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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1878.

EDINBURGH JOTTINGS.

BY ALFRED S. GIBBS.

WHENEVER Scott's landau went up the Canongate, his coachman knew without special instructions that the pace must be a walk; and no funeral, says Lockhart, ever moved more slowly, for wherever the great enthusiast might turn his gaze there was recalled to his mind some tradition of blood and mystery at which his eye would sparkle and his cheek glow. How by the force of his genius he in-oculated the world with his enthusiasm about the semi-savage Scotia of the past is a well-known story: thousands of tourists, more or less struck with the Scott madness, yearly wander through the streets of old Edinburgh; and although within the quarter of a century since Sir Walter's death many memorials of the past have been swept away under the pressure of utility or necessity, the Old Town still poses remarkably well, and, gathering her rags and tatters about her, contrives to keep up a strikingly picturesque appearance.

The Old Town of Edinburgh is built upon a wedge-shaped hill, the Castle

occupying the highest point, the head of the wedge, and the town extending along the crest, which slopes gradually down toward the east, to Holyrood Palace in the plain. Lawn-market, High Street, and Canongate now form one continuous street, which, running along the crest of the hill, may be considered as the back bone of the town, with wynds and closes radiating on each side like the spines of the vertebrae. The closes are courts, culs-de-sac—the wynds, thoroughfares. These streets—courts where, in the past, lived the nobility and gentry of Edinburgh—are now, for the most part, given up to squalor and misery, and look like stage-scenes perpetually 'set' for melodramatic horrors. The late Dr. Thomas Guthrie, whose parish included a large portion of this Egypt, used often to illustrate his eloquence with graphic word-pictures suggested by his experiences in these dark places. 'The unfurnished floor,' he writes, 'the begrimed and naked walls, the stifling, sickening atmosphere, the patched and

dusty window—through which a sun-beam, like hope, is faintly stealing—the ragged, hunger-bitten, and sad-faced children, the ruffian man, the heap of straw where some wretched

appear all the sadder for the restless play of fancy excited by some vestiges of a fresco-painting that still looks out from the foul and broken plaster, the massive marble rising over the cold

and cracked hearthstone, an elaborately carved cornice too high for shivering cold to pull it down for fuel, some stucco flowers or fruit yet pendent on the crumbling ceiling. Fancy, kindled by these, calls up the gay scenes and actors of other days, when beauty, elegance, and fashion graced these lonely halls, and plenty smoked on groaning tables, and where these few cinders, gathered from the city dust-heap, are feebly smouldering, hospitable fires roared up the chimney.

THE CASTLE AND ALLAN RAMSAY'S HOUSE.



These houses are built upon the "flat" system, some of the better ones having a court in the centre

mother in muttering dreams sleeps off last night's debauch or lies unshrouded and uncoffined in the ghastliness of a hopeless death, are sad scenes. We have often looked on them, and they

like French houses, and turrets at the corners for the circular staircases connecting the different flats. Fires and improvements are rapidly sweeping them away, and the traveller regrets

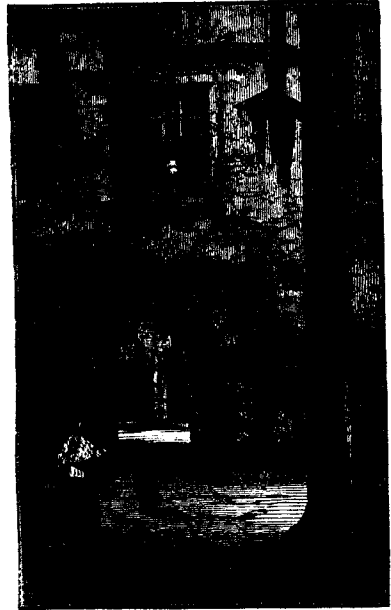
or not their disappearance, according as his views may be sentimental or sanitarian. They are truly ill adapted to modern ideas of hygiene, or to those cunning modern devices which sometimes poison their very inventors.



OLD EDINBURGH BY NIGHT.

While we may smile at our ancestors' free and easy way of pitching things out of the window, we should at least remember that they knew nothing of the modern plague of sewer-gas stealing its insidious way into the apparently best-regulated households. But without entering upon the vexed question of hygiene, the fact is that where there is no reason for propping up a tottering roof except that it once sheltered some bloody, cattle-stealing chieftain of the Border, utilitarian sentiments carry the day; nor ought any enthusiast to deny that the heart-

shaped figure on the High Street pavement, marking the spot where the Heart of Mid Lothian once stood, is a more cheerful sight than would be presented by the foul walls of that romantic jail.



RIDDLE'S CLOSE, WHERE HUME COMMENCED HIS "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

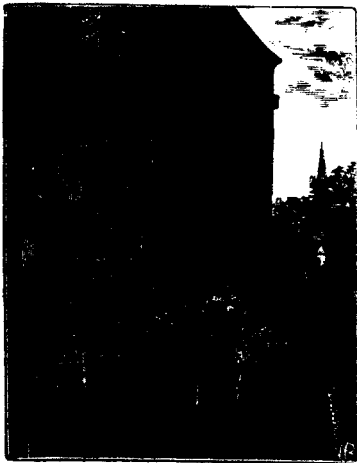
The modes of life in old Edinburgh have been amply illustrated by many writers. Among the novel-writers, Scott and Miss Ferrier have especially dwelt upon them. The tavern-haunting habits of the gentlemen are pleasantly depicted in the 'high jinks' in *Guy Mannering*, and the depth of potatoes may be estimated by Burns' 'Song of the Whistle.' As to the ladies, we should not have found their assemblies very hilarious, where partners for the dance were obtained by drawing tickets, and the lucky or unlucky swain danced one solemn minuet with his lady, and was not expected to quit her side during the evening—

Through a long night to watch fair Delia's will,
The same dull swain was at her elbow still.

The huge stack of buildings called

James's Court is associated with the names of Boswell and of Hume. Half of it has been destroyed by fire, and precisely that half in which these two worthies once dwelt, but there is quite enough of it left to show what a grim monster it was, and, for that matter, still is. In Boswell's time it was a fine thing to have a flat in James's Court. Here Boswell was living when Dr. Johnson came to visit him. Boswell, having received a note from Johnson announcing his arrival, hastened to the inn, where he found the great man had just thrown his lemonade out of the window, and had nearly knocked down the waiter for sweetening the said lemonade without the aid of the sugar-tongs.

'Mr. Johnson and I walked arm-in-arm up the High Street,' says Boswell, 'to my house in James's Court: it was a dusky night: I could not prevent his being assailed by the evening effluvia of Edinburgh. As we marched



BUCCLEUGH PLACE, WHERE THE "EDINBURGH REVIEW" WAS PROJECTED.

slowly along he grumbled in my ear, 'I smell you in the dark.'

Mrs. Boswell had never seen Johnson before, and was by no means charmed with him, as Johnson was not slow to discover. In a matrimonial aside she whispered to her husband,

'I have seen many a bear led by a man, but I never before saw a man led by a bear.' No doubt her provocations were great, and she wins the compassionate sympathy of all good house-



COLLEGE WYND, WHERE SCOTT WAS BORN.

keepers when they read of Ursa Major brightening up the candles by turning the melted wax out on the carpet.

Many years after this, but while Boswell was still living in James's Court, a lad named Francis Jeffrey one night helped to carry the great biographer home—a circumstance in the life of a gentleman much more of an every-day or every-night affair at that time than at present. The next day Boswell patted the lad on the head, and kindly added, 'If you go on as you have begun, you may live to be a Bozzy yourself yet.'

The stranger who enters what is apparently the ground-floor of one of these houses on the north side of High Street is often surprised to find himself, without having gone up-stairs, looking from a fourth-story window in the rear. This is due to the steep slope on which the houses stand, and gives them the command of a beautiful view, including the New Town, and extending across the Frith of Forth to the varied shores of Fife. From his flat in James's Court we find David Hume,

after his return from France, writing to Adam Smith, then busy at Kirkcaldy about the *Wealth of Nations*, 'I am glad to have come within sight of you, and to have a view of Kirkcaldy from my windows.'

Another feature of these houses is the little cells designed for oratories or praying-closets, to which the master of the house was supposed to retire for his devotions, in literal accordance with the gospel injunction. David Hume's flat had two of these, for the spiritual was relatively better cared for than the temporal in those days :



ANCHOR CLOSE.

plenty of praying-closets, but *no drains!* This difficulty was got over by making it lawful for householders, after ten o'clock at night, to throw superfluous material out of the window—a cheerful outlook for Boswell and others being 'carried home!'

At the bottom of Byre's Close a house is pointed out where Oliver Cromwell stayed, and had the advantage of contemplating from its lofty roof the fleet which awaited his orders in the Forth. The same house was once occupied by Bothwell, Bishop of Orkney, and is associated with the memory of Anne, the bishop's daughter, whose sorrows are embalmed in plaintive beauty in the old cradle-song :

Baloo,* my boy, lie still and sleep,
It grieves me sair to see thee weep :
If thou'lt be silent, I'll be glad ;
Thy mourning makes my heart full sad.
Baloo, my boy, thy mother's joy,
Thy father bred me great annoy :
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, weep not for me,
Whose greatest grief's for wrangling thee.
Nor pity her deserved smart,
Who can blame none but her fond heart ;
For too soon trusting latest finds
With fairest tongues are falsest minds.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

When he began to court my love,
And with his sugared words to move,
His tempting face and flut'ring cheer
In time to me did not appear ;
But now I see that cruel he
Cares neither for his babe nor me.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Baloo, my boy, thy father's fled,
When he the thriftless son has played :
Of vows and oaths forgetful, he
Preferred the wars to thee and me ;
But now perhaps thy curse and mine
Makes him eat acorns with the swine
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

Nay, curse him not : perhaps now he,
Stung with remorse, is blessing thee ;
Perhaps at death, for who can tell
But the great Judge of heaven and hell,



JOHN KNOX'S STUDY.

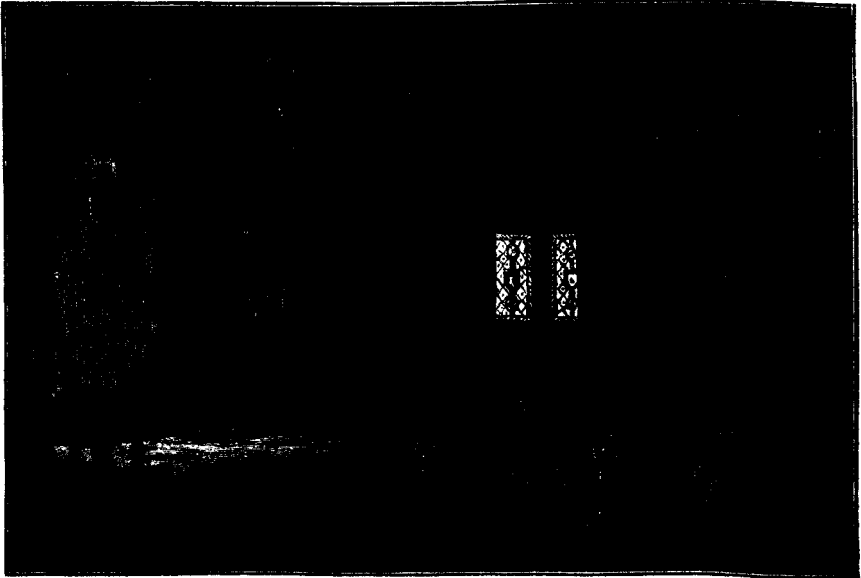
* Baloo is a lullaby, supposed to be from the French, *Bas, là le loup*—"Lie still, the wolf is coming."

By some proud foe has struck the blow,
And laid the dear deceiver* low.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

I wish I were into the bounds
Where he lies smother'd in his wounds,
Repeating as he pants for air,
My name, whom once he call'd his fair,
No woman's yet so fiercely set
But she'll forgive, though not forget.
Baloo, Baloo, etc.

The tourist finds much to read, as he runs through old Edinburgh, in the mottoes on the house-fronts. These are mostly of a scriptural and devout character, such as: 'Blissit. Be. God. In. Al. His. Giftis;' or, 'Blissit. Be. The. Lord. In. His. Giftis. For. Nov. And. Ever.' If he peeps into Anchor Closé, where once was a famous tavern, he

will find it entirely occupied by the buildings of the *Scotsman* newspaper, but the mottoes have been carefully preserved and built into the walls. The first is, 'The. Lord. Is. Only. My. Syport'; a little farther on, 'O. Lord. In. The. Is. Al. My. Traist;'; and over the door, 'Lord. Be. Merciful. To. Me.' On other houses he may read, 'Feare. The. Lord. And. Depart. From. Evill;'; 'Faith. in. Chryst. Onlie. Savit;'; 'My. Hoip. Is. Chryst;'; 'What. Ever. Me. Befall. I. thank. The. Lord. of. All.' There are also many in the Latin tongue, such as 'Lavs Vbique Deo;'; 'Nisi Dominvs Frvstra' (the City motto):



ROOM IN WHICH KNOX DIED.

"Pax Intranstibus,
Salvs Exevntibus."

Here is one in the vernacular: "Gif

* The "dear deceiver" was said to have been her cousin, the Hon. Alexander Erskine, brother to the Earl of Mar. He came to a violent death, although not in the manner suggested in the ballad. While stationed at Douglass Castle, engaged in collecting levies for the army of the Covenanters, an angry page thrust a red-hot poker into the powder-magazine, and blew him up with a number of others, so that there was "never bone nor hyre seen of them again."

Ve. Died. As. Ve. Sovld. Ve. Mycht. Haif. As. Ve. Vald;'; which is translated, 'If we did as we should, we might have as we would.'

Near the end of the High street, on the way to the Canongate, stands John Knox's house, which has been put in order and made a show-place. The exterior, from its exceedingly picturesque character, is more attractive than the

interior. The house had originally belonged to the Abbot of Dunfermline,

Passing on down Canongate, once the court suburb, we come to Moray



WHITE HORSE INN.

House, the former residence of the earls of Moray, and at one time occupied by Cromwell. It is now used for a school, and is in much better preservation than many of its neighbours. At the very bottom of the Canongate, not far from Holyrood House, stands the White Horse Inn. The house has not been an inn for many years, but

and when taken by Knox a very snug little study was added, built of wood and projecting from the front, in accordance with an order from the magistrates, directing 'with al diligence to make ane warm studye of dailles to the minister John Knox, within his hous, aboue the hall of the same, with light and wyndokis thereunto, and al uther necessaris.' The motto of this house is 'Lvfe. God. Abvfe. Al. And. Yi. Nychtbovr. As. Yi. Self.' A curious image at one corner was long thought to represent Knox preaching, and probably still does so in the popular belief; but others now think it represents Moses. It is an old man kneeling, with one hand resting on a tablet, and with the other pointing up to a stone above him carved to resemble the sun, and having on its disk the name of the Deity in three languages: 'ΘΕΟΣ. Deus. God.'

Of the style of Knox's preaching, even when he was enfeebled by ill-health, one gets a good idea from the following passage in James Melville's diary: 'And by the said Rickart and an other servant, lifted up to the pulpit whar he behovit to lean, at his first entrie; bot or he had done with his sermon, he was sa activè and vigorous, that he was lyk to ding that pulpit in blads and flie out of it.'

was chosen by Scott

as the quarters of Captain Waverley: its builders probably thought little of beauty when they built it, yet squalor, dilapidation and decay have given it the elements of the picturesque, and the fact that Scott has mentioned it is sufficient to nerve the tourist to hold his nose and admire.

A black, gaunt, forbidding-looking structure near at hand was once the residence of the dukes of Queensberry. Charles, the third duke, was born in it: it is his duchess, Lady Catherine Hyde, whose pranks are so frequently recorded in Horace Walpole's letters — 'very clever, very whimsical, and just not mad.' Their Graces did not often occupy their Scottish residences, but in 1729, the lord chamberlain having refused his license to Gay's play, *Polly*, a continuation of the *Beggar's Opera*, the duke and duchess took Gay's part so warmly as to leave the court and retire to Queensberry House, bringing the poet with them.

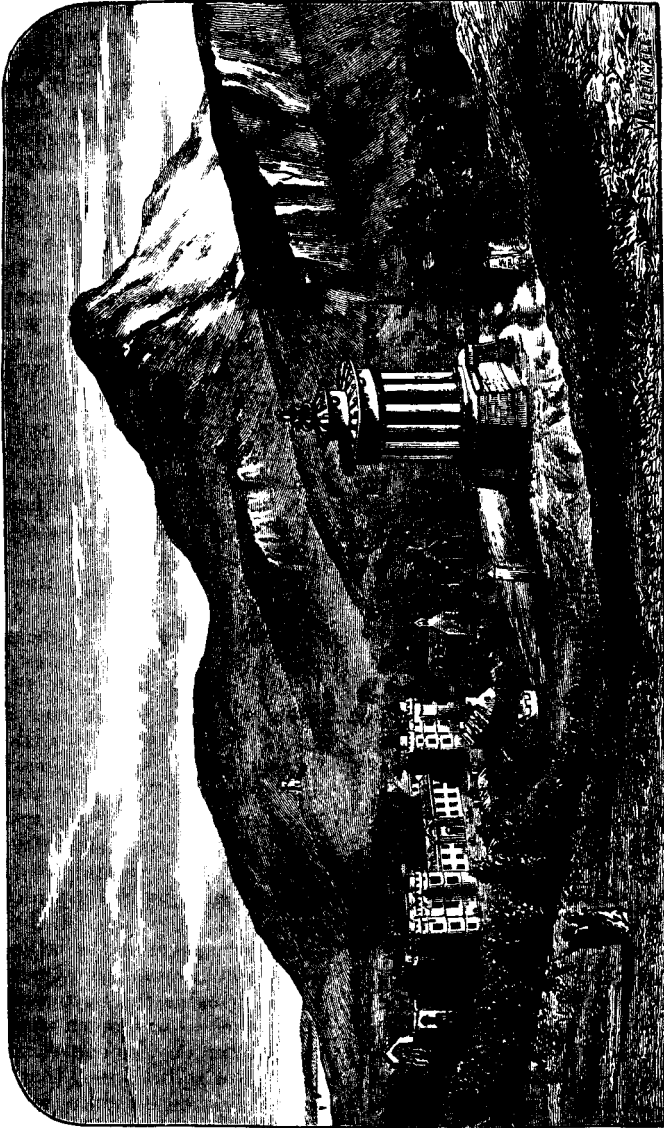
The duchess was much sung by the poets of her day, among them Prior, who is now so little read that we may recall a few of his once well-known verses:

'Shall I thumb holy books, confined
With Abigail's forsaken?
Kitty's for other things designed,
Or I am much mistaken.
Must Lady Jemmy frisk about,

And visit with her cousins ?
At balls must she make all the rout,
And bring home hearts by dozens ?

'What has she better, pray, than I ?
What hidden charms to boast,

That all mankind for her should die,
Whilst I am scarce a toast ?
Dearest mamma, for once let me,
Unchained, my fortune try ;
I'll have my earl as well as she,
Or know the reason why.



HOLYROOD AND BURNS'S MONUMENT.

I'll soon with Jenny's pride quit score,
Make all her lovers fall :
They'll grieve I was not loosed before -
She, I was loosed at all.'

Fondness prevailed, mamma gave way
Kitty, at heart's desire,
Obtained the chariot for a day,
And set the world on fire !'

On the death of Duke Charles, Queensberry House came into the possession of his cousin, the 'earl of March, a singular-man-about-town in London, known as 'Old Q. : he tripped it of all its ornaments, without and within, and sold it to the government for a barracks. It is now used as a House of Refuge. On its gate are the following notices: 'White-seam sewing neatly executed.' 'Applications for admission by the destitute any lawful day from 10 to 12.' 'Bread and soup supplied from 1 to 3, afternoon. Porridge supplied from 8 to 9, morning, 6 to 7, evening.' 'Night Refuge open at 7 P. M. No admission on Sundays.' 'No person allowed more than three nights' shelter in one month.' Such are the mottoes that now adorn the house which sheltered Prior's Kitty.

A striking object in the same vicinity is the Canongate Tolbooth, with pepper-box turrets and a clock projecting from the front on iron brackets, which have taken the place of the original curiously-carved oaken beams. Executions sometimes took place in front of this building, which led ways to find a grim joke in its motto: 'Sic Itvr. Ad. Astra.' A more frequent place of execution was the Girth Cross, near the foot of the Canongate, which marked the limit of the right of sanctuary belonging to the abbey of Holyrood. At the Girth Cross, Lady Warriston was executed for the murder of her husband, which has been made the subject of many ballads:

My mother was an ill woman :
In fifteen years she married me.
I hadna wit to guide a man :
Alas ! ill counsel guided me.

O Warriston ! O Warriston !
I wish that ye may sink fire in :
I was but bare fifteen years auld
When first I entered your gates within.

I hadna been a month married,
Till my gude lord went to the sea :
I bare a bairn ere he came hame,
And set it on the nourice knee.

But it fell ance upon a day
That my gude lord return'd from sea :
Then I did dress in the best array,
As blythe as ony bird on tree.

I took my young son in my arms,
Likewise my nourice me forebye,
And I went down to yon shore-side,
My gude lord's vessel I might spy.

My lord he stood upon the deck,
I wyte he hail'd me courteously :
'Ye are thrice welcome, my lady gay :
Wha'se aught that bairn on your knee ?'

She turn'd her right and roundabout,
Says, 'Why take ye sic dreads o' me ?'
Alas ! I was too young married
To love another man but thee.'

"Now hold your tongue, my lady gay ;
Nae mair falsehoods ye'll tell to me ;
This bony bairn is not mine ;
You've loved another while I was on the sea."

In discontent then hame she went,
And aye the tear did blin' her e'e ;
Says, 'Of this wretch I'll be revenged
For these harsh words he said to me.'

She's counsel'd wi' her father's steward,
What way she cou'd revenged be ;
Bad was the counsel then he gave :
It was to gar her gude lord dee.

The nourice took the deed in hand ;
I wat she was well paid her fee ;
She keist the knot, and the loop she ran
Which soon did gar this young lord dee

Another version has :

The nourice she knet the knot,
And oh, she knet it sicker :
The ladie did gie it a twig,
Till it began to wicker.

The murder was committed on the 2nd of July, 1600, and with the speedy justice of that time the punishment followed on the 5th. The lady was sentenced to be 'wooried at the stake and brint,' but her relatives had influence enough to secure a modification of the sentence, so that she was beheaded by the 'maiden,' a form of guillotine introduced by the Regent Morton. The original sentence was executed upon the nurse, who had no powerful relatives.

Directly opposite the Canongate Tolbooth is a very antiquated dwelling, with three gables to the street, which converses with the passer-by on envy and backbiting. It begins: 'Hodie. Mihi. Cras. Tibi. Cur. Igitur. Curas' ('To-day, mine; to-morrow, thine; why then care?'). As if premising an unsatisfactory answer, it continues: 'Ut Tu Linguae Tuae, Sic Ego Mear. Aurium, Dominus Sum.' ('As thou of thy tongue, so I of my ears, am lord'), and

finally takes refuge in 'Constanti Pectori Res Mortalium Umbra' ('To the steadfast heart the affairs of mortals are but shadows').

In the plain at the foot of the Canongate stands Holyrood Abbey and Palace, which, with the exception of one wing containing Queen Mary's apartments, has been rebuilt within comparatively modern times. The abbey church is a crumbling ruin, although a power amid its decay, for it possesses still the right of sanctuary. This refuge offered by the Church was a softening and humanizing influence when private feuds were settled by the sword, and the Far-West principle of death at sight generally prevailed:

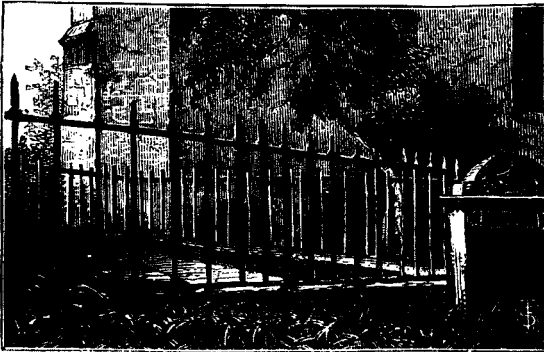
newspapers, in the year 1876, the following extract from a debtor's letter, in which he makes his terms with the sheriff: 'However, desirous I am to obey the order of the sheriff to attend my examination, I am sorry to be obliged to intimate that in consequence of the vindictive and oppressive proceedings of some of my creditors, I cannot present myself in court at the diet fixed, unless protection from personal diligence be granted. I will have much pleasure, however, in attending the court in the event of the sheriff granting a special warrant to bring me from the sanctuary, which warrant shall protect me against arrest for debt and other civil obligations while under examination, and on the way to and from the place of examination.' The sheriff granted the warrant.

From Holyrood we fancy the traveller next remounting the hill into the Old Town, and seeking out the church yard of Greyfriars, whose monuments, full of interest to the student and the antiquary, are in themselves an epitome of Scottish history. The church has been ravaged by fire and

rebuilt, so that it retains but little antiquity: the churchyard, on the other hand, has seen few changes except in the increase of its monuments as time has passed on.

Here the Solemn League and Covenant was entered into. It was first read in the church, and agreed to by all there, and then handed to the crowd without, who signed it on the flat tombstones.

Among the most conspicuous monuments in this churchyard are, on the one hand, that to those who died for their fidelity to this Covenant, and on the other the tomb of Sir George Mackenzie, king's advocate and public prosecutor of the Covenanters.



STONE ON WHICH THE COVENANT WAS SIGNED.

later on, it became an abuse, and gradually disappeared. The Holyrood sanctuary is the only one now existing in Great Britain, but is available for insolvent debtors only; it includes the precincts of the palace and the Queen's Park (five miles in circumference), but it contains no buildings except in that portion of the precincts extending from the palace to the foot of Canongate, about one hundred and thirty yards in a direct line. Within this limited district the debtor seeks his lodging, has the Queen's Park for his recreation, and on Sundays is free to go where he like, as on that day he cannot be molested. It was a curious relic of old customs to read in Edinburgh

On the Martyrs' Monument, as it is called, one reads: 'From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble marquis of Argyll was beheaded, until Feb. 18th, 1688, there were executed in Edinburgh about one hundred noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others; the most of them lie here.

"But as for them no cause was to be found
Worthy of death, but only they were sound,
Constant, and steadfast, zealous, witnessing
For the prerogatives of Christ their King
Which truths were sealed by famous Guthrie's
head."

And so on.

Dr. Thomas Guthrie, who, as we have seen, found much inspiration in the scenes of his daily walks, sought to trace his origin back to this Guthrie of the Martyrs' Monument. 'I failed,' he wrote, 'yet am conscious that the idea and probability of this has had a happy influence on my public life, in determining me to contend and suffer, if need be, for the rights of Christ's crown and the liberties of His Church.'

The learning and accomplishments of Sir George Mackenzie were forgotten amid the religious animosities of his day, and he came down to posterity as the terror of nursery-maids and a portentous bugaboo under the name of Bloody Mackenzie. It is related that the boys of the town were in the habit of gathering at nightfall about his tomb and shouting in at the keyhole,

Bluidy Mackenzie, come out if you daur:
Lift the sneck and draw the bar!

after which they would scatter, as if they feared the tenant might take them at their word. The tomb is a handsome circular Roman temple, now much dilapidated by weather and soot, and so dark and sombre as to make it very uncanny in the gloaming, especially to one approaching it with the view of shouting 'Bluidy Mackenzie' through the keyhole. This popular superstition was once turned to account by a youth under sentence of death for burglary. His friends aided him in escaping from prison, and provided him with a key to this mausoleum, where he passed six weeks in

the tomb with the Bluidy Mackenzie—a situation of horror made tolerable only as a means of escape from death. Food was brought to him at night, and when the heat of pursuit was over he got to a vessel and out of the country.



MACKENZIE'S TOMB.

The New Town of Edinburgh is separated from the Old Town by the ravine of the North Loch, over which are thrown the bridges by which the two towns are connected. The loch has been drained and is now occupied by the Public Gardens and by the railway. The New Town is substantially the work of the last half of the past century and the first half of the present one—a period which sought everywhere except at home for its architectural models. In some of the recent improvements in the Old Town very pretty effects have been produced by copying the better features of the ancient dwellings all around them, but the grandiloquent ideas of the Georgian era could not have been content with anything so simple and homespun as this. Its ideal was the cold and pompous, and it succeeded in giving to the New Town streets that distant and

repellant air of supreme self-satisfaction which makes the houses appear to say to the curious looker-on, 'Seek no farther, for in us you find the perfectly correct thing.' The embodiment of this spirit may be seen in the bronze statue of George IV. by Chantrey, in George street: the artist has caught the pert strut so familiar in the portraits, at sight of which one involuntarily exclaims, 'Behold the royal swell!'



THE NORTH BRIDGE.

But the New Town has two superb features, about whose merits all are agreed: we need hardly say these are Princes Street and the Calton Hill. Princes Street extends along the brow of the hill overhanging the ravine which separates the two towns, and which is now occupied by public gardens; along their grassy slopes the eye wanders over trees and flowers to the great rock which o'ertops the greenery, bearing aloft the Castle as

its crown, while from the Castle the Old Town, clustering along the height, streams away like a dark and deeply-coloured train. The Calton Hill offers to the view a wide-spreading panorama. At our feet are the smoking chimneys of Auld Reekie, from which we gladly turn our eyes to the blue water and the shores of the Fife, or seek out in the shadow of Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat the tottering arch of Holyrood Abbey. The hill is well dotted over,

All up and down and here and there,
With Lord-knows-what's of round and square;

which on examination prove to be monuments to the great departed. A great change has taken place in the prevalent taste since they were erected, and they are not now pointed out to the stranger with fond pride, as in the past generation. The best one is that to Dugald Stewart, an adaptation, the guide-books say, of the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates. The all-pervading photograph has made it so familiar that it comes upon one as an old friend.

The Burns's Monument is a circular edifice with columns and a cupola. It has all the outward semblance of a tomb, so that one is rather startled to find it tenanted by a canny Scot—a live one—who presides with becomingly sepulchral gravity over a twopenny show of miscellaneous trumpery connected with Robert Burns. Everywhere in old Edinburgh we have seen going on the inevitable struggle between utility and sentiment: at Burns's Monument it ceases, and we conclude our ramble at this point, where the sentimentalist and the utilitarian shake hands, the former deeply sympathizing with the sentiment which led to the building of the monument, while the latter fondly admires the ingenuity which can turn even a cenotaph to account.

THE HAUNTED HOTEL :

A MYSTERY OF MODERN VENICE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

WEAK as she was, Emily had spirit enough to feel the reproof. She walked in her meek noiseless way to the door. 'I beg your pardon, Miss, I am not quite so bad as you think me. But I beg your pardon all the same.'

She opened the door. Agnes called her back. There was something in the woman's apology that appealed irresistibly to her just and generous nature. 'Come,' she said; 'we must not part in this way. Let me not misunderstand you, what *is* it that you expected me to do?'

Emily was wise enough to answer this time without any reserve. 'My husband will send his testimonials, Miss, to Lord Montbarry, in Scotland. I only wanted you to let him say in his letter that his wife has been known to you since she was a child, and that you feel some little interest in his welfare on that account. I don't ask it now, Miss. You have made me understand that I was wrong.'

Had she really been wrong? Past remembrances, as well as present troubles, pleaded powerfully with Agnes for the courier's wife. 'It seems only a small favour to ask,' she said, speaking under the impulse of kindness which was the strongest impulse in her nature. 'But I am not sure that I ought to allow my name to be mentioned in your husband's letter. Let me hear again exactly what he wishes to say.' Emily repeated the

words—and then offered one of those suggestions, which have a special value of their own to persons unaccustomed to the use of their pens. 'Suppose you try, Miss, how it looks in writing?' Childish as the idea was, Agnes tried the experiment. 'If I let you mention me,' she said, 'we must at least decide what you are to say.' She wrote the words in the briefest and plainest form:—'I venture to state that my wife has been known from her childhood to Miss Agnes Lockwood, who feels some little interest in my welfare on that account.' Reduced to this one sentence, there was surely nothing in the reference to her name which implied that Agnes had permitted it, or that she was even aware of it. After a last struggle with herself, she handed the written paper to Emily. 'Your husband must copy it exactly; without altering anything,' she stipulated. 'On that condition I grant your request.' Emily was not only thankful—she was really touched. Agnes hurried the little woman out of the room. 'Don't give me time to repent and take it back again,' she said. Emily vanished.

'Is the tie that once bound us completely broken? Am I as entirely parted from the good and evil fortune of his life as if we had never met and never loved? Agnes looked at the clock on the mantel-piece. Not ten minutes since, those serious questions had been on her lips. It almost shocked her to think of the commonplace manner in which they had al-

ready met with their reply. The mail of that night would appeal once more to Montbarry's remembrance of her—in the choice of a servant.

Two days later, the post brought a few lines from Emily. Her husband had got the place. Ferrari was engaged for six months certain, as Lord Montbarry's courier.

THE SECOND PART.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER only one week of travelling in Scotland, my lord and my lady returned unexpectedly to London. Introduced to the mountains and lakes of the Highlands, her ladyship positively declined to improve her acquaintance with them. When she was asked for her reason, she answered with a Roman brevity, 'I have seen Switzerland.'

For a week more, the newly-married couple remained in London, in the strictest retirement. On one day in that week the nurse returned in a state of most uncustomary excitement from an errand on which Agnes had sent her. Passing the door of a fashionable dentist, she had met Lord Montbarry himself just leaving the house. The good woman's report described him, with malicious pleasure, as looking wretchedly ill. 'His cheeks are getting hollow, my dear, and his beard is turning grey. I hope the dentist hurt him!'

Knowing how heartily her faithful old servant hated the man who had deserted her, Agnes made due allowance for a large infusion of exaggeration in the picture presented to her. The main impression produced on her mind was an impression of nervous uneasiness. If she trusted herself in the streets by daylight while Lord Montbarry remained in London, how could she be sure that his next chance-meeting might not be a meeting with herself? She waited at home, privately ashamed of

her own superstitious fears for the next two days. On the third day the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers announced the departure of Lord and Lady Montbarry for Paris, on their way to Italy.

Mrs. Ferrari, calling the same evening, informed Agnes that her husband had left her with all reasonable expression of conjugal kindness; his temper being improved by the prospect of going abroad. But one other servant accompanied the travellers—Lady Montbarry's maid, rather a silent, unsocial woman, so far as Emily had heard. Her ladyship's brother, Baron Rivar, was already on the Continent. It had been arranged that he was to meet his sister and her husband at Rome.

One by one the dull weeks succeeded each other in the life of Agnes. She faced her position with admirable courage, seeing her friends, keeping herself occupied in her leisure hours with reading and drawing, leaving no means untried of diverting her mind from the melancholy remembrance of the past. But she had loved too faithfully, she had been wounded too deeply, to feel in any adequate degree the influence of the moral remedies which she employed. Persons who met with her in the ordinary relations of life, deceived by her outward serenity of manner, agreed that 'Miss Lockwood seemed to be getting over her disappointment.' But an old friend and school-companion who happened to see her during a brief visit to London, was inexpressibly distressed by the change that she detected in Agnes. This lady was Mrs. Westwick, the wife of that brother of Lord Montbarry who came next to him in age, and who was described in the 'Peerage' as presumptive heir to the title. He was then away, looking after his interests in some mining property which he possessed in America. Mrs. Westwick insisted on taking Agnes back with her to her home in Ireland. 'Come and keep me company while my husband is away. My three little girls will make you

their playfellow, and the only stranger you will meet is the governess, whom I answer for your liking beforehand. Pack up your things, and I will call for you to-morrow on my way to the train.' In those hearty terms the invitation was given. Agnes thankfully accepted it. For three happy months she lived under the roof of her friend. The girls hung round her neck in tears at her departure; the youngest of them wanted to go back with Agnes to London. Half in jest, half in earnest, she said to her old friend at parting, 'If your governess leaves you, keep the place open for me.' Mrs. Westwick laughed. The wiser children took it, seriously, and promised to let Agnes know.

On the very day when Miss Lockwood returned to London, she was recalled to those associations with the past which she was most anxious to forget. After the first kissings and greetings were over, the old nurse (who had been left in charge at the lodgings), had some startling information to communicate, derived from the courier's wife.

'Here has been little Mrs. Ferrari, my dear, in a dreadful state of mind, inquiring when you would be back. Her husband has left Lord Montbarry, without a word of warning—and nobody knows what has become of him.'

Agnes looked at her in astonishment. 'Are you sure of what you saying?' she asked.

The nurse was quite sure. 'Why, Lord bless you, the news comes from the couriers' office in Golden Square—from the secretary, Miss Agnes, the secretary himself?' Hearing this, Agnes began to feel alarmed, as well as surprised. It was still early in the evening. She at once sent a message to Mrs. Ferrari, to say that she had returned.

In an hour more the courier's wife appeared, in a state of agitation which it was not easy to control. Her narrative, when she was at last able to speak connectedly, entirely confirmed the nurse's report of it.

After hearing from her husband with tolerable regularity from Paris, Rome, and Venice, Emily had twice written to him afterwards—and had received no reply. Feeling uneasy, she had gone to the office in Golden Square, to inquire if he had been heard of there. The post of the morning had brought a letter to the secretary from a courier then at Venice. It contained startling news of Ferrari. His wife had been allowed to take a copy of it, which she now handed to Agnes to read.

The writer stated that he had recently arrived in Venice. He had previously heard that Ferrari was with Lord and Lady Montbarry, at one of the old Venetian palaces which they had hired for a term. Being a friend of Ferrari, he had gone to pay him a visit. Ringing at the door that opened on the Grand Canal, and failing to make anyone hear him, he had gone round to a side entrance opening on one of the narrow lanes of Venice. Here, standing at the door, as if she was waiting for somebody—perhaps for the courier himself—he found a pale woman, with magnificent dark eyes, who proved to be no other than Lady Montbarry herself.

She asked, in Italian, what he wanted. He answered that he wanted to see the courier Ferrari, if it was quite convenient. She at once informed him that Ferrari had left the palace without assigning any reason, and without even leaving an address at which his monthly salary (then due to him), could be paid. Amazed at this reply, the courier inquired if any person had offended Ferrari, or quarrelled with him. The lady answered, 'To my knowledge, certainly not. I am Lady Montbarry; and I can positively assure you that Ferrari was treated with the greatest kindness in this house. We are as much astonished as you are at his extraordinary disappearance. If you should hear of him, pray let us know, so that we may at least pay him the money which is due.'

After one or two more questions (quite readily answered) relating to the date and the time of day at which Ferrari had left the palace, the courier took his leave.

He at once entered on the necessary investigations—without the slightest result so far as Ferrari was concerned. Nobody had seen him, nobody appeared to have been taken into his confidence. Nobody knew anything (that is to say, anything of the slightest importance), even about persons so distinguished as Lord and Lady Montbarry. It was reported that her ladyship's English maid had left her, before the disappearance of Ferrari, to return to her relatives in her own country, and that Lady Montbarry had taken no steps to supply her place. His lordship was described as being in delicate health. He lived in the strictest retirement—nobody was admitted to him, not even his own countrymen. A stupid old woman was discovered, who did the housework at the palace, arriving in the morning and going away again at night. She had never seen the lost courier—she had never seen even Lord Montbarry, who was then confined to his room. Her ladyship, 'a most gracious and adorable mistress,' was in constant attendance on her noble husband. There was no other servant then in the house (so far as the old woman knew), but herself. The meals were sent in from a restaurant. My lord, it was said, disliked strangers. My lord's brother-in-law, the Baron, was generally shut up in a remote part of the palace, occupied (the gracious mistress said) with experiments in chemistry. The experiments sometimes made a nasty smell. A doctor had latterly been called in to his lordship—an Italian doctor, long resident in Venice. Inquiries being addressed to this gentleman (a physician of undoubted capacity and respectability), it turned out that he also had never seen Ferrari, having been summoned to the palace (as his memorandum-book showed), at a date subsequent to the courier's

disappearance. The doctor described Lord Montbarry's malady as bronchitis. So far, there was no reason to feel any anxiety, though the attack was a sharp one. If alarming symptoms should appear, he had arranged with her ladyship to call in another physician. For the rest, it was impossible to speak too highly of my lady; night and day she was at her lord's bedside.

With these particulars began and ended the discoveries made by Ferrari's courier-friend. The police were on the look-out for the lost man—and that was the only hope which could be held forth, for the present, to Ferrari's wife.

'What do you think of it, Miss? the poor woman asked eagerly. 'What would you advise me to do?'

Agnes was at a loss how to answer her; it was an effort even to listen to what Emily was saying. The references in the courier's letter to Montbarry—the report of his illness, the melancholy picture of his secluded life—had re-opened the old wound. She was not even thinking of the lost Ferrari; her mind was at Venice, by the sick man's bedside.

'I hardly know what to say,' she answered. 'I have had no experience in serious matters of this kind.'

'Do you think it would help you, Miss, if you read my husband's letters to me? There are only three of them—they won't take long to read.'

Agnes compassionately read the letters.

They were not written in a very tender tone. 'Dear Emily,' and 'Yours affectionately'—these conventional phrases, were the only phrases of endearment which they contained. In the first letter, Lord Montbarry was not very favourably spoken of:—'We leave Paris to-morrow. I don't much like my lord. He is proud and cold, and, between ourselves, stingy in money matters. I have had to dispute such trifles as a few centimes in the hotel bill; and twice already,

some sharp remarks have passed between the newly-married couple, in consequence of her ladyship's freedom in purchasing pretty tempting things at the shops in Paris. 'I can't afford it, you must keep to your allowance.' She has had to hear those words already. For my part, I like her. She has the nice, easy foreign manners—*she* talks to me as if I was a human being like herself.'

The second letter was dated from Rome.

'My lord's caprices' (Ferrari wrote) 'have kept us perpetually on the move. He is becoming incurably restless. I suspect he is uneasy in his mind. Painful recollections I should say—I find him constantly reading old letters, when her ladyship is not present. We were to have stopped at Genoa; but he hurried us on. The same thing at Florence. Here, at Rome, my lady insists on resting. Her brother has met us at this place. There has been a quarrel already (the lady's maid tells me) between my lord and the Baron. The latter wanted to borrow money of the former. His lordship refused in language which offended Baron Rivar. My lady pacified them, and made them shake hands.

The third, and last letter, was from Venice.

'More of my lord's economy! Instead of going to an hotel, we have hired a damp, mouldy, rambling old palace. My lady insists on having the best suites of rooms wherever we go—and the palace comes cheaper, for a two months' term. My lord tried to get it for longer; he says the quiet of Venice is good for his nerves. But a foreign speculator has secured the palace, and is going to turn it into an hotel. The Baron is still with us, and there have been more disagreements about money matters. I don't like the Baron—and I don't find the attractions of my lady grow on me. She was much nicer before the Baron joined us. My lord is a punctual paymaster; it's a matter of honour with

him; he hates parting with his money, but he does it because he has given his word. I receive my salary regularly at the end of each month—not a franc extra, though I have done many things which are not part of a courier's proper work. Fancy the Baron trying to borrow money of *me*! He is an inveterate gambler. I didn't believe it when my lady's maid first told me so—but I have seen enough since to satisfy me that she was right. I have seen other things besides, which—well! which don't increase my respect for my lady and the Baron. The maid says she means to give warning to leave. She is a respectable British female, and doesn't take things quite so easily as I do. It is a dull life here. No going into company—no company at home, not a creature sees my lord—not even the consul, or the banker. When he does go out, he goes alone, and generally towards nightfall. Indoors, he shuts himself up in his own room with his books, and sees as little of his wife and the Baron as possible. I fancy things are coming to a crisis here. If my lord's suspicions are once awakened, the consequences will be terrible. Under certain provocations, the noble Montbarry is a man who would stick at nothing. However the pay is good—and I can't afford to talk of leaving the place, like my lady's maid.'

Agnes handed back the letters—so suggestive of the penalty paid already for his own infatuation by the man who had deserted her!—with feelings of shame and distress, which made her no fit counsellor for the helpless woman who depended on her advice.

'The one thing I can suggest,' she said, after first speaking some kind words of comfort and hope, 'is that we should consult a person of greater experience than ours. Suppose I write and ask my lawyer (who is also my friend and trustee) to come and advise us to-morrow after his business hours?'

Emily eagerly and gratefully accepted the suggestion. An hour was

arranged for the meeting on the next day; the correspondence was left under the care of Agnes; and the courier's wife took her leave.

Weary and heartsick, Agnes lay down on the sofa, to rest and compose herself. The careful nurse brought in a reviving cup of tea. Her quaint gossip about herself and her occupations while Agnes had been away, acted as a relief to her mistress's overburdened mind. They were still talking quietly, when they were startled by a loud knock at the house door. Hurried footsteps ascended the stairs. The door of the sitting-room was thrown open violently; the courier's wife rushed in like a mad woman. 'He's dead? they've murdered him!' Those wild words were all she could say. She dropped on her knees at the foot of the sofa—held out her hand, with something clasped in it—and fell back in a swoon.

The nurse, signing to Agnes to open the windows, took the necessary measures to restore the fainting woman. 'What's this?' she exclaimed. 'Here's a letter in her hand. See what it is, Miss.'

The open envelope was addressed (evidently in a feigned handwriting) to 'Mrs. Ferrari.' The post-mark was 'Venice.' The contents of the envelope were a sheet of foreign note-paper, and a folded enclosure.

On the note-paper, one line only was written. It was again in a feigned handwriting, and it contained these words:—

'To console you for the loss of your husband.'

Agnes opened the enclosure next.

It was a Bank of England note for a thousand pounds.

CHAPTER V.

THE next day, the friend and legal adviser of Agnes Lockwood, Mr. Troy, called on her by appointment in the evening.

Mrs. Ferrari—still persisting in the conviction of her husband's death—had sufficiently recovered to be present at the consultation. Assisted by Agnes, she told the lawyer the little that was known relating to Ferrari's disappearance, and then produced the correspondence connected with that event. Mr. Troy read (first) the three letters addressed by Ferrari to his wife; (secondly) the letter written by Ferrari's courier-friend, describing his visit to the palace and his interview with Lady Montbarry; and (thirdly) the one line of anonymous writing which had accompanied the extraordinary gift of a thousand pounds to Ferrari's wife.

Well known, at a later period, as the lawyer who acted for Lady Lydiard, in the case of theft, generally described as the case of 'My Lady's Money,' Mr. Troy was not only a man of learning and experience in his profession—he was also a man who had seen something of society at home and abroad. He possessed a keen eye for character, a quaint humour, and a kindly nature which had not been deteriorated even by a lawyer's professional experience of mankind. With all these personal advantages, it is a question nevertheless whether he was the fittest adviser whom Agnes could have chosen under the circumstances. Little Mrs. Ferrari, with many domestic merits, was an essentially commonplace woman. Mr. Troy was the last person living who was likely to attract her sympathies—he was the exact opposite of a commonplace man.

'She looks very ill, poor thing.' In these words the lawyer opened the business of the evening, referring to Mrs. Ferrari as unceremoniously as if she had been out of the room.

'She has suffered a terrible shock,' Agnes answered.

Mr. Troy turned to Mrs. Ferrari, and looked at her again, with the interest due to the victim of a shock. He drummed absently with his fingers on the table. At last he spoke to her.

'My good lady, you don't really believe that your husband is dead?'

Mrs. Ferrari put her handkerchief to her eyes. The word 'dead' was ineffectual to express her feelings. 'Murdered!' she said sternly, behind her handkerchief.

'Why? And by whom?' Mr. Troy asked.

Mrs. Ferrari seemed to find some difficulty in answering. 'You have read my husband's letters, sir,' she began. 'I believe he discovered——' She got as far as that, and there she stopped.

'What did he discover?'

There are limits to human patience—even the patience of a bereaved wife. This cool question irritated Mrs. Ferrari into expressing herself plainly at last.

'He discovered Lady Montbarry and the Baron!' she answered, with a burst of hysterical vehemence. 'The Baron is no more that vile woman's brother than I am. The wickedness of those two wretches came to my poor dear husband's knowledge. The lady's maid left her place on account of it. If Ferrari had gone away too, he would have been alive at this moment. They have killed him. I say they have killed him, to prevent it from getting to Lord Montbarry's ears.' So in short, sharp sentences, and in louder and louder accents, Mrs. Ferrari stated *her* opinion of the case.

Still keeping his own view in reserve, Mr. Troy listened with an expression of satirical approval.

'Very strongly stated, Mrs. Ferrari,' he said. 'You build up your sentences well; you clench your conclusions in a workmanlike manner. If you had been a man, you would have made a good lawyer—you would have taken juries by the scruff of their necks. Complete the case, my good lady—complete the case. Tell us next who sent you this letter, enclosing the bank-note. The 'two wretches' who murdered Mr. Ferrari would hardly put their hands in their pockets and send

you a thousand pounds. Who is it—eh? I see the post-mark on the letter is "Venice." Have you any friend in that interesting city, with a large heart, and a purse to correspond, who has been let into the secret and who wishes to console you anonymously?'

It was not easy to reply to this. Mrs. Ferrari began to feel the first inward approaches of something like hatred towards Mr. Troy. 'I don't understand you, sir,' she answered. 'I don't think this is a joking matter.'

Agnes interfered, for the first time. She drew her chair a little nearer to her legal counsellor and friend.

'What is the most probable explanation, in your opinion?' she asked.

'I shall offend Mrs. Ferrari, if I tell you,' Mr. Troy answered.

'No, sir, you won't!' cried Mrs. Ferrari, hating Mr. Troy undisguisedly by this time.

The lawyer leaned back in his chair. 'Very well,' he said, in his most good-humoured manner. 'Let's have it out. Observe, madam, I don't dispute your view of the position of affairs at the palace in Venice. You have your husband's letters to justify you; and you have also the significant fact that Lady Montbarry's maid did really leave the house. We will say, then, that Lord Montbarry has presumably been made the victim of a foul wrong—that Mr. Ferrari was the first to find it out—and that the guilty persons had reasons to fear, not only that he would acquaint Lord Montbarry with his discovery, but that he would be a principal witness against them if the scandal was made public in a court of law. Now mark! Admitting all this, I draw a totally different conclusion from the conclusion at which you have arrived. Here is your husband left in this miserable household of three, under very awkward circumstances for *him*. What does he do? But for the bank-note and the written message sent to you with it, I should say that he had wisely withdrawn himself from association with a dis-

graceful discovery and exposure, by taking secretly to flight. The money modifies this view—unfavourably so far as Mr. Ferrari is concerned. I still believe he is keeping out of the way. But I now say he is paid for keeping out of the way—and that bank-note there on the table is the price of his absence, paid by the guilty persons to his wife.

Mrs. Ferrari's watery grey eyes brightened suddenly; Mrs. Ferrari's dull drab-coloured complexion became enlivened by a glow of brilliant red.

'It's false!' she cried. 'It's a burning shame to speak of my husband in that way!'

'I told you I should offend you!' said Mr. Troy.

Agnes interposed once more—in the interests of peace. She took the offended wife's hand; she appealed to the lawyer to reconsider that side of his theory which reflected harshly on Ferrari. While she was still speaking, the servant interrupted her by entering the room with a visiting-card. It was the card of Henry Westwick; and there was an ominous request written on it in pencil. 'I bring bad news. Let me see you for a minute down stairs.' Agnes immediately left the room.

Alone with Mrs. Ferrari, Mr. Troy permitted his natural kindness of heart to show itself on the surface at last. He tried to make his peace with the courier's wife.

'You have every claim, my good soul, to resent a reflection cast upon your husband,' he began. 'I may even say that I respect you for speaking so warmly in his defence. At the same time, remember that I am bound, in such a serious matter as this, to tell you what is really in my mind. I can have no intention of offending you, seeing that I am a total stranger to you and to Mr. Ferrari. A thousand pounds is a large sum of money; and a poor man may excusably be tempted by it to do nothing worse than keep out of the way for a while. My

only interest, acting on your behalf, is to get at the truth. If you will give me time, I see no reason to despair of finding your husband yet.'

Ferrari's wife listened, without being convinced: her narrow little mind, filled to its extreme capacity by her unfavourable opinion of Mr. Troy, had no room left for the process of correcting its first impression. 'I am much obliged to you, sir,' was all she said. Her eyes were more communicative—her eyes added, in *their* language, 'You may say what you please; I will never forgive you to my dying day.'

Mr. Troy gave it up. He composedly wheeled his chair round, put his hands in his pockets and looked out of the window.

After an interval of silence, the drawing-room door was opened.

Mr. Troy wheeled round again briskly to the table, expecting to see Agnes. To his surprise there appeared, in her place, a perfect stranger to him—a gentleman, in the prime of life, with a marked expression of pain and embarrassment on his handsome face. He looked at Mr. Troy, and bowed gravely.

'I am so unfortunate as to have brought news to Miss Agnes Lockwood which has greatly distressed her,' he said. 'She has retired to her room. I am requested to make her excuse, and to speak to you in her place.'

Having introduced himself in those terms, he noticed Mrs. Ferrari, and held out his hand to her kindly. 'It is some years since we last met, Emily,' he said, 'I am afraid you have almost forgotten the "Master Henry" of old times.' Emily, in some little confusion, made her acknowledgments, and begged to know if she could be of any use to Miss Lockwood. 'The old nurse is with her,' Henry answered; 'they will be better left together.' He turned once more to Mr. Troy. 'I ought to tell you,' he said, 'that my name is Henry Westwick. I am the younger brother of the late Lord Montbarry.'

'The *late* Lord Montbarry!' Mr. Troy exclaimed.

'My brother died at Venice, yesterday evening. There is the telegram.' With that startling answer, he handed the paper to Mr. Troy.

The message was in these words:

'Lady Montbarry, Venice. To Stephen Robert Westwick, Newbury's Hotel, London. It is useless to take the journey. Lord Montbarry died of bronchitis, at 8:40 this evening. All needful details by post.'

'Was this expected, sir?' the lawyer asked.

'I cannot say that it has taken us entirely by surprise,' Henry answered. 'My brother Stephen (who is now the head of the family) received a telegram three days since, informing him that alarming symptoms had declared themselves, and that a second physician had been called in. He telegraphed back to say that he had left Ireland for London, on his way to Venice, and to direct that any further message might be sent to his hotel. The reply came in a second telegram. It announced that Lord Montbarry was in a state of insensibility, and that, in his brief intervals of consciousness, he recognised nobody. My brother was advised to wait in London for later information. The third telegram is now in your hands. That is all I know, up to the present time.'

Happening to look at the courier's wife, Mr. Troy was struck by the expression of blank fear which showed itself in the woman's face.

'Mrs. Ferrari,' he said, 'have you heard what Mr. Westwick has just told me?'

'Every word of it, sir.'

'Have you any questions to ask?'

'No, sir.'

'You seem to be alarmed,' the lawyer persisted. 'Is it still about your husband?'

'I shall never see my husband again, sir. I have thought so all along, as you know. I feel sure of it now.'

'Sure of it, after what you have just heard?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Can you tell me why?'

'No, sir. It's a feeling I have. I can't tell why.'

'Oh, a feeling?' Mr. Troy repeated, in a tone of compassionate contempt. 'When it comes to feelings, my good soul——!' He left the sentence unfinished, and rose to take his leave of Mr. Westwick. The truth is, he began to feel puzzled himself, and he did not choose to let Mrs. Ferrari see it.

'Accept the expression of my sympathy, sir,' he said to Mr. Westwick politely. 'I wish you good evening.'

Henry turned to Mrs. Ferrari as the lawyer closed the door. 'I have heard of your trouble, Emily, from Miss Lockwood. Is there anything I can do to help you?'

'Nothing, sir, thank you. Perhaps I had better go home after what has happened? I will call to-morrow, and see if I can be of any use to Miss Agnes. I am very sorry for her.' She stole away, with her formal courtesy, her noiseless step, and her obstinate resolution to take the gloomiest view of her husband's case.

Henry Westwick looked round him in the solitude of the little drawing-room. There was nothing to keep him in the house, and yet he lingered in it. It was something to be even near Agnes—to see the things belonging to her that were scattered about the room. There, in one corner was her chair, with her embroidery on the work-table by its side. On the little easel near the window was her last drawing, not quite finished yet. The book she had been reading lay on the sofa, with her tiny pencil-case in it to mark the place at which she had left off. One after another, he looked at the objects that reminded him of the woman whom he loved—took them up tenderly—and laid them down again with a sigh. Ah, how far, how unattainably far from him, she was still! 'She will

never forget Montbarry,' he thought to himself as he took up his hat to go. 'Not one of us feels his death as she feels it. Miserable, miserable wretch—how she loved him!'

In the street, as Henry closed the house-door, he was stopped by a passing acquaintance—a wearisome inquisitive man—doubly unwelcome to him, at that moment. 'Sad news, Westwick, this about your brother. Rather an unexpected death, wasn't it? We never heard at the club that Montbarry's lungs were weak. What will the insurance offices do?'

Henry started; he had never thought of his brother's life insurance. What could the offices do but pay? A death by bronchitis, certified by two physicians, was surely the least disputable of all deaths. 'I wish you hadn't put that question into my head!' he broke out irritably. 'Ah!' said his friend, 'you think the widow will get the money? So do I! so do I!'

CHAPTER VI.

SOME days later, the insurance offices (two in number) received the formal announcement of Lord Montbarry's death, from her ladyship's London solicitors. The sum insured in each office was five thousand pounds—on which one year's premium only had been paid. In the face of such a pecuniary emergency as this, the Directors thought it desirable to consider their position. The medical advisers of the two offices, who had recommended the insurance of Lord Montbarry's life, were called into council over their own reports. The result excited some interest among persons connected with the business of life insurance. Without absolutely declining to pay the money, the two offices (acting in concert) decided on sending a commission of inquiry to Venice, 'for the purpose of obtaining further information.'

Mr. Troy received the earliest intelligence of what was going on. He wrote at once to communicate his news to Agnes; adding, what he considered to be a valuable hint, in these words:

'You are intimately acquainted, I know, with Lady Barville, the late Lord Montbarry's eldest sister. The solicitors employed by her husband, are also the solicitors to one of the two insurance offices. There may possibly be something in the Report of the commission of inquiry touching on Ferrari's disappearance. Ordinary persons would not be permitted, of course, to see such a document. But a sister of the late lord is so near a relative as to be an exception to general rules. If Sir Theodore Barville puts it on that footing, the lawyers, even if they do not allow his wife to look at the Report, will at least answer any discreet questions she may ask referring to it.'

The reply was received by return of post. Agnes declined to avail herself of Mr. Troy's proposal.

'My interference, innocent as it was,' she wrote, 'has already been productive of such deplorable results, that I cannot and dare not stir any further in the case of Ferrari. If I had not consented to let that unfortunate man refer to me by name, the late Lord Montbarry would never have engaged him, and his wife would have been spared the misery and suspense from which she is suffering now. I would not even look at the Report to which you allude if it was placed in my hands—I have heard more than enough already of that hideous life in the palace at Venice. If Mrs. Ferrari chooses to address herself to Lady Barville (with your assistance), that is of course quite another thing. But, even in this case, I must make it a positive condition that my name shall not be mentioned. Forgive me, dear Mr. Troy! I am very unhappy, and very unreasonable—but I am only a woman, and you must not expect too much from me.'

Foiled in this direction, the lawyer

next advised making the attempt to discover the present address of Lady Montbarry's English maid. This excellent suggestion had one drawback: it could only be carried out by spending money—and there was no money to spend. Mrs. Ferrari shrunk from the bare idea of making any use of the thousand pound note. It had been deposited in the safe keeping of a bank. If it was even mentioned in her hearing, she shuddered and referred to it, with melodramatic fervour, as 'my husband's blood-money!'

So, under stress of circumstances, the attempt to solve the mystery of Ferrari's disappearance was suspended for awhile.

It was the last month of the year 1860. The commission of inquiry was already at work; having begun its investigations on December 6. On the 10th, the term for which the late Lord Montbarry had hired the Venetian Palace, expired. News by telegram reached the insurance offices that Lady Montbarry had been advised by her lawyers to leave for London with as little delay as possible. Baron Rivar, it was believed, would accompany her to England, but would not remain in that country, unless his services were absolutely required by her ladyship. The Baron, 'well known as an enthusiastic student of chemistry,' had heard of certain recent discoveries in connection with that science, in the United States, and was anxious to investigate them personally.

These items of news, collected by Mr. Troy, were duly communicated to Mrs. Ferrari, whose anxiety about her husband made her a frequent, a too frequent, visitor at the lawyer's office. She attempted to relate what she had heard to her good friend and protectress. Agnes steadily refused to listen, and positively forbade any further conversation relating to Lord Montbarry's wife, now that Lord Montbarry was no more. 'You have Mr. Troy to advise you,' she said; 'and you are welcome to what little money I can spare,

if money is wanted. All I ask in return is that you will not distress me. I am trying to separate myself from remembrances——' her voice faltered; she paused to control herself—'from remembrances,' she resumed, 'which are sadder than ever since I have heard of Lord Montbarry's death. Help me by your silence to recover my spirits, if I can. Let me hear nothing more, until I can rejoice with you that your husband is found.'

Time advanced to the 13th of the month; and more information of the interesting sort reached Mr. Troy. The labours of the insurance commission had come to an end—the Report had been received from Venice on that day.

CHAPTER VII.

ON the 14th the Directors and their legal advisers met for the reading of the Report, with closed doors. These were the terms in which the Commissioners related the results of their inquiry:

'Private and Confidential.'

'We have the honour to inform our Directors that we arrived in Venice on December 6, 1860. On the same day we proceeded to the palace inhabited by Lord Montbarry at the time of his last illness and death.

'We were received with all possible courtesy by Lady Montbarry's brother, Baron Rivar. "My sister was her husband's only attendant throughout his illness," the Baron informed us. "She is overwhelmed by grief and fatigue—or she would have been here to receive you personally. What are your wishes, gentlemen? and what can I do for you in her ladyship's place?"

'In accordance with our instructions, we answered that the death and burial of Lord Montbarry abroad made it desirable to obtain more complete information relating to his illness, and to the circumstances which had at-

tended it, than could be conveyed in writing. We explained that the law provided for the lapse of a certain interval of time before the payment of the sum assured, and we expressed our wish to conduct the inquiry with the most respectful consideration for her ladyship's feelings, and for the convenience of any other members of the family inhabiting the house.

'To this the Baron replied, "I am the only member of the family living here, and I and the palace are entirely at your disposal." From first to last we found this gentleman perfectly straightforward, and most amiably willing to assist us.

'With the one exception of her ladyship's room, we went over the whole of the palace the same day. It is an immense place, only partially furnished. The first floor and part of the second floor were the portions of it that had been inhabited by Lord Montbarry and the members of the household. We saw the bedchamber, at one extremity of the palace, in which his lordship died, and the small room communicating with it, which he used as a study. Next to this was a large apartment or hall, the doors of which he habitually kept locked, his object being (as we were informed) to pursue his studies uninterruptedly in perfect solitude. On the other side of the large hall were the bedchamber occupied by her ladyship, and the dressing-room in which the maid slept previous to her departure for England. Beyond these were the dining and reception rooms, opening into an antechamber, which gave access to the grand staircase of the palace.

'The only inhabited rooms on the second floor were the sitting-room and bed-room occupied by Baron Rivar, and another room at some distance from it, which had been the bed-room of the courier Ferrari.

'The rooms on the third floor and on the basement were completely unfurnished, and in a condition of great neglect. We inquired if there was any-

thing to be seen below the basement—and we were at once informed that there were vaults beneath, which we were at perfect liberty to visit.

We went down, so as to leave no part of the palace unexplored. The vaults were, it was believed, used as dungeons in the old times—say some centuries since. Air and light were only partially admitted to these dismal places by two long shafts of winding construction, which communicated with the back yard of the palace, and the openings of which, high above the ground, were protected by iron gratings. The stone stairs leading down into the vaults could be closed at will by a heavy trap-door in the back hall, which we found open. The Baron himself led the way down the stairs. We remarked that it might be awkward if that trap-door fell down and closed the opening behind us. The Baron smiled at the idea. "Don't be alarmed, gentlemen," he said; "the door is safe. I had an interest in seeing to it myself, when we first inhabited the palace. My favourite study is the study of experimental chemistry—and my workshop, since we have been in Venice, is down here."

'These last words explained a curious smell in the vaults, which we noticed the moment we entered them. We can only describe the smell by saying that it was of a two-fold sort—faintly aromatic as it were, in its first effect, but with some after odour very sickening in our nostrils. The Baron's furnaces and retorts, and other things, were all there to speak for themselves, together with some packages of chemicals, having the name and address of the person who had supplied them, plainly visible on their labels. "Not a pleasant place for study," Baron Rivar observed, "but my sister is timid. She has a horror of chemical smells and explosions—and she has banished me to these lower regions, so that my experiments may neither be smelt nor heard." He held out his hands, on which we had noticed that

he wore gloves in the house. "Accidents will happen sometimes," he said, "no matter how careful a man may be. I burnt my hands severely in trying a new combination the other day, and they are only recovering now."

'We mention these otherwise unimportant incidents, in order to show that our exploration of the palace was not impeded by any attempt at concealment. We were even admitted to her ladyship's own room—on a subsequent occasion when she went out to take the air. Our instructions recommended us to examine his lordship's residence, because the extreme privacy of his life at Venice, and the remarkable departure of the only two servants in the house, might have some suspicious connection with the nature of his death. We found nothing to justify suspicion from first to last.

'As to his lordship's retired way of life, we have conversed on the subject with the consul and the banker—the only two strangers who held any communication with him. He called once at the bank to obtain money on his letter of credit, and excused himself from accepting an invitation to visit the banker at his private residence, on the ground of delicate health. His lordship wrote to the same effect on sending his card to the consul, to excuse himself from personally returning that gentleman's visit to the palace. We have seen the letter, and we beg to offer the following copy of it. "Many years passed in India have injured my constitution. I have ceased to go into society; the one occupation of my life now is the study of Oriental literature. The air of Italy is better for me than the air of England, or I should never have left home. Pray accept the apologies of a student and an invalid. The active part of my life is at an end." The self-seclusion of his lordship seems to us to be explained in these brief lines. We have not, however, on that account spared our inquiries in other directions. Nothing to excite a suspi-

cion of anything wrong has come to our knowledge.

'As to the departure of the lady's maid, we have seen the woman's receipt for her wages, in which it is expressly stated that she left Lady Montbarry's service because she disliked the Continent, and wished to get back to her own country. This is not an uncommon result of taking English servants to foreign parts. Lady Montbarry has informed us that she abstained from engaging another maid, in consequence of the extreme dislike which his lordship expressed to having strangers in the house, in the state of his health at that time.

'The disappearance of the courier Ferrari is, in itself, unquestionably a suspicious circumstance. Neither her ladyship nor the Baron can explain it; and no investigation that we could make has thrown the smallest light on this event, or has justified us in associating it, directly or indirectly, with the object of our inquiry. We have even gone the length of examining the portmanteau which Ferrari left behind him. It contains nothing but clothes and linen—no money, and not even a scrap of paper in the pockets of the clothes. The portmanteau remains in charge of the police.

'We have also found opportunities of speaking privately to the old woman who attends to the rooms occupied by her ladyship and the Baron. She was recommended to fill this situation by the keeper of the restaurant who has supplied the meals to the family throughout the period of their residence at the palace. Her character is most favourably spoken of. Unfortunately, her limited intelligence makes her of no value as a witness. We were patient and careful in questioning her, and we found her perfectly willing to answer us; but we could elicit nothing which is worth including in the present Report.

'On the second day of our inquiries, we had the honour of an interview with Lady Montbarry. Her ladyship

looked miserably worn and ill, and seemed to be quite at a loss to understand what we wanted with her. Baron Rivar, who introduced us, explained the nature of our errand in Venice, and took pains to assure her that it was a purely formal duty on which we were engaged. Having satisfied her ladyship on this point, he discreetly left the room.

The questions which we addressed to Lady Montbarry related mainly, of course, to his lordship's illness. The answers, given with great nervousness of manner, but without the slightest appearance of reserve, informed us of the facts that follow :

Lord Montbarry had been out of order for some time past—nervous and irritable. He first complained of having taken cold on November 13 last ; he passed a wakeful and feverish night, and remained in bed the next day. Her ladyship proposed sending for medical advice. He refused to allow her to do this, saying that he could quite easily be his own doctor in such a trifling matter as a cold. Some hot lemonade was made at his request, with a view to producing perspiration. Lady Montbarry's maid having left her at that time, the courier Ferrari (then the only servant in the house) went out to buy the lemons. Her ladyship made the drink with her own hands. It was successful in producing perspiration—and Lord Montbarry had some hours of sleep afterwards. Later in the day, having need of Ferrari's services, Lady Montbarry rang for him. The bell was not answered. Baron Rivar searched for the man, in the palace and out of it, in vain. From that time forth not a trace of Ferrari could be discovered. This happened on November 14.

On the night of the 14th, the feverish symptoms accompanying his lordship's cold returned. They were in part perhaps attributable to the annoyance and alarm caused by Ferrari's mysterious disappearance. It had been impossible to conceal the circumstance,

as his lordship rang repeatedly for the courier ; insisting that the man should relieve Lady Montbarry and the Baron by taking their place during the night at his bedside.

On the 15th (the day on which the old woman first came to do the housework), his lordship complained of sore throat, and of a feeling of oppression on the chest. On this day, and again on the 16th, her ladyship and the Baron entreated him to see a doctor. He still refused. "I don't want strange faces about me ; my cold will run its course, in spite of the doctor,"—that was his answer. On the 17th he was so much worse, that it was decided to send for medical help whether he liked it or not. Baron Rivar, after inquiry at the consul's, secured the services of Dr. Bruno, well known as an eminent physician in Venice ; with the additional recommendation of having resided in England, and having made himself acquainted with English forms of medical practice.

Thus far, our account of his lordship's illness has been derived from statements made by Lady Montbarry. The narrative will now be most fitly continued in the language of the doctor's own report, herewith subjoined.

"My medical diary informs me that I first saw the English Lord Montbarry, on November 17. He was suffering from a sharp attack of bronchitis. Some precious time had been lost, through his obstinate objection to the presence of a medical man at his bedside. Generally speaking, he appeared to be in a delicate state of health. His nervous system was out of order—he was at once timid and contradictory. When I spoke to him in English, he answered in Italian ; and when I tried him in Italian, he went back to English. It mattered little—the malady had already made such progress that he could only speak a few words at a time, and those in a whisper.

“I at once applied the necessary remedies. Copies of my prescriptions (with translation into English) accompany the present statements, and are left to speak for themselves.

“For the next three days I was in constant attendance on my patient. He answered to the remedies employed improving slowly, but decidedly. I could conscientiously assure Lady Montbarry that no danger was to be apprehended thus far. She was indeed a most devoted wife. I vainly endeavoured to induce her to accept the services of a competent nurse: she would allow nobody to attend on her husband but herself. Night and day this estimable woman was at his bedside. In her brief intervals of repose, her brother watched the sick man in her place. This brother was, I must say, very good company, in the intervals when we had time for a little talk. He dabbled in chemistry, down in the horrid underwater vaults of the palace; and he wanted to show me some of his experiments. I have enough of chemistry in writing prescriptions—and I declined. He took it quite good-humouredly.

“I am straying away from my subject. Let me return to the sick lord.

“Up to the 20th, then, things went well enough. I was quite unprepared for the disastrous change that showed itself, when I paid Lord Montbarry my morning visit on the 21st. He had relapsed and seriously relapsed. Examining him to discover the cause, I found symptoms of pneumonia—that is to say, in unmedical language, inflammation of the substance of the lungs. He breathed with difficulty, and was only partially able to relieve himself by coughing. I made the strictest enquiries, and was assured that his medicine had been administered as carefully as usual, and that he had not been exposed to any changes of temperature. It was with great reluctance that I added to Lady Montbarry's distress; but I felt

bound, when she suggested a consultation with another physician, to own that I too thought there was really need for it.

“Her ladyship instructed me to spare no expense, and to get the best medical opinion in Italy. The best opinion was happily within our reach. The first and foremost of Italian physicians, is Torello of Padua. I sent a special messenger for the great man. He arrived on the evening of the 21st, and confirmed my opinion that pneumonia had set in, and that our patient's life was in danger. I told him what my treatment of the case had been, and he approved of it in every particular. He made some valuable suggestions, and (at Lady Montbarry's express request) he consented to defer his return to Padua until the following morning.

“We both saw the patient at intervals in the course of the night. The disease, steadily advancing, set our utmost resistance at defiance. In the morning Doctor Torello took his leave. ‘I can be of no further use,’ he said to me. ‘The man is past all help—and he ought to know it.’

“Later in the day I warned my lord, as gently as I could, that his time had come. I am informed that there are serious reasons for my stating what passed between us on this occasion, in detail, and without any reserve. I comply with the request.

“Lord Montbarry received the intelligence of his approaching death with becoming composure, but with a certain doubt. He signed to me to put my ear to his mouth. He whispered faintly, ‘Are you sure?’ It was no time to deceive him; I said, ‘Positively sure.’ He waited a little, gasping for breath, and then he whispered again, ‘Feel under my pillow.’ I found under his pillow a letter, sealed and stamped, ready for the post. His next words were just audible, and no more—‘Post it yourself.’ I answered of course, that I would do so—and I did post the letter.

with my own hand. I looked at the address. It was directed to a lady in London. The street I cannot remember. The name I can perfectly recall: it was an Italian name—"Mrs. Ferrari."

"That night my lord nearly died of asphyxia. I got him through it for the time; and his eyes showed that he understood me when I told him, the next morning, that I had posted the letter. This was his last effort of consciousness. When I saw him again he was sunk in apathy. He lingered in a state of insensibility, supported by stimulants, until the 25th, and died (unconscious to the last) on the evening of that day.

"As to the cause of his death, it seems (if I may be excused for saying so) simply absurd to ask the question. Bronchitis, terminating in pneumonia—there is no more doubt that this, and this only, was the malady of which he expired, than that two and two make four. Doctor Torello's own note of the case is added here to a duplicate of my certificate, in order (as I am informed) to satisfy some English offices in which his lordship's life was insured. The English offices must have been founded by that celebrated saint and doubter, mentioned in the New Testament, whose name was Thomas!"

'Doctor Bruno's narrative ends here.

'Reverting for a moment to our inquiries addressed to Lady Montbarry, we have to report that she can give us no information on the subject of the letter which the doctor posted at Lord Montbarry's request. When his lordship wrote it? what it contained? why he kept it a secret from Lady Montbarry (and from the Baron also)? and why he should write at all to the wife of his courier? these are questions to which we find it simply impossible to obtain any replies. It seems even useless to say that the matter is open to suspicion. Suspicion implies conjecture of some kind—and the letter

under my lord's pillow baffles all conjecture. Application to Mrs. Ferrari may perhaps clear up the mystery. Her residence in London will be easily discovered at the Italian *Couriers'* Office, Golden Square.

'Having arrived at the close of the present Report, we have now to draw your attention to the conclusion which is justified by the results of our investigation.

'The plain question before our Directors and ourselves appears to be this: Has the inquiry revealed any extraordinary circumstances which render the death of Lord Montbarry open to suspicion? The inquiry has revealed extraordinary circumstances beyond all doubt—such as the disappearance of Ferrari, the remarkable absence of the customary establishment of servants in the house, and the mysterious letter which his lordship asked the doctor to post. But where is the proof that any one of these circumstances is associated—suspiciously and directly associated—with the only event which concerns us, the event of Lord Montbarry's death? In the absence of any such proof, and in the face of the evidence of two eminent physicians, it is impossible to dispute the statement on the certificate that his lordship died a natural death. We are bound, therefore, to report, that there are no valid grounds for refusing the payment of the sum for which the late Lord Montbarry's life was assured.

'We shall send these lines to you by the post of to-morrow, December 10; leaving time to receive your further instructions (if any), in reply to our telegram of this evening announcing the conclusion of the inquiry.'

CHAPTER VIII.

'NOW, my good creature, whatever you have to say to me, out with it at once! I don't want to hurry you needlessly; but these are

business hours, and I have other people's affairs to attend to besides yours.'

Addressing Ferrari's wife, with his usual blunt good-humour, in these terms, Mr. Troy registered the lapse of time by a glance at the watch on his desk, and then waited to hear what his client had to say to him.

'It's something more, sir, about the letter with the thousand pound note,' Mrs. Ferrari began. 'I have found out who sent it to me.'

Mr. Troy started. 'This is news indeed!' he said. 'Who sent you the letter?'

'Lord Montbarry sent it, sir.'

It was not easy to take Mr. Troy by surprise. But Mrs. Ferrari threw him completely off his balance. For awhile he could only look at her in silent surprise. 'Nonsense!' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself. 'There is some mistake—it can't be!'

'There is no mistake,' Mrs. Ferrari rejoined, in her most positive manner. 'Two gentlemen from the insurance offices called on me this morning, to see the letter. They were completely puzzled—especially when they heard of the bank-note inside. But they know who sent the letter. His lordship's doctor in Venice posted it at his lordship's request. Go to the gentlemen yourself, sir, if you don't believe me, They were polite enough to ask if I could account for Lord Montbarry writing to me and sending me the money. I gave them my opinion directly—I said it was like his lordship's kindness.'

'Like his lordship's kindness?' Mr. Troy repeated, in blank amazement.

'Yes, sir! Lord Montbarry knew me, like all the other members of the family, when I was at school on the estate in Ireland. If he could have done it, he would have protected my poor dear husband. But he was helpless himself in the hands of my lady and the Baron—and the only kind thing he could do was to provide for

me in my widowhood, like the true nobleman he was!'

'A very pretty explanation!' said Mr. Troy. 'What did your visitors from the insurance offices think of it?'

'They asked me if I had any proof of my husband's death.'

'And what did you say?'

'I said, "I give you better than proof, gentlemen; I give you my positive opinion."'

'That satisfied them, of course?'

'They didn't say so in words, sir. They looked at each other—and wished me good morning.'

'Well, Mrs. Ferrari, unless you have some more extraordinary news for me, I think I shall wish you good morning too. I can take a note of your information (very startling information, I own); and, in the absence of proof, I can do no more.'

'I can provide you with proof, sir,—if that is all you want,' said Mrs. Ferrari, with great dignity. 'I only wish to know, first, whether the law justifies me in doing it. You may have seen in the fashionable intelligence of the newspapers, that Lady Montbarry has arrived in London, at Newbury's Hotel. I propose to go and see her.'

'The deuce you do! May I ask for what purpose?'

Mrs. Ferrari answered in a mysterious whisper. 'For the purpose of catching her in a trap! I shan't send in my name—I shall announce myself as a person on business, and the first words I say to her will be these: "I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow." Ah! you may well start, Mr. Troy! It almost takes *you* off your guard, doesn't it? Make your mind easy, sir; I shall find the proof that everybody asks me for in her guilty face. Let her only change colour by the shadow of a shade—let her eyes only drop for half an instant—I shall discover her! The one thing I want to know is does the law permit it?'

'The law permits it,' Mr. Troy answered gravely; 'but whether her ladyship will permit it, is quite another question. Have you really courage enough, Mrs. Ferrari, to carry out this notable scheme of yours? You have been described to me, by Miss Lockwood, as rather a nervous, timid sort of person—and, if I may trust my own observation, I should say you justify the description.'

'If you had lived in the country, sir, instead of living in London,' Mrs. Ferrari replied, 'you would sometimes have seen even a sheep turn on a dog. I am far from saying that I am a bold woman—quite the reverse. But when I stand in that wretch's presence, and think of my murdered husband, the one of us two who is likely to be frightened is not *me*. I am going there now, sir. You shall hear how it ends. I wish you good morning.'

With those brave words the courier's wife gathered her mantle about her, and walked out of the room.

Mr. Troy smiled—not satirically, but compassionately. 'The little simpleton!' he thought to himself. 'If half of what they say of Lady Montbarry is true, Mrs. Ferrari and her trap have but a poor prospect before them. I wonder how it will end?'

All Mr. Troy's experience failed to forewarn him of how it *did* end.

CHAPTER IX.

IN the meantime, Mrs. Ferrari held to her resolution. She went straight from Mr. Troy's office to Newbury's Hotel.

Lady Montbarry was at home, and alone. But the authorities of the hotel hesitated to disturb her when they found that the visitor declined to mention her name. Her ladyship's new maid happened to cross the hall while the matter was still in debate.

She was a Frenchwoman, and, on being appealed to, she settled the question in the swift, easy, rational French way. 'Madame's appearance was perfectly respectable. Madame might have reasons for not mentioning her name which Miladi might approve. In any case, there being no orders forbidding the introduction of a strange lady, the matter clearly rested between Madame and Miladi. Would Madame, therefore, be good enough to follow Miladi's maid up the stairs?'

In spite of her resolution, Mrs. Ferrari's heart beat as if it would burst out of her bosom, when her conductress led her into an ante-room, and knocked at a door opening into a room beyond. But it is remarkable that persons of sensitively-nervous organization are the very persons who are capable of forcing themselves (apparently by the exercise of a spasmodic effort of will) into the performance of acts of the most audacious courage. A low, grave voice from the inner room said, 'Come in.' The maid, opening the door, announced, 'A person to see you, Miladi, on business,' and immediately retired. In the one instant while these events passed, timid little Mrs. Ferrari mastered her own throbbing heart; stepped over the threshold, conscious of her clammy hands, dry lips, and burning head; and stood in the presence of Lord Montbarry's widow, to all outward appearance as supremely self-possessed as her ladyship herself.

It was still early in the afternoon, but the light in the room was dim. The blinds were drawn down. Lady Montbarry sat with her back to the windows, as if even the subdued daylight was disagreeable to her. She had altered sadly for the worse in her personal appearance, since the memorable day when Doctor Wybrow had seen her in his consulting-room. Her beauty was gone—her face had fallen away to mere skin and bone; the contrast between her ghastly complexion and her steely glittering black eyes

was more startling than ever. Robed in dismal black, relieved only by the brilliant whiteness of her widow's cap—reclining in a panther-like suppleness of attitude on a little green sofa—she looked at the stranger who had intruded on her, with a moment's languid curiosity, then dropped her eyes again to the hand-screen which she held between her face and the fire. 'I don't know you,' she said. 'What do you want with me?'

Mrs. Ferrari tried to answer. Her first burst of courage had already worn itself out. The bold words that she had determined to speak were living words still in her mind, but they died on her lips.

There was a moment of silence. Lady Montbarry looked round again at the speechless stranger. 'Are you deaf?' she asked. There was another pause. Lady Montbarry quietly looked back again at the screen, and put another question. 'Do you want money?'

'Money!' That one word roused the sinking spirit of the courier's wife. She recovered her courage; she found her voice. 'Look at me, my lady, if you please,' she said, with a sudden outbreak of audacity.

Lady Montbarry looked round for the third time. The fatal words passed Mrs. Ferrari's lips.

'I come, my lady, to acknowledge the receipt of the money sent to Ferrari's widow.'

Lady Montbarry's glittering black eyes rested with steady attention on the woman who had addressed her in those terms. Not the faintest expression of confusion or alarm, not even a momentary flutter of interest stirred the deadly stillness of her face. She reposed as quietly, she held the screen as composedly, as ever. The test had been tried, and had irretrievably, utterly failed.

There was another silence. Lady Montbarry considered with herself. The smile that came slowly and went away suddenly—the smile at once so

sad and so cruel—showed itself on her thin lips. She lifted her screen, and pointed with it to a seat at the farther end of the room. 'Be so good as to take that chair,' she said.

Helpless under her first bewildering sense of failure—not knowing what to say or what to do next—Mrs. Ferrari mechanically obeyed. Lady Montbarry, rising on the sofa for the first time, watched her with undisguised scrutiny as she crossed the room—then sank back in a reclining position once more. 'No,' she said to herself quietly, 'the woman walks steadily; she is not intoxicated—the only other possibility is that she may be mad.'

She had spoken loud enough to be heard. Stung by the insult Mrs. Ferrari instantly answered her. 'I am no more drunk or mad than you are!'

'No?' said Lady Montbarry. 'Then you are only insolent? The ignorant English mind (I have observed) is apt to be insolent in the exercise of unrestrained English liberty. This is very noticeable to us foreigners among you people in the streets. Of course I can't be insolent to you, in return. I hardly know what to say to you. My maid was imprudent in admitting you so easily to my room. I suppose your respectable appearance misled her. I wonder who you are? You mentioned the name of a courier who left us very strangely. Was he married by any chance? Are you his wife? And do you know where he is?'

Mrs. Ferrari's indignation burst its way through all restraints. She advanced to the sofa; she feared nothing, in the fervour and rage of her reply.

'I am his widow—and you know it, you wicked woman! Ah! it was in an evil hour, when Miss Lockwood recommended my husband to be his lordship's courier——!'

Before she could add another word, Lady Montbarry sprang from the sofa with the stealthy suddenness of a cat—seized her by both shoulders—and

shook her with the strength and frenzy of a madwoman. 'You lie! you lie! you lie!' She dropped her hold at the third repetition of the accusation, and threw up her hands wildly with a gesture of despair. 'Oh, Jesus Maria! is it possible!' she cried. 'Can the courier have come to me through that woman?' She turned like lightning on Mrs. Ferrari, and stopped her as she was escaping from the room. 'Stay here, you fool—stay here, and answer me! If you cry out, as sure as the heavens are above you, I'll strangle you with my own hands. Sit down again—and fear nothing. Wretch! It is I who am frightened—frightened out of my senses. Confess that you lied, when you used Miss Lockwood's name just now! No! I don't believe you on your oath; I will believe nobody but Miss Lockwood herself. Where does she live? Tell me that, you noxious stinging little insect—and you may go.' Terrified as she was, Mrs. Ferrari hesitated. Lady Montbarry lifted her hands threateningly, with the long, lean, yellow-white fingers outspread and crooked at the tips. Mrs. Ferrari shrank at the sight of them, and gave the address. Lady Montbarry pointed contemptuously to the door—then changed her mind. 'No! not yet! you will tell Miss Lockwood what has happened, and she may refuse to see me. I will go there at once, and you shall go with me. As far as the house—not inside of it. Sit down again. I am going to ring for my maid. Turn your back to the door—your cowardly face is not fit to be seen!'

She rang the bell. The maid appeared.

'My cloak and bonnet—instantly!'

The maid produced the cloak and bonnet from the bed-room.

'A cab at the door—before I can count ten!'

The maid vanished. Lady Montbarry surveyed herself in the glass, and wheeled round again, with her cat-like suddenness, to Mrs. Ferrari.

'I look more than half dead already, don't I?' she said, with a grim outburst of irony. 'Give me your arm.'

She took Mrs. Ferrari's arm, and left the room. 'You have nothing to fear, so long as you obey,' she whispered, on the way downstairs. 'You leave me at Miss Lockwood's door, and never see me again.'

In the hall, they were met by the landlady of the hotel. Lady Montbarry graciously presented her companion. 'My good friend Mrs. Ferrari; I am so glad to have seen her.' The landlady accompanied them to the door. The cab was waiting. 'Get in first, good Mrs. Ferrari,' said her ladyship; 'and tell the man where to go.'

They were driven away. Lady Montbarry's variable humour changed again. With a low groan of misery, she threw herself back in the cab. Lost in her own dark thoughts, as careless of the woman whom she had bent to her iron will as if no such person sat by her side, she preserved a sinister silence, until they reached the house where Miss Lockwood lodged. In an instant, she roused herself to action. She opened the door of the cab, and closed it again on Mrs. Ferrari, before the driver could get off his box.

'Take that lady a mile farther on her way home!' she said, as she paid the man his fare. The next moment she had knocked at the house-door. 'Is Miss Lockwood at home?' 'Yes, ma'am.' She stepped over the threshold—the door closed on her.

'Which way, ma'am?' asked the driver of the cab.

Mrs. Ferrari put her hand to her head, and tried to collect her thoughts. Could she leave her friend and benefactress helpless at Lady Montbarry's mercy? She was still vainly endeavouring to decide on the course that she ought to follow—when a gentleman, stopping at Miss Lockwood's door, happened to look towards the cab-window, and saw her.

'Are you going to call on Miss Agnes, too?' he asked.

It was Henry Westwick. Mrs. Ferrari clasped her hands in gratitude as she recognised him.

'Go in, sir!' she cried. 'Go in, directly. That dreadful woman is with Miss Agnes. Go and protect her!'

'What woman?' Henry asked.

The answer literally struck him

speechless. With amazement and indignation in his face, he looked at Mrs. Ferrari as she pronounced the hated name of 'Lady Montbarry.' 'I'll see to it,' was all he said. He knocked at the house door; and he too, in his turn, was let in.

(To be continued.)

"TELL, CLEONE, TELL ME WHY."

BY R. MARVIN SEATON.

TELL, Cleonè, tell me why
Anger veils that starry eye;
Why it turns away from me
Gazing into vacancy.

Cold as Dian, love, thou art;
But, Cleonè, couldst thy heart
Catch from mine a single glow,
Thou would'st warm as Hebe grow.

Anger, dearest, robs thy face
Of its soft bewildering grace;
Eyes of thine would sweeter seem
Did they shed a milder beam.

True, I grasped thy finger tips,
Snatched from thy pellucid lips,
Coral dyed, one burning kiss,
But I did not dream of this.

Tell, Cleonè, tell me true,
When those rubies, rich with dew,
Looked so tempting, can you blame
Mortal? Gods would do the same.

Was it, darling, that I dared
Taste the sweets Zephyrus shared,
Angered, you my presence shun?
—Or because I took but one?

A QUARREL WITH THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

FIRST PAPER.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

HAVING had the fortune to be born into the nineteenth century, in common with a vast number of other white people—mostly fools, as our re-assuring friend, Mr. Carlyle would say—we are all bound, I suppose, to be satisfied with that accident of birth. We might have been born into the twelfth century, and have had our heads knocked off by “the Saracen sword” in the Crusades. We might have been born into the seventeenth century, and have been piked by some crop-headed rascal while we were fighting under Prince Rupert—for most of us would, I trust, have been on the side of His Majesty in that righteous fight. We might have stepped by mistake into the eighteenth century, and have gone down to our graves under the impression that the Cock Lane Ghost was a very superior sort of Supernatural person, and that the American Colonies were quite unfitted for the residence of educated people like our very good friend, Dr. Johnson. But having been fairly born into the nineteenth century of the world’s history, we are I suppose bound to pay it a certain respect. Just as having been born subjects of Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, we are bound in conscience to pay that good and gracious Lady and Queen, our loyal duty as subjects. But our loyal duty to Queen Victoria does not compel us to assault the reputation of Her sporting Majesty of Austria, or of ‘dear Augusta’ of Germany; nor does it tie our tongues against criticisms of Her Majesty’s policy or conduct. So likewise, our regard for the century does not compel us to assault the reputation of other preceding centuries; nor does

it necessarily blind our eyes, and chain our mouths to the faults of this age.

If the nineteenth century has any characteristic more marked than another, it is the persistence with which it poses itself in a striking attitude, and calls on all creation, and all past times and generations of men to admire it, praise it, wonder at it, and be in awe of it. Never was such an age, with such railways, steamers, telegraphs, telephones, engines, savings banks, insurance companies, lock-outs, strikes, and Pittsburg riots. Everything is on a grand scale, and moves by machinery. I suppose a good many of the readers of this magazine have read EOTHEN—perhaps the most fascinating book of Eastern travel that has ever been written. There is in it a little scene which always reminds me of the way in which either a very cynical or a very simple-minded person would listen to the boastings about the nineteenth century. Mr. Kinglake represents the average British traveller interviewing a Pasha, the conversation being carried on by means of an interpreting Dragoman, as follows :

Dragoman (to traveller). The Pasha congratulates your Excellency.

Traveller.—About Goldborough? the deuce he does! but I want his views in relation to the present state of the Ottoman Empire: tell him the Houses of Parliament have met, and that there has been a speech from the Throne pledging England to preserve the integrity of the Sultan’s dominions.

Dragoman (to the Pasha).—This branch of Mudcombe, this possible policeman of Bedfordshire, informs

your Highness that in England the talking houses have met, and that the integrity of the Sultan's dominions has been assured for ever and ever, by a speech from the velvet chair.

Pasha.—Wonderful chair! Wonderful houses! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels!—whiz! whiz! all by steam. Wonderful chair!—wonderful houses!—wonderful people!—whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Traveller (to the Dragoman).—What does the Pasha mean by the whizzing? He does not mean to say, does he? that our Government will ever abandon their pledges to the Sultan?

Dragoman.—No, your Excellency; but he says the English talk by wheels and by steam.

Traveller.—That's an exaggeration; but say that the English really *have* carried machinery to great perfection. Tell the Pasha (he'll be struck with *that*!) that whenever we have any disturbances to put down, even at two or three hundred miles from London, we can send troops by the thousand, to the scene of action in a few hours.

Dragoman.—His Excellency, this Lord of Mudcombe, observes to your Highness, that whenever the Irish, the French, or the Indians rebel against the English, whole armies of soldiers and brigades of artillery are dropped into a mighty chasm, called Euston Square, and in the biting of a cart-ridge, they arise up again in Manchester or Paris, or Delhi, and utterly exterminate the enemies of England from the face of the earth.

Pasha.—I know it—I know all—the particulars have been faithfully related to me, and my mind comprehends locomotives! The armies of the English ride upon the vapours of boiling cauldrons, and their horses are flaming coals. Whirr! whirr! all by wheels—whiz! whiz! all by steam!

Well, either a very simple or a very cynical mind, listening to the praises of this century, is induced to exclaim, 'Wonderful Age! Wonderful Peo-

ple! Whirr! whirr! all by wheels. Whiz! whiz! all by steam!

But one day the wheels come off in consequence of having been badly chilled, and the boiler bursts and kills a hundred people and then we begin to reflect that, after all the nineteenth century is not perfect, and that wheels and steam have their disadvantages.

It is perhaps to the student,—either the fully equipped graduate, or the merely ambitious young man with the conventional 'Thirst for Knowledge,' that this age presents the most distressing difficulties. And the deeper he gets, the more bewildered he is with the evidences of the many utter failures of modern civilization. Brummel's crushed neckties, will always, I suppose, remain as a pretty useful literary simile—he called them his *failures*. The failures of 19th century civilization are more and more serious than Brummel's. Let us take up a few of them for examination. And the first that presents itself is

EDUCATION.

There is nothing on which the 19th century boasts more constantly than on the fact, that it has made Education cheap, popular, and almost compulsory. Because, within a quarter of a century, there has been established in various countries, a system of popular Education, the 19th century in its old age, feels disposed to boast and bubble over with self-importance instead of being ashamed of its previous neglect. The dividing line between what is called higher education and lower, or popular, or elementary, or Common School Education, is so familiar that the subject is capable of being divided into two for a very short discussion. No one will at all be disposed to deny the good which has arisen from a more general education of the children of the poorer classes, or to detract from the merits of a system which has opened up more doors to position, to fame, to fortune, to influence, for the children of the people. Speaking from

the purely worldly point of view, an immense debt of gratitude is due to those who established, however late, the system of Common Schools. But do not let us imagine that the children of the poor, during all the earlier ages, were destitute of all advantages, or that all the generations of men previous to the 19th century, died in ignorance of the great phenomena of nature, the thoughts of philosophers, the inspirations of poets, the dissertations of historians, the teachings of the Gospel. Oral teaching counts for a good deal, independent of all knowledge of reading or writing; and of oral teaching, the earlier ages had enough and to spare. The Greek citizen was a lively intelligent being, not perhaps much given to reading or writing, but blessed with the privilege of listening to the greatest orators, the greatest poets, the greatest philosophers, and of witnessing the noblest tragedies, the most amusing comedies in the world. The Hebrew in his Synagogue had a teaching, the merit of which can hardly be exaggerated. The pulpits of Europe in the middle ages had the noblest opportunities, and took noble advantage of them. Arms was still the profession of the nobles. Education, learning was the heritage of the church and of the poor. The pulpits of Christendom rang with an eloquence that has not been surpassed, and that was all the more meritorious as instruction because those who were preaching knew that they were schoolmasters as well as priests. The troubadours and minnesingers brought poetry, romance, and song to the doors of the people—

And tuned to please a peasant's ear,
The harps that kings had loved to hear.

In fact, in the middle and earlier ages, all that is loftiest in human thought, penetrated far deeper into the mass of the people, than I believe it does to-day—in spite of science, printers, and the Society for the diffusion of Useful Knowledge. A citizen of Florence in the 15th century, a citizen

of Rome in any century, was a being far above the slouching, tobacco-chewing, slang-talking and rum-drinking, average citizen of English, American or Canadian cities—he knew more of the movements of the learned world; understood better the questions which were being discussed; was a keener critic of poetry, art, music, philosophy and religion, was livelier, more agreeable and refined, as indeed he is at this day, than even the wealthy commercial classes of other countries.

In 1264, there were 15,000 matriculated students at Oxford, most of them poor; of these, about 1,000 were educated gratuitously. In 1300, the number was 30,000, and this continued to be the average number for 40 years. In a previous age the intellectual development and the passion for learning had broken out in another direction. In Dean Milman's Latin Christianity, you may read concerning the famous Abelard, one of the saddest figures in history. 'Not merely did all Paris and the adjacent districts flock to his school, but there was no country so remote, no road so difficult, but that the pupils defied the toils and perils of the way. From barbarous Anjou, Poitou, Gascony, and Spain; from Normandy, Flanders, Germany, Swabia; from England, notwithstanding the terrors of the sea, scholars of all ranks and classes crowded to Paris. Even Rome, the great teacher of the world in all arts and sciences, acknowledged the superior wisdom of Abelard, and sent her sons to submit to his discipline.'

So intelligent was the material to work upon, so prepared was the ground by the revival of learning and the spread of scholastic taste, and the passion for letters, that the art of printing when invented, succeeded as no other human invention has ever succeeded in point of rapidity. Before 1500, A. D. fifty Italian towns had printing presses and 4,987 books had been printed in Italy alone. In Huber's work on the English Universities,* we read that a toler-

* Vol. I, p. 66.

ably well authenticated account, attacked of late by undue scepticism, fixes the number of students at Oxford at 30,000 in the middle of the thirteenth century. And on the question of the intellectual activity of the students, the same writer says: 'There is no question that during the middle age the English Universities were distinguished far more than ever after, by energy and variety of intellect. Later times cannot produce a concentration of men eminent in all the learning and science of the age, such as Oxford and Cambridge then poured forth, mightily influencing the intellectual development of all western Christendom. Their names indeed may warn us against an indiscriminating disparagement of the monasteries, as 'hotbeds of ignorance and stupidity;' when so many of those worthies were monks of the Benedictine, Franciscan, Dominican, Carmelite or reformed Augustinian orders.' And again, the same writer says: 'On the whole, in the period of which we treat, the University comprised the strength and bloom of the nation, picked from all ranks and orders, north and south; and sympathising intensely with the general course of public policy. The excitability of youth accounts for many an outbreak, and, as every pulsation of the national life was certainly felt in great power at the Universities, so it is probable that the nation received in turn many a vigorous impulse, especially on points of learning and science. In fact the 'degree' being an indelible character, a student who had ceased to reside, did not cease to sympathise with his 'foster mother;' and every rank of civil, and much more of ecclesiastical life, was filled with men who identified themselves with her interests. We have indeed, still to fight against the prejudice that all erudition was then confined to a few ascetic or dissolute ecclesiastics. On the contrary, the scholastic culture (be it merits what they may) was widely diffused through the nation at large; and, especially by means of the intellectual

position of the clergy, formed a tie, to which later times have nothing to compare. Those days can never return—we may have a lively realization and love of them without desiring that—for this plain reason that *then* men learned and taught by the living word, but *now* by the dead paper.'

The impulse of the renaissance of learning coming East, took root in Italy, passed into France, and thence into England. The Church was the foster mother of it, and all the wealth and power of nobles and the state were used to forward the movement. A century of prosperity was followed by a century of disturbance and decay. In the fifteenth century, it was difficult in the disturbed condition of the country for learning to flourish, or for the Universities to prosper. In the sixteenth century, the patronage of Wolsey gave a great splendour to Oxford, and classical studies again obtained a great prominence. After Wolsey's fall, the Universities declined. In the midst of that storm learning could no longer find a cloister and peace to increase and to deepen. In the seventeenth century the Anglican Church, anxious to rivet the claims of that body on the Universities, and make them the bulwark of the established Church, did its best to forward the cultivation of learning among its members, and so about this time we find the Test-oath introduced, and signature to the thirty-nine articles made essential to a degree. In the eighteenth century, the prevailing indifference as to religion and morals with which all Europe was affected, spread also to the English Universities. And in our own time we know that the condition of these great Educational institutions has been the theme of bitter discussion on many occasions. Religious men see the gradual divorce of intellect and faith among pupils and tutors. Practical men see that the education given does not fit men for active life, save in the higher professions, already overcrowded. Economists are assailing the fellowships and the vast wealth of the

universities. And so we may safely trust our eyes to look back at the thirteenth century, through the flattering spectacles of the German historian, and safely accuse the nineteenth century of being far too ready to boast of a superiority which we have the best of reasons for believing does not exist. If in the latter half of this nineteenth century we have done something to bring back the lost culture of an earlier age, let us not be too boastful about it.

Concerning what we have in the shape of education, in this country, as in others of our race, a few closing remarks may be made.

It is the misfortune of all statesmen, that in dealing with public questions, they are compelled to treat mankind in masses—differing in this respect from the church, which takes care of even an infant's cry. But these masses are, inevitably composed of individuals who singly feel the results of state measures. Therefore, while statesmen are fully justified in these measures for the popularization of education, individuals must be thoughtful about taking advantage of the systems provided. I received some time ago, a letter from a gentleman complaining of the *draughts* in a High School, and saying that 'the health of his son was of more importance than his education.' I suppose a boy's soul and salvation are more important than his education too; and therefore a good sound training in religious belief, is the essential quality for us in all systems of Education. That is a truism on which I need not dwell. But there is another point. The vast majority of children educated in the schools, are educated for work, mostly for trades, one hopes. And I am inclined to think that not enough is done to prepare the young people for their respective trades. And that leads me to a thought concerning trades, and the system of apprenticeship, to which I will on another occasion refer.

Concerning the higher Education for the children of the poor—that must

always be pursued under disadvantages, and at considerable peril. The higher Education of all countries, is mostly conducted with a view to the professions. And the professions, besides being over-crowded, are steadily becoming less and less profitable for the majority. Therefore, those who face the future with an education as the sole capital, must make up their minds to remain poor. A friend of mine to whom I once broached this subject, said in reply, that it was one of the results of a good education to make a man content with simple surroundings, and to accept literary and scientific pleasures as his best reward. But this is not the case. As a matter of fact, once a man has tasted of the culture of his age, his tastes become, not more simple, but more complex. Business becomes irksome. The intellect demands its constant excitements. Ambition develops itself. Social needs press more heavily. The mere pursuit of learning costs money. And in the meantime money must be made; and the means of making it are not many, even for those whose business it is. I am no worshipper of money or the monied classes. But I do say that there is no sadder sight than the thousands of young men who are turned yearly out of the various English speaking colleges, and who, after having spent years at work in their studies, are not fitted for any good work in the world, who cannot fulfil their duties to society by becoming heads of families, and contributing to the progress and revenues of the state, and an enormous percentage of whom will be utterly defeated, in what is called the battle with the world. So unpractical has English education become that men who intend their sons for business shun the universities, and plunge their sons into business at an early age. It is the same in this country. It may be good for the business, though I doubt it; but it is bad for the men; for it cuts them off from the best things they can have, the society of the educated and

the pleasures of literature which money can purchase, if there is the least taste for it. And it tends to deepen that dividing line, which separates in two distinct atmospheres, or worlds almost, those who are readers of books and those who are not. To sum up these on this head: my quarrel with the 19th century on the head of Education, is based on the supposition,

1st. That it does not sufficiently prepare the children of the poor for their various handicrafts.

2nd. That it tempts too often into the meshes of its higher spread nets, those who would have been far happier

and more useful if they had never entered.

3rd. That its training does not sufficiently train men for the 'practical business of life.

4th. That it is tending, and with too great success, to inflict a great moral curse on the age, in divorcing intellect and faith.

5th. That in many directions, and these not the least important for humanity, the education given to the youth of the nineteenth century, does not compare favourably with that given in the thirteenth.

SONNET.

BY H. L. SPENCER.

IT may be thought my life hath been of sorrow
 Full to the brim! Of joy I've had my share
 Of grief I borrow, and of joy I borrow,
 Of hope I borrow, and of blank despair!
 To me the sunshine is a cure for care,—
 To me the storm brings darkness and distress,
 The garb that nature wears I always wear,
 Give love for love—for hate no tithe the less,
 I, with the happy-hearted have been glad,
 And with the sorrowing I have sorrowed! So,
 They dream who say that I am always sad,
 Or that my joys are overpoised with wo!
 But somehow we forget our joys while sorrows cling,
 And through the years we writhe beneath their sting.

THE MONKS OF THELEMA.

BY WALTER BESANT AND JAMES RICE.

Authors of 'Ready Money Mortiboy,' 'The Golden Butterfly,' 'By Celia's Arbour,' etc., etc.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"Friendship is constant in all other things
Save in the office and affairs of love."

ALAN mused over Desdemona's advice for the whole of the next week. His solitary work in the fields made him introspective, and he was beginning to find out reasons for his failure in the defects of his own character. His great defect, of which he was unconscious, was that he lacked that *bonhomie* which is infectious, and spreads from man to man, like a ball which is caught up and thrown from hand to hand. He was a grave man, and to the rustics he appeared as a schoolmaster or as a clergyman, always preaching unpleasant things, to which one had to listen.

When one of them emerged from the Spotted Lion, after a simple half-pint, it was painful to him, especially if he were a rustic of sensitive disposition, to encounter the deep sad eyes and grave face of the Squire. Had Alan been able to meet that backslider with a hearty round of abuse by way of admonition, something might have been effected. But as the case stood to the village, here was the seigneur of the village come down from his high estate, without any apparent motive except that of meddlesomeness, work-

ing among them and for them, dressed as one of themselves, leading the saintliest of lives, more laborious in the field than themselves, more abstinent than any baby: the thing was from the very first disagreeable, and it became in the course of months a matter of profound resentment.

Alan knew that he was personally unpopular among the people, which he attributed to his unfortunate inability "to enter into their minds;" and as has been seen, he did not scorn to seek advice from his friends. There was a general assent among them that it was no use working all day in the fields if none of the men liked to work with him; that the profession of temperance, if no one followed the example, was foolish; and that it was a pity to keep on inviting people to be taught who preferred to remain ignorant, or to wash themselves when they preferred the ancient unwashedness.

From that point they diverged. The Vicar stuck to the principle that men want officers and orders—not superior comrades. Miranda thought that the men should have their wages on the condition of night-school, which was a woman's way of looking at things. Mr. Rondelet, clinging to his new views, invited Alan to give up the whole thing, and leave swine who liked wallowing, to wallow; "only," he said, "let them have separate sties, a long way from us." And Tom Caledon said that to him it was foolishness; that gentlemen should live with gentlemen;

and that in this realm of England people who have the pluck to rise can rise, and even run their sons for the prizes of social position.

And while he was in this dubiety, and while the cold feeling, which damps all enthusiasm, was beginning to creep over him, that he might be making himself ridiculous, and sacrificing youth, wealth, and ease for the sake of making rustics snigger, there came this hint from Desdemona, that with the aid of a wife he might at least do something with the children. Of late, he confessed to himself with sorrow, he had felt strange yearnings for the old manner of life; and there were moments when there flashed across his mind visions splendid and beautiful, in which Miranda was chatelaine of Weyland Court. But to marry: to have a wife who would share in his aims, and strive to realize his ideas:—but then he thought that for such a wife he must look in the class among whom his labour was to lie. No lady could do what he wanted her to do; a lady, indeed, would fail for the same reason and in the same way that he had failed. His wife must be of the lower class by birth; she must represent their virtues, and be cognisant, by experience, of their failings; she must be able to reveal their sympathies, and show him the avenues by which to reach their hearts. As for the farm-work, he would give that up as useless. The evenings of mental prostration after a hard day of pitch-forking were a proof that labour of that kind was useless; and by learning his way to the affections of the people, by changing their sentiments towards him so that they should no longer shuffle out of his path, he would be of far greater use than by merely going through the form of companionship in labour.

Whom to marry? He was not a man with a roving eye which lights on beauty here and beauty there. Quite the contrary; he thought very little of beauty—much less than most young

men, whose thoughts, I believe, run a good deal on pretty faces; when he did think of beauty at all it was to illustrate the topic with the face of Miranda. Yet it occurred to him at once that the young woman must be comely. Prudence Driver, for instance, who quite sympathised with his views, was out of the question by reason of her unfortunate figure, which was a little twisted. Who, then? But that was a matter of detail, and it would wait. Meantime, he would go over to the Hall, and see Miranda.

Fortunately Desdemona was with her.

‘I have been thinking over what you suggested, Desdemona,’ he said, calmly.

‘What was that?’

‘About having a wife.’

‘The man speaks as calmly as if he were going to buy a horse,’ said Desdemona.

‘The more I think of it, the more I like the idea,’ Alan went on.

‘It is an idea,’ replied Desdemona, ‘which has commended itself to all your ancestors; in fact it is with you an hereditary idea—almost a family trait.’

‘We men lack insight,’ he said, gravely. ‘We do our best, but women surpass us in that sympathetic power of vision which pierces the most rugged shell of selfishness and rudeness. You are quite right; I must have a wife, and I want your advice.’

‘For such a sensible resolve as that, Alan, I will give you as much advice as you can carry away. But had you not better begin by falling in love?’

‘Oh! no, not at all. That is not what I mean.’

‘But you *must*, Alan,’ Desdemona gasped. ‘Was it a dream? Or what *did* he mean?’ Miranda looked perplexed and pained.

‘No; I am not at all likely to fall in love with the person I marry. Esteem and respect, of course, she will look for.’

'But, Alan, what is the meaning? we do not understand you.'

'I mean that my wife, in order to be the helpmeet that I want, must belong to the lower classes, the very lowest——'

'Good heavens!' cried Desdemona, 'Is the man going to marry a housemaid?'

'Not a housemaid necessarily; though why not? However, I want to find some poor man's daughter who will understand her class, and help me to enter into their minds.'

'My poor Alan,' said Desdemona, 'they haven't got any minds. I am sure they haven't.'

She smiled from the superiority of her knowledge.

'Will you, however, you two friends and allies of mine, the closest and the best, help me to find such a girl?'

It was Miranda who made answer. Her face had gone suddenly pale, and there was a strange light in her eyes.

'I will help you,' she said, 'in everything. If you think this is the wisest thing for you, you will only tell me what I am to do in order to help you.'

'I do not think I can promise, Alan,' said Desdemona, slowly. 'This is a very serious step which you propose. And I must think of Lord Alwyne.'

'You see now,' said Alan, 'why there need be no question of love.'

'But marriage without love? Ah! Alan, you do not know, you cannot guess what that will be.'

'No, Alan,' said Miranda. 'I should not like you to fall in love with a girl of that class. Of course it is impossible.'

She spoke with the noble scorn which always seizes a demoiselle at the mere mention of the possibility of a gentleman falling in love with a maid of low degree. And yet she had read of King Copbetua, and the Earl of Burleigh, and Cinderella, and Griselda, and many other cases. Young ladies, indeed, seldom fall in love with the sons of gardeners. Pauline and

Claude Melnotte do not form a case in point, because poor Pauline was grossly deceived. Therefore they argue that the reverse case is impossible. They should put a few confidential questions to the shop girls, who might surprise them. But, perhaps, on the whole, they had better not.

'We must not think of love,' Miranda repeated. 'But you must look for something. Ideas you will not get, nor companionship.'

'Not at first. But women are receptive. Companionship will come. For the first thing, I want great power of sympathy.'

'Cannot Prudence Driver do what you want without ——?' Miranda could not bring herself to frame the word.

Alan shook his head.

'No,' he replied. 'She will not do. I want a wife. It is only by the constant companionship of mind with mind that I can hope to bridge over the gulf between myself and my villagers.'

'She ought to be pretty, too,' Miranda went on. 'I should not like to see you married to a perfectly common woman.'

'You will not see me very often,' he said, 'after I am married I have to put my shoulder to the wheel, and I must not look back; nor regret the days of old.'

There was a little bouquet of cut roses lying on the table, which Miranda had brought in from the garden. Alan picked out a bud. 'This is a beautiful bud, Miranda—wear it in your hair to-night. I will dine with the Order. It will not be many times more that you will see me among them.'

'Oh! Alan.' Miranda's eyes filled with tears. She was so stately to all the rest, and to him alone so womanly. 'Alan, you will not desert me, will you? What would my life have been—what will it be—without you?'

Had there been in the enthusiast's eyes the slightest touch of softening,

CHAPTER XVIII.

Desdemona would have swiftly and suddenly vanished from the room. But there was not. He did not look in her eyes, where love lay hiding, but visible to him, had not his heart been of stone. He was looking far away.

‘I must not be tempted, Miranda, even by you. If I marry in the village, I shall be tied for life to the village. One must not leave a young wife, even though she has red arms.’

Miranda said nothing. The prospect thus suddenly opened was appalling to her.

There was silence, and presently Alan rose to go.

‘We are to help you, then, Alan,’ said the artful Desdemona; ‘but if we are to render any real help, you must promise not to act hastily, and without consulting us.’

‘I promise you,’ said Alan, ‘that I will marry no one without your approval. Does that content you, Miranda?’

‘It ought to, Alan,’ she said, smiling rather wearily. ‘It is very good of you.’ And then he went away.

‘We have got the power of veto, my dear,’ said Desdemona. ‘And we will exercise it.’

Then she got up and shook her voluminous skirts.

‘You GOOSE,’ she said, addressing no one by name. ‘Oh! you goose. All men here are geese; but you—oh! you are the most goosely GOOSE. Have you eyes? Have you ears? Have you understanding?’

‘Desdemona dear!’

‘Miranda, here is a house full of lively, accomplished, and sweet young ladies. And Alan is a rich, handsome, clever, and pleasant young man. That is all I mean, my dear child—that is all. And again and again I say—oh! you GOOSE! you GOOSE!’

*Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam new bathed in Paphian wells,
With rosy, slender fingers backward drew
From her warm brows and bosom, her deep hair
Ambrosial, golden, round her lucid throat.*

‘WE must help him, Desdemona,’ said Miranda. Her cheek was grown suddenly pale, and there was a strange light of pain in her beautiful eyes, which she lifted heavily as she spoke. ‘We must help Alan in everything.’

‘Except in this, Miranda, which is suicide.’

‘It need not be — — quite so bad as it seems.’

‘It is certain to be much worse than it seems, unless,’ Desdemona murmured half to herself, ‘unless we can stop him in time.’

‘There must be, somewhere, if only one knew her,’ Miranda went on, ‘a girl who would come up to poor Alan’s ideal. I have shamefully neglected the poor people, Desdemona, and now this is my punishment.’

‘That is nonsense, my dear. It is true that you have not gone poking and prying into cottages, like some ladies. But as to neglect — —!’

‘She must be, first of all, a good-tempered girl. Good temper is such a very great thing.’

‘It depends,’ said Desdemona, ‘greatly on the size of the house. Of course, in a cottage good temper is everything. At Dalmeny Hall or the Abbey you might almost dispense with it. Some day I will write an essay on good temper, especially as required for the stage.’

‘Good temper, at all events,’ Miranda went on, ‘is almost an equivalent for good breeding among poor people.’

‘Unfortunately, it generally goes with stupidity,’ said Desdemona. ‘But that will be part of my essay.’

‘She must not be stupid. And she must have a soft voice. If possible, she should have taste in dress. But I suppose we cannot hope for everything.’

'A lady's-maid,' said Desdemona, 'would perhaps be the nearest approach to Alan's ideal. Can you not spare him your own? And, oh! Miranda, to think that it was my own doing—mine—to put the notion into his dear, queer, cracked brain. What will Lord Alwyne say, when I tell him that it was my suggestion?'

It is not an easy thing to find a village girl possessed of those virtues which were thought by Miranda requisite for Alan's wife. Perhaps she looked for too much. Good temper: gentleness: the germs of good taste: modesty of deportment: refinement in personal habits: ready sympathy: quick wit: and some pretensions to good looks.

Miranda was not above the weakness of her class, which can seldom acknowledge beauty below a certain rank. Ladies would have said, for instance, and doubtless did say, of Nelson's Emma, that she was a person who might be called good-looking by some.—Could all these qualities be found united in one person? And where was that person?

'Let us, like Austria, claim the right to a veto,' said Desdemona, 'and then we can go exercising it for the next fifty years or so, until Alan is quite cured of this folly.'

'Can we have a fête in the Park, and invite all the girls from Weyland and the villages round? Perhaps we shall be able to see some one who may be thought of.'

This idea seemed promising, and Desdemona began to consider how such a fête could be organized.

First, she thought it might consist exclusively of the girls and young unmarried women of the country-side. True that in no rank of life would maidens look forward with rapture, or even complacency, to a gathering in which there were to be no young people of the opposite sex. That was a drawback. Yet Desdemona thought that by prolonging the festivities till late in the evening, a door would be

opened, so to speak, for the young people of the opposite sex to meet the maidens home returning in the lanes. Desdemona although cut to the heart to think of assisting at Alan's social suicide, was a kindly person, and thoughtful of her guests' happiness. Then, she thought, independently of the possibilities of a moonlight ramble home, each *sola cum solo*, there would be a novelty in the exclusion of lovers, brothers, fathers, mothers and babies. There should be no children. The youngest girl should be at least sixteen. Every girl in Weyland village and all the neighbouring hamlets within a radius of six miles should be invited to come, and bring with her every other girl of sixteen and upwards whom she might know.

And then the busy brain of the actress began to contrive means for making the thing into a pageant and a show. She took the Brothers and Sisters, one after the other, into consultation separately and together. Tom Caledon, who volunteered to do anything that was asked of him except kiss-in-the-ring, thought that if the Brethren alone had to amuse these young persons there might be jealousies. Nelly observed that if that was the arrangement proposed, she should feel it her duty to put on her habit and ride about as a mounted policeman all the day. Miranda was quite sure that the monks of Thelema might be safely trusted not to flirt with village girls. All the monks present became at once much graver of aspect than was at all natural or usual with them; and Brother Peregrine, in a sepulchral voice, remarked that monks in all ages were notoriously above suspicion in that respect. Sister Cecilia changed the conversation by asking to be allowed the selection of the music. She was going to have nothing but old English tunes and songs, such as *Green Sleeves*, *Lillibulero*, and so on. The unappreciated novelist suggested a reading, and volunteered to devote the whole after-

noon, if necessary, to readings from her own works. Other offers and suggestions were made, considered, and adopted or dropped, until the thing resolved itself into a grand series of entertainments designed to last the whole of the afternoon and evening.

The fête was fixed for a Saturday; it was to be held, if the weather proved fine, in that part of the park which lies between the Court and the little river Wey, which here winds its pretty course, and makes a great tongue of land, in which stand noble elms and sycamores, and where there is a goodly stretch of sloping grass. The grass, however, was covered with tents and marquees, and was gay with Venetian masts and bunting of every kind, so that it was festive to look at. There were tents for everything, including a theatre and a concert room. The whole of the amusements except the band and the choir of boys, were personally provided by the members of the order, who were the hosts and hostesses. Only Miranda begged that there should be no waiting on the girls by the Sisters. That part of school feasts and village festivals, she said, where the ladies go round with plates, and do awkwardly what trained servants do well, spoils the pleasure of the guests by making them feel awkward and ill at ease, and turns hospitality into condescension. Miranda was one of the very few people who understand how to give.

The programme was printed in red and gold on silk, so that every girl might carry away and keep hers as a little memento, just as right-minded men love to keep the *menus* of good dinners, and turn to them in after years, with mingled feelings of regret for the excellent things eaten, drunk and said, on those joyous occasions. And it ran as follows—the red and gold are here unavoidably omitted:

ABBEY OF THELEMA.

FLORAL GAMES, JULY 28, 1877.

To be enacted, represented and perform-

ed for and by the maidens of Weyland Village and the country round.

The games will commence at three p. m. But those who arrive earlier will find dinner laid for them in the long marquee at one. The Band will begin to play at two, and will go on with intermissions all the day.

At 3 p. m.—There will be a canoe race on the river between Brother Peregrine and Brother Lancelot. The prize will be permission to bestow a gold locket on any one of the guests.

At 3.30 p. m.—The Wizard of Assam.

At 4 p. m.—A game of Polo, in which the Monks of the Abbey will each worthily play a monkly part.

At 5 p. m., There will be a running race for the younger girls. Prize, a new bonnet to be selected by the winner.

At 5.30, p. m.—Tea in the long marquee.

At 6.30 p. m.—A Lottery in the Lottery tent.

At 7 p. m.—The performance of a new and original village Comedy, written especially for this entertainment by Sister Desdemona. Music and songs by Sister Cecilia. The characters will be sustained by the Brethren and Sisters of the Order.

At 8 p. m.—A concert of old English music.

At 8.30 p. m.—Dancing and Lighting of the Lamps.

At 9.30 p. m.—Supper in the Long Marquee.

At 10 p. m.—A Grand Surprise, by Brother Peregrine.

At 10.30 —Fireworks.

The guests are invited to enter freely all the tents, especially that of the Gipsy, and that of the Magic Mirror.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

This programme looked very pretty indeed, edged round with flowers, and beautifully printed, as I have said, in red and gold. It was presented to every visitor, on arriving at the lodge gate.

There were about a hundred and fifty girls in all. They came from all sorts of places for miles round; they came on foot; they came in spring carts; they came in omnibusses; they came in vans. They came hours before the time. They came dressed in their very best, and in the happiest mood. But though they knew something of the preparations which had been made, they were not prepared for the splendour and beauty of the

scene which awaited them; for the Venetian masts, the streaming banners, the bright tents, the music—which began sooner than was advertised, because there were so many who came as early as noon—and the crowd which went to and fro, and gave life to everything.

There were no men except the servants, for the monks did not appear till the time came for their performances. Ladies there were in plenty come to see the fête, the real purpose of which was known only to Desdemona and Miranda, but no gentlemen were admitted with them.

I do not think the rural nymphs lamented the absence of their swains. Some few might, perhaps, have allowed a transitory feeling of regret that so much care on their appearance would have no result in attracting some other girl's young man; some might have felt that with a bashful lover at one's elbow things would have seemed more complete. But with most there was a feeling that the shepherd swains would certainly have got drunk, as they did at Mr. Dunlop's festival, and so spoiled everything. Fancy a lot of drunken louts among those beautiful tents and flags.

Village beauty is a flower of not unusual occurrence, as many of my readers have observed. In Gloucestershire there is a prevalent oval type which sometimes gives a face of singular sweetness: in Somersetshire the type is squared off, somehow, and when you get a pretty face there it carries an expression of something like sullenness: the Hampshire folk, with their brown hair and round faces, are sometimes comely: and the Northumbrians with their long faces, blue eyes, and gentle voices, are often charming. At Weyland Park, which, as everybody knows, is in no one of these counties, the average of village beauty was not, perhaps, very high, but there was plenty of health in the rosy faces, and of vigour in the sturdy arms: considered as the mothers of England's

future sons they afforded reason for rejoicing; but the general type of face was decidedly common. Yet there were exceptions.

No one among them all could have guessed the real reason of their lavish preparation for a simple girls' merry-making. To Miranda, no expenditure could be too lavish, so that it was for Alan. With a sorrowful heart she provided this magnificent entertainment as a sort of welcome to his wife; supposing that his wife was among the hundred and fifty country nymphs who graced her feast.

The Brothers and Sisters dropped in one by one, and fell into the places assigned to them in the programme. The canoe race was paddled on the narrow little river, as tortuous as the Jordan, by Tom Caledon and Brother Peregrine, and it was won by Tom because his adversary, in his extreme eagerness to win, lost his balance and upset, to the rapturous joy of the assemblage. But some thought that he upset himself on purpose, in order to present the pleasing and interesting spectacle of a figure dripping wet, embellished with duck-weed, and running over the lawns to change flannels. In former days this amusement used always to be provided on Procession-day at Cambridge; the boats taking it, I believe, in turns to sacrifice themselves on the altar of public derision.

Sister Desdemona presented Tom Caledon with his prize, a gold locket and the permission to give it to whatever girl he pleased. There was a general flutter among the maidens as he stood like a sultan, the locket in his hand. They stood grouped together in little knots, as if jealous of each other; and all eyes were open, all lips parted in eager expectation of his choice.

There was one girl among them who looked at Tom with a kind of confidence—she alone among them all. She was a fair-haired, blue-eyed girl; tall, pretty, and of graceful figure.

'Alma thinks she's going to get it,'

they murmured. 'There's lots prettier than Alma' Tom, however, did not give it to her. He stepped straight to where, quite in the back-ground, little Prudence Driver, Alan's librarian, stood, little thinking of the honour that was about to fall upon her. She was not pretty, nor was she graceful, but Tom knew how Miranda regarded her, and he thought to please the Abbess. An angry flush rose to the cheek of the girl they called Alma, but there was no possibility of disputing the award.

The Polo fell rather flat, although the Brothers played well and with address. Polo does not powerfully appeal to the village maiden's imagination.

Then there came the lottery—all prizes and no blanks. The prizes were articles of costume, useful and ornamental. Nelly held the bag, and each girl on drawing her number rushed straight to the lottery tent to see what was her prize.

Then came the wizard with his Indian conjuring tricks, which made them breathless with wonder and terror. And all this time the music played under the trees; and there was the gipsy's tent in which your fortune was told for nothing, and you came out knowing exactly not only what kind of husband you were to have, but also, what Mrs. Harris yearned to extort from Mrs. Gamp, your "number."

And then—ah! then—there was the tent of the Magic Mirror. Within among many curtains, and in a dim twilight, sat an aged, white-bearded man in black robes and wonderful hat, who asked your name and your age, and who then invited you to behold yourself in a mirror. That was not much to do, but as you looked, your own face disappeared, and behind it came a picture—a scene in your future life. And then this remarkable old man told you things. These must have been different, because some of the girls came out with heaving bos-

oms, glistening eyes, flushed cheeks, and pallid lips, gasping in anticipation of the promised joy. But some emerged with downcast looks, pale and trembling, their day's enjoyment gone. The prophet was no other than Brother Peregrine himself; it was no business of any one's that he had with him in the tent a certain 'wise woman' who whispered him little secrets about every girl as she came in. She was invisible behind a curtain. I regret to say that the fame of this wonderful sorcerer spreading upwards, so to speak, many of the ladies and some of the Sisters sought the tent of the Magic Mirror. Among these was Nelly who came out looking sad and disappointed, and when she met Tom, sighed and said, 'I am so sorry that I went into the tent of the Magic Mirror. Poor Tom!'

Now Tom knew who was the sorcerer, and he gathered that his rival had taken a mean advantage by means of his magic spells. Therefore he inwardly cursed all necromancers.

Where was Alan? Miranda was disappointed at his absence. He had faithfully promised to come—and now evening was approaching and the beauty of the fête was over, but there was no Alan.

The play, which was a light burletta, with village girls and pretty songs, was well received, and the concert was endured. And then they went to dance, for the sun was down now, and the summer twilight was fallen upon the trees in the park, and they were lighting the coloured oil lamps. It was a new Vauxhall, only none of those present could remember the splendours of that place. And what with the coloured lights and the band and the glamour of the whole, a sort of intoxication seized the girls, and they became, in a way, possessed of the Bacchante madness, in so much that they laughed and sang, and seized each other by the waist and whirled round madly till they fell. And among them all ran in and out that tall thin man, with the lines in his face, whom they called Brother Peregrine, who

whispered to one and danced with another and conjured for a little group, all at the same time, with unflagging activity.

As for the rest of the monks, they were dancing with such as knew how to dance, except Mr. Caledon, whom all the girls knew; and he walked up and down among the lights with Miss Despard, whom they knew as well. And her face was melancholy. And Miranda moved here and there always graceful, always queenly with her little court, consisting of Desdemona, Cecilia, and Mr. Rondelet, happy in her experiment but for one thing, that Alan, for whom this entertainment was designed, was not present.

At ten the supper was served. There was a sort of high table at which sat Miranda, with her court. She was looking up and down the long rows of girl-faces before her with a critical but disappointed eye.

'They giggle dreadfully,' she whispered to Desdemona, who was sitting beside her.

'People who live far from the mad-ding crowd's ignoble strife generally do giggle,' Desdemona replied.

'And I am not at all sure about their temper. Look at that black-haired girl; should you think she was good-tempered?'

'Certainly not,' said Desdemona, 'I know the sort—short of patience, hasty in wrath, and unreflecting in the matter of punishment. She would box Alan's ears every day till he brought her to Weyland Court.'

'I have looked up and down the rows at the table; but I can see no one who in the least degree approaches Alan's simple ideal. I despair!'

'So much the better, my dear, because the fancy may pass away. We have always got our right of veto. Just suppose, however, that these girls knew what we know. Fancy the airs, the bridlings, the jealousies with which these Cinderellas would receive the gracious Prince when he came. I sup-

pose, by the way, that he will come some time this evening?'

'He said he would. One would think,' said Miranda, with a little bitterness, 'that he would feel some little interest in the assembly.'

But supper seemed to be over. What was the surprise promised by Brother Peregrine?

He answered the question himself; that is to say, his Indian servant brought him a small box. With this in his hand, he begged Miranda's permission to make a little speech.

'What are you going to do?' she asked.

'I am going to minister to their vanity,' he replied. 'In my experience of the uneducated—only the uneducated portion—of your sex, I have found that to minister to their vanity is to afford them the most lively gratification. I am going to make one girl supremely happy, two or three madly envious, and the rest proud of their sex and of themselves.'

He took Miranda's permission for granted and advanced to the front, facing the long tables at which the girls had taken supper.

'Girls,' he said, holding solemnly before him the mysterious box, 'I promised you a surprise with which to close the day. It is here, in this box. In the days when the old gods pretended to govern the world, and made such a mess of it that we have been ever since occupied in setting things to rights which they blundered over, there was once a banquet—not so good a banquet as this at which we have just assisted, but still a creditable feed. And while the gods were sitting over their wine and the goddesses looking at each other's dresses'—the girls began to wonder what on earth all this unintelligible patter meant—'some one who shall be nameless threw among the assemblage a golden apple—a golden apple,' he repeated, 'on which was inscribed, "For the Fairest." The adjudgment of this apple produced great disasters to the human

race, which mattered nothing to her who received it, because she scored a distinct triumph over her rivals. This preamble brings me to the box. Trumpeters, if you please.'

The two trumpeters of the Abbey, who had meanwhile stationed themselves at either side of the speaker, but on a lower step, blew a great and sonorous blast.

'This golden apple,' the orator went on, 'supposed to have been quite lost for many thousands of years, has been miraculously preserved to the present day. It is in my possession; it is in this box. I am about to restore it to its original use. Trumpeters, if you please.'

While they blew again, the attention of the girls being now thoroughly aroused and their interest excited to the highest point, Brother Peregrine opened the box, and took out, suspended by a silver chain, an apple, wrought, or seeming to be wrought, in solid gold.

He handed this to his Indian servant, who, bearing it reverently on a cushion, passed down the lanes of the girls, allowing them to hold it in their hands, to weigh it, and to gaze at it. The dark Indian, with his turban and white tunic, the silver chain and the golden apple, and the mystery of the whole thing, filled all hearts with a trembling eagerness.

'That apple,' continued Brother Peregrine, 'is offered to the fairest of you all. The ladies of the Abbey of Thelema do not propose to enter into competition. It is for their guests alone that this gift is offered. Point me out the fairest.'

There was first a dead silence, and then a confused hubbub of tongues, but no one was proposed.

'This will not do,' said Tom Caledon. 'Let them separate into committees and vote.'

It was difficult, but was effected at last by the process of dividing them into groups of ten and making them select the two prettiest girls from

among themselves. This reduced the number of candidates from a hundred and fifty to thirty. The thirty were then ranged in a row, while their less fortunate sisters sat behind, silent, and devoured by irrepressible envy.

'The number must be still further reduced,' said Brother Peregrine. 'I must have three presented to me, among whom I shall choose the fairest.'

Again Tom Caledon managed the business. He gave them voting-papers and collected their votes.

There were thirty voters.

When the papers were, unfolded it was found that there were thirty nominations.

It thus became apparent that every girl had voted for herself.

This was discouraging, but Tom began again, offering each girl two votes.

The result of this method was, that there was a distinct and large majority in favour of three girls, whom Tom Caledon placed before the giver of the apple, in a row, and then retired.

It was an impressive scene. On the platform stood Brother Peregrine—tall, thin, with a smile in his eyes, though his lips were firm. Below him his Indian servant, bearing the apple and the chain on a cushion. At either hand the gorgeous trumpeters. Behind the ladies and the Brethren of the Abbey. The three girls standing trembling with ill-disguised impatience, edging away involuntarily from each other like guilty persons. And behind, the crowd of girls pressing, swaying, laughing, and whispering.

'They are all three pretty,' whispered Miranda to Nelly; 'and all three in different styles.'

The first was a tall girl, with perfectly black hair and plenty of it, done in a careless kind of knot which allowed—though that was perhaps the effect of dancing—one or two braids to fall upon her neck. She carried her head in queenly fashion, and looked straight before her into the face of the man who represented the shepherd of

Mount Ida, with a pair of full lustrous black eyes, which were what some ladies might call bold. Her features were regular: her mouth was rather large, and her figure full. Her limbs were large, and of generous contour. She was Black Bess—her Christian name was Pamela, but everybody always called her Black Bess—the daughter of the blacksmith. She was the girl of whom Desdemona had said that, if Alan's choice fell upon her, she would box his ears every day until he took her to reign at Weyland Court. And she looked it. As for forwarding his schemes in the village, or laying herself out for the Higher Culture, whatever intentions in this direction she might start with, the end of those intentions was apparent.

She wore white muslin with cherry-coloured ribbons, which would have been in excellent taste, and suited her shape and complexion, but for an unlucky yellow sash which revealed the imperfectly-educated taste and made Miranda shudder. In her hand she carried her hat by the ribbons, and her face expressed the eagerness of tumultuous hope.

Next to her, the second of the chosen three, was a girl not quite so tall as Black Bess, but with a figure as commanding and a look as queenly. She had brown hair and hazel eyes, but the eyes were as cold as those of Black Bess were full and lustrous. Her hair was piled and rolled upon her head so that it resembled a helmet. Her features were more prominent than those of her rival, and had a certain hardness in them. Also her chin was a little too long and square, and her forehead a little too high. She wore a dress of some soft lavender colour, without any ribbons, but a rosebud at her neck, and another in her hair. And she, too, carried her hat by its ribbons.

'See,' whispered Miranda. 'She has taste. But what a cold expression!'

She was a nymph from a neighbour-

ing village; Black Bess and the third were Weyland girls.

The third, indeed, was no other than the bailiff's daughter, Alma Bostock. She was less in stature than the other two, but as graceful in figure, and far more lissom. She was a buxom, healthy-looking damsel, about eighteen years of age, with light-blue eyes, and light-brown hair which fell behind her and over her shoulders in an abundant cascade: she had a rosy cheek and a white forehead: she had red and pouting lips, with a little dimple in either corner: her nose was just a little—perhaps—tip-tilted. She had thrown aside her hat, and was standing with clasped hands and trembling figure, her eyes fixed eagerly on the golden apple, mad to win the prize of Beauty. She, like Black Bess, was dressed in white, but she had blue ribbons, and there was nothing whatever to mar the simple taste of her costume. Indeed her mother, the ex-lady's-maid, superintended it personally, and made her discard every scrap of colour, out of all the ribbons which Alma wished to wear, except the simple blue. So that of all the girls at the fête, there was only one, the tall, brown-haired damsel beside her, who was so well and tastefully attired.

And then Brother Peregrine, taking the prize from his servant—at which act the eyes of the Chosen Three lit up suddenly, and became wistful—dangled it thoughtfully before them for a few moments, and then began, slowly and with hesitation, to speak.

'I am not Paris,' he said. The elected wondered what he meant, while the Monks and Sisters of Thelema pressed more closely behind him, wondering what would happen; Miranda vexed that Alan was not there, and yet half afraid that if he came he might take some sort of fancy to one of the Three. 'I am not Paris, the shepherd of Mount Ida. Nor is this, indeed, the mountain. And what I hold in my hand is not, I am sure, an Apple of Discord. You, my very lovely young

friends'—here he cast an eye upon Nelly, on whose face there might have been seen a half-amused, half-contemptuous glance, as if nobody under the rank of a lady *could* be called lovely—'are not goddesses, it is true. You are not Hêrê; nor you Athênê; nor you, pretty damsel with the light brown hair, Aphroditê. Yet, at this important juncture, I feel as if you were respectively, those three divinities.'

He stepped down from his position of vantage.

'Let me try the chain upon the neck of each,' he said. 'Advance, maid of the ebon locks and lustrous eyes.'

Black Bess understood the look, though the language was too fine for her, and stepped forward promptly.

'Let us see,' said Brother Peregrine, 'how the chain looks round your neck.' He threw it over her neck, and, as he did so, whispered quickly: 'What will you give me for it.'

'I will teach you,' whispered the half-gipsy girl, hotly and eagerly, 'how to wire hares and pheasants, how to cheat at cards, so that no one shall know how—oh! I've taught lots of men—and how to tell fortunes, and steal away girls' hearts.'

He laughed, took the chain from her neck, and called the next one.

'What will you give me,' he asked, 'if I let you have the apple?'

Perhaps she had heard the former question, and had time to make up an answer.

'I will tell you,' she whispered, 'what girls talk about—ladies, too—and what they want, and then you will never be afraid of your wife, and rule your own house.'

It was an odd thing for a village girl to say; but perhaps she had read books.

'It is the truest wisdom,' Brother Peregrine murmured in reply. 'And if knowing your wife was the first step to ruling her, one might be tempted. But I have known husbands who knew their wives quite thoroughly, and yet were ruled by them.'

He took the chain from her neck, and called the third girl.

'What will you give me for it?' he whispered, as he put it on.

'Give me the apple and the chain,' she whispered, with quivering lips. 'Give them to me, and I will give you as many kisses as you like.'

Brother Peregrine, with a virtuous frown, took off the chain, and returned to his platform. The excitement was at its highest.

'It is mine,' he said, 'to award the prize. I have seen the three candidates, I have spoken to them; I have, before you all, tried them. Girls, I wish there were three golden apples. But there is only one. And a precedent has been laid down for us. Like the Idæan shepherd, I adjudge the prize—to Aphroditê.'

He stepped down, and laid the chain once more round the neck of Alma Bostock.

The other two girls, without a word, turned away, and, with heavily-laden eyes, pressed through the crowd, and so into the outer night. Under the trees, beyond the light of the coloured lamps, they spoke to each other.

'What did she promise to give him?' asked Black Bess, with heaving bosom and parted lips.

'I don't know—I don't care. A CAT,' replied the other.

Then they separated by the space of two yards and a half, and, sitting down upon the grass, broke into sobbings and cries.

But within the marquee it was the hour of Alma's triumph. There was a murmur of approbation as Brother Peregrine suspended the chain round her neck. Indeed, she *was* the prettiest, and, at that moment, as she stood there, her eyes brightened, her cheek flushed, the silver chain round her neck, the golden apple at her heaving breast, every eye upon her, the hands of all applauding her, her whole frame swaying beneath the excitement and victory of the moment, Alan Dunlop entered the marquee. Miranda, Nelly,

and Desdemona, with the other Sisters, were stepping from the platform to congratulate the victor; the band was striking up a triumphant march; the girls were all laughing and talking together. Alan concluded, rashly, that the whole thing had been got up by Miranda for his own benefit. In this sweet-faced village girl, the queen of the festival, he saw the maiden whom Miranda had chosen for himself, and he caught her hand with effusion.

'Miranda,' he whispered, with the deepest feeling, 'you have found for me the girl I have been in search of. I thank you—for a wife.'

CHAPTER. III.

* The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.'

'ALL is lost, my dear,' cried Desdemona, when the fête was over, and the pair were sitting alone at midnight in Desdemona's cell. 'All seems lost, that is; because while there is no wedding-ring there is hope. But to think that we have fooled away our right of veto!'

Miranda could only sigh.

'The sight of that girl, looking really beautiful, for a girl in her position,' continued the elder lady, making the usual reservation, 'finished the man.'

'And he thinks,' said Miranda bitterly, 'that I got up the whole scene for the sake of advising him! I even to dream of his marrying Alma Bostock!'

'It has been all my doing,' Desdemona said in sorrowful accents. 'All mine. I told him he ought to marry; I advised the fête. I arranged the Surprise with Brother Peregrine. I only am to blame. And yet, it is fate.'

Then Miranda began to take comfort out of what comfort remained.

'After all,' she said, 'if he is going to marry a country girl, he might

easily do worse. Alma Bostock will never rise to his level, but she may be sympathetic; and perhaps she will respect him. Oh! Desdemona, it is a poor consolation, this 'may-be.' And I feel that I cannot any longer sympathise with Alan.'

'No; that would be difficult indeed. A man may make mistakes of all kinds; he may even go and live in a village and pretend to be a farm-labourer; but the mistake of such a marriage he may not make, for Society will never forgive that kind of mistake. A bad marriage——'

Here she stopped, and was silent, thinking, perhaps, of her own married life.

'There ought,' she went on, 'to be special juries, composed entirely of married men—and they should be gentlemen, not green-grocers—to consider cases of mistakes in marriage; and divorce should be granted as the only relief. Poor dear Alan! Poor mad Hamlet. Go to bed, my dear Ophelia, and sleep with happy dreams, while I think how I can alter the last act of the play, and turn it into 'All's Well that Ends Well.'

And when the next day Lord Alwyne came on a visit to the Abbey, Desdemona received him in fear, not daring to tell of the impending trouble. He began to talk at once about his son.

'I have seen Alan sitting in a labourer's cottage, with a stone floor and a deal table. I have also seen him masquerading in a smock-frock, with a cart. And after that, Desdemona, I felt that there was no further room for astonishment whatever the misguided boy might do. It is not a pleasant thing, however, for an old-fashioned father to see his son's name flourishing in the papers. The other day they had a special column and a half devoted to an account of a visit to Weyland, and an interview with the shepherd Squire, as they were pleased to call Alan.'

Desdemona could say nothing in

solace, because what was coming was a great deal worse than what had gone before. And they talked of other things.

In fact, Alan came over without delay to communicate his intentions to his father. It was filial of him; and I suppose there were still some remains of ancient prejudice as regards rank and caste about him, because he approached the subject with some hesitation.

'I fear,' he said to his father, 'that you have no sympathy with my present mode of life.'

'Why, no, Alan, I certainly have not.'

Desdemona was present, in fact the interview took place in her 'cell,' where she and Lord Alwyne had been holding an animated conversation over certain memories of old days—the days when she was young, when there were little suppers after the performance, and little dinners at Richmond on Sunday evenings. Alan's sudden appearance, with his grave face and solemn eyes, rudely disturbed this harmonious duet of reminiscence.

'No, Alan,' his father repeated, 'I have never attempted the necessary effort at pumping up sympathy for you; it would require too great an exertion; but I pity you, my dear boy. I find I can manage so much without fatigue.'

Alan smiled. He could afford to be pitied; but he could not afford to fail and be ridiculed.

'Perhaps you will pity me more when I tell you what I am going to do next.'

'I don't think I could,' said Lord Alwyne lazily. 'All my available pity, now that my old friends and I have to pity each other for the loss of youth, is yours already. There is only a certain amount of pity in every man's constitution. Men differ in this respect, however, as they differ in weight. You may try, if you like, Alan.'

'I have been long thinking upon the best way to bridge over the gulf

which divides me from the mind of the labouring classes.'

'I thought you had answered it by jumping into the gulf, just as young Parisians, who think that everything is finished, jump into the Seine. But if that did not do——'

'It did not quite. In fact, I have had to confess lately that my experiment has in some respects been a failure.'

'Aha! Now I am really glad to learn that. I am interested this time. Then, Alan, I hope that you will give up masquerading as the homely swain, and come back to our arms as the country gentleman again. Desdemona and Miranda will forgive you, and all shall be forgotten. We will never allude to the dreadful past again.'

Alan shook his head. 'Not yet, sir, I think. Most likely not at all; because I am now going to commit myself to an act which is also experimental, and yet, if it fails, can never be undone.'

'That sounds very serious. Do you know what he means, Desdemona?'

'I am afraid I know too well.'

'In fact,' continued Alan, not facing his father's eyes, but uneasily playing with the ornaments on the mantelshelf, 'I have come to the conclusion that the only way for one class to understand another, is for them to intermarry.'

'I see,' said Lord Alwyne slowly, while a look of pain and disappointment crossed his face. 'I see—and you propose—yourself—to intermarry with the class which is the lowest. Is that so?'

'That is what I mean.'

'Do you wish to introduce this as a general practice, or to illustrate in your own case how the theory works?'

'I live in the way I think best for carrying out my own ideas,' said Alan, with a little pride. 'Others may follow me or not, as they may think best. I am only sorry that my proceedings must shock your feelings.'

'Nothing shocks me,' said Lord Al-

wyne untruthfully; 'I am too old to be shocked by anything. And, besides, your idea is not a new one. Royal houses have often bridged over the gulf by marriage—morganatic. By means of the female branches, indeed, all ranks of society must have been by this time thoroughly understood by the higher class. But pray go on.'

'I am perfectly serious,' said his son. 'To intermarry with a family of the soil will be to create new sympathies, and establish ties which may lead to all sorts of valuable results. We will suppose that I am married to—to a girl of this village, poor, of course, but creditably brought up by respectable parents, endowed with as much mother-wit as any of her superiors, able to give me her experience in dealing with the class from which she sprang . . .'

'The situation is novel,' said Lord Alwyne; 'but I doubt if my imagination can follow it in all its consequences . . .'

'Well, but will it not afford me opportunities such as I could gain in no other way, of influencing the villagers? They will look on me as one of themselves: I shall be their cousin, their brother . . . You think this wild enthusiasm, I suppose?' he said in an altered voice.

'No, my son, not at all; I think nothing. You have the advantage of me by thirty years. That is a great pull to begin with. I shall not try to understand where the modern ideas come from, nor whither they tend. It might make me uncomfortable. It might even make me want to follow you, and, like Don Quixote, go a shepherding in my old age. That would be detestable. But I confess I am interested. Let us see: you marry this girl. You are therefore the cousin of half the village at once. That will, as the first obvious consequence, enable them to borrow money of you. You will live here, at your own place?'

'No; I shall live in the village—Only I shall get a more comfortable place than I am in at present.'

'That will be in some respects better. As to your wife's relations, now: they would be free of the house?'

'Surely; that is part of my purpose. It would be an education for them to see how a household may be simply conducted on principles of the best taste.'

'In case of a dinner-party, now, or an evening—'

'We should give no dinner-parties.'

'I was only thinking,' said Lord Alwyne softly, 'of an elementary difficulty—that of evening dress. Excellent as your new relations would be in all the relations of life, I suppose that a dress-coat is not considered necessary in their circle?'

'Surely,' said Alan, 'in such a matter as this, we need not stop to discuss evening dress.'

'Indeed, no. As the poet says:

"The rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that."

The matter only occurred to me in thinking of what your own prejudices might be. Mere prejudices. In smock-frock or evening dress, what is a man *but a man*?' Alan moved uneasily.

'Evening dress—evening dress,' he repeated. 'What have we any more to do with evening dress?'

'Your wife will be able to receive,' pursued his father, 'at five o'clock tea. Desdemona, you will describe to me by letter, I am sure, how the Sisters of Thelema got on with the gentle—I mean the *employés* in smock-frocks. It will be almost a scene from the opera . . . By the way, Alan, at such receptions the *smocks* are clean, I suppose?'

'My dear father, I am serious.'

'So am I, my son—so am I. Never more so, I assure you.'

Lord Alwyne's words were genial enough, but his manner was cold. Alan knew without these symptoms

what his father's reception of his grand project would be.

'And when you return to the Hall, with your wife, whom you will have trained by that time in your cottage to the outward semblance, and perhaps the bearing, of a lady—what will you do then about the relations? By that time, though, they, too, will have adopted the manners of polite society, and will be able, I suppose, to hold their own at a dinner or a ball. We shall have the snock-frock in society at last.'

Alan made a gesture of impatience. He was thinking of the present, and here was his father making suppositions about the future.

'I shall never go back to the Hall,' he said, with decision. 'My life is devoted to the village.'

'Yes: that is noble. But what about the children? I suppose we may contemplate that possibility? You cannot leave Weyland Court to any one but your eldest son. He will, I suppose, be trained to occupy his position as a gentleman?'

Alan refused to contemplate the possibility of children at all. Children would complicate his proposed arrangements altogether.

Then Lord Alwyne summed up.

He lay back, resting his eyes on the comely proportions of Desdemona, and speaking languidly, as if, which was the case, the business was beginning to bore him too much to talk about it.

'Of course, Alan, you know, without my telling you, what must be my feelings as regards this project. In the benighted days of my youth I was taught that by birth, by education, and perhaps by the inheritance of those qualities which pushed my fathers to the front and kept them there, I was one of the natural leaders of the people. I chose my line, as my elder brother chose his; and while he very properly accepted the position of politician, a sacrifice which must require a great deal of resolution, I, for

my part, preferred to become a leader in society. Up to the present I have seen no reason to regret my choice. The country never had better statesmen or better soldiers than when they all came from one class. And I think it never will again have better, because our men have nothing to gain, either in money or rank. The other classes may produce poets, novelists, artists, lawyers—all sorts of worthy and delightful people—but has not yet produced great administrators or great generals. And, in my opinion, that comes of descent. For work which requires a cool head and unflinching courage in the storms of unpopularity or ill-success you want a man who inherits those qualities. That is my simple creed, Alan. The Fontaines have been to the front for six hundred years or thereabouts. The Dunlops, your mother's people, have been country gentlemen, knights and soldiers for as long. And all the time we have kept on intermarrying. We have kept to our own class. You will marry out of it. For my own part, I do not wish to bridge over the gulf between myself and my servants; I would rather let that gulf remain. The country allows those to rise who are strong enough to rise. Let the weak stay where they are.'

'Social economy—' began Alan.

'My dear boy, let us not begin with social economy. It will teach us nothing. We will discuss this affair no longer. Henceforward, Alan, I shall be very glad to see you, personally, in London, but I can come to Weyland Court no more after you are married.'

'I am sorry; I am deeply sorry to pain you, sir,' said Alan; 'but when higher duty than that of deference to your wishes falls upon me—'

'Very well, Alan,' his father interrupted him. 'We understand each other, which is quite enough. Go your own way, and forget the old notions, if you please. But I cannot go along with you. Shake hands, my boy; we

have not quarrelled, and do not intend to.'

Alan went away, his face rendered sadder. Out in the park his eyes suddenly lit up, and he raised his head. Was he thinking of that bright and blooming girl who stood before them all in the marquee, the light of the lamps upon her face, her lips parted, her bosom heaving, her eyes dancing with pride and joy while Brother Peregrine gave her the golden apple? It is quite possible. Man is but man. Even Aristotle, as everybody who has read the 'Lay of Aristotle' knows, succumbed to a pretty face. And as Alan proposed to marry her he was *dans son droit* in letting his thoughts run upon his future wife. But perhaps, after all, he was thinking how Miranda would approve of this additional self-sacrifice.

When he was gone, Lord Alwyne turned to Desdemona, raising his hands before his face, palms outward. It is the gesture of sorrow, disappointment, or disgust.

'Poor Alan!' he said—'poor boy! All his fine theories have come down to this: to live in a cottage, work as a common labourer, and marry a labouring man's daughter. I always told my wife that bringing him up at home would be his ruin. Marry a labourer's daughter!—bridge over the gulf!—oh! Desdemona, for the first time in my life I regret that we are not in France, before the Revolution, and that I cannot get a *lettre de cachet*.'

'He is not married yet,' said the actress.

'Not yet; but he will be married before long.'

'I say he is not married yet.'

'Do you mean, Desdemona, to hold out hopes?'

'I do,' she said. 'I will tell you nothing more: but I have hopes, and I shall set to work.'

Lord Alwyne reflected.

'I will not ask now,' he said. 'I would rather not know. I cannot plot against my son. But, Desdemona, in

memory of our long friendship, help me if you can.'

She did not answer for a while, sitting in thought. Presently her clear eyes became heavy with tears.

'Ours has been a long friendship, Lord Alwyne,' she said, 'and it is my greatest pleasure to think about it. It is thirty years since first you stood by the young actress and protected her reputation against cruel attacks that were made upon me, and are always made on women of my profession. I am grateful for that. And it is five and twenty years since when, in my day of trouble, there was no one in the world but you who had the courage to take me away from it, and to do it openly, so that no one could throw a stone. As dear as my honour is to me, Lord Alwyne, so deep is my gratitude to you.'

Meantime in Alan's brain was ringing the name of the girl he had seen last night, her face lit up and surrounded as by a nebula of joy and pride.

'Alma Bostock.'

And while the name went clanging in his brain, he began to think of his future father-in-law. The outlook in that direction was not promising.

'He is crafty,' said Common Sense.

'He is not a man of broad views, but hard-working,' said Enthusiasm.

'You suspect his honesty,' said Common Sense.

'That is because I am growing suspicious,' replied Enthusiasm.

'He thinks bad beer and you think fine claret,' said Common Sense.

'Then we will teach him a liking for claret,' said Enthusiasm.

And so on, carrying on the conversation for a mile and a half, until all that could be said against the worthy Bailiff had been said, and the result remained that, if ever there was a fitting subject for the operation of example, precept, and exhortation in the direction of the Higher Culture, Bailiff Bostock was that special subject. And he could be got at readily by means of

his daughter, Alma Bostock! Now that the idea of marriage was assuming a concrete form instead of a vague and shadowy umbra, like a ghost to look at and quite as terrifying, it did not seem so dreadful a business. When Panurge was suffering from those cruel doubts of his concerning marriage, he had no one, so far as we have been informed, in his eye. Now Alma Bostock appeared to Alan the very girl made to his hand. There must be, he had always said, some approach to delicacy in his wife. This he could hardly expect to find in the coarse and red-handed daughter of a ploughman. His wife must belong to the class among whom he was about to live. Alma's father was but a step removed, while her mother was herself the daughter of a cottager. Here he made a great mistake. Bailiff Bostock considered himself much more than a step above the labourer. Just as the Queen must find it difficult to understand, even with the help of Miss Yonge's novels, the little distinctions of middle life—how the chemist is a greater man than the grocer; how the smallest professional man keeps apart from trade: how the curate cannot break bread with a retailer—so Alan Dunlop did not understand that his Bailiff stood upon a platform a great deal higher than his labourers, and that Alma, whatever she might do, would certainly not be likely to sympathise with the rustics.

Alma Bostock was the one girl in the village who would do for him—of that he was quite certain. All the rest were coarse, commonplace, repulsive.

He spent an agitated evening, wandering into the library and out of it, talking in a purposeless way with Prudence, his librarian. There was no one else there, of course.

'Prudence, you must be lonely, sitting here every evening, and no one coming here but yourself.'

'No, sir, not very lonely; I've got the books.'

'We must find some one to come

here a good deal, and brighten-up things for you.'

He was thinking in some vague way how Alma would set the example of spending an evening or two every week among the books, and how that example would spread. The next morning; instead of going off to the farm work, he put on the ordinary habiliments of an English gentleman, and went over to the farm-house.

It was nine o'clock when he started. Miranda, he thought with a pang, reflecting how his marriage would separate him from her, was at that moment taking breakfast, probably at the Abbey. The members of the Order would be dropping in one by one in their lazy fashion. There would be devising of plans for the day, talking over all the things which rejoice cultivated men and women; and all in the pleasant softness of ease, and art, and luxury. And he was going to cut himself off at one stroke from this Castle of Indolence. Was it yet too late? Yes: the experiment must be tried: his long-matured scheme for the regeneration of mankind must be carried out to the very end. Farewell, Thelema: farewell, Desdemona: farewell, Miranda. For here he was at the garden-gate, and there, in the garden, was the very girl whom he came to woo.

I think that even Miranda, Nelly, and Desdemona, jealous as they are of conceding beauty to women of the lower class would have acknowledged that Alma Bostock, standing in the garden, made a pretty picture in the morning sunlight. It was a long, narrow garden, sloping down the hill on which the house stood. On either side was an orchard, and stray apple trees were standing in the garden itself. These were old, and covered with yellow lichen, which contrasted with the dark branches, and the light green leaves. Behind the garden was the farm-house, a picturesque and gabled red brick house, with ivy climbing over one end of it, and

throwing arms round the angles so as to embrace the whole house. Facing the garden, a window on either side, was a broad and massive porch of wood-work, round which the creepers clung and clambered. The garden was planted with gooseberry-bushes, currant bushes, raspberry canes, and strawberry beds. There was a narrow walk in it, from the porch to the garden-gate, bordered with box, and behind the box an edging of flowers—such as gilly-flower, double-stocks, sweetwilliam, candytuft, Venus's looking glass, London pride, and mignonette—the kind of flowers which require least gardening: and there were a few standard roses close to the house itself. Under the apple-trees, with the soft light of the sunshine broken up into a thousand fragments by the dancing leaves before it fell upon her, stood Alma herself. She was out there to gather red currants, and she had a basket on her arm for the purpose; but she was not gathering currants at all, only standing with head bare, and thrown back, gazing into the distance, lost in meditation.

Alan thought of certain lines of poetry, and his heart softened towards the damsel. She looked dainty all over. Her head was shapely and her profile clear; her dress fitted her pretty figure perfectly; in fact, her mother, formerly lady's maid to Alan's mother, made it for her. And it was of a soft grey colour, which suited the light greenery of the apple leaves. One of her arms was bare; and it was not a red and browsy arm—not at all—it was as white as any arm could be, and as well shaped. And on either side of the garden lay the orchard,

with little glades of sunlight and of shade. While Alan looked, the girl tied a handkerchief over her head, which set her face in a white frame, and made her look ten times as pretty. So pretty a girl, Alan thought, could not be other than bright and sympathetic, and quick to feel and to respond. Besides, was she not the selection and choice of Miranda?

As for Alma, indeed, opinions among her acquaintance were divided. For her enemies, who were the young women of the place, declared that she was deceitful and treacherous. They also said that she was by no means so pretty as she thought herself. The young men of the place on the other hand—curious what diversity of opinion may exist in the smallest village—declared that there was nobody so pretty as Alma Bostock. The only objection they had to her was that she held her head so high and made believe to be a lady.

Meantime, she stood beneath the trees, a very pretty picture. Did a painter want to draw the ideal country girl, engaged in the ideal country occupation, he would find no more charming picture than that of Alma in the garden, with her basket ready to hold the ripe red-currants.

A very pretty picture, and a suggestive picture. Alan's thoughts flew with a rush to the Arcadian life he had imagined, which would, with the help of Alma, begin as soon as the wedding-bells should ring.

He lifted the latch, opened the garden-door, and stepped in to begin his wooing.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

A CRITICISM.

BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

AT a time when a statue is being raised to his memory by his fellow citizens in one of the principal localities of his native city, it may not be inopportune to recall some of the merits of Campbell as a poet, and some of the particulars respecting him as a man. Erected in the same square in which the statue of Sir John Moore has long had an honoured place, the hero of Corunna, and the poet who has embalmed his memory, may well share the honours of the town which gave them birth, and which they have illustrated by their fame. The name of Thomas Campbell is one which every Scotchman will pronounce with pride. It may not have gathered around it the prestige of the name of Burns, and it may not be a talisman to conjure with like that of Sir Walter Scott, but it has a prestige all its own, and a reputation as imperishable as the writings which have made it famous. Campbell was essentially the poet of freedom, and of patriotism as well. He sounded the tocsin of the nations on the downfall of Poland, and his martial odes exerted a powerful influence in stimulating the national ardour in the conflict with Napoleon. The 'Battle of the Baltic,' and 'Ye Mariners of England' are as spirited compositions as may be found in the whole range of poetry. There is soul in every line and genius in every word. There is a sparkle in the style of Campbell—a dash almost of chivalry—which distinguishes it from that of any other poet. The influences which sur-

rounded his boyhood, and accompanied him to manhood, gave a bent to his genius and may account in part for the peculiar intensity of his style. He was the youngest and the petted son of a large family. The father, at one period an affluent merchant in the queen city of the West of Scotland, at the time of the poet's birth was living upon the wrecks of a fortune amassed in the Virginia trade, but which was nearly all lost on the outbreak of the American War. A younger scion of the Campbells of Kirnan, in Argyleshire—theyself a branch of the Ducal clan, and tracing their own lineage to Gilespic-le-Camille, first Norman Lord of Lochawe, something of the pride of such an ancestry may have tinged the spirit, if it was not allowed to affect the pretensions of the poet's family. It would be absurd to say that it went for much with the poet himself, but it, no doubt, had its own influence, though not very manifest, as fire tempers the steel, and you see not where the annealing process begins or ends. Born in Glasgow, there were lines of thought and association which connected him with one of the most interesting portions of the Highlands of Scotland—interesting for its wild and romantic scenery, and its high deeds of bravery for which the Campbells of Argyleshire have been ever renowned. Campbell felt he was not one of the common herd, that had no ancestry to count, and no traditional fame to form a sort of summons to similar high achievement, whether in the field, or the Senate, or in any of

the varied paths in which ambition may distinguish itself. That it exerted a certain influence upon him, all unconsciously to himself, is seen in the verses which he composed on visiting the scenes of his ancestry, concluding after some musings on the vicissitudes of fortune, with this fine stanza :

Be hush'd my dark spirit ! for wisdom condemns
When the faint and the feeble deplore ;
Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems
A thousand wild waves on the shore !
Through the perils of chance, and the scowl of dis-
dain,
May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate !
Yea ! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain
Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again ;
To bear is to conquer our fate.

It is well known that the Argyle family have always been on the Whig side of politics, and among the foremost assertors of right against wrong in every age. Archibald, Earl of Argyle, was one of the Lords of the Congregation at the period of the Reformation. A Marquis of Argyle died on the scaffold in defence of the Covenanters of Scotland. The great duke, as he was called, the maintainer of the cause of Royalty, against the Earl of Mar, in the Rebellion of 1715, was the most influential statesman in the reign of George the Second, and the defender of Scotch rights and liberties. Whether all this had anything to do with Campbell's love of freedom, which is so conspicuous in all his poetry, it imports not to say. A peculiar spirit of liberty or otherwise often runs in the blood of families. I suppose it would be impossible for a scion of the noble house of Russell to be other than a champion of constitutional liberty. Another cause to which this peculiarity in Campbell has been traced was the influence which the lectures of Miller, Professor of Law in the University of Glasgow, exerted over his young and susceptible mind. A great admirer of Miller he caught much of his spirit. He was an enthusiastic reader also of Demosthenes and of Cicero, and thus drank at the very fountain-head the inspirations of freedom ; while the speeches of Burke on the impeach-

ment of Warren Hastings probably inspired him with that horror of England's treatment of India, which breathes in the lines denunciatory of India's wrongs in 'The Pleasures of Hope.' We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the lines—for the sake of the lines, not for the sake of the withering denunciation of England's wrong doing which they contain. After alluding to the sufferings endured under the sway of Timour's iron sceptre the poet proceeds :

'When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,
And stretch'd her giant sceptre o'er the main,
Taught her proud bark her winding way to shape,
And brav'd the stormy spirit of the Cape ;
Children of Brama ! then was Mercy nigh
To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye ?
Did Peace descend to triumph and to save
When free-born Britons cross'd the Indian wave ?
Ah, no !—to more than Rome's ambition true,
The nurse of Freedom gave it not to you !
She the bold route of Europe's guilt began,
And, in the march of nations, led the van !

'Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone,
And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,
Degenerate trade ! thy millions could despise
The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries
Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store,
While famish'd nations died along the shore :
Could mock the groans of fellow-men and bear
The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair ;
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter with their gold, eternal shame !

'But hark ! as bow'd to Earth the Bramin kneels,
From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals !
Of India's fate her guardian spirits tell,
Prophetic numbers breathing on the shell,
And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind,
Roll on the azure paths of every wind.

'Foes of mankind ! (her guardian spirits say,)
Revolving ages bring the bitter day,
When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on you,
And blood for blood these Indian plains bedew ;
Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurl'd
His awful presence o'er the alarmed world ;
Nine times hath Guilt, through all his giant frame ;
Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came ;
Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—
But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again !
He comes ! dread Brama shakes the sunless sky
With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high,
Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,
Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm !
Wide waves his flickering sword ; his bright arms
glow

Like summer suns, and light the world below !
Earth and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed ;
Are shook : and Nature rocks beneath his tread !

'To pour redress on India's injured realm,
The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm ;
To chase destruction from her plunder'd shore
With arts and arms that triumph'd once before,
The tenth Avatar comes ! at Heaven's command
Shall Seriswattée wave her hallow'd wand !
And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime,
Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime !
Come, Heavenly Powers ! primeval peace restore !
Love !—Mercy !—Wisdom ! rule for evermore !'

It is customary to characterise Campbell's finest passages as nothing more than rhetoric, but we would stake our ability to judge of poetry at all if these lines are not in the truest spirit of poetry, reaching even to the highest sublimity of thought and conception. Poetry is often a matter of fashion as well as other things. The fashion now is the Tennysons and Brownings and Swinburnes—it is not Wordsworth or Byron or Campbell or Scott. It is a test of mind, it would seem, to appreciate the former: any one, it is thought, may appreciate the latter. We have often tried in vain to see a meaning in Browning. Of Swinburne, unfortunately, we know little or nothing; what we do know is certainly not favourable. Tennyson it would be unpardonable not to have read, and not to admire—but Campbell, in some respects, is the finer genius of the two. Campbell is the more spontaneous: he is not so artificial. Tennyson is the trained fencer: he has studied point and tierce—every pass—every attitude—every movement. He has obviously made the laws of verse his intent study. He must have practised all the varieties of metre, and with a care and assiduity which are sometimes too painfully obvious. If we are not mistaken he is the inventor of the peculiar stanza in which 'In Memoriam' is written. Campbell has made no such study of poetical composition. His fine ear and genius adapted every subject to its appropriate stanza. We might give instances, but we refrain. It would have been well, perhaps, if Campbell had given himself to the study of poetry more than he did. It has always struck us as matter of regret that he did not practise blank verse more. His lines, 'On the view from St. Leonard's,' and 'On the dead Eagle' at Oran, show what he could have done in that way. Campbell had a finely meditative mind, and he always wrote in the interest of freedom, virtue, and religion. Had he not

always waited till some theme invited his muse, and had he not fettered himself with the trammels of rhyme, but poured out his thoughts in the verse which has been sanctioned by the practice of the greatest of our classic poets, I venture to say we would have had a great deal more poetry worthy of him, and which the world would not have willingly let die. It strikes us Campbell would have written a fine drama. He had breadth of mind enough, quick and shrewd perception, playful and lively wit and fancy, the power of pungent remark where the foibles of life were concerned, but high appreciation of all that was noble in action or conduct, while his faculty of language was undoubted. All this is seen in his poems: it is seen as well in his prose writings, in his epistolary correspondence, and in the specimens we have left to us of his familiar talk. He intended at one time to write a poem, to be entitled, 'The Queen of the North,' the Queen in this instance being Edinburgh. Had he chosen this subject for a drama, the Queen being 'Mary, Queen of Scots,' we might have had a drama that would have anticipated the "Bothwell" of Swinburne, and a finer drama than the 'Queen Mary' of Tennyson, as undoubtedly the subject was a finer one for dramatic effect, presenting greater contrasts, more poetic situations, a greater variety of passion, and incident altogether of deeper pathos, and more moving tragedy. The picturesque and romantic scenery of Scotland might have added zest to the composition. Campbell had not fallen upon the times when so much was given for a poem—when it could command so ready and extensive an acceptance with the public. He had to write for his daily bread, and prose compositions, and the editorial work of a magazine, distracted his attention from what might have been to him more congenial employment. But why did Campbell go to America for a subject of a poem? He should have left 'America' to the

Americans.' He had to call up from fancy the scenery he embodied in his poem. He could not have the command of it which he had of the scenes that were familiar to him from his boyhood, and which he intended to pourtray in 'The Queen of the North.' It is much to be regretted, accordingly, that he was diverted from this theme by some unlucky chance, or by an unfortunate train of circumstances which we are left to conjecture. Campbell was afraid of his own powers. The shadow of his own fame, it is thought, haunted him, so that he was afraid to risk the laurels he had won. In 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' notwithstanding, he has presented us with a poem which even an American might own for the fidelity of its pictures, and the appositeness and beauty of its imagery. The poem sketches, all too briefly it must be confessed, a settler on 'Susquehanna's banks'—an emigrant from 'Green Albin'—the father of a fair daughter, whom no one can read about without loving—whose childhood and youth are exquisitely represented—wooded by 'a stranger of a distant land'—a stranger, however, who had before been known as the child of her father's early friend—when some love passages ensue, which are given with admirable felicity and delicacy, and great beauty of description. This stranger becomes one of the family, but their peace is soon broken up by the invasion of a hostile tribe of Indians, whose murderous assault is told with much animation and power. A chance shot takes the life of Albert, the father, and of his daughter, the beautiful Gertrude. The passionate grief of the husband is feelingly pourtrayed. Ontalissi, the same faithful Indian who had borne her Waldegrave when a boy from a similar scene of savage attack to her own early home in 'fair Wyoming'—where they met as children, afterwards, as we have seen, to meet in more interesting circumstances—this Indian sings her death-song, and the poem rather abruptly con-

cludes with the spirited death-chaunt. This is but the barest outline of a poem, which itself is rather sketchy—meagre in its details, and not woven together with much skill of invention—but which abounds, nevertheless, with the finest touches of nature, and with the most beautiful creations of fancy. The tenderness of affection was never more delicately conveyed. Two such hearts seldom meet, and still more seldom in circumstances so favourable for their being welded together in one. We do not think it all sentiment, however, when the poet thus apostrophises love in their case :—

' O Love ! in such a wilderness as this,
Where transport and security entwine,
Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss,
And here thou art a god indeed divine,
Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine,
The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire !
Roll on, ye days of raptur'd influence, shine !
Nor, blin't with ecstasy's celestial fire,
Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time
expire.'

The idea contained in the last line is not very obvious, but if it means that love contemplates no end to its bliss, that the spark of 'earth-born time' will never be extinguished by any mishap, the poet has all too soon to alter his strain. The change comes : Wyoming is laid low : and

' Where of yesterday a garden bloom'd,
Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes
glom'd.'

The circumstances in which Waldegrave is introduced to Gertrude, or rather comes upon her retirement, are thus given, and we cannot fail to note the felicity and beauty of the description. We go back to an earlier part of the poem :

' Apart there was a deep untrodden grot,
Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore ;
Tradition had not nam'd its lonely spot ;
But here (methinks) might India's sons explore
Their fathers' dust, or lift, perchance, of yore,
Their voice, to the Great Spirit—rocks sublime
To human art a sportive semblance bore,
And yellow lichens colour'd all the clime,
Like moonlight battlements, and towers decayed
by time.

' But high in amphitheatre above,
Gay tinted woods their massy foliage threw :
Breath'd but an air of heaven, and all the grove
As if instinct with living spirit grew,
Rolling its verdant gulfs of every hue ;

And now suspended was the pleasing din,
Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew,
Like the first note of organ heard within
Cathedral aisles,—ere yet its symphony begin.

'It was in this lone valley she would charm
The ling'ring noon, where flowers a couch had
 strown;
Her cheek reclining, and her snowy arm
On hillock by the pine-tree half o'ergrown;
And ere that volume on her lap is thrown,
Which every heart of human mould endears;
With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone,
And no intruding visitation fears,
To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweet-
 est tears.

'And nought within the grove was seen or heard
But stock-doves plaining through its gloom pro-
 found,
Or winglet of the fairy humming bird,
Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round;
When lo! there entered to its inmost ground
A youth, the stranger of a distant land;
He was, to weat, for eastern mountains bound;
But late th'equator sun his cheek had tann'd,
And Calif'nia's gales his roving bosom fann'd.

'A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm,
He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace,
Amid the brown leaves, could her ear alarm,
Close he had come, and worshipped for a space
Those downcast features; she her lovely face
Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame
Wore youth and manhood's intermingled grace.
Iberian seemed his boot—his robe the same,
And well the Spanish plume his lofty looks became.'

It is a pity that the plan of the poem, so brief in its story, so limited in its scope, allows of so few passages of description like the above. Campbell did not possess the inventive faculty in a high degree. His 'Theodric' is equally poor in this respect. In drama this faculty would not have been equally taxed. The incident of the drama itself would have been ready to his hand, and Campbell, we are persuaded, was capable of entering into the thoughts and feelings of others. But it is vain to speculate on what might have been done by our poet; we are to judge of him by what he has done, and we quote the death-chaunt of the Indian Chief, as an example of his lyrical skill—where, after all, perhaps, he was most at home:—

'And I could weep,—th'Oneyda Chief
His descent wildly thus begun;
'But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe!
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Areouski's breath,
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death.)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy!
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

'But thee, my flow'r, whose breath was given
By milder genii o'er the deep,
The spirits of the white man's heaven
Forbid not thee to weep;—
Nor will the Christian host,
Nor will my father's spirit grieve,
To see thee on the battle's eve,
Lamenting take a mournful leave
Of her who loved thee most;
She was the rainbow to thy sight!
Thy sun—thy heaven—of lost delight!

'To-morrow let us do or die!
But when the bolt of death is hurl'd,
Ah whither then with thee to fly,
Shall Outalissi roam the world?
Seek we thy once-loved home?
The hand is gone that cropt its flowers;
Unheard their clock repeats its hours!
Cold is the hearth within their bowers!
And should we thither roam,
Its echoes, and its empty tread,
Would sound like voices from the dead!

'Or shall we cross yon mountains blue,
Whose streams my kindred nation quaff'd,
And by my side in battle true,
A thousand warriors drew the shaft?
Ah! there in desolation cold,
The desert serpent dwells alone,
Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone,
And stones themselves to ruin grown,
Like me are death-like old.
Then seek we not their camp for there—
The silence dwells of my despair!

'But hark, the trump!—to-morrow thou
In glory's fires shall dry thy tears;
Ev'n from the land of shadows now
My father's awful ghost appears,
Amidst the clouds that round us roll;
He bids my soul for battle thirst—
He bids me dry the last—the first—
The only tear that ever burst
From Outalis's soul;
Because I may not stain with grief
The death-song of an Indian Chief!

Campbell will always be chiefly known as the author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' although some prefer his 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' and Campbell himself preferred it to the earlier poem. It is the production, perhaps, of a maturer mind, more experience of life is thrown into it: it is characterized by fine description which 'The Pleasures of Hope' must in the very nature of the case be destitute of; description could only be incidental to it, not of the very essence and texture of the poem itself. There are less traces of juvenility in 'Gertrude of Wyoming'—the unrestrained ardour and enthusiasm of a youthful mind. But the poem with all its excellence has nothing of the grandeur and sublimity of the elder composition. The two poems in fact have altogether a different sphere and object. A portraiture

of character, and a picture of the moving scenes of life were not the object of the one: a descant upon that animating principle which—

'Springs eternal in the human breast,'

was not the aim of the other. It is questionable if Campbell, with all his maturer powers, could have written 'The Pleasures of Hope' at the age that produced 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' Such a poem, perhaps, required the enthusiasm of youth for its production. Youth is peculiarly the season of hope, and could better descant upon it. It is wonderful, however, that such a poem could have been the production of so young a man as Campbell was when 'The Pleasures of Hope' took the world by surprise. His powers must have had a very precocious development, which was actually the case from the earliest. Campbell was a man when he was yet a boy. He exhibited a maturity of thought in his college exercises which was altogether remarkable. His translations of the Greek choruses made at that time stand in his published works at the present day. Was the subject of 'The Pleasures of Hope' suggested by the following paragraph in the letter of one of his college friends, written in the free and easy spirit of familiar correspondence, between the terms of College? 'We have now three "Pleasures" by first rate men of genius, viz:—"The Pleasures of Imagination"—"The Pleasures of Memory," and "The Pleasures of Solitude." Let us cherish "The Pleasures of Hope" that we may soon meet in Alma Mater.' Thrown out in this careless way, without the remotest purpose perhaps towards such a contingency, it is not unlikely that this was the first suggestion of the future subject, which, brooding in his mind, was afterwards expanded into the immortal poem which Campbell gave us under the precise title. As Campbell himself has written:

'—How our fates from unmomentous things
May rise like rivers out of little springs!'

The brook, however, passes away in the very river of which it is the source; not so the poem which had its origin, if it had its origin, in this casual allusion. It flows on, and will flow on to latest ages.

'The Pleasures of Hope' is intended to depict the scenes that may lie in the future at any of the different periods of life, and extending even into a future existence—to paint the obstacles that may obstruct or prevent the realization of these, tyranny, wrong-disappointment of every kind—

'The spectre doubts that roll
Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul.'

and the triumph of Hope over all! The pictures which Hope represents to itself at different times, and in every varying situation, are finely given. History is laid under contribution for examples to illustrate the power of this principle. The endurance of the soldiers under Charles of Sweden: the wrongs of Poland—the hopes of that suffering nation quenched in the fires of Warsaw: the chief of Congo torn from his native soil, and doomed to drag out his remaining days in slavery: Hope has its sustaining power in the worst of these situations, or it is the object of the poet to show in what extremities even hope must fail.

The relation of ideas—the transition from theme to theme—may sometimes, in this finished composition, not be very obvious. The thread of connection is sometimes slender enough. This is confessedly a weakness. One would desire the connection to be more visible—the parts to be in better harmony with each other, and with the general theme.

But this, after all, is a small matter when put beside the far greater excellencies of the poem. From beginning to end it is one unbroken strain of elegant, refined, impassioned poetry—now tender and pathetic, anon generous, sublime, indignant against wrong, and, with the inspiration of prophecy,

predicting a brighter destiny to all the oppressed and enslaved of humankind.

Campbell had not fallen on those days when Scepticism is a virtue, and infidelity has its chosen missionaries among the poets themselves. He had not passed through that strange process by which a mind with clear perceptions, and high imagination, could negative all the finer sentiments of humanity, and welcome a state of pure nescience in principle, and animalism in feeling. Campbell would have grown pale at some of the bold impieties of a Swinburne, and his pen would have dropped from his grasp ere he would have allowed himself to indulge in many of the prurieneces which stain the pages of the latter.

We are tempted to quote, even at the risk of repeating passages that must be familiar to most of our readers.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art arrayed
The Queen of Beauty in her Cyprian shade,
The happy master mingled in his piece
Each look that charmed him in the fair of Greece.
To faultness nature true, he stole a grace
From every finer form and sweeter face ;
And as he sojourn'd on the Egean isles,
Woo'd all their love and treasur'd all their smiles ;
Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,
And mortal charms seem'd heavenly when combined !
Love on the picture smiled ! Expression pour'd
Her mingling spirit there—and Greece adored !
So thy fair hand, enamour'd fancy ! gleans
The treasur'd pictures of a thousand scenes,
Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage home from towns and toils remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours
With peace embosom'd in Idalian bowers !
Remote from busy Life's bewilder'd way,
O'er all his heart shall taste and beauty sway !
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit steps to wander and adore !
There shall he love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky !
And muse on Nature with a poet's eye !
And when the sun's last splendour lights the deep,
The woods and waves and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps th' Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell,
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green ;
No circling hills his ravish'd eye to bound
Heaven, Earth, and Ocean blazing all around !

Our other quotation will be from that portion of the poem in which we have the strong protest against infidelity, beginning with the apostrophe to Hope as the daughter of Faith ; we quote, however, only the former part of the passage :

Unfading Hope ! when life's last embers burn,
When soul to soul, and dust to dust return !
Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour !
Oh ! then thy Kingdom comes ! Immortal Power !
What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly
The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye !
Bright to the soul thy seraph hands convey
The morning dream of life's eternal day—
Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,
And all the phoenix spirit burns within !

Oh ! deep-enchancing prelude to repose,
The dawn of bliss the twilight of our woes !
Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh,
" It is a dread and awful thing to die !"
Mysterious worlds, untravell'd by the sun !
Where 'Times' far wandering tide has never run,
From your unfathom'd shades, and viewless spheres,
A warning comes, unheard by other ears :
'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet long and loud, =
Like Sinai's thunder pealing from the cloud !
While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust,
The shock that huris her fabric to the dust,
And like the trembling Hebrew when he trod
The roaring waves and called upon his God,
With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss
And shrieks and hovers o'er the dark abyss !
Daughter of Faith ! awake, arise, illumine
The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb ;
Melt and dispel, ye spectre doubts that roll
Gimmerian darkness on the parting soul !
Fly like the moon-eyed herald of dismay,
Chas'd on his night-steed by the star of day
The strife is o'er—the pangs of nature close,
And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her woes !

Campbell lived before the age of what is known as the subjective school of poetry. That school is generally traced to its source in the great upheaval of the French Revolution, though on what grounds is not always so clearly explained. Certainly, that event could not happen without deeply-seated causes in itself, and without deeply affecting the whole framework of the social state. Mind was thrown more in upon itself. The foundations of the moral, religious, and social worlds were shaken. Principles were brought to the tribunal of public opinion which had never so much as been called in question. Mind paid not so much deference to authority, and looked into itself for its principles of action and grounds of judgment. The Lake poets were for a time carried away by the tide, and inaugurated the great change in poetic thought. They stood the test, however, of principle both in morals and religion ; and in politics, though oscillating for a while, they soon found their equilibrium again. Campbell, perhaps, was not so profound a thinker, or rather he was too just a thinker, to be disturbed in his opinions, except to have his mind

thrown forward in the line of political freedom, in the very direction in which the Pantisocracy halted. He had, perhaps, been too well fortified by his Presbyterian upbringing to be staggered for a moment in his religious beliefs. Byron and Shelley were the legitimate product of the French Revolution. An influence from German thought, however, it was that gave the peculiar cast to our more recent poetry. Campbell did not partake of that influence. We see nothing of it in Burns or Scott. It is not an unfavourable influence. It brings out the poetry of our deepest thought—it is often the poetry of thought itself. Or it is thought and feeling so blending with the outward, that the one is fused in a kind of amalgam with the other. This certainly has been carried too far, and Campbell was at least free from the obscurity which attaches to much of our modern poetry. Campbell is always plain and intelligible. There is no fetching at meanings or subtleties which elude the grasp even of the mind which is aiming at them. We may admit that he wants many of the subtler beauties which are secured in this peculiar effort. He has nothing of the shot-silk, if we may so speak, of poetry. There is nothing of the opal tendency in his imagination; all is on the surface and meets the eye: it does not need to be held in a particular light before it displays its beauties. Perhaps Campbell, accordingly, has not the profound analogies which many of our modern poets indulge, in their more introspective tendencies of thought. We would match, however, some of Campbell's pieces with anything in modern times for suggestiveness and beauty. We regard the 'Lines on the View from St. Leonard's,' for example, as superior to Byron's famous address to the ocean in 'Childe Harold.' The suggested thoughts are finer, and not so obvious—they have more originality certainly, and have more exquisite finish and

grace. In the same way Campbell's 'Last Man' may be paralleled with Byron's 'Darkness,' and is more definite in its meaning, and more statuesque in its effect. It was in a conversation with Campbell that the subject of Byron's poem was suggested to the latter, and Campbell complains that some of the thoughts even were stolen from himself—especially the expression 'the majesty of Darkness,' which Campbell happened to employ in the course of their colloquy. Campbell's is surely the grander idea, the key-note of the whole being the last stanza, in which that last of our race, addressing the sun, whose sinking rays expire with his own expiring breath, says:—

'Go, Sun, while mercy holds me up
On nature's awful waste,
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go tell the night that hides thy face,
Thou saw'st the last of Adam's race,
On earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening universe defy,
To quench his immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!"

Byron supposes the inhabitants of earth, overtaken by the darkness of the universe, without a sun, or with a sun whose light had been quenched, and all the nameless horrors of that state; an idea which lacks consistency; for if the sun is to go out in darkness, according to the Bible doctrine, the other doctrines consistent with that should not have been ignored, and surely the doctrine of immortality is one of these. We are not, however, attempting to show the superiority of Campbell over Byron; he was his inferior in many respects—in power and compass of mind, in versatility, in vividness and force of imagination, in copiousness and abundance of resources, in ingenuity and inventiveness of thought. Campbell, however, would not have written, if he could, much that Byron's pen has indited—such as the dramas of 'Manfred' and 'Cain,' 'The Vision of Judgment,' 'Beppo,' 'Don Juan,' &c. Campbell's mind did not describe the same circle as Byron's; but, for that

very reason perhaps, while it was not so expansive in its range, it was loftier in its aspirations and intenser in its glow. His imagination burned more fervidly, and gave off sparks of greater brilliancy. We are more anxious, however, to compare him with the subjective poets of the day. And it is in contrast with them that we recognise the tendency now existing to disparage such poets as Campbell, and even Byron himself, to exalt the particular favourites of the hour. It will be acknowledged at once that we have a new school of poetry in our Tennysons and Brownings and Swinburnes and Morrisés. Of course the present age demands this subtler style of thought—it has grown to it—no less penetrating analysis will suffice. It must see into and around a subject. It lives on the borders of both worlds; it harmonizes the two; it holds them as it were in a sort of solution; it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other, if they are distinguishable—and all this while the world of sense is truly the one which alone is recognised, or there are grave doubts, at least, of the existence of the other. It is not determined whether there is a spiritual world or not; even the poet's fine essence may evaporate in gas! We may indulge our fine imaginings for a time. We may revel in our own creations, and have visions of any amount of beauty—but they will all mingle with the clods of the valley at last. There is no God—no personal Divinity presiding over mind. Our own minds are but a finer essence, a subtler vapour, a more ethereal blossom! Poetry and science have joined hands in Comte's philosophy, and Comte is the High Priest of both.

We have no hesitation in saying that we regard much of our modern poetry as no better than raving, beating the brains to bring out inanity: it is seeing meaning where there is none to be seen: affecting a profounder wisdom, and a subtler insight, when, if the oracle was penetrated, it would

be found to have uttered nothing worthy of the god!

Is there anything in the whole range of our subjective poetry to surpass the 'O'Connor's Child,' the 'Ritter Bann,' 'Reullura,' 'Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria,' the war lyrics, 'Hallowed Ground,' 'Lochiel's Warning.' The 'O'Connor's Child' is a poem of thrilling pathos and exquisite beauty; the 'Ritter Bann' embodies a touching incident of the age of ballad and romance; 'Reullura' carries us back to the times of the 'dark-attired Culdees,' and presents an exquisite panoramic glimpse of Scotland's 'Western isles;' the 'Lines on leaving a scene in Bavaria' is pervaded by a fine spirit of meditation, and by all the poet's amiableness of heart; 'Hallowed Ground' is instinct with noble sentiment and poetic fire; 'Lochiel's Warning' every one has by heart. The war lyrics are confessedly the finest war songs in the language. Tennyson's 'Charge of the Six Hundred,' and his latest composition; while they strike a note that accords peculiarly with the spirit of the time, have not the poetry of Campbell's odes. The 'Battle of the Baltic' is in an exquisite measure, and is characterized by the noblest conceptions and the grandest imagery. The introduction to the ode is very fine. You almost see the ships falling into line, or taking up their position before the walls of Copenhagen. What could be finer than the silence of the advancing ships, and the breathless expectation of the mariners, as described in the second stanza?

'As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death;
And the boldst held his breath,
For a time.'

The grandeur of the imagery in the succeeding stanza will be acknowledged by all:

'But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleetest rush'd
O'er the deadly space between—'

“Hearts of Oak!” our captain cried; when each
gun
*From its adamant lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.*

The cessation of the contest is finely
conceived, after the briskest of the
fight:

‘Again! again! again!
And the havock did not slack;
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back:—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom:—
*Then ceased, and all is wait,
As they strike the shattered sail;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.*’

The ode closes with a fine tribute to
those who died on the ‘deck of fame’

‘With the gallant good Riou.’

It was worthy of the heart of
Campbell to introduce them into his
song:

‘Brave hearts! to Britain’s pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died;—
With the gallant good Riou:
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o’er their grave!
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid’s song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!’

The ‘Mariners of England’ is a
favourite with all British hearts, and
we have no doubt has nerved to the
conflict on many an occasion, when even
British bravery would, if possible, have
faltered. It has been sung on the
deck of many a ‘man of war’ in
England’s navy, and its elevated and
inspiring sentiments must have
entered into and formed the very fibre
and texture of the mariner’s courage,
as he stood unblenching in the thickest
of the contest, his comrades falling by
scores around him. ‘Hohenlinden’
is a unique composition. Formed
on the simplest model, by a few
graphic strokes it brings before us the
very scenery of the combat, as Camp-
bell himself witnessed it from the walls
of a neighbouring monastery. Brief
as it is, it touches at once the most
opposite chords of the lyre, the truest
sublime and the tenderest pathos.

We are tempted to quote the ‘Song
of the Greeks,’ and it might not have

an unsuitableness in the present jun-
cture of the ‘Eastern Question,’ but
space does not permit. Beside this we
would put the stanzas on ‘The Power
of Russia,’ which might almost seem
to have been written in view of the
present crisis, as if in fact Kossuth had
inspired them. They speak volumes
for Campbell’s sagacity and political
foresight, and show, as his efforts also
in behalf of the Poles, that he was a
man of action as well as of imagina-
tion.

The readers of Campbell will recall
with pleasure such poems as ‘Glenara,’
‘Lord Ullin’s Daughter,’ ‘The Exile
of Erin,’ ‘The Soldier’s Dream,’ so
familiar to our childhood, ‘Field
Flowers,’ ‘The Wounded Hussar,’
‘To the Rainbow,’ &c. &c.

Campbell did not waste his poetry
on subjects that had no meaning. The
themes that invited his pen are always
worthy of his muse. He did not
weave a gossamer web out of materials
of which it would be as hard to grasp
the purport as to give the significance.
We are not speaking at present of the
Arthurian poems of Tennyson, al-
though even of them we are inclined
to say, if not too good, they are at
least too subtle

‘For Human Nature’s daily food.’

We cannot subsist long in such an
atmosphere. We must come down
from these mountain-tops, and breathe
the air of the valleys, converse with
ordinary beings, and on familiar topics.
King Arthur need not have been a
fabulous person: Sir Lancelot and Sir
Galahad may have had their proto-
types in these ages of chivalry and
romance. We can easily imagine a
character like Guinevere in actual his-
tory, and the story of Merlin and
Vivien may often have had its counter-
part in actual life. But ‘The Holy
Grail’ is so purely fabulous that one
is disposed to ask what is the use of
attempting to body forth what is so
entirely an imaginary creation? Our
present quarrel, however, is with a

very different school of poets from that of Tennyson, though all may be classed under the general designation of the subjective school. Campbell would not recognise himself among the singing fraternity did he survive to the present day. Would Wordsworth, or Scott, or Southey? It is either a great change for the better, or it is a marvellous change for the worse. We cannot pretend to the insight which sees the superiority of the modern school. The old to us is better. We choose to retain our senses, and not to be hood-winked into the belief of a meaning where we can discern none, and of a beauty which is invisible to all but the initiated.

We take our leave of Campbell whom we twice voted for, to be Lord Rector of our venerable 'Alma Mater'—the University of Glasgow. We joined the procession which welcomed him when he came the second time to be installed into office. We well remember the enthusiasm which greeted him, and the enthusiasm with which he greeted his constituents, on the occasion. It is gone like a dream, but the memory of it is inspiring even at this hour. We well recollect the slight but well-knit frame, and the fine Italian face—the sparkling eye—black as a coal—the thin lip—the quivering voice—the tension of gesture—when

he rose to address us—the 'tout ensemble' of a poet. Campbell was a fine prose writer as well as poet. His lectures on Greek Literature were highly prized when they were delivered, and when they were afterwards given to the public. His 'Specimens of the British Poets' is a classic and standard work at the present day. He was characterized by exquisite taste. His published poems would form a much bulkier volume had he not exercised the pruning knife to the extent that he did, and to which it would be well perhaps that other poets had done with regard to their works.

Taste that like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in heaven!

Beautiful words, which he himself applied to the famous actor, Kemble, on his taking leave of the stage. They were as appropriate to the poet as to the actor. Campbell had a playful and lively wit, which overflowed in his conversation and his letters. He was a most genial friend and companion. He was essentially a philanthropist, especially in the cause of the Poles. His exertions in behalf of that down-trodden nation relaxed not till his dying hour. Some earth from the grave of Kosciusko was strewed on his coffin as it descended to its last resting-place in Westminster Abbey.

THE MINSTREL'S GOOD NIGHT.

BY M. H. NICHOLSON.

'Ich singe wie der Vogel singt
Der in den Zweigen wohnet.'—Goethe.

GOOD night to all: The shadows o'er the lea
Are stretched like fallen turrets gray and long,
A lambent gleam still trembles on the sea
That haunts me with an overpowering song,
Deeper than music of the gay-plumed throng
To which I listened by the morning's gate
And tried to give response. If that was wrong,

Here only for your pardon do I wait
Ere I retire alone, but not all desolate.

Affection for my country and mankind—
Unnoticed though it be—encheers me still ;
And I have striven with an eager mind,
The promise of my childhood to fulfil ;
But as steep rocks may turn aside the rill
And waste its virtue in the arid sand,
So sternest hindrances obstruct my will,
And most it grieves me that my native land
Reaps nothing from my thought and little by my hand.

This harp, to every various feeling true,
Has often in some lone, obscure retreat,
Been wet with tears, but tears are heavenly dew—
Benignant showers for ardent bosoms meet
Else would the young affections, opening sweet,
With dust of daily life become impure,
Or passion's rays would kiss them into heat,
Then, like unshaded flowers, they would be sure
To wither ere their time, to die and not mature.

All earth is tuneful when the infant leaves
First whisper to the idle breeze's play ;
Yet scarce less joyous when her lap receives
The golden tribute of an autumn day.
The highest instinct that our lives obey
Points forward—never to a darkened close,
Nor would it help us on the destined way
If, with the soft allurements of repose,
The desert that we tread should blossom like the rose.

Thus in no dreary mood I bid good night ;
A liberal patroness has Nature been
In furnishing, if only for delight,
The sources whence some scanty truths I glean,
Not in the halls where learned men convene,
But by the wave, and in the cloistered wood
Where, muffled in their cloaks of sombre green
Are ranked the aged trees—the brotherhood
On whom the Holiest looked and saw that it was good.

I still the chords and on th' Acadian birch
Suspend my harp. Perchance the airy note
Of some kind cherub on his earthly search
Shall make diviner spell around it float.
If this should be, the day is not remote
When I shall take it from its voiceless rest,
And all its powers, with steadier touch, devote
To the prime motive of the patriot's breast
And its achievements high with which our race is blest.

LEVER'S MILITARY TALES.

BY J. L. STEWART.

SOME authors are the favourites of the young, while others find sympathetic readers only among the middle-aged and the old. The story-telling gift, with or without other intellectual endowments, makes a writer dear to the heart of youth, while more mature minds demand that the stories shall display a knowledge of life and character at least equal to their own. Who has not wondered, on again reading a book which charmed him in his boyhood, what made it so attractive to him once? The boy's eager-eyed love of the marvellous, his capacious credulity, and his lack of insight into the complex machinery which forms the motive power of mankind, must be recalled in order that the crude tale may regain its power to please. It is by no means true, however, that all the books which please us in youth lose their charm in maturity, as every one knows from his own experience. Some of the simplest works in every language are among its finest specimens of literary art, and we love them the more when we have grown wise enough to discover the secret of their power over us. The books which have no charm for us in youth, and become interesting when the studies, passions, and experiences of manhood have expanded our mental horizon, are much more numerous.

The world is fond of ideals, and the young have the power as well as the will to believe in them. The New Testament reveals the ideal man. Milton has given us the ideal devil, and Dante has shown us the ideal hell. Defoe created the ideal castaway, and

every shipwrecked mariner who finds refuge on a savage or silent coast, is still compared to Robinson Crusoe. Cooper transformed the treacherous, dirty, drunken and cruel Indian, into the ideal savage, with unerring instinct, sleepless eye, noiseless foot, undying gratitude, relentless hatred, and Ossianic rhetoric. Marryat depicted the ideal sailor, Porter drew the ideal exile, and Lever sketched the ideal Irishman, who is widely accepted as a faithful representative of his race.

The works of Charles Lever, while possessing considerable interest for most mature minds, are much more popular with the young. Every boy has read them, or heard other boys sing their praises, until he longs to do so. They possess qualities which will make them dear to their youthful mind for all time. They are autobiographical stories, most of them, and have little or no plot. The hero is the central figure, and the interest lies wholly in his haps and mishaps. The other characters, as a rule, are dismissed unceremoniously when they cease to affect the career of the chief personage of the tale. This is often very provoking to inquiring readers, as some of these secondary people are very interesting, and are involved in intrigues which render their safety doubtful. The style is bold, dashing and careless. There is no attempt at close analysis of motives or balancing of probabilities. The hero relates his own adventures, and leaves his audience to guess at the motives which actuated those with whom he came in contact. Incidents follow each other in

rapid succession. When one danger is escaped by the hero, he immediately gets into another scrape of some kind. We are kept in a state of constant concern for him. Either his liberty is threatened by the machinations of enemies, his life endangered by duels, or his hope of winning the one woman who can make him happy on the point of being changed to despair by his temporary yielding to the fascinations of pretty women, with whom he is brought into contact. He is no monster of perfection, like many heroes who are popular with the young, but endowed with a fair share of human weaknesses.

Lever's popularity came to him when he was not expecting it. His 'Harry Lorrequer, with his Confessions,' was intended only for the pages of *The Dublin University Magazine*, and was begun rather as a series of sketches than as a serial story. But the public fell in love with Harry at his first introduction, and Lever was only responding to the popular demand when he made his erratic hero acquire a fortune and marry a wife. Although surprised at the success of this work, Lever was shrewd enough to follow up the popular view he had thus unwittingly struck, and a line of young Irish military heroes, whose adventures in love and war are related with much humour and skill, followed in quick succession, giving their author a high and enduring place in English fiction. He has written works of another kind, works making greater pretensions to literary art, but these Irish military tales made his reputation and form the basis on which it rests.

Harry Lorrequer, the hero of the first of the series, could only have been drawn by an artist familiar with the Celtic race. What a fresh, breezy, rollicking fellow he is! What scrapes he gets into! Warm-hearted, mercurial, sanguine, impressible, he is ever ready for friendship, fighting, love-making or carousing. He throws himself into everything he undertakes with head-

long enthusiasm, and follows any phantom which attracts him with as much earnestness, as if he thought it real. He engages to play a part, and forgets that he is not acting. He is never dull, never listless, never utterly idle. The world grows greener and more enjoyable the more he sees of it. He is never bored by companions, duties or amusements. He fears ridicule or dishonour only, and would rather face a cavalry charge than a laughing mess. What a contrast such a character presents to the lispings, lolling, low-toned victims of *ennui*, who are now, as they were then, so numerous as to give tone to certain fashionable circles, and create imitators of drawling speech, vacant stare and listless yawn! It is no wonder that the world turned from its pasteboard gallants to this flesh-and-blood offspring of the imagination with a sense of relief that found expression in the manifestation of a warm welcome.

The artificial, in life as in literature, grows wearisome, so wearisome that an affectation of naturalness is often more welcome than the genuine article, because it presents a greater contrast to that which has grown unendurable. It is thus that one mannerism leads to another. Lever did not wholly escape the subtle influence of this tendency towards the opposite extreme, when he drew Harry Lorrequer as a contrast, and a rebuke to the fashionable military type of the time, but his sins were those of exaggeration, rather than of caricature or affectation. He did not exhibit a mask or a mummy and call it man, nor set up a clown as a gentleman.

It was not only as a healthy contrast to the military lounge of the day, that Harry Lorrequer was welcomed, but as a new and natural type of the fictitious autobiographer. His confessions possessed all the frankness of Rousseau's, without their morbidness and delusions regarding the rest of the world, and he was loved for his faults as well as for his virtues. The perfect

hero, and the monster of iniquity, had had their day, and the natural man was waited for.

(When will biographers learn the lesson which successful novels are daily teaching,—learn to give the faults of their subjects sufficient prominence to relieve the monotony of their virtues, and thus gain the confidence of readers by real or artistically feigned frankness?)

Harry Lorrequer begins the story of his adventures in Ireland, on his return from the wars, by describing the festivities with which the citizens and corporation of Cork welcomed the soldiers, and quickly gives us an insight into his character. At one of these entertainments which begins at three in the afternoon and ends no man of his acquaintance knows when he makes himself agreeable after the following fashion:—

'After walking for about an hour with one of the prettiest girls I ever set my eyes upon, and getting a tender squeeze of the hand as I restored her to a most affable looking old lady in a blue turban and red velvet gown, who smiled most benignly on me, and called me '*Meejor*,' I retired to recruit for a new attack, to a small table, where three of ours were quaffing, '*ponche a la Romaine*,' with a crowd of Corkogians about them, eagerly inquiring about some heroes of their own city, whose deeds of arms they were surprised, did not obtain special mention from 'the Duke.' I soon ingratiated myself into this well-occupied clique, and dosed them with glory to their hearts' content. I resolved at once to enter into their humour; and as the '*ponche*' mounted up to my brain, I gradually found my acquaintanceship extended to every family, and connection in the country.'

'Did ye know Phil Beamish, of the 3-th, sir?' said a tall, red-faced, red-whiskered, well-looking gentleman, who bore no slight resemblance to Feargus O'Connor.

'Phil Beamish!' said I. 'Indeed

I did, sir, and do still; and there is not a man in the British army I am prouder of knowing.' Here, by the way, I may mention, that I never heard the name till that moment.

'You don't say so, sir,' said Feargus—for so I must call him for shortness sake. 'Has he any chance of the company yet, sir?'

'Company!' said I in astonishment. 'He obtained his majority three months since. You cannot possibly have heard from him lately, or you would have known that?'

'That's true, sir. I never heard since he quitted the 3-th to go to Versailles, I think they call it, for his health. But how did he get the step, sir?'

'Why, as to the company, that was remarkable enough,' said I, quaffing off a tumbler of champagne, to assist my invention. 'You know it was about four o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th, that Napoleon ordered Grouchy to advance with the first and second brigade of the Old Guard, and two regiments of chasseurs, and attack the position occupied by Picton, and the regiments under his command. Well, sir, on they came, masked by the smoke of a terrible discharge of artillery, stationed on a small eminence to our left, and which did tremendous execution among our poor fellows—on they came, sir, and as the smoke cleared partially away we got a glimpse of them, and a more dangerous looking set I should not desire to see: grizzle-bearded, hard-featured, bronzed-fellows, about five-and-thirty or forty years of age; their beauty not a whit improved by the red glare thrown upon their faces, and along the whole line by each flash of the long twenty-fours that were playing away to the right. Just at this moment Picton rode down the line with his staff, and stopping within a few paces of me, said: 'They're coming up; steady, boys; steady now; we shall have something to do soon.' And then, turning round, he looked in the direction of the French battery, that was thundering away again in full force.

'Ah, that must be silenced,' said he. 'Where's Beamish?'—'Says Picton!' interrupted Feargus, his eyes starting from their sockets, and his mouth growing wider every moment, as he listened with the most intense interest. 'Yes,' said I, slowly; and then, with all the provoking nonchalance of an Italian improvisatore, who always halts at the most exciting point of his narrative, I begged a listener near me to fill my glass from the iced punch beside him. Not a sound was heard as I lifted the bumper to my lips; all were breathless in their wound-up anxiety to hear of their countryman, who had been selected by Picton—for what, too, they knew not yet, and indeed, at this instant I did not know myself, and nearly laughed outright, for the two of ours who had remained at the table had so well employed their interval of ease as to become very pleasantly drunk, and were listening to my confounded story with all the gravity and seriousness of the world. 'Where's Beamish?' said Picton. 'Here, sir,' said Phil stepping out from the line, and touching his cap to the general, who, taking him apart for a few minutes, spoke to him with great animation. We did not know what he said; but before five minutes were over, there was Phil with three companies of light-bobs drawn up at our left! their muskets at the charge they set off at a round trot down the little steep, which closed our flank. We had not much time to follow their movements, for our own amusement began soon; but I well remember, after repelling the French attack, and standing in square against two heavy charges of cuirassiers, the first thing I saw where the French battery had stood, was Phil Beamish and about a handful of brave fellows, all that remained from the skirmish. He captured two of the enemy's field-pieces, and was Captain Beamish on the day after.'

'Long life to him!' said at least a dozen voices behind and about me, while a general clanking of decanters

and smacking of lips betokened that Phil's health with all the honors was being celebrated. For myself, I was really so engrossed by my narration, and so excited by the 'ponche,' that I saw or heard very little of what was passing around, and have only a kind of dim recollection of being seized by the hand by 'Feargus,' who was Beamish's brother, and who, in the fulness of his heart, would have hugged me to his breast, if I had not opportunely been so overpowered as to fall senseless under the table.'

It is the same determination to make himself agreeable, and to shine conspicuously in all companies, that makes him the life and soul of the garrison entertainments which are given in return. He is especially great in private theatricals. 'In the morning,' he says, 'I was employed painting scenery and arranging the properties; as it grew later I regulated the lamps and looked after the foot-lights, meditating occasionally between angry litigants, whose jealousies abound to the full as much in private theatricals as in the regular *corps dramatique*. Then I was also leader in the orchestra and had scarcely given the last scrape in the overture, before I was obliged to appear to speak the prologue.' What an amusing picture is this of irrepresible activity and all-grasping versatility! What more natural than that so busy an artist should sometimes forget his professional duties, or blend them with his theatrical occupations? His first serious scrape in consequence of his pre-occupation with the drama grows naturally out of the antecedent events and his own character. It is, it may be remarked in passing, one of the strongest proofs of the instinctive art which guides the author's rapid pen, that the numerous incidents which enliven his stories are always in harmony with the circumstances in which they happen, and that the scrapes into which his heroes fall; not less than the acts which they deliberately perform, are such as might be expected

to follow from the lives they lead and the company they keep. The succession of good and ill haps, whose recital forms the burden of the story, have an air of probability, a harmony with time, place and person, equal to that which makes the adventures of Signor Gil Blas de Santillane so captivating.

The particular adventure alluded to above is described in the author's best vein, and must necessarily lose its charm when more briefly told. The colonel, a regular martinet, is strongly opposed to the regimental theatricals, and will not countenance them in any way. Harry, as the chief offender in this respect, is marked out for harsh treatment when occasion arises to justify severity. He knows the colonel's amiable intentions, and is on his guard against any breach of discipline. But of what use are the prudent resolves of such as he? An unusually successful performance, in which our hero is the great attraction as Othello, is followed by a champagne supper on the stage, when the noble Moor sits at the head of the table in full costume, and leads the singing, toasting, speaking and drinking, until the portly Desdemona carries him to his quarters. He is aroused next morning by the beating of the drum, and his horrified to find the regiment under arms for drill. With his head in a whirl, his military and theatrical ward-ropes sadly mixed, and his toilet-table, glass and wash-basin absent at the theatre, he dresses as well as he can and hurries down to where the frowning colonel and the rest of the officers are awaiting him. A general titter passes along the line as he proceeds, and he reaches the group of officers in indignation at such a disrespectful reception. What is his surprise when the officers break out into a general roar of laughter the moment they catch sight of him. He looks down at his costume, expecting to see that he has made some mistake in dressing, but all is correct. He catches the infection and laughs also. Then the officers fairly grow hysterical

with mirth. The colonel, who has been examining some of the men, comes angrily up to the group, and Harry, respectfully touching his cap, wishes him good morning. The colonel, purple with rage, and fairly shaking with passion, cries, 'Go, sir, to your quarters; and before you leave them a court-martial shall decide if such continued insult to your commanding officer warrants your name being in the Army List.' 'May I beg, Colonel Carden,' says Harry. 'To your quarters, sir,' roars the colonel. It is with a heart swelling with indignation at the laughter of his comrades and the tyranny of the colonel that Harry summons his servant, on his return to his quarters, to ask for information in regard to the cause of the sensation he has caused. The servant laughs like the rest, and, in reply to his master's furious demand for an explanation of his levity, says: 'Oh, sir, surely you did not appear on the parade with that face!' Harry springs to the glass, which had been replaced, and there is the black face of Othello glowering at him under a bear-skin shako. Then it is his turn to laugh. But when his friend the adjutant comes to warn him that the colonel will not believe it was an accident, but is firmly convinced that it was an intentional insult, our hero characteristically resolves rather to risk the impending court-martial than endure the laughter of the regiment, and boldly declares that the colonel is right; that it was no mistake; that he had made a bet that the colonel should see him as Othello, and had won. So the adjutant goes out to reawaken the laughter of the regiment, at the colonel's expense this time, and Harry goes to the colonel's quarters and by very humble apologies for the accident, succeeds in making his peace. Every dinner-table in Cork laughs at the poor colonel, and Lorrequer becomes more popular than ever.

He is punished for this escapade by being sent into the interior on the first detachment duty that offers, and, find-

ing no other outlet for his surplus energies, falls violently in love.

The Earl of Callouby, whose country seat is near his place of banishment, is an old friend of his uncle, Sir Guy Lorrequer, and apparently under the impression that Harry is the favoured nephew who is to inherit the baronetcy and the estates, makes him take up his residence with the family. Harry thinking it time that his relationship to Sir Guy should be of some advantage to him, accepts the offered hospitality, and is soon on the most intimate terms with every member of the family except the eldest daughter, Lady Jane, with whom he is too deeply in love to be familiar. One morning, after each member of the family in turn, with the exception of Lady Jane, claims him in fulfilment of a different engagement for the day, Lady Callouby carries him off to the conservatory to decide disputes about some new plants. She calls his attention to a scrubby little thing, which he proceeds to examine minutely, while the gardener waits in intense anxiety for his decision on it. 'Collins will have it a jungermania,' says Lady Callouby. 'And Collins is right,' Harry promptly adds, making the gardener look ridiculously happy. 'What a wretch it is!' says Lady Catherine, the younger daughter, covering her face with her handkerchief, and he sees that one at least has discovered him.

The same accommodating disposition induces him to assist in the canvass of the county, and to take an active part in discussions on agriculture, rents, tithes, and other topics of which he knows as little as he does of botany. It also leads him into the writing of several autographs of distinguished men, including Napoleon, for a lady who desires to add to her collection. More than this, he accepts a challenge to mortal combat from a man he has never heard of, for an offence he is ignorant of, rather than disoblige the gentleman, his friend the adjutant jocularly saying that if he shoots the

challenger they 'might worm out the secret (the cause of quarrel) from his executors.'

Lever's novels are rich in the literature of the duello. Most of his heroes 'go out' more than once, with varying results. His tone, when he descends to moralizing, is condemnatory of the code, but his descriptions are well calculated to popularize it. His fire-eating seconds, and his general treating of the subject, have been copied so faithfully by many other authors that one feels already familiar with these scenes when reading Lever for the first time. Dr. Finucane, who acts as the friend of the challenging party in this duel for an unexplained cause, is the original of many of the seconds who figure in later novels. Small of stature, active, polite, self-important, utterly reckless of his friend, but ready to stand in his place if required, the doctor picks out 'a sweet spot' and places the men. Harry's hat is ventilated, and his opponent receives a bullet in the leg. The doctor coolly pronounces the wound of no consequence, and briskly presents pistols for another shot, but loss of blood weakens his principal until he faints and falls. When he rallies he fixes his eyes upon the doctor, and with pale lips, and in a voice quivering from weakness, thus mournfully reproaches his friend: 'Fin, didn't I tell ye that pistol always threw high—oh! O Fin! if you had only given me the saw-handled one that *I am used to*; but it is no good talking now.' This fighting Irishman is Giles Beamish, the 'Feargus' of the ball-room at Cork, and his thirst for blood was caused by the discovery that his brother Phil, of whose exploits Harry had given so glowing an account, had run away with the regimental treasure the day before the battle of Waterloo.

Father Malachi Brennan, to whose house the duelling party repairs, with the wounded man, could only be drawn by an Irishman, and could only be located in Ireland. He may or may

not have been drawn from the life, but it is certain that he has been generally accepted as a possibility, if not a reality, instead of being probated against as a libel on the priesthood. His short, fleshy and muscular figure; his large and rosy face, with an expression of boundless good humour and inexhaustible drollery; his bald head, with its ring of hair at the base; and his rich voice and mellow brogue, make him what Lever had often pictured to himself as 'the beau ideal of his caste.' He loves good fare, hot punch, good company, and jokes, good or bad. The famous quarterly dinner at the parsonage, which Harry and his friends attend, must be fresh in the memory of every reader of Lever. The mirthful priest, ready to hoax part of his guests at the expense of the others, introduces Harry as Lord Kilkie, eldest son of their landlord, and the adjutant as the new Scotch steward and improver. Harry's disclaimer is drowned by the enthusiastic cheering which greets him, and, with his fatal facility for falling into the humour of the moment, he soon finds himself listening blandly to the grievances and petitions of those around him—lowering rents, delivering debtors from jail, abolishing arrears, making roads over impassible bogs and inaccessible mountains, and even conducting water to a mill which, as he learns next morning, had always been worked by wind. When drink and drollery have produced the proper frame of mind in which rivalry in good works will make men forget their ordinary caution with respect to money matters, the priest introduces the serious business of the evening, a contribution on behalf of some Church fund. The author's description of the progress of the plate gives more insight into the good father's manner of working upon the feelings of his parishoners than a lengthy essay would, and the temptation to quote it is too great to be resisted:—

He brought a plate from a side-

table, and placing it before him, addressed the company in a very brief but suitable speech, detailing the object of the institution he was advocating, and concluding with the following words: 'And now ye'll just give whatever ye like, according to your means in life, and what ye can spare.'

The admonition, like the 'morale' of an income tax, having the immediate effect of putting each man against his neighbour, and suggesting to their already excited spirits all the ardor of gambling, without, however, a prospect of gain. The plate was first handed to me in honour of my 'rank,' and having deposited upon it a handful of small silver, the priest ran his finger through the coin and called out:

'Five pounds! at least; not a farthing less, as I'm a sinner. Look, there—see now; they tell ye the gentlemen don't care for the like of ye, but see for yourselves. May I trouble ye'r lordship to pass the plate to Mr. Mahony—he's impatient, I see.'

Mr. Mahony, about whom I perceived very little of the impatience alluded to, was a grim-looking old Christian, in a rabbit-skin waistcoat, with long flaps, who fumbled in the recesses of his breeches pocket for five minutes, and then drew forth three shillings, which he laid upon the plate with what I thought very much resembled a sigh.

'Six and six pence, is it? or is it five shillings?—all the same, Mr. Mahony, and I'll not forget the thrifle you were speaking about this morning anyway;' and here he leaned over as interceding with me for him, but in reality to whisper in my ear, 'The greatest miser from this to Castlebar.'

'Who's that put down the half-guinea in goold?' (and this time he spoke the truth.) 'Who's that, I say?' 'Tim Kennedy, your reverence,' said Tim, stroking his hair down with one hand, and looking proud and modest at the same moment.

'Tim, ye're a credit to us anyday,

and I always said so. It's a gauger he'd like to be, my lord,' said he, turning to me, in a kind of stage whisper. I nodded and muttered something, when he thanked me most profoundly as if his suit had prospered.

'Mickey Oulahan—the lord's looking at ye, Mickey.' This was said pianissime across the table, and had the effect of increasing Mr. Oulahan's donation from five shillings to seven—the last had being pitched in very much in the style of a gambler making his final coup, and crying '*va banque*.' 'The Oulahans were always dacent people—dacent people, my lord.'

'Begorra, the Oulahans was niver dacter nor the Molowneys, anyhow,' said a tall athletic young fellow, as he threw down three crown pieces, with an energy that made every coin leap from the plate.

'They'll do now,' said Father Brennen; 'I'll leave them to themselves,' and truly the eagerness to get the plate and put down the subscription fully equalled the rapacious anxiety I have witnessed in an old maid at loo, to get possession of a thirty-shilling pool, be the same more or less, which lingered on its way to her in the hands of many a fair competitor.

Such is our side of Father Brennen's character, and many authors have shown their appreciation of it by borrowing its peculiarities for priests of their own creation.

Our hero makes a half avowal of his love for Lady Jane, believes that she loves him in return, encourages himself to hope for the earl's consent, and gets leave of absence after the departure of the Calloubys for London, for the purpose of appealing to his uncle for such a settlement as will justify his pretensions to the hand of the lady. He no sooner marks out the road before him than he already fancies himself successful in all things. His uncle settles upon him part of the estates intended for the favoured nephew, the lady flies into his arms, and

the earl says, 'Bless you, my children.' All this is plain before his mind's eye, and doubt never enters to mar the picture. After perpetrating a huge sell on a fellow passenger in the packet, and being delayed four or five weeks by injuries from the upsetting of the Liverpool and London coach, he arrives in London to find that the Calloubys have gone to Paris. Then he posts down to Elton, sure of being able to persuade his uncle to make a good settlement on Lady Jane in case she became the wife of Harry Lorrequer. But before he opens his heart to Sir Guy, he learns from him that his cousin is the guest of Lord Callouby in Paris, and the favoured suitor for the hand of Lady Jane. Letters have passed between the earl and the baronet on the subject, and the match is regarded by the old gentleman as good as made. Then Harry sees clearly what he had suspected before, that the earl had mistaken him for the heir of Sir Guy, and supposes that his adored one shifted her affections on learning that she had been deceived in regard to her lover's expectations. He sinks instantly to the lowest depths of despair, and sees no gleam of hope piercing the blackness. He conceals his mission from his uncle, and cuts his visit short.

But it is not in the nature of Harry Lorrequer to brood long over his woes. Mischief, fun and frolic are abroad, and they soon find him out. Jack Waller, an old dragoon acquaintance, picks him up and asks his assistance in carrying off the fair daughter of a rich old India officer who lives near Cheltenham. He demurs at first, but soon allows himself to be drawn into the scheme, makes the acquaintance of the family, and is on the point of proposing for the lady when Jack runs away with her. That adventure was one of the most amusing and least satisfactory of all his escapades, and cannot be recalled by any reader without laughing.

After a halt in Dublin, where he

meets Tom O'Flaherty, Mrs. Clanfrizzle and other amusing people, he reaches his regiment, having a laughable stage-coach adventure *en route*, engages once more in the management of private theatricals that end in grief, becomes ludicrously involved in a friend's abortive attempt to elope with the daughter of a rural magnate, and is sent with a detachment to an assize town where trials are in progress which agitate the public mind considerably, and gives him an insight into the methods employed by the magistracy and constabulary for the detection and punishment of parties guilty of rick burning and other crimes only too popular then and now among the masses in that country.

Harry is astounded, and transported once more into the regions of the blest, by the reception of a letter from Lord Callouby, playfully upbraiding him for silence and absence, and cordially inviting him to join the family in Paris. He curses his folly in so readily believing the rumour about his cousin's success, fancies that the fair Jane is destined for him after all, and rises once more to the seventh heaven of blissful expectation. Another leave is obtained, and once more he starts off with the purpose of proposing for the fair and beloved Lady Jane. After a day of fun in Dublin his sorrows begin. He accepts, against the warnings of his better genius, the care of two ladies *en route* for Paris, one of them being young and pretty. They are helpless, and Harry has to care for them. He loves Lady Jane with his whole heart, but Miss Isabella Bingham is near him, depending on his protection, looking to him for amusement, and how can he help being very tender towards her? He feels his danger, and yet he knows there is no escape, for how can a man, and such a man as Harry Lorrequer, run away from a pretty girl? The intimacy grows greater every day, the mother smiles approvingly, and he already has a warning

glimpse of an entanglement which may ruin his dearest hopes. The young couple walk on in advance of the carriage, wander from the high road, are left behind, and, having procured a conveyance, are arrested and detained because they are without passports, those necessary documents being in the carriage with mamma. The dismal night at the inn, the ludicrous blanket adventure, the examination before the *mairie*, and the reunion with Mrs. Bingham, follow, and Harry arrives at Paris to find that the Callobys are at Baden.

A few hours in Paris are sufficient for him to get involved in a riot in a gaming house, after he has broken the bank, to become the confidant of Mr. Arthur O'Leary's amusing love adventures, to receive a wound in a duel with a Frenchman, and to become, to all appearances, hopelessly entangled with Miss Bingham. But he honourably escapes from the fair Isabella's toils, no thanks to his own discretion or management, and succeeds, by the accidental exchange of passports with a fellow-traveller, in escaping arrest on account of the affair in the gaming house before getting over the frontier. At Strasburg he is lionized in the character of the celebrated composer whose passport he has, and given a regular oration at the opera.

On his arrival at Munich he hastily procures a suit for a ball that evening, at which he expects to meet the Callobys, telling the over-worked tailor to dress him like the Pope's Nuncio, or the Mayor of London, if he liked, but only enable him to go to the ball, and is supplied with a diplomatic uniform. At his appearance in the ball-room he is saluted by a court functionary as 'your excellency,' presented to the King, and treated with the greatest respect and familiarity by his majesty and all the great personages in his train. He is at a loss to account for the warmth of the royal reception, but accepts the situation and enjoys himself without vexing his mind in

the search for reasons. Lord Callouby finds him, when he arrives, playing whist with the King, Prince Maximilian and the Prussian ambassador. He is astonished, of course, and his astonishment is not lessened, later in the evening, when the grand mareschal invited Harry to dine with his majesty the following day. Lord Callouby imparts the information that Guy Lorrequer is expected to join them soon, and Harry is so much affected by this discovery of his cousin's continued intimacy with the family that he loses consciousness. An aid-de-camp comes from the King to ask after his health, a court carriage is placed at 'his excellency's' service, the Minister for Foreign Affairs remarks to Lord Callouby that he 'fears his excellency has been greatly overworked lately—his exertions on the subject of the Greek loan are well known to his majesty,' and is greeted as '*mon cher* colleague' by the venerable Minister.

Next morning, when summoned to breakfast with the Callouby family, he is startled to learn that the town is ringing with the story of his having hoaxed the King by passing himself off on him as the new English *chargé d'affaires*, who arrived the evening before the ball but did not attend it, and has hard work to convince his friends of his innocence. They make his peace with the Court, but it is long before he ceases to be addressed as 'your excellency' and questioned about the Greek Loan.

Sir Guy Lorrequer arrives; and Harry's new-blown hopes of happiness are changed to despair by the information that the old gentleman has drawn up a marriage contract for his cousin and Lady Jane, and only awaits the coming of the bridegroom. It was, it appeared, the long-cherished wish of both gentlemen to unite their houses, and Harry is looked upon merely as a friend of all parties who is expected to unite in the general joy over the union. Fancy the joyfulness with which he

receives the information and accepts a commission to go to Paris and hasten Guy's coming. He insists, however, that Lady Jane's consent to the marriage be obtained before he takes any steps for its futherance, and Lord Callouby, who has taken that for granted, goes to his daughter and learns that she is resolved not to marry their chosen one. The old gentlemen lament this failure of their cherished plans, and Harry, inspired with a hope that makes him tremble, says he might, perhaps, win her consent to accept Sir Guy Lorrequer's nephew. 'Name your price, boy,' cries Sir Guy, 'and keep your word.' Then Harry suggests that his own name be substituted for Guy's in the contract. They are stunned for a moment, and then Lord Callouby says: 'Fairly caught, Guy; a bold stroke, if it only succeeds.' 'And it shall, by G——,' cries the uncle. 'Elton is yours, Harry; and with seven thousand a year, and my nephew to boot, Callouby won't refuse you.' Lord Callouby consents for him to try his fortune with the lady, and he rushes after her like a maniac, catches her in his arms, pours out the story of his old love and his new fortune together, is accepted, and the wedding follows the next week.

This synopsis of the story gives a better idea of Harry Lorrequer's character than could be imparted by description of his characteristics, but it scarcely conveys more than a hint of the superabundant wealth of anecdote and incident with which Lever enriches his tales. When his characters are not engaged in adventures of a more or less lively character, they are relating interesting episodes in their own or others' lives.

There are two references to Canada in this story. In one of them Halifax is located in the West Indies, and the other gives an account of the manner in which the Buffalo Fencibles were frightened by the witty commander of a small British garrison at Fort Peak, on the Niagara river, into surrendering

their arms and ignominiously fleeing for their lives.

In 'Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon,' we have a hero with a strong family likeness to Harry Lorrequer. His career might, but for certain subtle differences of character, almost be supposed to be that of Harry previous to the introduction of that versatile gentleman to the public. The likeness is rather superficial, however, and grows weaker as we study the two men. O'Malley comes on the stage at seventeen, the heir of a ruined Irish Squire's mortgaged estates, and is transformed all at once into a man by falling desperately in love with a young lady he can scarcely hope to win, and by seriously wounding a man in a duel. What a picture of a contested election we have in the opening chapters. The story of the escape of Godfrey O'Malley from his creditors (when the dissolution of Parliament rendered him liable to arrest), by pretending to be dead, travelling from Dublin to Galway as a corpse, and addressing the electors from the top of the hearse on his arrival, is told with Irish wit of the most pungent description. The conversation of Sir Harry Boyle and the other conspirators in the mortuary fraud is very amusing without being absolutely irreverent, and Sir Harry's vain attempt to compose an obituary notice without a bull must make everybody laugh. Godfrey O'Malley owes everybody, entertains everybody, and is always ready to fight with a foe, or drink with a friend. His tenants love him and cheat him, and all the paupers and vagabonds bless his munificence and his mildness. 'There was nothing else for it, boys,' he explains to his constituents; 'the Dublin people insisted on my being their member, and besieged the club-house. I refused—they threatened; I grew obstinate—they furious. 'I'll die first,' said I—'Galway or nothing!' ('Hurrah,' from the mob. 'O'Malley forever!') And ye see I kept my word, boys—

I did die; I died that evening at a quarter past eight. There, read it for yourselves; there's the paper; was waked and carried out, and here I am after all, ready to die in earnest for you—but never to desert you.' Of course he is cheered deafeningly, and borne in triumph on the shoulders of his admirers; but when the real secret of his escape leaks out his popularity raises to a white heat, and his progress is that of a returning conqueror, so great is the general joy over his escape from the officers of the law. His success in the election is rendered sure by this exploit. No man who has not shot a sheriff, broken out of jail, or tarred and feathered a judge, could stand before such popularity as his, and the opposing candidate retires. The bravery, hospitality, quarrelsomeness, humour and ferocity of the Irish character are indicated in the opening chapters, with the clear but seemingly careless touches of one who speaks from a full knowledge of his subject and does not for a moment expect to be accused of having been inconsistent.

In dealing with Irish electoral contests Lever never sinks the artisan in the partisan, as Lover and others who have followed in his wake have done, but gives both sides credit for about an equal amount of unscrupulousness. Honours are easy and it is the odd trick that wins.

Captain Hammersly, the Englishman in whom Harry recognises a dangerous rival for the hand of Lucy Dashwood, although somewhat haughty in bearing and heavy in the saddle, is not painted, as a less accomplished artist would have depicted him, in a ridiculous light, but proves himself a daring and accomplished rider, although he finally comes to grief at the sunk fence, the last and most dangerous of Harry's leaps in the fox hunt, where they test the mettle of their horses, and the strength of their own bones, and acts the part of an honourable man throughout. No Englishman

need blush at such a representation of his race. Few finer types of his class are to be found in English fiction. He fails in his suit merely because the lady cannot love him, and not because his deserts are less than his rival's.

It is to be hoped that, if young O'Malley's college career was sketched from life, a reform has taken place in the University of Dublin. His roommate, Frank Webber, must ever remain the monarch of scapegrace students. With talents enough to take the highest prizes, he fails at every examination, and never rises higher than the freshman form. His genius for hatching mischief is only equalled by his dexterity in executing it. No one can help laughing at his impish performances, and the more we laugh the more we deprecate the folly which leads him to waste his youth and talents in winning the applause of those who have his own distaste for study, but lack his brains. His success in making Dr. Mooney believe that the Dean's drinking habits are responsible for the noise which nightly proceeds from the wing in which they are both quartered; his street impersonations of wandering minstrels; his conversation with an imaginary escaping convict in the sewer, which draw an eager crowd, and closes with the frantic announcement that the poor man has fainted, on which the mob go madly to work and dig up the street with the hope of rescuing the poor fellow, thus bringing down the police and military, and creating a serious riot; his assaults on watchmen, serenades to professors, and transposition of signs; his wonderful success in eluding conviction, and escaping punishment when fairly caught; and the crowning hoax of personating General Dashwood's unknown sister-in-law, visiting him in that character on the night of his daughter's ball, and astonishing the company by singing, 'The Widow Malone' at the supper table, have seldom been equalled in real life or fiction.

But a commission in the Light Dragoons rescues O'Malley from the inglorious position of first lieutenant in Webber's brigade, and he begins real life in the Peninsula. The people he meets over the punch-bowl, at the mess-table, or around the bivouac fire, with their reminiscences of other days; his flirtations with the Dalrymple girls at Cork, and the beautiful Senora at Lisbon; his dashing galantry in several battles, varied experiences in outpost duty, and mad leadership of the forlorn hope in the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo; his meeting with Lord Wellington, whom he unwittingly offends more than once; the state of his feelings for Lucy Dashwood; and a duel and other dangerous adventures with which he breaks the monotony of campaigning, afford the author full scope for his marvellous storytelling powers and racy descriptive faculty. Then the scene is changed to Galway, where the young dragoon returns to see his dying uncle, sells his commission, settles down as a country gentleman, and by careful management, rescues the burdened estates from the grasp of the mortgagees, and has an interesting flirtation with a pretty cousin. On the eve of Waterloo he rejoins the army as a volunteer, is appointed an aid-de-camp to General Picton, taken prisoner at Quatre Bras, escapes in time to give Wellington important information concerning the French forces, distinguishes himself on that bloody battle-field, marries Lucy Dashwood (whom he had rather unaccountably despaired of winning), and is welcomed home by a rejoicing tenantry.

So simple the story which Lever's genius invests with absorbing interest. The tale is more varied in scene, and richer in incident, than 'Harry Lorrequer,' and is only inferior in a certain indescribable personal charm which makes Harry so dear to every one who forms his acquaintance.

But what a mixed company of glorious good fellows and amusing originals

we meet in Charles O'Malley's company, and how interesting they become to us all. There is Fred Power, the magic of whose name rescued the hero from the Dalrymple matrimonial net, and who is every inch a soldier, and one of the best fellows imaginable; O'Shaughnessy, riotous, profane, good-natured, drunken, full of the marvellous fox-hunting and duelling experiences of himself and his relations, yet tender-hearted, brave and true; Dr. Maurice Quill, ready with tales of adventures, a charming companion in all circumstances, and as cool under fire as the bravest in the army; poor Sparks, with his unfortunate facility for falling in love with the wrong woman; Major Monsoon, the wine-absorbing, romancing, pillaging and borrowing commissary, who confidentially informs his comrades that he 'would have been an excellent officer if Providence had not made him such a confounded drunken old scoundrel;' Wellington, Crawford and Picton; the fire-eating Considine; and the immortal Mickey Free, the Prince of Irish valets, the singer of good songs, the irrepressible humourist, the faithful servant, who has no equal in English fiction. There is but one Mickey Free. He is familiar without impertinence; has a hand in everything, but is not meddling; is ubiquitous, but never in the way. On the road, in camp or tavern, when the narrative would otherwise be dull, there is Mickey with his original songs, his reminiscences, his observations on men and manners, his flirtations with pretty girls, his consequential imitative airs, and his efforts to spread the fame of his master and himself. From his first introduction, when he cheers Charley's sick-room with the account of his negotiations with Father Roach for the release of his father from purgatory, we never meet him without laughing at him, except when we see him madly rushing around in search of his master after a battle, half frantic for fear he has been killed.

The nominal hero of 'Jack Hinton, the Guardsman,' is Jack himself, but his friend Phil O'Grady, the beau ideal of a dashing Irish officer, elevates himself to the chief place in the author's good graces before the story is half told, and is sketched with a loving hand. Hinton, a very young officer in the Guards, is sent to Ireland as an aid-de-camp to the Viceroy, and gradually learns the ways of the people, leaving his English prejudices and his heart on Irish soil. He is a manly, spirited fellow, always rising equal to the occasion, but drifts in the current of events instead of taking the helm and steering. This is quite in keeping with his position. His father is a high officer in the army, his mother a woman of fashion, his god-father a royal duke, and his promotion sure as a matter of favour. He finds himself thrown upon his own resources for the first time in Ireland, and has to think out a great many things for himself before he is as worldly wise as youths less favoured by birth. The Irish bar, the Viceroy's Court, Dublin's shoddy society and steeple-chasing and duelling, are introduced, and Irish life and character presented in many phases. The Rooneys, whose vulgarity is partially redeemed by their hospitality and goodness of heart, are the most delightful examples imaginable of aspiring shoddyism, trying to make the lavish outlay of money make up for the want of birth and breeding, and giving costly entertainments to those who laugh at them across their own table. We cannot help liking the Rooneys, notwithstanding all their vain endeavours to attain social eminence, but their inability to appreciate rebuffs and detect partially veiled contempt keeps our liking from changing to the uncomfortable feeling of indignation at the treatment to which they are frequently subjected by their guests. Long may honest Paul manœuvre between the client, the counsel and the jury, and may his fair and fat spouse

give dinners and *fêtes* until the end of time. Father Tom Loftus has a strong family likeness to Father Brennen, strong enough to show that the earlier creation must have been welcomed approvingly. The type has become stereotyped in tale and drama since these stories were published. He carries out the apostolic injunction—be all things to all men—and evidently holds that the women are included in the command. There is nothing clerical about him, except his good heart, and he is more than once in danger of being rebuked for levity by his bishop. Corny Delaney, O'Grady's servant, is a strong contrast to the mirthful Mickey Free, but fully as original in his way. He keeps up his title of Cross Corny by exhibitions of ill-temper that nothing but his hereditary hold on his master would render compatible with continued service, and only his honest devotion palliates. The free spoken servant has been portrayed in many instances, and lives in many anecdotes of great men's households, and Corny is no more improbable than the majority of the tribe. Irish ferocity and rascality are worthily illustrated by Ulick Burke, a cousin of the lady Hinton falls in love with in the tenth chapter and only wins in the last, who, after a career of crime in Ireland and France, escapes to the United States, 'where, by the exercise of his abilities and natural sharpness, he accumulated a large fortune, and, distinguished by his anti-English prejudices, became a leading member of Congress.' Lever could not have expressed more contempt for the United States and their institutions if he had written a book for that express purpose. In that one sentence he revenges himself on the piratical publishers who stole his books, and on those who gave his name to wretched imitations of his style. Ulick Burke himself might almost have been satisfied with vengeance so sardonic, although it was not the kind he was in the habit of taking.

"Tom Burke of Ours" is very different in tone from its predecessors, although Ireland is still the land where the chief scenes are laid, and many of the most stirring incidents take place, and military men are the principal characters. Tom Burke's life is blighted in the bud by the utter neglect and dislike with which he is treated at home, all his brutal father's love and care being bestowed on the elder son. He herds with the servants and the dumb animals on the estate, keeps his best thoughts and aspirations buried in his young breast, broods over his wrongs, and feels deeply the lack of love and sympathy. At the death of his father he finds himself apprenticed to the family attorney, a rascal for whom he has an intense antipathy, and runs away with a wandering piper, the famous Darby the Blast, who is one of the most active and useful of the united Irishmen. Darby fills his young mind with hatred of English oppression, with ardent aspirations for the liberty of all people, and with hope for the success of the cause which the United Irishmen were banded together to promote. He also compromises him, to some extent, in the doings of the society, although Tom is too young to be admitted and taken into its councils. A young French officer, engaged in secretly preparing the malcontents for an outbreak, opens Tom's eyes to the real character of the movement, shows him that the patriots confined themselves to the murder of defenceless landlords, the pillage of country houses, and the perfection of a scheme for the slaughter of members of the Irish Parliament who advocated the union, instead of open rebellion, arouses within him an intense admiration for Napoleon, and supplies him with letters to influential people in France. After the death of Charles de Meudon, Tom goes to Paris, narrowly escaping from the officers who are on his track, studies at the Polytechnique, receives a commission in the French army in due course, and serves in several campaigns under the

Emperor. But the evil genius that blighted his boyhood still follows him. He is alone amid the crowd. Circumstances make him an object of suspicion to the Government, and the knowledge of that fact dries up the very springs of sociability in his soul. He worships the Emperor as a great hero, but begins to see that his victories do not secure the liberty of oppressed nations, or remove the fetters from personal freedom in France. The proud thought that he is aiding in the overthrow of tyranny, such as Ireland suffers under, so that national slavery should give way to independence, soon dies out, and he realizes that military glory and French aggrandizement are the sole result of victory. He feels the depressing influence of his position as an alien, and sighs because he has no country. His heart is heavy even when his career is the most promising. When notwithstanding his bravery in battle, and personal services rendered to the Emperor himself, he is again treated as an object of suspicion, on account of his having associated with a Bourbonist gentleman, and expressed opinions adverse to the police espionage which is practised, he resigns his commission in proud resentment, and returns to Ireland. There he is arrested for participation in the outrages which preceded his departure, narrowly escaping conviction, and takes possession of the family estates, which had fallen to him by the death of his brother. But he sees or fancies he sees that he is regarded with suspicion, looked upon as a rebel, when he goes into the society of the country gentlemen of his own class, and so he proudly stands aloof from them, and keeps company only with his own thoughts. He turns his attention to his tenants, and tries to gain their confidence and better their condition. But he soon finds it impossible to do anything for their permanent improvement. They wonder how he can feel for the poor and not hate the rich, accept relief for present wants, as nothing but a passing kind-

ness, and 'strain their gaze to a government or ruling power for a boon undefined, unknown, and illimitable.' He can not flatter their hopes for a legislative change that will abolish poverty — 'that the act of a parliament will penetrate the thousand tortuous windings of a poor man's destiny,'—and they repose no confidence in his opinions. 'The trading patriot who promised much, while he pocketed their hard-earned savings, the rabid newspaper-writer, who libelled the Government, and denounced the landlord, were their standards of sympathy, and he who fell short of either was not their friend.' Finding that the confidence of the people could only be purchased at too high a price, he gives up all hope of human fellowship, and lives an isolated life. His unspoken passion for Marie de Meudon, whom he had met at Josephine's receptions, and who had become the wife of his best friend in the French army, shuts him off from the wish for familiar companionship, and he is as lonely and cheerless a man as the kingdom affords. But when Napoleon's disastrous retreat from Moscow lays France open to invasion, when the conqueror who had marched victoriously over Europe is struggling to protect his own frontiers, when he who had distributed crowns among his generals as rewards for their services is in danger of losing his own, Tom Burke forgets the insult which drove him from the Imperial service. His desire to again feel the maddening inspiration of battle grows so strong that he cannot resist it, and he hurries over to France and joins the army. Men of his stamp are needed, and he is welcomed back and restored to his old grade of captain. In the short and bloody campaign which followed, in which Napoleon, like a caged tiger, springs wildly at the walls of bayonets which enclose him, Burke acts the hero's part, and, so freely are honours and promotions scattered among the brave and faithful, that he is a colonel when the Em-

peror abdicates the throne of France and accepts banishment to Elba. Marie has become a widow, and when Tom summons up courage enough to ask her to be his wife she consents. He returns to Ireland with his bride, and must be supposed to have been 'happy ever after.' It is to be hoped that the gentle Marie exorcised the demon of distrust which events had conspired to make his familiar spirit and taught him that much of the world's coldness was but the reflection of his own manner.

This story lacks the dash and spontaneity of Lever's other military tales, but displays a conscientious study of the men and events referred to which is by no means characteristic of his style. Tom Burke's mental attitudes are carefully described, and harmonize well with nature and the influences acting on him. National characteristics are made striking by natural contrasts, rather than by the agency of exaggeration, and the desire to do justice to all parties is apparent. Landlords and tenants, Napoleonists and Bourbons, are shown with that mixture of good and bad qualities which the student of human nature finds among every people, class, and party. Napoleon is worshipped as a military hero, but the disastrous effects of his career on the nation that shares his glory, and the petty tyranny of his rule, are plainly indicated.

Many of the people with whom Tom Burke comes in contact deserve much more attention than can be given them here. Darby the Blast is the trusted emissary of the conspirators who plotted the overthrow of English rule in Ireland, and is as thoroughly unscrupulous about the means to be used in striking terror into the governing classes as any of his associates. He is the spy who gets information that is wanted, and the courier who keeps up communication between the bands. His pipes, songs, and stories make him welcome everywhere, and few suspect such a humorous vagabond of

cherishing ardent national hopes and being trusted with the secrets of a widespread revolutionary organization. Major Barton is as respectable and agreeable as an active, daring and zealous civil officer in Ireland could possibly be, and hounds down victims in the interests of the state rather than for the gratification of private malice. Charles de Meudon, dying in the land where his hopes had died, touches one's sympathies deeply. He had expected much, had abandoned much, had risked his life a long time, and awoke at last to find that he had been deceived, that dishonour instead of glory was the only reward to be won. Capt. Bubbleton and the sour-visaged Anna Maria have the air of unreality which many of Dickens's characters wear on a first acquaintance, and we have to get to know them well enough to like them before we can believe that they actually exist. Bubbleton can be accepted only as a very broad caricature on a possible captain of infantry, and as such he is a very laughable and likable person. He is all heart and imagination, without a particle of brains, and romances with a luxuriance that could not possibly pass muster out of an insane asylum. Maitre d'Armes François is unsurpassed as a representative of the duelling mania. He is not so bad a fellow, notwithstanding his love of displaying the deftness of his *passe en tierce* at the expense of his brother officers, and is as ready to face a bayonet in battle as a small-sword on the duelling ground. His account of his meeting with his bosom friend and foster brother Piccotin, the only man who rivalled him as a duellist, after returning from Egypt, shows how fully the subject occupied the minds of both. They rushed into each other's arms, and 'Ah! *mon cher*, how many?' was Piccotin's first question. 'Only eighteen,' replied François, sadly, 'but two of them were Mamelukes of the Guard.' 'Thou wert ever fortunate, François,' Piccotin said, wiping his

eyes with emotion, 'I have never pinked any but Christians.' After spending most of the night in talking over their adventures, they set out for their quarters. In the centre of the park, where a little bronze fountain, with four cedars around it were lighted up by the bright moonbeams, Piccotin came to a sudden halt, seized his companion's hand, and broke the meditative silence which had existed some time with the question—'François, canst thou guess what I'm thinking of?' François looked at him, looked around, and answered—'Yes, Piccotin, I know it, it is a lovely spot.' 'Never was anything like it,' cried Piccotin in rapture; 'look at the turf, smooth as velvet, and yet soft to the foot; see the trees, how they fall back to give the light admittance; and then, that little fountain, if one felt thirsty—eh!—what say you?' 'Agreed,' said François, grasping him by both hands; 'for this once—once only, Piccotin.' 'Only once, François; a few passes, and no more.' 'Just so—the first touch.' 'Exactly—the first touch.' As the result of this friendly fencing Piccotin was run through the chest, after blood had followed several touches on both sides, 'You killed him!' cried three or four of the listening officers at the end of the story, '*Mé foi!* Yes. The coup was mortal—he never stirred after.' De Beauvais, Duchesne, Pioche, Crofts, Tascher, and Minette, the brave vivandiere, are sharply outlined types of character, and the historical personages who are introduced are handled with the evident purpose of representing them as they really were.

The female characters do not take any prominent place in these novels. Most of them were created simply

because it is necessary to have some one for the heroes to fall in love with. They are slightly sketched, for the most part, and yet each one has an unmistakable individuality. They are not brought on the scene, except when their presence is absolutely necessary to the movement, and are not allowed to do much of the talking then. The author does not pretend to analyze their motives, or trace the progress of ideas through their minds, but allows their actions to speak for themselves. Their feelings, during all the years that elapse between their conquest of the heart and their capture of the husband, are not exposed to view, but certain gentle hints give the initiated to understand that they are anxiously waiting for the proposal all the time. There are, of course, some obstacles in the way of immediate union, but nothing to prevent the interchange of tender words and notes, by way of making the probationary period less unpleasant. Lady Jane Callouby, Lucy Dashwood, Louisa Bellew, Lady Julia Egerton, and Marie de Meudon, are worthy, in every respect, of the fine fellows who win them. Donna Inez is a very reckless flirt, and seems to enjoy rather more freedom than Portuguese etiquette permits. It is to be feared that Fred Power did not consider his marriage with her as the luckiest event of his life. No fault is to be found with Lady Hinton, as a character study, but it hardly seems the correct thing for Jack to paint such a portrait of his mother. He is not the one to expose her fashionable follies, weaknesses, selfishness and affectation, and the half-contemptuous tone in which he speaks of her is unnatural and repugnant.

THE SCARS OF A RECENT CONFLICT.

BY DANIEL CLARK, M. D.

THE first thing of a minor nature that is noticeable to a stranger in the United States is the profusion of national flags displayed on almost every occasion; and the ubiquity of the image of the eagle, the bird of freedom, which is seen on all sides, seeming perpetually prepared to soar at a moment's warning from a mast-head, a bowsprit, the top of a pilot-house, the apex of a monument, or the stamp on a pill-box. These two national emblems of this energetic people greet the eye at every corner on week days, holidays, and Sundays. Were the emblem of the British Lion, whether *rampant* or *couchant*, to multiply to such an extent, John Bull would begin to think he had fallen into a den such as my namesake found it uncomfortable to remain in. This trait for a display of this kind wanes very perceptibly as a stranger travels south of Philadelphia and St. Louis. The pulse of patriotism for the whole Union grows weaker, and fidelity to a State takes its place. Since the recent war an observer can perceive a sullen reserve and a forced submission to the powers that be among all classes of the whites. In the Southern cities the national flag may be seen waving over Federal offices and national cemeteries; but seldom is it flung to the breeze by private citizens out of love for the Union. After seeing the exuberance of bunting in the North, this absence of flag manifestation is very marked in all the South. On the other hand, the Confederate flag, emblematic of "the lost cause," is still printed on the title page of guide

books, and proudly engraved on the pages of works of Southern authors. In the museum of State trophies in the Capitol at Richmond are war-worn Confederate flags, and other relics of the war connected with the prowess of the vanquished soldiers. A few weeks ago the writer saw in the City of Norfolk, Virginia, a military funeral of an ex-Confederate colonel. The survivors of his command during the rebellion mustered in the grey uniform to do honour to his memory. An ex-captain in the same brigade was buried on the same day with equal consideration. Next morning the city papers published eulogistic biographies of the deceased, and gave prominence to the fact that these soldiers fought for their native State in the hour of its greatest need and peril; in other words, against the Union. These commendations are read with pleasure by the patrons of these newspapers. Ex-Confederate soldiers and citizens look upon the North as a victorious enemy, who conquered a weak but dauntless people by the possession of unlimited resources, and with the aid of legions of armed men, who were freely sacrificed to disseminate and destroy a comparatively feeble foe. There seems no desire to renew the conflict should an opportunity arise, but it will take a century to quench the bitterness engendered by that four years' conflict. The monuments erected in memory of their dead; the acres of graves in their cemeteries, or in the pine woods; the widows and fatherless children of the slain; the maimed wrecks of humanity, who can be daily seen in their streets

and byways, the remains and evidences of the sanguinary struggle; the paralysis of business and financial ruin to so many of a proud aristocracy consequent thereon, all tend to perpetuate the heart-burnings and rancour which doubtless yet exist, and must for years to come. This is human, and is no more than might be expected after so recent a sanguinary war, in which the worst of human passions must necessarily have been aroused. It is just to North and South to say that earnest men—on both sides—are faithfully endeavouring to bridge over the bloody chasm, which only fourteen years ago divided the two sections of the Union. A civil war is always bitter, and everywhere in the South remain the scars of the conflict—as reminders of what they have lost and suffered.

Last month the writer re-visited many of the battlefields that lie around Richmond and Petersburg. A few words about their present condition and appearance must be of interest to many Canadians who, on one side or the other, took part in the contest. It is said on good authority that 30,000 of our young men served in both armies, and of these thousands pined away from disease in the hospitals—perished on the battlefields, or returned to their homes maimed for life. There was scarcely a regiment which did not contain some of our youths, and our medical men could be counted by dozens wherever the suffering and dying needed their services. The earthworks on Carlington Heights, across the Potomac from Washington, also on the Maryland side of the river still show their red clay faces as when first erected. A goodly number of the breastworks are covered with grass. The national cemetery on the Lee estate is kept in good condition. It is sad to walk about and among the graves of thousands of soldiers in all the soldiers' burying grounds, and to see engraven on the small plain white marble grave-stones the word 'unknown.' Some fresides have vacant

chairs because of their absence—some loving hearts have missed them, and have been wrung by anguish from hope deferred. All the tidings about the unknown are: 'They went to the war and were present in such a battle, but we never heard of them afterwards.' Fredericksburgh has grown rapidly since the war. The green slopes and low ground over which the Federal troops charged, after crossing the river; against the *Stonewalls* of Jackson are fast being utilized. The railroad-station and streets running from it are so built up and renovated that a war pioneer would scarcely know where he 'marched up the hill and then marched down again.' He would not fail to recollect the corners and buildings behind which it was comfortable to find temporary shelter, when streets and hill-sides seemed so many volcanoes, and shells intermingled with cannon and rifle balls were sending muskets, wheels, ammunition waggons and fragments of men into the earth or air in horrible confusion, both on the advance and the sudden retreat, when little attention was paid to the order of going.

In the wilderness there is little change in the general appearance of the country. The clumps of dwarf pines, the oaks, ash, and patches of shrubbery, with the sandy fields and shabby farm houses are unchanged from what they were in those sultry May days of 1864, when a quarter of a million of men struggled for the mastery over a front of twenty miles. The hideous panorama seems like a nightmare—slaying in the thicket with the ferocity of demons—shooting in the ravines as if hell were let loose—sabreing in the opening with fiendish savagery—clubbing one another to death with musket-butts, when other weapons of destruction failed—pounding serried ranks of men in the prime of life, and crushing into shapeless masses of human flesh in a few hours, the thousands and tens of thousands, with shell, round shot, grape and

canister, are only salient points in the picture, which memory conjures up in the minds of the participants. The dust, the lowering, sullen, sulphurous smoke settling down on the combatants like a pall, the *crescendo* and *diminuendo* of a terrible symphony, the pattering of the skirmish-firing, anon swelling into a continuous roar; the *staccato* notes of isolated cannon, the bellow from commingled noises of moans, shrieks, cheers and musketry, now near, now far away; the surging of the ebb and flow of the conflict, during long hours of every day of a week; with a savage and intense unanimity of purpose to conquer or die; the very sun in mourning, and like a bloody eye of Mars peering through a cloud, the long trains of gory and reeking ambulance dribbling to the rear; the parched lips, blackened faces, bloody hands; the agony, despair, rage; the mangled and unrecognizable forms of those who in the morning were full of hope and vigour. The cords of arms and legs piled up in sections, out of sight in some sequestered corner near rude operating tables, round which moved the blood-begrimed surgeons, whose words brought to the wounded comfort or despair, all seem like a hideous dream. These reminiscences, with the thousand-and-one minor incidents which the law of association conjures up in a moment, came before my mind as I travelled over the blood-consecrated ground between the Rappahannock and Richmond, on the anniversary of the first Battle of the Wilderness, which raged with such fury round the little tavern at the cross-roads and along the Stevensburgh Plank Road when Longstreet's and Hill's corps, with Ewell's brigade, held their ground so firmly against the repeated charges of the advanced host of Grant's army. Between this point and Coal Harbour, within which eight distinct battles had been fought, there is little evidence of the struggle. A solitary grave-yard now and then is seen, or, it may be, the faint outlines of a hastily constructed

earth-work, is all that remains. Around Richmond the rifle-pits, trenches and forts have been, to a great extent levelled. The track of the retreat of McClellan from Mechanicsville through Fair Oaks (Seven Pines) to the James' River can scarcely now be traced, except by the scars on the trunks or branches of the trees where the artillery were most active in the forest, or where this arm of the service had made a determined stand to cover the retreat of the army—the pursuers at the same time obliged to drive in a sullen foe by the same means. Every commanding position was taken advantage of by the contending forces. The Confederates were eager to bring the Union army to bay and capitulation, and McClellan was anxious, especially at Malvern Hill, to stay their advance until he could embark his army at Deep Bottom, near by, and seek a more congenial spot. Desperate as was that seven days' struggle, there remain few traces of it. The fortifications of Fort Darling, near the James' River are in a good state of preservation. They still show the red lines so conspicuous from the look-outs erected on the river-banks during the war, and beyond whose battlements I have often gazed to catch a glimpse of the glittering spires of Richmond, so near at hand, so hard to reach, and so bravely defended. The works on Drewry's Bluff are fast disappearing, and the earth defences of Howlett's Battery, that was so venomous in its fire and correct in its aim, is fast being corroded by the tooth of time. The defences of Chapin's Bluff are still quite conspicuous. The outworks, where so many brave men fell in the repeated assaults of sections of the army of the James, under Butler, in September and October, 1864, can scarcely be traced. The Dutch Gap Canal, which Butler amused himself with digging across a tongue of land to make a short cut for the James River, and to enable the gun-boats and monitor without risk to run past and outflank formidable bat-

teries on the heights beyond, remain a monument to his folly. The enemy erected batteries at the head of his ditch, but their services were never required. I suppose in the walls of its watery depths yet remain the holes which gave shelter to soldiers and negroes, when the note of warning was given that a burning shell was coming on a visit of hostile intent. These unwelcome visitors not only caused mules, carts, spades and picks to dance reels to the discordant music of the explosions, but I can certify to a close hugging of mother earth in these cells until hustling fragments of iron had ceased their horrid humming in the air. Varince (Aiken's Landing) still looks natural. Here the exchange of prisoners often took place. The negro huts, the sugar and tobacco houses, the old-fashioned red-brick residence near the river, and the little pier are mostly unchanged. Ex-Governor Aikens was the owner of a large estate here. His brave daughter remained in the house, with a hostile army behind and in front of it, and men-of-war in the river at the foot of the garden. Day and night for nine long months she could hear the fusillade of the skirmish line and the shriek of shells. The roof of the house and the walls had been injured, when fighting took place on this extensive farm, but she pluckily told me that Butler must knock the house down over her head before she would leave it. Her father was a prisoner at the Rip Raps, and her two brothers were in the Confederate service when I visited her. An aged negress was her only attendant, except a sentry at the gate. I often wonder what became of the gritty young and little lady. She could not have been over 17 years of age but she was a good type of Virginian courage and determination.

In Richmond no tangible evidences of the war are seen. A stuccoed building of plain design is pointed out as having been the residence of Jeff. Davis during the war. It is now used

for school purposes. A modest brick house in a street near-by had been the temporary abode of General Lee's family at the same time. We can imagine what must have been the anxiety of the members of the families of these two prominent characters when it is remembered that for months the cannonade of the enemy could be heard from their doors. The same could be said of thousands of others in the city and vicinity. The Capital is historic and as devoid of architectural beauty as is that model of composite design called the Parliament Buildings on the Front Street of Toronto. The notorious Libby Prison is a plain three story brick building near the river, and on the corner of two streets. The iron bars are still on the windows which were put there during the war. The place is pointed out where 50 prisoners burrowed under the walls of the building, across a street, and through the face of the wharf near by, and thus escaped. The most of them were recaptured. Libby is now used as a bone-mill and a sumac factory. One square from this prison is another plain brick building called Castle Thunder. Here were imprisoned spies, deserters and citizens, who were known to be Northern Sympathizers. One of the guards was a savage blood-hound, which was said not to be unfamiliar with the taste of human flesh and blood. Executions were of common occurrence in this prison, with no appeal from a drum-head Court-Martial. The Castle is now a tobacco factory. Another prison was on Belle Isle on the James River. Properly speaking it was a prison camp, for all the prisoners lived in huts or tents. The earthworks, which were thrown up on a commanding knoll in the centre of the Island, have been levelled, but the large fort on the mainland opposite is still in existence. The river runs very rapidly here. In 1862 a desperate attempt was made to escape by a large number of prisoners. They attempted to elude pursuit by swimming across the river, which at

this place must be half a mile in width. As might have been expected, a large part of the number were drowned, some were shot in the water by the guards, and the most of those who got safely across were recaptured. A nail factory now occupies the island. The National Cemetery is reached by the Williamsburgh road. It is pleasantly situated on a hill commanding the best view of Richmond and the surrounding country. It is about two miles from the Capitol, and like all the other National burial plots, is well kept by a family who reside in a pretty cottage on the grounds. It contains the bones of thousands of Federal soldiers who fell in the vicinity, and of many who perished on the more distant battle-fields of Virginia. The graves are neatly turfed, and each has a neat headstone. Hundreds of these are lettered 'unknown,' and some of them have on them the inscription 'Four unknown,' in one common grave. The City Cemetery is called Hollywood. It is a beautiful 'city of the dead,' and contains about eighty acres of ground. On a rising ground in one corner is the final resting place of about 6,000 Confederate dead. The little stakes and stones which mark the graves are numbered, and are planted in rows closely together. On the highest part of this plot is erected a cairn of uncut granite blocks like a pyramid in shape, forty feet square and nearly one hundred feet in height. Ivy and the Virginia creeper are running their vines over it. They give it a pleasant mixture of green leaves and grey stones peeping through the luxuriant verdure. Built in the west side is a tablet on which is inscribed 'Erected by the Ladies of Hollywood Memorial Association, A. D. 1869.' On the east side was written 'To the Confederate Dead,' and on the north the motto was 'Memoria in Æterna.' At the time of my visit, wreaths of flowers were seen in great profusion on and around this monument, as well as on many of the graves. They were

still fresh, for the 'Decoration Day' had only passed a few days before. The most of the prominent Confederate officers are buried in family plots. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the Murat of the Confederate cavalry, was killed only a few miles out of the city, and is buried in his family ground, in which is erected a suitable monument to his memory. About a mile and a half east of the city is Oakwood Cemetery, in which are buried nearly 20,000 Confederate soldiers. There remains one consolation in the midst of so many evidences of the recent carnage, and that is, that a large proportion of the dead at last got decent burial. It was sickening during the war to come suddenly upon bodies—it might be in a wood or in some nook of a valley—lying for days and even weeks unburied where they fell or where they crawled away to die. Decomposition having set in, the nearest friends or relatives could not tell one from the other of these bloated and festering corpses. Even among the buried was often seen the bended knees, protruding hands and feet, or grinning upturned faces from which the rains had washed away the loose sand or red clay with which they had been recently and hurriedly covered. In driving over the old tracts of the war, I almost unconsciously looked into familiar places for these horrid relics of humanity.

As far as possible the bones of the fallen have been gathered together in central localities and not left to bleach in the sun, wind and rains of heaven. In spite of the humane efforts of a paternal government, or of individuals, thousands and tens of thousands of the half a million of men who perished must remain undiscovered until the final restitution of all things. Could an earthquake shake up the ground where the trail of rapine, cruelty and conflict had once been seen, a prophet could still have furnished to him many a valley of dry bones in all their ghastliness and repulsive outlines.

Grant was at first foiled in his attempts to capture Richmond. His usual tactics were resorted to in this advance. Possessing superior forces he kept grinding away at the enemy, and by piecemeal reducing their scanty forces. The loss of men was to him of secondary importance, but to Lee it foreshadowed disaster. He had no reserves to fall back on to replenish his depleted ranks. Grant kept moving by the left flank, endeavouring to cut off Lee's supplies and communications. At Mechanicsville and Coal Harbour Grant got too near the defences of Richmond to persevere in this continuous attempt with safety. Leaving Lee's army and Richmond to the right, he threw the most of his army across the James and Appomattox rivers, and advanced from the east on the beleagured city. He made Bermuda Hundreds, and City Point (being at the confluence of these rivers) his base of supplies and the point from whence to continue his final operations against Richmond. It was still a further movement by his left flank, which was continued with dogged pertinacity until the final capitulation. Butler had been in possession of Bermuda Hundreds for some time, and had been detailed with the army of the James for the express purpose of advancing and cutting off the railroads and public highways running into Richmond from the south and east, and at the same time isolating Petersburg. He was, however, as Grant said, 'bottled up' between the two rivers by a few militia in the neighbourhood until the army of the Potomac came to his relief. In this way the necessity arose to establish two large field hospitals at Point of Rocks, on the James, and at City Point. Few evidences of the former remain, but the temporary burying ground at the latter has been made a permanent cemetery on the bank of the Appomattox. Here about ten thousand are interred. The old site of the hospital is partly under cultivation. On

the brow of the hill, at the river's edge, where were pitched the tents of the medical officers of the different corps, has sprung up a luxuriant growth of trees, some of which are at least 20 feet in height. I tied my horse among the old gravestones of a graveyard over a century old, which will be well remembered by some of my readers, and wandered about on the edge of the ravine near by, but so thickly had the shrubs and trees grown up that I had some difficulty in finding my horse again. The acres of white tents, the huge water tank on the edge of the hill, the wheezy steam engine on the margin of the river, the steamer 'Planter,' loaded with drugs and medical comforts at the temporary pier, the green oats sown and grown in fantastic shapes at the tent doors, the bough-covered avenues, the pale faces and limping cripples, the familiar slings around the necks and bandaged heads, the embalming houses outside the camp, where shrewd men plied their ghastly trade, the hum of voices modulated to the expressions of joy or woe, the detachments of convalescents marching to the front, the companions of disabled chronics crowded on the hospital steamers and sent to the rear, the platoons being carried to their last resting place, the well-known faces of companions and the strains of martial music had passed away like a dream or pageant, and on a quiet Sabbath day five weeks ago no sound was heard on this lonely spot but our own voices, the sigh of the wind among the leaves, and the hum of insect life. The contrast was as striking to me as if the City of Toronto with all its busy life had been wiped out of existence at one fell blow, and that fourteen years afterwards a large graveyard and luxuriant verdure only remained on its site of desolation. The Point, about two miles away, has changed very little. The little brick church, in which were military offices, has lapsed to its legitimate use. The temporary sheds for prisoners are gone, and citizens

have taken possession of the few good houses in the village that were occupied by heads of departments. The earth redoubt still remains on a rise of ground near by. The breastworks, several miles in length, around the Point are still in a good state of preservation, and serve as a wall to protect several good-sized farms, except where pierced by the railway or country roads. Several miles beyond this were erected the first Confederate lines of defence, extending from the Appomattox River on the left and east of Harrison's Creek to the Jerusalem Plank Road on the right—a distance of about twelve miles. These lines were carried in June, 1864, by the Federal troops, and an advanced position taken by the latter as far to the left as the Weldon railroad. Here a desperate struggle took place for the possession of this important thoroughfare. Formidable works were thrown up around this avenue for supplies, but they were carried by storm, and finally the Federal lines were extended to near Hatcher's Run. The outlines of the military railroad which was built from City Point to Poplar Springs at the extreme left—a distance of about twenty miles, are seen in places, especially where cuts were made, but the exigencies of agriculture have obliterated large sections of it.

The first bastioned fort erected by the Federals before the final move on their right, was Fort McGilvray. It is near the river, and is now well sodded over and covered with a crop of grass. The Hare and Page farms on which it and the outworks were erected are under cultivation. Fort Stedman, a little to the left, towers up over Poor Creek as defiant as ever. The red tongues of flame—the curling smoke—the humming bullets and screeching shells no longer shoot out from the embrasures with continuous or intermittent venom as in days gone by. The enemy's works of equal strength were only 600 feet distant.

At this point, the opposing picket lines were only about 200 feet apart, and in the evening, when the infernal din of cannon sometimes ceased, the voices could be distinctly heard in the trenches of each. Sometimes an agreement would be entered into by both sides to have a truce of hostilities. The belligerents would then meet unarmed half way between the lines and exchange newspapers, sugar, coffee and tobacco. A friendly game of cards was sometimes indulged in on the grass. Then an end would come to the armistice. A timely warning would be given by both sides—especially if a commanding officer should happen to be approaching—and in a few minutes the vengeful fire would commence in dead earnest—on the least exposure of the person of him who had been discussing the fine points of 'high, low, Jack and the game' with the shooter. Two feet in depth of shelter, with only loose earth in front, and it might be a head guard in the shape of a stone or notched stick, is not the most comfortable position a man could be placed in, when only 65 yards away are hundreds of rifles ready to make a target of even a human finger. There were two principal places where for months the firing was always severe. These were at Fort Stedman and Fort Sedgwick. The latter was built in a conspicuous and commanding position on the Jerusalem Plank Road. Here the rebels had also erected a formidable redoubt nearly opposite, called Fort Mahone. So 'hot' was the fire of these two forts that the unionists called Sedgwick by the euphonious name of 'Fort Hell.' Their rebel opponents not to be outdone, christened theirs 'Fort Damnation.' On the Union side was another called 'Fort Blazes.' Any one who has lain in the trenches between them, while an interchange of ball practice took place, would agree with the fitness of the appellations. Both those historic forts stand frowning at one another yet, but are mute forever. Fields of

grain, pasture meadows, and domestic animals between them, softened the grim visage of the picture. I picked wild strawberries and plucked wild roses on their parapets. Nature is doing her best to cover up the ugly scars made by 'man's inhumanity to man.' At these points all the ingenuity of man was employed to prevent surprises. In front were wire traps set, abatis of the most formidable kind, and palisades were erected with great skill. Many of these still exist but are badly out of repair. In an assault gaps had to be made in these, while looking down the muzzles of blazing rifles and belching cannon, not fifty feet away. The leaden and iron showers pitilessly poured down on many a forlorn hope, and made streets in the assailing ranks, only to be filled up and swept away in the same pelting torrent. For miles along this front every foot of advance had been contested. Rifle-pits had to be remorselessly dug with bayonets, and shovelled out with tin cups, of sufficient capacity to cover the crouching body before the dawn of day. If undisturbed a line of these might be dug into one another and form a ditch. By a sort of Darwinian development these became lunettes and finally grew into bastioned forts. Fort Morton situated between the two forts mentioned above is in a good state of preservation. In front of it is the Poor Creek Ravine, and on the hill beyond was a Confederate fort. The 48 Penns. Volunteers were camped here, and having been coal miners in their native state, they conceived the idea of digging a passage into the hill side as far as the enemy's fort. In this way by putting a magazine of gunpowder under it they could blow it into the air. They had only a few pioneers' tools and old timber gathered from houses and bridges in the neighbourhood. Hand barrows were made out of biscuit boxes. The sides were timbered as dug. At one place about 50 feet from the entrance marl was

met with and in order to avoid it an incline upwards for about 100 feet was made. It is interesting to trace the galleries yet, of such an ingenious aggressive movement. V sections of it are as good as when built. From June 25th to July 30th the work of excavating went on. The hostile fort was reached after digging over 500 feet. In a chamber prepared for it was put 8,000 lbs. of powder in eight distinct depositories. The passage was blocked up with stone and earth near the magazine. Early in the morning before daylight, troops—white and black—were massed near by and made ready for an assault at the opportune time, after the anticipated explosion. The dawn broke hot and sultry, and the participants waited with bated breath to witness the tragedy about to take place in and about the doomed fort. The enemy knew that the fort was being undermined and could hear the work going on. They sank a crescentic counter mine in front of the fort to checkmate this aggression but it was never completed. Pegram's battery of four guns occupied it. (Gen. Pegram could almost look into his dismantled home away to the right of him.) It displayed a good deal of heroism in 40 men to remain in an isolated fort, when they knew the certainty of being blown into the air at any moment. It is comparatively easy to charge with legions of armed men in the whirlwind of battle, when the nervous system is strung up to its utmost tension and comrades brave and true are on both sides of you, but to patiently wait day after day and night after night the catastrophe of an exploding mine under your feet excels the heroism of the historic Roman sentinel, who perished at his post amid a lava shower because he had not been relieved of duty. The fuse was lighted near the tunnel's mouth—a shudder crept along the ground—a column of earth like a water-spout, followed by flame shot into the air, mingled with cannon, timber, arms and men. For

a few moments there was silence—then the sharp word of command rang out distinct and clear in the ominous stillness. Cheers followed and a rush for the crater was made, in anticipation of an easy victory and of breaking the enemy's lines at this point. A desperate hand to hand conflict took place, and a sanguinary repulse was the result. The chasm made was 25 feet in depth, 60 feet wide and over 200 feet in length. In this the dead and wounded were piled up three and four deep, or buried in the earth. At night the Confederate flag waved in triumph over the pit in and round which, with desperate courage, raged all day long the deadly combat. The old Virginia Brigade, Wright's Georgians, and Sander's Alabamians had not time to form line of battle after the explosion before the enemy was upon them. It became a small Inkerman, in which each man fought in the way he could do the most execution. It thus became a hand-to-hand contest, full of personal prowess and savagery. The indentation where this fort stood, and on which was offered up a bloody holocaust, must always be of interest to the historian of the Civil War. Along these lines, and in their rear, may still be seen the excavations in which the soldiers sheltered themselves during the winter. On the rebel side they were mere caves of the rudest description, and having been dug into the red clay were damp and unhealthy. The rain percolated into many of them to such an extent as to require baling out. On the Union side the bomb-proof huts were mostly above ground or in the face of a bank and well constructed. The sides were cased with wood. Two or three feet of earth were put upon a timber roof, and inside the doors of many of them an earth and timber partition was erected to prevent pieces of shell from flying into these cabins. Clusters of the remains of these rude dwellings are seen on all hands, and will be for many years to come. Not far from the site

of the old 'Poplar Spring Meeting House,' so often used by both armies in succession, and situated a short distance west of the Weldon Railroad, was erected a neat rustic church by the 50th New York Volunteer Engineers. The timber was furnished by the woods near by. When the final movement forward was made, a neat wooden tablet was put up over the main entrance, on which was inscribed 'Presented to the Trustees of the Poplar Spring Church by the 50th Regiment New York Volunteer Engineers.' Near by is a National Cemetery, neatly kept, and in which are buried 3,000 Union soldiers. A short distance to the west is the signal tower, built of timber to the height of 150 feet, with an observatory at the top. These were placed at regular intervals above the lines for observation purposes. A signal corps had possession of them, and by lights at night and flags by day telegraphed information to one another of the doings of the evening. I climbed one that was erected on the bank of the James River, opposite Dutch Gap Canal, and were it not that my friends in the monitor 'Onondagac,' which was lying in the river below, were watching me, I would have gladly descended before reaching 100 feet on the vibrating ladders, and would have given a goodly *bonus* for the privilege. The wooden and shaky platform at the top was only six feet square, with three able-bodied men on it, and one of them decidedly uncomfortable at this giddy height, having an ever increasing longing for a safe landing on *terra firma*. A Confederate battery had been paying its respects to this undesirable sentinel for weeks, and round its base was abundant evidence of 'malice aforethought' in broken fragments of iron and unexploded shells.

It would take volumes to write sketches of the episodes of the war, even in connection with one regiment. The same is true of a full description of all the forts and lines inclosing

these two entrenched camps. The Union lines of the army of the Potomac, extending from the Appomattox River on the right to Fort Fisher on the left; then by a returning line in the rear to Fort Bross on the edge of Blackwater swamp; thence to the James' River, is a distance of over forty miles in length. Imagine an entrenched line of formidable works from Toronto to Hamilton, every foot of which would be guarded, and some idea is given of the extent of these fortifications. Then plant on commanding eminences along this line forty-one bastioned forts with guns of heavy calibre in each, and fully equipped with magazines, and bomb-proof dwellings in all. Draw another line within this in which are erected eight forts to complete the plan on the Union side. Do the same for the rebel army, and you have a map of military works over one hundred miles in length, not to calculate the zigzag course they took, to meet the exigencies of defence. Add

to these the lines of the Army of the James, stretching from the Appomattox River in its centre; then to a point beyond Chapin's Bluff, on which its right rested, to complete the whole four facing Petersburg and Richmond, in half a circle. The continuous front of these two Union armies was over forty miles, in length, not to mention the defences on the rear and flanks.

I am told that the visits of strangers to these historic places are few. A rush is made to the focal point at Richmond, and here the journey ends. It is like visiting Brussels and calling it going to see Waterloo. Principally round Petersburg was enacted the terrible drama of the final siege, and no one can have any conception of the magnitude of the strife in Virginia, who has not travelled along these lines from end to end, and traced in the remains of these warrior 'mound-builders' the sanguinary 'footprints on the sands of time.'

SONNET.

BY ENYLLA ALLYNE.

SO you and I, with all our joys and sorrows,
 Will never meet in this wide world again;
 We can anticipate no glad to-morrows,
 And no to-morrow's mingled grief and pain.
 'Tis true, alas! I know how vain, how vain,
 Our aspirations are! how vain our fears!
 In life's stern battle. See the maimed and slain,
 And who for such have time for sighs or tears?
 Well, it is well! The world goes over and over,
 And we who smile to-day, to-morrow sigh;—
 A marble monument or bit of clover,
 No matter which, when 'neath at rest we lie.
 At rest, at rest! and who answers "Blest!"
 Blessed are we, for we at last find rest.

ROUND THE TABLE.

—The guest, bearing the initials J. E. W., who, apropos of some remarks of mine on 'The Mystery of Matter' in the May number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, discoursed so pleasantly on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy' at last month's Table, seems to have been infected by his subject. The first sample of the philosopher's 'bull' which he presents to our notice, is one perpetrated by—a Scotch young lady; the next—that alleged against J. S. Mill with regard to Abstract Ideas—is, as I shall presently show, no bull at all. Curiously enough, then, of these two typical specimens of the *Bos philosophicus*, in one we have the bull without the philosopher, and in the other the philosopher without the bull.

So interesting a commencement naturally leads one to expect what Iago would call an 'answerable sequestration.' Accordingly one is not surprised to find that the Hibernicisms which he seeks to father upon me are the offspring of his own misapprehensions of my meaning. My main object was not, as he supposes, to prove that there is no difference between matter and force, in the ordinary acceptation of those mysterious words, but to animadvert upon the proneness which certain writers exhibit for flinging at leading scientific men (who have over and over again repudiated materialism) such terms as 'materialist' and 'materialistic,' used in an opprobrious sense. The futility of this style of warfare I sought to expose by showing that as no one—not even those who use these epithets so glibly—knows what matter and spirit are in their ultimate nature, the two things 'may be identical in essence.' This, J. E. W. treats as equivalent to asserting that they *are* identical, not merely

'in essence,' but in the ordinary meaning of the words, an assertion which I carefully avoided making. He fails to see two things: first, the force of the qualifying phrase 'in essence;' and secondly, that the Agnostic position, which neither affirms nor denies, but merely postulates possibility, is not the same as positive affirmation.

Boscovich's and Faraday's theory of matter was cited for the purpose of illustration, not because I accept it. On the contrary, I quite agree with Mr. Spencer's contention that 'a centre of force absolutely without extension is unthinkable.' What I wished to point out was, that this attempt to subject matter to psychological analysis resulted in a conception, or pseudo-conception (force minus extension), to which the word 'spiritual' is usually applied. On the other hand, I tried to show that any attempt to give objective form to the word 'spirit'—to translate it from language into idea, from sound into sense—results in a conception to which the word 'material' is ordinarily applied. This I sought to do by showing that the idea of a 'soul' or 'spirit' existing after death as a separate entity, 'unbodied' or 'disembodied,'—and no one, I think, will deny that this *is* the common notion,—is inconceivable; unless there is carried along with it the idea of occupancy of space; and that as occupancy of space necessarily implies the idea of resistance,—resistance being the only means we have of predicating that space is occupied,—the conception of space-occupancy is radically one to which the word 'material' is usually applied. If there is any Hibernicism here I fail to see it. J. E. W. appears to think it illogical, when discussing the ques-

tion of matter and spirit, to use the words 'material' and 'spiritual.' Will he be good enough to tell us how we are to carry on such a discussion without using them, and what words we are to use? His misapprehension here arises from neglecting to observe the force of the words 'ultimate essence;' my contention being that, though matter and spirit *as commonly understood* are as different as possible, yet *in ultimate essence* they may be identical. A chemist uses the words 'diamond' and 'plumbago' with a full appreciation of their difference in meaning, *as commonly understood*; but this does not make it an Hibernicism for him to assert that *in ultimate essence* they not only *may be* but *are* identical, both being merely allotropic forms of carbon: nor would any one (except perhaps J. E. W.) be so absurd as to charge him with inconsistency because, while asserting their essential identity, he does not ignore the differences which diamond and plumbago present to consciousness, and use the words interchangeably, as though one were the exact synonym of the other. The whole force of the chemist's contention is, that *notwithstanding* these differences which he recognises, essential identity is established by chemical analysis. Similarly, then, if the attempt to analyse matter necessarily results in a spiritual conception (or pseud-conception), and the attempt to synthesise spirit necessarily results in a material conception, surely there is some ground for Mr. Spencer's conclusion, 'that though the relation of subject and object [Ego and Non-Ego] renders necessary to us these antithetical conceptions of Spirit and Matter; the one is, no less than the other, to be regarded as but a sign of the Unknown Reality which underlies both.'

J. E. W., besides being wrong in his general conclusions, is wrong in his details. His assertion, that 'Matter reveals its phenomena to sense, Spirit to consciousness,' is incorrect on both

heads. Matter does not reveal its phenomena to sense, — unless, indeed, that word be used as synonymous with consciousness, — but (supposing it reveals itself at all) to consciousness, through the organs of sense. Divide the optic nerve at any point between the eye and the seat of consciousness in the brain, and though the image of any external object will still be 'imprinted on the retina, the external object will not be 'revealed.' On the other hand, spirit is absolutely unknown to consciousness, either objectively or subjectively. Alleged external manifestations of spirit, — ghosts, materialisations through mediums, &c. — supposing they really take place, are invariably of a material character. And as to any internal revelation, consciousness simply reveals *itself*. The hypothesis that there is a spiritual entity (so-called) underlying consciousness, and which reveals itself to consciousness, has never yet been proved and probably never will be. Equally easy of refutation is J. E. W.'s assertion that 'if force and matter are essentially one and indivisible, the words must be synonymous.' Frozen water and water in a state of vapour are *essentially* identical; yet only a man who was ignorant of the use of language would contend that therefore the words 'ice' and 'steam' are synonymous. The question, 'Why is it harder to conceive of two diverse "Unknown Realities" than of one,' has been fully answered by modern science. Prof. Bain, in his 'Body and Mind,' after an historical *resumé* of the question from the pre-Socratic philosophers downwards, states the conclusion as follows: 'The arguments for the two substances have, we believe, now entirely lost their validity; *they are no longer compatible with ascertained science and clear thinking.* The one substance, with two sets of properties, two sides, the physical and the mental, — *a double-faced unity*, — would appear to comply with all the exigencies of the case.'

To my assertion, that 'the idea of the spirituality of the soul was derived by Christianity, not from the Bible, but from the Greek philosophers of the school of Plato,' J. E. W.—illogical to the last—replies, that both Testaments 'contain the idea *passim*' (everywhere). His counter-assertion would not be easy of proof, but waiving this point, how does the reply affect my contention? After three thousand years' study, theologians have discovered that the idea that the creation of the world occupied, not six days of twenty-four hours each, but an enormous lapse of time, is 'contained' in the Bible. Nevertheless Christianity did not get it thence but from Geology. In like manner it can be shown by evidence, unimpeachable in quality and indefinite in quantity, that whether the idea of the spirituality of the soul is or is not to be found in the Bible after diligent microscopic search, Christianity did not, as a matter of historic fact, get it thence, but from the Platonists. I must content myself with simply repeating this assertion. If proofs are wanted they can be supplied *ad libitum*.

To come now to the question of Abstract Ideas. The Duke of Argyll, though not a Mill, is an able man, and a model of courtesy as a controversialist. Still his article on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy,' which I read when it appeared some six years ago, leaves just the faintest unpleasant impression of a tacit assumption on the part of the writer—a politician by profession, and a philosopher merely *en amateur*—that he possesses a more intimate acquaintance with the question of abstract ideas than Mill, knows more about the philosophy of 'the Unconditioned' than Sir W. Hamilton, and more about protoplasm than Professor Huxley.

Let us see what grounds there are for this assumption as regards 'Abstract Ideas.' The substance of the charge against Mill is thus stated by J. E. W. :—'J. S. Mill . . . goes

on to analyse with his usual acumen the meaning of the term "abstract idea"—which must, of course, by hypothesis be meaningless.' . . . 'Abstract ideas are thus summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that they "lie dead in a ditch."' Here we have a palpable contradiction. J. E. W. first says that Mill examines *the term* 'abstract idea,' and immediately afterwards, that he examines 'abstract ideas' *themselves*. He confuses words with things, which Mill carefully avoided doing, attributes his own confusion to Mill, and then cries out, 'Hibernicism!' It really would be well if amateur critics would not approach the works of the greatest logician of his age with the preconceived notion that he is guilty of logical blunders of which a tyro would be ashamed. What Mill really does is this: he puts into the witness-box, not nonentities called 'abstract ideas,' but *the words* which those who believe, or say they believe, in abstract ideas tell us represent or stand for ideas which they class as such; he examines *these words*, and shows that there is nothing answering to them, either in the heavens above, in the earth beneath, in the waters under the earth, or that can be bodied forth by the imagination; that the words cannot be translated into ideas, as the word 'idea' is properly understood. For instance, believers in abstract ideas tell us that the word 'colour' stands for one. Mill, on the contrary, asserts that it stands for no idea at all. He says, in effect, I can frame an idea of a red ball, or a green one, or one of any particular colour that may be named which I have once seen and can remember; but the phrase, 'a coloured ball,'—so far as the word 'coloured' goes,—raises no substantive idea in my mind; at best it only suggests a negative *inference*, that the ball is not white or black;—an *idea*, in the proper meaning of that word, it does not raise. I cannot think of or imagine any entity or at-

tribute answering to the words 'colour' or 'coloured.' An idea, in Mill's meaning of the word, is of necessity concrete. Deprive it of its concreteness (to speak Hibernically) and the idea becomes non-existent. Deprive a man of his life, and he is no longer a man. The drowned Ophelia is 'no woman, neither,' only 'one that was a woman; rest her soul, she's dead.' Concreteness is the 'life' of an idea. In this sense it is that the phrase 'abstract idea' is unmeaning. Like the phrase 'a round square' it is an attempt to combine two mutually destructive notions. How would J. E. W. demonstrate the unmeaning character of this last phrase, unless by some such method as that adopted by Mill? Would he think it an Hibernicism to say that there is no such thing as 'a round square,' and to demonstrate this assertion by analysing the meaning of the words 'round' and 'square,' and pointing out that no idea can be framed answering to the phrase? I hardly think so. And yet this is all the Duke of Argyll's criticism amounts to. Mill's process is in fact the very method adopted by the Duke himself in his own article, when he attempts to show that Sir W. Hamilton's phrase, 'the Unconditioned,' is 'simply nonsense,—that is to say, a word pretending to have a meaning, but having none.' I will not, however, retort upon the Duke his own words, and say: 'The Unconditioned is summoned into the witness-box, examined, and urged to confess, like the poor Irishman, that it "lies dead in a ditch,"—because that would be falling into a confusion similar to his own.

Both the Duke and J. E. W. fail to see, what Mill is careful to point out, that though certain words which, from the time of Plato to Berkeley, were universally supposed to represent so-called abstract ideas, do not represent ideas at all, yet that they are not meaningless. He says: 'A name, though common to an indefinite multitude of individual objects, is not, like

a proper name, devoid of meaning; it is a mark for the properties, or for some of the properties, which belong alike to all these objects.' So that such words as 'colour,' though not representative of ideas, properly so called, do excellent service as general names, or symbols, after the manner of the letters used in Algebra. In his article on Berkeley, Mill refers to the seventeenth chapter of his 'Examination of Sir Wm. Hamilton's Philosophy,' where this question is fully treated. I cannot help thinking that, if the Duke of Argyll had taken the trouble to master that chapter thoroughly, his criticism would never have been written.

It is worth while adding that the Duke's criticism was a double blunder; he was wrong in discovering an Hibernicism where none existed, and he was wrong in attempting to father it on Mill. Berkeley is the real parent, and, as Mill reminds us, his doctrine 'is now generally received, though perhaps not always thoroughly comprehended.' Sir W. Hamilton, a fellow-countryman of the Duke's, and the ablest Scotch philosopher since Hume, pronounced Berkeley's demonstration 'irrefragable.' As Polonius would say, an irrefragable Hibernicism 'is good.'

J. E. W. hints that if time and space permitted, he might collect 'for exhibition' a 'small herd' of philosophic 'bulls,' similar to the show-beast just inspected. I quite agree with him in believing that the result of his industry in that line would be 'not uninteresting,' though hardly in his sense of the term. Among natural curiosities, certainly not the least entertaining would be—a goodly collection of mares' nests.

J. S.

—I should like to say a few words on the subject of 'little great men,' incidentally alluded to by J. E. W., when discoursing on 'Hibernicisms in Philosophy' at last month's Table, à pro-

pos of the Duke of Argyll's criticism on Berkeley's and Mill's doctrine respecting Abstract Ideas. It will not be denied, I think, that, when a really great man like Mill and a 'little great man' like the Duke of Argyll are at issue on a question to which the former has given the whole powers of his mind, the *à priori* probability is very strong that the great man is right and the small one is wrong. What one usually finds in such cases is that the lesser man has not the ability, or has not taken the trouble, to get at the real meaning of the master whom he is undertaking to convict of some stupid and obvious blunder; the result being a very forcible reminder of the ancient and not un instructive fable of the boy, the grandmother, and the eggs. A law-student of one year's standing, who should undertake to set the Lord Chancellor right on some abstruse point of jurisprudence, would be modestly itself compared with some of the 'little great men' with whom our foremost scientists are afflicted nowadays. A Rev. Joseph Cook, a Dr. Elam, or a Mallock thinks nothing of demolishing Spencer, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Haeckel, Clifford, Büchner, and a half-a-dozen others, in the compass of a popular lecture or review article. When doughty champions of this kind unbend their noble strength, one can hardly help recalling Prince Hal's description of Hotspur: 'He that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, and says to his wife,—"Fie upon this quiet life! I want work."—"O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?"—"Give my roan horse a drench," says he; and answers, "some fourteen," an hour after; "a trifle, a trifle." One can readily imagine the mighty Boston orator, returning home from one of his 'great efforts,' with the plaudits of cultured (?) thousands still ringing in his ears, being accosted by his wife: 'O my sweet Joseph, how many of those poor scientists

hast thou scalped to-day?' and replying, with all the nonchalance of conscious strength, 'Some dozen or so; a trifle, a trifle!' To the many admirers of great men of this calibre it must be a sorrowful reflection that wholesale massacres such as they delight in, must come to a speedy termination simply for want of victims, and that nothing will be left to the warrior but to shed sentimental tears of regret because he finds himself in the same predicament as Alexander with no more worlds to conquer.

Some men are afflicted with an itching for notoriety, and are never happy unless their name is in everybody's mouth; if in connection with that of some man of world-wide fame so much the better. In this way they sometimes acquire an 'immortality by deputy,' their name being embalmed in that of some man of might:—

'Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.'

A Johnson writes a letter to a Chesterfield, or a Pope makes his detractors the heroes of a Dunciad, and the thing is done. So strong is this *lues Boswelliana* with some people that they would rather be 'sat upon' than remain unnoticed; happy, when some great man is goaded into extinguishing them, in feeling that—

'Tis a kind of heaven to be kicked by him.'

In this way Dr. Elam and the Boston lecturer above named have had their desire to be noticed gratified recently. The former has been honoured by Professor Clifford with a brief letter in the *Nineteenth Century*; and the *Saturday Review* has made the latter the hero of an article on 'Spread-eagle Philosophy.' It is to be hoped that they are now satisfied. They ought to be for the rest of their natural lives. It is to be hoped, also, that Mr. Mallock will have his youthful ambition gratified in a similar way before long. He needs it sadly. But the Mallocks, the Elams, and the Cooks

are giants among their tribe. Passing downwards to the lilliputians at the other end of the scale, we come to the anonymous scribblers and penny-aliners who air their ignorance and their insolence in the columns of some wretched rag of a weekly or daily paper. There are naturalists who tell us that mosquitoes, gnats, and blow-flies have their office in the economy of nature; and it is a soothing exercise of faith to believe that the stinging and buzzing human insects who pass their lives in tormenting and worrying the great benefactors of humanity are a mysterious dispensation of an All-wise Providence, who orders all things for our good.

S. N. J.

Do any of our guests know, to their sorrow, the Perfect Planner? I mean the individual in whom precision and forecast are malignantly prominent, and who will cheerfully and punctually map out the future for you without any request on your part. Let those who know the person I mean mourn with me awhile, and let those who, happily, have escaped his toils listen with attention, not unmingled with pity, to the tale of his misdeeds.

Your Perfect Planner knows naught of perspective, aerial perspective or otherwise. A landscape by Claude or Turner, with its golden or purplish-hazy distance, embodying all sorts of imaginary glades, lakes, and meandering meadow paths, among which the fancy can roam at will, he cannot away with. Give him rather the map or road guide of the district, or, as the farthest stretch of his complaisance in matters of art, one of those bird's-eye views in which you can trace a flat Rhine running between dumpy engraved pimples (representing vine-clad slopes) with here and there a ring enclosing three high pitched roofs, a gable of a steeple (representing the picturesqueness and antiquity of Cöln or Mainz). So in literature, the P. P. does not admire the wild sketch of

Glencoe, after Macaulay, or an Italian scene from the pen of Ruskin. The topographical guide-book style is more after his heart; such descriptions as these are more tangible, more readily grasped by his finite understanding: 'Turn to the r. at the ruined chapel, thence ~~so~~therly along the high road to Spiffenshausen 300 yards, where you will see a waterfall 60 feet high. Take the winding path to the l. up the mountain by three chestnut trees, skirt the back of the Alte Schloss and ascend the slope to the cross-roads, where a cross is planted; thence choose, etc.'

This style of surveyor's description—which guides you safely and ignorantly past beauty after beauty, comforted with the idea that you cannot lose your way, and that you will turn up in good time at the resting-place at the end of that day's tour and enjoy a comfortable meal at one of the three different grades of inns which your Murray has named for you in advance—is exactly suited to the taste of the Perfect Planner. Far be it from him to start in the breezy early morning, knapsack on back, careless whither his heels may carry him before nightfall; far indeed be it from him to taste the joy of losing himself on hill-side or wood and speculate on the reception he will meet in the little hamlet, whose clustering chimneys and tidy garden patches he sees below him as the dusk draws near. All this is as foolishness unto the P. P.

I have seen a Perfect Planner of the German persuasion on the verge of being lost in London. He was midway between the Quadrant and Oxford Street, in sight of Regent Street, in fact. But he was not to be lured by any false semblance of a broad thoroughfare from the pursuit of his own cherished plan. Undaunted by jeers of boys and chaff of cabmen, he opened a camp-stool, sat down manfully on it in the midst of the pavement, and opened a huge map. It was a windy day, and the map persisted

in folding itself inside out, in wrapping itself like a bandage round his honest head and discomposing the 'set' of his spectacles. But the brave Teuton persevered, and was, no doubt, ultimately rewarded (although I did not wait to see the result) by successfully identifying his position in infinite space with some exact point upon his enormous map. No doubt he felt as grand as a traveller who has thumped his way to the centre of Africa, and finds his astronomical observations agree to a nicety with those of Livingstone or Schweinfurth.

Over time, as well as space, the Perfect Planner loves to tyrannise. Who but he squelches your harmless day-dream of a run up to the Muskoka Lakes for a little fishing by ruthlessly reminding you that this week you are engaged every day and next week you will be too busy? He does not do this directly, but in a mean and round-about way which moves one to contempt and loathing. The day perhaps is hot, and in a moment of misguided enthusiasm you confide in him your plan of escape from the dust and turmoil of the city. He often affects a sympathy, which only adds to the sting he is laying up for you. He asks in a friendly way when you mean to go? Perhaps you commit yourself to some rash assertion that it must be before the Assizes, or before this or that board meeting, synod, or other gathering. P. P. urges greater definiteness. When? What week? Day? Hour? Train? Some time this week or next is as nothing unto him.

It *must* be arranged some time, and why not now?

If you stoop to his suggestion and venture to name the day, then he is in his element. The moon changes the night before, and Venner prophesies fine weather, so it will be sure to rain. As you are not bound upon that day, you choose another. P. P. returns to the charge. Your old friend X. will be in town that day, and you promised to have him to dinner at the

club, and P. P. expects to make one of that party. Frenzied by repeated disappointments, you at last clinch the nail by fixing a day (a very inconvenient one as it always happens) and turning a deaf ear to all objections. P. P. then commences at your arrangements, dictates your route and your train, metaphorically fills your sandwich-box for you, and insists on knowing what train you will be back by, as he *should* so like to meet you at the station (with an eye to your hamper of speckled trout).

When he is shaken off and you go growling away alone, what is the result? Your beautiful vision of a holiday, which hovered daintily like a light butterfly over the immediate future, free to select its time and place, gloriously indefinite and indefinitely glorious, is gone. In its place you have the same butterfly, crushed, dried, and dead, the purple plumage brushed off its wings, and a cruel pin (of P. P.'s forging) fastening it down on to the pad of a railway time-table. It becomes a task to be got over, part of your future duties, and your pleasure is dependent now on the accident of your being in the vein for holiday-making on that day and of the day being in the vein for it as well. And most of all the fact of the finish and the return, which you had resolved to ignore, is impressed vividly upon you, and you feel by anticipation P. P.'s fervent hand-grip as he greets you with the remark, 'Well, old man, isn't it better to plan a trip right out, instead of letting things slide, as you are so fond of doing?'

I once knew a P. P. so dead to imagination that on my telling him in my jocular way that I had been on a trip to Utopia (I had, in fact, been reading Sir Thomas More) he replied, 'Where did you change cars?—it's somewhere on the Northern Railway, isn't it?'

F. R.

—I am not given to mortuary rhyme. Indeed it is not often that I write

verse of any kind, but my head is so full of the death of the young Queen of Spain, that I *must* say something about her. Do you know that I sometimes think the brains are made up of shadows and fancies, and that these shadows drop out now and then and appear before us. They are ghosts that haunt our very souls, and when they take a turn for verse-writing and will not be *laid* until their fancies take form and substance, what is a poor mortal to do: but follow the dictates of these—what shall I call them?—visions, or psychological goblins, which? All through last night my mind was in a perfect whirl. My thoughts ran on and on. The youthful Mercedes appeared before me. I could not banish her away. I saw her as a bride, as a Queen, as a

woman. I only obtained relief from the mental throes I was in, when the morning sun peeped into my room. Then I sat down and gave utterance, in verse, to the thoughts which burned themselves into my brain.

MERCEDES.

So few months wed! Yet lying now
With Death's cold hand upon thy brow,
While proud Spain's heart with grief doth bow,
To mourn thy fate.—Mercedes.

So few months Queen! Alfonso's bride
His chosen love—his country's pride,
Alas! for him that thou hast died,
And left him thus!—Mercedes.

Upon thy head so fair and bright,
But eighteen summers shed their light,
And then thy spirit took its flight,
To heaven's realm—Mercedes.

And should we mourn that thou hast found
Thy rest? Ah! no, for thou art crowned
Anew. While songs of joy resound,
One angel more! Mercedes.

F. J. M.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE significance of the good old English word 'pic-nic' has been seriously altered for the worse since our fathers and grandfathers sang in gleeful chorus, 'The days when we went gypsyng a long time ago.' The dictionaries still embalm the old institution, and it is defined as an entertainment in which each one contributes to the supply; but the fresh joyousness and vitality of the pic-nic exist no longer. The old-fashioned hamper or basket, carefully filled by materfamilias, and destined for the common store, has passed away—to give place to the indurated bun or cake and the desiccated sandwich of the mercenary purveyor. Mugby Junction has become a peripatetic establishment wandering about fitfully and pitching its tent in shady groves and beside still waters. It has been said that the

English race takes even its pleasures hardly and seriously, and should anyone be disposed to doubt it, let him study the decline and fall of the picnic. Everything nowadays is done with some ulterior object; merry-making, pure and simple, finds no place in modern hygiene—itself a hateful word. Our forbears used to do most things with all their might, whether it were work or fun they were about for the time being. They had no notion of mixing up politics with their summer outings or breathing the fresh country air poisoned with the vapourings of party rhetoric. In these days when even our novels are written 'with a purpose,' humanity is not allowed to gambol and disport itself without being preached and spouted at, until politics have become nauseous and men are almost moralized out of

any sound respect for religion or morality. Why do not the people, especially our young men and women, who have some better use for country air and scenery, make a resolute stand in favour of joyous, hearty and harmless amusement as it was in days gone by ?

The political pic-nic is almost wholly an abomination. It is a demonstration principally set on foot to give opportunities to the professional spouter—'the all-fired volley of talk,' as Carlyle calls him. He has nothing new to tell ; the same threadbare story, the same dreary platitudes, the same muddled statistics, the same coarse and truculent vituperation are to be found in every 'campaign' deliverance. In these days when almost every household buys or borrows a newspaper, there seems no valid reason why public men should submit to so much wear and tear in the sultry term. There is doubtless a certain amount of reasonable curiosity in the country, concerning the appearance and speechifying gifts of the leaders ; yet that might be satisfied by a travelling menagerie conducted by both parties, in which Sir John, the Premier, Dr. Tupper and Mr. Cartwright would form an engaging and attractive group as 'The Happy Family,' Mr. Plumb officiating as showman. There is certainly one compensating feature in the out-of-door meetings which gives them a decided advantage over the packed and perspiring gatherings in halls or theatres. Men are not bound to listen to the understrappers who are thrust forward ; Strephon and Phyllis who are usually non-partisans may retire, when and as often as they please, to discuss domestic politics in a committee of two ; yet after all how much more natural and delightful a dance on the green turf or a game of kiss-in-the-ring.

It is amusing to compare the speeches delivered by the leaders on each side at these hybrid meetings, and, after perusing them as reported *in extenso* by the journals, we can easily imagine

the bewildered state of mind a poor, unsophisticated voter must find himself after attending rural pic-nics in his neighbourhood. The only conclusion he is likely to form, in anything but a hazy way, is that most politicians are either scolds or scamps, perhaps both. The County of Middlesex has lately been highly favoured by the knights of the pic-nic. At Strathroy, the Government were represented by Messrs. Cartwright and Laurier, and at Parkhill the 'Chief-tain' himself attracted the eyes and ears of all the country round. Whether the people in the townships near the Ontario Cockaigne duly appreciated the precious privileges the great men bestowed upon them may be doubted, A circus or a wild-beast show would probably have entertained them more satisfactorily ; but then the times are hard and political instruction is free as air though hardly so necessary to human existence. The thousands who flocked to the two centres of attraction can scarcely have been edified or amused ; still, as it is rude to look a gift horse in the mouth, they no doubt made themselves as contented and comfortable as possible under the depressing circumstances of the case.

At Strathroy, after a little speech from Mr. Oliver, Mr. Cartwright plunged *in medias res* with characteristic vigour, dealing trenchant blows upon Sir John and his unprincipled crew, hurling figures around and above him at intervals, until the air fairly glowed with the coruscation of fireworks sent forth, with all the satirical shock and shiver peculiar to his rhetorical sky-rockets. The presence of Mr. Laurier was somewhat refreshing, because it seemed like a renewal of the old league between the progressive parties in Ontario and Quebec. To Confederation we owe the rapprochement which rancour, excited by the representative question, had, of late rendered impracticable. Were the party what it once was, placed firmly on a basis of sound principle, instead of being a

mere combination to retain office, one might recall the days when Robert Baldwin found a seat in Rimouski and Louis Lafontaine was returned for one of the ridings of York. Mr. Laurier is a young man of promise, a Minister to whose utterances people are ready to listen, and whether friends or opponents, to weigh with generous indulgence; but it is much to be feared that party training is beginning to efface the frank ingenuousness of his nature. Mistakes in political history, such as those Sir Francis Hincks detected in Mr. Laurier's Quebec lecture, are pardonable; to misrepresent opponents and even passing events and recent transactions, so early in his career, are sadly ominous indications of deterioration. It is to be hoped that the hon. gentleman is not to furnish another proof that 'evil communications corrupt good manners,' and that one cannot take a dip in the slough of partyism without permanent defilement. There was an Ontario Minister at Strathroy—that *rara avis in terris* until recently—the somnolent Mr. Pardee. During the session of the Local House, the Commissioner could snooze away the hours, 'to dumb forgetfulness a prey,' but that was in the winter season. Just now he perhaps finds it too hot to sleep without first undergoing some exhausting labour; hence, at the picnic, he was speaking, perspiring, sawing the air, and adventurously seizing the Protectionist bull by the horns. It can hardly be said that he shook any novel information out of the animal; still he was drawing upon Mr. David Wells, after the style of Mr. David Mills, with considerable satisfaction to himself.

At Parkhill, Mr. Plumb posed as the Pan or Orpheus of the grove; at least he should have done so, but strange to say, not only did he fail to move the woods or fill them with the fragrance of his poesy, but the woods failed to move or inspire him. The hon. member was out of tune, and took

refuge from the neglectful or contemptuous Muse in a labyrinth of statistics. Sir John Macdonald did Mr. Plumb the honour to say that the latter had paid great attention to the subject lately, evidently impressed by the fancied incongruity of poetry and blue-books. But there never was a greater mistake. Figures of rhetoric and figures of arithmetic are closely allied now-a-days—in fact they are both used figuratively. When Audrey asked of Touchstone the meaning of 'poetical?' 'Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?' the fool's answer was, 'No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning.' And the same is true of figures, when manipulated by the modern partisan; they are as a nose of wax to be twisted in any required direction; true *sub modo* in themselves, they may be dressed and distorted to any use and in any service, until they end by proving a palpable falsehood, without a flaw in the demonstration. It is not too much to say that no partisan 'takes the stump,' at any public assemblage without dealing disingenuously with statistics. Whether it be Mr. Cartwright or Dr. Tupper, Mr. Plumb or any other of the lesser lights, most men of ordinary discernment, having a passable acquaintance with the subject-matter, may detect the misuse of figures in any speech on either side. Walpole's protest to his son against history is, in these days, more pointedly applicable to figures. Statistics may be made to mean any thing, and are almost invariably made to lie. The member for Niagara and the Finance Minister touched upon the same points in their speeches. The latter was eminently didactical, expatiating in a free and random way, over a vast extent of space; but he was chiefly concerned with his own consistency. He seemed bent like most round men, thrust into square holes, upon establishing his prescience, born after the event; and it was at that point Mr. Plumb fairly exposed Mr. Cartwright's charlatanism.

At the very time when the Finance Minister is supposing himself to have protested against lavish expenditure, at a period of unnatural inflation, he was in fact, eulogizing the financial policy of the Administration in 1872. Perhaps the recent political history of Canada has never been so boldly travestied before an intelligent audience as the Finance Minister attempted to travesty it at Strathroy. His facts are almost invariably wrong, and his figures—well, his figures are plastic and accommodating. No public man, certainly since Confederation, has less right than Mr. Cartwright, to attempt a show of consistency. Whether the *soupeçon* of personal pique against the Conservative leader, on the ground that his claims as a financier were contemptuously set aside, be true or not, there is certainly a verisimilitude about it, read in the light of the Minister's vindictive speeches against his former chief, which cannot be blinked. The attempt to play upon popular ignorance, or rather popular indifference, not merely to him and his antecedents, but to any party politics more than a year old, is futile. He is now responsible for the financial *status* and credit of the Dominion, and we have no hesitation in saying—although there is not the sign of a suitable successor on the other side—that he is not the man to play ducks and drakes with the future of the Dominion. His policy has been all wrong from first to last; he has borrowed money at ruinous rates, when he should have imposed taxes; he blames his predecessors for not imposing taxes when they were not wanted; his forecast of the future has egregiously failed in every year of his tenure of office; and, in addition to all his other deficiencies, he has the foulest tongue, save, perhaps, Mr. Francis Jones's in the Dominion. Incompetency is stamped upon the whole course of his administration, and if posterity will not say of him, what Sir Francis Dashwood expected contemporaries to remark, 'There goes the worst Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer that ever lived, it will be because they have forgotten all about him.

Nor are matters much better, indeed rather worse, if attention be directed to the other side. Dr. Tupper is the coming Minister of Finance, and he is surely not a proper man for that responsible position. Not to speak of his want of balance, his utter recklessness in assertion, and his penchant for invective, in which he is only excelled by the two worthies already mentioned on their side, his financial abilities must be taken on trust. He is not a 'safe' man, at the present exigency, and we must look elsewhere for a Finance Minister. Sir John Macdonald does not profess to be acquainted with monetary affairs, and his lavish promises to make everybody rich by imposing customs' duties, and his amateur dabbling with figures generally, show that he knows as much about that subject as he does concerning the integral calculus or philosophical necessity. His speeches and resolutions have given ample opportunity to the *doctrinaires*, and inflicted more serious injury upon every fiscal policy deserving the title 'national,' than any delivered or formulated by his opponents. He never opens his mouth not merely without 'putting his foot in it,' but making a thoroughfare upon which the feet of all his opponents may ride dryshod over anything like a rational policy. At Parkhill, he seemed insensible of the retorts to which he rendered himself liable, for he imagined a conversation between himself and his opponents in 1865, when he has actually begun to fancy that he promised protection. They, of the other party, objected that he was not in earnest in his economic notions; if you are, they said, or were supposed to say by a figment of Sir John's imagination, you would increase the taxation. No, says the ex-Premier, we had plenty of money to spare, went on with the public works, and saved the people from contributing two millions more

out of the revenue. The absurdity of the story is obvious on the face of it; but how, if it were retorted now, when Sir John, in his mad way, is proposing to tax all imports—on an extravagant scale, in a period of serious depression? A desire to be all things to all men, in order to win a majority in the next House, has led him so far astray that were he never so honestly disposed, he could not carry out one tithe of the promises to which he stands pledged. It is his absurd talk about a 'reciprocity of tariffs,' and his ignorant admiration of the American system which have enabled the *doctrinaire* press on the other side to prate about an impending thirty or forty per cent. scale of duties. It has even prompted the *Globe* to make a *reductio ad absurdum* of its own pseudo-scientific theory by offering a specious apology for the American tariff—an apology false and insincere, but which might have passed muster if it had not been coupled with an ignoble suggestion that Canada should cringe once more at the feet of its selfish and unfriendly neighbour.

It is difficult to say whether Sir John Macdonald or Mr. Cartwright is the more formidable foe to any sober and intelligent re-adjustment of the tariff. If Sir Alex. Galt or Sir Francis Hincks were likely to be our next Finance Minister, people might be assured of a rational fiscal policy, essentially Canadian. As it is, confidence placed anywhere will be misplaced. Mr. Cartwright is so eaten up of personal antipathies that he could not do any good as a Minister, if he would. In his Strathroy speech, for instance, on another point of attack, he began the old story about the Washington Treaty. He knows what everyone else knows, that whatever Sir John Macdonald's faults may be, he is not likely, if only from the self-regarding instincts of the politician, to betray his country. The Finance Minister is not ignorant that Imperial considerations were supreme at Washington, and that, in fact, Sir John was an

Imperial representative; and he knows right well, that by no possible construction of the Geneva reference could the Fenian claims have been brought within the purview of the Commission. And yet he has the meanness to cast it up as a reproach that the ex-Premier did not effect what he is quite aware was absolutely impossible. Mr. Cartwright is not the only party leader who offends every principle of sound morality and good taste in party warfare, only he occupies a conspicuous station and has made himself peculiarly vulnerable by his flippant and unscrupulous language, when dealing with opponents. Dr. Tupper and others who might easily be named, if it were worth while, are sinners in an equal degree; and even Sir John Macdonald whose good nature sometimes covers with a decent veil the passion which bubbles up into grimace, has been at times as coarse, vituperative and unfair as any of his subalterns. The attacks made upon Mr. Mackenzie's probity and good faith are utterly without justification, and although one may lament his peevishness and petulance of temper, most non-partisans will be willing to extend to him some indulgent consideration. If he succeeds at the approaching elections in keeping his seat, it will not be because of his financial policy, but because the electorate feels well-grounded confidence in the honesty of his intentions, and the sterling and honourable energy he has expended in the public service. The party in opposition will sooner or later learn that the scandal business is not 'a paying investment,' and that the best service they can do a man of unblemished integrity is to varnish over the mistakes he has made with a thick covering of angry abuse.

The journals are only performing a solemn duty when they impress upon the electorate the supreme importance of the task it will soon be called on to perform. The general elections cannot be delayed beyond a couple of months, if the public interest and con-

venience are to be consulted by the Government, and, therefore, it behoves all who have the material and moral progress of the Dominion at heart, to bestir themselves and gird themselves up for the contest. Especially is it incumbent upon those who possess special training and experience in public affairs—those who have gained the ear and acquired the confidence of their fellow-electors—to exert their influence in the right direction. Unhappily it is much to be feared that the major part of that sterling element in public affairs will fritter its energies away in the inane and frivolous struggles of effete partyism. Yet now, if ever, there is a noble opportunity of pursuing the good of the country. The path is neither obscure nor tortuous, and only blindness can misguide those who have no selfish inducement to abandon it of set purpose. Within the half decade for which the next Dominion House will be shortly chosen, much will be done, well or ill, which must leave its ineradicable stamp upon the Dominion in all time coming. If the broad and fertile territory and the indomitable energy of the Canadian people seem to guarantee the promise of a glorious future, there is much on the other hand to discourage and dishearten. In the early days of Confederation, when some of our public men who might have known better, seem to have lost their balance, Canada was induced, to view its destiny through the roseate atmosphere surrounding its renewed youth. By this time most men, not political hucksters, have grown calm and disenchanted; yet they find themselves burdened with promises and undertakings which press with irksome stress upon them, only to leave a fearful legacy entailed upon posterity. It is, of course, open to partisans to lay the blame of this unfortunate condition of affairs upon opponents; it is natural that they should do so, however palpably and demonstrably untrue their accusation may be. Both parties are

equally to blame; they first inspired the people with the exuberant gust of hasty enthusiasm and received in return an impetus which will involve the Dominion in serious financial embarrassment. It is all very well to tell contemporaries that posterity must reap the benefit of the enormous public works undertaken at the consolidation of the Dominion. But posterity has no representative in Parliament; and it is more than probable than when it is capable of articulate utterance, it may object to the millstone tied about its neck from the moment it emerges upon the scene. What if a statesman, early in the twentieth century should reproach those who have gone before him with almost strangling the infant nationality in its cradle, with over-weighting it and stunting its growth by unnecessary burdens, instead of proceeding *pari passu* with the vigour of its juvenescence and the full development of its manhood? And supposing him to continue his reproaches upon those who had preceded him, and to complain bitterly that although they had burdened the country beyond endurance, it was left a nationality with but one interest that of the soil and its raw material—a needy dependent upon a rapacious neighbour, who had gathered to himself all its industries, all its urban enterprise, all its intelligence—in invention, in arts, mechanism and manufactures? Whether the coming statesman shall find it necessary to submit these queries may, and in all human probability must, depend upon the issue of the approaching elections. Would it not be wise to consider in advance what answer we could give at the bar of posterity? Clearly, if the people are fired with the laudable ambition to be a nation, in any adequate sense of the word, they must take their affairs into their own hands, and entirely out of the hands of party. Confederation is *un fait accompli* and there is no use now in cavilling about its inception. It

will not do to part with one Province—one stone in the glorious arch which spans northern America from ocean to ocean. Political waifs, like the Finance Minister, may speak contemptuously of British Columbia and its sparse population; but it is a part of Europe's highway to China and Japan, and to break with it now means its absorption by the United States. Or they may speak sneeringly of Prince Edward Island, and the Maritime Provinces, altogether where the other main buttress of the Dominion rests. Yet if they imagine they deceive the people of Ontario or Quebec by an attempted appeal to sectional selfishness, the electors will probably dispel the fantasy. The older Provinces, from their position, are marked out in plain geographical lines, as the commercial and manufacturing centre for the great West which is ours; and they cannot afford, eleven years after Confederation, to lose the capital they have invested merely to satisfy party exigencies either on one side or the other. Whether what was done in the ten years or so gone by was well and wisely done is an historical, and not a practical question with us now; it is definitively done, at all events, and statesmen, if there be any, must make the best of it. It is certainly not making the best of it, to render the country uninhabitable by the skilled mechanic and artisan, to drive them and the capital which might employ them across the line, on the specious but utterly fallacious plea of making Canada a cheap country for those who remain. The question of a re-adjusted tariff is not got rid of by *doctrinaire* argument, but simply postponed. Neither Mr. Cartwright nor any other *soi-disant* Free Trade financier can go on borrowing at increasing disadvantage forever; and when all the raw material and all the articles we cannot produce are taxed to the utmost, the catalogue of 'incidentally' protected articles will begin to figure largely in the schedules. Shall

this be done now, when, as Mr. Mill declares, it would be prudent, or five years hence, when the mischief wrought may be irreparable. In his latest work, a collection of lectures delivered at Oxford, Prof. Bonamy Price laments that political economy, his special subject, is losing its hold upon the popular mind, and boldly expresses it as his opinion that it was ranked too soon amongst the sciences. The reason for this failure is not far to seek. Political economy was—in such of its applications as relate to fiscal matters, at all events—the product of hasty and inadequate generalization from the experiences of a single nation, and its conclusions were quite as scientific as the theories of a Lancashire coal miner would be about the geology of the globe. The *doctrinaire* took it into his head that what is good for Britain must be good, in trade matters, for every nation on the face of the earth, no matter how diverse its character, its history, or the conditions of its environment. He failed, as all attempts have hitherto failed, to reduce the complex phenomena of human society within the rigid compass of scientific statement. In Canada our textbook legislators have only got so far as Adam Smith; they are almost angry with the hesitating statements of Mill; and of that younger school of political economists in England, France, Germany, and Italy, only a few years in being, they have not yet contrived to hear a syllable.

On the other hand, the crudities of the party which has usurped the title of 'national' are too transparently absurd to deceive any one. Sir John Macdonald's speeches supply all that is wanted to prove that he either does not weigh the meaning of his words, or is simply playing with the question for some personal or sinister end. It is in the mass of the people, with the sound sense and unerring instincts which invariably guide them, that the true Canadian nationalist may safely repose his hope for

the future. The confused statistics, the exploded theory of the balance of trade on the one side, and the cosmopolitan nihilism on the other fall equally upon inattentive ears. What they do know is that this country to be great must be progressive; to be progressive it must attract, not repel, population; to attract them it must have something more to depend upon than the products of the soil. The Conservative appeals to the selfishness of all the interests, and the corresponding rebukes from the Government party are nothing to them. The farmer, the manufacturer, the mechanic, and the labourer are all able to put their fingers upon the weak spot. Their demand is not for a party war-cry which may culminate in a fraud, but an honest attempt to deal with the problem fairly, rationally and effectively. Neither of the existing parties can claim their confidence; and it rests with them to cast off the chains which have bound them, and to vote at the polls this autumn as 'free and independent electors,' in fact, and not in the cant phrase of the addresses. The bulk of the people know well that neither of the existing factions can be relied upon—the Opposition because they cannot be trusted, and the Ministry because they have distinctly committed themselves to a suicidal fiscal policy.

No writer who takes up such ground with reference to public affairs can expect anything but abuse and misrepresentation from partisans; but that is of little importance if only the people be aroused to a sense of the pressing duty devolving upon them. When the craft is in danger, Demetrius and his silversmiths, whether their idol be Diana or a party fetish, are of course indignant; for not at Ephesus only has the cry been heard, 'Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth.' There is a feeling of unrest abroad among the partisans which promises well for the country. Last month, we noticed Sir John

Macdonald's plea to those who are not partisans. This month fear has been propagated by contagion. Even Mr. Cartwright, who brands the Conservative leader as a Coalitionist, was compelled to admit that he was one also, precisely on the same grounds—'These old past difficulties having been successfully removed, there is nothing that I can see to prevent honest men from joining hands together.' Will the hon. gentleman be kind enough to point out any real, and not merely ostensible, principle at issue between him and his opponents? He claims to be a Free-trader in one breath, and a Protectionist by virtue of raising the duties from fifteen to seventeen and a half per cent.; pretends to stand aghast at the proposals of the Opposition and yet affects to believe that they are not made in earnest. Vehement though he may be, he is not a clever simulator, and while the people are quite ready to acknowledge him as an authority on the futility of party divisions, their confidence in him goes no farther. At Parkhill, one of the addresses to Sir John Macdonald expressed, in grandiloquent phrases, the conviction that 'in this great country, where, in times past, party-lines have been closely drawn—the patriotic men, on both sides, preferring the national welfare to any fleeting gain—are declaring themselves in favour of that policy.' The answer to all such attempts to seduce men indifferent to party strife may be phrased in sacred words:—'Why tempt ye me? Shew me a penny,' and when produced, it is found to bear the superscription of Cæsar, 'the chieftain' of the uncertain party. The *Globe* which, *de foute de mieux*, and it is a watery exponent of any party, has also come to the conclusion that there is a constituency to be courted which is non-partisan. There is much in the carefully and, on the whole, fairly written leader of that journal on the 18th ult., with which any one may cordially agree; yet the confession,

which is forced from it, of the crass unreasonableness of partyism is worth reproducing. After dismissing the scandals, which are notably the result of party warfare, since the hungry always grumble at the well-fed, and the well-fed are not over scrupulous whether the banner of purity waves over them or not, the *Globe* makes an appeal to those not affected by scandals—a rather large constituency, as matters have turned out—in spite of party leaders and journalists. 'They (the scandals against the Government) serve to fill the mouths of politicians who desire, right or wrong, to say something against their opponents, but they have not the slightest influence upon fair-minded men of any party, and fall harmless when directed towards the class which controls elections—we mean the thoughtful and influential, who, free from personal bias, sway to and fro as they perceive errors on one side or the other.' The mistake committed here is the obvious one that it is not the people who 'sway' at all, but their leaders. Hitherto the tail—a very disreputable and cropped one—has wagged the dog; let us see if the dog cannot summon up individuality enough to keep the tail under control.

In England, the disintegration of the Liberal party, and the crass stolidity of the party which is passing under galvanic experimentation by that prince of mountebanks, Earl Beaconsfield, have raised in a strange way the old question about the virtue supposed to be inherent in party rulers. Lord Brougham, certainly no authority in many matters, and no great authority in any, was of course an ardent partisan, if ever one was. His words, however, on partyism were to the effect that political parties were 'hurtful to the interests of the country, corrupting to the people, injurious to honest principles, and at the very best a clumsy contrivance for carrying on the affairs of the State.' The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which always after the *Tele-*

graph, is the especial organ of the 'Jingo' party, thinks it necessary to take up the cudgels on behalf of partyism. De Quincey who was no politician, and Lecky, a philosophical historian, with a strong Liberal and pro-Ireland bias, are quoted, but the writer relies, like our friend of the *Journal of Commerce*, upon Macaulay. It is not by any means detracting from the acknowledged genius of Macaulay to say that he was a historian, whose pictures were washed in with epigram and utterly ruined by partyism. There is not a character out of the Whig circle in his gallery, which is not caricatured. Notwithstanding his prodigious memory, he remembered nothing, but what made for those who had sent him to Parliament for the Lansdowne pocket-borough of Calne, and made him Master of Ordnance. He mangled and misrepresented Swift, reviled every Tory of the time of Anne and William, and has sent down a portrait of George Savile, Earl of Halifax, 'the Trimmer,' which it remains for some non-partisan biographer to correct. Macaulay was himself the most salient example of the partisan spirit, because with the wonderfully graphic power he possessed, as well as the Highland imagination he inherited from his Celtic ancestors, he was enabled to pervert history for party purposes, and then make the perversion as he himself said, 'popular as a novel.' Lord Macaulay is the most unsatisfactory witness that could be adduced in support of the party system, since his writings remain a standing monument in protest against it. It is almost amusing to be told nowadays, in the obsolete language of Holland House, that some men are prone to look back, and others to look forward; that Conservatism is right in its proper place, and Whiggery or Radicalism equally so, provided always the one or other to which we happen to be opposed, does not become unruly and insist upon predominance. One party ought always to be on the right of Mr. Speaker,

that being its allotted place in the order of Providence, or by the decrees of manifest destiny, and then an Opposition has its proper functions on the left—a useful element in the body politic. In all other departments of human thought and action, save only the military—and to that must now be added the diplomatic—the notion that men or nations can be treated like pawns, or marshalled into ranks with uniformity of dress or unwavering obedience to orders, has been abandoned. Even in religion, where at all events, there is a clean-cut and incisive line of demarcation between authority and individuality, most men have come to the conclusion that considerable latitude of opinion must be conceded. Yet in politics, where so many diverse views are admissible, according to their own theory, partisans still persist in striving to maintain, on an exaggerated scale, the old military system of party discipline.

No thoughtful man who scans, and endeavours to interpret, the signs of the times can doubt that a breaking-up of the old party-system is imminent both in Europe and America. If there be one indication, more clear and unmistakable than another it is the rending of those traditional bonds which once served as a coherent force to weld men in masses and are being cast off like the withes of Samson, powerless to resist the convulsive force of modern energy. It would be unreasonable to deny the power of association when employed in prosecution of a great principle whether religious liberty or electoral reform; but the days, when men will subordinate their personality and surrender their freedom of action to achieve a single object are past and gone. There are so many things about which men may now-a-days differ, and so few upon which they can agree to the exclusion of their points of difference, that party, in its old sense, has become practically a tradition, and no longer a reality. Before this century has ceased,

people will marvel that men could possibly have been the thralls of so irrational a system of polity as that which now, even in its decadence, finds stout and angry champions.

In every country of Europe and America public affairs seems pregnant with the same lesson of change and transition. On all hands there are the same symptoms of dislocation and upheaval; old things are passing away and all things becoming new. Even the dominant party in England, powerful from its stolid gravity and 'educated' into crass vitality by Lord Beaconsfield, gives signs of falling to pieces, and its parent may possibly survive to assist at its obsequies. The Liberal party has gone utterly to smash, and the earnest leaders of it are quarrelling over the bits which still remain. In France the Republic has been saved by the spirit of compromise in the person of M. Dufaure, reinforced by the passive strength which has come out of national weakness and exhaustion. In Germany where one might have expected that the fire of a triumphant patriotism would glow with undiminished fervour, for a century, the twin demons of Ultramontanism and Socialism are maddening Bismarck so that his evil genius goads him on in the path of violent repression to meet him at last at a Philippi which will not terminate like Gravelotte or Sedan. Austria with its dual system tends to chaos. Italy has been torn in pieces by confused partyism while yet in process of consolidation, and Russia, notwithstanding her terrible military efforts, reposes upon a volcano, within which are wrestling the indomitable forces of social unrest and financial collapse. Our American neighbours are in an agony of a similar type. Partyism there, as elsewhere, is dogged by the nemesis of its own iniquities and utterly discredited by its confessed abandonment of principle or moral self-restraint. Yet in all these countries, as compared with Canada, there

are some vital issues at stake with which men dare not attempt to play, and therefore some *raison d'être* for the party system. Here, at all events, where the very names with which men label themselves are unmeaning survivals, and the shibboleths sound hollow and sepulchral, what apology can be advanced for its existence? If, by chance, one or other of the factions manages to grasp a principle by the skirts, it is only to let it escape again, when the turn is served, wounded and naked. If the people of the Dominion desire to be well governed in the five years to come, they ought surely to emancipate themselves from a yoke which galls them with no compensating advantage, and irritates, instead of soothing, the sores which the politicians have rudely scarred with their mollifying ointment. To the honest and intelligent elector, whose aid the partisans are now eager to invoke—the 'non-partisan' majority—the first and most pressing duty is to listen to the syren voice of neither faction. When two men present themselves for their suffrages in a constituency, let them inquire not into their political stripe, but into their ability to serve the people and their probity and integrity as members of society. When men like Col. Walker are put forward by one party, or like Mr. Boulton by the other, it is time that the electorate took the reins of power into its own hands. If the parties have lost the slightest suspicion of principle, they have retained their power for mischief. The selfishness which makes a trade of politics, and the cynical hypocrisy which chuckles in its sleeve at the folly of it, are in alliance and can do as much harm as ever. It rests with the people to say whether the double game carried on for years shall be perpetuated—the game of the tricksters who make a mock of virtue, and their congeners who simulate it for purposes equally unworthy. Measures and men must be the popular motto at the

polls, let what will become of the miserable factions in whose name the contest is ostensibly carried. In Quebec, notwithstanding the backward state of its political education, a glimpse of sunshine has appeared in the outcome of the last general election and it should be an augury of good for the entire Dominion. Upon the people rests the responsibility of changing the aspect of political affairs; a blunder now may entail much suffering and loss in the future; and, as they have to count the cost, and meet it, in the long run, it is not too much to urge that they should awake to the duty of the hour.

The extravagant party in Quebec have been impeding legislation by the manifold devices at the command of an Opposition. The constitutional question has disappeared, naturally so, because the most violent of partisans are convinced by this time that they have not an argumentative leg to stand upon. They may gibe and sneer, and suggest what they please in the shape of innuendo, but as for reasoning on the question, they acknowledge themselves worsted, disarmed, and clean out of the field. The menace of another dissolution has been rather disheartening, and the prospect of returning in the autumn with something worse than a Speaker's casting-vote against them have no doubt made some of their own numbers pause and fight shy of a direct vote of non-confidence. Still they have not scrupled to make a bid for interested rings of all sorts. Not a vote proposed in the Committee of Supply has passed without an expression of the Opposition regret that their old *régime* of extravagance has come to an end. The partisans have not yet realized the change which has come over the Province, and are inclined to hope that even yet the spendthrift policy may attract a sufficient amount of influence, of the rueful and regretful sort, to carry them back into power. It is all in vain, however. The *laudator temporis acti* in Quebec

is an idolator perhaps in his way ; but he is not a fool, and knows the difference between impending bankruptcy and pressing taxation, as contrasted with thrift, economy and retrenchment. Nor are men whose wits have once been sharpened, likely to be deceived by so barefaced a sham as M. Martel's motion to do a little cheese-paring, as a stroke of revenge at Spencer Wood. Even the hon. member's own leaders were ashamed of the amendment, and he succeeded only in increasing the Government majority to eight. The difficulty which has hitherto impeded honest, free constitutional government in Quebec has been the inordinate thirst for official positions, and this has been made more insatiable by the national and religious troubles ever and anon cropping up there. This chronic trouble has not been of the partisan kind, strictly, although the late Government yielded to what they had not the courage to resist. Both Conservative and Reform journalists have bitterly complained of the necessity they were under of always making places for three clerks where only one—or perhaps not one—was wanted. It would be unfair to the De Boucherville or previous Administrations to ignore this lion in their path, and we can well believe that Messrs. Robertson and Church were as sensible of the danger as MM. Joly or Bachand can be. Quebec has always been extravagantly governed. Under the old Provincial system, it was worse than the horse-leech's daughter, always begging, inexorable and never satisfied. So soon as matters had been settled on something like a satisfactory basis, the Province under the guidance of the dominant party there, launched out upon a hopeless career of prodigality. It must needs have two Houses to its legislature, and Quebec went into a mad ecstasy over the restoration of its ancient glories. It became the paradise of office-seekers, and as a Conservative writer, some time since complained, no Irish Catholic could be

appointed to a clerkship without necessitating provision for an Irish Protestant, and this having been done, room had to be made for a French Canadian. Chronic rottenness of this sort, reinforced by railway enterprises beyond the strength and resources of the Province, has been its ruin, and the people at last discovered that there was something more precious to be conserved than *soi-disant* Conservatism—public credit, Provincial honour and integrity. That is the secret of M. Joly's triumph, and with his majority of one, the popular backing he can boast has enabled him to set his opponents at defiance, under circumstances only to be pleaded in a desperate emergency. There are men on the other side who might add strength to a good Coalition Government—which is what Quebec specially needs just now—and if both parties, or the really patriotic elements in them, would consent to forget their old enmities, the ancient Province would have reason to commemorate their self-abnegation for many a long day to come.

It is not yet certain, as we write, how the Orange difficulty will be legally settled in Montreal. One fact seems plain and clear enough—one upon which an Ontario Conservative and a Quebec Liberal, at all events, can agree—that whatever trouble may have occurred, the main share of the responsibility must be borne by the chief magistrate of the city. At a time when he knew that the services of Sir Selby Smyth had been invoked because of his culpable truculence, he took it on himself to insult the Commander of Her Majesty's Forces, to make a pretence of impartiality in swearing in a special constabulary, and to scandalously violate it by accepting the dictation of the Irish Catholic societies and arming all the bullies to be found in Griffintown. At the last moment, although the same old rusty weapon might have been furbished up out of the Ultramontane armoury a year and more ago, a sta-

tute, which would be a glaring disgrace to any British colony, was put forward, under which an Orangeman, an Odd-fellow or a Good Templar may at any moment, be committed to the penitentiary for a term of two or seven years. Under this cover, M. Beaudry boldly proposed to prevent the procession, at a time when Mr. Taillon was pretending to achieve the same object in another way, in Quebec. If survivals of this description are to be disinterred from the Quebec statutes, whenever required, it is about time Englishmen in Canada began to fix their whereabouts. The people who put as a marginal note 'The Decrees of our Holy Father the Pope are binding,' can invent statutes for their purpose, and it may be as well to appeal at once to the Queen of England to protect civil and religious liberty from ruffians like Thibault, and violators of official oath, of honour, duty and the clearest principles of justice and fair-dealing, such as M. Beaudry. Those who deny, as this journal has done all along, the propriety of Orange demonstrations, have a peculiar right to utter an indignant protest against the shuffling, the treachery and unblushing tergiversation of the Mayor and his abettors. Orangeism may be all that its opponents claim it to be—an unnecessary element of religious strife, imported from an island where such strife has been the curse of the country; if so, there are moral means of getting rid of it, which could be justified to the Dominion and the world. That would be the English method of going to work, in such a case; but it would have been too honest, open and straightforward for the Mayor and his clique. Their plan appears to have been from the first, to shirk duty, to encourage lawlessness, and, when they had gained their point, to put weapons in the roughs' hands to complete the mischief they had set on foot, by hounding these ruffians on to deeds of wanton and unprovoked violence. By inflammatory

language these recreant conservators of life, property and peace began, by inciting the rowdy element to make a riot, and then gave to their lawlessness the assistance, the organization and the protection it required, in the name of the law.

Last year Mayor Beaudry agreed to protect the Orangemen on certain conditions, which were scrupulously fulfilled, and, of course, broke his word. His apology put forth this year is, that he was thwarted by the Police Committee. At that time, the roughs were allowed merely to enjoy themselves without molestation, and the result was a brutal homicide, and a number of serious assaults. This year the Chief Magistrate of the commercial capital went a step further, by collecting, equipping and drilling the reckless crowd which last year was guilty of the murder of Hackett and the other melancholy events which followed. Rowdiness has not only been allowed full swing in the exercise of its peculiar virtues, but taken under the ægis of law, 'sworn in' to break the peace, and adorned with white rosettes as the lawless defenders of law, order and the public weal, against which, on the 12th of July last, they were the sole aggressors. The legal opinion, obtained at the last moment, was intentionally sprung upon the public at the last moment, to give the baser class full liberty of action, to paralyze the arm of the military, and complicate the question at issue. As the chief conspirator broke his pledged faith last year, so now he did not scruple to violate the terms of the proclamation he had issued, and to which he had solemnly protested his intention to adhere. His intention to constitute the special force on a mixed basis of different creeds and nationalities was a fraud, and he and his well-selected roughs in fact besieged the Orange Hall and were the terror of the entire neighbourhood. Whether it be an offence against the law to be an Orangeman,

an Oddfellow, or a Son of Temperance remains to be tested; but it is certainly not yet a penal offence for a woman to have an orange lily or orange trimmings in her bonnet, and the brutes who assaulted women and tore their dresses were degenerates specimens of French gallantry, even if they did wield an official baton, and had been sworn to work the unruly will of the Mayor and his party. Every assault committed on that day was distinctly the work of the so-called preservers of the peace, without the slightest colour of sanction from any law, Provincial or municipal.

As already said, the end is not yet, and can hardly be forecast, as the legal imbroglia now stands. The statute paraded on the authority of four Queen's Counsel may have been framed for the purpose to which it has been put; but, considering the strange way in which it struggled to light at the last moment, there is good reason for having serious doubts about it. That such a monstrous law could be enacted now, or will be permitted much longer to disgrace the statute-book, even in Quebec, we cannot believe. Its import, as well as its validity, must, if necessary, be tested in the highest Court in the Empire; meanwhile those whose freedom of association it will restrict—and they number many thousands, not a tithe of whom are Orangemen—should unite in exposing its arbitrary and tyrannical character. In a British colony men are not prepared to lose all but the semblance of British liberty, and the time has surely arrived when all lovers of freedom and individual rights, without regard to creed or nationality, should unite in asserting and maintaining them. It seems very doubtful to most people whether Mayor Beaudry or anyone else can prevent a public procession of any society before its illegality is established, not merely by professional opinion, but by evidence given of its true character in a court of justice. It may be law that

any member of a certain class of societies renders himself *ipso facto* liable to from two to seven years' confinement in the penitentiary; but how does M. Beaudry know, save by hearsay, that the Orange body is one of them, before the question is legally tried? Even were it decided in the affirmative, and it has not been, the offence would be, not the walking in procession, but the membership, which would require proof in every individual case. The Mayor tries an entire Society, as judge and jury in his own person, and then proceeds to interfere with a right, which is strictly legal, because he chooses to condemn those who exercise it, alleging that he fancies, they may be adjudged guilty of another and totally different offence. Perhaps he is desirous of emulating the justice administered by Rhadamanthus who according to Virgil, first punishes, then hears the offences, and finally compels men to confess. Clearly, if this obsolete law, which no one has dreamed of citing, though it has been on the statute-book for many years a dead letter, were to be invoked at all, due notice should have been given to all concerned. Up to the very eve of the procession, and after all the arrangements had been made, military and otherwise, no one seems to have dreamed of its existence. If Mr. Taillon's Party Processions Bill had been passed in time, it would not have been disturbed in its grave even now. It was a dishonourable and ungenerous attempt to spring a surprise upon the military, the magistrates and the Orangemen, only slightly less scandalous than the embodiment of the city roughs to enforce an *ex parte* interpretation of it. Montreal had better look to its commercial interests, and to that high reputation it used to boast before the days of Guibord and anti-Orange riots. It has clearly received a staggering blow at the hands of Beaudry and his lambs, and nothing can save the noble city from irreparable disaster and ruin, but

immediate and complete emancipation from their evil influence upon its future destinies.

Sir James Fitzjames Stephen has completed and laid before the Imperial Parliament a very important and arduous undertaking—the codification of the Criminal Law of England. The great value of this work will be seen, when it is considered that not merely does the Code compress the various statutes within reasonable compass, by dropping useless verbiage, but it also attempts to reduce the confused and conflicting accretions of centuries to order and system. Not only are the penalties imposed upon crimes made more consistent with the degrees of culpability they are designed to punish, but such factitious offences as constructive treason disappear altogether. There is one important department to which alone we can refer at present—the section on “Insanity,” which has been the subject of much angry discussion between lawyers and scientific men, both in Canada and at home. Dr. Workman, in his lecture on “Crime and Insanity,” and Dr. Maudsley, in his “Responsibility in Mental Disease,” argue on the scientific side; and the jurists’ theory is found in the text-books and in innumerable judicial charges. The law holds every man responsible for an act, if at the time of its commission he knew the moral quality of the act. The medical experts, on the contrary, maintain that, in nine cases out of ten, the criminal can perfectly distinguish right from wrong, but has no sufficient power of control over his actions. In other words, the will or volitional power is diseased, not the moral discrimination of the man. Sir James Stephens divides persons troubled,

“either by defective mental power, or by any disease of the mind,” into three classes: Those who are so “prevented (1) from knowing the quality of the act; or (2) from knowing either that the act is forbidden by law, or that it is morally wrong; or (3) if such person was, at the time when the act was done, in such a state that he would not have been prevented from doing that act by knowing that if he did it, the greatest punishment permitted by law for such an offence would be instantly inflicted upon him, provided that this shall not apply to any person in whom such a state of mind has been produced by his own default.” The *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* have pointed out that Sir James does not introduce any such phrases as impaired or diseased volition, but merely restrains the infliction of punishment where, from mental defect or disease, it does not and cannot act as a deterrent. Whether this new view of insanity will reconcile the belligerents remains to be seen.

It is too early yet to enter upon a full examination of the Treaty of Berlin. Lord Beaconsfield has had a triumph which is rather showy than substantial. He has divided Bulgaria in two, and given Turkey the defensible frontier of the Balkan claim. Yet with Varna at one end and Sofia at the other in Bulgarian possession, the line, which may be readily turned, is not likely to prove of much service. Under Russian pressure, the other Province is to have Burghas on the Black Sea, and to be known as East Roumelia. Very little good has been attempted for Greece, after all promises to the contrary in return for her neutrality, when she had a chance of extending her boundaries. The Premier’s grand *coup de théâtre* was reserved for the last—the occupation of Cyprus by England and the guarantee given by her to protect Asiatic Turkey against all-comers. To the first step there can be no objection; only Cyprus might have been acquired on more reasonable

NOTE.—These remarks were in type before the publication of the correspondence between the Premier and Mr. Beaudry. Mr. Mackenzie puts the question raised in these columns with great force and point; and by his own letters the mayor stands convicted of fraud and treachery in concealing his knowledge of the Statute pleaded, for at least three weeks.

terms. Not only is England to protect Turkey in Asia, but she has undertaken the enormous responsibility of obtaining good government for the people and maintaining it for all future

time. Perhaps, when the English people begin to realize what that means, they may awake from their pleasant dreams; the *Standard* and *Pall Mall Gazette* are disenchanted already.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN No. 10 of the Collection of foreign authors* we have a story of only ordinary interest. Slender in framework and trite in plot, *Ariadne*, is a tale that is far more than twice told already. The heroine is that poor scholar so often found in books of this class. Of course she is a bright girl, accomplished in several ways, a genius in music and altogether delightful from a prudish standpoint. But she is poor and an orphan. Her many accomplishments and social virtues do not make up for her lack of wealth and want of aristocratic birth. She leads a life of suffering in the Academy of Education which she attends. Her teachers slight her. Her companions look upon her in a distasteful way, and say hateful things to her, and glory in the misfortunes which continually overtake her. She is punished for the faults of others and finally undergoes expulsion from the seminary for a heinous sin which the daughter of a princess of Russia committed. The story is devoted principally to the trials, misfortunes and career of *Ariadne*, who, with the patience of a saint uncomplainingly bears her sufferings and the misrepresentations which are made against her character and life. On being expelled she becomes the *protégé* of a kindly old lady who takes her in, through pity for

her on the one hand, and admiration for her beautiful voice on the other. An infatuated musician, whose business it is to prepare young ladies for the operatic stage, takes *Miss Ariadne* in hand, educates her and she makes her *début* before a large audience and achieves a signal success. The old lady dies in the meantime, and the young princess who committed the indiscretion at the school, realizes the relative position of herself and *Ariadne*. She gets her mother's permission to bring the young singer to her palace, and the two girls, now fast friends, live together beneath the same roof and do many things in common, and of course, conceive an attachment for the same young man, who unable by the laws of Russia to marry both of them, finally centres his affections on the princess, though to make his mind easy, doubtless, keeps up a flirtation with *Ariadne*. The story ends, as the reader will surmise after reading half-a-dozen chapters. *Ariadne* falls over a precipice, *Constantin* and *Olga* marry, and thus concludes *Ariadne* from the French of *Henry Gréville*. Notwithstanding its slight character, however, the story is very pleasantly told, and its merits may be briefly summed up in the phrase, that, it is a good average novel.

Of the many dainty little books which issue, from time to time, from the American press none combine

**Ariadne* from the French of *Henry Gréville*, New York: D. Appleton & Company. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

better the features of good taste and solidity than those of the Wisdom Series.* Up to this time five volumes have appeared and each is a treasure by itself. We have in a small space the cream of the writings of Epictetus, the thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Thomas à Kempis' Imitation of Christ, ably condensed, and selections from Dr. John Tauler, the notable monk of the Dominican order, besides one volume of religious poems compiled from ancient and modern sources. These little books are of far greater value than appears at first sight. They are edited with fine Catholic spirit, skilfully condensed and made accessible by their cheapness, to the scholar of slender means. As their merits become known, readers who admire classic literature in translation, will avail themselves of the opportunity which is thus presented, of getting at a trifling cost, the utterances of men who have shed lustre on the times in which they lived.

IN many ways the most important contribution to scientific and general knowledge that has been made recently, is to be found in the two sumptuous volumes just issued by the Harpers,* in their usual elegant and faultless style. Indeed, at the present time of writing, it is impossible to form a just estimate of the work which Sir Wyville Thomson's expedition has really performed, or to say in how many particulars science has been enriched by it. In the two large volumes before us we have only a preliminary account of the general results of the expedition which went out in the *Challenger* in 1873 and part of the year 1876 to ex-

plore the hidden mysteries of the Atlantic Ocean. Other waters were also examined, but the results of that examination will be given at some future day. The present work refers in a popular way to the explorations which were made in the Atlantic, and illustrations are given of very many interesting and curious specimens of animal life as it exists beneath the great waters of the Ocean. The depth of the Atlantic has been ascertained, as well as the general contour of its bed, and another important discovery has been made which is a real contribution to knowledge, viz., the fact that animal life may exist at the greatest ocean depths, the weight or volume of water being no barrier to such existence. If the expedition had accomplished no more than these, it had done enough to insure a high place in scientific discovery. But it has accomplished far more in a great sense, while in a lesser degree its smaller work is not without value and interest.

No expedition ever started out under more favourable auspices. The *Challenger* was well equipped with apparatus of a high order, and furnished with a staff of officers, comprising some of the foremost names in science in the British Empire. The spar-decked corvette itself was a model of fine naval architecture. Staunch and strong, of 2,306 tons, with auxiliary steam to 1,234 horse-power, well fitted up with every needed paraphernalia, she was admirably adapted for the work in hand. The main deck was specially prepared for scientific work. Two cabins were erected on the after part of the deck. On one side was the chart-room, stocked with shelves of charts and magnetic, hydrographic and meteorological instruments, while on the other side the natural history room was placed. This was fitted up in a superior manner with mahogany dressers, knee-holes, cupboards and drawers, bookshelves, and racks arranged to hold fish-globes and bottles. Alcoholic spirit for sea specimens was stored in cylin-

* *Wisdom Series*, comprising, Selections from Epictetus; Selections from the Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus; Selections from the Imitation of Christ, by Thomas à Kempis; Selections from the Life and Sermons of the Rev. Dr. John Tauler; Sunshine in the Soul, poems, selected by the editor of "Quiet Hours." Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

* *The Atlantic*, a preliminary account of the general results of the exploring voyage of H. M. S. *Challenger*. By Sir C. Wyville Thomson, Knt., LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.S.L., F.L.S.F.R.S., etc., in two volumes—New York: Harper & Bros; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

dricial four-gallon iron vessels, and kept in racks in the ship's magazine. A drying-room for botanical specimens was situated between the funnel casings, and in the middle of the steamer, near the cabins, a chemical laboratory was built. It was furnished with a working bench, a locker-seat, a blow-pipe table, drawers and writing-table, and well stocked with chemicals and chemical apparatus. A light and a dark room adjoined the laboratory, and these were at the disposal of the photographic artist who accompanied the expedition. Apparatus for almost every conceivable thing was placed on board, and no ship ever sailed out of any port better furnished in every way than did the *Challenger* five years ago. She was ably officered, the staff at first consisting of Professor Thomson as director, Captain Nares, "a surveying officer of great experience, and singularly well suited in every way for such a post," as commanding officer, a secretary, three naturalists, and a chemist, chosen on the recommendation of the Royal Society. The full list of officers contains the names of Captain George S. Nares, Commander J. F. L. P. Maclear, Lieutenants Pelham Aldrich, Arthur C. B. Bromley, Geo. R. Bethell, Navigating-Lieutenant Thos. H. Tizard, Paymaster Richard R. A. Richards, Surgeon Alexander Crosbie, Assistant-Paymaster John Hynes, Chief-Engineer James H. Ferguson, Sub-Lieutenants Henry C. Sloggett, Lord George G. Campbell,† Andrew F. Balfour, Arthur Channer; Navigating Sub-Lieutenants Arthur Haver-gall, Herbert Swire; Assistant-Surgeon Geo. Maclean, M.A., M.B.; Engineers William J. J. Spry,‡ Alfred J. Allen; Boatswain, 2nd class, Richard Cox; Carpenter, 2nd class, Fred. W. Westford; Assistant-Engineers, 2nd class, Wm. A. Howlett, Wm. J. Abbott. Civilian Scientific Staff—Professor C. Wyville Thomson, F.R.S.;

J. Y. Buchanan, M.A.; H. N. Moseley, M.A.; John Murray, Dr. von Willemoes-Suhm, J. J. Wild.

Of course, several changes in this staff were made before the voyage was concluded, the most notable change being that of Captain Nares, who was recalled at the close of the second year to take command of the Arctic Expedition. His place in the *Challenger* was filled acceptably by Captain Frank Thomson.

This expedition, officered so well and equipped so thoroughly, has done the world a signal service. The whole of the Atlantic ocean has been surveyed, and sounding observations have been taken, on an average, every one hundred and twenty miles. Excellent specimens of the bottom have been brought up, the sterling character of the apparatus used and the skilful use of the same ensuring this in every instance. The volumes just issued were written, Professor Thomson informs us, "while the great bulk of the observations are still unreduced, while the chemical analyses are only commenced, and there has not been time even to unpack the natural history specimens. Notwithstanding these many drawbacks to a full report, we have, in the handsome books on our table, a careful epitome of the great work which has been performed. At a glance its scope may be realized, and the reader and student will await with some impatience the report which Dr. Thomson promises *in extenso* of the entire results of his voyage of discovery and recovery. Until such a work appears, the present instalment will suffice to show the breadth and character of this deep-sea exploration. In the succinct summary with which Professor Thomson concludes the second volume, the reader may arrive at some conclusion, though inadequate in many respects, of the relative value of this expedition from a scientific aspect. These general conclusions, however, in the absence of the report which will come later, will be read with interest,

† Author of the Log-book of the "Challenger."

‡ Author of the Cruise of the "Challenger."

as they give in a brief way a *résumé* of the notable voyage of this notable ship, about which no less than three interesting volumes have already appeared. The maps and numerous plates, illustrative of the letter-press, which embellish the pages of this "Voyage of the Challenger," are executed in the very highest style of art, and materially aid the student in his examinations of the text.

THE study of Psychology is a most attractive one. It is a science which admits of much experiment, is wide in its scope and rich in its results. The student is drawn towards it by a feeling almost amounting to veneration. It is new and novel, and one is both surprised and startled at the extent and value of the avenues of thought which it opens up. Circumstances are continually occurring in a man's life which are difficult of explanation and oftentimes wholly inexplicable in themselves. While under the effect of some cerebral affection, or when unduly excited by some drug, narcotic or otherwise, or while labouring under some temporary derangement of the system men will do the most unaccountable things. These are of a more or less mysterious character. To explain these phenomena satisfactorily, is an undertaking of the utmost importance, and scientists everywhere have made this department one of the most interesting of the whole series. Psychology has entered into almost every pursuit. We find it asserting an influence in our literature, in our entertainments, in the ordinary walks of life, and even in our dreams. It is a something which awakens thought on the instant. It enters largely into the lives of the romantic and startles with tremendous force even those of an intensely unromantic disposition. Almost every one has a story of a remarkable character to tell about its workings in his own case, or in that of some friend which has become known to him. Every year extraordinary develop-

ments occur, and these are frequently of a somewhat baffling description. A new book on the subject of Pseudopia* therefore will be received with more than ordinary interest. The late Dr. Edward Hammond Clarke—a man of excellent parts and wide culture—a physician of skill and a scientist of reputation—known to the world as the author of two intelligent books—'Sex in Education,' and 'The building of a brain,' died in November of last year. He suffered severely from a malignant disease, and knowing death in his case was only a question of time, with almost Spartan courage, he devoted the last days of his life to the development of a study which had long occupied his mind. He sought to explain this wonderful psychologic power, in an essay enriched by a number of examples from his own practice and from the cases of others. His mind was peculiarly fitted for this work. He had spent many years upon it, and his extensive practice in a large city had brought him in contact with many cases, more or less curious, but all interesting and marked. At first he wrote with his own hand, but as he became feebler, his devoted wife acted as his amanuensis. Before the essay was finished, however, she died, and Dr. Clarke's daughter then took up the pen which death had snatched from her mother, and she became her father's secretary. There is something particularly sad about this book and in the circumstances under which it was written; but not a page of it reveals a saddening thought or betrays the condition under which its author laboured. It is fresh, bright and full of attraction. It is free from a morbid tone and fails to exhibit the least sign of weakness. It is characteristically vigorous, and though an unfinished performance, the reader will agree with Dr. Holmes

* *Visions: A study of false sight (Pseudopia)*, by EDWARD H. CLARKE, M.D. With an Introduction and Memorial Sketch, by Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co., Toronto: A. Piddington.

that it should not be called a fragment. Indeed the manner of the work proves this. It is divided into portions of the subject whole. When Dr. Clarke could dictate no more his work was finished in a measure. Had he lived, his essay would have gone over greater ground, fresh topics bearing on his subject would have been discussed, an untouched field would have been opened, but as the book stands it is complete and full.

Apart from the scientific interest which attaches to 'Visions,' it is a most entertaining volume to the general reader. Physiology and psychology both command attention, and admit, in the exercise of their functions, the widest scope possible. Dr. Clarke has taken advantage of the manifold features which his subjects possess, and as a result, we have not only a creditable contribution to science, but a really very enjoyable volume which the non-scientific reader may peruse with profit and pleasure. Dr. Clarke opens his subject with a carefully considered dissertation on the visions common to human experience, followed by cases and comments, and a thoughtful enquiry on the physiological analysis of vision. To this is added an admirable account of the effects which certain drugs produce, notably quinine, the various preparations of opium, of Calabar bean, Indian Hemp (*Cannabis Indica*), the Bromides and their influence on the brain, the ethers, alcohol, Fox Glove and the deadly Strychnine. This paper is of especial value, and though all too brief, cannot fail in its object of attracting attention. The pages which contain reference to the preparation known in medicine as Indian Hemp, will be read with interest. Haschisch is a powerful drug, marvelous in its effects and singularly uncertain in its behaviour. Dr. Clarke mentions three cases in which the drug was used for the purposes of experiment, and he details at some length the results which occurred in one notable instance. A Mr. K—, a medical stu-

dent became, under its influence, impressed with the idea that he was enormously rich, that his house and furniture were of the most gorgeous description, and that he himself was a remarkable specimen of the finely developed man. Though stubborn in his belief, and fixed in his views, he afterwards became quite tractable and submitted quietly to be put in bed. The following day Mr. K. remembered distinctly everything he had done when under the influence of the drug. The writer knows of a case where a patient suffering from a delirium, took by accident, two grains of the solid extract of *Cannabis Indica*. He became violently ill. In health he was of a generous, confiding nature, but the drug changed his character completely. He grew morose, peevish, cunning and treacherous by turns. He imagined everybody he saw was a thief, and all through the night he started up in his bed and cried out that robbers were rifling his bureau drawer. By some unaccountable means he had become possessed of a revolver, and to the horror of his attendant, he presented this formidable weapon at his breast. A friend who sat at his bed-side looked him deliberately in the eye, and in a firm voice said, 'Give me that revolver and lie down.' The sufferer yielded his weapon like a child, and fell back on his pillow, seemingly exhausted. But the visions continued through the night, and never left him until he had slept off the effects of the hemp.

The second part of the essay is striking, and some explanation of visions and their causes is advanced, as well as an interesting notice of dreams and their philosophy. This portion is also full of experiment and eminently rich in allusion. Every one remembers, doubtless, the vision which once occurred to Lord Brougham, as it is a case which has obtained a world-wide circulation, and it has often been advanced by spiritualists, second-sight people, and believers in destiny. It is not necessary here to repeat this story,

but it is as well, perhaps, to give Dr. Clarke's explanation of what has hitherto been regarded as an unexplainable phenomenon. After citing the incident, the doctor says :

'These two phenomena, the vision in England, and the death in India, should not be confounded together. They are not necessarily parts of the same event, and we must not hastily assume that they bear the relation to each other of cause and effect, because the vision and the death occurred simultaneously. Let the fact of G's death, at the time of the vision, be laid aside for the present and the vision alone considered. The facts are these: when Lord Brougham was a young man, gifted, as the world knows he was, with intellectual power of the highest order, he became intimate with another young man of congenial tastes, and undoubtedly of considerable intellectual force. As fellow-students they discussed, it appears, some of the greatest themes with which the human mind ever grapples, such as immortality, God, the problems of human life, and similar themes; some of which Lord Brougham has since studied and expounded with singular ability. It is difficult to conceive of circumstances, better calculated than these to impress, powerfully and profoundly, the mind of one so gifted as Lord Brougham. Impressions naturally made by such discussions as have been described, were deepened by a compact, made with all the folly and enthusiasm of which genius is capable, and consecrated and sealed with the blood of those who made it. Like the oath of Grutli, the compact was intended to be sacred and inviolate, reaching beyond this life into the next. The cells of young Brougham's brain must have been stamped, more deeply than ever before by any other event, with the features of his friend G's face, and with the ideas and hopes and resolutions which the compact they had entered into inspired. G. disappeared from the orbit of Brougham's life.

The brain cells which had been thus stamped, sensitized like a photographic plate, were laid away in the recesses of Brougham's brain. There they were deposited, the hieroglyphic representations of G's face and form, and of the compact and the attendant ideas, like a portrait in a garret, or a manuscript in a drawer, ready to be brought out whenever anything should occur, capable of dragging them into light. The cells remained latent in Brougham's brain for a long period, without anything to call them into the region of perception, still the cells were there; they were deeply stamped and were in a condition to be called into activity at any time. With a brain containing the cell-group referred to, Lord Brougham got a chill, while travelling in Sweden, and after the chill, refreshed himself, with what he says was a warm bath. It is evident from the result of the bath, that the water was hot rather than warm. Lord Brougham got from the heat to which he had exposed himself, a congestion of the brain. The congestion clearly was not apoplexy, yet was near being so, for he says that he fell asleep but still contrived to get out of his bath-tub, and there fell on the floor, unconscious.

'It will be remembered that a moderate anæmia of the periphery of the brain, and a moderate hyperæmia of the base of the brain are among the conditions of sleep, and consequently of dreams, which occur only in sleep. The congestion produced by the bath naturally intensified these conditions. What Lord Brougham had been talking about with his friend Stuart shortly before the bath does not appear from the description; but it would be strange if the subjects of God and a future life did not enter into their conversation, when we reflect that such subjects occupied a very large share of Lord Brougham's attention and study during his whole life. We know from his account of the case that he examined and discussed them with G. Such a discus-

sion, added to the stimulus of a warm bath, would be sufficient to bring within the sphere of automatic activity the latent cell-groups which were the representatives of G. The groups appeared, subjective vision was accomplished, and Lord Brougham saw the friend of his youth apparently projected into space before him.

'The connection between the death of G. in India and the vision in Brougham's brain is probably only that of coincidence. At any rate physiology has no explanation to offer of such a phenomenon. Those who believe that it is more than coincidence must seek for an explanation by means which science cannot employ, and in a region into which physiology cannot enter. And, moreover, such persons must not forget the fact previously mentioned, that the future life is not conditioned by time or space, so that when G. died in India he was as near Brougham in England as if they were in the same room. Hence, looking at the vision from the spiritual side, we can conceive how G., having no limits of space between him and Brougham at the moment of death, should at that moment instantly be near him. But how G. could communicate with Lord Brougham is again a matter about which we are utterly ignorant. In reality, we do not know how we communicate with each other. The lips open, the tongue moves, and the air vibrates, but I do not know how that makes an idea pass from me to you, or from you to me. Still less can we guess how a disembodied spirit can communicate with flesh and blood.'

The study is a beautiful one. It is capable of such expansive idea, of such range, of such splendid theory and practice. This volume of 'Visions' is a suggestive book, and no one can take it up without reading it through. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, who writes the chapter of introduction, and furnishes the scholarly obituary notice of Dr. Clarke, which originally appeared in the *Boston Advertiser*, has

prepared the volume for the press. It is not necessary to say here how well Dr. Holmes has performed his kindly office, or how heartily he has fulfilled the last wish of his dead friend. Some observations on the brain and its workings,* by Dr. Holmes, should be read in conjunction with this volume of Dr. Clarke's. The student would derive considerable benefit from them.

THE Appleton's publish a new series* of paper-covered books, destined to meet the requirements of readers who prefer to get their railroad and out-door reading matter in a compact and convenient form. The series, when completed, will form a really excellent library of fiction, and books of travel, history and what-not. The type is legible and clear, the paper is good, the books are of neat appearance, and the stories, etc., are of superior calibre. Indeed in this respect the publishers show fine discernment. Already five volumes have been issued, and all are spirited and healthy novelettes and romances. The series opens with the popular story of 'Jet,' by Mrs. Annie Edwardes; No. 2 is a story of almost equal fame, entitled, 'A Struggle,' by Barnet Phillips; No. 3 is the 'Misericordia' of Mrs. Linton; No. 4 contains two tales—'Gordon Baldwin' and 'Philosopher's Pendulum,' both by Rudolph Lindau; and the fifth No. is a bright and attractive sketch by Katherine S. Macquoid, entitled, 'The Fisherman of Auge,' which is cleverly written, and reveals dramatic power of no mean order. The books are published in a uniform style; but the prices vary from twenty cents to thirty, according to size. There is no reason why the new Handy Volume Series should not prove a gratifying success.

* *Mechanism in Thought and Morals, with Notes and Afterthoughts.* BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. 1871. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

* *Appleton's New Handy Volume Series*—Nos. 1 to 5. New York: D. Appleton & Company. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

DR. ANGELL, of Boston, deserves the thanks of the community for the useful hints on the care of our eyes, which he gives in a neat little volume* of some seventy pages. Though brief, the advice tendered is likely to prove of great benefit in all cases where the services of a surgeon in good repute cannot be instantly obtained. The directions which are to be followed in certain stages of eye disease or accident are explicit, and the character and reputation of Dr. Angell are a guarantee of their value and importance. The booklet deals with its subject most amply, and it is full of useful information regarding weak eyes, near-sightedness, cataract, over-sight, old sight, squint or cross-eye, colour-blindness, babies' sore eyes, the adjusting power of the eyes, &c., &c. We expect this book will accomplish a deal of good.

In several respects Miss Stebbins' 'Life of Charlotte Cushman' † is a gratifying performance. An intimate friend of the great actress, she has been able to tell us much of the private life and character of Miss Cushman which was inaccessible to any one else. Her book is largely made up of the career of her subject off the stage, and the days of her struggles with poverty and her art, are dwelt upon with the faithfulness of a Boswell. Miss Stebbins has let in a good deal of light on the character of her heroine, and her book will have the effect which doubtless she intended it should. Men and women who only knew Charlotte Cushman as a successful actress, whose only knowledge of her was learned before the garish foot-lights of a theatre, will be surprised to learn what an estimable character

she was off the stage, and how many were her social and personal and womanly virtues. Miss Stebbins tells us of her trials and the many hardships she endured before her hopes became realized, and she gained a leading place on the boards. She dwells on the fact that her native city refused recognition of her talents at first, even when she supported Macready so admirably, and only welcomed her to the theatres after London had placed her at the head of her profession. Her life was one of vicissitudes and of varying fortunes, and the biography before us, though written in an atrociously bad and cumbersome style, reveals the true nobility of character of Miss Cushman, who by her own exertions surmounted difficulties which would have appalled many a stouter heart. In places Miss Stebbins is incorrect, and several anachronisms mar her work. She is not well up in theatrical information, and rather too apt to take things for granted. She has not verified a number of the statements which we find in her book, and this is a serious drawback to its ultimate value as a work of reference and as a matter of history. Miss Stebbins' criticisms of Miss Cushman's various performances are quite slight, inadequate, and marked by an entire want of originality. Indeed, in this respect, the book is valueless. Miss Stebbins is totally ignorant of the first rules of criticism. She criticises like one who had never been to a theatre, or who had never witnessed a play. Some of her blunders are merely laughable, while the least which may be said of them is that they are inane. Miss Stebbins is more at home in her estimate of Miss Cushman's character as it appeared to her in her home, and during the days of the firm friendship which for so many years existed between author and actress. Miss Stebbins is quite successful in her sketch of the genealogy of the Cushman family, and indeed in all her per-

* *How to Take Care of our Eyes, with Advice to Parents and Teachers in regard to the Management of the Eyes of Children*, by HENRY C. ANGELL, M.D. Boston: Roberts Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

† *Charlotte Cushman: Her Letters and Memoirs of Her Life*. Edited by her friend, EMMA STEBBINS. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

sonal matter she is enjoyable enough, with the one fault of style which we have before mentioned. There are few biographies of noted actresses to be found, and we accordingly welcome this one warmly, notwithstanding the short-comings which it possesses. Several of Miss Cushman's letters, those she wrote and the ones which were written to her, are exceedingly interesting and illustrative of events quite marked in her long theatrical and social career. No one doubts that she was a great actress—the greatest by all odds which America has produced—and Miss Stebbins' book will have the effect of keeping her memory green in the hearts of all those who have ever seen or heard of Charlotte Cushman. A few matters are cleared up in this memorial volume which are in good taste and spirit. We refer to those impudent attacks which were made on the series of farewell performances which were given by Miss Cushman on her retirement from the stage. Miss Stebbins combats these, and proves that Miss Cushman had no ulterior motives or sordid views in acting as she did, and we thank her for the enthusiasm with which she defends the memory of her dead friend. The work is beautifully published. The three illustrations, the tinted paper with its sumptuously broad margin—the delight of all bibliophiles—the clear and legible type, and general excellence of the whole, is most creditable to the publishers.

—It seems a pity that Mr. G. P. Lathrop, who writes so well, and has such a happy vein of playful humour, should not also possess more originality. As it is he is always delightful, and while it is easy to unravel his plot long before he arrives at the close of his story, the interest is so well kept up, the situations are so admirably managed, that the reader forgets, in his enjoyment, that he is only reading a very old story over

again. In his latest book,* Mr. Lathrop reveals the paucity of his invention in a decidedly marked manner. He is not the conceiver of a single situation; he is not responsible for a solitary scene. He borrows largely from quite a number of respectable theatrical farces. He embodies in his work the *mise en scène* from more than a dozen novels of various degrees of merit. And for all this he has contrived to turn out one of the most enjoyable, as well as one of the richest, stories of the year. From the first page to the last the reader is kept in a perpetual roar of laughter. The author's sprightly humour sparkles in every page, and his skill in thus working over old material almost amounts to genius itself. We recognise the incident which is to follow before Mr. Lathrop has said half-a-dozen words, and yet we find ourselves laughing heartily over its ludicrous features, as if the whole thing were new, and not as old as the seven hills. Mr. Lathrop is not a subtle humourist. He is full of rollicking, dashing humour. He never misses a point. He reveals his power to make us laugh at the very start, and he has enough *verve* to keep up this spirit to the end. He has in him, too, a sufficiency of the satiric element, not enough to harm, but quite enough to amuse and interest. He has given us no new character in fiction, no striking portraiture, no fresh incident, not even a novel situation, and despite these defects he contrives to write a story of the most delicious interest and humour. He has an art for conversations. He makes his puppets talk glibly and chat pleasantly, and while they are forever doing old things, they manage to do them in a very acceptable way, and the incident, while not original is always thoroughly delightful.

* *Somebody Else.* by G. P. LATHROP. Boston: Roberts, Bros. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.