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[No. 2.

A "POTLATCH" AMONG OUR WEST COAST INDIANS.

BY J. D. EDGAR.

SOME readers of a Canadian magazine may have become acquainted with the Red man as he appears upon his reserves of land throughout Ontario ; but from that they can form no correct idea of his habits, polity, pastimes, and eccentric conduct generally, upon the Pacific coast of the Dominion. After being accustomed to see the Iroquois and kindred tribes, one cannot avoid contrasting their very form and appearance with the characteristics of the West Coast natives. The latter have broad, flat-heads, set upon rather undersized bodies, which in their turn are supported by apologies for legs. The art of distortion has given shape to the head by means of continued pressure ; while the art of navigation has for generations lessened the necessity for using the legs wherever the paddle could be made to do their work.

The native American denizens of the wood, the plain, or the mountain, seem to

possess a more gainly frame and countenance than their fellow savages whose home is among the countless islands of the North Pacific Coast. Deer and buffalo furnish a more substantial article of diet than clams and salmon ; and the efforts employed in the capture and assimilation of the one class of provisions may be more conducive to a good physical development than the simpler methods of securing the other. In April of this year there was a most favourable opportunity for observing the characteristics of the "Flat-Heads of the Pacific Coast," while engaged in carrying out an ancient and laudable custom. The rank of Ty-ee, or Chief, is still an object of lofty ambition among these people, although the temporal power attached to the office seems to be fast waning under the light of civil government and British laws. There may be some sort of hereditary claim to the rank, such as will give a son the first right to show himself a

worthy successor of the paternal Ty-ee, but there are many other requisites to secure the acknowledgment of the dignity. The "claimant" must do more than prove that his mother had acknowledged him as the true heir. He must be a man of intelligence and eloquence. Formerly, he must also have been a proved and scalp-laden warrior. These accomplishments, however, would be all in vain, if the candidate neglected the greatest of all flat-head virtues, viz., the profuse giving away of gifts. Can there be in this rude custom or instinct of the poor savage—pagan and unbeliever though he be—something that may be held to emulate the highest and brightest of Christian virtues, and fill his simple soul with a sense of attempting to do at least his duty towards his neighbour? It may be nothing more than an ignorant following of old traditions, yet it remains as a fact that to-day, among the despised Western aborigines, not only the rank of chief, but all other subordinate social positions, can alone be achieved and maintained by lavish public "benevolences." At irregular intervals, and in uncertain places, great gatherings are held, sometimes of many tribes, for a "pot-latch," or gift distribution.

These strange customs have had their origin in some dead past which no ray of historical light can ever penetrate; yet they are not without their lesson for those who, like Longfellow, when he sings his Indian legend,—

— "Have faith in God and Nature,
 Who believe that in all ages
 Every human heart is human:
 That in even savage bosoms,
 There are longings, yearnings, strivings
 For the good they comprehend not;
 That the feeble hands and helpless,
 Groping blindly in the darkness,
 Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
 And are lifted up and strengthened."

The grandest affair of the kind that has been held upon Vancouver Island for many years, came off in April last, at Victoria.

Across the snug little harbour, at a point where it narrows to about 200 yards in width, opposite the busiest of the wharves, there is an Indian Reserve of considerable extent. The ordinary residents number only about three hundred, and have been reduced from several thousands by the proximity of civilization, which means to them—whiskey, demoralization, and death. A few weeks ago I was looking through a large lodge in this reserve, when an intelligent young Indian complained to me in his broken English, that "long time ago plenty Indians in this house—whiskey kill 'em—whiskey kill all my faders, all my modders, all my brodders, all my cousins." He also explained that liquor was sold every day by white men, and was very indignant about it, yet his zeal for temperance was somewhat questioned by me afterwards when he stood up, and turned out to be so very drunk himself that he could barely stagger along. The houses or lodges of the Coast Indians have been well described by Chief Justice Begbie, as "roomy and substantial, being a sort of one story card castle, (only firmly fastened,) of axe-hewn timber." They can accommodate a number of families, who sleep, cook, and live most harmoniously in the one large room. The different fires are lighted upon the floor of earth, and the smoke has to take its own chance of escaping from the domestic hearths through chinks or knot-holes. It serves effectually to dry and smoke the fish and venison hanging from the roof-tree, and does something to conceal the effluvia of varied repasts, and the indescribable "ancient and fish-like smell" that pervades the interior and vicinity of the lodges. The roofs are supported by strong posts, sometimes carved and painted most grotesquely. In the lodge of the Chief of the Songhees, at Victoria, there are a few curious carvings. This chief is known among whites as "Jim," and among his followers as "Skomi-ax," or fir tree. Tall wooden figures, ten feet in height, are found there,

with huge heads of superhuman aspect—the hair painted blue, the flesh red, and eyes white. In the arms of one monster, and crawling up his body, are huge black lizards or crocodiles. This animal does not certainly represent the crest, or totem, of Skomi-ax, but is probably a traditional symbol of stupendous import, which "Jim" delights to parade on rare and momentous occasions. The figures are set off by a coat of very fresh paint, and so much valued is this conglomeration of carving and sign-painting art by its proprietor, that the first time I saw it he had veiled the faces with pieces of calico. An incident occurred connected with these very calico curtains, that affords a curious illustration of the expansive and assimilating power of language. There is among the West Coast Indians a dialect of commerce that fills the place of interpreters between the white and red men, and even between the native tribes themselves. This is known as "Chinook," and is a jargon that would surprise philologists in its extraordinary power of expression, with an extremely limited vocabulary, and scarcely any grammatical inflections. It is neither Indian, French, nor English, but a curious combination of all—with an addition of eccentric words, that are probably the result of mere whim. I wish Max Müller had a good dictionary of it sent to him, and then heard the varied uses to which simple words are applied by changes of relative position and accentuation. He might be puzzled in reconciling this curious tongue with the latest theories of the origin of language. Few Indians understand English, and fewer whites understand the native languages, but almost every native can speak Chinook, and so can all the whites who meet or trade with him. The letter "r" is unknown in the language, and when they adopt a French or English word containing that letter, it is changed to "l." As for instance, "lalam" is "oar," evidently French, and "lope" is our "rope." Some of the words convey profound sugges-

tions, and it can not be considered difficult to trace out the idea which led the framers of the tongue to indicate the habits of the dusky maids of the forest by calling a mirror "She-look-um." To return to the carved figures in the lodge of Skomi-ax, which suggested this digression—we were lifting up the curtains with our walking-sticks when a gentleman with me asked an Indian, in Chinook, why they covered up the figures. He answered with a laugh, "Hy-as ty-ee (great chief) putten-on-airs!" My friend admitted the entire novelty of the expression, but we felt its force.

The Indians gathered to this Potlatch to the number of over two thousand, and came from the East Coast of the Island, and a few even from Puget Sound, in American Territory. The latter are called in Chinook, "Boston" Indians, as distinguished from British or "King George" Indians. They all belong to the tribes who speak the Songhee tongue, or are their ancient allies. They arrived in canoes, which, to the number of several hundred, were drawn up on shore. Some of their canoes are forty feet long, hollowed each out of a single tree, and with about five feet beam. The larger ones are fearlessly taken out many miles in the Pacific Ocean, carry a sail very well, and can live in almost any sea. They are of an entirely different model from the birch-bark canoe of the East, running up quite high fore and aft, and with beautiful lines. They are built in a faultless way, and always without either drawings or measurement—simply by the eye. It seems as if the canoe were a result of the same kind of instinct that teaches the bird to build her nest.

There are intervals during the time of the festivities that are not employed in gift-making, and something of interest is always going on. The natives are inveterate gamblers, and although I have seen the Indians playing cards in Nebraska and Utah, near the railway stations, yet the west-coast tribes stick to their traditional game of "Lahal-

lam." It is played with ten flat circular pieces of wood, about two inches in diameter, seven of which are blanks, and three only are winning horses. The two players sit opposite each other upon neat mats pinned to the ground, often with silver skewers. The stakes are always planked out when the bet is made, and the I O U system is not recognized. The player who begins takes the pieces in his hands, and shakes them about a great deal under a mass that looks like oakum, but is really the fibre of the inner cedar bark. His object is to confuse the opponent as to the whereabouts of the king pieces, and he then divides his oakum into two parts, each having concealed in it five pieces. These two handfuls of tow he changes about from hand to hand, and, after any amount of thimble-rigging, the adversary is challenged to choose the hand in which the highest pieces are hidden. If the player wins he continues to play and score on the game, but loses his hand upon a successful guess by the opponent. Side bets are going on all round the "table," and a lucky player will sometimes be backed by all his tribe. There is continually to be seen, as stakes on one game, \$40 or \$50 in silver and gold coin, besides several rifles and fowling pieces. In betting guns, there are often a few half dollar pieces laid upon the one of less value, to make it a fair bet. The excitement is so intense that I have seen more than one pair of boots pulled off and put up as a side bet, when the "sport" had nothing else available; yet an absolutely immovable countenance, and an unconcerned demeanour, are preserved by winner as well as loser. It is not unusual for one of them to lose a hundred dollars at a sitting. To imagine that a West Coast Indian is poor, is a great mistake; he often has hoarded many hundred dollars of wealth in coin or kind, which he delights to gamble or give away. His wants are easily supplied, and if he be a good hunter, fisherman, or trapper, he can easily

make a round sum each year above his actual needs.

While a crowd may be surrounding the gamblers' mats, the visitor will probably find, not far away, some very different and more solemn proceedings. When so many are together, there always have been recent deaths amongst them; and it is an interesting and sad thing to witness the custom of mourning for their dead. Women gather round a fire, and, squatted on the ground, pour forth their grief—real and assumed—in melancholy wailing, and monotonous chaunts. They recount, in simple words, the good qualities of the departed whom they mourn, and do not forget him even in the midst of their festivities. One poor old woman was weeping and singing alone over a fire, and I asked a gentleman, who has long been familiar with their language, to listen and interpret what she said. He told me she was mourning for her child, singing and repeating—"O my child, he was a chief, he was a chief; why did he leave me? O my child, O my child!" It is a curious thing about their notions of the dead, that it is not allowed among them to utter the name by which the deceased was known when living. I have tried to ascertain from many intelligent men, who have spent a great part of their lives with the West Coast Indians, what is the orthodox religion among them, but few can give any decided opinion. There seems to be a clear idea that good men have some future existence, and may be again incarnate. A boy has been pointed out as being an old chieftain of distinction re-born in the tribe, and it has been clearly proved to be so by the existence of a birth-mark upon the child's side, just such as (old men said) the chief had. As to the bad men, and all the ladies, I fear that small provision has been made for them in the Indian heaven; and I hope that none has been made for them in the other place. It is clearly understood that each one has a guardian spirit; or, at least, that every

respectable Indian ought to have one, and should be able to find, and speak with his "familiar." There are great ceremonies—in fact they are literally "mysteries," as far as white men are concerned—whereat young men are starved and worked upon until they are in a state of ecstasy, or *dementia*, perhaps, and are then driven off to the woods, to remain there night and day without food until their familiar spirits appear to them and tell them what occupations are lucky for them. They return and become hunters, fishermen, medicine-men, or canoe-builders, according to the result of their spiritual interview. There seems thus to be something sacred and honourable stamped upon all their occupations. If a young man should return from the woods, admitting (as strangely enough one occasionally does admit) that he has not found his familiar, he is ever after despised, and called "kultus," i.e. bad, good for nothing, contemptible in every way.

It was upon the arrival of a fleet of canoes to take part in the festival, that some of the most curious performances were to be witnessed. Skomiak called upon his followers to welcome the strangers. They rushed to the shore in a crowd, shouting and laughing, and bearing gifts. Blankets were tossed into the canoes, and both fowling pieces and rifles were flung into the sea, to be dived for by the young men. In return for this welcome, the newly arrived guests made speeches from the canoes, and sometimes they considered it appropriate to extend a platform of boards between two canoes, and to dance furiously upon it for half an hour. One family took that opportunity to distribute as gifts the entire personal property of one of their number who had recently died. His widow was making an oration from a canoe during the whole time of the distribution. She gesticulated and howled with a wild, frenzied enthusiasm; and when I received the explanation that she was recounting the virtues and prowess of the departed,

it occurred to me that many of her fairer sisters, in the face of the same domestic affliction, would probably have spared their breath, and saved their blankets to furnish a second establishment.

The personal attractions of the flat-head maidens are not of a high order, and their complexions are often obscured by artificial means. They paint and powder, but not with good taste. There are some much fairer, and really rather handsome women among the Hydats, or tribes towards the north of Vancouver Island. They throng the streets of Victoria, yet their shameless lives do not render them at all less welcome, when they return home with gaudy dresses on their backs, and with English oaths upon their tongues.

A remarkable degree of skill is shewn in some of the carving in bone and stone, by the coast tribes. They can also work up pretty devices in silver and gold. Out of silver quarter and half dollar pieces, are made by them neat rings, and richly carved bracelets. In earrings they seem to appreciate size rather than grace; for many of these stately old savages take a strange delight in hanging strings of clam and oyster shells to their ears. When the more useful portion of their attire is examined, it is found to consist, in the main, of ready-made "store clothes," often surmounted by a red, blue, or green blanket. If a shirt be purchased of unusual brilliancy of pattern, it is generally considered a mistake to hide any part of it; and in such cases it is either worn outside of the nether garments, or the latter are for the time dispensed with, as I witnessed in some startling instances on the Frazer River.

Let us picture a couple of thousand of these curious people gathered together at the call of Skomiak to his great Potlatch. They are there, all ages and sizes, from the old medicine men to the one, two, three and more "little Ingins." The soft spring weather of April, in Vancouver Island, seems

to entice them out of their huts into the open air; neither is it possible that they can fail to feel the influence of the lovely spot where they are assembled. No place I have ever seen at all approaches in beauty the site of Victoria. On the picturesque shores of the Straits of Fuca, and possessing a beautiful little harbour of its own, it has every charm of a sea-side town. The slopes, the rocks, the trees, the drives, and the parks in the town and vicinity, are unequalled; but its greatest and unending charm is the view it commands of grand, majestic, snow-clad mountains. The archipelago of the Gulf of Georgia—including the unfortunate San Juan Island—is beautiful enough, but you must look over and beyond all that to see, far in the east, the glacier sides of Mount Baker, standing up silent and white against the sky, fourteen, thousand feet above the blue waters of the Pacific. To the south—just across the narrow straits—and stretching along the coast for a hundred miles, is the mighty Olympian range, with summits always hid in snow and ice. When seen from a point of view about a mile inland, these mountains appear to overhang the town. You cannot step out into the street without feeling yourself in the presence of those sublime and rugged peaks, which thus seem to belong far more to Victoria than to the American Territory where they are. Skomiox does well to gather his tribe and people here.

For several days during the arrival of the strangers, there are a great many small pot-latches. In fact, it seems impossible for any family to refrain from giving away all their spare movables. They mount upon the roof of one of the lodges, and gather about them their blankets, guns, and silver coins. Women and children beat time with sticks upon the wooden roof, to a monotonous chaunt sung by the whole family, and which serves the double purpose of attracting the crowd to the place, and exciting the singers to generous deeds. The father or mother

then makes a speech—sometimes, as elsewhere, they both talk at once—and the great value of their gifts is dilated upon with a vehemence and volubility intended to be most impressive. To describe one blanket distribution will suffice for all. The donor holds up in his hands the article he is to give away, and calls by name the favoured individual who is to receive it. Unless the latter comes to the front at once, his name is echoed from a score of throats until he makes his appearance. There is never any unseemly haste on his part to receive the gift, but in a slow, stately, and almost sulky way, he walks up and takes it, without any pretence at saying "thank you." After this proceeding has been carried on until it has become monotonous, there is a call from the roof for the young men to come forward. Then begins a scene of savage delight. From all sides the young braves rush up, each bearing what looks like a long white spear, but is only a wooden pole ten or twelve feet long, with some spikes or nails driven in near its top, to assist them in catching the blankets. When the blanket is thrown from the roof of the lodge, far up into the air, there is an exciting scramble. The poles flash in the sun, and are all thrust forward to secure the prize, amidst a mighty tumult of shouting and laughter. When one seems to have secured it, and is bearing it away over the heads of the crowd, he is perhaps suddenly waylaid, and loses it to the bearer of another pole. Not until the prize is safely folded in the arms of a contestant, is he recognized as having won it. Several of these struggles are often going on simultaneously to secure blankets thrown out in quick succession. Even when guns and rifles are tossed from the roof, the poles are so closely serried that they often catch them before they reach the heads or hands below. I saw an interesting struggle for a rifle which had been first caught by a man, who was either unpopular or considered a good subject for trifling with. The young

men rushed upon him and laid as many dark hands upon his prize as it could accommodate with room. They pushed, and jostled, and teased him, until their horse-play resulted in depriving him of all clothing except his shirt. Even then he was allowed peaceable possession of the firearm only upon promising to pay a "bit," or 12½ cents, to each of the others who had "a hand in." I saw a clever plan adopted for giving interest to a scramble for coins. A number of half-dollar pieces were firmly nailed up between two long strips of half-inch boards. The strips were hurled down at the crowd, who seized and tore them apart, scattering the silver shower in all directions for the general good. It was difficult to ascertain the exact value of the whole of the gifts, but it was estimated by some people, whose information was very accurate, to have been from \$8,000 to \$10,000 during the week. This seems a large sum for "Lo" (the poor Indian) to squander, but I witnessed Skomiak distri-

buting, in blankets alone, one thousand dollars' worth. In one day he opened and gave away twelve new bales of them, which had been bought in Victoria by him at about \$90 per bale in hard cash.

The substantial competence of our West Coast aborigines is established beyond doubt, by watching them on such occasions as I have here attempted to describe. All they have they earn, as much as the white man earns his money. They are not one day butchered and another pauperized, on the American system, which is expensive, cruel, and inefficient. The thoughtful treatment of our Indians by the Hudson Bay Company, in the first instance, has tended to make them as peaceful and industrious as they are. It remains now for our Government to keep them strictly to an understanding that their rights will be secured to them as they are to the whites; but that in return for such treatment they must submit to the rule of life which the white man's law prescribes.

MY OLD PET NAME.

Long years ago, and I a boy, it came—
 My old pet name;
 As though some tender birdling on my breast
 Had flown to rest,
 And stayed awhile, and sung—my heart to greet—
 His song of "Sweet :"
 " Sweet days, sweet hours,
 " Sweet sun, sweet flowers,
 " Sweet smiles, sweet youth,
 " Sweet heart, sweet truth,
 " Sweet face, sweet eyes,
 " Sweet hopes, sweet sighs,
 " Sweet friends, sweet throng,
 " Sweet life, sweet song."
 And all was "sweet" throughout my birdie's song.
 It was not long;
 Yet so, of all the joy and gladness of his trill,
 My heart took fill;
 I do, indeed, suppose it were not best
 He so should rest
 Through all my life; though I, in truth, were fain
 He would remain.
 Perhaps his songlet would but mock me now,
 Ah me! I bow,
 'Tis better so, that he should fly away—
 I've had my day.

GERMAN LOVE.*

PREFACE.

WHO has not once in his life sat down at a desk where shortly before sat another who now rests in the grave? Who has not opened the drawers which for long years hid the secrets of that heart which now lies in the holy calm of the churchyard? Here are the letters which were loved by him, the loved one; here are drawings, and volumes, and books, with marks on every page! Who can now decipher them? Who can gather together the faded and scattered leaves of this rose, and endue them once more with living fragrance? The flame which among the Greeks received the body of the departed for fiery destruction—the flames into which the ancients threw everything that had been dear to the living, are still the safest depositories of these relics. With trembling emotion the bereaved friend reads those pages which no other eye has yet seen, save the one now closed for ever, and when a rapid glance has satisfied him that they contain nothing which the world calls important, he throws them hastily on the glowing coals: they flame and are gone.

From such flames the following pages are saved. They were intended at first only for the friends of the lost one, and yet they have found friends amongst strangers, and may therefore, as so it is to be, wander forth again into the world. The Editor would gladly have given more, but the pages are too much torn to be collected and pieced together again.

MAX. MÜLLER.

Oxford, 1874.

FIRST RECOLLECTION.

CHILDHOOD has its mysteries and its wonders, but who can describe them—who can interpret them? We have all wandered through this silent enchanted forest; we have all at one time opened our eyes in a perplexity of happiness, and the fair reality of life has overflowed our souls. Then we knew not where we were, or who we were; the whole world then was ours, and we belonged to the whole world. That was an eternal life, without beginning and without end; without interruption; without pain. Our hearts were bright as the sky in spring, fresh as the scent of the violet, calm and holy as a Sunday morn.

Yet, it is so sweet to look back to the spring-time of life—to gaze into its sanctuary—to remember. Yes, even in the sultry summer, in the sad autumn, and cold winter of life, there comes now and then a spring day, and the heart says, "I, too, feel as if it were spring." Such a day it is to-day, and so I lie down on the soft moss in the fragrant forest, and stretch my weary limbs, and gaze upwards through the green leaves into the infinite blue sky, and think, how was it then in childhood?

All seems forgotten, and the first pages of memory are like an old family Bible. The opening leaves are quite faded, and somewhat crumpled and soiled. Only when we turn further on, and come to the chapters which tell how Adam and Eve were driven

* Translated from the third German edition.

out of Paradise, it all begins to be clear and legible. Yes, and if we could but find the title page, with the place and date of the printing! But that is entirely lost, and we only find instead a clean page of writing—the certificate of our baptism; and there it stands—when we were born, and how our parents and sponsors were called, so that we need not think of ourselves as “editions” *sine loco et anno*.

Yes, but the beginning—if there were only no beginning, for with the beginning all thought and memory cease! And when we thus dream back into childhood, and from childhood into eternity, it seems as if the dark beginning always receded, and the thoughts follow, yet never reach it—just as a child seeks the spot where the blue heaven rests on the earth, and runs and runs, and the heaven always recedes before him, yet always rests on the earth; and the child becomes tired, and never reaches it.

But I think I can still remember when I saw the stars for the first time. They may have often before seen me; but one evening it seemed to me that it was cold, though I lay in my mother's lap; and I shuddered, and was chilled or afraid—in short, something within me made me more than usually observant of my tiny self. Then my mother showed me the bright stars, and I wondered, and thought “how prettily mother has made all that.” Then I felt warm again, and probably went to sleep.

Then I remember how I once lay on the grass, and everything round me waved and nodded, and hummed, and buzzed; and there came a whole swarm of small, many-footed, winged creatures, and they sat on my forehead and eyes, and said, “Good morning.” Then my eyes hurt me, and I called my mother, and she said, “Poor boy, how the midges have stung him.” I could not open my eyes, or see the blue sky any more; but my mother had a bunch of fresh violets in her hand, and I felt as if a dark blue, cool, aromatic fragrance passed through

my brain; and even now, when I see the first violets, I recollect this, and feel as if I must shut my eyes that the dark blue sky of those days may again rise over my soul. Yes, and then I remember how again a new world opened to me, and it was more beautiful than the world of stars and the scent of violets. It was on an Easter morning. My mother woke me early, and before the window stood our old church. It was not beautiful, but it had a high roof, and a lofty tower, and on the tower a golden cross, and it looked far older and greyer than the other houses. Once I had wished to know who lived there; and I looked through the grated iron door. But inside it was quite empty, and cold, and awful—not one living being even in the whole house; and since then I had always shuddered as I passed by the door. Now this Easter day it had rained in the early morning, and then the sun had risen in full splendour, and the old church, with its grey slate roof, and the high windows, and the tower, with the golden cross, shone with marvellous brightness. Suddenly the light which streamed through the high windows began to wave, and seem alive. But it was far too bright to look inside, and, as I shut my eyes, the light still came into my soul, and everything there seemed to shine and be fragrant, and to sing and sound. I felt as if a new life began in me—as if I had become another being; and when I asked my mother what it was, she said it was an Easter hymn, which they were singing in the church. I have never been able to discover what was the pure, holy song which then sank into my soul. It must have been one of those old church songs such as often broke from the stern spirit of our Luther. I have never heard it again. But even now, if I hear an adagio of Beethoven, or a psalm of Marcello, or a chorus of Handel; yes, often, if in the Scotch Highlands, or the Tyrol, I hear a simple melody, I feel as if the lofty church windows were again sparkling—as if the organ notes.

rang through my soul, and a new world opened, fairer than the world of stars and the fragrance of violets.

This is what I recollect of my earliest childhood, and amidst it floats a loving mother's face; a father's kind, earnest countenance, and gardens and a vine-covered arbour, and green soft turf, and a venerable old picture-book; and that is all I can still discern on the first faded pages of memory.

But then it becomes clearer and more distinct. Names and faces stand forth—not only father and mother, but brothers and sisters, and friends and teachers, and a crowd of strangers. Ah, yes! of those strangers how much is graven on my memory.

SECOND RECOLLECTION.

Not far from our house, and opposite the old church with its golden cross, stood a large building, much larger than the church, and with many towers. They looked very grey and old, but had no golden cross, only stone eagles were placed on the pinnacles, and a great white and blue flag waved from the highest tower, just over the lofty gateway where the steps went up, on each side of which two mounted soldiers kept guard. The house had many windows, and through the windows could be seen red silk curtains with golden tassels, and all round the court stood the old limetrees, which in summer overshadowed the grey stone walls with their green foliage, and strewed the grass with their fragrant white blossoms. I had often looked up there, and of an evening, when the limes smelt sweetly, and the windows were lighted up, I saw many forms float here and there like shadows, and music echoed from the palace above, and carriages drove in from which men and women stepped out, and hastened up the steps. And they all looked so kind and beautiful, and the men had stars on their breasts, and the women had fresh flowers in their hair,—and then I often thought "Why do not you go there also?"

But one day my father took me by the hand, and said, "We will go to the palace. You must be very good if the princess speaks to you, and kiss her hand."

I was about six years old, and rejoiced as one only can rejoice when six years old. I had already made many quiet reflections about the shadows that I saw of an evening at the lighted windows, and had at home heard so much of the prince and princess—how they were so gracious and brought help and comfort to the poor and suffering, and were chosen by God's mercy to defend the good and punish evil-doers—that I had long pictured to myself how everything must go on in the palace, and the prince and princess were already old acquaintances, whom I knew as well as my nutcracker and my leaden soldiers.

My heart beat as I went up the great steps with my father, and whilst he was still telling me to call the princess "Highness," and the prince "Serene Highness," the folding doors were opened, and I saw before me a tall figure, with bright, penetrating eyes. She seemed to come straight towards me, and to reach me her hand. There was an expression in her face—which I had long known—and a half-hidden smile played on her cheeks. I could no longer restrain myself, and whilst my father still stood at the door, and—I knew not why—made the deepest bow, my heart seemed to spring into my throat, and I ran to the beautiful lady and threw my arms round her neck and kissed her like my mother. The tall, lovely lady seemed to be pleased, and stroked my hair and laughed. But my father took me by the hand, and drew me away, and said I was very naughty, and he would never bring me there again. My head became quite confused, and the blood flew up into my cheeks, for I felt that my father was unjust to me; and I looked to the princess that she might defend me, but her face bore an expression of gentle earnestness. Then I looked at the ladies and men who were in the room, thinking

they would take my part. But when I looked I saw they were all laughing. Then the tears rose in my eyes, and I ran out through the doorway, down the steps, past the limes in the palace yard, and home, till I found my mother, and threw myself in her arms, sobbing and crying.

"And what has happened to you?" she said.

"Ah! mother," I cried, "I was with the princess, and she was such a kind and beautiful lady, so just like you, my dear mother, that I could not help throwing my arms round her, and kissing her."

"Yes," said my mother, "you should not have done so, for they are strangers, and great people."

"And what then are strangers?" I asked, "May I not love everybody who looks at me with kind and loving eyes?"

"You may love them, my boy," replied my mother, "but you must not show it."

"Then, is it something wrong," I asked, "for me to love people, and why may I not show it?"

"Ah! you are right," she said, "but you must do as your father tells you, and when you are older you will understand why you cannot throw your arms round the neck of every beautiful lady, with kind, friendly, eyes."

That was a sad day. My father came home and maintained that I had behaved badly. In the evening my mother put me to bed, and I said my prayers, but I could not sleep, and kept thinking who those strangers could be that one might not love.

Alas! poor human heart! Even in spring-time thy leaves are blighted, and the feathers torn from thy wings. If the dawn of life unfolds the hidden calix of the soul, all within is fragrant of love. We learn to stand and walk, to speak and read, but no one teaches us to love. This belongs to us as our life—yes, some say it is the deepest foundation of our being. As the heavenly bodies attract, and incline to one another, and are held

together by the eternal law of gravitation, so heavenly souls lean to and attract each other, and are bound together by the eternal law of love. A flower cannot blossom without sunshine, and a man cannot live without love. Must not the child's heart break from anguish, when it feels the first cold blast of this unfriendly world, did not the warm sunlight of love shine on him from his parents' eyes—like a softened reflection of heavenly light and love? And the longing which then wakes in the child is the purest, the deepest love. It is a love which embraces the whole world, which flashes up wherever two honest human eyes shine on it, which exults at the sound of the human voice. That is the old immeasurable love—a deep sea which no plummet has fathomed—a spring of inexhaustible riches. Those who know it, know too that there is no measure in love, no increase, no decrease, but they who love can only do so with the whole heart and with the whole soul, with all their power, and with their whole mind.

But alas! how little remains of this love ere we have passed but the half of our life's journey. Even the child learns that there are strangers, and ceases to be a child. The spring of love is concealed, and as years go on, is quite choked up. Our eyes no longer sparkle, but serious and wearied we pass by each other in the noisy streets. We hardly greet, for we know how deeply it wounds the soul when a greeting remains unacknowledged, and how it pains us to part from those whom we have once greeted and whose hands we have pressed. The wings of the soul lose their feathers, the leaves of the flowers are nearly all bruised and withered, and but a few drops remain of the inexhaustible fountain of love, to cool our tongues that we may not quite faint. These drops we still call love. But it is no longer the pure, full, joyous love of the child. It is love with doubt and sorrow—burning fire—blazing passion. Love which consumes itself like rain-drops on hot sand—love which

exacts, not love which offers itself—love which asks, "Will you be mine," and not love which says, "I must be thine." It is self-absorbed, desperate love! And this is the love which poets sing, and youths and maidens believe in—a fire which flares up and dies down, but never warms, and leaves nothing behind but smoke and ashes. Yet we have all at some time believed that these rockets are sunbeams of eternal love. But the brighter the meteor the darker the night which follows!

And then, when all around becomes dark, we feel utterly lonely; when all men go by us on the right and on the left without knowing us, then a forgotten feeling rises at times in the breast, and we know not what it is, for it is neither love nor friendship. "Do you not know me?" we long to cry to every one who passes us so coldly and strangely. Then one feels how man is nearer to man than brother to brother, father to son, friend to friend, and like an old sacred saying, it echoes through the soul—that "strangers" are our neighbours, and why must we pass by them in silence? We know not, and must resign ourselves to it.

An old sage says, "I saw the fragments of a wrecked ship floating on the sea. Only a few pieces meet and hold together for a little while. Then comes a storm and drives them eastward and westward, and they never meet together again. So it is here below with mankind. But no one has seen the great shipwreck!"

THIRD RECOLLECTION.

The clouds on the skies of childhood do not last long, but vanish after a short warm shower of tears. So I soon went again to the palace, and the princess gave me her hand, which I was ashamed to kiss, and then she brought her children, the young princes and princesses, and we played together as if we had already known each other for years. These were happy days, when, after school hours—for I already went

to school—I might go to the palace to play. I had all then that the heart could desire. Playthings, which my mother had shown me in the shop windows, and of which she told me that they were so dear that poor people could live a whole week on the money which they cost—these I found at the palace, and if I asked the princess, I could take them home to show them to my mother, or even keep them entirely. Beautiful picture books, which I had seen with my father at the booksellers', but which were only for very good children,—these I could turn over and over at the palace, and study them for hours. And all that belonged to the young princes belonged to me, at least I thought so; for I might not only take away all that I wished, but I often gave the playthings away again to other children—in short, I was a young Communist in the full sense of the word. Only once, I remember that the princess had a golden snake, which clung round her arm as if it were alive, and she gave it us to play with. When I went home I put the snake on my arm, and thought I could frighten my mother well with it. But on the way, I met a woman who saw the golden snake, and begged me to show it to her; and then she said, if she might but keep it, she could free her husband from prison. Naturally I did not hesitate a moment, but ran away, and left the woman alone with the golden snake bracelet. The next day there was a great commotion, and the poor woman was brought to the palace, and cried; and the people said she had stolen the bracelet from me. This made me very angry, and I told them with earnest zeal how I had given her the bracelet, and that I did not wish to have it back again. What happened then I do not know, but I remember from that day I showed the princess every thing I took home with me.

Now, at this time, when I went almost daily to play with the young princes at the palace, and to learn French with them, another form rises to my memory—it was

the daughter of the prince, the Countess Maria. Her mother died soon after the birth of her child, and the prince had afterwards married again. I do not remember when I first saw her. She rises slowly and gradually from the twilight of memory, at first like a shadow of the air, which by degrees more and more takes form, and draws nearer and nearer to me, and at length stands clearly before my soul, like the moon, which, on a stormy night, suddenly lifts the cloudy veil from her face. She was always sick and suffering and silent, and I have never seen her but stretched on her couch, on which two bearers brought her into our room, and when she was tired carried her out again. There she lay in her full white drapery, her hands generally folded, and her face was so pale, and yet so sweet and lovely, and her eyes so deep and unfathomable, that I often stood before her, lost in thought, looking at her, and asking myself if she too belonged to "the strangers." And then she often laid her hand on my head, and I felt as if something ran through my limbs, and I could neither move nor speak, but could only look into those deep, unfathomable eyes. She seldom spoke to us, but her eyes followed our games, however much we romped or made a noise. She never complained, but only held her hands over her white forehead, and shut her eyes as if asleep. But many days she said she was better, and then she sat upright on her couch, and there was a flush like the early dawn on her cheeks, and she talked to us and told us wonderful stories. How old she then was I do not know. She was like a child because she was so helpless, and yet she was so serious and quiet that she could not have been still a child. When people talked of her, they involuntarily spoke softly and low. They called her "the angel," and I never heard anything said of her but what was good and loveable. Often, when I saw her lying so helpless and silent, and thought that during her whole life she could never walk, and

that there was neither work nor pleasure for her, and that she must always be carried about on her couch till they laid her in her last resting-place, I asked myself why she had been sent into this world, when she might have rested so peacefully in the angels' arms, and they would have carried her through the air on their soft wings, as I had seen in many a sacred picture. Then I felt as if I must take away a part of her sufferings, that she might not endure them alone, but we with her. I could not say this to her, for I hardly knew it myself. I only felt something. Yet it was not as if I must fall on her neck—no one might do that, for that would have hurt her. But it was as if I could pray from my inmost heart that she might be released from her sufferings.

One warm spring day she was carried into our play-room. She looked very pale, but her eyes were brighter and deeper than ever, and she sat up on her couch and called us to her. "To-day is my birth-day," she said, "and early this morning I was confirmed. Now it is possible," she continued smilingly, whilst she looked at her father, "that God may soon call me to Himself, though I would gladly stay a long time with you. But when I leave you I wish you should not quite forget me, and, therefore, I have brought a ring for each of you, which you must now wear on your forefinger, and as you grow bigger wear it on the next, till it only fits the little finger, and there you must wear it all your lives."

With these words she took five rings, which she wore on her fingers, and drew them off one by one, and looked so sad, and yet so full of love, that I shut my eyes to prevent myself from weeping. She gave the first ring to her eldest brother, and kissed him, and then the second and the third to the two princesses, and the fourth she gave to the youngest prince, and kissed each of them as she gave them the rings. I stood near, looking intently at her white hand, and I saw there was one ring left on her finger,

but she leaned back and seemed exhausted. Then my eyes caught hers, and as a child's eyes speak aloud, she could not but hear what was passing in my thoughts. I had much rather not have had the last ring, but I felt that I was a stranger; that I did not belong to her; that she did not love me as she did her brothers and sisters. Then I felt a pain at my heart—as if a vein had burst or a nerve been cut—and I knew not where to look to hide my distress.

She, however, raised herself up, and laid her hand on my forehead, and looked so searchingly into my eyes that I felt there was no thought in me which she could not read. Slowly she drew the last ring from her finger and gave it to me, and said, "I wished to take this ring with me, when I leave you, but it is better that you should wear it, and think of me when I am no longer with you. Read the words which are engraved on the ring: 'As God wills!' You have a mild and soft heart, may it be schooled by life, not hardened;" and then she kissed me, like her brothers, and gave me the ring.

I can hardly describe what was passing within me. I was then already grown into a boy, and the gentle beauty of the suffering angel had not been without a charm for my young heart. I loved her as a boy can love—and boys love with a fervour, truth, and purity, which few keep in youth and manhood. But I thought she belonged to the strangers, to whom I might not say I loved them. I scarcely heard the serious words she spoke to me. I felt that her soul was as near to mine as two human souls could be. All bitterness was gone from my heart; I felt no longer alone—no longer a stranger divided from her by a chasm; I was beside her, with her, in her. Then I thought it was a sacrifice on her part to give me the ring, and that she had wished to take it with her to the grave. And a feeling rose up in my soul that overpowered every other feeling, and I said in a trembling voice, "You

must keep the ring if you would give it me, for what is yours is mine." She looked at me for a moment, surprised and thoughtful, then she took the ring and placed it on her finger, and kissed me again on the forehead, and said softly to me, "You do not know what you say. Learn to understand yourself, and you will be happy, and make many others happy also."

FOURTH RECOLLECTION.

Each life has certain years, through which we pass as along a dusty, monotonous poplar avenue, without knowing where we are, and of which nothing remains in the memory but the melancholy feeling that we have been passing on and growing older. So long as the tide of life flows on smoothly, it is the same river, and only the landscape on either bank seems to change. But then come the cataracts of life. These remain fixed in the memory, and even when we are far past them, and are advancing nearer and nearer to the deep ocean of eternity, we still seem to hear from afar their roar and tumult. Yes, we feel that the strength of life which remains to us, and drives us forward, has its source and nourishment in those cataracts.

School life was over, and the first merry years of college life were over—and many a fair dream of life was over. But one thing remained—faith in God and mankind. Life was very different to what one's childish mind had pictured it; yet every thing therefore received but a higher significance, and first, the incomprehensible and painful in life were to me a proof of the ever present hand of God in all earthly affairs. "Not the slightest thing can happen to thee, but as God wills it," that was the short philosophy of life which I had gathered up.

And now I returned in the summer vacation to my small native city. What joy there is in meeting again. No one has explained this; but seeing again, finding again.—recollection is the secret of nearly every pleasure and enjoyment. What one sees or

hears, or tastes for the first time, may be beautiful, and grand and pleasant, but it is too new, it surprises us; there is no repose in it, and often the effort of the pleasure is greater than the pleasure itself. But to hear again, after many years, an old piece of music, of which we thought we had forgotten every note, and yet as they come, find that we greet them each as an old friend—or, after long years to stand again before the *Madonna di San Sisto* at Dresden, and allow all the feelings to wake again which the infinite expression of the child has aroused in us year after year—or even to smell a flower, to taste a dish, of which one had never thought since one's school-days—that gives such deep delight that we scarcely know whether we rejoice more at the present impression or the old association. And now, in returning after many years to one's native city, the soul floats unconsciously in a sea of recollections, and the dancing waves bear it dreamily by the shores of times long passed away. The tower clock strikes, and we feel we shall be too late for school; then we recover from the fright, and rejoice that the fear is over. A dog crosses the street—it is the same dog out of whose way we formerly went so far. Here sits an old huckster, whose apples were once such a temptation, and which, in spite of the dust covering them, we still think must taste better than any apples in the world. There a house has been pulled down, and a new one built—that was the house where our old music-master lived—he is dead. Oh! how delightful it was to stand here of a summer evening under the windows, and listen how the good old soul, when the hours of the day were over, did something for his own pleasure, and improvised, and like a steam-engine, puffing and roaring, let off all the superfluous steam accumulated during the day. And here is this little shady walk—and it then seemed so much larger—here it was, as I came home late one evening, that I met our neighbour's beautiful daughter. I had not till then ever

ventured to look at her or speak to her, but we boys at school often talked of her, and called her "the beautiful maiden;" and if I saw her at a distance coming along the street, I was so delighted that I would never think of going nearer to her. And here, in this little walk, which led to the churchyard, I met her one evening, and she took me by the arm—although we had never then spoken to each other—and said she would go home with me. I believe that the whole way I never spoke one word, nor she either; yet I was so happy that even now, after many years, when I think of it, I could wish the time back again, and that I could again walk home, silently but happily, with "the beautiful maiden."

And so one recollection rises after another, till the waves meet together over our heads, and a deep sigh rises from our breast, which reminds us that our thoughts have made us forget to take breath. Then at once the whole dream-world vanishes, like ghosts at the crowing of the cock. And when I now passed by the old palace, and by the lime-trees, and saw the guards on their horses, and the high steps—what recollections rose within me! and how was every thing here changed. I had not been to the palace for many years. The princess was dead, the prince had relinquished the government, and retired to Italy, and the eldest prince, with whom I grew up had become regent. He was surrounded by young nobles and officers, whose conversation he liked, and whose society had soon estranged his early play-fellows from him. Other circumstances arose to loosen our former friendship. Like every young man who recognises for the first time the needs in the life of the German people, and the crimes of the German Governments, I had early adopted some of the phrases of the Liberal party, and these sounded at court as indecorous expressions would in a respectable clergyman's family. In short, for many years I had not ascended those steps, and yet in that palace lived a being whose name I pronounced almost daily, and the thought of

whom was incessantly present to my mind. I had long accustomed myself to the idea that I should never see her again in this life; and she had grown into an image which, in my mind, I knew did not, and never could exist in reality. She had become my good angel, my other self, to whom I talked, instead of talking to myself. How she had become so, I could scarcely explain to myself—for I hardly knew her; but as the eye sometimes changes the clouds into shapes, so I felt my imagination had conjured up this lovely vision in the heaven of my childhood, and had formed a perfect picture of the imagination from the faintly traced lines of reality. My whole thoughts had involuntarily become a dialogue with her; and all that was good in me, all that I strove after, all that I believed in—my whole better being, belonged to her, was dedicated to her, and came from her mouth—from the mouth of my good angel.

I had hardly been a few days in my old home when I received one morning a letter. It was written in English, and came from the Countess Maria.

"Dear Friend.—I hear you are with us for a short time. We have not met for many years, and, if it is agreeable to you, I should like to see an old friend again. You will find me alone this afternoon in the Swiss Cottage.—Yours sincerely, MARIA."

I immediately wrote back, also in English, that I would wait upon her that afternoon.

The Swiss Cottage formed a wing of the palace, looking towards the garden, and could be reached without passing through the palace yard. It was five o'clock as I went through the garden, and approached the house. I fought down all my feelings and prepared for a formal interview. I tried to quiet my good angel within me, and to prove to it that it had nothing to do with this lady. And yet I felt thoroughly uncomfortable, and my good angel would not give me any courage. At length I took heart, muttered something to myself about

the masquerade of life, and knocked at the door, which stood half open.

There was no one in the room but a lady whom I did not know, who also spoke English to me, and said the countess would be there directly. Then she went away, and I was alone, and had time to look around me.

The walls of the room were of oak, and round them ran a trellis-work, on which a large, broad-leaved ivy climbed over the whole room. The tables and chairs were all of oak, and carved. The floor was of inlaid wood. It made a singular impression on me, seeing so many well-known things in this room. Many things I had known in our old play-room in the castle; but others, and especially the pictures, were new, and yet they were the same pictures which I had in my room at the University. Over the piano hung the portraits of Beethoven, Handel, and Mendelssohn—exactly the same which I had chosen. In one corner I saw the Venus of Milo, which I always considered as the finest statue of antiquity. Here on the table lay volumes of Dante, Shakespeare, Tauler's Sermons, the *Theologia Germanica*, Rückert's Poems, Tennyson, and Burns, Carlyle's Past and Present,—just the same books which were in my room, and all of which I had but shortly before had in my hands. I began to meditate, but I threw off my thoughts, and was standing before the picture of the dead princess when the door opened, and two bearers, the same I had so often seen as a child, brought the countess into the room on her couch.

What a vision! She said nothing, and her face was quiet as a lake till the bearers had left the room. Then she turned her eyes towards me—the old deep, unfathomable eyes—and her face brightened every moment, till at last her whole countenance smiled, and she said—

"We are old friends, and I think we have not changed. I cannot say 'you,'

and if I may not say 'thou,'* we must talk English. Do you understand me?"

I was not prepared for this reception, but I saw there was no acting here. Here was a soul, longing for another soul—here was a greeting as when two friends, in spite of their disguises, in spite of their black masks, know each other merely by the glance of the eyes. I seized her hand, which she stretched out to me, and said—

"When one speaks to angels, one cannot say 'You.'"

And yet how strange a power lies in the forms and customs of life; how difficult it is, even with the most congenial soul, to speak the language of nature. Our conversation flagged, and we both felt the embarrassment of the moment. I broke the silence and said just what was passing through my mind: "Men are accustomed from their youth up to live in a cage, and, even when they are in the free air, they dare not move their wings, and are afraid that they must hit against something if they try to fly upwards."

"Yes," she said, "and that is quite right, and cannot be otherwise. We often wish we could live like the birds, who fly in the woods, and meet on the branches, and sing together without being introduced to one another. But, my friend, there are owls and sparrows among the birds, and it is good that we can pass them by in life as if we did not know them. It is in life, probably, as in poetry; and as the real poet knows how to say what is most beautiful and true in a prescribed form, so men ought to know how to preserve freedom of the thoughts and feelings in spite of the fetters of society."

I could not but remember Platen:

"Denn was an allen Orten
Als ewig sich erweist
Das ist in gebundenen Worten,
Ein ungebundener Geist."

"That which in every place
Eternal proves itself,
Is still, in fettered words,
A free unfettered spirit."

"Yes," she said, with a friendly, almost a naïve, smile, "but I have one privilege, that is my suffering and my loneliness, and I often pity young girls and young men that they can have no friendship and intimacy with one another but they, or their relations for them, must always think of love, or what people call love. Thereby they lose so much. Young girls know not what slumbers in their spirits, and what might be aroused in them by the earnest conversation of a noble friend; and the young men would regain so many knightly virtues if women could be the distant spectators of the inward struggles of their spirits. But that cannot be; for love always comes into play—or what is called love—the quick beating of the heart, the stormy waves of hope, the delight in a beautiful face, the sweet sentimentality—perhaps, too, the prudent calculation—in short, all which disturbs that deep ocean-calm which is the true image of pure human love."

Here she suddenly broke off, and an expression of suffering passed across her face.

"I must not talk any more to-day," she said, "my doctor will not allow it. I should like to hear a song of Mendelssohn's—the duet. My young friend could play that many years ago; could he not?"

I could not say anything, for as she ceased speaking, and folded her hands as usual, I saw on her hand a ring. She wore it on the little finger. It was the ring which she had given to me and I to her. My thoughts were too many for words, and I sat down to the piano and played.

When I had finished I turned round and looked at her, saying, "If one could only speak thus in sounds, and without words."

"One can," she said; "I have understood it all. But I can bear no more to-day, for I get weaker each day. Now we must get accustomed to one another, and a

* Only used to relatives or very intimate friends.

poor sick hermit may well expect some indulgence. We shall meet to-morrow evening at the same time—shall we not?”

I seized her hand, and would have kissed it, but she held mine tight and pressed it, saying, “That is best. Good-bye.”

FIFTH RECOLLECTION.

It would be hard to say with what thoughts and feelings I went towards my home. Once for all, the soul will not allow herself to be fully expressed in words—there are “thoughts without words,” which each man plays to himself in moments of great joy and sorrow. I felt neither joy nor sorrow. I felt nothing but inexpressible surprise. The thoughts flew across my mind like shooting stars, which try to fall from heaven to the earth, but are all extinguished ere they reach their goal. As sometimes in dreams we say to ourselves, “You are dreaming,” so I said to myself, “You are alive—it is she.” And then I tried to be collected and quiet again, and said to myself, she is an amiable creature—a very remarkable mind. I even began to pity her: and then I pictured to myself the pleasant evenings I would spend there, during the vacation. But no, no—those were not my thoughts—she was all that I had sought for, thought of, hoped, and believed in. Here at length was a human soul, clear and fresh as a spring morning. I had indeed, at the first glance, perceived all that she was, all that was in her. We had greeted and recognized each other. And my good angel? It answered me no longer, it was gone, and I felt there was but one place in the world where I would again find it.

Now began a bright life, for every evening I was with her, and we now felt that we really were old friends, and that we could not call each other anything but “thou.” It was as if we had always lived by and with one another, for there was not a feeling that she touched on that had not already echoed in my soul; and no thought that I expressed,

but she answered with a kindly nod, as if to say, I thought so too. I had once before thus heard the greatest master of our time improvise with his sister, on the piano-forte, and could hardly conceive how two people could so understand each other, and feel together, as to give free course to their thoughts, and yet never by a single note destroy the harmony of their playing. Now I could understand it. Yes, now I first found that my own soul was not so poor and empty as it always seemed to me, and it was as if the sun alone had been wanting to call to light all its blossoms and flowers. And yet what a sad spring it was that rose over her soul and mine! We forget in May that the roses fade so soon—but here, each evening warned us that one leaf after another was falling to the ground. She felt it sooner than I, and spoke of it, without its seeming to give her pain; and our conversations became every day more earnest and solemn.

“I did not think,” she said one evening, when I was about to leave her, “that I should live to be so old. When I gave you the ring, on the day of my confirmation, I thought that I must soon take leave of you, and yet I have lived so many years, and enjoyed so much that was beautiful, and also suffered much—but one forgets that—and now that I feel the parting is near, each hour, each minute becomes so precious. Good night. You must not come too late to-morrow.”

One day when I entered her room I found an Italian painter with her. She spoke Italian with him, and though he was evidently more of an artizan than an artist, yet she spoke to him with a kindness, a modesty, and even a deference, that one perceived at once in her the true nobility of birth—nobility of soul. When the painter had gone she said to me, “Now, I will show you a picture that will please you. The original is in the Louvre in Paris. I read a description of it, and had it copied

for me by the Italian." She showed me the picture, and waited for what I should say. It was the portrait of a man of middle-age, in old German costume. The expression was dreamy and resigned, but yet so true, that one could not doubt that the man had once lived. The whole tone of the picture in the foreground was dark and brown, but in the background was a landscape, and on the horizon one perceived the first glimmer of the coming dawn. I could discover nothing in the picture, and yet it had a quieting effect on me, and one could have spent hours with the eyes fixed on it. "Nothing surpasses a true human countenance," I said, "and even a Raphael could hardly have invented such an one as this."

"No," she said. "But now I will tell you why I wished to have the picture. I read that no one knew the painter, and no one knew who the picture represented. It is probably a philosopher of the Middle Ages. I wanted just such a picture for my gallery. For you know no one knows the author of the *Theologia Germanica*, and we have, therefore, no picture of him. So I wished to try whether the portrait of an unknown person by an unknown artist, would do for our German Theologian, and if you have nothing to say against it, we will hang it up here, between the 'Albigenses' and the 'Diet of Worms,' and call it the 'German Theologian.'"

"Very well," I said, "but it is rather too powerful and manly for the Frankfort Doctor."

"That may be," she answered; "but for a suffering and dying life like mine, there is much comfort and strength to be drawn from his book. I have much to thank him for, for he first brought before me the true secret of Christian doctrine in its full simplicity. I felt I was free to believe or not the old teacher, whoever he might be, for his doctrine had no outward compulsion for me; and yet it seized on me with such power that it seemed as if, for the first time,

I realized what revelation was. And it is just this which closes to so many the entrance into true Christianity—that its doctrines are brought before us as revelation, before the revelation has taken place within us. This has often disturbed me. Not that I ever doubted the truth and divinity of our religion; but I felt I had no right to a faith, given me by others, and as if that could not really belong to me which I had merely learned and received as a child, without understanding it; for no one can believe for us any more than they can live and die for us."

"Certainly," I said, "the cause of many hot and hard conflicts lies in this—that the doctrine of Christ, instead of winning our hearts gradually and irresistibly, as it won the hearts of the Apostles and early Christians, meets us from our earliest childhood as the incontrovertible law of a mighty Church, and claims from us an unqualified submission, which we call faith. Doubts will arise, sooner or later, in the breast of every one who has the power of reflection, and veneration for truth; and then, whilst we are just in the right way to gain our faith, the spectres of doubt and unbelief rise in us, and hinder the quiet development of the new life."

So each evening brought a fresh conversation, and with each evening a new vista opened itself to me in this immeasurable mind. She had no secret from me; her conversation was merely thinking and feeling aloud, and all that she said must have already lived in her for many years, for she flung out her thoughts as carelessly as a child, who, having picked its lap full of flowers, throws them all away on the grass. I could not open my soul to her so freely as she opened hers, and that oppressed and disturbed me. And yet how few can—from the ceaseless untruths which society imposes on us, which are called custom, politeness, discretion, prudence, worldly wisdom, by which our whole life is made a mere masque-

rade—how few can, even when they wish it, win again the full truth of their nature. Even love may not speak its own words, or keep its own silence, but must learn the jargon of the poets, and must rave, and sigh, and play, instead of freely greeting, and gazing, and giving itself away. I would rather have confessed it to her, and said, "You do not know me," but I found the words were not entirely true. But before I went away I left with her a volume of Arnold's Poems, which I had just received, and begged her to read one called "The Buried Life." This was my confession, and then I knelt by her couch, and said "Good-night." "Good-night," she said, and laid her hand on my head, and again something stole up through all my limbs, and the dreams of childhood floated through my spirit, and I could not move, but looked into those deep, unfathomable eyes, until the peace of her spirit overshadowed mine. Then I rose, and went home silently, and in the night I dreamt of a silver poplar, round which the wind roared, but stirred not a single leaf in its branches.

THE BURIED LIFE.

Light flows our war of mocking words, and yet
Behold, with tears my eyes are wet.
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Yes, yes, we know that we can jest,
We know—we know that we can smile;
But there's a something in this breast,
To which thy light words bring no rest,
And thy gay smiles no anodyne.

Give me thy hand, and hush awhile,
And turn those limpid eyes on mine,
And let me read there, love, thy inmost soul.

Alas! is even love too weak
To unlock the heart and let it speak?
Are even lovers powerless to reveal
To one another, what indeed they feel?
I knew the mass of men concealed
Their thoughts, for fear that, if revealed,
They would by other men be met
With blank indifference, or with blame reprov'd:
I knew they lived and moved
Trick'd in disguises, alien to the rest
Of men, and alien to themselves—and yet
The same heart beats in every human breast.

But we, my love—does a like spell benumb
Our hearts—our voices?—must we too be dumb?
Ah! well for us, if even we,
Even for a moment, can yet free
Our heart, and have our lips unchained:
For that which seals them hath been deep ordained.

Fate which foresaw
How frivolous a baby man would be,
By what distractions he would be possess'd,
How he would pour himself in every strife,
And well nigh change his own identity—
That it might keep from his capricious play
His genuine self, and force him to obey—
Even in his own despite—his being's law;
Bade, through the deep recesses of our breast,
The unregarded river of our life
Pursue with indiscernible flow, its way;
And that we should not see
The buried stream, and seem to be
Eddying about in blind uncertainty—
Though driving on with it eternally.

But often, in the world's most crowded streets,
And often, in the din of strife,
There rises an unspeakable desire
After the knowledge of our buried life—
A thirst to spend our fire and restless force
In tracking out our true, original course;
A longing to inquire
Into the mystery of this heart that beats
So wild, so deep in us: to know
Whence our thoughts come, and where they go.
And many a man in his own breast then delves,
But deep enough, alas, none ever mines;
And we have been on many thousand lines,
And we have shown on each talent and power,
But hardly have we, for one little hour,
Been on our own line—have we been ourselves:
Hardly had skill to utter one of all
The nameless feelings that course through our
breast—

But they course on for ever unexpressed,
And long we try in vain to speak and act
Our hidden self, and what we say and do
Is eloquent, is well—but 'tis not true.

And then we will no more be racked
With inward strivings, and demand
Of all the thousand nothings of the hour—
Their stupefying power!
Ah, yes, and they benumb us at our call:
Yet still, from time to time, vague and forlorn,
From the soul's subterranean depth upborne,
As from an infinitely distant land,
Come airs, and floating echoes, and convey
A melancholy into all our day.

Only—but this is rare—
When a beloved hand is laid in ours,

When jaded with the rush and glare
 Of the interminable hours,
 Our eyes can in another's eyes read clear;
 When our world-deafened ear
 Is by the tones of a loved voice caress'd,
 A bolt is shot back somewhere in our breast,
 And a lost pulse of feeling stirs again :
 The eye sinks inward, and the heart lies plain,
 And what we mean we say, and what we would
 we know !
 A man becomes aware of his life's flow,

And hears its winding murmur, and he sees
 The meadows where it glides, the sun, the breeze.
 And there arrives a lull in the hot race,
 Wherein he doth for ever chase
 That flying and elusive shadow, Rest !
 An air of coolness plays upon his face,
 And an unwonted calm pervades his breast.
 And when he thinks he knows
 The hills where his life rose,
 And the sea where it goes.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE CROSS-ROADS.

BY ALICE HORTON.

WHERE the roads crossed we met,
 My love and I ;
 In the near bay the ships
 Tossed heavily ;
 Lamps were gone out on earth,
 But those in heaven
 Trembled for two more nearts
 That God had riven.

His accents broke the pause—
 My tongue was tied ;
 He found last words to say—
 My sobs replied ;
 Then he drew my white face up to the light,
 And said, " Farewell, poor love,
 Dear love, good night ! "

At the cross-roads we kissed,
 I stood alone ;
 His was the seaward road,
 Mine led me home.
 He called, " I shall return ! "
 I knew—not so ;
 Not one in ten returns
 Of those that go.

Dreary the great world grew,
 And the sun cold ;
 So young an hour ago,
 I had grown old.
 Our God made me for him—
 We loved each other—
 Yet Fate gave him one road
 And me another !

THE LEGEND OF THE KINI-BALŪ.

BY N. W. BECKWITH.

BEFORE commencing my story it is necessary to explain its title. *Kini-Balū*, in the language of the coast inhabitants of Borneo—that land of the mysterious, the terrible, the beautiful—signifies *The Chinese Widow*. It is the name of a vast mountain, which uprears its loftiest peak in the north-eastern part of the island, to an altitude variously estimated by different navigators at from thirteen to sixteen thousand feet. Although remote from the eastern coast by many unknown leagues, voyagers in the Sooloo Sea perceive its delicious Alpine-tinted swell, shaped like a vast quoin, through that clear atmosphere long before the Bornean shores are visible. Horsburgh records a view of it, on one of his eastern passages to Canton, when a hundred miles from land. By this, unless the wonder-working mirage of those latitudes may be supposed to have conjured it above its real altitude, the given estimates must be far too low.

No mortal has ever trod its crest.

On the eastern side, half-way up, lies a large and beautiful lake, bearing the same strange appellation. This—save by a few of the hardier and more daring native hunters, and one adventurous white man,* who died while on his return, and “left no sign”—perishing ere he cleared the malaria-generating jungles of Maludu, which lie on the mountain’s western base—still remains unvisited. The Dyak peoples its placid forest-margined waters with gods and demons, and monster fish of unimaginable shape—while

* Don Tomas Llorca, Lieutenant in the Spanish navy. Capt. William Elton Williams, ship *Helena*, of Philadelphia, also died near the same locality, at the outset of the same undertaking to explore the great lake. Both attempts were made in 1865.

the adjacent slopes are roamed by strange beings,—

“Neither man nor woman—
Neither brute nor human—

of tremendous strength and terrific ferocity; gifted, moreover, with a devilish cunning, such as Du Chaillu affirms the Africans ascribe to their man-slaying gorilla.†

In 1866 I was in Maludu Bay. I was receiving manifold visits from an old Dyak chieftain, bearing the rather unpronounceable cognomen of *Batoubabákaha*, who was lord of all the southern and eastern-lying districts, according to his own account and that of our interpreter—a Chinese adventurer, whom I found here, making “pigeon”

† Amongst the mass of superstitiously coloured accounts and descriptions here current, respecting what are perhaps some known or unknown varieties of *Quadrumania*, one point seems as worthy of the attention of the naturalist as the whole are of the mythologis, namely, the universality with which a large proportion seems to indicate the very recent, if not actually present existence of a gigantic, club-wielding man—resembling monster—common alike to northern Borneo, that other great *terra incognita*, Mindanao, and the chain of mountainous islands—(of which, as yet, geography knows neither the number nor configuration)—which link them together, called the “Sooloo Archipelago,” and which is certainly no imaginative growth from the *mias papoua* of Southern and Central Borneo, whatever else it may be. The area here spoken of is inhabited by many different tribes, presenting the widest ethnological distinctions, and living in a state of continuous hostility, which, doubtless, began at least as far back as the spreading of the Malays from Sumatra; yet amongst all—alike in heroic legends, stories of the chase, and their own accounts of their existing fauna—the same strange figure, with the same terrific attributes, is continually met. And the tactics of the hunter, in all the various descriptions of encounters with this unknown being, pertaining to the different countries, are invariably the same, such as will hereafter be given in the text.

with the natives, in birds' nests, shells, iron-wood, &c., &c., and who professed to have travelled throughout his dominions many times. They were, evidently enough, old acquaintance; and the savage chieftain seemed to look up to his half-civilized "fieu" with no small degree of admiration and esteem.

From my anchorage the distant masses of the Kini-Balü were ever visible—night and day—towering far above the eminences, themselves no molehills, which bounded the magnificent bay, and ran out into the roadstead in the form of a noble headland, beside which the "taunt" spars of my little steamer showed no loftier than so many brilliant cues. Often their aspiring ridges were hidden in the clouds, but, during all my stay, the distant giant stood ever distinct and unveiled—calm, solemn, clear, in its flowing, up-swelling outline, with a Sphinx-like grandeur of expression, seeming ever to challenge, with a greater problem, the spirit of modern investigation and research.

I have no doubt that the old Dyak, and "Admiral Shovel," (for such was the soubriquet affixed to the Chinese interpreter by some former acquaintances of the "treaty-ports,"—and of which he seemed a little vain,) were oft sorely bested by my incessant references to the uninhabitable mountain. By its mysterious vastness it produced upon my mind the impress of omnipresence.

My questionings brought little definite information. I could gain no other than the vaguest idea as to its distance even. "Him say bout five day," said the Admiral, "my t'ink so he be seben; no too muchee sabbee dat pigon any man." However, they brought me a curiously interlinked twofold history, blending with an incident of the most romantic period of Chinese annals, the strangely imagined myth of the savage Dyaks or their predecessors—of the events which brought to lake and mountain their singular and hitherto inexplicable name.

"Long teem ago," began Admiral Shovel, "one piecie junk he makee numble one fight-pigeon long that too muchee dam rascal Tartar man. He cap'n name b'long Loo-tee; he fadda' b'long alla same. He fadda' alla same my—one piecie A'mi'al, (Admiral,) makee plenty long time fight pigeon that *Song* king si' (side). Too muchee Tartar—all same a dam Lad/one now teem hab got—makee killee that *Song* king alla he small chilo, alla he wife. *One* small piecie chilo *no* Kill; he makee plenty bobbery all *Cheena* si' what for he too muchee wantchee catechie he numbe/ one bad. Long teem ago this olo fashion *Cheena*."

"Now, Admiral, *how* long ago? How many years?"

"Mis'er Cap'n—my no sabbee. S'pose more a ten hunder' forty thousan' Englishman year ago. S'pose, Mis'er Cap'n, sabbee olo *Cheena* teem, my can tellee. H'ab got plenty king name *Song*. Mis'er Cap'n sabbee he?"

"My sabbee wezy well—no too muchee," I replied. (But, reader, we will drop the "pigeon-English"—the *lingua franca* of the treaty-ports—interesting though it be.)

"Yes, I know something of the 'dynasty of *Song*. But what has that to do with *Batoubabákaha's* story of the mystic lake and mountain?"

"My Captain, I have often heard it before, both from himself and other Dyaks, and, in my opinion, it belongs to that period of our history when the happily ruling dynasty of *Song* was overthrown, and their faithful adherents destroyed or driven into exile."

The period to which "the Admiral" alludes might be called the era of Chinese Jacobitism. In all history there is nothing to surpass this record of loyalty and devotion to a sinking cause. The tales of Arthur and Bedivere, of "Blondel and Richard his king," of Bonnie Prince Charlie and Flora Macdonald, touching even the democratic hearts of to-day—purg'd as they are from

every suspicion of the once omnipresent "spirit of universal flunkeyism."

"Then you will have heard, already, of the capture, and exile into the wilds of Tartary, of the last reigning emperor of that ill-fated house—of the rescue of his infant son by the faithful old commander of the imperial navy, who fled with the boy to sea?"

"Had the half-hearted loyal generals possessed but a tithe of brave old Loo-tee's audacity, our flowery land had never sunk under Tartar rule to Tartar degradation. Even as it was, with no nearer base than the Twelve Thousand Isles, he came nigh achieving the freedom of the maritime and southern provinces. Off Breaker Point he joined in a last decisive battle with the overwhelming squadrons of the usurper. But when his own ships, which led the van, were all engaged, his faith-breaking allies—the Koreans and Formosans—who followed, attacked him in the rear! Ship after ship, desperately fighting, went down, but raised no cry for quarter—for such were the men of antique China. Loo-tee, seeing his seaward escape cut off, bore onward for the land, with all the energy of despair. The gods ever conspire against the unfortunate! He hoped to reach the shore and escape with the child-prince to the loyal cities. But at the critical time the sea-breeze died away. Then Loo-tee clasped the illustrious child in his arms, and with him leaped into thesea. After them followed all of his officers and men, whom death or wounds did not incapacitate; and when the Tartars came they found but a sinking ship, manned by corpses. My captain, have your people records like these? But one ship of the loyal fleet escaped. She carried the second son of the self-sacrificed mandarin and his wife, who, it is said by our traditions, came of the seed of our great lawgiver, Koon-fu-tsze. Young Loo-tee had command of the Korean auxiliaries, and when those traitors went over to the enemy,

they strove furiously to effect his capture. But he fought as the son of such a father should fight; and being near the rear, succeeded in cutting his way out. Through all the terrific struggle—it is the traitors themselves who bear witness—the heroism of his wife, the young and beautiful Lu-lin, was sublime. Wearing a helmet and breast-plate, and wielding a light sword, she appeared by her husband's side, repelling the enemy's frequent attempts to board; and the traditions of that day preserve the names of many Korean warriors of renown who fell by the woman's arm.

"It was just as the sea-breeze failed that young Loo-tee extricated his ship from the traitor squadrons. That nightfall, laden fishermen, returning home from the far-off Bashees, reported her careering under heavy press of sail on the southern course that leads to the Twelve Thousand Isles.* They knew her, for upon her stern she bore the richly-gilded image of a horse—the sign by which she had long been known and feared. It was the last time that the Chinese eyes ever gazed upon her; and here, with her brave commander and his heroic wife, she disappears from the annals of the Central Flowery Land; nothing further is known to us concerning them, nor do even our singers and story-tellers venture upon any account of their fate."

"Something of this I have heard before," I remarked, as the Admiral closed his recital. "But what has it to do with our mysterious mountain, yonder?"

"You shall judge, my Captain. Batou-babákaha will tell the tradition of his people concerning it. We have often compared the tales. He has divined our topic—he is always eager either to hear or tell stories—and he judges it is near time for him to begin. Shall I tell him you are prepared to listen?" I assented.

The chieftain lay at length along the flat

* The Malay Archipelago.

top of the sky-light, supporting his head on his hand. It was growing dark, and the stars were coming out above the lofty ridge as he began.

"It was more moons ago than a houseful of old men could sum, that my people were allied with the Aran tribes, the 'Sea-Gipsies;' once so powerful, now broken; no longer roaming all the seas victoriously, as was their wont before the iron-handed English rajah came to our great island of Bruné. In that time the Dyaks, too, were far more numerous and mighty than now, and here another and greater Batoubabákaha carried the kingly staff. He was my far-off father's father. Though we are little now, the great Sultan at the south feared us then. Often our warriors marched to his wall, and he was glad to pay much tribute for leave to come forth whence he had shut himself up because of us. And every Dyak was rich, having many Malayü, many Bugis for slaves, to plant his rice; and every warrior had plenty heads. But we looked most upon the sea, and away from the fields. Our prohus, with those of our allies, swept over all the world; over and over—and were victorious over all men. To the ends of the earth, and around back by the way the sun comes—there were no white men made then—even to the far away Chinese on the one side, and the endless land just then grown up out of the sea, where dwell the black-skinned *Orang papous*,* on the other, went our conquering fleets, bringing back much spoil, many women, and many slaves.

Yonder, northward of the Kini-Baliü, there stands a village on the mouth of a river which rises, some say, in the haunted lake. One morning the dwellers there saw, far to seaward, a great Chinese ship beating through the straits.† On the strand lay

fourteen prohus—six of ours, eight of the Aran—which were commanded by a very brave and renowned young Aran chief, whose name was Bátu. Instantly they went in pursuit. The Chinese captain, seeing their approach, bore up, and ran before the wind. His ship was fleetier than the many-armed Lird-fish that bounds from wave to wave—and left our fastest prohus far behind.

But he knew not our coast. Keeping too near, he ran upon a reef, the same where, twenty moons since, a white-man vessel struck, and was captured by the Malayü—thieving dogfish—who once would have scoured afar to sea, even in tempests, did they but chance to sight the land of the Dyak rising in the blue distance. There, stuck fast at noon, our squadron reached him, and terribly the fight began. The Chinese commander was a very brave warrior, and he had also a little woman lieutenant who fought like a strong man. The shot from his huge guns sang like the voice of the rising storm at night, and tore the sides of our prohus like its waves when they smite fiercest; and while the sun rose high in the west, nine of them had sunk. But then, the tide falling, heeled the Chinese ship low upon her side, and her great cannons could be fired no longer. Than Bátu led his five remaining prohus, filled with the rescued men, burning for revenge, from the others that had been destroyed, close under the lofty bows, and boarded. Soon the battle ended when our warriors gained her deck. All the foes they slew, save the wife of the commander, whom, wearily struggling, Bátu seized and made captive, having slain him, and cut off his head to place the chiefest among his trophies.* And all night they laboured to strip the hard-won prize, for she was much laden, and the spoil was rich. Last of all, they tore from the stern the wonderful horse of gold that reared there; and setting fire to the wreck, returned

* *Orang papous*; that is, "the men with frizzled heads." Batoubabákaha clearly meant New Guinea, or Papua, with its Negritos, and broad sea-side marshes.

† Straits of Balabac.

*The Dyak takes heads, like the Maori of New Zealand, or as the N. A. aborigine does scalps.

with songs and shoutings to the village. Now the captive was very beautiful, and drew away the eyes of many of our bravest young men, to the great grief of the daughters of our people, who were angry and scornful that a stranger should be preferred before them; and they threatened to take her life. And Bátu, who himself besought her love, was at his wits' end how to protect her; and very many were the nights when he and the trusted ones of his own people spent in vigil around her lodge, lest she should be carried away by some treacherous rival, or murdered by some jealous Dyak damsel;—while she, within, kept vigil too, not from fear, but because she had grown weary of sleep, and cared only to weep, lowly and silent, looking upon the stars, whither had fled the spirit of her slaughtered lord. Therefore, when the time came to fulfil the vow he had made when the heavy shot of the Chinaman were opening graves in the sea for his gallant prohus, while the battle was hottest—that for their aid he would devote the golden horse, if successful, to the djinus who reside in the mystic lake far up the mountain—he dared not leave his fairest prize behind, as he would rather have chosen, since the journey to its misty shores is both tedious and dangerous, and beset with mournful ghosts and frightful goblins; but was fain to take her, weeping and unwilling, along the dreary path, lest through to her remaining behind a greater evil should befall.

Seven days after the battle, Bátu set forth on his journey. The lake is four days from the village. Fifty chosen men were with him; and they stole away stealthily before daybreak, having kept secret the time of departure, lest any should be tempted to follow. Eight slaves bore the lady in a litter, beside which he ever walked, pleading his love in the language of the Malayü, with which, he had discovered, his beautiful prisoner was familiar. It was in vain; she regarded him not, save once to scornfully up-

braid him with having foully slain her husband, at which Bátu became silent and sad, for he dreaded such reproach as do the valiant who disdain to steal a conquest; nor could he conceive why she should so accuse him. And from the hour that they departed from the sea, she refused all food.

On the second day he divided his band, for they who had charge of the heavy horse could travel but slowly, and he yet feared pursuit, so maddened were many of the warriors of the village by the wonderful beauty of his captive. And he reasoned that if they should follow, it would be a light thing to lose the horse—the promised fee of the gods—if he saved her whose captive himself had become. It was an impious thought, and dreadfully the gods revenged it. So, with the twenty fleetest footed of his men to guard the litter, he pressed forward, decided to await on the banks of the lake the coming of those who perforce travelled more slowly.

And so well the lightened party sped, that early in the evening of the same day they encamped at the mountain's foot. It grew cool as the sun lowered, and, no longer fearful of pursuit, they kindled a bright fire and made themselves merry. All save Bátu—to him there was no joy, for the scorn of the fair Chinawoman lay heavy upon his breast. He walked apart, and called his trusty lieutenant, Kahnü, of whom he sought counsel.

"Old friend," he said, "I seek rest in vain, for I am much disquieted."

And Kahnü said, "What are the thoughts that disquiet my lord?"

"Friend of my father, they are not few nor light. Chiefly I feel for my heart's desire. She weeps continually, and she does not eat. Will she not die?"

"Son of my friend and lord, I am old and have seen many widows. For a little they sorrow, and take not food; but it passes, and they become as other women. Many widows have I seen, among many tribes too,

but she who died of grief have I never seen. So take comfort."

"The daughters of the Aran, and the Dyak, too, do not weep unless to accept a coward in the stead of a hero. Tell me, Kahnü, why should she continually grieve for her dead lord—very brave though he was—and refuse my proffered love; am I not a braver than he, since I overcame him in fight?"

"Of a truth my lord is braver. Kahnü saw the encounter. The Chinese leader wielded his weapon like a skilful warrior, he struck swift and true and heavy, and at first I feared for my chief. But thy arm wearied his, and he failed suddenly. Of a truth thou art greater."

"Yet while I urge this, she does but weep the more. And—come yet more apart—no other warrior save the friend of Bátu's buried father must know this—but yesterday, when I had pleaded long, walking like one of the slaves beside her chair, she suddenly turned her wondrous eyes upon me, flashing like two angry stars when the night wind drives swiftly the broken rain-clouds from before them, and said, 'Barbarian, thou liest! Thou didst press him foully. Twenty such as thou, fairly opposed, had been to his biting sword but grass to an hungry ox!' Tell me, Kahnü, did any other hand save mine deal upon him?"

"By thy father's and my father's sacred graves—no! Not after thy axe smote his ringing shield. But he had overthrown many of our young men ere he encountered my lord. It may be that one of the dead had touched him."

"Methought he raised that lusty buckler somewhat wearily—carelessly—as might one grown tired of defending a hunted life. Can that be so, Kahnü? May warriors find at last a weariness in glorious strife?"

"Alas, noble boy, ten years more will give answer—ask not me. How died thy mighty sire? I who saw him know—'twas gladly. Is there nothing in the world but

unending battle? Son of my friend! keep thou *my* secret; these twenty years hath Kahnü fought, no longer for the youthful joy of battle, but that he might meet at last the valiant arm destined to stretch him in the unending rest of death! How long, how long shall it be ere these wistful eyes shall see, breaking through the smoke of encounter, that welcome foeman friend!"

"Can it be so indeed! Because I am too young, perhaps, I do but partly understand thee. But I know that thou art wise. When but a child I have heard my father say, 'My brave Kahnü never speaks words of folly'—yet thou wert thyself young then. Alas, if thou art indeed right, it would be better far to die now. Methinks if the Kini-Balü cease not from her aversion to me, much less than thy ten years, O my counsellor, will suffice to teach me all the meaning of thy comfortless assertion. Dreary and wearisome indeed will life be to me hereafter, if I may not win her love."

"Is it so far with thee? Thou dost indeed grow old quickly. Thou touchest my experience with less than half my years."

"Help me Kahnü! I dare not approach her again to talk of love, lest she repeat her accusation, and the Malayü slaves hear it, and it be told among the warriors. Thou knowest that she is deceived—but who among the people stay to question the truth of aught that assails a fair name? Yet, without that risk, how am I to convince her that she wrongs me? And, if I do not so convince her, she must ever abhor me as one deemed a thief of victories. She, who fights as even few men fight, must scorn with all her soul him who bears the faintest stigma of treachery."

"I once knew one who was blind. He saw not the pleasant light, the fair earth, nor the awful stars. All people said, 'He is in darkness, life hath no joys for him.' But he had a music tube that he had made of bamboo, and continually he played it lonely;

and I knew that he was happier than we who are proud of our far reaching vision."

"But the cause, Kahnü. How comes she to think that her dead lord was foully stricken?"

"My lord has grown young again. He who asks a woman for her reasons, is half-brother to the silly one who asked of the palmtrees why they waved their far shadowing tops. Hereon who can give counsel?"

"Then what counsel canst thou give me? Is there no help in thy mind—canst devise nothing?"

"Little, son of my lord and comrade. For the present, wait. When her sorrow shall have flowed itself away like the rivulets of the gloomy moons of rain, thou mayst essay again."

"And then—thinkest thou not my sage Kahnü—success will be more certain for the delay?"

"But Kahnü paused a long time, ere, speaking very low, he answered :

"I would my lord had not asked this. But I must speak my thought. Much I fear my lord may indulge but feeble hope. She is not like our daughters, nor those of our allies—taught to believe that there is no cause for sorrow when a brave lover or husband returns no more from the field; and her grief will therefore endure very long. And she will think upon her lost one until his memory will be like sweet songs in her ears, and may come to seem to her more than any living man. The much loved spouse of Kahnü perished in her youth—should not Kahnü judge? Least of all might she look with favour upon my lord. Let him consider. Was he not concerned to protect her from the jealous fury of certain of the fierce Dyak maidens? Had one of them reached the life of the fair Kini-Balü, would she be the favoured damsel whom Batu would take to his anguished bosom?"

Then Batu was silent, for his thoughts were sadder than before. And he walked apart,

sorrowful, with his face turned to the setting sun. Feebly he walked, and with heavy steps, like a very old man; passing deeper into the forest, for the thickly coming darkness, and the wailing of the night-wind, and sad sighing of the trees, seemed pleasanter than the mirth of the camp, and the comely faces of brave young warriors—laughed upon by the cheerful gleam of red firelight, all of which stirred his soul with wrath; for he cried often, while yet the voices reached him, "What more have they done than I, to be so happy—what less have I done than they, to be so stricken?" And he walked far out of sound, and threw himself on the earth, like a sick man, among the blackest shadows. And the Kini-Balü, in her litter with the leafy curtains, wept for her slain hero; and often as she looked out into the night, withdrew, yet more grieving, for the pitiful eyes of heaven were veiled by the envious wings of the cloud-demons, so that she could not see up to where he abode in restfulness.

Long Batu with the empty heart lay prone upon the ground, holding his head between his hands, and his fingers grappled into his long hair, as if it had been the hair of a foeman, for his thoughts were very bitter. "It must be so," he reasoned: "Kahnü's dreary words are true. Had one of the Dyak women slain the Kini-Balü at the village—nay, harmed her even—her life, and the life of all her people, had been small food to the huge hunger of my revenge. What, then, would she do to me? Would she not slay me if she could, and with a surpassing joy? So may she. I am not made of iron, like Kahnü, to fight wearily a whole life long, because he who is my true over-match cometh not yet. To-morrow will I give to her weeping for revenge, martial gear and open battle; and she shall give me—for why should I stay her active hand—sweet death. And in verity I may even do my uttermost, and yet be sure to fall; for is not my heart empty, and my limbs weak, so that a child can vanquish me; and thus will I escape the

reproach of Kahnü with the iron patience, who alone of all the sons of men can reproach me. And he shall be charged to protect her, if any of my warriors should desire vengeance for my fall, and to conduct her in safety whithersoever she would go. He, the soul of sea-beat rock, who shunneth not distasteful days, will find it but a small thing to govern the warlike Aran, better far than the feeble Bátu, who liveth too long already. O, young in years, but suddenly old in soul, thus thy way is clear to that peace which thy princely sire so happily found early! Back then to camp, for the sun of the morning shall see a strange thing, at which the tribes of the Aran and the Dyak shall marvel in generations coming—a lover slaughtered by the hand he loves—a chieftain yielding to his captive—a warrior bred to battles vanquished by a woman. And great will be her fame, for thou, O deeply wearied one, hast also been renowned.”

Then he arose and slowly retraced the devious way that he had made in heedlessness from camp. The darkness was very deep, and oftentimes he wandered, for his thoughts were not upon his path, and he looked upon the ground before his moving feet with eyes that saw not; so that much time had passed when, to him musing, there came the gentle gurgle of the fountain which overflowed in the hollow glade wherein he had chosen to halt. Then he wondered that he saw no gleam of fire, and aroused himself to consider.

“It cannot be that we are pursued—yet why should Kahnü suffer the fire to be put out, and no watch appointed, for hereabouts should I meet a sentinel—if it were so? Hath he gone in search of me, and do the sluggards remaining unworthily profit by his absence to steal a careless slumber? But I will teach them what it is to do so—they shall remember this awakening!”

Then he descended into the glade with rapid but noiseless paces. Suddenly, through the deep gloom he discerned the figure of a

man recumbent upon the grass. Approaching, he stirred him with his foot, and spoke. There was no answer.

He bent low over him; and then his keen eye saw and knew the dress and valiantly-won trophies the trusted Kahnü wore. The wise warrior lay like one who sleeps deeply; but his tough shield was gone, his right hand lay on the shaft of his shivered lance, and his head was crushed and blood-wetting to the touch, as from the swing of some mighty war-club. Brave Kahnü slept indeed—he had met at last the friend who dwells with foemen. Bátu sprang erect, as doth a bent sapling released from the hand of a boy; for his thoughts were of treachery. “Kini-Balü,” he shouted, “Oh, Kini-Balü, where art thou?” There came no answer save the mocking of the cliffs. Then, a long sighing gust of the night-wind rustled the forest leaves like the sudden patter of a rain-shower, and drew from amid the smouldering embers the red fierce gleam of unextinguished coals, like an unexpected opening of savage eyes in the darkness. He ran towards it, and lo, in the way, the body of another warrior, lying with downward face. But he stayed not. He reached the fire, and saw that the brands were scattered right and left, but each still separately glowing. It needed but to throw them together, and the fanning of the increasing breeze brought forth once more the brilliant flames. Eagerly he threw his glance around. In the fountain lay another of his band; divided from him by the streamlet it sent forth, was still another—fallen as if in flight. In its former place, near the fire, was the litter; but, overturned, broken, and empty. Nowhere was any trace of its bearers.

“The Malayü dogs,” he groaned in bitterness, “have risen upon the guards where the watch was set, and have stealthily slaughtered the sleepers! And the Kini-Balü? Perchance she escaped—perhaps is even now hidden near at hand. I will call her again, for now surely she would answer my voice.”

And this time his piercing call found answer. From the wooded crags that lay on the left of the open space, came a cry, a yell, and a hideous laughing sound that was yet no laugh, so dreadful that it almost changed the strong young chief to stone.

But he thrust out his stiffening limbs quickly, and shook off the unusual terrors. Then he stood the long-shafted lance in the ground unslung, and took in his right hand the keen-edged axe, hung the woven shield of tough rattan on his breast, and strode forth, murmuring, "But I will see what it means, though I be eaten at a morsel."

In his left hand he swung a firebrand. Between him and the crags its light opened the jaws of a deep and narrow gulch, rugged with rocks. Into it he descended, and lo! at the bottom, all heaped upon itself much broken, the corpse of one of the slaves.

"Then," thought Bátu, "the Malays were faithful. Who then hath done this sudden deed? Traitors have kept my trail, and captured my beloved. Kini-Balü, oh, Kini-Balü, where art thou?"

And again the unearthly, mocking peal responded; but now it was very near, seeming but a little space above him. The warrior started, gasped, as one who feels, unwarned, the sharp fang of the death-adder, and with the impulse darted forward. Soon, from the steep face of the crag loosened stones rattled downward, yielding from his rapid feet, but he was surer than the nâpu,* never faltering, and lightly gained the top. There, cowering amid the broken trees and rocks, the leader of the litter-bearers sat, looking afar into the night with averted head. Bátu called and demanded of him what had befallen. And his answer was nought but the terrible cry, resembling laughter as a corpse resembles the living. Shivering the chieftain approached, and seized on the slave by the shoulder. Quick at the touch he sprang up and turned his face full upon Bátu, who, speechless, recoiled

in amaze, as hideous it rose up before him. It was not the face of a beast, yet likeness to manhood had vanished; incessantly muttered the lips, pale, blood-streaked, with froth-flecks upon them; and the fire of the never-still eyes seemed born in the soul of a demon. For an instant it glared on the chief, while it stretched forth a hand, and withdrew it; then uttered its horrible yell, and, turning, fled far in the darkness, clambering or bounding along on the crumbling verge of the ravine with a speed and a manner of motion that made Bátu think of the pâpau.

"It avails not to pursue him," sighed the perplexed Aran. "The night surprise and the sudden slaughter have frightened the coward's soul out of his body; a goblin has gone in instead. I will get back to the fire—I will make me a torch of neäto* that shall give me light until moonrise; and with its help take up the trail of the midnight assassins. Be they many or few I will find them. Oh Kini-Balü, Kini-Balü, where art thou?"

There came no answer save the mocking of the cliffs. Now he took counsel with himself once more: "They would not dare to return to the village after this act, for fear of their chiefs and old men, my allies. Where then? To the west—to the kingdom of the Hill-Dyaks?—to the south?—to the land of the tribute-payers? or to the north—to the sea, to foil me by voyaging hidden courses?"

Here, returning, he came upon the body of another warrior. He whirled the dying brand until it flamed once more, and sought for the death-wound. It also, like Kahnü's, was in the head—nor axe, nor spear, but strongly-wielded club had dealt the all-sufficing blow.

"Here, in advance, he watched;" murmured Bátu;—"and here, surprised, he fell. Yes, so it must be. The rest were slaughtered in their sleep, or woke like the slaves

* A Borneese variety of the musk-ox.

* The gutta-percha tree.

to flee ; and far they must have fled, that none have heard my shouting. Only my valiant Kahnü—to him few or many was ever the same—hath reared his arm ; so proves his broken lance and absent shield. O! that they would return—that one, at least, I might stretch beside him ; then contented would I follow. Kini-Balü, oh Kini-Balü ! where art thou ? ”

There came no answer save the mocking of the cliffs. Then he wrought his torch, and set his cleft handle upon the sharp head of his lance. By its far-reaching rays he searched the ground narrowly.

Round and round, in widening circles, ran the chief holding the torch aloft, but nothing finding save the footprints of his warriors and slaves, until he came once more where Kahnü lifeless lay. There, where low bushes mingled with tall grass, a single path divided their bent heads, but the well-cushioned ground showed no clear marks of feet. It led right up the mountain's long incline ; and near at hand his torchlight found the warrior's missing shield. Some mighty hand had crushed it like a leaf, and in the centre, where it doubled up, the interlaced rattan had split like straw. Bátu saw amazed, then hurried up the easy slope. Not far he ran when weeds and grass grew thin, and the soft turf held tracks up to his light. He lowered the torch—he bent to look, then sank upon the ground. Not long he stayed. Now he saw—he understood it all—and prepared his soul for endurance. He threw away his shield, and hung his trusty axe across his sinewy shoulders. He took from the folds of his sarong a mouthful of the strength-giving betel and its leaves, and flung aside the garment. Then he drew in his girdle, and, with naked limbs and bosom, set forward on that steady, swinging pace by which even the fleet antelope is taken, or foemen many days afar surprised, when it seemed to them safe for feasting and for sleeping. Well he balanced the trusty lance, and made the torch it bore

throw searching gleams along the obscure trail—though wetted leaves, like limp, cold hands, oft brushed his beating bosom, and shaken branches overhead oft showered large glittering drops that cooled his glowing skin. But the broken clouds were drifting fast, the stars were looking down, and ere two hours were past, the moon came up and shone upon the level plain that rolled now far beneath the chief's unfaltering feet. Then with a swing he dashed the torch into the ground, and shook the spear-head free, still pressing up and on.

No sound was in the forest here. Distant cries at times arose, far on the right or left—night wail of far-off tiger or banteng's* deep-mouthed bellow ; but near the tracks that Bátu's sweeping stride measured by scarcely half was stillness, save the rustle of the wind among the leaves, and his own low, steady breathing as he rose the vast incline. Well he knew what this meant ; that the grisly slayer walked not very far advanced ; yet onward still he held, and rather joyed than feared.

Daylight at last began to streak the east, and the breeze of the morning blew fresher ; unwearied the hero ascended. Each vast foot-print was clear to his gaze ; no longer he needed to painfully bend his head toward the ground the huge paces to surely distinguish, but with straightened neck, swelling nostril and unslackened tread, he held to the freshening trail. Whoso had seen him, had said—“There passeth an hunger-spurred hunter, who neareth at last the chase he hath followed for many suns.”

Suddenly through the green foliage on the left shone the bright blue gleam of mighty waters. The trail bent in the same direction. The huge trees stood more apart, and between them the ground was free from the creeping tangle, wearisome to man and beast, that grows on the plains below. The Aran chieftain changed his course, but not his

* Buffalo of Borneo.

unfaltering stride. But now a faint sound reached his wary ear, as of the distant crash of a dead limb! Quick he halted, for it was borne from the quarter he sought! There came no repetition.

Forward again and faster. Now the ground sloped a little downward, and the grass was short and soft, very pleasant to his much-worn feet. The daylight was clear and strong, but the sun had not yet risen, when a rattling, as of many loose stones rushing down a declivity, and a splashing, as when they tumultuously fall into deep water, rang through the woodland ways. Then Bátu unslung his well-tempered axe, but stayed not. And now he came to the broken land out from the many trees, to where trees were few, and the ground yielded rocks instead. Out to its verge, and lo, far beneath him spread the lake of mysterious waters that rolls blue and white, when storms are, like its brother the outer sea. Freshly across its wide breast came the cool, gusty wind of the morning; yet Bátu paused not, nor gazed in its depths, for the tracks here were newly imprinted. A white cliff rose steeply ahead, and its water front steamed with thick vapours—thickest where wandered the trail which wound at mid-height from the water. It was clogging, and hot to the touch; and often large masses slid downward from the hero's quick-lifted feet, plunging rumblingly under the surface. He remembered the sound heard erewhile, and knew that his race was near ended; and joy filled his soul at the thought that at last the encounter was certain, and death which would be not defeat, but the crown of a noble endeavour. The subduer of men they call hero—how name they the striver with demons?

He crossed the long front of the cliff of white smoke, and came to the place of dens where dwell the lake-shore monsters, who war incessantly with the monsters who live in its waters; and where grow the vast trees with flesh for wood, and milk for sap, of

which the leaves are like hands, and the fruits ripen into beautiful, footless birds that fly away, each with a seed in its bosom, and never return again. Here he had scarce entered when a sound came to his ear that he had not hoped ever to hear again—the wail of a weeping woman—the voice of the Chinese widow. Joy returned to the weary-ying chieftain, and with it strength.

“Now,” he said, “she shall own that Bátu is no coward, nor a half fighter who dares not singly attack his enemy! The gods are good that she lives! I had feared that she had died; and I, unhappy, left without hope to prove how her thoughts wronged me—yet that, methinks, I had rather do than win her withheld love.”

And lo! beyond, deep in the wooded ways, the maker of the mighty footprints stalking slowly; borne on his high shoulder the Kini-Balü, helplessly imprisoned by one huge upcircling arm. With the other he trailed a club, thicker than a strong man's thigh, and longer than his body. Bátu shouted, defying. The giant turned, but looked upon him without answer. Naked he was, and hairy like the beast. His stature was far above that of the sons of men; his face like the visions seen by one who hath sickened from thirst long continued. Green was his monstrous beard, and his eyebrows were flat, like a serpent's. His teeth were those of a tiger, his hands like the great sealizard's. He rolled his fierce eyes and upswayed his club as Bátu advanced upon him. Bátu defied him again and added reproaches. His voice rumbled forth threatenings in answer—it seemed as if thunder was speaking. Then he, too, advanced. Bátu stopped, and sent his flashing lance like lightning. The wild man's swinging club threw its shivered fragments far among the gleaming leaves; and he roared in anger, more hoarsely than the banteng. But the chieftain bided, answering naught save by changing his long victorious axe to his well-skilled right hand.

Then spoke the Kini-Balü quickly, ad-

dressing Bátu, who burned with delight at her accents. "Indeed thou art brave, but be heedful, for mortal strength here is but nothing. The bones of the monster beneath me feel like rocks thinly covered with lichens; then seek not to reach his huge breast—for there many blows would be needful; but avoiding the sweep of his club, do thou strike off the fingers that grasp it."

And the man-monster closed with uplifted club—his blows fell as falls mis-driven thunder, tearing up the ground, for Bátu bent, as the spear tree bends when the whizzing rain-gust strikes it; while before his dazzled eyes the lady flung her silken, lightly-floating veil spangled with gold and crimson. Not quicker the fanged snake strikes back when the savage boar assails him, than Bátu's gleaming axe whirled on the giant bewildered! It shore through the shaggy wrist—the club and the hand fell together; the broad lake waters trembled to the roar of anguish that followed!

He uplifted his other hand—no longer remembering his captive—lightly she leapt to the ground, while foaming he rushed on the chieftain. The thrust of the spike-headed axe he regarded no more than a bramble, though the depth that it passed in his breast would have slain any man in the moment; and the broad, hard palm, with its sharp, crooked nails, fell sounding upon the hero. Terrible was the blow! It gored his uncovered side, and hurled him away many paces—yet he lost not his hold on his axe, though breathless, and dizzied, and bleeding, for blood gushed from mouth and from nostrils; thrice he fell, and rose, gaining ambush from the pursuer. From thence, as the demon rushed by, he hurled the keen axe and struck him where the tendons knit close to the heel. Helpless the monster fell, and the leaves above him quivered. Then came Bátu forth, but walked not many steps ere himself sank sickened and fainting, for the life-blood was filling his footprints.

The Chinese widow came and knelt beside him.

"Thou hast conquered, warrior; but how fares it with thyself?" she said.

"Since thou askest—well:" he answered. "Wouldst thou grant me thy love, it might be I would yet recover."

"It may not be—not even to save thee. Should I bid thee live—thou, slayer of my love and joy? Did I not vow to encompass thy death when I beheld my beloved sink beneath thy savage blows? how, then, wilt thou still speak to me of love?"

"It needs not—see!" And he turned himself a little to show his gory side. "Yet more than the monster's hand do thy hope-killing words destroy me."

But she was striving with her garments to staunch the ghastly wounds. Yet her face was firm, and gave no sign to his hope, although in the long pause he watched her eagerly.

Then he said—"I die, and thou art revenged. It is better. But I desire to complete the victory, in which thou didst aid me so well; alas, for the hope that act bred within me. Wilt thou help me this last time?"

Silently she aided his steps where the woodland demon lay bleeding. Bátu with feeble blows cut off the head, and grasped it, horrible, by the bristling hair. "Lo!" he cried, "my trophy! When lived he who hath boasted its equal before? Not in vain hath Bátu lived; he hath taught all men that demons may be conquered. He shall live in the hearts of the people. Thou canst not say hereafter, 'He was but a half warrior—he slew my husband by the hands of others, not by his own arm unaided.'"

"Nay," she answered; "thou wrongest me. My noble lord was overborne truly, but not by thee. Traitors of whom thou knewest nothing oppressed us; and he was already slain by the toils and wounds of many foregoing battles. We fled from rebels thirsting for our blood, and met thee, crueler than they."

"Alas, I fear then that I have done an evil act. But I knew it not. If I might live—but it profits not." His steps were growing feeble, and the huge head weighed heavier to his failing strength. He sank beneath a tree. "O! Kini-Balü, I die. Thou livest. Take thou my last command to my people. In two days they who have in keeping the golden horse will come. Bid them take this, my trophy, the sign of the deed I have wrought; preserve it, decorate it, as is the custom of the Aran and Dyak, since to my hand the task is forbidden; and, after, hang it highest in the Temple of Heads, where all warriors may see, and all young warriors may learn that the demons who haunt the woodland are not invulnerable. Hereafter, he who would be called brave must abide to battle with them, for the people will remember Bátu; and the maidens will scorn him who flees an enemy, though terrible, that a woman taught how to subdue. So shall the land be ours unmolested, for the tribes will no longer dwell trembling on the verge of the sea for fear of the gigantic hunters of the mountain. They shall hunt, they shall till, and shields no more shall be woven, for yonder long slopes shall fill their hungry mouths; and there shall be no more need to molest the tribute-payers, or to scorn the storm-swept sea for prizes won with much noble blood, and the tears of sorrowing women because the young ones cry for food. The days of battle shall come to an end, and such peace as the wise and warlike Kahnü wearied for and saw not all his life, shall rest on all the nations. And me they shall praise forever! Yet, oh yet, I would give all—all, for thy love! Woman, I die because of thee, and thou hast no sorrow."

She turned her face upon him, wet with tears. "See, I weep for thee! But though I give thee tears, I cannot give thee love. Beyond yon golden clouds my hero waits for me, counting the days till I come. And thou, noble youth, think not so lightly of the great deed thou hast wrought; 'tis the word of a

boy to say thou wouldst barter its fame for the love of any woman."

And he murmured, for his heroic voice was weakening much: "Yet, give me one kiss, wilt thou not, before I die?"

She took his heavy head upon her knees, and wiped away the death-sweat tenderly. But she kissed him not.

And after a little he raised his eyes to hers, and said: "Who now will rule my people? Wilt thou be their queen?"

And she answered, "It may not be—how can I? I do but wait to deliver to them thy message—and then I also set out for the abode of the gods."

Then Bátu was surprised. "It passes wonderment;" he said. "Even the much-experienced Kahnü said, no widow dies of grief—O, in the long hereafter will there come one who shall love Bátu so?"

"Yea;" she answered. "There must."

Then he smiled and whispered: "Tell my people also this: that they shall take down from the chief place the head of him thou lovest so well, for now do I perceive that I therein do hold no rightful trophy, and lay it in thy grave when thou departest. And I will tell thy noble lord that thou comest quickly; but first will I demand forgiveness because I did assail him when he was overborne with the toils and wounds of many foregone battles—but I knew it not."

Then she bowed her head and kissed him tenderly.

Then Bátu spoke no more.

And the Kini-Balü hid the body, and watched near it. When night came, she surrounded it with fires, and kept herself within the circle.

Not until the third morning came the band with the golden horse. For the way is long and hard to travel; nor have any, unencumbered, ever equalled the wonderful speed of the fleet-footed prince of the Arans. They are esteemed good runners who can run in two suns the race he ran in one short night. For indeed he was

a wonderful warrior. And his words are coming true, which proves that he was also wise, though very young. For, since that day, no warrior refuses battle with the haunters of the woodland; and he who would be esteemed very brave, seeks them; and thus, at last, they are becoming few. It is very seldom that one is seen, now, along the slopes of the mountain; and if the terrible English rajah had not come upon us with the Kajan armies; so that the many strong young men who fell at Tampasuk, at Pandasin, on the Reyang, in the Marn-bookat, and on the awful day of Brunai, had been spared; and our women and our children who were slaughtered here, at home, by his fleet of renegades from Sarawak, we had cleared those slopes long since, and covered them with waving grain.

And the Kini-Balü showed the Aran warriors the body of their chief, and the mighty trophy he had won; and told how all had befallen. And she gave them his last commands, and they prepared to bear his body back to the tribes. Then she herself charged them with another duty.

"When ye prepare the funeral of your chief, choose also the maiden of his race who laments him most, and set her pure soul free to be his companion. And while there is yet life remaining in her, take ye the head of my slain lord, and bind it in her two hands, and be it buried with her. For I, unhappy, may not return to the village, because I should bring strife and confusion among you, as before, so that no commands would be fulfilled, then who would bear it to him?"

Then the leader answered her:

"O princess! all these other things that our chieftain hath commanded through thy mouth will be obeyed. But this that thou desirest—that one of our maidens shall be put to death, is a strange thing to our people, and I know not but they will refuse it. Why should such a strange thing be?"

And she said—"If ye would live in peace,

do it, and fail not. It is my shame and weakness—but to my lord I must answer it—thy chieftain, dying, did taste my lips, for I so pitied him—and now, when I arrive at the abode of the gods, he will quarrel with my husband for me, unless ye do my bidding. And the guilt of the quarrel will rest upon ye; and the curse of the unregarded dead, intolerable to be borne, if ye so much as delay in it."

And he answered—"It is enough. Thy will shall be accomplished. But I wish thou hadst spared unlawful pity, for know thou, O Kini-Balü, the maiden who loveth Bátu best is also mine only child."

And having spoken with an angry heart, he called the warriors, and they set forth on their return, leaving the beautiful widow alone, weeping sorely. But there were some who often looked behind, and these saw her rise and wipe away her tears, and mount upon the back of the golden horse; which immediately became alive, and descended the cliffs. And winding the difficult way along the breaking front of the white cliff of vapours, they all saw her guiding the wonderful horse along the straight path which the rising sun made upon the waters of the lake, as if it had been a common path across a grassy plain. Very swiftly the horse moved, so that the coursing of the fleet antelope seemed ever afterwards to these men like the creeping of pismires. And while they gazed, forgetful of even the hot and yielding ground beneath their feet, she passed beyond the reach of their eyes, and they believed she had gone to the sun to burn away the stain of her weakness in pitying the slayer of her husband. And then they knew also that she must needs be related to the gods, and that her commands must be heedfully obeyed. Thus it hath come that, so long as the Aran people existed, they sacrificed every year a young maiden; and the lake, and the mountain also, have been called ever since, "those of the Chinese widow."

"This, commander of the ship of tamed fire-demons, is the story of Batoubabákaha's forefathers. And thou mayest tell it with straightforward eyes among the councillors of thy people, for I have told it true, though there be some Dyaks who shame not to put lies in it."

I mused long upon this strange recital after my visitors betook themselves to their bankong to return to shore. I have mused

a good deal upon it, many a time, since. And reflections upon "Bátu's" *missionary influence* upon these poor, degraded, head-takers, and the strange way in which "Rajah Brook's good work in Borneo," has cut it up, root and branch, have not been unprofitable. O, light, more light, Our Universal Father; that we may a little see how often when we think we are doing well, we are doing, in our darkness, but miserably wrong!

THE ANNUITY.

From "Lyrics, Legal and Miscellaneous," by the late George Outram.

I GAED to spend a week in Fife—
 An unco week it proved to be—
 For there I met a waesome wife
 Lamentin' her viduity.
 Her grief brak out sae fierce and fell,
 I thought her heart wad burst the shell;
 And—I was sae left to mysel'—
 I sell't her an annuity.

The bargain lookit fair enough—
 She just was turned o' saxty-three;
 I couldna guessed she'd prove sae teugh,
 By human ingenuity.
 But years have come, and years have gane,
 And there she's yet as stieve's a stane—
 The limmer's growin' young again,
 Since she got her annuity.

She's crined awa' to bane an' skin,
 But that it seems is nought to me;
 She's like to live—although she's in
 The last stage o' tenuity.
 She munches wi' her wizened gums,
 An' stumps about on legs o' thrums,
 But comes—as sure as Christmas comes—
 To ca' for her annuity.

She jokes her joke, an' cracks her crack,
 As spunkie as a growin' flea—
 An' there she sits upon my back,
 A livin' perpetuity.

She hurkles by her ingle-side,
 An' toasts an' tans her wrunkled hide—
 Lord kens how lang she yet may bide
 To ca' for her annuity!

I read the tables drawn wi' care
 For an Insurance Company;
 Her chance o' life was stated there,
 Wi' perfect perspicuity.
 But tables here or tables there,
 She's lived ten years beyond her share,
 An's like to live a dizen mair,
 To ca' for her annuity.

I gat the loon that drew the deed—
 We spelled it o'er right carefully;
 In vain he yerked his souple head,
 To find an ambiguity;
 It's dated—tested—a' complete—
 The proper stamp—nae word delete—
 And diligence, as on decret,
 May pass for her annuity.

Last Yule she had a fearfu' hoast—
 I thought a kink might set me free;
 I led her out, 'mang snaw and frost,
 Wi' constant assiduity.
 But Diel ma' care—the blast gaed by,
 And missed the auld anatomy;
 It just cost me a tooth, forbye
 Discharging her annuity.

I thought that grief might gar her quit—
 Her only son was lost at sea—
 But aff her wits behuved to flit,
 An' leave her in fatuity !
 She threeps, an' threeps, he's livin' yet,
 For a' the tellin' she can get ;
 But catch the doited runt forget
 To ca' for her annuity !

If there's a sough o' cholera
 Or typhus—wha sae gleg as she ?
 She buys up baths, an' drugs, an' a',
 In siccan superfluity !
 She doesna need—she's fever proof—
 The pest gaed o'er her very roof ;
 She tauld me sae—an' then her loof
 Held out for her annuity.

Ae day she fell—her arm she brak,—
 A compound fracture as could be ;
 Nae leech the cure wad undertak,
 Whate'er was the gravity.
 It's cured !—She handles't like a flail—
 It does as weel in bits as hale ;
 But I'm a broken man mysel'
 Wi' her and her annuity.

Her broozled flesh, and broken banes,
 Are weel as flesh an' banes can be,
 She beats the taeds that live in stanes,
 An' fatten in vacuity !
 They die when they're exposed to air—
 They canna thole the atmosphere ;
 But her !—expose her onywhere—
 She lives for her annuity.

If mortal means could nick her thread,
 Sma' crime it wad appear to me ;
 Ca't murder—or ca't homicide—
 I'd justify't,—an' do it tae.
 But how to fell a withered wife
 That's carved out o' the tree o' life—
 The timmer limmer daurs the knife
 To settle her annuity.

I'd try a shot.—But wha's the mark ?—
 Her vital parts are hid frae me ;
 Her back-bane wanders through her sark
 In an unkenn'd corkscrewity.

She's palsified—an' shakes her head
 Sae fast about, ye scarce can see't ;
 It's past the power o' steel or lead
 To settle her annuity.

She might be drowned ;—but go she'll not
 Within a mile o' loch or sea ;—
 Or hanged—if cord could grip a throat
 O' siccan exiguity.
 It's fitter far to hang the rope—
 It draws out like a telescope ;
 'Twad tak a dreadful length o' drop
 To settle her annuity.

Will puizon do't ?—It has been tried ;
 But, be't in hash or fricassee,
 That's just the dish she can't abide,
 Whatever kind o' *gout* it hae.
 It's needless to assail her doubts,—
 She gangs by instinct—like the brutes—
 An' only eats an' drinks what suits
 Hersel' an' her annuity.

The Bible says the age o' man
 Threescore an' ten perchance may be ;
 She's ninety-four ;—let them wha can
 Explain the incongruity.
 She should hae lived afore the Flood—
 She's come o' Patriarchal blood—
 She's some auld Pagan, mummified
 Alive for her annuity.

She's been embalmed inside and out—
 She's sauted to the last degree—
 There's pickle in her very snout
 Sae caper-like an' cruety ;
 Lot's wife was fresh compared to her ;
 They've Kyanised the useless knir—
 She canna decompose—nae mair
 Than her accursed annuity.

The water-drap wears out the rock
 As this eternal jaud wears me ;
 I could withstand the single shock,
 But no the continuity.
 It's pay me here—an' pay me there—
 An' pay me, pay me, evermair ;
 I'll gang demented wi' despair—
 I'm *charged* for her annuity !

THE STORY OF "L. E. L."

"The future never renders to the past

The young beliefs intrusted to its keeping ;
 Inscribe one sentence—life's first truth and last—
 On the pale marble where our dust is sleeping :
We might have been !"—L. E. L.

FROM before the days of that immortal mariner Robinson Crusoe until the time when England ceased to traffic in the thews and sinews of men, the Guinea Coast was famous with an evil fame, and on its shores unhallowed fortunes were made. After the abolition of the slave trade, the English Protectorate there sank into insignificance, till at last the Gold Coast and its settlements were less talked about or thought of than the mythical mountains of the moon. Now-a-days, Cape Coast Castle has become a familiar name, and the dreary old fort and town where Sir Garnet Wolseley and his little army landed, and from whence they marched to Coomassie, and saw with horror-stricken eyes King Coffee Calcalli's awful "Home of Ghosts," are as well known as the vivid descriptions and graphic sketches of special correspondents and artists could make them. But in the keen interest excited by the thrilling scenes and incidents of civilized and savage warfare contending against each other, the one gentle association connected with the place is scarcely thought worthy of notice. For two months a sweet, sad English singer dwelt within those gloomy walls ; there she died ; and among the graves of the military men who have perished in that pestilential climate, hers is yet to be seen, marked by the initials of her name, "L. E. L." Those "magic letters," as Lord Lytton has called them, which once enchanted the hearts of the young and romantic, and were tenderly named by men renowned in literature and art, have lost their spell. Fast young men

and girls of the period turn away with disdain from the musical and melancholy verses which charmed another generation, but which the modern admirers of stronger and more sensational literature stigmatize as stupid, sentimental, and old-fashioned. Half a century ago those letters were a name of power. She who had chosen them as her *nom de plume*—"England's spoiled child and genius," "The Sappho of a polished age"—had won, by her impassioned poetry and attractive personal qualities, a unique place in the affections of the great mass of English readers, and was courted and flattered in London coteries. A few years later, self-banished from her native land and the friends she loved, and with no companion but the moody, saturnine, disappointed man to whom in an evil hour she had linked her destiny, she died at Cape Coast Castle with startling suddenness. It was rumoured by some in England that she had been foully dealt with ; by others it was whispered that she herself had deliberately thrown off the burden of a life that had become hateful to her. An inquest held at the fort found that her death had been inadvertently caused by an overdose of prussic acid—a medicine she was in the habit of taking to relieve spasmodic attacks from which she often suffered. Six hours later—as the climate compels—she was buried. The courtyard of the castle in which she lies is a spacious enclosure, a place of exercise and parade for the garrison, and surrounded by dungeons, formerly used as slave "barracoons." The blast of the bugle, the roll of the drum, and the tramp of armed men passing over the red tiles that cover her grave, are the sounds that continually reverberate there ; the fierce sun of the tropics blazes down all day long ; and not a tree or flower, not a green leaf or blade of

grass grows near the last resting-place of her who in happier days had woven all the charms of shadowy boughs, and fragrant blossoms, and murmuring zephyrs, into her song. How this hapless English poetess came to find her grave on that desolate African shore forms a mournful story—not without a lesson and a warning much like those which Madame de Staël has so powerfully taught in her *Corinne*.

A great poet, wise enough to steer clear of the rocks and shoals of passion and self-will, on which so many luckless bards have wrecked their gallant barks, and who found his happiness in peaceful home joys, in quiet duties, and in the love of Nature, that

"Never did betray the heart that loved her,"

has told us, singing of Burns and Chatterton,—

"Poets do begin in gladness,
But thereof comes in the end despondency and madness."

These melancholy lines are strictly applicable to the fate of Miss Landon, or *L. E. L.*, as her admirers loved to call her. Child, girl, and woman, she seems never to have been happy, though her spirits were always high. Delight in the exercise of her genius, gratified vanity at the applause and admiration she received, brief intervals of joyful excitement and hope, moments of rapture, and many keen though fleeting pleasures were hers; but that true happiness which only home affections, inward contentment, and a heart at peace can give, she never possessed. Her father, John Landon, belonged to an old Herefordshire family, and was the son of a clergyman and rector in Kent. He had two brothers in the church, one afterwards Provost of Worcester College and Dean of Exeter, the other Rector of Aberford, in Yorkshire. John, though the eldest son, went to sea, and when, after the death of his patron, Admiral Bowyer, he left the service, he became a partner in the Army

Agency house of Adair. He married a lady with money, and took a house in Hans Place, Chelsea, where Letitia Elizabeth, the eldest child, was born. There was a garden to this house, filled with roses, and beyond Hans Place was a strip of land called Chelsea Common, with trees, and market gardens adjoining. Here Letitia lived for seven years. She had a little brother two or three years younger than herself, whom she loved passionately, and who was her only companion. She was taught to read by an invalid neighbour, who used to scatter ivory letters on the floor, and show her how to form them into words. If good and attentive to her lessons she was given some little reward, which she always carried to her brother; if she had no reward to take home, she crept up stairs in shame and distress, to be consoled by her nurse, of whom she was very fond.

At five years old she was sent to a day-school, kept by a Mrs. Rowden, a cultivated woman, and an enthusiast in the cause of education. Mrs. Rowden loved poetry, and taught her pupils (among whom, at one time, was Miss Mitford) to love it too. French was taught by an emigrant Count, afterwards married to Mrs. Rowden; and Lady Caroline Lamb, who then lived in Hans Place, often visited the school, and gave the prizes on "breaking-up days." Letitia's only fault, her teacher said, was her superabundance of spirits, which never let her walk steadily. Hers was the true artistic nature, sensitive, impressionable, and impulsive; smiles and tears, grief and joy, rapidly succeeding each other. She was generous, tender-hearted, and loving, but passionate and wilful. Her father was kind and indulgent, but her mother—though like her daughter she was small and delicate in face and figure—was a woman of quick, imperious temper, and strong character; and very early Letitia's strong will clashed with hers. The girl's proud spirit was indomitable except through her affections; and Mrs

Landon, with scanty sense of justice, resorted to the expedient of making her brother suffer for her sins. No punishment inflicted on Letitia herself had any effect; but to punish, or threaten to punish her brother, instantly subdued her. We are not told what effect this method of vicarious chastisement had on the boy, but it does not seem to have lessened his affection for his sister; the love between them remained true and strong through all her life.

When Letitia was seven years of age, her father removed to Trevor Park, East Barnet, and thenceforth her chief education was such as she gained herself. She read history, travels, and biography, never skimming, never skipping, but reading whatever book she had taken up conscientiously through, and never satisfied till she had thoroughly mastered its contents. Poetry and works of fiction she devoured and absorbed, and she has said that after reading *The Lady of the Lake* and *Marmion*, she lived upon them for weeks. The fate of Constance impressed her imagination so vividly that in after years she never could read or hear it read without the strongest emotion. Her birthright of entrance into the fairy realms of poetry and romance soon showed itself. She wandered about the grounds and gardens with a stick she called her "measuring-wand" in her hand, inventing imaginary scenes and adventures, which she related to her brother, when he was at home, and, after he went to school, recited aloud to herself. "Oh, don't talk to me!" she would say, if any one spoke to her at these times, "I have such a delightful idea in my mind!"

At thirteen a great change came over her circumstances and prospects. Her father had lost large sums in some sailor-like attempts at farming, and was already in difficulties when the failure of Adair's house completed his ruin. He gave up Trevor Park, and took his family to live at Brompton. Old Brompton was at that time decidedly rural. There were hay-fields in its

midst, and lanes leading back into the "country green;" and the churchyard, on whose first grave Letitia wrote a touching poem, was then a blooming garden. All her early life she lived within sight of trees and blossoms, and the perfume of flowers and rustling of green leaves seemed to give sweetness and melody to her fanciful strains. Before she was fifteen her genius unmistakably asserted itself, and a poem called, "*The Fate of Adelaide: a Swiss Romantic Tale*," was accepted and published by Mr. Warren, of Bond Street. It sold well, but the publisher failed, and she never received anything for it, except praise, which stimulated her precocious talents to renewed exertion. Some time before this, Mr. Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, then the chief literary journal in England, had seen from the window of his house in Brompton, a little girl rolling a hoop with one hand, and holding with the other a book, which she every now and then stopped to read. He was pleased and attracted by the sight, and admired the girl's animated face and lively spirit. On being shown some of her poems he was still more interested in the young author, and published a series of *Poetical Sketches* by her in the *Gazette*, with the signature of L. E. L. They excited attention at once, and were greatly admired. Bright prospects seemed opening to her, and her parents flattered her and themselves with the hope that a distinguished literary career was before her. A brilliant one it proved to be, and perhaps, if her father had lived, it might have been a happy as well as a successful one. But unfortunately, he died just when she most needed a firm hand to guide and restrain her, to which, in his case, love—always the supreme motive with her—would have made her submit. She had loved him with all the deep intensity of her nature, and there is no exaggeration in the lines to his memory with which she closed her poem of "*The Troubadour*:"

"My father! though no more thine ear
Censure or praise of mine can hear,
It soothes me to embalm thy name
With all my hope, my pride, my fame!
My own dear father, time may bring
Chance, change, upon his rainbow wing,
But never will thy name depart—
The household god of thy child's heart—
Until that orphan child may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, my father, love can be
Like the dear love I had for thee!"

Lord Lytton has told us of the rush made by the young Cantabs every Saturday evening to look at the corner of the *Literary Gazette* where the magical letters "L. E. L." "which she had made into a name," were to be found. "And all of us praised the verses, and all of us guessed at the author. Was she young? Was she pretty? Was she (for there were some fortune-hunters among us)—was she rich? We ourselves then only thought of homage, not criticism. The other day, in looking over our boyish effusions, we found a copy of verses superscribed 'To L. E. L.' and beginning 'Fair Spirit.'"

When it was known that the author of these much admired poems was a young, small, graceful girl, living quietly in Brompton, she was speedily invited to literary parties and re-unions, patronized, flattered, and caressed. Even in her first early bloom she was scarcely entitled to be called pretty; but she seems to have had that nameless charm, more beautiful than beauty's self. Her figure was small, her features irregular, and when not animated by conversation, there was something pensive and even sad in her looks; but when in society, for which she had a natural aptitude, her face lighted up, and the "mind and music" from within breathed in every expressive lineament. Her dark grey eyes were very fine; her forehead and eyebrows perfect; her hands and feet beautifully formed. Her voice was sweet and musical, her manners enchanting, guileless, and unaffected—full of feeling, and in

her liveliest sallies, always gentle. There was a fascination about her which few could resist, and grave and learned men were attracted and charmed by her youth, her genius, her ready wit, and the girlish, though graceful *abandon* of her manners. Hogg, who had criticized her poems very roughly, as the artificial flowers of drawing-room literature, exclaimed when he saw her, "Hech! I did nae think ye had been sae bonnie!" and became ever after her warm friend and supporter.

Miss Spence, a literary lady who received a select circle of *bas bleus* in her rooms in Little Quebec street, Mayfair, was her first patroness, and among inferior celebrities, Letitia met at her re-unions Tom Moore, Lady Caroline Lamb, Edward Lytton Bulwer, and the brilliant and beautiful Rosina Wheeler, afterwards his wife. The young poetess had what has been called the fatal gift of fascination, and for a time, at least, charmed all who came near her. When the "Improvisatrice" appeared, it raised her at once to the pinnacle of popular fame. The public grew wildly enthusiastic about her; and fashionable people, who delighted in having a new genius, and one so attractive, to pet and patronize, loaded her with flattering attentions. But ever since her father's death, her home had been most unhappy. Her brother was at college, studying for the Church; her only sister, seven or eight years younger than herself, was a hopeless invalid, and her mother was more difficult to live with than ever. Her temper, always vehement and high, had been made irritable and exacting by trouble and disappointment. Her means were very small, and the comforts and indulgences needed by the little invalid were expensive, and could not be provided without many struggles and privations. It was a household of pain, anxiety, and gloom, intolerable to the young girl-poet, whose dreams were of Troubadour and Improvisatrice, of Golden Violets, Venetian Bracelets, and The Vow of the Peacock.

Already she had drank large draughts from the intoxicating cup of flattery and fame; she was ready to fancy herself a second Corinne, and no doubt, in her girlish visions, she dreamt of lovers as well as of love. But what lovers could come to her in a home of such poverty and suffering! What works worthy of immortal fame could be conceived and perfected under such chilling and depressing influences as hung over her there. As quickly as she could, she escaped from it, and went to reside with her grandmother, Mrs. Bishop, who had a comfortable annuity, and lived by herself in Sloane Street. Here Letitia was allowed to do as she liked, and no irksome duties, or vexatious interruptions, interfered with her poetical labours. Chaperoned by her grandmother, she gave little parties to men of letters and literary ladies, which are said to have been delightful. For she always performed her duties as hostess with the most charming tact and grace, and was the gayest, the wittiest, the most amiable of the company.

One year after "The Improvisatrice," "The Troubadour" came out; and its success was even greater than she had hoped. She received six hundred pounds for it, and the literary journals praised its fresh and graceful fancy, its flowing numbers, its impassioned feeling, and spontaneous power. The high place among English poets which had been so suddenly ceded to her, seemed now secure, and everything appeared to mark her out as Fortune's favourite. But in the midst of her triumph came the inevitable Nemesis. A scandalous attack on her character, from an unknown hand, appeared in the *Sun* newspaper. Her intimacy with Mr. Jerdan, and the kindness he had shown her from the time he first printed and praised her lyrics and tales in the *Literary Gazette*, were made the foundation of a disgraceful calumny, which, in spite of its utter improbability, some were so wicked as to affect to believe. To account for this, it must be said that if she had the gift of mak-

ing friends in an unusual degree, she made enemies with almost equal facility. That she should have done so may seem strange, for she is described by those who knew her intimately as having a loving and trusting nature, never suspecting evil or unkindness, and ready to give confidence and regard to all who sought or appeared to seek them. But the applause and admiration she had received, while yet in her teens, were enough to turn the head of philosopher, much more of a girl still almost a child; and it would have been little less than miraculous if, in the hey-day of youth and fame, she had always borne her faculties with faultless meekness. She had quick perceptions and a keen wit, and, in spite of her good nature, may have thoughtlessly laughed at absurdities and oddities of character, or openly ridiculed vanity, presumption, and arrogance—in this way heedlessly inflicting wounds which left a rankling bitterness in the hearts of those she had victimized in her girlish fun, of which she never dreamed. She used to give such amusing and graphic descriptions and imitations of *les petits comités* in Little Quebec Street, and of Miss Spence doing the honours in a blue toque, that Moore, after witnessing one of these exhibitions of her comic powers, declared that she was equal to Miss Austen. But Miss Austen reserved her talents of this sort for the characters of her books, and offended no one; Letitia displayed them on her acquaintances, sowing seeds of bitter hatred and revenge. There is, however, little doubt that the sudden and extraordinary popularity she had gained, not only with the public, but in society, was the head and front of all her offendings. Small literary cliques and coteries are notorious for rivalries, jealousies, and envyings; and all these bad feelings were arrayed against Letitia. Her brilliant success made enemies who were ready to employ any means, however base, to keep her from "shining them down." Her pride and sensibility were at all times excessive, and

it need not be said that she suffered intensely ; but she had great courage and energy, and many friends on whose support she could rely. In society she was more attractive and more admired than ever ; the pain of wounded feeling and mortified pride exciting her spirits and stimulating her genius into still greater brilliancy.

Just about this time her little sister died. Letitia appears not to have seen her for some time, and not to have been aware of her danger till the last ; and she describes herself as having been overwhelmed by the shock the sight of the little wasted form gave her. Perhaps her grief was not unmingled with remorse, for while her poor little sister had been suffering and dying, and her mother, whose heart was wrapped up in this child, was in the deepest grief, she had sought amusement and excitement, night after night, in the drawing-rooms and salons of her fashionable patrons and literary associates. But her sorrow and regret did not lead to any change in her mode of life ; and when her grandmother, soon after, died, and she had to seek another home, she did not return to her mother. For this she has been much blamed, but the same causes that had made a residence with Mrs. Landon so irksome to her before remained. She still believed that it would be impossible for her to write in the midst of such constant irritation and annoyance as her mother's temper caused her ; and yet not only her own support, but Mrs. Landon's, depended in a great degree on her literary labours. These were the reasons she assigned for living away from her mother, but she had other motives. She desired more freedom and independence of action, and more constant society than she could have had with Mrs. Landon. An old gentleman, Mr. Lance, and his three elderly daughters, were then living in Mrs. Rowden's old house in Hans Place. These ladies took a few pupils, and sometimes one or two lodgers ; they had long known and liked Letitia, and

here she now took up her abode. The long low school-room into which she had often danced, a merry, romping child, was too large for the present number of pupils, and was made into the authoress' drawing-room. In this room, half shadowed by the elm trees growing in the little narrow garden at the back, or in a small attic overlooking the shrubs and turf in the square, the greater part of Miss Landon's life was passed. The Misses Lance became much attached to her, and used to say the only trouble she gave was the constant opening of the door to her visitors, literary or fashionable, or both combined.

Literature had now become her profession, and her labours were incessant. Though her evenings were usually spent in some gay company, the number of poems, tales, sketches and lyrics she produced in a few years seem enough to have occupied a long life. But these labours might have been better borne if she had not added to them the toils of society. Often she was roused the morning after some great party to hear that the printer's boy was waiting for an unfinished tale or poem, and had to write the concluding lines in a fever of haste. Exhaustion and lassitude followed such an incessant strain on all her faculties, but she dared not pause nor stop to rest lest she should lose the favours of critics and publishers, or weaken the prestige of her name, on which her profits as a writer, and her place in society, depended. The evils of such a position for a woman, young, charming, and high-spirited, without the ties of home or the protection of relatives, could not be exaggerated. Lord Lytton, in "The Parisians," has shown something of the misery and danger of a literary career to a young girl in somewhat similar circumstances ; and in depicting the brilliant genius, the bright hopes, the sweet and loving nature of his heroine—her successes, her triumphs, her disappointments and humiliations, he must have remembered with sorrow

and pity the mournful fate of poor L. E. L., who, in his boyish days, had been the unknown "fair spirit" of his dreams, and to whom he was always a generous, constant, and disinterested friend. But all this time, to those who did not know her intimately, her lot seemed supremely fortunate. The slanders against her character had died out, her popularity as a poet appeared rather to increase than wane, and the magic letters "L. E. L." were yet a talisman to open readers' hearts. Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley sought her out and introduced her to the Marchioness of Londonderry, at whose splendid assemblies she shone a bright, particular star. In the long, low room in Hans Place, she gave many pleasant little parties; and a fancy ball in the same old-fashioned apartment, at which Bulwer and his wife, and many others of her fashionable friends, appeared in fancy dresses, was long remembered as being like a scene in dreamland by those who witnessed it.

In the midst of this brilliant and successful life she was far from happy. "Love!" she exclaims in a letter to a friend, "does it dare to treasure its deepest feelings in the presence of what we call the world? As to friendship—how many would weigh your dearest interests against the very lightest of their own? And as to fame—of what avail is it in the grave?" These are trite and hackneyed truths that fall easily and mechanically from worldly and heartless lips, but we know that L. E. L. felt them deeply. Yet still she was fascinated by the glitter and glare that looked so bright, and could not escape—still the poor moth fluttered round the flame. The annual income earned by her pen at this time has been estimated by Mr. Jerdan, who managed her pecuniary affairs, at two hundred and fifty pounds. She allowed her mother fifty pounds a year, and helped her brother largely. She never owed a farthing, but she never had sixpence to spare, and she has said—replying to some ill-natured comments on her dress, as being

too fanciful—that she never knew what it was to have two new gowns together.

In the midst of her other literary labours she edited two or three of the "Annuals," which made their first appearance with Ackermann's Forget-me-not, in 1823, and for a time achieved a brilliant success. They were chiefly supported by the contributions of aristocratic amateurs in literature, but some gems by writers of known genius were interspersed among the *vers de société* and glorifications of beauty which formed the chief part of the volumes. Moore was offered six hundred pounds for an article of a hundred and twenty lines, either in prose or verse, and declined the offer. The contents were altogether subservient to the engravings, which were generally the portraits of living beauties of rank and fashion, or ideal likenesses of the famous heroines of poetry and romance. At the time of her death, L. E. L. was engaged in writing sketches of Scott's heroines, to accompany a series of fancy portraits in Heath's Book of Beauty. For many years these "Annuals" were looked upon as almost a necessity, as compendiums of elegant literature, and ornaments *de luxe*, not only for the upper classes, for whom they were first intended, but for all who could afford to purchase them; and in remote provinces a young lady's drawing-room was considered incomplete without one or more of those blue, green, or crimson silk-bound volumes, to lie on the centre table. The readers of "Middlemarch" will remember that Mr. Ned Plymdale brings the last Keepsake to Rosamond Vincy, as "the best thing in art and literature out, and the very thing to please a nice girl;" and his mortification at the scorn with which Lydgate, unmindful of the name of the magnificent Lady Blessington, or the magic letters L. E. L., puts aside "the gorgeous watered-silk publication," and wonders "whether the engravings or the writings would turn out to be the silliest."

In the work of editing some of these

Annuals, which, however slight the result might seem, was exceedingly fatiguing and troublesome, involving endless correspondence with contributors, artists and publishers, Miss Landon was assisted, partly from friendship and partly for fun, by Dr. Maginn, once widely known as the writer of clever caricatures, witty *jeux d'esprit*, brilliant poetical translations, and powerful political articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. Maginn was the drollest, the wittiest, the most learned and eloquent of Irish geniuses, and also the most thoughtless, reckless, and imprudent, ending a life that had opened brilliantly "in debt and in drink," like the famous highland bard, and almost in a jail. He is said to have been greatly charmed and fascinated by L. E. L., and gave her valuable help. More than half the verses which appeared in the "Drawing-Room Scrap Book" and other Annuals, edited by her, were written by Dr. Maginn under various pseudonyms, and he took the most intense and boyish delight in thus hoaxing that "great donkey, the public," as he called it. This friendship and admiration on Maginn's part, and the intimacy their literary partnership caused, gave her enemies an opportunity of renewing their attacks on her character. "Be thou chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny!" says one who, above all men, knew human nature. But this can only apply to those who are in some false position or anomalous situation, and such a situation was that of Miss Landon. Her gratitude to Dr. Maginn for generous and able help in her arduous labours, and the warmth and impulsiveness of her character, were made use of to give a colouring of truth to these slanders, and some who had treated the first calumnies with contempt listened and looked grave now. But Mrs. S. C. Hall, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and others who, like them, were pure and noble-minded, disbelieved them. Yet they were destined to darken her life for ever. Just at that time

she had received an offer of marriage from Mr. John Forster, now so widely known as the friend and biographer of Dickens, and had accepted it. He was then a young barrister, already distinguished as a writer, and highly esteemed for the worth and nobleness of his character. Such a marriage would have given her at once safety and happiness, but so fortunate a fate was not to be hers. As soon as it was known that she was engaged to Mr. Forster, anonymous letters, detailing all the scandals that had been circulated about her, were sent to him. Mr. Forster's friends urged him, for Miss Landon's sake and his own, to have an inquiry made, and these slanders once for all exposed and refuted. But to do this was no easy matter. Nothing that did not prove their falsehood appeared, but it was not possible to trace them to their source, and make their baseness apparent. They seemed to have been mere whispers, rumours, and conjectures in the beginning; as mysterious in their origin as those poisonous winds which, suddenly coming from some unknown and malarious quarter, blight the fair buds and flowers in a night, unseen and unsuspected till the mischief is done. Still Mr. Forster, convinced of her innocence, repeated his proposals, but she proudly rejected them now. "I will never," she said, "marry a man who could for a moment distrust me!" And to the remonstrances of her friends, she replied that she believed her duty to her lover and herself required her to give up a union whose prospects of happiness could never now be clear and unclouded. Before the world she bore up with undaunted pride and spirit, and even affected a false gaiety which deceived many, but those who knew her best were aware that her mental agony was so great as to produce paroxysms of acute bodily sufferings. The false code of men's honour has obliged them to fight deadly duels with their best friends rather than lie under the imputation of cowardice or want of spirit; the

false code of women's honour often compels them to act and speak untruths, sooner than allow it to be thought that their hearts are slighted or their affections wounded. From this false pride she frequently protested that she had never really loved Mr. Forster, and that her only sentiments towards him had been respect and esteem. And yet in a letter to him, in which she declares that their marriage is impossible, she tells him that her sufferings from a spasmodic nervous attack have been so great that her physician said to her, "Now you have an idea of what the rack is!" and adds, "But it was nothing to what I suffered from my mental feelings." From these paroxysms of nervous pain,—neuralgic attacks we should now call them—she continued ever after to suffer excruciating anguish, and often for many nights and days she could obtain no sleep without the use of the strongest narcotics.

Some friends had deserted her, but others had been faithful, and she still had the gift of attracting new ones. Mrs. Fagan, a lady of large fortune, living in Hyde Park Street, invited her to stay at her house, and, with her husband, treated her with the most unbounded kindness and respect. A drawing-room was allotted to her special use, in which she could receive her friends when and how she chose, a carriage was always ready to take her wherever she wished to go, and every kind attention was lavished on her. But content and peace of mind were further away from her than ever. She clung feverishly to her literary fame, and yet her constant ill-health made the labour of writing so intolerable, that she became haunted with the dread that this great support might soon fail her, and with it everything else she now prized would vanish. In this morbid state of mind, a restless craving for some great and complete change took possession of her; and she often declared that she would marry any one who asked her, if he were only able to take her away from Eng-

land, and the scenes and associations which had become so hateful to her.

In October, 1837, at the house of Mr. Matthew Forster, Member for Berwick, she met her evil fate in Mr. George Maclean, an officer in the Royal African corps, styled in England Governor of Cape Coast Castle, and actually acting as such, though not formally appointed to the office. He belonged to a good Scotch family, and was the nephew of General Sir John Maclean, who had distinguished himself in the Peninsular war. Mr. Maclean had gone out to Cape Coast in very early youth, and had shown great courage and energy in leading the little body of soldiers and civilians in the colony against the attacks of the Ashantees—those same Ashantees about whom we have lately heard so much. When he was scarcely of age, he was made President of the Council of Government, and for fifteen years ruled the English Protectorate on the Gold Coast. His military skill and ability were never denied, but against his moral character and conduct very shocking charges had been brought. Mr. Burgoyne, the son-in-law of Sir Murray and Lady Elizabeth McGregor, public accused him of treating the natives with gross cruelty, and even of having had one man brutally flogged to death. Mr. Burgoyne also asserted that he covertly countenanced slavery, which it was one of his most imperative duties to prevent, returning runaway slaves to Coomassie to be tortured and sacrificed, entertaining at Cape Coast Castle the captains of ships well known to be "slavers," and openly encouraging the system of "pawning," which was, in reality, slavery under another name. These charges were laid before the Colonial authorities in London, and an investigation took place, ending in Mr. Maclean's acquittal, though not without some censure from Lord Glenelg. Mr. Maclean had come to London to answer Mr. Burgoyne's accusations, but as they were not much talked about, it is probable that Miss Landon

when introduced to him had never even heard of them. But she had heard a great deal of his heroic exploits against the fierce tribes that had kept the settlers on the Gold Coast in constant terror till his courage and vigour had quelled them, from her friend, Miss Emma Roberts, and it was quite *en règle* for the poetess to admire the hero. When invited to meet him at Mr. Forster's, she gaily declared that she intended to make a conquest of him, and for this purpose, as she said, dressed herself in white muslin, with a sash and scarf of the Maclean tartan pattern, and a ribbon in her hair of the same bright colours. Her dress became her dark hair and eyes; she looked well, and was, or seemed to be, in brilliant spirits. She was bent on pleasing, and unfortunately succeeded. The sight of his clan colours, her mobile, "illuminated" face, and fascinating manners, charmed Mr. Maclean, though he was evidently not a man that could be charmed easily. She has herself said that he was a fashionable-looking, handsome man, in the prime of life. By others he has been described as forty-six years old, and looking much older, with a grave, cold, and not agreeable face, with eyes that seldom met the glances of his companions, and a broad Scotch accent. He seemed to look upon all the softer feelings of humanity as a proof of weakness and folly, and had a profound contempt for poetry and sentiment; but he was well educated, had a taste for the exact sciences, and was a good mathematician. Others again, have described him as a "colonial sybarite," and *bon vivant*, selfish, coarse-minded, and cynical. He had lived so many years with men of an inferior class, and women of a still lower grade, that he had no pleasure in refined society, especially that of ladies; but with convivial companions he could make himself agreeable, and when his health allowed it, used to indulge in drinking bouts that lasted for days. Such was the man whom L. E. L., whose name was a synonym for all

that was romantic, tender, and impassioned, tried to make her friends believe she had "fallen in love" with. Perhaps she made Mr. Maclean believe it—for unpropitious circumstances had clouded a character which otherwise would have been all bright and lovable, with some dark shadows—and in this lay the spell which won him, as it afterwards seemed, so much against his will. Attracted and fascinated he certainly was, and in a very short time they were engaged, to the intense surprise of all who knew them. That she should banish herself from her friends and her native land, and voluntarily choose exile and solitude in a deadly climate, trusting her future fate to a stern, taciturn, ungenial man, of whom she could know little except that he had not the slightest sympathy with her tastes and employments, seemed to those who really cared about her, almost like madness. But she resented all remonstrances, declaring that she had the highest esteem and regard for Mr. Maclean, and that the engagement was one of deliberate choice and sincere affection. In a letter written at this time, Bulwer says—"I saw L. E. L. to-day. She avows her love for her betrothed frankly, and is going to Africa with him, where he is governor of a fortress. Is not that grand? It is on the Gold Coast, and his duty is to protect black people from being made slaves. The whole thing is a romance for Lamartine: half Paul and Virginia, half Inkle and Yarico!"

Poor thing! She probably found some comfort in presenting the miserable step she was taking, in this romantic aspect. Those who could truly read her feelings knew that it was almost the same to her as a voluntary death, and the colouring of romances she threw over it was something like the mantle in which Cæsar wrapped his face that he might fall with dignity.

Immediately after the engagement, Mr. Maclean departed for Scotland, from whence he sent no letters to his plighted bride. In

much alarm Letitia wrote to him, but no answer was returned. She could only suppose that the slanders against her had reached his ears, and that he had given her up. In this marriage she had hoped for an honourable escape from the difficulties that she had begun to find unendurable, but now that it seemed only to have brought on her fresh insults, and new wounds to her pride, she was seized with despair. She had never been so much depressed, or so utterly broken down : and superficial observers began to believe that she must be, as she said, more attached to Mr. Maclean than she had ever been to any one before. Her brother wrote to Mr. Maclean and demanded an explanation, and this time a reply came, stating that Mr. Maclean dreaded the effects of the climate on Miss Landon's health, and thought it better that the engagement should be broken off. On hearing this, Letitia's spirits revived, and telling her brother that she was convinced Mr. Maclean was acting from the most generous motives, she wrote to him in a strain of such affectionate feeling that the engagement was renewed. Mr. Maclean returned to London, and preparations for the marriage were made. Now she declared herself perfectly happy. "All the misery I have suffered for the last few months has passed away like a dream !" she wrote to a friend. "You would not have to complain of my despondency now !" But those who could see beyond her studied attempts at supporting the character of a happy bride-expectant which she had assumed must have felt that her gaiety was like that described in Mrs. Browning's pathetic lines :—

"Behind no prison-gate, she said,
That slurs the sunshine half a mile,
Are captives so uncomforted,
As souls behind a smile.

For in this bitter world, she said,
Face-joy's a costly mask to wear,
And bought with pangs long nourished,
And rounded to despair.

You weep for those who weep, she said,
Ah, fools ! I bid you pass them by,
Go weep for those whose hearts have bled
What time their eyes were dry !"

And now a new obstacle arose. Miss Landon and her friends were told that Mr. Maclean was privately married to a coloured woman, who for a long time had lived with him at Cape Coast Castle. This, however, Mr. Maclean decidedly denied, and satisfied with this denial she assured her friends that she had the most perfect confidence in his truth and honour. And so the preparations for the marriage still went on. But Mr. Maclean seemed to grow daily more moody and dissatisfied, and looked, it was said, "like one who had buried all joy on that pestilential coast from which he came." Always either indifferent or out of temper, he appeared as if he wished to disgust his betrothed, and compel her to set him free. To add to his mysterious conduct he requested that the marriage might be a secret one, alleging as his reason his great dislike to festivities, and the large amount of business he had to get through before his return to Africa, which could not be delayed much longer. It is even said that to his uncle and other relations in London, he denied that he was engaged to Miss Landon, and he did not permit her to tell the friends with whom she lived of her marriage, till some days after it had taken place.

On the 7th of June, 1838, she was married. Her brother performed the ceremony, and Bulwer gave the bride away.

The 27th of the same month, the day of the Queen's coronation, she was seen by many of her acquaintances, standing in a balcony at Crockford's Club House, with a party of friends, dressed in a white bridal bonnet and veil, and waving her handkerchief as the procession passed Westminster Abbey. That evening, when all London was blazing with illuminations, and the streets were thronged with rejoicing crowds, many of her friends assembled at a farewell dinner given by Mrs.

Fagan. Bulwer was there, and proposed the health and happiness of his "daughter," an allusion to his having given her away at the wedding ceremony. Next morning she left London for Portsmouth with Mr. Maclean, her brother, and some other friends, and as usual, when under excitement of any kind, appeared in the highest spirits. "Every one," said her brother, "was full of hope; and though, perhaps, they sounded more like doubts, yet there was no want of cheerfulness, especially on her part." But when she was actually on board the brig "Maclean," which was to bear her to the unknown bourne, and when her brother had to leave her, her false spirits dropped at once. A terror at the separation seemed suddenly to take hold of her, and the parting was intensely painful to both. When he last saw her, she was standing on deck, gazing after the boat in which he and her other friends were returning to the shore, and they still saw her standing there as long as they could trace her figure against the sky.

Mr. Maclean had objected to her bringing an English maid with her, but the wife of the ship's steward was on board, and acted as her attendant. This woman afterwards said that Mr. Maclean treated his wife in the most careless manner during the voyage, but, in Mr. Maclean's case, not much weight ought to be attached to this, as at all times, and under all circumstances, his apathy and indifference to the feelings of others were invincible. On the voyage Letitia wrote two poems, "The Polar Star," and "Night at Sea,"—first read in England when she was no more.

On the night of the 14th of August the light-house at Cape Coast became visible, and after guns had been fired, and rockets sent up, a boat came off from the shore, in which, at two o'clock in the morning, and in the midst of a thick fog, Mr. Maclean set off for the castle. It was afterwards said that he had gone through the fog and surf at that unseasonable hour to make sure that the

woman who had formerly lived with him as his wife had left the castle before Mrs. Maclean landed.

The following day Letitia wrote to her brother. They had found every thing in confusion at the castle, she said,—the secretary whom Mr. Maclean had left in charge having just died. This did not seem an auspicious omen, but she wrote cheerfully, and gave a favourable description of her new abode. "I cannot tell you how much better the place is than we supposed it would be," she wrote. "If I had been allowed to bring a good English servant with me, to which there is not a single valid objection, I could be as comfortable as possible." A writer, who visited Cape Coast soon after her death, describes the fort as a large, ill-constructed, gloomy building, with a few rooms of a barrack-like fashion; outside, a wildness of tangled shrubs and stunted bushes, with a few clumps of cocoa-nut trees—a jungle and a swamp. But, determined to make the best of her situation, in her letters Letitia painted every thing *coulour de rose*. "The castle," she says, "is a very noble building, and all the rooms large and cool, while some would be pretty even in England. The room in which I am writing is painted a deep blue, and has some splendid engravings. Mr. Maclean's library is fitted up with book-cases of African mahogany, and portraits of distinguished authors. But I, however, never approach it without due preparation and humility, so crowded is it with scientific instruments, telescopes, &c., not to be touched by hands profane!" She expatiates on the splendid landscape, the dense masses of green, varied by large handsome white houses, the cocoa trees with their beautiful fan-like leaves, and the picturesque appearance of the natives. She was proud, she said, of the high estimation in which Mr. Maclean was held by the merchants and other colonists, and of his reputation for strict justice. The climate agreed with her, the rooms in the fort were cool, and there were no insects.

In this way her pride, still desperate, strove to keep up the semblance of a content she was far from feeling. But afterwards, some evidences of her sad and lonely state crept into her letters. She acknowledged that Mr. Maclean left her for the whole day alone, and shut himself up in his study, where he would not allow her to follow him. She owned that he was inattentive and indifferent, and very reserved, never speaking a word more than he could help. She complained of no unkindness, but said he left her to write, or think, or wander about the castle just as she pleased. She seemed anxious about money matters, requesting things she had ordered from England should not be sent, if they could not be got cheap, and saying that Mr. Ackermann must pay five pounds that were due. In a memoir of her life, written by Dr. Madden, an extract is given from a letter to her brother, in which she appears to have at last spoken plainly. "There are eleven or twelve empty chambers here," she says, "but Mr. Maclean will not allow me to have one for my own use, nor will he allow me to enter our bedroom after seven in the morning, when I leave it, till he quits it at one in the afternoon. He expects me to cook, wash, and iron, in fact to do the work of a servant. I never see him till seven in the evening, when he comes to dinner, and when that is over he plays the violin till half-past ten, when I go to bed. He says he will never cease correcting me till he has broken my spirit; and complains of my temper, which you know was never bad, even under very heavy trials."

Soon after their arrival at the fort, Mr. Maclean was attacked with severe illness, and she appears to have nursed and attended him through it all. She speaks of being four nights without sleep, only resting at times on a pallet bed laid on the floor. Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, author of "Eighteen Years on the Gold Coast," visited Mr. Maclean while he was confined to bed, and was conducted to his room by Mrs. Maclean. She sat down

on the bed, he says, chatting pleasantly with him and Mr. Maclean, and seemed to be on the most affectionate terms with her husband. But we know that poor L. E. L. had served a long apprenticeship to keeping up appearances.

The ship which had brought out the Macleans was to return to England the 16th of October, and Letitia had been busy for days writing letters and preparing manuscripts to send home. Mrs. Bailey, the steward's wife—and the only European woman within her reach—was to go back in the ship, and she appeared to dread losing her extremely. Mr. Maclean was much better, though still an invalid, and since his illness he had allowed her to have a separate bed-room fitted up for her own use. According to his account she had been in his room, giving him some arrowroot which she had prepared for him, at seven o'clock on the morning of the 15th, and, complaining of fatigue, said she would go to bed again. Between eight and nine Mrs. Bailey went to her room, and on attempting to open the door, found something pressing against it. Pushing her way in, she found Mrs. Maclean lying with her head against the door, quite insensible, and apparently dead. There was an empty bottle in her hand, or beside it—for on this point there was some uncertainty in Mrs. Bailey's evidence, easily accounted for by her fright. True to the habit of never disturbing Mr. Maclean, which he thoroughly instilled into all his dependents, she first called her husband, then in the fort, and he at once roused Mr. Maclean, who came instantly, very much shocked, and horror-stricken. The surgeon of the fort, Dr. Cobbold, arrived almost at the same moment, and on examination pronounced her quite dead. An inquest was held, and a verdict found that she had died from taking, by mistake, too large a dose of Scheele's preparation of prussic acid, which the evidence of Mr. Maclean and Mrs. Bailey proved she was in the habit of taking, as a remedy for spasmodic attacks.

The evening before—the last evening of her life—Mr. Brodie Cruickshank, who intended returning to England in the ship that was to sail the following day, dined at the castle, and staid there till eleven at night—"keenly feeling," he says, "the fascinations of this accomplished lady's society, and listening with rapt attention to her brilliant sallies of wit and fancy." "It was a fine and clear night," Mr. Cruickshank continues, in his *Recollections of the Gold Coast*, "and she strolled with me into the gallery, where we walked for half an hour. Mr. Maclean joined us for a few minutes, but not liking the night air in his weak state, he returned to the parlour. She was much struck with the beauty of the heavens at night in those latitudes, and said it was when looking at the moon and stars that her thoughts oftenest reverted to home. "But you must not," she said, "think me a foolish moonstruck lady. I sometimes think of these things more than I ought; and your departure for England has called up a world of associations. You will tell Mr. Fagan, however, that I am not tired yet. He told me I should return by the vessel that brought me out, but I knew he was mistaken."

She did not, indeed, return by it, but it brought the sad tidings of her death.

The next morning, when at breakfast, Mr. Cruickshank was summoned to the castle, and hastening there, found the brilliant woman he had admired so much a few hours before lying dead. "Never," he says, "shall I forget the horror-stricken expression of Mr. Maclean's face." As Mr. Maclean's most intimate friend, Mr. Cruickshank made all the arrangements for the funeral, and he has described the mournful and even tragical scene. "In those warm latitudes," he writes, "interment follows death with a haste that often cruelly shocks the feelings. Mrs. Maclean was buried the same evening within the precincts of the castle. Mr. Topp read the funeral service, and the whole of the residents were assembled at the solemn ceremony.

The grave was lined with walls of brick and mortar, and there was an arch over the coffin. Soon after the conclusion of the service one of those heavy showers, only known in tropical climates, came on. All except myself and the workmen departed. I remained to see the arch completed. The bricklayers were obliged to get a covering to shelter their work from the rain. Night came on before the paving-stones were all put down over the grave, and the men finished their work by torchlight. How sadly does that night of storm and gloom return to my remembrance! How sad were my thoughts as I stood beside the grave of L. E. L., wrapped in my cloak, under that torrent of pitiless rain. I fancied what would be the thoughts of thousands in England, if they saw and knew the meaning of that flickering light, of those busy workmen, and that silent watcher! I thought of yesterday, when at the same hour, I was taking my place beside her at dinner, and now—how very, very sad was the change!"

Two letters were found on her writing-table, one to Mrs. S. C. Hall, the other to Mrs. Fagan, the kind friend who had given her a home before her marriage. The letter to Mrs. Fagan was dated on that fatal morning, and lay open, and Mr. Maclean and his friends referred to it as a proof of the cheerful and contented frame of mind in which it was written. And yet it was but a forlorn and melancholy letter for a woman to write, whose only hope of happiness in such a place, one would naturally suppose, depended on the sympathy and companionship of her husband. After the usual praises of the castle, in which she was "enacting the part of a female Robinson Crusoe," she continues, "The solitude, except an occasional dinner, is absolute. From seven in the morning till seven in the evening, when we dine, I never see Mr. Maclean, and rarely any one else. We were welcomed by a series of dinners, which I am glad are over, for it is very awkward to be the only lady—still the very pleasant manners of some of the gentlemen,

make me feel it as little as possible. . . . We had a visit from Governor Bosch, the Dutch Governor, a most gentlemanlike man. But fancy how awkward the next morning ! I cannot induce Mr. Maclean to rise before noon, and I had to make breakfast and do the honours of adieu to him and his officers, white plumes, mustaches, and all ! I think I never felt more embarrassed. I have not yet felt the want of society in the least. I do not wish to form new friends, but never does a day pass without my thinking most affectionately of my old ones. On three sides we are surrounded by the sea. I like the perpetual dash upon the rocks ; one wave comes up after another, and is forever dashed in pieces, like human hopes, that only swell to be disappointed. We advance—, up springs the shining froth of love or hope, 'a moment white then gone forever !' The land view, with its cocoa and palm trees, is very striking ; it is like a scene in the Arabian Nights. Of a night the beauty is very remarkable ; the sea is of a silvery purple, and the moon deserves all that has been said in her favour. I have only once been out of the fort by daylight, and then was delighted. The salt lakes were first dyed a deep crimson by the setting sun, and as we returned they seemed a faint violet in the twilight, just broken by a thousand stars, while before us was the red beacon light. . . . Dearest, do not forget me. Pray write to me. . . . Write about yourself—nothing else half so much interests your very affectionate L. E. Maclean."

Certainly the allusions to Mr. Maclean in this letter are not such as we might expect a happy wife, only four months married, and in a desolate land where she could have no companion except her husband, to make when writing to a dear friend.

The news of her tragical death, brought by the brig which had taken her to Africa, gave an inexpressible shock to the many English readers, who felt towards her almost as if she had been a personal friend. Her

brother, and those who loved her, were overwhelmed with grief and horror. Bulwer showed his regret for the sad fate of "that unhappy girl, whom," he says, in one of his letters, "he pitied and regarded most tenderly," by giving generous help to her mother. A writer in the *Dublin University Magazine* says that Dr. Maginn was out of his mind for three days after he heard of her death. Three or four years after, when Maginn was dying, his life sinking away like the flame of a candle that a puff would extinguish, her image was often present in the delirious fancies of disease. "I have just been talking to Letitia," he said to a friend who had come to see him, "she has been here for an hour. She sat there—just opposite !"

Strange rumours as to the cause of her death were circulated all over England. It was first said that she had been poisoned through means of a cup of coffee, sent to her by Mr. Maclean's native wife, whom he had kept secluded in a lonely part of the fort which Letitia was never permitted to approach. Then it was reported that the cruelty and ill-usage of Mr. Maclean had driven her to self-destruction. More accurate information, however, proved that the native woman who had lived with Mr. Maclean, and whose brother kept a store in Accra, had left the castle before Mrs. Maclean arrived, and had never after entered it. Nor was it true that Mr. Maclean had ever treated his wife with violence or open cruelty. All that could be alleged against him was that he had been selfish, moody, and ill-tempered, careless of her comfort, indifferent to her feelings, and annoyed at the literary pursuits which he believed to interfere with her attention to house old duties—duties which the want of proper servants forced upon her, but to which she had never been accustomed.

What then was the real cause of her death? Was it that the agitation of writing to her English friends, and the effort to conceal the feelings that were struggling for utter-

ance, had brought on the spasms from which she so often suffered; or had she, as the inquest found, taken inadvertently too large a dose of the dangerous medicine she used on such occasions? Was it that a sudden fit of despair at the miserable life to which she had condemned herself, and which she now found so much harder to bear than the life from which she had so recklessly escaped, had seized her, and, in a frenzied impulse to end it, she had snatched up the fatal bottle and drained it, hardly conscious of what she was doing? Or had she deliberately planned this terrible method of escaping from sufferings she had not strength to bear, written the letter she left open on her desk, entreated Mrs. Fagan to answer it, and given her address, which she did very particularly, purposely to deceive her friends. She had written no letter to her brother, which seems strange. It may be that she felt she could not keep up the deception to him, and that, if she had written, the truth must have come out.

Mr. Maclean afterwards acknowledged that ill-health, and many losses and annoyances caused by the charges Mr. Burgoyne had brought against him, had affected his temper and spirits, and made him a less considerate and agreeable husband than he would otherwise have been. As for poor Letitia, he said, there never was a more perfect being, and his greatest regret was that he never really knew her value till he had lost her. He wrote to her mother saying that he intended to double the allowance of fifty pounds a year which Letitia made her; but Mrs. Landon replied that unless she could feel sure he had not made her daughter unhappy, it would be impossible for her to accept the provision he offered. She never again heard from Mr. Maclean. But she was not suffered to want. Her son was only a poor clergyman, and could not do much for her, but Sir Robert Peel, then Prime Minister, gave her a small pension from the funds at his disposal, and

Bulwer raised an annuity for her among the friends of L. E. L., contributing largely himself. She survived her gifted and unhappy daughter twenty years and, it is said, scarcely ever named her, or made any allusion to her sad and untimely end.

Two or three years after his wife's death, Mr. Maclean again went to England, but finding himself, from many causes, coldly treated, he returned to Cape Coast, and in 1847 died there. He received a military funeral, with all the customary honours, and by his own request his remains were laid beside those of his wife. A year or two after her death he had ordered a white marble tablet to be sent out from England, and had had it inserted in the castle wall opposite her grave. It bears a Latin inscription, of which the following lines are a translation:

HERE LIES INTERRED
ALL THAT WAS MORTAL OF
LETITIA ELIZABETH MACLEAN.
ADORNED WITH A LOFTY MIND,
SINGULARLY FAVOURED BY THE MUSES,
AND MUCH LOVED BY ALL,
SHE WAS PREMATURELY SNATCHED AWAY
BY DEATH, IN THE FLOWER OF HER AGE,
ON THE 15TH OF OCTOBER, 1838,
AGED 36 YEARS.

THE MARBLE WHICH YOU BEHOLD, O TRAVELLER,
A SORROWING HUSBAND HAS ERECTED,
VAIN EMBLEM OF HIS GRIEF!

Miss Landon's poetical productions were—The Fate of Adelaide, The Improvisatrice, The Troubadour, The Golden Violet, The Venetian Bracelet, The Lost Pleiad, and The Vow of the Peacock; making, with other poems and lyrics collected from the *Annuals* and *Literary Journal*, seven volumes. Her principal novels were:—*Romance and Reality*, *Francesca Carrara*, and *Ethel Churchill*, besides many other prose tales and sketches.

The sad story of her life and death cannot be more fitly concluded than by the following beautiful verses, said to have been written by Walter Savage Landor:

A LAMENT FOR L. E. L.

"A dirge for the departed! bend we low
 Around the bed of her unawakened rest—
 Still be the hoarse voice of discordant woe—
 Still as the heart within her marble breast,
 Which stirs not at the cry of those she loved the
 best.

"A dirge! Oh, weave it of low murmurings,
 And count the pauses by warm dropping tears,
 Sweeter yet sadder than the woodlark sings
 Amid the shower from April's fitful wings,
 Be the faint melody; the name it bears
 Shall thrill our England's heart for many linkèd
 years.

"Our far-off England! Ofttimes would she sit
 With moist eyes gazing o'er the lustrous deep,
 Through distance, change, and time beholding it
 In its green beauty, while the sea did keep
 A whispering noise to lull her spirit's visioned
 sleep.

"And fondly would she watch the evening breeze
 Steal, crushing the smooth ocean's sultry blue,
 As 'twere a message from her own tall trees
 Waving her back to them, and flowers, and bees,
 And loving looks, from which her young heart
 drew
 Its riches, and all the joys her wingèd childhood
 knew.

"And smiling in their distant loveliness,
 Like phantoms of the desert, till the tide
 Of passionate yearnings burst in wild excess
 Over her gentle heart—the home-sick bride,
 'Whelming both lute and life—and the sweet min-
 strel died.

"Spring shall return to that beloved shore,
 With wealth of leaves, and buds, and wildwood
 songs,
 But hers, the sweetest, with its tearful lore,
 Its womanly fond gushes, come no more,
 Breathing the lyric poetry that throngs
 To pure and fervid lips unstained by cares and
 wrongs.

"Oh never more shall her benignant spell
 Fan those dim embers in a worldly heart
 Which once were love and sympathy, nor tell
 Of griefs borne patiently with such sweet art
 As wins even selfish pain from brooding o'er its
 smart.

"Oh never more!—the burden of the strain
 Be those sad hopeless words!—then make her bed
 Near shadowy boughs, that she may dwell again
 Where her own English violets bloom and fade;
 The sole sweet records clustering o'er her head
 In this strange land, to tell where our beloved is
 laid."

LOUISA MURRAY.

NOTE.—The preceding "Story" has been collected from so many different sources, so many slight notices and allusions in magazines and other periodicals, besides longer memoirs and sketches of Miss Landon's life, that, as it would have been wearisome to the reader to name all, the writer has thought it unnecessary to name any.

CURRENT EVENTS.

DOMINION Day has once more been celebrated by a happy, contented, and, considering that our Confederation is but seven years old, united nation, in the midst of every promise of a good harvest and consequently of commercial prosperity, with another maple leaf, welcome though diminutive, added by the accession of Prince Edward Island, to the wreath on the national flag. In brag it is not good to indulge, but if our own efforts do not relax, if our character as a community remains sound, if our institutions can be preserved from faction, demagogism, and corruption, if we are true to each other and to our country, we may look forward with cheerful confidence to the future. To the labourer, desperately struggling to improve his condition through industrial wars and political uprisings in the old world, we may safely say, leave that narrow heritage, the domain of the privileged few, burdened with the debts, darkened with the shadows, haunted by the spectres of the past, where of every man's earnings a large part goes to maintain the luxury of the lord of the soil, or to pay for wars waged in quarrels now extinct, and in the interest of a class: come to a land in which there is room for all, which is owned by those who till it, where every man receives the full fruit of his own toil, where the past has bequeathed no legacies of evil to the present—the ample, bountiful, and unencumbered freehold of the people.

When a party politician or organ deprecates the party treatment of any question we are reminded of the good Cornish clergyman in the days of wrecking, who, news of a wreck having reached the church when he was in the middle of his sermon, and the

congregation rising to hurry to the scene, solemnly rebuked them, and, continuing his rebuke, gradually descended the pulpit stairs and moved slowly down the aisle till he reached the door, when he tucked up his gown and cried, "Now we start fair." Notwithstanding all adjurations and some jibbings of commercial interest against party allegiance, the Reciprocity Treaty is evidently being made a party question, and if it comes before Parliament will probably be accepted or rejected by a party vote. And yet if ever there was a subject at which it concerned the nation to look with an eye undimmed by party, this is one. A great and opulent community like England may afford to make a slip in such a matter; we cannot. The commercial consequences of the Treaty will be momentous for good or evil, in relation as well to our fiscal policy as to almost every occupation and every description of property in the country; but the consequences will not be merely commercial; they will extend to our general relations with the United States. When to community of canals, and of fisheries, is added the fusion of the mercantile marine of our Maritime Provinces with that of the United States to which the Registration Clauses may be expected to lead, the political connection of the two countries can hardly fail to become different from what it is at present. Any ambiguity again will in our case be fraught with special danger; upon a doubtful question between us and them, the United States will put the interpretation of power; and the American people, while they have a very strong sense of legality, have also a strong tendency to take advantage of the letter of the law. Hardly a treaty has been made with them without their subsequently raising

a question of interpretation, and extorting with little regard for equity a decision in their own favour.

To doubt the patriotic intentions of our Ministers would be absurd; and we are as little disposed to dispute the soundness of their judgment in opening negotiations, when they saw that from the improvement in the feeling of the Americans towards us, which we must all note with pleasure, the moment for doing so had arrived. Non-reciprocity owed its existence to a quarrel, if quarrel that could be called to which there was only one party; it was not the natural state of things to exist between two adjoining portions of this continent: at all events it was right that the attention of the two nations should be called to the subject, and that they should have the opportunity of reconsidering their commercial relations with reference to the alteration of political circumstances; and this could hardly be brought about otherwise than by preparing and laying before us a draft treaty. But before we can decide in favour of the treaty as drafted, we must have before us the answers to certain questions. We should like to know, if possible, how much we surrender in giving up our compensation for the fisheries. We should like to be positively assured as to the cost of deepening the canals and water-stretches, under present circumstances, and as to our power of completing the work with certainty within the time prescribed by the treaty. But above all, we wait for information, which can hardly be given before the meeting of Parliament, as to the fiscal plans of the Government. Nothing less than a revolution in our fiscal policy seems to impend if the treaty is accepted. A doubt was expressed in some quarters whether English as well as American goods were to come in free, or whether, abandoning the import duties as against the United States, we were to retain them as against the Mother Country. But it was obvious that we could not, without going out of the Empire, discriminate

against English goods in favour of those of a foreign country. The Mother Country has expressly recognized in the Colonies the right of levying duties, even protective duties, on her goods and on the goods of each other; but she could not, without utter humiliation, recognize the right of favouring foreign to the detriment of Imperial trade. It is a singularity and an awkwardness in our position, when we attempt as Colonists to open commercial negotiations, that we are bound in duty and honour to provide not only for our own interests but for those of a country on the other side of the Atlantic, with a policy of her own distinctly fixed by her peculiar circumstances as the great manufacturing nation, and not necessarily identical with ours. Such, however, is plainly the law of the Empire, and, therefore, if the treaty is accepted, the consequence will apparently be that we shall give up a large proportion of our import duties, and replace it by direct taxation. The question between direct and indirect taxation, like some other questions, is commonly handled by writers on political economy as though this were a purely economical world, and the economist had only to proceed like the geometrician, deducing irrefragable conclusions from the axioms of his own science. But the question is political as well as economic. In Republics, or essentially Democratic communities, it is so in the most tremendous degree. When a great system of direct taxation is proposed, graduated income taxes at once loom upon our view. In some of the more Radical cantons of Switzerland the graduation of the income-tax was at one time carried to such a height that wealth began to fly the country. It is very likely that direct taxation is the most economic, but it is also most felt, and raises all the fiscal difficulties and dangers of Government to the highest pitch. Of course the Financial Minister might show that if the people would reason, they would find themselves more than indemnified by the reduction of

prices ; but the masses of mankind do not reason, they feel.

We desire also, before forming our judgment, to hear more fully the interests affected by the treaty, which are too numerous, too diverse, and too complicated to allow the question relating to them to be settled by the mere application of general maxims. There is always a very strong presumption in favour of Free Trade. There would also seem to be a strong presumption in favour of an arrangement which would open to our producers of all kinds the dearest market in the world. But the latter presumption may be rebutted in particular cases by other considerations, such as a great difference in the amount of capital and the command of organized labour on the two sides of the border. To say that the presumption in favour of Free Trade can ever be rebutted, is to tread on dangerous ground and to provoke vehement denunciations. But in economy, as well as in other subjects, we have to be on our guard, not only against dominant fallacies, but against the rebound which follows their overthrow. The generation which refused to accept Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood was succeeded by a generation which explained all the phenomena of humanity by hydraulics. The extreme Protectionism of Colbert and his school, whose doctrine was absolute commercial isolation, and who would have made Iceland raise its own grapes and India manufacture its own ice, has given way to a purism of Free Trade, which lays it down that to buy in the cheapest market, without regard to any but commercial considerations, or even to ultimate commercial results, is the one universal and absolute duty of men and nations. This extreme view is not to be found in Adam Smith, who is still really the greatest of economists, and who, while he demonstrated and placed for ever beyond question the general advantage of Free Trade, was too sensible and too large-minded to claim for it an indefeasible sanc-

tity which cannot be claimed for any other principle of a practical kind. Non-reciprocity has been the moral Bannockburn of Canada. The people of the United States, or some of them, fancied that by terminating the Reciprocity Treaty they could coerce us into annexation ; but Canada has put forth her energy, and has not only held her own, and convinced the Americans of their error in thinking that she would barter her national independence, but has thriven under the hostile pressure. In the course of the struggle, however, much of the capital and of the industrial force of the country has been invested in our home manufactures, which have maintained a gallant fight with limited resources, and the ruin of which cannot be a matter of unconcern to the country at large. No doubt manufactures are a special interest, but the community is made up of special interests which must be true to each other. We do not say—we wish to guard ourselves against being supposed to say—that our manufacturers would suffer, or that the Treaty is unjust to them. We only say that the question is to be regarded from the Canadian, not merely from the English point of view, and that, being so regarded, it cannot be settled by the mere name of Free Trade.

The friends of the Treaty judiciously report all the outcries against it in the United States, as proof that we have got the best of the bargain. But in the first place, these outcries on both sides are matters of course, and indicate rather that an interest is touched than that it is hurt ; in the second place, it will be found on closer inspection that what the Americans apprehend is not so much the importation of Canadian as of English goods, which it is feared will be admitted through Canada as a back-door. And so they will ; at least we do not see how this can possibly be prevented.

Mr. Trollope in his political novel, "Phineas Finn," makes one of his characters say that he has been to Marylebone to see what

the people there think about Canada ; that the people there hate the Americans, but otherwise care nothing about Canada, and that it is astonishing how like the Maryleboners are to the rest of the world. In the late election addresses and expositions of policy, scarcely a word was bestowed on the Colonies, and we will venture to say that no Colonial question turned a single vote. By the commercial treaty, however, the English press and apparently the nation have been suddenly awakened, not only to interest in Canadian politics, but to the greatest excitement about our concerns. The *Standard*, which, whatever may be said to the contrary, is the real organ of the Disraeli Government, denounces the Canadian Cabinet with as much ferocity and energy as though it were the Cabinet of Mr. Gladstone. The Maryleboners fancy that we are going to discriminate against their goods. When they learn that this is not the case, they will subside into their normal apathy ; the dark designs of Mr. Mackenzie will disappear, and the Colonial Institute will again enjoy its monopoly of the grandeur and the sorrows of the Empire.

The election for members of the Provincial Council of Public Instruction has incidentally raised a question which may be noticed apart from the particular contest. Amidst the general disturbance of opinion and uprooting of established beliefs and traditions on all subjects, from the existence of a Deity to the mode of burying the dead, the institution of marriage has not escaped. Even in England social rules once deemed inflexible have begun to bend before the influence of personal position, and doctrines are whispered in the ear which cannot yet be preached upon the housetop. In the United States there has for some time been a Free-love party, the tenets of which, if the truth is on its side, are gloriously liberal, if not unspeakably licentious ; while at Oneida exists and, materially speaking, flourishes, a community which, fearlessly following its

principles into their consequences, has got rid not only of the inviolable tie, but of any tie whatever. These are extreme manifestations of the revolutionary tendency ; but the same tendency shows itself in the more than Western laxity of the divorce laws and divorce courts of Illinois and Indiana. The framers of the American Constitution forbade any State to pass a law impairing the validity of contracts. Perhaps if they had foreseen Mr. Tilton, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull, and the Oneida community, they would have forbidden any State to pass a law impairing the sanctity of marriage. For assuredly no commercial obligation, no political institution can be more important to society, or more fundamental than the relation of husband and wife which carries with it that of parent and child. Compared with this, what are all the questions about which political parties contend ? It happens that the same national character which produces good political institutions generally produces sound domestic morality also, while licentiousness dwells with despotism in Vienna and St. Petersburg ; but if we were compelled to choose between the two, all women and most men would prefer the interest of the family to that of the State. If there is a subject on earth which concerns the whole of a community, and legislation on which ought to be deliberate, solemn, and national, it is marriage. That our marriage code should be altered by sectional influences or individual passion is not to be endured. It was, therefore, with dismay, shared we believe by the community at large, that we read what purported to be the opinion of a Canadian lawyer of great eminence in his profession, to the effect that an Illinois divorce would annul a marriage and deprive a wife of her rights in Canada, so that to set aside the fundamental law of Canadian society, people of ultra-liberal tendencies would have only to take tickets for Chicago. It seems that nothing can be founded on the version of the opinion before

us; but if there is any doubt upon the subject, we submit that the postern door through which an alien morality may possibly be introduced into the Canadian home ought at once to be effectually barred. We have no desire, to close any question however formidable, when justice, humanity, and advancing civilization require that it should be opened. Let truth prevail, even though for the time it may cost us dear. But if the foundations of Canadian society are to be removed let them be removed by our own hands, not by those of the divorce-mongers of Chicago.

Mr. Walkem, the leader of the Government of British Columbia, has gone to England to protest against our non-fulfilment of the railway clauses of the Treaty of Union. He will easily establish his case against us, so far at least as the technical delinquency is concerned. As to the time of commencement we have actually made default, and as to the time of completion it is certain that we shall do so. But this was equally certain when the treaty was framed; and the severest censure must fall upon the late Government for having, obviously not without a political purpose, committed the Dominion to a compact which it was perfectly well known could not possibly be fulfilled. Nothing can palliate such tampering with the interest and honour of the country, except the evil exigencies of party, which we here again find, in a vital matter, overriding all national considerations, and rendering our statesmen blind to their most manifest duty. We have only to remember the cost of the Intercolonial Railway and the time which its construction has taken, and is still likely to take, in order to measure the responsibility of a Ministry which bound us, with our limited resources, to make a railway five times as long through a wilderness destitute of supplies as well as of traffic; and over engineering obstacles which had not even been properly surveyed, but which were known to be enormous; the terminus and

objective point being a Province with a population at that time numbering something over five thousand, and still probably under ten thousand, exclusive of Indians, which number some twenty thousand, wandering Americans and Chinese. It is the hard task of the present Government to extricate us from the dilemma as best it may. What the Columbians most care for, we apprehend, is not the railway; excepting the small portion within their own borders, much less union with Canada, about which the mass of them seem to think exceedingly little; but the enormous expenditure, which, divided among so few, would make them all rich for a time, though its ultimate result would probably be their demoralization and the destruction of their regular industry. The net upshot will be that in the name of public works at Esquimaux, and under other pretexts, the farmers and merchants of Canada will have to pay out of their earnings a heavy sum as a fine to the ten thousand British Columbians, for having disappointed them of an expenditure which in itself would have been little better than waste. We wish we could even feel sure that at this cost we should be riveting British Columbia more firmly to the Confederation; but we have an unpleasant suspicion that when we have awakened her commercial life, which is at present dormant, she will be powerfully attracted to the territory with which it is idle to deny that she is commercially as well as geographically connected by nature; more especially as, do what we will, the work of the railway at the western end will almost inevitably fall to a great extent into American hands.

What the Home Government will do we cannot divine, but we must protest against being coerced on the ground of the guarantee, for which the nation never asked, whatever the Minister may have done, which our people generally regarded as an unworthy sop, with distaste if not with shame, and which is of no use to us whatever.

Mr. Walkem will meet in the antechambers of Downing Street, Mr. Doutre, of Montreal, who has gone to protest against the interference of the Roman Catholic hierarchy with free knowledge in the case of the library of the Canadian Institute. The two suitors will be fortunate in their cases do not get mixed together in the popular mind. In the meantime, Judge Routhier, who holds that in Quebec the Syllabus is above the law, not only stands to his guns, but opens a new battery, with increased audacity, in an Ultramontane newspaper. He "affirms the doctrine of the personal immunity of ecclesiastics," and maintains "that, in ecclesiastical matters, the civil tribunals cannot interfere in any manner, and that ecclesiastics in such matters are solely answerable to their bishop." The practical conclusion is, that a priest may traduce his fellow-citizens from the pulpit or elsewhere, so long as he chooses to say that he is exercising his ecclesiastical functions, and his superiors think fit to support him in the assertion, without being amenable to the law. This the Judge holds to be implied in the Quebec Act, which grants to the French Canadians freedom of religion and worship; as though the framers of the Quebec Act would have conceded to the ecclesiastics of another church immunities which they denied to the clergy of their own. We long ago called attention to the Ultramontane movement in Quebec. No body would wish to hasten the crisis, but it will come, and that soon.

In England the "Bung" Parliament holds on its quiet course, and the nation is enjoying its "ten minutes for refreshments," after the fatiguing rush of Mr. Gladstone's express train. Mr. Disraeli, laudably anxious for the credit of his own House of Commons, announced that it had seven measures of first-rate magnitude before it. But what the seven measures were nobody could tell; and London, after languidly guessing at the riddle, gave it up. The House makes an at-

tempt to indulge in the luxury of a count-out every other night; and if the attempt fails, it is owing, we are told, to the untoward assiduity of some of the new members, who having no acquaintances in London, and not knowing where to pass their evenings, use the House as a theatre and a club. Less and less space is given daily in the newspapers to Parliamentary reports; though if the fate of humanity instead of that of the seven first-rate measures hung on the debates, it would hardly be possible for mortal reporters and editors to reproduce the eloquence of the "Bungs." One Bung, the member for Oxford City, in which he is the head of a large brewing firm, practises under an elocution master, and declaims with spirit; it is even said that his sallies are brisker than his beer; but he has not communicated to his brethren the fermentation of his genius. *Unreported orators* renew the proposal to have a full report of the debates published by authority, which has likewise been advocated by their fellow-sufferers in the Dominion Parliament. For the ponderous record it would be necessary also to have a national receptacle, over the door of which might be inscribed "Here is Eternal Sleep."

Mr. Disraeli has made a speech at the Merchant Tailors' banquet, the upshot of which is that the Liberal policy of the last fifty years really belonged to the Tories, who were prevented by unlucky circumstances from carrying it into effect themselves, and that it has now reverted to its lawful possessors. In applying this singular theory to the facts of history, Mr. Disraeli sets down not only Pitt, who entered public life as a Whig like his illustrious father, but Grenville, as a Tory. If Liberal principles really belong to the Tories, to whom do Tory principles belong? Mr. Disraeli does not want the assurance to claim for his party the principle of Free Trade, though when Sir Robert Peel proposed the repeal of the Corn Laws, Mr.

Disraeli not only assailed his public character with unparalleled malignity, but traduced his personal honour. In the same way, when Lord John Russell carried Parliamentary Reform, Mr. Disraeli as "Runnymede," reviled him in a strain so outrageous as to touch upon insanity. Sir Robert Peel, in 1844, occupied precisely the position which Mr. Disraeli, setting aside his historic fancies, is trying to occupy now, that of organic conservatism combined with administrative reform. He was then denounced as a mean plagiarist of the opinions of his opponents, as having got up behind the coach of progress, and as having caught the Whigs bathing and stolen their clothes. Mr. Disraeli is said to have triumphed over great obstacles. He has triumphed over two obstacles at least, which in former days were thought insuperable—old English veracity and honour. The speech, however, is practically important as a declaration that the Conservatives will not attempt to reverse, that in fact they will adopt, the policy of their predecessors, and that the Conservative reaction is a halt on the march and nothing more. In Colonial questions, as in other questions, some change of language there may be: change of policy, whatever hopes Imperial Confederationists may cherish, there will be none.

The Licensed Victuallers, though it is reckoned that they have no less than fifty-eight special representatives of their interest in the House of Commons, have experienced, in the legislative treatment which they have received, the difference between courtship and fruition. Before the elections they were told that they were the victims of intolerable injustice in having been prevented by the late Government from filling the midnight streets with drunkenness and violence; and that if they would only vote the Opposition ticket, their wrongs would be signally redressed. They voted the Opposition ticket with a vengeance; they put forth the whole of their immense influence as a

trade over the most hard-drinking nation in the world; they made every tavern a committee room, in which curses against a reforming government went round with the beercup; they flooded the country with drink and gave a fresh impulse to wife-beating and outrage; they drew after them to the polls a host of customers and dependents; far and wide they raised the cry of "Our national beverage and our national religion," they gained an immense victory, such a victory as had never before been gained by any single interest in an election; and their services were acknowledged in the Queen's speech, which in effect promised a relaxation of the restrictions on intemperance. Yet the bill, which has after all passed the House of Commons, is a very slight alteration of the measure of the late Government. The morality of the country was alarmed by such a triumph of beer, its honour was somewhat touched, and some of those who had gone to the polls with the publicans—the clergy of the Established Church especially—became a little ashamed of the alliance. Nevertheless this victory of the Licensed Victuallers, acknowledged in the Speech from the Throne, is a tremendous warning to all framers of Parliamentary Constitutions to guard as far as possible against the influence of special interests in elections.

Home Rule has of course been voted down by a great majority, the mass of the Liberal party going with the Conservatives against the Home Rulers. So strong was the feeling on the part of the English Liberals, that Irish members of Parliament belonging to the Liberal party, but suspected of being Home Rulers, were blackballed at the Reform Club, an exhibition of temper which recalls on a small scale too many of the proceedings of English politicians towards Ireland. On this side of the water we may be permitted, without breach of loyalty to the Empire, to take a somewhat calmer view of the matter. We may admit

that, considering what Irish history has been, and under what influences Irish character has been formed, the feeling of the Irish nationalist is not unnatural, and that had we been born Irish Catholics, our own hearts might have swelled at the sight of the Hill of Cashel, of the ruins of Clonmacnois, or of the deserted halls which once held the national legislature of Ireland. Our Imperial Confederationists indeed take a very calm view of the matter, for they propose to commence the consolidation of the Empire by repealing the Union between England, Ireland and Scotland. The reasons why the independent Parliament of Ireland cannot be restored without a complete severance of the two nations have been repeatedly stated. The Government being now Parliamentary, the two Parliaments would be virtually two sovereign powers, and might take different courses not only on all subjects of legislation, including the tariff, but on questions of peace and war, and even of the succession to the Crown. If, for example, the Irish Parliament should repeal, and the English Parliament refuse to repeal, the Act prohibiting the Royal Family to marry Roman Catholics, a question about the succession would at once arise. The result might be a very Irish Union of two hostile Parliaments, each headed by a pretender to the Crown. What is nominally sought by Mr. Butt and his party is not a co-equal but a subordinate Parliament, which is to deal with Irish affairs, Imperial questions being still left to the Imperial Legislature. But it is easily divined that an Irish Parliament, with whatever nominal functions, once installed in College Green, would soon feel the genius of the place, and indulge in other aspirations besides that of reviving the eloquence of Grattan. The alleged analogy of the State Legislature in America is not in point, unless it is proposed to have Provincial Parliaments for England and Scotland as well as for Ireland. Moreover the Federal principle requires a group of tolerably equal States, such as those

of America are. To the practical working of the Federation it would also make a great difference that it had commenced not in Union, like the American and Swiss federation, but in disruption. That more local self-government is needed in all the three Kingdoms is a fact which statesmen are learning to acknowledge, and a reform of that kind is not far off. But the proper organs of self-government are county legislatures, which in Ireland would have this special advantage, that they could not raise general questions between Catholics and Protestants as anything in the shape of a national legislature would unquestionably do.

By far the most important speech made in the debate was that of The O'Donoghue, an old nationalist leader whom Liberal measures have attached firmly to the Union. Alone of the speakers on that side, he, while strongly and even vehemently opposing the Home Rulers, admitted the strength and the dangerous character of the movement. It is very well to talk of "purging the Parliamentary bosom of this perilous stuff." The Parliamentary bosom is easily purged; but the bosom of the Irish people is not so easily purged of the hatred and disaffection engendered by centuries of political, social, and religious war; nor until it is purged will Ireland cease to be a chronic source of danger to the Empire.

The Irish hierarchy has curiously overreached itself. Having got what it wanted from Mr. Gladstone it at once turned against him, and on the Irish University question gave his Government a stab from behind which proved mortal. *But the consequence* is that, instead of holding the balance as it did, the betrayed Liberals uniting with the great Conservative majority against it, it is now reduced to total impotence.

One of the notable features of the late elections, however, was the general swinging round of the Catholics, at least of those who are under the influence of the priests, to the side of political reaction to which, through-

out Europe, they belong. Their alliance with the Liberals in England ended when they had no more disabilities to be removed. Even in Ireland it is highly probable that a new combination may take place; that the Catholic hierarchy may wheel over to the Tory side on the pivot of denominational education, and that the Scotch in Ireland, like those in Scotland, may rank themselves under the Liberal flag.

The Bill for the Regulation of Public Worship, in other words for the repression of Ritualism, seems likely to pass, though in an exceedingly mild form, and with very little prospect of any serious results, the hearts of nine-tenths at least of the bishops being now on the Ritualist side, though the Bench is alarmed at the headlong progress of the movement.

Whether Ritualism ought to be repressed or not is a theological question, but if the people of England have made up their minds that it ought, the time for action has arrived. An extraordinary stride has been made by the movement within the last five years. In a considerable and increasing number of the churches of the Establishment the worship is now essentially Roman Catholic. The mass is celebrated, the Host is adored, all the pomp and paraphernalia of Roman Catholicism are elaborately reproduced. Sometimes indeed the reproduction is rather zealous than intelligent; for we believe that the baldacchino, or high canopy over the altar, which is being introduced into Ritualist churches as a symbol of reverence for the Host, is really nothing more than an artistic device for relieving the effect of a lofty dome. The belief in Transubstantiation has dropped even the coy veil of language in which, during the infancy of the movement, it eluded ecclesiastical law; though long ago Dr. Pusey, in his *Eirenicon*, by stating that the only obstacles to union between the Churches of Rome and England were the infallibility of the Pope and the excessive

honours paid to the Virgin, tacitly admitted that he and his party accepted the Roman doctrine of the Sacrament. Auricular confession is practised with all the forms. To that part of the movement a great impulse was given by the London mission. Nunneries are rising in every direction. Clergymen go about in the dress of Roman Catholic priests; and with the dress they have assumed in full measure the pretensions of which it is the emblem; indeed, the uneasy self-assertion of the new claimant somewhat outvies the quiet security of the old possessor. The name of Protestant, though formally borne for three centuries by the Church of England, embodied in such national documents as the Act of Succession, and steadfastly retained even by so strong a High Churchman as Charles I., is by the Ritualists rejected with abhorrence. We have it on what we believe to be perfectly good authority that in one Ritualist school the children are taught to say that the first Protestant was the Devil. As in the time of Laud, the movement makes way chiefly among the wealthier class, and especially among women of rank; church art, music and sentiment are the talismans of its power, and these find less easy access to characters and understandings fortified by daily contact with the hard realities of life. The Spanish mixture of voluptuousness and devotion is growing not uncommon among the female aristocracy of England. Music, pagantry and incense, in this sensational age, attract to the Ritualist churches crowds to whom the church is probably little more than a theatre. But the activity and zeal of the Ritualist clergy, which are great, win them converts also among the poorer classes, and power flows to them with money from the purses of the wealthier devotees. High Churchmen and even "Tractarians" of the old school begin to stand aghast at the length to which the movement is going, and to vent their alarm in such protests as Mr. Jelf's "*Quousque Tandem?*" a pamphlet called

forth by a Ritualist funeral, at which, among other innovations, mass was twice performed in the presence of the corpse. Dr. Pusey himself is understood to look askance at the most recent developments, though he clings to the leadership of the party, and appears as its champion against legislative repression. But to the ordinary mind, and to those who are guided by the experience of church history, it seems that Transubstantiation, or any doctrine equivalent to Transubstantiation, being once accepted, the rest of Ritualism follows as a matter of course. What pomp can be misplaced, what splendour can be excessive, what prostration of the worshipper can be too profound, when the representative of heaven—himself half Divine—uplifts in his hands the present God?

How will it end? We believe that few of the Ritualist clergy themselves can tell, or that they even make a very serious effort to define their own position and forecast their ultimate aims. Emotion rather than logic is the badge of their party. In the first Tractarian movement there were gifted intellects, though intellects whose training had been exclusively theological, and more eminent for grace, subtlety, poetry, than for the robust power which makes its way unflinchingly to truth. But since that time gathering doubt, and the sight of intellectual wrecks cast by the tempest of controversy on every shore, have scared the ablest young men of the English universities from what was once their favourite profession; and the rising intellect of England now belongs to a different camp. The aim of Dr. Pusey, indicated in the work to which we have already referred, is reunion with Rome, not by submission, but on terms of equality, and as the result of a treaty between power and power—Rome abating infallibility in deference to the Anglicans, the Anglicans accepting the whole cycle of Roman doctrine, and recognizing the Primacy of Rome. But reunion otherwise than by submission is what Rome never

has conceded, never, without the destruction of her very essence, which is infallible and inflexible authority, can concede. To some issue, however, the movement must come. There is no retreat, the Rubicon of Transubstantiation having been passed; it is impossible to retire from the performance of a weekly miracle. On the other hand it seems scarcely possible to take a final stand on the authority of a Church which, by the showing of the Ritualists, did not know her own mind or her own name for three hundred years, or on that of an Episcopate against whose decisions their existence has been a revolt. At present the excitement of innovation, of proselytism, of combat, leaves little room for reflection. But when innovation is exhausted, when the whole body of Roman Catholic doctrine and ceremony has been introduced into the Church of Latimer and Ridley, when the crusade comes to settle down into a system and a creed, and to define its relations to other systems and creeds, a question will present itself, the practical answer to which will probably be a large increase in the volume of the perennial secession from Anglicanism to Rome.

Patronage has just been abolished by Parliament in Scotland. Its retention in England, amidst the present distractions of opinion, is often hard upon congregations, which find themselves placed by the will of a patron under the dominion of a young clergyman, hot from the Oxford centre of Ritualism, who at once changes their worship from Protestant to Roman Catholic, while they have no remedy except a most difficult, precarious, and expensive process in the ecclesiastical courts. That such incidents have not led to more violent collisions is to be attributed a good deal to the covert spread of scepticism and religious indifference among the people. But the point on which a decisive conflict is most likely to take place between popular feeling and Ritualism, is the Confessional, which touches, not the torpid convictions of

the people, but their still lively regard for the sanctity of the family. Confession as administered by the Ritualists is even more open to suspicion, and more likely to give rise to scandal than it is as administered by the Roman Catholics. The Roman Catholic Church provides at all events strict rules, enforced by regular supervision, whereas the Anglican Church, auricular confession having been hitherto unknown to her, has provided none; and what is perhaps of still more consequence, the Roman priest is a celibate, whereas celibacy among the Ritualists remaining merely an aspiration, the Ritualist penitent has sometimes in the searcher of her heart a possible lover.

It is doubtful whether for a generation at least England will turn aside from the pursuit of wealth and pleasure to resume political progress in any direction. But if she does, the next question, to all appearances, which will be raised, and on which party lines will be drawn, is that of the Established Church. Through all the most advanced nations of Europe and in the British Colonies, which may fairly be taken as indicators of the tendency of the age and race when untrammelled by the fetters of the past, the current has run steadily towards the separation of Church and State. The general revolution has extended even to Ireland, though it is not probable that the exact precedent of Irish disestablishment will ever be followed by statesmen in the case of England, where it would lead to the erection of a vast ecclesiastical corporation, with immense revenues and corresponding power, but entirely beyond the control of the State. A crisis has certainly come which, were the nation in a less careless mood, could hardly fail to lead to immediate action. Earnest conviction will not tolerate a church whose faith is the subject of perpetual litigation before secular tribunals, and whose ministers are divided into three parties, the Ritualists, the Evangelicals, and the Rationalists, materially held together

by the legal system and the endowments, but spiritually differing from each other far more widely than any one of the three differs from churches outside the pale—differing not only about secondary points of doctrine or worship, about the expediency of using the Athanasian creed, about the use of the surplice in the pulpit, about turning to the east or to the west, but about the very ground of belief, the essential character and functions of the church, the nature of spiritual life, the means of salvation, things which must enter into every step of the intercourse between the clergyman and his flock, into every act and thought of the religious man. Politicians counsel compromise, but they forget that compromise between two opposite convictions is no conviction at all. Compromise is the life of politics, but it is the death of faith. Dean Stanley and others, trained in the school of Arnold, dream of a sort of ecclesiastical polity with no specific doctrines, but endowed, recognized by the State, and under the guardianship of the government—a polity in which you may profess Popery or Buddhism as suits you best, provided you pay tithes regularly, call the Bishops "My Lord," and refrain from brawling in church. But the advocates of such an institution fail to observe that nations do not, any more than men, act without motives, and that no nation or man can have any conceivable motive for establishing and endowing a church without a faith. What the Church of England is in the eye of Theology it is for theologians to say. In the eye of History it is a compromise framed, and with no small amount of political wisdom, by the Tudor statesmen, to comprehend within the national church, and unite in allegiance to the Sovereign as its head, the various parties of a highly controversial age, as well as the multitude which was of no party, but followed the Crown backwards and forwards from the old to the new faith, as the tide obeys the moon. For a time, during nearly the whole reign of

Elizabeth, there was in this structure much of the political advantage which its authors had mainly in view, but little of religious life. When religious life commenced it at once assumed the form of antagonism; the High Church party, of which Bancroft and his compeers, in the reign of James I., were the founders on one side, being encountered by Puritanism on the other, and each of these parties representing and naturally springing from an element of doctrine which had been included in the compromise. Antagonism culminated in a religious war, which for a time exhausted the spiritual energies of the nation. The torpor which commenced at the Restoration was prolonged by the scepticism and cynicism of the eighteenth century, and subsequently by the absorption of all national interests in the French war, almost down to our own time. Religious life has now again awakened, and in the form of antagonism as before. The Gorham controversy, the Macdonochie suit, the proceedings against the authors of "Essays and Reviews," and the renewal in a milder form of the religious struggle of the time of Charles I.; only that to the party of Laud, which lives again in the Ritualists, and the Evangelical party, which is the counterpart, though less exact, of the Puritans, has been added, by the influences of the nineteenth century, another party—that of the Rationalists, some of whom, and probably not a few, have in their hearts discarded all the miraculous portions of Christianity, the belief in a revelation, and in the divinity of Christ. There is now no Court of High Commission to coerce dissent into the outward conformity, which is all that men of the world desire; and Parliament, which in the Tudor days was Anglican though secular, being Anglican no longer, but a medley of all sects with a considerable element of avowed scepticism, is flagrantly unfit to legislate for the church. As to the Act of Uniformity, the Thirty-nine Articles, and the other existing

restraints on diversity of opinion and ritual, they are floating about like haycocks in a flood. All parties alike condemn and evade them; the Ritualists, in the full swing of an onward movement, joyously defy them.

Parallel schisms are breaking out in the daughter churches. Both in the United States and in Canada open secession has commenced, and a Reformed Episcopal Church has been born amidst a tempest of controversy and excommunication. They are the same dragons' teeth which, wherever they are sown, spring up polemics armed for the ecclesiastical fray. Unless, therefore, another sleep like that of the eighteenth century supervene in England, ecclesiastical disruption, and with it a crisis of the Establishment question, can hardly be far off. The Tory Premier scents the danger, and tries to conjure it by his usual spell of phrase-making, and by sneering at divergences of opinion as the offspring of personal vanity; but neither phrase-making nor sneers will pluck deep convictions out of earnest hearts, or persuade honest men that they ought to suppress the truth for the convenience of politicians.

In England, as in France and other intellectual nations, religious opinion is in a state wholly unexampled in history. In former periods, for example in that which immediately followed the Reformation, there have perhaps been divergences as great; but they have not had such full play. Free-thinkers at all events have been constrained either to smother their convictions or to express them with bated breath; you will seek in vain for a direct avowal of infidelity in Gibbon, probably even in Voltaire. But now in England you may hear not merely scepticism, but the blankest atheism and materialism preached by a scientific lecturer to a large, distinguished, and sympathizing audience on a Sunday afternoon. While a strong back stream is running towards the middle ages, a stream intellectually far stronger is running with at least equal vio-

lence in the opposite direction. Assailed by physical science and historical criticism, the old evidences of Christianity have lost their hold on many minds, while, as the world reposed secure in the possession of Revelation, the bulwarks of Natural Religion have been neglected, and the Apologist suddenly summoned to defend the simplest and most fundamental truths, has nothing for it but to buckle on the rusty armour of Butler and Paley. Thus doubt, once admitted into the mind, rapidly becomes total disbelief, which is now the condition of a large and ever increasing portion of the highly educated classes in England, as well as of the more active-minded artisans. Spiritualism and even Astrology prevail to a strange extent, and they are an additional proof of the eclipse of religion ; for now, as in the decline of Polytheism under the Roman Empire, and in the decline of Catholicism during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, these materialistic superstitions come to fill the void left in the heart by the departure of religious faith. The growth of wealth and the growth of religious scepticism are the two things which will most strike an Englishman revisiting England after an absence of some years. In truth, much of the apparent reaction in favour of the establishment is really reaction against the religious spirit of the Free Churches, which, as they subsist solely by conviction, are necessarily more pronounced in their opinions, and more rigorous in their pressure on the consciences of their members. And where will it end ? That is a question which statesmen as well as the theologian must begin to ask himself with anxiety. Without exaggerating the general force of religious motives, or the influence over the ordinary mass of mankind of the belief in a future state ; allowing as we must do that the frame of society may be held together, and in such countries as China and Japan is held together, after a fashion, without any real religion, by habit, and by the need of daily

bread and of natural order ; it remains true that Christian faith and Christian civilization are entwined like warp and woof, and that, the warp being taken away, the woof can scarcely fail to lose all order and cohesion. Science cannot pretend that she has as yet supplied a new faith, capable of taking the place of the old faith as an organizing force ; if she had, there would be more reason in the eager delight which men of science display in pulling down religion. When Mr. Gladstone resigned power, the Duke of Somerset, his former colleague, with singular grace and chivalry emptied the whole vinegar-cruet of his spleen upon the fallen minister as a disturber of the foundations of society. The Duke himself, as a writer against Christianity, had really assailed what was far more fundamental. No doubt he does not see the matter in that light. To him the Peerage is one of those adamantine pillars of the world which neither flood nor earthquake can remove. Christianity, he no doubt thinks, with all its creeds and fanes may pass away, but Dukes will endure for ever. The old French nobility when they flirted with Voltairism were of the same opinion, which in their case did not prove agreeable to experience.

In Canada, if we are less intellectual, we may regard it as a compensation that we are less disturbed by doubt. These questions will come to us in time, of course, but possibly when they come they may bring, in part at least, their answers with them.

More significance perhaps than might be supposed attaches to a little incident mentioned the other day by the correspondent of the *Globe*—the refusal of the Prince of Wales to be present at the opening of the garden in Leicester Square, presented by "Baron Albert Grant" to the public. Baron Albert Grant is the fancy title of Mr. Gottheimer—a stock-jobber of a race more ancient than the Grants, and the Fisk of England ; though perhaps to say so is unjust to

the American Fisk, who had something about him of the romance of scoundrelism, attractive to people—as the New England minister said at the dedication of the Fisk memorial, “blessed with broad ideas of human nature.” The Baron’s colossal fortune has been made at the expense of a great number of fortunes which were not colossal, by the Emma Mine, and other financial exploits well-known to the Stock Exchange, which upon his assumption of his new title deviated into epigram—“Wealth without honour is a Baron (barren) Grant.” His heart is fired with social ambition. He sees that the one thing which England worships now-a-days with all her heart is wealth, wealth however made, and in the hands even of a Baron Albert Grant. He is building a sumptuous palace at Kensington for the reception of the great world of London, and as the story goes, has offered a large reward to the person who will first bring him a Duke. He bought a seat in Parliament, where he was an admirable specimen of the class now in the ascendant, though in this operation he was a little indiscreet, and felt the sharp edge of the new Election Law. He is giving proofs on all sides of his sumptuous munificence—presenting the nation with a picture of Landseer—buying the open space in Leicester Square, adorning it with statuary, and dedicating it to the public. And he will succeed. The great world will in course of time accept his bribes, and he will see in his saloons at Kensington the fastidious leaders of society and fashion, as Hudson, while his money lasted and he could show the way to wealth, saw them all—all except Sir Robert Peel—in the saloons of Albert Gate. But he goes a little too fast in his social as well as in his Parliamentary speculations. To invite the Heir-Apparent to grace by his presence the dedication of a part of the fruits of the Emma Mine was precipitate, and the result seems to have been a temporary check.

It is strange to hear that the Tory Premier has trouble with the House of Lords. Probably the fact is merely that he is trying to galvanize into more regular attendance that illustrious assembly, the quorum of which is three, and which, even on questions of importance, frequently musters little more than a quorum. If he succeeds in getting a full attendance of peers in July, he will indeed have proved that persuasion tips his tongue. It is possible, however, that his difficulty may be of another kind. There is a real analogy between the present political reaction and that which followed the trial of Dr. Sacheverel, in the reign of Anne, and with the hero of which, Bolingbroke, Mr. Disraeli is fond of identifying himself; though, as Bolingbroke was an infidel, who for political purposes made himself the tool of a fanatical clergy, it would be indiscreet to press the parallel too far. Then, as in the late elections, the “Residuum” voted for “our national beverage and our national religion.” The House of Commons consequently was Tory, while the great Whig statesmen maintained their ascendancy in the House of Lords, so that the Tory Government was compelled to create twelve peers at once, in order to carry the ignominious treaty of Utrecht. Owing to the long ascendancy of the Liberal party and the numerous creations of Liberal peers, the House of Lords again contains a Liberal element, numerically not weak, in ability and business power very strong, while the House of Commons is Conservative; and for the second time in Parliamentary history, the usual relations of the popular and the hereditary house are in some degree reversed. The personal influence of such men as the Duke of Argyle, Lord Granville, Lord Selborne, Lord Cardwell, and Lord Carlingford, will probably be increased rather than diminished by the temporary dissolution of their party, and their emancipation from a Radical alliance, which could not fail to discredit them in the House of Lords. If Mr. Disraeli should attempt to proceed in the line of

policy indicated by his enfranchisement of the Residuum, and to signalize his reign by fulfilling the Tory-Chartist aspirations of his earlier years, it is exceedingly probable that he will encounter on the part of the independent peers a resistance which might spread to the moderate portion of the nation.

A monthly writer approaches the subject of French politics with the embarrassing consciousness that before his words meet the eyes of his readers the scene may be changed again. But though the scene may be changed the actors remain the same, and so, in great measure, does the drama. The unsound morality which pervades the popular literature of France, the want of truthfulness which pervades French histories, the military passions which blaze in the painted galleries of Versailles, the mutual mistrust which in the first Revolution took the form of sanguinary panic, the fanaticism, styling itself logic, which excludes compromise, the inability to understand real liberty, and above all liberty of opinion, are always there, and render the settlement, to say nothing of the regeneration of France, about the most desperate problem ever presented to a statesman. Faction reigns unbridled, and by the scenes of outrageous violence which it enacts in the Assembly, fatally discredits parliamentary government in the minds of the people. There is no man, with the doubtful exception of Thiers, to whom the nation can really look up; for Gambetta, though he has shown sagacity and self-control, is an adventurer and a man of notoriously bad life. Sensible and patriotic men there no doubt are in that Assembly, but their hearts must sink within them. The law of the conflict, so to speak, is that, whichever faction gains ground, the others combine against it; Bonapartists unite with Monarchists against the Republicans; Monarchists unite with Republicans against the Bonapartists: it is an endless game

of "cut-throat euchre." Of late fortune has inclined to the Republicans, owing mainly to the fear of Bonapartism, but partly, it must be admitted, to their own prudence in assuming an attitude of regard for legality, and repressing any protests against adverse decisions of the Assembly, which, by creating some sputter of insurrection, might have given a pretext for a *coup d'état*. On the other hand, there is an increasing belief in a restoration of the Bonapartes, and people shrug their shoulders and say that *canis ad vomitum* is the motto of France. It would be *ad vomitum* with a vengeance. History cannot show so abject a repudiation of self-respect and self-government as that of which France would be guilty if, after what has passed, she were again to throw herself at the feet of a Bonaparte. But over all these factions and their intrigues hangs the sword, which Marshal MacMahon the other day made clank in its scabbard by addressing the army as his associate in the maintenance of order. What this coarse and dull though gallant *sabreur* from Algeria chooses to decree is after all the destiny of France. The French army is cowed, as it always is after defeat; its soldiers have lost their swagger, and wear a look of dejection on the streets; but though it would hardly obey the order to march against Germany, it is still absolutely the master of a disarmed France. Gambetta, who must know that the question is vital, and must therefore have intently studied it, calculates, we believe, that one-third of the army is Republican, one-third Bonapartist, the rest actuated by military feeling alone. But there can be little doubt that as a whole it would move at the order of MacMahon. MacMahon's present intention appears to be to keep his place; yet a recent revelation has shown that, like a true Algerian, the mate, though not the equal in unscrupulousness of St. Arnaud and Pelissier, he was ready to turn his arms against the Constitution which he had sworn to guard, and to restore the Bourbons, if the Count de Cham-

bord could only have been induced to renounce the white flag. If he would consent to govern on the constitutional principle, accepting any ministers who were able to command a majority, he might perhaps reign as a constitutional king, under the title of president for life, and France might have rest and have time to settle her mind. But this the *sabreur* will not do; he insists, in effect, that he will have none but Monarchists as ministers, on whichever side the majority of the Assembly may be. He declares his mandate irrevocable, and yet he was ready to resign into the hands of the Bourbons. A dissolution of the Assembly would settle the question between the factions by decisively indicating the national will, if the government would allow the people to vote freely; but this is what no French government will do.

In the immediate future we regard a prerogation of the Assembly as more likely than a dissolution, for which perhaps no faction is in its heart quite ready. As to the ultimate result, though a restoration of the Empire would not surprise us, we are inclined to think that its *vis inertia* will prevail, and that France will remain a Conservative Republic.

Lord Melbourne used to say that he wished he was as cock-sure of any thing as Macaulay was of every thing. Minds which are so cock-sure are seldom very deep. Among all the instances of the shallowness of that stream of brilliancy which runs through Macaulay's writings, none is more remarkable than his treatment of the subject of standing armies. The government of Cromwell he calls a government of musketeers and pikemen, when, in fact, it was the government of a great political party of which Cromwell was the chief. On the other hand he speaks of modern standing armies as though because they are legally under the civil power, they could not possibly be dangerous to liberty, and treats any suggestion of that kind as the nonsense of pedantic school-boys

declaiming about Pisistratus and his guard. Standing armies are now the masters not of France only but of Europe, and the arbiters of its destinies, as well as a fearful burden on its industry, and the cancer of its moral civilization. The fiat of their commanders may in a moment arrest political progress and cancel all the political effort of the past. They are ever on the increase, and unless something occurs to stop their growth or change their character, a government of musketeers and pikemen may in reality be installed over Macaulay's grave.

Most people thought that in attacking the Papacy Bismarck had at last found not so much a foeman worthy of his steel as one whom no steel could pierce. The sword that had cleft the mail of Austria and France, would it not pass idle and ineffectual through the impalpable form that wears the Triple Crown? Was not this great representative of worldly power assailing a spiritual antagonist with temporal weapons, and would not his fate be that of the German Emperors who assailed the Popes of old? So Rome hoped, and statesmen in general believed. But the event has proved that Bismarck knew Germany and the nineteenth century. He has trodden, so far at least, in safety as well as with inflexible energy his perilous path, and the menacing shadows have disappeared before him. Once and again he has carried the stern law of the Empire into effect against recalcitrant prelates, and there is no appearance among the people of the divided allegiance which enabled Hildebrand to rend the Empire and bring the Emperor to his feet at Canossa. In Prussia the Catholic Prelates seem even disposed to come to terms. Possibly they feel beneath their feet the ominous heavings of the independence common to the race of Luther and Zwingli which has already shown itself in open revolt against Infallibility both among the "Old Catholics" of Germany and, in a still bolder form, among the reforming Catho-

lics of Switzerland. The German Ultramontanists on the other hand are playing Bismarck's game, not only by denunciations of the Empire and of national unity, but by appeals to Socialism which will array against them the friends of order as well as the friends of liberty. That some desperate attempt to set an heretical and rebellious world on fire by stirring up the masses would be made by Jesuitism, when all hope of recovering the ascendancy by the aid of kings and aristocracies was gone, has been often predicted, and there is no doubt inflammable matter in Germany; but there is also a steam fire-engine of first-rate power.

Bismarck's hands have been still further strengthened, and the nation has been still more firmly bound to him by the attempt of an assassin, whose act recoils on the Church in which his fanaticism was nursed. It is not right, in the absence of evidence, even to admit the suspicion that Kulmann had any instigator but his own depravity, perhaps his own insanity. This is not the age of Philip II., nor would any religious party be mad, even if it were immoral enough, to arm the hand of another Jacques Clement or Balthasar Gerard. But at the same time there is no doubt that the constant denunciation of men in power as enemies of God and His Church, by an authority deemed itself to be divine, is very stimulating to piety, and very suggestive of the propriety of taking the strongest measures which morality will permit to rid the earth of such pests.

It is fair to remember that Bismarck's life has been sought by Communist as well as by Ultramontane fanaticism. The two attempts to assassinate him mark the singular turns of his apparently changeful yet really consistent course. He provoked the first by upholding military autocracy; he provoked the second by using his military power in the cause of German unity and intellectual freedom, which can scarcely fail to draw political freedom in its train. His

marvellous career, however, we suspect draws near its close. The wound which he has received, trifling as it is, does not appear to heal easily. Enormous labour and carelessness in diet combined have told even on his iron frame. Germany and Europe will probably retain the bias which his hand has given them, but the assassin was right in thinking that much depends on the individual's life.

In Spain Carlism and Republicanism are still grappling with each other in petty but murderous, and, apparently, endless war. The fall of Marshal Concha, and the consequent repulse of his army, have turned the scale, for the moment, against the Republican Government. But the decisive fact is, that Carlism does not spread beyond the narrow district which is its native soil. It would expire, as Jacobitism did in the Highlands, were it not fed with money and supplies by the Ultramontane and Reactionary party in other countries. The facility with which supplies are allowed to enter from France by the connivance of the Monarchist MacMahon, aided probably by the sympathies of his Legitimist wife, is exciting the anger of the Spanish people, all the more because the Carlists are renewing the atrocities which disgraced their former risings.

To the other troubles of the Spanish Government is added the demand which England is pressing for reparation in the case of the *Virginius*. Spain has no power of resistance, but her honour will suffer, especially as the officer who commanded the massacre has been since promoted; and perhaps she will be led to moralize on the expediency of retaining a semi-barbarous colony, over which she exercises no real control, while she has to answer for the outrages which it commits.

In the words of the New York *Herald*, which is always adding to the riches of the

English tongue, "an agitation of the malodorous compost of scandal" in the Ward Beecher case, has recommenced. To the nostrils of a portion of the human species, the malodorous compost is as attractive as ordure is to those of the canine. It has been said that the only thing which gives more pleasure to the neighbourhood than a murder, is a case of *crim. con.* in a clergyman. A case of *crim. con.* in such a clergyman as Mr. Ward Beecher, which would "close the most famous pulpit the world has seen since Paul preached on Mars' Hill," fills all the lovers of compost with an ecstasy of prurient delight. All the emissaries of the press are busy, each striving to bring to his own journal some special particle of the precious commodity; and even Mrs. Tilton is interviewed on the subject of her conjugal chastity. Many of the people who are revelling in this pastime would be very much scandalized if they were told that the spectacle of a fair prize fight would be less degrading and less demoralizing to the community. But you may put pants on piano legs without having that healthy and manly purity which turns from moral carrion with disgust. Whatever may be the result of the affair as regards the parties personally concerned, there can be no doubt as to the feebleness of the moral sinew, and the want of a vigorous sense of honour in the community in which it has occurred. People with their mouths full of high-flown and religious sentiment do mean things from palpably low motives, and public opinion fails to enforce social rules of the commonest kind. Mr. Tilton was allowed to publish, not straightforward charges but innuendoes; and when, under pretence of vindicating his veracity, he indirectly cast imputations on the honour of his own wife, nobody seemed particularly to reprobate his conduct. The public appeared only to desire that he should raise the tantalizing veil and gratify curiosity with more explicit revelations.

It will be remembered that the original author of the scandal was Mrs. Victoria

Woodhull, the leader of the Woman's Right and Free Love movements in the United States, the singular circumstances of whose history, including her intercourse with celestial spirits and her return to the primeval habit of polyandry, have been given to a curious world by Mr. Tilton, her admirer, and himself a vehement apostle of Free Love. Mrs. Woodhull, partly to gratify her celestial feelings, partly and principally to replenish her purse, which she had failed to fill by stock-jobbing even under guidance of Mr. Vanderbilt, composed a series of the most hideous libels against Mr. Beecher and some twenty ladies of his congregation, and having handed it about to editors in vain, published it in her own journal, with such success that the street in which the journal office stood was absolutely blocked for hours by the crowds which thronged to purchase infamous charges against an honoured name. In a really moral community, and one in which genuine respect was felt for woman, Mrs. Victoria Woodhull would have been sent to pick hemp. Her story as a whole was unquestionably a monstrous fiction, and it is an established rule of evidence that statements which rest upon the same authority must stand or fall together. Mrs. Woodhull's main reason for selecting Mr. Beecher as the subject of her libels was, no doubt, his high reputation, which lent piquancy to scandal. But there was also probably something to give her thoughts that particular direction: there is a sort of nucleus of waking fact, if you will be at the pains to search it, even in the wildest dream. We always thought it likely that she had heard from her confidant, Mr. Tilton, some account of a disagreement between him and his wife, in which Mr. Beecher's name was involved, and possibly in such a manner as to cast doubt upon his discretion. For some revelation of this kind we are prepared, but we trust there will be nothing worse. We write with Mr. Tilton's statement before us, while Mr. Beecher's is yet to come. Mr. Tilton's

statement is formidably explicit and circumstantial; but his imagination is wild, his principles are unsettled, he bitterly hates Mr. Beecher, and he has been drawn on to a position in which he must either ruin his enemy or be ruined himself. His success in proving his charges would be a great social calamity; not because it would "close

the most famous pulpit that the world has seen since St. Paul preached on Mars' Hill," but because the fall of one so trusted and honoured as Mr. Beecher would give the vicious or the unthinking reason to say that all virtue is hypocrisy, and shake the confidence of man in man.

SELECTIONS.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

(From "The Legend of Jubal and other Poems," by George Eliot.)*

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land

He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine,
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine:
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,

And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran,
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world:
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds'
marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death:
Save him, the founder; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But, dark as pines that autumn never sears,
His locks thronged backward as he ran; his frame

Rose like the orbèd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still cleared-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, "My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold;

* Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., Publishers.

And for their roofs and garments wealth untold
Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves :
They laboured gently, as a maid who weaves
Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil,
For love, that loved not change, constrained
the simple will.

Till, hurling stones in mere athletic joy,
Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest
boy,

And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
The things they best had loved to look upon ;
But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
The generation stood around those twain
Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
Parted the press, and said, " He will not wake ;
This is the endless sleep, and we must make
A bed deep down for him beneath the sod ;
For know, my sons, there is a mighty God
Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
I fled from out His land in vain !—'tis He
Who came and slew the lad, for He has found
This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
By the harsh bands of His most cruel will,
Which any moment may some dear one kill.
Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
We and all ours shall die like summers past.
This is Jehovah's will, and He is strong ;
I thought the way I travelled was too long
For Him to follow me : my thought was vain !
He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
Pale Death His footprint is, and He will come
again !"

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
The race of Cain : soft idlesse was no more,
But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
Smiling with hidden dread—a mother fair
Who, folding to her breast a dying child,
Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness
mild.

Death was now lord of Life, and at his word
Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
With measured wing now audibly arose
Throbbing through all things to some unknown
close.

Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn
And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
It seemed the light was never loved before,
Now each man said, "'Twill go and come no
more."

No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,
No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an
end ;

And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.

Then memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves ;
No space, no warmth, but moves among them
all ;

Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive
hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered
seed

Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, " There comes a night when all too
late

The mind shall long to prompt the achieving
hand,

The eager thought behind closed portals stand ;
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.

Then, while the soul its way with sound can
cleave,

And while the arm is strong to strike and heave,
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day whose rays must
bend

As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."

For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race :
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face

The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile:
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high
to higher

Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue ;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like granite boulders grew ;
Such boulders as the plunging torrent wears,
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be
fed,

Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to
rove

For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame
Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jubal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white
wine

That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the
stream

Of elemental life with fulness teem ;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding
hand,

And sheltered them till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of
day.

He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older
grown,

Followed his steps with sense-taught memory ;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be,
And guide them through the pastures as he
would,

With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
Which, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning
star ;

Near him his sister, deft, as women are,

Plied her quick skill, in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.

Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with
man.

This was the work of Jubal : he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's
caress,

And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it
stood

Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,
He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought, and better than he plan-
ned,

Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)

Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield,
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labour with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting
hour,

But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spiked wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain ;

And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved
blade,

Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal ; and they
say

Some things he made have lasted to this day ;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white discs ; but they became the
price

The traitor Judas sold his master for ;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning
blight ;

But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Nor greedy lust, nor any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will ;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young :
These handled vaguely and those plied the
tools,

Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could
not see,

But only listened to—some melody,
Wherein dumb longings inward speech had
found,

Won from the common store of struggling
sound.

Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him :
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,

Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul
to rise,

Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's
brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted
speech—

Melted with tears, smiles, glances—that can
reach

More quickly through our frame's deep-winding
night,

And without thought raise thought's best fruit,
delight.

Pondering, he sought his home again, and
heard

The fluctuant changes of the spoken word :
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand,
Or downward beating like the resolute hand ;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on
high ;

The suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought ;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing ;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic
ring.

Jabal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him :
For as the delicate stream of odour wakes
The thought-wed sentence and some image
makes

From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which
found

All prisoned germs and all their powers un-
bound,

Till thought, self-luminous, flamed from me-
mory,

And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,

As had some manifested god been there.
It was his thought he saw ; the presence fair
Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said, " Were now those mighty tones and
cries

That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from
far,

Some power at wrestle with the things that are ;
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors : were these
wed

To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing
reach,

Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference—

Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then—Nay, I, Jubal, will that work begin !

The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwaked ener-
gies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday ;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine ;
Where fervour, that could fill the earthly round
With throngèd joys of form-begotten sound,
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labours through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first toward lands which others win.
Jubal must dare, as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And, yearning vaguely toward the plenteous
quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small
lyre.

He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight,
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends toward obedience.
Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song—
The rapturous word that rapturous notes pro-
long,

As radiance streams from smallest things that
burn,

Or thought of loving into love doth turn.

And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.

Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingèd song ; then with adoring pride,
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, " This wonder which my soul hath
found—

This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race,
And, like the morning, gladden common space :
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.

So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall
be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward
thing,

When imminence of change makes sense more
fine

And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent—
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radi-
ance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge
thighs,

The sinewy man embrowned by centuries ;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement
too—

Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly
flew,
And swaying as of flower-beds where Love
blew.

For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.

Jabal sat circled with a playful ring
Of children, lambs, and whelps, whose gambol-
ling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled
feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub
meet.

But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For, of all hardship, work he counted least;
He scorned all rest but sleep, where every
dream

Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was
blent,

The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves
spread,

Came Jubal with his lyre: there, mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn
song,

Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entranced whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creature
sends

Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centu-
ries,

Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees

In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled
days,

Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown
vast,

And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land
which swims

In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that
spread

Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens, both alike long-
tressed,

By grace-inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beatueous floating
swerve

Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringèd feet swayed by each close-linked
palm:

Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious
good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering
came,

Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,
The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting nought of this—
This power in metal shape which made strange
bliss,

Entering within him like a dream full-fraught,
With new creations finished in a thought.
The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the
air:

It seemed the stars were shining with delight,
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some
caught,

Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,

The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat;
 'Twas easy following where invention trod—
 All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
 Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
 Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
 Moved with a wider-winged utterance.
 Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
 Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
 Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
 "Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
 And I will get me to some far-off land,
 Where higher mountains under heaven stand
 And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
 Whose song they hear where no rough mingling
 mars

The great clear voices. Such lands there must
 be,

Where varying forms make varying symphony—
 Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
 Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
 With other strains through other-shapen
 boughs ;

Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or
 browse

Will teach me songs I know not. Listening
 there,

My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
 That rise and spread and bloom toward fuller
 fruit each year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
 Southward for many a league, till he might
 deem

He saw at last the pillars of the sky
 Beholding mountains whose white majesty
 Rushed through him as new awe, and made
 new song

That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
 Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
 The iteration of some chant sublime.

It was the region long inhabited
 By all the race of Seth ; and Jubal said :
 "Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
 Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's
 fire

Flames through deep waters ; I will take my
 rest,

And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
 The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture
 me

As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
 He lingered wandering for many an age,
 And, sowing music, made high heritage
 For generations far beyond the Flood—
 For the poor late-begotten human brood
 Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
 The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
 The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
 Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
 But wheresoe'er he rose, the heavens rose,
 And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
 Nought but a wider earth ; until one height
 Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
 And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
 Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore :
 Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no
 more.

He thought, "the world is great, but I am weak,
 And where the sky bends is no solid peak
 To give me footing, but instead, this main,
 Like myriad maddened horses thundering o'er
 the plain.

New voices come to me where'er I roam,
 My heart, too, widens with its widening home :
 But song grows weaker, and the heart must
 break

For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
 The lyre's full answer ; nay, its chords were all
 Too few to meet the growing spirit's call.
 The former songs seem little, yet no more
 Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore.
 't'ell what the earth is saying unto me :
 The secret is too great, I hear confusedly :

"No farther will I travel : once again
 My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
 Where I and Song were born. There fresh-
 voiced youth

Will pour my strains with all the early truth
 Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
 But only in the soul, the will that stands
 Helpless to move. My tribe remembering
 Will cry "'Tis he !" and run to greet me, wel-
 coming."

The way was weary. Many a date palm grew,
 And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
 While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
 Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
 When with fresh vision fed, the fuller will,

Took living outward shape in pliant skill !
 For still he hoped to find the former things,
 And the warm gladness recognition brings.
 His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
 And long illusive sameness of the floods,
 Winding and wandering. Through far regions,
 strange
 With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
 And left his music in their memory,
 And left at last, when nought besides would
 free
 His homeward steps from clinging hands and
 cries,
 The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
 No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
 That mortal frame wherein was first begun
 The immortal life of song. His withered brow
 Pressed over eyes that held no lightning now,
 His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying
 air,
 The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
 Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
 Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
 His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran :
 He was the rune-writ story of a man.
 And so at last he neared the well-known land,
 Could see the hills in ancient order stand
 With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
 Looked through the unshinè of his childish
 days ;
 Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging
 woods,
 And seemed to see the self-same insect broods
 Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers—to
 hear
 The self-same cuckoo making distance near.
 Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
 Met and embraced him, and said, " Thou art
 he !
 This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
 Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
 With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."
 But wending ever through the watered plain,
 Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
 He saw dread Change, with dubious face and
 cold,
 That never kept a welcome for the old,
 Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
 Saying " This home is mine." He thought his
 eyes
 Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,

Usurping sense, make all things shrink and fade
 And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
 His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
 His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
 Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode ;
 The little city that once nestled low
 As buzzing groups about some central glow,
 Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and
 steep,
 Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
 His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
 Close by the way-side on a weed-grown bank,
 Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,
 Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar
 wood.
 The morning sun was high ; his rays fell hot
 On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
 On the dry withered grass and withered man :
 That wondrous frame where melody began
 Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.
 But while he sank, far music reached his ear.
 He listened until wonder silenced fear
 And gladness wonder ; for the broadening stream
 Of sound advancing was his early dream,
 Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer ;
 As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
 Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
 Quick with the various strains of life to be.
 He listened : the sweet mingled difference
 With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
 Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
 Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread
 And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
 Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
 Its incense audible ; could see a train
 From out the street slowwinding on the plain
 With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
 While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to
 these
 With various throat, or in succession poured,
 Or in full volume mingled. But one word
 Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
 As when the multitudes adoring call
 On some great name divine, their common soul,
 The common need, love, joy, that knits them in
 one whole.
 The word was " Jubal ! " . . . " Jubal " filled
 the air
 And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
 Creator of the qu're, the full-fraught strain
 That grateful rolled itself to him again.

The aged man adust upon the bank,
Whom no eye saw, at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music; then, with swelling heart,
Felt this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.

But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him
dear :

Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers
knew,

The breathing Jubal—him, to whom their love
was due.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he, as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warned by no meeting glance, no hand that
pressed,

Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from
man's small race

Out through the myriad worlds that people
space,

And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire?—
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh—this eventide—

This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely
strowed

The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare;
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not; all his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's
face;

He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"
The tones amid a lake of silence fell

Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain,
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved
thing

And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow
death

Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the
spot,

And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two the most devout
In honour of great Jubal, thrust him out,
And beat him with their flutes. 'Twas little
need:

He strove not, cried not, but with tottering
speed,

As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought
the screen

Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.

The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, "This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years nought comes to me
again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me; dewy shadowy
wings

Enclose me all around—no, not above—
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea—art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
 In long-remembered summers ; that calm light
 Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
 That past unchangeable, from change still
 wrought,
 And there were tones that with the vision blent ;
 He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
 Or music that calm gaze : to hear, to see,
 Was but one undivided ecstasy :
 The raptured senses melted into one,
 And parting life a moment's freedom won
 From in and outer, as a little child
 Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
 Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
 And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that
 swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
 The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
 I am the angel of thy life and death,
 Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
 Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
 Who blest thy lot above all men's beside ?
 Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change,
 nor take
 Any bride living, for that dead one's sake ?
 Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
 Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
 Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
 In central heaven, hadst thou been still the
 same ?
 Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any
 god—
 Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
 Or thundered through the skies—aught else for
 share
 Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
 The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
 Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious
 breast ?
 No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
 Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain

Where music's voice was silent ; for thy fate
 Was human music's self incorporate :
 Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
 Were flesh of *her* flesh and her womb of life.
 And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
 With hidden raptures were his secrets shown,
 Buried within thee, as the purple light
 Of gems may sleep in solitary night ;
 But thy expanding joy was still to give,
 And with the generous air in song to live,
 Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
 Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
 And on the mountains in thy wandering
 Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
 That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
 For with thy coming Melody was come.
 This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
 And that immeasurable life to know
 From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
 A seed primeval that has forests bred.
 It is the glory of the heritage
 Thy life has left that makes thy outcast age :
 Thy limbs shall lie, dark, tombless on this sod,
 Because thou shinest in man's soul a god,
 Who found and gave new passion and new joy
 That nought but earth's destruction can de-
 stroy.
 Thy gift to give was thine of men alone :
 'Twas but in giving that thou couldst atone
 For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
 The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
 Was floating him the heavenly space along,
 Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
 Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
 Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
 He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
 Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
 The All-creating Presence for his grave.
 1869.

MR. SWINBURNE'S "BOTHWELL."

(From the *Fortnightly Review* for July.)

THE dramatic—perhaps melodramatic—appearance of this volume. It has been rumoured to have been long ago completed, and the wondrous facility of production of which its writer is capable seemed to leave little excuse for the delay. But Mr. Swinburne

would not be what he is if he permitted the impatience of his friends to hurry him in the execution of a work to which he has given his whole heart and brain, and in which he is contending for the noblest prize in the intellectual competition of humanity—the fame of the mature poet who has accumulated and distributed the delightful treasures of a gifted youth, and retained the generative power of imagination in combination with the knowledge and experience of advancing years.

There is something unprepossessing in the form of the volume, and there will be many, even of those who do not look on the length of a book as the infallible measure of the labour of its production, whose first impression will be that of wasted energy and unnecessary research. But few will lay it down with this conviction. It must not be compared with its predecessor. The story of "Chastelard" was one of which history has told little, and of which poetry could make much; the incidents of this drama are the world-stirring events of ten years of European history. The loves of Mary are no longer anecdotes of romance, they have become the troubles of peoples, the thoughts of statesmen, the fate of kings. It is no more the analysis of a mind, whose

"Subtlety lies close in her light wit,
And wisdom wantons in her wantonness,"

that fills the situation and satisfies the beholder; it is the contest of an imperious will with a complication of angry interests and pitiless passions, that demands to be accurately followed and truthfully reproduced in order to raise the work of the artist above the uninteresting scene-shiftings of historical names and the arbitrary juxtaposition of fanciful characters, into an integral representation worthy of the subject. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Swinburne's earnest belief, and while this treatment necessarily involves the careful sequence of events, the multiplicity of characters, and some of the repetition of daily life, the reader who desires the serious gratification of a complete poem will find in it no weariness, but gladly give to it the prolonged attention it requires and deserves.

The action, which begins with the death of the favourite, and closes with the flight of the Queen to England, traverses not only the great

scenes of the time, but moves incessantly from place to place, though every intermediate path and incidental obstacle; and, if some such diversity is required in an ordinary piece to relieve the strain of attention by secondary impersonations and inferior interests, it is equally useful in such a work as Mr. Swinburne's, where the anxiety to give to every line its value and to every word its fullest force absolutely requires some occasional commonplace of passing circumstances to retain the impression of historical reality. He may be assured that in the dutiful humility to truth which he has here exhibited, his idealization has lost nothing, any more than any assumed absence of conventionality in morals and religion would suffer from the just delineations of the stately virtue of Murray and of the fierce piety of John Knox. It may indeed be that he has felt himself all the happier for the safe guidance of facts through the confusion of characters and events, so long as there was left to him the legitimate freedom of the delineation of his great heroine, whom the judgment of mankind, after two centuries of earnest inquiry, unable finally to acquit or condemn, may be said to have delivered over to his merciles imagination.

For it is a signal peculiarity in the historical position of Mary Queen of Scots, that, while the outward incidents of her short royal life are known with at least as much precision as many other events of the period, the sources of her action and motives of her conduct remain as much matters of conjecture and controversy as in the century of her captivity and death. There is, no doubt, almost sufficient cause for this uncertainty in the violence and rapidity of the events of which she was the centre, and the impossibility of tracing the progress of any individual mind through that storm of passions, interests, hopes, and fears. For instance, there is no character of the time that stands before us with so much integrity, in the sense of knowing what to do and doing it well, as that of the Regent Murray, and yet there are whole spaces of action in which we do not know where to find him. And if this is so with a determined and comparatively conscientious man, how can we look to trace with a credible accuracy the thoughts and feelings of a woman on many occasions necessarily passive, and liable, to say the least, to the lower feminine impulses in

times of free manners and rough indulgence? Had there even existed still stronger evidence than the few strange letters which all the teeth of ferocious antiquaries have not been able to tear to pieces, it is still improbable that the judgment of mankind respecting her would have been clear and definitive. For after all it was and is not a question of vindication or excuse. The mighty religious struggle that was agitating the mind of Europe required that the Queen of Scotland should not only have that kind of justification which the spirit of the time was ready enough to accord to the vengeance and even insanities of princes, but that the champion of the True Faith in the northern portion of heretical Britain should be an innocent and outraged victim in the hands of infidel barbarians. There could be no discussion with such an opinion. To admit any indirect knowledge of her husband's murder, to suppose the least connivance with the rape of Bothwell, to believe in any lightness of conduct which could have aroused the suspicion of her people or the jealousies of her nobles, would have been an abandonment of one of the strongholds of Catholic hope and an act of religious treason. The long captivity that followed made of Queen Mary a sacred legend even in her lifetime, and her political execution became a Christian martyrdom. With this apotheosis on one side came not unnaturally strong reprobation on the other, and the fair demon of these pages is a sort of reprisal for the Catholic saint.

But the Mary of the opening of this drama is not the royal siren, fresh from pleasure-loving France, that drew Chastelard to destruction. Troubled with the wild rudeness of her new land, and cruel in her native coquetry, she was yet gay at heart, and liking to please; and while sacrificing one lover to her own repute, she naturally consoled herself with the thought that she should have many more. But we have here the despotic woman, embittered by conjugal hatred and coarsened by sensual passion, looking on the world around and the people she has to govern, in this angry fashion:—

Queen. 'Tis but March,
And a scant spring, a sharp and starveling year.
How bitter black the day grows! one would swear
The weather and earth were of this people's faith,
And their heaven coloured as their thoughts of
heaven,

Their light made of their love.

Rizzio. If it might please you
I look out and lift up heart to summer-ward,
There might be sun enough for seeing and sense,
To light men's eyes at and warm hands withal.

Queen. I doubt the winter's white is deeper dyed
And closer worn than I thought like to be;
This land of mine hath folded itself round
With snow-cold, white, and leprous misbelief,
Till even the spirit is bitten, the blood pinched,
And the heart winter-wounded; these starved slaves
That feed on frost and suck the snows for drink,
Heating the light for the heat's sake, love the cold:
We want some hotter fire than summer or sun
To burn their dead blood through and change their
veins.

And when, in the mutability that is the essence of her nature, she tries to put aside the phantoms of coming guilt and shame, she knows that it is only by becoming something wholly other than she is that it is possible for her so to do.

Queen. I would I had no state to need no stay:
God witness me, I had rather be re-born,
And born a poor mean woman, and live low
With harmless habit and poor purity
Down to my dull death-day, a shepherd's wife,
Than a queen clothed and crowned with force and
fear.

Rizzio. Are you so weary of crowns, and would
not be,
Soon wearier waxen of sheepfolds?

Queen. 'Faith, who knows?
But I would not be weary, let that be
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good
Living so low, with little labours set
And little sleeps and watches, night and day
Falling and flowing as small waves in low sea
From shine to shadow and back, and out and in
Among the firths and reaches of low life:
I would I were away and well. No more,
For dear love talk no more of policy.
Let France and faith and envy and England be,
And kingdom go and people; I had rather rest
Quiet for all my simple space of life:
With few friends' loves closing my life-days in,
And few things known and grace of humble ways
And still fields shutting fast my still thoughts up—
A loving little life of sweet small works.
Good faith, I was not made for other life;
Nay, do you think it? I will not hear thereof:
Let me hear music rather, as simple a song,
If you have any, as these low thoughts of mine,
Some lowly and old-world song of quiet men.

After the slaughter of Rizzio, almost in her presence, even such tenderness as this disappears. To get rid of Darnley and satisfy her passion for Bothwell are her daily and nightly thoughts, and to accomplish these objects she hardly consults the dictates of ordinary prudence. Before her are the jealousies of the nobles, the seething wrath of the people, and the anathemas of Knox. But no act of hers can make these much worse than they already are; and there is a specious advantage in the substitution of Bothwell's warlike spirit and firm audacity for her husband's debauched and frivolous nature, which makes possible the impunity of crime, and excuses to her judgment the requirements of her outraged pride and importunate desires.

In carefully following out historical detail, the poet must run the risk of having to deal with characters unworthy of the dignity of tragedy, and with situations important in results but ineffective in representation, real in life but unsuitable to act. What stronger proof of this difficulty could there be than that which meets one on the threshold of the play, the figure of Darnley? History knows no good of him, and yet he must be here; and therefore Mr. Swinburne invests him with a pathos that overcomes contempt, and makes "the mockery of mis-married men" itself terrible, rather than ludicrous. The murder of Rizzio is vindicated by his belief, not only in the Queen's unlawful attachments (to which the dramatist takes especial care to give no sanction,) but in the dominant position he has assumed in her counsels, and the all but regal functions with which she has entrusted him. It is, then, no vulgar foreign minstrel whose violent removal forms the first link in this bloody chain, but a subtle conspirator of Machiavellian wit, who advises her how either to cajole such enemies as Murray into a false security, or to smite them at once, and, above all, no longer

To leave the stakes in hand of a lewd boy,
A fool and thankless—and to save the game
We must play privily and hold secret hands.

His actual or intended elevation of an intrusive stranger to an office of so high a dignity as Chancellor of Scotland, would, in the political morality of the time, have made his assassination a patriotic act, if not a public duty. And

the loyal, loving Ruthven in the very sickness of which "ere the year die" he "must be dead," who not foreseeing that his eyes will "fade among strange faces," yet feels that "having served her," he "should less be loth to leave" the "earth God made" his "mother," is the chief executioner. This is true tragedy.

While with relentless hand the Queen leads on Darnley to his deadly end, she veils her hatred with increasing duplicity, and turns his irresolute character as she wills. She makes him escape with her from Holyrood, makes him disavow his friends and accomplices, and when his vices have brought him to a sick bed in Glasgow, with her plausible kindness and feigned reproaches she subdues whatever manhood is left in him. He begs for pardon and restitution of place as husband and king, yet he seems to know that he pleads in vain: a dreadful consciousness of her true feeling towards him, and of his inevitable doom, reveals itself in occasional starts and struggles for independence, all the more angry for their very hopelessness. The last interview at Kirk o' Field is none the less Mr. Swinburne's own for being faithful to the chronicle. He justly saw that no word of his could be devised so terrible as her authentic parting,—

'Twas just this time last year
David was slain,—

or any imaginable accompaniment of Darnley's last night-watch could throw a more dramatic solemnity around its close than the old Psalm he is recorded to have read and applied to his own doom,—

Lo, here am I,
That bide as in a wilderness indeed,
And have not wings to bear me forth of fear.
Nor is it an open enemy, he saith,
Hath done me this dishonour: (what hath put
This deadly scripture in mine eye to-night?)
For then I could have borne it; but it was
Even thou, mine own familiar friend, with whom
I took sweet counsel; in the house of God
We walked as friends. Ay, in God's house it was
That we joined hands, even she, my wife and I,
Who took but now sweet counsel mouth to mouth
And kissed as friends together. Wouldst thou think
She set this ring at parting on my hand
And to my lips her lips? and then she spake
Words of that last year's slaughter. O God, God,
I know not if it be not of thy will

My heart begins to pass into her heart,
 Mine eye to read within her eye, and find
 Therein a deadlier scripture. Must it be
 That I so late should waken, and so young
 Die? for I wake as out of sleep to death.
 Is there no hand or heart on earth to help?
 Mother! my mother! hast thou heart nor hand
 To save thy son, to take me hence away,
 Far off, and hide me? But I was thy son,
 That lay between thy breasts and drank of thee,
 And I, thy son, it is they seek to slay.
 My God, my God, how shall they murder me?

To raise the personality of Bothwell to a lofty historic pinnacle would be a violation of probability which Mr. Swinburne's adherence to facts would not permit. The poet is rightly content to leave him without moral purpose or intellectual dignity. But he can give him the virtues of his vices, and in the delineation of so audacious an enterprise as the possession of a beautiful sovereign and the Scottish throne, he may fairly suppose the existence of some such qualities as fascinated the former mistress and the future wife,—

Prythee, Reres,

Was he thus ever? had he so great heart
 In those dead days, such lordliness of eye
 To see and smite and burn in masterdom.
 Such fire and iron of design and deed
 To serve his purpose and sustain his will?
 Hath he not grown since years that knew me not
 In light and might and speed of spirit and stroke
 To lay swift hand upon his thought, and turn
 Its cloud to flame, its shadow to true shape,
 Its emptiness to fulness? If in sooth
 He was thus always, he should be by now
 Hailed the first head of the earth.

Lady Reres.

It cannot be

But in your light he hath waxed, and from your love,
 Madam, drawn life and increase; but indeed
 His heart seemed ever high and masterful
 As of a king unkingdomed, and his eye
 As set against the sunrise; such a brow
 As craves a crown to do it right, and hand
 Made to hold empire swordlike, and a foot
 To tread the topless and unfooted hill,
 Whose light is from the morn of majesty.

Queen. When mine eye first took judgment of
 his face

It read him for a king born: and his lips
 Touching my hand for homage had as 'twere
 Speech without sound in them that bound my heart
 In much more homage to his own.

But Mr. Swinburne is as obscure as history is as to the origin and progress of the Queen's passion. She is here represented as wholly his from first to last, and it is the evident purpose of the poet that she, false and fickle in all things else, outward or inward, should be entirely true to this affection,—

Faithful beyond reach of faith,
 Kingdomless queen and wife unhusbanded,
 Till in you reigning I might reign and rest.

The day comes when the first great obstacle to this object of two such resolute wills and untamed desires is swept away, and she and he stand beside Darnley's bier—a scene such as Mr. Swinburne's genius delights in painting,—

Queen. Let me look on him. It is marred not
 much;

This was a fair face of a boy's alive.

Bothwell. It had been better had he died ere man.

Queen. That hardly was he yesterday; a man!

What heart, what brain of manhood had God sown
 In this poor fair fool's flesh to bear him fruit?
 What seed of spirit or counsel? what good hope
 That might have put forth flower in any sun?
 We have plucked none up who cut him off at root,
 But a tare only or a thorn. His cheek
 Is not much changed, though since I wedded him
 His eyes had shrunken and his lips grown wan
 With sickness and ill living. Yesterday,
 Man or no man, this was a living soul:
 What is this now? This tongue that mourned to me,
 These lips that mine were mixed with, these blind
 eyes,

That fastened on me following, these void hands
 That never plighted faith with man and kept,
 Poor hands that paddled in the sloughs of shame,
 Poor lips athirst for women's lips and wine,
 Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant
 And had no heart to face men's wrath or love,
 As who could answer either,—what work now
 Doth that poor spirit which moved them? To what
 use

Of evil or good should hell put this or heaven,
 Or with what fire of purgatory annealed
 Shall it be clean and strong, yet keep in it
 One grain for witness of what seed it was,
 One thread, one shred enwoven with it alive,
 To show what stuff time spun it of, and rent?

I have more pity such things should be born
 Than of his death; yea, more than I had hate,
 Living, of him.

Bothwell. Since hate nor pity now
Or helps or hurts him, were we not as wise
To take but counsel for the day's work here
And put thought of him with him underground ?

Queen. I do but cast once more away on him
The last thought he will ever have of mine.
You should now love me well.

But other impediments stand strong, and in truth they are such that, if the story of the time had remained in a legendary condition, no fancied contrivances for their removal could have been more fantastic or improbable than such as were adopted and were successful. Of the project of Bothwell to carry off the Queen by apparent force, Huntley, as chief actor, is well made here to say, "It is too gross and palpably devised,"—words echoed by all historical criticism down to this our time. Will, again, any research ever explain that astounding document in which the Scotch nobility, almost to a man, not only assent to, but absolutely demand the Queen's marriage with their unscrupulous rival and the husband of Jane Gordon ?

In the description of the marriage and the scenes that follow, Mr. Swinburne allows himself a poetic liberty which no one can grudge him. He becomes indeed a sterner moralist than even history warrants. From the moment the purpose of this defiance of the laws of God and man is attained, the retribution begins. She is wed in her old mourning habits, "and her face—as deadly as were they," and for him,—

When the bishop made indeed
His large hard hand with hers so flowerlike fast,
He seemed as 'twere for pride and mighty heart
To swell and shine with passion, and his eye
To take into the fire of its red look
All dangers and all adverse things that might
Rise out of days unrisen, to burn them up
With its great heat of triumph ; and the hand
Fastening on hers so griped it that her lips
Trembled and turned to catch the smile from his
As though her spirit had put its own life off
And sense of joy or property of pain
To close with his alone ; but this twin smile
Was briefer than a flash or gust that strikes
And is not ; for the next word was not said
Ere her face waned again to winter-ward
As a moon smitten, and her answer came
As words from dead men wickedly wrung forth
By craft of wizards, forged and forceful breath
Which hangs on lips that loath it.

And when Herries asks whether this may not have been done for show, to induce the belief that the marriage was imposed by force, Melville replies,

No, 'tis truth ;
She is heart-struck now, and labours with herself
As one that loves and trusts not, but the man
Who makes so little of men's hate may make
Of women's love as little ; with this doubt
New born within her, fears that slept awake
And shame's eyes open that were shut for love,
To see on earth all pity hurt to death
By her own hand, and no man's face her friend
If his be none for whom she casts them off
And finds no strength against him in their hands.

The French ambassador, Du Croc, mentions the sad and desolate appearance of the Queen after her marriage. And her saying "she wished she were dead," is here enlarged into one of the most powerful scenes of the play, in which Bothwell reproaches her with babbling of her bonds, and lets her see he is not going to be the husband Darnley was, but her lord indeed.

Be you sure
I am not of such fool's mould cast in flesh
As royal-blooded husbands ; being no king
Nor kin of kings, but one that keep unarmed
My head but with my hand, and have no wit
To twitch you strings and match you rhyme for
rhyme
And turn and twitter on a tripping tongue,
But so much wit to make my word and sword
Keep time and rhyme together, say and slay.
Set this down in such record as you list,
But keep it surer than you keep your mind,
If that be changing : for by heaven and hell
I swear to keep the word I give you fast
As faith can hold it, that who thwarts me here,
Or comes across my will's way in my wife's,
Dies as a dog dies, doomless.

It may be questioned whether the introduction on the stage of Bothwell's former wife, merely that she may see him and Mary together before she fades out of sight for ever, is not superfluous. It certainly brings an alien element into the drama without other meaning than that of making Mary exhibit her bitter jealousy of the cruelly abandoned lady, her former companion and friend. It would have been an improbable event, even in that atmosphere of improbabilities. For any resistance on his wife's part would have been justifiable, the

Papal dispensation negating any pretence for the legal dissolution of the marriage on ground of consanguinity having lately been found among the family papers at Dunrobin Castle. More light yet may be thrown on the strange relations between her family and that of Bothwell ; but as yet our knowledge of her and her sisters is very much confined to the ballad,—

The Lord of Gordon had three daughters,
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean,
They would not stay in bonny Huntly,
But they must go to bonny Aberdeen.

With the coming danger courage and confident love revive, and when Bothwell goes to sleep—that last sleep of freedom from which he is to wake to fly for his life—she, still watching, meditates

'Tis a night
That puts our France into my mind ; even here
By those warm stars a man might call it June
Were such nights many : their same flower-bright eyes

Look not more fair on Paris, than mine own
Again shall hardly look on. Is it not strange
That in this grey land and these grievous hours
I should so find my spirit and soul transformed
And fallen in love with pain, my heart that was
Changed and made humble to his loveless words
And force as of a master ? By my faith,
That was till now fixed never and made as fire
To stand a sunlike star in love's live heaven—
A heaven found one in hue and heat with hell—
I had rather be mishandled as I am
Of this first man that ever bound me fast
Than worshipped through the world with breaking hearts

That gave their blood for worship. I am glad
He sometime should misuse me ; else I think
I had not known if I could love or no.

And when the lords threaten to raise the people on her, and bring her to justice for murder and adultery, she throws off the outward coil of meshes for once and for ever, and goes forth defiant to victory or death.

I had rather
Have looked on Actium with Mark Antony
Than bound him fast on Cydnus. O my hour,
Be good to me, as even for the doubt's sake
More than safe life I love thee ; yet would choose
Not now to know, though I might see the end
If thou wilt be good to me ; do thy work,
Have thine own end ; and be thou bad or good,

Thou shalt not smite nor crown a queen in heart
Found lesser than her fortune.

For her the last two acts are the record of civil war and captivity. In the presence and peril of mortal conflict the nature of Mary finds a satisfaction that the tumults, and even gratification of passion, failed to give, and the self-absorption that tainted all her other life is gone from her altogether.

Queen. That burgh below.
Is it not Preston Pans ? These hills are set
As stages for the show of such high game
As is played out for God's content on earth
Between men's kings and kingdoms ; yet I think
He that beholds hath no such joy o' the game
As he that plays, nor can the joy be known
Save of man only, that man has to play
When the die's throw rings death for him or life.
How clear the wind strikes from the mounting sun—
I am glad at heart the day we have of fight
Should look thus lively on both sides that meet
Beneath so large an open eye of heaven.

When the issue of the battle is sealed, when there is no other salvation for Bothwell but her own surrender, she hardly hesitates. After her terrible cry—

Ah God, that we were set
Far out at sea alone by storm and night
To drive together on one end, and know
If life or death would give us good or ill
And night or day receive, and heaven or earth
Forget us or remember !

she bids him go—

It is not I would hold you
Is he got to horse ?
I do not think one can die more than this.

Then turning on the lords with a storm of imprecations, she is borne back to Edinburgh—still undaunted :—

If she die not till she die for fear,
She must outlive man's memory ; twice or thrice
As she rode hither with that sable flag
Blown overhead whercon the dead man lay
Painted, and by him beneath a garden tree
His young child kneeling, with soft hands held up
And the word underwritten of his prayer
Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord—she seemed
At point to swoon, being sick with two days' fast,
And with faint fingers clung upon the rein
And gaped as one athirst with foodless lips
And fair head fainting ; but for very scorn

Was straightway quickened and uplift of heart,
 And smote us with her eyes again, and spoke
 No weaker word but of her constant mind
 To hang and crucify, when time should be,
 These now her lords and keepers ; so at last
 Beneath these walls she came in with the night,
 So pressed about with foes that man by man
 We could not bring her at a foot's pace through
 Past Kirk o' Field between the roaring streets,
 Faint with no fear, but hunger and great rage,
 With all men's wrath as thunder at her heel
 And all her fair face foul with dust and tears,
 But as one fire of eye and cheek that shone
 With heat of fiery heart and unslaked will
 That took no soil of fear.

It is interesting to compare the fascination of the old Hebrew world on Mr. Swinburne, Hellenist as he is, with the same combination of influences on the genius of Heinrich Heine. He, indeed, was a Jew first, and a Greek afterwards, till the physical agony of his later years drove out the happy phantoms of pagan life, and, as he said, "Jehovah conquered him." The religious associations of our English poet here stood him in stead of the Oriental nationality, and the fellow-singer of Bardelaire walks at home in the streets of Jerusalem crying "Woe ! woe !" with burning ashes on his head. Thus suitably the speech or sermon of John Knox fills many pages of awful imagery and furious speech, telling the tale of Mary as would a prophetic scripture, with the addition of a fierce irony which thus recalls the memory of Chastelard :—

Folk that came

With wiles and songs and sins from over sea,
 With harping hands and dancing feet, and made
 Music and change of praises in her ear—
 White rose out of the south, star out of France,
 Light of men's eyes and love ! yea, verily,
 Red rose out of the pit, star out of hell,
 Fire of men's eyes and burning ! for the first
 Was caught as in a chamber snare and fell
 Smiling, and died with *Farewell, the most fair*
And the most cruel princess in the world—
 With suchlike psalms go suchlike souls to God
 Naked—and in his blood she washed her feet
 Who sat and saw men spill it ; and this reward
 Had this man of his dancing.

After this no wonder that the citizens cry—

If by their mouths to-day
 She be set free of death, then by our hands
 She dies to-morrow.

Here, indeed, the tragedy of the Queen and Bothwell closes, and the last act, which tells of the escape from Lochleven Castle and the field of Langside, seems rather to be a link with something yet to come than the fit conclusion of so great a drama. For the spirit in which Mary takes refuge in England is by no means that of submission to her destiny, and resignation of her rights and rule. She anticipates her return as an avenger of her own wrongs and those of her faith, in all that splendour of invective of which Mr. Swinburne is so great a master that he should be somewhat more temperate in its use. For it is surely not true to art, whatever it may be to nature, to lower the ideal of a character which the action of a piece has elevated, and so make nugatory whatever individual sympathy or interest it may have won. Mary, having risen from the false and wilful woman into something heroic by a brave self-abandonment and absorbing love, leaves the scene a pitiless bigot and bloodthirsty termagant.

I will make

From sea to sea one furnace of the land
 Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings
 Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,
 And with one rain of men's rebellious blood
 Extinguish the red embers. I will leave
 No living soul of their blaspheming faith
 Who war with monarchs ; God shall see me reign
 As he shall reign beside me, and his foes
 Lie at my foot with mine ; kingdoms and kings
 Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul
 Their souls be kindled to devour for prey
 The people that would make its prey of them
 And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament
 As all king's heads of sovereignty, and make
 Bare as their thrones his temples.

Perhaps this censure strikes an inherent defect in Mr. Swinburne's poetical conception, which it is useless to criticize if it is ineradicable, and which it would be ungrateful to insist on too much when we see its conjunction with so many merits. But there must be a limit to "the spirit that denies," or there would be no more Fausts ; and if even a moderate amount of good is impossible, there is no longer any humouristic elements in its opposite.

It will be an advantage to our critical literature if this conscientious work puts a stop to the small cavils against Mr. Swinburne's defects of style and occasional mannerisms. Even

where they are evident they have never implied anything more than an excess of metrical force and ingenuity of expression. In the varied and affluent diction of this poem they are altogether

lost, and the simplicity of the narrative portion is as great a success as its melodious imagery and dramatic passion.—*R. Monckton-Milnes.*
(LORD HOUGHTON.)

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Fortnightly* has several important articles. Mr. J. C. Morison, a man of great ability and one who knows France well, discusses the question whether a Republic is possible in that country. Without positively saying that it is not, he takes a very gloomy view of the situation. He points out with great force the unexampled difficulty in which France is placed from the fact that in her case not the political question, but the political and social questions together, are pressing for solution. The merely political problems before her are great enough to daunt a council of Solons; but the political problems are by no means the hardest part of her task. The tremendous question of capital *versus* labour, to say nothing of those connected with religion and education, are forced upon a nation which has no stage ready upon which they can be profitably discussed. A political machinery, which is still so rudimentary that it is always breaking down, is yet forced or expected to carry the insupportable load of social problems under which the strongest state organizations may yet be made to bend. Another tremendous fact of the situation, in Mr. Morison's judgment, is the " yawning chasm " which exists between classes, especially capitalists and workmen and between religious parties. " It is no exaggeration to say the most prevalent sentiment between employer and employed in France is one of downright hatred. A peaceful issue is not sought, for it is not even desired." In the religious order " there are only two parties, fanatical Catholics and fanatical freethinkers." We cannot help thinking that Mr. Morison's expression with regard to this part of the case must be rather strong. Between people who are engaged in the same trade and obviously dependent on each other, though there may be a good deal of bad feeling, there must be the ordinary sentiment bred by daily commercial intercourse. Fanaticism of any kind is sure to extend only to a small proportion of a great community; the mass of men care more for the common concerns of life. Mr. Morison also gives an account of the obstacles pre-

sented to free government by the temperament of the French people, which, we fear, comes pretty much to this, that the French, though amiable and clever, are not, as a nation, good or wise. Corruption, as Mr. Morison reluctantly admits, is spreading in public life. It was great under Louis Philippe, but vastly greater under the Empire, the duration of which enabled it to strike deep roots. After this there is a most lugubrious sound in the parting words with which Mr. Morison relegates the solution of the difficulties to " the purer mind and conscience of France—to the valiant, upright men of whom we may not doubt she has still good store."

" As regards the immediate future, no sensible person would risk a prophecy. It is becoming daily more clear that the danger of a Bonapartist reaction is not the chimerical fancy it was only recently supposed. The danger consists not in the attractiveness of the young pretender, but in the fact that Bonapartism is a vast system, an enormous joint-stock company formidably armed by knowledge, training, and a numerous *personnel* for the exploitation of France. It has grouped around its banner all the sinister interests in the country. These interests are more numerous and better disciplined for resistance, or even for aggression, than they have been in past times. Their power is great, and they know it. They dispose largely of the army, entirely of the police, and the bureaucracy is theirs. At the same time they know that they are gravely threatened, and they are not likely to stick at trifles. If the party of revolution has its precedents of triumph so has the party of reaction. The successes of Vendémiaire, of June, of December, and May, are not forgotten. The effect of grape-shot and shell on the human body are well known. The freedom of France lies naked and unarmed before its foes, who are armed cap-a-pie. They are so strong that they could dispense with massacre if they liked. Macmahon has only to give a few bangs on his big drum to drive away every vestige of liberty underground or across the seas. What will occur, even in the next twenty-

four hours, no man can tell ; but we should be hasty in concluding even yet that the Bonapartist dynasty has been finally excluded from the French throne."

To the list of interests favourable to the Empire Mr. Morison might have added all the sybarites and all the milliners, between them a great power in France.

Mr. A. C. Lyall has an article of great interest on "Missionary Religions," maintaining in opposition to Prof. Max Müller's Westminster Abbey lecture that Brahminism is missionary, that it still lives and is propagated over India faster than any other religion, though not by preaching, by a process of assimilation and absorption, and by revivals within itself. Its force Mr. Lyall holds to consist in three things. It is indigenous, the produce of the soil and of an environment that still exists. It is a social system, and a very elastic one, which the people in India as a body still need ; a religion which, like Brahminism, provides them with social rules, with laws of custom as well as of conduct. It encourages and is nourished by a constant miraculous agency working at full pressure, and by relays of divine embodiments, while in the present intellectual state of the population in India no religion will be widely embraced without miraculous credentials." Mr. Lyall incidentally explains the slow progress of Christianity, in part at least, by its relations to the Government. "Its case is in some respects the reverse to that of Islam ; for there is reason to believe that Christianity had suffered, as to its propagation in India, by the strange success of the Christian conquerors. In nearly a hundred years, up to 1857, the English consistently and sincerely disowned all connection between their politics and their religion. But no degree of energetic asseveration by a powerful government in India has until very lately been supposed by its subjects to afford any clue to the real intentions of the governors ; and so Christianity for many years got also the discredit and jealousy which accompanies support given by the State to a foreign proselytizing religion, without getting any of the support."

Mr. Morley continues his series of articles on Compromise, the special subject of the present being "Religious Conformity." We shall no doubt have the opportunity of noticing the series in a collected form. Mr. Morley never fails to show that, whether he is right or not in his opinions, he is one of the strongest moral elements of his age.

In the *Contemporary*, Mr. Gladstone writes on "The Place of Homer in History and in Egyptian Chronology." Having resigned power, Mr. Gladstone returns to Homer as Cincinnatus returned to the plough. But ploughing is a simple operation, and no doubt was well understood by Cincinnatus. Mythology and Ethnology are not so simple, and

we doubt whether Mr. Gladstone, who has not had time for such studies, does understand them. That his Homeric speculations are ingenious will be allowed ; but they are based on data the value of which is misapprehended, and they run altogether in a wrong groove. It is pleasant to see a statesman retaining his literary tastes and interests, so long as he treats literature merely as an amusement ; but it is a mistake for such a man to vie with professional scholars on ground where he cannot possibly be their equal.

In an article on Church Parties, Dr. Littledale (a High Churchman) criticizes the Broad Churchmen with extreme vigour. He utterly denies them the possession of any number of men of real ability, and the credit of any work of the least value, and concludes with this stinging exhortation :—"What, then, is needful for the Broad Church party ? First, and above all, to take Samuel Johnson's advice, 'Clear your mind of cant.' No school is so lost in mere talk, and unmeaning talk, to the prejudice of action. Next, to study theology, instead of practically arguing, as Dr. Arnold did in all seriousness, that the main qualification for pronouncing authoritative decisions in theology, is to know nothing whatever about it. Thirdly, to face, once for all, the alternative put before them by Strauss,—Historical Christianity or the Worship of the Cosmos,—and to make their choice. No other Christianity is more than mere windy verbiage. Fourthly, to work. I doubt they feel on this last head like the Parisian beggar on whom Marivaux bestowed arms, but the prescription is imperative, and they must submit to the labour-test before obtaining relief. Whenever any Broad Churchmen follow this regimen, they are almost at once absorbed into the High Church ranks, and not unfrequently advance to a foremost position. We want a body of men who will keep the human side of Christianity prominent, but this can only be done by those who believe passionately in the Divine side, and they are not to be found just now in the Latitudinarian camp. Lastly, Broad Churchmen need to dissociate themselves from a body of disreputable camp-followers who damage their character. A clergyman now-a-days who is simply godless and lax, if not actually dissolute, who would have been simply regarded twenty years ago as a black sheep, finds now that by learning to repeat a few words of Broad Church phraseology, especially in depreciation of dogma, he can make good his standing, and be accepted as an exponent of liberal ideas in religion, without being obliged to regulate his personal conduct by even the laxest standard exacted by the other schools. And the more respectable members of the party, conscious of their own numerical weakness, as well as of their haziness on questions of faith

and morals, have not courage enough to disown him. and yet till such excommunication is put in force, the whole section must needs suffer in general esteem. Such is my estimate of the relative attitude of Church parties at the present time. It is necessarily imperfect and *ex parte*, but if it be supplemented, as I hope, by counter-statements, it may assist in the the formation of a sound judgment on the entire question."

In *Macmillan*, Sir Samuel White Baker, whose list of titles, including *Pacha*, M.A., and F.R.S., curiously symbolizes the fusion of the East and West, has an article on Slavery and the Slave Trade. The historical part of the article is somewhat superficial, and wanting in evidence of acquaintance with the best authorities on the subject. But the practical part is of more value. Sir Samuel, while he is heartily opposed to slavery, is in favour not of sudden but gradual emancipation. He says :

"From whatever point of view we regard slavery, it is an unmitigated evil. In a short outline we have traced its origin to barbarous ages, and we have admitted that such an institution is incompatible with civilization. At the same time we must admit that the question is surrounded by many difficulties. In England we at once cut the Gordian knot, and by an Act of Parliament we suddenly emancipated our slaves and rewarded the proprietors with an indemnity of twenty millions. There can be no question that the act was chivalrous, but at the same time foolish. There was a lack, not only of statesmanship, but of common sense, in the sudden emancipation of a vast body of inferior human beings, who, thus released from a long bondage, were unfitted for a sudden liberty. The negroes thus freed by the British Government naturally regarded their former proprietors as their late oppressors, from whom they had been delivered by an Act of Parliament. This feeling was neither conducive to harmony nor industry. The man who is suddenly freed requires no logic to assure him that he has been wrongly held in slavery; his first impulse is therefore to hate his former master. A slave who has throughout his life been compelled to labour, will naturally avoid that labour when freedom shall afford him the opportunity. Therefore the sudden enfranchisement of a vast body of slaves

created a ruinous famine of labour, and colonies that had been most prosperous fell into decay—the result of ill-advised although philanthropic legislation. If a value had been fixed upon every negro slave as the price of liberty, and he had been compelled to work with his original master at a certain rate per day until he had thus earned his freedom, the slave would have appreciated the benefit of his industry; he would have become industrious by habit, as he would have gained his reward. At the same time he would have parted, or perhaps have remained with his master, without an imaginary wrong. The emancipation of slaves must be gradual, especially in such countries as Turkey and Egypt. England may play the philanthropic fool, and throw away twenty millions for an idea, but how can we expect a poor country to follow so wild an example?

"This is one difficulty. We press Egypt to emancipate her slaves and to suppress the slave trade; but the emancipation would be most unjust and injudicious unless compensation were given to the proprietors who had purchased those slaves when slavery was an institution admitted by the Government. A Government has no more right to take away a man's slave than his horse or his cow, unless some wrong has been committed in the acquisition. Where a Government cannot afford to pay a general indemnity for a general enfranchisement, it is absurd for England to press for a general emancipation. We will even suppose that the slaves were suddenly emancipated throughout the Egyptian dominions, what would be the result? One half would quit the country and return to their old haunts of savagery. Others would become vagrants; the women would set up drinking and dancing houses, and a general demoralization would be the result."

There is no doubt much good sense in this view. But the difficulty in gradual emancipation is to organize the transition. Sir Samuel Baker is no doubt aware that in the case of the West Indies the British Parliament did attempt the gradual process of instituting a period of apprenticeship, but the evils, and indeed the horrors attending that relation, were found to be such that it was found to be necessary, at all hazards, to bring it to a close.

Sir Samuel represents the present condition of the slaves in Egypt, physically speaking, as good.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL AND OTHER POEMS. By George Eliot. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co., 1874.

The gifted author of "Adam Bede" and others of the most thoughtful and artistic works of fiction of our day, made her first appearance as a poet with the "Spanish Gipsy." It was subjected to keen

criticism by that class of reviewers who resent the thought of an author venturing beyond the beaten track of his own speciality. But the very censures of her critics involved the admission that George Eliot had asserted a claim to rank among English poets, if in a lower place than among the novelists; and so her new volume is welcomed with an eager-

ness which has found fitting expression in the issue of a special Canadian edition.

Widely different as the two principal poems are, a common thought furnishes the key to both. The poetess, the author, the artist, has been analysing her own dreams of "that last infirmity of noble minds," the craving for fame, and the true appreciative reward of genius. The primitive legend of the birth of music represents Cain fleeing from the presence of Jehovah, in search of some far strand where, under the rule of kinder gods, he should find peace. There centuries transpire "in glad idlesse ;"

"Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
But sweet beginnings were repeated still
Like infant babblings that no task fulfil."

But death breaks in on this happy leisure. A new spirit awoke, and "soft idlesse was no more." Lamech's sons gave proof of the new energy in diverse ways ; Jubal, in calm regnant supremacy ; Tubal-Cain, in restless energy, ever in search of something to subdue ; and Jubal, in milder mood, in developing the pastoral life, domesticating the dog, and gathering under his care the flocks and herds which he pastured upon the grassy plain. But as he watched his brother ply the hammer, and listened to the ringing anvil, the soul of melody was won by him from the common store of struggling sound, and Jubal became the father of Song.

"And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music, their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-winged utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
'Hearing myself,' he said, 'hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling
mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony—
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs ;
Where bees, and birds, and beasts that hunt or
browse,
Will teach me songs I know not.'"

He is animated by the spirit of the artist. The inventor of music must sacrifice all for his art. And so he goes forth, wandering through centuries of those patriarchal times, perfecting himself ; and seeking in his art its own reward. But at length the yearnings for home overcome all other feelings. He resolves once more to see his brethren, "and that fair plain where I and Song were born." He rejoices in the welcome that awaits him :

"My tribe remembering
Will cry 'Tis he !' and run to greet me, welcoming."

Journeying back through many a strange land, he sees everywhere tokens of change ; and nowhere more so than in the old birth-place, now grown to a vast city, with its crowded thoroughfares, its temple, and its

"broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode."

But, as his heart sinks within him, his ear is charmed by a volume of joyous melody. A train of youths and maidens wind slowly from out the city, to the sound of lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries ; and as they sing in concert, and

"Adoring call on some great name divine,"

he catches the sound of his own name. "Jubal" is the refrain of the melody. A new generation is celebrating a festival in his own honour. All the passionate longings of his poetic nature break forth at the unexpected surprise. He forgot his age ; his lyre unstrung ; his voice's enfeebled tones :

"All his being leaped in flame
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face...
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried 'I am Jubal, I ! . . . I made the lyre !'"

But Jubal was but a name, or at best the mystic embodiment of the power of song, to the men of that generation. With mingled scorn and scoffing mirth, he is driven forth with blows ; and the aged, worn-out patriarch seeks the shelter of a neighbouring thicket :

"The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.
He said within his soul, 'This is the end ;
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul :
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain.'"

We see in this the subjectivity of the author herself. "What," she seems to have asked herself, "What is this fame ; this power over other minds ; this intellectual going forth for others, not without sore throes of the travail of genius ? Is it worth all the toil, that a mere name, an empty sound, shall be associated with those works in after time ?" But the answer is that which true genius finds satisfaction in giving. It brings with it its own sufficient reward :

"Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any
god—
Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies—ought else for
share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?"

We have accordingly reproduced this fine poem on a previous page. The reader who turns to the original volume will find, as already stated, that a common thought inspires "Armgar" and "Jubal." They are the modern and antique phases of the same philosophic fancy, and furnish abundant evidence of the right their author has to be regarded as a true poet.

THE BALLADS AND SONGS OF SCOTLAND, in view of their Influence on the Character of the People. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. London: Macmillan & Co., 1874.

The Professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy of McGill College, Montreal, has here sought relaxation from the abstruse intricacies of metaphysical speculation, in the production of a pleasant volume on Scottish Song and Ballad literature. He adopts as his system of classification the four divisions of 1st. Legendary Ballads and Songs; 2d. Social; 3d. Romantic; and 4th. Historical Ballads and Songs; regarding all specially in view of their influence on the character of the Scottish people; and specially aiming at an answer to the question "Whether we can discover in the Scottish character any trace of an influence exerted by the national ballads and songs? But here the metaphysical training of the writer turns him back on himself: for every agency affecting national character is alternately cause and effect. The character of the Scottish people is undoubtedly influenced by its minstrelsy; but then the popular songs of Scotland owe their peculiar character to that of the people by whom they were produced. Doubtless Burns and Scott have exercised a wondrous influence on the national development. But all that is most characteristic of both is due to the land of their birth; the people among whom they were reared; the influences, civil, social, and ecclesiastical, by which they were surrounded from their cradles. Scotland's songs could not have been the product of England; and they exercise little or no influence on the English as distinct from the Scottish people. "Every manifestation of character is thus at once evidence of the existence of a certain tendency, and a contribution to the force of the tendency from which it has sprung." Moreover the lyrical influence had been perpetuating itself through many generations; before Allan Ramsay popularised, through the press, what had been popular ages before the press existed. "How is Burns great?" asks Goethe, "except through the circumstance that the whole songs of his predecessors lived in the mouth of the people,—that they were, so to speak, sung at his cradle; that, as a boy, he grew up among them, and the high excellence of these models so

pervaded him, that he had therein a living basis on which he could proceed further."

In carrying out his aim, Professor Murray has been successful in the production of an attractive and highly interesting volume, dealing alike with the humour and the pathos with which Scottish song abounds. We can but glance at the comprehensive theme. Take, for example, the ballad of "True Thomas,"—undoubtedly in the main a genuine antique. Here is a quaintly humorous touch of national character. "True Thomas" is being escorted through Elf-land by the Fairy Queen. She has shown him the narrow way of righteousness, beset with thorns and briars; then "the braid, braid road" of wickedness, which lies across a fragrant, lilled lawn; but now she leads him by "a bonny road that winds about the fernie brae." It is neither the thorny path of righteousness, nor the broad, flowery highway of the wicked; but the illusive by-path of Elf-land; where, however, her first proffer is beset with virtuous drawbacks, which the worldly wisdom of "True Thomas" tempts him at once to eschew:

"Synne they came to a garden green,
And she pu'd an apple frae a tree,—
'Take this for thy wages, true Thomas;
It will give thee the tongue that can never lie.'

My tongue is my ain,' true Thomas said;
A gudely gift ye wad gie to me!
I neither dought to buy nor sell,
At fair or tryst where I may be.

'I dought neither speak to prince or peer,
Nor ask of grace from fair ladye.'
'Now hold thy peace!' the lady said,
'For as I say, so must it be.'

And so "True Thomas," in spite of himself, is endowed with a tongue that will thenceforth speak nothing but the truth; and which, as he apprehends, will prove a very troublesome companion, whether at court or market, or in fair lady's bower. This pawky national humour abounds alike in the romantic and historical ballads. But the reader must seek them for himself in the author's pages. We shall content ourselves, in the limited space at our disposal, with an extract illustrative of one of the supposed influences and characteristics here dealt with in relation to Scottish song. "Perhaps," says Dr. Murray, "some will see the most unequivocal proof of a romantic spirit among the Scottish people in the love of adventure which has characterized the Scot abroad! I believe that I have sketched some profounder and more general manifestations of that spirit; but there cannot be a doubt that the narrow boundaries of their fatherland, and the extremely

limited nature of its material resources in former times, have been felt by many Scotsmen to afford but a small range for the play of a romantic spirit, and have consequently driven many in whom that spirit was strong into foreign lands. It is also unquestionable that the inheritance of the national spirit, which they have carried with them, has given them a force to clear a way for themselves through the obstacles of nature and the entanglements of society, wherever they have gone, from the time when nearly every European university boasted of its Scotch professor, till the present day, when Scotsmen or their descendants are found occupying prominent situations in the United States and in all the colonies of Great Britain."

Slight as our notice necessarily is, we have said enough to indicate that this volume will reward perusal. It is thoughtful, discriminating; and in its numerous illustrative extracts presents an attractive summary of the national song and ballad, to which, more than to any other influence, we owe both Burns and Scott; and which still serve to keep alive the patriotic glow of national sympathy, and the honest pride on which the sterling virtue of self-respect has so often fixed its secure basis among the Scottish wanderers in many lands.

THE HEAVENLY VISION; and other Sermons. (1863-1873.) By the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, M.A., Zion Presbyterian Church, Brantford. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

It has been the fashion of late years to make much of the decline of pulpit influence, and to infer from it a corresponding decline of spirituality in the age. There can be no doubt that the sermon or homily no longer occupies the prominent position it once filled. People do not now sit at the feet of their spiritual guides as Paul sat at the feet of Gamaliel, or as the Church of Ephesus grouped about the venerable form of the disciple whom Jesus loved. But the same is true of oral instruction of every kind, and true of preaching perhaps to a less extent than any other form of it. On the other hand, the press, which has become the world's great schoolmaster, has been instrumental in extending the sphere of the preacher's influence. He is enabled now to address congregations too vast to be contained in any temple made with hands or to be swayed by the thrilling tones of any human voice. No one can take up one of the religious critical periodicals, the *British Quarterly* for example, without being struck by the voluminous literature which, having first been delivered from the pulpit, have passed through the press into the outer world. In such periodicals again as *Good Words*,

which numbers its readers by the hundred thousand in all parts of the globe, addresses delivered originally to limited audiences by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Stanley, Dr. Blaikie or Mr. Dale, make their way into the hearts and consciences of vast multitudes far and remote from the preacher and one another. It is, therefore, a mistake to suppose that the office of the Christian ministry has ceased to be an active power in the world. It is only the mode of its action which has been changed; and what it has lost in one direction has been made up an hundred fold by its gains in another. The publication of sermons has a salutary influence on the clergyman himself; it is a direct discouragement to slovenliness in preparing looseness of thought or carelessness in diction.

Although it does not fall within our province to criticize volumes of this description, we take pleasure in commending Mr. Cochrane's work to Christian readers. The sermons it contains are of unusual ability, and passages might be quoted which have the ring of true eloquence. The language is uniformly well-chosen and the tone of thought, within the limits of evangelical Protestantism, liberal and Catholic. The sermons are, for the most part, of a practical character, either exegetical, unfolding the Christian virtues, or admonitory, exhorting the hearer or reader to bring forth the fruits of sound faith in a well-ordered life. Occasionally, as in "The Numberer of the Stars," we have a well-argued chapter in defence of Theism; in other places, particularly in the sermon "Fearing when entering the Cloud," there are proofs of a liberality of feeling, quite distinct from latitudinarianism, in dealing with honest doubt. Mr. Cochrane is a well-known and highly esteemed minister of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and if the brief reference to this collection of his sermons should induce any of our readers to study it for themselves, they will not be disappointed.

CLARENDON PRESS SERIES: Burke's Select Works, edited, with introduction and notes, by E. J. Payne, B. A. Fellow of University College, Oxford. Vol. I. Thoughts on the Present Discontents. The two Speeches on America. Oxford at the Clarendon Press.

The Clarendon Press series of educational works, published under the auspices of the University of Oxford, which now includes a large number of volumes in various departments, may be exceedingly useful to us in the Colonies, as well as to the schools of England. But its usefulness depends not only on the ability, but on the discretion of those to whom the preparation of the works is confided, and above all on their perfect neutrality and abstinence from

any thing of a party, or even of a controversial kind. Burke's Select Speeches, being published merely as a literary text book, ought to have been introduced with just so much history as was necessary to render them intelligible to the student, given in a perfectly impartial way. But the present editor has seized the opportunity of having his fling about the politics and the parties of the reign of George III. He and the authorities of the Clarendon Press must be aware that a part of what he says, though stated as acknow-

ledged truth, is disputable, and even paradoxical in a high degree. We cannot be sure that it is even his own matured opinion; for his Academical grade indicates that he is very young. His literary criticisms and his notes are full, careful, and we should say, decidedly good. To his own opinions on political history he is perfectly entitled, but he ought to find bent for them where he has space more fully to explain them, and where they will be understood to be merely his own.

LITERARY NOTES.

The literature of travel owes much now-a-days to the newspaper correspondents. The enterprising representative of the London *Daily Telegraph*, Mr. J. A. MacGahan, has just published his account of the recent Russian expedition, under the title of "Campaigning on the Oxus, and the Fall of Khiva." The narrative is vivid in its character, and gives a most fascinating account of the social and political life of the Khivans; also an interesting description of the Tartar wastes, and the incidents of the expedition to the capital of the Khan and his people. Few modern books of travel are likely to meet with more success than this; and we are glad to see a reprint of the work announced by the Messrs. Harper.

In the Rev. Dr. Farrar's "Life of Christ," just published by Messrs. Cassell, of London, we have perhaps the most satisfactory evidence of what can be done by ample scholarship, a cultivated intellect, intelligent industry, and a devout and reverent feeling. Historians and biographers of the Life of our Lord have been exceedingly numerous in the last twenty years, and they have been of all nationalities and creeds; but few, we judge, of these productions will compare more favourably, and be received with more satisfaction than this new claimant for our favour and admiration. Thoroughly up to the requirements of modern criticism, its learning is never wholly professional; and though addressing itself to the thoughtful and cultivated reader, it will be found essentially a people's history, and a singularly eloquent and graceful narrative.

"Russia's Advance Eastward" is the title of a volume translated from the German of Lieut. H. Stumm, containing the despatches of the Prussian Military Commissioner attached to the Khivan Expedition, with a minute account of the Russian Army, and other objects and results of the movement. Messrs. H. S. King & Co. are the publishers.

Messrs. Routledge announce a new poem by Mr. Longfellow, for the autumn book trade, entitled "The Hanging of the Crane," which is to be brought out in illustrated form at half a guinea.

A third and cheaper edition of the model biography of Bishop Patteson, by the author of the "Heir of Redclyffe," has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan. The subject of the memorial, it will be remembered, was murdered some two years ago by the natives of the Melanesian Islands, under circumstances of peculiar barbarity; and it is with refer-

ence to the unfortunate prelate that the *Saturday Review* says, "Neither the church nor the nation which produces such sons need ever despair of its future."

A reprint, by Messrs. Appleton, has appeared of the admirable treatise of Mr. James Hinton, on "Physiology for Practical Uses, in connection with Every-day Life."

Mr. Whitaker, of the London *Bookseller*, has done good service to the trade, librarians, and book connoisseurs, by the preparation and publication of a "Reference Catalogue of Current Literature," containing the full titles of books now in print and on sale, with a reference index to some 14,000 works. The want of such a book for daily reference has long been felt by the trade, and particularly by booksellers on this side the Atlantic, who have always found it difficult to supply themselves with the current catalogues of the English publishing houses, as they are issued. This mammoth catalogue consists of some 3,200 pages, embracing the titles of about fifty thousand books, and represents the publications of 150 houses—in fact the bulk of the publishing firms of any note in the mother country. The edition issued, we understand, has been four thousand copies, and it speaks well for the appreciation and intelligence of the trade that this large edition was disposed of before publication. A number of copies, we learn, have been ordered for the Canadian book trade, and we may look for a corresponding increase in the bibliographical information of the trade as the result of their assiduous perusal of this important volume.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson have in press a reprint of a work for the Banking community, though it will be of much service to the Mercantile classes of the country, to whom, from its non-technical character, it must be interesting. We allude to Bullion's "Internal Management of a Country Bank, in a series of Canadian Letters on the Functions and Duties of a Branch Manager." The work will have a number of illustrative notes appended to it by a Canadian Bank Manager.

A very acceptable and attractive volume, edited by Mr. G. M. Rose, of the firm of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto, appears in a collection of Readings, Recitations, and Dialogues for Sons of Temperance, Good Templars, &c., under the title of "Light for the Temperance Platform." The compilation is made with taste and judgment, and the volume bids fair to have an extensive sale.