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BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SOTHERNE LETTER-BAG.

"ERNESTINE," said Mrs. Blair to that talented damsel, during the course of the same day that Colonel Fleming had so suddenly left Sotherne Court. "Ernestine, you are looking very pale."

"Thank you, madame, my health is quite good."

"That makes no difference," persisted her mistress. "You are looking very pale, and I am not at all easy about you."

Here Mademoiselle Ernestine's gifted nature asserted itself, and she perceived that it was her duty to be pale and ailing.

"Oui, madame, perhaps I am a little souffrante; I have had some aches in my head."

"Exactly so, Ernestine; and it is plain that you do not get enough fresh air; you want exercise, my good girl—a walk every day."

"Madame is very kind—but I have not much time for a promenade."

"Not during the day, perhaps; and that brings me to what I wish to say; I should like you to take a good brisk walk in the morning before you call me."

"Madame!" exclaimed poor Ernestine with rather a blank face at the prospect of an earlier rise from her much-loved bed.

"Don't interrupt me; it is dull I know for you to walk out so early without any companion or any object, but you might go along the high road; it is always dry that way; and then when you meet the postman you can come back, and if you like to take the bag from him, and bring it to me, to take my letters out, it will give you some little interest to go out for—and, Ernestine, you are a good girl, and I am very pleased with you. Look here! I have put out that black silk mantle of mine for you; it will make a nice jacket, and there is a bit of real lace on it, which I will give you too."

"How very amiable you are towards me, madame!" exclaimed the delighted maiden, as she took up the silk mantle.

"I am quite sure that an early walk will do you all the good in the world; there is nothing like the morning air.'

"Thank you, madame; and shall I begin to-morrow?"

"Certainly, I should like to see some roses in your cheeks as soon as possible. Here, put some scent on this handkerchief, and give me my gold eyeglass—that is all I want just at present; you may go now."

* Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & Co. in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

Ernestine fully comprehended what was required of her. She carried off the silk mantle, which was almost new, and a very handsome present to give to a maid, and prepared herself honestly to fulfil her part of her bargain.

She understood that Mrs. Blair wished to have the first sight of the letter-bag; and she probably guessed that it was her object to find out whether Miss Blair received any letters from the departed Colonel Fleming.

Further than that, to do her justice, Ernestine's suspicions did not go.

It was the custom at Sotherne for the letters to be left at the lodge-gate about eight o'clock in the morning, by the walking postman, whence they were daily fetched by James the footman. Higgs the butler was supposed to keep the key; and when the letter-bag arrived, it was his duty to open it, and distribute the servants' letters to them, and then to lay the rest on the dining-room sideboard, save only Mrs. Blair's, which Ernestine always carried off to her mistress's room.

But Higgs, like many other good servants who have been long in their masters' confidence, was rather spoilt and lazy; he was fond of shirking as many of his lesser duties as he found he could, without detriment to his own dignity or his mistress's interests, hand over to the rather meek-spirited footman. Amongst other little duties, that of opening the post-bag, and distributing its contents, had of late years been completely entrusted to James.

The bag arrived just when Mr. Higgs was most comfortably enjoying his breakfast and his morning talk with Mrs. Pearse in the housekeeper's room. Higgs was fat, and Higgs was also getting old and lazy; it was therefore considerably easier, simpler, and less troublesome to himself in every way to give up the key to James; and, as he fetched the bag from the lodge, to let him also open it and distribute the letters.

Now, if there was one duty which James hated and detested above all other duties, it was that of fetching the post-bag from the lodge. Every morning, wet or dry, fine or foul, he had to trudge out after "them dratted letters," as he elegantly expressed it; and as his own correspondence was of an exceedingly limited and most unexciting nature, being chiefly composed of bills for tobacco and beer from the village public-house, and petitions for money from a drunken old mother whom filial duty commanded him to support, he was not very much interested in its contents.

These sentiments, being freely spoken and concisely expressed pretty frequently before his fellow-servants, were well known to Mrs. Blair's French maid.

She also knew—for trust a woman, above all a Frenchwoman, to discover such matters—that James was consumed with an absorbing passion for hérself. Acting upon the knowledge of these two facts, Ernestine set to work to make an unconscious instrument of her admirer.

"Monsieur Jams," she said to him, with her sweetest smile, "do you not dislike very much to fetch the bag with the lettres?"

"Ay, that I do, mam'zell," answered her swain, earnestly; "it just takes me off when everyone else is beginning their breakfasts, having to fetch them blessed letters; and if there's one thing I can't abear, it's not being able to sit down comfortably to my meals."

"Well, look at this, Jams—I will fetch it for you for a few days."

"You, mam'zell!"

"But yes. I have given a dress to Mrs. White, the woman at the lodge, to make for me, and I wish to go and see how she does do it every morning; and if you will give me the key, I will go fetch the bag at the same time."

"The key!" repeated James, rather dubiously; "well, I don't know about that—I don't know as I ought to give you the key."

"Oh, yes, give me the key, for I expect a letter from a friend in Paris—what you call a lovere; but he is dying," she added quickly, seeing that James looked as firm as adamant at the mention of a rival.

"Ah, he's dying! Are you sure of that?" he said, with a gleam on his face at the melancholy news.

"But yes, he dies, and perhaps he leaves me some money."

"Ah, Ah!" with a delighted grin.

"Yes; and if he do, I can perhaps marry myself to one—whom I love much better;" and here Mademoiselle Ernestine glanced at her admirer with a most telling *œillade*, and then looked coyly down at the corner of her apron. "So you see, Monsieur Jams,

I am in impatience to see the lettres; so please give me the key."

"You mustn't let out to Higgs, then," said the enraptured footman, clasping his beloved's hands, "and you must give me a kiss."

"If you give me the key," said Ernesine, who had been prepared to use bribery and corruption.

The kiss was submitted to, and Ernestine walked off triumphantly with the key in her pocket.

"Qu'ils sont donc bêtes, ces hommes! Mon Dieu! qu'ils sont niais!" she muttered to herself as she went upstairs; and it must be confessed that, as far as James was concerned, she had some cause for her sweeping condemnation of the male sex.

The following morning Ernestine entered Mrs. Blair's bedroom soon after eight o'clock, triumphantly bearing the letter-bag and the key. That she had previously opened it and carefully looked over the contents herself, and then locked it up again, was of course a proceeding to which, under the circumstances, she considered that she had a perfect right, but which she did not think it necessary to impart to her mistress.

Mrs. Blair eagerly turned the key and tumbled out all the letters over the bedclothes.

But there was nothing whatever to reward her curiosity; her own letters were only bills, and there were three for Juliet—one from Mr. Bruce, one from Georgie Travers (an answer probably to an invitation to lunch, which she knew Juliet to have sent to her), and the third was either a bill or a circular; there was certainly nothing from Colonel Fleming. She replaced all the letters, and Ernestine gravely took the bag from her hand, and carried it downstairs to James, who proceeded to distribute the contents as usual, and who was brought to acknowledge that it certainly made no difference who fetched it, and that he much enjoyed eating his breakfast undisturbed. A second and third morning Ernestine, undaunted by the wind and rain, sallied forth wrapped in her waterproof cloak down to the lodge, and still there had been nothing to reward her energy nor satisfy her mistress's curiosity. But on the fourth day, when the girl brought in the bag, she knew perfectly well, by a previous inspection, that there was a letter from Colonel Fleming to Miss Blair inside it. Mrs. Blair saw it, and pounced upon it the instant she opened the bag; it was impossible to mistake the large bold handwriting with which she was perfectly familiar, even had the crest and monogram on the seal been wanting to make assurance doubly sure.

She hastily slipped the letter under her pillow, waiting till Ernestine's back was turned towards her whilst she was pulling up the blinds and arranging the window curtains, to do so; then taking out her own letters, she gave the bag back into her hand, and sent her away.

The instant she was alone, Mrs. Blair sprang out of bed, and, wrapping her dressing-gown around her, carried her prize to the light of the window.

Without a moment's hesitation she broke the seal, unfolded the letter, and began hastily reading through all poor Hugh's passionate love-words. She had but just finished it when she heard Ernestine coming along the passage with her hot water. She had only time to tear the letter once across, and throw it hastily on to the fire, when the door opened. The envelope and one torn half fell on to the blazing coals, and were rapidly consumed: but the other half, unseen by Mrs. Blair, fluttered aside, and slipped down behind the coalscuttle, where it remained between that household article and the wainscot, completely hidden.

"I did not ring," said Mrs. Blair sharply to Ernestine, for she was angry at her untimely entrance.

"N'est-ce pas, madame? Ah, I beg pardon, I heard a bell: it must have been Mademoiselle Blair's bell; and I thought it was yours. Will you wait madame, or shall I bring you your bath, as the hot water is here?"

Ernestine was not unmindful of the blazing papers on the fire, upon which she kept one eye whilst she spoke. Her entrance, it is needless to say, was not in the very least accidental; but had been, on the contrary, very carefully planned by her from the moment when she had ascertained that the letter for which her mistress was on the look-out had arrived.

She set about her duties of dressing and waiting upon Mrs. Blair with alacrity, and it was whilst bustling actively about the room that she caught sight of a small corner of white paper sticking out behind the coal-scuttle.

When Mrs. Blair had completed her dressing and left the room, Ernestine flew to the coalscuttle, and triumphantly drew forth the torn half-sheet of Colonel Fleming's letter.

"Ah, mais c'est trop fort!" she muttered, with a slight compunction for Juliet. "I would never have imagined she would have opened it and then burnt it. Ah, but it is shameful to that pauvre demoiselle!"

But, in spite of her compunctions, Ernestine did her best to decipher the mutilated letter, although, owing to her imperfect education, and to its fragmentary condition, she was not able to make out as much of it as she would have liked.

"I will keep him! he will be useful to me some day," she said to herself, as she carefully folded it up and put it in her pocket. Then she carried it upstairs to her own room, and wrapping it in a piece of silver paper, locked it up in a little cedar-wood money-box, side by side with her last quarter's wages, a packet of love-letters, chiefly in French, a withered bunch of violets given her by Adolphe, her first love, who had gone for a soldier and died in Algeria, and a pair of gold and pearl earrings, her greatest treasures, which, being very handsome, and having been presented to her by a French count, she was afraid to wear openly in the sterner moral atmosphere of an English family.

Meanwhile Juliet was waiting and watching day after day for that very letter, of which one-half lay upstairs in that box in the French lady's-maid's attic bedroom, and the other half was in ashes in Mrs. Blair's fire-place. She was too proud to show her anxiety; she would not send for the letters to her bedroom, but every day she got up a little sooner, and hurried downstairs to see what the morning's post had brought her, every day to meet with a fresh disappointment.

At first she was so full of hope, that when his letter did not come she hardly made herself unhappy: she felt so sure he would write to her, so certain that he would keep his word. But when day after day passed and brought her no word, no sign from him, her heart began to be very heavy. She read and re-read the little note he had written to her before he left, and tried to comfort herself afresh with the assurance of that letter which he had promised to write to her. It was impossible, she said to herself, that he could break his word! But she began to get restless and impatient; she could settle to nothing: all her ordinary occupations and duties became hateful to her; she could take no pleasure in any of them. She began to torment herself with all sorts of horrible conjectures. Could he be ill? she wondered; or, good heavens! had there been any railway accidents the last few days in which he might have been disabled, or possibly worse? and a hundred ghastly fancies and imaginations haunted her from morning till night.

Every day she longed ardently for the next to come, and when the next day dawned, it brought her still nothing—nothing.

Everyone knows the miserable suspense of that watching and waiting for news that will not come, that hope deferred which maketh the heart sick. Juliet tried to call pride to her aid; but although she said to herself, over and over again, that if he did not care, neither would she—that it was unworthy of her to waste tears and sighs on a man who could care for her so little as to leave her so heartlessly, that he could not be worth her love who treated her so cruelly—although she said these things to herself a hundred times a day, she found all such arguments singularly unavailing.

Pride is very little help to a woman who really loves.

And the days slipped away silently, swiftly—uneventful days of misery—whilst she waited in vain for that letter that was never to come, and for the answer to which Hugh Fleming up in London was eating his heart out with longings that were all in vain.

At last there came a day when Juliet and her stepmother sat together in the drawing-room—the girl with her work in her hands and her thoughts far away, and the elder woman reading the "Times"—and the latter broke the long silence by saying suddenly,

"Did you not say the 'Sultana' was the name of the ship Colonel Fleming was to go to India in, Juliet?"

"Yes; I think that was the name he mentioned," she answered, rather faintly; "what about her?"

"Oh, nothing," replied her stepmother, unconcernedly; "only, I see that she has sailed, so I suppose he is gone. By the way, did he ever write to you again?"

No answer. The room seemed to swim round her; a mist was before her eyes; she rose unsteadily, and began mechanically

folding up her work. Like one in a nightmare she got herself out of the room, and staggered across the hall towards the staircase, and then one of the housemaids, passing along the corridor above, heard a heavy sound as of some one falling, and uttered a shriek of dismay at seeing her young mistress fall forward in a dead swoon in the hall below.

Her cries of alarm speedily brought assistance, and Juliet was carried up to her own room and laid upon her bed, whilst a groom was immediately sent off by the frightened Higgs to summon Dr. Ramsden to the mistress of Sotherne.

But Juliet was ill with a disease which it was beyond good Dr. Ramsden's skill to prescribe for.

When she recovered her senses after that short fainting fit, she came back to a state of misery and wretchedness compared to which the death-like unconsciousness of her deep swoon had been a merciful condition.

For nearly a fortnight the girl was almost beside herself with grief. She had not known till now how much, in spite of everything, hope had buoyed her up—how impossible, in the bottom of her heart, she had thought it for Hugh to leave her. But now that he was indeed gone utterly beyond recall, an absolute despair took possession of her. She knew him too well to believe he would come back; he was dead to her, she felt—as much dead as if she had seen him in his coffin. In all the world that was before her, there would be no Hugh Fleming; others might fill her life or occupy her thoughts, but never again he who must ever, come what may, be first and dearest in her heart.

Ah, that long blank of years that stretches out hoeplessly, greyly, before some of us—how shall we ever live through them! How long life seems to those who miss out of it the one face that can make it all too short!

Juliet Blair had none of those qualities that go to make an heroic nature: she had little reserve or self-control; hers was not the character that could "suffer and be still;" she felt things too intensely, too acutely, for that calm suppression of all outward emotion which is the gift of colder natures. She spent hours locked up in her own room in paroxysms of tears, or sitting dry-eyed staring into the fire with a white, scared, miserable face. She would see no visitors, and could hardly be persuaded to touch any food; and, to all enquiries as to what ailed her, she answered wearily, "I am ill; let me alone—I am ill!"

The sight of her stepmother, who had so calmly and lightly told her of Hugh Fleming's departure, became absolutely hateful to her. Sometimes she wandered about the house, or sat silently for hours alone in the library, in his chair; with her face buried in her hands. One day sitting thus, and leaning her elbows on the writing-table, half unconsciously she pulled open one of the drawers in front of her. Some things of Colonel Fleming's were still left inside: a few unimportant papers, a packet of envelopes stamped with his crest, a little ivory penholder she had often seen him use, and, right in the front, an old pair of dogskin gloves, moulded and shaped to the form of his hand as if he had just pulled them off. Juliet's fingers wandered over each and all with a loving touch! and then she remembered how once before she had found his things lying about, in this very room, when he was away, and how she had smoothed them and put them straight for him with reverent hands; only, *then* he had come back to her—but now, now!—with a wail of despair she burst into a passion of bitter tears.

By-and-by she took out of the drawer all the dear relics of her lover—the gloves, the penholder, the envelopes and papers—and carried them upstairs to her own room, and there, showering passionate kisses on each insensate object that had been his, she locked them up in her dressing-case, by the side of that short farewell note which was all of his that she could call her own.

And they were a comfort to her. Hitherto she had possessed nothing that had belonged to Hugh Fleming, nor had she one single thing that he had given to her; and Juliet prized these things that she had found as her greatest treasures; for most women are insanely foolish over such relics of those they love.

As the days passed away Juliet Blair gradually recovered her self-possession; as the sorrow sank deeper and deeper into her heart, so it left her outwardly calmer. She wept no more; it would seem, indeed, as if the fountain of her tears had run itself dry.

By degrees she resumed her ordinary occupations; she rode and drove out, and paid visits as she had been accustomed to do; and Mrs. Blair, who had watched her misery

with a good many pangs of conscience, and some uneasiness as to the result, breathed freely again, and congratulated herself upon having done quite the wisest and best thing for her step-daughter's welfare.

"She has quite got over it—very soon she will have forgotten his existence!" she said to herself.

But there was a change in Juliet which no one around her noticed, because none of those by whom she was surrounded loved her well enough to detect it.

She was altered. The old brightness, the old impatience were almost gone; her cheek was a shade paler, her sweet lips had a sadder droop: her step had lost something of its lightness, her eyes something of their fire; and to the end of her life these things never wholly came back to Juliet Blair.

But Mrs. Blair saw nothing of all this. In her suffering, as in her joy, the girl was alone—utterly alone.

Ernestine had discontinued her morning walks. Two days after the arrival and subsequent destruction of Colonel Fleming's letter, Mrs. Blair remarked to her maid that she looked so much better that there was no longer the necessity for that daily exercise which she had prescribed for her.

So Ernestine gave back the key of the letter-bag to James.

"Here, Monsieur Jams, is your key," she said, shaking her head mournfully; "*he is dead!*" in allusion to the French lover.

"Dead, is he?" cried James eagerly; "and the money—have you heard?"

"Alas!" said Ernestine, "it is no use, my friend; the perfidious one has left it all to his cousin Annette."

CHAPTER XIV.

WHAT THE BROWN MARE DID.

SOON after the departure of Colonel Fleming on his return voyage to India, a hard frost set in which stopped the hunting for a fortnight.

During this fortnight Squire Travers was intensely miserable; he spent his days in alternately tapping the barometer, and going out to look at the weathercock.

"I think it's half a point to the west of north, Georgie," he would say excitedly, coming in from these excursions of inspection; "just you come out and see." And Georgie would obediently throw a shawl over her head, and run out into the keen, frosty air to stare up at the top of the house.

"Well"—doubtfully—"hardly, papa; and I am afraid the smoke is *very* due north, and that is the safest guide."

"Not at all; the chimneys all want sweeping; that sends the smoke all ways at once. I stick to the weathercock—but you're right; there isn't much sign of its changing yet."

And then the Squire would stroll disconsolately round to the stable, and go into every stall, and mutter grievous things below his breath as he gazed sorrowfully at each sleek-coated animal—dire words relative to the process of "eating their heads off,"—that strange and mysterious feat which horses are supposed to accomplish in frosty weather.

"D'ye see any signs of its giving?" he would ask a dozen times of Davis, the stud groom, who followed him about from stall to stall, taking off the clothing from each idle hunter's back.

Davis, who was of a sanguine disposition, would remove the everlasting straw from his mouth, and answer cheerfully:

"Oh, bless you, yes, Squire; it can't last much longer. We shall have rain before night, most likely." And though these enlivening prophecies had not yet been fulfilled, the Squire pinned his faith to Davis, and derived much consolation from his hopeful assurances.

Georgie regretted the frost as well as her father, but not so keenly as she would once have done. A good deal of the pleasure had gone out of the girl's life since Mr. Travers had so sternly banished Wattie Ellison from her side. She never thought of rebelling against his decision; in the long run she felt sure he was right. But sometimes she found it hard to bear. Her letters from Cis were a great comfort to her; from them she learnt that her lover was well, and that he thought of her, and that he was, as Cis said, "working hard;" and she, too, had her dreams of the fortune which his genius, in which she had unbounded faith, might some day achieve for her sake. Buoyed up by these hopes, she tried to bear her life cheerfully and patiently, and to be the same bright sympathising companion to her father as she used to be; but it had become an

effort to her, and the squire was dimly conscious of it. It made him irritable, and often sharp to her; her patient little face, with its somewhat sad smile, was a perpetual reproach to him. He knew at the bottom of his heart that he had not behaved quite fairly or rightly to his favourite child; he did not want to be reminded of it. He wanted everything to be as it was before that unwelcome episode about Wattie had taken place; and yet, somehow, everything was different, and the Squire did not like it.

He had numberless little ways of trying to make up to her for his one great injustice. He took to making her endless presents: first, there was the saddle; then a new hunting crop; then a set of gold horse-shoe studs; then a number of books he had heard her say she liked—almost every day something came down from town for Georgie: and she was very grateful to him. She smiled, and kissed him, and tried to look as pleased as he expected her to be; but all the while she saw through it all perfectly.

"Poor papa!" she would say to herself, with a sigh, as she carried away his latest present; "poor papa! he wants to make it up to me."

Georgie's hunting was, as ever, her greatest resource. It took her out of herself; and the active exercise was good for her, and prevented her from moping; so that when it was stopped perforce by the frost, she was nearly as anxious for a thaw as her father.

"It's a good thing the brown mare has laid up just now; she couldn't have chosen a better time," said the Squire, cheerily, in family conclave one evening, trying to derive comfort from the smallest causes under the untoward state of the weather.

The brown mare, after she had been ridden for the first time, had caught a bad cold, which had prevented Georgie from using her since, for which she was not altogether sorry. Georgie was suspicious of the brown mare—there was not, when she was on her back, that complete understanding between the horse and his rider which it is thought should exist between the two to constitute a perfect mount.

If Georgie wanted to go one way, the brown mare had a habit of wanting to go the other, and an unseemly struggle would ensue. True, she was good-looking and fast, and withal an undeniable fencer; but, in spite of all these good qualities, Georgie did not like her—she could not forget that Wattie Ellison had warned her against her.

When, therefore, the Squire congratulated himself upon the mare's being laid up during the frost in preference to any other time, Georgie answered that she was sorry she didn't go dead lame altogether.

"I can't imagine why you dislike her so," said her father testily. "She's a very nice mare. What's wrong with her, I'd like to know?"

"Well, papa, I was told she had a bad character," answered Georgie, looking down.

"Who told you?" and then his daughter turned very red, and was silent; and the Squire knew perfectly well who it was that had told her. The discovery did not tend to improve the old man's temper.

"I will thank you not to go listening to tales against your father's horses from every ignorant young upstart who thinks he can give an opinion on what he knows nothing about," he said angrily, and bounced out of the room, with a slam of the door behind him that made his wife jump and utter a little squeal like a shot rabbit, at which Flora laughed aloud behind her book of fairy tales.

"Your father is so rough," said Mrs. Travers to her assembled daughters.

Mary sympathisingly agreed with her mother, as she made a point of doing on every occasion, having no independent will or opinion of her own, and Georgie looked miserably into the fire, and said nothing.

All the world was out of joint with poor Georgie just now, there was no comfort for her anywhere. Everything was going wrong, with her parents, with Cis, and with herself—they were all at odds together, and there wasn't even the hunting to fall back upon, she reflected dismally!

A few days later Mrs. Travers and Mary went away together for a visit to an uncle in Devonshire, and the Squire was left with Georgie and the two little girls.

The weather was still frosty, and the old man still grumbled; but things were rather better between the father and daughter; the smaller-sized party, and the absence of the mother, who was always a firebrand in the family and never a peacemaker, made the home circle brighter and happier. During the last three days of that long frost Georgie was almost the gay light-hearted Georgie of old days; afterwards, when what was t

come was all over, it comforted the Squire to think that it had been so.

It was during these three days that Georgie told her father that she thought Juliet Blair was beginning to regret having sent Cis away.

"No! do you really think so?" he said, quite eagerly; for this was a scheme very near to his heart.

"I do indeed, papa; for I never saw anyone so altered as Juliet is—she looks so ill and out of spirits; and the other day when I was lunching with her, she hardly spoke, and ate nothing. She is evidently very far from happy."

It was strange that Georgie never once connected the sudden departure of Colonel Fleming with Juliet's altered looks and spirits. But the Travers family had so long considered Cis as her lover that it did not readily occur to any of them that he might possibly have a rival.

"Well, that would be good news indeed," said the Squire. "Shall I write to him to come home?"

"Well, no—not yet. If she is coming round to him, it will be because she misses him; and his absence is doing him more good than his being here could do;—she asked after him, and seemed pleased to hear about him."

"I'm sure I'm glad to hear it. She's a nice girl; it would be a great comfort to me if Cis married her. She would improve him wonderfully; perhaps, too, she might make him keep on the hounds when I am gone—she could do it, if any one could," added the old man, with a half sigh.

"We won't think of that yet, papa dear," said Georgie, coming round behind him, and kissing the top of his bald head fondly as she used to do in old days. "I hope you will keep them yourself for many a long year."

The Squire pressed his daughter's hand for a minute, and then dropped it hurriedly, as if ashamed of his unwonted tenderness.

Like most male Britons past middle life, he was not prone to give way to emotion; the only exhibition of feeling he indulged in was that of anger. As for love and sympathy and religion and so forth, the Squire would have said that they formed a part, no doubt, of every Christian's nature; but he considered it unmanly, un-English, and almost indecorous to speak of such things, or to give any outward signs of their existence.

So when his darling child, with a little effusion of repentant affection, made her little loving speech and kissed him, he just pressed her hand for an instant, and then hastened to change the subject to safer grounds.

"Ahem! yes, my dear," he coughed nervously; "that puppy is growing very leggy; that wasn't half such a good litter as the last that Jenny had—nothing like."

Georgie dragged up the puppy on to her lap by the scruff of his neck, with all his big weak-looking paws hanging feebly out in front of him, and a general depressed appearance, as if he expected shortly to be beaten, whilst his chances of beauty and usefulness were discussed.

And old Chanticleer, half-jealous, half confiding, rested his grey nose and one heavy paw on his young mistress's knee, and blinked up lovingly at her with his one solemn brown eye.

Altogether it was an evening like old times that the two spent together in the dingy, cosy, little smoking-den.

The next morning the wind had gone round to the south-west, and the frost was giving in every direction.

"Hurrah!" shouted the Squire, as he bounced into the breakfast-room, with the energy of a schoolboy. "Hurrah! we shall hunt to-morrow if this goes on!"

"Hurrah!" echoed Flora, who always made a noise at the smallest pretext for doing so, jumping round the room, and clapping her hands, till her father started off and chased her round the table.

And what a commotion there was all day!—the grooms and the whips rushing into the house for orders; the Squire giving contradictory directions every hour according to the aspect of the sky; messages going up to the kennels, messages to the stables, and post-cards to be written to every member of the hunt in the county.

Georgie had her hands pretty full.

About five o'clock in the afternoon a steady rain came on, which satisfactorily settled the question of the departure of the frost.

"I have told Davis to bring the mare round for you in the morning," said the Squire to his daughter, coming in dripping wet from his last stable excursion, and taking off his shining macintosh in the hall—

"she is all right again now, and it would do her good to be out."

"She will be very fresh," said Georgie dubiously. "I would rather ride the chestnut."

"What does being fresh, matter? I have settled for you to ride her—don't let me hear any more nonsense about it. Have you written all those post-cards? Well, then, I want a stitch put into that thick white scarf; it works up at the back. Go and fetch it, there's a good girl, and I will show you what it wants."

And Georgie obeyed in silence.

The morning broke calm and mild and grey. Georgie sprang from her bed, and peeped out from behind her window-blind at a green wet world, patches of water lying in the grassy hollows, and drops of moisture clinging on to every leafless branch in the garden. No frost at all events.

When she was nearly dressed, she drew aside the curtains, threw up the sash, and leant out of the window.

There was a sort of grey distinctness over the face of the earth.

The hills on the further side of the valley looked near and green; every tree upon them stood out clearly against the sky; the leafless woods were purple blue; not a breath was stirring—not a sound was heard; only the chirrup of a robin, hopping about on the garden path beneath the window, and the distant tinkle of a sheep bell from the penned-up flock in the field below.

There was something depressing, almost solemn, in the leaden sky and chill green earth.

A heap of fresh turned mould lay in the flower-bed beneath. The gardeners had been uprooting an evergreen killed by the frost; the brown earth lay wet and heavy by the side of the gaping trench, and the robin, lured there probably by hopes of fresh worms turned up with the soil, hopped lustily down into the dark-looking hole.

Georgie watched the bird idly, and then, with a little shudder, the thought flashed across her—

"How horrible it must be to be buried! how wet and cold the earth looks!"

And she turned hastily from the window.

"A letter for you, miss," said the little housemaid who waited upon her, standing behind her as she turned round.

Georgie flushed crimson, for the letter was in Wattie Ellison's handwriting.

She tore open the envelope nervously, and read—

My dearest Georgie,—You know very well that no ordinary cause would make me risk your father's displeasure, by writing to you against his orders; but what I have to say concerns him as well as yourself, and if you see fit you will no doubt show him this letter. It is about your brown mare. I have just seen a man who knew all about her down in Warwickshire. He says she is a runaway, and not safe for any lady to ride. She killed the man who last had her, by bolting with him into a wood, where his head was smashed against the branch of a tree, and that is why your father got her so cheap. Do tell him this, and I am sure he will agree with me that you must not ride her. I *entreat* you not to do so; if anything happened he would never forgive himself. I must not write more to you—much as I long to.

Yours always devotedly,
WATTIE ELLISON.

Dressed in her habit, and holding this letter in her hand, Georgie came into the room where her father was already at breakfast.

"Papa, I have had a letter from Wattie."

"What!" thundered the squire, and the piece of bacon half-way to his mouth dropped off his fork back upon his plate. "Georgie, how dare you?" and his face turned as red as his hunting-coat.

"Well, papa, here is the letter; he wishes you to read it, and so do I—you will see that it is not a love-letter!" she added, with a little smile.

Her father took the letter from her hand and walked to the window with it, turning his back upon her as he read it.

And then he came back, crushed it up between both his hands, and flung it angrily upon the fire.

"It's all a d—d lie!" he said furiously.

"Papa!" cried the girl in dismay, "what can you mean? You don't suppose that Wattie——"

"Hold your tongue with your Wattie!" he answered savagely; "don't you suppose I know what my daughter ought or ought not to ride, without being dictated to by an infernal young scoundrel who only wants to set her against her father?"

"O papa! that's not true — he never would do that; and if the mare isn't safe ——"

"The mare *is* safe, I tell you!" shouted the old man; "and if you don't ride her, you shall not ride at all—there!"

"But, papa——" began the girl.

"Hold your tongue; if you are too great a coward to ride, say so, and stop at home."

Georgie turned very white, and set her lips hard.

"I am no coward, as you know," she said, below her breath, and then sat down and poured herself out a cup of tea with a trembling hand, and began nibbling a bit of dry toast.

No more was said.

The horses came round to the door.

Standing on the doorstep, ready to mount, Georgie turned round and made one last appeal to her father.

"Let me have the chestnut just for to-day, papa," she said entreatingly.

The Squire buttoned his gloves in silence, with a frown on his brow, before he answered her. The whole thing, he said to himself, was a plant—just a dodge for that good-for-nothing young pauper to set his own daughter against him—if he did not make a stand now at once, there would be no end to this sort of thing.

"Let me have the chestnut," pleaded Georgie once more. He looked at her for one minute, angrily, and then said, shortly, "No!"

Georgie put her hand on the pommel and her foot in Davis's outstretched hand, and vaulted lightly on to the brown mare's back.

"You see she goes quietly enough," said her father, when they had gone for some little way along the road, and the mare had shown no signs of misbehaviour.

"We are not off yet!" answered Georgie, with a smile. And then she made an effort to talk about the weather and the state of the ground, as if nothing untoward had passed between them.

She shook off her vague apprehensions, which, after all, did not amount to nervousness, and with the fresh air and the pleasant exercise her spirits came back, and her vexation wore off.

She was too good a horsewoman to be in reality in the least afraid. If it had not been her lover who had warned her, she would probably have laughed at the warning she had received. After all, thought Georgie, rousing herself from her depression with an effort, with such good nerve, and such a firm seat as she had, and so accustomed as she was to ride every sort of animal, there could not be much risk for her, whatever bad qualities her horse might have.

By the time they had reached the "King's Head," a wayside public-house where the meet was to be held, she was too busy greeting friends, congratulating everybody on the thaw, discussing the chance of foxes, and the possibilities of a run, to think very much of Wattie's letter and its warning.

Juliet Blair was not out—a fact which Georgie was sorry for, as she had not seen her for some days; but there were plenty of men to crowd round and talk to her, for her well-known splendid riding secured her many admirers in the hunting-field.

There were no carriages full of ladies and no dawdling at the meet on this occasion—strict business was attended to.

The covert was drawn, a fox soon found, and then—off and away!

The brown mare behaved well during the early part of the day. True, she was somewhat fresh and excitable; she kicked at starting, refused once or twice, and bucked in a manner which would have unseated a less perfect rider; but, on the whole, she was not at all unmanageable in Georgie's strong little hands.

The afternoon was drawing in when, just as the Squire was thinking of bringing the day's sport to a close, a fresh fox was started, and the hounds set off at a good pace straight in the direction of Sotherne Court.

The Squire and Sir George Ellison were riding side by side well in front; only seven of the field were left, following close on the hounds, when straight in front of them, crossing their line at right angles, with her head well down and her tail up, shot the brown mare at a terrible pace, Georgie, with teeth set, sitting like a rock, but having evidently lost all control over her.

"All right!" she shouted back, as she passed, turning her head for one instant in the direction of her father.

"That mare has bolted with your daughter, Travers," said Sir George.

"She's all right—she knows what to do," said the Squire, looking after her a little anxiously, but keeping on his own way after the hounds.

And a momentary wish passed through his mind that Wattie Ellison were there to go and see after her.

A groom with a second horse was following a little way behind. The Squire turned

round, and waved his arm to the man to follow after his daughter.

When they got over the fence into the next field, the Squire craned his neck forwards, and saw his daughter's slight figure, two fields off, being carried away in the opposite direction.

"She'll go along Dallerton Bottom," said he to his companion.

"Dallerton Bottom!" repeated Sir George, and reined up his horse with a sudden jerk that sent him on to his haunches.

The Squire stopped too, with a bewildered face. "What?" he said, in a puzzled way; and then suddenly he struck his hand to his forehead, and cried out wildly,

"Good God! the gravel-pits!"

Not a word more passed between them. With one accord they turned their horses' heads, and pressed madly, eagerly forwards in the direction in which the brown mare had now utterly disappeared in the gathering twilight.

Fainter and fainter waxed the sound of the hunt—faster and faster flew the grey hedges, and the shadowy woods, and the flat, even-coloured fields as they sped by them; but urge on their steeds and strain their eyes as they would, still there was no sign, no sound of her they sought!

And when at last, frantic with an unspoken fear, they flung themselves from their horses and rushed in an agony of terror to gaze down over the yawning edge of the long row of disused gravel-pits that stretched half across the sheep-dotted meadow—what was it that they saw?

Down at the bottom a dark writhing object, but dimly seen through the gloom of evening—the brown mare in her dying struggles.

And close beside, a small figure crushed and crumpled up, face downwards upon the dark damp earth—and quite motionless.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

JULIET BLAIR was sitting alone in the gloom of the twilight with her face pressed against the window, her eyes fixed on the damp shadowy garden without, and her thoughts very far away.

She was thinking of Hugh Fleming. Alas! when was she not thinking of him now? She was thinking that every minute she lived, and every breath she drew, were carrying him farther and farther away from her, more hopelessly out of her life; and, as she thought, slow miserable tears welled slowly up into her dark eyes, and dropped down unheeded upon her lap, heavily one after the other, like thunder drops in summer.

And then she thought of that other girl whom he had left alone behind, when he had gone out to India once before—only she had been left in her grave.

"Would to God I too had been left there!" she cried bitterly to herself.

How much happier that dead girl had been than she was! To her had come no doubts, no spurned, crushed feelings, no agonies of hopeless separation; up to the last she had known no shadow over her love, no uncertainties in her glad young hopes. Her death must have been so sudden, so instantaneous, that probably she had been spared every pang of terror, every pain of parting; and yet, for hundreds who would pity poor dead Annie Chalmers, not one probably would pity the rich, handsome Juliet Blair, whose life was before her, whose world was her own, and whose heart was dead!

The garden into which she stared with blinded hopeless eyes, that saw not the objects on which they rested, grew greyer and dimmer. One by one the more distant trees and shrubs on the lawn sank away in the blackness of the coming night, and the bare bushes in the rose garden, lit up faintly by the fire-light from the room, gleamed weirdly out, like the gaunt shadows in Gustave Doré's pictures, against the dark background beyond.

And as Juliet rose from the window, with a little shiver at the dreary prospect, there came the sound of horses' hoofs, clattering at full gallop up the drive to the front door, and, with a loud clanging peal, the hall bell was violently rung.

With a thrill of unaccountable apprehension, she threw open the door into the hall and listened, and at the same time Mrs. Blair, appearing on the staircase, called out nervously to her,

"What is it?"

The men servants had already gone to the door, and in another instant old Higgs came

hurriedly back across the hall to find his mistress. She made a step forward to meet him.

"Who is it, Higgs?"

"It's Sir George Ellison's groom, miss; and oh, miss, he says there has been an accident!"

"An accident!" cried Miss Blair falteringly, whilst her stepmother ran hastily down stairs to hear. "Who is hurt, Higgs? is it Sir George?"

"Oh no, miss—it is poor Miss Travers; and it was close by, in the field just below the village, that it happened, and so they are bringing her here, poor young lady!"

Juliet uttered one cry of dismay, and then her presence of mind came back to her. Without a moment's hesitation she went out to the door, and ordered the groom to ride off with the utmost speed to the town to summon Dr. Ramsden; then she sent for Mrs. Pearse, the housekeeper; and a room on the ground-floor, which was occasionally used as a bachelor's bedroom, was hastily got ready, Juliet running about and helping the maids, and superintending every arrangement herself, with blanched cheeks and a beating heart.

She did not dare to think in what condition her poor little friend would be brought to her house. She had just gathered from the groom that Georgie was not killed; but she knew well that she must be very much hurt, as much by the man's frightened face as by his saying that they were carrying her up to the house on a hurdle.

Meanwhile Mrs. Blair sat uselessly trembling and wringing her hands on the lowest step of the stairs, with Ernestine standing over her, plying her with sal volatile and smelling-salts.

It made Juliet angry to see them there. She stopped for one moment as she sped past them with her arms full of pillows, and said impatiently,

"If your mistress is ill, Ernestine, take her upstairs at once into her own room, and wait upon her there. You are very much in the way where you are; I cannot have any faintings and hysterics going on;" and she passed on.

"Ah, you have no heart, Juliet," whimpered Mrs. Blair, affectedly; "nothing seems to upset you. My nerves are so shaken by this dreadful—dreadful——"

"Come into your room, madame," interrupted Ernestine, thinking it wise to take Miss Blair's hint; "it would be terrible for you to be here when the poor demoiselle arrives."

"Oh no—no! I couldn't see her!" cried her mistress, clinging hysterically to her; "take me away!"

And Ernestine did take her away safely up to her own bedroom, where in time a strong cup of tea and a couple of nice hot buttered muffins effectually restored her equanimity.

And presently they brought her into the house. From the mist and darkness of the winter evening, into the light and warmth and sweet scents of exotic plants in the hall, came the hurdle, with its living, suffering freight, slowly, carefully carried between two men. Close behind, with a white, scared face and chattering teeth, half dragged along, half supported by Sir George Ellison's strong arm, tottering and stumbling at every step, and staring in front of him with fixed crazy-looking eyes, came Squire Travers. Three or four gentlemen, with frightened awe-struck faces, followed them, to see if they could be of any use.

And thus it was that Georgie Travers was borne over that door-way through which she had so often passed before—sometimes tripping in lightly in her habit, jumping up the stone steps two at a time; sometimes more soberly following in the wake of her parents, in all the sheen of her silken evening garments; sometimes with soft laughter, if she came in with others; or sometimes whistling a merry little tune below her breath, if she came in alone.

Often and often had she come up those steps and entered that hall before, but never as she comes in now.

Georgie lies stretched flat out on the hurdle, half covered by her father's scarlet hunting-coat. She is not unconscious; her eyes, big and blue, are very wide open, and on her deathly white face there are, nevertheless, two crimson fever patches, one on either cheek—for they had poured half a flask of brandy down her throat when they first found her.

As she catches sight of Juliet coming to meet her, she begins to speak, weakly, wanderingly, with fever-stricken rapidity.

"Oh, is that you, Juliet? I can't think what they are bringing me here for. I am not hurt badly, you know—only bruised

and stiff. Do tell papa I am not hurt. I know I could walk if they would let me try. I can't be hurt, you know, because I don't feel any pain to speak of—only so stiff. I'm just bruised and shaken a bit. If I could have got the mare's head round in time!—but I am not hurt, Juliet; do tell papa I am not hurt."

And then they got her into the bedroom that was prepared for her; but when they lifted her off the hurdle on to the bed, she fainted dead away.

After a very little while Dr. Ramsden came dashing up to the door in his dog-cart, and, putting everyone out of the room save Mrs. Pearse, who was a useful sensible woman, and had been accustomed to illness, he proceeded to examine his patient.

Sir George Ellison, and the one or two friends who lingered hoping to hear a favourable account, waited in the dining-room, where Higgs, mindful even in the midst of the general confusion of the traditional hospitality of Sotherne Court, brought forth the best sherry and a round of cold beef, and pressed the downcast guests to allay the pangs of hunger and thirst.

Juliet took the Squire into her own little morning-room. There, with her own hands, firm but gentle, she fetched him a glass of wine, and cut him a tiny sandwich; and though at first he shook his head, somehow she persuaded him to take them.

"You must keep up your strength, dear Mr. Travers, for her sake," she whispered; and the Squire obeyed her, and took the much-needed refreshment from her hands like a child.

"She will die—I know she will die!" he said, looking up piteously at her with his horror-stricken eyes.

"Oh no, don't say that! wait to see what Dr. Ramsden thinks," she said soothingly. "She said herself she was not in pain."

"If you had seen her at first," he said, with a shudder; "and the height it was!—thirty feet at the least; and the mare—curse her!—was killed. And it was all my fault too—I made her ride the brute!" And then he laid his head down on the table in front of him, and groaned aloud. And so they waited.

Would the doctor never come out of the sick-room? At most it was only twenty minutes, and yet never did twenty minutes pass so slowly!

The old man sat quite still in front of the table, with his head bowed down on his arms; and Juliet stood by him, now and then stroking the poor grey head softly with her gentle hand, or stooping down to whisper something—some soothing, loving word, some fragment of a prayer, or some pitiful, helpful text from the Bible—anything that came into her head. Heaven knows if it did him any good, or even if he heard it—probably not; yet, in a dim, vague way, it gave him patience, and helped him over the agonising suspense of those awful twenty minutes.

And then Dr. Ramsden came in.

He was a grey-haired man, with keen, clever dark eyes and a kindly expression. He had known Georgie Travers from her childhood. What he had to say of her was certainly very grievous to him, more especially when the hard words must be said to an old friend like the Squire.

"I have made her a little more comfortable. I trust she will sleep," he began nervously.

"Tell me the truth, Ramsden," said the Squire. "I had rather know the worst at once."

"I am afraid, my dear friend, that the truth is the worst—the very worst!" he answered, in a very low voice.

"You mean, she must die?"

And the doctor nodded.

The old man staggered back with a groan, and leant against the wall with his face in his hands; but Juliet burst forth impetuously,

"It is impossible—quite impossible, at her age, and with her strong constitution. I will not believe it! We must send to London. I will telegraph at once. Tell me whom to send for, Dr. Ramsden—any one you like, but more advice we must have, and the very best that can be got."

"My dear young lady," said the doctor, laying his hand on her arm to detain her, for she had already gone to the door, "you may send for every doctor in London, but they could not save her. It is a perfectly hopeless case—her spine is dislocated!"

And then Juliet, too, fell back in despair.

"You had better go to her, Mr. Travers," said Dr. Ramsden, turning to the old man. "She was asking for you; and had you not better send for Mrs. Travers?"

"Yes—yes, of course. Juliet you will

see to that, won't you?" said the Squire, rousing himself; and then he added in a frightened whisper, "she is away from home, a long way off. Will there be time, do you think?"

"Yes; she may last about twenty-four hours. We must be very thankful that she is in no pain; and I don't think she will suffer much. She is perfectly conscious, only a little light-headed at intervals, from feverishness."

All night long Juliet and the Squire sat by Georgie's sick-bed, one on each side.

She lay very quiet, wandering a little sometimes, but for the most part dozing uneasily, in short fitful snatches.

But neither of her watchers closed an eye all night.

During the silence of that long vigil, in the gloom of the darkened room, lighted only by the shaded lamp and the faint red flicker of the firelight, there passed through the Squire's mind many sad and bitter reflections.

He saw plainly now how hardly and selfishly he had treated his favourite child, and how gentle and dutiful she had been in her submission to him. With deep self-reproaches, he recalled his obstinacy and bad temper; he remembered how, by calling her a coward, he had goaded her on to ride the brute that had killed her; and ever the words, "It is my doing—all my doing!" formed the miserable refrain of his thoughts.

When the morning broke, Georgie opened her eyes and spoke.

"Papa!"

"Yes, my darling."

"I think I am going to die! tell me if I am?"

"Oh, my darling child," began the Squire in a broken voice; and she interrupted him quickly.

"Never mind, papa. I know it. Poor papa!" and she stroked the grey head that lay bowed down on the bed beside her. "Poor papa! I am so sorry for you; but you know it was a thing nobody could tell. I never should have believed that I couldn't hold the mare. Don't fret about it; it couldn't be helped. What has become of her?"

"The mare?"

"Yes!"

"She is dead," answered the Squire, and a strong shudder at the recollection of that awful leap shook the little helpless frame. Presently she spoke again.

"You would not mind my seeing Wattie now—would you, papa?"

"No darling, no. Shall I send for him?"

"Yes; send for him, and for Cis too, at once," she answered.

Juliet slipped from the room to send off the telegram, and Georgie seemed satisfied and dozed again.

There was a hushed suspense over the whole house. The servants went about on tip-toe; the doors were softly shut; the numberless neighbours who, as soon as day dawned, sent or came themselves to enquire, went round by the back way; not a bell was rung; not a voice was heard above a whisper; for over Sotherne Court hung a deep and awful shadow—the shadow of the angel of death.

CHAPTER XVI.

HER LAST WORDS.

CIS TRAVERS was breakfasting at his friend's rooms in the Temple.

It was a bright clear morning; the sun streamed in through the big dusty windows, and lit up the dingy old rooms cheerily.

There were eggs, and kidneys, and muffins, all laid out on the quaint old-fashioned blue china, in which Wattie took great pride, being somewhat of a connoisseur; a finely chased silver tea-pot, and curious-shaped sugar-bowl and milk-jug—like the china, relics of past extravagances; whilst on the fire the bright copper kettle steamed and fizzed away merrily.

It was altogether as daintily set out a little breakfast table as you could wish to see. And the two young men were in the best of spirits.

"Fetch me the kettle, Cis, and help yourself to kidneys," says Wattie, standing up while he pours out the tea, after a fashion that male beings have, when they preside at the breakfast table. "Did you see Gretchen last night?"

"Yes, I looked in on my way home," answers Cis, with his mouth full of muffin.

"Ah! very imprudent of you," says Wattie, censoriously. "Well, how is she getting on?"

"Oh, first rate; two new pupils since last week, and she looks as rosy and happy as possible. Do think! the dear little girl offered me three pounds, to pay for the doctor's bill, she said. Of course I wouldn't take it."

"I wish she wasn't quite so fond of you, and I wish she would marry David Anderson," said wiser Wattie.

"Well, I don't, then—marry that boor, indeed!"

"You had better take care that Miss Blair doesn't hear of your evening visits to Gretchen; there would be an end of your chances *there*," answered his friend.

"Well, of all the rubbish I ever heard you talk!" began Cis, impatiently; and then there came a sharp knock, and Mrs. Stiles's head, in extreme dishabille, decorated with manifold whity-brown curl-papers, surmounted with a far from spotless cap, which, from its peculiar shape and crumpled appearance, suggested irresistibly the idea that she must have slept in it, was poked furtively in at the door.

"A tallygrum for you, please, sir," said this lady, holding out the dusky pink missive in the corner of her apron.

"You may call it rubbish, Cis," Wattie was saying, in answer to his friend's last remark, and laughing carelessly as he took the telegram from Mrs. Stiles's hand; and then he opened it leisurely, for nobody nowadays feels nervous at the sight of a telegram.

A minute of silence whilst he read, and then a cry of horror burst from his lips—

"Oh, my God!"

"What is the matter?" cried Cis, springing to his feet in amazement, as his friend turned as white as a sheet, and the pink paper fluttered to the floor.

Cis picked it up and read—

"From Miss Blair, Sotherne Court, to Walter Ellison, Esq., Harcourt Buildings, Temple.

"Georgie has had a bad accident. Come down at once to Sotherne, and bring Cis. Lose no time."

They bore it well, as men do such sudden blows; Wattie, as might have been expected, being the least upset of the two.

"We shall catch the 11.25 if we look sharp," he said as soon as he could speak, rapidly turning over the pages of Bradshaw. "Go back to your rooms, and get your bag, Cis, and meet me at the station. You must look sharp, though—we have only thirty-five minutes."

And Cis, who was shaking and trembling all over, obeyed him in silence.

Down at Sotherne Court, Georgie on her sick bed was moaning over and over again—

"Have they come yet? when will they be here? how much longer will they be?" in a weak, fretful voice.

On the bed by her side lay old Chanticleer. Early in the morning she had asked for him, and a messenger had been sent to Broadley to bring him over.

"Don't think me foolish," she had said, "but I should like him to lie on the bed where I can stroke him, poor old boy!" and her latest wish was, of course, a law to those who watched by her.

The old hound lay with his head resting on his great white paws, gazing up at her fixedly and piteously, with every now and then a low whine of sympathy.

And who shall say that in that faithful canine heart there was not at least a partial knowledge of the dread change that was about to befall his young mistress?

Little Flora, who had been brought over with the dog, crouched at the bottom of the bed, trying to stifle her sobs.

"Don't cry, Flora," said her sister once. "Look here! I leave poor Chanticleer to you; you will be very fond of him, won't you, for my sake? and don't forget to give the poor old boy his bread and milk in the morning—he will miss it so, if he doesn't get it; and now he has so few teeth, he likes it better than anything else. You will promise me not to forget it, Flora?"

"Yes, Georgie," sobbed the little girl, and then Juliet drew her away into an adjoining room, and took her on her lap, and let her sob and cry upon her shoulder till she was fairly worn out.

By three o'clock the two young men had arrived. A faint flush came into Georgie's face when she was told that they had come.

"Papa," she said, turning to her father, "I want to see Wattie by himself—quite alone, with no one else in the room. May I? do you mind?"

And so they all left the room, and Wattie went in alone.

What passed between them during those solemn parting moments no one ever knew; no sound came from within the room to the

ears of those who stood outside the door; but, after about a quarter of an hour, Wattie came out, and rushed past them blinded with tears—out at the open hall door, away down the slopes of the garden, there to work away the first anguish of his sorrow by himself.

And presently the Squire went out after him. He found him lying prone at the foot of a tree, stretched along the damp grass.

"Wattie—my dear boy, my poor boy, do get up!"

The young man looked up with dim eyes, and dazed white face; but when he saw that it was the Squire, he got up.

"Can you ever forgive me?" said the old man in a broken voice. "It was I who made her ride the mare, though you had written to warn her against her. She didn't want to ride her, but I made her; it was my cursed obstinacy—and now I have killed her—I have killed my child!"

"Don't say that, sir!" said Wattie, passing his arm within the old man's; "it is God's doing; no one was to blame; she was so good—too good to live!"

"Oh, my boy, how I wish I had let you be engaged to her—perhaps this might never have happened," cried the Squire.

"We cannot tell," answered Wattie, gravely; "at all events, such self-reproaches can avail nothing now. Come, sir, you look so ill and tired, take one turn down the garden with me—the fresh air will do you good—and tell me as we go how it all happened, for you forget that I know nothing beyond what the telegram has toldme, and then we will go back to her."

So the old man leant upon his arm, and told him all the pitiful story over again—everything from the beginning, all about Georgie's patience and goodness, and all about his own stubbornness and harshness to her. He poured out his whole heart to him, and the recital did him good.

When the two entered the house again they stopped short with one accord, and grasped each other's hands ere they went back into the sick room. Everything was forgiven between them; and from that hour to his dying day Squire Travers loved Wattie Ellison as his own son.

And after that they none of them left her room any more until the end. Towards four o'clock Georgie became very much weaker, and it soon grew evident to those around her that Mrs. Travers and Mary, who had a long cross journey, and could, not possibly reach Sotherne before six o'clock, would not arrive in time to see her alive.

Dr. Ramsden came again for the second time that day, and suggested what he could to make her more comfortable; she did not suffer pain, only uneasiness; and then he was obliged to leave, promising to call again later.

It was Juliet who with gentle hands smoothed the pillows of the dying girl, and moistened her parched lips and bathed her hot head with cooling scents. Juliet had, like many impetuous restless women, an inborn genius for nursing the sick. Her steps were soft but swift, her hand gentle but firm, and her eye quick and ready to see what was wanted. Georgie often glanced up at her gratefully, as, unweariedly patient, she bent over her to minister to the hundred little requirements of a sick bed.

After a long silence, broken only by the whispers of those around her. Georgie suddenly spoke in a strong clear voice:

"Juliet!"

"Yes, darling?"

"I want you to promise me to marry Cis; it would be such a comfort to poor papa. I think it would almost make up to him for losing me. Give me your hand Cis, and yours, Juliet; there, now say you will try and love him. I think I shall rest easier in my grave if you will say you will—it will be such a gleam of happiness by-and-by for poor papa?"

What could Juliet do?

Georgie had taken their hands—hers and her brother's, and had joined them together between her own little white ones. The one thought, poor child, in her weakened, bewildered brain, half dulled already by illness and approaching death, was that something should be done to comfort her father after she was gone.

How could Juliet over that death-bed speak of her own love-troubles—troubles that, in the awful excitement of the last twenty-four hours, seemed to have faded away into absolute insignificance? How could she vex that dying girl with doubts and perplexities?

What should she do?

Cis was gazing at her across the bed with big blue eyes, haggard with weeping and

misery, and yet full of love and yearning to herself; and Georgie was saying over again, with the gentle impatience of those who are very ill—

"Come, Juliet, you will promise to marry him—won't you?"

And Juliet, driven to speak, and unable to speak as she ought to have done, whispered—

"Yes, Georgie dear, I will promise."

The dying girl raised the two hands she held to her lips, whilst a faint gleam of pleasure stole over her pale face.

Then she called her father to her.

He half raised her up, and she rested her head upon his shoulder.

"Juliet will marry Cis, papa," she said, "and that will be a great comfort to you; now I shall die happier."

After that she never spoke again.

In a little while she passed into that strange borderland of unconsciousness in which so many spend their last hours on earth.

Most awful, most solemn time of mystery, when the soul, whilst struggling to be free, hovers between earth and heaven, and the spirit, darkened and obscured, lingers still in the body it has already partially left!

Quite motionless were the watchers around her: her father supporting her head against his shoulder; her lover, with his hands fast locked in hers, kneeling by her side; little Flora, trembling and shivering with fright, close held in her brother's arms; and Juliet standing with bowed head at the foot of the bed.

And old Chanticleer was by her side, watching her silently with the rest.

And so, surrounded by those who had loved her in life, softly and painlessly Georgie Travers's gentle spirit passed away.

CHAPTER XVII.

A WINDY WALK.

CHRISTMAS had come and gone—Christmas, the saddest day in all the year for those who have suffered and lost—and therefore to three-fourths of the population of the Christian world; for how many in every land are those who sorrow!

January was nearly over, the crocuses and snowdrops were cropping up thickly in bright compact rows in the Sotherne flower-borders, and down below in the valley the green grass had already grown up over Georgie Travers's grave.

Juliet Blair was wandering alone about the garden walks, with a sad, wearied face. Ever since that death-bed scene she had been perplexed by the one absorbing memory of that promise which had been wrung so unwillingly from her by her dead friend.

Was not a promise to a dying person the most solemn and binding of any promise that can be given? Would not the breach of such a promise be a dire and mortal sin, provoking the wrath of Heaven to fall in curses on the faithless promiser?

Was she in very truth bound to marry Cecil Travers?

She asked herself these questions over and over again a hundred times a day.

Nothing had been said to her by either Cis or his father upon the subject; but she knew well that they had not forgotten it, and she felt instinctively that they were but waiting for her to speak of it.

Juliet was very lonely in these days. Not one word had she received from that far-distant lover who had left her, as she thought, so cruelly and so heartlessly. Through Mr. Bruce she had, indeed, heard that he had arrived safely in India, and that he was well; but there had come no word to her from him. Through all these weary weeks she had pined and sickened to hear from him, and nothing came to her day after day, but the same dead, cold silence.

The conviction was forced upon her that he had treated her shamefully—that he had trifled with her—amusing himself by winning her heart, only to fling it back to her with scorn and mockery; and that now he had utterly forgotten her!

She had neither home-life nor home-love to fill up the great emptiness of her heart—and Juliet was one who could not live without love.

Her stepmother she absolutely disliked, and she had not a relation in the world with whom she was even on intimate terms; whilst poor Georgie, the one friend whom she had been fond of, and who had brought affection and sympathy into her life, had been taken from her by a sudden and awful death.

Juliet wondered vaguely why she had

not been killed instead of her friend. Georgie's death had brought sorrow to so many, utter desolation to her old father, and scarcely less to her young lover. Whereas, if she, Juliet, had died in her place, who would have sorrowed for her—who would even have missed her?

How dreary and empty her life was! She looked at what might be her lot, if she chose—with a husband who would assuredly love her, and whose family were prepared to welcome her with open arms; such a marriage would be better, she thought, than this utter loneliness—and since the one man she cared for loved her not, why not marry Cis as well as any other?

At this point of her reflections, Mrs. Blair came across the garden to join her.

"How much longer are you going to smother yourself up in that horrid crape?" were her first words, pointing to her stepdaughter's sable garments.

"Till Easter probably," answered Juliet coldly.

Mrs. Blair lifted her hands and eyes. "My dearest Juliet! really I think you overstrain your expression of feeling—it is not as if the poor thing had been any relation, you know."

"I have told you before," said Juliet impatiently, "that I shall wear mourning for dear Georgie as if she had been my sister."

"Your *sister!* ahem! my dear—that will be great encouragement for somebody we know, won't it?" said the widow slyly.

Juliet, with reddened cheeks, was silent for a moment, and then, with one of those sudden impulses to which she often gave way, she said—

"You may as well know, Mrs. Blair, that I shall very probably marry Cecil Travers; so pray don't torment me any further about him."

"My darling girl!" cried her stepmother, "how charmed, how delighted I am! Pray let me congratulate you! And are you really engaged?"

"No, I am not engaged," said Juliet, withdrawing herself from the encircling arms which her stepmother had rapturously flung around her. "I am not engaged, so please don't mention it to any one, but I believe I shall be shortly, and I don't wish to speak about it again."

Here Briggs appeared on the lawn with a note for his mistress.

It was from Wattie, who was staying at Broadley, and ran thus:—

My dear Miss Blair,—It would be very kind of you if you would come over and see the Squire soon. He frets after you sadly; and sometimes I hardly know what to do with him. He is so utterly broken down, that it is quite distressing to see him. Cecil has a delicacy in asking you to come over; so I ventured to write to you on my own responsibility.

Yours very sincerely,

WALTER ELLISON.

"I shall drive over to Broadley this afternoon," said Juliet, as she shut up this note and put it in her pocket; and after luncheon she started.

Things were indeed altered at Broadley House since poor Georgie's death.

To begin with, the Squire had given up the hounds; they had been taken by a sporting colonel, a new comer who had lately rented a place a few miles off. Everyone had entreated Mr. Travers to resign them only for the season, and not to give them up altogether. Even his wife could see how utterly lost and at sea he would be without this hitherto all-absorbing occupation of his life. But the old man was obstinate. No, no, he said, he should never be fit to be a master again. By-and-by, another year, perhaps, he would potter out after the hounds on his old bay horse Sunbeam, just when the meets came handy; but as to keeping the hounds again! no, that he should never do! Besides, he added pitifully, how could he, with no one to write his letters or help him with the work?

So he sat all day long in his study, doing nothing, stooping forward with bent head and clasped hands in his chair, and looking as if ten years had gone over his head in as many weeks.

Flora often sat on the floor by his side, leaning against him, with her story-book and Chanticleer's head on her lap; but, though he liked to have her there, and sometimes put his hand down to stroke her fair curls, she was too young to talk or be much of a companion to him.

Cis was staying at home, but, though kind and gentle in his manner to his son, the Squire had no comfort in his society.

Wattie Ellison seemed the only one who could in any way rouse or interest him. When Wattie came down for a couple of nights, as he did almost every week, the Squire would take his arm and allow himself to be tempted out of doors round the gar-

den, and sometimes even into the stables, and to Wattie he would talk as he could to no one else.

For hours together these two, to whom the dead girl was a living link of unfailing interest, would talk of her to each other, recalling her words and her doings, and all her sweet unselfishness.

No one save Wattie, the Squire felt, had ever appreciated his dead darling; her mother had snapped and scolded at her all her life; was it likely that she could sorrow for her properly now that she was gone? Cis had been too much of a milksop, and Mary too cold and selfish, to understand her; Flora alone of all her sisters had been devoted to her; but the Squire felt that Georgie had been more his child than any of his other children, and he was very jealous of her memory. He would never even mention her name to any of the others save only to Wattie, who had loved her and understood her, and who sorrowed for her intensely even as he did himself.

When Juliet went over to Broadley that afternoon, Mrs. Travers met her in the doorway.

"It is very good of you to come over to such a dull house," said she, with that sort of sham self-depreciation which is so irritating because so unanswerable; "I am sure there is little enough in this house of sorrow to amuse you."

"Dear Mrs. Travers, as if I wanted amusement!" said Juliet, a little indignantly.

"Well, my dear, everything is changed here for us all, and poor Mary feels the dreadful depression very trying to her spirits. You have come to see the Squire? Ah, dear me! it is sad to see him, and my dear Cis is quite unable to rouse him at all. I hope, Juliet, you will say something to give him and us all a little hope and pleasure?" she added wistfully, for she too was anxious that her son should make this brilliant match with the rich Miss Blair.

When Juliet went into the study, and when she saw how the old man's face lighted up at her entrance, she felt quite a pang of self-reproach to think how seldom she had come over of late.

"Why, Juliet! this is kind of you; come, sit down here, my dear, by the fire, and warm yourself. Is it cold out?"

"Rather; I think it is inclined to be frosty."

"You don't say so!" he exclaimed with a momentary eagerness, adding, however, immediately, with a sigh, "not that it matters to me much now!"

Juliet took the chair that he drew forward for her, and began talking to him of everything she could think of to interest and amuse him, just as one talks to a child, observing pitifully the while how tottering and aged he had become, and how drawn and white his once hale and robust face had grown.

Then Wattie came in for a little while and joined in the talk, and after he had gone Juliet asked suddenly, with something like a blush—

"And where is Cis?"

"Do you want him?" said the Squire eagerly. "Dear Juliet, do you want to see him?"

And Juliet answered, "Yes, I do indeed."

The Squire turned round to Flora, who was crouched up on the floor by the window with her arm round Chanticleer's neck, and told her to go and find her brother.

The child obeyed and left the room, the old hound following close at her heels as he used to at Georgie's.

"He is almost as fond of her," said the Squire brokenly, looking after her, and alluding for the first time to his dead daughter.

"Yes, and she is growing so like dear Georgie; have you not noticed it? I think Flora will be a comfort to you some day, dear Mr. Travers."

The old man shook his head.

"She is a good child—a good child; but she will never be like the other," he answered, and then Cis came in.

"I have sent my carriage home, Cis," said Juliet, as she shook hands with him; "will you walk with me?"

"Juliet! do you mean it really?" cried Cis, flushing with pleasure.

"Yes, I do really," she answered, smiling, and she shook hands with the Squire, and they both went out together.

For some minutes they went on side by side in silence. The fresh breeze blew briskly in their faces, as they walked quickly along, so that Cis found it difficult to keep his hat on, and was rather thankful that his companion did not speak to him. When, however, they turned out of the open park into the more sheltered lane, and Juliet still

kept silence, Cis found that it was incumbent upon him to speak.

"Do you ever think of what poor Georgie said to us before she died, Juliet?" he asked timidly.

"I am always thinking about it, Cis," answered Juliet, in her clear, steady voice.

"And what do you think of doing?" he asked nervously.

"What should you wish me to do?" said Juliet, smiling at him kindly.

"Do you mean to say—oh, Juliet, do you mean to say that you will marry me?" cried Cis, excitedly catching hold of both her hands, and forcing her to stand still, whilst his hat, left unsecured, took the opportunity of blowing off. Juliet laughed; it was so like the old awkward Cis of boyish days.

"Yes, Cis,—that is, if you will listen first to what I have to say; let us walk on, it is too cold to stand still. Cis, before I promise you anything, I want you to know the truth; the truth is that, though I am certainly fond of you, I do not love you as a woman ought to love her husband, and I am afraid I never shall. The reason is," she added, lowering her voice,—"the reason of it is, that everything in my heart that I had to give has already been given away."

"Juliet! to whom?" faltered Cis.

"Ah, never mind that," she answered, smiling; "I am not bound to tell you that; never mind who it was, he is never likely to cross my path or yours again; and I—don't know why I need be ashamed to say it to you—but the truth is that my affection was misplaced, for it was never returned. Well, Cis, I am leading a profitless and aimless life. I have no domestic ties and no one to love me."

"Oh, Juliet!"

"Hush, don't interrupt me, it is quite true; I have great need of some one who will be good to me. And when I know how anxious you are to marry me, and what a great deal of comfort I should give to your poor father by doing so, and above all how I have already promised our darling Georgie on her death-bed that I would be your wife, I cannot help thinking that by giving in to the earnest wishes of you all I shall at all events be doing some good to somebody, instead of wasting my life in selfish and profitless repinings. Cis, if you will be content to have me after this fashion, I will be your wife."

And then Cis called her by every fondest, proudest name, and swore to her a dozen times that he cared not how she came to him so long as she would come, that he would spend his life in trying to prove his gratitude to her, that he had love enough for both, and that he would never expect nor exact of her more than she chose to freely give him.

"I don't quite know how we shall get on together," she said, rather dubiously, when Cis had come to an end of his rhapsodies; "I am afraid we are not very well suited to each other; but at all events, we can try it."

It was not a very ecstatic speech for a young lady to make to the man she was just engaged to, certainly; but Cis was not hurt, he was too intensely delighted at being engaged to her at all to think much of the manner in which she had bound herself to him.

He was at this moment occupied in debating within himself whether it was or was not possible for him to venture to kiss her in the open high road along which they were progressing; but Juliet, who possibly suspected his intention, cut short these ambitious hopes.

"Now, Cis, go back to your father and tell him the good news; I can walk home very well from here."

"May I not walk to the door with you?" said her lover, in dismay at so abrupt a dismissal.

"No, not to-day," she answered, smiling and holding out her hand to him, and he could not do otherwise than leave her.

And Juliet walked on alone, a tall, dark figure in the gathering twilight.

"If he had not left me, I should never have done it," she said to herself bitterly, ten minutes after she had parted with her affianced husband.

And, before a week was over, Miss Blair was regretting her engagement to Cecil Travers intensely and hopelessly, and she would have gladly given up ten years of her life to have been able to undo the work of that afternoon's walk.

But in a week it was too late. In a week every man, woman, and child in her native county knew of it; she had received the congratulations of half the neighbourhood; and—worst, most unbreakable chain of all—she had knelt by the Squire's arm-chair, and had been blessed and thanked, in broken

trembling words, for her goodness in bringing back a gleam of pleasure and sunshine into his desolate and darkened life.

That was what bound her to Cis more securely than all her promises to him. And, to tell the truth, that was the one grain of pleasure and satisfaction she derived from her engagement.

Everything else about it revolted and horrified her; she seemed to see plainly now that the little gush of emotion and self-sacrifice which had been upon her that day had worn off; she knew how utterly unhappy such a marriage must be for her, how uncongenial poor Cis was to her in every way, and, worst of all, how vain it was to hope that her heart would ever belong in the faintest degree to anyone but to Hugh Fleming.

But the thought of old Squire Travers's delight, and of the pleasure which Cecil's family generally displayed at the news of his engagement, did in some measure reconcile her to it. She tried to persuade herself, and, indeed, she did honestly believe, that she was doing a good and unselfish action, and that a blessing would therefore rest upon her for it.

And she had one hope left.

As soon as she was engaged she wrote to tell Mr. Bruce, and requested him to write and inform Colonel Fleming of the fact, in order to ask for his formal consent to her marriage.

She had a wild, unreasonable hope that he would come home and save her from her fate—that he would never allow her to be taken utterly away from him, never suffer her to go without a struggle to retain her.

She little knew Hugh Fleming!

Two months passed away, and her answer came—in a note to Mr. Bruce, which that gentlemen forwarded to her

My dear Mr. Bruce,—I am very glad to hear such good news about Miss Blair. Pray give her my very hearty congratulations, and my sincere good wishes for her happiness; as to my consent, that, you know, is merely a matter of form, as we have talked over this subject before, and you know that I quite approved of Mr. Travers as a suitable husband for my ward. Please send me all necessary papers to sign, with your instructions. You are very kind to wish me to be present at the wedding, but that is, I fear, impossible. I should like to hear when the day is fixed.

With kind remembrances to all,

Yours faithfully,

HUGH FLEMING.

That was all.

That evening, when Cis came over to dinner, Juliet told him that she would keep him in suspense no longer, for that she would marry him in the month of May.

(To be Continued.)

DRIFTING.

THE sea-sands glitter in the sun,
And softly moans the ebbing tide,
And, here and there, with folded sails,
The lordly ships at anchor ride.

From far across the waters gray,
At times a sob is borne to me—
A whisper of dismantled ships
That sail, unmanned, the pathless sea.

And then I think of aimless lives—
Of hearts unstrung, and fettered hands—
And how, when flows the tide again,
Our steps will vanish from the sands.

St. John, N. B. H. L. SPENCER.

SCIENCE AND MATERIALISM.*

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, OTTAWA.

THERE is no question that the cardinal fact in the history of the nineteenth century is, the prodigious development of natural science. Considering how near at hand, for the most part, are the objects with which natural science deals, it seems wonderful at first sight that the scientific age of the world should have come at so comparatively late a period of human history. The ancient Greeks are, to this day, our masters in art, so far, at least, as sculpture and architecture are concerned; but their scientific attainments were of the most meagre kind. There was no deficiency amongst them of intellectual vigour, or of logical acuteness; while their powers of observation, in all that related to certain aspects of nature, were singularly keen. We must therefore attribute their failure to apply themselves seriously to science, not so much to any want of capacity for that kind of study, as to something in their national character which turned their energies in other directions. The fact is, that the explanation of their backwardness in science is also the explanation of their forwardness in art. Their polytheism peopled the earth for them with gracious ideals; but at the same time it prevented them in a great measure, from realizing the existence of natural laws. Their minds were full of pictures and fancies; and, rejoicing in these, they did not feel the need of any deeper insight into the nature of things than their common experience supplied. Then, just as their superstitions declined, the national genius began to fade. The Romans were not a race to do much for science; their talent was for government; the knowledge they prized was the knowledge of how to deal with men, not how to analyze matter. After the fall of the Roman Empire, a dismal period of barbarism supervened. If we can trust contemporary accounts, Satan—of whom Greeks and Romans to their great happiness had known nothing—would seem to have been let loose for about a thousand years, filling countless minds with the most vivid terrors, and working all manner of mischief upon true believers. If these accounts are true, of course there could be no science where natural law was being so constantly broken by this malignant spirit, his emissaries, and his victims; if they are not true, we still see very good reason why natural science should for long ages have made no progress. Aristotle, at the very close of the sixteenth century, was still a standard authority in physics—so much so that Galileo incurred great hostility for proving the master wrong in his assertion that the rapidity of descent of falling bodies was in proportion to their weight. For this inexcusable piece of presumption he was compelled to leave Pisa, where he filled a chair in the University, and where he had taken advantage of the Leaning Tower to make his experiment.

The names of Copernicus, Vesalius, Servetus, Kepler, Galileo, and Toricelli, show us that, in the sixteenth century and beginning of the seventeenth, men had begun to think of the universe as something else than a theatre for the exercise of supernatural powers. A great deal of valuable scientific work had in fact been done when Bacon conceived his great work on the means of advancing science. The merit of Bacon consists not in his own scientific researches, which bear no comparison with those of the men I have named, but in the clearness and vigour with which he grasped the idea of science as a progressive interrogation of nature by means of observation and experiment. Since the time of Bacon, science has, in the main, kept to the true path. Only eight years elapsed between the publication of the *Novum Organum* (1620), and Harvey's immortal disquisition "On the motion of

* The following pages constituted the latter portion of an Inaugural Address delivered before the Ottawa Literary and Scientific Society on the 10th November, 1876.

the heart and the circulation of the blood." The same century produced Newton, Boyle, Linnæus, and a host of other illustrious names; and science henceforth had its recognised place as one of the most important and beneficent branches of human activity.

And now where are we? Is it not the case that science, so feeble once in comparison with the strong prepossessions or instinctive beliefs of mankind—science, which formerly but picked up the crumbs that fell from the table of human reason, while metaphysics and theology feasted and lorded it at the board—science, that was persecuted and cast out in the persons of its early professors, its Roger Bacons, Galileos, and Brunos—science, in which men saw no beauty or promise that they should desire it—is it not true that this stone which the builders rejected, has become almost the head of the corner in the edifice of our civilization? Upon what are the eyes of all men waiting, but upon science to heal their diseases, and even cleanse their iniquities? Is it not true that theology itself—I speak now only of what you all know as well as I —is looking to science to place a true interpretation upon its records. "Describe to us," say the theologians, "the physical history of the earth, and whatever you can satisfactorily prove, *that* we shall accept as the true sense of the Mosaic record, no matter what verbal difficulties may stand in the way. You have shown us that we must no longer talk of a six *days'* work in creation; we quite accept your amendment, and shall be prepared to give our best consideration to any others you may propose. As soon as you are quite sure about the doctrine of evolution, we think we shall have no difficulty in finding that, too, in a manner, outlined in our record." This is an honour to which science in its earlier stages never looked forward. It hoped to unravel progressively the mysteries of nature; but it never expected to be called in to assist in the task of Biblical exegesis. Times have changed since the inventor of the telescope fell into the hands of the tormentors for his speculations on the solar system; or, coming down much later, since Buffon was compelled to pen a very humble retractation of certain errors which the doctors of the Sorbonne asserted they had discovered in his "Système de la Nature." Had he lived in the present day he might have corrected the errors of the doctors.

It would be easy to pursue this line of thought, and to prove by many unimpeachable testimonies the high position that science has won for itself in the modern world; but the easier the task, the less need there is to perform it. Glance at but one sign of the times—the eagerness with which any real master of science—a Huxley, a Tyndall, or a Proctor—is listened to whenever, forsaking the study or the laboratory, he comes before the public as a lecturer. It is not the learned only who flock to hear him; but multitudes of average men and women go to get what instruction they can. They feel their need of it; they know that this is a real world in which they live; they are beginning to have some perception of the immutability of its laws; and, what those laws are, they fain would learn. The gifted scientific teacher occupies indeed a position of great privilege, and, let me add, of great responsibility. He may not succeed in awakening—as of course he does not aim at awakening—those violent emotions which follow upon certain methods of teaching. He neither shouts, nor sings, nor contorts his body, nor heaps up incongruous imagery, nor revels in anecdotes, nor indulges in weak sentimentalism, nor gives way to grotesque violence of language; but he touches the understanding, and shapes opinions, and moulds purposes. It behoves him, therefore, to use his great power with strict conscientiousness for the wisest ends. He must be careful, above all, not to engender a conceit of knowledge on the part of his hearers, nor to illustrate it by anything in his own manner or language. He should caution his hearers against substituting blind deference to his authority, or to any scientific authority, for the blind deference they may have hitherto paid to other authorities. He should speak with certainty only of the known, and with proper reserve of what is only probable or purely hypothetical. He should dwell upon the great truth that emancipation from error means responsibility for a higher mode of life; and that, if it does not result in this, it is valueless, if not worse than valueless in causing truth to be evil spoken of. He should insist strongly on the difference between real knowledge and sham knowledge; between a true insight into facts and

grasp of principles on the one hand, and a mere command of phrases on the other. Let him do these things, and abound in doing them, and he will quickly be recognised as the highest type of teacher in this generation.

The function of science is to interpret to man the world in which he lives, and especially the material conditions on which his well-being depends. It explains to him the properties of matter and the constitution of his own physical nature. It is concerned with questions of cause and effect, or antecedence and sequence. It gives him, in regard to many things, a power of prevision which to his ancestors would have seemed simply miraculous. It enables him to wield with ease and certainty some of the mightiest and subtlest forces of nature. It places at his service agencies, such as electricity and magnetism, which as yet far outrun his powers of comprehension. It carries him into regions of the invisible and impalpable, and exhibits to him wonders that utterly dwarf the direct revelations of sense, and seem at times to threaten the fundamental postulates of his philosophy. Science, we may say, is the minister of man's thinking faculty; or we may regard it as the product of that faculty working according to its own laws, just as honey is the product of the instinctive labours of the bee. Manifestly, so long as man thinks, and so long as he has an inexhaustible universe to think in, science must advance; we can set no limit to its conquests. Unless human powers at some point in the future begin to fail, it must continue its beneficent career, giving man wider and wider control over nature, and thus increasing the advantages, and decreasing the disadvantages, of his lot upon earth. Lucretius has drawn a pitiable picture of primitive man roaming naked through the forests, contending at dreadful odds with the inexorable powers of nature, fleeing in terror from wild beasts, and filling his mind with superstitious terrors over and above those which his helpless condition might so well have inspired. The imagination of the poet did but anticipate in this case, as it has done in so many cases, the knowledge obtained from direct observation. We know of tribes at this moment of whom all this is true, and who superadd, what the poet has not thought of placing in his picture, abominable excesses of lust and cruelty. Yet from this lowly origin it is impossible not to believe that the whole human race has sprung; and all that now separates the civilised man of to-day from his savage progenitor shows the work of his thinking faculty, and of those other faculties or capacities of his nature which the power of thought has called into exercise. Primitive man has simply his senses to guide him, and a little superiority in cunning over the beasts of the field; the only force he can wield is that which his muscles supply; the only dangers he can avert—and these of course not always—are such as his senses directly apprize him of; the only benefits he can grasp are such as nature visibly offers. Civilised man uses his senses to guide him to instrumentalities and agencies by which their range is vastly increased. Primitive man grasps a club and feels himself strong; civilised man imprisons fire and water, or mixes a few chemical substances, and he has command of forces that could almost rend the globe. Mr. Spencer expresses the difference by saying that the one has but a very narrow, and the other a comparatively wide and distant, command of his "environment," that is to say, of environing or surrounding objects and conditions. The work of science is, to help us to act not only *here* and *now*, but far away and, as it were, long in the future. When we make provision *now* to fight against an epidemic which science tells us will, in all probability, visit us at a certain time in the future, we are in effect carried forward to that future time, and enabled to deal with its contingencies as if they were present. When, by aid of the telegraph, we receive timely notice of the failure of certain crops in certain places, we make our arrangements to meet, as far as possible, the consequences of the fact. In a thousand ways what we do now has reference, not to the immediate present, but to what we know will be by-and-by. By the aid of science we throw out, as it were, vast feelers—shall I shock you too much by calling them metaphorically *antennæ?*—into distant space and time, and regulate our present conduct by what we are thus enabled to perceive. This is having an enlarged grasp of our environment—a somewhat barbarous phrase, perhaps, to those who are unaccustomed to it, but a very useful one to those who feel its force.

As I said some time ago,* we do not come here to discuss mysteries; and I therefore make no apology for these very simple remarks. To some they are the very A. B. C. of knowledge; but others may be helped by them to a more vivid conception than they have hitherto possessed of the nature and function of science. If I can be of assistance to such, I must only crave the patience of the more learned. Now, when we say that *science* gives to man an ever increasing grasp of his environment, we simply mean—what? That the action of man as a thinking being secures him this increasing grasp. Let us now, in the light of this indisputable statement, examine very briefly the question, Whether there is any justification for the prevalent fear that physical science tends to result in materialism.

The best definition of materialism I have anywhere met with is that given by Auguste Comte, who speaks of it as a tendency to apply to a higher range of enquiries, the methods appropriate to a lower. He recognizes, accordingly, several kinds of materialism corresponding to the several fundamentally distinct branches of human knowledge. A person conversant with the laws of mechanics, who should insist that these were capable of explaining all chemical phenomena, and who should take a delight in dragging down, so to speak, the more complex modes of action which chemistry reveals, to a mechanical basis, would be, in his way, a materialist. Similarly, a chemist who refused to recogize in the phenomena of life, anything but a somewhat obscure chemistry, and who pursued his labours in the same levelling spirit, or as the French would say, *esprit de nivellement*, would also be a materialist. Again, the physiologist, deeply versed in the laws of individual life, whose passion was to show that the various modes of social action were nothing more or higher than the processes of secretion, digestion, nutrition, &c., with which his peculiar studies had rendered him familiar, and who disdained any other preparation than he already possessed as a physiologist for the study of social phenomena, would be the most irrational materialist of the three. What common sense and the best instinctive feelings of our nature resent in the conduct of such men is, their love of vulgarizing, of dragging down to a lower level, what they wilfully refuse to qualify themselves to understand. The materialism, however, which excites the greatest repugnance is that which loves to dwell on the physical basis of mind, and to ignore the utter impossibility of expressing any of the phenomena of mind in terms of matter. We say of a man that he is wise or foolish, just or unjust, brave or cowardly, faithful or false; but what possible application can any one of these terms have to the grey matter of the brain or to the nervous system as a whole? To banish these words from our daily conversation, would be to sentence ourselves to mutism and idiocy; to apply them to anything material would be to imitate lunacy. Professor Tyndall has himself confessed that a transition from matter to thought is absolutely inconceivable, unthinkable. Where then can be the possible advantage, after once settling the point that certain material conditions are necessary—as far at least as our experience enables us to judge—to the existence and activity of thought, in studiously dwelling on those material conditions, and turning our eyes away from all that would reveal to us the radical, immeasurable, unfathomable difference between thought or consciousness and its objects? Surely there is none; but, on the contrary, much disadvantage and loss, as there must always be when we set ourselves in opposition to nature.

Now, if by materialism we understand, with Auguste Comte, a tendency to confound distinct orders in nature, and especially to withhold from the highest of all, the respect that is its due, we may safely say that the tendency of science is *not* in this direction. Not only does science not tend to force all thought down to one plane, but it can only win its way by recognizing the claims, and accommodating itself to the exigencies of each distinct branch of enquiry; and no one knows better than a true man of science, that nerve vibrations and molecular movements in the brain, are no more the equivalent of thought than the pen with which Tennyson wrote, was the equivalent of "In Memoriam." Others may indulge this fancy, but the man who has to advance the boundaries of science cannot afford such trifling. For him, above all others, it is necessary that, leaving the

* i. e. In an earlier part of this address, which as being of merely local interest, has not been reprinted here.

things which are behind, he should press forward to those which are before. The truths of mathematics do not suffice in the realm of physics, nor those of physics in the realm of chemistry; chemistry fails to interpret the secrets of physiology, and physiology does but darken counsel when it attempts to formulate the conscious activity of man, to express in terms of its own the length and breadth and depth and height of his intellectual and emotional experience. To some it seems as if the reduction of thought to a level of a mere property of matter, would cut at the root of a vast body of superstition; but, on the other hand, what superstitions may not be introduced if once we take the false step of joining what nature has sundered, or of pronouncing that there is but one order of phenomena where she has plainly declared there are two. Unless I am mistaken, I already see superstition creeping in by this door. Let us only hope the evil will not go very far. The poet's words are fortunately true in the main, that

> "All reason wastes by day, and more,
> Will instinct in a night restore."

Science, as I before remarked, is simply the intellect of man, exercising itself in a certain direction. We are too apt to imagine that our abstract words stand for concrete existences. If science were something *outside* the mind, gifted with an activity of its own, what it might do with mind we can only guess. But seeing that it has no standing-ground in the whole universe except in the mind of man—or some similarly organized being—its triumphs are simply the triumphs of mind. Are we then to suppose that our intellectual powers in the course of their triumphant career will triumph over themselves, and be self-consigned to a lower place in nature than they had before claimed to occupy? I see no shadow of reason for entertaining such a notion. Brain is brain, and mind is mind; and though each may react on the other, it is the merest folly to say that one, in any sense, *is* the other. Compare the brain of a Shakspeare with that of some very ordinary person, and what difference will you find, except perhaps, in size,—the same kind of difference that exists between two pumpkins in the same market-cart. But compare the mind of Shakspeare with the mind of the ordinary person: the one is an empire, the other a parish; we can hardly bri ourselves to regard them as commensurabl Consider again, that we do not set ourselv to improve the mind by improving the brai except in so far as, by keeping the who body in good health, we may try to impro the conditions for intellectual labour. Th only thing we can possibly do for the brai is, to keep it well supplied with healthy bloo and to draw off the blood in sleep, or a least reduce its quantity, at proper interval In this respect, however, the brain receive no peculiar treatment; for arms and leg equally require to be nourished by the bloo and to have their periods of rest. But w act on the mind directly by setting it tasks by appointing it exercises, by training it t do what surely the brain does not do,—re cognize similarities, detect differences, weig evidence, pronounce judgments. If yo say that certain movements in the brain ac company all these acts, I say yes, and move ments too, in the heart and stomach. The keen pursuit of an intellectual problem wil quicken the heart's action; a sudden surprise will arrest and disturb it; unpleasant thoughts will impede digestion; fear will produce perspiration, and cold in the extremities. All this goes to show that man is a unity; but it does not go to show any identity of nature between mental experiences and their physical accompaniments.

There are many signs that the scientific men of to-day are beginning to realize more than ever the littleness of their knowledge in comparison with what remains to be known, and that they are prepared to accept a reversal of some of their fundamental notions in regard to the possibilities of existence. We are all of us materialists in regard to some things; and the whole scientific world, in its gropings after the beyond, has of necessity to be materialist in this sense, that until some new realm of nature has sufficiently discovered itself for some of its laws to be perceived and understood, investigators have no option but to apply the principles of those regions of knowledge with which they are already acquainted. Sufficient experience has, however, already been gained of the adjustments necessary in passing from one class of phenomena to another, to make it incumbent on our philosophers to be prepared, whenever the occasion arises, to abandon any given mode of thought for another other—*any* which a dif-

ferent class of phenomena may clearly appear to require. At this moment we do not know what to think of the *ether*—that vast and possibly universal sea in which worlds and suns and systems and constellations are bathed and enveloped. Compare it with our atmosphere for tenuity; and our atmosphere is as iron to this viewless and wholly imperceptible fluid. But lo! consider it in some of its functions or characteristics, and we hear it described as a boundless universe of solid adamant. "Sir John Herschel calculated," says Prof. Jevons, himself one of the foremost mathematicians in England, "the amount of force which may be supposed, according to the undulatory theory of light, to be exerted at each point in space, and finds it to be 1,148,000,000,000 times the elastic force of air at the earth's surface, so that the pressure of the ether upon a square inch of surface must be about seventeen billions of pounds. All our ordinary notions," adds Mr. Jevons, "must be laid aside in contemplating such a phenomenon: yet it is no more than the observed phenomena of light and heat force us to accept. We cannot even deny the strange suggestion of Dr. Young, that there may be independent worlds, some possibly existing in different parts of space, but others, perhaps, pervading each other, unseen and unknown in the same space." But why this utter confounding of all our ordinary conceptions of the possible and impossible? Manifestly because the physics we have learned in the study of tangible objects are wholly inadequate to the comprehension of another class of facts, the existence of which we yet must recognise; so that, in the meantime, we are compelled to harbour apparently contradictory propositions. Take any ordinary piece of what we call dead matter, such as iron, which, when fashioned into a door-nail, furnishes us with a very proverb of deadness. That inert, lifeless mass, if you had organs capable of discerning its molecular movements, would be seen to be a whirling universe in itself. Heat it, the molecular movements increase in rapidity; cool it, they become slower, but, just as ceaselessly as the stars in their courses, are the molecules moving about their centres. The distances between them are, relatively to their size, comparable with the distances between the planets of our system. To come within the range of the very highest microscopic power (equal, if I mistake not, to 30,000 diameters), they would require to be enlarged some 200,000 times. What then is to prevent us grasping any mass of matter and forcing the molecules separated from one another by such vast distances, into immediate contact? No power that man could devise, could accomplish that feat. The sensation of utter hardness and incompressibility is thus communicated to us by what? By the rapid movement of something soft, for if we ask what the molecules are in themselves, the best answer modern science can give is, that they are "vortex-rings" of an approximately perfect liquid. Let us remember, for our consolation, the next time we have the misfortune to bump our heads against a beam or any other very unyielding substance, that what we really came into collision with, was somethiug extremely soft, which only happened to feel hard because its molecules (bother them) were in very rapid motion.

If, then, we take into consideration the number of new conceptions that are crowding upon men's minds, and the necessity that may at any moment arise for an alteration of our point of view, or at least the admission of what had before appeared inconceivable, we shall, I am sure, be led to the conclusion that there never was a time when rash dogmatism was more out of place than at the present. The temper we should all cultivate is one of earnest truth-seeking and patient waiting. Let us use provisionally the highest conceptions to which we can at present rise; but let us not set our faces, as some do, against the very thought that some day these conceptions may be proved inadequate. Then, while we are patiently waiting for higher light upon certain problems, let us be vigorous in attacking all demonstrable errors. There is in every age a work of unbuilding to do as well as a work of building. Our very bodies are undergoing constantly a double process of destruction and renovation; and, unless the destruction is vigorously carried on, the renovation must languish, and the health of the whole body suffer. Our systems of belief in like manner require from time to time to be relieved of dead matter; and he who ministers to this end is entitled to no less gratitude than he who provides new materials for assimilation. To hold a consistent, manly course, how-

ever, and to be outspoken for what we regard as the truth, calls for courage just in proportion as our opinions diverge from those which society is pleased to take under its patronage. It needs a steady gaze to look the world full in the face, and in that look proclaim your determination to have a mind and will of your own. But do this; disengage yourself from a routine with which you have no sympathy, boldly take up your own position, and you will become a centre of attraction to other minds; like will gravitate to like. I know of no more impressive words on this subject than those of Mr. John Morley, where, in his noble work on "Compromise," speaking of the bondage in which so many men of superior mind are to the smile of the world, he says: "And what is this smile of the world, to win which we are bidden to sacrifice our moral manhood; this frown of the world, whose terrors are more awful than the withering up of truth and the slow going-out of light within the souls of us? Consider the triviality of life and conversation and purpose in the bulk of those whose approval is held out for the prize and mark of our high calling. Let us measure the empire over them of prejudice unadulterated by a single element of rationality, and let us weigh the huge burden of custom unrelieved by a single leavening particle of fresh thought. Ponder the share which selfishness and love of ease have in the vitality and maintenance of the opinions which we are forbidden to dispute. Then how pitiful a thing seems the approval or disapproval of these creatures of the conventions of an hour, as one figures the merciless vastness of the universe of matter, sweeping us headlong through viewless space; as one hears the wail of misery that is for ever ascending to the deaf gods; as one counts the little tale of the years that separate us from eternal silence. In the light of these things a man should surely dare to live his life, with little heed of the common speech upon him or his life; only caring that his days may be full of reality, and his conversation of truth-speaking and wholeness."

These are weighty words, but they are perhaps too sadly solemn for me to leave them with you as a farewell; so I will read you in conclusion a poem by one of the noblest spirits of this century, Arthur Hugh Clough, a poem which speaks of man's power over the universe, and summons him to a career of joyful conquest over all natural obstacles and difficulties:—

"Hope evermore and believe, O man, for, e'en as thy thought,
So are the things that thou see'st; e'en as thy hope and belief.
Cowardly art thou and timid? they rise to provoke thee against them.
Hast thou courage? enough; see them exulting to yield!
Yea, the rough rock, the dull earth, the wild sea's furying waters
(Violent say'st thou and hard, mighty thou think'st to destroy),
All with ineffable longing are waiting their Invader;
All, with one varying voice, call to him, Come and subdue:
Still for their Conqueror call, and, but for the joy of being conquered,
(Rapture they will not forego) dare to resist and rebel;
Still, when resisting and raging, in soft undervoice say unto him,
Fear not, retire not, O man; hope evermore and believe.
Go from the east to the west, as the sun and the stars direct thee,
Go with the girdle of man, go and encompass the earth.
Not for the gain of the gold; for the getting, the hoarding, the having,
But for the joy of the deed; but for the Duty to do.
Go with the spiritual life, the higher volition and action,
With the great girdle of God, go and encompass the earth.
Go; say not in thy heart, 'and what then were it accomplished,
Were the wild impulse allayed, what were the use and the good?'
Go; when the instinct is stilled, and when the deed is accomplished,
What thou hast done and shalt do, shall be declared to thee then.
Go with the sun and the stars, and yet evermore in thy spirit
Say to thyself: It is good; yet is there better than it.
This that I see is not all, and this that I do is but little;
Nevertheless it is good, though there is better than it."

THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

GONE at last, and gone forever,
 With that solemn midnight chime,
Gone—with all its spring-tide blossom,
 And the fruitage of its prime ;
Faint we hear its parting footsteps
 Down the echoing aisles of Time.

In the hushed and solemn moments
 While the night to morning clings,
Comes a veiled and silent angel
 With a rustle of soft wings—
'Neath his flowing vesture hidden,
 Unknown gifts to all he brings.

What they are—in vain we wonder,
 All in vain we question now ;
Well the angel keeps the secret
 'Neath his calm, impassive brow ;
But we know Love plans our future,
 So we are not careful *how !*

If there come not what we hope for,
 If there come the things we dread,
Yet we will not faint nor falter,—
 One hath marked the path we tread,
Blest, in gladness or in sorrow,
 Following where Himself hath led.

But the stately, silent angel
 Bears a volume, blank and white,—
What within it shall be written
 Mainly it is ours to write,—
May it show a fairer record
 Than the one that closed to-night !

Where dark lines of wrong and hatred
 Marred the record as it ran,—
This year stand, in golden letters,
 Love and truth to God and man,—
So our perverse human passions
 Mar not the Designer's plan.

Yet, oh Life's Recording Angel !
 Take each blurred, imperfect line,
Dip it in Love's cleansing fountain
 Till all fair and pure it shine,—
And, as grow the pages fewer,
 Lift us nearer the Divine !

FIDELIS.

Kingston.

SWIFT AND THE WOMEN WHO LOVED HIM.

I.

VARINA.

THE interest excited among all classes and conditions of people by the character and career of St. Patrick's famous Dean, both during his life and after his death, has been far more vivid and lasting than that usually bestowed on men with much superior claims to real greatness. Many causes will account for this. His unrivalled power of scathing satire and biting irony, his keen wit and fierce temper, combined with his great intellectual gifts and his knowledge of every phase of human nature, made him at once courted as a powerful auxiliary, aud dreaded as a formidable foe by the upper classes; while his freedom of speech, his shrewd, coarse humour, his ostentatious contempt for rank and etiquette, and the whimsical eccentricities of his character, were exactly suited to the tastes and understanding of the vulgar crowd. The skill and boldness with which he fought his way to distinction, and, after having been flattered and caressed by the most eminent men of the Whig and Tory parties in turn, became the ruling spirit of the famous Ministry of Oxford and Bolingbroke, won for him that sort of astonished admiration which success against great obstacles always commands; and besides what was actually known of his importance in the political world, the indefinite nature of his position, to which no place or emolument was attached, the fiercely independent and uncompromising attitude he assumed towards the great statesmen who were his familiar friends, and the respect and consideration he exacted from them, added to his habit of "mystification," gave the imagination almost unlimited scope for exaggerating his power and consequence, and threw the prestige of mystery over his fame. Though he hated Ireland, and was a thorough Englishman in everything but his place of birth, he was the first great and successful champion of her liberties, and became the idol of the nation—

> "Envy must own it was his doing,
> To save that hapless land from ruin."

In Dublin he was called the King of the Mob, and he was not without pride in his power over the many-headed monster. When publicly accused by Primate Boulter of influencing the populace against him, Swift indignantly retorted, "*I* inflame them If I had but raised my little finger they would have torn you to pieces." He used to say the rabble ought to subscribe something to keep him in hats, he wore out so many in returning their salutations. Even still, though the many fierce and bitter struggles with England, in which Ireland has been engaged, might well have thrown Swift's bloodless battles into the shade, the Irish people reverence the memory of "the great Dean;" anecdotes of his whims and eccentricities, and of the practical jokes which he was so fond of playing on his servants, and on the street beggars and hucksters, are yet told; and many of his comical rhymes and odd sayings repeated, though seldom as they appear in print.* The people of England, he said, fancied he could bring the Pretender in his hand and put him on the throne whenever he chose; and his haughty boast in the "Lines on the Death of Dr. Swift," is well known—

* For example, the couplet made impromptu after he had been forced off the road and into the ditch by the furious driving in a coach and four of Colonel Ram, a Wexford magnate and M.P., for the Town of Gorey, is always given as follows:—

> "England's fear and hate, and Ireland's pride and glory,
> Was knocked into the ditch by the big Ram of Gorey."

"Two Kingdoms just as faction led
Had set a price upon his head,
But not a Judas could be found
To sell him for three hundred pound."

His private character, circumstances, and surroundings, impressed the imagination almost as much as his public career and the great part he had played in affairs of State. His self-will, pride, and arrogance, so strangely blended with softer emotions; his deep disgust with human life and destiny, and yet his fierce determination to get what compensation gratified pride and ambition could bestow; his contempt for the human race as a whole, combined with so much esteem and affection for some of its units; the mingled fire and gloom, tenderness and severity, greatness and meanness, of his nature, culminating in the savage cynicism and misanthropy which sought relief in creating the foul and hideous Yahoos, and in writing verses which only the plea of approaching insanity could excuse;—all these peculiarities and anomalies intensified to the utmost the feelings of repulsion and admiration, wonder, pity, and awe with which his political triumphs, his powerful and unrivalled satires, and the madness and death-in-life which closed all, were regarded. History gives us few pictures more pathetic than that of this once brilliant genius, whose brains Pope had declared to be the best in the nation; lonely in heart since the death of her whose conversation, he said, was all that made life tolerable to him; deaf, and no longer capable of enjoying those wit combats in which he had been almost unrivalled; almost blind, and unable to read because, true to his characteristic failing of kicking against the pricks, he refused to wear glasses; worst of all, conscious that the clouds of mental disease which had hung over him all his life were rapidly closing round him; turning over the pages of the "Tale of the Tub"—the great satire which had both made and marred his fortunes—and muttering to himself, "Good God! what a genius I had when I wrote that book!"

His life from beginning to end was filled with the elements of tragedy. Deep and violent passions and contrasts of character in himself and in others grouped themselves about him with dramatic effect, making his name still a strong spell for historians and biographers to conjure with. Even those readers who care nothing for him as a politician, a wit, and a satirist; to whom the "Tale of a Tub," and the "Letters of a Drapier" are only names to which very vague ideas are attached, and "Gulliver's Travels" little more than a child's story book; who have no appreciation of the humour of "Mrs. Frances Harris's Petition" and "The Grand Question Debated;" and who would probably agree with M. Taine that his poems are chiefly remarkable for the absence of poetry, and that "Baucis and Philemon" is an unpardonable travesty of a beautiful old legend,—feel an undying interest in the story of Stella's faithful love and Vanessa's unhappy passion, and the strange and inexplicable circumstances by which those two fair women have been forever associated with his genius and his fame.

It must be allowed that even from his own account Swift's behaviour towards women seems to have been conducted with a systematic selfishness and levity singularly inappropriate to a moral censor, which, from the very beginning of his career as a writer, he assumed to be. In his youth his chief amusement appears to have been love-making, merely *pour passer le temps*, and without any intention of marriage; and we hear of his having had several flirtations and entanglements before Varina appeared on the scene.* First there is "Betty Jones," and we read in one of his letters that when he was living in Leicester, before he went to reside with Sir William Temple, his mother was made very uneasy by his love-affairs with that young lady. "But when I went to London," he continues, "she married an innkeeper." "Betty" was a relative of Swift's mother, and the marriage was considered very much beneath her. It turned out badly, and, years after, Swift mentions her as living apart from her "rogue of a husband." Then comes another Leicestershire lady, about whom a friend (the Rev. Mr. Kendall, called by Swift his good cousin) wrote him a letter of remonstrance. People had reported that he was going to marry the lady, and Mr. Kendall was afraid he might be in danger of doing so in ignorance of certain rumours

* A writer in the *London Quarterly Review* accuses Swift of habitually "philandering" with women, and explains his meaning by giving the definition of the verb "to philander," from Flügel's English-German Dictionary: "Den Schafer spielen, liebeln, den Vertrauten machen."

that were afloat about her. "The people," Swift replies, "is a lying sort of beast, though they seldom speak without some show of reason." He then goes on to assure his friend that he does not belong to the kind of persons who ruin themselves by matrimony, to which his cold temper and unconfined humour are greater hindrances than the rumours alluded to could be. He owns, however, that he has failings which might make it thought that he was serious while he had no other design than to entertain himself when he was idle, or when something went amiss in his affairs; a thing so common with him that he can remember twenty women to whom he had behaved "in the same way." There was also an "Eliza," to whom he had written a packet of letters, which had been returned, and were left by him in the parsonage when he fled from Kilroot and Varina to Moor Park and Stella, and which he begs his successor, Mr. Winder, to burn. Whether Eliza was one of the "twenty" or not we have no means of knowing, but certainly Varina could not have been included, as it was after the letter to Mr. Kendall, in which he acknowledges his "philandering" propensities, was written, that he made her acquaintance.

By way of explaining or excusing what might otherwise have seemed unpardonable selfishness, some of Swift's defenders have assumed that he was so constituted by nature, as to be as much incapable of feeling or comprehending the passion of love, as a man born blind of experiencing the wonderful effects of light and colour. He always spoke of love with contempt and derision, especially to his lady friends, calling it "that ridiculous passion which had no existence except in play-books and romances," and extolling friendship as an emotion much more exalting and satisfactory to a reasonable being. He tells Mr. Kendall he has a "cold temper," that will keep him from marriage till his fortune is made, which cannot be for many years. "And even then," he adds, "I am so hard to please, that I suppose I shall put it off to the other world." His well-known lines in "Cadenus and Vanessa," repeat what he had said so many years before to Mr. Kendall:—

> "Cadenus common forms apart,
> In every scene had kept his heart,
> Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
> For pastime or to show his wit.
> He now could praise, esteem, approve,
> But understood not what was love."

There are, however, very few people, any, whose utterances on themselves v may implicitly accept. Swift, who alwa delighted in mystification, and what h called a life by stealth, was not likely to we his heart upon his sleeve, and few will doul that his temperament, instead of being col was intensely impassioned and ardent. S Walter Scott considers it significant of h insensibility to feminine charms that in th women he praises he almost exclusively ap plauds mental and moral qualities, and com mends in them virtues of a masculine char acter, such as courage, constancy, frankness and sincerity, rather than the more feminin attributes of delicacy, sensibility, and ten derness. But it should be remembered tha Swift always wrote as a moralist, and in tha capacity extols those virtues which were most neglected in women—Divine virtues contemptuously denied to the weaker sex by cynics and satirists, and declared by their greatest admirers and warmest flatterers to be incompatible with the true charms and attractions of womanhood, but which Swift's strong sense and knowledge of human nature taught him were as necessary and as admirable in women as in men. And it ought always to be remembered to his honour that he not only demanded from women cultivated and reasoning minds, but paid them a compliment often denied them by those who, in practice, have treated them better, when he fixed the standard of morals for women on an equality with that of their masters.

There is, we submit, no proof that he was insensible to the attractions of beauty, and many passages in his writings seem to show that he was perfectly capable of appreciating womanly charms and graces. In a high encomium on Mrs. Long, written in one of his note-books, he does not neglect to add to her other merits that she was the most beautiful person of her age. In "Cadenus and Vanessa," after he had made Venus bestow on Vanessa perfect beauty of form and feature, he brings the Graces to inspire her with—

> "That gentle, soft, engaging air,
> Which in old times adorned the fair."

In his verses to Stella, on her thirty-sixth

birthday, he calls her face, in his whimsical manner,

> "An angel's face a little cracked.
> An angel's, if we could but fix
> How angels look at thirty-six."

Stella was to him the type of all womanly perfection, the fairest spirit upon earth, and when writing his brief notice of her life and character, after her death, he fondly dwells with minute particularity on her personal charms.

At any rate, whatever may be thought of Swift's conduct in other respects, there can be no difference of opinion as to his liking for the society of women, and the great influence he exercised over them; though if they offended or opposed him, he could treat them with merciless severity. Addison described him as the most agreeable companion, as well as the greatest genius of his age; Harley declared that he had a way with him no one could resist, and St. John in repeating the compliment to Swift, endorsed it; Steele wrote of that uncommon way of thinking and peculiar turn in conversation which made his company so advantageous. Others have said that he possessed an extraordinary fascination of manner when he chose to exert it, and this seems to have been generally the case when he was in the company of women. Recalling in his journal how Sir William Temple had formerly snubbed and treated him like a school-boy, he says, "Faith, he spoiled a fine gentleman." But in his famous days, in London, he had "plucked up a spirit," as he said, and showed the ease and address which became the companion of statesmen and courtiers. He was considered handsome, and his appearance is always described as striking and impressive. "In person," says Sir Walter Scott, "he was tall, strong, and well made; of a dark complexion, with blue eyes, and black bushy eye-brows, a nose somewhat aquiline, and features which remarkably expressed the stern, haughty, and dauntless turn of his mind." Pope has described his eyes as being very peculiar—"as blue as the heavens, with a glance of surprising acuteness;" and poor Vanessa said he had the power of assuming a look so awful that it struck the gazer dumb. Many portraits of him have been preserved. One in the Deanery House, in Dublin, by Bindon, has a stern, harsh, and imperious expression, and another portrait, by the same artist, depicts him as if sunk in deep and mournful thought. But these were painted in his later days, when his morbid sense of "the corruptions and villanies of men" had exhausted his spirit, and lacerated his heart. His portrait by Jervas, of which an etching is prefixed to Mr. Forster's "Life," was taken when he was little more than forty, and combines with its haughty expression of superiority a kindly look of benevolence, and a smiling archness. It has been said that he was never known to laugh, and that when he smiled it was with Cassius-like bitterness—

> "As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit
> That could be moved to smile at anything."

But there is no trace of this sardonic humour in the portrait we are speaking of. The lips are a little pursed, and we can fancy that he looked just so when "making up his mouth" to talk to Stella in "their own little language."

In addition to person and manners well fitted to please the fair, Swift had other attractions to which women are never indifferent—genius, and renown; and in the days when dukes and cabinet ministers were his intimate companions, and he himself a cabinet minister in every thing but the name, fine ladies were proud of his friendship and favour, kept up a constant correspondence with him, and condescended to submit to his whims. He delighted in exercising his wonderful facility in verse-making, for the amusement of a circle of admiring fair ones, playing the dictator to a group of toasts and beauties, and keeping up for their amusement a constant round of puns and proverbs—such as may be seen in the "Journal,"—jests, *jeux d'esprit*, raillery, and badinage of every description. His boasted invincibility to Cupid's darts gave some *éclat* to those who were his special favourites, and made it easier for the ladies to accept him as their "guide, philosopher, and friend." He always professed the utmost disdain for the language of gallantry, and claimed the privilege of speaking the truth and finding fault whenever he chose; but no one knew better how to convey the most subtle flattery in the guise of irony or humorous ex-

aggeration; as in his compliment to Mrs. Biddy Floyd, who, he said, "had thawed a frost of three weeks' duration by looking out of the window with both her eyes, but when she drew in her head it began to freeze again." His verses "To Ardelia," were written to Mrs. Finch, afterwards Countess of Winchelsea, a woman of a beautiful mind and character, who would have been "a true poet," Leigh Hunt said, "if she had but known it and taken pains;" and whom Wordsworth pronounced to have been one of the very few observers of nature in an artificial age. In later days when he was beginning to complain that his lady friends in England had deserted him, he boasted that for twenty years it had been a known and established fact in London society, that all ladies of wit and quality who desired his acquaintance, should make the first advances, and a whimsical decree of his to that effect was found in the cabinet of Mrs. Long, after her death, and has been printed. This decree states that Mrs. Anne Long, the celebrated beauty, while acknowledging Dr. Swift's right to such advances in general, had claimed exemption for herself in right of being a toast, but the claim could not be allowed, and the lady was required to present herself within two hours, without excuse or demur, at the house of Mrs. Vanhomrigh, who with her fair daughter, Hessy, was strictly forbidden to aid, abet, or encourage Mrs. Long in any farther disobedience.

This was in his days of fame and power, when he dined every day with Harley and St. John; coming home late at night to write to Stella in the "Journal," if only a line or two, in the "little language;" and occasionally playing the mentor to Vanessa, then a lively girl of seventeen. His love affair with Varina, occurred many years before, and though it was an episode which apparently had no part in his future life, was never immortalized by him in verse or prose, and had nothing tragic or romantic in its sequel to fascinate the imagination like his connection with Stella and Vanessa, it was scarcely less extraordinary and unaccountable.

Disappointment in those ambitious hopes which the notice taken of him by King William, seems to have excited,* and angry with Sir William Temple for not having done more to forward his career, Swift at the age of twenty-seven left Moor Park, took orders, and was appointed to the prebendary of Kilroot, in the north of Ireland, worth about a hundred a year. It is not at all surprising that he should have been, as he afterwards said, "so dissatisfied with the region in which he was planted." His small parish lay among the Presbyterians of the "Black North," whom, Mr. Forster conjectures, he then first learned to hate with such a bitter hatred, and, as we know that at Laracor his audience at most consisted of half a score, and sometimes only of his clerk Roger, of famous memory, he had probably quite as small a congregation at Kilroot. But had it even been larger, the humble duties of a country parson had small charms for Swift, whose mind had been employed on politics and state affairs at Moor Park, and who afterwards said of himself that he always preached pamphlets, not sermons. We may be sure that disgust at the dull and dreary life to which he had condemned himself, the craving for intellectual companionship, where wit sharpened wit, and his bitter mortification at finding the great powers, of which he was conscious, neglected and left unused, made his exile at Kilroot daily more odious and intolerable. Partly from his own fault, and partly from that of others, things were very much amiss with him, so, according to his custom at such times, as he had told Mr. Kendall, he entertained himself by making love. The young lady who was the object of his devotion, or we ought rather to say, whose devotion he wished to gain, was the sister of his college friend Waring, then living with her family in Belfast. Her Christian name was Jane, but Swift called her Varina,—a poetized version of Waring—as he afterwards conferred the poetical appellations of Stella and Vanessa

* Swift seems to have founded great hopes on his commission to explain and enforce Sir William Temple's arguments in favour of triennial parliaments to the King. He probably flattered himself that the King would recognise his pre-eminent fitness for State affairs, and, by giving him some suitable employment, enable him to place his foot on the first round of that political ladder which it was his great ambition to climb. No doubt his failure was a bitter disappointment, and he says in his "Memoirs" it was the first incident that helped to cure him of vanity. "One may guess from this," Mr. Foster remarks, "with what confidence in himself the young scholar stepped into the closet of the King."

on Esther Johnson and Esther Vanhomrigh. The fashion of adopting poetical pseudonyms in sentimental intercourse, whether of love or friendship, introduced by the English Euphuists, and French Précieuses, had not quite disappeared when Swift was young, and in all ages poets have delighted in celebrating the objects of their love under fanciful appellations. Swift was not without a vein of sentiment running through his coarseness of nature, and the fanciful refinement of giving to the woman he favoured with his special regard a special name, different from the one by which she was known to the rest of the world, exactly suited his desire for "a life by stealth," and that reserve and proud exclusiveness in all that concerned his deepest feelings so conspicuous in his character.* Of Varina's person and mind nothing is known, except what may be gathered from the two letters of Swift, which are all that have remained of their correspondence. One of these is supposed to have been written in the height of his passion for her; the other, when the passion had vanished, and he coldly and insolently offered to make her his wife if she submitted to conditions which it was an insult to a woman to propose. In this last "brutal" letter, as it has been justly called by an able critic of Mr. Forster's "Life," in the *Cornhill Magazine*, Swift broadly hints that she had neither beauty nor fortune to tempt a lover; and in telling her that she had often belied to him that great sweetness of nature and humour which he believed her to possess, he implies that she could show "a temper." But at this time, though only three years had elapsed since he had resolved "to die all hers," his feelings towards her seem to have been anything but generous or kind; and he is apparently trying to escape without discredit from claims which he did not intend to admit. His first letter is written just before his return to Sir William Temple, and is generally accepted as proof that he was passionately anxious to marry her. It is full of wild protestations, wishing to God she had scorned him from the beginning, and declaring that if he left Ireland before she was his he would endure the utmost indignities of fortune rather than ever return to it, even though the king should offer to send him back as his deputy. He had been offered the same acquaintance with greatness which he formerly enjoyed, and with better prospect of interest, but he now solemnly promises to forego it all for her sake. He gives her one fortnight to make up her mind, but at the same time assumes that the decision will not be in his favour. "And is it so then?" he exclaims; "In one fortnight I must take eternal farewell of Varina, and (I wonder) will she weep at parting a little to justify her poor pretensions of some affection for me? and will my friends still continue to reproach me for want of gallantry, and neglecting a close siege?" And again he goes off into a rhapsody about all she would lose if she preferred the little disguises and affected contradictions of her sex to the prospect of a rapture so innocent and so exalted as he offers her, and warns her that if she refuses she "will quickly lose, for ever lose, him that is resolved to die as he had lived, all hers." The letter reads not unlike an epistle out of one of those French romances, of which, no doubt, he had found good store in the library at Moor Park, and when stripped of its exalted rhapsody, as Mr. Forster calls it, only two sober facts remain; he is going to England in a fortnight, and Varina is to make up her mind before he goes. It is not known what answer she returned, or if Swift saw her before he left Ireland; at the appointed time he departed for England, and for three years nothing more is heard of Varina.

Where no facts are forthcoming, conjecture may be allowed, and every thing we know of Swift's past and future seems to prove that whatever degree of love or liking he may have felt for Varina, he had no more intention of marrying her than he had of marrying "Betty Jones," or any one of the "twenty" of whom we read in his letter to Mr. Kendall. His professions of devotion, however, were evidently taken in a different sense from that which he attached to them;

* He writes to M. D. (Esther Johnson and Mrs. Dingley) that all they wanted was "much health, a little wealth, and a life by stealth,"—which Mr. Forster interprets as a life that was to be lived their own way, without letting the world share their confidences. And again—"Methinks when I write plain, I do not know how, but we are not alone; all the world can see us. A bad scrawl is so snug; it looks like a P. M. D.," meaning like Swift and M. D. talking by themselves. His secrecy in his private devotions, and his "finesse and ambiguity" about the authorship and publication of his writings, are phases of the same love of reserve and mystery.

both his own friends and those of Miss Waring seem to have expected them to marry; and Sir William Temple's invitation to Moor Park was probably welcomed by Swift as an escape from Varina as well as from Ireland. This extraordinary letter, with its passionate complaints, its hints of jealousy, its reproaches, its warnings, and its threats of an eternal farewell, if Varina did not at once agree to his terms, all expressed in so high-flown and artificial a strain, and all so subtly tending to defeat the very object he professed to have in view, was apparently written to prevent any accusations of insincere or dishonourable conduct being brought against him. "Will Varina weep at parting?" he asks, . . . "*and will my friends still continue to reproach me with want of gallantry and neglecting a close siege?*"

His sudden departure from Kilroot appears to have caused much surprise and a great deal of gossip. In a letter to his successor, Mr. Winder, he says: "Since the resignation of my living, and the noise it made among you, I have had at least three or four very wise letters, unsubscribed, from the Lord knows who, declaring much sorrow for my quitting Kilroot, blaming my prudence for doing it before I was possessed of something else, and censuring my truth in relation to a certain young lady." He adds that he could answer all charges to his own satisfaction and that of his friends, but he had no way of convincing people in the clouds. Mr. Winder seems to have informed him that he was likely to be superseded in Miss Waring's affections, to which he calmly replies: "You mention a dangerous rival for an absent lover, but I must take my fortune. If the report proceeds, pray inform me."

Swift apparently continued to correspond with Miss Waring, but only one other letter, written three years after the first, has been preserved. This second letter, though as Mr. Forster says, "it is less high-flown, and belongs more to the region of fact," is quite as contradictory and perplexing as the first one. It is addressed to Miss Jane Waring, and the name of Varina is no longer given to her; an ominous sign of her late impassioned wooer's altered feelings. She had written to ask what had changed the tone of his letters, and appears to have shown herself anxious for their marriage. In reply, Swift expresses his surprise at what he professes to consider her altered mind, and clearly implies that it is equally unexpected and unwelcome to him. He reminds her that she had formerly made her want of health and his want of money obstacles to their marriage, and points out that these objections still remain. "My uncle Adam," he writes, "asked me one day in private, as by direction, what my designs were in relation to you, because it might be a hinderance to you if I did not proceed. The answer I gave him, (which I suppose he has sent you), was to the effect that I hoped I was no hinderance to you. That if your health, and my fortune, were as they ought to be, I would prefer you above all your sex, but in the present condition of both, I thought it was against your opinion, and would certainly make you unhappy, and that had you any other offer which your friends and yourself thought more to your advantage, I should think I were very unjust to be an obstacle in your way." "This," Mr. Forster observes, "left no more to be said, and what else was attempted to be said could mean nothing." He gives a dismal account of his living of Laracor, and tells her that their joint income would probably not amount to three hundred pounds a year—not enough he hints to make one of her humour easy in a marriage state. She had expressed some suspicion of "a new mistress," but he declares on the word of a Christian and a gentleman that it is not so; nor had he ever thought of being married to any person but herself. And then, after impressing upon her in the strongest manner his conviction that their union could not make either of them happy, he adds a list of exacting and unflattering conditions" (indispensable to please a man so deeply versed in the ways of the world as himself,) to which if she could heartily answer, Yes, he was willing to wed her without regard to beauty, or fortune. Cleanliness and competence were all he looked for." Scott truly says, Varina must have been devoid of all pride and delicacy if she could on such terms have exacted from her cold lover the faith he was so unwilling to plight. Mr. Forster's comment is, that Swift was probably fortunate in being rejected by his mistress at first, and Miss Waring not less so in losing her lover at the last.

But the strangest thing in this extraordinary letter does not seem to have been

noticed either by Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Forster, and that is, the clear indication it gives that Swift had tried to detach Varina from her family, and in this manner, as it appears, establish a protectorate over her such as he afterwards publicly exercised over Stella, and less openly over Vanessa.

In reply to her question, why the style of his letters was altered, he answered that "abundance of times had he told her the cause. The company she was with and the place she was in were disagreeable to him; yet she had replied to him only by a great deal of arguing, often in most imperious style. . . . She had a hundred pounds a year, enough at least to keep her from dwindling away her life and health in such a sink and among such family conversation." He desires his service to her mother in return for that lady's remembrance—"but as for any other dealings that way, I entreat your pardon, and I think I have more cause to resent your desires of me in that case than you have to be angry at my refusals. If you like such company and conduct, much good do you with them! My education has been otherwise!"

Perhaps some sceptics will always be found to doubt Swift's sincerity and fair dealing towards his Varina. What she herself thought we have no means of knowing, nor has it been recorded whether she found and accepted some less capricious suitor, or lived and died in single blessedness. From this time she completely vanishes out of Swift's life-history, and it might seem out of his remembrance also, for in a letter to Tisdall written a few years later, in which he says he has never seen any of her sex, even of the first rank, superior to Stella, he adds, "I mean here in England; for as to the ladies in Ireland I am a perfect stranger."

The whole tenor of Swift's life shows that his desire for female sympathy and affection was intensely strong. He was not satisfied with a friendship and regard shared by others. He wanted that perfect sympathy, that closest confidence, that absolute submission of self which a woman can only give to one man, and that the man who has her whole heart; and yet he would not earn the right to such devotion by making any woman his wife. The motives must have been strong, indeed, which prevented him from completely uniting himself to Stella, that pure star of his clouded existence, who was ever to him the fairest soul on earth, and whom he held so closely and tenderly in his heart from her childhood to her dying day, and making her all his by the only tie which could have preserved the bond between them a source of unbroken happiness to both. There is no actual proof of what these motives were, but the most reasonable explanation seems the one suggested by Scott, and apparently now very generally accepted, that the disease from which he suffered so much all his life, and which he had a constant foreboding would end in madness, had caused him very early in life to form a fixed determination, perhaps to take a solemn vow, against marriage. From such a vow, or resolution, once seriously made, Swift was the last man in the world to swerve, though he sought to compensate himself for his self-denial after a fashion of his own. His list of resolutions, "When I come to be old," written when he was under thirty, among which is one, "Not to marry a young woman," and another, "Not to be fond of children, or let them come near me hardly;" his letter to Mr. Kendall, written five or six years earlier, in which he thinks it likely that he shall put off his marriage to the other world; his conduct to Varina, and his relations to Stella and Vanessa;—all point to the conclusion that some motive very different from coldness or insensibility to the beauty and charm of women, made him resolve against marriage. That motive, as we said before, was probably the state of his health, and his presentiment of approaching insanity.

But his sacrifice was not a perfect one. In the strength of his superior wisdom and virtue, he tried to strike out a new road to happiness by attaching to him the woman he loved, but could not marry, in a life-long union of friendship and esteem, which, he taught her both in prose and verse, were ties far more refined and exalted than the bonds, fit only for inferior souls, of love and marriage. "Violent friendship," he asserts, "is far more lasting and quite as engaging as violent love." But in the end, that Nemesis which invariably dogs the steps of those who turn aside from the beaten track, found him, and involved him in a tissue of tragic events, which, more than any other cause, as we must believe, darkened and embittered his later years.

LOUISA MURRAY.

CONSTANTINOPLE.

BY ANDREW ARCHER, FREDERICTON, N. B.

THE last word on the Eastern question is: "Who is to have Constantinople?" So said Lord Derby, the other day. This remark cleaves to the bone of the matter, or these few words, it may be said, disclose, as in a flash, the ultimate interests at stake in the Servo-Turkish war, and the reason why statesmen who have the direction of affairs are not to be carried away by the horrors that have been perpetrated in its course. To the impulsive sympathisers with the Christian cause in Mahommedan Turkey, who in their indignation at the Turk would cast all policy to the wind, this attitude appears cold and hard-hearted, but, confronted as statesmen are by a political problem of exceeding intricacy and difficulty, it is one that is imposed upon them. But "who is to have Constantinople?" The Czar Nicholas speaking to the English ambassador on Turkish affairs in the winter of 1853, and wilfully conceiving the dissolution of the Ottoman Empire to be inevitable, said: "Frankly, I tell you plainly that if England thinks of establishing herself one of these days at Constantinople, I will not allow it. I do not attribute this intention to you, but it is better on these occasions to speak plainly; for my part, I am equally disposed to make the engagement not to establish myself there—as proprietor, that is to say, for as to *occupier* I do not say; it might happen that circumstances, if no previous provision were made, if everything should be left to chance, might place me in the position of occupying Constantinople. . . As to Egypt, I quite understand the importance to England of that country. I can only then say, that, if in the event of a distribution of the Ottoman succession upon the fall of the Empire, you should take possession of Egypt, I shall have no objection to offer."

This suggestion of the Czar's reads like a thinly veiled attempt to bribe England to second him in disposing of "the sick man" and his effects; and in making it, he disclosed his eagerness to occupy (seize "the wise it call") Constantinople, and his apprehension that England might be beforehand with him. Probably he was aware that, without the consent of England, he could not have entered it either as proprietor or temporary occupier; at any rate his successor is likely to be convinced of that important fact.

Constantinople is certainly a city of which any power would be proud to be the proprietor. More than two thousand five hundred years ago, on its site stood Byzantium, founded by some Greek colonists, who (684 B.C.), on consulting the oracle of Apollo as to their choice of a spot, were directed to seek one "on the shore opposite the land of the blind," a sarcasm, aimed at the oversight of the Megareans, who, passing by "its incomparable position," had a few years previously founded their city of Chalcedon, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. The Emperor Constantine, in the course of campaigning in the East, was forcibly struck by the advantages of the position of Byzantium, which seemed formed by nature for the site of the capital of an Empire. As if its central position, between two continents that gave it the command of the commerce of both, and its natural strength, that made it easily defensible against assault, were not reasons cogent enough to decide him to fix upon it, he pretended that he was divinely guided to make the choice. He was conscious that the transference of the capital of the Roman Empire from the Tiber to the Bosphorus was an abrupt tearing up of ancient and sacred associations, which he could only justify to his superstitious age by affirmations that he was under divine illumination and angelic guidance. In marking out the bounds of his new Rome, he marched with a lance in his hand at the head of a procession, and on being remonstrated with for still proceeding after an enormous extent of land had been traced out, he exclaimed, "I shall still advance till he, the invisible guide who marches before me, thinks proper to stop."

Constantinople may be represented by the figure of an irregular triangle; the obtuse point, which advances towards the east, "meets and repels" the waters of the Thracian Bosphorus, the long, winding channel,

through which, between high and woody banks, the waters of the black and stormy Euxine pour into the Propontis (Sea of Marmora). The southern side of the triangle is washed by this sea, famous for enormous shoals of "exquisite fish"; the northern by the harbour, an arm or inlet of the Bosphorus, the famous Golden Horn, so called from the wealth of merchandise that in ancient days was brought to the secure imperial haven, whose waters are scarcely ruffled by tidal action, and are of such constant depth that goods can be landed on the quays without the assistance of boats, and in many places the largest vessels may rest their prows against the houses while their sterns are floating in the water. The entrance to the harbour is about five hundred yards broad, and sometimes a strong chain was drawn across it, from the Acropolis to the tower of Galata, to guard the port and city from hostile naval attack. The base of the triangle is opposed to the west and terminates the continent of Europe. Constantinople is situated at the extremity of the neck of land between the Propontis and the "inhospitable" Euxine, as Ovid, bemoaning his banishment from Rome to its bleak shores, says it was always called:

> "Frigida me cohibent Euxini littora Ponte,
> Dictus ab antiquis *axenus* ille fuit."

Constantinople was founded at the commencement of the long decline of the Roman Empire, and its central position strongly induced Constantine to choose it for his capital, as it barred the Scythian hordes who used to descend the Volga to the Euxine, from penetrating the straits and the intervening sea, and finding their way into the Ægean, to carry their ravages among the islands and along the coasts of the Mediterranean. But the barbarians soon found another route of invasion. Crossing the Danube, they swarmed down the valleys and through the mountain passes of Mœsia, Superior and Inferior (Bosnia, Servia, and Bulgaria), forced the passes of Mount Hæmus (the Balkans), and swept into Thracia (Roumelia), descended the valleys of the Hebrus (the Maritza), and were only stopped by the lofty reddish-grey walls of the city of Constantine, with their frowning towers and battlements.

By the end of the fifth century this vast territory was covered with fortresses; and the Emperor Anastasius, to protect the capital, built at a distance of some forty miles from it, his famous long wall, "the Macrontichas," that extended sixty miles from the Euxine to the Propontis. But that defence was unavailing to stop the invaders from ravaging the country up to the walls proper of the city. The long wall could withstand neither the shock of nature nor the assault of mortal foe. In all sieges of Constantinople in the past, the attack has been made with most effect on the land side, or the base of the triangle, and from the upper end of the harbour. The city is of such extent, that it is said a naval attack alone would be unavailing to reduce it; but it would surely become untenable by the inhabitants under such a fire as a powerful fleet could bring to bear upon it. But its great foe would attack it from the land side, where it is open, and where it has only its crumbling, ivy-clad walls to defend it. According to military authority it might be defended with ease on this, its most vulnerable side. Some twenty miles, more or less, from the walls, there is a practicable line of defence extending from the lakes called the Kutchuk and Buyuk Chekmayees, on the side of the Sea of Marmora, over a country of heights and valleys, marshes and favourable positions, commanding all the roads from Adrianople to the capital, to the fort Kara Bornoo, on the Black Sea, which latter point is further strengthened on its front by the proximity of the salt lake Derkhos. Were this line fortified and armed with all the skill and resources of modern military engineering and gunnery, and held by a large and resolute force, and its flanks protected by gunboats on the seas, it would be impregnable. Constantinople, in the hands of a scientific naval and military power with great resources, would be the strongest fortress city in the world. Impregnable in the presumption hazarded, it might be made as strong on the west and east water sides, were the approaches by way of Asia strongly defended, and the old and new castles and forts on both sides of the Dardanelles renovated and rebuilt, and equipped with the heaviest improved armaments, and the isthmus that forms the straits of the Dardanelles protected against the possible advance of a hostile force from Adrianople, and, on the side of the Black

Sea, were the heights on both sides of the Bosphorus crowned with forts, between whose sweeping cross-fire no hostile fleet could ascend or descend. Of course the strong natural positions on the straits are, and have always been, protected by artificial works. The only question is, are these strong enough to withstand or check a modern naval assault or invasion. About the time of the Crimean War, attention was directed to the general unfitness of these works, and since then they may have been reconstructed on the principles of modern engineering science.

In the course of its existence of fifteen centuries and a half, how many times has the city of Constantine been threatened, assaulted, captured! First came the Huns, under Attilla, bearing on their banners the device of the sword with the fiery point, "*ferro et flamma*," who swept through the passes of Mount Hæmus up to the walls, where they broke like angry billows on a rock. Then followed the repulse of the Bulgarians by Belisarius under the walls of the city. In the beginning of the 7th century, the chagan of the Avars, a barbarian nation whose dominion extended from the foot of the Alps to the sea-coast of the Euxine, forced "the long wall," drove the promiscuous crowd of peasants, citizens, and soldiers into the city, and then joining his forces to the army of Chosroes, the Persian king, encamped on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, and laid regular siege to it. "You cannot," was the haughty message of Chosroes to the citizens of Constantinople, demanding the absolute deliverance of the city into his hands, "escape the arms of the Avars and Persians, unless you can soar into the air like birds, unless, like fishes, you can dive into the waves." But the walls were strong and the defence was stout, and after ten days' fruitless assault the besiegers sullenly and slowly retreated. Before the close of the same century another danger from another quarter assailed it. Forty years after the Hegira—the flight of Mahomet from Mecca—the Saracens, wild with fanatic and martial enthusiasm, and bearing the green banner, appeared in the inland seas and straits amidst which the Imperial City is enclosed and guarded. Seven times did these sons of the burning sandy desert rush to its assault, to their own discomfiture.

In the ninth century danger descended from the north on Constantinople. From the gloomy pine woods and the regions of snow, the brood of winter, the savage Russians, descending the Borysthenes (the Dnieper) in their canoes, coasted along the shores of the Euxine, and entering the Bosphorus, beheld with wonder and envy the glorious capital "of the East—nay of the earth," with its towers, and gilded palaces and churches. The contrast was so keen between their huts and boundless wastes, and the wealthy, luxurious, and beautiful city, and the warm, sunny clime, that the determination to seize upon it sank deep into their hearts. For nearly two centuries the shadow from the north cast a gloomy foreboding fear, which found vent in prophecy, over Constantinople. Within that time the Russians made five attempts to take it. The last was conceived by Swatolaus, the son of Igor, the son of Oleg, the son of Ruric, a hardy, valiant chieftain, but treacherous withal, who shared the common reproach of barbarians—"too ignorant to conceive the value of truth, and too proud to deny or palliate the breach of their most solemn engagements." Thinking it better to have this formidable chieftain for an ally than a foe, the emperor Nicephorus engaged him by treaty to subdue the Bulgarians. His victories over that people increased the martial presumption of Swatolaus, and overcame his sense of right, and he resolved to march on Constantinople. Had his ambition been crowned with success, says the historian, the seat of empire might, at that early period, have been transferred to a more temperate and fruitful clime. It was otherwise ordained. Another emperor reigned. The valiant and energetic John Timisces marched rapidly with his legions of "Immortals" through the passes of Hæmus, beat the Russians in open field, forced them to abandon their fortresses in Bulgaria, and drove them over the Danube.

For nearly five centuries after, the Russians remained in the obscurity of their own country; but the memory of Constantinople and the ambition it had excited survived. In the third century of these five, the myriads of all nations of Europe, inflamed with the religious madness of the Crusades, in making their way to the Holy Land, passed in sight of Constantinople, and were made to feel the effects of the fear of its populace,

the hatred of its clergy, and the hostility of its princes. One incident from among the circus faction fights, religious strifes, ecclesiastical squabbles, seditions, slaughters, murders, parricides, fratricides, matricides, uxoricides, poisonings, incarcerations, mutilations, depositions, usurpations, and rival imperial contentions, that constitute a great part of the history, as written, of the Eastern Empire, is noteworthy, as connecting the Latin crusaders with Constantinople. The Prince Alexius, flying to Italy, found at Venice a great fleet and knightly array on the eve of sailing for the Holy Land. By his intercessions and promises of great indemnity, he prevailed on the crusaders to sail for Constantinople, to deliver his father, Emperor Isaac Angelus, who had been deprived of his eyes and cast into prison by the usurper Alexius III. When the fleet appeared in the Propontis, the tyrant trembled; when the chivalry of France crossed the Bosphorus, he fled. The crusaders entered the city in triumph, with the young Alexius, and the old blind emperor was re-enthroned. A period of exultation and revelry followed. Then hostile feelings flamed out between the Greeks and Latins, tumults arose in the palace, and young Alexius, suspected of having made too favourable concessions to the crusaders, was, by a cabal, deposed and imprisoned. The emperor, chosen by the conspirators, and also called Alexius, but known by the soubriquet of "Mourzoufle," from the close junction of his black and shaggy eyebrows, exasperated the already sufficiently bitter feelings existing between the Greeks and Latins. The crusaders, defrauded of their indemnity, resolved to take the city. "Blind old Dandolo," Doge of Venice, "the octogenarian chief, Byzantium's deadly foe," led the naval attack on the walls on the harbour's side. After a long and fierce defence the crusaders entered the city as conquerors, and for a full half-century afterwards the imperial crown in Constantinople was worn by princes of the Latin race.

The capture of Constantinople by the Latins presaged the destruction of the Eastern Empire. Amidst symptoms of dissolution and rival contentions for the crown, the Ottoman Turk had time to fix his empire in Asia. Called on to aid the pretensions of a claimant to imperial honours, the Great Turk crossed the Bosphorus, and planted his heavy foot in Europe. Surely and not slowly the Turk surrounded Constantinople. When, in the spring of 1453, Mahomet II. was energetically pressing forward the preparation for the final assault of the city, the priesthood and the populace, buoyed up with presumptuous confidence of angelic aid, were bitterly reviling the promoters of the union between the Churches of the East and West, which had been agreed on at Florence a few years before, but which had been repudiated as soon as made. To the last emperor—and the last Constantine who was worthy to bear the name of the first—with a small band of heroes, was left the defence of the city. After thirty days' heroic resistance he fell, sword in hand, among the ruins of his ramparts; and the Sultan marched in triumph to the church of Sophia.

Constantinople has never, while in the hands of the Turks, been entered by a hostile army. In their war with the Russians in 1828, while the main force of their army remained about Adrianople, an advanced guard appeared within twenty miles of the walls, when peace stayed further movements. In 1833, when Mehemet Ali, Viceroy of Egypt, revolted, and threatened Constantinople, the Sultan was aided by the Czar, who sent a force to occupy the city. He did not like to see his own preserve invaded.

On a general survey of the history of Constantinople, and in view of the fourteen centuries during which she stood the centre and the capital of the Christian East, and of the great future yet, it may fairly be hoped, in store for the countries that ought to be so dear to all Christian nations, the four centuries of rule of "the Great Turk" does appear like a sacrilegious intrusion. "Who is to have Constantinople" is a question no one will venture to answer at this time; but this paper may be closed, fitly or otherwise, with the lines from "Childe Harold," which, in detail at least, it is to be hoped will not prove prophetic:—

"The city won for Allah from the Giaour,
  The Giaour from Othman's race again may wrest;
And the Serai's impenetrable tower
  Receive the fiery Frank, her former guest;
Or Wahab's rebel brood who dared divest
  The prophet's tomb of all its pious spoil,
May wind their path of blood along the West;
  But ne'er will freedom seek this fated soil,
But slave succeed to slave through years of endless toil."

THE RETURN.

I HAD been wandering long and far,
In distant lands my fortune making,
And now with love and hope elate,
My homeward way was blithely taking.

I sought the bower where oft we'd met,
The tender hour of twilight keeping,
With beating heart I stepped within,
And came upon my Mary sleeping.

She lay upon the rustic seat,
The Book of Life her arms enfolding,
Its light reflected in her face
As if, in dreams, its joys beholding.

She looked so tender, sweet, and fair,
That near her I was fain to linger;
I marked the fashion of her hair,
And saw my ring upon her finger.

I scarcely wished for her to wake,
So sweet it was to thus be near her;
Such waiting filled me with content,
And could but make the greeting dearer.

I knelt beside her, hushed with awe,
And thanked my God with deep devotion;
I had not thought that life could hold,
For me, such hour of sweet emotion.

I whispered softly, in my heart,
"And dost thou love me still as ever?"
She moved a little in her sleep,
And gently breathed the word "Forever."

A song bird, in the bloom o'erhead,
Burst forth at this in joyous measure,
It seemed as if his heart and mine
Must sing as one for love and pleasure.

How sweet a spell had love contrived,
As guerdon for long toil and sorrow!
How precious, after night of woe,
The joy that cometh on the morrow!

A. E. W.

A CHRISTMAS RIDE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

"YOU are assuming authority too soon, Sir, and I will not submit to it," was the answer to my earnest expostulations with my sweetheart, Annie L——, upon the impropriety of her latest flirtation; as with petulant air and flushed cheeks she marched out of the room and left me *solus*.

Now, Annie and I had been engaged for some two weeks, after a hot flirtation of a similar duration, and I was sufficiently unsophisticated to suppose, that having *me*, she lacked nothing; and was therefore disposed to resent a renewal of relations with any of her old beaux. This supposition had been sufficiently borne out during the first week of our engagement, as she and I were all in all to each other; but the return of one of the most favoured of her old admirers from England, after a stay of a year, during which he had visited some of her relatives, and had familiarized himself with the scenes of her earlier childhood, had led her to favour him with more of her society and attention than was acceptable to me. Wherefore, in the consciousness of my posi tion as an engaged man, I had, as I thought, exercised what was only my right, in requesting my lady-love to abstain from going for a sleigh drive, which was to end in a dance, in the company of her former admirer, in fulfilment of a promise which she had made him, without having first consulted my wishes on the subject.

Being now left alone with you, gentle reader, I may, without egotism, take the opportunity of describing who and what I am. *Imprimis*, then, I am Harry Field, at your service, the younger son of a Devonshire clergyman, who has come to Canada in search of fortune, and has, so far, only succeeded in dissipating the larger share of the very moderate means he brought. Imagining that the art of farming was a heaven-born gift to me, I intended to farm, and with that object sought the pretty inland town of P——, where resided Major L——, a retired army officer to whom I brought a letter of introduction. By his advice I had abstained from purchasing land, but had, in the pursuit of experience, whiled away the summer very pleasantly in fishing and shooting, and half the winter in sleighing and flirting, with the results that have been detailed in the first paragraphs of this history.

In truth, I had been first attracted by the winning frankness and piquant *espiéglerie* of the English girl with Canadian graces; and after a period of friendship, and a period of flirtation, had ascended, by an easy transition, to the region of love. I say *ascended*, advisedly, though "falling" in love is the common phrase; as my feelings towards Annie were refined and sublimated by the changes which they had undergone, and I felt that for her, and for her alone, was the battle of life worth the fighting. So, when I received such a rebuff as I have described, my first feelings of indignation and mortified pride were more than qualified with apprehension and despondency. For Annie was not one of those soft and yielding creatures who cling like the ivy to the oak; on the contrary, her Canadian education had given her a sense of independence, if not of self-assertion, that made her more easily led than driven. Add to this, that her mother had died in her infancy; that her father spoiled her; and that among the many pretty girls of P——, she was undoubtedly the prettiest; and you will see that my causes for apprehension were not unreal. But I have kept my reader too long in the pretty drawing-room where I was so unceremoniously left at the close of my conversation, with nothing for it but to depart and console myself as best I could under the circumstances. So, with a wounded spirit, and an uncomfortable sensation of defeat and disappointment, I put on my overcoat and furs in the hall, hoping against hope, that a sweet and well-loved voice would utter some signal of recall; and, when all lingering was futile, let myself out of the house, and took the road to my hotel.

Evening came, and with it the time for the assembling of the sleighs that were to bear us to our destination,—a hospitable mansion some twelve miles distant, where

we were to partake of an impromptu repast, and to enjoy a carpet dance afterwards. Having no fair partner to accompany me, I had—not without remark— bestowed myself as one of a merry party in a large farm sleigh, the box of which being filled with straw and lined with buffalo robes, made a warm and comfortable conveyance for some dozen passengers.

As an engaged man, it was *de rigueur* to drive down in a single cutter with the object of my affections; but she had recklessly bid defiance to this rule, and preferred the society of a rival. Hence the remarks, some ill-natured, some pitying, that were passed upon my presence as one of the party in the "omnium gatherum" I have described. But as I was indifferent to both the ill-nature and the pity, I bore the drive with fortitude until there passed us on the road a cutter drawn by a swift trotter, bearing Annie and her beau. Had she been ill at ease, unhappy, or even depressed, it would have been some consolation to me; but, on the contrary, she appeared perfectly contented with her situation, and in high spirits; exchanging merry jests with her friends as she passed us, but never acknowledging my presence by a word or a sign. Then, for the first time, did I experience resentment towards her, and I vowed inwardly that she should suffer for her heartless and unfeeling conduct. Accordingly, I made myself as agreeable as possible to the young lady who was seated next me in the sleigh, and on arrival at our destination was acknowledged as her *cavalier servente* for the evening. Taking off our wraps, we were soon seated at an hospitable board, laden with choice viands, from the fragrant oyster soup to the delicate quail and prairie chicken.

My enjoyment was, however, not enhanced by being placed *vis-a-vis* to Annie and her friend, and observing the whispered asides that characterized their intercourse. Nor was my pleasure increased, when, on adjournment to the extemporized ball-room, I saw him lead her, as of right, to the first dance; and watched her *almost* lay her head on his shoulder, and glance into his eyes in the confiding manner I had supposed was reserved for me alone. This was too much to be borne, and I watched my opportunity to address her when she had seated herself, and when her partner had left her to procure an ice; and with a voice trembling with passion and resentment whispered:—

"Annie, you are using me *too* badly, and I cannot stand it—choose between him and me—if he stays, I go."

She did not even turn her face, though I marked the colour mount from neck to temple and as suddenly subside, but quietly turned her back upon me.

The next moment I was out of the house; in ten minutes more I was at the nearest tavern, where having procured a horse and sleigh, I drove to my hotel in P——. Packing up a few necessaries in a valise, I was ready for the midnight train, which in a few hours whirled me to Toronto.

Action had followed so rapidly upon my decision, that I had hardly time to realize what happened until I was forced to chew the cud of sweet and bitter fancies in the solitude of my bedroom. Then, indeed, I passed through a dozen different phases of temper, cursing first her fickleness and then my own folly, until at last I made up my mind to philosophize, with the aid of a third tumbler of whisky and water, and my fifteenth cigar.

* * * * * *

Next morning, I met at table a casual acquaintance, who, in search of fortune like myself, had crossed the ocean in the same vessel. He told me that finding employment scarce, and seeing few prospects of realizing his golden visions, he had decided upon enlisting in the North-West Mounted Police, who were to leave in the early spring for the Great Lone Land. In my frame of mind the life of adventure that was opened out by this opportunity was not to be lost, and after a few questions I accompanied my new friend to the Garrison, where, after having been examined by the surgeon, and pronounced "physically and mentally fit for service," I was sworn in as a sub-constable in the N. W. M. P. for a term of three years, and was ordered to report for duty next day.

From this time until the first week in June, my life was spent in acquiring the duties of a cavalry soldier, with the great disadvantage that the force was not a military one, and consequently not amenable to military discipline. Hence, in a heterogeneous assemblage of young men, arose disorders that might have been serious, had not the class of recruits been exceptionally good; as the

officers, with few exceptions, were as raw as the men, and had neither power nor authority to control them. Consequently, to the better disposed, it was a matter of relief when an early June morning saw them fairly on their way to the scene of their prospective duty.

It would be foreign to my purpose, as well as tedious to the reader, were I to describe the moving incidents by flood and field which characterized the first year's trip to the Rocky Mountains and back. Suffice it to say that I was one of those who arrived safely at Dufferin, after a narrow escape from frost and starvation; and who, after remaining there until spring, were ordered to Fort Pelly—or Swan River rather—where barracks had been constructed for our reception. There we arrived in July, and proceeded to make ourselves as comfortable as the ill-built quarters and scant conveniencies would permit.

Beyond a few escorts and patrols, our duties were chiefly confined to carrying the mails from Palestine to Fort Pelly, along a chain of posts that had been established for the purpose. These posts were at intervals of from 15 to 40 miles, and the entire distance between the extreme points was something over 200 miles. To carry a mail-bag over this route, changing horses at the posts, was about as solitary and unpleasant a piece of duty as a man could be called upon to perform. Even in summer, when the air was bright and clear, and the heat not too great, the monotony of the prairie added much to the fatigue of travel; but in winter, with the thermometer so low that the mercury was frozen in the bulb, and the vast plain was covered with an unbroken surface of snow, the loneliness became almost insupportable.

During winter, of course, the mail was carried by a dog train, which, I may explain for the benefit of the uninitiated, consists of three or four dogs harnessed tandem-fashion to a cariole, formed of parchment stretched over a wooden framework. This cariole is well lined with furs, and stocked with provisions, and in moderate weather it is not an uncomfortable method of travelling—but if the snow is deep, or the weather very cold, the traveller must use his snow-shoes or freeze. The alternative of walking 40 or 50 miles on snow-shoes, or of freezing, is not a pleasant one; and those who have their letters brought to their doors every morning before breakfast, can scarcely imagine how much human energy and endurance have to be spent in order that he or she may hear from their correspondents, if they are in the North-West Territories. However, *somebody* had to do it, and as the duty was disagreeable, it was taken by turns.

It fell to my lot, therefore, on the 23rd December, 187–, to take the mail from Shoal Lake to Palestine, returning with the Christmas budget, always so eagerly looked for. Accordingly, leaving my companions in the little log hut at Shoal Lake about the hour of noon with a first-class team of dogs, and a prospect of fair weather, I made a comfortable and prosperous journey; and, giving my mails to the postmaster and receiving the return mails, I betook myself to sleep with the virtuous consciousness that one half of my disagreeable job had been accomplished.

Awaking betimes next morning, I was horrified to find that snow had fallen during the night, and that the trail was completely obliterated. This is a matter of no small consequence, as it entails great caution upon the traveller, lest he should lose the track upon the boundless prairie, and leave his bones to whiten as his sole record. Going out to feed my team, I found that since the snow-fall, the thermometer had also fallen, and that the air was keen and full of frosty particles, with a promise of a north-westerly wind to oppose my progress.

No one who has not experienced a winter's wind on the prairies, can understand how bitter and keen it is. Nothing but constant motion can preserve the circulation, and the exposure of any part of the body to the biting blast renders frost-bites a certainty. Consequently no one, unless impelled by necessity, ventures out under such circumstances, and those who do go out are muffled to the eyes in furs, and are as far frost-proof as wrappings can make them.

After breakfast, the friendly Postmaster proffered his advice as to my remaining, but I knew so well the anxiety my non-appearance would cause, and the disappointment the non-arrival of the Christmas budget would entail, that I determined to make the venture.

Making a hearty breakfast, therefore, and accepting a forbidden luxury in the shape of

a small bottle of O. D. V., I was preparing to leave, when a sleigh drove up to the door, and a person similarly muffled with myself alighted and asked if I was the mail carrier for the Mounted Police. I informed him that I was, and he then told me that he had an order from the Head Office at Ottawa to go forward by the mail to Fort Carleton; at the same time producing the order. Glancing at it I found it to be correct, and, glad of company, although it entailed my walking the greater part of the distance, I motioned him to the cariole.

After going into the post-house for a few minutes he re-appeared, and signified that he was in readiness. He therefore got into the cariole, while I mounted on the runners behind, and, cracking my whip, we commenced our journey.

For some distance our course led us westerly, so that we did not feel the full fury of the wind. When we turned, however, we met it in full force, and in spite of my thick fur coat, leggings, mask, and fur cap, the cold fairly penetrated to my skin. Dismounting, therefore, I ran behind the cariole until I was in a glow. Addressing my companion, I advised him to do the same. To my astonishment and horror he made no reply. On stopping the dogs, I found he was plunged in a lethargic sleep, from which in all probability he would never have awakened. By dint of blows, expostulations, and entreaties, I half aroused him, and compelled him to take a good horn of brandy to restore his circulation—a bad thing to do, by-the-by, unless in extremity. This woke him up, and I made him get out, and, taking my arm, run until his stiffened limbs recovered their freedom of action.

He then told me he was suffering from the effects of the rapid journey in the intense cold, and that he did not think he could stand the exposure and fatigue of a farther journey, and urged me to turn back. This I declined to do, for the reasons before stated, and I tried to inspirit him, but without much avail.

Meantime the storm increased in fury, and we had occasionally to turn our backs to it to gain rest and breath.

By the time the distance was half accomplished, my companion was done out, and I had no resource but to put him into the cariole to rest temporarily — although I feared the result — urging the dogs to their utmost speed, in order to lessen the time of his exposure. With great difficulty I made him speak a word now and then, to assure me that he was not sleeping, but he obstinately refused to get out of the cariole to walk, when I considered him sufficiently rested to do so. Again I had recourse to the brandy bottle, and after he had swallowed some, dragged him from the cariole and supported him as before. But his tottering footsteps soon failed him, and I was compelled to the conclusion that he must ride, or die by the way-side, therefore, again placing him in the cariole, and covering him up, I urged the dogs on, trusting that I should arrive at the post before life was extinct; and stretched myself on the top of the cariole, in the hope that some heat from my body would find its way to his.

We had, however, some ten miles still to go, when the dogs suddenly swerved from the track, upsetting the cariole, and breaking the thong or leash that bound them to it. As soon as I could rise, I shouted to the dogs, who had gone on without stopping, but the wind rendered my voice powerless; and I was left on the prairie with a half-frozen man, dependent for his life upon my efforts.

No time was to be lost, however, and selecting a depression in the prairie, I took out the buffalo robes which lined the cariole, and cutting out the frame of the cariole, made a small circular tent with the buffalo robes, heaping the light snow against the robes on all sides. Then going inside I set light to some of the brandy in the cup of my flask, and soon warmed the interior.

All this time my unfortunate companion spoke not a word, answering all my inquiries with half-utterances or groans. The warmth of the hut, and a fresh dose of brandy revived him so far that he was able to speak, and I insisted on his eating some pemmican, a supply of which had been in the cariole.

For some time all my efforts were given to his resuscitation, until at last the increasing cold, and the decreasing brandy warned me that it was time to make another effort. But not a foot would he budge. All my intreaties were in vain; so that at last I was forced to tell him that I must go and procure assistance, or both would die. Then he grew frantic, and implored me not to desert him, persisting, however, in his reso-

lution to remain. But I was firm, and after lighting the last brandy, closing the buffalo robes, and heaping fresh snow over the whole to keep in the warmth, I started off on my tramp.

Never can I pourtray the arduousness of that journey! What with actual arduousness and mental distress, I was often tempted to give up, and nothing but the knowledge that a human being was dependent upon my exertions, enabled me to keep on my way.

At length the welcome sound of a dog-bell struck my ear, and shortly afterwards I met my faithful comrades from the post, who, on the arrival of my dogs without me, had started in search. I told them of the situation of my companion, and all but one hastened to his relief. By my friend's assistance I gained the station, and was fairly recovering from the cold and fatigue, when my half frozen companion was brought in. Supported between two of my comrades, he had been forced to run a part of the distance, and had been brought the remainder in the cariole Stiff and benumbed, he was brought into the hut, and immediately stripped to see if he was frost-bitten. When his mask was removed I recognized the features of— my rival!

He was attached to the Canadian Pacific Railway survey, and bore important instructions. He had, therefore, made all speed to deliver them. When he had collected his senses—he was only slightly frost-bitten—he recognized me; and after we had had our supper and a pipe, he told me that my departure had created the greatest consternation—that Annie had been inconsolable when she found I had left the ball-room—that I had been searched for, and advertised for, far and wide—and that, believing I had destroyed myself, Annie had gone into widow's mourning. Telling of these things, and pouring into my willing ear his regrets that any unfortunate misunderstanding should have caused a gap in my life, the morning of Christmas dawned, and was in verity, "a Happy Christmas" for me.

Next Christmas my time will be out, and it is settled that I take Major L——'s farm, and that his Annie is to be *my* Annie.

S.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED.*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

Poor Angelo.

CHAPTER XII.

VAIN RELIEF.

THE truth had come into the foreground at last—the bright foreground of eternal sunshine, in the estimation of this pair of lovers—and there were to be no more mistakes, hard words, or quarrellings. Life was opening fairly for them now that they understood each other for all time—now that the old, old passion ever young had given them wings to soar into the region of romance. They were very happy, and very forgetful—full of wonder that each had not understood the other completely from the first—full of dreamy, blissful speculation, even as to how it had come about after all. They did not descend to the promenade, but turned off at the back of the music-room, and went upwards again by fresh winding paths along which they strolled together, talking of the past as it had been, and of the future as they hoped it might be.

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This was the happiest morning of their two young lives, and shadow land lay far away from them.

"I must get back to the 'Mastodon' now, Brian," said Mabel; "the band has ceased playing."

"I am going to the 'Mastadon' too," replied Brian, drawing a little hand more closely through his arm, "and am not likely to say good morning till I get there."

"Yes—but Angelo."

"Ah! poor Angelo," said Brian, "what is to be done? There must be no more humouring that delusion even for his sake."

"I don't know what to do," said Mabel, very helplessly.

"Leave him to me," replied Brian, "refer him to me for an explanation, and I will tell him the whole truth."

"No, Brian," said Mabel, "he will hear the truth more patiently from me, I think."

"I think it very likely," was Brian's answer; "and when will you tell him?"

"When I have considered which is the kindest and best way. I should not like to dash him down again—to undo all the good that has been done. He was always so kind and thoughtful for others when he was strong."

"Yes," responded Brian, "he is to be considered. Take your own time—we must not act in too much haste, after all."

"And you will not be jealous?"

"That is not likely," Brian said, "you and I can always trust each other."

"Surely."

"Though what you meant about that dry goods man— —"

"Shall I tell you who was the dry goods man in my thoughts that night?" said Mabel; "is it necessary to confess as much?" asked Mabel archly.

"Ah!" cried Brian, "it was I! to be sure—and the fossils were the dry goods—I see it all. My dear Mabel!" And Mabel's hat and feather were suddenly knocked out of all consistency of detail.

"There, Brian, that will do. For goodness sake," cried Mabel, "I hear the leaves rustling as if some one was in the bushes behind us."

"I can't help it," Brian confessed, "I am so dreadfully happy—I never was happy before—I don't believe I ever guessed what happiness was like till to-day. What a cross-grained, crotchety, ill-tempered, bad sort of fellow I have been all my life, Mabel."

"No—no. You have been always generous, and thoughtful for others, and disregardful of yourself," said Mabel, "and that made me think of you too much when the truth came to me at Datchet Bridge."

"Ah! but you threw me terribly off my guard with the backwoods."

"I—I was afraid you would guess my secret."

"And then to send me back my thousand pounds."

"Which was less use to me than to you, Brian," she answered, "please do not say anything more about that, for my sake."

"For your sake—everything!"

Thus they wandered slowly homewards with full hearts, and Brian Halfday did not recollect until he had parted with her that he had not told her of his voyage to America, of his discovery that there might accrue to her some little salvage from the bank-wreck, of the last will of Adam Halfday, of Dorcas being in Scarborough with her father. He should have a great deal to tell her presently, when he had sobered down—he would not have a single secret from her—no one in the world knew so well as himself that she was always to be trusted. He would not begin his new, bright life with any mysteries between them. It would be unworthy of his new love, or rather of that old love which had taken a mighty strength to itself, and beaten down all the barriers that had lain between him and the way to Mabel's heart.

He parted with Mabel at the bridge which crossed the valley, and she returned alone, after all, and at her own wish, to the hotel. She was nervous concerning Angelo still, he saw, and it was natural, considering the mistake that had been made. Yes, it had been a mistaken kindness altogether, Brian considered, and he turned back into the Spa to reflect once again upon the best course to pursue for the sakes of all those whose conflicting interests, or opposing loves, must clash in a few hours. If in any way he could soften the shock of the battle—and the battle must come—he would be very glad.

Presently, and with these thoughts upon his mind, he went out of the gardens by the upper gates, and into the road upon the cliff. He would take one of his long walks before

he returned to the hotel—he had told Mabel that he should do so—and thereby afford her time to recover her composure before he met her at dinner. Very probably a solution to the problem of the life about him would suggest itself during his sharp walk; he had thought out many problems in the course of these pedestrian excursions to which he had been accustomed. He could lunch on his road with more comfort than at the long table in the dining-room of the "Mastodon," and Mabel would be grateful for the self-restraint which had taken him away from her for a few hours, If, when he returned, he could tell her that he had seen a way to apprise Angelo of the truth without crushing him utterly, she would be as glad as he was. He buttoned his coat, and set forth at a brisk pace along the higher ground, with the sea-breeze blowing in his face and fluttering his black mane. He went away with strong hopes in his heart, where there was peace at last, and a sense of happiness, which, as he had already owned to Mabel, he had never known before in all his solitary existence. He went away believing that life's troubles were at an end with him, when they were closing round him thick and fast. He believed in the day, and the night's darkness was close at hand in which to submerge him.

CHAPTER XIII.

ON DEFENCE.

THERE are a certain number of fair women in the world—not a very large number, let us hope—who are doomed from the beginning to the end of their lives to be insufferably silly; to whom no experience gives wisdom, or caution, or the common prudence which a child might possess, but who, led on blindly by their vanity or love of admiration and applause, pass on to their own discomfiture and humiliation, only to act their parts over again when the opportunity to show how foolish they are presents itself once more. Isabel Disney belonged to this class to a certainty. A good-looking, soft-hearted, soft-headed woman, with a passion for praise, and a strong belief that mankind in general was rhapsodizing over her beauty, she had flirted her way through life without much thought for anyone save herself and those various lovers and half-lovers who had pottered round her, talked nonsense, made eyes, and disappeared. She had been a nuisance to her husband without a thought of rendering him unhappy; and after his death—for which she had not appeared to be particularly sorry—she had been a refined nuisance to respectable society, who knew there was no harm in her, tolerated her accordingly, and laughed at her not a little.

She was handsome and big enough to attract the admirers of the colossal; she was rich enough to be worth securing for the sake of her railway shares and foreign bonds; and she was just shrewd enough not to throw herself and her possessions away on the first man who expressed a desire to secure them. She liked her liberty, although she believed she had been desperately in love some thirty or forty times, and invariably with the wrong man, who had loved some one else, or fled for his life at a critical period of their acquaintance. Steeped in the romance of the circulating libraries, she took existence in strong drams, and made heroes from the most indifferent materials, after the fashion of her kind,

Mabel Westbrook had no great fears for the result of breaking the news of Michael Sewell's perfidy—if perfidy it can be called—to the "big blonde." It had been a stronger flirtation than ordinary, considering that only ten days had elapsed since "Captain Seymour" had put in an appearance at the "Mastodon;" and Mrs. Disney had sighed more heavily, talked more nonsense in confidence to Mabel, than she was generally accustomed to do when the new lover had presented his credentials. But the acquaintance was not of long date; and Mrs. Disney's feelings, though exuberant, were evaporative, and all would be well when the next man came smirking round the corner.

Hence, immediately after luncheon, Mabel broke the news of Captain Seymour's position to her friend, and hoped that Isabel was prepared to shake her last admirer from her thoughts as easily as she had done the rest of her followers. Mabel did not state who was her informant—she had very strong reasons for not telling everything to the widow—but she spoke as earnestly and kindly as though Isabel Disney had met with her first love, and was going to die at the loss of

him. Mabel had met with her own, and could be graphic and sympathetic in her friend's interest.

The result of the disclosure was hardly satisfactory. Mrs. Disney flew into a passion in lieu of bursting into tears, She did not believe a word of the revelation; and Mabel had allowed herself to be imposed upon by some one who was jealous, madly and wickedly jealous, she was sure, of the preference that had been shown to the vilified Captain. As if any one would treat her so, or deceive her in so cruel a manner as Mabel had suggested—as if a man could pay her the most unmistakable attentions, and look the most unutterable affection, with a wife, and perhaps a family, somewhere in the background. It was not natural—it was not possible. She had the fullest confidence in Captain Seymour, and the malignity of his rivals was not going to shatter it at one blow. She would be true to him under good report or evil report; and she did not thank Mabel Westbrook for disseminating, though even in her interest, the idle scandal of the place. She would see Captain Seymour, and tell him that there were enemies at work against him; she would not be able to rest until he had denied the accusations in his usual frank, forcible manner; she would be glad to be left to herself for an hour or two, when she should be better, and stronger, and calmer, her feelings being at present suggestive of a strong desire to tear something or somebody to pieces.

When Mabel had gone, she drank some sherry and water, shed a few tears, dressed herself with scrupulous exactness, and sent her maid downstairs for the Army and Navy lists which she had seen in the coffee-room, and where she certainly discovered half-a-dozen Captain Seymours, as Michael Sewell was perfectly aware when he had seized upon the title as handy and safe, Finally she went in search of Captain Seymour, who was easily found, took a walk with him on the terrace of the hotel, and burst into the facts of the case with considerable energy and volubility.

Captain Seymour, or Michael Sewell as we prefer to call him, heard the particulars with a fair amount of composure, but became fierce and excitable afterwards; he denied the statement; he pronounced it to be a vile fabrication; he swore to denounce and hold up to shame the villain who had thus basely traduced him; he dashed from the terrace as if in search of him, and after wandering about the hotel for half-an-hour, and making many inquiries for Mr. Brian Halfday, he locked himself in his own room, and was seen no more that afternoon.

Mrs. Disney told the story of Michael's emphatic denial of all accusations against him to our heroine, and demanded loftily, and too melodramatically for Mabel's taste, the name of the informant.

"I will tell you presently," said Mabel. "I must have time to think how this denial will affect him."

"Has he sworn you to secrecy?"

"No!"

"It's that odious Angelo Salmon, I am sure."

"Angelo is almost a friend of Captain Seymour's, and has every confidence in him at present."

"You have no right to keep back the name of the slanderer," said Mrs. Disney; "you are not acting as my friend in the matter."

"I think I am," said Mabel calmly, "for I know how well and truly I can believe every word that has been told me in your interest. When I see you again he may be with me to speak for himself."

"I'll let him have a piece of my mind if he is," said Mrs. Disney vindictively.

"Meanwhile let me warn you, Isabel—let me beg you to keep on your guard."

"I have not lived six-and-twenty years not to know how to take care of myself," said the widow, haughtily, "although I feel that this warning, like your last, is untimely and unnecessary. Mabel, I am terribly disappointed in you!"

"I am sorry," said Mabel.

The two young women separated once more, and Mabel went away distressed in mind at her friend's obduracy. She was glad that she had not mentioned Brian Halfday's name in the matter; she would leave it for Brian to take further action, not herself. She was afraid of Michael Sewell now—she did not know in what way a man might act who was capable of assuming a position to which he was not entitled—who was absent from his wife, and paying attention as a single man to a young widow. This was a new and foggy world to her, but

she saw no danger through the mist—and she knew perfectly well that Isabel Disney, despite her heroics, was already on her guard. She could afford to let time bring round the truth.

But time was bringing round more truths than one, and with a rapidity for which she was wholly unprepared. She had stolen to her room to think of all that had happened that that day—of the great event in her life which was for ever changed and strengthened and brightened by her Brian's love—when a knock on the panel of her door attracted her attention from day-dreams.

"If you please, Miss Westbrook," said the voice of one of the maid-servants of the hotel, "I have a letter for you."

Mabel opened the door, and received a note in the handwriting of Angelo Salmon. It was written in pencil, and had been given to the servant to deliver.

"I am to wait for an answer, if you please," said the maid.

"One moment, then."

Mabel broke the seal with a consciousness of impending trouble or doubt. Had the crisis come already, with Brian away, and she a weak woman unprepared for defence? She opened the note and read one hurried line without preface or signature, "*I am waiting in the Hall. Come to me. I must see you,*" was all that was written on the paper. It was certainly Angelo's writing, and it presaged the coming of the truth of which she had been afraid.

"Tell Mr. Salmon I will be down in five minutes."

She put on her hat and mantle—it might be as well to take him from the hotel on to the quiet cliffs, or into the Spa gardens again, or along the sands—anywhere out of the reach of the hundred ears eternally pricked up, and hungering for news.

She descended the stairs with a beating heart, but yet with a new sense of courage gathering strength within her.

"After all, he had better hear the truth from me," she said to herself, "if the time has come to tell him."

CHAPTER XIV.

THE WHOLE TRUTH.

MABEL WESTBROOK found Angelo Salmon waiting for her in the great hall of the "Mastodon," with his wan face turned towards the stairs down which he knew she must descend to him. When he saw her approaching he rose and bowed with great politeness, almost with grave reverence.

"I am glad you have come," he said; "I thought you would not, perhaps."

"Is there any reason why I should be afraid to meet you, Angelo?"

"There may be a reason why you should not care to meet me now," he said; "but I will explain as soon as I can. It is not worth while misunderstanding each other any longer, is it?"

"A complete understanding may tend to the peace of mind of both of us," Mabel replied. "I have thought so more than once."

"Impossible."

"I hope it will, Angelo—I pray it will," said Mabel, earnestly.

He looked away from her. The tears were in his eyes, and his lips were quivering like a child's, for he was very weak. Was he to be treated as a child, too? Mabel thought in some respects that it might be the wiser policy. She put her hand upon his arm and said—

"Take me, Angelo, where we can speak straightforwardly and fearlessly to one another."

"Very well."

They went out of the hotel together, and towards the Spa, until Angelo stopped and shuddered.

"Not in those hateful gardens," he said.

"Shall we cross the bridge and get on the cliff yonder, or shall we descend to the valley?"

"There are less people down there, perhaps," he said moodily.

They descended to the valley, and went silently for a while along the winding path there. The Ramsdale valley has never been a favourite resort of the Scarborough visitors, and there were only a few nursemaids and children strolling through the lower grounds. When they were seated on a rustic garden-seat, shut in almost by the trees, Angelo startled his companion with a strange and sudden laugh.

"They who pass here will take us for lovers, Mabel," he exclaimed. "What a hideous mistake! And yet," he added, very sadly now, "we were lovers only yesterday—before he came."

"Before who came?"

"You know," he answered. "It is unworthy of you to affect ignorance; it is unfair to me."

"Are you speaking of Mr. Halfday?" asked Mabel, after this reproof.

"Yes—of the man whom I shall never forgive, who takes his place as my deadly foe."

"You will not think so when I have told you all," said Mabel.

"I am his bitterest enemy," said Angelo, with a violent excitement exhibiting itself. "I warn him to beware of me."

"What has he done?"

"Told you that he loved you," answered Angelo boldly," put his arm round you—my God! kissed you. I saw and heard everything; I watched, as a man cruelly deceived by a woman to whom he has given his whole heart has a right to watch. And to think that you—— Oh! Mabel, Mabel, why did you act like this to me?"

He put his hands before his face and cried bitterly. It was a childish grief, but it was terrible for Mabel to witness, and beyond her power to subdue. Listening to his deep, heavy sobs, it was difficult for her to believe that she was wholly blameless. Had she had time to consider, had not Brian's love been so suddenly confessed, she might have asked for Angelo's confidence and trust before instead of afterwards. But it was too late, and here was the result.

"Angelo," she said, very kindly and earnestly, "do not say I have cruelly deceived you, or I shall never know a happy moment again."

"You have never cared for me," he replied; "you have suffered yourself to be engaged to me; since that engagement you have allowed that man to love you."

"Angelo," said Mabel, laying her hand on his and drawing it away from his face, "will you do me justice, and listen patiently to all I have to say?"

"Yes," he replied.

"When you were lying very ill some weeks ago, when you had been rash and desperate, and your friends were despairing of your life, they came to me for my assistance," Mabel began. "They said—let us both think now how wrong and foolish it was of them—that a few words of mine, the utterance of a promise which I might consider myslf justified in breaking when you were well and strong again, would give you the best chance of health. I hesitated: but your father and mother were in great grief. You lay very helpless and despairing, and the doctors told me I could save you. Was I very wrong to try, even at the cost of my self-respect and truth."

He pressed her hand warmly in his own.

"I see it all now," he murmured. "And you saved me—but only to cast me back again to a greater helplessness."

"I hope not," Mabel said earnestly; "for I am ever one of your truest friends. if you will let me be one. I want to be your confidante, sister, anything that will prove how truly I esteem you."

"What can you do, after owning your want of love for me?" he groaned forth. "I have been looking forward to you as my wife. I have been thanking God for the prospect of a happiness that was ever to be denied me—and you knew this all along."

"Forgive me—I did it for the best—and not of my own free will," she murmured.

"When was I to be undeceived?" he asked.

"When you were strong and brave again," she replied; "when you could see clearly how unfair it would be to exact from me the fulfilment of a pledge made when you were ill—when little by little I could have asked you to let me go away from you."

"To him!" cried Angelo Salmon, with sudden passion again; "to the man who, loving you himself, advised me to make you an offer of my hand—to that damned hypocrite!"

"Hush—hush!" cried Mabel, "you do him an injustice—you do not know Brian Halfday to speak of him like that. He is all that is honest and truthful and kind."

"I tell you, Mabel Westbrook, that you are blinded by your passion for him," said Angelo; "I am not worthy of you, but I am more deserving of your love than he is. If you have anything more to say to me, say it, please, but without mentioning the name of one who has blighted my whole life."

Mabel would not accept this interdict upon her lover's name.

"He has not blighted your life, Angelo," said Mabel, for all this is a delusion from which you will speedily recover. I had thought to break to you by degrees the im-

possibility of my ever being anything more to you than a true friend, and to be thankful that in my humble way I had helped to save you. The revelation has come too soon and too suddenly—I have acted with too great an impulse—but let me believe you are strong enough to think it for the best, and manly enough to forgive the woman who did not err from want of heart. Let me hear, Angelo, that you bear me no malice, and will try and forget me."

"There is no forgetfulness for me," he answered gloomily, "I have been always weak and foolish—never quite right as people say—and you have been the one thought of my life. You will remain so to the end, whether I keep sane, or am tied up in a straight-waistcoat," he added, with a short, hard laugh, "and all my actions will be regulated by that thought, for good and for evil. As for forgiveness—see here!"

He held both hands towards her, and she placed hers within them confidently.

"There is nothing to forgive, you acted for the best according to your own judgment —it was your old generosity and spirit of self-sacrifice which led you to take pity upon me—and I have only to thank you for so much consideration."

"This sounds like satire, Angelo," she murmured.

"I am not clever enough to be satirical," was his reply; "I am speaking what is in my mind, with no second meaning in the background. If you would rather that I say '*Forgiven*'—why forgiven be it then—Oh! my lost love, whom God has set apart from me!"

The tears were in his eyes once more as he pressed her hands to his heart, but he did not wholly break down again. She rose, and he rose with her and walked on by her side down the valley and along the way which they had come.

"You will return to the hotel?" he said, in a calmer tone.

Mabel answered in the affirmative.

"I am not fit for hotel company at present," he said, abruptly coming to a full stop; "and if you will excuse me I will bid you good-bye here."

"I shall see you this evening?"

"Possibly. I hardly know."

"I am not to lose a friend because I have found courage to tell you the whole truth?" she asked.

"How the whole truth will affect me it is not easy to say," he replied moodily; "but I will try and keep strong for their sakes."

"Your father and mother's?"

"Yes."

"And for mine. Try and let me think I have told you all and done good, and not harm, by the confession," said Mabel.

"It is easy to try. But it is a hard conviction that it was all done out of pity for me—that I was never loved in the least, and you were only acting a part which was unworthy of you," he replied.

"Angelo, you have not forgiven me."

"Yes—yes—I have!" he exclaimed, "don't mind me—don't regard a word I say just now. Good-bye."

"One moment. Say forgiven too to Brian Halfday," implored Mabel, "think generously of him till he meets you and tells you for himself the—"

He caught her so suddenly by the wrist that she winced with pain.

"It will be well for us both, Mabel, if he and I never meet again," said Angelo fiercely; "I have no forgiveness for him on this earth."

He released his hold of her, and walked back swiftly along the valley, and Mabel watched him till he was lost to sight. She had called to him once as he broke away from her, but he had marched onwards without any heed to her appeal. She had wished to soften his heart towards her lover, and she had had faith in her own powers to do it, until he had passed away with those strange, darkling looks. It was so unlike poor Angelo to bear malice, or to feel oppressed by a sense of wrong, that she trusted to the natural amiability of his character even yet, although there were doubts besetting her not easily dispelled. Angelo had changed of late days —he had been irritable or dispirited since his recovery from delirium, and only her presence had had power to soothe him. How would he act after the shock, she wondered —would he let her be his friend still, just as if nothing had happened, or they had never talked of being engaged to one another? If he would accept the position calmly all might yet be well, but the doubts gathered strength in Mabel's mind as she went up the path in the cliff towards the higher ground. She was not happy, although Brian Halfday had told her that he loved her—she was sure

that she was growing more unhappy with every hour of her life.

The consciousness of having made two people miserable that afternoon weighed upon the spirits of a girl naturally sensitive —and that it had all been done for the best was scarcely the satisfaction which she had trusted it might be. She had almost quarrelled with Isabel Disney who had been kind to her, she had crushed out the hopes of Angelo Salmon, and life would have been dull to her indeed, if the thoughts of the future with Brian had not been there to keep her strong. Still, she was dull, and when the dinner-hour at the hotel came and Brian was not present as he had promised, a sense of deeper depression stole upon her, and the first assurance to her own mind that all was not well, and that a great trouble was to date from that day, came as if by inspiration. Looking back at that melancholy feast she believed it was inspiration, and that a voice of warning was whispered in her ears as she took her place with the guests and marvelled as to the absence of one who should have hastened to her side now. She had believed he would, and that before the night was out the Salmons and Mrs. Disney would have been pleased to congratulate her on her engagement, but now she was sure that something new and strange had arisen to account for Brian Halfday's absence.

It was not a pleasant thought to cross her, but it grew in strength with wonderful rapidity. Something *had* happened to Brian she was certain, although she tried vainly to smile at her own fears, and kept her great grey eyes directed towards the entrance doors through which he would come presently, if all were well. Painful and ever to be remembered dinner this—the rows of guests laughing and talking on either side of her, and she as conscious of approaching trouble as though the decree had been thundered in her ears—

"He will never return. You will see him no more!"

She allowed the dishes to pass her almost unheeded, feigning at times to eat, in order to escape the ordeal of much questioning from Mr. Gregory Salmon and his wife, who were sitting next to her; but she had turned very pale, and those on the other side of the table had already whispered amongst themselves that the fair American was looking ill that night. Mrs. Disney had changed her place at the *table d'hote*, to mark her sense of displeasure with Mabel; but Mabel had lost all interest in her, and saw, even without surprise or regret, that Michael Sewell was at her side, and more attentive than ordinary. Gregory Salmon spoke to Mabel, but she did not know what her replies were like, and failed to remember the instant afterwards the topics which he had selected to grow eloquent upon, until he said suddenly—

"You need not be disconsolate, Miss Mabel. He has come back."

Her heart leaped within her bosom for joy for an instant, and then sank down like a leaden plummet.

"Who has come back?" she asked.

"Angelo. He has been walking fast, or riding hard. He came in very hot and flurried, and told me that he should not dine at the *table d'hote* to-day—as he had dined I think he said. I am sorry," said Mr. Salmon, "because these assemblies have amused and distracted him considerably; don't you think so?"

"No—yes—I don't know," said Mabel wearily.

"I hope nothing is the matter—especially between you and Angelo?" asked Gregory Salmon anxiously; "you—you must not think of undeceiving him yet awhile, Miss Westbrook. I—I would rather you married him than that—I would indeed."

"Please don't talk to me now," Mabel said at last; "I am tired and unwell."

"You are certainly very white," answered Gregory; "but is there not something to tell me about Angelo?"

"Yes—after dinner."

"I am very sorry if—my dear young lady I am sure you are going to faint. Let me advise you to get out of this hot room."

"Not yet," answered Mabel; "I would much rather remain. I want to wait here. Don't notice me or talk to me, please. I shall be better in a minute."

"I hope Mr. Halfday has not been interfering in this matter," said Gregory Salmon snappishly, and not at all disposed to leave Mabel to herself now that his curiosity had been aroused.

"Why should you think that?" asked Mabel quickly.

"He is a man who interferes in most things—and, by the way, I don't see him at dinner to-night."

"No," said Mabel, with a heavy sigh, "he is not here."

"But there's Angelo--standing at the door, and, great Heaven! how ill he looks too!"

"Oh! good gracious, my poor boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon at the same moment.

Mabel looked towards the door where Angelo was standing now. He was in evening dress; he had changed his morning attire, after his usual custom, and was leaning against the pillar watching her attentively. As their eyes met he started, and moved away into the central hall beyond, but not before the haggardness and horror of his face had struck her as forcibly as his parents. Here was the result of one mistake, perhaps; for he was changing and aging as if by a spell. Was it remarkable that she should think of Brian again, and couple Angelo's looks with him, for a mysterious reason impossible to fathom?

Once more the warning sank to her dull heart, as if the voice had whispered to her again that Brian Halfday was not coming back. She was not naturally superstitious, but it seemed a strange truth to come to her on that night—and like an awful prophecy on the next, and the next, when no sign of his return was made to her from the darkness in which he had disappeared.

CHAPTER XV.

MICHAEL SEWELL ATTEMPTS HIS DEFENCE.

HOW Mabel Westbrook lived through the next two days she never knew completely. That she ate and drank, that she even slept, and had strange, awful dreams, wherein the man she loved was for ever in danger, or at the point of death, that she affected a composure which she did not feel, and feigned, for reasons of her own to be presently apparent, to be unexcited by the absence of Brian Halfday, she was aware; but how the long, weary, terrible hours passed was scarcely within the limits of her consciousness. She was like a woman in her sleep, and yet a woman closely on guard and watching jealously for any sign that should afford a clue to the mystery which had arisen about her lover's life. Brian had disappeared, and there might be many reasons for his absence which a few hours more would satisfactorily explain. Mabel would not think the worst yet. She tried hard, and fought hard to keep a host of terrible doubts and suspicions in the background, and she partially succeeded. It did not seem possible that a man should have met with an accident or even with foul play in the broad daylight and in the neighbourhood of so fashionable a watering-place as Scarborough without some witness to the act, and it *was* more natural—how sure she was that it was more natural—to set down Brian's absence to a reason of his own, for which he would account when he came back.

Something *had* surely occurred to take him suddenly from Scarborough. Important business of his, perhaps of hers, matters connected with his old trust as curator, or with his new studies, hundreds of reasons in fact, when she came to think calmly and deliberately upon the matter, might have induced Brian to leave the "Mastodon Hotel" in hot haste. Certainly it was a trifle unaccountable to go away without an explanation, and to keep away without sending her one line of news, one message by the wires, that might have saved her all these long hours of miserable suspense.

Then came the darker thoughts to distress her.

"He would have never left me like this, he would have never gone without a word, after telling me of his love, and believing in my own. It is not like him."

Still they were all so calm about her, life went on so very much in the old way, no one seemed to think of Brian but herself, and it was natural to more than one that he should have drifted from the life and laughter of a place that was thoroughly unsuited to him. She knew better than this, but there was little sympathy for her anxiety, and not any for her fears. She had to act for herself, and it had become her duty to watch, and plot, and plan, as though the solution to the riddle lay in the hearts of those who flitted by her in the crowd.

Her first inquiries had been of the clerks in the office, young men who kept the books, and summed up the expenses of the visitors, in a room on the ground floor. Mr. Halfday had given no notice of his departure, and had taken his apartments for a week to begin with. The chambermaid on the floor to which his room belonged was signalled to,

and spoken to by gutta-percha medium, and bellowed down her replies huskily and indifferently. No. 1,008—for Brian had been duly ticketed—had not been to bed, Mabel was informed the next day, and had not been seen in his room since yesterday morning, and his clothes were unpacked and all over the place. On the following day Mabel found out the chambermaid for herself, and bribed her into civility for five shillings, and into a promise to let her know when No. 1,008 came back to his room.

The maid was of the world worldly, and could not understand Mabel's anxiety following so closely on the gentleman's absence, unless Mabel was his wife, and jealous of him.

"The gents are here, there, and everywhere, when they comes to this place, miss," said the maid. "I wouldn't be fidgety about him for a week, if I was you? I'll be sure and let you know the moment he comes back."

"Thank you," said Mabel as she went away from her.

She had obtained her information, she had expected little else, and she felt in her foreboding heart that Brian would never come back to that room. She could not own it to herself yet, but time was drifting on and bringing her no news. When should she act? and how could she act, and in what direction?

Did Angelo Salmon know more than his pale, grave face warranted?—it was he who she thought might know—there had seemed to be an awful knowledge in his looks in the early hours when Brian was first missed, and though he was calm and stoical now, he took great pains to avoid Mabel's company. Did Michael Sewell know? He remained at the hotel like a man who was certain that Brian would not return to make good his accusations against him; he was still Captain Seymour to the outside world, and he avoided Mabel also, or Mabel fancied that he did. Had he guessed that Brian Halfday had told her he was Dorcas's husband, and had he met Brian and quarrelled with him, perhaps slain him? No, no, that was too horrible; surely the shadow of a crime did not rest upon that handsome, laughing man of one-and-twenty, with whom her friend had been foolish enough to think herself in love.

It was he, however, who spoke to her on the second day, who came to her in the drawing-room, when she was sitting by the window looking out at sea. The room had been deserted after luncheon, and she had stolen there for peace, or for the deep thoughts which might pass for peace to strangers.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, Miss Westbrook," he said very politely, "but the fact is, Mrs. Disney wished me to address a few words to you. Have I your permission?"

Mabel moved her head slightly in acquiescence. The man had become a horror to her, but she was curious to learn what was in his thoughts, if possible, and was already prepared to ask him one question in return. He began with his old frankness, or assumption of frankness, at once.

"You don't like me," he said, "you have allowed yourself to be prejudiced against me."

Mabel was frank too. She looked up at the man without flinching, till he seemed to grow uncomfortable beneath the steady light of her grey eyes.

"No—I don't like you, Mr. Sewell," she replied.

It sounded like defiance, it might be rendering him for ever wary of her if he were in the secret of Brian Halfday's disappearance, but she felt above a falsehood with this trickster.

"My name is not Sewell," was the bold assertion of the gentleman, "and I am at a loss to imagine why you should think it is."

"I have been told so by one whose word I can implicitly believe."

"By the gentleman with whom you were walking in the Spa two or three mornings since?" inquired Michael.

It seemed too late to keep this a secret, if it had ever been a secret, and she said—

"Yes. By Mr. Brian Halfday, whose name should be familiar to you."

"I have not heard it before in my life," was the unblushing statement here.

"It is false," cried Mabel passionately, "and you know it is."

"It is a strange delusion for a lady to encourage, and I should be glad to meet this Mr. Halfday face to face, and challenge him to the proof of his extraordinary statement. But," added Michael, with a contemptuous shrug of his shoulders, "the man has run away."

"He has disappeared, you mean," said Mabel, closely watching Michael Sewell's countenance.

"I hope you don't think I have murdered him!" said Michael, with a burst of laughter at the supposition. "I may be even bad enough for that in your estimation, I am afraid."

"Where do *you* think he is?" asked Mabel sharply.

"Upon my honour, all I have thought of is the egregious mistake he has committed," said Michael, "and the apology which I consider is due to me in consequence. I should be glad to see him—I should be only too glad to convince him that my present identity is not to be disputed, and to receive his assurance that he has been in error. I bear him no malice; he may have acted in good faith. But why does he keep away?"

"You know better than I do, possibly," said Mabel.

"You do not take my word then?"

"Against Brian Halfday's? No!" cried Mabel.

"The man may be insane, or short-sighted, or weak of judgment; there is a mystery about him. But you trust him?"

"With my life."

"And doubt me. I am sorry," he said. "It is hardly worth while troubling you with Mrs. Disney's message now."

He waited for Mabel's reply, but Mabel was looking out at sea again, and speculating deeply as to the motives for this man's bravado. He was a clever actor, but he had not deceived her by his impersonation. She was sure Brian had made no mistake, and that it was this man's policy to keep to the character he had assumed.

He delivered his message, although Mabel did not ask for it.

"Mrs. Disney would be glad to see you, and to be reconciled to you," he said, "if you would have more confidence in her, and if you would only suspend your judgment for a few days until Mr. Halfmay's, or Halfday's, return. If I can wait here without fear of anything to be said against me surely you can."

"Will you tell me where Mr. Halfday is?" said Mabel quietly.

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Will you tell me what you have done with Dorcas?"

The question followed so closely upon the other, after Brian Halfday's fashion—which she might have caught from him—that Michael Sewell for the first time betrayed a momentary confusion at the sudden mention of his wife's Christian name. The colour deepened in his face as he said—

"Who is Dorcas, may I ask?"

"Your wife."

He laughed again.

"I forgot I had one," he said ironically.

"Yes, you *have* forgotten that," was Mabel's caustic answer.

"Miss Westbrook, you will do me justice at an early date, I hope," he said, bowing low to her before leaving her once more to the study of the sea, "at present you are inflexible."

"Until I find him," answered Mabel, "yes."

She spoke decisively, as though the clue to Brian's discovery was already in her hands; and as he went out of the door a vigilant observer might have suspected that he paused for an instant on the threshold, as if considering what meaning should be attached to her last words. He looked back at her and bowed once more, but she was not aware of it. Had he been afraid of her he would have taken more consolation to himself, or could he have seen her five minutes afterwards, with her hands crossed on the back of the chair, and her fair young head resting despondently and helplessly upon them. She had lost faith in all humankind save Brian, she thought; he would not have left her to this torture of uncertainty if there had been any means of communicating with her and he had had the power to do so. No, something had surely happened to him, although no one would believe in her, and she was wasting time by this horrible inaction.

"Oh! my poor Brian," she murmured, with her gaze directed to the rippling sea, as though it were connected with his fate. "What am I to do? What can I do to help you?"

CHAPTER XVI.

REPROOFS AND SUSPICIONS.

THE troubles were coming to Mabel Westbrook all at once, after the fashion of troubles which are gregarious. She had

lost her lover, and now the few friends she had, or thought she had, were falling away from her, or regarding her with distrust. She had done her best in the world, but her efforts had been miserable failures from the first. A good and warm-hearted young woman this, who had passed through life with hardly a selfish thought, and who had sacrificed time, money, and inclination for the sake of others, and been rewarded with scant praise and even with ingratitude. She had finally made one little dash for her own happiness in her old impulsive way, and made a greater failure of it than of the rest of her endeavours, judging by results.

She was no longer friends with Isabel Disney, as we are aware; there followed a great difference in the manner of Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Salmon towards her, and Angelo avoided her society. She was completely alone in the hotel, and though she was not sorry to be alone, to think and plan and struggle against the mysteries by which she was surrounded, it seemed hard to have lost the respect and sympathy of everyone for whom she had cared a little.

Another day passed without news of Brian Halfday, and then the fourth day of his disappearance followed. Mabel had spent a great many shillings from a purse but scantily filled, and with very vain results. She had telegraphed to Penton Museum, and to the editors of scientific papers for which Brian had supplied occasional articles, asking if the missing man had been seen or heard of; she had held more than one conference with the police authorities of Scarborough, and she had tried to work out for herself one or two extravagant theories, but the clue was missing, and her woman's heart was failing her.

Those two last days alluded to came in cold and dark and rough, as though they tried hard to make up for lost time, and have their vengeance on the little autumn that was left them. They were bitter days of sleet and frost and hurricane, and the visitors vanished away with extraordinary celerity, affrighted by the first approach of winter in real earnest. The guests disappeared as if by magic, and the big hall was crammed with the boxes of the outgoing. It was all over with the season at the "Mastodon;" the manager was aware of it, the waiters knew it by immediate warning; a transformation scene in a pantomime could have scarcely suggested a greater change, only this was from the brightness and lightness of life to the dullness that must last till next summer.

Mr. and Mrs. Gregory Salmon informed Mabel Westbrook on that fourth morning that their boxes were packed, and they and Angelo were going away that very afternoon. It had been the first intimation of their departure, and Mabel was surprised and hurt at the announcement, for they had thought a great deal of her of late days, she had been inclined to consider. She did not expect to be asked to accompany them to St. Lazarus, she would not have gone with them had they made her the offer of their home's shelter for awhile, but the suddenness of the announcement of their departure was depressing. There were three the less in her little world drifting away from her for good; three who had begun as her friends and were disposed to consider themselves aggrieved now. Well, well! they might have their just cause of complaint, for she had acted with precipitation at the last, and out of love for Brian; she did not know—she had not had time or patience to consider. There was only one grave thought and misery for her in these latter days, and in her sorrow she was more selfish than she had ever been. She was unsettled and variable and strange herself. Mabel heard the news with composure, despite her surprise at the scant notice of the event.

"I shall miss you all," she said calmly; "I am sorry you are going."

"There is nothing to stop for," said Mrs. Salmon, with a heavy sigh, "the place is doing Angelo more harm than good, and the sooner he is out of it the better."

"Is he anxious to leave this place also?" Mabel inquired.

"He is quite a child in our hands—he never says a word, or seems to care—he—he—oh! Mabel," and then Mrs. Salmon broke down in her weak way, and buried her face in her handkerchief, and began sobbing violently.

Mr. Gregory Salmon had left all the explanation to his wife for a wonder, and this was the result, as he might have guessed, after so many years' knowledge of her character.

"Mrs. Salmon," he said sharply, "you are making yourself exceedingly ridiculous."

"I—I know I am, Greg—Gregory," re-

plied his weeping wife, "but how am I to help it? Oh! my poor boy, that I thought was getting on so well—before this blow came!"

Mabel approached Mrs. Salmon, put one arm around her neck, and bent her fair young head down till it touched the grey hairs of the elder woman.

"Do you blame me for all that has happened then? Have I acted so very badly to Angelo?" said Mabel.

"You told him, all at once, you wouldn't have anything more to do with him—and that—that crushed him down completely," said the mother, "and it was—I can't help saying it—very cruel of you."

"He had discovered for himself, and before I was prepared to tell him," replied Mabel, "what you and Mr. Salmon have known from the commencement, that I did not consider him as my future husband."

"Miss Westbrook, if you had set your mind to it," said Mr. Salmon, breaking in upon the conference for the first time, "it would have been an easy task to regard my son with affection, and that is what, despite the disparity of the match in a worldly point of view, we had hoped would occur in course of time. It has not been pleasant for me to see my son desirous of an alliance with you—I have done my best even to reason with him upon the unsuitability of the match; but it was of no use, and Angelo gave way as a silly girl of seventeen might have done with less discredit. It has been a great trouble to me, Miss Westbrook, a blow to my pride in my family and my son, but I was resigned to the match for his sake—I set aside completely my own feelings in the face of the terrible calamity that befell us, and—and this is the end of it."

"If there has been an error committed, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, "it was in that mockery of an engagement into which I was dragged for your son's sake, and I am sorry. It was at your request, and I knew and saw the danger of it very quickly afterwards. I was foolish, and thought to restore to health by degrees the one man who had been kind to me—although I knew there must follow a day like this to cast him down. I knew I could never love him—and yet I undertook the vain task of saving him by a semblance of affection which no one regrets more than I do now."

"You would have saved him if you had kept on for a month or two longer—if that conceited man from the Museum had not interfered out of spite and jealousy, and you had not encouraged him to make love to you from the very first moment he came into the hotel," said Mr. Gregory Salmon passionately.

Mabel drew herself up very proudly, and the colour mounted to her face at the taunts hurled at her.

"He did not come too soon," she said, "for he was the only true friend I ever had. The rest were not worthy of my trust in them."

"A pretty friend to run away in fear of the chastisement he was likely to receive for bearing false witness against his neighbour," said Mr. Gregory Salmon vindictively; "a nice man to prefer to my boy!"

"He has not run away—and only a coward would imply to me that he has," cried Mabel very warmly also; "if he has disappeared for ever, I shall believe that this false Captain Seymour, or your son—God knows which—has killed him. There, that is the thought which is preying upon me, and which I can hold back no longer. There has been foul play, and heaven give me strength to denounce the promoter of it. I will have no mercy on his guilt."

Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Salmon was prepared for this passionate outcry from one who had always been calm, and equable, and amiable, and both were completely silenced and confounded by her indignation. The terrible suspicion which she had avowed was on her mind, came upon them also with an effect that was remarkable, for both turned very white, and stared at Mabel as at a ghost, after nervously glancing at each other. Mabel Westbrook was singularly quick to observe, for she cried eagerly—

"Ha! you know something more of this—Angelo has betrayed himself to you—it is he then?"

"No, no," cried Mrs. Salmon, "for mercy's sake, don't think that. It is not likely he would harm any one, even in his strange condition—don't think so, Mabel, for a moment."

"I will think so for ever, till he denies it to my face," said Mabel; "I see how his jealousy and madness might have brought him to this miserable pass."

"You do me an injustice, Miss West-

brook," said Angelo Salmon, entering the room slowly, and with his eyes studiously averted from her, "after all this while you should have had a kinder thought of me."

"Well said, Angelo, well said," cried the Master of St. Lazarus encouragingly, "I am glad you are here to answer for yourself."

"My own dear, injured child!" exclaimed Mrs. Salmon, with a fresh burst of tears.

"Miss Westbrook in her heat of passion," said Gregory to his son, "has made strange charges against you, but when one's lover has absconded under circumstances that—"

Angelo Salmon caught his father by the arm, and checked all further comment by this movement.

"Miss Westbrook is the dearest friend I have in the world, and in insulting her, sir, you make an enemy of me. Perfectly understand that," he said severely, "an enemy."

Mabel looked hard at the worn face of the man who had defended her, and her heart softened towards him very quickly. He had been eccentric since Brian's disappearance; he had spoken of his unforgiveness for Brian's stepping between him and his love; he had avoided her at every turn, as if afraid to meet her, or respond to any question she might put to him; but she could scarcely believe that Angelo Salmon, even in his madness, would harm any living thing.

"Angelo," she said, "if I have done you an injustice in my troubled thoughts, forgive me. But I know not what to think."

"I forgive you everything," he answered.

"Will you put your hands in mine, and tell me you know not where my Brian is?" she asked solemnly. "Will you tell me with your old truthfulness that you have not seen him, or heard of him in any way, since I asked your pardon in the valley four days since? Say so frankly to me now, and I will not suspect you for a single moment ever again."

He did not answer readily. He did not look into her face, but kept his gaze directed to the carpet of the room in which they were, as if the answers were difficult to make, or the mention of Brian's name had brought upon him his old angry sullenness.

"You have no right to suspect me," he replied at last.

"Then you have not seen him? You do not know where——"

"I will not be suspected like this!" he cried passionately, in his turn. "You will drive me mad in earnest presently. It is well I am going away—a long way from you, Mabel, where I shall never see you again, with Heaven's will.

Mabel had returned to her seat, full of new doubts, for all her protest, and was thinking very deeply, when he said, close to her ear—

"We are going almost directly. You will wish us all good-bye."

"We bear no malice, Miss Westbrook," said his father, whilst the smothered voice of Mrs. Salmon ejaculated—

"And I hope we shall be happy together again some day—though I don't see how exactly."

Mabel felt helpless as well as friendless now. She would be glad when they had left her to herself.

"You will both shake hands with Mabel," said Angelo almost peremptorily to his parents. "There must be a complete reconciliation between you before we go."

Mr. Salmon seemed afraid of opposing his will to his son's, and Mrs. Salmon was only too ready to shake hands.

"Good-bye, dear," she whispered, as she stooped down and kissed our heroine. "Don't think unjustly of poor Angelo."

"Good-bye," said Mabel; "and for all past kindness, thank you."

"Good-bye, Miss Westbrook," said Mr. Salmon, taking his wife's place. "If this Christian-like example soothes my son's feelings, I am only too proud to show it in my humble way. And—ahem!—I hope you did not mean what you said about Angelo a little while ago. You were excited—that's all, I trust."

"I was excited," answered Mabel. "Good-bye."

It was Angelo's turn now, and he held his hand towards her, but she shrank from it instinctively. There might be blood upon it for what she knew. It might have struck down the man she loved, only a little while ago—who could tell? He shivered strangely as she recoiled from him; but he stooped down to whisper in her ear—

"It is not good-bye between us, Mabel. I am coming back."

"When?" she asked quickly.

"Before the night is out I shall see you," he replied. "Wait for me here; I shall have much to tell you:"

Then he said in a louder tone of voice "Good-bye," and went out of the room with his father and mother, and downstairs into the hall, where the porters were struggling w . . many boxes, and carrying them to the cabs and carriages waiting outside in the gusty street.

"Now for home," said Angelo, when they were being driven to the station at a rapid pace. "We shall not have much time to catch our train, I am afraid."

CHAPTER XVII.

ANGELO'S ROOM.

MABEL WESTBROOK waited impatiently for the return of Angelo Salmon, but the weary hours went by without a sign of him. She was alone in the world now, and knew not which way to turn. If he came not back—if it had all been a subterfuge to throw her off her guard, what should she do? His manner had implied that he was at the bottom of the mystery which had shut Brian Halfday from her, but was she positive of this, or had he a second and different meaning at which there was no guessing? Every thought and every incident she connected with Brian's absence—was it possible that Angelo would confess the truth to her if he had been the cause of it? Was it probable even that this incomprehensible being would return to own his baseness to the woman he had loved? Would he teach her by his own confession to hate him for his treachery?

Mabel wandered like a restless spirit, knowing no rest, about the rooms and corridors of the hotel. There was a depression about the place that suited with her mood, and when the night had set in the wind howled dismally from the sea, and came in angry gusts against the windows of the edifice.

It had been almost a complete migration from the "Mastodon"—the break out of the plague could have scarcely effected a more general clearance of the visitors, than this sudden outburst of rough weather upon the Yorkshire coast. Fashion packed up its best clothes, spread its wings, and flew away, and its imitators followed in hot haste. The "Mastodon" was nearly empty, the dinner was served in a small room to the few visitors remaining—only a few burners here and there in the great candelabras in the drawing-room and hall were lighted, and the waiters crept about like funeral mutes who had set their staves aside and were looking for the body in the corridors.

Mabel did not dine that night; she was sick at heart and anxious. She seemed waiting for the terrible truth that was to wholly strike her down.

Still it was difficult to wait, and impossible to rest. She took up her position in the gallery where she had sat with Brian late on the first night of his arrival—the place was in shadow now, but she could look down into the hall and see who came and went through the great entrance doors, and she was away from the little coterie remaining, and from the tattle of which she was glad to be free. Presently there came down the half-lighted stairs Michael Sewell and Isabel Disney—the former in a thick great-coat, the skirts of which touched his heels, the latter in the semi-evening dress she had adopted for that night's dinner wear.

Michael Sewell was in no loving mood. He descended the broad staircase with a heavy, slouching tread, and with his hands thrust to the bottom of his pockets. Isabel seemed distressed about him by her anxious look into his face, which he turned half from her.

"You will be back to-morrow then?" said Isabel.

"Yes—to-morrow."

"Late to-morrow, of course," said Isabel with a sigh, "what shall I do in this dreary place till you return?"

"I don't know," was Michael's candid confession here. "If this important business could only be postponed till——"

And then the voices died away in the basement, and Mabel sat there a witness to the farewell, and wondered if Michael Sewell were going away for good, and what was the urgent motive for his departure? Mistrusting him in everything, she could believe that he was passing away from Isabel Disney's life—and that the flirtation was closing for ever, with the shutting of the glass doors upon him in the street. It was well for the "big blonde," but was it as well for her?

Whilst she sat there supinely, he might be passing away with the secret which it had become her one mission in life to discover, and beset by this new fear she half rose with the hasty intention of following him. She sat down again, and wrung her hands at her own helplessness—she was not dressed for travelling, and she was waiting for the second man whom she distrusted still, and who had promised to come back and tell her all.

Would he come back? If he had left his parents at the railway station, why had he not returned long since? Had he passed away from her power of tracking him, as Michael Sewell had; and was this the miserable end of all her thought for Brian?

She looked across at the corridor where Angelo had looked across at her on the night she had sat with Brian—when Brian had been irritable and jealous; and she had felt very happy, despite all that jealousy and harshness which had been the sure signs of his deep love for her. Angelo's room immediately faced her on the other side of the corridor—the sitting-room to which he had been accustomed to repair when the busy world about him was too much for him—and she could see that the door was ajar, and that a lamp was burning there.

A lamp burning in the room of No. 28! Then he was expected back, and all had been prepared for him by those in charge of the first floor. Perhaps he had returned already, and might be waiting for her, and all this while she had been wasting time here. The big clock over the dining-room registered eight hours of the night—where could Angelo be, if not in his own apartment? Mabel rose, and went quickly and softly round the circle of the gallery towards the room, and, without hesitation, pushed open the door and entered.

It was empty, its owner had not yet returned. There was a fire burning in the grate, a dressing-gown hanging across the back of the easy chair, wherein Angelo had dreamed many an hour away; and a book—the poems of Shelley—lying open on the table.

"Not here," whispered Mabel to herself, "but coming back to keep his word with me."

She walked to the mantelpiece, looked along it like the curious woman that she was now, and then started back a few paces, as though stung by a serpent. A moment's pause; then she approached again, with her hands shaking, her lips quivering, her bosom heaving painfully, and took from the mantelpiece a pair of very fragile steel-framed spectacles.

(*To be Continued.*)

VISIONS OF THE NIGHT.

SPIRITS! that are numbered
With the dead—
Echoes! that have slumbered—
Hopes! long fled.

Love! that faded quickly
Out of sight—
Tears! that once rained thickly
Through the night.

Hands! that clasped so madly
Mine in theirs—
Broken voices! sadly
Murmuring prayers.

Eyes! that looked so sweetly
Years ago—
Vows! made and unmade fleetly—
Death! so slow.

Foolish hearts! that fluttered
At the sound
Of tender words, though uttered
But to wound.

Pages scanned by moonlight—
Such to me
These visions of the night
Seem to be.

I cannot read them clear,
But I see
The ghosts of memories dear
Come back to me.

And the pulses quicken;
And again
The throbbing heart will sicken
Unto pain,

As the moonbeams shiver
On the grass,
And the dark leaves quiver
Where they pass.

So my soul, now trembling—
Shuddering—reels.
Vain is all dissembling,—
O'er me steals

All the long Past, which I
Thought was dead,
And, whispering, seems to sigh
Around my bed.

Yet with the morn I wake!
The dream is o'er—
O! let the dark hours take
What lives no more.

Toronto. PEARL.

MY FIRST TIGER HUNT.

A SPORTING SKETCH OF EASTERN BENGAL.

THE little sketch I am placing before you, reader, took place in the dense jungles surrounding the picturesque village of Mymensing, in Eastern Bengal.

I was on six months' leave from my regiment, then stationed in Calcutta, and was spending it with my old school chum, Charlie Fraser, of the Bengal police, who was then doing duty at Mymensing. Charlie was a splendid fellow, standing six feet one in his stockings, broad in proportion, and a keen sportsman—the sort of fellow one would like by him in a town and gown row.

I had been staying with Fraser about two or three weeks, when one morning, as I lay on my charpoy (*i.e.*, native bedstead), enjoying my matutinal cheroot, and lazily watching the movements of a spider-monkey—a pet of Fraser's—catching spiders, Fraser came into the room equipped for his morning's ride (in the glorious East, morning and evening are the only times one can enjoy a ride), and throwing a letter on to the bed said, "What do you think of that, old man?" and then commenced flicking at the monkey with his hunting-whip, which made that sagacious animal shift his quarters to the verandah.

On reading the letter I found that it came from a friend of Fraser's, an indigo planter, by name Colonais, living some miles up the river, asking F. up to his place, as he had just received khubber (*i.e.*, news) of a tiger having carried away a bullock from one of the villages near; and he wanted F. to help him in the destruction of said tiger, and to bring his friend with him. If the answer was in the affirmative, he would send his boat down for us.

"Well," said Fraser, "what do you say?"

"Say! Why of course we'll go; that is if you can get away."

Charlie said he would ask his chief for leave at once; and calling to his syce (native groom) to bring up his horse, he left me.

There was no more lying down for me, after hearing this news: I was too excited. The reader must know that I was only a griff, having been in India but a short time, and had never shot at anything larger than a deer. So I got up, lit another cheroot, and commenced pacing the verandah till Charlie's return, calling to mind all the wonderful stories I had heard of that prince of sports, tiger-shooting.

Charlie came back at last, looking jubilant, and I at once knew he had been successful in getting his leave, which he had. So he sent off word to Colonais for the boat, and on its arrival we were to be off. My feelings were beyond description. If I hadn't been just a leetle stout,—rude people called me *very* stout,—I think I should have given vent to them by standing on my head, or by some such absurd evolution. As I couldn't do that, I let off the steam in a good cover-side tally-ho, which startled master Jacko even more than the whip did.

Charlie said the boat couldn't be down before a couple of days, so we devoted that time to getting our batteries in order.

What a jolly time it was, greasing patches, making shells, bullets, cleaning rifles, guns, etc., etc. In the latter operation I put too large a piece of rag on the cleaning rod. I managed to get it down the barrel, but for the life of me couldn't get it out again. I tugged and tugged till I was black in the face, Charlie laughing at me the whole time. I had to call up a servant, in the end, to help me; and telling him to catch hold of the barrel, I caught hold of the rod and told him to pull like the deuce; which he did—so did I. All of a sudden out it came, without any warning; consequently a tableau. Away went the nigger flying. I came crack up against Charlie, upsetting him and myself too, luckily on top. Charlie didn't laugh now, having come down rather smart on his elbow, besides my sending (unintentionally of course) my elbow, with a dig,

into his ribs. But it served him right for laughing at me.

At last all was ready. The boat had come down, and everything was on board. We bade adieu to our friends, who had come down to see us off and wish us good luck, and pushed out into the river on our way to Colonais's.

Our craft was a big flat-bottomed sort of tub, with a large frame building on top made of bamboo. This structure, we found, was divided inside into two compartments,—a dining room and one for sleeping. The crew consisted of thirteen men, under the leadership of the hamal, or head boatman. When the wind was against us, half of the crew took to the oars. They didn't sit down, as we do, but pulled standing; while one, evidently the musical genius of the crew, set up a most monotonous chant, which he sang well through his nose. At the end of each verse the others joined in with the chorus, which, as far as I could make out, consisted of "La la la la la la," *ad lib.*, or till they got tired of it. While singing the chorus, they accompanied it with a deal of stamping and throwing their heads about. Charlie said it was a fanatical song, which was my opinion too.

We got to Colonais's next morning. He was on the bank looking out for us. After my introduction, we all adjourned to the house, where we indulged in a peg (*i.e.*, brandy and soda), while Colonais told us his plans. He said he had sent on fourteen elephants to the village whence he had received khubber, and that we were to start for said village that evening, and commence beating for the tiger next morning.

Colonais then took me all through his indigo factory, where I saw the whole process of indigo making, but can't tell you about it here. I also saw a pack of real English foxhounds, which Colonais kept to hunt the wily and noisy jackal with, and capital runs they give.

After lunch, Colonais, having sent his traps on board, we followed suit, and were soon on our way. We arrived at the village some time during the night. On awaking next morning we all indulged in a swim, and then to breakfast.

While we were at that meal, the servant informed us that some of the villagers had come down with khubber for us. We all rushed out, and found a group of four or five nearly naked villagers, headed by the jemadar, or head man, of the place. I noticed that two of the fellows carried baskets. On seeing us they commenced at once to bow down and salaam, and then all began talking at once, as is the way of natives. Colonais told them to chupperow (*i.e.*, silence or "shut up"), and asked what they had in the baskets. The contents of the baskets proved to be the pugs or footprints of a tiger, cut up fresh that morning, which they had brought, to show that they weren't humbugging us. They told us, also, that the tiger had carried off another bullock the previous night.

In about an hour's time we sallied forth for the elephants, which were in waiting at the other side of the village. Having found them, I, as a stranger, had the staunchest one given me for my mount. Colonais said she would face anything without flinching.

I was wondering how on earth I was to get up into the howdah, when the mahout told the elephant to "bight, bight," and the huge creature immediately knelt down. I caught hold of the ropes which tied on the howdah, and pulled myself up alongside, and had just got one leg over the side, when the idiot of a mahout told the elephant to get up, thinking no doubt that I was safely seated. The elephant got up, front legs first; I thought I was "a goner," but I clung on like grim death, and managed somehow to tumble inside, barking my shins horribly. Colonais and Fraser having mounted without any mishap, we started to find master tiger.

On our way we were reinforced by Cornell, of the civil service, also on an elephant. Cornell, to look at, seemed to be a shaky old fellow, of about fifty-five years of age, but was a splendid tiger shot, I was told.

We soon arrived at the outskirts of the jungle, when Colonais proceeded to place us in order. I had the place of honour in the centre of the line. The jungle consisted mostly of high grass and rushes, affording capital hiding for animals. We put up several sounder of wild pig and several deer, but we had strict orders not to fire at anything but tiger.

The pad, or beating elephant, on my right, was a vicious tusker, and gave his mahout a good deal of trouble. Once he sent that individual flying over his head by suddenly diving down at a boar that passed

by him, sending his tusks well into the earth. Luckily the fellow wasn't hurt.

We beat for half an hour steadily, and I was beginning to despair of any tiger being about, when the tusker suddenly raised his trunk and trumpeted several times, and almost immediately my own and several other elephants began trumpeting too.

"Look out, Meir!" Colonais shouted to me, "the tiger's afoot!"

I don't know how I felt, but I caught a tighter hold of my rifle, loaded with ball and shell.

The line had now come to the end of the long grass, and had to cross a small bit of open, interspersed here and there with bushes, before entering some thicker jungle.

I made certain that the tiger lay in the thick part, so didn't pay much attention to the bushes about me, when I was suddenly startled by a terrific roar in front, and saw a long yellow body come clearing out of a bush, some twenty yards ahead, straight at my elephant, which behaved splendidly, however, standing like a rock.

I really was frightened for the moment, the onset was so unexpected. I raised my rifle, blazed with both barrels, and—missed. My shot turned the tiger to the right, and soon I heard the bang, bang, from Colonais's rifle, a deep roar, and a whoop from Colonais, which told me that at any rate, *he* hadn't missed.

The tiger then made for the thick jungle, and the line pushed on again. Again I had luck on my side. I saw the grass waving about eighty yards in front of me, and soon after the tiger raised his head, as if looking for us. My mahout saw him too, and pushed my elephant forward as hard as he could. On coming near, the tiger, growling, broke away, bearing to my right, giving me a splendid shot. I let him have both barrels, this time with success, the last barrel tumbling him over. He was soon up again and away, but I could see he was badly hurt. He didn't go very far this time, and on our coming up to him again, the noble brute, though severely wounded, made a splendid charge at Charlie's elephant, and with a bound fixed himself on its flank. It was its last effort, and a grand one, as Charlie with great coolness leant over his howdah, and gave him right and left in the head, rolling him over, dead, but not before he had severely wounded the elephant.

Cornell immediately got down for the purpose of measuring the tiger. While doing so, the other elephants came up to view the body, the tusker among them, who no sooner caught sight of it, than he made for it at once, in spite of the curses and blows bestowed on him by his mahout. Cornell, hearing the row, looked up, only just in time to make a bolt of it, as the tusker made a savage dig at the tiger, luckily missing it.

His driver managed to get him away at last, and Cornell returned to finish his measuring. And then came the laughable part. A pad elephant that had lagged behind, now came up, and the mahout took it up to have a close view of the body, as they always do, so as to get the elephants used to tiger, without being frightened. Cornell was busily measuring, and, hearing a heavy footstep behind, turned round, and saw, as he imagined, the tusker coming straight at him, and he took to his heels; we all commenced laughing. Cornell, hearing us, stopped; he then saw that, instead of the tusker, it was only a quiet *kunki*, or female elephant. He got awfully angry, thinking that the mahout had done it on purpose. He rushed to his elephant, mounted it, told the driver to get him a stick and to go after the other mahout. That individual seemed to know that he was to be the recipient of a thrashing, and thinking "discretion the better part of valour," bolted, Cornell after him. We all roared with laughter, natives included. I don't think Cornell would have ever caught the fellow, had it not been that Colonais called to the poor devil to stop, as it would never do to have a European the laughing-stock of the natives.

The poor mahout stopped as ordered, but Cornell, I am glad to say, seemed to have got over his rage, and let him off with a few choice expressions in Hindustani and one crack of the stick, for which favours the mahout salaamed and said that he (Cornell) was "a great prince and the preserver of his (the mahout's) family."

The tiger, when measured, proved to be an immense brute, eleven feet all but an inch from tip of tail to centre of forehead. The skin by right belonged to Colonais, as he hit him first; but he kindly waived his claim in my favour, saying it was hard lines my first tiger should have charged so suddenly. So the defunct tiger was put on a pad elephant

and sent back, while we went on, for the chance of beating up some more. We beat till pretty late in the afternoon, but without success; so, turning our elephants, the order was given, "home." And now we had leave to fire at everything and anything; and we blazed away at wild pigs, deer, vultures, anything that came within shot till we reached camp, where we were met by all the villagers, who were rejoicing over the death of the tiger, which they cursed and spit at as only a native can.

And so ended my first tiger hunt. The skin is at present doing duty as hearth-rug in my mother's drawing room, and very proud the old lady is of it.

GRIFF.

Toronto.

PROLOGUE:

GOT UP FOR THE OPENING OF THE OTTAWA DRAMATIC CLUB, 15th DEC., 1876.

BY W. F. C.

Diffidently Offered, and Gently Declined.

HE, who, with philosophic eye, would scan
The dim traditions of primæval man,
Pierce the long lapse of intellectual night,
And trace the dawn of learning into light,
Finds that her earliest inspiration grew
From the slow waggons of the Thespian crew, (1)
Whence the young muse, impatient of delay,
Waved her light pinions, in a first essay,
'Till, towering upwards to her "pride of place," (2)
She soared, exulting, over time and space.

Thus has the Drama ever shared the crown
With Freedom, Wisdom, Learning, and Renown;
The Grecian Heroes, thousands rushed to greet,
Cast their undying laurels at her feet;
To pile the honours of the Augustan age
A Terence wrote—a Roscius trod the stage;
Corneille and Molière still live, to mark
The shipwrecked glories of the Grand Monarque; (3)
See! great Eliza's pyramid of Fame,

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1. Ignotum tragicæ genus invenisse camœnæ
Dicitur, et plaustris vexisse poemata Thespis,
Quæ canerunt agerentque peruncti fæcibus ora.

—HOR. DE A. P., 273, 5.

All history reproduces itself, or rather human nature never changes, except in costume. "The frolic humours of Bartlemy Fair," Hogarth's picture, revives or continues the "poemata Thespis."

2. "The eagle, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl, hawked at and killed." —SHAKESPEARE.

3. "Comme le mat d'un vaisseau qui a fait naufrage."—CHATEAUBRIAND, *Attala*.

Crowned by our own immortal Shakespeare's name;
While Kemble chained, triumphant, to his car,
The men of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

Hail, then, to him who, conscious of the claim
The Drama vindicates to future fame,
Would, in a new-born people's breast infuse
The exalting spirit of the Attic Muse.
Yet may we see a Garrick, as of yore,
Wield the same potent wand the Enchanter bore;
Yet may we see a Siddons of our own
Ascend as proudly the Dramatic throne;
While he whose Shakespeare "tried the prentice han'," (4)
Who "broke the die, in moulding Sheridan," (5)
May yet, as Transatlantic wit increases,
Grant the New World a chance, among the pieces!

Ye, unto whom the office is assigned
To watch the headstrong energies of mind—
To curb the o'erleaping vigour of the age, (6)
Mark well the moral influence of the stage.
Vice may evade the obloquy of men;
Crime, undiscovered, cower in its den;
Insensate folly court the daily sneer;
But Retribution never fails them *here*.
Neglected Virtue, doomed too oft to teach
Men little practise what they love to preach,
Receives from Fiction all the honours due,
And for one fleeting moment deems them true;
While those who hear, begin to value more
What they had merely known *by rote*, before.

Where then has Virtue, forced by man to roam,
Sought an asylum and obtained a home?
What! need we ask, while forms around us flit,
Where worth enhances, virtue chastens wit—
Charms, that to pass in silence, were a crime—
Hearts that redeem the rigour of our clime,
While, on the stage, true love near meets miscarriage,
And lovers' quarrels always end in marriage?
Say, shall the Drama, ever leal and true
To female virtues, want a friend in you?

For us, who fain would while the passing hour,
If that the will is equalled by the power!
Still let us hope your leisure to beguile;
Our pride, your suffrage—our reward, a smile.

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4. "His prentice han' he tried on man,
And then he made the lassies o'."

—BURNS.

5. "Grieving that Nature formed but one such man,
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan."

—BYRON'S MONODY.

6. "Vaulting ambition hath o'erleaped itself."

—SHAKESPEARE.

THE PHILADELPHIA EXHIBITION.

THE DISPLAY OF POTTERY.

BY JAMES DOUGLAS, JR., QUEBEC.

NOW that the Philadelphia Exhibition has closed, those who have visited it industriously are taking stock of their gains, and beginning to estimate its effects on their own tastes and on their own store of information, as well as its educational influence on the millions who visited it, and its probable results on the artistic quality of the manufactures of the States and Canada. The specialist, of course, turned his attention primarily to the objects exhibited in his own department: the machinist spent most of his time in Machinery Hall; the farmer studied with most interest the products of the soil in the Agricultural Building; the metallurgist lingered longest over the magnificent display of ores won from the mines, and the metals turned out from the shops of the world;—but all, whatsoever their calling, looked with more or less of understanding and appreciation on the porcelains, bronzes, furniture, and the similar classes of objects which, in some form or other, adorn or disfigure every house in the land. Few can afford to fill their dwellings with works of art, intended merely for purposes of adornment, but all, without exception, must purchase articles for domestic use, which should be beautiful instead of ugly, and, if beautiful, would serve the same purpose as works of art, in so far as these merely gratify the desire for beautiful forms and harmonious colouring. Of course, a piece of furniture, however tastefully shaped and carved, can never take the place of a statue, which may be expressive of profound emotion or intense suffering; nor can a teapot, however elaborately and skilfully decorated, evoke the sentiments of devotion which Raphael's Madonnas have for generations called forth. The mere associations connected with the purposes to which a useful article is turned, preclude it from occupying the position of a work of art in its highest sense. Nevertheless, our chairs and tables, without being of costly material or overladen with carving, might possess gracef l outlines, and by the use of different woods even grateful contrasts of colour. Our jugs, and our cups and saucers, though of common earthen or stone ware, might be moulded after the most perfect models of ancient or modern art; our stoves and grates, our fire-irons, our lamps, and even the handles of our doors, without being more expensive or less serviceable, might each and all be examples of artistic work in metal. Electrotyping and the discovery of suitable alloys have now put silver ware within the reach of even moderate incomes; but unless science be aided by art, electroplate, instead of beautifying our homes, only pampers the corrupt taste for ostentatious and cheap display. There is as great a contrast between a carpet or a rug with ill-assorted glaring colours and flaring pattern, and another with simple pattern in well combined and subdued colours, as between a painting by Rembrandt and a Dutch daub. What is true of the furniture of our dwellings is equally so of their exterior. Unfortunately, we in Canada are controlled in our choice of architectural designs by the requirements of climate, but despite its exactions, it is possible to avoid making our houses ugly; and, at far less cost than we often bestow in disfiguring them, a cultivated taste and knowledge of material and appliances would produce effects which would raise them into the position of architectural monuments. Ruskin justly contends that the man who builds a house with beautiful exterior is a p blic benefactor, educating and elevating every passer-by; whereas he who spends his money in internal decoration only, merely pampers his selfishness, begrudges to the world at large participation in the enjoyment of what wealth puts within his reach, and is actuated by the same grovelling jealousy which makes even a beautiful object seem less beautiful because others possess and appreciate it.

Now, as art and a nation's art instincts are cultivated, the buyer demands that the household implements with which he is to surround himself and which he is to handle all day long shall not offend his taste; while the manufacturer, who, in obeying the popular voice, has studied the laws of æsthetics, becomes himself in turn an art educator.

In the Main Building of the Exhibition, the floor space was divided into four blocks, by two avenues crossing at right angles. At the point of intersection beneath the transept the four greatest industrial nations of the world faced one another. England, the representative of the Anglo-Saxon and Celtic families; France of the Latin; Germany, of the Teutonic; and the United States of what, from lack of any term which would designate the heterogeneous mixture which may some day or other take distinct ethnological shape, Mr. Pettit, chief of the Bureau of Installation, was pleased to call the coming race. The posts of highest honour in the transept—the stalls that encircled the orchestra—were assigned to Elkington of London, to the Gorham Manufacturing Co., and to Tiffany of New York,—all three workers in gold and silver,—to Marchand of Paris, a dealer in bronzes, and to the Royal Porcelain Factory of Berlin. Three, therefore, of the manufactures which are allied most intimately with art occupied these salient positions; and in every court one or other of the same three industies filled the foreground.

Far the most largely represented, however, was the ceramic. Every nation sent specimens, and they generally bore characteristic national forms; for clay is plastic and easily takes the impress of ideas, and as in all countries much of the pottery is made by country artisans who have escaped foreign influences, it expresses better than the products of the cities the native art tendencies. In Norway and Sweden, for instance, the capacity of the potter for seizing on the finest foreign models and applying them in new combinations, was well displayed in the magnificent stand of porcelains from the Röstrand factory, and still more in a beautiful stove and chandelier from the same establishment. But underlying this faculty of acquisitiveness and adaptability, is a natural instinct for what is beautiful, which found expression in the graceful forms of the common stoneware, with its rude but tasteful decorations in blue alone, that were exhibited as from the country potteries of the Scandinavian peninsula. So likewise, though the art culture of the Valley of the Nile be of the lowest, the tapering forms of the water bottles from the potteries of Edfou, and the shape and carving of the pipe bowls, indicated either most docile adherence to correct artistic tradition, or strong native genius for art. This is equally true of the same class of pottery displayed by India and by some of the least cultivated European nations, such as Portugal. On the other hand, art education seems, in the case of some of the most cultured nations—notably Italy—to have eradicated entirely the inventive faculty, for these nations exhibited nothing but reproductions of the antique, whether in clay or metal. These, however, displayed the very highest technical skill. The countries whose ceramic displays best showed the multitudinous purposes to which moulded clay can be turned were especially England, France, Germany, Sweden, China, and Japan. The most extensive and magnificent undoubtedly came from the Celestial Empire, and its insular neighbour. Between their styles there is a strong family likeness, which is the less to be wondered at seeing that Japan acquired its knowledge of porcelain making from China and the Corea. In Kiyoto the descendants of a Corean named Ameya, in the 11th generation, are still pursuing his trade and following his methods. In the collections from China and Japan, there were the commonest domestic earthenware, and specimens, worth thousands, which had been made expressly for the Exhibition to evince the skill of the potter and artist—plaques 3 feet across, vases 10 feet high, covered with elaborate decoration in blue and gold in high relief. Within these extremes were thousands of specimens of tea and coffee sets, flower vases, cake baskets, and objects of every kind of decorative ware which can be manufactured out of clay. Some were strikingly beautiful in shape, and some decorated with designs from nature, with which every lover of nature could not but sympathise. The workmanship in all displayed a knowledge of the potter's art which must have stimulated our best makers to study, and a technical skill almost beyond rivalry; yet we venture to think that all except those who have taught themselves to estimate the value of pottery by its variety or its grotesqueness, turned with relief from

the blaze of gold and colour and the heavy form of the Eastern porcelains, to the more graceful shapes and simple decorations of the ceramic productions of Sweden, that challenged comparison across the main aisle. We wandered among those treasures of the East, fascinated by the thought that they represented so much human ingenuity and toil, and curious to penetrate the conception of the artist who had covered them with dragons and strange fancies; but his thoughts were foreign to our thoughts, and produced a sense of disquietude. In a single piece of such porcelain there is just that suspicion of the mysterious that gives it a charm; it is not to be wondered at therefore that amidst the objects of our real life we should gladly place such a representation of a life belonging almost to another sphere. Hence it is probably a true instinct and not the dictate of fashion only which makes us delight in possessing a Chinese screen or a Japanese bronze; but we could not live amongst such objects and retain our European individuality, nor should our manufacturers aim at adopting eastern models. Their methods we might with advantage practise; their style is the product of their thoughts, which differ as widely from ours as do our respective types of feature.

The fancy for the quaint forms and grotesque ornamentation of Chinese and Japanese pottery may not be at the dictation of fashion, but certainly this is the only explanation whereby to account for the present craze for certain kinds of earthenware, with their gaudy contrasts of colour and high glaze, known as *faïence*, a name now accepted as designating all decorated glazed earthen and stone ware, whether the surface be smooth or carved. With it the Exhibition abounded. Italy furnished, in the Castellani collection, many specimens of the famous *Gabbio* ware, with its metallic glitter and mediæval painting, as well as imitations of the more modern majolica ware. France sent cases full of most fantastic wares, the most modern being the ugliest—the Haviland Limoges *faïence*, an earthenware of coarse material and reddish hue, the prominent figures in some of the raised designs being brought out in very strong relief by being left unglazed and unpainted, while the rest of the surface is covered with deep blue and yellow, and a glaze which for brilliancy might more appropriately be called a varnish. Nothing more garish than the effect can be conceived, and no postures more uncomfortable than those of the nude figures of unburnt clay stretched over the vases, like victims tortured on the wheel. It was only when looking at the pull-back dresses of the ladies who were going into raptures over this display, that we were able to conceive it possible that any one could admire, or pretend to admire, such ceramic monstrosities. But fashion's ways are devious, and not to be accounted for Only less ugly than the Haviland *faience* is the Palissy ware—a revival by Barbizet of a lost or abandoned style, which represents yellow and green fish sprawling on yellow, blue, and green dishes, the fish uneatable and rendering the dish unserviceable, and neither in itself beautiful. But it would be unfair to judge of French taste by its eccentricities only. We may require to be educated up to an appreciation of such deviations from natural beauty as the Haviland *faience*; but the most ignorant and uncultured could not fail to admire the beautiful application of porcelain to furniture decoration in the exquisite cabinets and tables exhibited by Henry. The panels were composed of porcelain plaques—the design in high relief, and coloured uniformly with blue, which is wiped off from the raised portion and collects in the depressions, and thus helps to deepen the shadows.

England also enters the field as a competitor in the *faïence* style of pottery. The Messrs. Doulton, of Lambeth, have revived of late the Flemish grey, but their ware is so modified as to contribute a new variety of the *faïence* species. The materials they use produce a semi-transparent stoneware, intermediate between earthenware, which in baking retains its earthy texture, and porcelain, which in baking becomes vitreous. The unbaked vessel passes from the hands of the potter to that of the decorator, who engraves on it an incised pattern, or incrusts it with raised figures, or does both. It may then enter the kiln, where it is both fired and glazed at one operation, or else, before being baked and glazed, the smooth or the engraved surface may be painted. Some specimens of the smooth painted ware were extremely beautiful. There were in the main aisle under a canopy—itself made of combined *faïence* and terra cotta ware—with other characteristic specimens from the same

factory, several large painted amphoræ, painted with floral designs on smooth dark and light grounds, which were in every respect works of art. But the incised ware is not so pleasing, and that because of defects in the very particular on which the Messrs. Doulton most pride themselves. As a rule, the outline of their vases and cups is faultless; and so delightfully proportioned are they, that the eye rests on them with somewhat the same satisfaction as that with which we behold a lily in the moonlight, when the pencilling on its leaves is hidden. But we cannot compare the Doulton ware with the lily in full sunlight, when the tracery enhances the beauty of its form, for the tracery on the Doulton ware detracts from, instead of augmenting, its gracefulness of outline. The carving is all done by hand, and each piece is unique, the same design never being repeated. The Lambeth School of design may support a numerous corps of workers, but it is not to be expected that such art pupils will always carve their patterns with accuracy, or that the patterns, when so many are required, will always be attractive. The Messrs. Doulton justly claim that they are art-educators; yet it seems to us they are pandering to the vile taste which makes men wish for something which no one else possesses, when they lay such stress on the individuality of each piece; for they would surely better consult the interests of popular art-education by repeating their very best designs at a less cost, than by claiming to turn out a new conception in every new cup and platter. As it is, though their pottery is made of coarse material, it cannot be said to be cheap enough to be within the reach of the multitude for domestic purposes; while the slowness of manual decoration is such, that even with their large staff of artists, orders stand on their books for months unfulfilled. If the Messrs. Doulton could or would use their beautiful forms for, and exercise their faultless taste upon, the manufacture of common jugs and cups, and thus relieve us from the monotony of the prevalent conventional shapes, which even when not ugly weary us from their sameness, they would confer a great boon on all, whether appreciated at once or not, and really carry out their profession. A more modest display than theirs was worthy of attention. It was a small case full of common glazed earthenware from the Dunmore Pottery near Stirling, Scotland, consisting of baskets, little flower vases, tea and dessert services of novel, yet graceful shapes, very highly glazed and priced at a few pence each. Mr. Peter Gardner is a true artist, whose example and teaching our own potters would do well to follow.

Canada made but a small exhibit. The most notable display was by the Dominion Pottery Co., of St. John, P. Q., which consisted of granite ware for domestic purposes, very correctly and tastefully decorated in buff and gold and cream colour and gold; but it expressed a woful poverty of design, for one idea seemed to pervade the whole, and repeat itself in jug and basin and dinner service. Yet that idea was not a false one, for the design was not conventional, though a little too square, and the decoration was free from gaudiness; and we may expect that it will germinate and yet produce a healthy growth of artistic models. We do not possess the same excellent kaolin for the manufacture of fine procelain that abounds in England and the United States, and therefore, unless such be discovered, this branch of manufacture may languish; but our clays make excellent white and red brick, and are adapted to the manufacture of ornamental terra cotta, which should be more largely used than it is in both in and out-door architecture. Nevertheless, even should we have always to import part of the crude material which enters into the composition of stoneware and porcelain, the cost of importing the material in bulk is so much less than the freight on the finished ware, that there is no reason why we should not supply our own market with certain classes of goods. As it is, our glazed earthenware is almost entirely of home manufacture; but no attempt has been made to infuse any artistic quality into it; and, unlike the crude pottery of the older countries, it does not possess the impress of any national art-idiosyncracies either in form or decoration. The field, therefore, is fallow; our manufacturers are not encumbered with distorting traditions and faulty designs; and, with the wealth of exquisite models which the Exhibition offered to their choice, they must be utterly lacking in artistic appreciation if they do not henceforth turn out beautiful work. There were, for instance, in Stiff & Son's exhibit, several stoneware water filters and coolers in Doulton ware, characteristically decorated with

aquatic plants and birds, the grey stoneware relieved by a few touches of colour. Here is a fitting object for the Canadian potter. Stoneware is a material excellently suited for water coolers, through its cleanliness and non-conductibility, and it can, at slight cost, be moulded into artistic shapes.

In domestic stoneware and porcelain, however, there was not anything strikingly novel. The jugs and basins were of the usual shape, and the tea and dinner services, with few exceptions, undistinguished by any remarkable excellence. A departure from the conventional toilet services, both in material and design, was made by Ott and Brewer, of Trenton, New Jersey, who exhibited a ewer and basin of Parian ware, glazed inside, and of more tapering outline than we are used to see. A dinner service was also exhibited in the British section, the plates and dishes of which were saucer-shaped and without any bevel. The whole upper surface of each piece was painted in one colour, except a square space in the centre, which contained a picture. The result was not successful. Fine china is in itself too beautiful to be hidden with paint. In the French section there were two dinner services so heavily decorated in gold that they conveyed the impression of being really mounted in that metal. The effect there also was not pleasing. Upon the whole, the French display of fine porcelain was inferior to that of Great Britain, and not up to the level of French art in that department. For although there were many pieces of delicately painted porcelain from the Sèvres and from private factories, so painted that the colours seemed to belong to the china and not to be laid on it—a defect too conspicuous in most British painted china—no exhibitor made such a genuine display of beautifully shaped vases, artistically decorated, as Daniells, of London. Undoubtedly, the crowning triumph of the potter's art, as exhibited in Philadelphia, was his *pâte sur pâte* vase, executed by M. Solon, a French artist. The method of manufacture is, to colour uniformly the article to be decorated, and then paint the design on this coloured ground with porcelain paste, laying it on thick in the high lights, but thin in the shadow. The piece is then burnt. The porcelain paste becomes more or less transparent: where thin, the colour of the ground is seen through, and deepens the shadow; where thick, the design is white, and in prominent relief. The effect is that of a cameo; but as this is obtained only after burning and the vitrifaction of the porcelain paste, the artist, while painting, must rely on his skill as much as on his eye, and a mistake is irreparable. Necessarily such wares are costly. Single pieces were valued at thousands of dollars, and were bought when works of higher art attracted no attention. It is not easy to account for the prevalent admiration for pottery. A well-shaped vase is as much a work of art as a graceful Corinthian column, and the painting on it may display the highest technical skill. It may thus be a model of pure design and harmonious colouring, but it is seldom more. Porcelain never seems to be as receptive of the ideas of the artist as canvas. There was, for instance, a beautiful dessert set in Daniells's exhibit (price $1,250), painted with subjects from Landseer. The execution was faultless, but the pictures were not as expressive of Landseer's original intention as many a common engraving of the same works.

The Imperial Berlin Porcelain Works had a most conspicuous exhibit of porcelain, more conspicuous, however, for size than for invention or artistic merit, whereas Sweden sent from two private factories a much more modest collection of articles distinguished in the highest degree by the possession of those qualities. Röstrand sent a number of vases and plaques of a deep cobalt blue colour, almost black, covered with an arabesque or a delicate floral design in white, strikingly beautiful. In fact, no section in the whole Exhibition displayed as much taste in its arrangements and in its exhibits as the Swedish. It was quite unenclosed. In the foreground were their trophies of porcelain, and the background was composed of a pyramid of iron bars standing in a semi-circle of steel and iron ingots and of manufactured articles from Sweden's famous forges, while here and there in both this and the Norwegian section stood wooden groups in peasant dress, so admirably posed and sculptured as to be worthy of being classed as works of art. Each group interested us in a story of peasant life as intensely as Miss Martineau ever did by her narratives of "Feats of the Fiord."

No objects in the Exhibition—neither the bronzes of Japan, nor the silver ware from Russia, nor the English porcelain—were surrounded by such crowds as the Swedish peasant woman, pleading a daughter's cause with the irresolute father, in favour of the bashful youth standing patiently by; or the mother bowed down over the coffin of her dead baby, while the pastor, in homespun coat and lank hair, fails to gain her ear to the words of comfort he reads to her from the gospel; and in their preference the multitude displayed good taste.

The United States also showed that they class among their manufactures that of fine porcelain. Several New Jersey works exhibited painted china; but generally speaking it was in indifferent taste, was rough and had an unfinished look. An exception, however, should be made in favour of some of the smaller pieces exhibited by the Union Porcelain Works of Greenpoint, New Jersey. To support such expensive luxuries there must be more wealth in more hands than is to found on this side of the Atlantic.

But to return to the point whence we set out. The highest aim of the potter must be to shape his clay into beautiful forms, which by their symmetry and grace, almost without the adjunct of colour, will raise them to the rank of works of art; and which can then become the property of all. As soon as pottery passes into the painter's hands it passes out of the reach of the multitude; for the painter can express his ideas but slowly and laboriously, and at great cost. But the potter works with cheap material, and material of such plasticity that it readily and rapidly receives the impress of his mind and hand. The sculptor would take months to carve in stone what the potter can in as many hours repeat in clay; and there is hardly a purpose to which stone or even wood is turned to which pottery is not as applicable. Of this there were many striking examples in the Exhibition, and many a proof of the growing appreciation of ceramic decoration in architecture.

In all ages brick has been a favourite building material, on account both of its durability and of its cheapness; and in all ages it has been used to ornament as well as to construct. Terra cotta, glazed and unglazed, entered into the construction of both public and private edifices of the Chaldeans. The Greeks and Romans used it, and in the Middle Ages its advantages were understood. After that it fell into disuse, and only rare examples of its employment occurred till the last half century, during which the introduction of terra cotta as a building material has been revived with good effect. A column, with its capital, or an ornamental window frame, in stone, is very expensive; but either can be effectively moulded out of clay, and will be even more durable than if carved out of granite. Mr. Henry Cole, speaking of the Lodge in Merrion Square, Dublin, says: "The granite mouldings there are cut in stone from the Wicklow Mountains, they are all worn away and rounded by the action of the rain, while Coade's terra cottas, dated 1788, are as sharp as when they were placed on the Lodge." Terra cotta is more commonly used in Berlin and Vienna than in England. In Berlin, lying, as it does, in the midst of the great alluvial plain which covers North-eastern Europe, stone is a costly luxury. Brick is therefore the almost universal building material, and in some instances it is profusely, though not always tastefully, decorated with terra cotta ornaments. The farmous arsenal in Berlin is a typical example of the use that may be made of terra cotta in buildings designed for stability. Each keystone of the window caps is faced by a terra cotta head, the features of each expressive of a different phase of the agony with which war convulses the world. In England the use of terra cotta is rapidly gaining ground. Johnson & Co., of Ditchling, Sussex, England, exhibited beautiful specimens of Gothic ridge crestings and copings, string and other ornamental parts of Gothic building, the prices of which are so moderate as to foster the popular taste for Gothic work. The greatest objection to reducing the cost of ornaments is, that they come at once to be used too profusely and in bad taste. But danger of abuse is no valid argument against judicious use. Terra cotta would stand our climate well, and might most advantageously replace wood in the external decoration of our stone and brick houses. It is incongruous to see a wooden porch stuck to a handsome stone dwelling, more especially when the paint is faded. Terra cotta, even of subdued colour, would not of course be as much in harmony with the building as stone itself; but it would not present the unsatisfactory contrast which wood does.

Within doors also, baked earth is growing in favour, and its applicability to a hundred domestic purposes is coming to be recognised. It is moulded into delightfully expressive little groups, such as the statuettes of John Rogers, of New York, and modelled into such artistically designed and wonderfully executed bas-reliefs as those of Tinworth of the Doulton Factory, with their multitudes of liliputian but life-like figures. Or it may assume heroic proportions, as in the gigantic representation of America, which stood as the central object beneath the dome of Memorial Hall, a reproduction of one of the marble groups from the Albert Memorial, Hyde Park. Messrs. Doulton apply it unglazed to mantelpieces, and with such admirable effect, that their mantel, enclosing a grate with decorated tile grate-cheeks, and surmounted by a mirror framed in terra cotta, was one of the most attractive objects in the main aisle. The same firm also exhibited a pulpit of combined majolica and terra cotta, the panels composed of terra cotta statues of the Apostles, by Tinworth, each a study in itself. In fact there is no limit to its application. Minton also exhibited a mantelpiece, and, in fact, the whole wall of a room, in decorated tiles, as an example of what beautiful effects can be produced by their judicious use. They, Maw & Co., and other British makers, gave good proof that the revival of the old art of tile-making, which was an incident of the revival of Gothic architecture by Pugin and his school, has become more than a resuscitation. Minton doubtless carried off the palm for decorated mural tiles, which, however, were merely plaques of painted china; but these, though more attractive, may require less skill in their manufacture than the inlaid floor tiles.

Several factories in America are endeavouring to make paving tiles, but as yet with only partial success. The pattern is stamped into an almost dry block of clay by enormous pressure, and the depressed mould is then filled with clays of the colours necessary to give the chromatic effects; but the clay must be so tempered, and the quantity so carefully regulated, that in baking there shall be no cracking, and no parting visible between the mould and its contents. The designs executed are made by the best artists in England, and the tiles are so cheap that, taking their relative durability into account, it is more economical to pave a hall with them than to cover it with oil cloth, while there can be no possible comparison between their respective fitness and beauty. Plain white glazed tiles are sold in England at fourpence a-piece, and, for certain apartments, they are a cleaner and more cheerful wall covering than either paper or paint. But England has not a monopoly of this branch of manufacture. Spain learnt the art of tile-making from the Moors, and her tiles are still famous for their arabesque designs, and hardness; but they are hand-made, and lack the finish and smoothness of the English machine-made tile, a point of great importance in a flooring material.

Another application of tiles, and one again recommended by its beauty and fitness, is to stoves and fire-places. In Germany, nearly all stoves are built of glazed brick, and so massive that they store away heat and distribute it equably, whether the fire be high or low; and thus protect the health from the trying vicissitudes of in-door climate to which our iron stoves expose it. In Sweden, terra cotta and porcelain are applied to the same purpose. The continental stove is supplied with the ordinary fire-place. If we build brick stoves, their shape must be suited to the base-burning principle, which is undoubtedly correct and economical. Though it would not require much ingenuity to effect this, strange to say no American potter or stove-builder seems to have moved in this direction, where, nevertheless, there is a wide field for profitable and artistic work. But though no anthracite brick stoves seem to be made, Mr. Boynton, of New York, exhibited and manufactures a very pretty anthracite half-open grate, built of decorated tiles, which is sold at a very moderate price; it is a beautiful article of furniture, and gives off a milder heat than the iron anthracite grate. The old Dutch fire-place, lined with tiles in blue and white, has suggested the use of tiles for open grates; and in the American, English, and Swedish Courts were admirable specimens of fire-places and fenders, lined and ornamented with decorated tiles. The grate stove of porcelain in the Swedish section, though designed in the Corinthian style, was yet so simple, and so judiciously coloured with just enough light blue to redeem the white, that it riveted everybody's attention, and you left it with a sigh as you thought of

having to stare all winter long at the hideous iron cones that scorch us in our halls. It was not, strictly speaking, a tile grate; but there were exhibited by Fleetham, of London (England), and Jackson, of Union Square, New York, sumptuous grates and fire-irons, so bright in burnished metal, and so glowing with coloured tiles, that it seemed as though warmth enough would issue from them without tarnishing them by fire. In fact, they were too beautiful, and no housemaid would undertake to keep them in their pristine brilliancy. But one of Mr. Jackson's grates suggested how a very ornamental yet useful fire-place might be made. It was a steel basket, to contain the fire, suspended within tile walls. Now, no better grate could be devised than a movable iron or steel fire-place, supported on legs preferably to hanging by chains, standing in the usual chimney recess, which should be floored, lined, and arched with enamelled or ornamental bricks. The polished surface of the bricks or tiles reflects the heat, whereas the black metal surface of our ordinary grates absorbs it; moreover, the brick stores it up, to be radiated back into our rooms, while our metal grates are the best possible conductors for carrying it away. Such a fire-place is immeasurably more cheerful and pretty than an iron one, and should cost less; and if the hearth be made of tesselated tiles, a heavy fender would only hide and disfigure it, besides raising a barrier between the heat and the heat-seeker, as its name implies.

The foregoing review, however hasty and incomplete, may convey some idea of the scope of the potter's art, and the many uses to which his wares are turned. We believe the taste will decline for ceramic absurdities, and give place to a just appreciation of the true province of pottery in house-decoration, both within and without doors; and that the same amount of money which is wasted on old-fashioned cups and saucers or grotesque vases, to be placed on cheffoniers and brackets, and in all sorts of places where cups and saucers have no business to be, will be expended on the tasteful products of the modern pottery, which are applied to purposes where beauty and utility can be allied.

THE SIMPLIFICATION OF THE TRANSFER OF LAND.

BY GEORGE S. HOLMESTED, TORONTO.

IN the last April number of this Magazine attention was drawn to an improved system of land transfer adopted some few years ago in South Australia, and it was then urged that the adoption of that system in this country would be a desirable step. As the matter is one of great practical interest and importance, we think no apology is needed for returning to the subject.

Few people, conversant with the working of our present system of land transfer, can be found who will not be ready to admit that it is in many ways extremely defective, and while some perhaps agree with the writer, that these defects are not irremediable, others look with distrust and suspicion on any proposal of change, for fear of worse ills than those which we now suffer from. We propose therefore to lay before our readers some reliable information as to the results which have actually been attained by the Australian system, with a view to dissipate, if possible, any doubt or distrust which may exist as to its perfect feasibility.

In 1870 a circular letter was addressed by Earl Granville, then Colonial Secretary, to the Governors of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand—in all of which Colonies the simplified system of land transfer appears to have been adopted—asking for information on the following points:

1. Whether indefeasibility of title has been practically secured under the laws in

force in those Colonies, or whether the Courts have upset, and if so, on what grounds, any title which has been registered under such laws?

2. Whether in such case, the person establishing his claim has been restored to his estate or interest in the property, or has received a money compensation?

3. Whether such compensation is payable by the Government from an insurance fund established for that purpose, and whether the contributions to that fund (stating the rate at which they are made) have been and are expected to be sufficient to meet claims upon it.

4. Whether persons availing themselves of the Act, as a general rule, have recourse to legal advice, and whether it is considered that they do so unncessarily, or that their expenses are thereby much increased.

5. What proportion of land alienated from the Crown is under the Act; and whether complicated titles have been registered?

6. How has the law worked in respect of mortgages and leases?

The replies received from all the Colonies named, except Queensland, were printed by order of the English House of Commons, and they afford abundant evidence of the efficiency and manifest advantages of Sir Robert Torrens's system.

To the first question propounded, the Senior Examiner of Titles for New South Wales replied: "Hitherto (*i.e.* during the seven years and six months which have elapsed since the new law came into force) I am happy to say that not one case has arisen in which a title registered thereunder on the report of the Examiners, has been upset by any court of law or equity."

The Attorney-General of Victoria replied: "Indefeasibility of title has, in my opinion, been practically secured under the law in force in this Colony. Since the passing of the Act in the year 1866, I am not aware of more than one case in which the Supreme Court has set aside, or had occasion to set aside, any certificate of title granted under our Statute. Certificates have been once or twice disputed on the alleged ground that the parties seeking to supersede the certificate have been for 15 years in continual actual possession prior to the certificate issuing; but such disputes, on coming to trial, have failed in all but one case. In that case, the plaintiff (the certificate holder) being defeated at the trial, and the verdict of the jury for the defendant being upheld by the full Court, the plaintiff applied for and obtained the leave of the Supreme Court to appeal to the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council. The plaintiff, however, has not as yet prosecuted his appeal, deterred probably by the prospect of 'costs,' as the value of the property does not exceed, as officially reported to me, £250. It is the opinion of the best real property lawyers in the Colony, that the appellant would probably succeed were he able and willing to carry his case to a hearing. One other case failed on a different ground, viz: that the Crown grantee of the land had been personated, and the grant issued to a person who was not entitled to it."

The Recorder of Titles for Tasmania stated that, since the passing of the Act in that Colony, in 1862, no case had arisen in which the Courts had been called upon to review any *title registered under its provisions.*

The Attorney-General for South Australia stated:—"I am not aware *that any* certificate of title issued under the Real Property Act of 1861, has been upset. Indefeasibility of title has, therefore, thus far, been practically secured."

In New Zealand, the Registrar-General of Land reported that the system had been taken advantage of to so slight an extent, that no safe conclusion as to its working or efficiency, were it brought into general operation, could be arrived at. The physical formation of this colony and the distribution of its population along extensive lines of sea coast, coupled with the fact, that all titles are required to be submitted for investigation to one central authority, will account for the comparative want of success which the system in question has there met with. Moreover, it was not until the year 1870 that the Torrens system, in its entirety, was introduced there.

In reply to the third question, the Senior Examiner of Titles for New South Wales stated, that *the money compensation is* provided by means of an insurance fund, which is raised by means of a fee of ½d. in the £ on all *property brought under the* Act, either (1) by special application, (2) by grant from the Crown, since the passing of the Act, or (3) by transmission through legal succession, will, or settlement, mere transfer

inter vivos not involving any contribution to the fund. The Act came into force in that colony on the 1st of January, 1863, and in July, 1870, the date of the Registrar General's reply, the insurance fund amounted to £6,500, and there had not been a single call upon it.

The Attorney-General for Victoria says: "Money compensation is payable by the Government from an insurance fund established for that purpose. The rates of contribution to this fund, paid by the persons who avail themselves of the provisions of the Act, are not high, and they are more than sufficient to meet any demands likely to be made on the fund. The only claim hitherto successfully made (and amounting only to £225), was in the personation case. The amount to the credit of the assurance fund, on the 31st July, 1870, was £14,160 17s. 3d."

The Registrar-General of South Australia says:—"Money compensation is payable out of an 'Assurance Fund,' formed of contributions by applicants to bring land under the operation of the Act, and on transmission of real estate already under the Act, such contributions being at the rate of one-half-penny in the pound, upon the ascertained and declared value of the property.* The fund has proved fully sufficient for the past, and I have no reason to doubt its sufficiency for any future claims upon it; one trifling claim only has been substantiated and paid out of the assurance fund."

He then proceeds to explain the circumstances connected with this case. "A land grant from the Crown was in 1848 issued to a person named *Hatfield*, who, under the name *Hadfield*, transferred to a purchaser a portion of the section of land comprised in the grant; subsequently *Hatfield* made application to bring the whole section under the provisions of the property Act; surrendering the original Crown grant, and obtained a certificate of title. *Hatfield*, upon obtaining the certificate of title, mortgaged the section, and the previous sale of portion having been discovered, compensation was paid to the mortgagee. This certificate of title was obtained by fraud, as the applicant made a false declaration. Under the Real Property Act no such double-dealing could by any possibility have occurred, as every dealing with land comprised in a certificate of title appears noted on the face of the certificate of title itself."

With regard to the fourth question—Whether persons availing themselves of the Act have recourse to legal advice, the Examiner of Titles for New South Wales says: "Care is taken to facilitate, by all reasonable means, the transaction of business under this Act, as far as practicable, without putting parties to the expense of legal assistance. With this view, very explicit instructions are embodied in, or appended to, the printed forms issued by the Department, and personal explanations are freely rendered to all who apply at the office for information. Much of the business is, nevertheless, conducted through solicitors, especially in regard to the bringing of titles under the Act, and in many cases legal assistance is absolutely required. I am not aware that, as a general rule, this is had recourse to unnecessarily, although, no doubt, many parties who can afford it consult their own convenience by employing solicitors, even in cases which would admit of their services being dispensed with."

In Victoria, from the reply of the Attorney-General, it appears that in the majority of cases legal advice is sought. He says:—"The majority of persons availing themselves of the provisions of the Act have recourse to legal assistance, not because there is any real difficulty in putting a marketable title on the registry, but because most people seem to be more willing to pay an attorney than to take any trouble at all in a matter with the details of which they are not familiar. The extra expenditure must, I apprehend, be regarded as 'necessary,' if so regarded by those who pay it. It is nevertheless only incurred because it enables persons to escape the irksomeness of doing something which, simple as it is, they must first learn to do, before they can do it at all."

In Tasmania, the Recorder of Titles reports that at least four-fifths of the operations under the Act have, in that Colony, been transacted without legal assistance.

In South Australia, the Registrar-General says:—"As a general rule, persons availing themselves of the provisions of the Act, do

* This fund, in 1876, had risen to between £30,000 and £40,000, and all the claims made upon it during the seventeen years in which the Act had been in operation only amounted to £300.—See *Mr. Harcus's "South Australia,"* p. 78.

not have recourse to legal advice; in fact, in few cases is it necessary to consult legal advisers, and although at first there was strong opposition by the profession, they now generally express their approval of the measure, and freely advise their clients to avail themselves of the provisions of the Act. A very large proportion of the transactions is conducted by brokers, specially licensed to conduct business under the Act. These brokers now number 35, number of the legal profession 75, and as I find that fully 58 per cent. (or taking the number of brokers and number of the profession as above, in the proportion of three transactions to one in favour of the former), of the total dealings in land is conducted by the brokers, it may be inferred that the general public find the employment of legal practitioners increases the cost."

In South Australia, titles go back only 34 years, and no very intricate cases occur. In Tasmania, on the other hand, they go back 67 years, and are in many cases long and intricate, and not a few of these, we learn, have been brought under the Act. In Victoria, many complicated titles have been put on the registry, as also in New South Wales.

The statistics which have been furnished in answer to the fifth question, are interesting. In New South Wales we find land of the value of more than $15,000,000 has been brought under the operation of the Act, during the comparatively short space of seven years and a half. In Victoria, about $11,000,000 worth in four years and a half; in Tasmania, over $3,500,000 in eight years. In South Australia the value of land brought under the Act is not given;* but, during the first eight years of its operation, two-thirds of the entire land of the colony was brought under it, and out of a total of 10,725 applications to bring land under the Act, only 41 were rejected on account of defects. Notwithstanding this large amount of business, only two claims of a trifling amount had been established adversely to the certificates of title granted in all of these Colonies, covering, as they do, land worth over $75,000,000.

The statistics from Victoria are further interesting in showing the facilities which this system presents for raising loans on mortgages of real estate.

	Amount lent.			Mortgages transferred.			Mortgages discharged.		
In the year	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
1863..	29,209	18	0	605	0	0			
1864 .	132,730	13	9	11,612	9	0	5,749	7	0
1865..	486,137	11	6	2,600	0	0	13,380	10	6
1866..	971,760	2	10	25,865	5	10	87,037	7	5
1867..	621,520	0	2	20,504	9	0	218,459	10	9
1868..	692,948	2	8	25,242	1	10	203,084	16	7
1869 .	1,705,406	14	11	108,874	0	0	680,544	6	1
6 mos. of 1870..	550,371	3	7	35,136	0	0	19,626	0	0

Both the Examiner of Titles for New South Wales, and the Attorney-General for Victoria, report that no difficulty has been experienced in regard to leases and mortgages, and the Recorder of Titles for Tasmania adds: "The ease and expedition with which mortgages, transfers, leases, &c., are effected constitute one of the Real Property Act's greatest advantages. Instead of the slow process of enquiry into the title of the mortgagor or vendor, carried on by lawyers under the old method of conveyancing; instead of the inevitable delay and expense occasioned by furnishing abstracts of title, and by the preparation of long and costly deeds, the whole transaction, under the new system, can be completed in a few minutes without the need of legal advice, and at the very trifling expense of registration fees; in fact it is an every day occurrence for parties to come to the office, sign the proper forms filled up by the Clerk according to their instructions, pay over the purchase money, or the amount lent, there and then on the counter, and walk off with their business completed."

Judging from the statistics with reference to loans on mortgage in Victoria, the most populous and progressive of the Australian Colonies, it would seem that the facilities for raising money on land which the system of transfer presents, have been found equally great there.

To the uninitiated it may perhaps occur that the Australian system does not greatly differ from the system of registration which prevails in Ontario. The two systems, however, differ vitally. The registration system of Ontario is simply a registry of deeds. The registration of a deed in Ontario does not in any way affect the question of its legal effect. Beyond preserving a record of the deeds which have been made affecting land, the system affords no facility for determining the all-important question, as to the

* It appears from Mr. William Harcus's work on "South Australia," (see p. 78,) that up to the close of 1874, property to the value of $46,300,930, had been brought under the operation of the Act.

true ownership of the property; that is a question of law which can only be solved by an experienced lawyer after a careful examination of all the deeds which have been recorded, some of which may have a widely different effect in law to that which the parties intended, or which to the uninstructed mind they appear to have. The Australian system, on the other hand, is a registry of title; its object is to show who is the legal owner. Under that system, the holder of a certificate of title may be safely dealt with as the owner of the property included in it, subject only to the charges and encumbrances which appear indorsed on the certificate; and on every transfer of the estate, whether by the owner in his lifetime, or by his will, or by his death intestate, the precise legal effect of such transfer or will, or intestacy, is ascertained at the time the event happens; the title does not pass to others, leaving questions of that kind open for doubt and discussion by future generations, as under our system. In a word, under the Australian system you have only to enquire into the title of the man you deal with, which is established by the simple production of the certificate of title; under the system which prevails in Ontario, you have to enquire into the titles of the present and all prior owners.

The practical difference of the systems perhaps could not be more grievously felt than it is when the landowner is anxious to raise a loan in haste upon the security of his real estate. A man may be perfectly solvent, and a temporary loan might, if obtained promptly, enable him to meet all his engagements, and safely tide over some unforeseen disaster. Land may be the only available security he has to offer for a loan; but it too often proves a hopeless task to attempt to make it available as a means of raising money, notwithstanding the title may be perfectly good, and the security ample. For although the title may be good in fact, the difficulty is to prove it to be so by proper evidence; and even if the loan be ultimately obtained, the delay in getting it is frequently so great that it is almost useless for the purpose required.

To those who are frequently engaged in such transactions, it is mere commonplace to describe the mode of procedure; yet it may be useful to furnish an outline to those who are not familiar with it, in order to enable them the better to appreciate its cumbersome character. On an application for a loan, the lender, if he is a prudent man, as we will assume him to be, directs his solicitor to investigate the title to the land offered as security. Generally speaking, the solicitor requires to be furnished with a Registrar's abstract of title, which is simply a list furnished by the County Registrar of all deeds recorded on the property; or the solicitor in some cases requires what is called a solicitor's abstract of title, which is also a list of all deeds, furnished by the solicitor of the intending borrower, which contains, in addition, a short statement of the material contents of each instrument in the chain of title, and of such other facts as are necessary to show the title of the intending borrower. The solicitor for the lender, moreover, requires the production of all the original deeds, "to verify the abstract," as it is called. These deeds he then carefully examines, and few titles there are in which some defects are not found which need to be remedied, or in which some evidence is not wanting: the wife of a former owner perhaps has signed her husband's deed, but through the blunder of the conveyancer, this deed may not contain any release of her dower; so this old lady would have to be discovered, and if she were living, a release of her dower would have to be got before the loan could be made; or perhaps a deed drawn by some hedge lawyer omits the little words "his heirs," and the effect of the deed is to pass only a life estate to the grantee, instead of the whole estate in the land, as all parties intended. If so, a deed to remedy this difficulty must be obtained, or may be a suit in Chancery would have to be brought in order to get the deed corrected. Or perhaps some old mortgage has not been properly discharged, in which case the mortgagee would have to be found, and a new discharge obtained; or it may be that the title comes through some person claiming to convey as heir-at-law, in which case the borrower would probably be required to furnish evidence of the death and intestacy of the ancestor of the grantor, and of the latter's heirship—a matter which often involves the greatest delay, trouble, and expense; so great is this difficulty indeed, that a title depending on several successive descents is scarcely marketable. These are only a few of the many objections to which

titles are open; but the worst is yet to come, for after the solicitor has made this examination of title, and all the objections have been removed which he could discover, and the money has been advanced, the lender has no positive security that the title is sound. He may have a certain amount of assurance varying with the skill of the solicitor he has employed, that Mr. A. B., to whom he has lent his $10,000, is the owner of the mortgaged estate, but he has no legal certainty of that fact. It may turn out that some fatal objection existed to the title which the learned Mr. Y. Z. failed to detect. If so, the true owner will take the property, quite irrespective of the $10,000 which have been advanced upon the faith of A. B. being the owner. Or it may happen, as it not unfrequently does, that some difficulty in the title cannot be removed; the application for the loan is in consequence rejected, and the intending borrower not only fails to get the money he wants, but has to pay a heavy bill of costs into the bargain, and that for the privilege of having the weak places in his title exposed.

Under this system, therefore, it is quite plain there is no certainty to be had, that it leads to vexatious delays and expenses, and it is to be feared indirectly has the effect of plunging solvent men into bankruptcy, in consequence of the difficulty which it throws in the way of their making their real estate available in time of need. Let men of business and common sense contrast all this tedious delay with the simplicity and expedition which a simpler system has effected, and say whether it is not worth while for this young and vigorous country to make a strenuous effort to rid itself of the burthen which it has inherited from a past generation.

Another feature of the present system of land transfer in Ontario deserving of mention, is the facility with which it enables men to cheat one another. It is by no means an uncommon thing for a man who has entered into a bargain for the purchase of land, and afterwards repented of it, to get rid, or try to get rid, of the obligation to carry it out, by getting some ingenious lawyer "to investigate the title." There are comparatively few titles in which some defects cannot be discovered—defects which a purchaser desirous of fulfilling his bargain would certainly waive, but which a purchaser seeking to get rid of his liability would of course strenuously insist on being removed. The consequence is that the unfortunate vendor is put to trouble, annoyance, expense, and not unfrequently is glad to compromise the matter, either by making a reduction in the purchase money, or by releasing the purchaser from the contract, rather than rush into a Chancery suit to compel him to carry it out. Where the purchase money is of small amount, the process of "investigating the title" is simply ruinous, and cases have occurred in which vendors would have saved money had they simply given their land away; in other words, the expenses they have been put to in "making out the title" have exceeded the entire amount of the purchase money.*

Under the Australian system, on the contrary, we have seen that indefeasibility of title has been practically secured, and that the expense, delay, and uncertainty connected with land transfers have been done away with. The statistics from Victoria would also seem to indicate that the result has been greatly to multiply transactions in land, as one would naturally expect. These benefits have been secured in the Australian Colonies notwithstanding in some cases the strenuous opposition of the legal profession, an opposition which, in matters of this kind, is generally fatal. In Victoria, however, where the same system seems to have been most widely adopted, the profession appear to be now most extensively employed. The lawyers there have probably found that although the new system has, in one way, cut off "grist from their mill," by getting rid of the long abstracts of title, and the perusal of a multitude of deeds, &c., it has, by the great increase of transactions in land, brought a great deal more "grist" of another and simpler kind, which, in the long run, pays them quite as well, without being a fair source of complaint to the community at large. The Attorney-General of Victoria says:—"The present measure is exceedingly popular, and although for years it had to be

* The possibilities of our present system are well illustrated by a case which came before the Court of Chancery for Ontario recently, a report of which appeared in the Toronto *Globe*, of the 26th December last, from which it appeared there had been no less than 144 objections and requisitions made in the course of investigating the title to a piece of property, and that, when the matter came before the Court, the "investigation of title" had been already going on for over four months.

worked against the opposition of practising conveyancers, this class of practitioners have apparently become quite reconciled to the change, as one on which the public mind is made up." In New South Wales, one of the Examiners of Title says :—"I am happy to say that in this Colony it has encountered much less of this opposition (*i.e.* from the lawyers) than elsewhere. Not only have several leading solicitors placed their own properties under the Act, but the profession in general have afforded a ready and courteous aid to the department in the conduct of business which has brought them in contact with it."

In former days, when the forms of law proved a source of injustice or inconvenience, our forefathers, following in this respect in the steps of the Roman Law, had resort to legal fictions, to which they gave a judicial sanction, and by means whereof they obviated the injustice or did away with the inconvenience. The modern facilities for making new laws and repealing bad ones have led us to abandon the old fashion of concocting legal fictions to get out of difficulties; but although we have altered the mode of getting rid of abuses, we are none the less alive to their existence, and it is safe to say that, in the present day, no system of law or procedure which is a burthen and inconvenience to the community at large, can be long maintained, merely because it is a source of aggrandizement to a particular class.

The success of the Australian system, and its manifest superiority to the English, has led to its introduction, in a modified form, in England, where the difficulties in the way of its adoption are infinitely greater than they are in Ontario. Whether it will succeed there may be problematical; nothing but its inherent merits will enable it successfully to surmount the prejudices and opposition of that "old man of the sea" —as Lord Westbury termed him—the family solicitor. Whether it should or should not succeed there, however, ought not, we think, materially to affect the question of its adoption here; for although it must be admitted that on the score of expense and delay we have not so much reason to complain of the old system as they have in England, yet the tendency of that system, if persisted in, is obviously to bring us daily nearer the quagmire from which in the mother country they have been so long struggling to extricate the themselves.

Few titles in Ontario date back much beyond the beginning of the present century. Probably the majority have a much later beginning. There has therefore hardly been time enough for the great bulk of titles to be very seriously prejudiced by the existing system. Every year that rolls by, however, is bringing with it difficulties, and multiplying prolific sources of future trouble and expense.

In dealing with land under our present system, purchasers frequently rely on their own general knowledge of facts, upon which a title is made out, and do not exact strict legal proof of them, or perhaps do not preserve that proof for future reference, even if it be exacted; the consequence is that, after a lapse of years, facts which were well known when the land was acquired, often become very difficult of proof when the proprietor wishes to dispose of it again. Thus, every year the existing system continues in operation, we are adding to the difficulties in the way of the adoption of the simpler system. Titles which would now pass muster without difficulty, in a few years, through the process of changing hands, will have become "blistered," and more difficult of proof. And as the title of each parcel of land must of necessity be submitted to judicial investigation before it can be registered under the system we have advocated, it is obvious that the more difficulties attending such preliminary investigation, the greater will be the expense of the first step under that system.

This question, though a legal one, is not by any means one in which lawyers are exclusively interested, and it is for that reason that we have thought this a fitting place for its discussion, rather than the pages of a legal periodical. It is a question on which intelligent laymen are capable of forming a judgment; and it must ever be remembered that it was due, not to a lawyer, but to the strong practical common sense of a layman, that in South Australia the bull was first taken by the horns—with what success we have endeavoured to show.

CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

BY G. E. CASEY, M.P., FINGAL.

PERHAPS there is no country where the public acts and even the private life of prominent politicians are submitted to a more microscopic scrutiny than in Canada. The comparative smallness of the stage is one cause of this. Another, and perhaps the chief, is to be found in the political activity of the popular mind, which demands full information of the doings of public men, and frequent reassurance as to their character. The result of this popular inquisitiveness is in the main good, although it sometimes leads to unworthy suspicion of its objects. It must at least induce a certain amount of caution on the part of our politicians, and ultimately raise the standard of statesmanship.

It is greatly to be regretted that, with all this intent watchfulness of those who legislate, so little public attention is given to the executive organization by which their legislation is carried out. Indeed, the very term I have used would not generally suggest to the public mind anything more than the Cabinet and the Judiciary. It is seldom realized that the whole Civil Service, including both the headquarters staff and the outside employés, is a part, and a very important part, of the executive system. It is an important part, because its members come into direct contact with the public, and are the individual instruments of all governmental functions. We all speak with horror of government by a "bureaucracy," but we forget that we can never wholly get rid of its influence. Every official must have some freedom of action in the interpretation and performance of his duties, some power to obstruct, facilitate, or prevent the operation of those laws with whose execution he is charged. Too little thought is given to this fact. A department is looked upon as a machine which should perform its functions smoothly and unvaryingly, without regard to the peculiarities of the human beings who constitute it. When dissatisfaction is felt with any administrative act, the general impulse is to blame the laws or the government, without considering what kind of instruments they have to operate through, or by what system these are provided.

After noting these considerations, however, very little reflection on the growing extent of the Civil Service is needed to convince us of how largely the economy and efficiency of our government depend on the individual excellence of its members. In the higher grades personal influence is of course more marked. The Deputy Minister or permanent head of a department, for example, occupies a very commanding position under our system of responsible government. He is, naturally, not only the assistant, but the confidential adviser, of his responsible chief in all administrative questions. He remains in office through all cabinet changes. His experience and knowledge of routine business are indispensable. Now, as a Cabinet Minister is chosen for his political prominence, it cannot always happen that he has any special aptitude for, or knowledge of, his departmental duties. In most cases he is at least unacquainted with official routine. Under these circumstances it is easy to see what an influence his permanent subordinate is likely to have on administration, and even on legislation.

Let us consider, then, what qualities should be required in our public servants. They should, in the first place, be efficient, in order to secure both the proper discharge of their duties and economy in point of number. Besides this, they should be patriotic and thoroughly impartial, owing allegiance only to the nation, whoever may be at its head for the time being; and knowing no distinction of person or party in the manner of their service.

How far does the present system of appointments to the Civil Service tend to secure these and similar results? It may be well to remind such readers as do not

dabble in politics of what that system really is. Of course all appointments are theoretically made on the recommendation of some responsible minister, and it is on the ground of this responsibility to the country that the practice is generally defended. No one supposes, however, that ministers can personally seek out, and test the qualifications of, every employé. Their time is fully occupied with their own proper duties. They have no special opportunities for discovering the material for their purpose. From necessity therefore, as well as from traditional policy, they have to depend on the recommendations of their parliamentary supporters and other influential political friends. Their theoretical responsibility thus resolves itself into something very indefinite, and can hardly be considered a complete safeguard against the abuse of patronage. They may personally select some of the principal officials at headquarters, but the bulk even of the positions there, and all outside appointments, are practically at the disposal of their party friends.

The representative, again, on whom rests all the responsibility that really exists, finds himself beset by many difficulties in the attempt to impartially exercise his patronage. He has not always a free choice, as the best men he knows are sometimes not available. He must, then, choose from such as ask for employment. He has no special facilities for knowing the respective qualifications of these, and must depend largely on the advice of others—generally interested friends of the different applicants. In the case of appointments where professional qualifications are required, it is generally impossible for him to act on personal knowledge.

These difficulties would beset the most impartial judge under similar circumstances. But it is almost impossible for a member to keep himself utterly clear of personal and political considerations. It is to his connection with a party, and the support of party friends, that he owes his election. It is because that party is in power that he is able to distribute patronage. He is consequently, and not unnaturally, expected to favour those whom he and his superiors have to thank for past help, and to depend on for future support. He may conscientiously aim at making the best appointments in his power, but his choice is practically limited to one section of the community, and the chance of his selecting a good official proportionately lessened. Even within these limits he is almost sure to be influenced, more or less unconsciously, by several motives other than his care for the efficiency of the service. He can hardly be free from personal preferences or prejudices, often arising from gratitude and other generous feelings, but which destroy the cold impartiality that should guide the selection of public officials. Worthy, honest men and warm friends may make very poor departmental clerks or revenue officers. Thus, out of a virtue in human nature, springs a vice of the patronage system.

Let us suppose, again, that the member shows some signs of indecision or weakness in making a recommendation. In that case he is vigorously besieged by claimants, who bewilder him with assertions of past services and threats of future defection. One is young and vigorous, and asks preferment on the score of his ability for any duty. Another is old and worn out, and claims to be provided for by the party on the ground of his unfitness for other business. They do not come single-handed. They canvass—petition—worry—till finally the most persistent or best supported carries his point, having been virtually selected, approved, and appointed by himself, with the patriotic assistance of a body of clamorous friends.

So far, it has been assumed that the distributor of patronage acts with perfect integrity, and as much impartiality as is consistent with his position. We have, unfortunately, no reason to assume that such will always be the case. It is indeed only too notorious, that intentional favouritism has been so frequent an exception to this rule as rather to destroy it altogether than prove its existence. Political expediency, and the acquisition of strength, either for the party or the individual member, have been too often the first considerations, and efficiency has been only taken into account to a sufficient extent to prevent open scandal. The consequence is, that almost every department contains officials who have been appointed without any regard to capacity, and who are a burden on the revenue, not only during their time of service, but when incapacitated by age or infirmity. Indeed it has often occurred that the nominal holder of an appointment has done little more than receive the salary, an assistant being paid to perform the real duties.

Again, as long as public employment is considered a fitting reward for party services, there will be a strong temptation to multiply offices, to sub-divide the work as much as possible, or even to create absolute sinecures. This is no theoretical danger. Both in England and here there is always a tendency to overcrowding in the departments, one result of which, in this country at least, is to reduce the salaries of the lower grades to an amount for which first-class men cannot be secured. No more serious accusation could be made against the system. The nation should be served by the best talent in the country, and any state of things under which it is difficult to secure this is radically bad.

But the evil effects of patronage are not confined to the case of first appointments. The disease penetrates the whole organism. Promotions, dismissals, pensions, are all affected more or less by the same political favouritism which gives access to the service. The possession of powerful friends has often more to do with the success of an employé than his own talent or application to business. The knowledge that ordinary good conduct is sufficient to secure retention in the service, and that industry does not necessarily lead to promotion, is no encouragement to official zeal. Indeed there is a strong temptation to an employé to labour more for the favour of the powers that be than for the public good, and to exhaust his energies in services to the party, rather than in those for which he is paid.

This leads us to consider another feature of the case,—the partisan character of the public service, which results from the lengthened reign of either of those organizations by which the country is alternately ruled.

Serious complaints are often made of the existence of this evil, and of the employment of our executive body as electioneering agents, complaints which it is to be feared are not always unfounded. Indeed it could hardly be otherwise. Civil servants are only human beings, and when they have been chosen for zeal and activity in political life they can hardly be expected to be transformed at once into impartial executive machines. Their opportunities for furthering party interests are often considerable, and they are extremely likely to take advantage of them to some extent, often without the slightest idea of impropriety in so doing. Again, the utmost cordiality of feeling should exist between a Minister and his subordinates. The latter should know him only as the representative of the nation to which their best services are due. How is this possible when they owe their position to those very prejudices from which they should be free—when the accession of a new ministry means the defeat, perhaps the humiliation, of friends whose personal favour has given them their means of livelihood?

Only one result can be expected from the continuance of this state of things—this political favouritism in appointments, and political feeling in the service. Sooner or later, the temptation to bring the executive into harmony with each successive government, by a total change of officials, will become irresistible. This is what we know as the American system, and it is instructive to note the manner of its introduction into that country. In the early days of the Republic, their practice resembled our own in its general features. As the service grew in extent, and the class of office-seekers increased, dismissals and substitutions for political reasons became more frequent. It was not, however, till the reign of Jackson that the present system was fully introduced. The old soldier, with his military instincts strong within him, boldly avowed the principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," and made a wholesale slaughter of existing office-holders, to be replaced by his own supporters. Since his time this principle has been consistently carried out. Every official, from the Cabinet Minister to the country postmaster, retires with the shattered phalanx of his defeated brethren-in-arms, unless he has been clever enough to choose the proper moment for desertion to the enemy. His identification with his party while in office is no less complete. He is not only expected to further its interests in all possible ways, but his salary is regularly taxed for the maintenance of an election fund. The results of this system are so notorious that they hardly require reference. The corruption it has introduced throughout the whole executive, and the electoral body itself, are often spoken of by Canadians with pharisaical horror. Yet it is what we must come to if our present practice is continued. Our circumstances strongly resemble those under which the "spoils system" grew up across the lines. Our territory, population, and body of office-holders are increasing together.

Every successive Government will be more and more strongly tempted to rid itself of unfriendly employés, and strengthen its hold on members of its own party, by the wholesale creation of vacancies for them to fill. Indeed it seems hardly unfair to demand, that men whose only claim to appointment lay in their party zeal or the favour of party leaders, should follow those leaders when the fortune of war drives them from office. In short, either the service must be wholly non-political in its appointment and conduct, or it will tend to become an organized instrument of party intrigue and corruption.

It has been already remarked that the low range of initiatory salaries, caused by the overcrowding of the service, was an obstacle to the entrance of competent men. It is proper here to notice other influences having the same effect. The ordeal of soliciting a favour is trying to the self-respect of many enterprising men, and the fact that all appointments are liable to the suspicion of having been made merely as the result of such solicitation is enough to seriously damage the reputation of what should be the most honourable career in the country. Business and the professions offer all their prizes as the rewards of ability and industry, while in the public employ these qualities have comparatively little opportunity to make the fortune of their possessor; consequently the public service is at a discount among such men as would form the best material from which it could be recruited.

We have hitherto been considering chiefly the influence of patronage on the efficiency of the service. It is obvious, however, that its evil effects cannot be confined to this sphere, but spread through all parts of the body politic. It furnishes improper motives for political activity on the part of those who guide local opinion. It creates a class of office-seekers. It embitters party feeling, by unjustly excluding members of the Opposition from a career which should be open to every citizen. Nor is the system a wholesome or pleasant one for governments and representatives. The former are limited in their choice of officials by the risk of offending influential supporters, and tempted to exercise their patronage for partisan, if not actually corrupt, purposes. The representative is not in a more pleasant position. With the best intentions, he cannot properly perform the task entrusted to him. He is subject to the same embarrassments and temptations in his own sphere, as the Ministry feel in dealing with himself and his colleagues. He is constantly losing ground with his constituents, since he must disappoint several friends for every one he gratifies. In short, he is saddled with a responsibility which is no part of his proper duties, for the maintenance of which he has no special qualifications, and which he cannot possibly discharge to the general satisfaction. Any representative who wishes to retain either his self-respect or his popularity would be glad to be relieved from this false and compromising situation.

Let me now recapitulate briefly the heads of my indictment against the system of political patronage:—

It gives no guarantee of efficiency in the service, even if worked with ideal honesty and impartiality.

It is a standing temptation to those who wield it to transgress these principles, which, as a matter of fact, are not universally observed.

It restricts the field of choice, unfairly excludes a large minority of the citizens, and discourages the ablest men in the country from entering the service.

It degrades the reputation of the service and makes it a partisan organization.

It injures the self-respect of all parties concerned in working it.

It embitters party feeling, and lowers the general tone of political sentiment.

Finally, it inevitably tends to grow worse, and to introduce here the unmitigated evils which, in its full-blown stage, it has inflicted upon our neighbours.

It is but proper to admit, even in a fault-finding article like this, the presence in our civil service of many able men, who would do honour to any profession. This fact is no valid defence of the system. Some men of high character must be obtained and kept in the service under any system, or government could not be carried on. Consequently, exceptional ability will be rewarded, even under the present constitution of the service. It must not be forgotten, however, to what an extent these officials are obstructed in the performance of their duties by inefficient subordinates, whom they have no voice in choosing, and cannot always even dismiss when their uselessness is proved by experience. In the scientific branches

of the service this evil is of course greater. The head of a surveying party, for example, is often saddled with a lot of useless men whom he would never dream of employing of his own motion, and who, if not absolutely idle, expect at least to learn their profession at the public expense. How much the blunders of such employés may have cost the country it would be hard to estimate.

This part of our subject might be gone into in much greater detail, but enough has been said to "open the case," and probably as much as the reader's patience will bear.

It is now time to consider what reforms reason and experience show to be desirable. The general principles to be kept in view may be briefly stated. The service should be looked upon. not as a means of rewarding friends, but simply as an organization for the transaction of public business, and as such should be conducted on "business principles." The field of selection for its ranks should be made as wide as possible. Every consideration except character and ability should be disregarded, both in first appointments and subsequent promotions. In short, the service should be made a profession, offering as great attractions in pay and consideration combined as any other, and in which our best men could reap as high rewards as they now can in any other career with the same expenditure of labour and talent. This ideal may not be at once attainable, but it should be the object of every change in the organization of the service.

As to the means of approximating to this result, we are fortunately not left to theory alone. Here, as in other branches of the science of government, the Mother Country has relieved us of much of the risk of original experiment. The evils of patronage reached such a point in England, about twenty years ago, that some remedy was imperatively demanded. After full discussion in Parliament and in the Press, the plan of selecting employés by competitive examinations was tried—on a small scale at first, as became the cautious nature of John Bull. When the results were found to be satisfactory, the system was extended, with equally characteristic good sense, to one department after another, till in 1870 it was made to embrace nearly all the positions in the service. This extension after thorough trial, and the fact that it has been endorsed by successive governments of different parties, speak more for the scheme in question than volumes of argument unsupported by experience.

The distinctive features of the scheme are the total exclusion of political influence in nominations, and the establishment of a literary test, which, besides obviating partisan interference, is intended to select the best of those who apply for situations.

It will probably facilitate the consideration of the question, to introduce here a brief sketch, based on the English scheme, showing how the competitive system may be reduced to practice and adapted to our own circumstances. It is not intended to provide for all possible cases, but merely to put the proposed remedy for the evils that have been pointed out in a tangible and intelligible shape. It will be noticed that other reforms in organization are noted in the sketch, besides the abolition of patronage and the introduction of competition. These are also taken chiefly from the English practice, and are mentioned because they form part of a harmonious plan, and remedy defects in our own system which will be alluded to further on.

SUGGESTIONS FOR CIVIL SERVICE REFORM, BASED ON THE ENGLISH SYSTEM.

1. Board of Civil Service Commissioners, consisting of heads of departments and others specially appointed, to have control of selection of employés, primary appointments, transfers, and all business involving the affairs of more than one department.

2. Civil Service to consist of two divisions; the Higher, comprising all permanent employés in the different departments; and the Lower, comprising clerks engaged during pleasure, to serve in any position for which they may be required.

Lower Division clerks to be employed wherever nature of work will allow, instead of permanent employés. Departments to be so organized, with a view to this substitution, as to allow separation of mechanical work from such as requires special knowledge or experience.

3. After a date, to be fixed by Order in Council, all appointments and promotions in Civil Service to be made for merit only, according to regulations in subsequent paragraphs.

Term "Civil Service" in this paragraph to include such positions in the public employ as may be prescribed from time to time by Order in Council.

4. All first appointments in Higher Division to be made to lowest grade of departmental clerks and lowest positions in outside service; salaries of such positions being equalized as far as possible. First appointments in Lower Division to be made at minimum salary.

5. Persons eligible for appointment to be selected for merit, by means of qualifying and competitive examinations.

6. Examinations to be conducted by committee of Civil Service Board specially appointed for that purpose, who may appoint assistant examiners. Notice to be given, three months in advance by advertisement, of place and date of examinations, conditions of admission, and number of positions expected to be vacant, with salaries attached to each, subjects prescribed, and all particulars necessary to inform the public.

Qualifying examinations to be held half-yearly, or oftener, in at least one place in each Province. Competitive examinations to be held shortly after these, or when required, and in as few places as public convenience will permit. Every examination to take place in presence of an assistant examiner, and all papers to be compared, and lists made out, by examining committee.

7. Qualifying examinations to be open to all who produce, at time of making application, such certificates of age, health, and character, as may be required from time to time.

Applicants to state which division they wish to enter.

Subjects to be such as shall test general intelligence and fair education of applicants, (say, writing, arithmetic, keeping accounts, history, geography, grammar, composition in English, or in French for applicants of that nationality.)

(Fifty) per cent of marks to qualify for Higher Division; (thirty) per cent for Lower.

All who pass to receive certificates of qualification.

Applicants for Lower Division to be graded at this examination in the manner prescribed in next paragrah for competitive examinations.

8. Competitive examinations to be open to all holders of certificates of qualification, between ages specified for admission to service.

Examinations to include a wide range of subjects, calculated to afford a field for men of varied education, and to test the comparative ability of candidates. Special subjects to be set for candidates wishing to enter scientific branches of service.

Each subject to have a maximum number of marks attached to it, according to its importance as a means of mental training. Special subjects to count for those who are compelled to take them at a maximum equal to highest subjects in general course.

Each candidate to be allowed to choose from these not more than (five) nor less than (three) subjects, not an[illegible]nting in the aggregate to more than (——) marks. No marks to be counted to a candidate in any subject in which he makes less than (thirty) per cent. of the maximum. No candidate to be allowed to pass who makes less than (fifty) per cent. of the aggregate maximum in the group he has chosen. Bonus to be added to marks earned over minimum standard, increasing in proportion to proficiency shown (say bonus of *one-tenth* per cent. for every *one* per cent. of marks earned).

Lists of successful candidates to be made out in order of merit, up to published number of vacancies, showing marks earned; and certificates to be given to each showing his standing and marks.

9. Appointments in Higher Division to be made, as a rule, by giving certificate holders their choice of vacant positions in order of standing. When no choice is expressed, vacancies to be filled by the Board as they occur, taking candidates in the same order. Exception to be allowed in case candidate has shown special aptitude for a particular employment; the reason for such exception to be gazetted with appointment. No candidate to be appointed to any scientific branch of service who has not taken special subjects prescribed for such branch.

Successful candidates for Lower Division to be employed when and where required, on nomination of Commissioners, and to be taken generally in order of standing.

10. All appointments to be provisional for one year. Report to be made before end of year by immediate superior of each new nominee in Higher Division, and endorsed by head of department, touching

his conduct, application, and practical efficiency, and advising his retention if found satisfactory in these respects; in which case appointment to be confirmed. If report is not favourable, appointment to lapse at end of year without further action being taken.

Lower Division clerks to be retained or dismissed at discretion of heads of departments.

11. Promotions in Higher Division to be made in order of seniority, as far as consistent with the highest efficiency, and to be only from one grade to the next higher.

Examination bearing on departmental duties to be prescribed for entrance to each grade, and no employé to be promoted to any grade who has not passed the examination prescribed for that grade.

No employé to be retained in the service, who has not, within three years after his first appointment, or four years after any promotion, passed the examination for the next higher grade.

Senior qualified employé to be promoted when a vacancy occurs, unless head of department recommends a junior, with reasons, which are to be gazetted with appointment.

Promotion in Lower Division to consist merely in small annual increase of salary on recommendation of head of department.

12. For all positions to which competitive system is not applied, qualifying examinations to be prescribed, sufficiently severe to prevent the entrance of persons incompetent for their duties.

13. Staff to be organized for each department, ranking above highest grade of clerks, and including such principal officers as may be named by Order in Council from time to time.

Staff appointments to be entirely at the discretion of the responsible minister for each department, with the understanding that they are not to be made from outside the service, except when special reasons require it.

14. Civil Service Commissioners to make annual report for submission to Parliament, containing detailed account of examinations, with papers set, marks earned, lists of successful candidates, &c.; also statements of all appointments made and other business transacted under their authority during the year.

15. Departmental reports to contain statement of promotions and all other internal movements of each department.

In general terms, this system may be said to secure most of those results already spoken of as desirable. Political favouritism is entirely got rid of by opening the service to all respectable men who can show their fitness for appointment and distance their competitors. With this wide field to choose from, care is taken to ascertain the integrity of applicants as a first requisite. Character might be testified to by a clergyman, judge, the local representative, or any responsible person known to the board. These testimonials would be given under a due sense of the responsibility involved, and would be placed on record. This is a much severer test than a member or other distributor of patronage can generally apply, where the applicant is not personally known to him.

The question of age, which arises in this connection as a preliminary, is a most important one. At present there is reason to believe that most employés enter the service too late to become thoroughly efficient, or to give the public their best working years. Of 230 recipients of pensions in 1874-5, the average age at appointment was 36¾, and on retiring 61¼, leaving 24½ years as the period of actual service. This is not so short a time in itself, but the age of entry is undoubtedly too great. The years from 25 to 50, or 30 to 55, would cover a period of greater efficiency, while it is quite possible that men entering at these early ages might attain on retirement even the high average given above. For the permanent service, then, as for other professions, the age of entry should be fixed low, say between 18 and 25. For the Lower Division it might include all ages at which efficiency might be expected.

The division of the service into two classes is a very late experiment in England, having been adopted on the report of a departmental committee which sat in 1875. It is, however, a most reasonable step. Much of the work in all departments is of a mechanical nature, and could be done as well by any good copying clerk at a low salary as by a highly qualified and highly paid permanent officer. To employ the latter at such work is poor economy, and is, moreover, apt to make a machine of him,

and unfit him for higher duties. It is hoped to obtain by this provision a comparatively small and very efficient regular service, paid good salaries, and expected to thoroughly earn them, with as many cheap assistants in routine work as may be required. This will secure not only economy, but the better performance of both kinds of work.

The applicability of the competitive system to different branches of the service must be largely decided by experience: hence the provision leaving to the Government a large discretion in the matter. In England it has been profitably applied to almost all positions in the public employ. The Indian service was one of the first on which the experiment was tried, and furnishes a good illustration of its working. As the Indian official has very delicate, varied, and arduous duties to perform, including often a measure of legislative action, it will be seen that the successful selection of this class furnishes a high test of the merits of the system. It has been often asserted that it has failed in this respect. The very latest testimony on the subject, however, goes to show the contrary, and that in spite of acknowledged imperfections in its methods, and uncommon difficulties in the case to be met, it has effected a great improvement in the practical efficiency of that service.

In this country it would probably apply to departmental clerks, revenue officers, postal clerks, and indeed all ordinary appointments. The most obvious exception is the case of country postmasters, who are necessarily local men.

We now come to consider the machinery of selection provided. It involves a double process. The qualifying examination provides a body of men, each of whom is considered fit for any of those junior positions to which appointments are made. The competitive examination is intended to select the most efficient from among those who are thus certified as eligible. It proceeds to do so on the principle that, other things being equal, the best educated man will make the most useful public servant. Of course this is only a *prima facie* assumption, and provision is made in the next paragraph for a subsequent practical test. But if the term "educated" be taken in its proper sense, to signify a man possessed of good mental training, the assumption is a very strong one. To obtain a really good education, a man must possess powers of mind and body which are universally serviceable. The chances are that he is also capable of self-restraint, and consequently moral. Above all, the habit of learning which he has acquired is the one thing needful to enable him to master his new duties, and to make him aim at constant improvement therein.

It is quite possible, however, so to arrange an examination that the best educated man in this sense shall be at a disadvantage as compared with the superficial smatterer. Complaint has often been made, and with some show of foundation, that the English examinations are so arranged. They embrace almost all branches of human knowledge, and a candidate is allowed to take up as many of them as he chooses, and count the marks made in all as part of his aggregate. Now, as a competent knowledge of a dozen or so of heavy subjects is impossible at the early age prescribed, the aspirant generally has recourse to "cramming"—a process of acquiring as much scrappy information about almost all possible subjects as his head will hold. There are indeed professors of this art, who know how to impart the greatest amount of mark-getting information in the shortest time, and it is now almost hopeless to "go up" without having passed through the hands of one of these. There is no need to point out what a poor training such an "education" must be for the civil service, or how useless it is in after life to unsuccessful candidates.

In the present scheme there are four provisions intended to guard against this abuse and give the thorough scholar an advantage over his superficial competitor, even though the latter may take a somewhat wider range. They are: giving prominence to subjects which afford best training, as distinguished from those which can be easily "crammed"; limitation of the number of subjects a candidate may take; disregard of all marks that do not show a competent knowledge of a subject; addition of a graduated bonus for proficiency.

The last is the only one requiring special notice. It is based on the principle that thoroughness is the best proof of training, and that the difficulty of earning marks increases rapidly as the maximum is approached. An illustration will best explain its working. Supposing, for convenience, each subject to count 1,000 marks, we might have three

candidates with equal aggregates made up as below:

A.			B.			C.		
Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.	Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.	Subj.	Marks.	Bonus.
1	600	+ 36	1	900	+ 81	1	900	+ 81
2	600	+ 36	2	500	+ 25	2	800	+ 64
3	600	+ 36	3	450	+ 20¼	3	800	+ 64
4	600	+ 36	4	550	+ 30¼	4	500	+ 25
5	600	+ 36	5	600	+ 36	5	--	
	3000	+ 180		3000	+ 192½		3000	+ 234
	=3180			=3192½			=3234	

A's case is the typical but uncommon one of exactly equal standing in all subjects. The others show various degrees of proficiency. It will be seen that, in the case of equal aggregates, those candidates will have the advantage who have earned their marks by thorough knowledge, even where the number of subjects taken is less than the optional limit. On the other hand, a small increase in the aggregate earned by either of these would have put him ahead of the other. If A, for example, had made fifty more marks in one of his subjects, his total would stand at 3,236¼, beating both B and C. The difference made by this provision could never, of course, amount to more than ten per cent., on the extreme supposition of a candidate scoring the maximum all round It must be admitted that versatility of attainment is desirable in a candidate, but this could be secured by raising the minimum number of subjects to be taken. The numbers given in the preceding scheme are merely suggestions.

As to the curriculum itself, it should be as catholic as possible, to obtain the widest possible choice in the selection of candidates. Our educational institutions vary greatly in the quality of the instruction they impart, some being chiefly classical, and others exclusively English. Besides, there is a growing class of self-educated men. Men from any of these institutions, or from none of them, should be given an opportunity of making their peculiar acquisitions tell in their favour. Any subject might in fact be admitted that is capable of affording sound mental training, even though not of every-day utility. Only experience can fully adapt the proposed examinations to the state of education in the country.

The subject of appointments and promotions is a most important one. The object of limiting first appointments to the lowest grades is to prevent the superseding of experienced men by new-comers. The provisional tenure of the position, depending on a favourable report, is an admirable feature of the plan adopted in England in 1870, but which has since been dropped for some reason. Promotion by seniority alone would be a decided evil, yet length of service should have its rewards. It is thought the provision in the scheme meets both points. The arrangement by which those who fail to pass examination for higher grades are dropped resembles that in the Army regulations, and in our Ontario system of granting school-teachers certificates.

Staff officers, as defined in par. 13, being the confidential assistants of Ministers, must always be left to their personal choice, though the latter should be called on to show good reason for passing over all who have been trained in the service, when making such appointments.

Now it is not pretended that the scheme proposed even approaches perfection. The contention of the writer and those who think with him is simply this, that it would *tend* towards raising the general efficiency and reputation of the service, economy in salaries, and a vastly improved tone of self-respect, both in the service and amongst all concerned in politics. This, if proven, is surely a sufficient reason for urging its adoption. The writer feels that he has not put the case in favour of his proposal as fully as might be done, although he has carried this article to a greater length than at first intended. He hopes that the importance of the subject will excuse the latter transgression, and also obtain for the question at issue such an amount of public interest as will at least give it a wholesome ventilation.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE are many reasons why the question of a radical reform in our representative system should receive due attention at the present juncture. At no previous period of Canadian history have party aims and party tactics been so utterly discredited and discreditable as at this moment. At no time have corruption and coercion been so rampant, notwithstanding the adoption of the ballot system, as now. To assert that our politics are based upon no principle, and that our political strategy is conducted without decency or regard to honour, not to speak of conscience, is to put the matter in the mildest language consistent with truth. How has this state of things arisen and what is the true remedy for it?

Theoretically the general good is ostensibly the ultimate aim of every form of government. In representative systems, this purpose is supposed to be effected by obedience to the voice of the people who may reasonably be considered the best judges of their own interests. The general method of gathering popular wishes is by parcelling out the country into a number of unequal and arbitrary divisions, and assigning to the majority in each the task of selecting its parliamentary representative. When the members assemble at the seat of government a majority of these again rule the country as a whole. The maxim that the majority must rule, however plausible it may sound, is seldom, if ever, realized in practice. In the Dominion elections of 1874, for example, not a single successful candidate, where a contest took place, received the votes of anything approaching a moiety of the electorate. In several instances voters were so indifferent to the success of either party, that both contestants together did not receive the support of a majority of them. In Drummond and Arthabaska, Messrs. Laurier and Tessier received only 1,478 votes between them, and yet there were 5,101 voters on the list. The rule of the majority, therefore, is practically the rule of the minority. People have grown indifferent to the *quasi* principles which divide parties, and indisposed to decide the paltry questions at stake between the ins and the outs. It may be urged that the majority are undeserving of consideration, because they set no value upon the franchise they possess; but this is taking an exceedingly shallow view of the matter. If we could examine the list of these non-voters, the scrutiny would reveal a very different state of the facts. After making every allowance for absentees and for political Gallios, "who care for none of these things," there would still remain two important classes to account for, which deserve the most serious consideration. First, those partymen who despair of the success of their candidate, and thus are virtually disfranchised; and, secondly, a large number who are indifferent to party contests, and yet are not at all indifferent to the good government of their country. They also are touched with despondency, not because party triumph seems out of the question, but because the success of either is a thing altogether apart from the object they cherish, and not unfrequently incompatible with it. When party feeling is at white heat, and party rancour is bitterest, as now, these men, whose influence might temper the one and mitigate the other, stand aloof, amazed and ashamed, from the paltry and undignified squabbling going on all around them. In the United States, this is notoriously the case, and, we believe, a similar feeling is rapidly growing up amongst us. It is the natural result of parties with no *raison d'être*, but yet amply furnished, in every constituency, with the vile machinery of wire-pulling, caucus, and convention.

Nor is this the entire extent of the mischief. Let us concede, for the moment, that a majority of those voting should sway the destinies of the Dominion; how do we set about ascertaining it? In the first place, constituencies are formed, often by "gerrymandering," in which, because the field is small, there is ample room for all the trickery of parties, including every form of corruption

and coercion. What the small boroughs of England were before 1832, all constituencies are now made, in a mitigated form. In the next place, the nomination of candidates is virtually in the hands of a cabal—a "ring," as our neighbours call it—and thus not only is the member no representative of the majority, but not even the first or second choice of the party in whose name he is put forward. A strong party-man, is often heard to say, "I do not like the man; personally he is unfit to be our representative; I do not like his views on this or that important question; but I must not abandon my party." In this city, we have known men earnestly declare that if Mr. A. were nominated by their party, they would vote against him; next, that they would abstain from voting; and finally, the *furor factionis* being stronger than their sober judgment, they have in the end, not merely voted, but canvassed for the man whose person and principles they detest. Thirdly, the minority, in every constituency, is absolutely disfranchised, for it cannot be said that any elector is represented by a man, whom by his vote he has rejected. Finally, when all is done, there is no guarantee that the majority in the House represents the majority in the country; as a matter of fact, the probabilities are at least even, that the contrary is the true state of the case. Mr. Sterne, in his work on Representative Government, puts a case, which not only might, but actually has occurred. In 1868, in Maryland, of the votes cast, two-thirds were Democratic and one-third Republican. Under a proper representative system, seventy-five Democrats should have been returned, and thirty-six Republicans. As a matter of fact not a single Republican was elected. Thirty thousand electors were disfranchised, and had any important question divided the Democrats by an inconsiderable majority, the Republicans, who were without representation, and yet had a perfect right to be heard in proportion to their numbers, might, in all probability, have turned the scale.

The only method of remedying this mischief, as well as of curbing the evil influences of party, is by securing that every voter be guaranteed a representative in the true sense of the word, if not where he resides, at any rate somewhere else. By no other conceivable plan but that of Mr. Hare, can any proper, *i. e.*, personal, representation be obtained. It ensures also the presence in the House of men of experience and ability, whose absence from either side would be a misfortune to both, as well as to the country. Does any man believe that a single constituency should have the right, by a narrow majority, to deprive the country of the services of any statesman, for whom many thousands would willingly cast their votes, if it were in their power? When Mr. Gladstone was a candidate for South Lancashire, if the elections had been held simultaneously, his great abilities, his experience, and his earnest eloquence would have been lost to the country for the term of an entire Parliament. A double case of the same sort occurred in Canada years ago. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Lafontaine were both defeated in their constituencies; but the former was subsequently returned for Rimouski, and his Lower Canadian colleague for one of the ridings of York. There is not so great an abundance of legislative ability and experience in Canada that we can afford to lose any of it at the caprice of a single city, town, or county. Of Mr. Hare's system, with the objections to it and misunderstandings of it, we shall speak again. It is important that it should be well understood, and it shall not be our fault if its great advantages are not fully laid before the reader.

Last year, while objecting to Mr. Mills's scheme for the reform of the Senate, and yet believing that some radical change in the Upper House must soon be found necessary, the suggestion was made that the system of personal representation should have a fair trial in electing that body. There are many reasons for preferring it to the very doubtful, and, as we believe, pernicious plan of election by the local legislatures. Now that the hon. member for Bothwell is a Minister of the Crown, we beg to call his special attention to the matter. Mr. Blake has, we understand, fully examined the merits of Mr. Hare's system, and no doubt the Premier has himself had occasion to give it some attention, and there seems little difficulty in the way of submitting a Bill, or at least a scheme to be acted upon a year hence, for establishing an elective Senate on a sound, rational, and unexceptionable basis.

For the present, however, the matter of municipal government is more pressing, and it is here, we believe, that the system could be tested at once, and with great advantage. The chief objections to the existing state of

things—and reference is for the present made only to the cities—are, the kind of men returned as aldermen, the wretched ward system, the extravagance—for we dislike to use the term jobbery—displayed in the public works, and the utter recklessness with which civic debts are incurred and accumulated. Now, it should be obvious that so long as ward representation continues, the evils which flow from it will also continue. A city ward is extremely easy of manipulation, and those who lay themselves out to curry favour with the unthinking portion of the electors can readily do so, with disastrous results to the city at large. The plan of a Commission seems, on the whole, the best one, and, notwithstanding the objections of the *Globe*, the most feasible. It is idle to speak of it as an infringement upon the representative system. Matters relating to tavern licenses, police, and the water-works, are already in the hands of commissioners, and of these only the last named are under an elected body. Why should the public works be an exception, after the disastrous experience we have had of corporation management? Why should not all four be consolidated into one, and managed by a Commission, the members of which might be placed under heavy bonds, subjected to legal authority, and liable to be called to account by some process of Court, in the nature of an injunction or *quo warranto?* Still better, perhaps, would be an entire alteration in the mode of civic election. Every two or three years there is the usual call made upon men of business standing and established integrity to come forward and sacrifice themselves and their time for the public good. The popular mind, having nothing better to think of, satisfies itself with this idle illusion—*animum picturâ pascit inani.* Occasionally the appeal results in partial success, but it is always temporary, and sometimes futile from the first.

The secret of failure in our city government lies in the representation of wards, instead of the representation of the entire electorate, and the latter can only be made effective on some such plan as this. When the city is large, let it be divided into two divisions, but not so rigidly that a voter residing in one may not vote for a candidate nominated in the other. The number of aldermen should be cut down one half and hold office for two years, the moiety of them going out annually. Say that twelve aldermen be considered sufficient for Toronto, that would be six in each division, three of whom would retire each year. The division being only for convenience of counting and scrutiny, the voter would have all the candidates before him for selection, and should be allowed to vote for the entire six or more if he pleases, provided he numbers them in the order of his preferences. On a certain day to be fixed by statute, the returning officer, or officers, in presence of the Mayor and City Solicitor, should first count the number of voters and, dividing that number by six, at once declare the quota each successful candidate must have received. If nine thousand have voted, the necessary number would thus be fifteen hundred. The votes are then counted and all candidates having that number would be, *ipso facto*, elected. Supposing, however, that only four were thus returned, another scrutiny would follow, striking out these four and taking up, in order of preference, the names which follow, until other two are found who have the required quota. Of course, this scheme is only submitted in explanation of the plan, and would require considerable elaboration; but we are convinced that its basis is sound. The Council thus constituted would represent the entire city and every phase of opinion in it. It would sweep away the abominations of the ward system, rings and ward politicians would find their occupation gone, and there would be some chance that ability, integrity, and administrative capacity would have due weight in civic government.

When the Ontario Assembly meets on the third instant, it is exceedingly important that the course of the House, and especially of the Government, in the matter of tax exemptions should be carefully watched. It is much to be feared that Mr. Mowat will weakly yield to the clamour of interested parties, and endeavour to trifle with the question by introducing a measure which will satisfy no one, while it is more than likely to raise a storm which will sooner or later bring the Premier's house about his ears. On the one side there is the absolute injustice of these exemptions, as well as the opinion clearly and distinctly pronounced of the municipal corporations, the press, and

people of Ontario. On the other, the cry of self-interest from wealthy corporations and amply salaried clergymen. It is needless to inquire how far these people believe in what they urge; selfishness is often blinded by its own delusions, until it is mistaken for the voice of conscience. No plea yet urged by the clerical party, which, by the way, is confined, in Protestant Churches, to the clergy, will stand a moment's examination in the court of moral justice or equity. To plead for exemption on the ground of "benevolence" and "public good" wrought by the churches is absurd on the face of it. The public good is equally well served by many other instrumentalities which never dream of demanding immunity from their just proportion of public burdens. As for a "benevolence" which grinds the face of the poor in order to endow wealthy religious corporations and portly priests and clergymen, it is of the bastard kind, neither Christian nor human—*filius nullius*. One *soi-disant* religious newspaper affects to feel serious apprehension that if blocks of land locked up in mortmain and the large incomes of the clergy are taxed, the incomes of the poor—those under $400—must also cease to enjoy exemption. It is to be feared that the spirit of Judas Iscariot, rather than that of the Master he betrayed, is at the bottom of this plea. "This he said, not that he cared for the poor, but because he had the bag, and bare what was put therein." The value of this spurious benevolence is well understood by the industrious poor whose tax-bills bear heavily upon them in these times of depression, and they are ill-disposed to receive the *ad captandum* argument in favour of a system which doubles the weight of the burden they might, in justice, be called on to sustain. Every plea for a continuance of church exemptions is a plea for State-churchism, as those who submit it are well aware, and with that the people have solemnly declared, in the preamble of a statute, they will have nothing to do. Happily the vast majority, if not the whole, of the laity of all denominations concur in denouncing the continuance of the system and, therefore, both the clergy and their abettors may make up their minds to abandon it. Should the Government measure fail to satisfy the demands of the people, we hope that the question will be submitted fairly and clearly to the House, and that the division-list will be carefully preserved for the information of voters at the next election.

Those who were disposed to make wry faces at the Governor General's Victoria speech, will certainly be dissatisfied with the Colonial Secretary's highly flattering despatch in regard to it. The Earl of Carnarvon distinctly, and in the strongest eulogistic terms, applauds His Excellency for his laudable efforts to heal the existing breach between the Dominion Government and British Columbia—a breach, it may be added, which was widened by the reckless and unpatriotic course of some of the Opposition. No overt attack was made upon Earl Dufferin's speech, except by a few indiscreet journalists; but there was a muffled growl of discontent clearly audible near the gloomy cave of political despair. To have broken out into violent attack and noisy vituperation would have been imprudent, however desirable; still, enough was said to show that the Opposition were by no means pleased with His Excellency for telling the truth and vindicating the *bona fides* of his principal adviser. Still, political parties, though reckless enough at times, always keep a respectable balance at the bank of worldly sagacity; and, if they fail to combine the harmlessness of the dove with the wisdom of the serpent, they contrive, on occasion, to eke out their deficiency in the one with a double portion of the other. The Ins, whatever attack they may have made upon vice royalty when out, never fail to take refuge beneath the mantle when in power; while the Outs veil their displeasure under the forms of courtesy, because they hope, at some time, in the near or remote future, themselves to take shelter within its ample folds.

The visit of their Excellencies to Toronto, during the current month, at an inclement season of the year, will be exceedingly welcome to all classes of the people. It is another proof of the untiring energy which has characterised them from the first. The announcement that the Governor-General has accepted an invitation from the National Club has been received with a covert sneer by the *Mail*. It tells its readers that as His Excellency's hosts have given up politics, there is no impropriety in his so doing and dining. If our contemporary means by politics, partisanship, there is this foundation

for its remark, that the Club, like its originators, is strictly opposed to partisanship ; still it can hardly be said to have abandoned what it eschewed from the outset. But politics, in the proper sense of the word, it has no intention of giving up. Already its influence has been felt in the bosom of both parties. It has infused a spirit of manly independence amongst the worthier members of the Reform party; it has won to its principles some of the best of the Conservatives; and though the leaven be hid, we believe it will continue to work, till the whole is leavened. Not being in any proper sense a party, separate organization is not an essential, or even a fitting engine, of its operations. At the National Club, as open neutral ground, the Governor-General may meet men of all parties, without offending or exciting reasonable jealousy in the breasts of any. The City Council has wisely decided to confine its public reception to the presentation of an address in the Council Chamber, although it is by no means certain that Ald. Turner's proposition would have commanded a majority had it been made after, instead of on the eve of election day. Aldermanic nature is much the same all the world over, and dearly loves to be well wined and dined; but just now, the object is to prove its self-denial by affecting a zeal for economy. There are abundant reasons at the present juncture, however, why the course adopted is the best and wisest one. Their Excellencies have kindly superadded a reception of their own, at which they are sure to receive a cordial greeting from the people of Toronto in a hall of their own.

Mr. Justice Casault's judgment in the Bonaventure election case deserves to be carefully read by all who desire to form a clear and conclusive opinion upon the legality or illegality of clerical interference. It is a model of lucidity, and sums up with trenchant force most of the arguments of those who have opposed this form of intimidation extra-judicially. During this particular contest, two *curés* declared from the pulpit that the people "must not vote for the Liberal party, and they (the clergy) menaced them with the refusal of the sacraments," and, in so doing, at least one of them claimed to have the authority of his Bishop. Being himself a Roman Catholic and a French Canadian, the learned Judge knew well the potency of such a threat uttered against the disobedient. "There is a difference too striking," he observes, "between the instructions which a priest gives to his flock on the obligations which religion imposes, even in the exercise of their political rights, in the character, the degrees, and the appreciation of the faults they may commit, and on the consequences attached to them by their religion, and a threat to refuse them that pardon for the faults which their faith teaches them to be necessary for the salvation of their souls from an eternity of misery. . . . he tells them that, in order to escape the penalties which their sins deserve, they will have need of his intervention, *which he will refuse if they vote for a certain political party.*" Mr. Justice Casault has no difficulty in deciding that this is the very worst form intimidation can possibly assume, and he further notices the deadly blow at the political franchise struck by the offence. He cites the decision of Mr. Justice Fitzgerald, in the Longford case, and refers also to the Galway judgment of 1859. Referring to the absurd plea that the Articles of Capitulation, signed at Quebec and Montreal, gave special privileges to the clergy, he disproves it by quoting the particular article. The language of the Quebec Election law is too sweeping and comprehensive to shelter any doubt that every form of intimidation, clerical or lay, is illegal. It forbids the threatening of "any injury, damage, prejudice, or loss of employment," or "in any manner having recourse to intimidation against any person to induce or force such person to vote, or to abstain from voting," &c. There can be no doubt, therefore, about the law, as may be easily shown: the Articles of Capitulation grant toleration of the Roman Catholic religion only "in so far as the laws of England permit;" secondly, and, as a necessary inference, any Canadian law on the subject must be interpreted according to English precedent; and thirdly, there being a stringent law in Quebec against every form of intimidation, and as th English decisions are entirely in favour of including clerical intimidation under the general term, as the species of a genus, such intimidation is illegal in Quebec. There is no escaping the force of this argument; and no judge in Quebec, except perhaps Judge Routhier, could possibly dispute its validity. The *Globe*, in commenting upon

Mr. Justice Casault's judgment, does not attempt to deny the legal position assumed; yet mark its words:—"We deprecate the employment of legal measures for the punishment in ecclesiastics of what would be no wrong in the case of laymen. The law knows and ought to know no such distinction as clergy, and it is attaching too much importance to what is said in the pulpit to decla . that what would be allowable on the lips of other persons shall be an absolute wrong on his." Could a more transparent fallacy be stated than is involved in this dictum? The *Globe* speaks of the impropriety of punishing a clergymen for an act which it must admit to be illegal! Who makes the distinction, if it be not our contemporary himself? The law declares that whoever, in any manner, uses intimidation against his fellow, commits an offence against the law; it has further decided that in this matter, there is *no* distinction between cleric and lay. The guilty man, whether priest, landlord, employer of labour, or belonging to any other class of the community, comes within its purview. Clerical intimidation can be committed only by a clergyman; no layman can possibly commit the offence, and therefore the *Globe* is simply talking nonsense in the above sentences. Suppose a landlord had brought himself within the meaning of the statute by threatening eviction, who would listen to the plea that no distinction should be made between a landlord and a tenant, and, therefore, that a landlord should not be amenable to the law for what would be no offence in the case of the tenant? What would be thought of such rubbish by any rational man, not the slave of prejudice—class prejudice of the unworthiest description. Yet such is the position actually assumed by our contemporary. Let us take a parallel analogy from history. When Henry IV. or Frederick Barbarossa of Germany, Philip IV. of France, or John of England, were excommunicated and their territories placed under an interdict, how would it have sounded to urge, "You have no right to complain, much less to raise your arms against the Lord's anointed, because that can be no wrong, if done by a Pope, which would be no wrong, if done by yourself"? In fact, the argument, if argument it can be called, carries its own refutation with it. So far from the complaint of a distinction between cleric and laymen being just, not only is there no such distinction, for all are equal in the sight of the law, but our contemporary and those who agree with him are the only men who argue in favour of setting class above class. They desire to exempt the clergy from punishment for an offence for which they are quite ready to make the layman answerable. That offence is undue influence or intimidation; it is of different kinds and assumes divers forms; but in essential character they are the same—they prevent, or are designed to prevent, the free action of the voter, and, in so doing, are mortal foes to free representative government. Hence whether a man be priest or landlord, employer of labour or any other, whether he denounces awful penalties, temporal and eternal, threatens eviction, discharge from employment, or physical injury and death, matters little, so long as his act constitutes the legal offence of intimidation. In each case, the same illegality has been committed, and if any distinction be made at all, the clergyman is a sinner of the guiltiest type. How effective his spiritual threats are, Mr. Justice Casault has told us; and because, as a French Roman Catholic, he has the best opportunity of knowing that whereof he speaks, we prefer his authoritative statement to all the flippant rhetoric, inspired of a puny ecclesiasticism, which finds its most fitting conduit pipe in the clerico-political columns of the *Globe*.

Of Dominion affairs there is little worthy of note. The journals have a scanty supply of topics and, therefore, naturally resort to playful reminiscences of the past, seasoned with the usual sauce of slander and vituperation—they give us gall mingled with vinegar to drink. Parliament meets on the 8th proximo, and then perhaps we may enjoy a respite from the feeble wrestlings of the vacation. The Hon. Mr. Laflamme's election for Jacques Cartier was from the first assured, though his majority was scarcely even respectable. In his battle with the *curés*, the victory rested with him, although he was badly beaten on the actual field in dispute—the parishes. Lachine, which the Opposition press has associated with his name, did marvellous things for him, and, on the whole, it would not be out of the way to call him the member for the Canal. In the County of Cardwell, an election made necessary by the lamented death of the Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron has resulted in the return of Mr. Dalton McCarthy

by a majority of over two hundred. This is a large increase over the vote by which Mr. Cameron was returned in 1874; but it is scarcely a proof of the vaunted Conservative reaction. It must not be forgotten that the late member, notwithstanding his well-deserved reputation as a jurist and public speaker, had to bear the full weight of public indignation, then at the boiling point, "anent" the Pacific Scandal. The large majorities and the victories, about which so great a pother is raised, are simply proofs that the fever of the time, which issued in the fall of Sir John Macdonald, has spent its force, and left the patients feeble, yet clothed in their right mind. It is not so much a reaction, as a natural "reversion," to use a Darwinian term, and the first phase of it is comparative ease and indifference. When health is perfectly restored, we shall be able to judge how far the country has been improved by its attack; in short, *whether it is prepared to enter upon a new* state of existence or to fall back into the party slough which was the proximate cause of the disease. Mr. Dalton McCarthy appears to be a man of promise and genuine ability; and those, even among his opponents, who desire a "strong Opposition"—and they all affect to do so—should welcome him as a rising member of it.

The death of Lieutenant-Governor Caron, of Quebec, has caused a vacancy which has been filled by the appointment of Hon. Mr. Letellier de St. Just. The late Minister of Agriculture appears to be generally acceptable to both parties, and there can be no doubt that he possesses qualities, social and intellectual, which render him peculiarly fitted for the post of honour. Even the *Minerve*, which cannot admit that any good can come out of the Grit Nazareth, is disposed to think that he will make a passable Governor. It is but fair to our irreconcilable contemporary to say that he only feels a measure of resignation to M. Letellier, because his appointment is an escape from the detestable rule of M. Thibaudeau or M. Cauchon. As usual, the well-worn objection is urged against the elevation of a Minister, and the old proof of Mr. Mackenzie's *penchant* for nominations from his political family circle, are reprinted with an addition. It is not very clear on what grounds this objection is pressed. As a matter of history, Mr. Mackenzie is only following the uniform practice of Sir John Macdonald. No matter what public man received the Lieutenant-Governorship from the hands of the Premier, it would have been found necessary to find or devise some cause of complaint. Had the appointee been an outsider, it would have at once been obvious that he had been bribed by a promise of the first lucrative office in Mr. Mackenzie's gift. No such allegation is feasible in M. Letellier's case, and, therefore, it has become necessary to "furbish up the rusty tools" in the Opposition armoury which have already been whet and ground and polished so often. There are many reasons why it is exceedingly proper that the higher offices in the gift of the Crown should be filled from the ranks of the Privy Council. Ministers are naturally better acquainted with the talents, the aptitudes, the strength, and the weakness of a colleague, than they can possibly be with *any one with whom their intercourse is less* constant and intimate. Such an objection was never raised in England to the appointment of Lord Elgin, Lord Mayo, Lord Dufferin, Lord Salisbury, and a host of others. It is not merely puerile in itself, but absolutely disingenuous and factious, to growl at every appointment made by one's political opponents, be it good or bad Such, however, is the constant practice in Canada; party men, whether they are called Reformers or Conservatives, seem incapable of candour or generosity towards those they oppose.

The session of the Ontario Legislature opens so soon, that there seems little object in attempting to foreshadow the measures announced in Lieutenant-Governor Macdonald's speech. The more so, as the scattered hints contained in some of the Reform journals are not only meagre but come to us without the stamp of authority. There are at least to be bills touching exemptions, amending the Municipal Act, consolidating the school laws, and one or two others of less importance. It is astonishing to note how much of our local legislation, year after year, resolves itself into tinkering—patching up old laws rather than enacting new. Ministers appear to meet the House with parboiled eggs which are neither good for eating nor hatching. And when they are produced, so little time is allowed

for examining their merits, that at the ensuing session, all the old work must be done over again. Legislation appears to be so irksome to the Government that they only attempt it with the points of their fingers; what is accomplished is only feebly done, and perhaps, from the confusion it causes, had better have been left wholly undone. Private Bills, especially, suffer severely from the undignified haste to close the session which appears to be growing on Mr. Mowat and his colleagues. This year the announcement was made that there would not only be a late meeting of the House, but also a short one. Now although the prorogation of the Legislature rests with the Crown in theory, the length or shortness of the session depends upon the will of the House, and we are not aware of any special prescience possessed by Ministers by which they can forecast its duration months in advance—unless it be the consciousness of poverty in their own programme. Procrastination in meeting the Legislature, coupled with haste to get rid of it, would not be tolerated by any dignified or high-spirited body of men. Perhaps Mr. Mowat, who knows hon. members better than we do, has some reason for believing that as a body, they are neither dignified nor high-spirited.

There is no unity or coherence in Ontario Legislation. Measures are badly, not to say clumsily prepared, because they are knocked together in haste and without reflection or polish. Every Minister must have his little hobby-horse, and the consequence is that Bills are brought in which should have been left until they were better digested, and served upon the table of the House like the ill-assorted collection of viands supplied at feasts where each guest provides his share. We have no desire to utter a harsh word concerning Mr. Mowat, whom even opponents hold in deserved esteem; yet it certainly would seem that he scarcely holds the reins with the firm grip of a Premier. Every puny whipster, provided his will or his assurance be powerful, wins too easy an advantage over him. His subordinates in office are permitted, as the Hon. Mr. Fraser did in the matter of church exemption, to utter *outré* opinions without regard to ministerial responsibility; and in the management of the House, the Attorney-General lacks firmness, and therefore fails to exert his legitimate authority in legislation—*le roi règne, mais ne gouverne pas.* It would certainly be unfortunate if Mr. Mowat were to be always stubborn and unyielding, but it is an excess on the other side to be too compliant. The chances are that if a Minister, ordinarily suave and conciliatory, attempts to be firm, it will be in the wrong place; that he will insist upon matters of little moment, and refuse substantial improvements which, were the inflexible mood over, he would at once see the propriety of adopting. It cannot be insisted upon too often, that the Government is responsible for the entire legislation of the session, and that if crude and ill-digested Acts receive the Royal assent, the blame rests entirely upon Ministers, and especially upon a Premier who is, at the same time, the chief law officer of the Province. In the absence of a second Chamber, careful legislation in the Assembly is an essential necessity, and, therefore, if the careless ambiguity which has hitherto characterized it in Ontario is to be avoided, time must be given for the keenest criticism and the most mature reflection. Above all, Mr. Mowat should remember that the character of the statutes for a year is the best index to the capacity or incapacity of a Government.

It would be premature, in the absence of adequate evidence, to pronounce upon the unfortunate dispute between the authorities of the Grand Trunk Railway and its employees in the mechanical department. The claims of the men may be reasonable or they may not; but no one can have the slightest difficulty in giving a decided opinion upon the manner in which the strife was begun and carried on. In the first place, it appears to most people highly unpatriotic to obey the imperious mandate of an alien authority. The order to strike came from the United States, and it is within the bounds of possibility that it was inspired by "Commodore" Vanderbilt himself. The railway "rings" of the United States have the deepest interest in crippling our chief trunk line. The competition of last summer has no doubt aggravated them sorely, and they are not likely to be scrupulous about the means to be employed in retaliation. The inclination to throw obstacles in our way was plainly evident in the customs regulation by which it was hoped to prevent Montreal from sending freight in unbroken bulk, and without transhipment,

across the frontier and down the Hudson. The strike assumes a serious aspect in its possible bearing, some day or other, upon the national defences. If there be a power in the United States whose fiat, like that of the General of the Jesuits, or the head of the Carbonari, is binding upon our railway engineers, then our neighbours have a most powerful weapon of war ready to hand. At one moment the entire east of the Dominion was inaccessible to us; we were cut off from communication with the seat of government and with the sea through our own territory, except by the most tedious modes of travel; and in the event of a Fenian raid or the sudden outbreak of war, the movement and massing of troops would be a matter of the utmost difficulty. Now, without prejudging their cause in this particular instance, it may not be unfair to ask—Has any body of men the right, on personal grounds, thus to paralyze the strong arm of the Dominion? It will be remembered that at the gas stokers' strike in London, the decision was clear and explicit. For several nights London was left without lamp-lights, at the mercy of the criminal class, and the Courts decided then, in every case, where the public safety or even the general good was concerned, the State was entitled to a voice in the matter and had a right to intervene as a third party between employers and employed. So in the case under consideration. The engineers appear to have forgotten that it was not against the Grand Trunk alone that they struck, but against the entire community. The loss entailed upon the Grand Trunk will amount certainly to hundreds of thousands of dollars; but if it should turn out that they were in the wrong, they are not entitled to any sympathy. But the certain damage inflicted upon the people who have done nothing to deserve the loss and suffering is incalculable. Not to speak further of the public security from riot and invasion, there was the immense injury done to trade at a time when it could be borne with the least equanimity, and besides that, physical inconvenience and public breaches of the peace—the immediate work of the strikers themselves. In order to take the Company unawares, instead of giving due notice of their intention to throw up their situations, the engineers sedulously concealed the hour of the strike until the last practicable moment. Nor was that all. For the public—at any rate for the infirm, the women and children committed to their charge—they might have had some consideration. They had none; so soon as the appointed hour struck, they blew off the steam, quenched the fires, and left those who had never injured them miles from their destination, or even from the nearest station, exposed to the tender mercies of a night of drifting snow and cutting wind. No gratitude is due to them if death has not resulted, or if the seeds of disease and mortality have not been sown in many a feeble frame. Finally, not content with all this, they boldly defied the law by open breaches of the peace, brutal assaults, wholesale intimidation, and the wanton destruction of property. We are not living in the days of the Luddites, and it remains to be seen whether the State may thus be set at nought with impunity. We believe that the strike as begun, not to speak of its progress, was, *ab initio*, illegal on grounds of public policy, altogether apart from the deeds of violence which followed. So far as the latter are concerned there can be no question; either the law must be sternly enforced, or these men are superior to its power and authority. It may not be amiss to ask the Minister of Justice to give such consideration to the subject as may seem necessary, especially to that branch of it which relates to the rights of the State to protect the interests of the entire people, when they are deeply concerned in disputes between employers and employed. The greater part of the loss and suffering has been entailed upon the people, not upon the railway company, and it is for the Dominion Parliament to decide to what redress they are entitled, and what measures may be devised to prevent the recurrence of similar wars upon society in the future.

Judgment was given on the twenty-ninth of December on the rule argued in term, calling upon the Hon. George Brown to show cause why he should not be punished for contempt of Court. The contempt, as our readers are aware, was committed in the publication of a gross and outrageous attack upon Mr. Justice Wilson, because he had characterized in fitting terms of indignation what is known as the "Big Push" letter. The learned Chief Justice, in a judgment exceedingly clear, elaborate, and

to our mind, conclusive — at least in so far as Mr. Brown's offence is concerned—gave his opinion that the rule should be made absolute. Mr. Justice Morrison, on the other hand, was of opinion that Mr. Wilkinson had no *locus standi* in the matter, and also that, apart from that consideration, it would be unwise in the Court to take cognizance of such an assault upon the dignity of the Bench, violent and unjustifiable though it was. He, therefore, pronounced for the discharge of the rule. On the whole there is no reason to regret the result, because two advantages are gained by it—the opinion of the Court has been delivered on the character of Mr. Brown's act, and, besides that, Mr. Brown is deprived of the advantage of posing in the attitude of a martyr or of declaring that the Bench has been so craven as to give him *carte blanche* to outrage all sense of propriety and decency, as he did in the article complained of. Upon the differences of opinion between the Chief-Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Morrison on the technical questions involved, it would be unbecoming to utter a word. All that the public and all that independent journalists have to do with is Mr. Brown's part in the matter; whether Mr. Wilkinson was justified in making the application, and whether the Court, having the matter before them, could take cognizance of the contempt, are matters of no concern at all to the public. The sole question, and it is one of vital importance in more respects than one, has been already decided by the press and people, and is now authoritatively pronounced upon by the Bench; it is whether, not merely the dignity and independence of the judiciary are to be sustained, but whether the personal character, the motives, the honesty, and the honour of our judges are to be at the mercy of the professional libeller, the domineering despot of a political faction. Shall Mr. Brown be permitted with impunity to asperse and vilify the Bench as he has maligned statesmen, priests, nuns, journalists—in short, every one who has stood in his way or refused to yield to his dictation? Even now, after confessing that his tirade was founded in great part upon a false assumption, he repeats the contempt and glories in his shame. Mr. Justice Wilson's well-merited strictures on the "big push" letter are, only a day after the delivery of these judgments, stigmatized as an "unjust and insolent attack," in which Mr. Brown was "maligned," "an escapade" which he ventures to predict will not be witnessed "on the Canadian Bench for some time to come." *Parta victoria est*, instead of *peccavi!*

Having crushed the proud, the dictator is ready to spare the vanquished, if they will only consent to be dragged at his chariot wheels. "We hope to be able," he says, "in future to speak always of the Ontario Bench in those terms of high respect and consideration which has been our invariable habit in times past." Mr. Brown's wealth of generosity is greater than the resources of his memory, or he would remember what he wrote about six judges—the entire Common Law Bench—when they declined to do his bidding in the matter of the "double shuffle."

In commenting upon the difference of opinion between the Judges, the *Globe* asserts that "Mr. Justice Morrison, on the other hand, firmly protests against the despotic doctrines of the Chief-Justice; he takes a much more reasonable view of the powers of the Bench and the rights of the people." Mr. Justice Morrison's own words will disprove this statement:—"My opinion is not based upon the ground that the publication is not a contempt of the Court, for I fully concur in the law in that respect as expressed by the learned Chief-Justice, as well as his observations upon the character and tendency of the libellous matter it contains." Now, what confidence can be reposed in the naked assertion of a man about a transaction which was intended to be kept dark, "private," and scrupulously hidden away amongst the ugly secrets of party, when we find his commentary upon a judgment in one column distinctly contradicted by a sentence from the judgment itself in another column of his journal? Chief-Justice Harrison's words are: "Of the many publications which appear in the reports as attacks upon the Bench, I know of none worse than the article now before us. It is not only full of vituperation, but assumes fiction to be fact, and on the strength of a foundation thus—in part at least—constructed, mercilessly assails a judge of great experience, acknowledged ability, and undoubted integrity, who, in the fearless discharge of official duty, felt constrained to

use language which, although strong, cannot fairly be said to be irrelevant to the matter before the Court. The Judge thus assailed is, in short, charged with being so ignorant or vicious as to disregard evidence, so corrupt as to distort evidence, so corrupt as to suppress evidence, and so lost to all sense of propriety as to utter deliberate falsehoods in his official judgment." In this description of "the character and tendency of the libellous matter," Mr. Justice Morrison "fully concurred," in common, we venture to affirm, with the vast majority of the people, including nine-tenths of Mr. Brown's own press and party.

Throughout the whole of the "big push" transaction Mr. Brown has been guilty of a series of blunders. First, there was the letter itself, written, doubtless, without reflection under the urgent and exciting necessities of a close electoral contest, in which the odds appeared to be against him; secondly, the publication of a defence which was only a *quasi* denial, and did not amount to disproof; thirdly, the savage and vindictive attack upon Mr. Justice Wilson, which momentary rage and chagrin alone can palliate; fourthly, his selection of himself as his own lawyer, a mistake from which a well-known aphorism should have saved him. It is of no use now to attempt an outcry about the "liberty of the press." Like other liberties, it has its limits as well as its responsibilities. The worst enemy of all liberty is he who abuses it to the verge of licentiousness and makes it a cloak of maliciousness. The editor of the *Globe* is the last man in Canada whom any right-minded person would select as the champion of freedom for the press. For years he has made a trade of libelling, vituperation, and slander, and a painful history might be written of the reputations he has endeavoured to injure, and the hearts he has wounded, from the days of Robert Baldwin, down to those of his pupil and relative, Adam Wilson. Figuratively speaking, it has always been his sweetest delight "to bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk." With him the liberty of the press means precisely what some clerics understand by the liberty of the church—freedom and immunity for himself, the liberty to do how and what he pleases as he pleases; for others, the privilege of doing as they please, if it be what pleases him. His defence of clerical intimidation is natural, because it is the counterpart of his own. According to the theory, there are two parties who must not be interfered with, whatever they may utter; the first is made up of the clergy; the second, of their champion—when it suits his purpose—the Hon. Geo. Brown. Both are, and of right ought to be, above and superior to the law of the land.

It is no pleasure to give expression to these opinions, and only their cogency and the necessity which duty appears to lay upon us, compels their utterance. It appears evident, not merely to us, but to the wisest and best of Mr. Brown's party, that whatever service he may have done in the past, he has outlived his usefulness. He is no longer the leader of his party, and, although he possesses its most powerful mouth-piece in the press, his journal ought surely to be the servant, and not the master of that party. No one who knows Mr. Brown will believe that he is devoid of sterling principle, and that, at bottom, there is a strong substratum of integrity. Unfortunately he is swayed too much by impulse, by the desire to rule at all hazards, and by an obstinacy which clings tenaciously to the assertion that whatever he has once done is right. The days of dictation and coercion are over; no future "boss" can ever occupy the unique position of Boss Brown. Journalists and the party have begun to discover that instead of carrying Cæsar and his fortunes, they are bearing Jonah to the imminent danger of party shipwreck, and it is useless now to attempt the prolongation of the dictatorial term by savage attacks upon the Bench. The people of Ontario are jealous for the honour and dignity of their judges; reposing the most complete confidence in their ability and integrity, the popular voice will always be raised in its loudest tones against unjust and ungenerous attacks upon them. Fair and temperate criticism is always a privilege of the journalist, but not a a method of attack, conceived in malice and couched in the language of Billingsgate.

It is idle to speculate upon the outcome in the United States. A short time since it seemed as if the final return of Hayes was determined upon at all hazards; at present the chances appear to favour Tilden. The attempt to set up counter-charges of intimi-

dation by the Democrats, so as to balance the palpable proofs of fraud in the disputed States, appears to have failed; at any rate they are not substantiated to the required extent. Another plan was to endeavour to deprive Tilden of the votes of the Cotton States, by adducing proofs of coercion, but that appears to have been dropped, either because it had no foundation of fact to rest upon, or because it was too evident a confession of weakness on the part of the Republicans. The Congressional Committees, which have been lately at work in Louisiana, Florida, and South Carolina, ought to arrive at the truth as to the exact amount both of fraud and intimidation. The Senate Committee is, of course, mainly Republican, and the House Committee Democratic; but each contains members of the opposite party, so that between the two there ought to be the material, at any rate, for arriving at a proximately accurate conclusion. The House Committee has completed its labours, with what result has not transpired, and until the entire investigation, with its results, is published, there can be no certainty about the ultimate decision as to the Presidency. Should both Houses agree that Tilden has been deprived of the electoral vote of Louisiana by the most audacious and systematic fraud, there is an end to the perplexity. But if, on the other hand, the Senate should take one view of the matter, and the House another, a constitutional struggle of a very serious kind may ensue. On the 14th of February the votes are to be counted by the President of the Senate in presence of both Houses, and it has been hinted that the Democratic representatives, should the Republicans express an intention of "counting in" Hayes at all hazards, will absent themselves so as to render the constitutional count impossible. This would appear to be an undignified course, and if the party seriously intends to pursue it, it can only be as a *dernier ressort.* An additional difficulty arises from the fact that the Governor of Oregon has given his certificate to two Republicans and one Democrat, the latter replacing the third Republican elected, who is an office-holder, and consequently ineligible. This Democrat's vote would elect Tilden and, therefore, he is not likely to be admitted by the Senate without a struggle. The contested election therefore, bristles with constitutional difficulties. Is the joint rule still in force? If the count be not made on St. Valentine's Day, may the House at once proceed to elect a President under the Constitution? Which is to decide between the rival tickets from Louisiana, Florida, and Oregon, the House, the Senate, or both together? Should the 4th of March arrive and the question be still *en delibère* will the election then be in the hands of the new House which comes into being on that day? Even if they have the legal right to elect, could the inauguration of the new President be legally performed on any other day than that prescribed by the Constitution? For the present our neighbours must possess their souls in patience, and we need make but one further remark. It will make considerable difference to the Democrats whether this House or its successor shall have the final word in the matter. In the new House the Democratic majority will be very small—only eight it would appear. Now, narrow as that margin is it would be sufficient, if the vote resembled an ordinary division; but it does not, because each State has but one vote and the Republicans will have a majority of States.

The Eastern question is also involved in obscurity at the present moment. The telegrams received day after day are so contradictory and perplexing that there is no knowing what to believe. It seems clear that the Marquis of Salisbury's decision of character has told upon both the combatants. Russia has yielded as much as she possibly can yield on the question of armed occupation. The Czar has protested all along that he had no sinister objects in view in undertaking the cause of the oppressed Slav population, and at the present time he appears to have conceded almost every point which has hitherto separated England from Russia. Lord Salisbury and Gen. Ignatieff seem to be acting cordially together, and no difference of importance has hitherto arisen to disturb the *entente cordiale.* All the difficulties which have hitherto arisen have been caused by the crass obstinacy and mulishness of the Porte. The new Grand Vizier has been amusing the Empire with his new Constitution, and we are far from contending that Midhat Pasha is altogether insincere in his desire to make it work reasonably well; but the idea of establishing representative government in such a country as Turkey is almost ludicrous

in the eyes of Western nations. At this moment the attitude of the Porte is the only obstacle to a temporary settlement of the Eastern question. The rulers of Turkey seem utterly impervious to reason, notwithstanding the certainty that, if they choose to remain recalcitrant, nothing is left them but a single-handed combat with Russia. The Sultan has been made fully aware that no assistance will be forthcoming from England if the reasonable demands of the Conference are peremptorily rejected. Little reliance can be placed on the telegrams which confuse the reader morning after morning. The rumoured conversation between the Sultan and Lord Salisbury is evidently apocryphal, but, coupled with the removal of the British fleet, for safer wintering, from Besika Bay to the Piræus, it has a certain verisimilitude. It is clear that Prince Bismarck made a true diagnosis of the state of affairs when he declared in the Reichstag that there was no danger of any war save a local one. Russia occupies, at present, the vantage ground. She has surrendered even the design of occupying Bulgaria alone, she has declared her willingness to accept any guarantees for the enforcement of reforms in the Slavic Provinces, and she is in agreement with all the Powers upon the nature and extent of these reforms. If, then, Turkey should at length determine to reject the plan adopted by the Conference, Russia may enter the field, not to realize any views or ambitions of her own, avowed or unvowed, but as the agent—in a word, the sword of all Europe. The month's prolongation of armistice will enable the Powers to mature their scheme; it will give Turkey ample time for reflection, and now it is more than likely that before the meeting of the Imperial Parliament, on the 8th of February, the question of peace or war will be definitively settled.

The ecclesiastical policy of the French Cabinet has proved fatal to it. The sections of the Left appear ready to submit to much that does not meet their approval on purely political grounds, but, in ecclesiastical matters, they are uncompromising and, it may be added, unreasonable. M. Dufaure's Government proposed that a sum of sixty thousand dollars should be voted to raise the stipends of the poorer clergy some twenty dollars per head. This seems a very modest demand, and the Left, who have reasonable hope of converting this class to their opinions, appears to have acted unwisely in rejecting that portion of the Budget. Another trouble arose from the determination of the Government not to grant military honours at the funeral of any member of the Legion of Honour who should be buried without religious ceremonies. They finally proposed that these honours should only be paid at the graves of soldiers, and paid to them without distinction. M. Dufaure was defeated, and, singular to say, owing to a misunderstanding in making an official announcement, M. Marcère, the Minister of the Interior, also got into disgrace, though he was the special representative of the Left. Matters were thus further complicated. The victorious majority soon discovered that they had pressed matters too far; the Marshal-President, who has not merely peculiar constitutional ideas of his own, but the power of enforcing them, was obstinate, and, perhaps, in the end, M. Dufaure would have got back to office. Fortunately a substitute was found in the person of M. Jules Simon, who agrees, in the main, with the Left on matters ecclesiastical. The politics of Italy have been barren of interest of late. When the Left succeeded to power, and Signor Depretis replaced Signor Minghetti, great changes were anticipated in the internal government of the kingdom. These hopes or fears have been disappointed, for the Left has faithfully adhered to what may now be termed the traditional policy of Cavour and Ricasoli. At the general election, lately held, the Government obtained the sweeping majority of something like four hundred —a success so overwhelming as to be scarcely preferable to defeat. It is impossible that so vast a following can long keep together; the power of cohesion is not equal to that of disintegration, and in all probability, the greatest parliamentary victory achieved in modern times, will prove most disastrous to the victors.

The second of December last was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III.—the beginning of many sorrows. Since that memorable day there have been, besides the contest with Denmark about the Duchies, four great sanguinary wars in Europe—the Crimean war, the war waged by France and Italy upon Austria, the Austro-Prussian war, and the Franco-

German. Two great nationalities have arisen —Italy and Germany; one power has been extinguished definitively — the temporal power of the Pope. In America the most disastrous of wars, a civil war, waged with desperate valour, and marked by an appalling sacrifice of human life, ended in the overthrow of the slave power. In Canada also a new nation has been born, but without the effusion of blood, which has already grown up to a lusty youth, in whose veins the tide of life beats high with hopes and aspirations to be realized in the far-distant future. Looking forward, in Europe especially, the prospect is not cheering. There is the Turk who is sick unto death, and yet refuses to die, France eager for her war of revenge, Russia jealous and hostile to Germany. On this day of good will, when we all wish each other "a happy new year," we can well understand the Sultan exclaiming to a perplexed brother potentate:

> "Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi; quem tib
> Finem Di dederint."

January 1st, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE INTERCOLONIAL. A historical sketch of the Inception, Location, Construction, and Completion of the line of Railway; by Sandford Fleming, C. E., Engineer-in-Chief of the Newfoundland, Intercolonial, and Canadian Pacific Railways.

This work, which may be looked upon as the final report of the Engineer-in-Chief, with regard to the completion of the great work so ably carried out by him, is very comprehensive in its history of the whole scheme, from its inception in 1832, until its completion in 1876. The first explorations with a view to a line of railway between Canada and the Maritime Provinces, appear to have been made in 1836, on the part of New Brunswick, by Messrs. Smith and Hatheway, and of Quebec, by Captain Yule, R. E. These were made in connection with a projected line of railway from the city of Quebec to St. Andrews, on the Bay of Fundy; and were followed by more detailed explorations under the charge of Captain Yule, resulting in the adoption of a line of about 300 miles in length, from Point Levis, crossing the upper waters of the river St. John, thence in the direction of Mars Hill, after passing which, with a great bend, it took a south-easterly course, to St. Andrews. This line was located through a tract of country which was then held to be entirely within British territory. Attention to the project was aroused in the United States. The State of Maine created disturbances in connection with the boundary question, by taking possession of lands and forming settlements within the then British territory. Protracted negotiations took place between the Government of Great Britain and the United States, resulting in a final settlement of boundaries by the Ashburton Treaty, which gave to the latter power a large tract of country, including that over which about one-third of the route of the Quebec and St. Andrews line had been located. The settlement of the boundary by that treaty, in 1842, had therefore a most important bearing on the location of an Intercolonial Railway connecting the Canadas with the Maritime Provinces, and caused the abandonment of anything in the shape of a direct line, and the final adoption of a much longer route.

Between the time of Captain Yule's surveys and that of the final location of the railway, several schemes were projected and extensive surveys were made, amongst which were those of Captain Piper, Mr. Henderson, and Major Robinson, of the Royal Engineers. Major Robinson made a final report in 1848, recommending a route from Halifax to Truro, passing over the Cobequid Mountains, thence by the Gulf Shore, to the river Miramichi, thence by the Nipissiguit river, to the Bay Chaleur, and along the coast to the Metapedia, up its valley to the St. Lawrence, and thence along that river to Rivière du Loup and Point Levis, giving a line 635 miles in length, at an estimated cost of £5,000,000, sterling.

In 1863, Mr. Sandford Fleming was appointed by the Imperial Government, and by the Governments of Canada, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, to take charge of the surveys for an Intercolonial line. In 1864, the surveys

were in full operation, and early in 1865 a report was made, "setting forth the routes surveyed, and such projected lines as seemed worthy of notice." In all, fifteen different lines and combinations of lines, projected in various directions through the country, were compared. These are fully described in the present work, and are illustrated on a map accompanying it. The lines were grouped under three distinct heads, designated the "Frontier," "Central," and "Bay Chaleur" routes, the result of the survey being in favour of the last named.

The British North America Act, uniting the Provinces in the Dominion, came into force on the 1st July, 1867, and immediately after, the Engineer-in-Chief received instructions from the Government to make the necessary surveys for the final location of the proposed line. During the progress of the work, local controversies, differences, and difficulties arose in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, with regard to the route to be finally adopted on certain portions of the line in each Province, changes being urged in some instances on account of local works undertaken previously, and in others on account of connections being made with important mineral districts, where mining operations were in progress. To these difficulties were added the strongly expressed desire of the British Government in favour of a northerly route, touching at several points on the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence, as the best for the line as a work of military defence, and in view of the future importance of a harbour on the Bay Chaleur. All these details had to be considered before the final location of the line was made; and in the final selection of the route concessions had to be made, resulting in deviations which would not have approved themselves to the judgment of the Chief Engineer, viewing the subject from merely an engineering standpoint.

The railway, as constructed, extends for 178 miles through the Province of Quebec; crossing into New Brunswick at the River Restigouche, the length in that Province is 241½ miles. At the River Missiguash it passes into Nova Scotia, and terminates at Truro, 80 miles from the frontier of the Province. It there joins the line constructed, previous to Confederation, between Truro and Halifax, having a length of 60 miles. The whole length of the Intercolonial, between its termini at Rivière du Loup and Halifax, is 559½ miles, and up to the date of the publication of Mr. Fleming's book, the total expenditure thereon had been $21,569,136.79, on all services, including branch lines and rolling-stock. The average excavation per mile is stated to have been 32,210 cubic yards, and the average masonry used 410 cubic yards. On the whole line more than 200,000 cubic yards of masonry have been built, and the total excavation amounts to sixteen millions of cubic yards, from nine to ten per cent. of it being rock. The greatest altitude attained by the line is at Lake Malfait, in Quebec, 108 miles from Rivière du Loup, where it rises to 743 feet above the sea. In the Cobequid Mountains, in Nova Scotia, the line attains an altitude of 610 feet above the sea; and the highest elevation in New Brunswick is at Bartibogue, 514 feet above the sea level.

For 90 miles from Rivière du Loup the railway is within a short distance of the St. Lawrence, and the country is closely settled, the line passing several towns and villages, as Isle Verte, Trois Pistoles, St. Simon, Bic, Rimouski, St. Luce, St. Flavie, and Métis. In the neighbourhood of Lake Metapedia there is said to be a large area of good farming land. From near Lake Metapedia the line follows the valleys of the Metapedia and Restigouche Rivers to the Bay Chaleur, the shore of which it skirts, sometimes touching the beach, though generally about a mile therefrom, until it reaches Bathurst. It then leaves the shore in order to cross the promontory between Bathurst and Miramichi. The country here is slightly rolling, and comprises clayey, gravelly, peaty, and rocky soil. The rocks in the Restigouche district belong mostly to the Gaspé limestone series of the Upper Silurian. From Miramichi the line follows a comparatively straight course to Moncton, where it connects with the branch to St. John. Along this portion of the route the country is generally wild, though important settlements are not far distant. The distance from Moncton to Truro is 124¾ miles, and in this section occur the most crooked alignment, the greatest extent of curvature, the sharpest curves, the highest bridge, the deepest embankment, the steepest grade, and the second highest summit on the railway. Between Moncton and the Cobequid range the line crosses three belts of lower carboniferous rocks and two of the middle coal formation. The well-known Springhill coal-field is situated on the most southerly of the belts of the middle coal formation. On the southerly site of the Cobequid range a large vein of carbonates and oxides of iron is being worked by the Steel Company of Canada, and the construction of the Intercolonial and the branch to Pictou places the coal region midway between and within easy reach of two all but inexhaustible coal-fields.

With regard to the construction of the railway, it is fortunate for the country that the Engineer selected was a man well versed in the effects of the climate of Canada on such works. In his preliminary report, in 1865, he laid down certain principles of construction, adapted to meet all contingencies likely to result from winter cold, and snow, and these were adhered to throughout, except in a few cases where they were altered or opposed through the

want of experience of the Commissioners appointed to supervise the carrying out of the work.

The leading features of these principles of construction may be briefly enumerated as follows :—

1. Thorough drainage, and good ballasting.
2. Substantial masonry, and iron bridges.
3. The regulation of the widths of cuttings, so as to provide against the accumulation of snow.
4. Embankments, instead of trestle structures and open bridges.
5. Tunnels and pipe culverts, in lieu of the ordinary open or covered culverts crossing under railways, where such structures were practicable.
6. Steel rails, with fish or scabbard joints throughout, instead of iron rails.

Many other details of construction might be enumerated with regard to foundations, bridges, culverts, water-supply, and other matters, which are fully gone into by Mr. Fleming, and which indicate the solid and thoroughly permanent character of the work. These are, perhaps, chiefly interesting to the Engineering profession, but at the same time it must be a satisfaction to the people of the Dominion to be able to read for themselves evidence of the careful construction and solid character of this great national Railway, and to remember that the construction of our other national line, the Canadian Pacific Railway, is under the control of the same able Chief.

The maps accompanying the book illustrate the history of the earlier surveys; the disastrous effect of the settlement of the boundary question; and the positions of the heights of land, and the water-sheds referred to in the chapters detailing the difficulties in connection with the earlier locations of the line. The plates are good, and illustrate the character of the culverts and the more important bridge structures throughout, showing the difficulties met with in connection with their foundations, and the means successfully adopted to obviate them. On the whole the book is one that must be highly interesting to the non-professional as well as to the professional reader.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF THE LATE HON. RICHARD CARTWRIGHT, Member of the Legislative Council of the First Parliament of Upper Canada. Edited by Rev. C. E. Cartwright. Toronto: Belford Brothers. 1876.

We have here the memoir and some interesting literary remains of one of the first pioneers of British civilization in the Province of Ontario. The Hon. Richard Cartwright, the grandfather of our present Finance Minister, was born in the year of the taking of Quebec, and died in the year of Waterloo. The life consists of a funeral sermon preached by the late Bishop Strachan, who, in Mr. Cartwright found, at first, a generous patron, and afterwards a life-long friend. The subject of this memoir, was born at Albany, New York, and early conceived the design of entering the ministry, a purpose thwarted by the outbreak of the American War. The young student of Hebrew and Greek immediately took his side, which was that of His Majesty, and soon after accompanied Colonel Butler to Canada, in the capacity of one of the Queen's Rangers. After the war, the church being now out of the question, and the bar distasteful, Mr. Cartwright turned his attention to business. Still, the clerical bent never left him, as Dr. Strachan remarks in the memoir, "although Mr. Cartwright had found it necessary to relinquish his views of becoming a Minister of the Gospel, yet he indulged always in a serious turn of mind, and a strong predilection for the sacred character." But the U. E. Loyalist was no religious dreamer; he had physical difficulties to overcome, which would have dissipated the visions of the most enraptured mystic. The sturdy common-sense, the indomitable energy of the man, and his enlightened views on economic questions, made of him a prominent figure in that primitive state of society. He was soldier, merchant, shipbuilder, magistrate, preacher, and legislative councillor—in all a strong, good man, whose constant aim was the patient and thorough discharge of duty. At any time Mr. Richard Cartwright would have made his mark, and the record of his life is not only interesting, but valuable also in the highest degree. In the collection of letters, state papers, &c., which by the way are admirably classified, the modern politician will find no small amount of instruction, and the Canadian historian some valuable *mémoires pour servir*.

LEWIS'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS. By Richard Lewis. Toronto: Belford Bros., Publishers.

Of making many books there is no end, or the desirable limit would long ago have been reached in the department of "Readers," "Reciters," and "Elocutionists." The causes of their superabundance are not far to seek; their manufacture is, for the most part, very simple, and they command a large sale in these days when charity, that covers the multitude of sins, has made that of amateur reading so generally public. These books may be compiled with the laudable intention of improving the quality of such reading, or with the doubtful one of increasing its quantity; but it is manifest that they are bought generally, less for their instruction in elocution than for their "selections." It therefore becomes a matter for wonder that these are frequently so grotesquely ill adapted

to their purpose, or so lamentably hackneyed. Mr. Lewis's little book is perhaps less deserving of censure in this respect than the generality of its class. Though few, its selections are varied, and most of them well suited to their present objects ; while, familiar as they are in themselves, they have not been worn threadbare in padding out previous volumes of this kind. We are glad to see liberal use made of Bret Harte, whose writings give opportunities for most effective rendering. There is no elocutionary purpose to be served by the introduction of stupid vulgarity in Dutch dialect, and good taste would certainly dictate its rejection. The most useful part of the book is that which deals with articulation and the general cultivation of the voice. The exercises proposed by Mr. Lewis, with these objects in view, have the merit of being practicable and simple, and are described clearly and without a maze of technicalities. Some of them, indeed, we are disposed to think a little far-fetched; especially that which is recommended for inducing habits of carefulness in the sounding of syllables; *i. e.* to read them backwards: "Thus, a 'powerful government is respected,' read backwards—ted-pec-res is ment-vern-go (gu) ful-er-pow a." Besides the introductory "Hints and Suggestions," Mr. Lewis has appended at the foot of each page in the selections notes for the guidance of the reader. Most of them appear to be based on the assumption that he will be devoid of any such aid from nature as common-sense; but some, on the contrary, give him directions which would require a good deal of ingenuity to carry out. He is told, for instance, to read the line—

"When he awoke it was already night,"

with "a bewildered, but angry air." This hint may be valuable, but it is just a little bewildering.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA; OR FROM PALL MALL TO THE PUNJAUB. By F. Drew Gay, Special Correspondent of the London *Daily Telegraph*. Toronto: Belford Brothers, 1877.

Nowadays the press supplies those materials for History, which used to lie hid in the old chronicles of Domesday Book, Froissart, and had to be dug out from them with more toil than it requires to win coal or to wash diamonds. And when the dry bones were obtained, it needed all the scholarship and skill of a Hume, a Lingard, a Macaulay, or a Froude, to clothe them invitingly with flesh, and to dress up the antiquated skeleton in so shapely a guise, as to induce people to read History for its own sake, and not as a mere piece of duty or obligation. The historian of the future need not dread his task, as the work will be ready to his hand, and his chief labour will be to reject what is fabulous or exaggerated in colouring, to select what makes for truth and exactness, and then judgmatically to weigh the facts thus obtained, and present them to the world as an impartial view of the men, and manners, and actions of the period. Towards the fulfilment of this end, nothing can come in more usefully than the volumes published from time to time by the different newspaper correspondents, detailing the "moving accidents by flood and field" incidental to their calling. These are now becoming so numerous as to suggest the question—*Quæ regio in terrâ nostri non plena laboris?* The first formulating of the system of regular newspaper correspondence from head-quarters, is due to the English *Times* during the Crimean War, when the magic pen of Dr. Russell contrived to invest with the appearance of truth, what was in reality the most unfair piece of romancing ever palmed off upon an always too credulous public as an accurate chronicle of a war and a siege at whose incidents "all the world wondered." Since that day no public event of importance at home or abroad, that was likely to have any bearing either upon the present or the future history of an empire or a nation, has been allowed to want, not its chronicler, but its chroniclers; and as these were men confessedly representing different parties in politics, and often—as in the case of the Œcumenical Council—in religion, the productions of their facile pens cannot but greatly assist the future historian. Of course, all such works labour under several disadvantages, not the least of which are: that much of the interest attaching to the subjects on which they write is ephemeral, and, therefore, likely to die away with the appearance of the paper in which the letters first appear; secondly, that the subject-matter is written up in a manner too sketchy and familiar to be worth the trouble and expense of reproducing; and thirdly, that the subject itself is often not worth any consideration, after the lapse of a few weeks or at most a month. These objections, however, can hardly be predicated, in their integrity at least, of the work under notice. The visit of the Prince of Wales to India was one of too great political importance not to form an episode in the future history of England, we may say of the world. So vital are the interests at stake in conciliating the various peoples of our Indian Empire, that the temporary sojourn there of the eldest son of the Ruler over that vast portion of the British possessions, could not fail to be replete with events full of political significance, of adventures worthy of being noted down for the good of posterity, and of descriptions of nature, manners, and customs, that could not but throw great light upon the past history of the localities visited, as well as stereotype the actual state of affairs at the time of the Prince's visit, when the "kings barbaric" appeared in all the bravery of their "pearl and gold," and clothed in robes of enchantment

spots and scenes on which nature had already lavished her richest gifts. It is, therefore, with no slight satisfaction that we welcome Mr. F. Drew Gay's book, as a valuable contribution towards the future history of British India. At the time of the Royal tour, the letters which appeared in the columns of the London *Daily Telegraph*, the journal which Mr. Gay represented as special correspondent, attracted nearly, if not quite as much notice as those written by Dr. Russell to the *Times*, owing to the vividness of their style and the evident care which the writer had taken to ensure that his correspondence should be original, accurate in all its details, and lifelike in its portraiture. By republishing them in a collected and revised form, he has now brought them within the reach of every reader, and we imagine that they will not be least acceptable in Canada, the scene of so many royal visits, and perhaps, the most loyal of all England's colonies. To Messrs. Belford Brothers we owe the edition under review, nor is it too much to say that, as far as typography and get-up are concerned, the book will compare favourably with most works issued in the Old Country or in the States. The illustrations form the only faulty portion of the work, being coarse and indistinct, showing either hurry in working them off or inferiority on the part of the artist—perhaps a little of both. We may also notice that Mr. Gay's name appears as Mr. J. Drew Gay on the title-page, and Mr. F. Drew Gay on the outside boards, a little piece of carelessness which we merely notice, as a hint to both printers and publishers to do their very best to turn out absolutely faultless editions of every work they take in hand, so as to render it impossible for either Yankees or John Bulls to be even hypercritical.

MYSTIC LONDON. By the Rev. Charles Maurice Davies. New York: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

Mystic London, indeed! Well, it is no fault of Mr. Davies if, henceforth, London life presents no occult phases with which the diligent reader of his works will not be acquainted at a glance!

On the track of the "latest thing" in murders, or the "neatest thing" in table-turning, or the "sweetest thing" in spirit-hands, addicted, unfortunately, to playing fast and loose with their appointments (presumably, like Dickens's never-to-be-forgotten charity boy, who left in the middle of service, on account of "religious engagements elsewhere"); scenting out here an astrologer, there a man with health oozing out of his stubby finger tips, while five shilling fees ooze in return out of his patients grateful palms; rattling in a hansom to a barmaid show one day, and trudging on foot along the chalky roads of Epsom downs the next night; where will not this peripatetic philosopher hurry us, and where may we expect to be landed at last? Certainly if there existed a veritable practical trap-door in some remote part of Seven Dials, by which one might visit his Infernal Majesty's lugubrious regions, Mr. Davies would—well, perhaps not go down himself, but assuredly be found, note-book in hand, sniffing the sulphur at the brink, and making pen photographs of the hardier spirits who dared the steep descent. For it is his specialty to go to those places, and to see those sights, which, now-a-days, every one likes to read of, and no one cares to take the trouble to see. There *is* a pleasure in drawing up to the fire and giving a sort of slate-pencil-drawn-through-the-teeth kind of shiver, when we read of blue-nosed individuals standing on a spring plank in mid-winter, and holding up one clammy foot in the chill morning air like a meditative stork, preparatory to a Christmas dip in the Serpentine. And, on the whole, the sensible nineteenth-century reader prefers to go through the ordeal of getting up before day-break to see this sight, vicariously, and to enjoy the sensation we speak of when the tale is presented in the moist inner fold of his newspaper, or the crisper leaves of a handy little volume such as that now before us. We cannot help feeling for Mr. Davies, when Mr. Greenwood performed his celebrated feat, and defrauded the poor-law officials of a night's lodging, and an extra allowance of "toke" and "skilly," as an "amateur casual." How his brothers of the pen must have envied him! The pea-soup-like bath which formed the Rubicon, needful to be passed before the casual ward opened its doors and spread its hard couches for the journalistic pauper, must have seemed to them an anointing chrism that would cling to his locks forever, like the "divinity that doth hedge a king." Our author has wisely attempted no unseemly competition with that midwinter night's adventure. He has, it is true, depicted a lunatics' ball, but his genius did not soar to the pitch of getting committed to Colney Hatch himself for a short term, and learning by experience what such an institution is like from the inside.

Mr. Davies is not a little egotistical, no very glaring fault in a writer on light subjects, especially when, as is generally the case, the egotism is sufficiently conspicuous to hinder it from becoming misleading. Feeling himself, as it were, the eye by which several thousands of people will, in a short time, be looking at the scene with him, be it an east-end slum, an open air meeting, or a dark *séance*; knowing, moreover, that the majority of his readers will catch, from the tone of *his* narrative, the opinion he himself holds, it seems almost impossible for him not to be conscious of a certain power behind himself, as of a shareholder at a stormy meeting, who has the pleasing con-

sciousness that he holds enough proxies in his coat-tail pocket to swamp all opposition. Changing our metaphor a little, we may compare him to a transparent pair of spectacles of slightly tinted glass, so that the field of vision is, as it were, tinged, and we see not only the actual state of things, but the actual state of things *plus* Mr. Davies, which adds a quasi-dramatic interest to the descriptive portions of his work.

More than once, in reading his papers, we have reflected how intently man seems bent in the present day on studying the lowest and most degraded forms of life. Dickens probes deep into a den of thieves, and finds there hearts as falsely true as that knightly soul whose "faith unfaithful" rounds off one of Tennyson's most epigrammatic verses. He finds love in the hovel and dusty footed along the weary road sides, love as deep and self-sacrificing as any that ever swept the Athenian stage, and carried with it in its stately mimicry, the sympathetic tears and laughter of all who could be touched at the sight of sisterly or daughterly affection struggling hopelessly against an iron fate. He picks out a monthly nurse, snuffy, old, ugly, and hard-hearted—and lo! her bad habit of drinking makes even a Good Templar smile forbearingly; her vulgarity becomes humour; her bad manners are sublimed in the "hiccough of an angel who had previously slightly partaken of gin." Victor Hugo does not disdain to seek a lower depth; *his* height of self-abnegation is reached while fishing in the sewers of Paris. We repeat, how modern all this is! Never, before the era of Revolutions, do you find that eager scanning of the turbidest pools of human sin and sorrow, one of the latest outcomes of which now lies before us. Philanthropists, of course, studied a little here and relieved a trifle there; a statistician, an enlightened traveller, threw a gleam of light now and then upon the unrecorded history of the masses; a yet fuller light breaks upon us when we dive with Roderick Random into the underground cellars of old London, or when, out of the pages of Pepys, the hungry seamen and dockyard labourers clamour anew for their long deferred back pay. But, in those days, there was no going out of the way to seek these unpleasant and unsavoury facts; like a dark shadow blotting out a gay tapestry, they flitted across the joyous routine of court life, or obtruded themselves, a shrill wailing note, cutting athwart the pomp of martial music or the harmless piping and fiddling on the village green. None sought them out; a book such as this is would have found no public in the days of Lord Chesterfield; it is essentially a product of that deeper and sterner view of life we have all taken since first the *sans-culottes* shook the thrones of the world, and those who had no bread took to remedying their affairs by hanging the bakers. Possibly, (for is not all history a repetition?) in bygone days a similar state of things may have existed, and some priest of Isis may have risen at gray of morning, hired a hack chariot, and driven along the avenues of Karnac or Memphis, between rows of Sphinxes (rakish with the air of having been up all night, and their porphyry flanks glistening with the dews of the Libyan desert) to watch the amphibious Egyptian hobble-dehoy "peel" off his rags, and share the waters of the Nile with the gregarious crocodile and the obtuse hippopotamus. If, in addition to all this, he published accounts of his private interviews with one Moses (a foreigner, but who talked Egyptian with perfect grace and precision), and left his reader in a delightful state of doubt as to whether he thought this Moses a prophet, a conjuror, or a cheat, or something betwixt and between, and partaking of all their natures, the parallel would be almost complete, and we do not doubt that the good folks of Luxor read his lucubrations on "Mystic Memphis," with as much amusement and interest as we have certainly derived from "Mystic London."

AZALEA: A Novel. By Cecil Clayton. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1877.

It requires a special gift to write a novel of any sort, and a still more special gift to write one in which the scenes of fashionable London society shall be introduced by the writer, as though he were accustomed to mix in them day by day during the season. If this special gift is absent, the descriptions are apt to savour of the columns of the *Morning Post* or the New York *Herald*, and to be redolent simply of flunkeyism and the *disjecta membra* of the gossip served out by Jeames, after the wax-lights have burned down, and the heel-taps of the champagne bottles have been consumed by the liveried "gentlemen in waiting." Mr. Cecil Clayton, unfortunately for his reputation and for those who have invested fifty cents in the purchase of *Azalea*—improperly styled, *a Novel*—has not this special gift. Though filled with all the usual French words, without the use of which it is supposed the manners of the "Upper Ten Thousand" cannot be adequately described; though affecting accuracy as to the names of foreign hotels, and the scenery of thoroughly well-known and most commonplace continental localities, such as Ostend and Ems—the characters at whose gaming-table are too glaringly copied from Frith's celebrated picture on the same subject, for any one but the author to suppose originality was aimed at;—though padded with little bits about art, picked out of the guides to the South Kensington Museum or the National Gallery; though

passimented here and there with the false adulteries of the spurious metaphysics and the brummagem science talked by boarding-school misses in Grosvenor-square or Belgravia; and though redolent of snobbery as to the unfashionable—because Anglo-Indian—inhabitants of Westbourne Grove; Mr. Clayton nowhere conveys the idea that he has ever penetrated further into the mysteries of aristocratic life than the servants-hall of some "shoddy" millionaire-contractor, or approached nearer the boudoir of the lady of quality than the work-room of her maid. A would-be "blue" converted Jewess, her Hebrew origin redeemed by its extensive gilding; a poor attempt at a dilettante country squire, whose highest virtue is that he is a harmless nonentity, too indolent to injure any one but himself; a weakly-forcible parson, with a "rugged, plain, even ugly countenance," who had been muff enough to let the squire filch his lady-love away from him and yet was content; a specimen of an Etonian Oxford man, a first-class classic of sordid, money-grubbing mind, and therefore a fit match for his Hebrew cousin; a mild Colonel, a mawkish, we had almost written a maudlin baronet, both rejected lovers of the Iraelitish heroine; a very commonplace aunt, and a hoydenish Madge Lifford, who first elopes with and then runs away from a life-guardsman, and afterwards consoles the maudlin baronet by marrying him, make up the cast of a story, the most commonplace and insipid imaginable. Not a single incident in the tale rises beyond mediocrity, most of them hardly reach even that standard. Indeed, except to gratify the author's itch for appearing in print, we fail to perceive any reason for the publication of such a milk-and-water production. Of course it is harmless; it is too stupid to be otherwise; and even were it spiced with a suspicion of immorality, the author's utter inability to clothe this, in most modern novels, often too attractive element, would act, not as a complete antidote to the poison—for an antidote implies taking the deleterious stuff—but as a thorough preventive against the envenomed cup being even sipped, as we are sure that the attempt at getting over the first few pages will be to induce in our readers, as it did in ourselves, the most profound sleep. For that and that only we are grateful to Mr. Clayton, and now that we think of it, the *raison d'être* of his work must be to serve as a narcotic for over-wrought brains.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

THE CANADIAN ALMANACK; for the Year 1877. Toronto: Copp, Clark & Co.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE. By W. D. Howells. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

LEWIS'S READINGS AND RECITATIONS; adapted for Public and Private Entertainments. By Richard Lewis. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE, Queen of France. By Charles Duke Yonge, Regius Professor of Modern History and English Literature in Queen's College, Belfast. New York: Harper Bros., 1876.

A SMALLER CLASSICAL DICTIONARY OF BIOGRAPHY, MYTHOLOGY, AND GEOGRAPHY. Abridged from the Larger Dictionary. By William Smith, D.C.L., LL.D. With illustrations. New York: Harper Bros., 1877.

THE GEOGRAPHICAL DISTRIBUTION OF ANIMALS, with a Study of the Relations of living and extinct Faunas, as elucidating the past changes of the Earth's Surface. By Alfred Russell Wallace, author of the "Malay Acrhipelago." In two volumes. With maps and illustrations. New York: Harper & Bros., 1876.

AZALEA: A Novel. By Cecil Clayton, author of "Effie's Game." New York: Harper & Bros., Publishers, 1877.

THE PRINCE OF WALES IN INDIA; or, From Pall Mall to the Punjaub. By J. Drew Gay, Special Correspondent of the London "Daily Telegraph." Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

THE PRATTLER; a Picture and Story Book for Boys and Girls. Edited by Uncle Herbert. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1876.

FOOTSTEPS OF THE MASTER. By Harriet Beecher Stowe. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

THE PEARL FOUNTAIN, and other Fairy Tales. By Bridget and Julia Kavanagh. With thirty illustrations by J. Moyr Smith. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly Review* opens with an article by Mr. Chamberlain, sometime Mayor, and presently M.P. for Birmingham, on "Lapland; with some notes on Swedish Licensing." There is a good deal of interest in the description of the *terra incognita* of the Lapps; the scenery and the sport appear to be unexceptionable; although the difficulties of travel are formidable enough to deter any large number of tourists from following in Mr. Chamberlain's track. The latter portion of the paper is of more practical interest, and deserves the attention of temperance reformers. The Swedish municipalities have decided against the prohibitory system as visionary and impracticable; and in one case, that of Gothenburg, an original system has been adopted. All the licensed houses have been purchased, and the entire profits from the sale of liquors go into the coffers of the municipality. Every house is made an eating-house, and drinking without eating is discouraged. The manager of each tavern, who is under the strictest supervision, receives the profits accruing from the sale of food and beer, but the proceeds of the spirit sales go entirely and without deduction into the public chest. The manager, therefore, has no interest in pressing brandy upon his customers, and he has the deepest interest in keeping his house orderly; the result is that drunkenness has materially diminished, and the Swedes are so satisfied with the experiment, that they are about to try it on a much larger scale at Stockholm.

"Cross and Crescent," a paper by Mr. Frederick Harrison, is eminently characteristic of that vigorous essayist. Its tone is thoroughly judicial, and the considerations presented are so ably put, that both the friends and enemies of the Turk have claimed it as their own. Starting with the assertion that "the existing rule of the Porte is scandalously evil, and its system abominably corrupt," Mr. Harrison proceeds to enquire whether it is England's duty to interfere; and if so, why? This leads to an examination of the actual responsibility of the Powers, and the writer then exposes the absurdity of the *status quo* proposal. "It is mere self-deception," he says, "for Englishmen of the absolute *lassez-faire* school to repeat, that this country cannot undertake to set the world to rights, and must simply decline to interfere with Turkey. The *status quo* in the East does not mean not interfering. It means interfering to maintain a very active but veiled support. Ever since the Crimean War, at least, the existence of Turkey has been due to the fact that the Western powers oppose the extinction of the Porte; to the conviction, above all, that the whole strength of England would be thrown into the scale before the Turks should be driven into the Bosphorus. The one direct question of the day is this: 'Is England prepared to recognize and renew this standing engagement, and especially is she willing to renew it without conditions?'" To sum up the writer's general views in a few words is not an easy task, so thoughtfully are all the features of the case presented. His voice is in favour of real but qualified interference, because "the dangers of the *status quo* are distinctly greater than the dangers of action." There are three things to be dealt with in Mr. Harrison's opinion, and to these he directs attention in detail—"the need to satisfy (without war), the just agitation in Russia; the need to restore peace to the provinces of Turkey; the need to force the Porte to change its system, or to reduce the area of its scandalous misgovernment."

Mr. Edward Freeman's Essay on "The Law of Honour" is an analysis, historical and otherwise, of the so-called code of gentility, in which he compares it with the law of the land and also with the law of morality. His examples of honour are William Rufus and Francis I., and his conclusions are altogether adverse to the so-called law of honour, which he defines to be simply deference to the opinions of a particular class. Mr. Pater's "Study of Dionysus" is an elaborate examination, chiefly æsthetic, of the worship of the god of the vine, and its influence on art in Greece and Rome, and during the period of the Renaissance. In "Arthur Schopenhauer," by Franz Hueffer, is given an able sketch of the life and philosophical work of the great German pessimist; on the whole the picture is not attractive, but eminently sad; nevertheless the vindication of Schopenhauer's method is well worth attentive consideration. Mr. Bryce's object in his paper on "Russia and Turkey" is to vindicate Russia from the charge of making territorial aggrandizement her settled policy. This he does by examining her annexations during the century, both in Europe and Asia. He believes that England has made a great mistake in permitting the Czars to constitute themselves the peculiar champions of the Christian population in Turkey: "The mistake of England has been in leaving to Russia all these years, and more especially since the insurrection broke out in Herzegovina, the sole championship (real or apparent) of good government and the welfare of

the Christian population in Turkey." A "Mediæval Spanish Writer," by Mrs. Ward, is an extremely entertaining account, with illustrative extracts, of a Chauceresque writer, Juan Ruiz, Archpriest (or rural dean) of Hita, who flourished early in the fourteenth century.

In the *Contemporary Review*, Mr. Gladstone pleads the cause of Greece to the consideration of the powers, now that they have undertaken the solution of the Oriental difficulty. "The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem" is so moderate in tone as to elicit approbation from the *Saturday Review*, and from journals which have stigmatized the ex-Premier as a Russophilist. The paper opens with an account of a meeting at Athens, by which, "probably for the first time during two thousand years, the silence of the Pnyx was broken a few weeks ago." Judging from the speeches of Professors Kokkinos and Papparrhigopoulos (how odd these Romaic proper names look in Roman type!), the Greeks would appear to be dissatisfied that the Powers have not rewarded their pacific policy by some effort to redress the wrongs which their subject brethren of Thessaly and Epirus suffer at the hands of the Porte. Mr. Gladstone makes an earnest and forcible appeal on their behalf, in which he gives a complete account of the people, and a brief sketch of the history of Greece from the destruction of the Byzantine Empire in 1453. Mr. Francis Peek's paper on "Intemperance: its Prevalence, Effects, and Remedy," deals with an important and serious social problem in a temperate manner. A large portion of it is necessarily taken up with facts, figures, and inferences regarding the vice of drunkenness in England, and the results are appalling enough. Coming to the question "whether anything can be done to remedy this evil by parliamentary action, and, if so, whether the present is a case in which Government ought to interfere," the writer dismisses summarily some of the more superficial arguments of the *laissez faire* party. He believes that drunkenness bears a direct proportion to the number of drinking-shops; yet he does not favour Prohibition or even the Permissive Bill, on the ground that even if these were justifiable they would inevitably fail in practice. He favours the Gothenburg plan, but suggests a number of reforms tending to diminish the traffic and set rigid limits to its exercise.

Mr. Appleton concludes his critical examination of Mr. Matthew Arnold's prose writings, in "A Plea for Metaphysic." The writer contends that whilst Mr. Arnold took the true metaphysical view, driven to it by the exigencies of his polemic against the Liberal Philistine in "Culture and Anarchy," and against the Religious Philistine in "St. Paul and Protestantism," he has fallen off from that point of view, and become unsatisfactory and weak in "Literature and Dogma," and "God and the Bible." In short, that although Mr. Arnold fancies that he has emerged from the region of metaphysic, he has not really done so, but only got "out of the region of good metaphysic, into the region of bad metaphysic, of idols and illusions, such the Philistine knows and rejoices in"—in fact, that "he has descended to the Philistine's level." Mr. Newton's paper on "Greek Inscriptions," will be read with interest by students of epigraphy, inasmuch as it unfolds the chief results of modern research up to the present time. Mr. Fitch asserts, in "Universities and the Training of Teachers," that no means of instructing teachers of the higher schools have yet been adopted, and urges Oxford and Cambridge to take the matter in hand. The third part of Dr. Elam's "Automatism and Evolution," is as vigorous and telling as its predecessors. In the present instalment he assails the doctrine of the infinite variability of species, and takes much the same ground as Mr. St. George Mivart, although some of his positions have a novel appearance. Haeckel, Spencer, Huxley, and Darwin, all come in for some trenchant criticism, but the writer is especially hard upon the inconsistencies of Professor Huxley. The Rev. Bosworth Smith, the author of "Mohammed and Mohammedanism," puts in a plea in favour of Islam, which is exceedingly interesting and opportune at this time, when less than justice is being done to the teachings of the Arabian prophet, and to their influence on religion and civilization.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

FOR the present festive season of the year, Mrs. Morrison has very appropriately been providing her patrons with a feast of good things. Mr. Gilbert's fairy piece, "The Palace of Truth," as a Christmas spectacle; the Fifth Avenue Company from New York; Janauschek; and Neilson, make a goodly list for one month's entertainment. To begin with the last named, the production of Shakspere's "Twelfth Night," with Miss Neilson as *Viola*, is the most noteworthy event we have to chronicle. This fine comedy is but rarely produced on the

modern stage—much less often indeed than it deserves to be. It is many years since it was last played in Toronto; on which occasion Mrs. Morrison, then Charlotte Nickinson, personated the heroine. The last notable production in London was something like a quarter of a century ago, at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of the late Charles Kean. The cast on that occasion was a remarkable one. Mrs. Charles Kean appeared as *Viola;* Mr. Bartley, the greatest Falstaff of his day, as *Sir Toby Belch;* Mr. Meadows, an actor then unequalled in his particular line, as *Malvolio* (and a wonderful piece of acting it was); Harley, prince of Shaksperean Jesters, as the *Clown;* Mr. Cathcart, the gentleman who played here last year with Barry Sullivan, and who at the time we speak of was in his prime, and a very good actor, as *Sebastian;* the inimitable Keeley, as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek;* and his equally inimitable wife, as *Maria.* With such a cast the play could not be otherwise than a success; it had a long run and brought plenty of money into the treasury. A noteworthy point in the stage-setting was the garden scene, which was an exact reproduction, even to the positions of the different characters, of Mr. Leslie's well-known picture.

The *Viola* of Miss Neilson is somewhat difficult to characterize. It pleased us less than any other part we have seen this lady in. Her conception throughout was a radically false one. *Viola,* on her first entrance, has just escaped a shipwreck, in which she supposes her only brother, *Sebastian,* to have been drowned; in the following scene, disguised as a page, she falls in love with the *Duke,* who himself is in love with *Olivia.* Under these circumstances, *Viola* would naturally deem her love a hopeless one; and this feeling, coupled with her grief for her brother's loss, would make her prevailing mood, especially when alone, one of melancholy and depression. In Miss Neilson's hands, however, the general idea one gets of her is that of a pert, self-satisfied boy. It is true that at times, as in her discourse with the *Duke,* in which occurs the passage respecting patience "smiling at grief," earnestness and feeling are manifested, but they seem to be merely assumed for the nonce as a surface veneer covering real levity, rather than hidden depths revealed through an assumed disguise, in a moment of confidence.

The other characters in which Miss Neilson appeared, were *Juliet, Rosalind,* and *Pauline,* in the "Lady of Lyons." Her *Juliet,* we regret to say, manifested some signs of deterioration. The actress's physical resources are apparently not so great as they were; her voice is not so strong, or, at least, in level passages, does not seem to have so much of that carrying quality which on former occasions made her lightest tones audible in every part of the house. Other defects which have crept into the performance since it was seen here two years ago, are a tendency to over-elaboration and a straining after novelty. This was especially noticeable in the balcony scene, where the actress's changes of attitude and position were so frequent as almost to make the spectator himself feel restless and uncomfortable. Miss Neilson has played *Juliet,* we believe, considerably over a thousand times; and where a part is performed so frequently by an artist who makes it a subject of constant study, and who is continually adding a touch here and another there, the inevitable result is to overload it with detail. This result is especially to be dreaded in a part like *Juliet,* which contains so much in itself as to need but little elaboration. Moreover, some of the novelties added in the present instance, were the reverse of improvements: the throwing down of flowers on her lover at the close of the balcony scene savoured of clap-trap; the cutting short of the antechamber scene in the third act, so as to make it end with the parting of the lovers, rendered the subsequent portion, with father, mother, and nurse, far less effective; and the interpolation of the tableau of *Juliet's* tomb, between the fourth and fifth acts, was a poor piece of sensationalism. Only to think of it; "Romeo and Juliet" a vehicle for spectacle! But the worst of the novelties—the excision of the great scene in the third act, where the nurse brings Juliet the news of Tybalt's death at the hands of Romeo—remains to be animadverted upon. This scene is the crisis of the play, and the turning-point in the development of Juliet's character. Hitherto her existence has been the careless and happy one of a child; now the hard and terrible realities of life begin to press in upon her with a force which for the time is overwhelming. The result is to change the light-hearted and loving girl into a self-reliant, courageous, and devoted woman. Moreover, apart from its connection with what goes before and what comes after, the scene is, in dramatic power and in the scope which it affords for acting, the grandest in the play, next after the potion scene, and on Miss Neilson's last visit was acted by her with a power in every way worthy of it. To omit such a scene as this is simply an outrage on all dramatic propriety; it would be hardly less excusable to omit the play scene from "Hamlet." It is painful to be obliged to write such things of so great an actress as Miss Neilson, the more so because the blemishes which we have felt it our duty to point out, serve to mar a performance which, notwithstanding, is still, in all probability, the greatest piece of acting to be witnessed on the English-speaking stage of to-day.

It is a relief to have done with fault-finding, and we can turn with unalloyed pleasure to the other Shaksperean character pourtrayed by Miss Neilson. Her *Rosalind* is indeed the

perfection of romantic comedy. Here, at least, there is no falling off, but, on the contrary, a visible improvement, where improvement might have been thought hardly possible. Her *Pauline* remains much the same as before. In this we like her better in the second and fifth acts, rather than in the tempestuous scenes of the third and fourth, which now, as formerly, are of too tragic a cast. In the love passages in the second act, especially, her acting was exquisitely touching in its purity and depth of feeling, and moistened many an eye among the vast audience which greeted her on her farewell night.

Mr. Plympton, who accompanied Miss Neilson, is a young actor of considerable promise. His support was satisfactory throughout, his acting, though never rising to greatness, being generally spirited and intelligent. Mrs. Morrison's stock company also afforded fair assistance. Mr. Rogers was remarkably good as *Touchstone*, and as the *Clown* in "Twelfth Night;" Mr. Gregory was capital as *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, but murdered the part of *Capulet;* Mrs. Marlowe, as *Audrey*, repeated a well-known success, though with some exaggeration in the last scene, but was hardly sprightly enough as *Maria;* Mr. Sambrook showed great improvement as *Mercutio*, but is utterly unsuited to *Malvolio*, a part for which Mr. Rogers is much better adapted. Mrs. Allen is always careful and conscientious, and acted *Olivia* satisfactorily. The best piece of acting of the week, however, aside from Miss Neilson, was unquestionably the *Sir Toby Belch* of Mr. Couldock, a masterly and thoroughly Shaksperean impersonation of the roystering old knight. Miss Neilson, in taking leave of her audience on the last night, announced that she should return to Toronto before leaving for England in April, when she would produce Shakspere's great play of Cymbeline.

Madame Janauschek, who appeared at the beginning of last month, played four parts—*Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots*, in a fine translation of Schiller's noble drama; *Deborah*, in Mosenthal's play of that name, better known as "Leah, the Forsaken;" *Lady Dedlock*, and *Madame Hortense*, in an adaption of Dickens's "Bleak House;" and *Lady Macbeth*. Madame Janauschek was born in Bohemia, and is of the Czech nationality, a name less frequently heard formerly than in the present era of Pan-Slavist agitation. The actress is considerably past her meridian, but is still so unquestionably great as to inspire a regret at not having seen her in her younger days. She possesses in an eminent degree the two characteristic "notes" of the true tragic style—repose of manner, and reserve of force. She very rarely appears to raise her voice above the ordinary speaking tone; she does not, as is the fashion with many American tragediennes (so called) make the lungs do duty for the heart and brain. Her elocution, too, is so wonderfully good as almost to make one forget her rather pronounced foreign accent. These qualities, and a certain grandeur of manner, go to make up the most characteristic property of her acting as a whole—impressiveness. The several parts assumed by her were all so nearly on a level that it would be difficult to describe one as better than another; as *Madame Hortense* she even showed herself a perfect mistress of the art of character-acting. Perhaps, however, the passage in which she was greatest was the last act of "Mary Stuart." We never heard anything on the stage more thrilling than her utterance of the brief prayer in this scene; and the mingled solemnity and pathos of the whole preparation for her terrible fate were impressive to the last degree, so that the spectators were awed into an almost deathlike stillness. In the sleep-walking scene in "Macbeth" she more nearly reproduced the mystery of sleep than any other actress we remember, so that one might almost imagine that she *was* asleep. In some other respects, however, her rendering of this scene was inferior to that of Mrs. Scott Siddons. In "Bleak House" she gave us another extremely beautiful piece of acting, in the scene where she discloses to her daughter the secret of her birth. The part of *Deborah* is a very unpleasant one, notwithstanding that it affords considerable scope for the actress. Madame Janauschek was equally fine in the terrible scene where she curses her recreant lover, and in the affecting scene of reconciliation at the end. It is to be regretted that the audiences during her engagement were not large, a circumstance no doubt due to the fact of her being almost unknown in Toronto.

The Fifth Avenue Company, who appeared in "Pique" and "Divorce," were somewhat disappointing. We have so recently given our opinion of "Pique," that it is unnecessary to say anything here respecting this fine drama. The performance as a whole was markedly inferior to that of Mr. McDowell's Company. Miss Coombs, in the first act at least, looked the part of the society belle, *Mabel Renfrew;* and in the highly dramatic scene with her husband, in the second act, showed considerable force. But her voice and utterance, in level passages, are terribly monotonous, at times almost degenerating into a drone. The lady who created the most favourable impression was Miss Gilman, as the servant girl, *Raitch*. Her performance was wonderfully bright, vivacious, and clever; but she over-acted the part, and consequently made it artificial, a fault which should of all things be avoided in such a character.

The Christmas spectacular piece, Mr. Gilbert's "Palace of Truth," through slight in texture, is bright and witty. It was very well put

on the stage, the first scene in particular being very pretty, Incidental to the piece was some remarkably agile, though not particularly graceful, dancing by M'dlles Bonfanti and De Vere, of New York fame.

The management of the Royal Opera House has again succumbed to financial pressure, and the theatre has passed into the hands of the proprietor, Mr. French, who announces his intention of becoming his own manager. The principal piece produced during the month was "Monte Christo." The adaptation from Dumas' wonderful romance, was mainly for spectabular purposes, and in this view was successful; the carnival scene at the close being particularly good. Mr. Warner, as *Monte Christo*, and Miss Miles as *Mercedes*, were good; and the *Caderousse* of Mr. Ketchum, though not free from exaggeration, was exceedingly humourous. The Christmas spectacle was "Undine," in which Miss Miles filled the part of the heroine charmingly. Incidental to the piece were, the Japanese, Sanburo, in his wonderful performances on the tight ahd slack ropes; and the Austins, in their clever military drill. Miss Paynter, also sang a couple of songs acceptably. This promising young actress has a remarkably fine mezzo-soprano voice, which deserves careful cultivation; in which case we can bespeak for her a high place in the future as a singer.

LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Hayden, of the United States Geological Survey, is about, says the *Athenæum*, to publish a work on the great hill-ranges of Colorado, Nevada, Utah, and Idaho. The work, profusely illustrated, will be published simultaneously in English, French, and German.

The first volume of Mr. Herbert Spencer's "Principles of Sociology" is completed and will be published immediately in London, and also by the Messrs. Appleton, in New York. It forms the sixth volume of the "Synthetic Philosophy." It is a subject for much regret that Mr. Spencer's health is not what his friends would wish it to be, and that it may be some months before he will be able to be at work again.

A work entitled "Charles Kingsley: his Letters, and Memoir of his Life," has just appeared in London, from the press of H. S. King & Co. It is in two volumes, and contains two steel portraits and numerous illustrations; also a fac-simile of his handwriting. The work is edited by his widow.

Captain Nares is writing an account of the Arctic Expedition which recently returned to England.

A new drama by Tennyson, entitled "Harold," has just been published in London by Messrs. H. S. King & Co. A Canadian copyright edition is also in preparation.

Captain Burnaby's work, the appearance of which has been looked for with interest for some time, has just been published in London, under the title "A Ride to Khiva; Travels and Adventures in Central Asia." There does not seem to be anything particularly new in it; but portions are of much importance as bearing upon the present complication in Europe. Captain Burnaby reports that the Russian officers with whom he associated all look on war with England in Asia as only a question of time, "while the Cossacks' day-dreams are of the plunder of India." He learned too that in Tashkend, also, war is looked upon "as certain soon to happen, the Russian inhabitants of that city talking about India as a mine of wealth, from which they would be able to replenish their empty purses."

Mr. William Black's new novel, founded, in part at least, on his recent American experiences, will appear with the new year, in the London *Examiner*.

Mr. Motley, the American historian, is writing an historical novel. It will appear simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic, probably in the spring.

Messrs. Harper Brothers have just published an American edition of Mr. A. R. Wallace's "Geographical Distribution of Animals," a work which has been pronounced worthy of a place on the shelf beside Lyell's "Principles of Geology" and Darwin's "Origin of Species."

The January number of *Macmillan's Magazine* contains an article by Goldwin Smith on "The Ascent of Man."

Messrs. Appleton have nearly ready for publication the autobiography of the Hon. W. H. Seward, with a later memoir by his son, Frederick W. Seward, late Assistant Secretary of State. The work will be sold by subscription only.

The Rev. J. M. Capes has in preparation an "Essay on the Growth of the Musical Scale and of Modern Harmony," in which he will show, as he believes, for the first time, "that both the one and the other are the natural development of the musical idea in the collective consciousness of musicians of successive ages, under the irresistible influence of the facts of atmospheric vibration."

Mr. A. H. Dymond, M.P., formerly editor of the London *Morning Star*, and now of the *Toronto Globe*, was recently unanimously elected an honorary member of the Cobden Club, on the motion of Mr. T. B. Potter, M.P., seconded by Sir Louis Mallet.