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NICHOLAS GIVES THE DEAD-BEATS A LESSON FROM THE LACCOÛY

BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JUNE, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHEN Nicholas left "The Crown and Crust," on the evening of his encounter with the three rogues, he had only the shadow of an idea of what he was going to do with them, on the fulfilment of their promise to call upon him the following morning. Of one thing he was sure: he cherished no resentments against them; he desired to do them good. How to accomplish his purpose was the question which the reflections and inventions of the night were, in some imperfect or tentative way, to answer. He had the men at an advantage, which he did not intend, in any way, to relinquish. He saw that they were to be treated with a firm hand. He supposed that they would endeavour to overreach him, and he had never felt himself so stimulated and excited as during the night which preceded their appointed visit. Indeed, he slept but little; but before morning he had reasoned the matter out to his own satisfaction, and evolved a scheme, in the success of which he felt a measurable degree of confidence.

He informed Pont, at an early hour, of the visit he expected, and told him that he should be at home to no one until these men had come and gone.

At precisely ten o'clock, according to the agreement, the men presented themselves together. There was a guilty, sheepish look upon their faces, most unlike that which they wore upon the previous day. Then they were all in earnest, in their propagation of lies for the securing of a gift. This morning they had no story to tell, no part to play—at least none that had been determined upon and rehearsed. They

had been detected as rogues ; they were under the menace of prosecution as such ; and Nicholas had surprised them so much by his boldness and promptness in getting back his money that, to use his own familiar phrase, they "didn't know what he was going to do." As Nicholas heard them ascending the stairs to his room, he went to his door and opened it, before Pont had the opportunity to knock.

They entered in the same order as on the previous day. First, Mr. Jonas Cavendish received a cordial greeting, and then Mr. Yankton, and then Mr. Lansing Minturn. Pont was indulging in a broad grin, and evidently desired to make an excuse for lingering in the room. He advanced to the fire to give it a little attention, but a motion of his master sent him out, and Nicholas was left alone with his "raw material."

"Draw up to the fire, gentlemen, and make yourselves thoroughly comfortable," said Nicholas. "It is very kind of you all to be here so punctually."

"Oh ! don't mention it," responded Mr. Cavendish. "We are only too glad to be in such pleasant quarters."

"Shall I call you all by the names you gave me yesterday ?" inquired Nicholas.

"You may as well do so," replied Mr. Cavendish, who assumed the leadership, by virtue of his superior art and education.

"Very well, gentlemen ; are you interested in art ? I have some excellent engravings in this volume. Suppose you look it over between you."

Mr. Yankton sat in the middle, and took the volume in his lap.

It was a volume of engravings, representing the classical ruins and art-treasures of Rome. Nicholas sat near them, and for more than half an hour, as the leaves were slowly turned, explained the pictures to them as well as he could. Not unfrequently, Mr. Cavendish came his aid, or offered suggestions which betrayed his early culture, astonishing Nicholas, and his companions as well, and acquiring in the process a degree of self-respect, or personal pride, which wrought a curious transformation in him.

"I have some pictures on the walls," said Nicholas, "that you may be interested in ;" and he rose from his chair and led the way to a sunny landscape, where a number of children were playing under a tree. Beyond the tree a placid river threaded a broad meadow, and beyond the meadow rose green hills, and beyond the hills, defining the sky-line, a mountain swelled, wrapt in its morning atmosphere. The picture was full of the morning—the morning light, the morning of the year, the morning of life. The dew was on the grass, a wreath of mist shone white on the mountain-side, and freshness was everywhere, as if there had been a shower on the previous day, and nature and life were cele-

brating the event with new blood in their veins. The men looked at it a long time. What thoughts were in their hearts, Nicholas did not know. He only knew that the picture was its own interpreter, and that no weary man, in whom the slightest degree of sensibility remained, could look upon it without sympathetic or pathetic pleasure.

The men lingered as if spell-bound. Not a word was said. The beautiful room was so still that the little clock upon the mantel-tree could be heard telling the tale of the passing time.

Then they passed on, and the next object to which Nicholas called their attention was a small group of the Laöcoon, in plaster. The men paused before it. The transition was abrupt, and it told upon them. There were the three helpless victims, writhing in the coils of the relentless serpents, and there stood the three men. They were quick-witted, and appreciated at once the lesson they had received. They knew and felt that the vices and the circumstances which enchained them were typified before them. They could not resent the rebuke or the lesson, because they were treated by a gentleman like gentlemen; and they could not know whether there had been design in it. They looked uneasily in one another's faces, and then back upon the group, in a strange and painful fascination.

"How do you like that?" inquired Nicholas.

"Well, it doesn't strike me as being very lively," said Mr. Cavendish.

"It strikes me as devilish unpleasant," said Mr. Yankton.

"Rather suggestive, eh?" said Mr. Lansing Minturn.

"It doesn't look as if those fellows were going to get out of it, very easily or very soon," Nicholas remarked.

"No, sir," said Cavendish; "the devil is too much for any man, or any three men, when he once gets a good hold and gets the advantage."

In an instant, Nicholas advanced to the bracket upon which the group rested, raised his hand and hurled the Laöcoon to the floor. It came down with a tremendous crash, and lay scattered over the carpet in a thousand fragments. The men were thoroughly startled and surprised. Pont came rushing up stairs, and, without waiting to knock, entered the room, under the impression that his master was suffering violence.

"Pont," said Nicholas quietly, "bring a basket and a broom, and carry off those pieces."

Pont's eyes were very wide open, and he hesitated.

"Be quick about it, Pont."

The negro saw that there was to be no explanation, and went off mystified, to the accomplishment of his task.

"Let's sit down again," said Nicholas, "until we get rid of this rubbish."

When Pont had carefully performed his task and left the room, Nicholas said :

“ I'm glad that thing is out of the way. It has always been a pain to me, and I really do not know why I have tolerated it so long. It embodies a lie to every ordinary imagination. There is no evil bond so strong that a man cannot break it. All it needs is a resolute hand. You can never put the serpent together again that I have just crushed.”

“ Or the men,” said Mr. Cavendish.

“ I don't wish to. Their contortions would have no meaning without the monster which they resist. There, let me place my beautiful Apollo on that bracket—free, beautiful, divine ! What do you think of that ?”

There was no more desire that morning to study the fine arts. The men found themselves under a strange influence. They had, first and last, entered a great many rooms of luxury and refinement on their swindling errands, but their minds had been in no mood for receiving good impressions. They had, this morning, been in this room so long, they had been in a mental attitude to receive and had received so many new impressions, that they had almost forgotten who and what they were. They had had the leading parts in a great many low and vicious comedies. Here they had been spectators in a drama of a different sort. They had been led by a beautiful path up to a realization of their own bondage and degradation, and, before their eyes, there had been typified the overthrow of their enthralling vices and their own resurrection from them.

“ Fellows,” said Nicholas, “ tell me about yourselves. I'm sure you never came to this without going through great temptations and great struggles.”

“ There isn't much to tell. People call us ‘ dead-beats,’ ” said Mr. Cavendish, who always spoke for himself and his friends, “ and that's just what we are. We have had our trial with the world, and we have all been dead-beaten. The road into our life is straight and easy. There isn't one of us who didn't begin to lie when he came into pecuniary trouble. Just as soon as a man begins to lie to excuse himself for not paying a debt, or stretches the truth a little in order to borrow money, he's on the direct road to our kind of life. He goes on lying more and more, as his troubles increase, and, before he knows it, lying becomes the business of his life. There are plenty of men in New York now, who are shinning around from day to day to keep their heads above water, and who will be among us, and as low as we are, in two years.”

“ Doesn't it trouble your conscience ? ” inquired Nicholas.

“ Not a bit,” responded Mr. Cavendish ; and the others laughed in approval.

"And do you never have a desire to get out of this kind of life?"

"Well, no. It's rather exciting. We were having a pretty good time last night, when you broke in on us."

"And you were not ashamed when I showed myself to you?"

"I can't exactly say that," said Cavendish.

"Come, now, tell me honestly: would you not be glad to enter again upon honest and respectable life if I will help you to a chance?"

"What does it matter to you, now? What do you care about us?" inquired Cavendish.

Nicholas was getting toward the practical results of his experiment, and his eyes filled with tears as he answered:

"Life seems so beautiful a thing to me that I cannot bear to see a man throw it away. Manhood is something so noble and grand that its ruin seems to me to be the most terrible thing in the world. Here you are—three ruined men—preying upon society like three wolves—your manhood gone, your mothers and sisters forgotten, your wives and children, if you ever had any, either killed by your disgrace, or living in despair, your tongues trained to daily lying, your past a failure, your future hopeless, and yet, when I offer to help you out of it, you ask me what it matters to me? If I did not care about it, I should be a brute. If I did not care about it, I should feel that I ought to get down upon my knees, even to you, and ask your pardon. God only knows how much I care about it."

Nicholas said this with the most earnest feeling, looking into the faces of the men who sat before him, silent, spiritless, and unresponsive.

"It's too late," said Cavendish.

"It's not too late. It shall not be too late. You will accept the proposition I make to you, or you will be in the lock-up before night. If you will not reform, it will be my duty to protect society from you. I do not like the alternative any better than you do. To me, you are all men now—gentlemen, if you please. For this morning, you have laid aside your unworthy characters, and we are here together to see what we can do for ourselves. I know I can help you, and I know you can help me, if you will. There is no man—there are no three men—in the world, who can do for me a favour so great as you have it in your power to do for me this morning. Why, if I never did anything else in all my life, it would make me glad and rich to be able to help you back to life and self-respect."

Nicholas saw that the man who had assumed the relation of distant cousin was moved. Even the rheumatic man was profoundly sober, but both were under the restraint of the superior brain which the missionary possessed. The latter had the dignity, in his own domain, of being a leader, and Nicholas was inviting him to a life of subordination. It was

painful to see how weakly the wills of all of them worked toward a determination upon anything that was good.

"Besides," Nicholas went on, after observing them a moment, "I want you to help me. You know so much more than I do about this city life and its temptations and miseries that I want you to help me—to be my counsellors, my assistants."

The thought that they could be of use to anybody—that they could be accounted of importance in any scheme of good—that instead of being beneficiaries they could become benefactors—was a new and fruitful one. Mr. Cavendish was quick to see the drift of impression in the minds of his companions, and was conscious of certain ambitions that were awakening within himself. Light began to dawn in the horizon of them all, but still the enthusiastic missionary to the Flat Heads was inclined to question and delay.

"I suppose," said Cavendish, "that you expect to make praying sneaks of us all,—that we are to be pawed over, and palavered with, and preached to."

"I don't know that I am acquainted with any praying sneaks, as you call them," said Nicholas; "but if there is any sneak that is meaner or worse than one who sneaks into a benevolent man's house with a lie in his throat with which to steal his money, I should like to see him. He must be a curiosity."

"Good!" said Mr. Lansing Minturn, laughing suddenly; and he and Mr. Yankton clapped their hands.

Mr. Cavendish felt that his sceptre was departing, but he could not give it up yet.

"But that's what they do," he said. "They all want us to become pious, you know. They want us to embrace religion, if anybody knows what that is."

"I am sorry to say," said Nicholas, "that religion is not for such fellows as you are. I think that many well-meaning persons make a great mistake in this matter. I should just as soon think of presenting religion to a pig as to a confirmed dead-beat, or willing pauper. A person who has not will and shame enough to take the single step that places him back within his manhood, will never take the two steps that will lift him into Christianity. I am not a preacher, but if I were, I should never think of preaching to you, until you had become something different from what you are now. Christianity was made for men, and not for those who have ceased to be men. There is not a Christian motive that can touch one who has sunk below his own respect. I was once in very deep water myself, and I was obliged to come up, and work to get up and stay up, before the rescuers could reach me and save me."

The men looked in each other's faces.

"What do you say, boys?" inquired Mr. Cavendish.

"I'm going to try it," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "whether the rest do or not."

"I, too," said Mr. Yankton.

"Very well, I'm with you," said Cavendish.

Nicholas was overjoyed. He seized the hand of the first speaker, and said impressively:

"You are quite welcome to the name of my father and of my mother. Keep them both. They will help to shut you off from your old associations, and hold you to your new."

Then he shook the other men by the hand, and told them that they had given him one of the happiest moments of his life.

"Now, what do you propose to do with us?" said Cavendish, who refused to relinquish his lead.

"Don't put it in that way," responded Nicholas. "What do we propose to do with ourselves, for you must remember that we are all engaged in one enterprise. I am to help you, and you are to help me. I propose lunch."

"I presume we are all agreeable," said Cavendish, laughing.

Nicholas touched a bell, to which Pont promptly responded.

"Bring up lunch for four," said Nicholas as the negro appeared.

Then they broke bread together, and their viands were served with courteous punctilio. The men were awkward at first, but their embarrassment soon passed away, and they entered into a lively conversation, which made the meal thoroughly enjoyable.

"Now," said Nicholas, as he rose to his feet, "you are strong enough to promise me a few things which will be necessary to your success. In the first place, you must promise me never to return to your old haunts, never to drink a glass of liquor unless it is prescribed for you by a physician, always to stick together and be society for one another, and always to come to me if you are in trouble."

"That's pretty tough," said Cavendish.

"Do you falter?"

"A man doesn't like to lose his liberty, you know."

"Liberty to lose your place!" exclaimed Nicholas. "Liberty to go into dirty society when you can have good! What can you mean?"

The other men did not demur, and Nicholas knew that he had not yet touched the right spring in Cavendish, but he determined to study him thoroughly, and to find it at any cost.

"Well," said Cavendish, with a sigh, "let's come back to the question: What do you propose to do with us?"

"I propose to set you to work for wages, and to keep you at it every day. I propose to get you a comfortable boarding-house, where you

can all live together. I propose to interest you, if I can, in an enterprise in which I have great faith—the best enterprise, I am sure, which it is possible for a man like me to undertake. I am going to try to get hold of a great many such fellows as you are, and as you know all about them, you can be of much assistance to me. You, Cavendish, must be my right-hand man, unless it should happen that I am compelled to become yours."

Nicholas had found the spring without looking far. A prospect of leadership and influence lighted the eye of the ex-missionary to the Flat Heads.

"Now," said Nicholas, putting on his overcoat and hat, "let's go and find a boarding-place. I have a dozen advertisements in my pocket, clipped out of the papers while I was waiting for you this morning."

As they passed out of the hall and struck the sidewalk, Mr. Cavendish coupled himself with Nicholas, and the men walked down the street together. Nicholas was conscious that he was but little known, and that few, if any, would notice his strange companionship. Besides, he was deeply interested, and he did not care.

They went to one house after another, and finally decided upon a large double-bedded room, in a cheap part of the city. Nicholas, after the decision was made, had a long conference with the landlady, which ended in his becoming personally responsible for the board of the three men for a month, and an agreement on her part, that she would report to him any irregularities of her new boarders, should any occur.

During this interview he had left the three men in their room. On returning, he found them very comfortable, and cheerfully chaffing each other.

"You two fellows," said Nicholas, speaking to Lansing Minturn and Yankton, "are to stay here, while Cavendish and I go out. You have had enough to eat, you are comfortable, you have no temptation to go away. We are going out to see what we can do for you."

Nicholas and Cavendish had hardly reached the corner of the street, when the two men, thus left free from care and in pleasant quarters, lay down upon their beds and went soundly to sleep. They had been up more than half of the previous night, and the beds were the most inviting they had seen for years. No lock and key was needed for them.

Nicholas and his companion made directly for Glezen's office. They found him, as he told them, "up to his eyes" in work, though he gave Nicholas a cordial greeting, and received his companion politely. Glezen knew, with the quick insight that comes to an observant man in city life, that Cavendish "had had a history." He knew that he was not an ordinary man, in ordinary circumstances. His seedy clothes, his sharpened countenance, his quick eyes, betrayed the adventurer who lived

upon his wits. "Glezen," said Nicholas, "I have brought this man here, looking for employment, because I have become very much interested in him."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes—the worst of him."

"Well," said Glezen, "I want a clerk. My work is getting too heavy for me, but I must have a capable and a faithful one. How long have you known him?"

"Since yesterday morning."

Glezen looked into the face of the applicant with an amused smile, which Cavendish not only understood but responded to for reasons which even Glezen did not apprehend.

Mr. Cavendish cleared his throat, and then, with some hesitation, turned to Nicholas, and said: "You have no idea of deceiving your friend. You will tell him all about me, some time, and if anybody is going to do it, I had better do it myself. Mr. Minturn"—turning to Glezen—"has been kind enough to bring me here, after I have abused his confidence, with the hope of giving me the chance for an honourable life, which I had supposed was forever gone. I am what they call a dead-beat. I don't know that I am very much ashamed of it. The world has used me roughly, and I have had a hard time, but I am willing to try again. This gentleman is the first who has given me a good word, or exercised a good intention toward me for years. I am not very hopeful of myself, but I am willing to try to please him. In fact, I have promised to do so. And now if you will give me employment, you will find that I am capable. So long as I stay, I shall serve you faithfully. You may come here some morning and find that I am gone, but you'll miss nothing but me. That's all, and I couldn't speak to you a more honest word if I were dying, so help me God!"

"I like that pretty well," said Glezen. "I believe you'll do what you say, too."

"Thank you," said Cavendish, "and you'll excuse me if I say that I think we shall get along very well together."

"Thank *you*," responded Glezen, "and now let's see what you can do with a pen."

Cavendish drew up to a table, wrote a polite note to Glezen, and signed it.

Glezen gave it a glance, and said:

"That will do. Now what wages do you want?"

"I think," said Nicholas, turning to Cavendish, "that you had better leave that matter to Mr. Glezen. He will deal fairly by you, I know."

"All right!" said Cavendish.

Glezen comprehended the object that Nicholas had in view, and said promptly:

"Your salary begins from this morning ; and here is a document that I wish you to copy before you sleep. I shall be obliged to sit up all night to do it if you do not."

Cavendish took it in his hand, but seemed troubled, doubtful and hesitating.

"What is it?" said Nicholas.

"I'm afraid the boys will get tired of their confinement, and leave," Cavendish replied.

Nicholas was delighted to find him assuming a sense of responsibility for them, and said :

"Mr. Glezen will permit you to take your work home, at tea-time, I am sure, though I'm not afraid of their leaving their comfortable quarters for the present. They have no money."

"I know," said Cavendish, "but we must keep them contented and interested."

Glezen readily gave his consent to the proposition of Nicholas, and then Cavendish sat down at the desk prepared for him, to begin his work.

"By the way," said Nicholas, rising, and addressing Cavendish, "do you know whether that newly manufactured cousin of mine was ever a civil engineer, as he pretends to have been?"

"Yes, that was once his profession, and he will do well in a subordinate position."

"What about Yankton?"

"Well, I don't think he was ever trained to anything. The rheumatic dodge isn't high art, you know. Don't send him out-of-doors."

"Very well," said Nicholas ; "you will work here till six, and I'll call and go home with you. I mean to get some good news for them before we see them again."

Then our enterprising young philanthropist shook hands with Glezen and his clerk, and went out. He could think of no one so likely to second his plans as Mr. Coates. He remembered what the old man had said at his dinner table, but that did not discourage him. He had learned that talk did not mean much, on either side of the question, and that those who seemed the hardest and the most prejudiced were quite as likely to be helpful as those who were more weakly and tenderly sympathetic.

So he went directly to the prosperous mercantile establishment of Mr. Coates. If he had appreciated the fact that the old man could not have denied anything to the rescuer of his wife and daughter, he would have hesitated, but the thought that he had ever rendered Mr. Coates or his family a favour had not entered his mind. He was going to ask for grace and not for reward.

Nicholas entered the private office of Mr. Coates with a good deal of timidity, but he was heartily received and put at his ease.

Any one who held an interview with the old and eccentric merchant was obliged to do the most of the talking. His nature seemed to be extractive and absorbent. To simple-hearted Nicholas these qualities were irresistible, and with a few suggestions and questions here and there, Mr. Coates managed to draw out from the young man the whole story of his experiences and experiments with the rogues he had taken upon his hands. The old man carried a sober face through it all, but suffered through certain inward convulsions, which, on rising to his throat, in the direction of laughter, were suddenly shunted off into a cough.

He had heard many praises of Nicholas from his wife and daughter, as well as from Glezen, with whom he had become well-acquainted ; but this was the first time he had ever enjoyed the privilege of a good look into him. He was pleased with him and more than ready to serve him.

"D—did you ever skin an eel?" said he.

"Never."

"Sl—ippery," said Mr. Coates.

"You think these are slippery fellows, I suppose."

"H—handle 'em with m—mittens. D—don't make too m—uch of 'em."

"My mittens are the police," said Nicholas. "They have seen the rough side of my hand, and felt it too. All that I want to have you understand is that my whole heart is in the enterprise of saving these men. I believe it can be done. I have the advantage of them, and I propose to keep it. If one of these men dares cross the line back into his old life and associations, I shall put him where he will have an opportunity to repent at leisure."

"You w—want me to t—take Y——"

"Yankton, yes."

"I d—don't see how I c—an."

"I'm very sorry. Have you nothing for him to do?"

"Y—yes, I could m—make a light p—porter of him, but I c—couldn't speak his n—name once a f—fortnight."

Nicholas laughed heartily, and responded :

"Then we must get a new name."

"C—call it T—Twitchell," said Mr. Coates. "He'll r—recognise the t—translation."

"So you'll take Twitchell will you?"

"Y—yes, I g—guess so. I suppose a r—rose by any other name would s—smell a g—good deal sweeter."

"Oh, I'll see that he is cleanly dressed," said Nicholas.

"W—what are you g—going to d—do with the other one?"

"I don't know."

Mr. Coates, who sat in a revolving chair, wheeled around to his desk,

and wrote in silence a long note, which he carefully folded and addressed. Then he turned and handing it to Nicholas said :

“T-try that.”

It was addressed to the Commissioner of Public Works, and contained a statement of all the facts relating to the history and position of the man for whom Nicholas was seeking employment. It contained also the request, as a personal favour to the writer, that the Commissioner would do what he could, consistently with the interests of the public service, to further the bearer's enterprise.

Armed with this document, his heart glad and expectant, his face glowing with enthusiasm, Nicholas bade the old merchant a good afternoon, and sought the office to which the note was addressed.

He found the Commissioner very busy, with a number of impatient men in the ante-room of his office, waiting for an interview. It was more than an hour before his opportunity came. He presented his letter, which the Commissioner read with a frown. Then he sent for half a dozen men in different parts of the building, and held a consultation with them. The matter looked very dubious to Nicholas, and he began to tremble for the fate of Mr. Lansing Minturn.

However, after the young man had been sufficiently impressed with the importance of the matter, which he had presented, and the profoundness of the difficulty which had been mastered in arriving at a decision, he was called to the side of the Commissioner, and in the most friendly and confidential way, informed that it was winter, that not much was doing, that the department was overwhelmed with applications for employment, that there were those among his friends who, if they should know that he had favoured Mr. Coates before them, would make it hot for him, that the appropriation was running very low, that Mr. Lansing Minturn's precedents were not such as would reflect credit either upon his family—begging the pardon of the family as it was represented by the gentleman before him—or upon the department, that he really had no right in his public capacity to respect personal considerations, etc., etc., etc.

After he had squeezed all the hope out of Nicholas that was possible, and shown him the preposterousness of Mr. Coates's request, and placed the young man in the position of an humble suitor for a benefaction of untold value, he condescended to say that it had been decided that, as a favour to an old and highly respected citizen, whose political influence had always been upon the side of economy and public order, Mr. Lansing Minturn should have a chance.

“Oh, I thank you ! I thank you !” said Nicholas, pressing his hand, with a warm stream of feeling spouting up from his heart like a geyser, and overflowing the rocky Commissioner at his side.

"You appreciate the difficulties of my position," said the Commissioner.

"Entirely, and it is only too kind of you. I can never forget this courtesy."

"I can't ask that," said the Commissioner, smiling in a patronizing way. "Remember it until after election. That's all I ask."

Nicholas saw the point distinctly, and saw furthermore that he had been a little boyish and gushing.

"Send your man here in the morning, with a letter," said the Commissioner. "Good evening, sir!"

The mind of Nicholas was too full of his victories to make any analysis of the operation through which he had just passed. During the long stay in the Commissioner's office, the short winter day had come to an end, and he found, on issuing upon the street, that the lamps were lighted. He returned to Glezen's office, where he found both the lawyer and his new clerk busily engaged at their work.

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Nicholas, "I've got work for them all. Did anybody ever hear of such luck?"

Then he told them briefly what he had done, and how he had been able to accomplish his purpose.

"Nicholas," said Glezen, solemnly, "do you know that you are ripening for a memoir? Don't die. I've always been afraid of being too good for this world, and have tried to keep just wicked enough to live."

Cavendish, driving away at his pen, with a smile illuminating his pointed face, responded:

"So have I."

A laugh followed, and then Nicholas told his protégé that he would accompany him to his boarding-place. Papers, pens and ink were taken from the office, and the two, with a strange, light feeling in their hearts, threaded the streets together, and arrived at their destination just as the two men whom they had left there were yawning themselves into consciousness.

Nicholas sat down with them, and told them the results of his afternoon's labour on their behalf. When he reached the matter of Yankton's change of name, and the reasons which had determined it, the merriment of the party became uproarious. The whole affair was as good as a play. While they sat, the tea-bell rang, and Nicholas rose to take his leave.

"Cavendish will be obliged to work this evening, and will be fully employed," he said, addressing the other two men. "He will need to get rid of you, and I want you to come to my rooms to obtain the letters you will need to-morrow; and, perhaps, I can do something to make you more comfortable and more presentable."

The men promised to call, and then Nicholas went out, took a passing omnibus, and rode home. Dispatching his dinner, he wrote the letters he had alluded to, and was ready to devote himself to his visitors when they arrived. The sheepish look of the morning had passed from their faces, and, relieved of the presence of Cavendish, they talked freely of their histories, and spoke courageously and hopefully of the future. Nicholas passed an interesting and delightful evening with them, and before they took their leave brought out to them some of his half worn clothing, which he begged them to accept.

"I don't give you any money," he said, "because you don't need any, and it would be a temptation to you. I'll call to see you to-morrow night."

They took leave of their benefactor and helper with hearty expressions of gratitude, and pledges of good behaviour in the situations which had been procured for them ; and then Nicholas sat down and thought it all over. He had accomplished the largest day's work of his life. He had laboured under the influence of the best motives all day, and had worked in earnest. He was weary in body and mind, but he had never been more thoroughly happy. What the final result of his efforts might be, he could not foresee, but he felt that if he could save these three men he should not live in vain. He had only begun, however, and the prospect of future harvests filled him with enthusiasm. He knew that for a long time these men must be kept under surveillance. He knew that Glezen and Mr. Coates would do what they could to help him, and that they would be trustworthy counsellors ; but he saw that all three men must be kept busy—that their evenings would have to be looked after. It was for this necessity that he must wisely provide, and nothing seemed so promising to him as in some way to make them responsible for each other, and to change their attitude from that of beneficiaries to benefactors. If he could interest them in his schemes, and make them helpers in the task of reclaiming others, he was sure that he could hold them to their present resolutions.

If the rich young men of the city who had tried in vain to tempt Nicholas into their life of meaninglessness and idleness had looked into his heart that night, they would have seen how small occasion they had to regard him either with pity or contempt.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHILE all these events were in progress, others of hardly less interest to the reader occurred in Miss Larkin's little parlour.

Few are they who, in the activities of robust life, pause to think of the loneliness of the helpless invalid—of the isolated bondage of weakness. To a young woman who is cut off from all youthful amusements and pursuits, who is restrained from love, who, within four walls, is bound to her couch by chains as cruel as if they were made of steel, whose hands are forbidden any response to the busy motions of her mind, there come hours when even sympathy wearies of its ministry, and mercenary attendance must seek relief from its burdens. She must be left alone, her hands folded in patient waiting. Reminiscence, idle dreaming, aspirations, regrets, tears—these come in pathetic routine to fill the heavy hours when society departs. Great, silent heroisms are wrought out in intervals like these, more wonderful than the common imagination can conceive; or great moral disasters are suffered, from which there is no recovery.

In one direction or the other—toward cheerful, self-forgetful, ever-buoyant fortitude; or toward fretfulness, impatience, discontent and weak complaining—the invalid always gravitates. Wine, long shut from the sunlight, ripens into nectar or vinegar. The alternative is mainly fixed by the amount of sunlight it had the privilege of absorbing, when it hung in clusters upon the vine.

Grace Larkin had had a delightful girlhood. Before she had been set aside by the hand of disease, and previous to the bereavements which had placed her in Mr. Benson's keeping, she had absorbed all the sunshine that could come into life through health, a happy temperament, parental love and prosperity. So invalidism had ripened her into a womanhood that was marvellously strong and sweet. Like all invalids, she had her lonely hours—hours that seemed like eternities while passing—but no friend ever found her in tears, or left her without the experience of a pleasant inspiration. All who came to give the comfort of sympathetic companionship, departed with the consciousness that they had received more than they had bestowed. This was the secret of her hold upon her friends. This was what made her tasteful little parlour a delightful resort.

The change in her condition, to which her guardian once alluded in his conversation with Nicholas, was one concerning which she had held no communication with him. He had either guessed the truth, or utilized a vagrant impression in the accomplishment of his purpose to ascertain the young man's sentiments.

It was true, however, that she felt more hope concerning her ultimate recovery, during the months that followed the disaster which interrupted her attempt to travel, than she had ever dared to indulge in before. The reaction which followed the terrible shock had raised her. She felt that

she was stronger—that the nerves and muscles which had so long refused to perform their offices had received new life.

Thenceforward her lonely hours were far from being the least interesting that she passed. She said nothing of her altered feelings and her awakening hopes, even to Miss Bruce her companion ; but that lady was more and more at liberty to be absent ; and she often found her charge, whom she had left reclining, sitting upright upon her lounge when she returned, and looking flushed, though not unhappy. What experiments had been in progress during her absence she did not know, but she guessed.

Miss Larkin could not have been a woman—least of all the woman that she was—if she had failed to recognise the passion which Nicholas felt for her. From the first moment that she suspected it, she had been upon her guard. She did not dare to indulge herself in thoughts of him. She knew that her conscience would never permit her to burden his life with the care of her invalidism. For any selfish satisfaction or delight, she would not load him with the reproaches or the pity of his friends. If she could not be a wife to him, in all wifely ministries of care and helpfulness, she would live alone and die alone, even if she should ever permit herself, or be compelled, to love him.

Nicholas did not need to be told this, for he had already divined it. Indeed, it was this consideration which more than once had restrained him from laying his heart and life at her feet, and offering her his hand. He knew that she would reject him if he should ever be tempted by the stress of his affection to discover his heart to her, and that the event would bring to her and to him an overwhelming pain.

She ordered her thinking as well as she could, but she could not entirely put him out of it. Much as she longed to mingle in the busy scenes of life which engaged her friends, earnestly as she desired recovery that she might be an actor in the beneficent schemes which they were pushing on every hand, Nicholas, and the possibility of life in his companionship, always mingled with her motives and her hopes. She believed in him wholly. Her heart gave him its supreme approval. So, however she might disguise the fact to herself, she desired to get well for him,—for many other things besides, but always for him.

One afternoon when Miss Bruce returned from a hurried walk, she noticed that different objects about the room had been disturbed. A shawl had been dropped in the middle of the room. A rose had been picked from a pot in the window.

Miss Bruce paused and picked up the shawl. Seeing the rose at Miss Larkin's throat, she said :

“ Has any one called ? ”

“ No.”

"Has Mrs. Benson been in?"

"No."

"No woman—no child—no angel?"

"I have but one angel, and she is asking me questions. I wish she were less inquisitive," answered Miss Larkin, with a merry laugh.

Miss Bruce regarded her a moment, then crossed the room, knelt at the couch, put her arms around the beloved invalid's neck, and burst into tears.

"Oh, it is too good to believe—too good to believe!" she said.

"It isn't much, my dear," responded Miss Larkin, greatly moved. "I am very weak, and a long way from recovery yet. Don't speak of it. I don't wish to awaken hope in any one. I intended to hide my own hope from you, and you must not betray me."

"Oh! my child, my child! shall I ever see you well again—walking again?" said Miss Bruce, kissing her with ardent affection. "Heaven be praised for the hope; and Heaven only knows how often I have prayed for it."

Miss Larkin was very much affected by this demonstration on the part of one who was naturally calm and self-contained, and who had trained herself to silence.

"Are you going to let me see you do it?" inquired Miss Bruce, rising to her feet and wiping her eyes.

"I'm tired now. Let me rest awhile."

After the unwonted exertion, she slept for an hour. Then she woke, and finding Miss Bruce present, she drew a chair to her couch, and by its aid rose to her feet, and pushing it before her, followed it tottering into the middle of the room. Miss Bruce saw that she faltered during the last steps, and had time only to throw her arms around her, before she sank so nearly helpless that she was with great difficulty restored to her couch.

"You see, my dear, that you must not try this again alone," said Miss Bruce tenderly.

"I'm afraid I shall," responded Miss Larkin smiling, but panting and faint.

The attempt was a failure, but it was sufficient to fill Miss Bruce with hope and expectation. There was certainly a change. There had been an accession of new life and strength, and she was physician enough to know that use would divert to the inactive limbs the vital energy and the muscular power which had been so long withheld.

For days afterward, however, she would not permit her charge to repeat the experiment. Then, once a day, and always at her side, she presided at the trial. Progress, if any was made, was slow; but the

patient met with no drawbacks. She found her strength at no time utterly failing, but was always able to get back to her couch unaided.

Of these experiments and the hopes that were based upon them, none knew but Miss Larkin and her devoted companion. Mr. Benson occasionally looked in,—always with his hat and cane in his hand,—made a kind inquiry, and departed. From the time he had read his ward's note requesting another private interview, he had studiously avoided all reference to it, and all opportunities for the interview desired. It was his delight and his policy to come in when others were calling. He knew she would not betray him, and that he could play his part of affectionate guardian under such circumstances to the advantage of his reputation. He could enter the room, ready for the street and his busy outside life, take her hand, inquire tenderly for her health, apologize for his intrusion, give a hearty word to her friends, and gracefully retire. Grace understood the trick, and he knew that she understood it. Once or twice he had been nearly caught. He had found her friends retiring as he entered; and then he always excused himself upon the ground that he had some business with one of them. Then he found that it was never safe to call when only Miss Bruce was present, because she always took the opportunity to retire when he entered. He was quick to guess the truth, viz. : that the matter was understood between his ward and her companion, and that he was to be entrapped if possible. As he had reasons for avoiding such a catastrophe, he avoided it.

One evening, when he had sat longer than usual over his dinner and his evening paper, and Miss Bruce and Mrs. Benson were enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête* in the corner of the dining-room, they heard steps and the moving of a chair above them. Mr. Benson raised his eyes and listened. Then he looked at Miss Bruce, and saw that she was pale and seemed uneasy.

“What is that noise?” inquired Mr. Benson.

Mrs. Benson answered that she did not know. She knew, however, that the servants of the house were at their dinner, and that no one had called. Mr. Benson knew this, too. Miss Bruce made no answer. She would have flown upstairs in a moment if she had dared to do so, but she was afraid of arousing the suspicions of the family. Finally, she rose quietly, and saying that it was time for her to rejoin Miss Larkin, prepared to leave the room. Before she reached the door, there came a heavy jar upon the floor above them, and a noise as of falling furniture. She sprang from the room and mounted the stairs in headlong haste.

Mrs. Benson suggested that it might be robbers, and that Mr. Benson had better follow and see what the trouble was.

He laid down his paper, and, in a leisurely way sought Miss Larkin's room. The door was open, and he found Miss Bruce engaged in the dif-

difficult attempt to help Miss Larkin back to her couch. Quietly entering and motioning Miss Bruce to stand aside, he lifted his ward in his arms and laid her upon the lounge.

Miss Larkin was not hurt, and was laughing. The exceeding solemnity of Mr. Benson amused her.

"Shall I leave you," he said, "and have a talk about this indiscretion at our leisure?"

"Oh no, by no means," she replied.

"You must see that you have been indiscreet, my child," he said in a tone of tender concern.

"Nevertheless, I'm not sorry," she responded, "for it has brought you to me. Don't you see that I write you a note, and you will not come, and then my chair slips away and falls down with me, and that brings you?"

"Don't trifle, my dear. It is a serious matter."

"It is not half so serious to me as the fact that I can never see you," said Miss Larkin. Mr. Benson looked around, and learned that Miss Bruce had silently left the room. Then he impulsively rose to his feet.

"Don't go," said Miss Larkin. "Wait until Miss Bruce comes back. I want to talk with you."

There was no help for it. He had run into the trap, and insuperable considerations had closed it upon him. How he was to manage to get out of it without being hurt, he did not know; but the first expedient was one toward which he was directed by the habits of his life.

"My dear Grace," he said, "I had supposed that you were reconciled to your lot,—that you had humbly made up your mind to the assignments of Providence. Afflictions do not rise from the ground. They descend from above. The discontent which you manifest—this quarrel which you seem disposed to enter upon with the Power which has prostrated you—disappoints me."

Miss Larkin looked with her large eyes into his, as if she were wondering how such a man could say such words, and yet, to all appearance, believe himself to be sincere.

"Disappoint you?" she said. "We are often disappointed in one another."

Mr. Benson coloured. He did not dare to push his reprimand any further in that direction.

"How long have you been engaged in experiments like this?" he inquired.

"For several weeks."

"Without the advice of a physician?"

"Yes."

"Has Miss Bruce known of them?"

"Yes, she has assisted me in them."

"Then she is an imprudent woman, and quite unworthy of the charge I have committed to her. I think it time that you have a more discreet and conscientious person in her place."

"So long as I am more than satisfied with Miss Bruce, I do not see why I should part with her," Miss Larkin responded.

"My dear," said Mr. Benson, quickly, "I have a duty upon my hands, and I must discharge it. It is my duty to place with you one who will counsel and keep you safely. I should forever blame myself if disaster should come to you through my neglect."

Again the large eyes were turned upon him in wonder. He saw straight through them into the memory of his own cowardly surrender of her life. He could not bear the look, and turned away from it.

"I release you from all responsibility for me," she said.

"You release me? What do you mean?"

"Can you forget, Mr. Benson, that I have arrived at the age at which I become responsible for myself? This is what I have been wanting to tell you. Miss Bruce will stay with me, because I wish her to stay. I shall persist in my experiments toward getting back into my life, because I am responsible for them. I am not discontented. I have never complained, but I am hopeful. I expect to get well, and after all these years of care I feel as if you ought to be glad, and to load me with congratulations."

Mr. Benson was thinking. There was no smile upon his face. She could not read his thoughts, but she knew that she had brought him no sense of relief, and that there were no grateful responses in his heart.

At this moment the door-bell rang, followed by the sound of merry voices in the hall below.

"Your friends are coming, and I will go," he said.

"Oh, not yet!" she replied hurriedly. "There is one thing that I must say to you. I must know about my affairs. I want you to tell me everything. It will employ my mind, and you know that you can do nothing legally in regard to them without my consent."

"Let us talk about this at leisure. Your friends will be here in a moment."

He turned to go out, and heard the words:

"I must insist on this, Mr. Benson. It must be done at once. I cannot live in this way."

Mr. Benson opened the door, and met the incoming visitors, whom he received with his accustomed courtesy. Then turning, he said: "Good night, my child!" in his most affectionate tone, and sought his library.

He sat down and thought. Everything was working against him. Of course he had not been ignorant that Miss Larkin had arrived at her majority, but her affairs were not quite in a condition to be exposed to

her. The shrinkage of the values in which her funds had been invested, the personal use of her income, to which he had been compelled, by the necessities of his own credit, the continued downward tendency of business and property, the bankruptcy that threatened him—all this was terrible, and he could see no way out of it. He had been once humbled into abjectness by her, in view of her power over his reputation. Again he had come under her power through the maladministration of a trust.

There was no way—there could be no way—for him but to make a full confession to his ward, on his knees, if need be, of his short-comings, and to crave her forbearance and her aid.

CHAPTER XVIII.

“THE Larkin Bureau” was in session again. It was the habit of this little group, consisting of the young people with whom our story has made the reader familiar, and others with whose personalities the story does not need to be burdened, to relate their experiences and to discuss “ways and means.” Their interest in these meetings surpassed that with which they regarded any of the other of the social assemblages of the winter.

Already hints of some of the fresh experiences of Nicholas had been gathered by different members of the company, and all were desirous to hear the complete story from his own lips. They listened with the profoundest interest, and with much laughter, to the recital of the incidents connected with his encounter with, and capture of, the three rogues he had undertaken to reform. Quite unconsciously to himself, he revealed his own gifts and his own character in his narrative, as vividly as he did those of the rogues. Miss Larkin and Glezen exchanged significant glances, which meant: “He is even better and brighter than we thought him to be.”

“Now, Mr. Minturn, what are you going to do with these men?” inquired Miss Larkin.

“That is the question you are to help me to answer,” he replied.

“But you have your own idea?”

“Yes, I know what needs to be done. They must be kept busy, and kept interested and contented. They are, in some way, to be so helped back to their sense of manhood, and they are so to commit themselves to a new course of life that they will never fall again. How to effect these objects is the great question, and I really feel incompetent to answer it.”

“The difficulty to be overcome in the attempt to reform a pauper of any sort, it seems to me,” said Miss Larkin, “lies in the impossibility of placing him in dignified conditions. No matter what ambitions and reso-

lutions you may be able to stir in a man whose conditions are mean and suggestive only of his animal wants, they fade out when he realizes the setting in which his life is placed. His wife and children are ragged, his tenement is filthy, his neighbourhood is base, and everything around him is a draught upon his self-respect. How he is to get that which will keep him and his alive is the ever-present question. Every thought is concentrated upon his animal life. Every thought of his neighbour is engaged in the same way. In this respect they are all like babies. Everything that comes to their hands is carried at once to their mouths. They cannot see any significance in the Christianity which good people preach to them unless it will, in some way, feed them or give them money."

"Well, I have removed my men from their mean conditions," said Nicholas, "and I shall lend them books and pictures."

"I was not thinking so much about them, as about those who are in worse conditions," said Miss Larkin. "If we could only contrive, in some way, to dignify the facts of their every-day life and surroundings, to inspire ambitions and emulations among them, to enable them to see that even poverty has its poetical side, and that their pinched lives may be dignified by humble spiritualities, we could do much for them. Until we can accomplish this, every good thing which we do for them will be debased. We must make men and women of them before they will answer to motives addressed to men and women. There is no use in addressing our religion to an open mouth; we must have the open mind and heart."

"You have taken a very large contract, my good friends," said Glezen, who had never entered very heartily into their schemes. "Wise heads have been trying to solve this problem for a great many years, and they have never solved it."

"Well," said Nicholas, "perhaps the solution of the problem is to be revealed unto babes. I believe in Christian benevolence, of the right sort, but I suspect that the benevolence of propagandism is not exactly the thing for our pauper population. There is one field, it seems to me, which Christian benevolence has never properly occupied. It has fed the mouth and clothed the back, and thus nursed the very greed which it ought to have destroyed. When it has done this, it has undertaken to give to the pauperism it has helped to develop, the Christian religion. I don't believe it can be made to grow on such a stock. I believe you might just as well preach religion to a stableful of ravenous horses. There is an intermediate ground that Christian benevolence generally has failed to occupy. There is, now and then, a missionary or a Christian preacher, who sees the right thing to be done; but most of them ignore the conditions of the life they attempt to benefit, and, after cramming and clothing the body, present their religion in the

form of a sermon or a tract. I feel sure that if three-quarters of the money that has been expended on food and clothing, and Sunday-schools and preaching, had been devoted to the enterprise of placing the pauper population in better conditions,—to giving them better tenements, better furniture, instruction in the facts and possibilities of common life, entertaining books, suggestive pictures, and training in household arts,—the good results to religion itself would be ten-fold greater than they are.”

“Where did you learn all this?” inquired Glezen, with genuine surprise.

“I never learned it; I see it,” replied Nicholas. “I thank God that I never learned anything to cloud my instincts in this matter.”

“Well, you seem to have succeeded very well with the three fellows whose salvation you have undertaken, so far. The end is not yet, even with them, but I’m inclined to think you can manage them.”

“I am going to make them help me in some way,” said Nicholas. “The reformed drunkard knows what motives to address to a man who is still a slave to his vice, and I don’t see why a reformed pauper cannot be as useful to the class from which he has risen.”

“We must all be careful about one thing,” said Miss Larkin; “we must be careful not to forget that the poor who need aid are not all voluntary paupers, and we must not forget the little children.”

This remark brought out Miss Coates, whose whole heart was with the children, and who believed that the way to cure pauperism was to stop raising paupers.

“Now you touch the vital point,” she said. “I have not much faith in the reformation of the confirmed paupers, but I have great faith in the training up of a generation of children that will wipe out pauperism.”

“Do you suppose you can counteract on Sunday a week’s teaching in pauperism?” inquired Nicholas. “Do you suppose that children who live in a room little better than a sty, and who hear nothing talked of but food and the easiest way to get it, and who are instructed to manage for the reception of benefactions from their teachers, can be cured of pauperism in a Sunday-school? Their whole life is in pauper homes and pauper conditions.”

“They can be taught honesty and truthfulness and moral obligation, at least,” she responded.

“Under hopeless disadvantages, I fear,” he said.

“Would you advise that we let them alone?” she inquired.

“No, but they ought to have something more done for them—something more and of a different kind. Your teaching will go to waste, otherwise. You will find that parental influence will quite overbalance yours.”

“I am ready to learn,” she said; “but until I do learn I shall work in the old way.”

"Oh, tell us about Bob Spencer," said Miss Ilmansee, who was getting somewhat bored by the character of the discussion, in which she was incompetent to bear a part.

Miss Coates laughed. She had a good deal to tell, beyond what she had reported on the night of her visit to the Spencer family. Even Glezen had heard nothing of her Sunday experiences, and when, in her own lively and graphic way, she related the incidents of her memorable encounter with one who was so very sure that he was a bad boy, his merriment was without bounds. He walked the room and clapped his hands, and roared with laughter.

"Good!" he exclaimed. "Good! Now you touch what you call the vital point. These fellows all need flogging—every man and boy of them. I tell you that what we call the Christian amenities and forbearances are lost on this whole crew. They don't understand them, and they despise them. Bob Spencer is not a pauper exactly, but he is in danger of becoming one, by his associations; and I believe his soul is as good as saved. Didn't he fight?"

"How could he?"

"And has he been to your school again?"

"Regularly."

"How does he behave?"

"He not only behaves well himself, but he keeps the other boys in order, and I believe he would fight for me at the shortest notice against the greatest odds."

"Now here's a reformation worth having," said Glezen. "Don't leave chastisement out of your scheme, Nicholas. I tell you it's worth more than all your preaching and teaching. Knock the wickedness out of them, and drive the goodness in. Sentiment is lost in this business. Miss Coates has made my life brighter from this hour, and Bob Spencer has become very dear to my heart. I'll engage him for an office-boy to-morrow."

"Oh, will you?" said Miss Coates with delight.

"Don't strike me!" said Glezen, dodging, as if he expected a blow.

"I assure you I meant him no harm. I'll dress him in a blue round-about with brass buttons, and lavish my wasting affections upon him."

The reader has already perceived that Glezen had a sharper bark than bite, and that while he assumed the attitude of an outside critic, he was quite ready to second, in any practical way that was possible to a man absorbed in his own affairs, the operations of the enthusiasts around him. His interest in his new clerk was genuine, and his knowledge of men enabled him to manage him with prudent skill. He saw that Bob Spencer had been thoroughly shamed, and brought to a "realizing sense" of the fact that he was not a very bad boy after all.

That he had been heartily flogged, and had responded kindly to the influence of the discipline, won his heart for the boy.

"You are very kind," said Miss Coates.

"Up to the measure of my interests, and the capacities of my office—that's all," said he. "You must see," he went on, "that I cannot do any more for you. I'm not the keeper of a museum for the storage of your trophies. You will be obliged to enlarge your acquaintance. I can take care of one or two of the first drops, but, when the shower comes, buckets will not do. You will be obliged to build a reservoir."

When the laugh that followed Glezen's words had subsided, Miss Larkin said :

"There is one subject that I would like to hear discussed to-night. I need to be instructed upon it, for, as it stands now in my mind, it is a burden upon my judgment and my conscience."

"Broach it, by all means," said Glezen, promptly. "Knowledge is of no account in this company, so long as we have a man here who sees. Ladies, Mr. Minturn awaits the question."

"I'm very much in earnest, Mr. Glezen," said Miss Larkin, "so please don't make fun of me, or of anybody. You know that the times are very hard. The poor throughout the city are suffering, and we are all called upon to help them. Now, the question as to what we who have money can do for them, without injuring them, is a very important one. I have felt as if I could not spend a penny on myself—as if I ought to curtail my comforts, and drop all my luxuries. It somehow seems when I purchase anything for my own gratification, as if I were taking the bread out of mouths that are starving. My life is really made quite unhappy by this thought."

"Put her out of her misery at once, Nicholas," said Glezen. "If you don't, I shall be obliged to do it myself."

"Perhaps we had better learn what the wisdom of the world says first," said Nicholas, with a laugh, "and, if that fails, we'll fall back on the unsophisticated instinct."

"Well," said Glezen, "I suppose I am a little heterodox on this matter. One fact, however, we may all regard as established, viz., that it is a curse to a poor man to give him what his labour can fairly earn. I know it is the custom of rich people, when hard times come down upon the community, to cut off their luxuries, and all unnecessary expenditures, not because they cannot afford them, but from fear of some disaster that may come to them. They give up their carriages, stop dining their friends, suppress their social assemblies, cease buying clothes, and by every action and all their policy do what they can to deprive those who have ministered to their artificial wants—to their extravagances, if you please—of employment. When they have done

this, and brought about a state of starvation among those who have depended upon them, then they wonder whether they had better make paupers of them or set them to work."

"Bravo!" exclaimed Nicholas.

"I see, and I thank you," said Miss Larkin.

"Don't thank me," said Glezen. "Spare my blushes. You embarrass me."

"Go on," said Miss Coates, who was getting new ideas, and arriving at the practical centre of the subject much quicker than she had expected to.

"Well, it seems to me," Glezen proceeded, "that if ever there is a time in a rich man's life when he should indulge in luxuries, or, perhaps, I should say, use his money in such a way as to give people work to do, it is in a time of depression like this. If he has building to do, let him build. Materials and labour are cheap, and he will never have so good a time again. He certainly will not if he waits until better times arrive. Instead of this, he shuts up his purse, curtails his expenses, and waits while people starve. The truth is, that half the evils which the poor are feeling now, come from the rich man's short-sightedness and cowardliness. Every luxury that he indulges in gives work to somebody. Every enterprise that he engages in, puts bread into hungry mouths. I should say that every rich man who cuts off his luxuries in a time like this, or fails to devise all possible schemes to keep the poor employed, and then sits down and doles out his money to keep them from starving, most lamentably fails of doing his duty. I'm not a rich man, but if any of my good friends have more money than they know what to do with, I advise them to spend it for something that will give work to idle hands,—to do this at once, and do it all the time. The work that produces a garment which you procure as a luxury, is to the person who makes it a necessity. The house which you build in a time of depression, helps to bring the better time when you can get a good rent for it. The fact is that the good time we are all waiting for is locked up in the form of money in the coffers of those who refuse to use it to their own advantage, as well as to the advantage of those who are suffering for lack of labour."

"I'm sure I don't think you are very heterodox," said Miss Larkin.

"I am sure you have common sense on your side, and I know that my way seems much clearer to me, and that I feel very much relieved."

"So say we all," said Nicholas.

Glezen rose to his feet, placed his hand upon his heart, and made a low bow. "I am very much honored," he said. "Ask me another."

At this moment Nicholas drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and, as he shook it out, a letter fell to the floor. He picked it up, and, looking at it, he said :

"Here is a note that was handed to me by the postman as I was leaving home to-night. I had forgotten it. Permit me to open it."

He broke the seal, and the others observed him with curious interest while he read it, for his countenance betrayed surprise and wonder.

"Shall I read this to you?" he inquired.

"Do so," from all.

As he reads it, it is not necessary for us to look over his shoulder and report the wretched orthography in which the note is couched, but we will take it from his lips.

"MR. MINTURN:—It is best for you not to show your head at "The Crown and Crust" again. You are spotted, and you'll be took care of by them as knows you. You can't catch me if you try, so give that up. If you want to talk about the bonds, there's ways of doing it. The silver you will never see again. That's gone; but the bonds are placed, and you can get them if you are willing to come down handsome. I haven't got 'em, but I know where they be, and I can tell you where they be, but you'll have to show the color of your money. I advise you as a friend to keep out of our part of the town, but the bonds are nearer to you than you know, and you can have 'em if you'll pay. Write to Bill Sanders, and the letter'll come to me, but that's not my name."

The little company were very much excited over the letter.

"Let me see it," said Glezen.

He took it and read it through.

"It's genuine, I think," he said, as he handed it back.

"What shall I do with it, or do about it?" inquired Nicholas.

"Do nothing in a hurry," Glezen replied. "I will see you again about it."

"I'm sure it's genuine," said Nicholas, who remembered and then recounted to his companions the bootless chase he had indulged in, on the night of his visit to "The Crown and Crust."

"The fellow is out of money again," said Nicholas, "and does not dare to offer his bonds in the market. He undoubtedly supposes that I know their numbers, and that Wall street knows them."

The incident of the letter quite diverted the thoughts of the company from the topics they had met to discuss, and, after a desultory conversation, the visitors rose to take their leave.

"Don't go yet," said Nicholas. "I will be with you in a moment."

He passed out of the door with the intention of showing the letter to Mr. Benson. Arriving at the library, where he knew that gentleman always spent his evenings, he paused, and overheard voices. Mr. Benson had company. Nicholas hesitated. He was standing within three feet of his own bonds. He could not suspect it, of course, but there was a strange influence upon him. He had no love for Mr. Benson, but he felt that he must see him. The earnest conversation that was in pro-

gress in the room withheld him, however, and he turned reluctantly away, and rejoined his friends.

Soon they all went out together, and as Nicholas passed Mr. Benson's door, he paused. Then he went half-way down the stairs, and paused again, turned, and started to go back. He finally concluded that he would not return, and then he hurriedly ran down the stairs into the street.

Why did he not carry out his purpose? What was it that suggested it, and urged him to it? Some spiritual influence was upon him to which he was unaccustomed. Some angel was whispering to him, though he could not understand the language. He did not know how much he had done, or failed to do, to decide Mr. Benson's fate. He could not know that the man from whom he had turned away was passing through a great temptation, and that, debased as he had been in many respects, he would have been glad of any occasion that would compel him to put the terrible bonds out of his hands.

He had now had them in his possession for several weeks. They had begun to seem like his property. In his own mind, they were beginning to form a part of the barrier that he was trying to build between himself and bankruptcy. As a last resort, he could raise money on them, and, although they were not his, he did not absolutely know whose they were. The man who had delivered them to him did not own them—that was certain. Was it a kind Providence that had placed them in his hands? Who could tell? Would it not be just as well for the bonds to serve temporarily his purposes, who was trying to save himself and preserve his trusts, as to lie idle in his safe?

While these sophistries were exercising his mind, he knew that he was debasing himself, but there was a strange feeling of helplessness within him, as if the good angel and the bad angel of his life were engaged in a struggle for his soul.

If in this mood Nicholas had found him, and shown him the letter he had received, he would have hailed the message of the robber as a message from God. That would have decided the matter. He might not at that moment have surrendered the property, but he would have seen the impossibility of using it for himself. He would have been placed beyond the reach of a tormenting temptation—a temptation to use that which was not his by any valid title, and a temptation to bring himself to the belief that wrong was right.

Ah! if Nicholas had only gone in when he intended to go in, how different it all might have been with Mr. Benson! If he had known what the result of his visit would have been upon the man who disliked and even hated him, he would, if necessary, have burst in the door. But he did not go in.

(To be continued.)

FRAGMENT OF A TRAGEDY BY LORD LYTTON.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS BY REV. WM. SCOTT.

THE publication of anything fragmentary from the pen of Lord Lytton would be presumptuous, if designed either to secure his name from oblivion or to increase his fame as an author. His friends could well afford to let die much that he has written, without fear of diminishing his claims on the esteem of posterity. We doubt much if the lamented author himself would desire the republication of some of his early productions, "Falkland" for instance; but it has occasioned surprise that "Cromwell," a tragedy written by Bulwer in 1835-6, should have been by him withheld from publication. The fact itself, that he commenced and designed the publication of "Cromwell," may be doubted by many. It is not mentioned at all, as far as known, among the literati of Great Britain. At the period named, Saunders and Otley, of London, were the publishers of Bulwer's works. But of this "Tragedy" as "in the press," they withheld any announcement. They had, however, established a branchhouse in New York, with a view to the early publication and copyrighting of the works they considered their own. Several volumes were so published, but those likely to secure a large sale were reprinted by other houses, and the supposed copyright disregarded. In the summer of 1836, the head of the Saunders & Otley New York House received from England the first sheets of "Cromwell, a Tragedy, by Edward Lytton Bulwer." They were placed in the hands of the printer, and the person who now writes these lines was permitted to make a manuscript copy of the first act in five scenes. But in August or September of the same year, the order came for the suppression of the "Tragedy," and it was never published. Ingenious speculation might furnish reasons why this work of Bulwer's was withheld. Was the mind of the author unsettled or unsettling respecting the character of Cromwell? The philosopher of Chelsea had not yet "cleared from the circumambient inanity and insanity," the character of his hero, which had been "overwhelmed under an avalanche of Human Stupidities." That indicates Carlyle's judgment; what was Bulwer's? It may be discernible to some, not to all. The "fragment" may be accepted and judged according to the light granted to each who presumes to investigate the past in human history. Criticism seems scarcely admissible respecting this production of Bulwer's, if his dictum be admitted as

expressed in his preface to "King Arthur." That extended poem was not first published as a whole. "Earlier portions" received "approbation" "and encouraged its progress." The author indulged the hope that the completed work would "not forfeit the indulgence bestowed on the commencement." He said, "it is obvious that such merit as the work may possibly be entitled to claim on the score of art or consistency can be but imperfectly conjectured by specimens of its parts." True, but a judgment of parts encouraged Bulwer to publish the whole of "King Arthur." And if the critical reader be sure of the author's stand-point in "Cromwell," as a part, he might have been encouraged to have given the whole. But irrespective of the opinion held by Bulwer on the character and aims of Cromwell, he has certainly given in his portraiture of the man and his fellows some exquisite touches of feeling and sentiment, according with their language and work, as we find these in the history of the times. The dramatis personæ are easily recognized—real men and women. It may not be possible to identify Cecil and Edith, unless after special search among domestic chronicles. But their loves and attitudes—their conflicting passions and discordant sympathies, constitute some of the finest passages in this remarkable fragment. Cecil's firmness of attachment to the vacant throne and royal succession, and Cromwell's dignified affirmation of loyalty to law and liberty, form magnificent contrasts, equally striking and beautiful. After all, the paper is but a fragment, written at a time when the author was incessantly engaged as editor of the *New Monthly Magazine*, and when his prolific mind produced "The Student," the "Pilgrims of the Rhine," "England and the English," "The Last days of Pompeii," "Rienzi," and perhaps "Ernest Maltravers." The fact demonstrates extraordinary versatility of genius, and of this portion of "a tragedy" now offered to Canadian readers, it will be an occasion of great surprise, if *the part* does not originate a strong regret that the author declined to furnish *the whole*.

CROMWELL.

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Whitehall. At the back, folding-doors, hung with black crape.*

HENRY MARTIN, HARRISON, IRETON.

IRETON.

Does the crowd gather still?

HARRISON.

Ay! Round the door

The godless idle cluster; nor with ease
Can our good guards—the tried men of the Lord—

Ward off the gapers, that, with thirsty mouth,
Would drink, as something sacred, the mute air,
Circling the dust of him that *was* a king.

MARTIN.

Ev'n as I passed the porch, a goodly cit,
Round and tun-bellied, plucked me by the robe
"Sir, can I see the king?" quoth he. I frowned:—
"There is no king!" said I. "The man called
Charles

Is the same clay as yours and mine. Lo! yonder
Lies, as yet unburied, a brave draper's corpse;

Go ye and gaze on that!" And so I passed.
Still the crowd murmured—We would see the
King.

IRETON.

Ay! round the vulgar forms of royalty,
Or dead or quick, the unthinking millions press;
They love the mummery of their chains,
And graceless walks unseptred Liberty
To their coarse gaze. 'Twas a bold deed, that
death!

HARRISON.

A deed we ne'er had had the souls to do,
But for the audible mandate of the Lord.
I did not sleep seven nights before my hand
Signed that red warrant; and e'en now, methinks
Midnight seems darker and more sternly still
Than it was wont to do!

IRETON.

A truce with this.

When saw ye last the General?

MARTIN.

Scarce an hour

Hath joined the past since I did leave him pray-
ing.

IRETON.

The pious Cromwell! 'Tis a blessed thing
To have a lodge above, and, when the air
Grows dim and rank on earth, to change the
scene,
And brace the soul in thoughts that breathe of
Heaven.

He bears him bravely then, that virtuous man?

MARTIN.

Bravely; but with a graver, soberer mien
Than when we councilled on the deed now done.

IRETON.

Yea, when he signed the warrant, dost thou mind
How, with the pen yet wet, he crossed thy face,
My honest Harry? ('Twas a scurvy trick!)
And laughed till merry tears coursed down his
cheeks

To see thy ruddy cheeks so streaked with black?
Ha! Ha!—and yet it was a scurvy trick!
And thou didst give him back the boon again,
And both laughed loud, like mad-caps at a
school,

When the grim master is not by. I was
The man who, next to Cromwell, planned the act
Which sealed old England's freedom: yet that
laugh

Made me look back—and start—and shudder.

MARTIN.

Tush!

Thou know'st thy kinsman's merry vein what
time

The humour's on him. I'll be sworn, nor he
Nor I thought lighter of the solemn deed
For that unseemly moment;—'twas the vent
Of an excited pulse; and if our own,
The scaffold we were dooming to the Stuart,
We should have toyed the same.

HARRISON.

Why prate we thus—

Lukewarm and chill of heart? When Barak
broke

The hosts of Sisera, after twice ten years
Of bondage, did the sons of Israel weep?
Or did they seek excuses for just mirth?
No; they sang out in honest joy—"Awake!
Captivity is captive! and the stars
Fought from their courses ag'inst Sisera."
Our Sisera is no more—we will rejoice!

IRETON (*aside to MARTIN.*)

Humour him, Harry, or we 'scape not so
This saintly porcupine of homilies,
Bristling with all the missiles of quotation;
Provoke him,—and he pricks you with a text.
(*Aloud*) Right, holy comrade, thou hast well re-
buked us.

But to return to earth. The General feels,
My Harry, how the eyes of the dumb world
Are fixed on us—how all of England's weal
Weighs on our shoulders, and with serious thought
Inclines him to the study of the hour:
For every moment now should womb designs,
And in the air we breathe, the thunder-cloud
Hangs mute—may Heaven disperse it o'er our
foes.

MARTIN.

Ireton, his soul foresees, and is prepared;
He will not patch new fortune with old fears,
Nor halt 'twixt doubt and daring. We have done
That which continued boldness can but bless;
And on the awful head we have discrowned
Must found our Capitol of Liberty!

HARRISON (*who has been walking to and fro
muttering to himself, suddenly turns round.*)

Who comes? thou hast ill omen on thy brow.
Art thou—nay, pardon!—soldier of the Lord?

SCENE II.—*To them* SIR HUBERT CECIL.

CECIL.

Where is the General? Where the lofty Crom-
well?

IRETON.

Young Cecil! Welcome, comrade! Just from
Spain?

What news, I pray? The dust upon thy garb
betokens weary speed.

CECIL.

False heart, away!

Where is thy master, bloodhound?

IRETON.

Art thou mad?

Is it to me these words? Or, that my sword
Were vowed to holier fields, this hand—

CECIL (*fiercely*).

That hand!

Look on it well. What stain hath marred its
white

Since last we met? And you, most learned
Martin,

And you, text-mouthing Harrison—what saws,
Plucked from the rotten tombs of buried codes,
What devilish garblings from the Holy Writ,
Gave ye one shade of sanction for that deed
Which murdered England's honour in her king.

HARRISON (*interrupting Martin and Ireton, as they are about to reply*).

Peace! Peace, my brethren! Leave to me the word.

Lo, my soul longs to wrestle with the youth.
I will expound to him. Thus saith the Lord—

CECIL.

Blaspheme not! Keep thy dark hypocrisies
To shroud thee from thyself. But peace, my heart!

I will not waste my wrath on such as these.
Most honest Ireton, did they tell me false,
Or is thy leader here? thy kinsman, Ireton?
Oh God! hath stout-armed Cromwell come to this!

The master deathsmen of your gory crew.

IRETON.

I would he were, young madman, to requite
Thy courteous quoting of his reverent name.
Go, seek our England's David at his hearth,
And chide the arm that struck Goliath down.

HARRISON.

I will wend with thee, rash Idolator!
So newly turned to the false god of Horeb;
My soul shall wrestle with thee by the way.

CECIL (*to Harrison who is about to follow him*).

Butcher, fall back!—there is a ghost behind thee,

That with hueless cheek and lifeless eye,
Forbids thee henceforth and for aye to herd
With men who murder not. And so farewell!
(*Exit Cecil.*)

HARRISON (*looking fearfully around*).

A ghost! said he a ghost?

MARTIN.

Ay, General, ay;

And he who stands upon the deadly brink
Of Cromwell's ire, may well behold the ghosts
He goes so soon to join.

(*Enter a Puritan soldier.*)

SOLDIER.

Worshipful Sirs,

The council of the faithful is assembled,
And the Lord President entreats your presence.

IRETON.

Come Martin; come, bold-hearted Harrison,
Bradshaw awaits.

HARRISON.

Get thee behind me, Satan!

I fear thee not! thou canst not harm the righteous.

Ghost, quoth he! Ghost! Seest thou a ghost,
good Ireton?

IRETON.

What, in broad daylight! Fie, General!

HARRISON.

Satan walks

Daily and nightly tempting; but no more!

We'll to the council. Verily, my soul
Darkens at times the noon! The fiend is strong.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE III.—*A Room in Cromwell's house. The*

LADY CLAYPOLE. EDITH.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

So leave we then, the past! The angry sky
Is cleared by that same thunder-storm which
cleaves

The roof of kings; the dark times' crowning evil
Is o'er; the solemn deed, that stern men call
Necessity, is done;—now let us hope
A brighter day for England!

EDITH.

Who knows Cromwell,
Knows him as one inflexibly austere
In what his head deems justice; but his heart
Is mild, and shrinks from the uncalled-for
shedding

Ev'n of the meanest blood: yet would to Heaven
For his own peace, that he had been less great
Nor sate as judge in that most fearful court,
Where either voice was peril. What the world
Will deem his choice, lies doubtful in the clouds
That shade the time. Thank God that we are
women.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Yea! in these hours of civil strife, when men
Know not which way lies conscience, and the
night

Scares the soft slumbers from their haggard eyes
By schemes of what the morrow shall bring forth,
'Tis sweet to feel our weakness, and to glide
Adown the stream of our inactive thought!—
While on the bank towers crash and temples fall,
We sail unscath'd; and watch the unrev'd life
Mirror that peaceful heaven earth cannot mar!

(*After a pause, with a smile.*)

Yet scarce indeed unrev'd, while one wild power
Can rouse the tide at will, and wake the heart
To tempest with a sigh;—nay, blush not Edith.

EDITH.

I have no cause for blushes: and my cheek
Did wrong my thought, if it did speak of shame.
To love!—ah! 'tis a proud, a boastful joy
If he we love is worthy of our love!

LADY CLAYPOLE.

And that in truth, is Cecil: with his name
Honour walks spotless, and this stormy world
Grows fair before his presence; in his tongue
Lurks no deceit; his smile conceals no frown:
Ev'n in his very faults, his lofty pride,

And the hot frankness of his hasty mood,
There seems a heavenly virtue, by the side
Of men who stalk around, and if they win
Truth to the soul, wear falsehood on the brow.

EDITH.

Speak thus forever, dearest ! for his praise
Makes thy voice music. Yes, he is all this ;
And I, whose soul is but one thought of him,
Feel thought itself can compass not the girth
Of his wide merit. Was I not right to say
I could not blush to love him ? Yet, methinks,
Well might I blush that one like Cecil
Has love for Edith !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

If, sweet coz, I cease
To praise him, it shall be for sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise !

EDITH.

Impossible !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

And yet,
Were I a maid that loves as Edith loves,
Tidings of him I loved were sweeter words
Ev'n than his praise.

EDITH.

Tidings !—Oh, pardon, coz !—
Tidings from Spain ?

LADY CLAYPOLE.

No, Edith, not from Spain ;
Tidings from London. Cecil is returned.
Just ere we met, his courier's jaded steed
Halted below. Sir Hubert had arrived,
And on the instant sought my father.

EDITH.

Come !

And I to hear it from another's lips !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Nay, coz, be just : With matters of great weight—
Matters that crave at once my father's ear—
Be sure that he is laden.

(Enter a Servant.)

SERVANT.

Pardon, madam !

Methought the General here !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Who asks my father ?

SERVANT.

Sir Hubert Cecil, just arrived from Spain,
Craves audience with his honour.

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Pray his entrance.

Myself will seek the General.

(Exit servant.)

Thank me, Edith !

If now I quit thee, wilt thou thank me less ?

EDITH.

I prithee stay !

LADY CLAYPOLE.

Nay, friendship is a star

Fading before the presence of love's sun.

Farewell ! Again, those blushes !—Edith, fie.

(Exit Lady Claypole.)

SCENE IV.—CECIL and EDITH.

CECIL.

Where is the General ?—Where—Oh, Heaven
My Edith !

EDITH.

Is there no welcome in that word ? Am I
Unlooked for at thy coming ?

CECIL.

Pardon, madam !

I—I—(aside) Oh, God ! how bitter is this trial !

Why do I love her less ? Why fall I not

At her dear feet ? Why stand I thus amazed ?

Is this not Edith ? No ! 'tis Cromwell's niece ;

And Cromwell is the murderer of my king !

EDITH.

"Pardon" and "madam,"—Do I hear aright ?

Art thou so cold ? Do I offend thine eyes ?

Thou turn'st away thy face ! Well, sir, 'tis well !

Hubert ! still silent ! (In a softer voice) Hubert !

CECIL.

Oh, for grace.

For heaven's dear grace ! speak not in that sweet
tone !

Be not so like that shape that *was* my Edith !

EDITH (Gazing upon him with surprise and
anger, turns as if to quit the stage, and then
aside).

Sure he is ill ! keen travel and the cares

Of those unhappy times have touched the string

Of the o'er laboured brain. And shall I chide
him ?

I who should soothe ? (approaches, and aloud)

Art thou not well, dear Hubert ?

CECIL.

Well ! Well ! The leaping and exultant health

Which makes wild youth unconscious of its clay,

Deeming itself all soul ; the golden chain

Which linked that earth, our passions, with that
heaven

Our hopes—why *this* was to be *well* ! But now

One black thought from the fountain of the heart

Gushes eternally, till all the streams

Of all the world are poisoned,—and the Past

Hath grown one death, whose grim and giant
shadow

Makes that chill darkness which we call "*the
Future.*"

Where are my dreams of glory ? Where the
fame

Unsullied by one stain of factious crime ?

And where—oh, where !—the ever dulcet voice

That murmured, in the starlit nights of war,

When the loud camp lay hushed, *thy* holy name ?

Edith is mine no more! (*taking her hand*) yet let
me gaze

Again upon thee! No! thou art not changed.
Ah! would thou wert! In that translucent
cheek

The roses tremble, stirred as by an air,
With the pure impulse of thy summer soul—
On thy white brow chaste conscience sits serene—
There is no mark of blood on this fair hand—
Yet Cromwell is thy kinsman!

EDITH.

By the vows

That we have plighted, look not on me thus!
Speak not so wildly! Hubert, I am Edith!
Edith—thine own! oh! am I not thine own?

CECIL.

My own—my Edith! yes, the evil deeds
Of that bold man cast forth no shade on thee,
Albeit they gloom the world as an eclipse
Whose darkness is the prophecy of doom!

EDITH.

Hush, hush! What! know'st thou not these
walls have ears?

Speak'st thou of Cromwell thus, upon whose nod
Hang life and death?

CECIL.

But not the *fear* of death!

EDITH.

What change hath chanc'd since last we met, to
blot

Thy champion and thy captain from thy grace?
Why, when we parted, was not thy last word
In praise of Cromwell? Was he not the star
By which thy course was lighted? Nay so
glowed

His name upon thy lips that I—ev'n I—
Was vexed to think thou'dst so much love to
spare!

CECIL.

Ah, there's the thought—the bitter biting
thought!

Boy that I was, I pinned my faith to Cromwell;
For him forsook my kin; renounced my home,
My father's blessing and my mother's love;
Gave up my heart to him, my thoughts, my
deeds—

Reduced the fire and freedom of my youth
Into a mere machine—a thing to act
Or to be passive as its master wills;
On his broad banner I affixed my name—
My heritage of honour; blindly bound
My mark and station in the world's sharp eye
To the unequal chances of his sword!
But then methought it was a freeman's blade,
Drawn, but with sorrow, for a nation's weal!

EDITH.

And was it not so, Hubert?

CECIL.

Was it? what?

When (*with no precedent, from all the Past—*

That solemn armory or decorous murder)

Some two score men assumed a people's voice,
And sullied all the labours of long years,
The laurels of a war for equal laws,
By one most tragic outrage of all law!
Oh, in that stroke 'twas not the foe that fell
'Twas he who fought! The pillar of our cause;
The white, unsullied honour of our arms;
The temperate justice that disdains revenge;
The rock of law, from which war's standard
waved;—

The certainty of right—'twas these that fell!

EDITH.

Alas! I half forbode this, and yet
Would listen not to fear. But, Hubert, I—
If there be sin in that most doubtful deed—
I have not shared the sin.

CECIL.

No, Edith, no,
But the sin severs us! Will Cromwell give
The hand of Edith to his foe?

EDITH.

His foe!

What madness, Hubert! In the gloomy past
Bury the wrong thy wrath cannot undo;
Think but in what the future can repair it.

CECIL.

I do so, Edith; and, upon that thought,
I built the wall 'twixt Cromwell and my soul.
The King is dead, but not the race of kings;
There is a second Charles! Oh, Edith, yet—
Yet may our fates be joined! Beyond the seas
Lives my lost honour—lie my only means
To prove me guiltless of this last bad deed!
Beyond the seas, oh, let our vows be plighted!
Fly with thy Cecil!—quit these gloomy walls,
These whitened sepulchres, these hangman saints!
Beyond the seas, oh! let me find my bride,
Regain my honour, and record my love!

EDITH.

Alas! thou know'st not what thou say'st. The
land
Is lined with Cromwell's favourers. Not a step
But his eye reads the whereabouts. From hence
Thou couldst not 'scape with life, nor I with
honour!

CECIL.

Ah, Edith, rob not Heaven of every star!
From home, and England, and ambition ban-
ished—
Banish me not from *thee*!

EDITH.

What shall I say?

How act—where turn? Thy lightest word hath
been
My law—my code of right; and now thou askest
That which can never be.

CECIL.

Recall the word!

There's but one "never" for the tongue of Love,

And that should be for parting—*never part!*
Oh, learn no other “never!”

EDITH.

Must thou leave me?

Must thou leave England—why old friends in
arms—

The cause of freedom—thy brave spirit's hope?
Must thou leave these? Is there no softer choice?

CECIL.

None other—none!

EDITH.

So honour bids thee act,

So honour conquers love! And is there, then,
No honour but for man? Bethink thee, Hubert,
Could I, unblushing, leave my kinsman's home,
The guardian of my childhood—the kind roof—
Where no harsh thought e'er entered? For what
e'er

Cromwell to others, he to me hath been
A more than parent. In his rudest hour
For me he wore no frown; no chilling word
Bade me remember that I had no father!
Shall I repay him thus:—desert his hearth
In his most imminent hour; betroth my faith
To one henceforth his foe; make my false home
With those who call him traitor; plight my hand
To him who wields a sword against his heart?—
That heart which sheltered me!—oh, never, Hu-
bert!

If thou lov'st honour, love it then in Edith,
And plead no more.

(Enter servant.)

SERVANT.

The General hath sent word
That, just released from council, he awaits
Sir Hubert Cecil at Whitehall.

CECIL.

I come.

(Exit servant.)

So fair thee well.

EDITH, (*passionately*).

Farewell!—and is that all?
And part we thus forever? Not unkindly?
Thou dost not love me less? Oh, say so. Hu-
bert!

Turn not away; give me once more thine hand,
We loved each other from our childhood, Hu-
bert;

We grew together; thou wert as my brother,
Till that name grew a dearer. I should seem
More cold—more distant; but I cannot. All
Pride, strength, reserve, desert me at this hour!
My heart will break! Tell me thou lov'st me
still!

CECIL.

Still, Edith, still!

EDITH.

I'm answered—bless thee, Hubert!

One word! One parting word! For my sake,
dearest,

Rein thy swift temper when thou speakest to
Cromwell.

A word may chafe him from his steady mood
In these wild moments; and behind his wrath
There gleams the headsman's axe. Vex him not,
Hubert!

CECIL.

Fear not! This meeting hath unmanned my soul.
Swallowed up all the fierceness of my nature
As in a gulf! and he—this man of blood—
He hath been kind to thee! Nay, fear not,
Edith!

(Exit Cecil.)

EDITH.

He's gone! O God support me! I have done
That which became thy creature. Give me
strength!

A mountain crushes down this feeble heart;
Oh, give me strength to bear it, gentle heaven!

(Exit.)

SCENE V.—*A room at Whitehall (the same as in
scene I.)*

Enter—CROMWELL, IRETON, MARTIN.

CROMWELL.

So be it, then! At Windsor, in the vaults
Of his long line, let Charles' ashes sleep.
To Hubert and to Mildmay we consign
The funeral cares; be they with reverence paid.
Whoever of the mourners of the dead,
The friends and whilom followers, would assist
In the grave rite, to them be licence given
To grace the funeral with their faithful wo.
We spurn not the dead lion.

MARTIN.

Nobly said.

Wouldst thou I have these orders straight con-
veyed

To the king's friends?

CROMWELL.

Forthwith good Martin (*exit Martin*).

So,

With those sad ashes rest our country's griefs.
Henry, no phoenix from them must spring forth;
No second Charles! Within the self-same vault
That shrouds that harmless dust we must inter
Kingly ambition; and upon that day
Proclaim it treason to declare a king
In the King's son! The crown hath passed away
From Saul, and from the goddess house of Saul.

IRETON.

The Parliament is fearful, and contains
In its scant remnant many who would halt
Betwixt the deed and that for which 'twas done.

CROMWELL.

They must be seen to, Henry! Seek me out
This eve at eight; we must confer aloud.
Strong meat is not for babes! But of this youth,
This haughty Cecil! Thou hast seen him then?
Is he, in truth, so hot?

IRETON.

By my sword, yea!
That which I told thee of his speech fell short
Of its rash madness.

CROMWELL.

'Tis a goodly youth:
Brave and sound-hearted, but of little faith,
Nor suited to the hunger of these times,
Which feeds on no half acts! And for that cause,
And in that knowledge, when he had designed
To bring the King to London, I dismissed him
With letters to Spain. We must not lose him!
He is of noble birth; his house hath wealth—
His name is spotless:—He must not be lost!

IRETON.

And will not be retained!

CROMWELL.

Methinks not so.
He hath the folly of the eyes of flesh,
And loves my niece; by that lure shall we cage
him.

IRETON.

Yet he is of a race that, in these times,
Have fallen from the righteous.

CROMWELL.

Ay, and so
The more his honest courage. In the day
When the King's power o'erflowed, and all true
men
Joined in a dyke against the lawless flood,
His sire and I were co-mates—sate with Pym
On the same benches—gave the self-same votes;
But when we drew God's sword against the
King,
And threw away the sheath, his fearful heart
Recoiled before the act it had provoked;
And, halting neuter in the wild extremes,
Forbade his son to join us.

IRETON.

But the youth—

CROMWELL.

More bravely bent, forsook the inglorious sire,
And made a sire of Cromwell. In my host
There was not one that loved me more than
Cecil!
Better in field than prayer, and more at home
Upon his charger than his knee, 'tis true;
Put to all men their way to please the Lord!
To Heaven are many paths!

IRETON.

So near to thee,
And knew not of the end for which we fought?
Dream't he it was against the man called king,
And not against the thing called kingly?

CROMWELL.

So

The young man dreamed; and oft-times he hath
said,
When after battle he hath wiped his sword,

Oft hath he sighing said, "These sinful wars—
Brother with brother, father against son,
Strife with her country, victory o'er her chil-
dren—

How shall they end? If to the hollow word
Of this unhappy king no truth is bound,
Shall the day come when he, worn out with
blood,

Will yield his crown to his yet guiltless son,
And we made sure of freedom by firm laws,
Chain the calm'd lion to a peaceful throne!"

IRETON.

The father's leaven still! most foolish hope,
To plaster with cool prudence jarring atoms,
And reconcile the irreconcilable—
The rushing present with the moulding past!

CROMWELL.

Thou say'st it Ireton! But the boy was young
And fond of heart; the times that harden us
Make soft less thoughtful natures.

(Enter a Puritan soldier).

SOLDIER.

Lo! your worship,
The youth, hight Hubert Cecil, waits thy plea-
sure!

CROMWELL.

Friend, let him enter. Henry, leave us now!
At eight remember!

(Exit Ireton.)

It hath lamely chanced
That Cecil should return upon the heat
And newness of these fierce events; a month
Had robbed him of their horror! While we
breathe,
Passion glides on to memory;—and the dead
things
That scared our thoughts but yesterday take
hues
That smooth their sternness, from the silent
morrow.

(Enter Cecil.—Cromwell leaning on his sword at
the far end of the stage, regards him with a
steadfast look and majestic mien).

Well, sir, good day! What messages from Spain?
(Cecil presents him despatches.—Cromwell
glances over them, looking from time to
time at Cecil).

CECIL (aside).

What is there in this man that I should fear him?
Hath he some spell to witch us from ourselves,
And make our natures minion to his own?

CROMWELL.

Plead they so warm for Stuart? 'tis too late!

CECIL.

Is it too late?

CROMWELL.

Since last we parted, Hubert,
He, the high author of our civil wars,
Hath been its victim. 'Twas an evil, Hubert,
But so is justice ever when it falls
Upon a human life!

CECIL.

God's mercy!—justice,
Why justice is a consequence of law—
Founded on law—begotten but by law!
By what law, Cromwell, fell the King?

CROMWELL.

By all

The laws he left us! Prithee, silence Cecil,
Sir, I might threaten, but I will not:—hold!
And let us, with a calm and sober eye,
Look on the spectre of this ghastly deed,
Who spills man's blood, his blood by man be
shed!

'Tis Heaven's first law—to that law we had come—
None other left us. Who, then, caused the strife
That crimson'd Naseby's field, and Marston's
moor?

It was the Stuart:—so the Stuart fell!
A victim, in the pit himself had digged!
He died not, Sir, as hated kings have died,
In secret and in shade—no eye to trace
The one step from their prison to their fall;
He died i' the eyes of Europe—in the face
Of the broad Heaven—amidst the sons of Eng-
land,

Whom he had outraged—by a solemn sentence,
Passed by a solemn court. Does this seem guilt?
(It might be error—mortal men will err!)
But *Guilt* not thus unrobes it to the day;
Its deeds are secret, as *our* act was public.
You pity Charles! 'tis well; but pity more
The tens of thousands, honest, humble men,
Who, by the tyranny of Charles compelled
To draw the sword, fell butchered in the field!
Good Lord—when one man dies who wears a
crown,

How the earth trembles—how the mountains gape,
Amazed and awed!—but when that one man's
victims,

Poor worms uncloth'd in purple, daily die,
In the grim cell, or on the groaning gibbet,
Or on the civil field, ye pitying souls
Drop not one tear from your indifferent eyes:
Ye weep the ravening vulture when he bleeds,
And coldly gaze upon the countless prey
He gorged at one fell meal. Be still young man;
Your time for speech will come. So much for
justice;

Now for yet larger duties: to our hands
The peace and weal of England were consigned;
These our first thought and duty. Should we
loose

Charles on the world again, 'twere to unleash
Once more the Fiend of Carnage: should we
guard

His person in our prison, still his name
Would float, a wizard's standard in the air,
Rallying fresh war on freedom: a fit theme
To wake bad pity in the breasts of men;
A focus for all faction here at home,
And in the lewd courts of his brother kings.
So but one choice remained: it was that choice

Which (you are skilled methinks in classic lore,
And prize such precedent,) the elder Brutus
Made when he judged his children: such the
choice

Of his descendant—when within the senate
He sought to crush, the crafty Cæsar fell.

CECIL.

Cæsar may find his type amidst the living;
And by that name our sons may christen Crom-
well

CROMWELL.

Men's deeds are fair enigmas—let man solve
them!

But men's dark motives are i' the Books of God.

(In a milder tone.)

Cecil, thou wert as my adopted son.
Hast thou not still fought by my proper person—
Eat'n at my board—slept in my tent—conceived
From me the rudiments and lore of war—
Hath not my soul yearned to thee—have I not
Brought thee, yet beardless, into mark and fame—
Given thee trust and honour—nay, to bind
Still closer to my sheltering heart thine own—
Hath I not smiled upon thy love for Edith,
(For I, too, once was young) and bid thee find
Thy plighted bride in my familiar kin—
And wilt thou in the crisis of my fate,
When my good name stands trembling in the
balance,

And one friend wanting may abuse the scale,
Wilt thou thus judge me harshly—take no count
Of the swift eddies of the whirlpool time,
Which urge us on to any port for peace,
And set the brand of my austere rebuke
Upon the heart that loved thee so? Fie! Fie!

CECIL.

Arouse thine anger, Cromwell! rate me, vent
Thy threats on this bare front—thy kindness kills
me!

CROMWELL.

Bear with me, son, as I would bear with thee!
Add not to these grim cares that press upon me.
Eke thou not out the evils of the time;
They are enow to grind my weary soul.
Restrain thy harsher thoughts, that would re-
prove,
Until a calmer season, when 'tis given
To talk of what hath been with tempered minds;
And part we now in charity.

CECIL.

O, Cromwell,
If now we part, it is for ever. Here
I do resign my office in thy hands;
Lay down my trust and charge—

CROMWELL (*hastily.*)

I'll not receive them;
Another time for this.

CECIL.

There is no other.
I came to chide thee, Cromwell; ay, to chide,

Girt as thou art with power : but thou hast
ta'en
The sternness from my soul, and made the voice
Of duty sound so grating to my ear,
That, for mine honour, I, who fear thee not,
Do fear my frailty, and will trust no more
My conscience to our meeting.

CROMWELL.

Wouldst thou say
That thou wilt leave me ?

CECIL.

Yes.

CROMWELL.

And whither bound ?

CECIL.

The king's no more : and in his ashes sleep,
His faults. His son as yet hath wronged us not ;
That son is now our king !

CROMWELL.

Do I hear right ?

Know'st thou, rash boy, those words are deadly ?
know'st thou,

It is proclaimed, " whoever names a king
In any man, by Parliament unsanctioned ;
Is criminal of treason ? "

CECIL.

So 'tis said ;

And those who said it were themselves the trait-
tors.

CROMWELL.

This, and to me ! beware ; on that way lies
My limit of forbearance.

CECIL,

Call thy guards ;

Ordain the prison ; bring me to the bar ;
Prepare the scaffold. This, great Cromwell, were
A milder doom than that which I adjudge
Unto myself. 'Tis worse than death to leave
The flag which waved above our dreams of free-
dom—

The Chief our reverence honoured as a god—
The bride whose love rose-coloured all the world—
But worse than many deaths—than hell itself,
To sin against what we believe the right.

CROMWELL (*moved and aside*).

And this bold soul I am about to lose !

(*aloud*).

If me thou canst forget and all my love,
Remember Edith ! Is she thy betrothed,
And wilt thou leave her too ? Thou hid'st thy
face.

Stay, Hubert, stay ; I, who could order, stoop
And pray thee stay.

CECIL.

No—No !

CROMWELL (*with coldness and dignity*).

Then have thy will,
Desert the cause of freedom at her need,—
False to thy chief, and perjured to thy love.

I do repent me that I have abased
Myself thus humbly. Go, sir, you have leave ;
I would not have one man in honest Israel
Whose soul hath hunger for the flesh of Egypt.

CECIL (*approaching Cromwell slowly*).

Canst thou yet make the doubtful past appear
Done but in sorrowing justice?—canst thou yet
Cement these jarring factions—join in peace
The friends alike of royalty and freedom,
And give the State, assured by such good laws
As now we may demand, once more a king ?

CROMWELL.

A king ! Why name that word ? A head—a chief,
Perchance the commonwealth may yet decree !
Speak on !

CECIL.

I care not, Cromwell, for the name ;
But he who bears the erb and sway of power
Must, if for peace we seek, be chosen from
The Stuarts' lineage. Charles the First is dead :
Wilt thou proclaim his son ?

CROMWELL (*laughing bitterly*).

An exile, yes !

A monarch, never !

CECIL.

Cromwell, fare thee well

As friends we meet no more. May God so judge
As I now judge, believing thee as one
Whom a bold heart, and the dim hope of power,
And the blind wrath of faction, and the spur
Of an o'er mastering Fate, impel to what
The Past foretells already to the future.
Dread man, farewell.

(*Exit* CECIL.)

CROMWELL (*after a pause*).

So from my side hath gone
An upright heart ; and in that single loss,
Methinks more honesty hath said farewell,
Than if a thousand had abjured my banners.
Charles sleeps, and feels no more the grinding
cares,

The perils and the doubts that wait on POWER.
For him, no more the uneasy day—the night
At war with sleep—for him are hushed at last,
Loud Hate and Hollow Love. Reverse thy law,
O blind compassion of the human heart !
And let not death which feels not, sins not—
weeps not—

Rob Life of all that Suffering asks from Pity.
(*He paces to and fro the scene, and pauses at
last opposite the doors at the back of the
stage.*)

Lo, what a slender barrier parts in twain
The presence of the breathing and the dead—
The vanquisher and victim—the firm foot
Of lusty strength, and the unmoving mass
Of what all strength must come to. Yet once
more,
Ere the grave closes on that solemn dust,
Will I survey what men have paused to look on.

He opens the doors—the coffin of the King on the back-ground, lighted by tapers—Cromwell approaches it slowly, lifts the pall, and gazes, as if on the corpse within.)

'Tis a firm frame ; the sinews strongly knit,
The chest deep set and broad ; save some gray hairs

Saddening those locks of love, no sign of age.

Had nature been his executioner

He would have outlived me ! and to this end—

This narrow empire—this unpeopled kingdom—

This six feet realm—the overburst of sway

Hath been the guide ! He would have stretched his will

O'er that unlimited world which men's souls are !

Fettered the earth's pure air—for freedom is

That air to honest lips ;—and here he lies,

In dust most eloquent—to after time

A never silent oracle for kings !

Was this the hand that strained within its grasp.

So haught a sceptre ? This the shape that wore

Majesty like a garment ? Spurn that clay—

It can resent not ; speak of royal crimes,

And it can frown not ; schemeless lies the brain

Whose thoughts were sources of such fearful deeds.

What things are we, O Lord, when at thy will

A worm like this could shake the mighty world !

A few years since, and in the port was moored,

A bark to fair Columbia's forests bound :

And I was one of those indignant hearts

Panting for exile in the thirst for freedom ;

Then, that pale clay (poor clay that was a king !)

Forbade my parting, in the wanton pride

Of vain command, and with a fated sceptre

Waved back the shadow of the death to come.

Here stands that baffled and forbidden wanderer,

Loftiest amid the wrecks of ruined empire,

Beside the coffin of a headless king !

He thrall'd my fate—I have prepared his doom ;

He made me captive—lo ! his narrow cell !

(Advancing to the front of the stage.)

So hands unseen do fashion forth the earth

Of our frail schemes into our funeral urns ;

So, walking dream—led in life's sleep, our steps

Move blindfold to the scaffold or the throne !

Ay, to the *Throne !* From that dark thought I

strike

The light which cheers me onward to my goal.

Wild though the night, and angry though the

winds,

High o'er the billows of the battling sea,

My spirit, like a bark, sweeps on to Fortune !

LIFE.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

A strangely chequered scene :

Many a broad dark shadow,

Many a light between.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

Struggles 'twixt right and wrong,

Short-comings—heart-felt wailings—

Prayers to be sent forth strong.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

A problem none can solve,

As now, 'twill be a mystery

As long as worlds revolve.

Life ! Life ! What is it ?

Comes back a sad refrain,

Sung by some soul forsaken,

That seeketh rest in vain.

MY FIRST SALMON.

I REMEMBER him as though it were but yesterday. The lapse of two long years has failed to obliterate from my memory the slightest fact connected with him ; often of nights, unable to sleep, my thoughts turn back involuntarily to the day, and again, in imagination, I struggle fiercely with " My First Salmon."

Oh, reader ! have you ever experienced a wet Sunday. Have you ever experienced a wet Sunday in Scotland ? If so I need not ask whether you enjoyed it or not. My own joyous recollections of rainy Scottish Sabbaths are centered in one day, during the whole of which my two companions and I sat busily engaged in talking of the prospects of sport on the morrow. The beating of the stormy rain against the library windows filled us with pleasant thoughts of a " rise " in the river, and added a new and absorbing interest to our careful overhaul of rods, flies, lines, wading stockings and other paraphernalia.

A soft morning in April. A gentle breeze commencing to disperse the mist-wreaths masking the black wild hills. Dew-drops on every blade of grass. The river " on the rise." Masses of grey cold vapour filling its rocky bed, and rolling noiselessly downward over the hoarsely-complaining waters. *That was the morning !* James Gordon, alias " The Duke," says it's the best day for fishing we have had " the year," and who should know better than he does. " Duke " is the oracle of the river, and has fished it, man and boy, for over sixty years. A picturesque old fellow, nigh on eighty years of almost amphibious life, very tall, and with a bright red handkerchief tied loosely round his thin, brown neck. Who can tell you the exact spot the salmon lies in, throw such a long line, or cast a fly with such a delicate hand as " the Duke ? "

Very brusque, and authoritative to the verge of absolute incivility, " the Duke " wastes as few words on you as he possibly can, self respect, which in a younger man one would call conceit, peeping thinly veiled from every angle of his gaunt shadeless character. He looks down on you from an attitude as at an insect, which, if opinionative on any point connected however remotely with salmon, must be crushed. His cognomen " Duke " is one of his own coinage. In his younger days the most daring salmon poacher in the country, Gordon combined that nocturnal avocation with the more lawful ones of wheelright and militiaman.

Arthur, Duke of Wellington, about that epoch was astonishing the French legions in Spain. Some fair friend of James Gordon's put it into his head that when in uniform the resemblance he bore to the great

Captain was something striking. There and then he adopted the name "Duke," which has clung to him for the last half century and more.

Just look at him now, striding along the river side with two ponderous salmon rods on his shoulder, and an exaggerated fish creel slung across his square broad chest. He is informing me as to the habits of the king of fish, doing so in a manner clearly indicative of what he thinks of me,—he is evidently more than half of the opinion that he is casting pearls before swine. "Ye see" he says, "I'd tell ye mair aff I thocht ye wad understaun," The fush gaes doon tae the sea wi' the fresh water maggits in his gills, an comes hame up wi' the saut water loase ahint his tail."

I mentally resolve that "the Duke" is hoaxing me, but nevertheless keep quiet. "He gaes doon tae the sea a meeserable thin animal o' maybe seeven or echt pund weighcht, an comes up hame again a gallant twenty pund fush in aboot echt weeks, think o' that young man."

"But what do the fish get fat upon so quickly when they are in the sea, Duke?" my companion asks. (He is a liberal member of the present House of Commons owner of the fishings, and "the Duke's" landlord, altogether a person of secondary importance).

"Y'ell hae tae gang tae the Almichty an' speer there, for I'm na able tae tell ye," is the somewhat sulky reply. "He hauds the ocean i' the hollow o' His han', an' He's the only ane kens the feedin' intil't."

When "the Duke" is compelled to plead ignorance on any point connected with salmon, he invariably does so with the worst possible grace.

"Noo," he says, stopping, "Noo we'll begin richt here, sae pit aff yer coat John." This mandate is issued to the aforesaid M.P., who obediently strips.

A consultation about the choice of a fly ends in a dispute from which the legislator (who is a first-rate judge of such matters), emerges vanquished and "the Duke's" choice is triumphantly fastened on the line. The fisherman is then commanded to "gang in at aince an no to waste ony mair vailuable time daein' naething."

The lawgiver wades into what seems to my inexperienced eye a most dangerous torrent,—carefully inch by inch ventures in, and at length stands immersed above the waist in the centre of a raging, chafing stream, which runs turbulently into a broad black pool.

"Ye are far enough oot noo," "the Duke" calls to him, and he commences to fish, slowly throwing a very long line right across the head of the pool, drawing it straight over without jerking, and making a forward step between each cast. After four or five such throws, a tumultuous splash far down the pool causes a smothered oath to escape from "the Duke," and a sudden stoppage of fishing on the part of the M.P.

The former demands in a loud voice :

"Did he touch the heuk?"

"Yes," is the answer.

"Then gie him plenty o' time. Bide a bit noo."

The fisher stands bracing himself in the current for about five minutes doing nothing, then "the Duke" commands him to "try againe noo."

The casting is recommenced, and on the exact spot where the former rise took place, the big swell in the water, and tightening of the line tell a different story to the futile splash of the preceding one. Amid the sharp metallic whirr of the revolving reel and the confused din of the noisy river our lawgiver retreats as quickly as he can to dry land, and there is waylaid by "the Duke."

"*Ca' Canny! Man!*" he urges imperatively. "*Ca' canny, wull ye. Ease her aff noo, man! Gie her mair line! Ah! but ye're a fair fule!*" This last is caused by a sudden rush of the fish down stream. "Why did ye alloo that," he demands. "Did I no tell ye tae gie her mair line, an' noo you've sent her doon to the warst puill i' the hail water."

As he speaks, or rather vociferates thus, the king of fish is going round and round in majestic circles away at the foot of the pool. The whole of the fisherman's line is out, perhaps 120 yards of it, and he is rapidly reeling it in and hurrying down. I follow as fast as possible, so does the "Duke." When we arrive opposite where the fish is, all the line has been "reeled in," the salmon is still fiercely cutting round and round in circles, the line taut as a bow-string, and the great heavy rod like a twig under the tremendous strain. Suddenly the gallant fish makes a terrific rush for the opposite bank, whir-r-r goes the reel. He throws his long, lithe, silvery body high in the air, falls back with a truly regal splash, and sinks to the bottom, about sixty yards from our shore, and "sulks." "The Duke" comes up at this juncture and instantly orders *John* "tae gang in immediate." *John* "gangs," accompanied by *Gordon*. They wade in and in cautiously up to their arm-pits, and then try various methods of aggravating His Royal Highness out of the hole where his bad temper detains him.

This goes on for about half an hour, during which time I sit on the bank and enjoy myself hugely. Several bare-footed, timid-eyed children steal out of a neighbouring wood, and come to the brink to watch the fun. I can distinctly recall their little brown faces and unkempt hair as they stood dabbling their sunburnt toes in the lapping, rustling river. The whole picture is vivid before me as I think of it. The tumultuous stream, with large white foam-bells, hurrying down, "Duke" and the member in the centre. The background of green budding trees bending down to the rocky bed on the other side. The bright green sward, starred with daisies and buttercups. The song of the joyous birds, and the little brown elves on the margin of the restless river. I

even remember filling my pipe, though that was no remarkable or unfrequent occurrence. This is worth living for, I mentally conclude, and so calmly and deliberately enjoy the whole surroundings, as I said before. My calm and deliberate enjoyment is prematurely put an end to by "the Duke," who turning round, summons me in a loud voice to "come oot an bring a fistfu' o' stanes wi' me." This I am led to believe is the orthodox method of rousing the salmon from his sulky reveries.

I obey, and yet with a certain diffidence, born of a rushing torrent, and a rough bed of large rocks. The "stones" are "heaved" by "the Duke's" skilful hand—the sulks end, and after a few more minutes of ineffectual tho' brave struggling on the part of the sulky one, the "Duke" jerks him ashore with a large steel hook or "gaff." "He's eichteen pund if he weighs ane," that personage remarks indifferently as he extracts the hook from its mouth, spits on the feathers, and smooths them between his fingers and thumb.

Sitting down and gazing fixedly and admiringly at the salmon, is but a natural impulse on my part, but this receives small encouragement from "the Duke," who demands if "I am gaun tae waste the hail day sittin' doon like an auld hen," and muttering something anent people "who never saw a fush afore," he seizes the slaughtered monarch by the tail, and consigns him to the creel. "We'll gang awa doon the water noo, he says, "tis nae kin o' use about here the day, for there's ower little water in't, hooever it'll be graun' the morn's morn."

This was not my first salmon—far from it. That it was not my friend's the Honourable the Member for the County's first, or one hundred and first, I am equally certain, so here have I been prosing away about my first salmon, and a line has not been cast for its benefit as yet. It should have been in the creel by this time had justice been done it. I see I'll have to give myself "mair line," as "Duke" would say, and drive ahead.

To avoid unseemly discussions, we proceed down the stream without delay. "Duke" marches ahead, I closely follow. The van is brought up by the county member, who walks along rod on shoulder, and coat on arm. Little shadows flitting behind him raise suspicions that the "wee brown bairnies" are following in our wake.

I engage "the Duke" in conversation with the happiest result. It is evident that the capture of such a large clean fish, so early of the season, has somewhat mollified him.

"Do you think 'Duke' that there is *any* chance of my being able to get a fish to-day?" is my first conversational feeler.

"Ou aye! I'll let ye kill ane may be, but ye maun bide a bit, an' leuk and lairn. Aff ye've never hand'lt a saumon wand afore, ye'd mak a pair job o't, aff ye got on a fush o' the size o' the last ane."

I eagerly profess a knowledge of trout fishing in all its branches—claim to be something of an expert in the management of small flies. My professions are somewhat dampened by “the Duke’s” reply (from a salmon point of view), “That’s naethin’ ava.”

However, he unbends sufficiently to relate with great gusto an encounter he had with the Earl of——, who one day caught him digging worms on his lawn.

“He comes up tae me an he said, says he, ‘what are ye diggin up ma lawn for.’ ‘Wurrums,’ I said, an I went on diggin. ‘Dis ye ken wha I am?’ he asks. ‘Na,’ says I, ‘an I dinna care either.’ ‘Weel,’ he says, ‘I am the Earl o’ ——’ I pit doon ma spade, an gaiter’d mysell up, an says I in a lood voice, ‘*I am the Duke o’ Gordon.*’ He didna say ony mair, but pickit up ma spade and walked aff wi’t. I alloo’d him doe’t, for thinks I tae mysel, yer lordship i’ll hae ye up yet for stealin it. So I went richt to the toon an’ wantit tae get oot a warrant again him for stealin ma spade, an’ wud ye believe it they wudna gie it tae me.”

This is food for reflection. “Duke,” notwithstanding his aristocratic name and appearance (for if “dressed,” a more distingué old man it would be hard to find), is evidently just as brusque to nobles of high degree as he is to simple unpretending members of parliament, and provincials like my companion and myself.

He is very much above titles (although he has chosen one of the very highest in the peerage). No one is entitled to his unqualified respect who is not his superior in the salmon line, and that individual, happily for “the Duke’s” peace of mind, is not extant.

His story keeps us in employment till we reach the next fishing place. It is an easy one to fish, and “the Duke” consents to my trying my maiden hand on it. “Noo,” says he, “dio ye see that rock oot there? weel, if there’s a fush i’ the puill at a’ there’s whar he is, an he’ll rise at ye aboot a fut oot frae that stane awa at the end o’t. What ye’ve got to dae is to cast aboot twalve yaids abuve it, an mak yer fly cross every inch between there and the stane. Noo, dio ye understan what ye’ve got to dae?” I assent, and commence.

The rod is painfully heavy, and it is as much as ever I can do to make the first cast decently. “Will that do?” I ask humbly, as I bring the fly slowly across stream. “Ye’ll dae,” is the faint encouragement. The next throw, and the succeeding one, are both performed in a manner that will “dae.” I am directed to “let oot a yaird o’ line” between each cast, and obey. Nothing transpires till my fly is swept over the spot where “Duke” said the fish would rise. Up he comes with a thundering splash; my line, taut for an instant, falls slack. He is off. “Its no your faut hoover,” is the doubtful comfort administered to me.

"That heuk has no barb on't, I thoct it wud dae for a lairner, but I was mistaen may be."

There is no use in my fishing it over again, so I sit disconsolately on the bank and watch the member of parliament do his very best to betray the recreant salmon to his fate. His luck is not worth recording. No "rise" encourages his efforts, so he gives in. Now this was not my *First Salmon*. I would have no one for an instant suppose that it was, and here I am but little closer to him than I was before.

After our disappointment has somewhat subsided, a rest is graciously granted by "the Duke," and we are soon engaged in discovering what our sandwiches are made of, and whether they are well made or not. We find no cause for complaint, and being in that happy mood to which the addition of a joke is the only thing necessary to complete an unalloyed state of beatitude, I am betrayed into chaffing "the Duke" about the impossibilities which he had endeavoured to pass off on me as gospel, earlier that day. "For instance," I am fool enough to remark, "that nonsense you told me about fresh water maggots in unclean fish gills, and salt water lice on the clean one's tails." Immediately after delivering myself of this I am sorry. I have been sorry ever since. "The Duke" looks at me from head to foot as if doubting the accuracy of his ears, then looks at me from foot to head as if doubting the possession of his own reason. He says nothing, but with trembling hands extracts the salmon from the basket. He put it down on the grass and gazes at it in a dreamy manner for an instant or two, I have no doubt mentally saying, "Salmon may be doubted, but that I should be made light of, laughed at, *disbelieved*,—impossible." He beckons to me to come over near him, motions me to a seat and says, "Is this a clean fush?" "Yes; I think it is!" "Examine his gills thin." I lift his gill covers and look; they are bright, firm and red,—no trace of maggots. "Dio ye see ony thin?" "No," I answer. "Noo leuk ahint his tail." I look, and observe small black bodies gathering beneath. "Dio ye ken what they thins are?" he asks. "No;" is my answer. "Well," he says, "Aff ye dinna believe *me*, an aff ye dinna believe the evidence o' yer ain eyesight, ignorant tho' it be, what in the deevil will ye believe? Ainswer me that noo?" A faint apology from me is stifled in its birth by an observation of his, to the river apparently, "Eh! ma certy but there's a wheen mair fules i' this warld than ane wud expeck." This is of course an "aside" which is not to be noticed. The production of a well filled whiskey flask tends considerably towards appeasing the old man's quiet wrath, and he even softens down far enough after the second nip to admit without solicitation on my part, the fact that I am "young." That complete ignorance on all points connected with salmonology is "varra naitural in ane sae young." Perhaps with accumulating years I'll "dae."

These, with various other concessions, insignificant in themselves, but overpowering when coming from such a source as "the Duke" are hailed by me with complete satisfaction. After the third nip, "Duke" rises superior to all worldly considerations save benign self-consciousness. He rakes out his pocket book and produces a short ultra-pathetic sonnet, composed to him by the late minister of the parish, dead long years ago. It represents the aged fisherman,—creeping down to his beloved river, basking in the sun, gazing at its well-remembered waters—never again shall he cast a line athwart, &c., &c., &c.

He reads it aloud with a husky voice, and a suspicion of a tear hang's on the point of his nose, and splashes on the well-thumbed newspaper cutting. "That's me ye ken," he says simply. "That puir man wrote this about me lang years syne, an' I'm alive tae this day—an he is dead. I dinna care if I never handle a rod or wet a line again, for I'm get'g tired like o' the hail beezness." He now declares that we "maun hae anither fush" for "it'll never dae to gang hame wi' only ane i' the creel. So lat's be awa doon the water. Swallow that moothfu' o' whisky, John! Ye wanna? Weel, I'll daet mysel'." He does.

We go down through the thick belt of trees which throw long dark shadows on the bright, foamy river, and strike a path which leads down stream. The afternoon sun is strong as we emerge into a green glade on the water side. Timid rabbits and hares skurry away up the hillside when we appear. The river here is wide and rapid, and in the centre lies a long, high, rocky ridge. The cast, I am informed, is away on the other side of it towards the opposite bank. "The Duke" says it's "ane o' the verra best puills i' the hail water, an monies an monies the gallant fush I hae ta'en oot o't before the sun rised o' a mornin'." He adds that he'll "lat me fush't," but I "maun be verra, verra carefu', for it's no' every ane can tak' a saumon oot o' thon." To my inexperienced eye it seems a herculean task to take a fish out of *anywhere* on this river, and it is with no slight misgivings that I prepare to wade out to the ridge of rock, which is to be the stand-point. The struggle against the strong, foamy current in getting there, does not tend to soothe the nerves of an amateur. "The Duke," *of course*, follows close behind to keep a watchful eye on all the proceedings. At last I am planted, one foot higher than the other on the top of the rock, and gaze over the smoothly boiling pool below me. In slow foam-flecked eddies the water circles, and there is a grand-looking spot about thirty yards out, a little lower down. "Yon's the place whar he lies," "the Duke" informs me. "Noo! young man ye maun be verra, verra, carefu' aff ye get him on, an' abuve a', young fellow, abuve a', dinna be afeard tae gie him line. Gie him line tull he taks nae mair, a'ways, hooever, keepin' a gude ticht grup o' his mooth—ye can begin noo, joost a wee thin' this side o't."

With an accelerated pulse the first cast is made. The current carries the fly just over the spot—a splash—a tremendous double tug—down goes the tip of my rod—whir-r-r-r goes the reel—out flies the line. I am almost blind with excitement, and equally deaf to the frantic vociferations of “the Duke” just behind me. The fish makes several wild, splashing bounds into the air, and rushes in towards the rock on which I stand blazing with the delirium of fishing. My line, violently pulled out by him at first, falls slack as he comes in close to the rock, and before I can reel it in tight he is splashing and tumbling, rushing hither and thither at my very feet, *on a loose line*. Oh! how I hate to think of that period during which all my latent energies were at hard labour “reeling in.” The pent-up ambition of long years of childhood, boyhood and adolescence were at the mercy of a “*loose line*.” Would that I could stop here and write no more! Must I relate that a triumphant double splash announced the fact that my salmon was lost to me forever? The sacred interests of truth oblige me to confess that this ignominious failure was, logically speaking, *My First Salmon*.

I have hardly the heart to write more. To turn round to “the Duke,” bitter anger and sickening disappointment struggling for mastery within me, was my first impulse. Any private emotions I may have felt were instantly dispelled on looking at the face of that worthy. “The Duke” was standing with clenched hands, absolutely pallid and trembling with rage unutterable. If any man ever felt small, mean, and contemptible, I did thoroughly at this climax. If he had rated me, abused me, nay, even maltreated me at this juncture it would have been bad enough, but morally he did far worse. He never said a word, but just looked at me, blanched with ire and contempt too deep for words.

After a pause he turned his back on the rock and me, and waded slowly to shore. Can any one wonder that the whole aspect of nature seemed changed to me. The sunlight seemed garish—the birds sang harshly, the hoarse rush of the river acquired an additional hoarseness, and actually seemed to dance and laugh in strange, weird glee at my failure. Need I say more? I will spare the reader from any details of the welcome which I received on regaining the bank. The member was kind and sympathetic as usual, but “the Duke” never uttered a word, good, bad or indifferent to me, during the rest of the afternoon of that memorable day on which I missed capturing *My First Salmon*.

A. B.

EVENINGS IN THE LIBRARY.

No. 5—LONGFELLOW.

THE professor was turning over some engravings in his portfolio the next evening, when Frank and Charles entered the library. He was looking at the charming face of Evangeline, holily saintly in its expression, and said, "Twenty-five years make a great difference in a world's literary history. I remember the time in the days of the *Annuals*, and *Keepsakes*, and *Yearly Visitors*, which the publishers used to give us, full of pretty pictures, and harmless letterpress, when the poet and story-teller were subservient to the artist and engraver. I recollect how we used to buy these books and present them, with many blusters and misgivings, to those dear ones, our sweethearts. You boys were very young then, but it seems as if it was only the other day that you sat by my side and asked questions about the pictures, and teased me to read you the stories, and tell you what the poetry meant. I remember how gaudily bound these books were, and how attractive the outside was, and how dull the verses were, and insipid the prose appeared. I have one—a fair average copy of the series—on this table. Look at it. It was given to your mother a quarter of a century ago. See, it is *The Lady's Album* for 1851. The engravings are rather good, indeed fully as well executed in those old times as they could be to-day. The type too, is good and legible, and the volume, as a whole, is a creditable specimen of book-making, but the reading matter is rubbish. We have changed the order of things since then. The artist has yielded to the poet, and new geniuses like Mary Hallock, Sol Etynge, and Birket Foster, illustrate the grand thoughts of Longfellow, of Dickens, of Goldsmith, and of Thomas Gray. The picture is poetized. The conception of the poet is conceived again in the brain of the artist, and with the idea before him he gives a pictorial illustration of that view as it occurs to him, or as his fancy paints it. In the old days all the expense and labour were lavished on the pictorial part of the book, and hack writers were employed to write poetry and sketches to suit. Dickens was once approached by Chapman and Hall, and asked to furnish the vehicle for certain plates to be executed by Seymour, then at the height of fame. The novelist, unknown and obscure as he was at the time, demurred at this, and suggested that it would be better for the plates to arise naturally out of the text. After some conversation, the publishers hesitatingly adapted his views, and the famous *Pick-*

wick Papers were written. I once knew an ambitious magazine editor who contemplated something of this kind. He heard that engravings could be had at a very cheap price in Germany, after having done duty once or twice in European publications. He accordingly sent for some of these, and intended to introduce them into the pages of his serial, and write the letterpress himself to accommodate the circumstances of the case. But the magnificent project failed. His magazine died before the pictures came, and his readers were spared."

"But all of the *Annals* you mention were not alike. I have seen some that were interesting. The *Irving Offering*, for instance, is quite clever, and the *Bryant Homestead Book* is another. These contain some of the gems of those fine writers, and the engravings are daintily done and in excellent taste."

"The books you speak of are exceptions. I grant you there are some very charming books occasionally issued in the 'Annual' form, but not many. I am not speaking of the present day, but only of the past. The *Bryant Book* is only a volume of that poet, containing some of his finest efforts, and illustrated by some choice pencils. It is a modern book, and was published but the other day. You see, the artists illustrated the poet, not the poet the artists. The same may be said of *The Irving Offering*. Mr. Irving's fame was reached when that book came out, and it is only a handsome copy of some of his sketches. The artists followed him; he did not follow the artists. It is no disparagement to the latter that it should be so. All great painters choose their subjects, by common consent, from some event which has happened, or from some grand conception of the poet or historian, and they show us how skilfully they can interpret that conception, and how faithfully they can carry out that thought. Maclise's greatest works illustrate a sea-fight, a meeting of two veteran generals, a scene from Macbeth, and another from Hamlet. The same with every painter, from the earliest to the latest times. Some event furnished the subject. The painter's originality lies in his conception of his work. A sculptor should have a knowledge of tailoring and millinery. He should be a good barber, and many great sculptors have been poets also. It is the tailor which is in him which teaches him how to arrange the drapery on his statue in the way in which it will look the best, and give the highest effect. It is the barber in his nature which arranges the coiffure of his women, and attaches the garland to the brow of his Olympian hero. If he is not a barber, a tailor, and a milliner, he fails as a sculptor, and a want appears in his work which destroys its value as an æsthetic performance, and lowers its value in a money sense. Some landscape painters, who turn out good work too, cannot paint figures. They are not tailors, and the objects which they place in their pictures often ruin the entire

effect. A poet should have a knowledge of music and a correct idea of time. Without these, his poetry must halt, and his feet grow uneven and sluggish. It is the melody which springs from every line of Moore that delights us, and often catches us humming over snatches of his songs. It is the quick-stepping numbers of Burns' verse which entrances us with his muse. It is this organ of time and tune, which Longfellow has in so wonderfully developed a state, which makes us love his poetry so thoroughly, and enjoy it so heartily. Take, as an example, his exquisite *Psalm of Life* which flows on so musically. Every word of it seems to grow more pure and more rich with every successive reading. It covers the whole ground of Wordsworth's ode, and teaches us in a sublime way how to live and how to die. No one can read it without feeling touched."

"Mr Fields gives an interesting account of the origin of this poem," said Frank, "I read it somewhere in a report of one of his lectures, I think. The poet was sitting between two windows, at a small table in his chamber, looking out on a bright summer morning in July, 1838. He was busy with his feelings, and apparently recovering from some heavy weight of sorrow, when the beautiful *Psalm* came into his mind, and with scarcely any effort he jotted the lines down where he sat. His heart was very full, and he kept the poem for many months before giving it to the world. It was a voice from his inmost heart, and he kept it. The line 'There is a reaper whose name is death,' crystallized at once, without effort, in the poet's mind, says Mr. Fields, and he wrote it rapidly down, with tears filling his eyes as he composed it."

"Fields has a wonderful collection of anecdotes, recollections, portraits, prints, letters and manuscripts, of all the famous authors for a hundred years back. He has a letter of Charles Lamb's, and many curious things of deep interest to a literary man. His lectures are full of interest, and his delightful *Whispering Gallery Papers*, afterwards collected in the volume, *Yesterday With Authors*, contain facts and fancies about Hawthorne, Dickens, Thackeray, and many others. Mr. Fields has met personally all the great men of his time, and friends in England and in Europe collected for him letters and sketches of the literary men and women who lived before his day. One never tires of listening to his talk or reading his books. He gives the origin of most things of literary character in them. Longfellow's fine ballad of *The Wreck of the Hesperus*, he tells us, was written in 1839. A storm occurred the night before, and as the poet sat smoking his pipe, about midnight, by the fire, the wrecked *Hesperus* came sailing into his mind. He went to bed, but the poem had seized him and he could not sleep. He got up and wrote the celebrated verses, 'The clock was striking three.' Longfellow himself says, 'When I finished the last stanza.' The poem

came into his mind by whole stanzas, not by lines, and he wrote without let or hindrance."

"I think," remarked Charles, "that we take more interest in an author's work when we know the circumstances under which certain parts of it were composed. Next to the *Skeleton in Armour* I think *The Wreck of the Hesperus* the noblest ballad Longfellow has written. It smells of the storm and of the sea, and the splendid story which the poet tells us of a father's death at the helm, and a maiden's fate on that dreadful night, is intensely dramatic in incident and description. What can be finer than this :—

" He wrapped her warm in his seaman's coat
Against the stinging blast ;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

" ' O father ! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be ?'
' 'Tis a fog-bell on the rock-bound coast ! —
And he steered for the open sea.

" ' O father ! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be ?
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

" Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

" Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be ;
And she thought of Christ who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

* . * * * *

" At day-break, on the bleak sea-beach,
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair,
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

" The salt sea was frozen on her breast
The salt tears in her eyes ;
And he saw her hair, like brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

" Such was the wreck of the *Hesperus*,
In the midnight and the snow !
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's woe ?"

"The ballad is indeed striking," said the professor, "and I don't wonder at Longfellow's sleeplessness with such a thought tearing through his brain. It is singular what an effect his more vigorous poems have had upon his mind. They seem to have come upon him

with an almost maddening energy, and refused quiet to him until they were committed to paper. The *Skeleton in Armour* appeared to him in 1849, as he was riding along the beach, at Newport, on a summer's afternoon. A short time before that a skeleton had been dug up at Fall River, clad in broken and corroded armour. It had a profound impression on the bard, and to it we are indebted for one of the most glorious ballads of the age. The poet connected the skeleton with the Round Tower, usually known to the people roundabout as the Old Windmill. Now, the tower is claimed by the Danes as the work of their early ancestors. So great an authority as Professor Rafn inclines to this belief, and boldly declares the structure to be a genuine specimen of architecture built not later than the twelfth century. This applies to the original building at Newport only, and not to the 'improvements' that it has received from time to time, since it was first erected. There are several such alterations in the upper part of the building which cannot be mistaken, and which were probably used in modern times for different purposes. The windmill was a later alteration, but the base remains in all its ancient glory. These are the materials which supplied Longfellow with a theme for a ballad. The skeleton would not be laid until the solitary horseman promised a poem. In this we have the poet in his boldest vein, and every verse rings like the notes of the clarion. It is unquestionably his grandest and strongest piece of writing. The masterly touches of the balladist remind us of some of the great things one finds in Percy. One can take it up at any time, but the old story always seems fresh and new, and one never grows weary of the admirable lay. Longfellow has written scarcely more than four or five ballads, but every one of them is a gem. The *Elected Knight*, from a Danish legend, and the *Luck of Edenhall*, from the German, with the two I have mentioned, form a quartette of ballad rhyme hardly equalled by a poet of our century."

"I think no one can read Longfellow without being impressed, I was going to say, saturated with his genius. It is broad and expansive. Even in his simplest poems, bits such as one finds in *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, which contains so much that is beguiling and charming, one is struck with the beauty and power of Longfellow's mind. He never trifles with his muse, nor writes with an air of affectation, such as we often see in poets of even good standing. He never sacrifices sense to sound, nor indulges in rare words. His style is of the greatest simplicity, and everyone can read Longfellow and understand him. He never sends you scouring through old glossaries looking for unknown terms, as Mr. Browning does much too frequently, by the way, for his own reputation, nor does he indulge in hidden meanings or obscure metaphors. He accomplishes his purpose without theatrical aid and the glorious effect

of red fire. He does not clothe his characters in the cast-off garments which figured in the images of the works of the old poets. He is a discoverer, for he has found in the New World a race of people hitherto undescribed by the poet. He has gone into the forests and wild woods, and learned the traditions and legends of the red people of the land; and, in his own splendid way, with the fire of his genius flashing from every verse, he has sung to us in undying numbers the *Song of Hiawatha*, a poem which marks Longfellow's place in literature—a work which will always live. It is a history of a race that is fast passing away, a tribute perhaps which ought to be paid by the Circasian to the man of Colour, to the first owner of the territory. What an irresistible charm there is in this beautiful story of Hiawatha and lovely Minnehaha, with its resonant but curious and unmistakable metre—a measure which is peculiarly Longfellowian, and which will always be identified with him. With what delight do we turn the wonderful pages of the volume and read again this work, which stands alone, unlike anything ever seen before. How full and sweet and tender are the verses, and how much power and vigour the poet has contrived to concentrate into them. The *Song* is divided into parts, but each section may be read alone without injuring the continuity of the whole. A slender thread binds the sheaves together, but you can read the 'wooing' or the 'famine,' and stop there if you want to, for the story is complete in every part. The public reader finds much that is admirable in any of the songs, but to read them on the platform as they should be read,—to read them without relapsing into tedious sing-song, requires almost as much genius as it required to write them in the first place. I shall never forgive a lady I once heard read 'The Wooing,' whose ridiculous taste made her pronounce 'Moinne,' and laugh the 'ha-ha' outright. You can hardly conceive how disastrous her performance was. The poem was ruined, and her dreadful voice, as shrill as a chanticieer's on a bright morning, grated in the ears of the auditors, harshly and offensively. And this lady had some character as a reader. I shall never forget her; and she amazed me as much as Mrs. Scott Siddons did, when she corrected Tennyson, and altered Tom Hood. Would you believe it, this lady actually changed the full meaning 'Christian charity' of Hood, to the meaningless 'human charity' of her own mind. I think public reciters should be taught that it is a crime punishable by law to mutilate a classic author. But I suppose we must put up with their arrogance and bad taste; and when we find our favourite lines in Burns and Byron twisted and turned till we fail to recognise them again, we must put it down to the superior genius of the performers on the stage, and forgive them as we have long ago learned to forgive the fantastic tricks which Colley Cibber played with Shakespeare."

"You are hard on our platform celebrities," said Frank, "but hardly more so than some of them deserve. They are worse than bad actors, for these unfortunate knights of the sock and buskin at least speak what is set down for them, and never dare to substitute their own language for the author's, unless they are quite hopeless cases, altogether beyond redemption. Old actors like Macready and Forrest, the legends of the Green-room tell us, have crushed young aspirants when through nervousness or fright they forgot words and even lines sometimes in the text, with a dark frown and a 'remember, sir, this is Shakspeare,' and the young actor seldom forgot the lesson in after life. Had Mrs. Siddons—not the great one—been a success on the stage, and served a proper apprenticeship to it, she would not have the hardihood afterwards to offend our ideas of taste, by substituting her own weak words for the grand utterances of the masters in literature."

"We were speaking of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*," said Charles, "and I am a little curious to know, sir, if you consider that the poet has put into it his best work. Has he written it, like Tennyson has written his *Idyls of the King*, with the intention of alluring his fame to rest there? It is a coincidence that the two greatest poets of our day, speaking the same language, but living under different governments, should have each chosen a national subject as the ground-work of their fame."

"Yes," observed the professor, "I see a coincidence, and I think Longfellow himself thinks that *Hiawatha* is his first work in power. If you will notice how perfect it is in detail, and how finished it is in execution! There is not a line in the whole work that could be removed without being missed. It is a permanent contribution, not only to the literature of the New World—and I think it has a literature—but also to that great republic of letters which extends throughout the whole globe. It is full of pictures of fancy, sometimes of a weird nature, but always fanciful and airy. A certain grace too, hovers about always, and the strange fascination with which the songs are surcharged never leaves them. Longfellow has written many exquisite things; his muse takes a wide range, and he has travelled a good deal, and seen a great part of the world. Of an observant nature, and of æsthetic delicate tastes, he has seen everything worth seeing, and his glorious fancy and warm imagination have peopled his brain with the most elegant and beautiful images, and these he has given to us in the shape of those poems and sonnets and songs which have so enriched our common literature. You meet with something striking in Longfellow when you least expect it. He is always so felicitous, that you sometimes think he will never give you anything rugged and bold, and you get to expect only pretty fancies, clothed in eloquent and sweet-sounding English. He seems to put his whole life into his poems, and they are—

but parts of himself. His extensive reading and culture have brought him into intimate acquaintance with the best writings of old world poets, and some of many of his sweetest lyrics and idyls are given as translations from these bards."

"But Longfellow has given us many poems which are not translations. Poems which are descriptive of scenes and incidents in out of the way nooks and corners of the old world. These are rich in imagery, and the drapery which hangs about them is of the choicest texture, and reminds me of an Eastern fabric. I cannot name them all here, there are so many of them. Have you read *Cadenabbia*, *Monte Cassino*, *Amalfi*, *The Old Bridge at Florence*—that delightful sonnet which speaks so eloquently—and that dainty bit, *The Longo River*? Or turn again the pages, and dip into those robust strains which we find in the batch of verses called *By the Seaside*. Here we have a stirring poem, as familiar as some of the songs of Dibdin, the ever fresh *Building of the Ship*, which has received the honour of quotation more than any other of Longfellow's poems, and *Sir Humphrey Gilbert* and *The Lighthouse* among the rest. But turn where you will, our poet has left nothing untouched. By the fireside we discover him telling some gentle story to a group of enraptured inmates of the cottage. Perhaps it is *The Birds of Passage*, or the tender *Suspiria*, or that matchless gem, *The Hanging of the Crane*, which every young wife should have by her, that we hear. And where shall we get a finer burst of song than *The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuille*, from the *Gascon of Jasurin*, which the poet gives us so metrically, and which is full of his best figures? I think, more and more, that Longfellow's popularity is greater than Tennyson's, even in England; away from the towns and cities, in cottage homes, in hamlets, the sweet singer of Cambridge is known and loved, and well-thumbed volumes of his poems show how much he is read and enjoyed. His audiences are larger than the Laureate's. He appeals to a wider circle. His humanity is not broader, but his poetry has more soul in it, and it reaches the heart quicker, and brings out the better nature which is in man. His songs have been written for the people, for the labouring classes, who work out in the fields and till the ground. The songs of nature which he has written are for them, and we find his works at their fireside, and hard, brown hands turn the leaves. Tennyson never reaches these homes. His books—small and neat as they are, and it takes a dozen of them to hold all his poems—are met with in the parlours and drawing-rooms of the intelligent upper classes who read, but here, too, Longfellow has a place, and his books find a welcome as hearty and as genuine as the Laureate's own. Every one who reads Tennyson reads Longfellow also. Longfellow does not belong to America only, but to the whole world. He is more popular in England

to-day than any other poet of this century, and his great ode on the death of the Warden of the Cinque Ports, originally prepared, I think, for the old *Putnam's Magazine*, was pronounced superior to Tennyson's ode on the same subject—though both are fine compositions. His reputation has been earned by hard work alone. No man has taken greater pains with his work, and he deserves every honour he has received. Poe, long ago, called him a man of true genius, and Griswold has written somewhere, 'of all our poets, Longfellow best deserves the title of artist.' He has studied the principles of verbal melody, and rendered himself master of the mysterious affinities which exist between sound and sense, word and thought, feeling and expression. We take an interest in Longfellow because he has made immortal a bit of our territory—the land of *Evangeline*. This is a simple enough story, but as told by the poet it has become a classic. Every one is familiar with it, and I need at this time do nothing more than merely refer to it in passing. Of course you have heard the origin of this legend ? ”

“No, tell it to us.”

“Well, Longfellow, has never been in Nova Scotia, and the story that the old settlers in Acadia used to tell among themselves was once recounted to Hawthorne in Longfellow's home by a mutual friend, who wished the novelist to make it the subject of a romance. But for some reason or other, Hawthorne did not grasp the idea with readiness, and Longfellow begged the gentleman to tell the tale again, and stand in the west and say what he saw. The legend was repeated, and Grand Prè was described minutely. The poet jotted down the words as they fell from his visitor's lips, and asked a monopoly of the subject. This was at once yielded to him, and in a little while one of the poet's most delightful poems was published. He has often felt an anxiety to visit the spot which his pen has made so famous, and which has become a place of pilgrimage by tourists, but, thus far, has not been able to accomplish the journey.”

“What a faithful description of the place the poet has given. You could almost fancy that he had lived at Grand Prè all his life. I see Longfellow has attempted the dramatic form of composition. Do you think him successful in this ? ”

“His dramas are only beautiful poems, and he has written nothing suitable for the stage. His dramas could not be acted. They lack motive power. The best of them all is *The Spanish Student*, and this is certainly a drama which has merit. It is cast in the Shakspearian mould, and the wit in it is of the kind which we find in *Touchstone*. It is grotesque and playful. There are eighteen characters in the play, and these are conceived with more or less success. *Victorian* and *Hypolito* are rather well executed. *The Count of Lara* is the villain,

only tolerably managed, and Preciosa, a beautiful gypsy, is happily conceived. Chispa, Victorian's servant, has all the spirit of the piece, and he is a cleverly drawn personage. His wit is abundant and quick, and when he does not remind you of the King's jester, he smacks strongly of Launcelot Gobbo. He is the life of the drama, and though the plot is old, it is not tedious. The dialogue is sprightly. There are some prettily worded soliloquies, and a few songs and serenades which give the play a Spanish flavor. As a whole, *The Spanish Student* is a pleasant thing to read, and many of the passages are quite graceful. In the same field Longfellow has pursued his work. In the form of the drama he has woven together some very excellent ideas, and his *New England Tragedies* are powerful portrayals of character, and the diction is full of energy. *John Endicott* is the title of the first of these. It is descriptive of the old times in New England when the Quakers were persecuted and tormented. The colouring is exceedingly warm, and while one could easily perceive the work to be Longfellow's, he has excluded a good many of his characteristics. The two Endicott's father and son, and Christisin, the Quakeress, are painted with fine effect, and John Norton is drawn with some vigour. The incidents are good, and the situations are managed with true conception of art. In the other tragedy we have a glimpse of Salem witchcraft. The title of it is *Giles Carey*. It is a more successful assumption, in a dramatic point of view, than the other. Indeed this is a powerful piece, and the situations are very exciting and realistic. The spirit of the piece is well carried out."

"Longfellow has thrown a good deal of his work into the dramatic form, has he not? I remember reading, some years ago, his *Golden Legend*, which then seemed to me like one of the passion plays of Oberammergan; and there is another of the same class—*The Divine Tragedy*, which is even better done than the *Golden Legend*, and describes the life and death of Christ. I thought it singularly faithful to the Scriptures as I had read them."

"*Christus—A Mystery*, stands out as a Herculean labour of the poet. It has taken him many years to bring his Christian poems to the state of perfection in which they are now. They show inspiration and boldness. This last volume is one of the noblest in our language. It comprises all that Longfellow has done in this direction, and includes *The Divine Tragedy*, *The Golden Legend*, and *The New England Tragedies*, with prelude, interludes, and finale—a Christian's library by a Christian poet. These books place Longfellow in even a higher position than he occupied before as a world's poet. He has struck, through them, a blow at popular prejudice, which falls with tremendous force and crushing effect. They are the outcome of a ripe and thoughtful mind. In

Judas Maccabæus we have a specimen of Longfellow's tragic skill. It is in five acts, and in this compass we have a history of the subjection of the Jews. There are masterly touches in this production, and it is written in fine spirit."

"A good many of the poet's songs have been set to music. *The Bridge* is one of these, and also *Beware*, which is very popular with singers. I saw in an old number of *Fraser*, I believe it was, this song rendered into Latin by Dr. Maginn. Have you ever met with it?"

"No, but, if you remember it, I should like to hear it."

"Yes, I have it. I copied it at the time, and if you will give me your attention I will read it.

" 'Est virgo,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Nam bifrons illa est, sæva est amica simul ;
Corpore præstanti, quâ non est pulchrior ore,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'En geminos,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Subtiles oculos, quos habet illa, vagos,
Dejicit, attollit, versutè huc volvit et illuc,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Auratae,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Effusæ pendunt, colla per alba, comæ.
Subridet blandè, loquitur mendacia fingens,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Candidior,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Quam nix nectareus, quæ cadit alba, sinus ;
Scit quando et quantum valeat monstrare puella,—
Te capit, improvidum ludificatque,—CAVE !

" 'Nunc flores,—ne crede, puer, cui perfida ridet,—
Purpureos doctâ colligit illa manu,
Sertum aptâ fingit,—capræ est tibi pileus arte,—
Te capit, improvidum, ludificatque,—CAVE ! ' "

"What a curious fellow Maginn was, all learning and grotesqueness, as hotblooded and erratic as Hook and at times as quaint as Barham. He belonged to Cork, and John Galt, the father of our Sir A. T. Galt, once wrote to Lady Blessington of him in this way ; 'Dr. Maginn is a man, *Blackwood* says, of singular talent and great learning ; indeed, some of the happiest things in the magazine have been from his pen. He was a great admirer of Longfellow, and respected his genius and talents.'"

"Longfellow has met with the highest success as a translator. Familiar with most languages and possessed of the keenest perceptions, he has been able to turn out excellent work. Scattered through his poems one sees many pieces from foreign tongues, all of them delightful compositions, and distinguished alike for their literal following of the original and great beauty in themselves. Longfellow's reading has been so varied and wide that scarcely an old legend exists which he has not ferreted out and turned to account. In the by-ways of Europe he has

found a vast quantity of almost forgotten lore, and many of his best poems owe their origin to some humble story or incident, which reached him in various ways. Thus, for instance, that remarkable French divine and preacher, Jacques Bridaine, whose sermons produced terrible dismay among his congregation, furnished in a disquisition the subject matter of one of the poet's sublimest efforts. In a sermon on Eternity, preached at St. Sulpice, in Paris, about 1754, Bridaine compared Eternity to the pendulum of a clock, which swayed ceaselessly, and un murmuring; *Toujours ! jamais ! jamais ! toujours !* Forever, never, never, forever ! This sermon caused great excitement at the time in Paris, and people were driven in some cases into insanity by it. As soon as Mr. Longfellow read it, he was struck with its wonderful power, and the beautiful idea which it conveyed. But he could not get it out of his mind for several days, '*Toujours ! jamais ! jamais ! toujours !*' ran in his head, and his mind turned constantly to it. He had to use the idea, which haunted him like a nightmare, and he wrote *The Old Clock on the Stairs*, and how much we owe Bridaine for that exquisite poem which goes to every heart !

“ ‘Never here, forever there,
Where all parting, pain and care,
And death and time shall disappear,
Forever there but never here !
The horologe of eternity—
Sayeth this incessently,—
“ Forever—never !
Never—Forever !”

“ You said just now that Longfellow was a literal translator. Is his magnificent work *The Divina Commedia*, of Dante, a literal translation, or is it like Pope's Homer.”

“ It is almost word for word in the language of the great Italian, the most faithful translation thus far written. For a long time, Cary's Dante was the recognised authority, and, so far back as 1809, *The North American Review* pronounced it with confidence the most literal translation in poetry in our language, and Prescott wrote in 1824 to Cary : I think Dante would have given him a place in his ninth heaven, if he could have foreseen his translation. It is most astonishing, giving not only the literal corresponding phrase, but the spirit of the original, the true Dantesque manner. It should be cited as an evidence of the compactness, the pliability, the sweetness of the English tongue.’ In 1839, the year when Mr. Longfellow published five passages from the *Purgatorio*, Cary's reputation stood higher than it did in 1824. A recent writer, G. W. Greene, well versed in the Italian language and poetry, and competent in every way for the task, in a masterly review of Dante's *Divina Commedia*, makes comparisons between Cary and our

poet, and unhesitatingly states that Longfellow's work, with its fourteen thousand two hundred and seventy-eight lines, corresponds word for word with the original Italian; and no one claims that much for Cary. The leading scholars of the day, Charles Elliot Norton among the number, unite in the assertion that Longfellow's translation is the only pure English version of the Italian, and must be accepted as the standard. Mr. Greene, in his estimate, has been very careful and very impartial, and his criticism will be read by every candid reader with great pleasure. He makes his points with admirable tact, and the long excerpts which he introduces are the best authorities he could have for his statements. Mr. Greene, in his review, shows good scholarship and a thorough knowledge of his subject. No one can read Longfellow's Dante without a great deal of pride and pleasure. It is a grand work, and as we have it it reads like an English poem, and every page bears in its face the imprint of genius."

"But Longfellow even does not stop here. He is, besides being a poet and a translator, a novelist of singular excellence, and a prose essayist also. His poetic tastes have aided him materially in the compositions of his lesser, though bright and attractive, writings in prose. No one but a poet could have written *Kavanagh*—a story of wonderful grace and delicacy, with just the faintest touch of humour in it. It is full of pleasant things and delightful conversations and descriptions. One is interested from the start with the fortunes of Churchill, the schoolmaster of Kavanagh, the preacher and the two charming girls, Alice and Cecile, while the smaller characters of the tale are formed with equal tact. We have met a hundred times with that fellow who sold linens and wrote poetry for the village newspaper, and who spoke blank verse in the bosom of his family, and his sister is another character, often seen in real life, and met at intervals, and who has not fallen in with Mr. Hathaway, who sighs for a native and national literature, and grows sanguine on the subject of magazines. And the young lady poet, and poor Lucy, are all types of humanity equally as familiar. How exquisite is the grouping of these individuals, and how deliciously Longfellow brings out the peculiar traits in each. The whole reads like a fascinating poem, and one turns from it to *Evangeline* and back again without losing a particle of the charm which enriches all of the poet's writings."

"I have taken especial interest in the poet's prose works. To me they seem like veritable poems, and *Kavanagh* is a splendid picture of life in a New England village. Apart from the story which forms the framework of this tale, and brings out with good effect Longfellow's keen knowledge of mankind, *Kavanagh* is an elegant piece of descriptive writing. The words are well and aptly chosen, and while always felicitous, there is an entire absence of that grandiloquent or redun-

dant verbiage which grows tiresome and dull in some authors. One wants to read this tale in a leisurely way, and stop now and then at a page, and drink in what the poet says. What a tender bit of writing is that chapter which reveals to Alice the story of the preacher's love for Cecile and the heroic behaviour of the brave girl, in another chapter, when her friend seeks her congratulations, and tells her of her engagement. Lucy's sad death, Alice's illness and death, the exquisite table-talk in the thirteenth chapter, the glimpses we get now and then of Churchill's home, and his wise sayings, the preacher's little study in the old tower, and the bits of quiet philosophy and good-natured raillery here and there, are unapproachable in beauty of composition. One feels the subtle power of Longfellow, the romancist, and it seems a pity that a man who can write such stories should have given us so few of them. *Kavanagh* and *Hyperion* seem to have cost the author little trouble. They are written in the simplest language, conceived with the truest genius, and executed in the highest principle of art. That is why these tales, which are merely plain narratives, captivate the reader on the instant, and throw around him the spell of enchantment."

"But Longfellow is not only novelist and poet, but he is also a very agreeable essayist. I think his short papers are as pleasant in their way as some of Hazlitt's. In his *Driftwood*, he treats us to a variety of subjects, and all of them are pungent and happy, and exhibit his scholarly attainments to an eminent degree. Indeed *Frithiof's Saga* is a notable paper and quite instructive. The legend is well told, and the sketch we have of the work of Sweden's noblest poet, Esaias Tegnér, will make the reader seek to know further of the good bishop whose poetic genius and brilliant imagination place him in the front rank of European bards."

"These *Driftwood Papers* were written some forty years ago. *Paris in the Seventeenth Century*, which gives a view of Louis XIV. and his court, *Anglo-Saxon Literature*, and *Twice-told Tales*, belong to this series, and they display clever analysis and fine workmanship. In the pages devoted to Table Talk, there are some very beautiful thoughts which contain a world of wisdom in a little space: let me quote a few of the more piquant of these to show you the bent of Longfellow's mind at thirty. He says:

"If you borrow my books, do not mark them; for I shall not be able to distinguish your marks from my own, and the pages will become like the doors in Bagdad, marked by Morgiana's chalk."

"Don Quixote thought he could have made beautiful bird-cages and toothpicks, if his brain had not been so full of ideas of chivalry. Most people would succeed in small things if they were not troubled with great ambitions."

“ ‘ A torn jacket is soon mended ; but hard words bruise the heart of a child.’

“ ‘ Authors, in their prefaces, generally speak in a conciliatory, deprecating tone of the critics, whom they hate and fear ; as of old the Greeks spake of the Furies as the Eumenides, the benign goddesses.’

“ ‘ Doubtless criticism was originally benignant, pointing out the beauties of a work, rather than its defects. The passions of men have made it malignant, as the bad heart of Procrustes turned the bed, the symbol of repose, into an instrument of torture.’

“ ‘ A thought often makes us hotter than fire.’

“ ‘ Some critics are like chimney-sweepers ; they put out the fire below, or frighten the swallows from their nests above ; they scrape a long time in the chimney, cover themselves with soot, and bring nothing away but a bag of cinders, and then swing from the top of the house as if they had built it.’

“ You see the kindly heartfulness of the poet in all these, but underlying the whole there is the merest tinge of satire, a sort of good-natured badinage. Longfellow is of too sensitive a nature to wound, knowingly, the feelings of any one.”

“ I think the satiric element, slight though it be, is the spice of the essay. It is what that fine orator, Wendell Phillips, would call the snapper of the whip. One enjoys *Hyperion* in much the same way as Hawthorne’s *Marble Faun* is enjoyed. The talk about art in the latter is not a whit behind the conversations which we get in some of the chapters of *Hyperion* about Gœthe, Tieck and Uhland on literary matters generally. These scraps of talk, elegant as they are as relations, reveal the poet-story teller as a critic, and we get his estimates of books and authors in a very pleasant way. In that other book of his, *Outre-mer*—a pilgrimage beyond the sea, the same felicitous style appears in the ornate collection of essays which it contains. They display a cultured imagination, ample reading, and critical observation. The subjects treated of embrace a pleasing variety, and consist of literary, social, and miscellaneous matters. Those who love to read the old poetry of France, and who take delight in learning more of those ancient minstrels who delighted and charmed all Europe six and eight centuries ago, will find in the *Trouvères* of Longfellow a seasonable dish for the palate. The *Troubadours*, and the rich and quaint literature which belongs to them, afford the poet abundant material, and he has made good use of his opportunity. He has engrafted into his paper the curious lore which he has picked up in his travels through France, and he has preserved much from falling into decay which might have been lost forever. In personal poems and sonnets, we have many choice compositions from our bard’s pen. The most noteworthy of these is the poem

written about his truest friend, Charles Sumner, after that great statesman's death. For a long term of years the friendship which these men had for each other was unshaken, and unaltered. On every side the senator saw old familiars estranged from him, and once when he drove through Beacon Street in Boston, almost every resident closed his house and shut his blinds. Only two gentlemen failed to express themselves in this way, and it was through no love for Sumner that one of them acted thus. He didn't like to shut his doors on the young man, he said, and that was all. But Longfellow, with that beaming generous smile which his face always wears, that sure index of the nobility of his character, stretched forth his hand, and welcomed home again Charles Sumner, whose virtues men see now when it is too late. All through life this friendship was kept up between the two kindred spirits. The sonnets to Keats, Milton, Shakspeare, and Chaucer, are the sublimest and most characteristic things we have from Longfellow's pen. They are full of true poetry."

"Mr. Longfellow is an able editor, and his work in this capacity has been voluminous. *The Poets and Poetry of Europe*, contains all that is worth publishing in the form of translation from the poets of Iceland, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Germany, France, Italy and other countries. In these volumes, not only do we find Longfellow's own translations, but also those of Lowell, Bayard Taylor, Leland, Mrs. Wister, Bryant, Rossetti, and many others. These books have passed through several editions and they are still popular with readers. Recently Mr. Longfellow has undertaken to supply matter for a new field of literature. He has edited an exquisite series of books of poetry called *The Poems of Places*. These exhibit the masterpieces of poesy, and no one can take up a volume of this series without reading it through. The poems are so well set that they captivate the reader at once and insist on perusal. All the favourite poems we knew long ago seem to be included in this collection, and the editor has shown good critical discrimination in making his selection from the wealth of material at his command."

"Have you ever met Longfellow?"

"Oh! yes, I have met him several times. The first time I saw him was at Harvard during the inauguration of the present President, Charles W. Eliot. He is one of the most genial of men, of easy manner and handsome features. His conversations are tinged with freshness and originality, and his talks are as enjoyable as his poetry. His library is a perfect museum of the curious in letters. One case is filled with editions of his own books, and there must be at this time very little less than a hundred and fifty distinct editions. He preserves his manuscript in most instances, and he has in his room in another case written like copper-plate, his chief poems, handsomely bound. He was born in Port-

land, Maine, February 27, 1807, and is now seventy years of age. On the occasion of his birthday he received a number of poems dedicatory of the event. One—a sonnet of some merit—I will quote :—

“ ‘Not Italy’s great poet held more dear,
 Nor studied with more love his master’s book,
 Than I do humbly thine, where as I look
 A thousand beauteous images appear,
 Reflected on the page in colours clear,
 The heart’s most holy thoughts as oft a brook,
 Displays the secrets of the misty nook.
 Some leafy bough between denies the seer ;
 For thou lov’st all the world, and seek’st to raise
 Fresh hopes in man and cheer him to his goal,
 A perfect life, but when he still obeys
 His lower nature, thy prophetic soul
 Peaceful trusts all to God with prayers and praise,
 Who bids the eternal ages onward roll.’

“ Longfellow is still vigorous in mind and appears to enjoy excellent health and spirits. His home is in Cambridge, and the house he lives in is rendered historic as the residence of Washington in the last century. But it is getting late, and I think we had better put away our books and papers for to night, and when you come again we will talk about that other singer, whose writings too are loved by all mankind, that broad, charitable Christian poet and lyrist, John Greenleaf Whittier.”

GEO. STEWART, JR.

DEAN STANLEY AND SOCRATES.

BY REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL.

IN his last volume of “the History of the Jewish Church,” Dean Stanley has dedicated a whole chapter to an elaborate comparison between Socrates and the founder of Christianity. There is nothing new in the idea, but there is something novel in the Dean’s personal appropriation of it, and in the manner in which he treats the subject. His language is rich and glowing ; his arrangement perfect ; his sins of omission are keen and lawyer-like, those of commission, bold, reckless and daring. Of course there is but little originality of thought in the treatment of the subject, for that is not one of the Dean’s characteristics, but he has used the colours mixed on other pallets with the hand of a true artist, and as the picture hangs before us it catches the eye at once as a work of more than ordinary beauty.

To understand the position taken by Dean Stanley, it is necessary to remind our readers of the life of the old Athenian, so brought into comparison with man's highest conception of humanity.

The great philosopher was born 469 B.C., at a period when Athens was rising to the height of her glory as the champion of Greece and the home of Philosophy and Art. At thirty years of age he made up his mind to dedicate his life to philosophy, but being called to duty as a citizen, he fought as a foot soldier through that part of the Peloponnesian campaign which centred itself at Polidæ Delium and Amphipolis. On leaving the army he put his desire of teaching into practice, and resigning his profession as a sculptor, he started afresh in life as an unpaid teacher of the nation.

As a teacher he was certainly unique, if not in matter, at least in manner. He earnestly believed that he had a divine prohibitory monitor within him, and a divine mission, and in carrying out the latter under the voice of the former, he popularized his peculiar mode of teaching. Without regular school or classified scholars, he frequented places of public resort, and acting as if he needed instruction, he asked the opinion of others on public and moral questions, such as, What is Justice? Love? &c. Having received the views of others, he examined and cross-examined them, until he often logically reduced them to the most absurd conclusions, and then he gave the correct view, and the moral lessons deducible therefrom.

There is no doubt that many of his views, if not original, were far in advance of those of past and contemporary philosophers. He always spoke of existing religious institutions with the profoundest reverence, but he acknowledged, and taught the Athenian public to believe in, one Divine Being as the Creator and preserver of all things. With the exception, however, of his re-iterated belief in this, and in the doctrine of the soul's immortality and future happiness, he passed over all reasoning as to divine and hidden things, and fixed the minds of his hearers on human virtues, such as justice, truth and honour. He would gather the opinions of a dozen people in public on the word "honour," and then tearing them into pieces he would overwhelm his audience with his nobler definition.

Such a system, whilst it captivated the young men of Athens, not unnaturally aroused bitter and revengeful feelings in the breasts of other teachers, and in the representatives of the different classes of society, unsparingly assailed by the philosopher, and at seventy years of age he was accused of "infidelity towards the gods of the state, and of corrupting the Athenian youth by teaching them not to believe." His defence, published by Plato, is a masterpiece of plain talking, of freedom from all rhetorical clap-trap, of scathing sarcasm, and of high

and noble thoughts. He takes the ground that his mission was divine, that on no promise of life would he surrender it, for "tho', O Athenians, I honour and love you, I shall obey God rather than you." He tells them that, in murdering him, they silence the voice of a divine messenger, who only lived to teach them the truth, but that they would in no way injure him, for (unlike St. Paul) he felt that "to die and be freed from my cares is better for me." He pictures the joys of eternity as a continuation of philosophic life on earth, and closes with the thrilling words, so often felt, yet left unuttered on the death bed of many a timid Christian: "But it is now time to depart—for me to die, for you to live. But which of us is going to a better state, is unknown to everyone but God."

Few deaths have been so clearly pictured as his. His friend Crito steals into his cell on the morning of his death, and finds him sleeping quietly. Crito has arranged for his escape, everything is ready—the one grand chance of life is open—if the philosopher will only avail himself of it. This Socrates promises to do, if after calm discussion the matter should appear to be just and upright—then he proves step by step to the excited Crito, that he dare not escape, because no true citizen could, for personal reasons, disobey the laws which govern the masses.

The closing hours of his life are pictured by Plato in his "Phædo" with minute fidelity. Sitting on the side of his bed, and then rising and walking up and down his cell, we see "the old man eloquent" pouring forth his views on death, on the immortality of the soul, on the bliss and rapture of another state, on the glow or awful sentence based on man's deserts, and uttered in eternal words. The whole argument is given as clearly and distinctly as if a first-class short-hand reporter had sat down by the bed and noted every word.

Then comes the description of his death. The grim joke as to his burial, the lonely bath in the inner room, the calm farewell, the prayer to the gods that his departure might be happy—then the draught of the deadly hemlock, the systematic walking up and down till his legs became swollen and heavy, then his lying down whilst coldness and stiffness crept over his body, then the awful silence, and the waking up to his death words, which may have been either an earnest order, or a ghastly joke: "Crito, we owe a sacrifice to *Æsculapius*; pay it therefore, and do not neglect it."

It is out of this material that the Dean has moulded, first, an inspired, and then a Christlike Socrates. The absent-mindedness of the philosopher changes into the inspired ecstasy of the prophet, his fancied monitor becomes a reflection of the still small voice of the Divine Word, his call to philosophy is like the call of Jeremiah or Ezekiel, the animosities of his life, like those endured by Isaiah and his devotion to

duty, the same magnificent religious determination, which travelled down the road of time from Moses to Malachi. So far the poet has spared no poetry, or the painter no gaudy colours, but having reached the Rubicon of irreverence, the Dean crosses it with a cry of enthusiasm. The Socratic atmosphere "is not only moral, but religious, not only religious, but *Christian*." Socrates, as seen thro' the invaluable eyes of Mr. Grote becomes "a missionary," his mission is purely "religious," and his life is "apostolic." Like David, the Athenian changes into a type of "David's greater son," and his whole career suggests "distantly" "a *solid* illustration of the one life which is the turning point of the religion of the whole world." In the trial and death of the philosopher, we are told another Trial and another Parting inevitably rush to the memory, "and the closing scene in the Athenian dungeon "carries our mind to the farewell discourses in the upper chamber in Jerusalem." In short, a study of the life of the philosopher, "makes us understand better the Sacred Presence which moved on the shores of the sea of Galilee, and pictures for us that true stimulus, which prepared the western world for the great Inquirer, the Divine Word."

It is not for us to enter into a description of the life and character and teaching of Him, thus strangely brought side by side with the semi-pagan philosopher. We would, however, notice a few points which practically destroy all likeness between the human and Divine teacher.

Christ and Socrates stood on two distinct and antagonistic platforms, and taught two distinct systems of arriving at truth. The peculiarity of the teaching of Socrates lay in his appeal to reason. Step by step with anxious care, he argued on towards his conclusions, asking no belief where the reason and the intellect did not give it. With him reason was omnipotent; a terrible power, before which love and the affections were forced to bow down. Nothing angered him more than that spirit of dogmatism which said, "Believe," and gave no reason for belief save the will of the teacher. With him there could be no virtue, no true life, without reasonable certainty on which both could be built up.

In the case of the founder of Christianity, however, we find a totally different system, one that Socrates would have assailed with savage bitterness. Christ seldom argued, seldom appealed to the reason, and when He spoke on matters of supreme importance, He rushed right in the face of the whole Socratic system, by rejecting all influence of argument, and dogmatizing with an energy that to Socrates would have appeared blasphemous.

Socrates held that "the highest human wisdom was worth little or nothing," that "the wisest man was he who believed in his own ignorance," whereas the founder of Christianity enthroned Himself in the

solitary grandeur of His teaching as "the Light of the World," "the Truth," itself, the one only way to happiness. Socrates laughed at approaching the soul through the channel of the affections, Christ made the affections the sacred harp on which he played the choicest melodies of Divine love. If both teachers had lived in the same city, Christ might have converted Socrates, but it is more likely (humanly speaking) that the philosopher would have been the antagonist of the Saviour, in public and in private, and right on to the hour of death itself.

But it is in the morality of the two teachers that we find that "the difference is immense." The Dean carefully avoids weaving points of likeness on this important subject, although common honesty seems to demand that the attempt should have been made. Undoubtedly Socrates taught a higher system of morals than any of his contemporaries, but his morality, as compared with Christ's, shrivels into nothing. The founder of Christianity met lust and guilt and shame with a look of annihilation, and his dogmatism on such subjects was tremendous. Off was to come the hand, out was to come the eye, and pardon for gross infractions of the laws of purity was given on the distinct understanding that the sin should not be repeated. It was vastly different with Socrates. He faced the most disgusting and abhorrent lusts, lusts, thank God, almost unknown by name to western civilization, with a joking nod of recognition, and distinctly taught that a temperate use of vilest passions was not alone allowable but enhanced gratification. Xenophon gives us a full report of one of the philosopher's interviews with Theodota, a woman of degraded profession and abandoned character. The scene is simply disgusting: the broad jokes, the loose jests, and worst still, the keen, shrewd advice freely given, as to how through a temperate system of allurements, Theodota might weave woful nets, and, wiser than the spider, draw her flies into them. Christ pictures the Holy City as "free from everything that defileth," and with impurity without. Plato, in his "Republic," gives us what we have every reason to believe to be the thoughts of Socrates on a model community, and pictures for us such a low degraded state of life that we care not to enter closely into particulars, except to say that Mormonism seems like heaven when compared with it.

Now, strange to say, the Dean has not touched on this subject, though again and again he quotes from Xenophon, and gives at least one reference to Plato's "Republic," and "Phædrus." This marked silence can alone be explained in two ways: either a desire on the part of the Dean to ignore the plain ugly truth where it conflicts with a favourite theme, or ignorance of this peculiar aspect of Socratic teach-

ing. Let us hope, for the sake of honest comparison, that the still silence arose from the latter cause.

It is hardly just either, to pass over, as the Dean does, the great gulf between Christ and Socrates as regards originality of thought. We need not describe the marvellous depth of originality so characteristic of Christ's teaching, but we must enter a modest protest against the generally received opinion as to the originality of Socrates. In no Socratic doctrine, not even in his style, was he original, rather was he a bold eclectic, polishing with master-hand the rough or reckless views of others. We can trace back his views on the immortality of the soul to Pythagoras and Homer; his idea of the one great God, the Supreme Intelligence, was learnt from Parmenides, Anaxagoras and Xenophanes; his philosophy as to distrust of all knowledge acquired through the senses, and of reliance on pure reason, was taught him by Zeno, and even his mode of dialectic argument, which is so constantly spoken of as "Socratic," was used and taught by Zeno years before Socrates had a public reputation. He saw things clearer than the great Greek poet; he was less wild than Pythagoras; he felt more deeply the value of Monotheism than did Parmenides or Anaxagoras; he used the dialectic mode of reasoning far more powerfully than Zeno, with a better object, and with nobler results; but if these men had not lived and taught, Socrates most likely would never have been heard of; just as the Dean himself would never have written his Socratic chapter; if it had not been to all intents and purposes written long before by Mr. Grote, the terrible contrast between the philosopher and the Saviour alone excepted.

Mr. Thackeray asked a modern audience with regard to Swift, "how would you like to have lived with him?" and we would put the same question with regard to both the characters, so rashly and rudely contrasted by the Dean. Close on nineteen hundred years of advancing civilization have passed away, since the founder of Christianity drank his awful cup of death, and to-day, if we could, how gladly would we welcome Him to the franchise of our hearths, to the freedom of our homes, as the purest, the best, the noblest type of manhood that could cast its shadow across our threshold. Four hundred years before Christ, Socrates drank his awful cup of poison, and to-day, if we could, who would give him the franchise of our hearths, and the freedom of our homes? Fancy our handsome boys listening to the morality of the great Athenian. Our girls would be safe, but for the sake of pure boy life we would rise and fling the teacher from our ruddy hearthstone.

It seems sad, if not worse, that one in the Dean's position should use the popular power which he undoubtedly possesses to leave on the minds of three parts of his readers, so false, so fanciful, so danger-

ous a comparison. The Dean must know that he is accepted as an authority only by those who have not the time, or means, or inclination to read the greater works from which he professes to draw his inspiration ; that his authority as a teacher is confined to that class which, of all others, is most likely to be led away by the gold and glitter of bold assertion. We wonder how many of the readers of his Socratic chapter will take the trouble of studying the life and words of Socrates as recorded by Xenophon and Plato, and thereby testing the truth of the Dean's comparison ! We fancy but very few, whereas the number of those who will accept his comparison may be counted by thousands. We have no dread of a bold yet reverential scrutiny into sacred things, but we do dread the influence of such bold and reckless assertion on thoughtless minds. 'Tis the old story of the world and the tortoise. Thoughtless, we stand on Dean Stanley, and Dean Stanley stands on —nothing.

SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.

MACBETH—ACT I.

BY RICHARD LEWIS.

IN the study of Shakspeare we are struck at once by the difference between his creations and those of writers, who, whether of poetry or fiction, fashion their productions to illustrate a moral, or develop the issues of a principle. Shakspeare interpreted the passions of man ; but he never fails to bring out the true issues of virtue, or of vice, because he searched the depths of the human heart—the fountain-head of all virtue and vice ; and as he developed its motives and actions, all the issues of passion and principle inevitably followed. The mere historian, for example, records events, delineates character by those events, and makes his deductions dove-tail with the actions of his characters. But Shakspeare, while he did not disregard history, yet rose above it, put its records, as it were, aside, and while he summoned its great characters before him, he gazed into the depths of the soul, and by his wonderful exposition of all its motions and aspirations, he prepares his readers and the spectators of his dramas for the same consequences of passions used rightly or abused, and endows them with a prophetic foresight of issues. We need not the philosophical deductions of the historian, because in Shakspear's company, and under his guidance, we are gifted with the insight of genius, and, with the privilege of the gods, behold at a glance the inevitable issues. His characters are representative—the types of human passions and feelings. Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello, Lear, Romeo,

Lady Macbeth, Portia, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, or Juliet, are in one sense incomparable dramatic creations ; but from a human stand-point of view they are typical representatives of the race to which they belong. They are the men and women who move around us—our veritable selves. In this light there is nothing unreal, fantastical, or extravagant in the wildest creations of Shakspeare, because there is nothing inconsistent with the dreams of the imagination, or the wild lusts of the passions. The world at this hour is peopled with the characters that Shakspeare made immortal, and universal political conspirators still plot to overthrow governments, and Antony still harangues and sways the populace to his will. Juliet still dreams in the balcony, though the Italian moonlight may not shine upon her, and Romeo still believes

“There is no world without Verona’s walls—
But Purgatory, torture, hell itself,”

and that “heaven is there only where his Juliet lives ;” or Hamlet, the type of mental power without action ; or Macbeth, of passion in conflict with conscience ; or Othello, the slave of unjust jealousies ; and all the characters that throng the world that Shakspeare created, and filled with terrors and with glories, are in our streets, our public assemblies, and our household circles, could we but behold them with the inspired vision of Shakspeare.

In this light the study of Shakspeare is a psychological study—not an historical one ; and the history of kings and princes and events is subordinate and of indifferent importance, in comparison with the advantages and pleasure we derive from that analysis of the characters of men which his works present.

There is another study that owes all its success and influence to this mixed analysis of character, but which, because it has been too much confined to the *artiste*, has been too much disregarded by the merely literary critic or the commentator, and that is the method of vocal expression. The merely literary commentator is often little better than the interpreter of words, and we never have realized to us the true spirit of a character or a passage of Shakspeare until the genius of impersonation brings before us with a conceptive power which is akin to that of poetic creation the dramatic world which poetic genius has formed. The meaning of a word conveys nothing of its spirit. That can only be realized when we hear it, guided by dramatic conception. In this view, dramatic productions owe as much of their interest and success to the great actor or the great reader as musical compositions do to the accomplished vocalist and instrumentalist ; and the study of the method of delivering dramatic passages and representing dramatic characters is as necessary to the dramatic critic, and indeed to all who

would pass beyond the interpretation of words into its higher interpretation of thought and passion, as it is to the professional *artiste*. As Shakspeare did not write for the literary student alone, but chiefly for the theatre, and for audiences to see and hear, and not to read, we may justly infer that to study how to impersonate his characters forms no indifferent part of the study of his works.

“Macbeth” presents advantages and attractions for such a study. There is a Macbeth of history, of the critics, of the stage, and of the mind. The Macbeth of Shakspeare is no more the Macbeth of history than his language is that of the age in which he lived. Macbeth and his wife are human passions personified, and realized in a career of crime, disloyalty, ingratitude, and extreme selfishness. They are not monsters of depravity, destitute of reason, nor vulgar criminals. Macbeth is a man of princely blood and noble impulses, susceptible to generous inspirations, animated—until temptation meets and captivates him—by high and loyal sentiments; and then, only weak and criminal because passion is stronger than conscience, and desire tears down principle.

Lady Macbeth, again, is endowed with all the courtesies of high birth and royal habits, of life less cruel than indifferent to pain, in whom ambition is a moral disease that fills her entire nature and destroys all honourable principle and every human feeling; yet in her very excess of ambition, less selfish than her guilty and weak husband. He not only desires kingly power for himself, but plunges into deeper crimes that his children may be kings, and unscrupulously destroys all that lies between him and the accomplishment of his purposes. But Lady Macbeth desires all that power not so much for herself as for her husband; and when Duncan is murdered, and Macbeth is king, she is satisfied, and contemplates no new crimes. She even shrinks from the murder which she has so strongly urged, because the aspect of helpless and sleeping age has re-awakened a natural and human tenderness in her heart—

“Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I had done't.”

And when she stands a crowned Queen she is satisfied, and becomes in the tenderest sense a wife and a woman, sustaining, soothing, and cheering her wretched partner when superstitious terror would betray his guilt.

In the first scene in which Lady Macbeth appears we see the specialities of her character as contrasted with Macbeth. As she contemplates the splendid hereafter which rises before her excited imagination, and weighs the difficulties in her path, her comments on the mental fitness of her husband for the great occasion are marked by profound discrimina-

tion of character and high intellectual power, and by that supreme moral courage which is often associated with intellectual energy. But mere intellectual energy without a high moral sentiment is often distinguished by inordinate self-esteem, dogmatism, and contempt for the merits of others.

Lady Macbeth, carried away by the sense of her own mental supremacy over her husband, errs in her analysis of his mental qualities. There is absolutely less of the milk of human kindness, as the event shows, in his nature than in hers, and when he hesitates to commit murder, it is not because the "compunctious visitings of nature" withhold him, but, as he himself confesses, when honour, gratitude, and every loyal and right principle are holding their conflict with ambition in his breast. If all temporal consequences could end with Duncan's death, he would "jump the life to come," he would fling to the winds every principle of holiness and duty.

Again, while it is admitted that Lady Macbeth urges her husband to the murder of Duncan, it is unjust to accuse her of suggesting the crime. Although his letter gives her no foundation to accuse him of "breaking the enterprise" to her, we may easily conceive that in dark and secret conference they had often suggested and discussed the chances and methods for achieving the "golden round" which those weird predictions indicated. The great lesson which the opening scenes of the drama teach, and what all its subsequent events enforce, is, that temptations and suggestions to ill are only successful when we invite and encourage them. The predictions of the witches are but the echoes of the foul desires which have long before been kindled in the breasts of Macbeth and his wife. The witches scarcely vanish from his presence before he meditates crime. The air around him is red with blood. He yields to horrid suggestions and imaginings, whose thought is murder; and when Duncan, after lavishing grateful honours on him, proclaims the Prince of Cumberland his heir, Macbeth betrays the full guilt of his bloody intentions.

Macbeth.—"The Prince of Cumberland!—that's a step
On which I must fall down, or else o'erleap,
For in my way lies. Stars, hide your fires!
Let not light see my black and deep desires,
The eye wink at the hand! yet let that be
Which the eye fears, when it is done,—to see."

There is also a wonderful harmony in the appearance and character of the witches, with the foul crimes which they excite and encourage. Their aspect is loathsome and deformed; their sympathies are with the spirits of darkness and evil; they perform their dread ceremonies at midnight when the storm rages, with the spoils of death and corruption. In this respect the witches of Shakspeare are more consistent in their aspect and character with the nature of Sin than the grand assemblages

of fallen spirits that Milton invoked around his imagination ; and when Shakspeare makes them the agents that urge Macbeth to deeper crimes, we learn that the mind which deserts principle to gratify the lusts of passion is lost, and may become the slave and tool of any delusion.

The first act of this tragedy, as a psychological study, is the most interesting and instructive, and indicates almost all that is to follow in the career of the two great criminals. In Lady Macbeth's soliloquy, after she has read the letter, she gives evidence of that lofty self-reliance which utter indifference for duty or for consequences, and the highest estimate of her own ability, would naturally create. Mark well with what lofty estimate of her powers to lead him as she will she invokes his presence :

" Hie thee hither,
That I may pour *my spirits* in thine ear,
And chastise with the valour of *my tongue*
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To hurl the crown'd withal."

She scarcely considers him. She knows her power as supreme and irresistible, and that he must bend to her indomitable will. She invokes the spirits of evil to aid her. She assumes the attributes of cruelty and murder for herself only ; and in the wild excitement of this lofty estimate of her own supremacy, she even robs her husband of his marital rights, as she propheisies that

" The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under My battlements,"

as if she alone were sole arbitress of his fate, and mistress of his domains.

The great soliloquy with which the seventh scene opens gives evidence of the mental characteristics of Macbeth. While he reasons with philosophic justice and a calm foresight of the issues of crime, it is here again manifest that it is not " the milk of human kindness," nor any moral or religious scruple, which makes him waver in his purposes, but the dread of temporal consequences.

" It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel* up the consequences."

And then, as he contemplates the virtues of the venerable king who has just been showering honours upon him, it is not any sentiment of gratitude or humanity, but the " dread and fear " of that public opinion, that universal horror which such a murder will arouse, that fills him not with remorse but apprehensions of the consequences.

The delivery of this splendid soliloquy, which so lays bare the soul of Macbeth that we read as with the eye of a seer all its secret workings, has always been an anxious study with the great actors. It is here that

the true artist gives proof of that power of conception which makes his impersonation rank and run parallel with the creations and conceptions of the great poet. We have no record of its representation when Shakspeare lived. Dramatic art was then in its infancy, and Shakspeare did not, as modern authors have done, mould his character to suit the taste and imagination of the actor. That Garrick gave the first true conception of Macbeth there is the best reason to believe. But even in his time Shakspeare was understood only by a few ; and when Johnson, and the crowd who bowed to his judgment as to that of a king, treated the artist with contempt and his art with indifference, we can easily understand how such appreciation of dramatic conception by the literary world would discourage and mar the effect of the best representation. The impersonation of Garrick belongs to tradition, and can never be realized. But in the present generation there are those who have witnessed the magnificent acting of this character by Macready ; and those who have enjoyed that privilege have had the advantage of an interpretation of Macbeth far beyond and above the power of literary criticism. It was not an historical Macbeth, pursuing the ends of his ambition through a career of brutal crime with brutal indifference. But it was the revelation of the guilty soul—the man and the feudal chief—urged by dark passions into acts of ingratitude and dishonour and murder, but still being man, not escaping the moral consequences of sin,—lacerated, whipped, as with scorpions, by the conscience that never sleeps, and by the terrors of that guilt which hurried him into a deeper guilt, until deserted and betrayed, he sinks beneath the curses and the hatred he has invoked. This was the character of that masterly representation, and whoever has had the advantage of listening to such interpretations of Shakspeare could not fail to catch and understand the “ spirit of the author ;” for it was not

“ A poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
And then is heard no more,”

that the spectator beheld, but the naked soul rebelling against duty, and in everlasting conflict with justice and conscience, and finally succumbing, as all must succumb, who think they can violate the moral law with impunity, or “ jump the life to come.”

In the delivery of the speech under consideration, Macready did not follow the punctuation and reading of the common text. In the text, the reading runs thus :—

“ If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.”

Now this would suggest that Macbeth had been considering, not the question of the murder, but what would be the best time for committing it,

that night or some future time. But in previous consultation the time had been determined. That night presented the favourable opportunity.

“*Macbeth*.—Duncan comes here to-night.

Lady Macbeth.— And when goes thence ?

Macbeth.—To-morrow as he purposes.

Lady Macbeth.— O, never
Shall sun that morrow see.”

And

“ You shall put

This night's great business into my despatch,
Which shall by all our nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.”

In harmony with this view, Macready read the passage thus :—

“ If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere *well*.
It were done quickly, if the assassination
Could trammel* up the consequence, and catch
With his surcease success.”

That is, if when the murder was committed it would be done with, and nothing afterwards to be feared, it would be *well*. If the assassination could carry away with it all the consequences, the business would be quickly accomplished, and complete success achieved. I think in this,— as in many other instances, the judgment of a great actor is to be preferred to that of the literary commentator.

We may conceive how under the conflict of gratitude and honour and conscience and premeditated crime, the face, which Lady Macbeth had said was “ as a book, where men might read strange matters,” was betraying the inward storm of feeling. Hell and heaven were contending for mastery in his bosom, and as the instrument of hell, Lady Macbeth steps in, to drag him down to everlasting perdition. If the previous soliloquy reveals the character of Macbeth, the scene that follows sets before us with terrific grandeur the overpowering energy and inflexibility of purpose that mark the character of Lady Macbeth. It is not by calm reasoning that she brings him back to her wishes, but by sheer force of character,—by an eloquence of scorn and sarcasm that bows him in shame to her feet. The only plea he can advance for his change of purpose is that of ingratitude and public censure ; and while she cannot feel the first she is indifferent to the last. She knows his weakness, that pride and self-esteem are over-ruling passions, in his as they are in all evil natures, and to them she appeals with the logic of scorn :—

“ Art thou *afraid*
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire ? wouldst thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life
And live a *coward*, in thine own esteem ? ”

The splendid energy of character displayed by Lady Macbeth throughout the scene takes away in some measure from its horror, and gives it

* *Trammel*.—A net for partridges ; entangle, as in a net.

the impress of sublimity. It is the firmness of purpose and indifference to issue which makes heroes and commands success; which has no parallel elsewhere in Shakspeare or in general literature. Tradition again tells us with what triumph of conception and truthfulness of interpretation Mrs. Siddons played her part in the awful scene. Here Lady Macbeth, again, was not the historical Lady Macbeth; but if tradition and the records of the time and of art be true, it was the Lady Macbeth of Shakspeare's conception. It was the impersonation of that which Shakspeare designed it to be—intellect without principle, supreme in its power for evil and self-advancement, but destitute of every quality which makes intellectual power a blessing to the world.

The last objection that Macbeth raises against her wishes is the possibility of failure—*If we should fail*—the fear that always makes the mind wanting in moral courage. The brave spirit, for good or evil, thinks only of the end to be achieved, and fears no consequences. In that temper of mind Lady Macbeth answers with the calm firmness which will dare every issue, and in that temper Mrs. Siddons uttered the words, *We fail*,—and so that's an end to our hopes and our enterprise, and we are ready to meet the consequences.

Two eminent women of the present time have proved themselves worthy successors of the Queen of Tragedy in this great character—one still living, one recently dead. Charlotte Cushman in many respects was the best successor to Mrs. Siddons. Her Queen Katharine was a masterpiece of splendid and truthful representation. Her Lady Macbeth, especially in the scene under review, excelled in those passages where scorn, rebuke, and energy were the characteristics, as she uttered the words—

“ Have given suck, and know
How tender 'tis to love the babe that milks me:
I would, while it was smiling in my face,
Have plucked my nipple from its boneless gums,
And dashed the brains out, had I so sworn as you
Have done to this.”

While she threw the tenderness of the mother, which for a moment flashed across her mind, into the second line, the delivery of the succeeding passage was given with such scorn of inhuman feeling and resoluteness of purpose, that the audience listened with breathless awe, akin to terror, to the terrible threat.

Miss Glyn still lives, and as a public reader of Shakspeare she has not her equal. The *Athenæum*, on reporting her reading of Macbeth, described how spell-bound she kept her audience for nearly three hours; and that if one sentiment more than any other prevailed, and held that assembly in solemn and silent attention, it was the sentiment of the supernatural. But the consideration of the scenes in which that sentiment is predominant must be reserved for a second paper.

LIFE'S DAWN.

FAIR Lady Patricia, sweet type of the spring,

The glamour of day-dawn is bright on your brow ;

Your thoughts are as pure as the prayers which birds sing,

God keep them, my rose-bud, for ever as now.

You're pleased with your gay dress : remember, the rose

Owes more charm to its perfume than brightness of hue ;

Its beauty is past when the wild winter wind blows,

Its sweetness remains, love, to charm us anew.

But your gay friends await you ; be gay with the gay :

I speak not in chiding, but purely to warn,

For life's not all spring-time, we know wise men say ;

Prepare for life's night-time while yet it be morn.



LIFE'S DAWN.

H.W.C. 11

HISTORICAL FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE history of the eighteenth century supplies to the observant student the causes, in a great measure, of the events which belong to the nineteenth. Seed was then planted which has yielded the natural fruit in the present age. In applying this statement we shall confine our attention to the continent of America. It is, doubtless, true that many important events of that time have failed to produce fruit; but others have yielded abundantly. The most important occurrences of the eighteenth century belonging to America were, the conquest of Canada by the British, and the successful revolt of the thirteen British Colonies, whereby the United States was born into the family of nations. Of the causes of that rebellion, and the reasons of success which ultimately crowned the insurgent cause, we do not here speak. One fact, however, must be mentioned—a fact ignored by almost all American writers, overlooked by all English and other European writers upon America, and forgotten by many Canadians. We refer to the fact that at the beginning of the rebellion there was in the thirteen Colonies actually a preponderance of the people in favour of British connection, and against dismemberment of the Empire. Most of these were then called Tories or Loyalists, and, in later years, those who continued true to their British allegiance were known as United Empire Loyalists. When the tide of war flowed in favour of the Rebels, it carried away not only the possessions held by the Loyalists in the States, but the Loyalists themselves. A stream of refugees traversed the Atlantic to the mother country; another to the then uninviting shores of Nova Scotia; and another to French Canada, the inhabitants of which received them with welcome. A recently conquered people, they regarded as their enemy New England rather than old England. The wholesale persecution of the Loyalists by their kinsmen, the triumphant insurgents, and the general confiscation of their estates, was an ungenerous action by a victorious people, such as was practised by the independent States. It was, at the same time, an extremely impolitic course to pursue. It was the sowing of seed which germinated and grew into a thrifty tree, the trunk of which is the Dominion of Canada, the branches, the several Provinces composing it, with the roots deeply fixed in the heart of the British Empire. The United States have vainly essayed to destroy the

seeds thus planted, to uproot the growing plant, to destroy its vitality, to deprive it of nourishment, to prevent the fertilizing showers. They have by specious means, by misrepresentation, by concealment of facts, not to say by falsification, seized portions of the soil in which the tree was growing. They have tried in turn to girdle and cut it down, but, notwithstanding all, the growth has been steady and sure. Many of the Loyalists would have been willing to accept the result of the contest, and to remain faithful to the new order of things, had they been allowed, and their children would have grown up sincere Americans; but a vindictive and mercenary spirit prevailed, and the victors mercilessly claimed all the spoils they could lay hands upon. We will not here recount the hardships which this procedure entailed upon the devoted American Loyalists. Destitute and broken in spirit, they fled, many, as we have said, to Nova Scotia and Canada to begin life anew, and create new homes, or to find a premature grave.

These refugees became the pioneers of Western Canada. It was they who laid the foundation of the wealthy and prosperous province of Ontario. We have said that the course pursued by the Americans was an impolitic one, although we may now regard it as an exceedingly fortunate one, not only for us Canadians, but for all America. Had the United Empire Loyalists been treated honourably, had they been allowed their rights instead of being driven away, the name *British America* would forever have passed away. Had patriotism alone actuated the revolutionary party, they, when successful, would have invited the defeated Loyalists to unite with them in erecting a new-world nation. But they availed themselves to the fullest extent of the terms of the peace insisted upon at the Treaty of Paris. By this treaty the birthright of the American Tory was signed away, and he became forever an alien to the land of his birth. But, in consequence, he became the founder of a new northern nation, which, like a rock, has resisted and ever will resist the northward extension of the United States. The terms of peace gave no security to the American Loyalists. When Cornwallis surrendered, he vainly tried to obtain a promise of protection for the loyal Americans, who in part formed his army, but he had to send them guarded by an armed vessel to Nova Scotia. A good many acknowledged Loyalists were scattered through the States at the close of the war, and wished to remain; not a few who had remained during the struggle conscientiously neutral, who could not rebel, and who would not take side against their countrymen. These all alike became subjects of persecution. Ignoble and vindictive passion swayed the conquerors. The Legislature of each State took early steps to punish the adherents and acquire the property of every one who had not been in active rebellion against the Empire, and to banish them. Massachusetts took the lead.

Hundreds of Loyalists of that State were prohibited from returning on penalty of imprisonment and even death. And other States were active in "attainting" and confiscating, often without the form of trial. New York, on the 12th May, 1784, passed "An Act for the speedy sale of the confiscated and forfeited estates within the State." The conduct of the British Ministry and the Commissioners at Paris, who signed the Treaty without obtaining any security for the American Loyalists, is open to the severest censure. They left their claims to be decided by the American Congress. We may suppose they held the belief that this body would be actuated by feelings of justice and right, but the error was a grave one; the wrong grievous and hard to be borne. The British Government did not escape condemnation by members of Parliament, and a feeling of sympathy was evoked which led to a tardy dispensing of justice. Lord North said "that never was the honour, the principles, the policy of a nation, so grossly abused as in the desertion of those men, who are now exposed to all the punishment that desertion and poverty can inflict, because they were not rebels." Mr. Sheridan "execrated the treatment of those unfortunate men, who without the least notice taken of their civil and religious rights were handed over as subjects to a power that would not fail to take vengeance on them for their zeal to the religion and government of the mother country," "and he called it a crime to deliver them over to confiscation, tyranny, resentment and oppression." Lord Loughborough said "that in ancient nor modern history, had there been so shameful a desertion of men who had sacrificed all to their duty and to their reliance upon British faith." Others in terms of equal severity denounced the Ministry in Parliament for their neglect. The Ministry admitted it all, but excused themselves by the plea that "a part must be wounded, that the whole Empire may not perish."

Unfortunately this was not the only instance in which British subjects in America have had to suffer for the benefit of the Empire. In fact, there has never yet been a dispute between England and the United States, nor an international negotiation, without this part of the Empire having to suffer from cutting wounds. A number of Loyalists ventured to the United States to claim restitution of their estates, but their applications were unheeded, except to imprison and banish them. At this remote day, we can only discern the outlines of this great wrong done to noble men. The particulars are buried in the wreck of their fortunes and of happiness respecting all worldly matters. The after-life of the refugee Loyalists was of too earnest a nature to allow time to place on record their sufferings and wanderings. The lost cause would hardly stimulate men to draw upon imagination, such as may be found in the average stories of American revolutionary

heroes, male and female. But sufficient facts have been transmitted down to us from our sires, upon whose hearts they had been impressed by the iron pen of anguish, to enable us to estimate the character of those who persecuted them under the much abused name of liberty, and to form a true estimate of the patriotism which characterised the refugees who clustered around the border forts, and found homes at Sorel, Lachine, Montreal, Kingston and Niagara, and who, in the course of years, made the wilderness of Western Canada to blossom as the rose.

Beside the Loyalists there were a number of disbanded soldiers of European birth, who became pioneer settlers. Many of these were ill-suited for the work of clearing land and winning bread from the soil. But they proved valuable when the time came to defend their wilderness homes against an invading foe. It is a striking fact, which Canadians should not forget, that the spirit of aggression which has always been manifested by the United States began to exhibit itself immediately after the refugees planted settlements on the frontier of Upper Canada. According to the terms of peace the forts on the frontier within the boundary of the United States should remain in possession of British troops for ten years. And Carleton Island, opposite Kingston, Oswego, Niagara, Detroit and Michilimacinae were garrisoned by a small number of regular troops. With regard to Detroit and Michilimacinae, it is a question whether they should have been relinquished—whether, indeed, the present State of Michigan, then belonging to the Indians, should not have formed part of the domains of Canada. The continued occupation of these forts by the British was a matter of no little importance to the refugees struggling with the forces of nature in the stern wilderness.

The British Government aroused to a sense of the injustice inflicted upon the Loyalists, took steps to aid the settlers, and provide them with food until they had time to prepare the land for cultivation, and reap the products of the soil. The families of the disbanded soldiers and refugees alike received rations for a period of three years. Each of the garrisons was a *dépôt*; and the commissariat department was instructed to have transported by bateaux to each township the requisite supplies, according to the number of settlers. A commissary was appointed for each township to deal out to each family. Also a certain number of implements for clearing and agriculture were distributed among the settlers. This procedure did not suit the views of the United States. The possession of these posts could be of no use to the Americans, except for sinister reasons; but they availed themselves of every possible means to secure their evacuation by the British. For this there were two reasons, both, however, having in view the starving out of the refugees and the French of Lower Canada. Had it not been for these

garrisons which fed the settlers, they could not have remained with their families to make effective settlements, to which the Americans were averse. They would fain, with harshness, deprive the refugees of the necessaries of life, and drive them away, with far more than the alleged cruelty practised towards the Acadians. But there was another reason: they wished to secure the traffic with the Indians, and turn the current of the fur trade from the St. Lawrence toward New York. By this means they could also revenge themselves upon the French Canadians, who would take no part in their rebellion, while their own country would be enriched. It was destined, however, that this traffic should never come into the hands of the Americans; indeed, their treatment of the Indians has ever been such as to prevent a friendly trade between them. It is a matter of history that the treatment of the original owners of the soil of the United States will not bear measurement by the golden rule, and is a sad reflection upon civilization and Christianity. The treaty of Paris, by which the independence of the United States was recognised by England, did not bring peace between them and the Indians of the West. And from that day to this there has been, with occasional intermission, a vain struggle on the part of the Aborigines against a steady and unscrupulous encroachment.

There can exist no doubt that the impelling motive on the part of the United States for declaring war against Great Britain, in 1812, was to acquire possession of British North America. At the same time there prevailed, as there has indeed ever since, throughout the Union, an extreme dislike, if not hatred, toward the mother country. We must, however, state that whatever may have been Washington's desires or belief respecting the future of this continent, no such ungenerous feelings actuated him; but, rather, he manifested a desire to cultivate friendly relations with the parent country. The accession of Jefferson to the Presidential chair, in March, 1801, was signalized by the most marked antagonism to England. The attitude of the nation was thenceforward unmistakably hostile until it culminated in war. The ostensible causes of the war may now be glanced at. In 1803, war between England and France was re-commenced. The struggle for national life by England against Napoleon is a well known matter of history. In 1806 the French Emperor issued what is known as the Berlin Decree; dated at that city, immediately after its subjugation. This manifesto was directed against the commerce of Great Britain, although its author was not in a position to enforce its provisions; yet it was calculated to destroy British trade. The British Islands were declared to be in a state of blockade. Commerce and all communications were prohibited. Every British subject found in those countries occupied by French troops, or by any of her allies, were to be made prisoners of war. Property of

every kind coming from Great Britain, or belonging to British subjects, were declared to be a proper prize. No vessel coming from England, or any of its colonies, or having touched there, should be received into any harbour. Now this decree was of a nature to inflict, and did inflict, most serious injury upon the commerce of the United States, which had for years been most lucrative. And this great advantage, which the Americans had enjoyed, had been due to unwonted leniency on the part of England toward her as a neutral. But notwithstanding this disastrous blow made by Napoleon, and the actual confiscation of American shipping in consequence, the United States raised no immediate voice of protest. The act of Napoleon was unprecedented, and it paralyzed the ocean trade of the Americans; still it was borne in a spirit of meekness. This decree of the French made it necessary for England, in self-defence, to issue an Order in Council to meet the emergency, which was done in January, 1807. This decree ordered that no vessel should be permitted to trade from one port to another, both which ports should belong to, or be in the possession of France or her allies, or where British vessels may not freely trade. Any vessel after being duly warned, found violating this order, should be condemned as lawful prize with her cargo. "The spirit of this order was to deprive the French and all the nations subject to her control, which had embraced the continental system, of the advantages of the coasting trade in neutral bottoms; and, considering the much more violent and extensive character of the Berlin Decree, there can be no doubt that it was a very mild and lenient measure of retaliation".—(Alison.) And Mr. Munroe, then the United States Minister to London, communicated this order to his Government in words of satisfaction; certainly with no words of complaint. These edicts of France and England undoubtedly bore heavily upon the commerce of the United States, but while that enforced by Napoleon was by far the most disastrous, the American Government officially noticed it in the mildest terms; at the same time addressing the British Government in tones of anger and resentment. Immediately following was an event calculated to increase this feeling of vindictiveness among Americans, and which would have been a just ground of animosity had it not been promptly met on the part of the British Government by an ample *amende*. On the 22nd June, 1807, Captain Humphries, of H. M. Ship, *Leopard*, 74 guns, acting under orders from Admiral Berkeley, followed the United States frigate *Chesapeake* from Hampton Roads, Virginia, and knowing that the *Chesapeake* had on board as seamen a number of deserters, overhauled her, and demanded the men, specifying them by name. The Commander of the *Chesapeake* refused the demand, whereupon the *Leopard* fired a broadside into her, to which the *Chesapeake* feebly replied. A second fire from the *Leopard* caused her to strike her

colours, having had three men killed and eighteen wounded. The deserters were discovered and taken to Halifax and tried, one of which being found guilty of piracy and mutiny, was hanged. England at this time claimed the right of search for deserters on board American vessels, which right she was none the less unwilling to relinquish, from the fact that the United States held out inducements, as she has ever since, to soldiers and seamen to desert her service. The American Government without waiting for any explanation, or asking for satisfaction, immediately issued a proclamation in which it was peremptorily demanded that "all armed vessels bearing Commissions under the Government of Great Britain within the harbours or waters of the United States, immediately and without any delay should depart," and the entrance to the harbours or waters of all armed vessels, and others bearing Commissions was interdicted. This proclamation was written in a manner most calculated to arouse and intensify the public feeling in the States against England. At the same time the fleets of France had free access to the United States. The British Government promptly disowned the act of the Admiral, before receiving a demand from the United States for satisfaction; at the same time declaring "that the right to search when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a requisition, but could not be carried into effect by actual force." Admiral Berkeley was suspended, and Captain Humphries was recalled. It is safe to say that had the Commander of any other power been the offender, the United States would have waited to learn if the act was endorsed by his Government; and when a prompt and ample apology had been made would have been fully satisfied. England despatched a special envoy to Washington to offer reparation, but before he should enter upon negotiations, it was required that the President's Proclamation of embargo should be withdrawn. This the United States refused to do and Mr. Rose, the ambassador, returned home. The utterances of an American official journal, the *Intelligencer*, at this time very clearly reveal the occult cause of the unwillingness to accept the overtures of England. It said, "The national spirit is up. That spirit is invaluable. In case of war it is to lead us to conquest. In such an event *there must cease to be an inch of British ground on this continent.*" This spirit was fostered, the embargo was enforced, although it had a disastrous effect upon the United States commerce. On the First of March a non-intercourse Act was substituted, which applied to both England and France, but the effect fell principally upon England.

Jefferson's second term of office as President had terminated in March, 1809. He was succeeded by Mr. Maddison, who brought to his position even a more bitter animosity to England than his predecessor had. Renewed efforts were made by England from time to time to conciliate the United States, but in vain. The same bias remained towards France,

notwithstanding that nation continued to confiscate their vessels ; while there was an ever-increasing war-feeling toward England. Matters had been made worse by Mr. Erskine, who, as the successor of Mr. Rose, had in his endeavour to pacify the Americans overstepped the limits set by the British Government in endeavouring to satisfy them. Relying upon certain verbal promises of the Americans, he in turn made statements and engagements quite outside of his instructions, and which England could not concede. She well understood that Napoleon was intriguing with the President, and had to act accordingly. The non-fulfilment of Mr. Erskine's arrangement, made necessary by the conduct of the French Emperor, as well as because contrary to instructions given to Mr. Erskine, tended to irritate the already inflamed passions of the Americans. Yet meanwhile the French had continued to seize United States' vessels in a very aggravating manner, without exhausting the patience of the Americans. At last, however, Napoleon pretended through his minister to revoke the Berlin decree. His subsequent conduct showed it was only a pretence. Immediately, the United States required England to make concessions equal to those promised by Napoleon. But England refused to do so until Napoleon had issued a Proclamation. Matters were, then, in this shape between the United States and France, and England respectively. Both European nations continued to inflict injury upon American commerce, but more especially France. She had promised to revoke the obnoxious decree, but did not, and continued all the same to seize American vessels. England, willing to do what France did in the matter, was called upon by the United States to do what France had promised to do, but did not do. And it was in consequence of this that Congress at last took the extreme step of declaring war against England. In November, 1811, the President sent a message to Congress, with a warlike spirit, and the Committee on Foreign Affairs recommended the raising of 25,000 regulars and 50,000 militia, and other warlike preparations. And on the 18th June, 1812, war was declared. Let it, however, be said that the bill declaring war was not passed without strong opposition. In the House of Representatives it passed by a vote of 79 to 49, and in the Senate by 19 to 14.

While the United States had resolved to enter upon the path of war, England had been taking important steps to meet their wishes, although so exorbitant and inconsistent, little thinking that so rash a procedure would be adopted by the American Government. It was five days after war had been declared (before England could have become aware of that act) when she officially announced the unequivocal revocation of the Order in Council, so far as America was concerned, and it was with extreme surprise that the news was received that the

United States was already at war with her. It would be regarded by every rational mind, as a natural result of this pacific act of England, that when the United States became aware of it, a declaration of peace would immediately have followed. And it is a matter of wonder to this day how a civilized and Christian nation could excuse any other course of conduct. Hostilities had not yet commenced, and the States were by no means unanimously in favour of war. But the position so ruthlessly and malignantly assumed was maintained. It becomes at once apparent that the pretended reasons for declaring war were not the real ones. Indeed, the true reasons cropped up in the newspapers, and in the inflammatory speeches in and out of Congress. The strongholds of England in America, Quebec and Halifax, were pointed to as easy of conquest, and the British standard was to be for ever banished from the Continent.

The following remarks by a Canadian writer (Auchinleck) are fitting comments upon the character of the United States :—"The war—the grand provocation having been removed—was persisted in, for want of a better excuse, on the ground of the impressment question. But the impressment matter had been actually arranged in the Treaty of 1806—a treaty approved of to the fullest extent, and signed by the negotiators of the United States concerned in framing it, though Mr. Jefferson afterwards, for reasons best known to himself, refused to ratify it. Nobody, therefore, could pretend but that the question of right of search and impressment, as it had once been settled, might be settled again, without recourse to arms, and was still open for amicable adjustment. Besides the moral obligation manifestly resting upon the Government of the United States to abandon, in common honesty and fairness, a war, the alleged provocation to which had been removed, the American Congress were virtually pledged to such an abandonment, their own words witnessing against them. In the report of the Committee (November 29th, 1811) urging preparation for war, it was stated that their intention was, 'as soon as the forces contemplated to be raised should be in any tolerable state of preparation, to recommend the employment of them for the purpose for which they shall have been raised, *unless Great Britain shall, in the meantime, have done us justice.*' Thus the course which they themselves acknowledged would be just, and gave implied promise of adopting, was not adopted when the condition had been fulfilled. The Government of the United States stand, then, self-convicted of wanton aggression on the North American colonies of Great Britain, and of prosecuting the war on grounds different from those which they were accustomed to assign. If to our motherland there attach the reproach of impolitic pertinacity in maintaining so long a system prejudicial to her own commerce, and irritating to a neutral

power, under an impression of necessary self-defence, right in the first instance, but subsequently, by the angry legislation of the United States, rendered delusive ; there is, at least, no moral turpitude in such a charge. The lust of conquest, however, involving, as it does, moral guilt, provokes a censure, and fixes a stain which the honour of a nation, and of a Christian nation especially, is deeply concerned in repelling, if it can. For this offence against national integrity and good faith, the Government of the United States are answerable in prosecuting the war from motives clearly distinct from those which they avowed—motives not at all consistent with the position in which they desired to place themselves before the world—that of an aggrieved people contending for rights which have been infringed ; motives, in short, arising wholly from popular feeling at once covetous of the possessions of another nation, and exasperated for the time by passions beyond control. In a word, the war of 1812 was a war of AGGRESSION, and its fate was that with which it is the usual providence of God to visit, sooner or later, all aggressive wars—it was a failure, and a failure, though brightened by occasional triumph, involving, on the whole, a large amount of retributive calamity. It is, too, a remarkable, we might say, providential, circumstance that the failure was mainly brought about through the gallant and the unexpected resistance of the very colony which was regarded by its invaders as likely to prove an easy conquest, in consequence more particularly of the disloyalty to the British Crown vainly imagined to lurk in its heart. That very colony which, to the war-party in Congress, was the object of cupidity, and by a strong delusion afforded them their highest hopes of success, became largely instrumental to their discomfiture. This looks like a judicial disappointment of schemes not merely visionary and inconsiderate, but—what is far worse—violent and unjust.”

The historical fragments hereafter to be given, to which this paper is an introductory, will be derived mainly from those who took part in the war of 1812, containing personal sketches of the veterans, with illustrations ; and the wish is here expressed that those who have not supplied information to the writer, will kindly do so at an early day.

AN ANXIOUS DAY FORTY YEARS AGO.

BY "H. B. K.," AUTHORESS OF "LIFE IN THE BACKWOODS OF CANADA."

OF all the dull and disagreeable stations to which a marching regiment could be consigned, I can think of none more dreary than the little Town of Fermoy, in the County of Cork, Ireland. What it may be now I cannot tell, but certainly in the year 183— it was worse than any cathedral city in England, and both officers and men in the army proverbially dislike being quartered in cathedral towns. On our arriva from Cork, where we had been stationed for more than a year, we found our barracks dirty, damp and inconvenient, but as there were neither houses to be hired nor lodgings to be let at any price, we had to make the best of our very limited accommodation, two rooms and part of a kitchen being the orthodox allowance.

Almost close together were two barracks and two barrack squares, but one was a desolate and long abandoned spot, condemned by the authorities, but, instead of being pulled down, allowed to fall gradually into decay, and here armies of rats held their revels, undisturbed till the arrival of our regiment, when the deserted square became a happy hunting-ground for our young officers and their well-trained terriers.

The society of Fermoy at this period comprised a very small sprinkling of county families, a few rich retired traders, and the shopkeepers of the place. The country generally was in a most disturbed state, all the better class of landlords were absentees, who left their rights and duties as lords of the soil to be exercised by the agents or middlemen, who, with few exceptions, were specimens of the worst class of low tyrants, and who, detested by the peasantry on account of their grinding executions, went on from day to day, increasing the hatred against themselves, and the poverty of the poor cotters left defenceless in their hands. The ravages of the cholera, two years before, had been followed by famine; political party spirit ran high; religious differences were more embittered than ever; the tithes collected for the maintenance of a Church to which the majority did not belong were rigorously exacted; the search after illicit stills was unceasing, and as the newly organised police of Sir Robert Peel had by no means attained its present efficiency, and were hated by the peasantry, who, from the first, bestowed upon them the contemptuous soubriquet of "peelers," the military were continually called upon for services by no means connected with their profession, and grumbled very much at being associated in the degrading

duties of thief-takers and tithe-proctors. I can only compare the state of the Irish peasantry at the time of which I am writing to the miserable and ground-down condition of the peasants of Lorraine at the time of the French Revolution, so graphically described by the Messrs. Erckmann-Chatrian, in their "Story of a Peasant." Coming as our regiment did from the unbounded hospitality of a wealthy city, and the incessant gaiety of a large circle of friends and acquaintances, the change was greatly felt, and, contrary to all regimental precedent, our young officers were quite thankful to be told off for detachment duty, generally considered the dullest phase of a subaltern's life.

We had been settled at Fermoy for about two months when the affair of the Widow Ryan took place, which, with its tragical consequences, threw upon the military an increased degree of odium, in which our regiment shared, though, happily for our feelings, not mixed up in it. For those of my readers who never heard of the Widow Ryan, it is necessary to explain that she was a poor widow, living with an only son at the foot of the mountain range, a few miles from Fermoy. Her cabin, with its few acres of land for potatoes, and the pasture of her one cow, was placed among a cluster of huts tenanted by people mostly poorer than herself, and forming a rude hamlet. Steadily refusing to pay the tithes, and pleading indeed inability to do so, the officials of the law, a tithe-proctor and a party of "peelers," were sent to seize her goods, and those of other defaulters in her immediate vicinity, and as they were pretty sure of rough treatment from the well-known disaffection of the country round, a party of the military with a magistrate at their head accompanied the civil force. The soldiers were drawn from the regiment quartered in the same barracks with ours, and when the events of the day were over, we were thankful that our men had not been called out. On the combined party arriving at the ground, they found a considerable mob assembled in front of the cabins, armed, Irish fashion, with sticks and stones. At first the opposition was limited to deep muttered curses and threatening gestures, but when the myrmidons of the law began to seize the cows and pigs, and other goods of the defaulters, then the tumult broke forth in all its fury, sticks and stones flew about like hail, and the "peelers," wounded and bruised, were driven back upon the soldiery, who up to this time had remained with grounded arms, quietly looking on. Matters growing worse, the magistrate in command of the party advanced to the front, and, in spite of the missiles flying about, read the Riot Act. After that the soldiers were ordered to fire a volley, which wounded severely two or three peasants, but took fatal effect on young Ryan, a fine, handsome lad of nineteen, who was standing with a pitchfork at the entrance of his mother's "haggard," fiercely opposing the seizure of their one cow. He

fell dead on the spot, and a scene followed which baffles description. The wailing shrieks of the poor bereaved mother, the screams and cries of frightened women and children over the wounded men, the yells and execrations of the men, were, as a bystander described it, appalling. Nevertheless, the tithe-proctor and his assistants completed their seizure, and withdrew, escorted by the military, and driving their prey before them, and in this manner the soldiers returned to the barracks to horrify us with an account of the day's proceedings. For a long time after this, "the Widow Ryan affair" was the general theme of conversation, and became indeed to the British public of that day, what the "Jenkin's Ear" question, so much laughed at by Carlyle, had been in the century before. The benevolent deplored the individual wrong and suffering; the intelligent argued and discussed the "whys" and "wherefores" of the catastrophe; the civilians blamed the military for rashness and cruelty; the military sheltered themselves under the orders of the civil magistrate.

It was about a week after this tragical event that the orderly sergeant brought to our quarters the regimental book with the orders for the following day. Captain K. took the book, and read the orders out loud that I might hear. A large party of our men were to start before daylight the next morning for tithe-collecting in a village not far from the Widow Ryan's neighbourhood. Looking up from the window where I was embroidering, I was quite struck by the wrapt attention with which "Judy," the Roman Catholic wet nurse of our youngest boy, was listening to what passed between her master and the orderly sergeant. Soon after he left, when I had gone into the adjoining bedroom, she followed me, and most urgently asked leave to go to confession to her priest in the town that very evening, alleging, as a reason, that she had not been for some time, owing to "Master Arthur's illness." I at once refused permission, telling her, very truly, that as the soldiers were to start before daylight, and as a few indispensable preparations were necessary for her master's comfort, I could not be left, for some hours probably, with the three babies, the youngest one, only six weeks old, taking up the entire time of my English nurse. Judy appeared very sulky at being refused, and mentioning this to a friend, quartered with her husband in the same house, I found that all the Roman Catholic maidservants had made the same request, doubtless with the intention of giving full information to the priest of the intended movements of the soldiers. The next morning before day-break the party started, and I may truly say that those left behind passed a very anxious and uncomfortable day. We might in fact have considered ourselves prisoners, for we were strongly recommended to keep within the barrack walls during the absence of the troops, and a

strong guard had charge of the barrack gates, but these precautions were more ludicrous than useful, as, in point of fact, there was no part of the low barrack wall that a moderately active man, if so disposed, could not have easily jumped over.

We ladies walked a good deal up and down the barrack square with our nurses and children, talking over the chances of a collision between the peasants and the soldiers, till one became as nervous as the other, nor were we reassured by clearly perceiving that we were under surveillance, as a little army of ragged urchins from the outside were watching our every movement, and telegraphing to older spies in the distance, especially one ragged man on a donkey, who went and returned many times during the day. However, all days must inevitably come to an end, and so did this one, and when, before dark, the absent troops triumphantly re-entered the barrack square and were dismissed to their quarters, I did hope that all doubts and anxieties were over, and that my husband would speedily come in to the nice dinner I had prepared for him. Such was not the case. A message came from the officer who had commanded the party, to beg that I would not alarm myself, but that Captain K. had been unable, from sudden lameness, to keep up with the line of march as the party returned, and had, at his own desire, been left behind on the road—that he was sure to come in soon, &c. I at once surmised the truth, that he had become disabled from the long march and the subsequent standing for hours on the damp ground, and this in consequence of a severe wound in the hip, received in action during the Burmese war, and which, to the end of his life, gave him exquisite pain on any change of weather, or after undue muscular exertion. My terrors were great, and certainly not without some foundation. It could not but be dangerous for a single officer, wearing the detested uniform, to be on a lonely road only traversed by peasants in a state of irritation from real and fancied wrongs. I remembered, too, that he had no arms whatever but the usual “regulation” sword, than which there could hardly be a more inefficient weapon. The *red hot coulter* wielded with such dexterity by “Bailie Nicol Jarvie” at the Clachan of Aberfoil, might be a weapon to rely upon in case of emergency, but a “regulation” sword of former days was hardly equal to a long knitting needle, and in a struggle for life and death would have been quite useless. All these perils, magnified by a vivid imagination, kept me in agonies for more than two hours, and I was on the point of writing to our colonel to implore that at least a corporal’s guard might be sent out to look for my husband, when Captain K. himself, looking dreadfully ill, and in a state of complete exhaustion, limped across the barrack square to our quarters, having been assisted down from a gentleman’s gig, who kindly drew up close to the

barrack gate, and, after a cordial shake of the hand, immediately drove off. Captain K.'s account of his day, after the troops left him, was as follows :—

He managed to limp along the road for a mile or two, soon losing sight of the soldiers, and then tried to rest by sitting down now and then on the road side, but the effort of rising gave him such dreadful pain in the wounded hip, that he thought it wiser to keep upon his feet. Occasionally he passed a cabin, the inmates of which, mostly women and children, came out to stare at him, but, quite contrary to Irish hospitality and kindness, not a soul invited him in to rest and shelter, though a drizzling rain was falling, and his extreme lameness was quite apparent. He began to regret that he had not accepted the kind offer of the major in command of the party, who had offered to mount him on his own horse. He soon noticed that every peasant he met looked at him and his uniform in a scowling, threatening manner, and he felt that his prospects for the next few hours were anything but inviting even supposing that he could continue to walk till he got back into Fermoy. His strength, however, was fast failing, and as he approached the base of a long steep hill, not many miles from the town, he felt how impossible it would be for him to climb it. In this dilemma he considered what was best to be done, and resolved to turn off the main road into a bye lane, which led from it, with a view to lying under the thick hedge for an hour or two of rest, which might enable him to finish his painful journey later, if that should be possible. He was anxious, also, to retire from observation, for he noticed that four or five peasants had joined each other, and were standing full in his path at the foot of the hill, looking in his direction and wildly gesticulating.

At this critical moment Providence sent him most unexpected help. He heard the welcome sound of wheels advancing from the bottom of the lane, at the entrance of which he was standing, and very soon a strong, substantial yellow gig, drawn by a powerful Irish horse, and driven by the celebrated Dr. Roche, rapidly approached. The benevolent but eccentric doctor was well known to my husband by report, and slightly by sight. He was, indeed, one of the best types of a highly gifted Irishman. A distinguished scholar, a finished gentleman, a genial companion, with all the wit and eloquence of the national character, he was courted and welcomed by the few resident gentry scattered about the neighbourhood. By the poor peasants he was perfectly idolized on account of his large-hearted sympathy with their sorrows and wants, his unbounded benevolence in relieving them, and his great skill as a medical man, which was almost gratuitously exercised for their benefit. He was a true patriot, but did not see that sedition and rebellion were fit means to redress the wrongs of his country—he was a staunch Roman

Catholic, but had an enlightened respect for all consistent professors of other creeds. He was now returning from a visit to the poor bereaved Widow Ryan, and when he caught sight of a lame officer and the group of scowling men at a little distance, he took in the situation at a glance, and, drawing up to the side of the road, cordially held out his hand, and with a cheery "Come in, captain, we must get you out of this," made room by his side. Getting in by the aid of the doctor's powerful grasp, my husband seated himself with a full sense of security and thankfulness, and they exchanged very few words before reaching the little knot of loiterers at the foot of the hill, each one looking as if a prey just within his reach had been unjustly snatched from him. The doctor, who evidently knew them all, had a kind word for one, a gay jest for another, a medical inquiry for a third, and, in fact, something to say to all, keeping his horse at the same time to as fast a pace as was possible up a steep hill. The men, however, seemed determined to keep up with him, talking a good deal among themselves, and one stalwart peasant, who rejoiced in the name of "Barney O'Leary," trotted by the doctor's side, keeping his hand on the bar of the gig, and talking wholly at first in Irish, the name of Ryan being often repeated. At length he broke out in English, "Troth, and it's meself, docthor dear, that's fairly kilt wid the wondher to see the likes of yourself with a dirty spalpeen of a soger by your side—och! the murtherin' villain," shaking his fist and scowling angrily at the doctor's companion. To all this the doctor coolly replied, "And is it meself, Barney, my man, that you'd have leaving a poor lame creature on the road, and" (sinking his voice to an audible whisper) "he, too, a blood relation of the mistress at home. Sure! and isn't cousinship a claim?" Barney's brow cleared a little at the mention of this improvised relationship, for no where are the ties of blood more closely drawn than among the warm, impulsive Irish. He still, however, continued to talk to the doctor with a latent suspicion in his tone that all was not quite right, but at length the brow of the hill was reached, and with a cheerful farewell to his unwelcome escort, and a smart touch of the whip to his fast trotting horse, all danger was left behind, and the doctor, (truly a good Samaritan) having fulfilled his mission, safely deposited my husband at the barrack gate.

A three weeks' confinement for Captain K. followed this "anxious day," during which he was not allowed to stir from his sofa, so great was the fear of the re-opening and inflammation of his old wound.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XIX—(Continued).

AND, indeed, Ella was looking grave enough. She had not bargained for being lectured on her marriage-day, and there were other reasons that made Mr. Landon's admonition distasteful to her. However, it was no time for discouraging thoughts. The carriage had come to take all four of them to church, where she would require all the presence of mind needed by a bride, and more. The "sacred edifice," as the local newspaper afterwards described it, "was thronged with fashionable spectators," though the marriage party itself, including, as it did, the commissary and Mr. Landon, could hardly have been described as fashionable. The former gentleman had been asked in consideration of his daughter's services, and came in uniform, with white trousers, which some faint recollection of festivities in out-of-the-way climes had caused him to put on in honour of the occasion.

"My good fellow," whispered the colonel grimly, "you have made some mistake; it is only the bride that should appear in white, and you are not the bride, you know, nor anything like it."

It was disagreeable for the commissary to find Mr. Hugh Darall in the post of Cecil's "best man" (though he might have taken as much for granted), since his last interview with that young gentleman had been far from agreeable. But not much regard was paid to the commissary's sour looks, or even his "duck" trousers; all eyes were fixed upon the young couple as they stood in front of the altar rails, a picture "to make old folks young." A handsomer pair it would have been hard to find, or (which is better) a more winsome; for Cecil had such a face as bespeaks for its possessor the good will of the beholder, and Ella had none of that haughtiness which, in women, so often accompanies (and detracts from) exceptional beauty. She held her head high too, and had a certain listening and expectant air, such as the stag assumes when doubtful tidings are borne to him upon the mountain-wind. So marked was this when the priest inquired whether either of them knew of any impediment to their being joined together, that the fancy struck one of the congregation that she looked as if she apprehended interruption, and was prepared to strike it down. No such inauspicious incident, however, marred the ceremony which made Cecil and Ella man and wife. In the vestry a curious circumstance took place; as the bride was about to

sign her name for the last time, her newly-made father-in-law whispered something in her ear. It was only, "Dont you sign the wrong name, my dear."

Yet Ella dropped the pen, and uttered an ejaculation of dismay.

"Why, I surely haven't frightened you," observed the old gentleman. "I meant that you were not to sign your married name, as most girls do in their hurry to show they've caught a husband; it was only my little joke, bless you."

"And it was only that I was a little nervous just at the moment," answered Ella, sweetly; as she wrote her name in the usual quick, bold hand.

The colonel had turned his back upon them both, and became suddenly interested in the long rows of parish account-books which stood over his head; but his face grew crimson, and had not resumed its natural colour—which was that of the best description of parchment—when it came his turn to sign the register.

His guest from the City had certainly not been successful in pleasing him by his conversation during their short acquaintanceship; nor was he more felicitous with the commissary at the marriage-breakfast. He was one of those merry old gentlemen who will have their jokes, and he took upon himself to propose the health of the bridesmaid. There was but one, he said, which he thought hard upon "us gentlemen," and even that one, it was obvious, was bespoken; at the same time giving Mr. Hugh Darall a waggish poke with his elbow. It is probable that no harmless pleasantry had, up to that time, succeeded in making so many persons at once uncomfortable as did that unlucky observation.

Darall, of course, became a peony; Gracie, a rose; and the commissary, no flower at all, but the hue of an inferior silk, shot with green and yellow.

"Now, he has done it," muttered the colonel, as though the worthy merchant had at last arrived at the ne plus ultra of his colloquial offences. But it is doubtful even if he did not cap that, in a certain apparently very innocent remark which he made as he left the house, after the bride and bridegroom had departed.

"You need not trouble yourself to put the little affair that has happened to-day in the newspapers, colonel; that is a business matter which lies more in my way than in yours, and, if you will give me the necessary instructions, I will direct one of my clerks to get it done this afternoon."

"The devil you will!" ejaculated the colonel.

"Well, why not? It is of no great consequence, I suppose, which of us pays the few shillings for the advertisement. You don't think the proposition a liberty, I hope?"

If eyes could speak, the colonel's answer would have been, "I think it a dashed piece of impertinence, sir;" but what his voice said was, "I think it a matter that should be left in my hands, Mr. Landon."

"Very good; then you will see to it."

The merchant's judgment of the colonel's capacity as a man of business was a correct one, as was afterwards effectually demonstrated by the fact, that the marriage of Cecil Landon with Ella Mayne was never recorded in any newspaper, save the local one, or advertised even there

CHAPTER XX.

AT THE ABBEY.

It is one of the many proofs of the enthusiasm of youth, and of the sanguine ideas that enter into the human breast even at a later period, in connection with the holy estate of matrimony, that so many newly married couples should select the Lake district, as the scene of their honeymoon. For the wet weather so prevalent in that locality, and the absence of all other amusements save that derived from gazing at the scenery, make a honeymoon there less a "trial trip," as Mr. Landon prosaically called it, than a crucial test of companionship, under which more than one happy pair have been known to break down. This, however, let us hasten to declare, was not the case with Cecil and Ella. They were exceptionally fortunate in the weather, and even when they were kept within doors—which was not more than four days out of the seven—their social barometer never sank below Fair. If the cynics should require another reason, the husband had everything his own way; his Ella doted upon him, as is not usual at that early period of matrimony, when the doting is generally on the other side. Whatever excursion he proposed, she always agreed that it would be delightful, and what is better, she found it so. When it rained (for even during the other three days it did that) she made nothing of it, but in the most bewitching of waterproofs defied, or perhaps rejoiced the elements. "It was no wonder," said Cecil, "that the naughty rain should try to come where it shouldn't, and the wicked wind should kiss her;" and as for the aborigines, though they are more accustomed to contemplate young brides than any other people on the face of the earth, they protested that no such beauty had been seen among them for many a summer.

Ella exhibited no will of her own at all (with which, strange to say, before marriage even Cecil had occasionally credited her), and only once a passing whim, or fancy, and for even that there had been a physical cause. The circumstance took place in the fourth week of their tour when they were returning from the region of mere and mountain, by

the southern route, which had brought them to Furniss Abbey, where they had wisely proposed to stay the night. The spot is familiar to all lovers of the picturesque who are not hopelessly given up to the Continent, in all the length and breadth of which, so fine a ruin is not to be found, associated with so well fitting, and harmonious an hotel. Not that the latter is ruinous, either in its appearance or its charges, but having been an old manor house, and being built of somewhat similar materials to that of the Abbey, there is a congruity between them seldom seen. An antiquary or an archæologist can, at all events, put up at it without any shock to his sensibilities, and as he walks across the ancient garden that separates the two edifices (keeping his eyes tight shut, however—as he can always do when he pleases—against the neighbouring railway), steps from old times to older without a break.

Across this garden, after Cecil had secured their rooms and ordered dinner—for he was never so blinded by romance as not to take those wise precautions—our happy pair had sauntered to the Abbey, the blood-red walls of which were flushing deeper still beneath the evening sun. The ruin was bathed in quiet more complete than when the monks—whom their order bound to silence—had themselves inhabited it: not a sound was heard save that of the cawing rooks, for whom that “Valley of the Nightshade” was a home before a cowl had been seen there. Even to the eyes of Youth and Love there was something solemn and awe-inspiring, as they crossed the threshold of the arched doorway, in the look of that long transept, with grass for floor, and sky for roof. The bliss of that tender time was for the moment shadowed by a sense of sublimity. As for Cecil, indeed, he scarce knew which was transept and which chancel, but Ella had all the requisite knowledge at her fingers’ ends. She pointed out to him where the high altar had once stood, warmed with “gules” from the five wounds of Christ, and the carved canopies of the sedilia, where abbot after abbot had listened to the awful tones of the *De Profundis*. Sacristy and chapel, refectory and hospitiun, to him would have been undistinguishable ruins, but for the sweet voice that gave to each their uses.

“My darling,” cried he, “you are a perfect guide-book, and as such (as Tom Moore says) must be bound in my arms!”

They were in the cloisters by that time, a spot, in one point of view, opportune enough for an affectionate embrace, since it was lonely, and free from all beholders; but if Cecil had had any regard for the fitness of things, he would surely have hesitated to wake those venerable echoes with a kiss. For the cloisters had been the very place selected by the Cistercians for the meditations of their young monks, after having been admitted into the society, by requesting of the good abbot “the mercy of God, and yours.” The court in the centre was a burial-ground, where

the gravestones were laid level, so that studious walkers should not be impeded, and at the same time might be drawn to serious thought.

Ella gravely pointed out these facts in reproving tones; but Cecil answered gaily, that he had read so much of the history of the Abbey, as informed him that at the time of its dissolution, Johannes Pele (abbas) had two wives; and another venerable member of the community, no less than five, so that kissing within the abbey boundaries was not, after all, so very incongruous.

Ella could not but smile at this result of Cecil's archæological reading.

"I had no idea that you were such a student of the literature of the church, my dear."

"Nor I, that I had married such an antiquarian," he rejoined. "How comes it that all these architectural details are like A B C to you?"

"I was brought up among people who took a great interest in such things," replied Ella, carelessly. "Let us climb these stairs, and see the dormitories."

A broad but broken flight of stone steps led to the roofless upper storey, where the very walls had gaps in them, and time had wrought an almost utter ruin.

"The monks must have had plenty of ventilation," observed Cecil, "even when there was a roof to their bedroom."

"Yes, they were no sybarites; they had straw mattresses, and a bolster that was but a foot and a-half long; those who attended the choir rose at midnight to sing the divine offices. Their only relaxation was——"

"Hush," said Cecil. "If your head is a pretty steady one, just look down here."

From where they stood the eye could command the roofless chapter-house, the only apartment otherwise in a tolerable state of preservation; its double row of channelled pillars was yet standing, and the daïs, or raised seat, on which the abbot and his monks sat during trials, and on the private business of the monastery, still ran round three of its sides. This historical apartment had now a tenant, in the person of an old gentleman, who was examining with great attention one of its lancet windows. He was a little weasen man, in a long frock-coat, with a wisp of silk round his neck, and a broad-brimmed beaver hat upon his head.

"There's a fellow who might have lived in these old times himself, to look at him," whispered Cecil. "He's an antiquary, I'll bet a sovereign; perhaps you'd like to cultivate his acquaintance. By jingo! he would be like your Uncle Gerard, if the colonel got his clothes second-hand from Monmouth-street. What's the matter, my dear?"

"I feel faint, Cecil, and giddy."

Indeed, she looked pale enough, as she clung to his arm, with eyes averted from the scene to which he would have called her attention.

"That comes of looking down from such a height, my dear; I was a fool to suggest it; step carefully down the stairs, darling. You feel better now?"

They had descended to the transept.

"Not much, I am still faint."

"That is my fault; a judgment for eavesdropping that has missed the real offender—as judgments sometimes do—and fallen upon you. Let us get out of this blessed Abbey, which is mouldy enough to make any one feel faint."

"It is not the Abbey, Cecil. To tell you the truth, I have not been well ever since I came into the Valley itself, it is so shut in. They call it 'the Vale of Nightshade;' perhaps it's poisonous to some people."

"My dear Ella, what a horrible notion!"

"I dare say it's all fancy, but then, one can't help fancies."

"But you seemed so particularly well and jolly, my darling, only a few minutes ago."

"I tried to appear so, Cecil; to bear up on your account; but now I find myself quite unequal to it."

"You certainly look very queer, darling," said Cecil with concern. "But you'll be better for your dinner. I've ordered it in the coffee-room, because I thought it would be more cheerful; and then you can compare notes upon the Abbey with that old Dryasdust. I'll ask the landlord what his name is."

"No, no," exclaimed Ella, hurriedly; "indeed, I could not eat dinner; and certainly not in the public room."

As they crossed the garden, Cecil observed how heavily she leant upon his arm, notwithstanding her evident desire to walk quickly. What struck him as even more significant was, that, when they got within doors, she at once accepted his offer of a glass of sherry, though as a rule she took no wine.

The affair began to seem quite alarming, as sickness always does to one who knows nothing about it, and who is conscious of his incapacity to "do anything."

"I wonder whether you would think me very, very foolish," said Ella, perceiving what was in his mind, "if I were to propose going on to-night—say to Lancaster—I feel as though if we remained here I might be taken ill."

"Of course, we'll go on, if there's a train, love."

A glance at Bradshaw informed him that there was a train, which started within half-an-hour, and by that time they were ready for departure. The very idea of going seemed to have put to flight half

Ella's sudden malady. She still felt "queer," however, she said, and chilly, and wrapped herself about in cloak and shawl, as though it were winter time. As they crossed the hall that led to the railway platform, the old antiquary entered from the garden. He had a note-book in his hand, but did not appear to have made any original discoveries, to judge by his countenance, which was grave, even to melancholy.

"I think that poor old buffer had better come away with us," whispered Cecil, "for the place seems to disagree with him too. You might in charity have shown him your pretty face, my dear, instead of muffling yourself up like a beauty of the harem."

Cecil was different from the majority of bridegrooms in not being jealous of his wife's charms. He took a pride rather in the admiration they extorted from others.

Ella answered nothing, but only moved on more quickly, and as he did so, Cecil felt her tremble on his arm.

Once in the train, however, she soon recovered, and, after passing Ulverstone, became quite herself again. The loveliness of Morecambe Bay, on whose perilous sands so many have taken leave of life with the fairest of earth's prospects spread before them, as though to mock their misery, seemed to kindle her enthusiasm; or was it that she strove by a constant stream of talk to drown her husband's recollection of her recent strange behaviour? If the latter, she was not successful, for at supper that night, seeing her quite well and strong again, he began to rally her upon her mysterious indisposition.

"I don't believe it was the Furness air, my dear, that so affected you. I suspect it was the sight of that old fogey."

"What old fogey?"

"There, now I'm sure of it," answered Cecil, laughing. "The idea of your pretending not to know what I mean; you turned faint when you looked at him, and you trembled when he looked at you. If I were of a jealous disposition, and that respectable antiquary were about three-quarters of a century younger than he looked, I should be really inclined to think that he had been an old love of yours."

"Then you would be very much mistaken, Cecil," returned she, gravely, and with no answering smile; "for I have never had—and never can have while life is left to me—any other love save you."

A reply which would have satisfied the most sceptical of bridegrooms; and scepticism—of that sort at least—was not to be reckoned among the many faults of Cecil Landon.

CHAPTER XXI.

A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

CIRCUMSTANCES mould our friendships almost as much as they form them. "Though time may divide us, and oceans may part," is a very pretty sentiment ; but it is also true that when ropes' ends have not met one another for a long time, the old splicing does not come so easy. There are knots and kinks that did not use to be of old—or if they were, for which we could more readily make allowance—which render the strand of long-parted friendship difficult to renew, as summed up by Colonel Juxon, indeed, thus succinctly : "When a fellow hasn't seen a fellow for a devil of a time, it stands to reason that he can't care twopence about him !" The statement may be a little exaggerated, but in the rough the colonel was correct. The marriage of Cecil Landon, for example, by separating him from his old companion, Hugh Darall, did, doubtless, weaken the bonds of friendship between them. New associations, new companionships, sprang up around each which the other no longer shared, and to some extent, though unconsciously, estranged them from one another. The vice versà of this process, it is true, by no means holds good ; you may meet a man every day, as one does meet one's club acquaintances, some of whom one certainly likes no better on that account ; but even these may become more en rapport and sympathetic with one than one's own true friend who remains at a distance. Not, indeed—to revert again to the case in point—that Woolwich was far from London, or that the difficulties of the route between those two localities were very formidable ; but Woolwich is out of the way of a London man, as Cecil had become, and Darall was more or less the slave of duty, and could not run up to town when he pleased.

It was not only business that employed the junior partner of the house of Landon & Son. He attended at the office with punctuality, for he considered himself tacitly pledged to do so ; but the work though light enough—as most business work is which is not absolute drudgery—was distasteful to him. His own apartment was snug enough, and very superior to any barrack-room that would have fallen to his lot had he remained in the army ; but the unaccustomed loneliness affected his spirits. The hours hung heavily on hand with him ; for, though his attention was loyally given to matters of business whenever demanded, no feeling of interest accompanied it. Sometimes the affairs of the firm took him into the country—generally to the West of England—and that was more disagreeable to him than all. When his mission for the day was then accomplished, there was no companionship, no amusement, in which he could lose the recollection of it until the morrow. In London

he erased the memory of the tedious day by pleasures that might almost be termed dissipations.

"Hang it, Ella," he would say, on coming home, in those early days, when discontent was not as yet in the ear, but in the grain, "I have been half bored to death in Weathermill Street; let us have a lark somewhere."

Whereupon they would go to the play. Ella was ready enough for gaiety, but would have been equally ready to spend a quiet evening in her husband's company; her whole aim in life was to please him, and for a time she succeeded—wonderfully. For, though beauty, cleverness, and personal devotion must needs succeed in winning the affections of any man, they cannot always retain them. And herein was manifested what had been really amiss in the union of these two young people; not that they were too young—for that is a matter to be decided upon in each particular case, and does not admit of generalization—but that their engagement had been too short. The gamut of the human mind comprehends other things besides love-notes. These two had interchanged together smiles, kisses, vows, and all the paraphernalia of the most virtuous attachment, but they had not interchanged thoughts; and if they had been a little less precipitate they would have discovered the reason—namely, that they had not a thought in common. In some cases this is of small consequence—we have seen very happy pairs without a thought between them; and again others equally well satisfied with one another, where all the thinking has been upon one side; but in the case of Mr. and Mrs. Landon, junior, there were thoughts on both sides, and unhappily they were antagonistic. Cecil was a clever fellow, genial, and even humorous, and possessed very attractive manners; but his character was essentially conventional, or, lest we should do wrong to the great majority of our fellow creatures in so speaking, let us rather say that his opinions were so. He had never given himself the trouble to form any of his own, but had received them at second hand, from the most commonplace sources. His father had sent him to Eton—curiously enough, as people said who thought themselves acquainted with the elder Landon. He had, indeed, no belief in the virtues of the public-school system; but being told on every side that it was due to his motherless boy, heir as he was to a considerable position in the world, that he should have "all the advantages of education"—by which, as usual, was meant fashionable ones—he had so far given way to the advice of others as to place him at that aristocratic seminary. In doing so, he was only giving a sop to Cerberus, inasmuch as he had determined not to enter the lad at the university, but to transfer him straight from school to the house in Weathermill Street. How that plan ended we are aware. The training at "Henry's darling seat" did not prove favourable to mer-

cantile pursuits, and had also fostered many opinions that were distasteful in his father's eyes.

What was of much more consequence, they were distinctly opposed to those of his wife. Ella was a democrat, and something of an esprit fort. Ladies of the like views are found in plenty nowadays, but at the time of which we are writing, they were so rare as to be by some considered monstrosities. Cecil had a decorous attachment for religious orthodoxy which only stopped at the church door ; he did not like attending public worship, and therefore he did not go ; but he thought it ill-judged, unfeminine, and what in a word is now called "bad form," that his wife should do the same. In politics and social matters he was well content that things should remain as they were—not that he had studied the matter or even thought about it, but his notion was that radicals were not gentlemen, and should be avoided ; as to their being ladies, such an idea had never yet entered his head.

Now Ella was an "advanced thinker," though not exactly of the Manchester type, and, what was worse, she was an advanced speaker. What she thought she had no scruple about putting into words ; and not a little had she fluttered the doves of Bayswater—even the male ones—at various dinner-parties by so doing.

"Upon my life, Landon, your wife is a—very remarkable woman," was a confidential observation that had been made to Cecil more than once, when his host had come to his end of the table at dessert, having previously had Ella on his right hand during the repast ; and the observation had not been taken as a compliment. She was so beautiful and so intelligent—for intelligence is comparative, and Bayswater dinner-parties are sometimes a little dull—that no man, except her husband, was annoyed by her peculiarities ; but they offended the women, who resented them by pitying Cecil, and Cecil did not like to be pitied.

"I cannot think, Ella, where you get hold of such ideas," observed he upon one occasion, when they were, for a wonder, passing the evening alone, and at home. "They are really not becoming ; Lady Green was quite shocked by what you said to her last night about the bishops."

"I am sorry for that," said Ella dryly.

"Well of course you are ; she is a person of position, and her good opinion is worth having."

"Indeed, that is not my view of it. Why I was sorry was that I failed to convince her. Persons of intelligence I generally find agree with me, but if I could persuade the Lady Greens—that is the million—that would, indeed, be a triumph."

"I beg to state, Ella, so far as the matter in debate between you and her ladyship was concerned, that I also belong to the million."

Ella took no notice of this declaration of faith, but remarked, quietly, "I wish you would'nt say 'your ladyship,' Cecil: it is a term only to be used by servants."

"I think I know how to express myself, thank you, without any Hints on Etiquette," answered Cecil, biting his lip. "The fact is you are jealous of everyone in a position higher than your own."

"Jealous of Lady Green?" inquired Ella contemptuously.

"Yes, because she goes before you down to dinner. There is no limit to the envy of some women."

"There is to their patience," answered Ella, rising from her chair.

"I will not listen to such words, Cecil."

"You bring them on yourself, my dear," said he in less antagonistic tones. "It is no pleasure to me to speak them. But I can't help hearing—and feeling—what people say about you, and your opinions."

"What people?"

"Well, very respectable people. It is all very well for a man of genius to set himself up in opposition to established notions—though even he is thought a fool for his pains—but in a woman it is not becoming. A woman ought to be——"

"Pretty and plump," interrupted Ella; "and to have no opinions of her own."

"I was not going to put it that way, but you have described a very nice sort of woman," said Cecil. "You may say, perhaps, that my father holds pretty much the same views as yourself." She shook her head. "Well at all events, something akin to them; but in his mouth one makes allowance for them. He has not been brought up as you have been. You learnt nothing of the kind from your Uncle Gerard, nor at home, as I understand; and indeed I know, from what occurred when we were at Furness, that you were brought up in a very different school."

"How do you mean, 'from what occurred at Furness?'" said Ella, in a tone no longer defiant; the flush of anger too had suddenly faded from her cheek.

"I refer to the knowledge you exhibited with respect to antiquities, and so on, which you said you had been brought up to study; I suppose those who taught you—your father, for example—being themselves attached to that kind of lore, could scarcely have been radicals."

"My father was not a radical," said Ella simply.

"Of course not, he was a gentleman, no doubt, like your uncle—though you never speak about him."

"I thought," she hesitated—her voice was not only gentle now, but conciliatory—"I thought it would not interest you, Cecil."

"Don't say that, dear; anything that interests you would interest me;

but I have never sought to pry into what you wished to be silent about. I have never interfered with you in any way, as you know ; but to-night I have just said a word—not out of season, if that means too early—about the too-open expression of your opinions. They annoy me, Ella.”

“Then I will endeavour to restrain them, darling,” answered she, submissively. “I believe in them, Cecil, as few people do, perhaps, but I hold them as nothing as compared with your affection. You don’t feel angry with me any longer, do you Cecil ?”

“Not a bit, my pet. The tears are in your eyes ; you feel hipped and moped. Let us go to the opera ; we shall be in lots of time for the ballet.”

“Not to-night, dear ; I feel so tired.”

“Very good ; then I think I’ll just take a stroll by myself.”

The quarrels of married folks have not always the effect proverbially attributed to those of lovers. They shake the pillars of domestic peace and loosen them, even though they may not bring them down. The disagreement of the young couple was over for the time, but it left its traces on them both ; and upon Cecil especially. He had conquered in that passage of arms, but the victory had not been obtained so readily as he anticipated, nor in the wished-for manner. He had even a vague impression that his wife had intellectually got the better of him, and had given in from some fanciful scruple ; certainly not from any adhesion to the orthodox doctrine—for wives—of passive obedience.

It is uninteresting, and far from agreeable, to have to describe or peruse domestic quarrels. Let it suffice to say that they became very frequent between our young couple ; and varied from “the tiff” unnecessary, to “the squabble” unavoidable. The system of going out of nights to cure the spleen is not adapted to make home happy. If a married couple love one another, let them rather send in to a friendly neighbour the same message which—as he hopes to be saved—was once sent in to the present writer : “Mr. and Mrs. A.’s compliments, and they would be much obliged if Mr. B. would step in for the evening, as they feel so very dull.”

Moreover, Cecil altered his system for a still worse one ; he remedied the home tedium by going out to enjoy himself alone, leaving Ella behind him. Wives, especially when newly married, object to this. It was a widow that dearly loved her husband, who confessed that there was one comfort that she derived from the very fact of her bereavement. “She always knew now—or thought she knew—where dear John was o’ nights.”

Ella did not always know where dear Cecil was. It is not to be supposed that she loved him less because she was racked by a vague jealousy, but she was angry with him, and showed it. And, alas ! Cecil loved her less in consequence.

"Don't you think it would be pleasant to have Gracie up from Woolwich to stay with us, Ella?" he had once suggested.

"It would be very pleasant for you, no doubt," she answered, with bitter significance.

"Good heavens, what do you mean? do you suppose I want the girl here? Are you jealous?"

He laughed in such a wholesome way that, had Ella entertained any such preposterous idea of the fascinations of her young friend, she would have had the wisdom to dismiss it.

"No, I am not jealous of Gracie, Cecil; you would be glad to have her here on my account, I know, in order that you might go out when you please, without even the slightest scruple that you still sometimes feel at leaving me quite alone."

"You never need be alone, my dear, I'm sure," replied he gently, "for no woman had ever, and deservedly, such troops of friends."

She raised the book she had depressed to look him in the face while she made her last remark, and once more pretended to be interested in its pages; she did not deign to answer him. The suggestion that "troops of friends" could supply his place with her, had cut her to the heart.

"You are determined to misunderstand me," said he in the aggrieved tone that husbands use who know themselves to be in the wrong. "A man can't be tied to his wife's apron-strings, especially if he is in business. Do you suppose I like having to run up and down the country away from you and everything pleasant? Next month, for example, I have to go to the West of England. I don't complain; but since it was for your sake that I have been dipped in the same vat as my father, I don't think it becomes you, Ella, of all people, to twit me with my absences from home."

"You know very well that I was not referring to business affairs, Cecil. If you had been a soldier, I should have had to lose you for even longer and more often. It is cruel of you to imagine (as you do) that even Gracie's company would make up to me for the absence of my husband, and still less the society of such friends as you refer to."

"I am sure they are very nice people—some of them, at least—and you seem to me to enjoy yourself when amongst them. I heard you say that you were looking forward to the Groves' picnic at Virginia Water, for instance, with particular pleasure."

"And so I am, Cecil, because, for once, you are going with me."

"My dear Ella, don't say, 'for once,'" answered he tenderly. "You know how busy we have been in the City all the spring, so that I could never get away early. It is only because we had such a long notice from Lady Elizabeth that I was able to promise. Don't be cross with me, darling."

She could not be cross with him when he spoke like that. Even if he did not mean it, if that pleading and affectionate tone—to which her very heart-strings vibrated—was not at all genuine, yet since he gave himself the trouble to use it, she must needs be happy and forgiving.

“And what do you really think about Gracie, darling?” inquired he. “It seems to me it would be a real charity to give her a holiday; I dare say that old commissary has never so much as taken her to the play in her life. We must begin very quietly with her—the Monument and Madame Tussaud’s.”

“But, dear Cecil, she will never leave her mother. When we last went down to Woolwich—and a long time ago Uncle Gerard complains that was—poor Mrs. Ray was too ill to see even me. She has lived much longer than was expected, but it must all be over soon. Then, indeed, it will be, as you say, a real charity to invite Gracie.”

“But then she will not be able to go anywhere, poor girl,” said Cecil, sincerely commiserating a calamity which precluded amusements.

“Well, I’ll send her an invitation to-morrow, darling, to please you,” said Ella, “though I don’t think anything will come of it; and suppose we ask Mr. Darall too.”

“Just as you like, Ella; only isn’t it rather hard lines to ask a fellow to meet a girl he loves, when the affair can’t come off; and, besides, are not two people that are spoony on one another rather apt to be bores in a house?”

“What a naughty selfish boy you are, Cecil,” said Ella, taking his ear between her finger and thumb and pinching it daintily.

“I never was selfish till I married you, Ella,” returned he innocently. “But when you and I became one, I felt myself bound to love, honour, and obey myself, and to look after that personage generally. I have a great weakness for him—I mean for her—I own.” And then there was a tender caress. It is certain that Mr. Cecil Landon had a very pleasant way with him—and with others.

CHAPTER XXII.

ELLA SCENTS DANGER.

NOTWITHSTANDING the swiftness of our modern postal system, letters still “cross” one another. Nay, the very rapidity of our means of communication has begotten a new contradiction; for it sometimes happens that one receives a telegram that tells us a sick friend is dead, from whom one afterwards gets a letter. A strange experience it is to take such in one’s hands, written but twelve hours ago, perchance, and feel that

the thoughts therein contained the writer can no longer think ; that the plans are valueless, since they were designed for this world ; that one is about to listen to the words of a dead man.

On the very night that Ella dispatched her note to Gracie, expressing the desire of her husband and herself that she should visit them, and painting their little schemes for her amusement in the most seductive terms—albeit she had little expectation that they would move her to leave her mother—Gracie had written to Ella to tell her that her mother was dead. She received the note the next morning at breakfast, and knew at once, by its deep black edging, what had happened.

“See—poor Mrs. Ray is gone at last,” said she, holding it up to her husband.

“Poor soul ! it must be a happy release for all parties,” observed Cecil. “One cannot but be glad upon Gracie’s account, as it will permit her to enjoy life a little ; she has had but a dull time of it hitherto. My dear Ella, how white you look ! I should have thought your young friend had been too sensible to write upon such a matter in a harrowing way.”

“I cannot help being touched at Gracie’s grief, darling.”

“But you don’t look touched so much as terrified.”

And, indeed, such was the literal fact. There was not a tear in Ella’s eyes ; but her face had that frozen look which accompanies excessive fear.

“She writes very sensibly,” continued she, taking no notice of her husband’s remark ; “you can read it if you please, dear, for yourself.”

As she handed him the letter, she dropped a slip of paper it contained into her lap.

“I don’t much care,” said he, “for reading about this sort of thing, my dear : ‘No pain,’ ‘sensible to the last,’ ‘love to yourself’—um. Well that is very satisfactory. She will, of course, come up to us as soon as she feels herself equal to going about and enjoying herself.”

“That will not be for some time to come, if I know her, dear.”

“Well, you ought to know her, if anyone does ; but I should have thought she was not one to ‘grizzel’ over things that couldn’t be helped. The presence of the commissary, too, will hardly be an encouragement to the sentimental emotions. I am quite sorry to see you so cut up, my dear.”

“It is so sudden, Cecil ; and just as I had written to her about theatres and amusements too. And the poor old lady was so fond of me.”

“And quite right too ; it did credit to her discernment.”

There was silence for some minutes, during which Cecil read *The Times*, and Ella turned and twisted the little note that still lay upon her lap a score of different ways.

"By jingo, here's more news from Woolwich!" cried he suddenly.

"What news?" inquired Ella, in faint tones, but with a certain anxiety in them, nevertheless.

"Well, perhaps you don't recollect him; I introduced you to him once, however, upon the Common—one Whymper, a cadet. I remember you thought him rather good-looking, which astonished me. He was a wretched sort of creature, and yet—what luck some people have!—he has come in for fifty thousand pounds. He has only to change his name, it seems, to Hobson. It is not a pretty one; but what signifies about names?"

"They are not of much consequence, indeed," said Ella.

"Ah, that is one of your radical notions. I don't agree with you there; but a fellow like Whymper might change his name for anything—Cavendish, Howard, Plantagenet,—and be no better than he was; and Hobson can't make him any worse. He has done it too, in due form: 'By Her Majesty's Letters Patent,' &c. I'll bet a sovereign he doesn't stop at 'the shop' another week. We shall have him up in London as a 'great catch' this season you may depend upon it. It will be a case of who will be 'Hobson's choice?' If he were a better fellow—and since poor Darall's getting her seems out of the question—we would put him in the way of Gracie. I should like to see the commissary making terms with Whymper—Hobson for the transfer. My young friend used to be a precious screw."

Thus he ran on while Ella listened, or seemed to listen, with a loving smile. She was always amused by Cecil's light, bright talk; but amusement was not now the expression of her face, it was rather conciliation, the expression—if one might say so without offence—which Gentleman cadet Whymper himself had been wont to wear when seeking to gain Landon's favour or mitigate his resentment. And yet, for certain, she had done naught that day to anger him.

With her own hands she helped him with his overcoat as he took his departure, as usual, for the City, and even lit his cigar for him.

"Your taper fingers are just the things, my dear, for that work," said he in gracious acknowledgment.

"I mistrust your compliments," answered she laughing, "though I smile at your wit. Now mind you are to be home to dinner at seven."

"Oh yes, darling—unless I should telegraph. There is just a possibility of my being obliged to ask young Magenta—the governor wishes me to be civil to him, and he may come up to-day from the west on business—to dine at the club."

Ella knew that Cecil would not have been seen entertaining Moses Magenta at his club upon any consideration, but she only smiled still more sweetly.

"Dine abroad, or at home, Cecil, just as you prefer," said she. "Which ever best pleases you will always best please me, darling."

He kissed her and patted her cheek in complacent approval. Almost any other husband would have had his suspicions aroused by having such a license accorded him for the future which seemed to revive the days of Papal indulgence. But Cecil's face only exhibited that gracious serenity which betokens a mind at ease with all things, but especially with itself. If the British nation should have unanimously agreed that, notwithstanding the claims of the reigning family, it would set them aside in order to have the advantage of being governed by Mr. Cecil Landon, it is our belief that that young gentleman would have been in nowise astonished at the selection, but would have calmly and politely declined the designed favour, on account of the trouble to himself involved in such an otherwise reasonable arrangement.

Yet this, perhaps, was the first occasion on which Ella had ever wished her Cecil otherwise than he was in character, for notwithstanding all their disputes, and matters about which, beyond all dispute, she had a right to complain, she loved him still with passionate devotion. His very self-consciousness and confidence in his own attractions were not displeasing to her, since they corroborated her own opinion of his merits; but she did wish, just for once, that he had expressed surprise at her concession about his dining out, and inquired, however jocosely, the reason of such unwifely acquiescence. If he had given her ever so small an opportunity in the way of interrogation, she would have taken advantage of it to tell him things which without inquiry he must needs know some day. But the door had closed upon him, he had not been told, and the telling was yet to come. And it must come soon now. Other people known to themselves had got hold of the scent, and the revelation had surely better be made to her husband by her own lips than by theirs.

The slip of paper which had been enclosed in Gracie's letter had referred to it. "At such a time as this, dearest Ella, it is scarcely fit that I should write upon any subject save one; but if my dear mother could speak she would say, I know, 'the Dead are at peace already; see you to the peace of the Living.' There is some scandalous story afloat here respecting your marriage. Of course, if I could get about, you could rely upon me to deny it; but for the present, as my lips are closed, I think it right you should know—and that Colonel Juxon should know—that things are said about it—I will not sully my pen by saying what things—that ought to be contradicted."

For the last twelve months—that is, for the whole time she had been married, and for weeks before—Ella had been expecting some such announcement as this; had been well persuaded that the blow must fall,

sooner or later, and yet had gone on buoyed up by a baseless hope. Every day that passed without discovery had swelled that hope until she had almost believed it possible that discovery might not take place at all. It is the way of all people who trust to the chapter of accidents to conceal a matter—the murder that they know must out. At first they feel that there is no escape; then, as time passes, they begin to flatter themselves that the peril is growing less; and when a long period has elapsed they become secure, and sometimes audacious. To this last state of misplaced confidence Ella had never attained, but she had reached the intermediate condition, and this sudden blow was therefore a severe one.

“I was wrong, I was wrong,” she moaned, “to listen to my uncle, and not to tell all to Cecil before I became his wife. He loved me then—nay, God help me if he does not love me now—but he was full of passion and devotion; that was the time to tell him. He would have married me all the same, and in the way I wished. If he be so fond of truth he would have respected my oath, and not compelled me to break it. Why, why did I not tell him?” She put the question as though to another person, and leaning her forehead on her hands, seemed to await the reply. “I remember now,” she went on, after a pause, “Uncle Gerard said that it would invalidate the marriage. How could my telling Cecil beforehand have done that? I was deceived most cruelly. My uncle said that out of spite and hate; I ought to have known him better. But stay, there was the lawyer’s opinion! Perhaps, if I tell Cecil now, our marriage is invalid?”

She started up as though she had been stung. Her face was for the moment no longer beautiful; despair and rage had transformed it. “No,” she cried, putting her hair back from her face with a passionate gesture, “if there is justice in heaven such things can never be. Even a fiend—and Uncle Gerard is not a fiend—would never have permitted me to run that risk. ‘Perhaps, if another told him, it would be no matter,’ says the law, but only I. Yet it is clear I must tell him. Someone will do it, if I do not, and that soon; will it be to-day, or to-morrow, or the next day? Whom can I consult without committing myself? The old man is my friend; I will tell him all, and ask him to break it to his son. And yet how can I, when he himself advised me, while there was yet time, to have no secrets from Cecil. And yet Cecil has secrets from me.”

Here the mobile face changed once again, and became hard and resolute.

(To be continued.)

Current Literature.

THE American edition* of Kingsley's life is somewhat abridged from the original work. Whether this condensation of the book be an advantage to the reader or not may be doubted. The American editor states that this has been thought wise, where especially extracts from his published works have been given, or "his own record of the conclusions at which he arrived, upon the many important problems that occupied his active mind" have been recorded. It seems to us probable, for we have not seen the original work, that they are likely to want in clearness in so far as they have gained in brevity. Charles Kingsley was an active man certainly; yet his work was so distinctly the outcome of his thoughts, that the one can be interpreted only by a full and comprehensive exposition, by himself, of the other. Moreover his published works are not few, and inasmuch as a biography ought to be a reflex of its subject, it is to some extent maimed, and imperfect, in seeming, to those who have not access to them.

Mrs. Kingsley's dedication is a very full appreciative sketch of the Canon's character. To those who have not carefully read this record of his life, there may seem to be an excess of eulogy; others who carefully study him as his entire being is unfolded in these pages will cheerfully admit that there is not a word of praise which an affectionate wife, to whom he admitted his success in life was mainly due, should have omitted.

Charles Kingsley was a clergyman's son, born at Dartmoor, Devonshire, and in the Vicarage, in 1816. He appears to have come of a stalwart stock on both sides. Speaking of them to Mr. Francis Galton, who had mentioned the Kingsleys in his work on "Hereditary Descent,"—"We are but the *disjecta membra* of a most remarkable pair of parents. Our talent, such as it is, is altogether hereditary. My father was a magnificent man in body and mind, and was said to possess every talent except that of using his talents. My mother, on the contrary, had a quite extraordinary practical and administrative power; and she combines with it, even at her advanced age (79), my father's passion for knowledge, and the sentiment and fancy of a young girl." The result is best given in Mrs. Kingsley's words:—"From his father's side he inherited his love of art, his sporting tastes, his fighting blood—the members of his family having been soldiers for generations, some of them having led troops to battle at Naseby, Minden, and elsewhere. And from his mother's side, came, not only his love of travel, science, and literature, and the romance of his nature, but his keen sense of humour and a force and originality which characterized the women of her family of a still older generation." It is not by any means an idle work this of tracing a man's lineage previous to examining his character and work. Those who desire to scan the record of this inherited character, unfolding itself at school and out of it, should carefully peruse the record in the preliminary chapters.

* *Charles Kingsley: His Letters and Memoirs of His Life.* Edited by his wife. Abridged from the London Edition. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

In 1836, when his father was transferred to St. Luke's, Chelsea, he felt himself deprived of the free air of the moors, where the wild scenery and the play of a romantic imagination had been all in all to him. Writing to a schoolfellow at Helston, where he had spent many happy days under the tuition of the Rev. Derwent Coleridge, the son of the great Samuel Taylor, he has many complaints to make of London:—"I find a doleful difference in the society here and at Helston, paradoxical as it may appear. . . . We have nothing but clergymen, (very good and sensible men) but talking of nothing but parochial schools, and duties, and vestries, and curates, &c. . . . As you may suppose, all this clerical conversation (to which I am obliged to listen) has had the effect of settling my opinion on these subjects, and I begin to hate these dapper young ladies' preachers like the devil, I am sickened and enraged to see 'silly women blown about by every wind,' falling in love with the preacher instead of his sermon, and with his sermon instead of the Bible." Here are the first symptoms of a certain impatience of temperament which in later days made itself felt against cant and oppression; but we want that higher activity which made afterwards an energetic worker in parochial work at Eversley.

Next in order, for our views must be necessarily abrupt and isolated, we find Charles Kingsley at Cambridge. It was here that his activity of intellect began to lead or drive him into doubt. His first difficulty was the Athanasian Creed—"which was in after years his stronghold," as Mrs. Kingsley puts it. The "bigotry, cruelty and quibbling" of it were revolting to him. On this subject an interesting series of letters is given. His future wife appears to have sent him books in his perplexities on many occasions. There were Carlyle's works, Coleridge's "Aids to Reflection," and, what perhaps influenced him more than all, Maurice's "Kingdom of Christ." His doubts had melted away under the influence of the Broad Churchman of the Coleridge school, never to assert full mastery over him, although, once and again, new difficulties sprang up.

Having taken orders, he was made curate of Eversley, in Hampshire, which he was not destined to leave long, as curate and vicar for thirty-three years. In 1844, he was married and began in stern earnest the parochial work he had despised when seventeen. With the poor his was always a welcome face because he sympathized with them and, if need be, could aid them with muscle as well as prayers and alms. "He could swing a flail with the threshers in the barn, turn his swathe with the mowers in the meadow, pitch hay with the hay-makers in the pasture. From knowing every fox earth on the mow, the 'ready hover' of the pike, the still hole where the chub lay, he always had a kind word in sympathy for the huntsman or the old poacher. With the farmer he discussed the rotation of crops, and with the labourer the science of hedging and ditching, and yet, while he seemed to ask for information, he unconsciously gave more than he received." The parish had long been neglected. Instantly this active spirit organized schools, regular house to house visitations, brighter services and all other methods of well-doing. In 1844, he made the acquaintance of the Rev. F. D. Maurice, which perhaps was the turning point of his life, and directing his aims and providing a wider channel or his exertions. Never, after they were on intimate terms, did Kingsley address Maurice otherwise than his "dear old master." Recognizing the

weak point in the King's College Professor—his subtle intellectuality—the only exclamation of the pupil, as he sent "Yeast" to press was, "I think that I have now explained Maurice to the people." Long before he had known Carlyle, again, he wrote, "More and more I find that these writings of Carlyle's do not lead to gloomy discontent—that theirs is not a dark, but a bright view of life; in reality, more evil speaking against the age and its inhabitants is thundered by the pulpit daily, both Evangelical and Tractarian than Carlyle has been guilty of in all his works." In fact, he liked neither of these parties—the Evangelical was distasteful, because he thought its system cramped, narrow and unscriptural, and the Tractarian, because he believed them to be paltering with the articles and thus trifling with all moral distinctions.

It is necessary now to pass over much interesting matter, and take our stand on the eventful years 1849-50. The "Saint's Tragedy" had been published, but it was rather a *dilletanti* bit of work. The time had arrived when he had a hard struggle before him, and was not to emerge from it, without receiving some heavy blows or being pelted with names hard enough, but not harder than they were to bear. To understand Kingsley's position aright when he attempted to Christianize and humanize the Chartism which was set afloat by the French Revolution of 1848, it is necessary to read not only "Yeast," "Alton Locke," and other elaborate works, but his fugitive writings, some extracts from which are to be found in this volume. Firmly believing that something ought to be done for the working classes—something which would bridge the gulf between the different strata of society—he was yet quite aware that they were blind to their true interests, and were led by honest, but yet blind, leaders. In 1877, we are accustomed to hear pleas for the workmen; people are now willing to listen to rational arguments on the subject, but they were not so thirty years ago. Kingsley, with his collaborators, Maurice, Hare, Froude, Hullah, Hughes, and many more, had to bear the brunt of the battle, of which this generation has reaped the fruit. There was nothing of the Communist, or even of the Democrat, about Kingsley whatever; yet when he saw a social disease he believed that a remedy ought to be, and must be, found, and set about it with all the enthusiasm of a warm-hearted nature. What he desired was not the levelling principles in vogue amongst the lower classes, but a moral and spiritual elevation. What he indicated in his papers on "Politics for the People" was their material up-bringing, and an effort on their part to raise themselves by co-operative exertion. On the other hand, those on "Christian Socialism" were an attempt to secure the recognition, not of a common right to property, but of the universal brotherhood of man. Take one brief sentence from the placard headed "Workingmen of England!"—"You think the Charter would make you free—would to God it would! The Charter is not bad—if the men who use it are not bad. But will the Charter make you free? Will it free you from ten pound bribes? Slavery to beer and gin? Slavery to every sponger who flatters your self-conceit and stirs up bitterness and headlong rage in you? That, I guess, is real slavery; to be a slave to one's stomach, one's pocket, one's own temper. Will the Charter cure that? Friends, you want more than Acts of Parliament can give." That is certainly not the language of a demagogue, and what follows, if we could spare space to quote it, is still less

so. But yet, all the same, when he saw the hand of evil rising, he was impelled to aim a blow at it. As Tom Hughes observes, "The fact is, that Charles Kingsley was born a fighting man, and believed in bold attack." When a correspondent of the *Guardian* made him utter the very opposite of his opinions, he disproved the criticism, and then offered three times the answer of Father Valerian in Pascal—*mentiris impudentissimé*.

His *quasi* alliance with working men soon made him the confidant of many who were discontented, doubting, or altogether sceptical. With such men he was eminently successful. Thomas Cooper, who composed "The Purgatory of Suicides," while in gaol for sedition, was one of these, and he was afterwards made a believer. On the theology of Kingsley it is not our purpose to enter at length. In this volume will be found a series of letters elaborately discussing the question of endless punishment from all points of view, philological, dogmatic, scriptural and otherwise. He deeply sympathized with Maurice in his ejection from King's College, for expressing his doubts on that dogma. He insisted that "his master ought not to be called upon to adhere to any views or proclaim anything not plainly taught in the Liturgy and Articles of his Church." He hated Calvinism as bitterly as he did Tractarianism, and thus speaks of it in one letter:—"If I wanted a proof of the corruption of human nature, I could find no plainer than the way in which really amiable and thoughtful people take up with doctrines which outrage their own reason and morality, simply because they find them ready-made to their hands. . . . The influence of Calvinism abroad seems to me to have been uniformly ruinous, destructive equally of political and moral life, a blot and a scandal upon the Reformation; and now that it has at last got the upper hand in England, can we say much more of it?"

So much has been said about the belligerent part of his career that Kingsley does not stand out in this review as he should do in fact, and does very prominently, as a thoroughly good, humane, Christian man in his biography. By his exertions, literary and other, he had established his fame, and the remaining twenty years of his life glided peacefully onward to the great sea, with increasing reputation and in deeper repose. He was not the man to spare himself in well-doing, and he early suffered in consequence. These temporary attacks of illness only served to nerve him for greater effort, and he remained in harness to the last. No man ever laboured so ungrudgingly as he for his fellows, without regard to himself. Wherever his services or his counsel were sought, he gave both freely. Whether in his parish or in the Cathedral stalls, with his pen, through the press, or in private letters, he was always willing to spend and be spent for others. In the smallest matters he had consideration for the feelings and weaknesses of his fellows, even the lowliest and the depraved. With all he was gentle, and for all he was thoughtful. When he entered upon his duties at Eversley, although he was fond of shooting, he laid aside his gun, lest he should lead some of his poor parishioners to poach; and he never would permit himself to be placed upon the Commission of the Peace, lest he might be called on to try any of them. It is in his home, of which we are afforded a few bright and beautiful glimpses, that his affectionate spirit displayed itself to best advantage. Every one who knew him cherished a deep and abiding love for Charles Kingsley, the husband, father, or friend.

It was only when his soul was fired by wrong-doing that he was angry, and did battle for the weak or the oppressed. As Professor Forbes put it, "I never saw in any man such fearlessness in the path of duty. The one question with him was, 'Is it right?' No dread of consequences, and consequences often bitterly felt by him, and wounding his sensitive nature, ever prevented him from doing that to which his conscience prompted. His sense of right amounted to chivalry." He was a nervous, forcible writer, who aimed directly at the point, regardless of whether he provoked hostility or no. When the crusade, if it may so be called, of natural science against religion, and *vice versâ*, began, he immediately endeavoured to equip himself for a thorough understanding of the bearings of the controversy, by study. He had no notion, as he himself said, of "subterfuges instead of fact, or of resorting to the *odium theologicum*;" he therefore corresponded with Darwin, Huxley, and Tyndall, instead of pelting them with stones, or with hard names which are often harder to bear. Yet occasionally that delicate humour of his sometimes broke loose, when some scientific men left the limits and wandered in conjecture. His speech of Lord Dundreary on the Hippocampus is excellent, and yet there is not a spice of ill humour about it. How he contrived to do so much work, to write so much, including some beautiful lyrics which will live, and yet carry on so humorous a correspondence, it is difficult to guess; and yet all was thoroughly and conscientiously done until the end. No book more effective to stir up young men to active exertion, as well as kindle in them love for God, for mankind, and for the lower creatures, could be named than this loving tribute to the memory of Charles Kingsley.

He finally laid down to rest on the 23rd of January, 1875, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Nothing could have been more simple in its calm dignity than his death. There was no agony, there was no perturbation of mind, no fear. The last words uttered to his fellows was a whispered message to his nurse as the twilight was shaking loose the garments of the night—his last on earth: "Ah, dear nurse, and I too am come to an end; it is all right—all as it should be." His last audible words were those solemn petitions in the English burial service on behalf of those who stand about the grave. His body rests where he desired it should lie, in Eversley churchyard, and a bust has been erected in the great abbey of which he died a Canon. As his intimate friend Max Müller finely says:—"Fame, for which he cared so little, has come to him. His bust stands in Westminster Abbey, by the side of his friend Frederick Maurice, and in the temple of fame, which will be consecrated to the period of Victoria and Albert, there will be a niche for Charles Kingsley, the author of 'Alton Locke' and 'Hypatia.'"

Mr. C. D. Warner has written some pleasant books of travel, including "Saunterings," principally devoted to Germany and Italy, and "Mummies and Moslems," the record of a Nile voyage. The one before us, "In the Levant," completes the Orient by adding the entire Levantine coast to the Egyptian voyage.* Now, in the first place, something must be said in dispraise of the writer, and that it goes somewhat against the grain to do so will

* *In the Levant*, by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER, author of "Mummies and Moslems;" "My Summer in a Garden," &c., &c. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1877.

be evident from our anxiety to leave it at the threshold. There is a growing inclination amongst Americans who go abroad to write little or nothing but what may be made good for satire or ridicule. This becomes doubly offensive, when the tawdry humour of exaggeration and far-fetched allusion is employed on scenes about which cling sacred or classical associations. It is ill-jesting, in a flippant way, with the hoary head of antiquity. Mr. Julian Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies" are in the spiteful mood, and Mark Twain's "Innocents Abroad" is a type of the painfully ludicrous. Now, that a travel book may be appreciative and also humorous may be seen in Kinglake's "Eothen." But the school of which we are speaking forgets to observe the limits of good taste, and after drawing, liberally and sometimes credulously, upon their guide-book erudition, make up a piquant dish from an inner consciousness which is often coarse and vulgar to a degree. They seem to have no respect for the *genius loci* where they may be, when a bad joke is possible, at the expense of anything or everything men have agreed to reverence.

Now it is only just to Mr. Warner to state that he is not so bad in this respect as some of his New England friends; and this volume is not so flippant as some others of his works. Still there is more false humour than is agreeable to those who do not like their books of travel flavoured with extracts from the comic columns of American journals. Our author goes over a large extent of ground, as will be seen presently, and therefore, it was hardly to be expected that he could add much to his reader's knowledge. Indeed he wisely avows his determination not to attempt it. The principal merit of the book consists in its very lively pictures of men, women and manners; and, for a picturesque view of these, "In the Levant" may be profitably used by way of supplement to more important works. In short, wherever Mr. Warner trusts to his vivid powers of observation he is exceedingly interesting; where he dives into history or guide-book he only escapes from dryness by becoming funny and flippant. Landing at Jaffa, he proceeded to Ramleh and thence to Jerusalem, whence he made excursions to Bethany, Bethlehem, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. Returning to Jaffa, he took ship to Beyrout and made a trip from there to Damascus and Baalbec. The next sea-journey finds him at Cyprus, in the antiquities of which he manifests great interest. Then to Rhodes, the old home of the Knights of St. John; so, through the isles of Chios and Smyrna. Here the party land and make a short railway journey to Ephesus; and from Smyrna again through the innumerable islands to the Dardanelles to Constantinople. From the Golden Horn across the Ægean to Salonica, Athens, Marathon, Salamis, Corinth, and to Italy at Brindisi.

The most valuable and instructive portions of the volume are those relating to Jerusalem and Constantinople, with their surroundings. At Jerusalem, in spite of its squalour, Mr. Warner appears to have been fairly overcome by the memories of the place; and he explores the Holy City with a pious energy worthy of any of the motley pilgrims he so inimitably describes. These descriptions, in fact, constitute the charm of the book, and reconcile us to some blemishes of taste and style. Bethlehem, again, is entirely to his taste; for it is exceedingly clean and lovely in its situation. At the *khan*, or inn, on the Jericho road, our author grows facetious over the two-pence paid

by the good Samaritan, but at Carmel and the brook Cherith he makes amends by entering *ex animo* into the stories of Elijah and Elisha—the localities mentioned in Scripture being carefully traced. The Jordan appears to have disgusted him by the rapidity of its stream and the dirtiness of its water ; but it must be remembered that he only saw it near the Dead Sea, and never penetrated through Samaria and Galilee to the Lake of Gennesareth. The Dead Sea was an agreeable surprise to him from the entire absence of any signs of desolation about it, save drift-wood brought down by the Jordan. “The Dead Sea,” he says, “is the least dead of any sheet of water I know. When we first arrived the waters were a lovely blue, which changed to green in the shifting light, but they were always animated and sparkling. It has a sloping sandy beach, strewn with pebbles, up which the waves come with a pleasant murmur. The plain is hot ; here we find a cool breeze. The lovely plain of water stretches away to the south between blue and purple ranges of mountains, which thrust occasionally bold promontories into it and a charm to the prospective. The sea is not inimical either to animal or vegetable life on its borders.” Mr. Warner then goes on to relate that they heard song-birds and saw gulls and rabbits, and plenty of vegetation in thick blossoms. There are no fish in the sea, certainly, but that is because the water is so dense with salt. His description of a bath, or rather a float there, is very good.

Mr. Warner's account of Constantinople and its surroundings is animated ; but we forebear to attempt the injustice of condensing it. He has plenty of denunciations of the Moslems, yet he does not believe the East is ripe for their expulsion. Oriental monarchies live long in a state of decay, as the Greek Empire did on the Bosphorus ; or so may that of the Ottoman Turks. At the same time there is an abiding belief among them that their departure cannot be far distant ; and they have established a noble cemetery on the Asiatic shore, which they fondly imagine will still be theirs. The descriptions of Greece are brief, although there is much to be commended in Mr. Warner's account of Athens. We close the volume, with our best thanks for what, on the whole, is a live and instructive book.

Musical.

MUSICAL PARTIES.

W once heard a professional musician shock some amateur friends by saying that he hated musical parties, and would infinitely rather be asked to a dance, on which he was immediately put down by one as a very frivolous individual, and by another as a man who merely used music as a trade, without having any real interest for it in him.

Both were wrong ; he really loved his art, and this was just the reason he objected to being present where it was so debased as in an ordinary musical party.

These social abuses are usually perpetrated by one of two classes, either by really musical people who are under the sad delusion that they are giving a treat to their musical friends and educating the taste of the unmusical, or by

people who for some reason object to dancing and so give a "talking" party with a little music to cover the conversation. It does not matter by which of these classes the party is given; in the latter case much bad music is mercifully hidden by the conversation, in the former some really good music may be provided, but it shares the same fate; on the whole, this is of the two the most to be lamented.

At parties given by the unmusical class you always hear two young ladies with the weakest of voices essay some elaborate Italian Duett, probably written in the first instance for Tenor and Bass. One of them, probably the Alto, plays the accompaniment, and performs marvellous feats in the way of merging her own part in the piano part; they become weaker and shakier as the Duett progresses, and finally end with what the composer had the audacity to mark *ff* con fuoco, in the feeblest whisper, and some one (compelled through being near the piano to say something), remarks "how very pretty; who is it by?"

Next we have the young man who "has a fine ear for music." He does not know a note, but is unfortunately the possessor of a fine voice, with which he presents to his audience an imitation of some great singer he has lately heard. This young man's répertoire is limited. He sings "My Pretty Jane," if a Tenor, or "The Village Blacksmith," if a Bass. You may find "Across the Far Blue Hill" in his portfolio, or "Come into the Garden, Maud," and be sure he sings "M'appari" or "A che la morte." He is a young man of considerable coolness and self-possession, and shows by his singing that if he knew anything about it he would achieve something above the average, but unfortunately his "fine ear" is the be-all and end-all to him, and he will never do any more than he does at present.

Then there is the man who has no voice; he produces sounds somewhat similar to an active nutmeg grater; it is hard to see why he sings at all, except that he has admiring sisters who play his accompaniments, and always insist on his singing "that lovely thing Fessenden sung when he was here." The young lady who plays florid variations on—nothing, and a young man who plays the flute, with a few nondescript performers (we have seen a man sit down and whistle to his own accompaniment), make up this kind of "musical." The other is more pretentious, and in reality is often given in real love for music, but the result is much the same. You usually hear, or try to, some good singing, and a professional pianist may be there, but he fares no better than the rest, worse indeed, for whilst it is the fashion for the company to listen more or less attentively to a singer, the moment the piano is touched it acts as a signal for a perfect rush of conversation as though everyone had been wanting to say something all the evening and had suddenly remembered it all at the same time.

We would like to know why people think politeness necessitates their listening to a song, and yet do not conceive that it is any insult to a pianist to talk right through his piece, and say to him at the end, "What! have you done already? we were just beginning to listen." We have heard a person express an opinion that it improved instrumental music to talk whilst it was being performed, but this insane idea cannot be shared in by many, so that it is difficult to see how this distinction has arisen between singing and playing. Pianists themselves might check this nuisance by treating conversation during their performance

as an insult, and invariably rising from the instrument. Many, however, hesitate to do this, as it would lay them open to the charge of rudeness to the hostess who has asked them to play ; therefore it devolves on the latter to see that the more gifted portion of their guests are not annoyed by the rest. We know a few ladies who do insist firmly that there shall be no talking at their parties whilst a piece of music is being performed, but those who do this should be particular about two things ; first, that they have no music that is not worth listening to ; second, that the programme is not too long or too heavy. We have heard a pianist play the whole of a sonata of Bethoven at a musical party, the effect of which was to disgust and weary the unmusical, and even the musical portion could not but feel that it was out of place. Deep classical music, like deep reading, requires a suitable state of mind to receive it, and the attempt to appreciate the Sonata Passionata, for instance, in the middle of a miscellaneous concert or party programme, is as hopeless as would be the attempt to read a theological treatise whilst some one else was reading " Lady Audley's Secret " aloud.

The question of who to invite to a musical party is a great, but not an insoluble, problem. Our friends may be broadly divided into three classes : those who love and understand music, those who like it " in moderation," and those devoid of music. The latter we will eliminate from our guests altogether, and in making up a programme (which we hold should be done beforehand), let us choose music good enough to please the first class, and yet not so deep that the second shall fail to understand and be interested. Let us be careful that the programme is not too long, but whilst it does last let perfect silence be insisted on ; after it is over, the conversation will flow the more freely for its temporary check, and the time after supper can be occupied by music, not previously arranged, or a dance, as the case may be. The great desideratum is to make a musical party thoroughly *musical*, and yet to stop short of the point at which it becomes to many tedious and wearisome. Once let it be understood, that at a musical party you will hear good music, hear it without interruption, and that you will afterwards be able to enjoy pleasant, social intercourse, and it will then become an artistic pleasure, a means of musical improvement, and will be a powerful auxiliary to the Concert Room as a means of spreading a true love for, and more thorough knowledge of music.

Colonists in the days when colonists were more sentimental than they are now, would, on leaving their mother country, take with them a handful of earth from their native village. This they did for the sake only of early associations ; but the act had a meaning beyond what they supposed. They carried with them, unconsciously perhaps, a pledge that they would continue in their new country the principles of the old one. Thus it was proposed some time ago, on the Thames Embankment to carry on the history commenced a century and a-half ago at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket. To be exact, it is just one hundred and sixty-six years since Handel produced *Rinaldo*, the first opera he gave in England at the Queen's Theatre in the Haymarket. The Royal Italian Opera has now been established nearly thirty years at Covent Garden, but though its history during that time has been creditable and even brilliant, its list of achievements is naturally not to be compared

with that of the much more ancient Opera House. There is probably not another lyrical theatre in Europe which has witnessed so many fine operatic performances during so long a period as the "Queen's Theatre" of 1711, which, after being called for a time the "Royal Academy of Music," became the "King's Theatre" on the accession of George I., and retained that name until another alteration of title became necessary when Her Majesty Queen Victoria ascended the throne. In 1710 when Handel arrived in England, the Académie Royale of Paris, at that time under the direction of Raineau, was held in very little esteem, and Italian music was never performed there at all. Indeed, for some sixty or seventy years afterwards, and until the arrival of Gluck in Paris, to be quickly followed by Piccini, the French had the worst opinion of Italian music, which they despised or perhaps affected to despise. The Queen's Theatre, as directed by Handel, at least during the first years of his management, was doubtless not to be compared with the great operatic theatres of Italy. But it soon became the custom to engage for London all the Italian singers of the highest repute; and scarcely an Italian vocalist of real celebrity appeared from the beginning to the end of the eighteenth century without sooner or later visiting England. Handel, like Shakspeare, was not only a great inventor, but an excellent man of business; and though he did not actually introduce Italian Opera into England (a few experiments in that line having been made during the five or six years preceding his arrival in London), he it was who first brought out a series of Italian operas, and who organized Italian Opera in England on a permanent basis. To his labours as composer, Handel soon added the functions of a manager; and from the early part of the seventeenth century to quite recent times, it may be safely said that Handel was the only manager who ever made Italian Opera in England a paying speculation. Besides the thirty-five operas from his own pen, Handel, during his connection with English Italian Opera, produced works by Buononcini, Scarlatti, Hasse, Porpora, and all the most distinguished composers of the time. At a later period when the management had passed from Handel to the Earl of Middlesex, the operas of Galuppi, Pergolesi, Jomelli, Gluck and Piccini were represented, and all the most eminent vocalists of Europe continued to appear at our London Opera House. After various adventures at the Lincoln's Inn Theatre, Covent Garden, the Pavilion, and the King's Theatre, Italian Opera found itself once more, towards the end of the century, established at the last of these theatres, which, until Covent Garden was made into an opera house, did indeed seem to be its natural home. In 1789 the King's Theatre was burned down. It was rebuilt from Novosielski's designs in 1790; and from 1790 until some eight or nine years ago, Her Majesty's—formerly the "King's"—Theatre witnessed the production of a long list of works by the most eminent Italian, German, French, and even English composers; for at least two operas by Balfe, *Fulstaff* and the *Bohemian Girl*, one by Macfarran, *Robin Hood*, and one by Wallace, the *Amber Witch*, were played at Her Majesty's Theatre during the period either of Mr. Lumley's or of Mr. Mapleson's management. From Handel to Gluck, from Rossini to Verdi, almost every composer of European renown, since the first invention of Opera, has appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre; and certainly with the exception of Madame Patti and perhaps another *prima*

donna of these latter days, every vocalist who has gained an historic name has at some time or other been heard at the Haymarket. It will be well, therefore, if the associations of Her Majesty's Theatre can be transferred to the Opera House now in course of erection. Mr. Mapleson proposed, we remember, to take a stone from Her Majesty's with which to commence operations for the new house, but we think Lord Dudley refused the request. For the present season, however, at Her Majesty's the improvements and decorations have been on a most remarkable scale. The scenery, by-the-way, has been constructed with a view to serving in the National Opera House whenever it may be finished.

The Wagner Festival is in full play now in London. At Covent Garden, Signor Gayarre, Gayarié as he is now to be called, is the reigning novelty. There remain Rubinstein and Albani to share the admiration of the "season."

Arabella Goddard is playing in Paris. Von Bulow contemplates a visit to London, and Charles Hallé has commenced his seventeenth series of piano-forte recitals at St. James' Hall.

A memorial to the late John Oxenford is on foot. A stained glass window was proposed, but it is thought that a statue will be erected in Drury Lane Theatre.

Speaking of Mad. Catalini in connection with a concert given by her at Liverpool in 1822, the critic of a local paper says: "Such was the torrent of sound she emitted at one moment that the glass globules pendant from the central chandelier were powerfully agitated and struck against each other."

The Emperor of Germany has received as a present from some well-meaning amateur, a collection of autograph MSS., comprising, among other things, the four volumes of sketches made by Beethoven for his symphony in F (No. 8); a symphony by Schubert (who seldom made sketches); two quintets by Spohr, and pieces by Weber and Thalberg. As the Emperor lays no pretension whatever to a knowledge of music, it is hard to guess why the well-meaning amateur should have confided such treasures to His Majesty, instead of to some public library or museum. Possibly that may be their ultimate destination.

Not long ago, a lady and gentleman were listening attentively to Hector Berlioz's music at one of M. Colonne's Chatelet concerts. "That is fine," remarked the lady; "what is it?" "My dear," replied the gentleman, after a glance at his bill, "it is *La Damnation de Faust*." Then, assuming the air of a connoisseur, he added: "Like Gounod's *Faust*, it is taken from a novel by Werther, a German writer, with whom you are acquainted."

The above is almost as good as the story which was told of a French lady of distinction some time ago, who, on being presented to Mr. Shakspeare, a rising young tenor, exclaimed in surprise at his *being so young a man*.

We hear that Mr. Rudolph Aronson, the young American composer, is writing a grand concert march ("Lafayette") for the Paris Exhibition. It may be remembered that Mr. Aronson composed "The Washington March" for the Centennial, which, it is to be hoped, had more merit in it than that monstrosity by Richard Wagner, for which the Americans paid so largely.

MY LOVE LOVES ME !

Song for Contralto or Mezzo Soprano.

Words by K. C.

Music by FRANK A. HOWSON.

Moderato con espress. *p*

My love loves me!..... How

p

Detailed description: This is the first system of the musical score. It features a vocal line in the upper staff and a piano accompaniment in the lower two staves. The key signature is B-flat major (two flats) and the time signature is 2/4. The tempo and expression markings are 'Moderato con espress.' and 'p' (piano). The lyrics 'My love loves me!..... How' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and a simple bass line in the left hand.

poco a poco.
p

much I cannot say; I can - not say, I cannot

mf *p*

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It continues the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo and expression markings are 'poco a poco.' and 'p'. The lyrics 'much I cannot say; I can - not say, I cannot' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment includes a dynamic marking of 'mf' (mezzo-forte) in the right hand and 'p' in the left hand.

con anima.

say. He told me by a glance, a touch, and

con anima.

Detailed description: This is the third and final system of the musical score. It concludes the vocal line and piano accompaniment. The tempo and expression markings are 'con anima.' (with spirit). The lyrics 'say. He told me by a glance, a touch, and' are written under the vocal line. The piano accompaniment continues with 'con anima.' markings.

hands held fain :..... And hands held

p teneramente

mf

fain :..... I can - not tell a -

mf *dim.* *rall.*

gain that ten der way..... I can - not tell a - gain..... that

p *rall.* *colla voce.*

ten - der way.....

mf *p*

MY LOVE LOVES ME !

p

My love loves me!..... How

poco a poco
p

this You cannot know, You can - not know, You cannot

con anima.

know. He taught me by a word, a kiss and

con anima.

p teneramente

face held fain;..... and face held

rall. *a tempo.*

fain;..... That ten - der way a

mf *dim.*

ff *rall.*

- gain I can - not show,..... That ten - der way a - gain,..... I

colla voce.

poco meno. *p* *ad lib.*

can - not show. My love loves me, my love loves me,.....

poco meno

..... my love loves me.....

cl

Ped. *

Humorous Department.

WILLIAM TELL.



A MAN of mark was William ell,
Among his fellow Swiss,
His aim was true, his name a spell,
He never did amiss.

No Austrian rowdy bent him low,
Thus 'came he an offender,
Quoth he, "I'm fairish at a bow,
But not much on a bender."

"Bring me," quoth tyrant, "an
apple green,
Hither the braggart's brat,
At splitting hairs, my man, you're
keen,
I'll give you tit for th' hat."

The son stood firm against a tree,
The vegetable bearing,
Looking so arch, that archery
Seemed less of skill than daring.

But yet the archer's heart was
wrung,
—He chewed his arrow root!
With quivering lips and nerves un-
strung,
He looked unfit to shoot.

At last he drew his longest bow,
And twanged its tensioned tether,
Then struck an attitude to show
The colour of his feather.

A second afterwards, or more,
An arrow flashed apace,
An instant, and an apple core
Splashed in the Austrian's face.

The tyrant tumbled on the heath,
The boy upraised a shout.
The people all gave lusty breath,
The hero—stood in doubt.

"Why gaze so fierce," whined Austrian prone,
What for 's that pocket arrow?"
Thus W. T., in hoarsest tone,
"Twas kept there' for your marrow!"

The air by Alpine horns was torn,
And hurdy-gurdies madly turning,
While homeward was the hero borue,
Hand-organs, meanwhile, rapture-churning.