabouts to the man suspected of the robbery. We can take the sergeant with us in the cab, if you like.'

Still keeping on the southern bank of the river, they drove for a quarter of an hour in a westerly direction, and stopped at a public house. The sergeant of police went in by himself to make the first inquiries.

'We are a day too late, sir,' he said to Amelius, on returning to the cab. 'Wall-Eyes was here last night, and Mother Scwler with him, judging by the description. Both of them drunk

—and the woman the worse of the two. The landlord knows nothing more about it; but there's a man at the bar tells me he heard of them this morning (still drinking) at The Dairy.'

'The Dairy?' Amelius repeated.

Morcross interposed with the necessary explanation. 'An old house, sir, which once stood by itself in the fields. It was a dairy a hundred years ago; and it has kept the name ever since, though it's nothing but a low lodging-house now.'

'One of the worst places on this side of the river,' the sergeant added. 'The landlord's a returned convict. Sly as he is we shall have him again yet, for receiving stolen goods. There's every sort of thief among his lodgers, from a pickpocket to a housebreaker. It's my duty to continue the inquiry, sir; but a gentleman like you will be better, I should say, out of such a place as that.'

Still disquieted by the sight he had seen in the deadhouse, and by the associations which that sight had recalled, Amelius was ready for any adventure which might relieve his mind. Even the prospect of a visit to a thieves' lodging-house was more welcome to him than the prospect of going home alone. 'If there's no serious objection to it,' he said, 'I own I should like to see the place.'

'You'll be safe enough with us,' the sergeant replied. 'If you don't mind filthy people and bad language—all right, sir! Cabmar, drive to The Dairy.'

Their direction was now toward the south, through a perfect labyrinth of mean and dirty streets. Twice the driver was obliged to ask his way. On the second occasion the sergeant, putting his head out of the window to stop the cab, cried, 'Hullo! there's something up.'

They got out in front of a long low rambling house, a complete contrast to the modern buildings about it. Late as the hour was, a mob had assembled in front of the door. The

police were on the spot keeping the people in order.

Morcross and the sergeant pushed their way through the crowd, leading Amelius between them. 'Something wrong, sir, in the back kitchen,' said one of the policemen, answering the sergeant while he opened the street-door. A few yards down the passage there was a second door, with a man on the watch by it. 'There's a nice to-do down stairs,' the man announced, recognising the sergeant, and unlocking the door with a key which he took from his pocket. 'The landlord at The Dairy knows his lodgers, sir,' Morcross whispered to Amelius; 'the place is kept like a prison.' As they passed through the second door, a frantic voice startled them, shouting inarticulately from below. An old man came hobbling up the kitchen stairs, his eyes wild with fear, his long grey hair all tumbled over his face. 'O Lord! Have you got the tools for breaking open the door?' he asked, wringing his dirty hands in an agony of supplication. 'She'll set the house on fire! she'll kill my wife and daughter!' The sergeant pushed him contemptuously out of the way, and looked round for Amelius. 'It's only the landlord, sir; keep near Morcross, and follow me.'

They descended the kitchen stairs, the frantic cries below growing louder and louder at every step they took; and made their way through the thieves and vagabonds crowding together in the passage. Passing on their right hand a solid old oaken door fast closed, they reached an open wicket-gate of iron which led into a stone-paved yard. A heavily-barred window was now visible in the back wall of the house, raised three or four feet from the pavement of the yard. The room within was illuminated by a blaze of gaslight. More policemen were here, keeping back more inquisitive lodgers. Among the spectators was a man with a hideous outward squint, holding by the win-

dow-bars in a state of drunken terror. The sergeant looked at him, and beckoned to one of the policemen. 'Take him to the station; I shall have something to say to Wall-Eyes when he's sober. Now then! stand back, all of you, and let's see what's going on in the kitchen.'

He took Amelius by the arm, and led him to the window. Even the sergeant started when the scene inside met his view. 'By God!' he cried, 'it's Mother Sowler herself!'

It was Mother Sowler. The horrible woman was trampling round and round in the middle of the kitchen, like a beast in a cage; raving in the dreadful drink-madness called delirium tremens. In the farthest corner of the room, barricaded behind the table, the landlord's wife and daughter crouched in terror of their lives. The gas, turned full on, blazed high enough to blacken the ceiling, and showed the heavy bolts shot at the top and bottom of the solid door. Nothing less than a battering-ram could have burst that door in from the outer side; an hour's work with the file would have failed to break a passage through the bars over the window. 'How did she get there?' the sergeant asked. 'Run down-stairs, and bolted herself in, while the missus and the young un were cooking'—was the answering cry from the people in the yard. As they spoke, another vain attempt was made to break in the door from the passage. The noise of the heavy blows redoubled the frenzy of the terrible creature in the kitchen, still trampling round and round under the blazing gaslight. Suddenly, she made a dart at the window, and confronted the men looking in from the yard. Her staring eyes were bloodshot; a purple-red flush was over her face; her hair waved wildly about her, torn away in places by her own hands. 'Cats!' she screamed, glaring out of the window, 'millions of cats, and all their mouths wide open spitting at me! Fire! fire to scare away the cats!'

She searched furiously in her pocket, and tore out a handful of loose papers. One of them escaped, and fluttered downward to a wooden press under the window. Amelius was nearest, and saw it plainly as it fell. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed, 'it's a bank-note!' 'Wall-Eyes' money!' shouted the thieves in the yard; 'she's going to burn Wall-Eyes' money!' The madwoman turned back to the middle of the kitchen, leapt up at the gas-burner and set fire to the bank-notes. She scattered them flaming all round her on the kitchen floor. 'Away with you!' she shouted, shaking her fists at the visionary multitude of cats. 'Away with you, up the chimney! Away with you, out of the window!' She sprang back to the window, with her crooked fingers twisted in her hair. 'The snakes!' she shrieked; 'the snakes are hissing again in my hair! the beetles are crawling over my face!' She tore at her hair; she scraped her face with long black nails that lacerated the flesh. Amelius turned away, unable to endure the sight of her. Morcross took his place, eyed her steadily for a moment, and saw the way to end it. 'A quarter of gin!' he shouted. 'Quick! before she leaves the window!' In a minute he had the pewter measure in his hand, and tapped at the window. 'Gin, Mother Sowler? Break the window, and have a drop of gin!' For a moment, the drunkard mastered her own dreadful visions at the sight of the liquor. She broke a pane of glass with her clenched fist. 'The door!' cried Morcross, to the panic-stricken women, barricaded behind the table. 'The door!' he reiterated, as he handed the gin in through the bars. The elder woman was too terrified to understand him; her bolder daughter crawled under the table, rushed across the kitchen, and drew the bolts. As the madwoman turned to attack her, the room was filled with men, headed by the sergeant. Three of them were barely enough to control the frantic wretch,

and bind her hand and foot. When Amelius entered the kitchen, after she had been conveyed to the hospital, a five-pound note on the press (secured by one of the police), and a few frail black ashes scattered thinly on the kitchen floor, were the only relics left of the stolen money.

After inquiry, patiently pursued in more than one direction, failed to throw any light on the mystery of Jervy's death. Moreros's report to Amelius, towards the close of the investigation, was little more than ingenious guess-work.

'It seems pretty clear, sir, in the first place, that Mother Sowler must have overtaken Wall-Eyes, after he had left the letter at Mrs. Farnaby's lodgings. In the second place, we are justified (as I shall show you directly) in assuming that she told him of the money in Jervy's possession, and that the two succeeded in discovering Jervy—no doubt through Wall-Eyes' superior knowledge of his master's movements. The evidence concerning the bank-notes proves this. We know, by the examination of the people at The Dairy, that Wall-Eyes took from his pocket a handful of notes, when they refused to send for liquor without having the money first. We are also informed, that the breaking-out of the drink-madness in Mother Sowler showed itself in her snatching the notes out of his hand, and trying to strangle him—before she ran down into the kitchen and bolted herself in. Lastly, Mrs. Farnaby's bankers have identified the note saved from the burning, as one of forty five-pound notes paid to her cheque. So much for the tracing of the money.

'I wish I could give an equally satisfactory account of the tracing of the crime. We can make nothing of Wall-Eyes. He declares that he didn't even know Jervy was dead, till we told him; and he swears he found the money dropped in the street. It is needless to say that this last assertion is a lie. Opinions are

divided among us as to whether he is answerable for the murder as well as the robbery, or whether there was a third person concerned in it. My own belief is that Jervy was drugged by the old woman (with a young woman very likely used as a decoy), in some house by the riverside, and then murdered by Wall-Eyes in cold blood. We have done our best to clear the matter up, and we have not succeeded. The doctors give us no hope of any assistance from Mother Sowler. If she gets over the attack (which is doubtful), they say she will die to a certainty of liver-disease. In short, my own fear is that this will prove to be one more of those murders which are mysteries to the police as well as the public.'

The report of the case excited some interest, published in the newspapers in conspicuous type. Meddlesome readers wrote letters, offering complacently-stupid suggestions to the police. After a while, another crime attracted general attention; and the murder of Jervy disappeared from the public memory, among other forgotten murders of the bygone time.

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## CHAPTER XL.

**T**HE last dreary days of November came to their end.

No longer darkened by the shadows of crime and torment and death, the life of Amelius glided insensibly into the peaceful byways of seclusion, brightened by the companionship of Sally. The winter days followed one another in a happy uniformity of occupations and amusements. There were lessons to fill up the morning, and walks to occupy the afternoon—and, in the evenings, sometimes reading, sometimes singing, sometimes nothing but the lazy luxury of talk. In the vast world of London, with its monstrous extremes of wealth and poverty, and its all-permeating malady

of life at fever heat, there was one supremely innocent and supremely happy creature. Sally had heard of Heaven, attainable on the hard condition of first paying the debt of death. 'I have found a kinder Heaven,' she said, one day. 'It is here in the cottage; and Amelius has shown me the way to it.'

Their social isolation was at this time complete: they were two friendless people, perfectly insensible to all that was perilous and pitiable in their own position. They parted with a kiss at night, and they met again with a kiss in the morning—and they were as happily free from all mistrust of the future as a pair of birds. No visitors came to the house; the few friends and acquaintances of Amelius, forgotten by him, forgot him in return. Now and then, Toff's wife came to the cottage, and exhibited the 'cherubim-baby.' Now and then, Toff himself (a musician among his other accomplishments) brought his fiddle up-stairs; and said modestly, 'A little music helps to pass the time;' and played to the young master and mistress the cheerful tinkling tunes of the old vaudevilles of France. They were pleased with these small interruptions when they came; and they were not disappointed when the days passed, and the baby and the vaudevilles were hushed in absence and silence. So the happy winter days went by; and the howling winds brought no rheumatism with them, and even the tax-gatherer himself, looking in at this earthly paradise, departed without a curse when he left his little paper behind him.

Now and then, at long intervals, the outer world intruded itself in the form of a letter.

Regina wrote, always with the same placid affection; always entering into the same minute narrative of the slow progress of 'dear uncle's' return to health. He was forbidden to exert himself in any way. His nerves were in a state of lamentable irritability.

'I dare not even mention your name to him, dear Amelius; it seems, I cannot think why, to make him—O, so unreasonably angry. I can only submit and pray that he may soon be himself again.' Amelius wrote back, always in the same considerate and gentle tone; always laying the blame of his dull letters on the studious uniformity of his life. He preserved, with a perfectly easy conscience, the most absolute silence on the subject of Sally. While he was faithful to Regina, what reason had he to reproach himself with the protection that he offered to a poor motherless girl? When he was married, he might safely confide the secret to his wife, and then Sally would live with them as his wife's sister.

One morning, the letters with the Paris post-mark were varied by a few lines from Rufus.

'Every morning, my bright boy, I get up and say to myself, "Well! I reckon it's about time to take the route for London;" and every morning, if you'll believe me, I put it off till next day. Whether it's in the good feeding (expensive, I admit; but when your cook helps you to digest, instead of hindering you, a man of my dyspeptic nation is too grateful to complain)—or whether it's in the air, which reminds me, I do assure you, of our native atmosphere of Coolspring, Mass., is more than I can say, with a hard steel pen on a leaf of flimsy paper. You have heard the saying, "When a good American dies, he goes to Paris." May be, sometimes, he's smart enough to discount his own death, and rationally enjoy the future time in the present. This you see is a poetic flight. But, mercy be praised, the moral of my residence in Paris is plain:—If I can't go to Amelius, Amelius must come to me. Note the address, Grand Hotel; and pack up, like a good boy, on receipt of this. Memorandum: The brown Miss is here. I saw her taking the air in a carriage, and raised my hat. She looked the other way.

British — eminently British! But, there, I bear no malice; I am her most obedient servant, and yours affectionately, RUFUS. — Postscript: I want you to see some of our girls at this hotel. The genuine American material, sir, perfected by Worth.'

Another morning brought with it a few sad lines from Phœbe. 'After what had happened, she was quite unable to face her friends; she had no heart to seek employment in her own country — her present life was too dreary and too hopeless to be endured. A benevolent lady had made her an offer to accompany a party of emigrants to New Zealand; and she had accepted the proposal. Perhaps, among the new people, she might recover her self-respect and her spirits, and live to be a better woman. Meanwhile, she bade Mr. Goldenheart farewell; and asked his pardon for taking the liberty of wishing him happy with Miss Regina.'

Amelius wrote a few kind lines to Phœbe, and a cordial reply to Rufus, making the pursuit of his studies his excuse for remaining in London. After this, there was no further correspondence. The mornings succeeded each other, and the postman brought no more news from the world outside.

But the lessons went on; and teacher and pupil were as inconsiderately happy as ever in each other's society. Observing with inexhaustible interest the progress of the mental development in Sally, Amelius was slow to perceive the physical development which was unobtrusively keeping pace with it. He was absolutely ignorant of the part which his own influence was taking in the gradual and delicate process of change. Ere long, the first forewarnings of the coming disturbance in their harmless relations towards each other, began to show themselves. Ere long, there were signs of a troubled mind in Sally, which were mysteries to Amelius, and subjects of wonderment, sometimes even trials of temper, to the girl herself.

One day, she looked in from the door of her room, in her white dressing gown, and asked to be forgiven if she kept the lessons of the morning waiting for a little while.

'Come in,' said Amelius, 'and tell me why?'

She hesitated. 'You won't think me lazy, if you see me in my dressing-gown?'

'Of course not! Your dressing-gown, my dear, is as good as any other gown. A young girl like you looks best in white.'

She came in with her work-basket, and her indoor dress over her arm.

Amelius laughed. 'Why haven't you put it on?' he asked.

She sat down in a corner, and looked at her work-basket, instead of looking at Amelius. 'It doesn't fit me as well as it did,' she answered. 'I am obliged to alter it.'

Amelius looked at her — at the charming youthful figure that had filled out, at the softly-rounded outline of the face with no angles and hollows in it now. 'Is it the dress-maker's fault?' he asked, slyly.

Her eyes were still on the basket. 'It's my fault,' she said. 'You remember what a poor little skinny creature I was, when you first saw me. I — you won't like me the worse for it, will you? — I am getting fat. I don't know why. They say happy people get fat. Perhaps that's why. I am never hungry, and never frightened, and never miserable now —' She stopped; her dress slipped from her lap to the floor. 'Don't look at me!' she said — and suddenly put her hands over her face. Amelius saw the tears finding their way through the pretty plump fingers, which he remembered so shapeless and so thin. He crossed the room, and touched her gently on the shoulder. 'My dear child! have I said anything to distress you?'

'Nothing.'

'Then why are you crying?'

'I don't know.' She hesitated; looked at him; and made a desperate

effort to tell him what was in her mind. 'I'm afraid you'll get tired of me. There's nothing about me to make you pity me now. You seem to be—not quite the same—no! it isn't that—I don't know what's come to me—I'm a greater fool than ever. Give me my lesson, Amelius! please give me my lesson!'

Amelius produced the books, in some little surprise at Sally's extraordinary anxiety to begin her lessons, while the unaltered dress lay neglected on the carpet at her feet. A discreet abstract of the history of England, published for the use of young persons, happened to be at the top of the books. The system of education under Amelius recognised the laws of chance: they began with the history, because it turned up first. Sally read aloud; and Sally's master explained obscure passages, and corrected occasional errors of pronunciation, as she went on. On that particular morning, there was little to explain and nothing to correct. 'Am I doing it well to-day?' Sally inquired, on reaching the end of her task.

'Very well, indeed.'

She shut the book, and looked at her teacher. 'I wonder how it is,' she resumed, 'that I get on so much better with my lessons here than I did at the Home? And yet, it's foolish of me to wonder. I get on better, because you are teaching me, of course. But I don't feel satisfied with myself. I'm the same helpless creature—I feel your kindness, and can't make any return to you—for all my learning. I should like—' She left the thought in her unexpressed, and opened her copy-book. 'I'll do my writing now,' she said, in a quiet resigned way. 'Perhaps I may improve enough, some day, to keep your accounts and write your letters for you.' She chose her pen a little absently, and began to write. Amelius looked over her shoulder and laughed; she was writing his name. He pointed to the copper-plate copy on the top line, presenting

an undeniable moral maxim, in characters beyond the reach of criticism:—Change Is A Law Of Nature. 'There, my dear, you are to copy that till you're tired of it,' said the easy master; 'and then we'll try overleaf, another copy beginning with letter D.'

Sally laid down her pen. 'I don't like "Change is a law of Nature,"' she said, knitting her pretty eyebrows into a frown. 'I looked at those words yesterday, and they made me miserable at night. I was foolish enough to think that we should always go on together as we go on now, till I saw that copy. I hate the copy! It came to my mind when I was awake in the dark, and it seemed to tell me that *we* were going to change some day. That's the worst of learning—one knows too much, and then there's an end to one's happiness. Thoughts come to you, when you don't want them. I thought of the young lady we saw last week in the park.'

She spoke gravely and sadly. The bright contentment which had given a new charm to her eyes since she had been at the cottage, died out of them as Amelius looked at her. What had become of her childish manner and her artless smile? He drew his chair nearer to her. 'What young lady do you mean?' he asked.

Sally shook her head, and traced lines with her pen on the blotting-paper. 'O, you can't have forgotten her! A young lady, riding on a grand white horse. All the people were admiring her. I wonder you cared to look at me, after that beautiful creature had gone by. Ah, she knows all sorts of things that I don't—*she* doesn't sound a note at a time on the piano, and as often as not the wrong one; *she* can say her multiplication table, and knows all the cities in the world. I daresay she's almost as learned as you are. If you had her living here with you, wouldn't you like it better than only having me?' She dropped her arms on the table, and laid her head on them wearily. 'The dreadful

streets!' she murmured, in low tones of despair. 'Why did I think of the dreadful streets, and the night I met with you—after I had seen the young lady? O Amelius, are you tired of me? Are you ashamed of me?' She lifted her head again, before he could answer, and controlled herself by a sudden effort of resolution. 'I don't know what's the matter with me this morning,' she said, looking at him with a pleading fear in her eyes. 'Never mind my nonsense—I'll do the copy!' She began to write the unendurable assertion that change is a law of Nature, with trembling fingers and fast-heaving breath. Amelius took the pen gently out of her hand. His voice faltered as he spoke to her.

'We will give up the lessons for to-day, Sally. You have had a bad night's rest, my dear, and you are feeling it—that's all. Do you think you are well enough to come out with me, and try if the air will revive you a little?'

She rose, and took his hand, and kissed it. 'I believe if I was dying, I should get well enough to go out with you! May I ask one little favour? Do you mind not going into the park to-day?'

'What has made you take a dislike to the park, Sally?'

'We might meet the beautiful young lady again,' she answered, with her head down. 'I don't want to do that.'

'We will go wherever you like, my child. You shall decide—not I.'

She gathered up her dress from the floor, and hurried away to her room—without looking back at him as usual when she opened the door.

Left by himself, Amelius sat at the table, mechanically turning over the lesson books. Sally had perplexed and even distressed him. His capacity to preserve the harmless relations between them, depended mainly on the mute appeal which the girl's ignorant innocence unconsciously addressed to him. He felt this vaguely,

without absolutely realizing it. By some mysterious process of association which he was unable to follow, a saying of the wise Elder Brother at Tadmor revived in his memory, while he was trying to see his way through the difficulties that beset him. 'You will meet with many temptations, Amelius, when you leave our Community,' the old man had said at parting; 'and most of them will come to you through women. Be especially on your guard, my son, if you meet with a woman who makes you feel truly sorry for her. She is on the high road to your passions, through the open door of your sympathies—and all the more certainly if she is not aware of it herself.' Amelius felt the truth expressed in those words as he had never felt it yet. There had been signs of a changing nature in Sally for some little time past. But they had expressed themselves too delicately to attract the attention of a man unprepared to be on the watch. Only on that morning, they had been marked enough to force themselves on his notice. Only on that morning, she had looked at him, and spoken to him, as she had never looked or spoken before. He began dimly to see the danger for both of them, to which he had shut his eyes thus far. Where was the remedy? what ought he to do? Those questions came naturally to his mind—and yet, his mind shrank from pursuing them.

He got up impatiently, and busied himself in putting away the lesson-books—a small duty hitherto always left to Toff.

It was useless; his mind dwelt persistently on Sally.

When he moved about the room he still saw the look in her eyes, he still heard the tone of her voice, when she spoke of the young lady in the park. The words of the good physician whom he had consulted about her recurred to his memory now. 'The natural growth of her senses has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to

cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she has led.' And then the doctor had spoken of nourishing food, pure air, and careful treatment—of the life in short which she had led at the cottage—and had predicted that she would develop into into 'an intelligent and healthy young woman.' Again he asked himself, 'What ought I to do?'

He turned aside to the window, and looked out. An idea occurred to him. How would it be if he summoned courage enough to tell her that he was engaged to be married?

No! Setting aside his natural dread of the shock that he might inflict on the poor grateful girl who had only known happiness under his care, the detestable obstacle of Mr. Farnaby stood immovably in his way. Sally would be sure to ask questions about his engagement, and would never rest until they were answered. It had been necessarily impossible to conceal her mother's name from her. The discovery of her father, if she heard of Regina and Regina's uncle, would be simply a question of time. What might such a man be not capable of doing, what new act of treachery might he not commit, if he found himself claimed by the daughter whom he had deserted? Even if the expression of Mrs. Farnaby's last wishes had not been sacred to Amelius, this consideration alone would have kept him silent, for Sally's sake.

He now doubted, for the first time, if he had calculated wisely in planning to trust Sally's sad story, after his marriage, to the sympathies of his wife. The jealousy that she might naturally feel of a young girl, who

was an object of interest to her husband, did not present the worst difficulty to contend with. She believed in her uncle's integrity as she believed in her religion. What would she say, what would she do, if the innocent witness to Farnaby's infamy was presented to her? if Amelius asked the protection for Sally which her own father had refused to her in her infancy; and if he said (as he must say): 'Your uncle is the man?'

And yet, what prospect could he see but the prospect of making the disclosure, when he looked to his own interests next, and thought of his wedding-day? Again, the sinister figure of Farnaby confronted him. How could he receive the wretch whom Regina would innocently welcome to the house? There would be no longer a choice left; it would be his duty to himself to tell his wife the terrible truth. And what would be the result? He recalled the whole course of his courtship, and saw Farnaby always on a level with himself in Regina's estimation. In spite of his natural cheerfulness, in spite of his inbred courage, his heart failed him when he thought of the time to come.

As he turned away from the window, Sally's door opened: she joined him dressed for the walk. Her spirits had rallied, assisted by the cheering influence of dressing to go out. Her charming smile brightened her face. In sheer desperation, reckless of what he did or said, Amelius held out both hands to welcome her. 'That's right, Sally!' he cried. 'Look pleased and pretty, my dear; let's be happy while we can—and let the future take care of itself!'

(To be continued.)

## MORALITY AND RELIGION.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE above is the title of an article in which the *Mail* newspaper very courteously refers to my remarks in the last number of the MONTHLY, under the heading of 'The Future of Morality.' As the whole question at issue is one upon which the minds of all thinking men in this generation are much engaged, I shall not, perhaps, be regarded as pursuing the subject too far if I attempt a few words of reply to my candid and considerate critic.

My position, it may be remembered, was—to put it briefly—that morality is a thing of natural growth, that it consists essentially of the exercise of certain just and benevolent feelings—with their appropriate outcome in action—towards our fellow-beings, and that no system of religion, past or present, can claim to have invented it, or to be alone capable of maintaining it in vigour. No 'apostolic doctrine of the cross,' I held, was needed to save the world 'from becoming altogether corrupt.'

What has been the place in history, or what have been the special relations to morality of the great religious systems that have so powerfully swayed men's thoughts, are questions that I did not attempt to discuss; but I may here say that, in the light of the evolution philosophy, it is difficult not to believe that some great conservative purpose must have been served by systems so powerful and widespread. From a naturalistic point of view they have been the product no doubt, to a large extent, of men's needs and of the working of the blind instincts of humanity. Like the govern-

ments of the past, they have had their faults, yet, like them also, they have contributed their share to the work of human civilization. They have furnished leading-strings to thought, motives to effort, and stimulus to imagination. They have powerfully helped to consolidate society, and at the same time they have strengthened the individual against society, that is to say, cherished his individual life by introducing him to a region of thought in which social distinctions and the various accidents of time and place disappear. To believe all this is only to believe in a 'soul of good' in all that has been very persistent, and at the same time very potent, upon the earth. To regard religion, as some thoughtlessly do, as having been always and everywhere and in every way the enemy of the human race, is to show a radical incapacity for dealing with historical problems. Once adopt such a view, and farewell to the 'scientific method.'

The view which the writer in the *Mail* thinks it important to put forward is that, in point of fact, the morality of to-day is permeated by Christian sentiment, and essentially founded upon Christian hopes and fears. Supposing we grant that for argument's sake, what follows? That the Christian system of doctrine is true? No such conclusion is legitimate; nor would any one seriously attempt to prove the truth of Christianity from such a consideration. The early propagators of Christianity had to step forth into a world that was not permeated by Christian sentiment, and had to gain adherents to their cause by arguments drawn from

the nature of what they taught. The position of matters to-day is that, from every pulpit in the land, the cry goes forth that scepticism is making havoc in society ; that in fact the work of the early Christian centuries is being undone. What imports it then to know that modern morality bears a Christian stamp, and that even our advanced philosophers are, so to speak, metamorphic with the glow of underlying beliefs? What we are concerned to know is how far the disintegration of belief which we see taking place around us will proceed, and what will happen if it should become complete. Any man who speaks to either of these questions will speak to the times; and, if he is earnest, will have earnest listeners. But a man who simply points to what he holds to be a present fact, without furnishing or attempting to furnish any guarantee that the fact will be an enduring one, does not say what any one particularly wants to hear, unless it be those who particularly want *not* to see the true issue that is before the world. And, after all, there are enough such to make this mode of treating the subject far from unpopular.

I find, however, in the article to which I am referring, not a few confirmations of the leading views contained in the contribution which it criticizes. 'As a matter of fact,' says the writer, 'we know that human morality has always been enforced by religious sanctions of some sort or other.' The very word 'enforced' here employed, points to the independent origin and authority of morality, for that which enforces cannot be one with the thing enforced. The fact is, as stated in my last article, that morality springs up—a natural product of human relations—and then religion steps in and takes it under its patronage, not in general, without more or less seriously perverting its character; for while it 'enforces' certain natural duties, it weakens their authority by associating them with a number of

purely arbitrary precepts, and often giving to the latter a decided precedence. Thus, under the Jewish law, a man could be put to death for violating the Sabbath, while he who beat his slave to death, went unpunished, provided only the unhappy victim did not actually die under the lash. Surely, with such an example as this before our eyes, the patronage of morality by religion is not a matter for unmixed congratulation. The founder of Christianity recognised that the true moral law, that which he summed up in two great commandments, had been rendered void by the traditions of men, and that, under the blinding and paralyzing influence of priestcraft, human consciences had lost nearly all spontaneity of action: so it has been in countless instances in the world's history—theology has grasped morality, and all but strangled it.

'With the question as to the dogmatic value of the various theologies,' says the *Mail*, 'we have nothing at all to do here; it is enough to know that morality has always been enforced by religious sanctions of some sort or other. Is this said seriously? For, if so—if the writer is not assuming and taking his stand upon the supreme value and authority of the Christian theology—then I would ask why should not the fate which has confessedly overtaken the other theologies overtake the Christian also? And why should not the world survive the latter catastrophe as it has done former ones of a similar kind? Christianity, we are told, 'found hollow and worm-eaten faiths, and their consequence a decaying and utterly debased morality,' and it replaced them with something better. But how do faiths, let us ask, become hollow and worm-eaten? What is a hollow and worm-eaten faith? Might we not almost say, modifying a well-known phrase: *si exemplum queris circumspice?* Is a faith becoming hollow and worm-eaten when the intelligence of the age is more and more passing it by; when its

supporters, as a rule, prefer evasion to argument; when augurs try not to laugh in one another's faces, when a vague sentimentalism succeeds to the rigorous logical processes of earlier times, and all clear statements of doctrine become increasingly unpopular; when it seems a dangerous thing to so much as touch the text of sacred writings, even with a view to bringing it nearer to the exact words of inspiration; when, for everyone who proclaims his doubts or his disbelief on the housetop, scores tell the same tale in private; and, finally, when the whole intellectual interest of the age is with those thinkers who are pursuing their several lines of thought and discovery with the least possible reference to the declarations or assumptions of the still dominant theology? If these are the signs, which of them, I ask, is lacking in our own day?

'Hollow and worm-eaten faiths:' surely the words fall with an ominous sound upon the ear. Let anyone think but of the change that has come over society within the last generation in the matter of belief in the miraculous; let any man of mature years compare the intellectual atmosphere of to-day with that which surrounded him as a youth; let him but glance at our literature, and see how it has thrown off the fetters of theology; let him but think of our science with its fundamental assumption of unvarying law, and if he does not conclude that the faith which found other faiths 'hollow and worm-eaten' is itself yielding to decay he will be blind, indeed, to the signs of the time. True the land is dotted everywhere with churches and more are rising; but are these churches, or those who minister in them, grappling with the real problems of the age, are they helping to clarify human thought, or to simplify human conduct, or are they, mainly, distracting and enfeebling the minds of their followers by impossible blendings of mundane with ultra-mundane morality, and of a natural with a non-

natural order of things? In a church which I lately attended, I heard thanks offered for the interposition of Providence in the case of a fireman who had fallen through the roof of a burning house without being killed, and then a petition—almost in the same sentence—that, inasmuch as in the natural order of things a certain number of firemen would perish in the pursuit of their calling, Divine grace might be extended to them and Divine comfort to their families. Here were two absolutely contradictory ideas presented almost in a breath. If, however, the reverend gentleman who prayed in this wise were to become a life insurance agent, which of the two orders of thought would he adhere to? Would he not confine himself exclusively to the human order, and charge a premium on the lives of firemen (if he insured them at all) that would cover all the risks of their calling, without the slightest reference to the chances of Divine interposition? Would he abate the smallest fraction in his rates on the score of 'special providences'? I trow not; business is business; and when it comes to business, the faith of the most sceptical philosopher in the constancy of averages is not more profound or unfaltering than that of the man who, when on other ground, seems to recognise Divine interposition everywhere.

The question then, I say, is—when the vitality of a creed is under discussion—not how many churches that creed has called, or is calling, into existence, but what the churches are doing. If they are in the van of human progress, visibly raising men and women in moral and intellectual stature, reading, with a deeper insight than is elsewhere possessed, the riddles of human existence, carrying whatever is best in human nature to its highest expression, giving to each the highest philosophy of life that he or she can grasp, looking into the eyes of all with a gaze of utter truthfulness and of intensest faith, then, I say, the

creed that has called *these* churches into existence is, and must be, the mistress of the world. But if, on the other hand, every line of this description suggests what is wanting rather than what is present, then we may declare that these churches, numerous as they are, are built not upon a foundation of firm, vigorous and vital belief, but upon mere human weakness, and that desire for aggregation that comes of weakness, or, put it at its best, upon a social instinct which finds an ancient tradition a convenient object round which to rally.

It is admitted by the writer in the *Mail*—who in this, of course, only follows St. Paul—that those who have not had the benefit of revelation are ‘a law unto themselves,’ a fact which he explains by saying that the Divine Being ‘has left upon the tablets of their heart the solemn traces of his creative touch.’ In giving this explanation, however, he shows that he was *not* serious in professing to take up a position of neutrality among the conflicting theologies; for this is an essentially Christian assumption. The broad fact that, everywhere, we see traces, however rude, of moral feeling is precisely the foundation upon which my whole argument is built; men cannot live together unless they are partially moral; unless, in other words, some general good results from their association. To try and snatch this fact from me by expressing it in terms of a theology is, as the argument lies, a mere *petitio principii*.

We are also told that ‘a break-up in beliefs has always entailed a moral cataclysm,’ and that this fact may be ‘gleaned anywhere and everywhere in the history of nations ancient and modern.’ So it does not matter what superstitions have established themselves in any age or country: once established they are the bulwarks of morality. Surely to prove this, which I think would be difficult, is to prove too much, and the suggested analogy is not pleasant for those who wish to

believe that Christianity is more than a superstition. We are threatened with a cataclysm if the dams of orthodoxy burst, and are pointed to the cataclysm that followed when the dams of various ancient mythologies burst. Had an enemy constructed this argument one could understand it; but, when seriously tendered in support of the orthodox cause, it has a distinct Hibernian flavour. If I remember rightly, the early Christian apologists accused the heathen roundly of demon-worship; there was no talk in those days of the salutary moral influence of all religious beliefs whether true or false. That we have landed in such talk to-day is a most significant fact.

It is assumed by many persons, and distinctly so by the writer to whom I am referring, that morality is everywhere purified and strengthened by alliance with theology. The contrary, however, is only too often conspicuously the case. Does devotion to a church always make a man a better citizen?—does it quicken his interest in public questions and make him more conscientious in dealing with them? I have heard men say, with something like a pious shudder at the thought, that they had never cast a vote at an election in their lives; their interest was all in ‘the second coming of the Lord.’ I have heard others who were pre-eminent for submission to ecclesiastical authority refusing to condemn the enormous civic offences of such a criminal as ‘Boss’ Tweed. To do them justice, they apparently had no organ or faculty by the exercise of which they could condemn civic misdeeds, though their zeal for religion and reverence for its mysteries were unimpeachable. I have heard religionists confess that they would rather remain ignorant of the arguments that could be brought against their creed; as what they wanted was not truth, but an easy, comfortable frame of mind. There are, indeed, large sections of the religious world where the idea of loyalty

to truth has no recognition, and where, therefore, it is enough to condemn any opinion to say that it is an 'uncomfortable' one. The most widespread symptom of all, however, and the most disheartening one, among pious people, is the absence of all high idealism, as applied, at least, to the affairs of this world. A moral 'rule of thumb' is good enough for them; and they look askance on any one who proposes to use a better.

A true morality, it will be seen more and more as time advances, requires the acceptance of this life, not as something provisional merely, but as the appointed, and, so far as we know, the only theatre of man's activity. We shall never treat life with due seriousness, we shall never make full proof of its resources, so long as we cling to the idea that it is as nothing compared with a life beyond. That detachment from the things of earth which is regarded as so eminent a spiritual grace is, from the point of view of natural morality, simple treason to humanity. Granted that there be a life beyond, surely our business is to make the best of the life that now is. If we are not faithful in that which is our own, how shall we be so in anything else? The servant who had received but one talent despised that, and hid it in a napkin; it was too small a capital, he thought, to work upon. And in the same way many to-day think this life too poor a thing to do anything with; their thoughts, their hopes are all beyond. Health, intellectual vigour, kindly social relations, the beaming faces of children looking out upon the world with a fresh curiosity and minds unwarped by superstition, the joyousness that waits upon a mind freed from all sophistry and full of light from singleness of eye—these are but shadowy or unattainable goods, and not worthy to be compared with some 'glory that is to be revealed' hereafter. And so, in the days when consistency was more common than it is now, men

fled into deserts or immured themselves in monasteries, that they might give themselves wholly to spiritual things. And there they emaciated themselves and saw visions and wrought miracles, and gave themselves to profound meditations and severe ascetic exercises, but brought little light for the improvement of human life or the increase of human happiness.

We are asked what we propose to substitute for Christianity. My answer is that no argument which I or any other can use can have any effect upon a mind not fitted to receive it. In so far as we influence men, we influence them individually, and shall the man who feels that what I say is true, turn to me and ask what new belief I propose to give him, as if he were a child whom I had robbed of a toy. Let the man who puts this question—I mean now any man—stand forth, and let me ask him: 'Are you convinced, or are you not? If you are not then your question is an idle one, seeing that no one has disturbed your belief. If you are, do you think you can throw upon *me* the responsibility of working into your scheme of life the new truths to which I have awakened you. Surely that is your business not mine. If I tell you that you are on the edge of a precipice, do I thereby incur the whole responsibility for leading you to a position of safety. If I persuade you that the bank in which your money is invested is insecure, must I proceed further and select, on my own responsibility, a new investment for you? Yet you might as well hold to the affirmative in either case, as to say that I must furnish you with a complete set of positive opinions, because I have shown you that certain of your former views were erroneous.'

The fact is, however, that no convinced person makes this preposterous demand. It is chiefly used by those who are fighting against conviction, as a means of gaining a little

breathing-time ; and asked by these, it does not call for an answer.

Let me not, however, hesitate to say that many in this generation are willing to take their stand, and live their lives, upon the basis of such truth as they can discover in nature and in human relations. Nor does the universe become to us 'vague, dark and blank,' nor is 'the kindling fire of the heart' extinguished. Human ties are not less tender or precious for the knowledge that we hold our treasures in earthen vessels, and that our opportunities of ministering to their happiness are but limited. The witchery of beauty in a flower, the fading splendours of a sunset sky, do not penetrate our souls the less deeply because we compare their evanescence with our own ; nor shall our hands do less faithfully that which they find to do because we know that the night cometh when no man can work. It has been said of Galileo's discovery that it had the effect of placing the earth among the stars, of making it (in men's thoughts) a heavenly body instead of a mere low-lying plain. What we need now is that some Galileo or Copernicus shall place the life of man in this world at its true level, by encouraging us and enabling us to believe that *here* we may have our heaven. By cherishing such a hope, and working towards its fulfilment, do we cut ourselves off from aught of good that blends itself with the universe ? Do we tie our thoughts down to any mere system of negations ? Assuredly not. Grant that we have abandoned many things that we formerly held as true, no immanent Divinity we ever recognised can have vanished from the universe. Dagon may fall in its temple, because he was

wilfully set up by human hands ; and some of the lamentations we hear are lamentations over the fall of a mere idol, cherished because it seemed to lend itself to the gratification, or at least to promise the gratification, of selfish and wholly unspiritual desires. We cannot answer for Dagon ; he is falling every day ; but we know there is that enshrined in some human hearts that survives all intellectual shocks, and sits ever

' Like light in the sun, throned.'

But time and language would fail us to tell what human life might be, if men but ceased to despise it, and to place elsewhere their highest hopes and aspirations, if they but thought of this earth, humble though it may be in comparison with some distant orb of which we know nothing, as their *home*, if they felt themselves responsible for its moral order and beauty, and did not indolently sigh over its miseries, and comfort themselves with the thought of some great rectification to come. What we want is a 'natural piety' that shall link our days together in continuous effort for the advancement of purely human objects, and link us in thought and sympathy with both the past and the future of mankind. Then, in the fulness of time, shall appear

' the crowning race

Of those that eye to eye shall look

On knowledge, under whose command  
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand  
Is Nature, like an open book ;

No longer half akin to brute

For all we thought and loved and did,  
And hoped and suffered is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit.\*'

\* In Memoriam,

## T R U S T .

**T**HOUGH tangled hard life's knot may be,  
 And wearily we rue it,  
 The silent touch of Father Time  
 Some day will sure undo it.  
     Then darling, wait ;  
     Nothing is late  
 In the light that shines forever.

We faint at heart, a friend is gone ;  
 We chafe at the world's harsh drilling ;  
 We tremble at sorrows on every side,  
 At the myriad ways of killing.  
     Yet, say we all,  
     If a sparrow fall,  
 The Lord keepeth count forever.

He keepeth count. We come, we go,  
 We speculate, toil, and falter :  
 But the measure to each of weal or woe,  
 God only can give or alter.  
     He sendeth light,  
     He sendeth night,  
 And change goes on forever.

Why not take life with cheerful trust,  
 With faith in the strength of weakness ?  
 The slenderest daisy rears its head  
 With courage, yet with meekness.  
     A sunny face  
     Hath holy grace  
 To woo the Sun forever.

Forever and ever, my darling, yes—  
 Goodness and love are undying ;  
 Only the troubles and cares of Earth  
 Are winged from the first for flying.  
     Our way we plough  
     In the furrow " now " ;  
 But after the tilling and growing, the sheaf ;  
 Soil for the root, but sun for the leaf,  
 And God keepeth watch forever.

## THE COST OF GOVERNMENT IN CANADA.

BY W. McDONNELL, LINDSAY.

## I.

IN a late number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, some comments were made on the Indemnity question, and on the more important one of Tax Exemptions. The latter subject, though claiming much consideration at the present time, is but one of the many which should engage the serious attention of the Canadian public. We are apt to boast of our political institutions; and, to a certain extent, we have some reason for doing so; but, as times are, and as things are now drifting, another very weighty matter obtrudes itself—that is, the Cost of Government in Canada.

Not very long ago a leading Conservative paper, after having made some remarks on this subject, made the following comment:—‘No country in the world pays so dearly for government, and if Ossa is to be piled on this Pelion, either the people’s back will break under the burden, or they will unload and try a change, which would, in effect, be a revolution, a quiet, but still a disastrous, one for Canada.’

It may be well to ask, Is it necessary that, in order to have the Canadian people properly governed, they should have to keep, support, and indemnify their so-called rulers and statesmen as follows, viz.:—One Governor-General, at a salary of \$50,000; eight Lieutenant-Governors, whose united salaries come to about \$72,000; sixty-five Executive Councillors, or Ministers of the Crown, who annually require about \$250,000

among them to enable them to live in proper style; thirteen ‘Speakers,’ who, in addition to each sessional allowance, receive \$17,500 every year to keep up the dignity of office. Then, for our swarm of legislators, including ‘Ministers,’ ‘Senators,’ ‘Members of the Commons,’ ‘Members’ of petty ‘Legislative Councils,’ and ‘Members of Local Assemblies,’ we can count up 660 of all sorts and sizes—a grand battalion of law-makers—who, in addition to the amounts already mentioned, withdraw from the public funds nearly one million dollars more; and when departmental salaries and other outlays are added, the annual cost swells up to several millions. A very fair estimate of the increasing expenses for the government of the Dominion appeared a short time ago in the *Mail*, and one of its leading articles on the subject, written towards the close of the past year, concludes as follows:—‘To sum up, the total cost of government—Dominion and Provincial—exclusive of the amounts spent on immigration, police, penitentiaries, debt management and interest, hospitals and charities, Indians, public works, maintenance, &c., is upward of \$10,750,000 a year, or over \$2.50 per head of the population. In addition to this load, moreover, we have to carry our municipal governments, of the cost of which it is impossible to form an estimate. It needs no argument to prove that all this is a tremendous tax upon the energies of the people; nor is it neces-

sary to go into arguments to show that a reduction is desirable.' In an article still later, the same paper said: 'The public burdens have become almost intolerable, and men do not hesitate to say that we have far too much government. It is certain that, unless a radical change is made, the revolution he (J. S. Macdonald) foresaw will spring up, and that before many years. The agitation against the cost of local government is not confined to Ontario; it is general throughout the Dominion. In one or two of the Provinces they have abolished, or are about to abolish, the Legislative Councils, while in others Local Union is proposed.'

Now, strange to say, that in this matter of needed retrenchment, the *Mail*, nominally a Conservative paper, is for Reform; while the *Globe*, which assumes to be Reform *par excellence*, has not yet taken the initiative, but is on this question, which is of such importance to the public, rather Tory in its proclivities, taking it for granted that things are well enough, and should be let alone. It however admits that there is a demand for economy, but declines to say how needed retrenchment is to be effected. We read in the *Globe* of June 10th last:— 'The cry of economy in the administration of the finances has ever been a popular one in Canada, and the reason is not far to seek. The great majority of the people have to earn their living by hard work, either of head or hand, and with most of them economy in the management of their own affairs is a life-long habit. There is nothing they dislike more than the wasteful expenditure of either their own money or the public money, of which they are all part owners. However excellent a Government may be in other respects, let the idea once get abroad that it is extravagant in dealing with the public funds, that it is spending money on unworthy objects, or too much even on worthy ones, and it will soon be driven from power.'

The *Globe* will scarcely need to be informed that an idea *has* 'got abroad' that our multifarious governments are 'extravagant in dealing with the public funds,' and that they 'spend money on unworthy objects,' and 'too much even on worthy ones.' John Sandfield Macdonald, it will be remembered, was opposed to Confederation principally because he no doubt foresaw that it would become a den for third or fourth rate political wolves or foxes, who, to serve their own ends, and strut around in all the fancied official importance of aspiring statesmen, would proclaim the greatness of the Federal System, the necessity for 'party' even in petty Local Governments, and the greater necessity for placing additional imposts on the people to support in proper style the *parvenu* clamorous adherents of this fresh political experiment.

As it would be tedious to enumerate and classify the different legislative bodies in the Dominion, and set down the annual cost of each, let us draw breath and then see what, in addition to the cost of the Dominion Government, we have to pay for our Local Government in Ontario.

With a population in the Province of about 1,700,000, we have a

Lieutenant Governor with a salary (house rent free) of	\$10,000
Six 'Ministers,' whose united salaries, as lately reduced, are . . . . .	25,000
Departmental and Legislative salaries . . . . .	140,000
Contingencies . . . . .	32,000
Indemnity for 88 members of Assembly, as lately reduced . . . . .	52,800
	<hr/>
	\$259,800

According to the estimates for 1877, the cost of the Government of Ontario was set down as follows:—

Salaries and contingencies	\$159,000
Cost of legislation, <i>i. e.</i> , indemnities, salaries of	

Speaker, Clerks, &c. . . . 122,000  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 \$281,000

It must be remembered that, notwithstanding the late reduction, the total amount for the indemnity of the members of the Assembly and Departmental salaries is still much more than it was under the management of John Sandfield Macdonald, and that the people are not now so able to pay as they were at that time.

Now, therefore, the great question for consideration is, cannot the people of Canada have the public affairs of the Dominion, as well as their respective Provincial affairs, managed at much less expense? It can be shown that we pay far more, in proportion to our population and resources, for our numerous Governments than is paid for the General Government, and for those of the separate States of the adjoining Republic; and we have many more representatives according to our numbers. But even could it be proved that the Americans are more extravagant than we are, we should not follow their example. We claim to be more democratic than they, and if we could teach them economy without being mean or penurious, or spending too much 'even on worthy objects,' it would be so much to our credit to be in advance of the United States.

As it has been shown that there are loud complaints against the cost and extravagance of our separate Governments, it is therefore in order for some person to suggest a remedy. But then, take care, a remedy might be but a 'rash experiment,' and we are cautioned by the *Globe* to beware of such. Better, you know, 'to bear the ills we have than fly to those we know not of.' The cure might be worse than the disease, and it might be only out of the frying pan into the fire. The Reform journal referred to, says—and who knows better?—'What is wanted in this Province—as the result of the late contest proves

beyond a doubt—is not a series of new startling departures in legislation, or a series of rash experiments in administration, but judicious economy and wise liberality in dealing with the public funds.' That is to say, things are well enough if you only let them alone. Beware of 'new departures,' and shun 'rash experiments.' Don't be mean in business transactions, and don't be cowed into a spirit of false economy, but show off a little—there's something even in tinsel—and encourage 'a wise liberality in dealing with the public funds.'

That's the point—but stay! If it is not this so-called 'wise liberality' which has led us into the course of extravagance against which we would urge, even of which the *Globe* affects to insinuate a complaint, and which has been such a drain on the public funds, it would be well to have the meaning of the term better explained, and to be informed how we are to bring about a reform in the shape of a judicious economy, while openly encouraging what may be called an old Tory plea of 'wise liberality.'

Yes, cautioned by the *Globe*, any remedy under present circumstances—our party in the Province being in power—must be looked at with wise suspicion. A remedy, you know, might be but a rash experiment, and experiments in general are but innovations; and though it must be admitted that these are the principal foundation-stones of progress, yet innovations, some way or other, upset old notions, and disturb things generally. They are the main hobbies of crotchety people, and as a rule should not be encouraged.

With respect to the Dominion Government but little can be said in the present article. An idea prevails that the tendency among modern statesmen is to have legislatures altogether too unwieldy. A great number of persons almost indiscriminately chosen seldom add to the wisdom of deliberative as-

semblies, and we all know by experience—and that, too, of the most costly kind—that the increased mob of law-makers, such as generally compose our parliaments, do not make them more respected, or the hap-hazard Acts which are ordinarily run through, more equitable or readily understood. The Dominion Parliament has now about 210 members. Why have so many? Scarcely one elector out of twenty will admit that the majority of these are of any more use than to fill up the required constitutional number of parliamentary representatives; and facts prove that most of those sent to represent the people in the Dominion Parliament are not men of very particular ability; for it must be said, with regret, that some of them, intellectually, would not be properly qualified to perform the duties even of much less important public positions. Nothing more is heard of them during the parliamentary session than that, if present, they vote 'straight' for the party that elected them and accept their indemnity. It is well known that there are but few men in the House competent to make laws or even to offer useful suggestions as to their enactment. One would think that the principal reason why we are to have so many representatives is that out of the total number the chances will be that a few dozen will turn up who will be competent to perform the duty of legislators. Were there but half the present number, or say only *one hundred*, the electors would, in all probability, be more careful in the selection of representatives, and there would not be the same encouragement given to so many incapable men to roam about as agitators clamorous for distinction; neither would we find so much 'successful mediocrity' acting as an obstruction to needed reforms and useful legislation.

The sub-division of counties into ridings was one of the Acts of very doubtful propriety which has tended unduly to swell the legislative bodies.

Instead of this were counties grouped, giving a representative to so many thousand of the population, our Dominion Parliament would be of more reasonable dimensions, business would be facilitated, and last, but not least, by having a House with only one hundred better qualified members, many of whom would probably be men of legislative experience, the annual saving in indemnities alone would be, say \$110,000.

Next we have the Dominion Senate, a body of about eighty members. For what good or useful purpose they exist is still very questionable in the minds of fully a majority of the people of Canada. Were this Senate swept out of existence to-morrow, few, perhaps, would deny that the whole country would be benefited, and that a further vast annual saving might be effected. Mr. Mackenzie, the late Premier, in his speech at Galt a few weeks ago, reflected on the action of the Dominion Senate, and said that, 'Nothing can be conceived more ludicrous, sometimes, than the proceedings of what should be an august branch of the Legislature,' and he further said, 'There may be some who doubt the necessity of its existence at all.' And as a hint of what might be an effort of future legislation with regard to the Senate, when another change of political places occurs, he added, 'This and many other questions have yet to occupy the attention of Reformers.' Mr. Mackenzie must get the credit of being deliberate in thought and by no means precipitate in action. He has now, perhaps, time to think over the matter, and if, upon his return to power, he will take measures to put an end to the existence of this costly and 'august' incumbrance, it will be hailed by the country as one of the greatest reforms of the day. Still it would be a matter for congratulation should our present rulers effect the needed reform and deprive Mr. Mackenzie of all chance of ever realizing this anticipated

triumph : even he himself would probably not regret the disappointment.

If the Dominion Senate is looked

upon as an expensive incubus, how ridiculous it is that there should be Provincial Legislative Councils.

## BALLADS OF FAIR FACES.

BY CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY, M. A.

### NO. 6.—IN NEW BRUNSWICK.

O WEARY current of Life ; languid tide !  
 O phantom days that pass and perish so !  
 Idols of cave, camp, mart, that come and go—  
 Ye bring one form, one face that shall abide.  
 And me, though dust and final darkness hide,  
 Thus much of mine surviving, that who so  
 Would see Her then, to him this verse shall show  
 Bright face, fair heart, and white neck's tower-like pride—  
 So, when this poor life-drama's tale is told,  
 And with the scene the actor disappears—  
 Be Love unfettered though by Death set free,  
 Her hand in mine without reproof, to hold,  
 To gaze without rebuke where through the years  
 Those pure, true eyes the better Life foresee.

### NO. 7.—AFTER THE FRAGMENT OF SAPPHO.

Blest as the gods are blest in heaven's completeness,  
 Who sitting silent in his place so near you,  
 Can, as I cannot,—soul of perfect sweetness,  
 See you and hear you !

Smiling like her whose smile lost Sappho sings of,  
 Loveless as her whose heart the Lesbian drew not,  
 Sphered in your languid eyes a soul the wings of  
 Love can pursue not !

## THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

BY JOHN CURRAN, ORILLIA.

**T**HOUGH an actual residence in Ireland is necessary to a full knowledge of the relations existing between landlords and their tenants, the pinching of many on the one hand, and the exactions practised on the other, yet a view of the position of the parties can be given to outsiders that will assist them to account for the agitation for a reform in the land laws now in force.

It must be borne in mind, in dealing with the question, that the tenants have made all the improvements, fencing, draining, and erecting all dwelling and office houses, that are now found on the estates.

It should also be kept in view that when the forefathers of the present occupiers got possession of the soil, it was then waste land; that the rent then claimed by the landlords was only two or three shillings per acre; and that nothing has since been done by them but to steadily increase the rent as the tenant made the land more valuable.

The principle that the tenant has a definite right in the farm he occupies has always been recognised by custom—a custom which has always allowed a tenant to sell to another under certain conditions. Indeed, it would seem very foolish for a landlord to allow a tenant to realize twelve or fifteen or twenty pounds sterling an acre for property he had no interest in, yet these prices, and even more, have been paid, and are being commonly paid, for possession, with the full knowledge and sanction of many landlords.

But notwithstanding that the tenant has reclaimed and made all the im-

provements on his holding, or bought them, there is no existing law that secures to him the benefits of these improvements, or protects him against eviction. True, the custom handed down from earlier times is recognised by a great number of good landlords; but even they take advantage of their position, for though they allow tenants to sell to a proper person, yet they advance the rent entirely on the strength of what the tenant has done. Besides, they hold their tenants in a moral thralldom that is most degrading. To keep the tenants within their grasp, six month notices to quit are sent out over whole estates to every tenant by the agent semi-annually, so that the occupiers are, in these cases, not for a day out of suspense as to what may come of the proceeding. This proceeding accomplishes several objects for the agent. If five or ten per cent. is to be added to the rent—though the landlord has not spent one shilling to improve the land—the threat of eviction is very convenient, and the way prepared for it, should the tenant demur on the ground that that would be taxing his industry. Then, before an election, it is a capital means of securing votes for the nominee of the landlords, who is brought forward to support legislation that denies to tenants any rights beyond those graciously conceded by the landed gentry. Again, the power thus acquired over a tenant is used in intermeddling with his domestic affairs. On some estates a farmer's family (the females) must not dress too gaily, as that would savour of pride and independence. On others the purchase of a jaunting car is prohibited,

lest self-indulgence should beget indolence. On others again the number of hens and ducks to be kept is fixed. This last is to be seen specified in leases given for a short period on an estate in County Down. On a great many estates the tenants have to do a given number of days' work of man and horse. On the same estates they must raise puppies and train them for the squire to sport with; and they must also accept eggs sent to be hatched, and rear the fowl for use in the 'Manor House.' On all estates it is the rule to impress on tenants the necessity to preserve the game for the landlord. No tenant has the privilege, except by special permission, to shoot or snare game, though they may be destroying his grain.

**A case in point.** A farmer friend of mine in County Armagh had several acres of grain almost destroyed by rabbits out of the landlord's demesne; and when the game-keeper would do nothing to drive them away, he thought he might fire a few shots to preserve what grain had been left. On being charged with shooting the game, he manfully avowed doing so, and stated why it was necessary. Instead of judging reasonably, the agent and the bailiff and game-keeper insulted him grossly—so much so, that, though the threat of eviction was not carried out, he sold out at a great sacrifice of his improvements and left his farm.

I mention this case because it bears on a particular phase of the agitation. From those interested in perpetuating the present degrading position of the Irish tenant comes the assertion that the movement is the work of Roman Catholics carried forward to promote sectarian ideas. In the case of my friend, not only is he a Protestant but an Orangeman, while the proprietor who so treated him was for many years the representative of the Orangemen of the County in parliament.

So much for the sectarian cry and so much for the stupidity that cannot

detect the reason why such a cry is raised. If the people of Ulster were to take a common sense view of the situation and drop the bug-bear of popish supremacy so persistently kept before them by the tools of landlords, a reform in the land laws would speedily be enacted. Sectarian strife is, therefore, a strong card with the landlords and by it they have kept the north and the south in an antagonism that has, while standing in the way of land reform, injured every industry of the country. But even in Ireland the ignorance that gave such power over the people to landlord and priest is fast giving place to an intelligent appreciation of what ought to be. It would then be the wisdom of the landlords to agree to a fair and equitable adjustment with their tenants.

The reforms needed to put the Irish farmer in a fair position in relation to his landlord have been so misstated and misrepresented that the case is hardly intelligible to the people of this country. During thirty years of my life, in ten of which I was competent to form a pretty correct judgment, and had special opportunities of informing myself, I saw nothing, and heard no whisper, that could be construed into a desire on the part of tenants to dispossess their landlords. What they do desire, and what seems reasonable is, that they be protected in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labour. What is now a custom sporadically carried out where it obtains, and not recognized on many estates, ought to have the force of law all over the country. If a just landlord is willing that his tenant should, in a transfer to another that would in no way injure his interests, receive the market value of his good-will, why should not another and worse landlord be compelled to do likewise?

Another gross existing injustice, is the power landlords have to tax tenants who improve their farms. In circumstances where every drain and fence made, and every building erect-

ed, supplies the landlord with an excuse to put another two shillings or so per acre to the rent already paid, there is not any great motive to be industrious ; and prosperity and content to any great degree cannot be expected.

But worse than even these is the moral thralldom in which tenants are kept. An agent may insult you, threaten you, abuse you, order you to vote at an election for his candidate, make your family affairs and arrangements subjects of inquiry ; in fact, may bully and interfere to an unlimited degree, and you have no redress.

Now, why should such a relation be allowed to exist between Her Gracious Majesty's subjects, the one just as loyal and true as the other ? Is it too much to expect common civility, or to be placed above such influences and annoyances ?

Through the misrepresentations of landlords and their tools, and through the ignorance of English politicians, who get their information from parties interested in advocating the views of landowners, the Irish land system, with its obnoxious concomitants and evil results, still mars the land and causes bitter feeling, but it surely cannot long continue the reproach of English fair play and fair dealing.

When Englishmen come to fully understand that the feudal lords of Ireland—little kings within the kingdom—are trampling down the rights

and manhood of their fellow-subjects, of Protestant and Catholic alike, their help to reform will not be withheld.

Their conduct may of course be modified by the apparent apathy—only apparent,—of some of the people of Ulster. In that province, as in other parts of Ireland, the masses are heartily tired of the present unsatisfactory relation existing between landlord and tenant. Hence 'tenant-right' associations are established in various counties to resist unjust demands and defend the helpless tenant who may be brought into court, as well as to promote by legislation the reforms needed. Nor will the people of Canada withhold their sympathy, when all that is asked by the tenant is : 1st, That they be secured in the possession of the land they have inherited or purchased, on payment of a fair rent ; 2nd. That landlords be deprived of the power of putting on an extra rent every few years as the tenant improves his farm ; 3rd. That tenants be placed beyond the bullying of agents in domestic and political matters ; that the payment of rent, given and received, be on the same basis as any other commercial transaction ; 4th. That the Bright Clause in the Land Act of 1870 be facilitated as much as possible by giving tenants the first chance to buy lands placed in the market, and lending them part of the purchase money ; and 5th, if I may add it, to make landlords rear their own puppies and hatch their own eggs.

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## REPUTATION.

### AN EPIGRAM.

**A** STRUCTURE troublesome to rear  
 Is Reputation, don't begin it !  
 Its building takes up many a year,  
 Its fall takes but a minute ;  
 Though built of many a separate stone,  
 The whole depends on each alone.

TORONTO.

GEO. E. SHAW.

## UNDER ONE ROOF:

## AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

## CHAPTER XLIX.

## AT THE OLD HUMMUMS.

**I**MMEDIATELY after the ladies had left the dinner-table, Gresham told the strange story of Elise's adventure to Mayne and Dyneley. Neither of them were disposed to be jocular on such a subject, though perhaps for different reasons.

'I am afraid Miss Hurt has been taking too much out of herself of late,' observed the former. 'Our life in London is a great change from the quiet routine of Halcombe. As for the ghost—I confess I don't believe in ghosts within the Metropolitan district.'

'Still, for her own sake, the matter should be investigated,' said Dyneley.

Mayne shrugged his shoulders. 'It seems to me to be a case of nerves. To treat such a hallucination seriously would be to give it a substantial form, which is the very thing to be avoided. Besides, you can't go to the Hummums, and inquire of the head-waiter whether a gentleman's ghost happened to be just now on the premises. Don't you think—with Miss Spence's experience so fresh in our minds—that we have had almost enough of ghosts.'

'That is the very observation I made myself,' observed Gresham, thoughtfully. 'Of course, the whole affair is absurd, but I am bound to say that Elise is not one of the hysterical sort. Will you come with me to the Hummums, Dyneley? We shall prob-

ably see some old gentleman who bears a strong resemblance to my poor uncle, when the matter will be explained at once. We need not be half an hour away, and Mayne can tell the ladies we have gone to smoke a cigar.'

'I will go with you of course,' said Dyneley. 'I think with you that the matter should at once be cleared up for Miss Hurt's sake. Evelyn would never think so seriously about it unless there was something in it.'

At this Mayne chuckled and muttered something about female influence, which brought the colour into the cheeks of both of them; and as they went down stairs, 'My best compliments to the ghost,' were his last words to them over the banisters.

It was certainly a somewhat ridiculous expedition. Their cab took them to Covent Garden somewhat quicker than Gresham wished, for he had not made up his mind how to proceed when they arrived at their destination.

'I suppose we had better ask to see the Visitor's List?' suggested his companion as they paused before the door of the hotel.

'All right, old fellow—only they won't show it us, even if they have one.'

Indeed the waiter informed them that 'parties' only left their names when they were going away. If the two gentlemen were in search of any particular 'party,' he could no doubt, however, give them the information desired.

Now the waiter was young, and as Gresham thought, might be new to the

place, and never have heard of his uncle; else, since the baronet's death must surely be known to the hotel household, he could hardly have brought himself to make his next inquiry; 'Is Sir Robert Arden staying in the house?'

'Sir Robert Arden? Yes, sir; came last night from Liverpool. Sitting-room No. 4, first floor.'

The two men interchanged looks of amazement.

'If you know the gentleman very well,' said the waiter, perceiving their embarrassment. 'I will take up your names, but otherwise—he has just dined, and——'

'Take this card up; I am his nephew,' said Gresham. 'We must see this out, Dyneley,' he added in a whisper. 'The man has taken a name that doesn't belong to him. I should not be astonished if we found Walcot at the bottom of this.'

'But the likeness?' gasped the curate.

'True, I had forgotten that,' answered his companion as they followed the waiter up stairs. 'This is tremendous. I would give fifty pounds if we had Beville here.'

The waiter knocked at the sitting-room door, went in with the card, and after a slight delay came out again. 'Walk in, gentlemen,' he said.

Gresham entered first, and Dyneley, following, was careful to close the door behind them.

A tall figure, with a cigarette in his mouth, rose from the sofa to receive them; an older and thinner figure than when they had seen it last, and with a face inexpressibly weary and dejected, but the face and figure of Sir Robert Arden, and of no other.

'So you have found me out already, George?' were his first words, and he held out a wasted hand.

'Is it possible that I see you alive, uncle?' exclaimed Gresham. 'Dyneley, are we dreaming?'

'Yes, I am alive,' returned the old man, wearily, 'though it would be

better for me, and for you, if it were otherwise. I trust all are well at Halcombe?'

Gresham nodded assent: he could not find voice to speak? Astounding as it was to behold this man, apparently risen from the dead, it was still stranger to hear him talk in this indifferent strain; his tone indeed was melancholy and depressed to an extreme degree, and his face wandered from one to the other with pitiful and appealing looks, but the wonder was that his own position did not seem to appear to him as in any way abnormal or inexplicable.

'You gaze at me with wonder,' continued Sir Robert, 'as well you may, but you have no reproaches to heap upon me. And yet I have behaved ill to both of you. You are a clergyman, Dyneley? what must you think of one who has left those he loved without a word, and sown distress and pain broadcast among them, at the bidding of a scoundrel?'

'We know you have been deceived, sir,' said the curate gently.

'Deceived? Yes, I have been deceived,' answered the other, with a sigh that bespoke as much bitterness as regret. 'It was cruel, it was vile in him. But, oh, that I could think it was *all* deceit! Can Lucifer, think you, Mr. Dyneley, have angels under him—blessed spirits that obey his wicked will?'

'No, sir,' answered the curate gravely. 'He may pretend to have such, being a liar and the father of lies, but it cannot be so.'

Sir Robert shook his head, and sighed even more deeply than before. 'You do not know what I know, you have not seen what I have seen,' he said.

'We *do* know, we *have* seen,' answered the curate, 'if, as I judge, you are referring to certain manifestations, professing to be spiritual, and in connection with one very dear to you who has passed away.'

'What do you mean?' inquired the

baronet, eagerly. 'Is it possible that my sainted Madeline—George, Dyneley, what have you got to tell me?'

'Nothing, sir, but what mere mortals can tell,' continued the curate, solemnly. 'We pretend to no cognizance of matters that have been hidden from the eyes of man since God created him. We make no claim to pry into matters beyond the grave. But by great good fortune we have found out a villain who has made use of such pretensions—his name is Ferdinand Walcot.'

'Oh, Heavens, her own brother! It is impossible!'

'We have seen the woman, Sir Robert, who, at his instigation, personated your dead wife.'

'The woman who personated my Madeline?'

'Yes, sir. The voice you heard was *her* voice, the face you saw was *her* face. It was Annabel Spence—the cast-off mistress of your brother-in-law. She shall confess it to you, if need be, with her own lips.'

Sir Robert put up his hand with a gesture of abhorrence.

'Blasphemous and accursed deceiver,' he muttered; 'how dared she do it?'

It was not her doing, Sir Robert,' answered the curate firmly. 'She was merely the instrument of another; your poor wife was nothing to *her*, but in this Walcot—"her own brother," as you have just said—it was infamous, blasphemous, or what you will. You took a serpent to your bosom, and he stung you.'

Sir Robert held up his hand in a deprecating manner.

'Have you not even yet, sir, the courage to cast him from you?' continued Gresham. 'You have forgiven him already, it seems; it is well. But you still owe a duty to others—to those whom you yourself say you have wronged; I am not one of them, and therefore I may speak—'

'Mercy, mercy,' cried Sir Robert, clasping his thin hands together; 'give

me some time, man. You don't know what you ask. Can I pluck out my own heart strings?'

'Is it possible, then,' pursued the curate, 'that, in spite of all that has happened, you still cling to this miscreant? There must surely be some misunderstanding in your mind.'

'No, no, I perceive that he has deceived me; I have known it long ago, when he left me at Marseilles to cross the world alone.'

'Then you did not return to England with him,' put in Gresham, whom a certain awful question constantly recurring within him had hitherto made silent. 'If this is indeed my uncle,' it ran, 'who then was the man I saw lying dead at Salton Point, and whom we buried at Halcombe?'

'I? No. He left the ship and me that night, and I went to Australia all alone. We had no quarrel, but there were some matters—they had reference to yourself, George—on which we had differed of late. I had already begun to repent, too, of having alienated myself from my family, and he had remonstrated strongly against what he called my weakness in that respect.'

'He felt in fact that his influence over you was losing its power?' suggested Dyneley.

'Yes; that was no doubt the cause of his deserting me so suddenly. I did not think so at the time, but during that long and lonely voyage I had plenty of time for thought, and my eyes were opened upon many things. Among others I perceived clearly how harshly, cruelly and ungratefully I had been induced to behave to those who had been so dear to me at Halcombe. As to Lady Arden, the shame that consumed me upon her account was such that, though an opportunity twice offered itself in vessels we spoke with, I had not the courage to communicate with her by letter. Before the ship reached Australia, however, I had resolved to make a clean breast of it, and would have done so on the

instant, but that the telegraph to England was out of order.'

Here Dyneley and Gresham interchanged a significant glance. It was the news then of the telegraphic communication having been re-established between the two countries that had so alarmed Walcot during his interview with Mr. Raynes, and which had caused him instantly to fly to Sweden.

'What I suffered,' continued Sir Robert, 'on finding myself cut off, as it were, from my repentance by this circumstance, no tongue can tell. The strange country, the new scenes, were lost upon me; I was consumed with an insatiable desire to make my peace with all of you; and it monopolised me wholly. I took passage home by the first ship—ah, what a voyage it was! I mixed with none of the passengers; I was a recluse feeding on my own miserable thoughts and memories. I grudged every hour of our tardy course till we came in sight of England; and then—then fear and shame took possession of me. I came up here last night, yet dared not make my presence known to any of you. What might not have happened, during my long absence, to those I had deserted; what change might not have taken place in their own feelings towards me!'

'There has been no change, my dear uncle, so far as their affection for you is concerned,' interposed Gresham, gently. 'There have been other changes, however, of which it seems, you do not know anything.'

'But you told me all were well. Oh, Heavens! what has happened?'

'Nothing has happened, sir, thank Heaven, to either Lady Arden or the children; they are even now in London.'

'So near!' exclaimed Sir Robert, with a start of joy. 'And yet,' he added, with a sigh, 'they may be no longer near in the sense of dearness. It is impossible but that my conduct must have estranged them.'

'It has not estranged them, sir.

You will find a genuine and loving welcome from them; but——'

'But what, George?' inquired Sir Robert, impatiently. 'What care I what has happened, if they are alive and well, and have forgiven me?'

'The fact is,' said Dyneley, 'events have taken place which exhibit Ferdinand Walcot in the blackest colours. I have laid before you the deception practised on yourself—which you apparently admit as a fact; and yet—or so it seems to Gresham and myself—you still entertain towards him a certain misplaced kindness, which awakens doubt—suspicion—of your own strength of purpose. Should this unhappy prejudice in his favour be made apparent to Lady Arden, reconciliation with her would, in my opinion, be rendered impossible. I must add, in my opinion, justly so.'

'And in my opinion,' said Gresham, bluntly, 'the man is only fit to be hung.'

Sir Robert turned from one to the other with a pained look. 'I had not expected this,' he said. 'I had fondly hoped you would have spared me. It is impossible indeed that you should understand what my unhappy brother-in-law has been—nay, I confess *is*—to me. If I say he has been in my eyes a link between heaven and earth, to you it must needs savour of exaggeration. Yet "sacred is the flesh and blood to which we link a faith divine." You will retort, "But he has deceived you." To some extent he may have done so; and indeed I know he has. But who shall separate the false from the true in such unsearchable things? Let it suffice that I believe what you have told me; that this man and I have parted for ever in this world. His name shall never cross my lips, but on the other hand let me not hear it associated with evil doing. The fear that it would be otherwise has—I confess it—lain at the bottom of my hesitation to communicate with Lady Arden.'

'But you do not know what the

man has done, sir,' urged Gresham, firmly.

'Nor do I want to know. Let him be dead to me and mine henceforth. To those whom he has wronged, through me, I am prepared to make every reparation in my power—though it includes my own humiliation and self-abasement. But of what he has done amiss to myself let me be the judge. What matters it to you, or any one, if I acquit him? For days, and weeks, and months, of late, he has been as it were arraigned at the bar of my own conscience. His case has been pleaded, both for and against, before me. He has been convicted of many things. I have heard, it is true, from your lips a still more damning charge than any heretofore brought against him, but I had already conceived of such an accusation; it does not take me by surprise although it pains me beyond measure; and I have no doubt that you can prove it. Nevertheless, so far as I am concerned—and it is I who am mainly concerned—I acquit—no, I cannot acquit—but I forgive him. All confidence between him and me is over and gone; but I nourish no ill-will against him. I set the white against the black; the benefits he has conferred on me against the injuries he has committed against me; and I cry quits.'

'In other words, Sir Robert,' observed Dyneley firmly, 'you prefer to persist in your infatuation. Are we to understand that you wish to remain ignorant of recent events; that you resolutely close your ears against the evidence we have to offer you of this man's treachery, fraud, and greed!'

'Yes, I do,' answered the other curtly. 'I do not wish to hear.' He rose from his chair, and paced the room with hasty strides. 'Stay, there is one thing to state, in justice to Ferdinand Walcot, before leaving this painful topic, I trust forever. He may have been treacherous, indeed I grant it; he may even in a sense have been

fraudulent; though as the treachery and the fraud concerned myself alone, it is for me, not for you, to judge him; but you err when you accuse him of greed. Through all the years I have known him, and notwithstanding the influence he possessed over me, it was never used—yes, I may say "never"—to his own material advantage. I paid him a certain salary—a small one considering the services he did me in return—but that was all he ever received from me, though he well knew he had only to ask and have, had it been thousands. He was masterful, and fond of power, but loyal and just in his vicarious exercise of it; his spirit was altogether free from those gross instincts of which you speak; it was marred and soiled, no doubt, though I once thought otherwise, but it was never polluted—else'—here Sir Robert paused. 'Gresham, Dyneley, there are some matters upon which I cannot speak—and I will not—even to you.'

'There is no need, sir,' answered the curate quietly. 'Upon the matters to which, as I conjecture, you refer, we will agree to differ and be silent. But I may remind you, since you say Mr. Walcot *never* sought his own advantage, that you once made a will in his favour.'

Sir Robert started. 'That is true,' he said. 'No doubt contingently, that is in case of my demise—'

'One moment, sir; that will was dictated to you at Halcombe under certain circumstances, and since you are now aware of them, you can hardly deny at Mr. Walcot's instigation.'

Sir Robert's pale face flushed from brow to chin. 'I suppose it was so,' he said; 'indeed it must have been so. Well, that will is now waste paper.'

'Not altogether, Sir Robert; allow me.' Dyneley took up a decanter of wine from the table, and filled the baronet's glass, 'When you have drunk that I will tell you something.'

Sir Robert obeyed mechanically; his eyes fixed themselves inquiringly

upon the curate's face, as he emptied the glass, and set it down with trembling fingers.

'That will was proved in Doctors' Commons, and Ferdinand Walcot has gone off with the money.'

Sir Robert sank into his own chair, and gazed on the speaker with wild amazement.

'That will—*my* will—was proved! What, as though I were a dead man—'

'You *were* dead in the eyes of the law, and of the world. Your dead body—or what was supposed to be so—was brought over from Salton Point by Ferdinand Walcot, and buried in Halcombe churchyard. I read the service over it myself.'

## CHAPTER I.

### POOR DYNELEY.

WHEN the new history of Credulity, Imposture, and Superstition comes to be compiled, it will have to be recorded of the dupes of Spiritualism that for the most part they were not unconscious that those who professed themselves to be links between this world and that beyond the grave made money from the exhibition of that faculty; that being possessed of certain spiritual attributes, unspeakably tender and ethereal, they turned them into hard cash; that having established relations, such as have been yearned for in vain for a hundred generations of men, with denizens of the unseen world, they took commissions for introducing them to less favoured fellow-creatures. A faith that survived this, one would think, ought to have moved mountains, instead of leaving everything—geographically or otherwise—exactly where it found it. The explanation, of course, lies in the gross view which the dupes themselves take of spiritual matters, which prevents them observing the anomaly, far less the irreverence, of

the frauds of which they are the victims.

With Sir Robert Arden this was not so; he had been fooled to the top of his bent, and, even when he had suspected duplicity, had stuck to his colours; the memories of his intercourse with Ferdinand Walcot were so dear, and mingled with such unutterable mysteries, that they had survived the knowledge of his deceit and ill-behaviour. There seemed to him something of the priest's office—nay, of the priest's attributes—about Ferdinand Walcot still, though he had, as it were, poisoned the sacramental elements.

But when it was once made clear that the man had been actuated by mere greed, then in the long hoodwinked, but pure, eyes of his victim he fell to pieces at once like some rotten thing. The means which he had taken to accomplish his villainy—stupendous as they were in their ingenuity—were lost in the baronet's view in the villainy itself. That terrible revelation of the curate, 'Your body was buried in Halcombe churchyard, and myself read the service over it,' went home to Sir Robert Arden like a cannon ball; he fell back in his chair under them, as though he had indeed been dead; but his first words were not of amazement, but of self-abasement and contrition.

'I have been fooled,' he said, 'and fooled into evil doing from first to last.'

To hear him say so, with his grey hair bowed before them, and his hands clasped in mute appeal to their pity, went to the very hearts of his hearers.

So forlorn and melancholy was his condition that it was arranged that Gresham should take up his quarters at the hotel for the night, while Dyneley went back to the ladies to explain matters as best he could. This was not an easy task, nor one that could be procrastinated, since that 'little stroll to smoke a cigar' which Mayne had given as a reason for the young men's absence had extended to

some hours, and excited an anxiety it was necessary to appease. Let it suffice to say that the curate accomplished his mission without the interruption of hysterics. Lady Arden wept, but the tears she shed were those of silent joy. It was curious that the thought of doing away with all misunderstanding between herself and Sir Robert seemed to afford her a satisfaction almost equal to the knowledge of his existence.

'Thank Heaven, that villain can never again come between my husband and me,' she said.

Although, too, the absorbing topic for them all was the almost miraculous re-appearance of Sir Robert upon the stage of life, there were other matters demanding discussion of a scarcely less amazing kind.

At midnight a note was brought into Lady Arden in Sir Robert's hand writing. She kissed it reverently, and when she read it, turned to Elise Hurt.

'My dear husband,' she said, with a tear and a smile, 'has sent you a message, Elise; he is bent upon conferring happiness on others, as he ever was. He bids me tell you that his "inopportune appearance," as he terms it, is not to delay by a single hour your union with his nephew.'

'That is so like dear papa,' cried Evelyn; 'no one save himself could at such a time have been so thoughtful, even for those they love.'

Elise said nothing; her heart was too full for speech; but she raised Lady Arden's fingers to her lips, and kissed them. Not an eye of those present was dry, nor closed that night in slumber. The events that occurred and the marvels incidentally disclosed—or rather half disclosed—begot in all too overwhelming an excitement. The ladies, however, were persuaded to retire to their rooms, leaving Mayne and Dyneley alone together.

'By Jove,' exclaimed the former, giving for the first time a natural expression to his feelings, 'this is a most tremendous business, eh?'

Not even your eloquence, Mayne, can exaggerate or enhance its importance,' answered the curate, drily.

'But the ladies don't seem quite to see it,' urged the other. 'They perceive, of course, that a miracle has happened in this turning-up of Sir Robert; but that's nothing to what we now know has gone before it; not to mention what is to come after it; I mean its consequences. Instead of Gresham having £12,000 per year—for one thing—he will now only have what his uncle chooses to allow him. For the estates, of course, will revert at once to their former owner.'

'There will, no doubt, be great changes,' replied Dyneley, slowly; his voice was grave, and even sad; but the other was too full of excitement to notice it.

'Yes, and there *have* been, begged, too; who *was* it that got exchanged for Sir Robert, think you; died at Salton Point in place of him, and has been trespassing all this time in the family vault at Halcombe? It doesn't seem to strike you as being anything very remarkable to bury the wrong man—I suppose clergymen are used to it.'

'My dear Mayne, it is not only remarkable, but astounding. I am lost in wonder at the network of intrigue and villainy in which this fellow Walcot enmeshed us; but so far as the dead man is concerned, there seems to have been no crime involved beyond that of duplicity. One person was merely substituted for another; the man, whoever he was, came to his end by natural means; there was no foul play.'

'My dear Dyneley, for a divine of the Church of England you are really the very coolest hand; one dying person was 'merely' substituted for another, you say. But I suppose he had some hand in the substitution himself. He didn't die at Salton Point instead of somebody else to please Walcot, I suppose, however persuasive that gentleman's manners may have been. Moreover, even if

he did, it strikes a mere layman as rather a ghastly sort of thing for a fellow-creature to do—this sailing under false colours to the very brink of the grave.'

'It was very wrong and horrible altogether,' assented the curate in a mechanical tone. 'But the mystery will be explained, no doubt, one day.'

'One would really think by your way of speaking about it,' replied Mayne, 'that you had got hold of one end of the mystery already; it seems, however, to have escaped your recollection that Gresham himself went down to Salton Point, and saw his uncle after death, when, as a matter of fact, Sir Robert was on his way to Australia. The subject of miracles may pall, and fail to interest, in your reverence's case, through familiarity, but this little incident, I confess, strikes me as the most noteworthy of all.'

'Nay, it only proves that Gresham was deceived in the identity of the man in death, as we were in his burial. The difference between two dead old men is by no means so marked as between two living ones; and from what I know of Gresham's character—though he is as brave as a lion—he would shrink from such a spectacle rather than narrowly investigate it. Bevill, if you remember, never saw the body.'

'True, true,' exclaimed Mayne, beginning to pace the room, as his custom was when greatly excited; 'I wish Bevill were here now; though at the same time I would not deprive him of a certain person's company for an instant. My dear Dyneley, you will set all my blood boiling. You think I am a happy man, no doubt.'

'You ought to be,' answered Dyneley, sighing.

'Ought, yes; but "ought" stands for nothing. I shall never be comfortable, nor quiet, until I have performed my mission in life. Do you know that *that man* has got clear

away to Sweden with something like sixty thousand pounds! Whatever doubts you may have had on the matter—for you did doubt; it is a peculiarity of you parsons to doubt, when everybody else is certain, and *vive versa*—it is now proved that Ferdinand Walcott has robbed Sir Robert of three thousand a year for ever.'

'He will not enjoy it,' observed the curate, calmly.

'Well, let us hope not—for ever; at present, however, he appears to be doing so. Bevill writes me that the villain is living like a fighting cock in Christiana. Whenever I think of that, you can't imagine how like a fighting cock I feel myself. I wish I had your philosophic calm, old fellow. I positively feel too savage to go to bed. I shall try the morning air, and another cigar.' And he went out.

He was mistaken in attributing to his late companion a philosophic calm, though the curate did his best to be resigned and patient. The shadow of a bitter disappointment had projected itself upon his spirit, and in that night of wonders had rendered him indifferent and unsympathetic in his friend's view. By the return of Sir Robert all the old obstacles to the curate's marriage with Evelyn had suddenly sprung up anew. At her own implied request he had, as we have seen, put off, out of respect for the baronet's memory, a direct application for her hand, and how could he make it now, when she was no longer comparatively dowerless, but had become as before the possible recipient of great possessions? Nay, although Sir Robert, it seemed, had given his consent to the union of Gresham and Elise, it was by no means likely that his nephew, having made so unwished for a choice, would now be made Sir Robert's heir. The broad lands of Halcombe were more likely to be left to his wife's family, and especially to his favourite niece, than ever. John Dyneley was too good a man to regret that the house

to which he was so closely attached, by bonds of friendship had regained its head and its protector; but the circumstance, he felt, had dashed the cup of happiness from his own lips. If it is an ill wind that blows nobody good, it is equally true that that is a very favourable gale of Fortune, indeed, which wrecks the hopes of no man.

## CHAPTER LI.

### A MATRIMONIAL TEA-PARTY.

UNALLOYED, for the most part, as was the joy of his family at Sir Robert Arden's return, it was by no means free from embarrassment; to put the matter vulgarly, and as I am afraid it was actually put in the domestic regions of Halcombe Hall, 'What business had he ever had to have gone away, drat him?' (But this, it is fair to add, was before it was understood that the legacies left to each member of the household were not to be revoked.) Sir Robert himself was more deeply penetrated by the sentiment thus expressed than any one. He was, to say truth, thoroughly ashamed of himself. But being as sound at heart as a bell, however wanting in moral strength and mental acuteness, he had not that fear of ridicule which in most persons under such circumstances would have been well-nigh insupportable. His chief fear was lest his late ill-judged proceedings should have done an irreparable wrong to any one but himself; extreme sensitiveness prevented his ascertaining this by direct inquiry, but his eyes and ears were open while his tongue was dumb. Unfortunately, since it was understood that concerning a certain personage (who, nevertheless, occupied everybody's thoughts) a discreet silence was to be maintained, conversation for a time between himself and family was difficult, and the wheels of domestic life were clogged and hampered. At the first meeting

and for the few days during which they remained in London, Mayne was wont to declare that the whole party were only saved from total collapse by the Great Baba, to whom Sir Robert's return was merely a gratifying incident—involving endless treats and presents—without anything anomalous or remarkable about it. He considered dear Papa had played a very clever and amusing trick upon society in putting somebody else into the feather coach instead of himself, and then popping up again unexpectedly.

'I sord you first,' he said, as though it had been a game of Hide and Seek, in which he had been the fortunate discoverer. 'Elly (Elise) sord you second, after I cried "I spy."' All remembrance of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot had apparently vanished from his mind, until one day, fortunately not in Sir Robert's presence, he hazarded a hope suggested by the pit picture in 'Joseph and his Brethren,' that it was Mr. Walcot who had been put into the pit-hole instead of Papa.

'Let us trust so,' said Franky, piously, whose spirit, to say truth, had been slightly dashed by dear Papa's return, lest it should involve that of hateful Uncle Ferdy.

In London, Sir Robert's resuscitation was only what is, by courtesy, termed a nine days' wonder—in the metropolis no wonder lasts in reality half so long, but is overlapped by and gives place to another upon the principle of the 'dissolving views.' But at Halcombe a good deal was both said and thought about it, and for a very considerable period. An observation of Mr. Raynes upon the subject, accompanied by a most tremendous grin, was not only characteristic, but perhaps embodied the secret thoughts of a good many people.

'Well, I tell you what,' he said; 'things may be a little uncomfortable at the Hall, but they might easily have been a good deal worse. What with Gresham and the young ladies all choosing their sweethearts—which is a

kind of game everybody likes to join in—it's a deuced good thing Lady Arden herself didn't get engaged to anybody.'

Perhaps the wisest course, as well as the kindest, which Sir Robert could have taken was his insisting upon the marriage of Gresham and Elise taking place at Halcombe upon the date already fixed for it: for there is nothing like a wedding for monopolising one's neighbours' thoughts and talk, and for dwarfing all other objects of interest. But for that, the exhumation of that interloping body in the family vault—with a view of course to its identification—would have caused not a little stir, and once more turned all minds to the topic which Sir Robert would fain have had them forget.

We may here say it was exhumed in vain; neither more nor less was found there, alas, than is to be discovered after the very best and noblest of us have mingled for a few weeks with the dust we came from. It only added another mystery to the romance that overhung the Hall, and set all mouths agape. But to a secluded neighbourhood like that of Halcombe, which had had no topic to talk about since the pedlar was frozen to death on the moor early in the century, such a superfluity of incident was overwhelming.

Their power of absorption was not equal to it; and just as the boa constrictor, who is made lively with a rabbit, is, after a yoke of oxen, inclined for slumber, they become lethargic—gorged.

The marriage of George Gresham finished them; their gluttony curiosity could only feebly grasp this last incident presented to their notice, and Sir Robert and his late proceedings henceforward scarcely occupied any space in their minds.

The baronet himself almost forgot his own humiliation and self-reproaches in the happiness he had conferred upon his nephew; and indeed he had hit by instinct upon the best method of rehabilitating himself in

his own eyes in other cases. For example, though her presence at the Hall must needs have been distressing to him, he insisted on Annabel Spence retaining her old position there; he had had enough, he said, of punishing the innocent in place of the guilty; it was but fitting that the remembrance of his transgressions should thus be kept alive within him; and, moreover, it was the only way that just now presented itself for keeping the penitent girl under the curate's spiritual eye.

Dyneley himself was in higher favour with his patron than ever, and was admitted more than any one to his inmost confidence; which, greatly to his indignation, caused Mr. Mayne to confer upon him the title of Ferdinand the Second.

The wedding was a very quiet one, and beside Mr. Mayne there was but one marriage guest at Halcombe with whom we have any near concern. He was a friend of both bride and bridegroom, and was welcomed accordingly by the whole household, but with no one did he 'cotton' (as he himself expressed it) so closely as with Mr. Mayne. They were sailors both, and were consumed with a common passion for tobacco, which, however, the latter only smoked. Commodore Pearce (as he was always called at Halcombe, because it was understood he liked it) both smoked and chewed. That this little eccentricity was tolerated, even out of doors, by Lady Arden, was a proof alike of the Commodore's popularity with her, and of the improvement in what the doctors with euphemious vagueness termed her nerve centres. The events that had taken place within her recent experience had had both morally and physically a favourable effect upon her; her ladyship had had in her time detractors of the base sort who had asserted that 'what she wanted was a good shaking;' and this recipe, which had certainly been applied, had really achieved the best results. Like naughty children, who have been

given 'something to cry for' which they have not desired, she had now learnt not to cry about nothing. A better wife than the present Lady Arden—though built upon very different lines from those of his 'sainted Madeline'—the Baronet could have hardly found; while as a mother there was no room for improvement in her.

On the day after the departure of the young couple, Sir Robert had a long talk with Dyneley at the Manor Farm of so confidential a nature that even the above fact was hinted at.

'I am more fortunate, my good fellow,' he said, 'than I ever knew myself to be, until now; and happy far indeed beyond my deserts. How untrue in my case is the sad reflection of the poet:—

Could the dead resume their life,  
That they would find in child and wife  
An iron welcome when they rise.

How different—though so underservedly—have matters been with *me*. And then only look at Gresham:

The hard heir strides about his lands,  
And will not yield them for a day

has no application to him, I'm sure. One would think he had gained twelve thousand a year by my reappearance on the stage of life instead of having lost it. Of course I have made him a handsome allowance, but what is that compared with his prospects of a month ago?

'Your nephew is incapable of a sordid thought,' replied the curate warmly, 'and is thoroughly deserving of your liberality.'

'I am sure of it; it is fortunate indeed that I have such a noble nature to deal with—I could not endure to think that my coming back was a source of disappointment to anybody.'

'I am sure you could not,' answered the curate.

'Everybody has behaved in the most frank and generous way to me,' continued Sir Robert, 'with one exception.'

'I am sorry to hear there is even one,' replied Dyneley.

'I am sorry too, especially as this has happened in a quarter where I looked for better things. Of course I make allowances for the peculiar circumstances of the case; my unexpected return has put everything so topsy-turvy that I sometimes feel I ought to have never come back at all; moreover, I had so mismanaged matters of late' (here the colour came into Sir Robert's face) 'that there is no wonder people have lost confidence in me; still I did hope that I should have been given credit by the person I have in my mind for good feeling, if not for some generosity of spirit.'

'I have never heard any one deny you those qualities, Sir Robert; if he has done so, he is one who does not know you.'

'But this person knows me very well; and yet he has not only attributed to my nature an undue regard for wealth and position, but has supposed that recent events have taught me no lesson in that respect. When a man has been deceived on the one hand, and on the other has had his eyes opened to real worth and true nobility of character, as has happened to me, is it likely that he should still set store on things evanescent and accidental, and hold lightly such qualities as goodness, truth, self sacrifice, and generosity?'

'I know no one, sir, who supposes that you hold them lightly,' answered the curate simply.

'Well, I do; it is the man who stands before me. How is it, if you not so misjudged me, that you have never breathed a word to me of your love for Evelyn?'

'Ah sir, I felt—I feared'—stammered the curate.

'You felt I was an ass, and feared to prove it, Dyneley. Well, it was not paying me a compliment, but let that pass. You have been punished sufficiently by your own doubts of my sanity—for they were nothing less.

When a man has been kept so long in the dark, as I have been, he does not see things so quickly as other people; if you wish to know who opened my eyes it was Mrs. George Gresham. I asked her if there was anything I could do to complete her business, and she said, "Yes; make Evelyn happy too." There is a straightforwardness about that young woman I greatly admire; moreover, the Commodore has told me such things about her—when the ship was wrecked—as convince me that Gresham has won a woman worthy of him. And I can say the same, Dyneley, in your case, with respect to Evelyn.'

The matter-of-fact and taking-for-granted method of dealing with the curate's passion saved that modest young fellow a world of embarrassment; but even as it was, he did not find it easy to express his sense of Sir Robert's kindness.

'Tut, tut; I am as pleased to give her to you,' said the baronet, 'as you are to take her, only you must not take her *away*. Halcombe and I cannot spare her; I am come over here this morning to see what can be done to the Manor Farm to make it suitable for a married parson—and at the same time, since I hate evictions, to keep on Gilbert Holm as my tenant. When you have overgrown it, you can have a wing at the Hall and welcome.'

The curate was in the seventh heaven of happiness, and therefore scarcely in the precise state of mind adapted for the consideration of building alterations; never was tenant so prompt to agree with every plan proposed by landlord.

'This is ridiculous, you know,' said Sir Robert; 'I have suggested three sorts of windows for the drawing-room, and you have said of each that "it couldn't be better." One *must* be better than the other, my good fellow. I'll see Evelyn herself about it—you'll have to ask her, I suppose, when the wedding is to be?'

'Well, yes, sir, I suppose so.' The

curate was far from wishing to throw any obstacles in the way of the matter in question; and quite sympathised with Sir Robert's obvious desire that there should be as little delay as possible; but he felt he could scarcely fix a young lady's wedding-day without putting the preliminary question to her, of 'Would she marry him?'

'Young people are so different from what they were in my time,' continued the baronet, 'and take everything so precious coolly. Now, there's Mayne, for instance, a most capital fellow, no doubt, and who will make Milly an excellent husband. In his case there is plenty of money, and no sort of reason that I know of why he shouldn't marry her to-morrow; yet, when I hinted as much to him the other day, he hemmed and had, and said, "Well, not *to-morrow*, Sir Robert, the fact is I have a visit to pay to an old friend abroad first." "Well," said I, quite out of patience with the fellow, "I hope it isn't a lady friend, at all events." And he assured me that it was not. You had better talk to him, yourself, Dyneley, and find out when he does mean to marry Milly; and then you and Evy can be married the same day you know.'

The curate expressed his approval of this arrangement, and secretly resolved to carry the tardy Mr. Mayne on his shoulders, if it were necessary, to the brink of Matrimony, and then pitch him over.

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## CHAPTER LII.

ON BOARD THE 'RUBY.'

THERE was this redeeming point even in Sir Robert's eyes, in Mr. Mayne's desire to pay his Continental friend a visit before becoming a Benedict, namely, that he was obviously in a hurry to get that visit over. On the second day after Gresh-

ham's marriage, he left the Hall, accompanied by his new friend the Commodore, and with the full permission and approbation of the only person to whom he owed allegiance. Milly knew not whither he was bound nor for how long; but she had not only confidence in his fidelity, but the conviction that it was no mere caprice that was depriving her of his presence. He had assured her of that much, and had besought her to forgive him for withholding a secret from her on the very threshold of their married life.

'On the other hand, I promise you, my darling,' he added, fondly, 'to have none such after marriage.'

There was no reason so far as she was concerned why Millicent should not have been told whither her lover was going, but it was absolutely necessary, for the present at least, to conceal it from Sir Robert; any reference to his brother-in-law was tacitly forbidden to every member of the family, nor would he have approved of any action, no matter with what object, that would have brought Ferdinand Walcot's name (and his own unhappy connection with it) into public notice. And the fact was that the destination of Mr. Frederick Mayne was Christiana, and his object the playing out of that return match with his enemy which had so long been postponed *sine die*.

There were difficulties about it that most men would have pronounced insuperable, but of these Mayne thought but lightly; there were objections to it, that in the eyes of men both wise and just might have been thought fatal, and it was for this reason that Mayne kept his own counsel on the matter. If his plan should fail, none but himself and the Commodore (who, in fact, had suggested the scheme) could be blamed for it, and only one person—the trusty Bevill—need be cognisant of his ill success. *Per contra*, if he succeeded, Mr. Ferdinand Walcot would have to return that 60,000*l.*, which he had annexed so cunningly, to its original

possessor. The game was certainly worth the candle, and over and above the stakes—and what afforded even a greater attraction for the player—was the possibility of crying quits with one who had brought upon him personally an undeserved humiliation, who had committed a gigantic and successful fraud, and who doubtless considered himself too clever by half to fall within the scope of retribution.

On the second day after leaving Halcombe, Mayne set sail from Harwich in his own yacht, under the command of Commodore Pearce, who was not unacquainted with high latitudes, nor for the first time had threaded the green islands that stud the quiet firth that leads up to Christiana. Mr. Mayne had business relations, as we know, with a certain house-timber merchant of that place, with whom he had kept up constant communications of late, and whom he had informed of his present expedition. Acting under his advice, Mr. Mayne himself forebore to gratify his traveller's curiosity by going on shore at all, but on his arrival at the port kept himself in strict seclusion on board his yacht, and explored Christiana by deputy in the person of his skipper. The Commodore himself did not show much energy in investigating the public buildings or other lions of the place, but took up his quarters at the Hotel du Nord, and passed a considerable portion of his time in the reading room thereof, where he fell in (not altogether by accident) with an English gentleman resident in the town, but who had himself only settled there of late months. This personage, though of attractive appearance, good address, and of undeniably ample means, had his enemies among his fellow-countrymen in the town, who by their machinations and slanders (as he averred) had caused him to be looked upon with distrust, and prevented him from taking his proper position in local society. The cloud that overhung him was but temporary,

the calumnies that had been disseminated against him were dying out, unable to confront the quiet dignity of his blameless life, but in the meantime he was denied admittance to the Athenæum, where the chief intellectual society of the place was to be met with, and where not only English works of reference were to be found, but the London newspapers were filed, an opportunity for perusing which to an exile like himself would have been very desirable. The freeborn citizen of the United States sympathised with this victim to the exclusive and prejudiced ideas of his fellow-countrymen, and offered him, by degrees, the right hand of fellowship. It was impossible, of course, for him permanently to remedy his isolation, but such ameliorations of it as were in his power he placed at his service. Among other things, 'Would he do him the honour to dine with him on board the *Ruby*?'

Suspicion at once showed itself in Mr. Walcot's expressive features. He was not partial, he said, to being on board ship, even in harbour, and could enjoy his new friend's society on shore without trenching on his hospitality.

Then followed a few searching questions as to the yacht and its ownership, to which the Commodore replied with a frank audacity that went further, perhaps, with his new friend than the most earnest simplicity would have done. 'He was but the skipper of the vessel,' he said, 'which belonged to a rich young countryman (one Sir Charles Parker) of Mr. Walcot's, but, as a matter of fact, he had the sole control of her movements. Sir Charles was a minor, sent abroad by his guardian in the forlorn hope that his health, weakened by excesses, would be rehabilitated by a sea voyage. Unhappily the young man could pursue his favourite vice as easily on board *The Ruby* as elsewhere; and the truth was he was seldom or never sober. He had not even had the curiosity to set foot on shore since he had arrived at Christiana. He did

nothing but booze in his cabin and read old newspapers, of which he had an extraordinary collection.

'Do you mean that he files them?' inquired Mr. Walcot.

'Well, yes. I think he has *The Times* up to the last ten years; I reckon, however, he only reads the police cases. I can't say he is an agreeable cuss to meet at table; but if you would have come on board, we could have dined together very pleasantly and quite independent of him—he would rather have a bottle of brandy to himself than the best companion in the world.'

There the matter dropped for the time; but the fact was that this isolated Englishman was interested in certain matters that had taken place in his own country since his departure from it, and had no opportunity, or had missed it when it had offered itself, of reading any account of them. And after a day or two, during which the Commodore studiously avoided the topic of the yacht, his fish rose to this same fly.

'If your friend, Sir Charles, could be got out of his cabin for half-an-hour, Captain Yule' (for the Commodore had thought it wise to drop the use of a name which Walcot might have heard and remembered in connection with Gresham's shipwreck), 'I should feel really obliged to you if you *would* let me look at those old *Times*, some day.'

Sir Charles is never *in* his cabin after eight o'clock at night, but is swung in his berth, drunk. Why don't you come and see the papers then?'

'To be sure; there is no reason why I should not,' mused Mr. Walcot. 'Let us say to-night, then.'

'To-day I dine with the American Consul,' answered the Commodore quietly; 'but I am always aboard the craft by 7-30, lest I should be wanted to see to poor Sir Charles. I'll call for you here at 7 to a minute, if that will suit your book.'

Whether Captain Yule did really have that engagement to dinner with the American Consul or not, he appeared at the Hotel du Nord at the hour appointed, and in evening dress, having certainly paid a visit to his yacht in the meantime; and the two gentlemen started off together, arm in arm, for their destination. The yacht was anchored in the harbour, but one of her boats was waiting for them at the quay, into which they stepped, and were conveyed at once to *The Ruby*. The yacht had borne another name before Sir Charles Parker had bought her, and Captain Yule had been appointed her skipper, so that no suspicion was evoked in the visitor's mind.

There was a moment's hesitation as he left the boat to set foot upon the deck of the vessel, but he quelled it with an effort, and at once followed his host down the cabin stairs. The apartment had, as Captain Yule had promised, no other occupant but themselves: the fittings of it were handsome but plain, as becomes a sailor's drawing-room; and there was no smell of wine or spirits such as, under the circumstances, might have been anticipated. Moreover, there were a couple of well-lined bookcases, which a person of Sir Charles's unfortunate habits would scarcely have been expected to possess.

All this Walcot's quick eye took in at a glance; and it was with a somewhat uneasy air, though in a tone he contrived to render suitable to the occasion, that he inquired where, amid such order and neatness, the Baronet kept his old newspapers.

'In the billiard-room cupboard, at Halcombe,' replied the Commodore coolly, with his back to the cabin door.

Walcot's hand dropped into the pocket of his shooting-jacket.

'If you take that hand out, Ferdinand Walcot,' said the Commodore, at the same time covering him with a revolver; 'you are a dead man. I can

shoot as quick and as true as any man in the States or out of them, and before you can bring that pistol of yours to bear on me, you will be in kingdom come. If you shoot me you would be none the nearer to getting out of this; for a man stands on the other side of that cabin door who has come from England on purpose to renew his acquaintance with you, and who will not be baulked of it for a trifle.'

'And who the devil is he, or you, who dare to lift finger against me, or have any right to stop my coming or going?' inquired Walcot fiercely.

'Well, as to the right I am not so sure; but as to the might, I'm certain,' answered the Commodore coolly. 'You have done things yourself, as I hear, not altogether lawful; and, therefore, might make allowance for those who are driven to the same shifts. And as to who it is that has taken upon him to take such strict charge of your respectable person, here he comes to answer for himself.'

The door opened and Mayne entered, closing it carefully behind him.

At the sight of him, Walcot's keen face grew so black, that the Commodore pointed significantly to the revolver.

'It is no use,' he said; 'we are too many for you even here; and at the top of the companion stairs there are two sentries, who have orders to cut you down if you ever attempt to pass them. So 'cute a cuss as I took you to be should know when he is beaten. Come, give up that pistol.'

Walcot drew the weapon from his pocket and threw it on the table.

'What is it you want of me? *You*, sir,'—he turned to Mayne—'who call yourself an English gentleman; I appeal to you. I call you to witness that though I have made no resistance, I protest against this outrage.'

'Who has harmed you?' inquired Mayne, coolly.

'Harmed me? Do you not see that my liberty is threatened? I demand

protection of you as a fellow countryman. This man has induced me by a false representation to come on board this vessel of his, and now prevents me leaving it.'

'The vessel is mine,' answered Mayne, sternly; 'and you will never leave it to set foot on Swedish shore again.'

'What? Do you mean to murder me, then, out of revenge for a personal grudge? Just because I played that trick on you at Halcombe?'

'It was a very scurvy trick, indeed, Mr. Walcot, since trick you call it; but as to the wrong you did me, it is swallowed up and forgotten in a far greater wrong that you have done to another: a man who trusted in you (which I never did) as a woman trusts her priest, and whose confidence you repaid by a cunning and cruel fraud. As to moving me by soft words, you may spare your breath. I know you to be a heartless villain: you once played upon the fear of an innocent child. You have doubtless forgotten it—it is lost in the wilderness of your crimes; but if you had never done worse than tyrannise, by help of your perjured tools, over that unhappy boy, so help me Heaven! I would make you suffer it: for that I would have had you flogged with a rope's-end, and then, perhaps, let you go; but, as it is, you have sinned in other ways, and your retribution must be of another kind. That noise you hear is the weighing of *The Ruby's* anchor; she sails to-night for England, and you sail with her.'

Walcot started up in violent agitation. 'What? Would you kidnap me? Do you know that that's a hanging matter?'

'One moment,' interposed the Commodore; '*so is murder!* You must really give up that other pistol, Mr. Walcot. I must trouble you to take it out of your pocket with your left hand, or I shall shatter your right—I draw a dead bead on it as I speak—to a certainty.'

With a frightful curse, Walcot produced a second weapon and placed it by the side of its fellow.

'Thank you,' continued the skipper, quietly appropriating them both. 'I interrupted you as you were talking about kidnaping, I believe; forgive me, sir, and proceed.'

'I was about to say, Mr. Mayne,' continued Walcot, his pale face grown vivid with hate, humiliation, and baffled rage, 'that such a crime as you meditate is held outrageous in every land; that neither in Sweden nor England will it meet with palliation, no matter what the motive that actuates you to commit it. This man here, your confederate, as it seems, is either ignorant of this, or perhaps reckless of the consequences; but let me tell you that a heavy and disgraceful punishment will most surely fall upon those who remove me hence by force.'

'One must risk something, Mr. Walcot, for sixty thousand pounds,' returned Mayne, drily. 'You risked something for the same money.'

'You speak in riddles, Mr. Mayne. I have no such sum as that of which you speak.'

'Well, it may be a few hundreds more or less. Mr. Hayling has the exact figures.'

'Mr. Hayling! What has he to do with my property?'

'Oh! nothing; he has only to do with the property you are holding in trust—let us say—for your brother-in-law. Under the mistaken impression that he was dead—you see I have no wish to be offensive—you administered, it seems, to his will, and filled your own pockets. As you might feel disinclined to empty them in Sweden, I am bringing you back to England. There is nothing like one's native air, it is said, to recruit the system—perhaps it may also stimulate the conscience.'

'Oh! your intention in thus outrageous the laws of nations is to extort money from me, is it?' exclaimed

Walcot bitterly. 'You little know the man you have to deal with.'

'I know something of him,' replied Mayne coolly; 'and from what I do know, I think, much as he loves money, he will prefer to part with his ill-gotten gains to enduring twenty years of penal servitude!'

'Ah! I see. You flatter yourself that with the results of this honourable expedition Miss Millicent's dowry will be increased.'

'Indeed, my good sir,' replied Mayne, 'you are paying too great a compliment to my commercial intelligence. I may tell you, in confidence, that if the money were mine, you should have no choice between imprisonment and restitution; I would simply give you up to the police, who have a warrant for your apprehension, the first moment we touched shore; but the interests of other persons have to be consulted.'

'You will find that they will not be much benefited,' sneered the other.

'Very good. In that case my own particular wishes will be gratified, and you will wear a ring round your ankle for life.'

'Ah! there speaks your true nature,' exclaimed Walcot bitterly. 'Because I humbled you in the presence of another, you can never forgive me. You are one of those excellent young men of whom I have heard so much, who are incapable of a baseness—till their *amour propre* is wounded.'

This was the best move that Walcot had made yet in the losing game at which he found himself so involuntarily a player. His menaces and his appeals had been alike fruitless; but his suggestion that Mayne's behaviour was actuated by a selfish motive had, though it was untrue, a sting in it: for the young fellow had certainly not forgotten that morning on which Sir Robert had dismissed him in disgrace from Halcombe Hall.

'I don't deny, Ferdinand Walcot,' he replied, 'that I take some personal pleasure in being the instrument of

your punishment; but revenge on my account forms but a small item in my satisfaction. Every one has his little prejudices, and men who ill-treat children and women are my particular abhorrence. You have made a reference to the day on which you got the better of me at Halcombe; but you omitted to mention that it was through the perjury of an accomplice—Annabel Spence—'

The face of Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, which had been gradually recovering its native hue, here began to grow leaden again.

'Yes,' continued Mayne, 'she has confessed *all*. Do not flatter yourself that anything you can henceforth do, or say, can have the smallest influence on your brother-in-law. He knows you for what you are. I think I need say no more.'

'I do not believe he knows that this outrage has been committed upon me!' exclaimed Walcot, with a keen look.

'Your judgment of character is as correct as usual,' returned Mayne; 'he does not know it, nor if he did, would he, in all probability, approve of it.'

Walcot answered nothing, and would fain, no doubt, have concealed the satisfaction that flashed from his eyes.

'Moreover,' continued Mayne, 'he will never know it, until the money of which you have robbed him has been returned, or you are safely lodged in gaol.'

'That is what the law calls compounding a felony,' observed Walcot coolly.

'Just so; the law has all sorts of names for all sorts of things, and will fit your case, no doubt—though it is an exceptionally bad one—to a nicety. The dilemma to which you refer is a serious one, and has had my best consideration; the result is that you must make up your mind as to the course you will pursue before you leave this cabin. At present the

question is one of mere equity, the responsibility of which (if I am in error) I take entirely on my own shoulders. Once in the hands of the police, who are awaiting your arrival upon English soil, there will be no alternative either for yourself or for Sir Robert. Of course it will be very painful for him to have to listen in open court to the recital of your deceptions and of his own folly;—you calculated upon that, I see, as your last chance; the last chance is gone—the Law, which condemns you, will also give him no escape.

Ferdinand Walcot had a great command of feature, but his jaw had dropped like that of a dead man. There was a long silence; then in a hoarse voice he said, 'What, in the devil's name, do you want of me?'

'I want—and I mean to have—a full confession of your crimes under your own hand, including the story of the sick man who died at Salton Point, which is still a mystery to us; and also the securities in which you have invested your ill-gotten gains. That is my ultimatum. You have time enough, even with this fair wind'—the yacht was going at great speed, by this time having reached the open water—'to make up your mind before we touch English ground; but having once done so, your decision will be irrevocable. Here are pens and paper; whatever else you wish for shall be at your service; for the rest of the voyage, however, you must excuse my company. It remains with you to decide whether, when I see you again, you will wear handcuffs or not.'

It was more than an hour after Mayne thus took his leave before the Commodore rejoined his friend upon the deck of the yacht.

'My good friend,' exclaimed Mayne, smiling, 'what on earth have you found to talk about with that scoundrel below stairs? He has the tongue of a serpent, and if you are not deaf to its charming will presently convince you of his innocence. For my part I loathe

him so that I could endure his presence no longer.'

'He is a clever cuss, no doubt,' answered the other, drily, 'and also as you say, very agreeable. He has been so good as to offer me ten thousand pounds to put him ashore anywhere between this and the Sound.'

'I am afraid you would never have got the money,' said Mayne, laughing. 'He is not, strictly speaking, a man of his word.'

'Well, I guess I should,' returned the Commodore, coolly. 'While you were talking to our friend in the cabin, I was watching him pretty close; it was lucky for you, by the bye, for when you talked of giving him the rope's end he looked snakes I promise you, and when you said, "she sails to night for England, and you sail with her," you were within twenty seconds of Eternity. If he had but known how to shoot from his jacket pocket you'd ha' been there.'

'I know it, Pearce,' answered Mayne, earnestly. 'One of the things I have been thinking about, under the stars here, is what one should say—and do—to a man who had saved one's life.'

'Tut, tut; let that lie where it is. There is no such merit in a man's having sharp eyes; they are tolerably well-skinned, mine are, and I noticed that when you mentioned "securities," our friends' fingers went up with a twitch, to his side-pocket. Moreover, he did not say a word—such as was only to be expected—about the difficulty of paying money in England when one has one's purse in Sweden. It was but natural, one would think, under the circumstance, that he should have asked to go ashore to get it.'

'He knew me by this time better than that, I fancy, Commodore.'

'Very likely, but still it was a chance. And there again, I never saw so clever a cuss, and at the same time such an audacious one, so utterly cast down. By the living Jingo, when he offered me that ten thousand pounds it struck me, putting this and that to-

gether, like a flash of lightning, "Why this fellow carries his fortune about with him!" I've known men, bless ye, out West, with forty, fifty thousand dollars in notes in the waistbands of their breeches!"

'But this man?' interrupted Mayne, impatiently, 'did anything happen to corroborate your suspicions in this case?'

'Corroborate? Well, I don't know about corroboration,' drawled the Commodore, at the same time transferring a quid of tobacco from the right side of his mouth to the left, 'but here's a pocket-book, which speaks for itself,' and he produced a Russia leather case of great size, both strapped and clasped. 'If that ain't full of money, its full of documents as is worth money, or my name ain't Pearce.'

'But how ever did you become possessed of it?' inquired Mayne in amazement.

'Well, I thought he might hide it, like a magpie, in some drawer or locker, or perhaps even drop it out of the cabin window in sheer malice; so I just called in Neal and Jack Bruce "to search a thief," as I told 'em, and Lor' bless yer, in half a minute our friend yonder was as bare as when his mother bore him.'

'Do you mean to say you took it from him by force?' cried Mayne, aghast with horror.

'Why, no; his clothes were on my side of the room, and he was on the other, and I just took it out of his side pocket without any force at all. It is true that he did call it "Robbery with Violence from the Person;" but that only shows what a liar he is.'

'But really, Pearce, I think this was going a little too far,' remonstrated Mayne.

'Well, give it him back again, and let him drop it into the sea: that is just the devil's trick he will be up to rather than let the man he has wronged come by his own.'

'There is something in that, to be sure,' said Mayne, reflectively. 'More-

over, the first thing the Policeman will do to whom he is given in charge will be to search him. You have, therefore, only anticipated the action of the law.'

'Of course not,' observed the Commodore, 'and if we were to hang him at the yard arm we should be doing ditto, and saving folks a world of trouble.'

The last observation did not in Mayne's eyes go to strengthen the moral position, but on the whole he judged it better to keep the pocket-book which, without opening, he placed in an envelope and sealed in the presence of his companion.

## CHAPTER LIII.

### THE RETURN MARCH.

FOR twelve days the solitary cabin passenger on board the *Ruby* continued resolute in his expressed intention of making no terms with 'thieves and kidnappers,' as he ungraciously termed his host and the Commodore; but on the thirteenth morning, when they had come in sight of the white cliffs of Albion, Mr. Pearce announced a capitulation.

'The coon has come down, Mr. Mayne,' he said; 'only he would like to speak a few words with you before he parts with his skin.'

Mayne at once repaired to the cabin, where he found his prisoner looking thin and haggard enough, no doubt from his mental struggles (for his appetite had been excellent throughout the voyage), but perfectly calm and quiet.

'To the victor belong the spoils,' he said, pointing to the table on which lay a few sheets of manuscript. 'There is my confession, as you will term it: the narrative of how I possessed myself of the property, the whole of which, or nearly so, is already in your hands. Read it.'

The statement was drawn out at some length ; but, as we are already acquainted with the principal facts, it is unnecessary to recapitulate them.

Let it suffice to relate what had happened in France and Salton Point.

Although there had been no quarrel between Sir Robert and his brother-in-law at Marseilles, the latter had had reason for supposing that his influence was on the wane. Every day it became necessary for him to combat the other's scruples as to his conduct towards the family at Halcombe, and now that he had lost the assistance of Annabel Spence, his spiritual weapons were no longer equal to this task. It was only, as it were, with a dead lift that he had persuaded the baronet to go to Australia, whither from the very first he had had no intention of accompanying him. He wished to remove him from England for as long a space as possible, in order to put a certain plan into execution, which required time for its development. The ship was to touch nowhere on its way to the Antipodes, and the Australian telegraph was out of repair, so that he would have many months before him during which no news of or from Sir Robert could reach home. Even with that advantage, the obstacles to accomplishing his purpose might well have deterred a less audacious and reckless spirit. He intended (as, indeed, it happened) to slip away from the ship on the very night of its departure, leaving his companion to cross the seas alone ; then to forge a certificate of Sir Robert's death and burial in France, and to come home and prove his will, which his position as sole executor and trustee would afford him facilities to effect. But an unexpected event occurred which offered a much easier method of effecting his object. In Mr. Bevill's 'Reports' from Marseilles, there was mention, it will be remembered, of a certain Mr. Marshall, an invalid, whose acquaintance Walcot had cultivated, and with whom he had greatly ingratiated

himself. This man, the victim of a complication of disorders, was in the last stage of illness. Among other things he suffered from, though he had neither kith nor kin, was home-sickness, from which the doctors denied him relief, since his strength was quite unequal to a journey of any kind. 'Let me reach England, if it is only to die,' was his passionate appeal ; and in the end it was not made in vain.

After Sir Robert had taken leave of this gentleman, Walcot repaired to his hotel, and, pretending some change of purpose in his own movements, offered to be himself his escort to England. The dying man grasped at this proposal with gratitude and joy. On the same night the *Artemis* sailed for Melbourne a trader was to start for Weymouth, and on board this ship, the *Meduse*, Walcot procured accommodation as for himself and Sir Robert. The invalid was already in such a state that it was to the last degree unlikely that he should be made conscious of the substitution of names ; and, indeed, so it happened. The boat that conveyed him from shore called at the last moment for Walcot on board the *Artemis*, and everything (except Mr. Bevill's witnessing that occurrence, of which, of course, Walcot knew nothing) went as smoothly as could be desired. He found himself in charge of his dying companion on board a vessel manned by foreigners, with whom, even if they had entertained any suspicion, deception was easy.

It was afterwards suggested by some who were made acquainted with these facts, that Ferdinand Walcot never intended to let his charge arrive in Weymouth a living man ; that if the device of landing him at Salton Point—which the captain of the ship himself recommended—had not been put in practice, a still darker crime than any which stained Ferdinand Walcot's soul would have been laid to his charge. But of this doubt let him have the benefit. His companion, as we know, was landed at Salton Point,

and died there, in his bed—a natural death. Mr. Howard's testimony may be held conclusive upon that point. It was upon the whole a great satisfaction to Walcot to find in this gentleman an old friend of George Gresham's, since, provided only that he did not take upon himself to communicate with the family at Halcombe—in which case all was lost—he had in him secured a witness of the greatest value. All his marvellous powers of pleasing were exerted to win his good word, and, as we are aware, he succeeded in his object. The sick man, although prostrate and almost senseless, was indeed 'an unconscionable time indying,' and every hour of his existence was, of course, laden with extreme peril as regarded Walcot. When he did die, he wrote at once to Gresham, but returned the letter, which he feigned to drop into the post office into his own pocket, his object being to delay the young man's arrival, if not until the body should be interred, at all events till it should be past recognition. In the meantime, under the pretence of going to London on business, he undertook that expedition to Halcombe, which so nearly resulted in his capture by Mayne and Gresham. It is difficult to account for the rashness of this enterprise, but the probability is that, judging others by himself, and the interest at stake being so enormous, he dreaded lest Sir Robert's will, the secret receptacle of which was known to him, should be discovered and destroyed. Even when he gained possession of it all was not plain sailing; tardy as was Gresham's arrival, and well as Walcot was acquainted (for he had made it his study) with that young gentleman's sensitive and somewhat fastidious nature, he could not be certain that his ghastly secret might not be discovered after all. For this reason he took occasion to drop a hint or two to the young surgeon of the morbid character of Gresham's mind, and so impressed him with the mischief likely to result from

a visit to his uncle's death chamber, that, as we have seen, he almost dissuaded him from going thither at all, and rendered his momentary presence there merely formal and perfunctory.

When that last difficulty was surmounted, Walcot had merely to carry home what all men believed to be the corpse of his patron, and to enter upon his own inheritance.

Even if Annabel Spence, tired of his delays and excuses, and bereft of her last hope of his making reparation for her wrongs by marriage, had then turned upon him (as she eventually did), and exposed his treachery, he had made sure of his main object—Sir Robert's money.

For all that, Walcot did not lose an hour in realising such portions of his ill-gotten gains as were immediately convertible into cash, so as to be ready for flight at a moment's notice. That he had long ago some well-shaped intention of acting as he had done seems evident from the fact of the legacies to Gresham and the rest being made payable from the sale of the landed estate, which otherwise would have deprived him of so much ready money. Why the landed estate had not been disposed of, no matter at what pecuniary sacrifice, seems somewhat inexplicable; perhaps he shrank from beggaring his patron; perhaps, which is more likely, he hesitated to commit a fraud so gigantic, and to punish which, wherever he might hide himself, some unusual means might be resorted to. At all events, with that single exception of the Four Acre field, in which he showed a tendency to accommodate Mr. Raynes, he made no attempt to sell a rood of ground.

At the end of Mr. Walcot's statement was given an account of the investments, both English and Continental, among which the proceeds of the sale of Sir Robert's stocks and shares had been distributed; a very large amount of the securities themselves were in the pocket-book taken from his person, which likewise con-

tained memoranda as to the rest that put any concealment respecting them out of the question. With none of this, however, did Mr. Mayne concern himself. No sooner did they anchor off the port than a boat pulled from shore, bringing a stout little gentleman with a twinkling eye, but of serious deportment.

'Seeing your yacht in the offing—as I believe it is called—I could not resist, my dear Mayne, from coming on board to shake hands with you, and to take a bit of lunch.'

Nothing could be more natural, or at the same time more opportune. Mr. Sturt happened to be taking a brief marine holiday at Harwich—if you had seen him in his straw hat and the scanty jacket that afforded such development to his lower limbs, you would have understood that at once; nothing was less like his usual appearance when engaged professionally; but since he *was* there, and an old friend desired his advice upon a business matter, it was, of course, at his service.

'These securities seem all right,' he said, after he had examined them; 'and if your friend wishes to make them over to his brother-in-law, for value received (here his eye twinkled more than ever) the affair can be managed in a few days. It's a friendly settlement, as I take it, but these memoranda must be certified.'

'Just so,' replied Mayne, 'and in the meantime my friend will continue to partake of my hospitality.'

Not until the moment came for the final arrangements to be concluded did Mr. Sturt make the personal acquaintance of his new client, though when at Mirton he had been, as we know, within a few miles of him.

'What! Charles Archester!' were his first words upon beholding him.

'Archester or Walcot, it is no matter,' returned the other sternly; he was doubtless not unprepared for the recognition, but it was noticeable that his hand trembled during the process of signature that followed, as it had

never done while he was writing out the confession of his crime.

Nothing more passed between them save the few grave words that business necessitated, but when the lawyer and Mayne went up on deck, the latter at once expressed astonishment at what had passed below.

'Yes; I knew that man years ago,' said Sturt. 'Nor is it the first time that I have acted for him professionally. I understand now the reason why he was so loth to accompany his brother-in-law to Australia. He has been there before as a convict.'

'A convict!'

'Yes; I was engaged for the defence at his trial, but the proofs against him were overwhelming, and the jury found him guilty without leaving the box: he was a forger. He passed under a false name, but it was understood that he was of good family and great attainments. He was said to have a sister who was passionately attached to him.'

'Poor Sir Robert must never know of this,' sighed Mayne.

'Of course not. Nobody need know save you and me. When I think of what he was when I first saw him I could almost find it in my heart to pity the scoundrel.'

'I do pity him,' answered Mayne, softly. 'What a wretched and wasted life!'

'Yes, but how he has wrecked others; remember Annabel Spence. Old Pam used to talk of Rubbish being something valuable in the wrong place. Now Pity in the wrong place—is Rubbish.'

Mayne answered nothing, but murmured to himself those classic lines in which hope is expressed that 'Auld Hornie' may mend his ways, and find things pleasant after all's done.

The thoughtful silence that had fallen upon both men was interrupted by the incisive tone of the Commodore.

'Our friend below, Mr. Mayne, would have a word with you before he starts on his home voyage.'

Walcot had agreed to leave that very afternoon by a Harwich steamer bound for Christiana; indeed the warrant that was out against him was a sufficient guarantee that he would never trouble his old acquaintances with his presence in England. Mayne at once repaired to the cabin.

Walcot was standing beside the little table, just where he had left him, with his hands folded across his breast, and his head bowed. He raised it a little on the other's entrance, and addressed him thus:

'I have done many a base thing in my life, as you are well aware, but I never yet stooped to ask a favour of an enemy. I am about to do so now.'

'There you are mistaken, Mr. Walcot. I owe you no ill-will upon my own account, nor do I wish you any harm, nor even to be hard upon you.'

'You have your foot upon my neck, that is,' answered the other grimly, 'yet forbear to tread with your whole weight. Well, that is something, and shows a certain generosity upon which I am about to trespass. Just now a man came here who recognised me as—as a convict. He told you all about it, I see. Well, I have to ask you—to beseech you—to keep that shameful knowledge from one particular person.'

'That is already granted; rest assured that Sir Robert shall never know it.'

'You are generous, indeed, but I was not thinking of him. Pray, sir, keep it also from the ears of Evelyn Nicoll.'

'Upon my honour, I will.'

'I thank you, sir.'

And after a few more words they parted.

Mayne kept this strange appeal even from Mr. Sturt, but it moved him greatly. He told him, however, what he thought was much to Walcot's credit, that the latter had refused certain pecuniary assistance from him, which he had offered at the last mo-

ment, lest poverty should be his excuse for his reverting to dishonest courses.

'You were afraid, I suppose,' said Mr. Sturt, smiling, 'that these fifty-five thousand pounds or so out of the sixty had almost denuded the poor fellow of his cash, or that the eight per cent. commission was not a sufficient recompense for his pains and trouble? I don't think you need distress yourself. Mr. Ferdinand Walcot is a gentleman, if I am not mistaken, who has feathered his nest whenever the opportunity offered, and to whose hands money has stuck whenever it has passed through them. The very ease with which he disgorged so vast a sum is proof to me that there was plenty more where that came from. However, you did quite right not to squeeze him too tightly. He is not a man to drive into a corner. And I am bound to say you have made a most capital job of it. It was risky—very risky—to the last moment. He could have kept his swag at the expense of his skin at any time. And without a policeman handy, you had no pull upon him whatsoever.'

'Ah! but I had a policeman,' replied Mayne. He whistled shrilly, and, as if from a trap-door upon the stage, there appeared at the top of the companion ladder a guardian of the law in full uniform; stout and serious-looking. He made his salute, and stood at attention.

'Take him away, take him away,' cried Mr. Sturt, hurriedly turning his back upon this apparition; 'I would not be recognised as being connected with this matter—for, though there is nothing wrong about it, it is very unprofessional, very—upon any consideration whatsoever.'

'But, my dear sir, he knows you perfectly well,' answered Mayne, laughing. 'Policeman X, don't you know this gentleman?'

To the lawyer's horror the apparition nodded assent.

'I know Mr. Sturt, of Burleigh

(Gardens, as well as my own brother,' said he.

'What does he mean? Damn his impudence! Who is he?' cried the incensed attorney.

'Don't you know your own detective?' cried Mayne, holding his sides with laughter; 'why it's Mr. Lander-mann, of Christiana and London.'

'What, Bevill?'

'Yes, sir; it's me,' replied that worthy. 'I came with Mr. Mayne, in case my gentleman down yonder might have any special business to be done for him by deputy in Sweden; and also to make myself generally useful. Between us, I don't think Mr. Mayne and me have forgotten anything, down to these pretty little ornaments'—and he produced from his pocket a pair of handcuffs.

'I see,' exclaimed Mr. Sturt admiringly. 'You could have given your gentleman a good fright, and yet even at the very last have let him go again. Well, I must say, Mr. Mayne, that this return match of yours has been very well played out from first to last.'

## CHAPTER LIV.

### HAPPY HALCOMBE.

THE breaking of Mr. Mayne's news, though it was such good news to Sir Robert, was a little difficult. It was quite certain that he would never have given his sanction to that 'cutting-out expedition' on which the gallant little *Ruby* and her captain had been engaged, but now that it was over, and its end attained, there was not much left for him to object to, especially as his own legitimate share of the prize-money was fifty-five thousand pounds. Mayne told him as much as he thought proper of what occurred, and was only asked one question.

'Has this unhappy man gone back again?' and on being informed that he

was, and for good and all, the baronet heaved a sigh of relief.

'This dividend, as you call it (for Mayne had laid great stress upon it not being the whole sum), is as much more than I expected, as it is more than I deserved, and I hardly know what should be due to you for salvage.'

'Oh, as to that I shall not take a shilling,' said Mayne, laughing; 'it was a private enterprise entered into for my own satisfaction, and if you will only acquit me of having wanted to escape from matrimony, I shall be more than satisfied with the result. I really had a reason for postponing the happy event, but now——'

'You may be married to-morrow so far as I am concerned, my dear fellow,' interrupted the baronet, 'and if you won't take the salvage, Milly shall.'

'Indeed, sir, Milly will have enough and to spare,' said Mayne, 'but if I might venture to suggest such a thing, and quite between ourselves, supposing you were to give it to her sister? I am sure it is what Milly would wish. Evelyn is going to marry a comparatively poor man, you see.'

'He won't be so poor as you imagine,' answered Sir Robert, drily. 'But your proposal is just what it should be, and like yourself. Well, now for the Yankee. He's a most capital fellow, and it seems devised the scheme that has restored to me my property. What can we do for *him*?'

'The Commodore, sir, will take no money; it was with great difficulty that I persuaded him to accept a present from me for which I had no further use. Since I am going to be a benedict and a landsman, I have given him *The Ruby* to do what he likes with; and he is as pleased as Punch at being captain of his own ship for the first time.'

'At least there is Mr. Bevill,' said Sir Robert.

'Indeed, sir, I am Bevill's own employer, and have been so for some time. I could not allow him to receive

*douceurs* from what he would call "another party." If you really do wish me to suggest a little investment, however, I will.'

'I do,' said the other, impatiently.

'Well, sir, there is Annabel Spence. She has a claim upon a certain person which has never been acknowledged, and she has been cruelly wronged by him. I could scarcely appear in such a transaction myself after the imputation the young lady was induced to put upon me, but if you—having long ago, as I feel sure, forgiven her trespass against you—would settle a thousand pounds or so upon her; she has no friend, poor girl, nor home—'

'Not another word, Mayne; you are quite right. "Let bygones be bygones" is a principle that I above all men have need to practise. The girl shall be well provided for; though as to a home, I understand she will remain with Evelyn.'

From that hour, in spite of some previous prejudice, Mayne stood in Sir Robert's favour only second to his nephew and the Curate. This was not because of his sagacity and vigour he had saved so much for him, as Mr. Sturt expressed it, 'out of the fire'—for mere material matters had never weighed with him as with most men—but on account of the magnanimity and tenderness he had exhibited towards others, and also, without doubt, for the tact and delicacy with which he had narrated his late adventure. He had referred so slightly to the object of it, that that feat of reciting *Hamlet* without any allusion to the Prince of Denmark had almost been equalled; Ferdinand Walcot was gall and wormwood and bitter aloes to his listeners, and was never uttered save with bated breath beneath the roof of Halcombe Hall. One great advantage of his antipathy in the case of the Master of the house was that it cast a deep shadow of doubt upon certain matters in which this man had affected to be his guide; in other words, the Apostleship of Ferdinand

Walcot having been proved utterly false and fraudulent, he began to entertain no little suspicion of the truths of his Gospel. As time went on he learnt to cherish the memory of his departed wife without seeking to lift the veil which Heaven has placed, doubtless for their common happiness, between the Living and Dead.

As to his relations with those about him, they became more tender and gracious than they had ever been. Dyneley used to say that it seemed to him that Sir Robert almost fulfilled the dream that supposes one to have returned from beyond the grave purged from earthly follies, and convinced that the only true happiness lies in conferring happiness on others. At all events, in so doing, Sir Robert passed the remainder of his days. Moreover, having tried and faithful folks to deal with, he did not make those mistakes into which, in the practice of their benevolence, the most well-intentioned men so often fall.

There were no three happier couples, nor better suited to one another, than those who looked up to him as to a common father.

The union of Dyneley with Evelyn, and of Mayne with Millicent took place, as Sir Robert had promised himself, on the same day, by which time Gresham and his bride had returned to Halcombe, to fill up the gap in that loving household made by their temporary absence.

But Mayne and his wife were often at the Hall; and Mr. and Mrs. Dyneley settled at the Manor House, as had been agreed upon. In every sense there was never a more 'united family' than that at Halcombe; or a more paternal government than of its rule. The despotism of the Great Baba, indeed, was inflexibly maintained; but then everybody loved him as the Russians used to love the Czar.

The double marriage was celebrated with much greater *éclat* than that of Gresham and his bride had been, for

Sir Robert had now gained courage to face the world—though it was but a small one. All his friends and neighbours were accordingly invited, a circumstance that would scarcely have been worth mentioning, but that a difficulty arose as to one of them in whom we have taken a passing interest. There was no doubt of his being a neighbour, both in a scriptural and local sense, but there was a very grave doubt as to whether he should be a wedding guest. It had always, it will be remembered, been a question whether Mr. and Mrs. Raynes, of the Laurels, should or should not be reckoned among the County Society; and though Sir Robert and his lady had decided in their favour, a certain circumstance had recently come to light which rendered this nice point still nicer. This was no less than the discovery of what Mr. Raynes had been before he had taken up the rôle of country gentleman—a problem that had defied the intelligence of the neighbourhood for many a year. Even the subtle young people who guessed the double acrostics in the country paper had been foiled in this. How it was solved I know not; but, somehow or other, it did percolate down to Mirton Moor that Mr. Raynes had made his money as a clown in a circus. The instant that the fact was divulged, every one recognised its fitness. What man *out* of a circus had ever been seen to grin like Mr. Raynes? His wife had been the Columbine in the same travelling

company, by the way, but that was nothing; the circumstance of the Mirton church-warden having been a clown, outweighed and overpowered every other feeling in the public mind; even the Master of Halcombe's experiences of the other world paled beside it.

Of course, as Mr. Raynes paid higher wages to his labourers than any other employer, it was one of his own men who first threw his late profession in his teeth. Hodge and he had had some words about turf-wittling,\* which ended in the son of the soil losing his temper, and saying, 'Well, at all events, I was never a fool in a circus.'

'Well, I *was*,' admitted the other frankly, 'and got 600*l.* a year by it. I wonder how long the sort of fool you are would take to realize that income.'

The young folks at Halcombe very much applauded this reply; but Lady Arden was dreadfully shocked at the revelation of Mr. Raynes' past, and I hardly think would have got over it (so far as to ask him to the wedding at least), but for her husband's advocacy of his claim to their hospitality.

'He is an honest man with a kind heart,' was Sir Robert's own view of the matter, 'and as to his having been a fool, I know one who was a great deal bigger one, and who, instead of gaining a livelihood by his folly, almost lost a fortune.'

THE END.

## 'CHIVALROUS HOMAGE' TO WOMEN.

BY O. S.

IN his recent biographical sketch of Thackeray, Mr. Anthony Trollope says: 'To give some immediate pleasure was the great delight of his life—a sovereign to a schoolboy, gloves to a girl, a dinner to a man, a compliment to a woman.'

The selection of gifts supposed to be appropriate to the different sexes amusingly suggests the masculine view of the way in which the good things of the world should be divided between men and women. Money which he may spend as he pleases to the boy; an article of dress, which she has not even the privilege of choosing, to the girl; to the man a dinner, the symbol of all an Englishman most prizes; to the woman the Barmecide feast of a compliment.

This appropriation of pudding to men and praise to women is quite in accordance with the theory of chivalrous homage to the weaker sex, of which Mr. Trollope so much approves, and which he particularly expounds in his book on 'Tasmania and Victoria.' In connection with some remarks on the manners of the ladies he saw during his visit to those colonies, he enumerates the privileges which the chivalrous homage of men has conceded to women, with an emphatic warning that these privileges are only granted in deference to feminine weakness, and consequently, should women ever cease to be weak, this chivalrous homage will vanish, and all respect and reverence for womanhood die out of men's hearts.

Now let us briefly consider the worth of those privileges which the chivalry of Mr. Anthony Trollope, and

the men who hold his opinions, are willing to concede to women as long as they remain weak.

'Women all the world over,' says Mr. Trollope, 'are entitled to everything that chivalry can give them. They should sit while men stand. They should be served while men wait. Men should be silent while they speak.'

These are conventional rules which help to give grace and refinement to polite society; but which are seldom much observed in the privacy of domestic life, and certainly not at all by the great masses ignorant of 'culture, sweetness and light,' amongst whom a system of manners the very reverse prevails. Mr. Trollope, as a practised observer of social life, must also be aware that even in the most polished circles there are men whose outward observance of all the forms of chivalrous homage does not prevent them from treating those women who are under their control with the utmost injustice and tyranny.

But let us return to the list of women's privileges.

'They should be praised,' Mr. Trollope says, 'even without desert.' But here we must pause again, and ask, can it really be deemed a privilege, can it be anything but an insult and an injury to a woman to be praised when she does not deserve it?

'They should be courted,' Mr. Trollope continues, 'even without wit or beauty. They should be worshipped even without love.' The meaning Mr. Trollope attaches to these last two privileges requires some explanation, so we let them pass as high-

sounding phrases which might have had some reality behind them before 'Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away,' but never since.

'They should be kept harmless while men suffer. They should be kept warm while men are cold. They should be kept safe while men are in danger. They should be enabled to live while men die in their defence.'

Would any unselfish, true-hearted woman desire such privileges, or take advantage of them if she could possibly help it? Is it not undeniable that in all times of trial, women will strive to take upon them, and will gladly endure even more than their full share of pain and privation; bravely bear their part in men's perils and hardships; and heroically encounter every personal risk that they may alleviate men's sufferings, or lessen their dangers? Yet it is to women capable of such noble deeds of heroism as ancient chronicles, or modern histories, record, women among whom, in our own day, a Florence Nightingale and a Grace Darling have lived, and laboured, that Mr. Trollope offers the chivalrous homage of drawing rooms, and the ignoble boon of selfish ease and safety as privileges sufficient to satisfy all the needs and aspirations of

'A being breathing thoughtful breath,  
A traveller between life and death;'

—to women who have again and again proved their possession of those high qualities—

'The reason firm, the temperate will,  
Endurance, foresight, strength and skill,'

which Wordsworth ascribed to the 'Perfect Woman.'

Now let us turn for a moment to the *Essays of Elia*, and see on the essay on *Modern Gallantry* what Charles Lamb thought of that chivalrous homage which Mr. Trollope believes worth more to women than moral strength and intellectual enlightenment.

'I shall begin to believe,' says

Lamb, 'that there is some such principle influencing our conduct when more than one-half the drudgery and coarse servitudes of the world shall cease to be performed by women. Until that day comes, I shall never believe this boasted point to be anything more than a conventional fiction, a pageant got up between the sexes in a certain rank and at a certain time of life in which both find their account equally. I shall even be disposed to rank it among the salutary fictions of life when I shall see the same attentions paid to age as to youth, to homely features as to handsome, to coarse complexions as to clear, to the woman as a woman, not a beauty, a fortune, or a title.'

Since Lamb wrote, there has been much improvement in the legal and social position of women; but the boasted point of chivalrous homage remains the same conventional fiction it was then. Sensible and clear-sighted women know this as a matter of course, and are perfectly well aware that the drawing room superiority it allows to women has apparently been conceded as a compensation for inferiority everywhere else. They see that 'womanly weakness,' however much admired and revered in theory by every chivalric gentleman, gets little consideration in practice where the drudgery of the world and who is to do it comes in question; and, therefore, instead of cherishing this weakness as a 'sacred attribute,' they will try to get rid of it, and the faults that belong to it, as quickly as they can, sure that if through such conscientious efforts at improvement they lose chivalrous homage and all it professes to give them, they will find a reality far better than any fiction, however time-honoured and attractive, could ever be.

Weakness, in fact, can never be anything but a poor and pitiable negation. All the best things earth has to bestow, and the Kingdom of Heaven itself, are won by strength. Strength

of skill, energy, and endurance—strength of courage, hope and will, give that success in practical life before which the world bows down; strength of virtue, strength of intellect, strength of sympathy and love, strength in all things pure and noble, win 'honour, love, obedience, troops of friends;' the delights of knowledge, the joys of beneficence. Such strength commands no merely conventional and fictitious homage, but a respect sincere and spontaneous, unsullied by those baleful flatteries and poisonous insincerities which it degrades and corrupts men to give, as well as women to receive.

And now a few words about the phrase 'chivalrous homage.' It was not for her weakness, but for far other qualities, that woman was glorified in the days of chivalry. Was it not the heroic valour and strong soul of Joan of Arc, in combination with her maiden purity and noble beauty, that inspired the chivalry of France with such an enthusiasm of courage and devotion? Would England's chivalry, with Sidney at their head, have worshipped and adored a Queen whose womanly weakness was her only claim to their devotion as they worshipped and adored, the brave and strong-minded Elizabeth? And was it not the courage and high spirit, the force of will, and greatness of mind of the great Empress-Queen, as much as her youth and beauty, which conquered the reluctance of the haughty Hungarian nobles to be ruled by a woman, and filled them with that wild fervour of devotion which found voice in the cry, 'We will die for our King, Maria Theresa!'

It was to the chivalrous ideal of womanhood that chivalrous homage was paid, and this ideal was formed out of the highest conceptions of the power and influence of women over the destiny of mankind the ages had produced. It blended the image of the divine Venus of the early Greeks, the

eternal principle of beauty and love, with the Christian conception of Mary, the mother of Jesus, who, without desecration of her virgin purity, endured the pangs of motherhood, and through suffering, brought new life and redemption to the human race; intermingled with that grand heroic type of womanhood, as inspired poetess, prophetess, warrior and queen, of which examples are found in the legends and histories of all nations, and through which the women of the early Gothic tribes held so high and honourable a position.

When men fell from the lofty ideal of chivalrous knighthood, the chivalrous ideal of women fell also, and women ceased attempting to realize it in their lives. The large-minded heroic men of Queen Elizabeth's time were, through various phases transformed into the profligate fops and wits of the reign of the second Charles; and later still, into the coarser and brutal sots and sensualists of the Georgian era. In this downward course, the men were most dutifully followed by the women. The sexes are interdependent we know, and act and react on each other, but as women are the weaker, and have hitherto been under masculine control, they, like other poor dependants, naturally did their best to adapt themselves to the tastes and requirements of their lords and masters, and in so doing lost the respect and reverence which had once been given to them. A comparison between the exquisite strains in which the English poets of Elizabeth's reign sang of women's beauty and virtue, with the coarse sneers, heartless ridicule, insulting scorn and more insulting praise, bestowed upon the sex by men of such fine intellect and genius as Congreve, Prior, Pope, Swift, and Gay, would of itself suffice to prove this.

Out of the moral degradation in which contempt of women had its birth, both sexes have since emerged. Nearly all the great poets of the nine-

teenth century have treated women and the relations between the sexes in a pure and noble tone. Once more all that was best and highest in women found a generous recognition in men, and their minds grew larger, stronger, and more enlightened under the genial influences of sympathy and appreciation. Stimulated by such favourable circumstances, women have risen to greater heights of genius and intellect than ever before, and many, with a noble-self sacrifice, have devoted themselves to the task of raising to a higher level, the moral and intellectual standard of their sex. Yet it cannot be denied, that of late symptoms of an evil reaction have appeared, especially among the women of what is called 'Society.' Otherwise how could such a satire as 'The Girl of the Period' have found a place in the 'Saturday Review,' or such a character as Arabella Trefoil, in Mr. Trollope's 'American Senator,' been depicted by one who professes to draw from the life and manners of the day. And more conclusive still, how could certain popular novels by lady novelists, conveying the most odious and hateful, though apparently quite involuntary and unconscious, satire on the writers and on all their sex, have ever had an existence? This reaction has, no doubt, sprung from various causes; but past experience seems to prove that as long as women are taught to believe their chief end in life is to please men, their worth and dignity can never have a sound and secure foundation. They will always be tempted to seek their object by ignoble and debas-

ing means, and to sacrifice delicacy, truth and principle in the pursuit.

These women, who are now incurring so much ridicule and obloquy in their efforts to raise the position of their sex, do not ask for their clients anything so fanciful, capricious and unreliable as modern chivalrous homage. They know that, to the majority of women, even in the most civilised countries, it has no more existence than the laws and customs of Fairyland, and to the fortunate minority who are permitted to participate in its rites and ceremonies it is but a summer pageant, pleasant in the sunshine of prosperity, but vanishing before the cold blasts of adversity. The 'privileges' they ask for are, as they believe, far more important to the welfare and happiness of women in this workaday world than any which 'chivalrous homage,' even if it were a reality and not a pretence, could bestow, besides having the supreme merit of benefiting the whole sex, not one small class only.

It seems probable that, before long, their efforts will be rewarded with success, and woman will be permitted to occupy the place which, through all the obstacles that have opposed her progress, she has again and again proved herself capable of filling. That place is one in which she will be regarded as neither a slave nor a divinity—neither as domestic drudge, nor a drawing room idol; not raised on a pedestal over man's head, nor lowered to a footstool beneath his feet, but walking by his side, legally, politically, and socially his equal.

## ROUND THE TABLE.

## DRINK AS AN EXCUSE FOR CRIME.

SOME very painful thoughts are raised by the discussion which has lately taken place as to the pardoning of Ryan, the wife murderer, after he had spent a year or two in prison. With the action of the Executive I do not want to meddle; but I think we cannot too strongly reprobate the avowed sentiments of the temperance advocates who interested themselves in that cowardly culprits behalf.

I have long noticed a growing tendency on the part of judges, magistrates, moral statisticians of a certain class, and all the miscellaneous speakers of a Temperance Lecture Committee to attribute crime to King Alcohol, as they are pleased to call fermented liquors. To such a pass has this come that all the hatred and detestation inspired by the crime is gifted upon the head of the Alcoholic scapegoat, and the criminal himself, — poor blighted being! — only comes in for a good deal of pity. The sound old doctrine that drunkenness was an aggravation and not an excuse for a misdeed committed by a drunkard is forgotten. Listen to the *reductio ad absurdum* of this modern fungoid growth of sentimentalism, in the case of the man who brutally beat out his wife's brains:

'I am sorry,' says this interesting convert of the Teetotallers, 'that you did not know of my heavy drinking, which deranged my brain and resulted in the death of my dear wife.' In his prison this murderer looks at his crime as something quite apart from himself, no action of *his*, a deed done by the whiskey-bottle, not by his own hand. He can afford to express detestation of it, because (as his good friends tell him) the law which allowed him to drink whiskey is the real criminal. He becomes almost maudlin in his remarks about his '*amiable wife*.' 'No man could be happier with his wife and children' than he was, and as for himself,

what says he? I am a cruel murderer, — a savage, — a man whose hand is imbued with innocent blood? Oh! dear no! 'I am a *victim* to this dangerous traffic!' Cain and Abel have changed places, and Cain, forsooth, is the '*victim*!' He hopes no one will suffer as much as he has done — his nervous system is shattered; — his doctors tell him not to look back upon '*his misfortunes*.'

Remorse is bad; — but my theological friends must excuse me if I say that the deepest and most despondent remorse would be a wholesomer frame of mind for such a man to be in, than that self satisfaction of spirit which casts off its burden of guilt upon Alcohol, and sees nothing in the record of its past crimes but its own misfortunes and its own losses.

F. R.

## THE USE OF THE WORD 'FEATURE.'

It is not to be assumed that, in the course of our somewhat gossipy 'Table Talk,' we are to dare to undertake the onerous task of reforming the style of the *literati* of our country. Of course, not. Possibly the whole of us who surround this board, are not collectively capable of such an achievement. Still, it is probable that 'a thing or two' might be done, amongst us, in that way. At present, I beg leave only to make a few remarks upon the outrageous misapplication of only one word. Can you not, dear friends, do something in behalf of the much-murdered word, *feature*? According to the definition of one of the most approved English dictionaries, its literal meaning is 'the form, sign, or cast, of any part of the face; any single lineament.' When the *literary* meaning is so simple and so easily understood, one would suppose there could be little difficulty in perceiving where it could ever, with propriety, be *figuratively* applied. But what is there, either perceptible or conceivable, which

is not, in these times, called a 'feature?' This unfortunate word is made to do duty for almost every abstract, or collective, noun—nay, for almost every common noun, in the language. Whenever a writer of a certain class is at a loss for a name for any conception whatsoever, simple or complex, he is sure to call it—a *feature*. Do you doubt it? Take note for yourselves. I once had the curiosity, during my readings of the current periodical literature for a short period, to jot down the multitudinous meanings to supply which this abused word was misappropriated. The list would have made a more extraordinary exhibition than has ever been in any dictionary of any language. Whoever will be curious enough to try the experiment will be amused, and perhaps astonished, at the result.

This highly diversified and often very comical misapplication of the word in question, like some others which might be cited, indicates a gross indolence on the part of writers, who will not take the trouble to think what it really is that they do mean; and when thus at a moment's loss they say—*feature*. Then when writers of acknowledged reputation toss words about in this slovenly manner, of course those of lesser note follow the bad example. And when once a literary vice gets abroad, be it even the abuse of a single word, it would seem as if it were to prevail for ever. For instance, we may, every day, read of a "St. Petersburg." Where is St. Petersburg? Everybody in Russia probably knows, and every reader outside of it ought, by this time, to know the *locus* of *Petersburg*, built by and named for the Czar Peter I., who, whatever his other pretensions might have been, certainly never pretended to be a *saint*. But, among writers and speakers of English, *Petersburg* seems doomed to be 'St. Petersburg' forever. Still, may not the persistent desecration of *feature* be discontinued?

P. S. H.

#### CARDINAL NEWMAN AND 'TINEA.'

I WAS sorry to see in the last number of the MONTHLY that 'Tinea' loses temper in discussing the criticisms on Dr. Newman. He—I must say he this time—is evidently offended because I

used the words 'he or she' in speaking of his former article. It was the feminine sound of the name rather than the weakness of the argument that led me to suppose it might possibly be of feminine authorship. I had no thought of giving offence.

'Tinea' does not seem to be aware that the phrase 'glittering generalities' was first used by the present English Premier. The phrase has a very happy application to many of the large, sweeping expressions by which some writers reach conclusions that are at variance with the particular facts of the case. When Dr. Newman says that 'the Church has raised the condition of woman, destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy, &c.,' the phrase of Lord Beaconsfield applies exactly. In the latter two instances, especially, the statement is totally at variance with the facts, not only of history, but of the annals of the present time. One has only to consider the conduct of the Church to such philosophers as Roger Bacon, Galileo, Bruno and others, in the one case, and the fact that slavery and the slave trade still exist in the Spanish colonies, without any protest from the Church, in the other, to be satisfied of this. If 'Tinea's' suspicions, afterwards converted into certainty, that I do not know what a generality is, were not so overwhelmingly self-evident, he would see a very good instance in his own article, where he says, that 'emancipation was due to nothing so much as to the ever-increasing incongruity between slavery and Christianity.' This in face of the facts, that when Christianity had been in existence eighteen centuries, the worst system of slavery the world had ever seen was in full force, unrebuked by any of the churches—fallible or infallible—and that it still flourishes in what Dr. Newman, at least, would describe as the most Christian country in Europe.

Coming to the other quotation from Dr. Newman, 'the Catholic Church holds it better, &c.,' I spoke of it as being doubtful whether it was really part of the doctrine of the Church of Rome. I treated it as the expression of his own individual belief, and if I did not, as 'Tinea' says, proceed to criticize it 'not as being true to its particulars, but as revealing a state of mind, &c.,' it is because the idea is so monstrously untrue to its particulars that to any

sane mind, not possessed by priestly assumptions, it is wholly unnecessary to point it out. I have not been able to find out whether this doctrine is avowed by the Church of Rome. I do not think it probable; but, though it is, it may be founded on false generalities, just as much as if it were the private opinion of Dr. Newman. It is founded on a large, vague and reckless estimate of the value of the Solar System. The mere adoption of such an idea as a doctrine by a Church does not change its nature. 'Tinea' waxes strong on this point, and gets abusive in his language; a tolerably sure sign that the facts and arguments he sets out to combat are too obstinate to be disputed.

With regard to the trustworthiness of Lecky as a historian, it is well known that opinions differ very widely. My remarks were not much concerned with the value of his work as a history; as I said before, in testing the truth of the Cardinal's statement, I preferred to appeal to the annals of our own time, and these are amply sufficient for the purpose.

It is gratifying to see that 'Tinea' expends the most of his energies and his temper on the meaning of the word 'generality,' and on the position of the word 'and' in a sentence,—I should like to know why it comes in rather 'funnily';—the most his hypercritical ingenuity could do would be to show that it was superfluous. There does not seem to be anything remarkably funny in that.

Dr. Newman's statement of belief that the telling of an untruth by a human being is a greater evil than the destruction of the Solar System, with all the sentient life on it, is so extraordinary that it is to be hoped there are few of his admirers who, any more than 'Tinea,' would venture to defend it. Dr. Newman's writings have thrown a glamour over a certain class of minds, which prevents them dealing with realities, or seeing distinctly what is going on before their eyes. 'Tinea' is not aware that there is a new foundation for morality coming into sight; he thinks my seeing it 'looming up' is part of 'the most typical example of mental confusion that ever came to his notice.' Perhaps if he had given more attention to the current thought of his day, and less to the ridiculous attempts of Dr. Newman to revive Mediævalism, with

all its darkness and cruelty, he would have seen it 'looming up' too. It is 'looming up,' and its light will get stronger from year to year. At no distant day it will deliver men from the bondage of ecclesiasticism and superstition.

I am afraid the readers of the MONTHLY will get tired of the subject, or I would furnish some more instances to 'Tinea.' He may try, as in the former cases, to strip off a word here and there, but underneath he will find nuts of truth too hard for him to crack. I will only direct his private attention to the passage—I am sorry I have not the work by me to give chapter and page—where Dr. Newman lauds the Jews for the great service they have rendered to the world by their steadfast adherence to the doctrine of the Unity of God, seemingly oblivious entirely of the fact that the infallible Church has taken the lives of millions of them, for rejecting the doctrine of the Trinity! Also to another passage where he defines the nature and powers of conscience with such an amount of exaggeration and loose generality of expression as, I think, even 'Tinea' himself would decline to endorse.

The works of Dr. Newman have done much mischief in their time. They have influenced for evil a large class of minds; but their effects will be but temporary. He and they who think alike with him cannot put back the clock of time, or arrest the process of evolution. In the era which is just dawning, in the ever-increasing light and power of science, his works will soon be forgotten.

J. G. W.

#### FIRE-ARMS AND THEIR INDISCRIMINATE USE.

I THINK most of the readers of 'Round the Table' must have noticed the unusually great number of accidents—more or less serious, some of them fatal—which have resulted from the indiscriminate use of fire-arms during the past year. It is also a fact that the propensity, which almost every boy, sooner or later develops, to go out with a gun and shoot the first living thing he can hit, is seriously despoiling our woods and waters of our beautiful and innocent songsters and our water fowl. Some check must be put upon this evil, or we

shall soon have our woods almost lifeless wildernesses. Those who live in the country—during September and October more especially—are perpetually annoyed by the peppering of guns in the hands, not of true sportsmen, but of idle youngsters and loafers; and they even carry their destructive propensities so far as to try to hit birds and waterfowl from the decks of our passenger steamers.

Now is it not quite time that we should have some such restriction on this sort of thing as a *shooting license* would create? Suppose it were fixed at ten dollars—not an extravagant sum, I think—or even at five, none but *bona fide* sportsmen would take out licenses, and we should be spared the perpetual peppering of guns and the perpetual perusal of paragraphs describing the loss of life or limb by some careless or inexperienced marksman. I recommend this suggestion to the consideration of those who have the power to meet the evil by devising judicious legislation. Something must be done, and that soon, to save human as well as animal life from needless destruction. In my opinion, such a measure would, be far more reasonable, far more humane, and far more useful than is the present dog-tax, as it exists and is carried out in cities. Of course there is need for regulations which shall protect sheep from being destroyed by roving dogs, and also such as shall protect our streets from being infested by savage ones. But neither of these requirements is met by the present dog-tax, since the owners of savage dogs can, of course, protect their safety by the simple payment of one dollar—the sum charged for the smallest and most inoffensive canine pet. The tax is, moreover, I think, an unjust one. In this country there are few dogs which could be considered valuable as property; and the only other ground on which the tax could be defended—that of protecting the safety of the streets—is, as I have said, not covered at all by this tax. It is, I think, unworthy of a free country, and oppressive to the poor man, to say that no one shall have liberty to keep a dog, however harmless, without paying

a dollar for the privilege! I have seen it pleaded that the poor man has no right to keep a dog. I think the poor man, who has few enough friends, has a right to his faithful canine friend, provided he does not stint his children for its support. And the children, in most families, would willingly share their crusts with the affectionate playmate, which is often one of their few treasures, while the dog thrives well enough, in general, on the scraps and bones that fall from the children's table. But to pay a dollar for him is, in hard times, a different matter. No one who has ever seen and appreciated Landseer's exquisite picture, 'The Shepherd's Chief Mourner,' would grudge the poor man the privilege of keeping his dog. Besides this, the regulation as it exists, even in small places, is hardening and brutalizing. Village constables are, of course, ready enough to carry out the idea to an offensive and barbarous extreme when they can get half a dollar for every untaxed dog they can find; and village boys, and town boys too, are easily educated into cruelty when they find a poor unprotected animal on which they may wreak the instinct for torturing which lurks in so many of our youthful population. I saw, last summer, a mob of boys dragging about an unfortunate dog which had no fault but that of belonging to nobody, and which in its extreme inoffensiveness had permitted them to bind it with the ropes by means of which they were trying to haul it to a place of execution! Most of them were sons of 'respectable parents'; and the only boy, who interposed a protest against their barbarity, was a poor little boot-black. I have no hesitation in saying that if the dog-tax were abrogated and the tax on shooting licenses imposed in its place, the interests of both morality and physical safety would be very much promoted,—and we should get rid of what is certainly an anomaly in a free community. We do need regulations for the protection of sheep; but we need something much more effectual than the imposition of a tax upon dogs in general—great and small, savage and harmless alike.

F.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

*The Egoist*, a Comedy in Narrative; by GEORGE MEREDITH. No. 90 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1879.

It is seldom that the reader of modern novels comes across a tale that will bear reading twice. As a rule we are grateful if the first perusal proves attractive enough to make us persevere to the end; and, when we have finished, we pitch away the volume without the least desire to hear it spoken of again. This is most decidedly not the case with 'The Egoist.'

To be frank with our readers we must warn them that Mr. Meredith's style is peculiar, even to eccentricity. Some examples of its crabbedness we will give; but the worst (that is, the first chapter) is soon over, and, once fairly launched in the tale, we contrive to forget the author's mannerisms in the interest we take in his characters.

But the first question we shall be asked is as to the position Mr. Meredith occupies in fiction—what school does he belong to, in short? Upon the whole we should say he has formed himself, judging from this novel, upon George Eliot, and with more success than might have been expected. The whole scope of the plot is one in which our great authoress would have felt herself at home—the dialogue is conducted in her style,—and original thoughts are enunciated in a condensed and telling form which almost parodies the construction of George Eliot's sentences. On this last point we would give the following paragraph as an example: 'In the first gush of our wisdom drawn directly from experience there is a mental intoxication that cancels the old world and establishes a new one, not allowing us to ask if it is too late.' For similarity of characters we would compare Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson to the inimitable Mrs. Cadwallader, in 'Middlemarch.' Utterly different in their positions in life, their mental calibres are yet very similar, and

Mrs. Jenkinson says things that would fit the parson's wife admirably. Take her remarks on conversational powers: 'Delicate vessels ring sweetly to a finger nail. . . . most of the people one has at a dinner table are drums. A rub-a-dub-dub on them is the only way to get a sound. When they can be persuaded to do it on one another, they call it conversation.'

But it is on Sir Willoughby Patterne and Clara Middleton that the interest of the tale centres, and Mr. Meredith displays no ordinary powers in unfolding their characters to us. Sir Willoughby is one of those men who would have been passed by with disdain by the older novelists, as affording no opportunity at all upon which to exercise their art. His better qualities are all so patent. Good sensible people go on adoring him to the end of the book without shocking our sense of the probable. And yet a more confirmed egoist it would be impossible to conceive. He conducts himself with the greatest possible show of propriety and even of generosity, but the more he does this the more we gradually learn to detect and loathe his inward leprosy. The effect of this slow unveiling of his nature upon the delicate mind of Clara Middleton and her struggles to escape from her engagement with him, form the basis of the plot, which strongly reminds us of the position which Gwendolen and Harcourt occupy towards each other in 'Daniel Deronda.' It is only the modern novelist who can depict the villain of the piece masking his evil qualities with the cloak of gentlemanly conventionality, and putting his victims in the false position of knowing his baseness while unable to appeal to any outward manifestations of it. Of course, there is a vast difference between Clara and Gwendolen. Miss Middleton has none of the pride and little of the spirit of her prototype, she never sinks to such depths nor is she capable of rising so high. It is perhaps to this absence of pride that she owes her happier fate. But to do

justice to the long duel between Clara and her lover, we must refer the reader to the book itself.

Some specimens of our author's style remain to be given. Ladies may appreciate (certainly lovers and hair-dressers will) the minuteness which penned this description of the nape of our heroine's neck. 'This way and that way the little lighter-coloured irreclaimable curls, running truant from the comb and the knot—curls, half curls, root-curls, vine ringlets, wedding-rings, fledgling feathers, tufts of down, blown wisps,—waved or fell, waved over or up or involutedly, or strayed, loose and downward, in the form of small silken paws, hardly any of them much thicker than a crayon shading, cunninger than long round locks of gold to trick the heart.' There! one draws a long breath, and yet we did not begin any where near the true beginning of this sentence! And this, too, is thrown in over and above a long half column portrait of Clara, from which we learnt that her nose was 'not actually interrogative or inviting to gambols,' and that her hair merits the epithet (slightly unmeaning we are afraid) of 'winter-beechwood.' These little eccentricities can however be pardoned for the sake of the many felicities of diction which occur when Mr. Meredith deigns to be natural. What, for instance, could be neater than the expression (anent Sir Willoughby's voyage round the world)—'holding an English review of his Maker's grotesques.'? It is indeed when the author tries to force more weight into the matter than the argument will allow that he fails the most. The second chapter is one instance of this. It is headed 'Sir Willoughby,' but its real text is a remark of Mrs. Mountstuart Jenkinson's to the effect that he (Sir W.) has a leg. The different constructions and meanings put upon this curious remark afford scope for much ingenuity of an amusing, but misplaced description, ending in a passage out-Hugoing Victor Hugo himself. Still speaking of the leg, he says, 'And its shadows are an ambush, its lights a surprise. It blushes, it pales, can whisper, exclaim. It is a peep, a part-revelation, just sufferable, of the Olympian-God—Jove playing carpet-knight.'

Everything, however, "pales its ineffectual fires" before the diction of the Prelude. Such a sentence as this, "In-

ordinate unvaried length, *sheer longiniquity*, staggers the heart, ages the very heart of us at a view," certainly staggers us a little. 'Monstrous monotonousness has unfolded us as with the arms of Amphritite' is another good mouth-filler. And why the north of Scotland should be described as 'the last few poor *pulmonary* snips and shreds of leagues dancing on their toes for cold' passes our comprehension. But in spite of all these defects we can and do recommend this tale as one of the best novels we have seen for some time.

*The United States and the Dominion of Canada—Their Future.* By ALEXANDER MONRO. St. John, N. B.: Barnes & Co., 1879.

THIS is an 'annexation bray' from the Lower Provinces of the loudest kind that has yet been heard. If Mr. Monro is to be considered as speaking for the New Brunswickers and Nova Scotians, there is, to say the least, no uncertainty about the sound he gives forth. "These Provinces," he says, "are large producers of oats, potatoes, hay, butter, beef, cheese, eggs, farm stock, and other agricultural products. And all these products could be largely increased if there was any encouragement to do so. But surplus is a drug. However, we can use what we require at home, and for the want of a free market in the States, we can sell the remainder at half price. And our loyalty has also become a drug. It is this thing called loyalty that has kept the Dominion of Canada behind even a single State of the Union in the scale of progress."

It appears from the preface of the book that Mr. Monro has not always been an annexationist. In other works of his, such as, we presume, 'The History, Geography, and Productions of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island;' and, 'The History, Geography and Statistics of British North America,' he flattered himself and his readers with the pleasing idea that the country was capable of being formed into a nation: but this was the result of too easy belief in the official and other reports representing vast areas of unoccupied lands suitable for settlement in nearly all the Provinces and Territories of British North America. Wider observation and

experience gained by more extensive travel as a Surveyor and otherwise, led him to abandon this idea for another, viz., that we are geographically unfit ever to become a nation, indeed ever to become anything worth mentioning unless we become part and parcel of the Great Republic, as predicted by John Bright, whose glowing words on the great future before us, he quotes.

The main argument of the book, to prove the hopelessness of separate nationality, and the necessity and certainty of ultimate union with the States, is the extreme length, narrowness, and disjointed character of the cultivable land belonging to the Dominion. We have length without breadth. Our actual rear is not the North Pole, but the granite Laurentides, stretching from the valley of the St. Lawrence to the Red River of the North, a distance of 2,000 miles. All that we possess south of this iron wall consists of two small areas each about 10,000 square miles, the peninsula of Ontario, and part of the lower valley of the Ottawa, with part of the St. Lawrence valley. Besides these areas, there is no land to the South of the iron wall. "The great Laurentian region, except a few isolated spots, will ever remain outside the pale of habitable and food-producing country. \* \* \* The unfortunate position of this region of rocks so far south, or, in other words, the international boundary being so far north, can hardly be realized at present, especially in regard to the future of the Dominion of Canada."

But the Laurentides are not always in our rear, they turn at Lake Winnipeg and hide themselves in the arctic snows. What about the 1,000 miles extending from the Red River to the "Sea of Mountains" that make up British Columbia? Mr. Monro's description of this part of the Dominion, the most elaborate one he has given, will please, or would have pleased at one time, the Hudson's Bay Company. With the exception of the valley of the Red River, the unsurpassed fertility of which he admits, the vaunted fertile belt of the North West, with its arctic slope, treeless wastes, and grasshoppers, is a delusion and a snare. He quotes Archbishop Taché with approval, but Grant and Trow, Alexander Mackenzie, and the late Hon. Joseph Howe, he ranks among the "proud and boastful pioneers who have substituted

fiction for truth, and awakened hopes that can never be realized."

Mr. Monro's great mistake, though he may be correct in his physical geography, lies in the assumption that a nation cannot exist except on first-class soil. On these very Laurentides and along the narrow slip of worthless lands between them and the sea, the great American nation was born, and there its wealth and influence are still wielded. There is much in the book, however, from which we can hardly dissent, and its perusal must have a powerful effect on many readers.

*The Political Destiny of Canada, being determined by its Financial Policy.* Reprinted from the *Canadian Spectator*. By a British Immigrant of fifty-six years standing. Montreal, 1879.

THIS *brochure* which may be noticed in connection with the work above mentioned, as a future quota to the literature of the annexation question, deals chiefly with figures, showing the rapid accumulation of our national debt, its inevitable and probably enormous growth in the future, and the consequent utter hopelessness of our financial outlook, unless we join the Union. True or false, it is powerfully written, and will set people thinking.

*High Spirits: being certain Stories written in them,* by JAMES PAYN. No. 88 Franklin Square Library; New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

THESE amusing little tales, for they are all short, form capital reading matter for a holiday season. Mr. Payn has a genuine vein of humour, although he will pardon us for saying that it is not always of the deepest kind. Certainly his motto, taken from Oliver Wendell Holmes—"And yet I do not dare to write so funny as I can,"—appears a little inappropriate to us. We think Mr. Payn has written his funniest in these tales, even if by so saying we seem to arrogate to ourselves a greater knowledge of Mr. Payn's humour than he has himself. But the reason for our opinion is this, than even in these tales the author occasionally goes perilously near the verge of burlesque. The one

called "A Mediæval Mistake" will serve as an example, where an impossible peer, dating in the present century, apes the feudal baron, drinks "ypocras," eats porpoise, lampreys, beaver's tail, and peacock, and has in his four lovely daughters, to serve the pastry and offer the guests, golden finger cups.

It must not, however, be supposed that all the tales are like this. Most of them are stories of the present day, shortly and pleasantly told, although not tough enough in structure to bear vivisection by a critic.

The two last, "The Fatal Curiosity" and "The Cruise of the Anti-Torpedo" are the least interesting, the latter being in fact very commonplace. Among minor faults we may notice that "Jonathan Muggins, Q. C.," although a very vulgar man, would hardly put those magic letters after his signature at the end of an ordinary letter.

*Church Rambles and Scrambles*; by a Perambulating Curate. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1880.

MANY novelists have depicted types of clerical life and character, and generally with success. It would take too long to explain the causes which underlie the attraction in this quarter or which account for the absence of the usual percentage of failures in Clerical novels. Whether it is that there is something of a clerical nature in the outward embodiment of ministerial character which makes Rectors, Vicars, and Curates apter than the ordinary puppets on the show-board of modern fiction, we will not stay to inquire into, but will at once proceed to give some account of this, the latest, contribution to the light literature of the English Church.

'Church Rambles and Scrambles,' as the name would denote, do not plunge us into any very severe disquisition on theology or morals; nor do they lead us through the 'mighty maze' of a plot in search of a more or less problematical *denouement*. They are, in short, easily written, gossipy fragments, descriptive of clerical life and surroundings, from the stand point of an earnest Anglican Curate, whose knowledge of Canada gives him a somewhat broader view of things in general than falls to the lot of many of his brethren who have never crossed the narrow seas. The book

opens in England, and it is easy to see that the author has had considerable experience among the agricultural poor there. In fact, the most powerful passages of the work consist of descriptions of poor Gile's privations and uncomplaining heroisms. Here is a picture of a rainy day and what it entails on the farm labourer—our author remarking a little grimly that 'rainy days are many in England.'

'He plods along the road for three miles to his work, with a large hunch of bread and cheese and an onion in his pocket. In the evening he returns, his coat feeling somewhat like a wet sponge. How is it to be dried? Look at the bit of fire in the grate! You could put all the live coals in a quart pot. \* \* \* There is a rush-light on the table, whose flickering light reveals a damp stone floor. No wonder it flickers, for the sleety wind blows with searching power underneath the door. \* \* \* The man who has been wet all day crouches over the few red coals and is soon joined by his wife, when they both together help to keep the fire warm.'

A not less life-like and more amusing sketch is the study of the Curate, who can't bring himself to understand that sickness, want of food, and gloomy prospects can dishearten the ordinary rustic beyond the power of a tract to revive him. The conversation which this individual has with the cottager's wife, accusing her of lack of faith because she, not unnaturally, objects to the prospect of the landlord selling up her bits of furniture, is very characteristic. It is well wound up, too, by the hearty ejaculation of the relieved housewife. 'Oh, I wur glad when he went out o' house—I never knowed anybody talk more about 'appiness, but nobody ever made me more miserable. He wur always a bustlin' about. There sartinly was a zale about the man o' some sort, but I reckon it wur more in his shoes nor in his 'art.'

Some very sensible remarks on the difficult and delicate subject of those severe fits of religious depression to which finely wrought natures are often liable, may be mentioned as showing that our author can rise above some customary prejudices of his cloth. If a man believes he has committed the 'unpardonable sin,' and will not listen to ordinary fair argument, we quite agree that the best thing to be done is to call

in a skilled physician and 'shut out the patient from religious disputation.' Pray for the sufferer, by all means, continues our Curate, but *not* in his presence, as that would only foster the intensely morbid personal feeling which is at the root of the evil.

The latter part of the book transports the author and some of his favourite characters to Canada. We may be allowed to remark that some of his ideas savour a little of that Churchism which is, after all, nothing but sectarianism. Unless we much misread the drift of a passage in the volume, our author considers that young children should not be brought out to Canada unless we can be assured that they will be placed with families that attend the service of the Church of England. Better leave them in poverty in England, he considers, than run the risk of their going to swell the numbers of the Methodists or Presbyterians. As he is by no means unaware of the probable fate of these children if left at home, we must conclude that he has a very exaggerated idea of the evils of nonconformity.

In other matters too, the bias of the clergyman peeps out. We may be excused for saying that there is the true clerical *non-sequitur* involved in his ardent preference for astronomy over geology. The latter he considers is a debasing study of matter and tends to materialism. Apparently he fails to see the glorious orbs whose sweep and circuit he would have us study are composed of just such matter as the ground we crumble beneath our tread, and that the mind which fails to learn lessons of wonderment and humble awe from the study of the Earth's Crust will be as impervious to all the gentle influences of Arcturus and of Orion.

*The Parson o' Dumfrod.* By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. No. 87, Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

THIS is a disappointing tale. Mr. Fenn could have done better; and all his faults are intentional to the verge of criminality. He can work easily and effectively; and his command of dialect is considerable. With all these advantages, he deliberately proceeds to spoil his

tale by constructing it upon a burlesque basis. For it is nothing less than burlesque to introduce such a character as Sim Slee, the Trades Union leader and professional agitator. However amusing the man may be, it is simply absurd to imagine that any body of English workmen would submit to the leading of such an arrant wind-bag and coward as Slee is. It has been the fashion of late to write novels about strikes and lock-outs; and the master-spirit on the side of the strikers is usually depicted a stereotyped braggart like Slee. But if the unionist is an unnatural character, his protagonist, Richard Glaire, the owner of the foundry, is simply impossible. Coward is too good a name for him; he is utterly and irredeemably base, treacherous, revengeful and dastardly. In real life, no one could 'abide him' (in homely parlance); but here he gets on fairly enough, and is only jilted at the altar by the heroine. Then there is the muscular and extremely unconventional parson, who gives his name to the tale. He is good but broad, very broad; and his breadth is perpetually asserting itself so as to 'scrooge' the other characters considerably at times. The book can be read, for the tale in itself is lively; but, for reasons we have given, it affords no real satisfaction.

*Family Creeds.* A Romance; by Wm. McDONNELL. Belfords, Clarke & Co., Toronto and Chicago.

It will be well for the world when it learns what this thoughtful book professes to teach, that the jangle of creeds tends to human misery. Whoever reads the work will doubt of ever finding comfort or an object to live for, in the profession or defence of theological dogmas, unrelieved by the spirit of Christianity.

THE CANADIAN ACADEMY OF ARTS. Its Constitution and Laws. Ottawa, 1879.

IN one of the of the latest speeches he delivered, before leaving Ontario, Lord Dufferin congratulated the Ontario Society of Artists upon the good fortune which was sending out to this country, in the person of the wife of the new Governor-General, an accomplished modelist and sculptor, and an artist of considerable experience with pencil and

brush. The practical proof, of this anticipated good fortune, lies to some extent within the covers of the little pamphlet now before us.

It remains, of course, to be seen how far the Canadian Academy of Arts will carry out the intentions of its projectors and patrons.

The methods by which the Academy desires to promote the encouragement of Design and Art Education are announced to be, the institution of a National Gallery, the holding of periodical and peripatetic Exhibitions, and the establishment of Schools of Art and Design. The body of the Society is to consist of forty Academicians, and an indefinite number of Associate Academicians, and the governing body consists of a President, Vice-President, Council and General Assembly. The Council is made up of twelve academicians taken in rotation, six going out of office every year, and it has power to make by-laws subject to the approval of the General Assembly (which meets once a year), and to the approbation of the Governor-General. We may here mention that considerable power is reserved to the Governor-General who is, *ex officio*, a sort of superintending head to the Institution. How this is to work, when a Philistine may come to sit in the Governor-General's chair, may well be doubted, and a keen imagination

might almost picture a constitutional crisis over the grave question whether the Governor's discretion should be exercised with or without the advice of his constitutional ministers. While mentioning this, which may be considered by some a defect, we would also draw attention to the somewhat unnecessary prodigality of resource which has endowed our infant Academy, in addition to the ordinary Professors, with an Antiquary, a Professor of Ancient History, and a Professor of Ancient Literature, officials who, we may safely predict, will be more ornamental than useful.

Annual exhibitions are to be held in rotation at the following cities: Ottawa, Halifax, St. John, Quebec, Toronto and Montreal, one feature of which is to be the Loan Exhibition, by no means the least interesting one, if well managed and cordially supported. One regulation we cannot too much recommend, although it will fall heavily on the ears of some of the exhibitors in Fine Art Departments at the Local Shows. 'No needlework, artificial flowers, cut paper, shell-work, models in coloured wax, or *any such performances* shall be admitted into the Exhibition.' With these words of good omen for the future of Canadian Art, we wish good-speed to the new Academy.

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## MUSIC.

THE MUSICAL RECORD of the month of January in Toronto has been very slender. A few minor concerts were all that local effort was able to produce, while visiting performances were limited to the Remenyi Concert, on Friday the 23rd, which in some of its features was an event that will long dwell in the memory of music-lovers. Edouard Remenyi, like many others who are to-day foremost in the ranks of musical *virtuosi*, is a Hungarian, and has a romantic history. He presents one of the many instances where a passion for music has

broken down all trammels of wealth and position, and has driven its possessor to the ever-fascinating platform. The great promise of his youth, through and after the stirring events of 1848, was abundantly matured and fulfilled by earnest and conscientious study; and Remenyi now comes before the Cis-atlantic world as a violinist whose style of playing and whose tone are singularly pure and free from mannerisms and eccentricities. His bowing is correct and quiet to the last degree, and gives one the idea that he is always husbanding his resources. It is

slow, but produces a full, broad tone, whether loud or soft, and from its very slowness, gives him a command over the shading and phrasing that enables him to produce instantaneous contrast without apparent physical effort. His power of tone is marvellous; at times the volume of sound produced by the violin in *forte* passages rises above and completely overpowers *fortissimo* chords on the piano in the accompaniment. His *pianissimo* passages, again, are wonderfully distinct, and always full, rich and melodious, while such *diminuendos* were never heard here before. Long, exquisite gradations of tone, brought the sound almost to nothingness, and to the last vibration the same fullness of tone prevailed. His execution is complete, and entirely free from any appearance of physical effort. His double stopping was wonderfully true, and varied, while his harmonics were brilliant, full and round, and never out of tune; they were of a strength and breadth that suggested the flute rather than the violin. Critics have been divided in opinion as to whether his power of interpretation of the compositions and ideas of others, or his own individuality were the most predominant, but in his performance in Toronto it was unquestionable that the colouring was Remenyi's. His power of expression is so great and diverse that he can give more variety in his interpretation than most other violinists, and he probably supplies effects that lay in the minds of the composers, but which have not found expression at their or their followers' hands. It is difficult to judge the correctness of an artist's taste in embellishing the compositions of others when that artist is to be heard only *one* evening, and when he is naturally expected to exhibit all his powers of *technique* at the same time, and it is especially difficult when the artist has such infinite resources as Remenyi displays. His very desire to please an enthusiastic audience leads him to give not only every bar, but every single note its fullest expression, and one leaves the concert with this heartfelt satisfaction, that if Remenyi does ornament the composer's work, he gives you nothing superficial or purposeless. Every sound and every shade you hear create the impression that they were absolutely essential to the correct and complete rendering of the number played. The programme announced

by Herr Remenyi consisted of 1. Ernst's 'Otello Fantasia'; 2. A selection of Heroic and Lyric Hungarian melodies; and 3, Nos. 21 and 24 of the Paganini studies. In his rendering of the first number, all his power, pathos and expression were exhibited when he played over the beautiful theme, indeed through all his work runs a soft, not unhappy sadness that can only be called *Schwer-muth*. It was the finest *legato* passage ever played in Toronto. The immense audience clamoured for re-appearances, after each performance of Herr Remenyi, the applause was loud and long; in fact no artist but Jenny Lind and Nilsson ever had such receptions here. Herr Remenyi good naturedly responded in the most generous manner. In answer he played at various times: a setting of Schubert's 'Serenade'; 'Auld Robin Gray'; 'The Campbells are coming'; 'The Carnival of Venice'; 'God Save the Queen,' and the Hungarian National Anthem. He was ably supported by Herr Julian Heinze, a pianist of no mean order, and an accompanist of rare merit. Herr Heinze's accompaniments deserve more than a passing word; they were truly artistic, full yet never obtrusive,—characteristics as rare as they are necessary to a perfect performance. Of the remainder of the support, little that is good can be said. Mrs. Emma C. Thurston (a name that sounds suspiciously like Emma C. Thurstby!) is a lady who is both in voice and method quite unfit to accompany such an artist as Remenyi. The same may be said of Mr. Edmond de Celle (!), the tenor.

The Y. M. C. A., under whose auspices this Concert was given, deserve the greatest credit for their enterprise in giving Toronto such an excellent treat, and it is to be hoped that their future efforts in this direction will meet with the same financial success as rewarded them in this instance. It is expected that they will arrange with the great pianist Rafael Joseffy, for a Concert during February. Among other events to come off during the month, is a concert on the 2nd, at which Miss Thurstby will appear, assisted by Herr Frauz Rummel, a pianist whose reputation is world-wide, and who met with a hearty reception at the Philharmonic Society's Concert during the visit of the Princess Louise last summer. On the 5th the Philharmonic Society perform

Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' which they have been rehearsing for some months; and on the 6th the St. George's Church Glee Club give their second Concert.

Lovers of the Drama will be pleased

to learn that the Grand Opera House will re-open on Monday the 9th February, with Miss Neilson in 'As You Like It.'

CROCHET.

## THE 'MONTHLY'S' SCRAP-BOOK.

WHAT is man? 'A pinch of phosphorus and a bucketful of water,' answers a German Chemist.

Said an author to Douglas Jerrold, 'Mr. Jerrold, I understand that you have told Mr. Blank that my last book was the worst I ever wrote.' The reply came swiftly: 'No, I did not; I told him it was the worst book anybody ever wrote.'

The *Congregationalist* tells of a washerwoman who, being commended by her pastor for her regular attendance and close attention at church, said, 'Yes, after my hard week's work is done, I git so rested to come to church, and sit and think about nothin?'

An aged lady thinking she was dying, said in a penitential mood: 'I've been a great sinner for more than sixty years, and didn't know it.' To which her old negro servant, who had lived with her from childhood, responded: 'Good gracious, I knew it all the time!'

'Your handwriting is very bad indeed,' said a gentleman to a friend more addicted to boating than to study: 'you really ought to learn to write better.' 'Ay, ay,' replied the young man, 'it is all very well for you to tell me that; but if I were to write better, people would find out how I could spell.'

'Man alive,' exclaimed the Judge, in a heated discussion of a tangled theological point with his friend, 'I tell you, you are a free agent. You do not have to obey any one.' 'Yes,' said Mr. Goodman, meekly, 'but I do, though.' 'Who?' shouted the Judge, 'who?' 'My wife, her two sisters and the baby,' bowed the good man, meekly triumphant.

Queer women they had two hundred and fifty years ago. A writer in *Notes and Queries* says that there yet remains to be seen on a pane of glass at Little Moreton Hall, in England, the following distich, cut with a diamond, and dated 1621:—

"Man can noe more knowe woman's mynde by  
teares,  
Than by her shadow judge what clothes shee  
weares."

Said the Rev. John Brown to his theological students: 'Young men, you need three things to make you good ministers—learning, grace, and common sense. As for learning I will try and set you in the way of it; as for the grace ye must always pray for it; but if ye have not brought the common sense with you, ye may go about your business.'

The sun comes up and the sun goes down,  
And a hundred jokes are the same as one;  
The paragraph fiend and the circus clown  
Sigh for a find of new-laid fun.

Oh, little we reck of the moonlit gate,  
Of the apple green and the noisesome dun;  
For the hours fly by while the printers wait,  
And a hundred jokes are the same as one.

And what is it all when all is done?  
A joke is the same in a thousand climes;  
Here, fill up my column with reckless run,  
Set up this joke a hundred times.

A Glasgow mason finding it necessary to flit, resolved to do so some nights before the term, and got assistance from a chum to carry the scheme into operation. While the two were carrying an eight day clock down stairs they accidentally made some noise, which brought out the landlord, who lived in the same flat. The mason, getting a glimpse of his

lordship's night-cap, with great presence of mind cried out to his fellow, 'Hold up the man's head or he'll choke!' The landlord, thinking a drunken man was getting a carry, quietly withdrew, and the procession marched past.

Writing to the editor of an English magazine, Mr. Ruskin gives utterance to the following characteristic dehortation:—'Young men have no business with politics at all; and when the time is come for them to have opinions, they will find all political parties at last resolve themselves into two—that which holds with Solomon that a rod is for the fool's back, and that which holds with the fool himself that a crown is for his head, a vote for his mouth, and all the universe for his belly.'

Brown (picking up a volume from club table): "Ulo! what's this!—'Is Life Worth Living?' What do you say, Jones?" Jones: "H'm! it depends. If I'm going to have curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, yes! If I've had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, no! But I've not had curried lobsters and Welsh rabbit for supper, you see; and, what's more, I'm not going to. So I give it up!" Brown: "So do I!" (Exeunt, each to his respective business or pleasure, as the case may be.)

Be and continue poor, young man, while others around you grow rich by fraud and disloyalty; be without place or power, while others beg their way upward; bear the pain of disappointed hopes, while others gain the accomplishment of theirs by flattery; forego the gracious pressure of the hand, for which others cringe and crawl. Wrap yourself up in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If you have, in such a course, grown weary, grown grey with unblemished honour, bless God and die.

Says an English critic:—'When a bride goes to the altar conscious that she has played out all her trumps and lost the game for power, much of what the French call *l'impreu* of marriage is gone and the girl feels that she is simply entering upon a humdrum state of life, whose petty miseries and general dreariness are known to her beforehand. If, on the other hand, it is the bridegroom who feels that he is about to enter into domestic bondage, his face may possibly

not wear that serene expression which one is glad to see upon a wedding day.'

First Pagan, then Christian—this is the text on which the Calcutta comic paper preaches to its fellow religionists.

Soldiers, yours the work of vengeance!  
 Slow to spare and swift to slay  
 Be your arms when next the Afghan  
 Shall confront you in the fray.  
 Let your father Viking's fierceness  
 Quell all thoughts of mercy, say  
 To the dotards who would stop ye,  
 We are Odin's men to-day.  
 Thor and Odin against Mahomet  
 Till the accursed walls are flat;  
 Till our comrades' bones are rescued—  
 We'll be Christian after that.

The following conversation between a senior and an inquisitive freshman, says the *Amherst Student*, was overheard on East street the other evening. Freshman (confidentially): "I say, Smith, didn't you find Greek plaguey hard when you were a freshman?" Senior (nonchalantly): "Greek? No; Greek came pretty easy to me." Freshman (awestruck): "What! Didn't you find Greek hard?" Senior (meditatively): "Hold on. Lemme see. Greek! Is Greek the stuff with the funny little crooked letters!" Freshman (in astonishment): "Why, yes!" Senior (emphatically): "Oh! yes. Greek was deuced hard!"

Teetotallers would have us believe that alcoholic drinks are poisonous. Without giving an opinion on this physiological question, we would rather refer the matter to the famed eccentric Doctor Abernethy when consulted by a worthy Scot on a kindred subject, the use of narcotics—"Tell me, doctor, does tobacco, or snuff, or ardent spirits, injure the brain?" "Nay, verily," said the eccentric M. D. "Weel, I'm real glad at that," said the querist, "for I like a bit snuff among hauns, an' whiles a draw o' the pipe, an' when it's wonerfu' could I'm fond of a bit nedfu o' spirits." "Well," said the fun-loving doctor, "Drink, smoke, and snuff as much as you like, neither of these things will injure your brain, for I never saw a man that had any brains use any of the specified articles of poison."

Soon after the late Salmon P. Chase assumed the gubernatorial chair in Ohio, he issued his proclamation appointing a Thanksgiving Day. To make sure of being orthodox, the Governor composed

his proclamation almost exclusively of passages from the Bible, which he did not designate as quotations, presuming that every one would recognise them, and admire the fitness of the words, as well as his taste in their selection. The proclamation meeting the eyes of a democratic editor, he pounced upon it at once, declared that he had read it before—he couldn't exactly say where; but he would take his oath that it was a downright plagiarism from beginning to end! *That* would have been a pretty fair joke; but the next day the republican editor came out valiantly in defence of the governor, pronounced the charge false and libellous, and challenged any man living to produce one single line of the proclamation that had ever appeared in print before.

It would be idle for any one, standing beside his strawberry-bed in June, to try to determine how much of its matchless flavour the scarlet fruit owed to a congenial soil, how much to moist mulchings, how much to timely showers, how much to the kissing of the sunshine. Yet that would be an easier task than to determine the relative potency of the multitude of influences that have a hand in shaping personal character. We are apt to think that sermons and lectures and newspapers and Bible-classes and mass-meetings and magistrates must do most of the work of making men and women what they ought to be. We have great faith, nowadays, in machinery. But, if it were possible to pick out all the interwoven influences that have given form and colour to the fabric of personal character, probably every one of us would be surprised to see how much, in his own case, what is due to the life and character of the men and women whom he has known—men and women, too, who never exhorted him or elbowed him, but simply lived their faithful lives before him.

Here is a true and amusing story of the 'distress' in Ireland. The landlord is sitting in his library collecting such of his rents as he can secure, and there enters to him the occupier of a small farm. 'So you have come to pay your rent, Flanagan?' he asks. Flanagan sighs heavily, and assumes an aspect of deep distress. 'Shure, your honour, the times is cruel hard, and it's wanting

to do my duty I am, but it's a mighty difficult thing to scrape a few pounds together,' he answers. 'Well, and what do you propose to do, Flanagan?' 'Well, your honour, I wish it was my rent I could pay, the whole £15 of it; but scrape and scrape as I might, it is only the £10 note I could get together, and I had to sell the pigs to make that.' Flanagan exhibited the note; but is reluctant to part with it, and looks at it lovingly, though he cannot read the inscription. 'That's all I could find by all of pinching and scraping, your honour, and I was hoping that, seeing how bad the times is, your honour might be plazed to forget the rent for the half year, for the crops is nothing, and it's buying everything I'll have to be.' The landlord, however, stretched out his hand for the note. 'Times are hard, Flanagan, as you say, though your crops are scarcely as bad, I fancy, as you make out. I'm afraid I must take the £10, but I'll give you the change. You have taken the wrong note out of your cash box; this one is for £100!'

A writer in one of our weekly cotemporaries who signs himself 'Jack Spratt,' contributed the following to his paper a week or two ago. Under its grotesque garb there is more truth and true feeling than often appears under finer forms of writing:—'Yes, I know Young Mugby. He was a good plucked 'un, he was. He commenced life with 'osses an' cabs at fifteen, and he died las' week at twenty-seven. No, it ain't long for a man to work, but that Young Mugby did work. He worked among all o' his mates, and got 'em to insure their lives, and to join heaps o' benefit sossieties. An' he wur about the best cabby as I know; that's the reason, sir, as 'ow you see so many cabs a-following him to his grave.'

He wor only a cabby, you know, sir,  
An' never lived out o' the rank,  
But he kinder like ruled just a king, sir,  
And he knew he wor right as the Bank;  
For if ever a old whip wor dying,  
With nothing to leave to his boys,  
He'd send for Young Mugby, an' sighing,  
Say, "Find 'em in grub and in toys."

And he worn't but so-so a scholar,  
But he allus was gentle to all;  
Though his Christianity worn't on the holler,  
He ever wor good to grief's call;  
An' he told us to save and be careful,  
So now up aloft as he's gone;  
We're 'oping he's driving God's brougham,  
A-singing a cab-angel's song