

## Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

Canadiana.org has attempted to obtain the best copy available for scanning. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of scanning are checked below.

Canadiana.org a numérisé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de numérisation sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- Coloured covers /  
Couverture de couleur
- Covers damaged /  
Couverture endommagée
- Covers restored and/or laminated /  
Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- Cover title missing /  
Le titre de couverture manque
- Coloured maps /  
Cartes géographiques en couleur
- Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black) /  
Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- Coloured plates and/or illustrations /  
Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- Bound with other material /  
Relié avec d'autres documents
- Only edition available /  
Seule édition disponible
- Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion  
along interior margin / La reliure serrée peut  
causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la  
marge intérieure.
  
- Additional comments /  
Commentaires supplémentaires:

- Coloured pages / Pages de couleur
- Pages damaged / Pages endommagées
- Pages restored and/or laminated /  
Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/  
Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- Pages detached / Pages détachées
- Showthrough / Transparence
- Quality of print varies /  
Qualité inégale de l'impression
- Includes supplementary materials /  
Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
  
- Blank leaves added during restorations may  
appear within the text. Whenever possible, these  
have been omitted from scanning / Il se peut que  
certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une  
restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais,  
lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas  
été numérisées.

Pagination is as follows: p. 659-798.

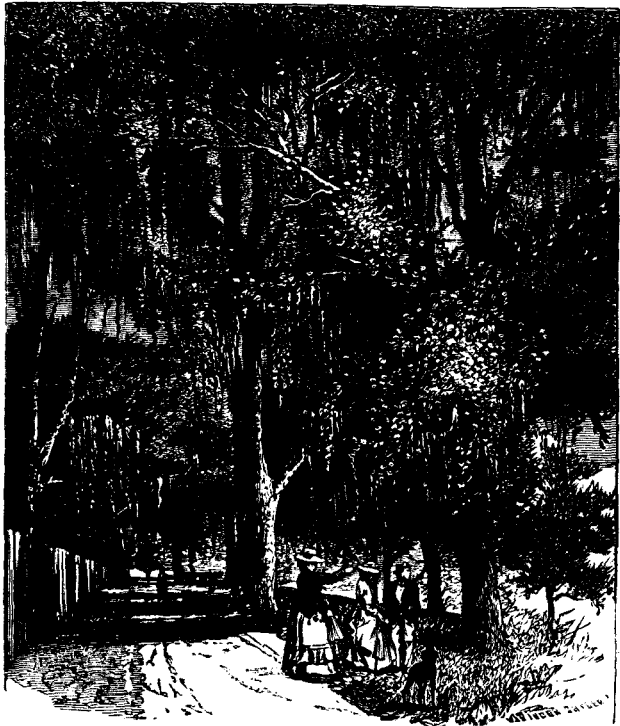
# BELFORD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1878.

THE OCKLAWAHA IN MAY.

BY SIDNEY LANIER.

FOR a perfect journey God gave us a perfect day. The little Ocklawaha steamboat Marion—a steamboat which is like nothing in the world so



STARTING-PLACE—PILATKA.

much as a Pensacola gopher with a preposterously exaggerated back—had started from Pilatka some hours before daylight, having taken on her passengers the night previous ; and by seven o'clock of such a May morning as no words could describe, unless words were themselves May mornings, we had made the twenty-five miles up the St. John's to where the Ocklawaha flows into that stream nearly opposite Welaka.

Just before entering the mouth of the river our little gopher-boat scrambled alongside a long raft of pine logs which had been brought in separate sections down the Ocklawaha, and took off the lumbermen, to carry them back up the stream for another descent, while this raft was being towed by a tug to Jacksonville.

That man who is now stepping from the wet logs to the bow-guards of the Marion, how can he ever cut down a tree ? He is a slim, melancholy native, and there is not bone enough in his whole body to make the left leg of a good English coal-heaver : moreover, he does not seem to have the least suspicion that a man needs grooming. He is dishevelled and wry-trussed to the last degree ; his poor weasel-jaws nearly touch their inner sides as they suck at the acrid ashes in his dreadful pipe ; and there is no single filament of either his hair or his beard that does not look sourly and at wild angles upon its neighbour filament. His eyes are viscidly unquiet ; his nose is merely dreariness come to a point ; the corners of his mouth are pendulous with that sort of suffering which involves no particular heroism, such as gnats, or waiting for the corn-bread to get done, or being out of tobacco ; and his— But, poor devil ! I withdraw all that has been said : he has a right to look disheveled and sorrowful ; for listen : “ Well, *sir*,” he says, with a dilute smile as he wearily leans his arm against the low deck and settles himself so, though there are a dozen vacant chairs in reach, “ ef we didn' have ther sentermentalest rain right thar on them logs last night, I'll be dadbusted !” He had been in it all night.

I fell to speculating on his word *sentermental*, wondering by what vague associations with the idea of “centre”—*e. g.*, a centre-shot, perhaps, as a shot which beats all other shots—he had arrived at such a form of expletive, or, rather, intensive.

But not long, for presently we rounded the raft, abandoned the broad and garish highway of the St. John's, and turned off to the right into the narrow lane of the Ocklawaha, the sweetest water-lane in the world—a lane which runs for a hundred miles of pure delight betwixt hedge-rows of oaks and cypresses and palms and magnolias and mosses and manifold vine-growths ; a lane clean to travel along, for there is never a speck of dust in it, save the blue dust and gold dust which the wind blows out of the flags and the lilies ; a lane which is as if a typical woods-ramble had taken shape, and as if God had turned into water and



ON THE ST. JOHN'S.

trees the recollection of some meditative stroll through the lonely seclusions of his own soul.

As we advanced up the stream our wee craft seemed to emit her steam in more leisurely whiffs, as one puffs one's cigar in a contemplative walk through the forest. Dick, the poleman—a man of marvellous fine function when we shall presently come to the short narrow curves—lay asleep on the guards, in great peril of rolling into the river over the three inches that intervened between his length and the edge; the people of the boat moved not, spoke not; the white crane, the curlew, the limbkin, the heron, the water-turkey were scarcely disturbed in their several avocations as we passed, and seemed quickly to persuade themselves after each momentary excitement of our gliding by that we were really, after all, no monster, but only a mere day-dream of a monster. The stream, which in its broader stretches reflected the sky so perfectly that it seemed a ribbon of heaven bound in lovely doublings upon the breast of the land, now began to narrow: the blue of heaven disappeared, and the green of the overleaning trees assumed its place. The lucent current lost all semblance of water. It was simply a distillation of many-shaded foliage, smoothly sweeping along beneath us. It was green trees fluent. One felt that a subtle amalgamation and mutual give-and-take had been effected between the natures of water and of leaves. A certain sense of pellucidness seemed to breathe coolly out of the woods on either side of us, while the glassy dream of a forest over which we sailed appeared to send up exhalations of balms and stimulent pungencies and odours.

“Look at that snake in the water!” said a gentleman as we sat on deck with the engineer, just come up from his watch.

The engineer smiled. "Sir, it is a water-turkey," he said gently.

The water-turkey is the most preposterous bird within the range of ornithology. He is not a bird ; he is a Neck, with such subordinate rights, members, appurtenances and hereditaments thereunto appertaining as seem necessary to that end. He has just enough stomach to arrange nourishment for his Neck, just enough wings to fly painfully along with his Neck, and just enough legs to keep his Neck from dragging on the ground ; and as if his Neck were not already pronounced enough by reason of its size, it is further accentuated by the circumstance that it is light-coloured, while the rest of him is dark.

When the water-turkey saw us he jumped up on a limb and stared. Then suddenly he dropped into the water, sank like a leaden ball out of sight, and made us think he was certainly drowned, when presently the tip of his beak appeared, then the length of his neck lay along the surface of the water, and in this position, with his body submerged, he shot out his neck, drew it back, wriggled it, twisted it, twiddled it, and spirally poked it into the east, the west, the north and the south with a violence of involution and a contortionary energy that made one think in the same breath of corkscrews and of lightning.

But what nonsense ! All that labour and perilous asphyxiation for a beggarly sprat or a couple of inches of water snake ! Yet I make no doubt this same water-turkey would have thought us as absurd as we him if he could have seen us taking *our* breakfast a few minutes later. For as we sat there, some half dozen men at table in the small cabin, all that sombre melancholy which comes over the average American citizen at his meals descended upon us. No man talked after the first two or three feeble sparks of conversation had gone out ; each of us could hear the other crunching his bread *in faucibus*, and the noise thereof seemed to me in the ghastly stillness like the noise of earthquakes and of crashing worlds. Even our furtive glances toward each other's plates were presently awed down to a sullen gazing of each into his own : the silence increased, the noises became intolerable, a cold sweat broke out over me. I felt myself growing insane, and rushed out to the deck with a sigh as of one saved from a dreadful death by social suffocation.

There is a certain position a man can assume on board the Marion which constitutes an attitude of perfect rest, and leaves one's body in such blessed ease that one's soul receives the heavenly influence of the voyage absolutely without physical impediment. Know, therefore, tired friends that shall hereafter ride up the Ocklawaha—whose name I would fain call Legion—that if you will place a chair just in the narrow passage-way which runs alongside the cabin, at the point where this passage-way descends by a step to the open space in front of the pilot-house, on the left-hand side as you face the bow, you will, as you sit down in your

chair, perceive a certain slope in the railing where it descends by a gentle angle of some thirty degrees to accommodate itself to the step just mentioned; and this slope should be in such a position that your left leg unconsciously stretches itself along the same by the pure insinuating solicitations of the fitness of things, and straightway dreams itself off into Elysian tranquillity. You should then tip your chair in a slightly diagonal direction back to the side of the cabin, so that your head will rest there-against, your right arm will hang over the chair-back, and your left arm will repose along the level railing. I might go further and arrange your right leg, but upon reflection I will give no specific instructions for it, because I am disposed to be liberal in this matter, and to leave some gracious scope for personal idiosyncrasies, as well as a margin of allowance for the accidents of time and place. Dispose, therefore, your right leg as your own heart may suggest, or as all the precedent forces of time and of the universe may have combined to require you.



CYPRESS SWAMP.

Having secured this attitude, open wide the eyes of your body and of your soul; repulse with heavenly suavity the conversational advances of the natty drummer who fancies he might possibly sell you a bill of white goods and notions, as well as the far-off inquiries of the real-estate person, who has his little private theory that you desire to purchase a site for an orange grove; thus sail, sail, sail, through the cypresses, through the vines, through the May day, through the floating suggestions of the unutterable that come up, that sink down, that waver and sway hither and thither; so shall you have revelations of rest

and so shall your heart for ever afterward interpret Ocklawaha to mean repose.

Some twenty miles from the mouth of the Ocklawaha, at the right-hand edge of the stream, is the handsomest residence in America. It belongs to a certain alligator of my acquaintance, a very honest and worthy saurian, of good repute. A little cove of water, dark-green under the overhanging leaves, placid, pellucid, curves round at the river-edge into the flags and lilies with a curve just heartbreaking for the pure beauty of the flexure of it. This house of my saurian is divided into apartments—little subsidiary bays which are scalloped out by the lily-pads according to the sinuous fantasies of their growth. My saurian, when he desires to sleep, has but to lie down anywhere: he will find marvellous mosses for his mattress beneath him; his sheets will be white lily-petals; and the green disks of the lily-pads will rise above him as he sinks and embroider themselves together for his coverlet. He never quarrels with his cook, he is not the slave of a kitchen, and his one house-maid, the stream, for ever sweeps his chambers clean. His conservatories there under the glass of that water are ever and without labour filled with the enchantments of strange under-water growths: his parks and his pleasure-grounds are bigger than any king's. Upon my saurian's house the winds have no power, the rains are only a new delight to him, and the snows he will never see: regarding fire, as he does not employ its slavery, so he does not fear its tyranny. Thus, all the elements are the friends of my saurian's house. While he sleeps he is being bathed: what glory to awake sweet and clean, sweetened and cleaned in the very act of sleep! Lastly, my saurian has unnumbered mansions, and can change his dwelling as no human householder may. It is but a mere fillip of his tail, and, lo! he is established in another palace, as good as the last, ready furnished to his liking.

For many miles together the Ocklawaha is, as to its main channel, a river without banks, though not less clearly defined as a stream for that reason. The swift deep current meanders between tall lines of forests: beyond these, on both sides, there is water also—a thousand shallow runlets lapsing past the bases of multitudes of trees. Along the immediate edges of the stream every tree-trunk, sapling, stump or other projecting coign of vantage is wrapped about with a close-growing vine. At first, like an unending procession of nuns disposed along the aisle of a church these vine-figures stand. But presently, as one journeys, this nun-imagery fades out of one's mind: a thousand other fancies float with ever-new vine-shapes into one's eyes. One sees repeated all the forms one has ever known, in grotesque juxtapositions. Look! here is a graceful troop of girls, with arms wreathed over their heads, dancing down into the water; here are high velvet arm-chairs and lovely green

fauteuils of divers patterns and of softest cushionment; now the vines hang in loops, in pavilions, in columns, in arches, in caves, in pyramids, in women's tresses, in harps and lyres, in globular mountain-ranges, in pagodas, domes, minarets, machicolated towers, dogs, belfries, draperies, fish, dragons yonder is a *bizarre* congress—Una on her lion, Angelo's Moses, two elephants with howdahs, the Laocoon group; Arthur and Lancelot with great brands extended aloft in combat; Adam bent with love and grief, leading Eve out of Paradise; Cæsar shrouded in his mantle, receiving his stab; Greek chariots, locomotives, brazen shields and cuirasses, columbiads, the twelve apostles, the stock exchange: it is a green dance of all things and times.

The edges of the stream are further defined by flowers and water leaves. The tall blue flags; the ineffable lilies sitting on their round lily-pads like white queens on green thrones; the tiny stars and long ribbons of the water-grasses; the cunning phalanxes of a species of barnet which, from a long stem that swings off down stream along the surface, sends up a hundred graceful stemlets, each bearing a shield-like disk, and holding it aloft as the antique soldiers held their bucklers to form the *testudo* in attacking,—all these border the river in infinite varieties of purfling and chasement.

The river itself has an errant fantasy and takes many shapes. Presently we came to where it seemed to branch into four separate curves, like two opposed S's intersecting at their middle point. "Them's the Windin' Blades," said my raftsmen.

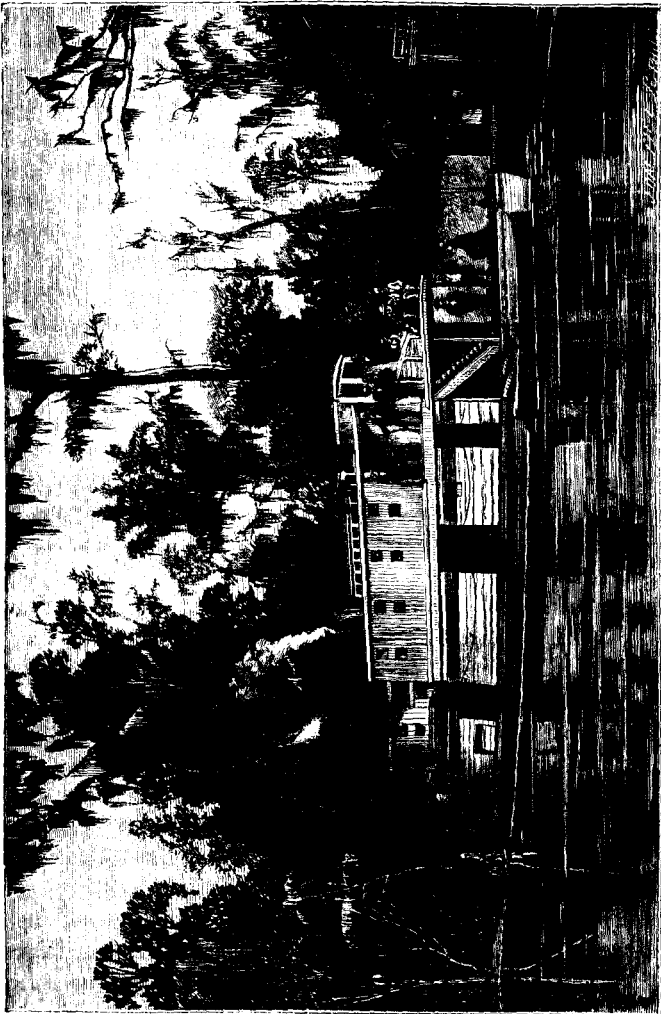
To look down these lovely vistas is like looking down the dreams of some young girl's soul; and the gray moss-bearded trees gravely lean over them in contemplative attitudes, as if they were studying, in the way that wise old poets study, the mysteries and sacredness and tender depths of some visible reverie of maidenhood.

And then after this day of glory came a night of glory. Down in these deep-shaded lanes it was dark indeed as night drew on. The stream, which had been all day a ribbon of beauty, sometimes blue and sometimes green, now became a black band of mystery. But presently a brilliant flame flares out overhead: they have lighted the pine-knots on top of the pilot-house. The fire advances up these dark sinuosities like a brilliant god that for his mere whimsical pleasure calls the black chaos into instantaneous definite forms as he floats along the river-curves. The white columns of the cypress trunks, the silver-embroidered crowns of the maples, the green and white galaxies of the lilies,—these all come in a continuous apparition out of the bosom of the darkness and retire again: it is endless creation succeeded by endless oblivion. Startled birds suddenly flutter into the light, and after an instant of illuminated flight melt into the darkness. From the perfect silence



of these short flights one derives a certain sense of awe. The mystery of this enormous blackness which is on either hand appears to be about to utter herself in these suddenly-articulate forms, and then to change her mind and die back into mystery again.

Now there is a mighty crack and crash : limbs and leaves scrape and scrub along the deck ; a bell tinkles below ; we stop. In turning a short curve the boat has run her nose smack into the right bank, and a projecting stump has thrust itself sheer through the starboard side. Out, Dick ! out Henry ! Dick and Henry shuffle forward to the bow, thrust forth their long white pole against a tree-trunk, strain and push and



A LANDING ON THE OCKLAWAHA.

bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity. The bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

Somewhere back yonder in the stern Dick is whistling. You should hear him! With the great aperture of his mouth and the rounding vibratory surfaces of his thick lips he gets out a mellow breadth of tone that almost entitles him to rank as an orchestral instrument. It is a genuine plagal cadence. The syncopations in the tune are characteristic of negro music. I have heard negroes change a well-known air by adroitly syncopating it in this way, so as to give it a barbaric effect scarcely imaginable; and nothing illustrates the negro's natural gifts in the way of keeping a difficult *tempo* more clearly than his perfect execution of airs thus transformed from simple to complex times and accentuations.

Dick has changed his tune: *allegro!* *Da capo*, of course, and *da capo* indefinitely: for it ends on the dominant. The dominant is a chord of progress: there is no such thing as stopping. It is like dividing ten by nine, and carrying out the decimal remainders: there is always one over.

Thus the negro shows that he does not like the ordinary accentuations nor the ordinary cadences of tunes: his ear is primitive. If you will follow the course of Dick's musical reverie—which he now thinks is solely a matter betwixt himself and the night as he sits back there in the stern alone—presently you will hear him sing a whole minor tune, without once using a semitone: the semitone is weak, it is a dilution, it is not vigorous and large like the whole tone; and I have heard a whole congregation of negroes at night, as they were worshipping in their church with some wild song or other, and swaying to and fro with the ecstasy and the glory of it, abandon as by one consent the semitone that *should* come, according to the civilized *modus*, and sing in its place a big lusty whole tone that would shake any man's soul. It is strange to observe that some of the most magnificent effects in advanced modern music are produced by this same method—notably in the works of Asger Hamerik of Baltimore, and of Edward Greig, Copenhagen. Any one who has heard Thomas's orchestra lately, will have no difficulty in remembering his delight at the beautiful *Nordische Suite* by the former writer and the piano *concerto* by the latter.

As I sat in the cabin to note down Dick's music by the single candle therein, through the door came a slim line of dragon-flies, of a small white species, out of the dark towards the candle-flame, and proceeded incontinently to fly into the same, to get singed and to fall on the table in all varieties of melancholy may-hem, crisp-winged, no-legged, blind, aimlessly-fluttering, dead. Now, it so happened that as I came down

into Florida out of the North this spring, I passed just such a file of human moths flying towards their own hurt; and I could not help moralizing on it, even at the risk of voting myself a didactic prig. It was in the early April (though even in March I should have seen them all the same), and the Adam-insects were all running back northward—from the St. John's, from the Ocklawaha, from St. Augustine, from all Florida—moving back, indeed, not toward warmth, but toward a cold which equally consumes, to such a degree that its main effect is called consumption. Why should the Florida visitors run back into the cat-



POOL IN THE OCKLAWAHA.

arrhal North in the early spring? What could be more unwise? In New York is not even May simultaneously warm water and iced vinegar? But in Florida May is May. Then why not stay in Florida till May?

But they would not. My route was by the "Atlantic Coast Line," which brings and carries the great mass of the Florida pilgrims. When I arrived at Baltimore there they were: you could tell them infallibly. If they did not have slat-boxes with young alligators or green orange-sticks in their hands, you could at any rate discover them by the sea-beans rattling against the alligator's teeth in their pockets: when I got aboard the Bay Line steamer, which leaves Baltimore every afternoon at four o'clock for Portsmouth, the very officers and waiters on the steamer were talking alligator and Florida visitors. Between Portsmouth and Weldon, I passed a train-load of them: from Weldon to Wilmington, from Wilmington to Columbia, from Columbia to Augusta, from Augusta to Savannah, from Savannah to Jacksonville, in passenger-cars, in parlour-cars, in sleeping-cars, they thickened as I passed. And I wondered how many of them would in a little while be crawling about, crippled in lung, in liver, in limbs, like these flies.

And then it was bed-time.

Let me tell you how to sleep on an Ocklawaha steamer in May. With a small bribe persuade Jim, the steward, to take the mattress out of your berth, and lay it slanting just along the railing that encloses the lower part of the upper deck, to the left of the pilot-house. Then lie flat-backed down on the same, draw your blanket over you, put your cap on your head in consideration of the night-air, fold your arms, say some little prayer or other, and fall asleep with a star looking right down your eye.

When you awake in the morning, your night will not seem any longer, any blacker, any less pure, than this perfect white blank in the page, and you will feel as new as Adam.

At sunrise, when I awoke, I found that we were lying still, with the boat's nose run up against a sandy bank, which quickly rose into a considerable hill. A sandy-whiskered native came down from the pine-cabin on the knoll. "How air ye?" he sang out to our skipper, with an evident expectation in his voice. "Got any freight for me?"

The skipper handed him a heavy parcel in brown wrapper. He examined it keenly with all his eyes, felt it over carefully with all his fingers: his countenance fell, and the shadow of a great despair came over it. "Look a-here!" he said, "*hain't* you brought me no terbacker?"

"Not unless it's in that bundle," said the skipper.

"Hell!" said the native: "*hit's* nuthin' but shot;" and he turned off

toward the forest, as we shoved away, with a face like the face of the apostate Julian when the devils were dragging him down the pit.

I would have let my heart go out in sympathy to this man—for the agony of his soaked soul after “terbacker” during the week that must pass ere the Marion come again is not a thing to be laughed at—had I not believed that he was one of the vanilla-gatherers. You must know that in the low grounds of the Ocklawaha grows what is called the vanilla-plant, and that its leaves are much like those of tobacco. This “vanilla” is now extensively used to adulterate cheap chewing tobacco, as I am informed, and the natives along the Ocklawaha drive a considerable trade in gathering it. The process of their commerce is exceedingly simple, and the bills drawn against the consignments are primitive. The officer in charge of the Marion showed me several of the communications received at various landings during our journey, accompanying shipments of the spurious weed. They were generally about as follows:—

“DEAR SIR: i send you one bag Verneller, pleeze fetch one par of shus numb 8 and ef any over fetch twelve yards hoamspin.

“Yrs truly,

“ — — — ”

The captain of the steamer takes the bags to Pilatka, barter the vanilla for the article specified, and distributes them on the next trip up to their respective owners.

In a short time we came to the junction of Silver Spring Run with the Ocklawaha proper. This run is a river formed by the single outflow of the waters of Silver Spring, nine miles above. Here new astonishments befell. The water of the Ocklawaha, which had before seemed clear enough, now showed but like a muddy stream as it flowed side by side, unmixing for a little distance, with this Silver Spring water.

The Marion now left the Ocklawaha and turned into the run. How shall one speak quietly of this journey over transparency? The run is in many places very deep: the white bottom is hollowed out in a continual succession of large spherical holes, whose entire contents of darting fish, of under-mosses, of flowers, of submerged trees, of lily-stems, of grass-ribbons, revealed themselves to us through the lucid fluid as we sailed along thereover. The long series of convex bodies of water filling these great concavities impressed one like a chain of globular worlds composed of a transparent lymph. Great numbers of keen-snouted, long-bodied garfish shot to and fro in unceasing motion beneath us: it seemed as if the under-worlds were filled with a multitude of crossing sword-blades wielded in tireless thrust and parry by invisible arms.

The shores, too, had changed. They now opened into clear savannas

overgrown with broad-leaved grass to a perfect level of two or three feet above the water, stretching back to the boundaries of cypress and oak ; and occasionally, as we passed one of these expanses curving into the forest with a diameter of half a mile, a single palmetto might be seen in or near the centre—perfect type of that lonesome solitude which the German calls *Einsamkeit*—one-some-ness. Then, again, the palmettoes and cypresses would swarm toward the stream and line its banks.

Thus for nine miles, counting our gigantic rosary of water-wonders and lonelineses, we fared on. Then we rounded to in the very bosom of Silver Spring itself, and came to wharf. Here there were warehouses, a turpentine distillery, men running about with boxes of freight and crates of Florida vegetables for the Northern market, country stores with wondrous assortments of goods—physic, fiddles, groceries, school-books, what not—and, a little farther up the shore of the spring, a tavern. I learned in a hasty way that Ocala was five miles distant, that I could get a very good conveyance from the tavern to that place, and that on the next day, Sunday, a stage would leave Ocala for Gainesville, some



SILVER SPRING.

forty miles distant, being the third relay of the long stage-line which runs three times a week between Tampa and Gainesville *via* Brooksville and Ocala.

Then the claims of scientific fact and of guidebook information could hold me no longer. I ceased to acquire knowledge, and got me back to the wonderful spring, drifting over it face downward as over a new world. It is sixty feet deep a few feet off shore, they say, and covers an irregular space of several acres ; but this sixty feet does not at all represent

the actual impression of depth which one gets as one looks through the superincumbent water down to the bottom. The distinct sensation is, that although the bottom down there *is* clearly seen, and although all the objects in it are about of their natural size, undiminished by any narrowing of the visual angle, yet it and they are seen from a great distance. It is as if Depth itself, that subtle abstraction, had been compressed into a crystal lymph, one inch of which would represent miles of ordinary depth.

As one rises from gazing into these quaint profundities, and glances across the broad surface of the spring, one's eye is met by a charming mosaic of brilliant hues. The water-plain varies in colour according to what it lies upon. Over the pure white limestone and shells of the bottom it is perfect malachite green ; over the water-grass it is a much darker green : over the moss it is that rich brown-and-green which Bodmer's forest-engravings so vividly suggest ; over neutral bottoms it reflects the skies' or the clouds' colours. All these hues are further varied by mixture with manifold shades of foliage reflections cast from overhanging boscage near the shore, and still further by the angle of the observer's eye. One would think that these elements of colour-variation were numerous enough, but they were not nearly all. Presently the splash of an oar in some distant part of the spring sent a succession of ripples circling over the pool. Instantly it broke into a thousandfold prism. Every ripple was a long curve of variegated sheen : the fundamental hues of the pool when at rest were distributed into innumerable kaleidoscopic flashes and brilliancies ; the multitudes of fish became multitudes of animated gems, and the prismatic lights seemed actually to waver and play through their translucent bodies, until the whole spring, in a great blaze of sunlight, shone like an enormous fluid jewel that without decreasing for ever lapsed away upward in successive exhalations of dissolving sheens and glittering colours.

---

## THE GRANDMOTHER.\*

“To die ; to sleep.”—SHAKESPEARE.

BY GEORGE MURRAY.

- “ DEAR MOTHER of our Mother ! dost thou sleep ?  
 Thy voice was wont to murmur many a tone  
 Of rapt devotion e'en in slumber deep :  
 Breathless, this eve thou liest here alone,  
 With lips all motionless, a form of stone.
- “ Why on thy bosom droops thy wrinkled brow ?  
 What have we done to cause that seeming ire ?  
 The lamp burns dim—the ashes glimmer low—  
 And shouldst thou answer not, the smould'ring fire,  
 The lamp, and we, thy two, will all expire !
- “ By the dim lamp thy children soon will die—  
 And thou, by slumber's spell no more opprest,  
 Wilt call on those who may not hear thy cry :  
 And thou long-time wilt fold us to thy breast,  
 And strive, with prayer, to stir us from our rest.
- “ In our warm hands thy chilly fingers place—  
 Sing lays of Troubadours, dead long ago :  
 Of warriors aided by the Fairy race,  
 Who chanted Love amid the battle's glow,  
 And decked their Brides with trophies from the foe.
- “ Tell us the signs that scatter ghosts in flight—  
 What hermit viewed Hell's swift-careering Lord—  
 Tell of the Gnome-king's rubies sparkling bright,  
 And if the psalms of Turpin are abhorr'd  
 By the black demon more than Roland's sword.

\* From Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades*.



- “ Show us thy Bible, filled with pictures fair,  
    Saints robed in white, who guard each hamlet low,  
Virgins, with golden glories round their hair—  
    Or, read the pages, where we long to know  
    Each mystic word that breathes to God our woe.
- “ Soon from all light thy children will be shut—  
    Round the black hearth the frolic shadows dance,  
And airy shapes may steal within the hut :  
    Thou frightest us—thy love is changed, perchance—  
    Oh ! cease thy prayer, awaken from thy trance !
- “ Unseal those eyes—Oh ! God, thine arms are cold !  
    Oft hast thou told us of the glorious sky,  
Of the damp grave, and life that waxeth old,  
    And oft of Death—what is it then to die ?  
    Tell us, dear Mother : thou dost not reply !”

With plaintive voices long they wailed alone—  
The sleeper woke not when the morning shone.  
The death-bell, slowly tolling, seemed to grieve,  
And, through the door, a passer-by at eve  
By the still couch and pictured Bible sees  
Two little children praying on their knees.

---

## GEORGE ELIOT.

BY J. L. STEWART.

THERE are many varieties of the novel family. We are all familiar with several types. The good-little-boy-who-died-young kind was dear to us when we depended on the village Sunday-school library for our fiction, and the solitary-horseman-might-have-been-seen kind came when we patronized the circulating library, followed by tales of chivalry, the heroes of which live on horseback and overthrow all their enemies; stories of social life, ending in happy marriages and millionaire inheritances; political novels, which show how kings are governed, parliaments swayed, and great national convulsions controlled; and military romances, with their charges, sieges, rescues, and wonderfully rapid promotion. These are but a few of the varieties, and each has its own charm. But the novel that takes the firmest hold of the cultivated intellect of modern times belongs to none of these,—not to the drum-and-trumpet, the forum-and-cabinet, the small-talk-and-millinery, the tournament-and-crusade, or the consumption-and-grace variety. Even small children have grown to see something ludicrous in the story of George Washington and his little hatchet, the sentimental fiction which ends in millionaire marriage is left to weak-minded young ladies, school boys alone are able to believe in armed knights jousting for the right to name the Queen of Beauty, and those who delight in fictitious scalp raising and bowie-knife duelling are set down as belonging to that inferior order of beings who count for nothing in discussions on the intellectual forces and tendencies of the age. The psychological novel has risen to the highest place in fictitious literature. The finest order of intellect is employed in its creation, and all the science, philosophy and theology of the world hail its coming with delight, scan its pages with interest, and discuss its teachings with critical acumen. It supplies most of the metaphysics, part of the theology, and a large portion of the moral philosophy, which find entrance into fashionable society. It turns the eye inward, arouses doubts of the worthiness of the petty aims of life, and sets a loftier ideal before the mind than the pursuit of gain or the craving for applause and power. This ideal varies from that set up in other novels in being attainable. It is not an early and happy death caused by consumption, and, therefore, mature age and robust health do not despair at the outset; not the prize of the lists or the rescue of dragon-guarded virgins, and so the consciousness of cutting as poor a figure as Don Quixote in

the character of knight-errant does not cruelly cut away our hopes ; not success in war, love, diplomacy or finance, in all of which we have failed or know we should fail if we tried. We do not, in order to understand its details and sympathize with its aims, need to revive a slumbering interest in the crusades, or restock our minds with historical facts which have been forgotten. A voyage across the Atlantic is not necessary for catching a glimpse of its "local colour." The human soul is the country in which its plot is laid, the place where its most thrilling incidents occur, the scene of the catastrophe that causes desolation, or the denouement that secures present and prospective bliss.

All novels are, of course, more or less psychological, but only those of a few authors are worthy of that distinctive title. Hawthorne attained true greatness in this walk, his "Scarlet Letter" being a marvellous study of the inner workings of a soul struggling with secrets that cried for daylight, and torn by conflicting impulses. His works are among the best examples of this class of fiction in English literature.

Since the death of Hawthorne there has been no one to dispute the throne with George Eliot. No one else, so completely as she, makes mental development the chief movement of the story, and conquest of self the event upon which a happy ending hinges. Others' heroes are entangled in difficulties from without, while hers struggle with their own conflicting impulses. Their favourite creations are happy when they attain the brides they have sought and the fortunes they have waited for, but hers know no peace except they have placed themselves in harmony with the immutable moral law of the universe, and made full atonement for their transgressions against its canons. Not that her villains are never prosperous, or her selfish people as content with the world as men and women commonly are. She leaves them to enjoy their gains, to riot in their revelry, to exult over the ruins they have wrought ; but her reader feels that their sins must find them out. She lays bare the hearts of her favourites, exposes the weaknesses of her beloved, shows how difficult salvation is for the children of her choice.

George Eliot is an inspired heathen. Without faith in the evangelical scheme of redemption—without any acknowledgment of Christ as a divinely sent messenger—she teaches the essence of Christianity both directly and indirectly. If she believes in Jesus of Nazareth at all, it is only as the personification of duty. Forsake all and follow duty. Love thy neighbour better than thyself. These two sentences contain the foundation of her creed. We find, from first to last, that her teachings have been consistent with these fundamental commands. To begin with "Adam Bede," the first of her works to become famous, the first that was marked with the characteristics on which her reputation rests, we see how violation of this law brings the inevitable punishment.

Hetty, with her dainty figure, infantile beauty and rosy lips, is painted with a loving hand—painted so as to inspire others with much of the admiration she excites in Adam Bede and Arthur Donnithorne. She is without malice, without guile, without evil inclination. But she is vain—charmingly vain; she is ambitious—naturally ambitious. We look on these qualities as virtues rather than vices in so sweet a creature, the self-consciousness which vanity inspires making beauty piquant with coquetry; the love of admiration securing us an acknowledgment that our homage is welcome. But George Eliot looks with other eyes. She sees that the love of admiration, and the aspiration to be in a higher station of life, are serpents among the flowers of this maiden Paradise—serpents that will blight its joys, destroy its innocence, banish its peace. We ask for mercy for the tender little thing, whose sweet simplicity seems excuse enough for her yielding to temptation, but George Eliot is as inexorable as the moral law itself, and punishment, cruelly harsh, comes to the frail creature, who has sinned because of a vain desire to be the bride of a gentleman. Arthur, too, is painted with an appreciative hand. What a picture he is of glorious young manhood, of enthusiastic youth, of eager aspirations after popularity to be won by frankness, justice, politeness and generosity! But his goodness is superficial, his kindness to inferiors requires no effort, his generosity is based on no principle. And, of course, when temptation comes he yields to it, and has to suffer the penalty. Adam Bede, with all his goodness of heart and earnest seeking for the right, suffers, as the necessary sequence of the evil deeds of others, but the events which pain him save him from a union in which he would have found no true happiness, and bring to his heart and home the one woman of all the world who could have advanced his spiritual growth and promoted his earthly happiness. In “*Silas Marner*” we see the same law illustrated. Godfrey Cass leaves his hated wife in obscurity, and does not acknowledge the child that wife leaves when she perishes on her way to his home. He will watch over it, he says, and see that it never wants. He will be a father to it without its knowledge for the present, and will one day claim it as his own and restore it to its birthright. He loves a pure-minded maiden who would be shocked at the knowledge of the low marriage from which death has relieved him, and he dare not do his duty as a father for fear of losing his chance of winning the bride of his choice. It is likely that, if he had honestly owned the truth, the prim and pretty Nancy Lammer would have ultimately forgiven him and married him. She loved no one else, and her love would have returned with greater force after her indignation had worn away. But Godfrey was cowardly, he violated the moral law by shrinking from this confession, and saw the child that his heart yearned for cherished by those on whom it had no natural

claim. But he meant to do right, of course. Sixteen years passed away and no child came to bless his home. Then the truth was told, and his wish to claim his daughter was changed to resolve by the ready acquiescence of his wife. His heart was light once more. The burden of guilt was lifted. The wrong he had done his only child, which had been punished by the absence of children from his hearth and home, would be amply atoned for. Arm and arm went forth the pair to claim their own—went to the rude cottage of the weaver of Raveloe, disclosed to the lovely Effie the secret of her birth, and offered her the splendid position which she would have as their heiress. Now we see the inevitable punishment, the impossibility of recovering a treasure that has once been cast away, the irrevocability of the law that forbids our enjoyment of a blessing when we have shrunk from the toil by which it is perfected. George Eliot, inexorable as the law of gravity, bids the maiden reject this luxurious home, shrink from this neglectful father, and cling to the old man who has protected her, the rude cottage of which she has from babyhood been the mistress, and the young workman whom she loves and intends to marry. Godfrey Cass could not undo the wrong he had done sixteen years before. The universe had taken that wrong to its bosom and made it part of itself. The broken law avenged itself amply on the man who had trampled upon it. She whom Godfrey had rejected in her helplessness, rejected him in her strength of affection for the way of life and the people she was used to. He went back to his childless home, sadder than before, because he realized for the first time the utter impossibility of atonement. In "Romola" we find this law of retribution for straying from the thorny path of duty, and choosing the flowery ways of self-indulgence, illustrated actively instead of passively. Baldassarre is the personification of the law, and its graceful and easy-going violator does not escape him. Tito Melema's crime is his forgetfulness of this old man—a man with claims on his attention that cannot be neglected without doing violence to laws which the heart of man recognizes everywhere as binding—and he dies, after escaping other perils, with the old man's hands on his throat. The result of his sin, instead of being a bleeding Banquo ever rising at the feast, was a pursuing fiend that hunted him to death. Mrs. Transome, the central figure in the secondary plot which many critics regard as painfully superfluous in "Felix Holt," stoops to accept the devotion of the handsome young man who writes poems in her praise and ministers to a love of homage which is not gratified in her own household. Her sin is not discovered, and the man marries a wife and leaves her sorrowing. Their boy grows up to manhood, and then the wretched mother is stricken down, when the love and respect of that son are all that is left to her in the world, by the

revelation of her shame. In the "Mill on the Floss," the divinely good Maggie Tulliver, the best beloved of all the women whom this author has given full-length portraits of, whom she petted as a child and watched with tenderness and approval as she developed into a womanhood of pure aspirations and gentle consideration for all around her, sins but in thought, and yet there is no escape for her from the life of misery which this entails, no escape but death, and the bubbling waters of the angry river are wrapped around her as a shroud, and her beautiful eyes are closed for ever. George Eliot gave her all the consolation she could—gave her the forgiveness of the cold stern brother whom she loved so tenderly—before her death. Even she, the creator, could do nothing more for the loved one, because the laws of the moral universe are inexorable, and she had sinned against them. In "Middlemarch" the fate of Bulstrode, who is driven into what is morally murder, after years of penitence and good works, in the hope of keeping the knowledge of his base acquisition of wealth from the public, is a very different but no less striking illustration of the same law. Lydgate, also, "feeling the hampering thread-like pressure of small social conditions, and their frustrating complexity," does violence to his high sense of right, and suffers humiliation accordingly. In "Daniel Deronda" the same law of retribution is triumphant. The hapless Gwendolen, that spoiled child of weak-minded affection, growing up without consideration or thought for any one but herself, shrinks from duty when it presents itself in the disagreeable form of becoming a governess, and marries, contrary to her promise, the man she does not love—the man she knows to be morally bound to another—marries him for money and position—fancying that she can order her life as she will, and make some recompense to the woman she displaces. But how terrible is the awakening from this self-indulgent dream! How galling are the golden chains with which she has bound herself! How helplessly she sinks into the hell of murderous wishes, seeing nothing but death as a relief from the hated tyranny to which she is subjected! She is punished indeed. The very breaking of the chains that bind her raises a ghost in her memory that will haunt her waking and sleeping—"a dead face—I shall never get away from it"—remorse preventing perfect peace. She hears the man she loves say he is to marry another, and go away to another land, and cries out in the anguish of her soul, "I said I should be forsaken. I have been a cruel woman. And I am forsaken." Grandcourt himself, that wonderfully drawn incarnation of refined selfishness, meets his just deserts, drowning within reach of the aid for which he unavailingly cries to the victim of his love of domination. Mrs. Glasher fails to attain the marriage which would have lessened her sense of humiliation, although the innocent

children of her lawless union gain their natural inheritance. When she is passed without a sign of recognition by the man for whose sake she deserted her husband, a beautiful bride sitting in the place she has sacrificed all with the hope of reaching, she must feel the full force of the law that decrees pain as the penalty for selfish pleasure, for abandonment of duty, for seeking happiness by causing another sorrow.

Several characters in these novels illustrate the truth of the author's remark, that "love does not make all things easy, as commonly stated, but makes us choose that which is hard." Will Ladislaw scornfully rejects the fortune which Bulstrode offers him, feeling that it would be impossible for him ever to tell Dorothea that he had accepted it. He does not dream of ever winning her, he has no intention of seeking her as his wife, and yet his love forces him to reject a fortune that would make him less worthy of her in his own esteem. Dorothea abandons the estates of Lowic, and braves the opposition of the relatives she loves, to marry the penniless man to whom her heart has been given, leaving rank, wealth, patronage and land for his sake. Esther Lyon's choice is, perhaps, harder still. She abandons her right to an estate, a more difficult thing for one to do who has longed for wealth with the sense of being able to enjoy it—with the consciousness of tastes which only wealth can gratify—than for one who is possessed of it and finds more pain than pleasure in the possession—that she may marry a man who has vowed always to be poor. It is not her love of riches alone that she tramples upon when she makes her choice, but the esthetic tastes which she inherited from her forsaken mother and has cultivated instinctively. Felix Holt is poor, but Esther is used to poverty. It is not so hard for her to get over that. But he disregards the artificial refinements of life, goes without a waistcoat, forswears neckties, and sets his face sternly against a high doorstep and a brass knocker. But her inbred repugnance to all that yields to the longing of her soul for union with his soul, she chooses him rather than Harold Transome, and goes with him to the humble home which he shares with that ridiculous piece of verbose vulgarity, his pill-mixing mother, instead of to the mansion of which she would have been mistress, with or without Harold Transome as a husband. The mother-in-law is almost too much. It is difficult, it requires the strengthening of imagination by a glance into the society around us, to believe that even love could make Esther accept her. We should feel more comfortable if the widow of the departed mixer of Holt's Elixir, Pills, and Cure, who knew a text of scripture which was "just as if it was a riddle, and Holt's Elixir was the answer," had given signs of paralysis of the tongue, but are left to trust that her confidence in her own nostrums will work a retribution at an early day.

George Eliot's difference from other writers of fiction is shown in the

character of the rewards which she bestows on those she would make happy. Instead of riches, titles and power, she gives them love, work, content, and a belief in the necessity of looking for happiness for themselves in striving to lighten the burdens which oppress their fellows. Romola is shown, in her double widowhood, finding peace by caring for the unsophisticated woman and innocent children who had been left helpless by the death of her husband. Effie clings to her foster-father, her young lover, and their humble sphere in life, and we feel that she will be happy. Fortunes come to George Eliot's heroes and heroines, and splendid offers of matrimonial alliances, just as they come to other favourites of fiction, but they are rejected, and we feel, in spite of our prejudices in favour of wealth and rank, that the rejection is wise.

There is an element, often lending a saddening tone to these books, which is commonly called fate. "She is a fatalist," says the flippant critic who sees the young and innocent drawn gradually into the vortex of sin, the proud plunged into the mire of humiliation, and the lovely and lovable drifting helplessly and heedlessly into situations that will forever destroy their peace. The arms of destiny are open, and the poor pilgrim cannot escape them. It seems as if shame has been prepared for that sweet maiden from the foundation of the world, and that escape is impossible. We see the web of sorrow-laden circumstance woven around one whose life is without reproach, whose purposes are pure, whose power of endurance is small, and the first impulse is the aboriginal one of attributing it to supernatural forces. But we see, after sufficient study, "the orderly sequence by which the seed brings forth a crop after its kind," and feel that no other result could have been produced by the events which preceded it. Her heroines are subjected to this law with unrelenting steadfastness. Their dreams are shown to be as baseless as those of other people. Romola sees all that is noble in the olive-cheeked Tito, and is driven away from him by her horror of his falsity and self-seeking. Dorothea dreams of a life of devotion to her pedantic lord, "who enjoys that kind of reputation which precedes performance," and lives to look upon his notes for a Key to all Mythologies as a mass of useless rubbish, under which her own life was in danger of being buried. Every step which selfish ambition prompts, every elevation which pride leads up to, every good which is not to be shared with others, becomes a source of unhappiness rather than of pleasure. It is only the unselfish seeker who finds aright, and not always he.

No mere doctrinal deliverance would show so strongly, to many minds, her disbelief in evangelical theories of salvation as the heart history of those whom she rescues from ruin and places on the right path. Those whom she would save are not converted at a revival meeting, and turned at once from the wicked ways in which they have delighted.



They are not persuaded by an eloquent preacher to arise from the flowery beds on which they lie, take the pilgrim staff in hand, and set out over a dangerous road for the Celestial City. But the flowers on which they lie turn to thistles, the honey which is sweet in the mouth becomes bitter in the belly, the jewels with which they adorn themselves turn into serpents and sting them. "The emptiness of all things, from politics to pastimes, is never so striking as when we fail in them." The ruined merchant, the deserted maiden, the despised wife, see the path of duty through their tears, learn from their own misery that hearts are aching around them, are taught by their longing for consolation how much human beings can do to lighten the burden for each other, and thus they begin the new life, fighting bravely against evil habits, selfish indulgence, and vain desires. Silas Marner's heart was as dead to humanity as though it had been a petrification, his soul was as utterly lost to all fellowship with his kind as though it had already passed into some lower animal, according to the doctrine of transmigration. No preaching would have aroused him, no kindness would have touched him. He had lost his faith in man, his trust in woman, his belief in religion, when an unjust charge drove him from Lantern Yard. He had but one passion left—the passion for hoarding gold. His creed, with the God he had worshipped through the forms it prescribed, had been falsified when the casting of lots resulted in the confirmation of a false charge against himself. This hoard was the object of his worship. His friend had falsely accused him. His gold was the only object with which he felt sympathy. His betrothed had deserted him. His money was the only bride he cherished. But the money was stolen, the golden calf vanished, and the bereaved miser was once more thrown on human sympathy and fellowship. He was again a man among men. His heart was opened, and Effie kept it open ever afterwards.

Other novelists have, in common with George Eliot, the faculty of seeing beneath the rough exterior and appreciating the fine qualities beneath. They can, with a power equal to her own, make a workman dignified, and the worshipper of strange gods devout. But they have not her power of making the rough work itself seem noble, and the false gods divine, of lifting lowly classes to a higher sphere, of spiritualising and ennobling doctrines for those who despise them. Other authors make rough workmen appear presentable, and believers in heterodox creeds rational, by making them better than their brethren, but she places her readers in such perfect sympathy with other minds, making them look at things from the same standpoint, that classes and creeds which they have been accustomed to look upon as without the pale of their sympathies, become respectable in their eyes. We break bread with Daniel Deronda in Ezra Cohen's back parlour, on Friday evening

after the pawn-shop shutters are up, and never again look upon a huckstering Jew except as a man and a brother. There is no smiling mockery, no latent sarcasm, no patronizing tolerance in her treatment of religious, national and social phases. Dinah Morris's street preaching and Savonarola's pulpit prophecies of coming woe are treated alike with reverence. Even the Lantern Yard sect's resorting to the casting of lots for the purpose of learning God's will is described without a touch of disrespect, expressed or implied. She looks at the bended knee, the bowed head, the scourged flesh, the form emaciated by fasting in the midst of plenty, the penitent crawling with unprotected limbs over rough ground, and enters into the feelings of the man without the slightest reference to the creed whose dictates he is obeying. We see a graven image before the prostrate worshipper, but she shows us God in his heart. Others have divested themselves of their prejudices until they appeared equally indifferent to all creeds, a comparatively easy task; but she is equally reverent, equally tender, equally sympathetic with them all.

Does she believe in the saving virtue of all, or reject them all as of no account except for the momentary satisfaction they produce in the minds of those who trust in them? She says in "Romola" that "the human soul is hospitable, and will entertain conflicting sentiments and contradictory opinions with much impartiality." She thanks Heaven, in "Adam Bede," that "it is possible to have very erroneous theories and very sublime feelings." The religious beliefs of her characters appear to have but little influence on their lives. Does she declare with her Mr. Snell, landlord of the Rainbow, "You're both right and you're both wrong, as I say," or what is her belief? That she is no bigot, either for or against any particular creed, is self-evident, but it is not easy to penetrate into her mind, or fasten many positive or negative doctrinal convictions on her. The reader gains the conviction that she believes in God as an unfathomable mystery, and reverently bends the knee at every apparent manifestation of his power. Her idea of Heaven is rather subjective than objective. Justice, she says, "is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." Again, she says that "our conviction in its keenest moment passes from expression into silence, our love at its highest flood rushes beyond its object, and loses itself in the sense of divine mystery." This doctrine, applied to religion, implies that silence is the only fit expression for exalted spiritual feelings. She is clearly rather uncertain in her beliefs, compared with the clear convictions of dogmatic theology, but she is not necessarily hopeless because she fails to find a resting place in any theological system, for she speaks of "a mixed condition of things as the sign, not of hopeless confusion, but of struggling order."

What could be more natural than that a woman thus grasping for the light, getting glimpses into the Infinite, but unable to accept any of the creeds which profess to bring the soul of man and the Soul of the Universe into harmony—should accept a Positivist like Lewes as the companion of her solitude and the confidant of her doubts? He was assured where she was uncertain. He was not troubled by disturbing reflections on the mysterious dealings of God with his people. He could talk, at that time, about ensuring the repose of a life by the careful reading of Kant. He, the Positive Philosopher, entertained doubts only to remove them by applying the tests of the Objective Method, and escaped from the questionings which stirred her soul in the ethereal regions of contemplation by sticking complacently to earth. The flights which lead to such unrest are reached in the study of Metaphysics: therefore, stick to Science. “Metaphysical Philosophy is condemned, by the very nature of its impulses, to wander for ever in one tortuous labyrinth,” he says, and makes it abundantly clear that everything to which scientific reasoning—the Method of Verification—can not be applied, is classed as metaphysical. “No progress can be made because no certainty is possible.” He professes to remove inquiries into the heights and depths of man’s nature, and the grander generalities on Life, Destiny, and the Universe, to the domain of Science, where they will be subjected to verification at each stage of the process—the guaranteeing of each separate point, the cultivated caution of proceeding to the unknown solely through the avenues of the known. He despises the philosopher who sees a co-ordinate correspondence between his intuitional reason and nature, and lacks positive proof of the truth of his conviction. “Philosophy, dealing with transcendental objects which cannot be present, and employing a method which admits of no verification (or reduction to the test of fact) must be an impossible attempt.” Everything must descend to his own level and be tried:—“It is only possible to take the first steps in Philosophy by bringing transcendental subjects within the sphere of experience, *i.e.*, making them no longer transcendental.” He has no faith in any mode of reasoning other than “the Objective Method which moulds its conceptions on realities by closely following the movements of the objects as they severally present themselves to Sense, so that this movement of Thought may synchronize with the movement of Things,” and will have nothing to do, in any range of speculation, with “the Subjective Method which moulds realities on its conceptions, endeavouring to discover the order of Things, not by step by step adjustments of the order of ideas to it, but by the anticipatory rush of Thought, the direction of which is *determined* by Thoughts and not *controlled* by Objects.” He is never weary of showing the untrustworthiness of any reasoning except that which he finds

within his own mental grasp. "The subjective current, disturbing the clear reflection of the objective order, is the main source of error," he says in one place, and caps the climax of depreciation by saying: "The Subjective Method takes up an inference and treats it as a fact, and thus gives its own fictions the character of reality."

Nothing could show more clearly than these extracts that Mr. Lewes is everything, intellectually speaking, which his wife is not. It is the subjective faculty, not the objective, which enables one to write great dramas of life. He who is only capable of reasoning from external objects must have a wide experience indeed to be fitted for such work,—such an experience as no one can have. It is the despised Intuitional Reason that perceives the drama of passion in the human soul and reveals it to the consciousness of mankind. It is the same faculty, in a minor degree, which enables the world to recognize the truth of the revelation. What would Shakespeare have written without the subjective current? Our scientist builded better than he knew when he sneered at the Subjective Method giving its own fictions the character of reality. That is its strength, not its weakness; its glory, not its shame. If he had subjected his theories, his conceptions, to the method of verification, if he had "simply co-ordinated the materials furnished by his own experience, introducing no new materials," if he had entertained no conceptions except those moulded on the realities of his own life, there would be no present disputation on the spelling of his name. The divine afflatus is subjective, not objective. Heaven is not reached by climbing lofty mountains, and building towers of Babel on their tops. It is by going out of his experience, rising above and sinking below it, that the poet or the novelist gains his clearest conceptions. If George Eliot had depended upon experience, and entertained Mr. Lewes' contempt for intuition, how many of the characters who live and breathe and have their being in her works—as real to us as the men and women of our acquaintance, because we intuitively know them to be fashioned of the same clay as ourselves—would have been created?

So far as George Eliot has allowed her husband's system of verification to unsettle her faith in her inspired intuitions, and traces of this may be found in her later writings, the union has been intellectually injurious. The pure aspirations of a little child have more truth in them than a library of theological works, and the intuitions of George Eliot are truer than the logical climaxes of G. H. Lewes's scientific reasoning from observation. But it is possible that she found partial pause from her speculative unrest on the great questions of theology, by communion with so placid and assured a faith as his. It makes us courageous to be in contact with those who have no fear, even though we know they have as much reason to tremble as ourselves. This repose, if it did not

promote her spiritual growth, gave a calmness and content that were essential to healthy intellectual effort. Tendencies that might have become morbid, speculations that might have grown too subtle for mankind to follow with intelligent interest, were arrested. Taking Lewes for a fair type of the intellectual world for which she wrote, she saw the necessity of keeping her flights within the range of his vision. "Daniel Deronda" shows some signs of having been conceived on different principles than its predecessors. There is just a trace of the blight on it which novel writing for a purpose carries with it. The space which is given to Jewish aspirations, and the work which the good boy of the tale undertakes at the close, seem to come not so much from the necessities of the situation, as from the predetermination of the author. Deronda, Mirah and Mordecai are so perfect, morally and intellectually, that their natural mental development must have been restricted by the author's too vivid consciousness of the ends for which they were created. The best beloved as they are, they pass before the reader's eye almost as unnoticed as lay figures. Deronda, the hero, is a piece of wax-work that melts in our memory before the fierce light of Grandcourt, and Mirah is extinguished, in comparison with Gwendolen, as the stars vanish in the sunlight. They were formed for the expression of Jewish aspirations for a new national existence, and had to be kept on their good behaviour until their time came.

It is impossible to form any estimate of the genius of George Eliot without taking into account the simplicity of the raw materials with which her effects are produced. It is with naturally drawn people in the middle walks of life, and engaged in ordinary occupations, that she deals. It is with the thoughts, the mental struggles, of these people that we sympathise so strongly. The villains are not guilty of crimes whose very blackness makes them morbidly fascinating, the heroes do not grapple for crowns, nor discover El Dorados. It is by adjusting the bliss or the burden to the aspirations or the endurance of her creations that she gives us an idea of their happiness or misery. Her characters illustrate for us the truth that "what to the mass of men would be only one of many allowable follies is to another a spiritual convulsion;" that "what to one man is the virtue which he has sunk below the possibility of aspiring to, is to another the backsliding by which he forfeits his spiritual crown;" that "sliding into a pleasureless yielding to the small solicitations of circumstance is a commoner history of perdition than any single momentous bargain;" that we "feel the hard pressure of our common lot, the yoke of that mighty resistless destiny laid upon us by the acts of other men as well as our own;" that "the eager theorizing of ages is compressed, as in a seed, in the momentary want of a single mind;" that "the most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals

itself after sympathy and not before it ;" that "Nature, that great tragic dramatist, ties us by our heart-strings to the beings that jar us at every movement ;" that "we are apter to be kinder to the brutes that love us than to the women that love us ;" that "our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them ;" that "human feeling is like the mighty rivers that bless the earth,—it does not wait for beauty,—it flows with resistless force and brings beauty with it ;" that "a great deal of life goes on without strong passion, without the zest arising from a strong desire ;" that "without good and sufficient ducts of habit our nature easily turns to mere ooze and mud, and at any pressure yields nothing but a spurt or a puddle." We are taught to be generous, to be loving, to be forgetful of self, to be free from false pride, to hate shams, to be true to the inmost promptings of duty, to guard zealously against the solicitations of ease. Her claim to a high place in the ranks of novelists rests on the skill with which she has used materials so simple in enforcing teachings so old.

Her eternal aspirations find voice, and a glimpse of her religious faith is given, in one of her neglected poems. Those who love her can claim for her no more spirituality than it breathes ; those who condemn her cannot justly charge her with more materialism, infidelity, deism, heterodoxy, or whatever they choose to call dissent from what is commonly called orthodoxy in Christian lands, than is consistent with its spirit. Read and judge :

" O may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence : live  
In pulses stirred to generosity  
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
For miserable aims that end with self,  
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night—like stars,  
And with their mild persistence, urge man's search  
To vaster issues.

" So to live is heaven.

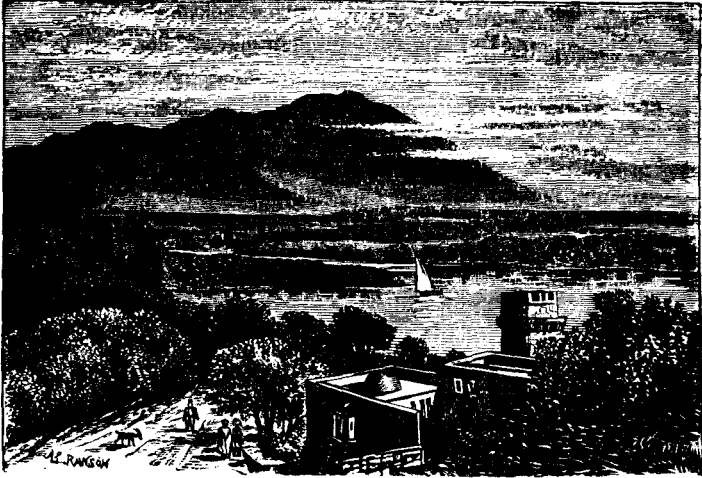
" So we inherit that sweet purity  
For which we struggled, failed, and agonised.  
With widening retrospect that bred despair.

" This is life to come,

' Which martyred men have made more glorious  
For us who strive to follow. May I reach  
That purest heaven, be to other souls  
The cup of strength in some great agony,  
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,  
Beget the smiles that leave no cruelty—  
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,  
And in diffusion ever more intense.  
So shall I join the choir invisible,  
Whose music is the gladness of the world."

## WANDERINGS WITH VIRGIL.

BY EDWARD C. BRUCE.



PLAIN OF TROY, FROM TENEDOS.

FROM this our modern upstart land of Atlantis there pass every year to the circling shores of the great Central Sea, in search of knowledge, health or pleasure, more voyagers by far than embarked with Æneas in his twenty ships built from the woods of Phrygia Ida, and saw the last peak of fatherland sink into the eastern shadows of twilight behind Tenedos. They would outnumber, a score or two to one, the little remnant that disembarked with him from one ship at Latium, and gave to the world the Latin race and the Alban fathers and the lofty walls of Rome. Add to them the reinforcements from the ancient edge of the globe, Britain and North-western Europe, and the host of sight-seers will exceed the army that Agamemnon, king of men, marshalled under the walls of Ilium, for the long fight that will rage for ever.

Among all these there exists, doubtless, a full share of latent heroism, dormant devotion and capacity for manifestation of the highest qualities of mortals. The "pink parasol by the Pyramids" probably shades as fair a face, and as much of "true womanly" in form and heart as did the golden coil of Briseis; and its escort would promptly and gracefully pick up the glaive of Achilles, or go with Jason wool-gathering to the Crimea—an exploit the latter, in fact, which Mr. Kinglake and his

British readers think a mere bagatelle to the victory of Inkermann. But, for all that, none of them will personify beauty and valour in the eyes of the poet and the painter of thirty centuries hence. They will sink, life and memory, into the mass of what the dyspeptic Carlyle calls seventeen millions of bores, and might as justly, had he chosen to extend the characterization to his own bailiwick, have called seventy millions. Is it that the disproportion between actualities and probabilities is so immense ; that gifts and opportunities so seldom come together ; that the conditions of the required result are so numerous and involved ; that Nature, prodigal and wasteful in the moral and intellectual, as in the physical *semina rerum*, refuses to innumerable individuals and long cycles of time, their just and normal development, like the immeasurable majority of codfish eggs that never hatch ? Or is it that a long list of special elements combines to give to this amphitheatre of the world, an attracting and inspiring charm no other region will ever possess ?

Volumes have been, and volumes more might be, written on the features which make the Mediterranean a unique field for all human activities. Its axis running with latitude and not with longitude, its climate has still the entire range of the temperate zone. Alpine glaciers overhang its northern rim, while its southern waves lap the tawny sands of the Lybian desert. Its waters reflect the fir and the palm, the ibex and the camel. Tideless and land-locked ; with a coastline, counting the islands, equal to that of the Atlantic ; its sinuosities presenting harbours to every wind, often but a few hours', and rarely more than two days', sail apart ; endowed with a wonderful variety of commodities of its own, besides those which drift to it by the Don, from the Arctic plains, by the Nile from Capricorn, and by the Straits of Hercules from the Main,—it has from all time enjoyed the civilizing influence of commerce. To vessels which seldom lost sight of the stars by night, and could not be driven more than two or three days from land, the compass was not an essential. The three great voyages which have left us their logs—those of Ulysses, Æneas and Paul—were indeed circuitous enough, but from design mainly in the first two cases, while the apostle seems to have been unfortunate in his selection of skippers ; and it is clear, from his own account, that they ascribed their extraordinary bad luck to an equally unfortunate choice of a passenger.

From a period undreamed of by Niebuhr or Deucalion—the close of the Glacial Period, when the Lapp slid northward with the seal, leaving the hairy elephant to die in Italy, and determine, perhaps, the site of Rome, by bequeathing his caput to the Capitol—this vestibule of three continents must have been the life-seat of the nations, the lungs of the globe. From north, east and south, peoples and languages struggled



thither. They groped instinctively toward the daylight, as Russia yearns for Constantinople, and Prussia for the Scheldt. They found, among the ever-blooming islands and peninsulas of that sunny sea, the seeds of the highest style of man. The insular spirit of mingled enterprise and independence fostered political liberty and free thought. A swarm of little empires sprang up, alike in blood, habits and traditions. Near enough to communicate, but not to be absorbed, their relations ran through an intricate dance of alliance and war, the two conditions equally tending to make common property of the advances in culture of each state. Merchant-ship and war-galley bore fructification from island to island like so many bees, stinging and stingless, transporting pollen from flower to flower. There arose a singular balance of unity in diversity in mental character, art, religion and social and political institutions. We read of a multitude of lawgivers—Solon, Draco, Lycurgus, Minos, etc., each imposing his rigidly-drawn system for an unchanged duration of centuries on his particular people. Codifiers they should more properly be called, like Justinian and Alfonso; not creating wholly new and arbitrary schemes of jurisprudence, but collating, pruning and defining for better practical service the customs which had grown up in the ages before them. Some of these men were deified, simply because they



DELOS.

seemed to embody the national genius, or were convenient historical starting-points. In those pantheistic days, air, land and sea were super-saturated with divinity. It floated on the winds, spoke in the thunder, lurked in the shadows of the woods, sank into the centre of the earth and pervaded the deep. Its manifestations were everywhere, and rested

on the humblest objects. Worshippers who ascribed divine attributes to their chimney-pieces and boundary-stones might not unnaturally detect them in their attorneys.

Ancient history, so called, is modern. What are the nine hundred years during which the Spartans boasted of having adhered to the injunctions of their first lawgiver, or the three or four centuries to the back of that since the immortals saw fit to upset the Asian realm and the derelict race of Priam, and Neptune's Troy lay smoking on the ground, to the succession of fossil dominions, here two or three, there five, six, seven deep, revealed to us on these shores, by those unpretending and uncritical investigators, the shovel and the pick? Herculeum partly disinterred last century, and mostly re-abandoned to the mould in this, is known to have been one of the most ancient Greek cities in Italy. The tufa that enshrouds it is a duplicate of the tufa on which it stands, and beneath that is a soil full of the clearest traces of tillage which must have been bestowed upon it before the beginning of tradition, since the eruption of A.D. 79 was the first recorded of Vesuvius. Behind the Etruscans, who antedate Rome, and whose language, as inscribed upon their lately-opened tombs, remains uninterpreted, was at least one civilization of as high an order as theirs, represented by numerous remains. And still beyond that, we shall doubtless be soon perusing, or attempting to peruse, new leaves of the buried volume, older and more valuable than the lost books of the Sibyl. Troy herself speaks in this way literally from her ashes, and tells a tale we should not have gathered from all that has been written of her. In the débris of her citadel, sixty feet deep, not less than six successive and distinct series of occupants are traced, each raised, by the ruin of its predecessor, to a loftier stronghold and a broader view over the rich historic plains.

These strata of pre-historic history carry us to a region through which we have no other guide. As we emerge from it into the mist of myths, the half-light of tradition, or the light, often equally uncertain, of the earlier historians, we get at least names, events, and some dates, more or less confused and contradictory. Hardly so far back as this does Virgil pretend to carry his readers. The poet romances less than the historian, and contents himself with ground where a firmer footing may be had. There he grows quite circumstantial, and throws together statements, obviously the result of long and close research, that have been too unsparingly pooh-poohed by critics possessed of but microscopic fragments of the authorities that guided him.

Hard fact is coming daily to the rescue of the classic annalists in verse and prose from the merciless skepticism dealt out to them in our times. The ground we tread upon is made to testify in their behalf. Witnesses for the dead rise from beneath the feet of the living. A few

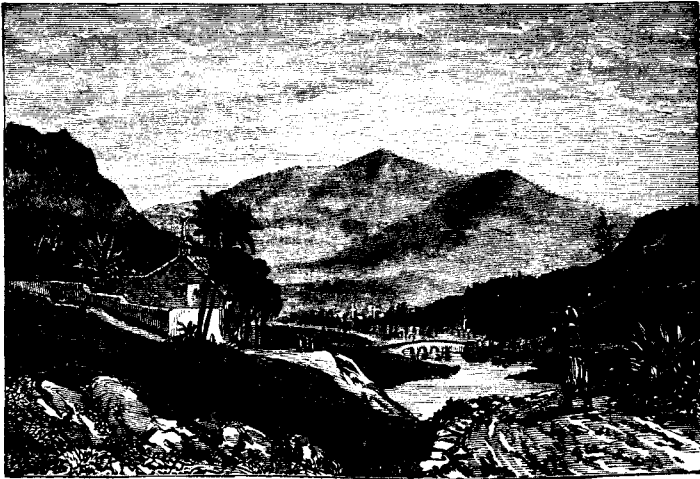
strokes of the mattock, and we stand in the Scæan gate, on the stones that Hector trod. A few more, and we lift from the smoke-stained ruin of a wall hard by a clump of Priam's treasure, saved from "the red pursuing Greek" by the wreck he had wrought—double-lipped cups, images of the Penates, chains, armbands and other decorations. The débris we throw aside, is filled with the bones and armour of dead warriors. If we have not here the exact studies from which Homer drew, we have at least those from which he might have drawn with strictly identical results. If his is a phantom Troy, what is the reality before us? The field of Waterloo is at this day more difficult to identify by those who may have fought there, or by others who depend on contemporary descriptions, if we shut out the Belgian monument, than this marvellous photograph, in palpable stone, metal and ashes, of a mythical city, and conflict described with the most pains-taking minuteness by a mythical poet in writings that have been public property for twenty-five centuries. It may not have been Troy, but it must have been *a* Troy. Homer may be but a collective term for a lot of unknown rhapsodists, who all wrote in the same dialect of the same language, in perfectly sequent style, of a single series of events participated in by the same group of men on the same ground. But the foundation of probabilities so laid is stronger than that sustaining many recognized facts of history.

It is noteworthy that, as a rule, each new achievement of the modern explorer adds to the vindication of ancient accuracy. Within the past generation merely, the Pygmies have been detected in the Nyam-Nyams; the sources of the Nile have been found to be as laid down by Ptolemy; "Memnon's statue that at sunrise played" is shown by scientific demonstration to have been actually vocal, without the aid or need of sacerdotal jugglery; that arrant empiric and contemner of induction, Aristotle, has been proved right on certain points in zoology utterly obscure to our naturalists; excavations have dispersed a cloud of Teutonic theories on the original substructures of Rome; the temple of Ephesian Diana has had its pavement and pillars brought to light, and found to correspond like a "working draft" to the dimensions and design handed down to us; and generally it may be said that the light thrown by Pompeii on the domestic life, is not more sharp, clear and awakening than that shed from many other fields of enquiry on the literary conscientiousness of the Greeks and Romans.

We may, then, yield to the temptation of crediting the Mantuan with a broader and more solid foundation of facts than the critics have allowed him—such a one, perhaps, as that of Scott's historic novels and Shakespeare's historic plays. For his supernatural machinery, it was the fashionable decoration of the day. It does not exceed, in proportion to matter of fact, the same element in *Macbeth*, nor excel, in either pro-

portion or extravagance, the like embellishments in the *Lusiad* or the *Gerusalemme*. It is notorious that, deft at adornment and illustration, he was not strong in invention. Thoroughly master of the traditions and records bearing on his subject, supplied him by study and travel, these the character of his mind gave him small power of amplifying, even had there been more necessity for it. In fact, there was very little. They were abundant and romantic. They were accepted by everybody around him. They ran back hardly as far as the Heptarchy lies from us, and the monuments of them were incomparably more various and complete than we have of Saxon times. The language in which they were mostly delivered had remained practically unchanged from a period long prior to the alleged date of the events, and was still vernacular. So with the terminology of men and places.

Compared with Æneas, Arthur, the one hero of pre-Saxon Britain, the central figure in the poetry of him whose place in future literary fame the England of to-day fondly dreams will be far above Virgil, and name-giver to one of Victoria's sons, sinks into the mistiest of shadows.



CRETE.

We cannot say that we know any more of him than of the sword with which he wrought such miracles of homicide, the Round Table at which he entertained the lovers of his wife, the Holy Graal in the vain pursuit whereof he spent so much valuable time, or the fabulous battles in which he was so regularly beaten.

Unhappy Dido is also quite an historical personage. Her colonizing tour, starting from a point on the same coast, preceded by a few years

that of her "pious" deserter. Under her true Phœnico-Hebraic name of Elisa, she is handed down to us as a fourth or fifth cousin of our intimate and equally unfortunate friend Jezebel. Josephus, a standard authority, had access to the Tyrian state-paper office, and found no difficulty in tracing her. The Ethbaal of Scripture, or Ithobalus, father-in-law of Ahab, was, we are told, great-grandfather to Elisa the "beautiful" or the "wanderer," whichever Dido means. And sensible sister Anna—is it Bluebeard we are referring to?—how homely and familiar the name?

Dismissing the quarrelsome rabble of gods who made all the mischief—even the lovely Venus, *avertens, rosea cervice*—we find our trip with the Trojan refugees, divested of its heavenly and hellish incumbrances, a pleasant, tangible, every-day circumnavigation of the eastern half of the Mediterranean. A yachtsman of the nineteenth century might follow the Virgilian itinerary with advantage. Thrace, his first land, would not prove particularly attractive, but he would not have to fear the ghost of Polydorus, or the police of *acer Lycurgus*. A short stay on this coast served Æneas, and with even diminished drawbacks a still shorter would satisfy his successor.

Striking into the blue bosom of the Cyclades, he lands on rocky Delos, a "fast-anchored isle" now as in the days of Æneas, whatever may have been its turn for locomotion in hoar antiquity, when those foam-born beauties of islets rose from the deep, and are fabled to have floated about for a space in search of good holding-ground. The process of isle-building along those volcanic coasts is still going on in what may be termed a normal and regular, as well as in a cataclysmal, way; at least one island, comparable in size to the Lesser or sacred Delos, having been suddenly erupted not many years since. This one floated, moreover, but only in a disintegrated state, a scum of pumice having been all that remained of it after a few months' existence. Good King Anius will not meet him at the pier, if only because there is no pier; nor will the oracle be heard from the rock-seated temple of Apollo, where the pedestal of the god's colossal statue, inscribed with the words of dedication, is said still to be visible. But he may fancy, as he recalls the still tremendous power of the Vatican, that the prophecy yet holds good, that the house of Æneas, his sons' sons and their descendants, shall rule over every land.

Among the architectural remains which cover the island, the visitor may stumble over stones laid at least five centuries before Solomon, intermingled with similar contributions from sixty subsequent generations of devotees, for the island lost its sanctity only with the decadence of the old religion. Hadrian, the most tireless of imperial builders, mated he temple of Apollo, with others, to Neptune and Hercules. Although

the standing prohibition against being born or dying on the island, must, one would suppose, have kept its population down, the residents and visitors were numerous enough to require a spacious marble theatre. The Naumachia, two hundred and eighty-nine feet by two hundred, still admits four feet of water—deep enough to float any craft small enough to manœuvre in so confined a space. The religious trade of the island overflowed into the suburb, more capacious, of Great Delos, less noted, but a mass of ruins, among them one hundred and twenty altars, as counted by Tournefort. Numbers of tombs with P'œnician inscriptions attest its antiquity as a resort.

Submissively sharing the blunder of his guide, our supposititious voyager follows him to Crete, in search of the wrong ancestor. He will make better time thither, unable though he be to say *modò Jupiter adsit*. Steam beats Jove, and the three days Virgil considered a fast trip would be dawdling now. Two or three years ago the voyage would have been longer, for the irrepressible Greek spirit was in one of its throes, and the barbarians held the isle of a hundred cities in military and naval quarantine. They have again beaten down the Danaïds—for the time—and will welcome you to the wilderness they call peace. But you will not wait for the plague to drive you away, tired of tracing the vast and unchronicled ruins of old among the contemporary desolation wrought by fanaticism. Taking the chances of foul weather, like that which made Palinurus, unable to discern the sky by day or night, confess himself in a double sense at sea, the tourist steers for the roost of those fouler fowls the Harpies, the buzzards of Olympus, off the west coast of the Morea.

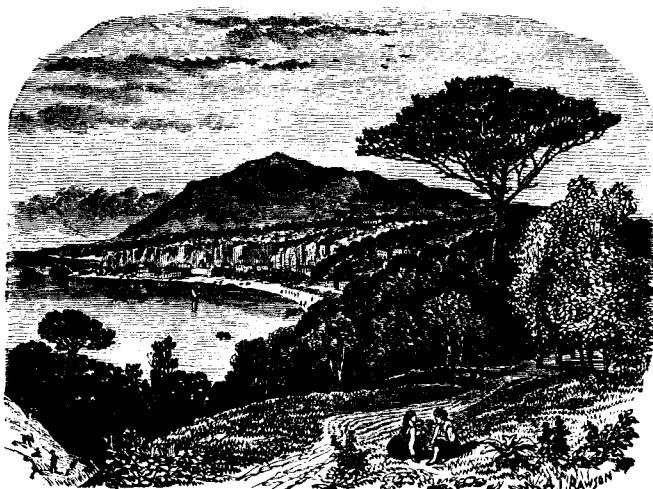
Making the briefest possible stay amid such unsavoury recollections, the traveller skirts the "currant islands," as they may most characteristically be styled for their contribution to the national dish of their late protector, John Bull. Giving the domain of "fierce Ulysses" a wide berth, he sails over the wrecks of Actium to do religious service on another sacred isle, consecrated in the old days by a temple of Apollo, and to modern minds by the despair of Sappho. It was from a great white rock that gave the island its name, that the poetess tried the final cure—all for an acute case of love-sickness. Virgil reserves his pathos for the next landing, and displayed it in one of the finest passages of the poem—

Hectoris Andromache, Pyrrhin' connubia servas?

exclaims the indignant exile to the sad captive still, though the spouse of a Trojan and the sharer of a Greek throne. She disarms him by tears for the lord of her youth and by her declared envy of her dead sister Polyxena, a sacrifice to the fury of Achilles.

The next incident of note is less diffusely and dramatically treated—the death of Anchises. One would have expected the writer or his hero

to exhaust upon this scene his utmost powers in elegiac art. But they both dismiss the old gentleman somewhat abruptly. To both he was becoming a cumbrous piece of property—a clog alike on halliards and hexameters. So he is dropped at Drepanum, now Trepani, under the



DREPANUM (MODERN TREPANI).

western promontory of Sicily. Strabo, not hampered in his transportation facilities by verse, carries him all the way, and lands him comfortably—but, we may be allowed to surmise, a little stricken with the rheumatics—in Italy. The present inhabitants of Trepani settle the question by showing his tomb. From this, of course, there can be no appeal. Aphrodite, his widow, we dare say, still keeps the sepulchre decked with wreaths of asphodel, little, little comfort as she brought him during life.

It is somewhat singular that we are given so slight an explanation of what brought the wanderer to Carthage, the most important intermediate point, historically and poetically, of his voyage. He simply informs Dido that a god brought him to her shores. It was apparently but a bit of maternal design on the part of the professional matchmaker and unmaker of the skies. Venus had an eye on the Phœnician widow as a capital *parti* for her son, so often defeated in his efforts to settle himself. She renovated his storm-beaten form and features, and sent him to court with a fresh outfit of good looks. She breathed upon him, and lo! his locks were of gold, his complexion the rose, and his eyes aglitter with the light of pride and joy. Poor Elisa! In this first transaction between the representatives of the two great rival powers, Punic faith was not on the Punic side: the Latins record their own faithlessness.

It is fair to presume that the balance of right inclined the same way on many of the subsequent occasions where the blame was all thrown on Carthaginian treachery. Two thousand inscriptions, in two forms of



CARTHAGE.

the Phœnician or Hebrew character, lately exhumed upon the spot, against less than a dozen found prior to the last half century, may assist in adjusting the long uneven scales.

Antagonism of maritime interests is not enough to account for the peculiar intensity of the hatred which existed between Carthage and Rome. Differences of race must have had much to do with it. Whatever the cause, from the day when Hannibal took his oath of lifelong warfare with the Romans to that when the Senate pronounced its decree of extermination against his city, the long conflict was marked by bitterness we do not find in the other wars of either combatant. Carthage was destroyed—that is, the original city was overthrown—and its inhabitants slain or dispersed, but the commercial advantages of the locality were such as to ensure its revival. The attempt of Gracchus, with a colony of six thousand, to rebuild it, was defeated, according to a legend like that connected with the effort to restore the walls of Jerusalem, by supernatural interference. Augustus, however, fired perhaps by the strains of his favourite, renewed the undertaking with more success—so much, indeed, that within two centuries after its destruction it had risen to be considered the metropolis of Africa. As Africa did not include Egypt, this does not imply that it excelled Alexandria, much less that it had regained its pristine magnificence, with seven hundred thousand inhabitants and an arsenal containing two hundred ships of



war. A century later the famous Tertullian ruled the city as Calvin did Geneva. To still unconverted Rome he boasted that Carthage was almost entirely Christian, only the cobwebbed temples being left to mark the decrepit survival of the old religion. But the new creed obviously missed the advantage of outside pressure. It fell into sects and feuds of the wildest description, which were finally wound up in 431 A. D. by Genseric the Wend, a countryman of Bismarck's. This inaugurator of the *blut-und-eisen* system of settling civil and religious misunderstandings left the ancient city in about its present condition.

From the summit of the Byrsa, or citadel—interpreted by Virgil to mean the space enclosed by a bull's hide slit into shoestrings, according to the original grant to the Phœnicians, but considered by Hebraists to be identical with Bosra, “a fortified place”—the eye roams over a vast expanse flecked with ruins pretty thoroughly comminuted. Of the aqueduct, which strode fifty miles across the desert, a few arches only remain, sixty or seventy feet high, with massive piers sixteen feet square. Parts of the great cisterns remain, with broken sewers, sculptured blocks, tessellated pavements, etc. Many sculptured gems have been discovered. The explorations, owing to the arid character of the country and its remoteness from the chief highways of men and traffic, have been slight and desultory until now. The Turks and Arabs have scratched the surface, as they do for wheat, but they do not go deep enough for the harvest. Ruin has protected ruin. The inscriptions having generally been placed in the lower parts of the edifices, were preserved by the fall of the upper. The very thoroughness of Scipio's demolition may thus have been the means of handing down to us some of the most valuable, as being the most instructive, parts of the Phœnician structures. He may thus have provided us with a new reading of the history of the Punic wars, and secured his enemies a fairer hearing by the very steps he took to prevent it. And thus doth the whirligig of time bring round its revenges.

But the gentle bard of Mantua turns from the spectacle of Rome's mightiest foe, not only in the dust, but a part of the dust, with no trace of the bitter feeling that possessed those who had seen Hannibal sweep consular armies from the soil of Italy like summer flies. The same retrospective glance took in a sadder and a newer wreck—the wreck of the republic. The Rome of his own youth, the Rome whose bright and dewy dawn he was lining with the richest tints of poesy, was free Rome. His attachment to his friend and benefactor Augustus never caused him to disown his regrets, however it may have led him to stifle their expression. Recognizing, as nine-tenths of his countrymen had recognized, the inevitableness of the great change, and luxuriating with them in the repose that followed the stormy throes of the dying com-



CUMÆ.

monwealth, he had no word of evil for the past. His political sympathies were not with despotism, and he could not, with his brother Horace, have jested over campaigning experiences in the army of Brutus. Had his genius been of the same cast with that of the stern and vehement, if sometimes extravagant, Lucan, he would have been more apt to join him in exclaiming—

*Victrix causa Diis placuit, sed viota Catoni.*

As it was, he sought not to fire, but to cheer his countrymen. If patriotism were capable of nothing more than euthanasia, he laboured to secure it that. On its wrongs he would not dwell. "Let us not speak of them," he might have said, in the words of another Italian bard who a thousand years later invoked his shade to guide him through another limbo of horrors—

*Non ragionam' di lor', ma guarda e passa.*

Yet when, having finally brought his hero to the shores of Italy and unrolled before him the scroll of the future, he is compelled to note this blot upon it, his few words have no uncertain sound:—

*Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella;  
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.*

To present indeed, such subjects to the contemplation of his countrymen, would, without regard to his political sentiments, have been less in harmony with the taste and temperament of Virgil than to depict for them the natural and pastoral charms characteristic of their land, which had survived all vicissitudes of human and elemental strife, and were

not less fresh than when they first met the eye of the Trojan founder. In the seven-twelfths of the *Aeneid* devoted to Italy we have plenty of hard fighting, though rather of the stage variety, clashing to slow music ; and in the other five adventure to excess. But the artist, defective in the discrimination of character and a bad figure-drawer, is obviously a landscape painter. We have his true soul in the *Georgics* and *Bucolics*.

It is rather odd that so placid and amiable a writer should have been surrounded, during the Middle Ages, with something of superstitious glamour. The *sortes Virgilianæ* were in almost as high repute as the *sortes Biblicæ*. His employment of the sensational device of a descent into Hades may have been a cause of it. More may have been due to his association, in life, writings and place of sepulture, with Cumæ, the retreat of the Erythræan Sibyl, the chief of all her class. To his citation, in the opening lines of the fourth Eclogue, of the Cumæan prophecy of a new era of the world, to arrive in his day, about the time of the birth of Christ, a certain theological significance was ascribed. In the first stanza of the finest of the monkish hymns, David and the Sibyl are appealed to as co-ordinate authorities. It is a curious circumstance, in this connection, that the destruction of the Cumæan grotto, maintained in full splendour for at least two centuries after Virgil's time, and long after shattered by the engineering operations of Narses against the Gothic fortress on the superjacent hill should have been caused by an earthquake in 1539, in the heat of the Reformation. It was coincidence enough to remind contemporaries of the alliance which had so long subsisted in the popular imagination.

The poet's witchery lay in his limpid numbers. Their spell is as potent as ever. It leads us over blue waters and glowing sands ; under white cliffs and volcanic smoke ; past islets bathed in an atmosphere so clear and yet so deep as to make fact seem fancy and fancy fact ; to spots haunted by the most entrancing or the most momentous memories where Nature seems to have collected for supreme exertion all her mightiest forces, spiritual and material. They bring us in contact with typical men and events, and will delight as long as mankind shall appreciate classic story and classic taste.

GOD'S TENEMENT HOUSES —THEIR AGE, NUMBER, AND INMATES.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

No one who believes in the existence of the God the Bible reveals, doubts that he was the same in one period of eternity as another ; that he was the same in infinite power, wisdom, and goodness before he created our earth as he is now. But the belief seems to have taken fast hold of the majority of the Christian world that, up to the time of this creation, God spent the whole of antecedent eternity in perfect inactivity as far as his creative power was concerned ; that up to this time his universe was one boundless blank of non-existence ; that he had not built a house for any created being ; that not a sun, star, or planet had shown a point of light in the darkness of universal nothing ; that not a being of flesh and blood in all this lifeless expanse was found to lift up his hands and eyes to an almighty Creator, and say, " Our Father in heaven."

Now this belief seems hardly reverent to an almighty Creator. It implies that up to the creation of our solar system he lived alone, filling the boundless solitude of the universe with his own self ; that for all this past eternity he did not exert his creative power, but let it lie inactive ; that he did not care to have the homage and love of happy human beings on their own account or his own ; that none such existed, and that he did not construct any habitations for such beings. Then this old belief seems to ascribe a human weakness to the Creator, or a change of mind and purpose. It implies, to speak in human phrase, that he became tired of living alone ; that he resolved to create a race of human beings on whom he would bestow his love and receive theirs in return ; that he carried out this purpose for the first time at the date and in the manner that Moses gives for " the creation of the heavens and the earth." Surely this belief must be founded in a narrow view of his almighty power and of his purpose and plan of creation. It ascribes to him what we should not regard as wisdom or benevolence in man. It almost charges him with inactivity, or a disuse of the faculties of his omnipotence.

Let us now come to another general impression of the Christian world which seems to do less honour still, to the wisdom, goodness, and power of the Creator. This is a belief which a full faith in the facts which science has brought to light has not weakened even in the minds of enlightened men. Whatever theories have been accepted or rejected in regard

to the fixed stars, nearly everybody now believes what accurate science has established in regard to our own solar system. Our school children comprehend and fully believe it embraces a certain number of planets, great and small, that revolve round the sun. Astronomy and geometry have absolutely measured these bodies, and the rate and direction of their movements. Science has gone farther still, and shown us by the spectrum analysis the character and proportion of their minerals, in a word, their whole physical constitution. Children can tell us how small is the size of the earth compared with Jupiter, Saturn, and Herschel. Yet of all the planets that revolve round our sun, it is probable that ninety-nine Christian minds in a hundred feel almost bound to believe that our earth alone was created for intelligent human beings and alone peopled by them; as if all the other bodies were mere make-weights to regulate the motions of our planet in its orbit, or as a brilliant cortège of honour to grace its triumphal march. Then this belief consequently implies that no heavenly bodies outside our solar system are inhabited by beings who need material habitations; that even if there be millions of globes in the universe larger than ours, they were only created by God to show his power; that they are all empty houses, though lighted, warmed, swept, and garnished for the occupation of beings who might rejoice in his love and fatherly care.

Let us find a parallel to the logic of this common idea. Here is a ten-acre meadow flecked with a million daisies, every one having its yellow orb surrounded by a white ring, like one of the great planets. This orb is peopled by a living multitude of beings of a race which we will call the *mitekind*, which, small as they are, we will suppose capable of thought and speech. One of them, given to speculation, creeps out to the white rim of his little world and looks off upon the sidereal universe spread out before him, all alight and bespangled with its stars of various size according to their distance. He sees broad milky ways of them crossing the field of his vision. He knows that they are all worlds like his own, some much larger even, and equally well made and beautiful. But in a most important respect they differ from his own yellow globe. His, he believes is the only one of the myriads inhabited by mitekind. All the rest are empty worlds. They only exist to do honour to his own, and to show that it is the only one that has any practical object for its creation. Now would not this idea of a reasoning mite be as logical as the idea of a reasoning man who believes that the earth he inhabits is the only world in the universe peopled with human or intelligent beings, conscious of an almighty Creator and capable of his love and worship? The reasoning mite knows that all the yellow, white-rimmed orbs of the great expanse before him are daisies like his own habitation. He knows that the little speck on the outer edge of the field may be as large

a globe as his own, and that it is only the intervening distance that makes it seem less. The reasoning man knows by the same sense and evidence that the minutest point of light in the sidereal heavens is a material body like the earth on which he dwells ; that if it does not look to him as large as the moon, it is only because it is so much farther from him than that body. Then he knows that not a star has moved an apparent inch from its fixed place in the constellations so familiar to him, such as the Great Bear, Orion and Pleiades ; that each is as fixed and stationary as our own sun, and if it has any practical use it must also be as a centre and source of light and heat to smaller bodies revolving around it, or planets like those of our solar system. Admitting all these facts, as an intelligent man does and must, it seems strange that he can believe that the earth is the only habitation of human or intelligent beings among the countless millions of tenement houses that God has built in his boundless universe.

There is another impression which perhaps a great majority of Christian people think that they are bound to hold as an orthodox faith. It is this, that whatever be the number, magnitude, and uses of these countless myriads of heavenly bodies, they were all created simultaneously, or at the same time. Now there is nothing in Moses's account of the creation, nor anything in the laws and teachings of nature, to justify this impression, any more than there is in history that all the cities of habitation on the earth were built at the same time. It would seem the dictate of common sense to believe that God built all these tenement houses, to speak humanly, just as they were needed for the tenants he purposed to occupy them. We know that this was the case with our earth—that it was made expressly for mankind, and they were introduced into it as soon as it was fully prepared for their reception. Astronomers tell us that since the birth of Christ more than a dozen fixed stars, all the centres of solar systems, have disappeared—of course with all the planets that revolved around them. This very year we read of such a fixed star or sun blazing forth suddenly and burning itself out into darkness. Some watchful and watching astronomer discovered the phenomenon with his telescope. It was a mere accident that any human being saw it at all. Perhaps in every century since our earth was fitted for human habitation, some solar system as large as ours has disappeared from among God's creations, and one equally large has been introduced into their goodly fellowship, and both events have taken place unseen by human eyes. It must soften down the presumption of the man who believes that the house he lives in is the only inhabited one of all the millions that God has built, to be made to feel that it might be burned down to colourless vapour, and yet its blaze would not be seen from the window of the nearest of those tenements he conceives were made to remain empty forever.

## BERTHA KLEIN.

A STORY OF THE LAHN.

BY W. J. FLORENCE.

DOCTOR, will you hear my story ?

Thank you.

I was a student at the University of Bonn, and during my vacations, often went fishing up the Lahn. The Lahn, you know, is a charming river that empties into the Rhine opposite Capellen and the beautiful castle of Stolzenfels. During these excursions I made my headquarters at the "Drei Kronen," a delightful little German inn, situate on the right bank of the river, a few miles above Lahnstein, and kept by one Caspar Lauber. From Caspar I learned where were to be found the best fishing-spots, and after our day's sport we would sit under the vines and tell stories of the past. He related anecdotes of the Austrian campaign, — he had been a soldier ; I would speak of my American home, far away on the Ohio : and as we watched the smoke curling from our meerschaums of canaster, we would intermingle the legends with staves of "Die Wacht am Rhein" and "Tramp ! tramp ! the boys are marching." I had been two summers thus passing my holidays between Nassau and Lahnstein, doing duty with rod and reel, when one day, while at my favourite pastime, I became aware I had a companion ; for above me on the bank stood a pretty girl intently watching my endeavours to hook a Barbillion that had evaded my attempts to land him.

"O, so near ! 't is too bad !" said she with a pretty Nassaun accent. "If the Herr try his luck over there, above the ferry-boat, he will have fine sport." And then, as if she felt ashamed at having spoken to a stranger, she dropped her eyes, while a blush at once overspread her face.

"Thank you, pretty one," said I. "I supposed I had known all the favourite fishing spots on the river ; but if the Fraulein will conduct me, I will go and try above the ferry-boat."

"Philip Becker always fishes there when he visits Fachbach, and never without bringing in a well-filled pannier ;" this in a half-timid half-sad voice."

"Well, show the way, Fraulein." She led the way to the place indicated, when I ventured to ask her name.

"Bertha Klein," she said.

"And do you live near, Fraulein ?"

"Yes, over there near the Lahneck. Father works at the Eisensmeltz. I am returning from there now. I bring him his dinner at this hour."

"Every day at this hour you cross the ferry with papa's dinner, do you?"

"Yes, Herr."

"And who is Philip Becker, of whom you spoke a moment since?"

"Philip, he lives at Nassau with Keppler the chemist." And at pronouncing Philip's name I thought I saw a dark shadow pass over Bertha's pretty face. "Philip is coming to Fachbach next week, so papa tells me." And Bertha's pretty face again grew darkly sad.

She was of the blond type of German girl, blue-veined, with large bright eyes, fringed with silken lashes, long and regular, while her golden hair hung down in twin braids at her back.

"Good day, sir."

"Good day, Bertha." And she tripped quickly up the bank and disappeared.

The evening found me at the Drei Kronen, with a well-filled basket of carp and barbel.

"There, landlord," said I, "you may thank the pretty Bertha Klein for my luck to-day. She it was who told me where to throw my line."

"Oh! oh! Have you seen Bertha? She is one of the prettiest girls in the Duchy, and good as she is beautiful." And then Caspar gave me a history of her family. Her father was foreman at the Eisensmeltz, or furnace. Bertha was an only child. Philip Becker, a chemist's clerk at Nassau, was a suitor for her hand; and although Philip was an ill-favoured, heavy lout, Bertha's mother thought him every way worthy of her child. "I do not think the girl likes him," said the landlord, "nor should daughter of mine wed him." And we drank a glass of Ashmanshauser to the health of the pretty Bertha Klein.

Day after day Bertha would stop a moment to speak a few words to me as she journeyed to and from the furnace. Our acquaintance ripened into friendship, friendship into — Well, you will see, doctor. One day, while climbing the hillside together picking wild flowers, stopping ever and anon to listen to the rushing of the river at our feet, or the loud roaring of the iron furnace across the stream, Bertha, suddenly stooping, cried, "O Albert, see here! Look! oh, look! Here is the *Todesblume*."\*

"The *Todesblume*! Where, Bertha?"

"Here at my feet; and, see, the mountain-side is full of them. Do you know the legend of this flower?"

"No, darling, tell it me."

We seated ourselves on a large mass of stone, portions of the fallen ruin of the old castle Lahneck, that towered for a hundred feet above

\* Death-flower.



our heads; and while Bertha's clear blue eyes sparkled with a strange mixture of mystery and earnestness, and betimes referring to the bunch of small white flowers in her hand, she related to me the LEGEND OF THE TODESBLUME.

"This old castle up there behind us was once the stronghold of the famous old freebooter, Baron Rittenhall, who, although considered a wicked, reckless, wild man by the world in general, yet loved his young and beautiful wife with the greatest possible affection. And, indeed, 't was said, the immense treasures he had levied from vessels passing up and down the Lahn, were spent in jewels, trinkets, and precious stones to decorate the person of his lovely wife, the Lady Rittenhall.

"One day a pilgrim passing the castle, begged for alms. The pious Baroness gave him succour, while he, in return, gave her a single sprig of green. 'This,' said the holy man, 'if planted in early spring, will bear a small white flower, which is of rare virtue, for on St. Anne's day the possessor of this little flower may summon from the dead the spirit of his departed love.'

"'The spirit of one's departed love?' echoed the Baroness.

"'Yes, daughter,' rejoined the friar, 'at midnight, on St. Anne's day, whoever will dissolve this flower in a goblet of Emser red wine, while repeating these words,—

"From earth, from sea,  
From brook, from fen,  
From haunt of beast,  
From homes of men,  
Form of one I loved most dear,  
By Todesblume, appear! appear!"

shall bring to earth the loved departed one. Remember, daughter,' continued the pilgrim, 't will require a brave heart to summon from the grave.' And blessing her, he took his leave.

"On the following day the Lady Rittenhall, with her own white hands, planted the sprig in a pretty, bright spot, near where we are now sitting," said Bertha; and her pretty voice grew sweetly tremulous as though it had tears in it.

"Day after day would the beautiful Lady of Lahneck watch the little flowers budding from the stems, until they seemed to grow under the sunlight of her eyes, so that when the Baron returned from an incursion among the neighbouring mountains, he found the hillside whitened with them.

"'This is thy work, dear one,' said the Baron, as, descending from his saddle at the drawbridge, he pointed proudly to the carpet of white flowers at his feet.

"'I knew 't would please thee,' smilingly replied she; and leading to

the dining-hall while the Baron and his retainers washed 'their draughts of Rhenish down,' she related the story, as told her by the pilgrim.

"'By my falchion,' said the Baron, 't is a well-told tale; and here I pledge me, should fate or fortune take thee from me, bride of mine, I swear by my sword to summon thee to earth again. In token of the promise, I drink this goblet to the table round.'

"That night, when the Baron held high revel with his brother troopers in the dining-hall, the Lady Rittenhall sat trembling in her chamber; a strange dread seemed to possess her, a belief that she should be doomed by fate to test the powers of the Todesblume. A cold hand seemed to clasp her heart, and scarcely had her maids been summoned to her apartment, before the good lady was a corpse.

"The Baron, once so wild and reckless, now became sad and morose. He was inconsolable. Now clasping in his arms the form of his once beautiful wife, now pacing the long corridors of the castle that echoed gloomily his stifled sighs, he was, indeed, broken in heart and spirit.

"Scarce had they laid the body in the grave before the Baron again remembered his pledge to test the death-flower. St. Anne's day was now fast approaching, and his oath must be fulfilled." Here Bertha stopped, and looking quietly about her, asked me if I did not hear a footstep.

"No, darling," said I; "go on with your story; there is no one near us."

"I am sure, Albert, I heard a footfall in the bushes behind us," continued she; and her voice again grew tremulous and tearful.

"You are mistaken, Bertha," said I, reassuring her. "Let me hear your story out."

"Well, the Baron shut himself up in the very chamber where his lady had breathed her last, and on the morning of St. Anne's day was found lying dead, while on the table stood a goblet of Emser red wine, in which floated the broken petals of the Todesblume; and they do say," whispered Bertha, "that a small white dove was seen flying from the upper window of the castle at midnight of St. Anne's day."

"Very well told, Bertha," said I. And my boyish heart was filled with a wild desire to test the maiden's love. "I would do as much for you, my Bertha, should you be taken from me. I would call you back to earth if it were possible, and here I swear it," said I, rising to my feet.

"O Albert, do not, I implore you!" cried Bertha wildly, throwing her arms about my neck.

"Very pretty! very pretty!" growled a rough voice behind us,— "very pretty; I am sorry to disturb your love-song, Fraulein." And a heavy, thick-set young man, with stooping shoulders, and straight long

hair, put back behind his ears, came out of the bushes at our back. His eyes heavy, and leaden-coloured, seemed half closed, while he hissed his words between two rows of singularly white and even teeth.

"Pardon, Herr American. Bertha's mother sent me in quest of her. 'Tis near sunset, and the gossips at Fachbach might say evil things of the Fraulein if they knew—"

"Philip Becker, stop! I know what you would say," cried she. "Do not insult me. Tell my mother I will come."

"She bade me fetch you," hissed Philip Becker, while his eyes slowly closed their lids as if they were too heavy to keep open,—“to fetch you, Fraulien!—fetch you.”

"Hark you, friend," said I. "You have delivered your message. Your presence is no longer needed. I will accompany Miss Bertha home."

"I spoke not to *you*," said Philip, fairly yellow with rage.

"But I spoke to you, sir! You see, you frighten the girl. Take your dark shadow hence, or I will hurl you into the river at my feet."

With a wild yell the chemist's clerk sprang at my throat, and would have strangled me, but with a sudden jerk I struck him full in the face with my head, and, throwing him off his feet at the same moment, I sent him spinning down the hill-side; nor did he stop till he reached the river, from whence I saw him crawl, dripping wet.

"Very pretty, Fraulein! Very pretty, Herr American!" shouted Philip, as he shook his clinched fist at me, and disappeared at the foot of the hill. Bertha, who had screamed and hid her face, now became alarmed for my safety. "He will do you some fearful harm, I know he will; he is vindictive and relentless. O Albert! it is all my fault," sobbed the pale girl; and, picking up her flowers, we journeyed toward the village. "I did not know he had arrived from Nassau," said she, "though mother told me he was coming soon. I hate him, and I shall tell him so, though I am sure he knows it already."

We had reached the garden of the Drei Kronen, when Bertha said, "Come no farther with me. Leave me here, Albert. I must go on alone, now; 't is best." And giving me the sprig of the Todesblume, she tripped away towards her home.

Placing the flowers in my letter-book, I strolled into the tavern, where I found the landlord endeavouring to dry the dripping Philip Becker with a flask of Ashmanshauser. The moment Philip saw me enter, he dropped his glass, and with a curse on his heavy lip, darted out of the door.

"He has told me all about it," said the landlord, roaring with laughter; "and it served him right. Egad, I wish I had been there to see it." So we took our pipes, and after I had related the story of my

struggle with Philip on the hillside, took my candle from the stand and went to bed, of course to dream of Bertha Klein.

Day after day during the long summer would we meet at the foot of the Lahneck, there to renew our vows of eternal constancy. Philip Becker had gone back to Nassau, vowing vengeance on the entire American nation, and myself in particular. Bertha and I would often laugh at the remembrance of poor Philip's appearance dripping on the river-bank, and with a prayer for his continued absence, we would again pick Todesblumes at the old trysting-place.

Thus matters went till near the month of September, when I was summoned home to America. My mother was dying with a sorrowing heart, and, torn between love and duty, I broke the news to Bertha.

"And must you go?" cried Bertha. "O darling, I shall die!"

"I shall return in the spring, my beloved, if God will spare me. The time will pass quickly; you will hear from me by every mail, I promise you; and here, where I first listened to your words of love, I again pledge my faith." So kissing Bertha, I tore myself away.

"I will never see you again, my own, my only love," were the last words that caught my ear; and, looking back, I saw poor Bertha, with her face buried in her hands, at the foot of the tower, where she first told the story of the death-flower.

With all speed I returned to Bonn, where I found letters awaiting me. I must at once return to the States. So, bidding my fellow-students adieu, I took my departure for Liverpool, and, securing passage by a Cunarder, in ten days reached New York; four more days brought me to my mother's bedside. She had been very ill, but now gave promise of a slow recovery. Days, weeks, months, passed away, and I was constantly in receipt of letters from Bertha. The same old trusting love, the same pure, innocent sentiments, filled her pages, while an occasional small white flower would recall our meetings on the hillside at the Lahneck. "Here," Bertha would write, "is the Todesblume, to remind you of the little girl who awaits your return on the banks of the flowing Lahn."

It had been arranged that I should return to Germany in the spring; and as my mother's health was fast returning, I looked forward to the date of my departure with great joy, when suddenly Bertha ceased to write to me. Several weeks elapsed, the holidays passed, and still no letter from my heart's idol. Can Bertha's mother have insisted upon her marrying Philip Becker? Perhaps she is ill. Can she have forgotten me? These and a thousand other surmises filled my brain, and I was in despair, when one day the postman brought me a letter with a German post-mark, but the address was not in Bertha's handwriting. I hastily tore it open; it was from Caspar Lauber, landlord of the Drei Kronen.

Great God! Bertha had been murdered! found dead with three cruel stabs in her neck and breast; and there at the very spot where I had left her on the hillside was the deed committed. Suspicion had fallen on Philip Becker, who had fled the country, while a reward was offered for his apprehension. I could read no further, but with a groan fell fainting to the floor. A long and serious illness followed, and for months I lay just flickering between life and death. In my moments of delirium I would often call for Bertha Klein, and with a maddened scream, vow vengeance on the chemist's clerk. My dreams were of the river Lahn and its vine-covered hills. Then my fancy would picture Bertha struggling with Philip, and while he plunged the knife into her pure heart, I was held by a stalwart demon, who spat upon me and mocked my frantic efforts to free her from the murderer's grasp. Then the old castle of the Lahneck would fill my disordered vision, and at its foot, among the vines, I saw two youthful forms,—the one a tall, dark-haired youth, the other a blue-eyed German girl. In her hand she held a small white flower, and as she looked through tears of joy into the young man's face, the figure of a low-browed, wild, misshapen man arose behind them. Noiselessly he crept to the maiden's side, and with a hissing, devilish laugh, dashed headlong down the mountain-side into the river below, leaving the loving pair transfixed with fear and wonder.

When the bright spring days came, I grew somewhat better, but the physicians said my recovery would be a slow one.

My attendants would tell me of my ravings, of my constantly calling Bertha; and, to humour my caprices, had brought, at my request, a small box containing Bertha's letters and the various love-tokens she had given me. In my *porte-monnaie* I found the little flower,—Bertha's gift, when she related the story of the *Todesblume*. It was pressed between two small cards, and indeed seemed almost as fresh as when the *Fraulein* gave it me. "This flower," said I, "will bring her back to me for a moment at least; and when I am grown strong and well, I'll try the spell."

The last day of June found me sufficiently recovered to journey to Saratoga, at the recommendation of my physician. I reached New York City, when I determined to go no farther until I tested the power of the death-flower.

To this end I put an advertisement in the paper: "A gentleman desirous of making some experiments in chemistry would like an unfurnished apartment in the upper portion of the city. The advertiser would prefer such apartment in a house not occupied as a residence. Apply," etc., etc., etc.

The third day after my advertisement appeared, an elderly German gentleman waited on me at my lodgings. He had just the apartment I

desired, over a druggist's shop ; in fact the upper floor of a three-story house, unoccupied save by the old gentleman, who kept the drug-store beneath, and situated in a quiet up-town street, near one of the avenues.

I at once engaged the rooms, and on the following day made an inspection of the premises. I found the upper story to consist of two rooms of equal size. One room was entirely empty, and the other contained a long table, three wooden-bottomed chairs, while a large glass mirror over the mantel completed the furniture of the apartment.

"I have occupied this house but a few weeks," said the old German ; "and as I am alone here, I shall be glad to have your company ; so, if the Herr will take the apartments, he shall have them at his own price." And the old druggist bowed to the very ground in Teutonic politeness.

"What door is this ?" said I, pointing to a small trap in the wall, about two feet wide, and just large enough to admit a man, stooping. This door had been concealed by the back of one of the chairs, and I thought the old gentleman seemed startled at my discovering it.

"I do not know for what purpose that door could have been constructed," said the old man ; "but you see it leads to the other room." And passing through we found ourselves in the empty apartment.

After a word or two of necessary agreement, I hired the apartments for one month from date, and on the following Friday, St. Anne's day, I determined to try the potency of my magic flower.

At midnight, on the 26th of July, 1869, I sat alone in that chamber. Upon the table stood a silver goblet filled with Emser red wine. At the head of the table I had placed a chair, while I occupied another at the foot. The clock of St. Michael's Church commenced to strike the hour of midnight ; at the first stroke I extinguished the light, and dropping the flower into the goblet, slowly spoke the words,—

"From earth, from sea,  
From brook, from fen,  
From haunt of beast,  
From homes of men,  
Form of her I love most dear,  
By Todesblume, appear ! appear !"

As the echoes of the last stroke of twelve died upon my ear, a thin cloud of vapor rose from the goblet ; at first it was of a violet hue, when suddenly it changed into bright crimson colour, and, growing gradually dense and heavy, soon filled the room, while through the misty veil I saw globes of golden pearl dancing before my astonished vision, strange soft music played in sweetest strains about my ears, and growing giddy at the sound, I felt I was falling from the chair. With a determination to resist the power that was pressing on my brain I held fast to the table, and cried again, "Appear ! appear !"

The mist was now fast disappearing, and while the room grew bright as though lighted by a thousand candles, I saw seated in the chair at the head of the table, dressed in the cerements of the grave, the ghost of Bertha Klein ; her golden hair no longer braided down her back, but hanging loosely about her face ; her eyes pure and blue as of old, but sad and weeping. A clot of blood upon her neck marked the spot where the murderer's knife had entered. Frozen with horror at the sight, sat motionless for an instant ; but her pitiful face and sorrowful look seemed to ask for words of compassion.

“ Speak to me Bertha ; let me hear your voice,” cried I.

Quick as a flash she rose, and with a cry of horror that chilled me to the heart's core, she screamed, “ Look behind you quick, Albert ! quick ! ”

I turned just in time to save my life ; for the old druggist had stealthily entered through the trap-door in the wall, and was about to plunge a large dirk-knife in my back, when I caught his arm ; in the struggle that ensued, I tore the wig from his head, and making one desperate blow, I sent the knife intended for me into the heart of *Philip Becker*.

Now, doctor, I thank you for your attention. I have but one more favour to ask. Won't you speak to the chief physician ? Appeal to my friends to have me released from this asylum, for I assure you I am no more a lunatic than you are.

## DIES IRÆ.

[TRANSLATION.]

### I.

DAY of Wrath. O Day of Blaming !  
 In red ashes Earth fades flaming :  
 David's, Sibyl's truth proclaiming.

### II.

O dread time of heart-quake looming,  
 When the Judge shall come in glooming.  
 Unto all to deal stern dooming.

### III.

Trumpet hurling sound of wonder  
 Through the tombs, the whole world under,  
 Drives all 'fore the Throne with thunder.

## IV.

Death shall swoon and Nature sicken,  
When, from dust, mankind shall quicken,  
God to answer, conscience-stricken.

## V.

Lo the fault-filled Book extended !  
In which all is comprehended,  
By which Earth is judged and ended.

## VI.

Therefore, when the Judge shall seat Him,  
Whatso hides shall spring to greet Him :  
Nothing unavenged shall meet Him.

## VII.

What my plea in tribulation ?  
What friend call in mediation ?  
When the Just scarce grasp salvation.

## VIII.

King robed in glory dread to see.  
Who savest whom Thou savest, free :  
O Fount of Pity save Thou me !

## IX.

Loving Jesus keep before Thee  
That, for me, Thy Mother bore Thee :  
In that Day lose not : restore me.

## X.

Me Thou sought'st, though faint to dying,  
Bought'st with throes of crucifying :  
Are not such pangs satisfying ?



## XI.

O just Judge who vengeance taketh !  
 Ere that Day of Doom awaketh,  
 Show that love Thine anger slaketh.

## XII.

Great my crime, I groan confessing,  
 Burns my face for my transgressing :  
 Spare me, God, for pardon pressing.

## XIII.

Thou who Mary hast forgiven,  
 Who the thief hast heard and shriven,  
 Didst give me, too, hope of heaven.

## XIV.

Prayers of mine are worth but spurning ;  
 Yet, Thou, good for ill returning,  
 Pluck me from eternal burning.

## XV.

'Mongst the sheep a place prepare me,  
 From the goats in mercy bear me,  
 At Thy right hand set and spare me.

## XVI.

Whilst the wicked, from Thee driven,  
 To tormenting flames are given :  
 Call me, with Thy Saints, in heaven.

## XVII.

I do pray, beseeching, bending,  
 Broken heart with ashes blending :  
 Let Thy love enfold my ending.

## LADY ARTHUR EILDON'S DYING LETTER.

BY E. L. MURDOCH.

## I.

LADY ARTHUR EILDON was a widow ; she was a remarkable woman, and her husband, Lord Arthur Eildon, had been a remarkable man. He was a brother of the Duke of Eildon, and was very remarkable in his day for his love of horses and dogs. But this passion did not lead him into any evil ways ; he was a thoroughly upright, genial man, with a frank word for every one, and was of course a general favourite. "He'll just come in and crack away as if he was ane o' oorsels," was a remark often made concerning him by the people on his estates ; for he had estates which had been left to him by an uncle, and which, with the portion that fell to him as a younger son, yielded him an ample revenue, so that he had no need to do anything.

What talents he might have developed in the army or navy, or even in the Church, no one knows, for he never did anything in this world except enjoy himself ; which was entirely natural to him, and not the hard work it is to many people who try it. He was in Parliament for a number of years, but contented himself with giving his vote. He did not distinguish himself. He was not an able or intellectual man : people said he would never set the Thames on fire, which was true ; but if an open heart and hand and a frank tongue are desirable things, these he had. As he took in food, and it nourished him without further intervention on his part, so he took in enjoyment and gave it out to the people round him with equal unconsciousness. Let it not be said that such a man as this is of no value in a world like ours : he is at once an anodyne and a stimulant of the healthiest and most innocent kind.

As was meet, he first saw the lady who was to be his wife in the hunting-field. She was Miss Garscube of Garscube, an only child and an heiress. She was a fast young lady when as yet fastness was a rare development—a harbinger of the fast period, the one swallow that presages summer, but does not make it—and as such continually in the mouths of the public.

Miss Garscube was said to be clever—she was certainly eccentric—and she was no beauty, but community of tastes in the matter of horses and dogs drew her and Lord Arthur together.

On one of the choicest of October days, when she was following the hounds, and her horse had taken the fences like a creature with wings,

he came to one which he also flew over, but fell on the other side, throwing off his rider—on soft grass luckily. But almost before an exclamation of alarm could leave the mouths of the hunters behind, Miss Garscube was on her feet and in the saddle, and her horse away again, as if both had been ignorant of the little mishap that had occurred. Lord Arthur was immediately behind, and witnessed this bit of presence of mind and pluck with unfeigned admiration ; it won his heart completely ; and on her part she enjoyed the genuineness of his homage as she had never enjoyed anything before, and from that day things went on and prospered between them.

People who knew both parties regretted this, and shook their heads over it, prophesying that no good could come out of it. Miss Garscube's will had never been crossed in her life, and she was a "clever" woman : Lord Arthur would not submit to her domineering ways, and she would wince under and be ashamed of his want of intellect. All this was foretold and thoroughly believed by people having the most perfect confidence in their own judgment, so that Lord Arthur and his wife ought to have been, in the very nature of things, a most wretched pair. But, as it turned out, no happier couple existed in Great Britain. Their qualities must have been complementary, for they dovetailed into each other as few people do ; and the wise persons who had predicted the contrary were entirely thrown out in their calculations—a fact which they speedily forgot ; nor did it diminish their faith in their own wisdom, as, indeed, how could one slight mistake stand against an array of instances in which their predictions had been verified to the letter ?

Lord Arthur might not have the intellect which fixes the attention of a nation, but he had plenty for his own fireside—at least, his wife never discovered any want of it—and as for her strong will, they had only one strong will between them, so that there could be no collision. Being thus thoroughly attached and thoroughly happy, what could occur to break up this happiness ? A terrible thing came to pass. Having had perfect health up to middle life, an acutely painful disease seized Lord Arthur, and after tormenting him for more than a year it changed his face and sent him away.

There is nothing more striking than the calmness and dignity with which people will meet death—even people from whom this could not have been expected. No one who did not know it would have guessed how Lord Arthur was suffering, and he never spoke of it, least of all to his wife ; while she, acutely aware of it and vibrating with sympathy, never spoke of it to him ; and they were happy as those are who know that they are drinking the last drops of earthly happiness. He died with his wife's hand in his grasp : she gave the face—dead, but with the

appearance of life not vanished from it—one long, passionate kiss, and left him, nor ever looked on it again.

Lady Arthur secluded herself for some weeks in her own room, seeing no one but the servants who attended her; and when she came forth it was found that her eccentricity had taken a curious turn: she steadily ignored the death of her husband, acting always as if he had gone on a journey and might at any moment return, but never naming him unless it was absolutely necessary. She found comfort in this simulated delusion no doubt, just as a child enjoys a fairy-tale, knowing perfectly well all the time that it is not true. People in her own sphere said her mind was touched: the common people about her affirmed without hesitation that she was "daft." She rode no more, but she kept all the horses and dogs as usual. She cultivated a taste she had for antiquities; she wrote poetry—ballad poetry—which people, who were considered judges, thought well of; and flinging these and other things into the awful chasm that had been made in her life, she tried her best to fill it up. She set herself to consider the poor man's case, and made experiments and gave advice which confirmed her poorer brethren in their opinion that she was daft; but as her hand was always very wide open, and they pitied her sorrow, she was much loved, although they laughed at her zeal in preserving old ruins and her wrath if an old stone was moved, and told, and firmly believed, that she wrote and posted letters to Lord Arthur. What was perhaps more to the purpose of filling the chasm than any of these things, Lady Arthur adopted a daughter, an orphan child of a cousin of her own, who came to her two years after her husband's death, a little girl of nine.

## II.

ALICE Garscube's education was not of the stereotyped kind. When she came to Garscube Hall, Lady Arthur wrote to the head-master of a normal school asking if he knew of a healthy, sagacious, good-tempered, clever girl who had a thorough knowledge of the elementary branches of education and a natural taste for teaching. Mr. Boyton, the head-master, replied that he knew of such a person whom he could entirely recommend, having all the qualities mentioned; but when he found that it was not a teacher for a village school that her ladyship wanted, but for her own relation, he wrote to say that he doubted the party he had in view would hardly be suitable: her father, who had been dead for some years, was a workingman, and her mother, who had died quite recently, supported herself by keeping a little shop, and she herself was in appearance and manner scarcely enough of the lady for such a situation. Now, Lady Arthur, though a firm believer in birth and race, and

by habit and prejudice an aristocrat and a Tory, was, we know, eccentric by nature, and Nature will always assert itself. She wrote to Mr. Boyton that if the girl he recommended was all he said, she was a lady inside, and they would leave the outside to shift for itself. Her ladyship had considered the matter. She could get decayed gentlewomen and clergymen and officer's daughters by the dozen, but she did not want a girl with a sickly knowledge of everything, and very sickly ideas of her own merits and place and work in the world: she wanted a girl of natural sagacity, who from her cradle had known that she came into the world to do something, and had learned how to do it.

Miss Adamson, the normal-school young lady recommended, wrote thus to Lady Arthur:

"MADAM: I am very much tempted to take the situation you offer me. If I were teacher of a village school, as I had intended, when my work in the school was over I should have had my time to myself; and I wish to stipulate that when the hours of teaching Miss Garscube are over I may have the same privilege. If you engage me, I think, so far as I know myself, you will not be disappointed."

"I am," etc. etc.

To which Lady Arthur:

"So far as I can judge, you are the very thing I want. Come, and we shall not disagree about terms," etc. etc.

Thus it came about that Miss Garscube was unusually lucky in the matter of her education and Miss Adamson in her engagement. Although eccentric to the pitch of getting credit for being daft, Lady Arthur had a strong vein of masculine sense, which in all essential things kept her in the right path. Miss Adamson and she suited each other thoroughly, and the education of the two ladies and the child may be said to have gone on simultaneously. Miss Adamson had an absorbing pursuit: she was an embryo artist, and she roused a kindred taste in her pupil; so that, instead of carrying on her work in solitude, as she had expected to do, she had the intense pleasure of sympathy and companionship. Lady Arthur often paid them long visits in their studio: she, herself, sketched a little, but she had never excelled in any single pursuit except horsemanship, and that she had given up at her husband's death, as she had given up keeping much company or going often into society.

In this quiet, unexciting, regular life Lady Arthur's antiquarian tastes grew on her, and she went on writing poetry, the quantity of which was more remarkable than the quality, although here and there in the mass of ore there was an occasional sparkle from fine gold (there are few voluminous writers in which this accident does not occur). She super-

intended excavations, and made prizes of old dust and stones and coins and jewellery (or what was called ancient jewellery : it looked ancient enough, but more like rusty iron to the untrained eye than jewellery) and cooking utensils supposed to have been used by some noble savages or other. Of these and such like she had a museum, and she visited old monuments and cairns and Roman camps and Druidical remains and old castles, and all old things, with increasing interest. There were a number of places near or remote to which she was in the habit of making periodical pilgrimages—places probably dear to her from whim or association or natural beauty or antiquity. When she fixed a time for such an excursion, no weather changed her purpose : it might pour rain or deep snow might be on the ground : she only put four horses to her carriage instead of two, and went on her way. She was generally accompanied in these expeditions by her two young friends, who got into the spirit of the thing and enjoyed them amazingly. They were in the habit of driving to some farmhouse, where they left the carriage and on foot ascended the hill they had come to call on, most probably a hill with the marks of a Roman camp on it—there are many such in the south of Scotland—hills called “the rings” by the people, from the way in which the entrenchments circle round them like rings.

Dear to Lady Arthur's heart was such a place as this. Even when the ground was covered with snow or ice she would ascend with the help of a stick or umbrella, a faint adumbration of the Alpine Club when as yet the Alpine Club lurked in the future and had given no hint of its existence. On the top of such a hill she would eat luncheon, thinking of the dust of legions beneath her foot, and drink wine to the memory of the immortals. The coachman and the footman who toiled up the hill bearing the luncheon-basket, and slipping back two steps for every one they took forward, had by no means the same respect for the immortal heroes. The coachman was an old servant, and had a great regard for Lady Arthur both as his mistress and as a lady of rank, besides being accustomed to and familiar with her whims, and knowing, as he said, “the best and the warst o' her ;” but the footman was a new acquisition and young, and he had not the wisdom to see at all times the duty of giving honour to whom honour is due, nor yet had he the spirit of the born flunkey ; and his intercourse with the nobility, unfortunately, had not impressed him with any other idea than that they were mortals like himself ; so he remarked to his fellow-servant, “Od ! ye wad think, if she likes to eat her lunch amang snawy slush, she might get enough of it at the fut o' the hill, without gaun to the tap.”

“Weel, I'll no deny,” said the older man, “but what it's daftlike, but if it is her leddyship's pleasure, it's nae business o' oors.”

“Pleasure !” said the youth : “if she ca's this pleasure, her friends should see about shutting her up : it's time.”

"She says the Romans once lived here," said John.

"If they did," Thomas said, "I daur say *they* had mair sinse than sit down to eat their dinner in the middle o' snaw if they had a house to tak it in."

"Her leddyship does na' tak the cauld easy," said John.

"She has the constitution o' a horse," Thomas remarked.

"Man," said John, "that shows a' that ye ken about horses: there's no a mair delicate beast on the face o' the earth than the horse. They tell me a' the horses in London hae the influenza the now."

"Weel, it'll be our turn next," said Thomas, "if we dinna tak something warm."

When luncheon was over her ladyship as often as not ordered her servants to take the carriage round by the turnpike-road to a given point, where she arranged to meet it, while she herself struck right over the hills as the crow flies, crossing the burns on her way in the same manner as the Israelites crossed the Red Sea, only the water did not stand up on each side and leave dry ground for her to tread on; but she ignored the water altogether, and walked straight through. The young ladies, knowing this, took an extra supply of stockings and shoes with them, but Lady Arthur despised such effeminate ways and drove home in the footgear she set out in. She was a woman of robust health, and having grown stout and elderly and red-faced, when out on the tramp and divested of externals she might very well have been taken for the eccentric landlady of a roadside inn or the mistress of a luncheon-bar; and probably her young footman did not think she answered to her own name at all.

There is a divinity that doth hedge a king, but it is the king's wisdom to keep the hedge close and well trimmed and allow no gaps: if there are gaps, people see through them and the illusion is destroyed. Lady Arthur was not a heroine to her footman; and when she traversed the snow-slush and walked right through the burns, he merely endorsed the received opinion that she wanted "twopence of the shilling." If she had been a poor woman and compelled to take such a journey in such weather, people would have felt sorry for her, and have been ready to subscribe to help her to a more comfortable mode of travelling; but in Lady Arthur's case of course there was nothing to be done but to wonder at her eccentricity.

But her ladyship knew what she was about. The sleep as well as the food of the labouring man is sweet, and if nobility likes to labour, it will partake of the poor man's blessing. The party arrived back among the luxurious appointments of Garscube Hall (which were apt to pall on them at times) legitimately and bodily *tired*, and that in itself was a sensation worth working for. They had braved difficulty and discom-

fort, and not for a nonsensical and fruitless end, either ; it can never be fruitless or nonsensical to get face to face with Nature in any of her moods. The ice-locked streams, the driven snow, the sleep of vegetation, a burst of sunshine over the snow, the sough of the winter wind, Earth waiting to feel the breath of spring on her face to waken up in youth and beauty again, like the sleeping princess at the touch of the young prince,—all these are things richly to be enjoyed, especially by strong, healthy people ; let chilly and shivering mortals sing about cozy fires and drawn curtains if they like. Besides, Miss Adamson had the eye of an artist, upon which nothing, be it what it may, is thrown away.

But an expedition to a hill with “rings” undertaken on a long mid-summer day looked fully more enjoyable to the common mind : John, and even the footman approved of that, and another individual, who had become a frequent visitor at the hall, approved of it very highly indeed, and joined such a party as often as he could.

This was George Eildon, the only son of a brother of the late Lord Arthur.

Now comes the tug—well, not of war, certainly, but, to change the figure—now comes the cloud no bigger than a man's hand which is to obscure the quiet sunshine of the regular and exemplary life of these three ladies.

Having been eight years at Garscube Hall, as a matter of necessity and in the ordinary course of Nature, Alice Garscube had grown up to womanhood. With accustomed eccentricity, Lady Arthur entirely ignored this. As for bringing her “out,” as the phrase is, she had no intention of it, considering that one of the follies of life : Lady Arthur was always a law to herself. Alice was a shy, amiable girl, who loved her guardian fervently (her ladyship had the knack of gaining love, and also of gaining the opposite in pretty decisive measure), and was entirely swayed by her ; indeed, it never occurred to her to have a will of her own, for her nature was peculiarly sweet and guileless.

### III.

LADY ARTHUR thought George Eildon a good-natured, rattling lad, with very little head. This was precisely the general estimate that had been formed of her late husband, and people who had known both thought George the very fac-simile of his Uncle Arthur. If her ladyship had been aware of this, it would have made her very indignant : she had thought her husband perfect while living, and thought of him as very much more than perfect now that he lived only in her memory. But she made George very welcome as often as he came : she liked to have him in the house, and she simply never thought of Alice and him



in connection with each other. She always had a feeling of pity for George.

"You know," she would say to Miss Adamson and Alice—"you know, George was of consequence for the first ten years of his life; it was thought that his uncle the duke might never marry, and he was the heir; but when the duke married late in life and had two sons, George was extinguished, poor fellow! and it was hard, I allow."

"It is not pleasant to be a poor gentleman," said Miss Adamson.

"It is not only not pleasant," said Lady Arthur, "but it is a false position, which is very trying, and what few men can fill to advantage. If George had great abilities, it might be different, with his connection, but I doubt he is doomed to be always as poor as a church mouse."

"He may get on in his profession perhaps," said Alice, sharing in Lady Arthur's pity for him. (George Eildon had been an attaché to some foreign embassy.)

"Never," said Lady Arthur decisively. "Besides it is a profession that is out of date now. Men don't go wily to work in these days; but if they did, the notion of poor George, who could not keep a secret or tell a lie with easy grace if it were to save his life—the notion of making him a diplomatist is very absurd. No doubt statesmen are better without original ideas—their business is to pick out the practical ideas of other men and work them well—but George wants ability, poor fellow! They ought to have put him into the Church: he reads well, he could have read other men's sermons very effectively, and the duke has some good livings in his gift."

Now, Miss Adamson had been brought up a Presbyterian of the Presbyterians, and among people to whom "the paper" was abhorrent: to read a sermon was a sin—to read another man's sermon was a sin of double-dyed blackness. However, either her opinions were being corrupted or enlightened, either she was growing lax in principle or she was learning the lesson of toleration, for she allowed the remarks of Lady Arthur to pass unnoticed, so that that lady did not need to advance the well-known opinion and practice of Sir Roger de Coverley to prop her own.

Miss Adamson merely said, "Do you not underrate Mr. Eildon's abilities?"

"I think not. If he had abilities, he would have been showing them by this time. But of course I don't blame him: few of the Eildons have been men of mark—none in recent times except Lord Arthur—but they have all been respectable men, whose lives would stand inspection; and George is the equal of any of them in that respect. As a clergyman, he would have set a good example."

Hearing a person always pitied and spoken slightly of does not pre-

dispose anyone to fall in love with that person. Miss Garscube's feelings of this nature still lay very closely folded up in the bud, and the early spring did not come at this time to develop them in the shape of George Eildon ; but Mr. Eildon was sufficiently foolish and indiscreet to fall in love with her. Miss Adamson was the only one of the three ladies cognizant of this state of affairs, but as her creed was that no one had any right to make or meddle in a thing of this kind, she saw as if she saw not, though very much interested. She saw that Miss Garscube was as innocent of the knowledge that she had made a conquest as it was possible to be, and she felt surprised that Lady Arthur's sight was not sharper. But Lady Arthur was—or at least had been—a woman of the world, and the idea of a penniless man allowing himself to fall in love seriously with a penniless girl in actual life could not find admission into her mind : if she had been writing a ballad it would have been different ; indeed, if you had only known Lady Arthur through her poetry, you might have believed her to be a very romantic, sentimental, unworldly person, for she really was all that—on paper.

Mr. Eildon was very frequently in the studio where Miss Adamson and her pupil worked, and he was always ready to accompany them in their excursions, and, Lady Arthur said, “really made himself very useful.”

It has been said that John and Thomas both approved of her ladyship's summer expeditions in search of the picturesque, or whatever else she might take it into her head to look for ; and when she issued orders for a day among the hills in a certain month of August, which had been a specially fine month in point of weather, every one was pleased. But John and Thomas found it nearly as hard work climbing with the luncheon-basket in the heat of the midsummer sun as it was when they climbed to the same elevation in midwinter ; only they did not slip back so fast, nor did they feel that they were art and part in a “daftlike” thing.

“Here,” said Lady Arthur, raising her glass to her lips—“here is to the memory of the Romans, on whose dust we are resting.”

“Amen !” said Mr. Eildon ; “but I am afraid you don't find their dust a very soft resting-place : they were always a hard people, the Romans.”

“They were a people I admire,” said Lady Arthur. “If they had not been called away by bad news from home, if they had been able to stay our civilization might have been a much older thing than it is.—What do you think, John ?” she said, addressing her faithful servitor. “Less than a thousand years ago all that stretch of country that we see so richly cultivated and studded with cozy farm-houses was brushwood and swamp, with a handful of savage inhabitants living in wigwams and dressing in skins.”

"It may be so," said John—"no doubt yer leddyship kens best—but I have this to say : if they were savages they had the makin' o' men in them. Naebody 'll gar me believe that the stock yer leddyship and me cam o' was na a capital gude stock."

"All right, John," said Mr. Eildon, "if you include me."

"It was a long time to take, surely," said Alice—"a thousand years to bring the country from brushwood and swamp to corn and burns confined to their beds."

"Nature is never in a hurry, Alice," replied Lady Arthur.

"But she is always busy in a wonderfel quiet way," said Miss Adamson. "Whenever man begins to work he makes a noise, but no one hears the corn grow or the leaves burst their sheaths : even the clouds move with noiseless grace."

"The clouds are what no one can understand yet, I suppose," said Mr. Eildon, "but they don't always look as if butter wouldn't melt in their mouths, as they are doing to-day. What do you say to thunder?"

"That is an exception : Nature does all her best work quietly."

"So does man," remarked George Eildon.

"Well, I daresay you are right, after all," said Miss Adamson, who was sketching. "I wish I could paint in the glitter on the blade of that reaping-machine down in the haugh there : see, it gleams every time the sun's rays hit it. It is curious how Nature makes the most of everything to heighten her picture, and yet never makes her bright points too plentiful."

Just at that moment the sun's rays seized a small pane of glass in the roof of a house two or three miles off down the valley, and it shot out light and sparkles that dazzled the eye to look at.

"That is a fine effect," cried Alice : "it looks like the eye of an archangel kindling up."

"What a flight of fancy, Alice?" Lady Arthur said. "That reaping-machine does its work very well, but it will be a long time before it gathers a crust of poetry about it : stopping to clear a stone out of its way is different from a lad and a lass on the harvest-rig, the one stopping to take a thorn out of the finger of the other."

"There are so many wonderful things," said Alice, "that one gets always lost among them. How the clouds float is wonderful, and that with the same earth below and the same heaven above, the heather should be purple, and the corn yellow, and the ferns green, is wonderful ; but not so wonderful, I think, as that a man by the touch of genius should have made every one interested in a field-labourer taking a thorn out of the hand of another field-labourer. Catch your poet, and he'll soon make the machine interesting."

"Get a thorn into your finger, Alice," said George Eildon, "and I'll take it out if it is so interesting."

"You could not make it interesting," she said.

"Just try," he said.

"But trying won't do. You know as well as I that there are things no trying will ever do. I am trying to paint, for instance, and in time I shall copy pretty well, but I shall never do more."

"Hush, hush!" said Miss Adamson. "I'm often enough in despair myself, and hearing you say that, makes me worse. I rebel at having got just so much brain and no more; but I suppose," she said with a sigh, "if we make the best of what we have, it's all right; and if we had well-balanced minds we should be contented."

"Would you like to stay here longer among the hills and the sheep?" said Lady Arthur. "I have just remembered that I want silks for my embroidery, and I have time to go to town: I can catch the afternoon train. Do any of you care to go?"

"It is good to be here," said Mr. Eildon, "but as we can't stay always, we may as well go now, I suppose."

And John, accustomed to sudden orders, hurried off to get his horses put to the carriage.

Lady Arthur, upon the whole, approved of railways, but did not use them much except upon occasion; and it was only by taking the train she could reach town and be home for dinner on this day.

They reached the station in time, and no more. Mr. Eildon ran and got tickets, and John was ordered to be at the station nearest Garscube Hall to meet them when they returned.

Embroidery, being an art which high-born dames have practised from the earliest ages, was an employment that had always found favour in the sight of Lady Arthur, and to which she turned when she wanted change of occupation. She took a very short time to select her materials, and they were back and seated in the railway carriage fully ten minutes before the train started. They beguiled the time by looking about the station: it was rather a different scene from that where they had been in the fore part of the day.

"There's surely a mistake," said Mr. Eildon, pointing to a large picture hanging on the wall of three sewing-machines worked by three ladies, the one in the middle being Queen Elizabeth in her ruff, the one on the right Queen Victoria in her widow's cap: the Princess of Wales was very busy at the third. "Is not that what is called anachronism, Miss Adamson? Are not sewing machines a recent invention? There were none in Elizabeth's time, I think?"

"There are people," said Lady Arthur. "who have neither common sense nor a sense of the ridiculous."

"But they have a sense of what will pay," answered her nephew. "That appeals to the heart of the nation—that is, to the masculine heart."

If Queen Elizabeth had been handling a lancet, and Queen Victoria pounding in a mortar with a pestle, assisted by her daughter-in-law, the case would have been different ; but they are at useful womanly work, and the machines will sell. They have fixed themselves in our memories already ; that's the object the advertiser had when he pressed the passion of loyalty into his service."

"How will the strong-minded Tudor lady like to see herself revived in that fashion, if she can see it?" asked Miss Garscube.

"She'll like it well, judging by myself," said George: "that's true fame. I should be content to sit cross-legged on a board, stitching pulpit-ropes, in a picture, if I were sure it would be hung up three hundred years after this at all the balloon-stations and have the then Miss Garscubes making remarks about me."

"They might not make very complimentary remarks, perhaps," said Alice.

"If they thought of me at all I should be satisfied," said he.

"Couldn't you invent an iron bed, then?" said Miss Adamson looking at a representation of these articles hanging alongside the three royal ladies. "Perhaps they'll last three hundred years, and if you could bind yourself up with the idea of sweet repose—"

"They won't last three hundred years," said Lady Arthur—"cheap and nasty, new-fangled things!"

"They may be cheap and nasty," said George, "but new-fangled they are not ; they must be some thousands of years old. I am afraid, my dear aunt, you don't read your Bible."

"Don't drag the Bible in among your nonsense. What has it to do with iron beds?" said Lady Arthur.

"If you look into Deuteronomy, third chapter and eleventh verse," said he, "you'll find that Og, king of Bashan, used an iron bed. It is probably in existence yet, and it must be quite old enough to make it worth your while to look after it ; perhaps Mr. Cook would personally conduct you, or if not I should be glad to be your escort."

"Thank you," she said ; "when I go in search of Og's bed I'll take you with me."

"You could not do better ; I have the scent of a sleuth-hound for antiquities."

As they were speaking a man came and hung up beside the queens and the iron beds a big white board on which were printed in large black letters the words "My Mother and I"—nothing more.

"What *can* the meaning of that be?" asked Lady Arthur.

"To make you ask the meaning of it," said Mr. Eildon. "I who am skilled in these matters have no doubt that is the herald of some soothing syrup for the human race under the trials of teething." He was

standing at the carriage-door till the train would start, and he stood aside to let a young lady and a boy in deep mourning enter. The pair were hardly seated when the girl's eyes fell on the great white board and its announcement. She bent her head and hid her face in her handkerchief; it was not difficult to guess that she had very recently parted with her mother for ever, and the words on the board were more than she could stand unmoved.

Miss Adamson too had been thinking of her mother, the hard-working woman who had toiled in her little shop to support her sickly husband and educate her daughter—the kindly patient face, the hands that had never spared themselves, the footsteps that had plodded so incessantly to and fro. The all that had been gone so long came back to her, and she felt almost the pang of first separation, when it seemed as if the end of her life had been extinguished and the motive-power for work had gone. But she carried her mother in her heart; with her it was still “my mother and I.”

Lady Arthur did not think of her mother: she had lost her early, and besides, her thoughts and feelings had been all absorbed by her husband.

Alice Garscube had never known her mother, and as she looked gravely at the girl who was crying behind her handkerchief she envied her—she had known her mother.

As for Mr. Eildon, he had none but bright and happy thoughts connected with his mother. It was true, she was a widow, but she was a kind and stately lady, round whom her family moved as round a sun and centre, giving light and heat and all good cheer; he could afford to joke about “my mother and I.”

What a vast deal of varied emotion these words must have stirred in the multitudes of travellers coming and going in all directions!

In jumping into the carriage when the last bell rang, Mr. Eildon missed his footing and fell back, with no greater injury, fortunately, than grazing the skin of his hand.

“Is it much hurt?” Lady Arthur asked.

He held it up and said: “Who ran to help me when I fell?”

“The guard,” said Miss Garscube.

“Who kissed the place to make it well?” he continued.

“You might have been killed,” said Miss Adamson.

“That would not have been a pretty story to tell,” he said. “I shall need to wait till I get home for the means of cure: ‘my mother and I’ will manage it. You’re not of a pitiful nature, Miss Garscube.”

“I keep my pity for a pitiful occasion,” she said.

“If you had grazed your hand, I would have applied the prescribed cure.”

"Well, but I'm very glad I have not grazed my hand."

"So am I," he said.

"Let me see it," she said. He held it out. "Would something not need to be done for it?" she asked.

"Yes. Is it interesting—as interesting as the thorn?"

"It is nothing," said Lady Arthur: "a little lukewarm water is all that it needs;" and she thought, "That lad will never do anything either for himself or to add to the prestige of the family. I hope his cousins have more ability."

#### IV.

BUT what these cousins were to turn out no one knew. They held that rank which gives a man what is equivalent to a start of half a lifetime over his fellows, and they promised well; but they were only boys as yet, and Nature puts forth many a choice blossom and bud that never comes to maturity, or, meeting with blight or canker on the way, turns out poor fruit. The eldest, a lad in his teens, was travelling on the Continent with a tutor: the second, a boy who had been always delicate, was at home on account of his health. George Eildon was intimate with both, and loved them with a love as true as that he bore to Alice Garscube: it never occurred to him that they had come into the world to keep him out of his inheritance. He would have laughed at such an idea. Many people would have said that he was laughing on the wrong side of his mouth; the worldly never can understand the unworldly.

Mr. Eildon gave Miss Garscube credit for being at least as unworldly as himself: he believed thoroughly in her genuineness, her fresh unspotted nature; and, the wish being very strong, he believed that she had a kindness for him.

When he and his hand got home he found it quite able to write her a letter, or rather not so much a letter as a burst of enthusiastic aspiration asking her to marry him.

She was startled; and never having decided on anything in her life, she carried this letter direct to Lady Arthur.

"Here's a thing," she said, "that I don't know what to think of."

"What kind of thing, Alice?"

"A letter."

"Who is it from?"

"Mr. Eildon."

"Indeed! I should not think a letter from him would be a complicated affair or difficult to understand."

"Neither is it: perhaps you would read it?"

"Certainly, if you wish it." When she had read the document, she said, "Well, I never gave George credit for much wisdom, but I did

not thing he was foolish enough for a thing like this; and I never suspected it. Are you in love too?" and Lady Arthur laughed heartily: it seemed to strike her in a comic light.

"No. I never thought of it or him either," Alice said, feeling queer and uncomfortable.

"Then that simplifies matters. I always thought George's only chance in life was to marry a wealthy woman, and how many good, accomplished women there are, positively made of money, who would give anything to marry into our family!"

"Are there?" said Alice.

"To be sure there are. Only the other day I read in a newspaper that people are all so rich now money is no distinction: rank is, however. You can't make a lawyer or a shipowner or an ironmaster into a peer of several hundred years' descent."

"No you can't," said Alice; "but Mr. Eildon is not a peer you know."

"No, but he is the grandson of one duke and the nephew of another; and if he could work for it he might have a peerage of his own, or if he had great wealth he would probably get one. For my own part, I don't count much on rank or wealth" (she believed this), "but they are privileges people have no right to throw away."

"Not even if they don't care for them?" asked Alice.

"No: whatever you have it is your duty to care for and make the best of."

"Then, what am I to say to Mr. Eildon?"

"Tell him it is absurd; and whatever you say, put it strongly, that there may be no more of it. Why, he must know that you would be beggars."

Acting up to her instructions, Alice wrote thus to Mr. Eildon:

"DEAR MR. EILDON: Your letter surprised me. Lady Arthur says it is absurd; besides, I don't care for you a bit. I don't mean that I dislike you, for I don't dislike anyone. We wonder you could be so foolish, and Lady Arthur says there must be no more of it; and she is right. I hope you will forget all about this, and believe me to be your true friend.

"ALICE GARSCUBE.

"P.S. Lady Arthur says you haven't got anything to live on; but if you had all the wealth in the world, it wouldn't make any difference.

"A.G."

This note fell into George Eildon's mind like molten lead dropped on living flesh. "She is not what I took her to be," he said to himself,



"or she never could have written that, even at Lady Arthur's suggestion; and Lady Arthur ought to have known better."

And she certainly ought to have known better; yet he might have found some excuse for Alice if he had allowed himself to think, but he did not: he only felt, and felt very keenly.

In saying that Mr. Eildon and Miss Garscube were penniless, the remark is not to be taken literally, for he had an income of fifteen hundred pounds, and she had five hundred a year of her own; but in the eyes of people moving in ducal circles matrimony on two thousand pounds seems as improvident a step as that of the Irishman who marries when he has accumulated sixpence appears to ordinary beings.

Mr. Eildon spent six weeks at a shooting-box belonging to his uncle the duke, after which he went to London, where he got a post under government—a place which was by no means a sinecure, but where there was plenty of work not overpaid. Before leaving he called for a few minutes at Garscube Hall to say good-bye, and that was all they saw of him.

Alice missed him: a very good thing, of which she had been as unconscious as she was of the atmosphere, had been withdrawn from her life. George's letter had nailed him to her memory; she thought of him very often, and that is a dangerous thing for a young lady to do if she means to keep herself entirely fancy free. She wondered if his work was very hard work, and if he was shut in an office all day; she did not think he was made for that; it seemed as unnatural as putting a bird into a cage. She made some remark of this kind to Lady Arthur, who laughed and said, "Oh, George won't kill himself with hard work." From that time forth Alice was shy of speaking of him to his aunt. But she had kept his letter, and indulged herself with a reading of it occasionally; and every time she read it she seemed to understand it better. It was a mystery to her how she had been so intensely stupid as not to understand it at first. And when she found a copy of her own answer to it among her papers—one she had thrown aside on account of a big blot—she wondered if it was possible she had sent such a thing, and tears of shame and regret stood in her eyes. "How frightfully blind I was!" she said to herself. But there was no help for it: the thing was done, and could not be undone. She had grown in wisdom since then, but most people reach wisdom through ignorance and folly.

In these circumstances she found Miss Adamson a very valuable friend. Miss Adamson had never shared Lady Arthur's low estimate of Mr. Eildon: she liked his sweet unworldly nature, and she had a regard for him as having aims both lower and higher than a "career." That he should love Miss Garscube seemed to her natural and good, and happiness might be possible even to a duke's grandson on such a pittance

as two thousand pounds a year was an article of her belief : she pitied people who go through life sacrificing the substance for the shadow. Yes, Miss Garscube could speak of Mr. Eildon to her friend and teacher, and be sure of some remark that gave her comfort.

## V.

A YEAR sped round again, and they heard of Mr. Eildon being in Scotland at the shooting, and as he was not very far off, they expected to see him any time. But it was getting to the end of September, and he paid no visit, when one day, as the ladies were sitting at luncheon, he came in looking very white and agitated. They were all startled : Miss Garscube grew white also, and felt herself trembling. Lady Arthur rose hurriedly and said, "What is it, George ? what's the matter ?"

"A strange thing has happened," he said. "I only heard of it a few minutes ago : a man rode after me with the telegram. My cousin George—Lord Eildon—has fallen down a crevasse in the Alps and been killed. Only a week ago I parted with him full of life and spirit, and I loved him as if he had been my brother ;" and he bent his head to hide tears.

They were all silent for some moments : then in a low voice Lady Arthur said, "I am sorry for his father."

"I am sorry for them all," George said. "It is terrible ;" then after a little he said, "You'll excuse my leaving you : I am going to Eildon at once ; I may be of some service to them. I don't know how Frank will be able to bear this."

After he had gone away Alice felt how thoroughly she was nothing to him now : there had been no sign in his manner that he had ever thought of her at all, more than any other ordinary acquaintance. If he had only looked to her for the least sympathy ! But he had not. "If he only knew how well I understand him now !" she thought.

"It is a dreadful accident," said Lady Arthur, "and I am sorry for the duke and duchess." She said this in a calm way. It had always been her opinion that Lord Arthur's relations had never seen the magnitude of *her* loss, and this feeling lowered the temperature of her sympathy, as a wind blowing over ice cools the atmosphere. "I think George's grief very genuine," she continued : "at the same time he can't but see that there is only that delicate lad's life, that has been hanging so long by a hair, between him and the title."

"Lady Arthur !" exclaimed Alice in warm tones.

"I know, my dear, you are thinking me very unfeeling, but I am not : I am only a good deal older than you. George's position to-day is very different from what it was a year ago. If he were to write to you again, I would advise another kind of answer."

"He'll never write again," said Alice, in a tone which struck the ear of Lady Arthur, so that when the young girl left the room she turned to Miss Adamson and said, "Do you think she really cares about him?"

"She has not made me her confidante," that lady answered, "but my own opinion is that she does care a good deal for Mr. Eildon."

"Do you really think so?" exclaimed Lady Arthur. "She said she did not at the time, and I thought then, and think still, that it would not signify much to George whom he married; and you know he would be so much the better for money. But if he is to be his uncle's successor, that alters the case entirely. I'll go to Eildon myself, and bring him back with me."

Lady Arthur went to Eildon and mingled her tears with those of the stricken parents, whose grief might have moved a much harder heart than hers. But they did not see the state of their only remaining son as Lady Arthur and others saw it; for while it was commonly thought that he would hardly reach maturity, they were sanguine enough to believe that he was outgrowing the delicacy of his childhood.

Lady Arthur asked George to return with her to Garscube Hall, but he said he could not possibly do so. Then she said she had told Miss Adamson and Alice that she would bring him with her, and they would be disappointed.

"Tell them," he said, "that I have very little time to spare, and I must spend it with Frank, when I am sure they will excuse me."

They excused him, but they were not the less disappointed, all the three ladies; indeed, they were so much disappointed that they did not speak of the thing to each other, as people chatter over and thereby evaporate a trifling defeat of hopes.

Mr. Eildon left his cousin only to visit his mother and sisters for a day, and then returned to London; from which it appeared that he was not excessively anxious to visit Garscube Hall.

But everything there went on as usual. The ladies painted, they went on excursions, they wrote ballads; still, there was a sense of something amiss—the heart of their lives seemed dull in its beat.

The more Lady Arthur thought of having sent away such a matrimonial prize from her house, the more she was chagrined; the more Miss Garscube tried not to think of Mr. Eildon, the more her thoughts would run upon him; and even Miss Adamson, who had nothing to regret or reproach herself with, could not help being influenced by the change of atmosphere.

Lady Arthur's thoughts issued in the resolution to re-enter society once more; which resolution she imparted to Miss Adamson in the first instance by saying that she meant to go to London next season.

"Then our plan of life here will be quite broken up," said Miss A.

"Yes, for a time."

"I thought you disliked society?"

"I don't much like it: it is on account of Alice I am going. I may just as well tell you: I want to bring George and her together again, if possible."

"Will she go if she knows that is your end?"

"She need not know."

"It is not a very dignified course," Miss Adamson said.

"No, and if it were an ordinary case I should not think of it."

"But you think him a very ordinary man?"

"A duke is different. Consider what an amount of influence Alice would have, and how well she would use it; and he may marry a vain, frivolous, senseless woman, incapable of a good action. Indeed, most likely, for such people are sure to hunt him."

"I would not join in the hunt," said Miss Adamson. "If he is the man you suppose him to be, the wound his self-love got will have killed his love; and if he is the man I think, no hunters will make him their prey. A small man would know instantly why you went to London, and enjoy his triumph."

"I don't think George would: he is too simple; but if I did not think it a positive duty, I would not go. However, we shall see: I don't think of going before the middle of January."

Positive duties can be like the animals that change colour with what they feed on.

## VI.

WHEN the middle of January came, Lady Arthur, who had never had an illness in her life, was measuring her strength in a hand-to-hand struggle with fever. The water was blamed, the drainage was blamed, various things were blamed. Whether it came in the water or out of the drains, gastric fever had arrived at Garscube Hall: the gardener took it, his daughter took it, also Thomas the footman, and others of the inhabitants, as well as Lady Arthur. The doctor of the place came and lived in the house; besides that, two of the chief medical men from town paid almost daily visits. Bottles of the water supplied to the hall were sent to eminent chemists for analysis: the drainage was thoroughly examined, and men were set to make it as perfect and innocuous as it is in the nature of drainage to be.

Lady Arthur wished Miss Adamson and Alice to leave the place for a time, but they would not do so: neither of them was afraid, and they stayed and nursed her ladyship well, relieving each other as it was necessary.

At one point of her illness Lady Arthur said to Miss Adamson, who

was alone with her, "Well, I never counted on this. Our family have all had a trick of living to extreme old age, never dying till they could not help it; but it will be grand to get away so soon."

"Miss Adamson looked at her.

"Yes," she said, "it's a poor thing, life, after the glory of it is gone, and I have always had an intense curiosity to see what is beyond. I never could see the sense of making a great ado to keep people alive after they are fifty. Don't look surprised. How are the rest of the people that are ill?" She often asked for them, and expressed great satisfaction when told they were recovering. "It will be all right," she said, "if I am the only death in the place; but there is one thing I want you to do. Send off a telegram to George Eildon and tell him I want to see him immediately: a dying person can say what a living one can't, and I'll make it all right between Alice and him before I go."

Miss Adamson despatched the telegram to Mr. Eildon, knowing that she could not refuse to do Lady Arthur's bidding at such a time, although her feeling was against it. The answer came: Mr. Eildon had just sailed for Australia.

When Lady Arthur heard this she said, "I'll write to him." When she had finished writing she said, "You'll send this to him whenever you get his address. I wish we could have sent it off at once, for it will be provoking if I don't die, after all; and I positively begin to feel as if that were not going to be my luck at this time."

Although she spoke in this way, Miss Adamson knew it was not from foolish irreverence. She recovered, and all who had had the fever recovered, which was remarkable, for in other places it had been very fatal.

With Lady Arthur's returning strength things at the hall wore into their old channels again. When it was considered safe many visits of congratulation were paid, and among others who came were George Eildon's mother and some of his sisters. They were constantly having letters from George: he had gone off very suddenly, and it was not certain when he might return.

Alice heard of George Eildon with interest, but not with the vital interest she had felt for him for a time: that had worn away. She had done her best to this end by keeping herself always occupied, and many things had happened in the interval; besides, she had grown a woman, with all the good sense and right feeling belong to womanhood, and she would be ashamed to cherish a love for one who had entirely forgotten her. She dismissed her childish letter, which had given her so much vexation, from her memory, feeling sure that George Eildon had also forgotten it long ago. She did not know of the letter Lady Arthur had written when she believed herself to be dying, and it was well she did not.

## VII.

EVERY one who watched the sun rise on New Year's morning 1875, will bear witness to the beauty of the sight. Snow had been lying all over the country for some time, and a fortnight of frost had made it hard and dry and crisp. The streams must have felt very queer when they were dropping off into the mesmeric trance, and found themselves stopped in the very act of running, their supple limbs growing stiff and heavy and their voices dying in their throats, till they were thrown into a deep sleep, and a strange, white, still, glassy beauty stole over them by the magic power of frost. The sun got up rather late, no doubt—between eight and nine o'clock—probably saying to himself, "These people think I have lost my power—that the Ice King has it all his own way. I'll let them see: I'll make his glory pale before mine."

Lady Arthur was standing at her window when she saw him look over the shoulder of a hill and throw a brilliant deep gold light all over the land covered with snow as with a garment, and every minute crystal glittered as if minute little eyes had suddenly opened and were gleaming and winking under his gaze. To say that the bosom of Mother Earth was crushed with diamonds is to give the impression of dullness unless each diamond could be endowed with life and emotion. Then he threw out shaft after shaft of colour—scarlet and crimson and blue and amber and green—which gleamed along the heavens, kindling the cold white snow below them into a passion of beauty: the colours floated and changed form, and mingled and died away. Then the sun drew his thick winter clouds about him, disappeared, and was no more seen that day. He had vindicated his majesty.

Lady Arthur thought it was going to be a bright winter day, and at breakfast she proposed a drive to Cockhoolet Castle, an old place within driving distance to which she paid periodical visits: they would take luncheon on the battlements and see all over the country, which must be looking grand in its bridal attire.

John was called in and asked if he did not think it was going to be a fine day. He glanced through the window at the dark suspicious-looking clouds and said, "Weel, my leddy, I'll no uphau'd it." This was the answer of a courtier and an oracle, not to mention a Scotchman. It did not contradict Lady Arthur, it did not commit himself, and it was cautious.

"I think it will be a fine day of its kind," said the lady, "and we'll drive to Cockhoolet, have the carriage ready at ten."

"If we dinna wun a' the gate, we can but turn again," John thought as he retired to execute his orders.

"It is not looking so well as it did in the morning," said Miss Adam-

son as they entered the carriage, "but if we have an adventure we shall be the better for it."

"We shall have no such luck," said Lady Arthur: "what ever happens out of the usual way now? There used to be glorious snow-storms long ago, but the winters have lost their rigour, and there are no such long summer days now as they were when I was young. Neither persons nor things have that spirit in them that they used to have;" and she smiled, catching in thought the fact that to the young the world is still as fresh and fair as it has happened to all the successive generations it has carried on its surface.

"This is a wiselike expedition," said Thomas to John.

"Ay," said John. "I'm mista'en if this is no a day that'll be heard tell o' yet;" and they mounted to their respective places and started.

The sky was very grim and the wind had been gradually rising. The three ladies sat each in her corner, saying little, and feeling that this drive was certainly a means to an end, and not an end in itself. Their pace had not been very quick from the first, but it became gradually slower, and the hard dry snow was drifting past the windows in clouds. At last they came to a stand altogether, and John appeared at the window like a white column and said, "My leddy, we'll hae to stop here."

"Stop! why?"

"Because it's impossible to wun ony farrer."

"Nonsense! There's no such word as impossible."

"The beasts might maybe get through, but they waed leave the carriage ahint them."

"Let me out to look about," said Lady Arthur.

"Ye had better bide where ye are," said John, "there's naething to be seen, and ye wad but get yersel' a' snaw. We might try to gang back the road ye cam."

"Decidedly not," said Lady Arthur, whose spirits were rising to the occasion: "we can't be far from Cockhoolet here?"

"Between twa and three mile," said John dryly.

"We'll get out and walk," said her ladyship, looking at the other ladies.

"Wi' the wind in yer teeth, and sinking up to yer cuits at every step? Ye wad either be blawn ower the muir like a feathe, or planted amang the snaw like Lot's wife. I might maybe force my way through, but I canna leave the horses," said John.

Lady Arthur was fully more concerned for her horses than herself: she said, "Take out the horses and go to Cockhoolet: leave them to rest and feed, and tell Mr. Ormiston to send for us. We'll sit here very comfortably till you come back: it won't take you long. Thomas will go too, but give us in the luncheon basket first."

The men being refreshed from the basket, set off with the horses, leaving the ladies getting rapidly snowed up in the carriage. As the wind rose almost to a gale, Lady Arthur remarked "that it was at least better to be stuck firm among the snow than to be blown away."

It is a grand thing to suffer in a great cause, but if you suffer merely because you have done a "daftlike" thing, the satisfaction is not the same.

The snow sifted into the carriage at the minutest crevice like fine dust, and, melting, became cold, clammy and uncomfortable. 'To be set down in a glass case on a moor without shelter in the height of a snow-storm has only one commendation: it is an uncommon situation, a novel experience. The ladies—at least Lady Arthur—must, one would think, have felt foolish, but it is a chief qualification in a leader that he never acknowledges that he is in the wrong: if he once does that, his prestige is gone.

The first hour of isolation wore away pretty well, owing to the novelty of the position; and the second also, being devoted to luncheon; the third dragged a good deal; but when it came to the fourth, with light beginning to fail and no word of rescue, matters looked serious. The cold was becoming intense—a chill, damp cold that struck every living thing through and through. What could be keeping the men? Had they lost their way, or what could possibly have happened?

"This is something like an adventure," said Lady Arthur cheerily.

"It might pass for one," said Miss Adamson, "if we could see our way out of it. I wonder if we shall have to sit here all night?"

"If we do," said Lady Arthur, "we can have no hope of wild beasts scenting us out or of being attacked by banditti."

"Nor of any enamoured gentleman coming to the rescue," said Miss Adamson: "it will end tamely enough. I remember reading a story of travel among savages, in which at the close of the monthly instalment the travellers were left buried alive except their heads, which were above ground, but set on fire. That was a very striking situation, yet it all came right; so there is hope for us, I think."

"Oh, don't make me laugh," said Alice: "I really can't laugh, I am so stiff with cold."

"It's a fine discipline to our patience to sit," said Lady Arthur. "If I had thought we should have to wait so long, I would have tried what I could do while it was light."

## VIII.

AT length they heard a movement among the snow, and voices, and immediately a light appeared at the window, shining through the snow-blind, which was swept down by an arm and the carriage-door opened.



"Are you all safe?" were the first words they heard.

"In the name of wonder, George, how are you here? Where are John and Thomas?" cried Lady Arthur.

"I'll tell you all about it after," said George Eildon: "the thing is to get you out of this scrape. I have a farm-cart and pair, and two men to help me: you must just put up with roughing it a little."

"Oh, I am so thankful!" said Alice.

The ladies were assisted out of the carriage into the cart, and settled among plenty of straw and rugs and shawls, with their backs to the blast. Mr. Eildon shut the door of the carriage, which was left to its fate, and then got in and sat at the feet of the ladies. Mr. Ormiston's servant mounted the trace-horse and Thomas sat on front of the cart, and the cavalcade started to toil through the snow.

"Do tell us, George, how you are here. I thought it was only heroes of romance that turned up when their services were desperately needed."

"There have been a good many heroes of romance to-day," said Mr. Eildon. "The railways have been blocked in all directions; three trains with about six hundred passengers have been brought to a stand at the Drumhead Station near this; many of the people have been half frozen and sick and fainting. I was in the train going south, and very anxious to get on, but it was impossible. I got to Cockhoolet with a number of exhausted travellers just as your man arrived, and we came off as soon as we could to look for you. You have stood the thing much better than many of my fellow-travellers."

"Indeed!" said Lady Arthur, "and have all the poor people got housed?"

"Most of them are at the station-house and various farm-houses. Mr. Forester, Mr. Ormiston's son-in-law, started to bring up the last of them just as I started for you."

"Well, I must say I have enjoyed it," Lady Arthur said, "but how are we to get home to-night?"

"You'll not get home to-night: you'll have to stay at Cockhoolet, and be glad if you can get home to-morrow."

"And where have you come from, and where are you going to?" she asked.

"I came from London—I have only been a week home from Australia and I am on my way to Eildon. But here we are."

And the hospitable doors of Cockhoolet were thrown wide, sending out a glow of light to welcome the belated travellers.

Mrs. Ormiston and her daughter, Mrs. Forester—who, with her husband, was on a visit at Cockhoolet—received them and took them to rooms where fires made what seemed tropical heat compared with the atmosphere in the glass case on the moor.

Miss Garscube was able for nothing but to go to bed, and Miss Adamson stayed with her in the room called Queen Mary's, being the room that unfortunate lady occupied when she visited Cockhoolet.

On this night the castle must have thought old times had come back again, there was such a large and miscellaneous company beneath its roof. But where were the knights in armour, the courtiers in velvet and satin, the boars' heads, the venison pasties, the wassail bowls? Where were the stately dames in stiff brocade, the shaven priests, the fool in motley, the vassals, the yeomen in hodden gray and broad blue bonnet? Not there, certainly.

No doubt, Lady Arthur Eildon was a direct descendant of one of "the Queen's Maries," but in her rusty black gown, her old black bonnet set awry on her head, her red face, her stout figure, made stouter by a sealskin jacket, you could not at a glance see the connection. The house of Eildon was pretty closely connected with the house of Stuart, but George Eildon in his tweed suit, waterproof and wideawake, looked neither royal nor romantic. We may be almost sure that there was a fool or fools in the company, but they did not wear motley. In short, as yet it is not difficult to connect the idea of romance with railway rugs, waterproofs, India-rubbers and wideawakes and the steam of tea and coffee: three hundred years hence perhaps it may be possible. Who knows? But for all that, romances go on, we may be sure, whether people are clad in velvet or hodden gray.

Lady Arthur was framing a romance—a romance which had as much of the purely worldly in it as a romance can hold. She found that George was on his way to see his cousin, Lord Eildon, who, within two days, had had a severe access of illness. It seemed to her a matter of certainty that George would be Duke of Eildon some day. If she had only had the capacity to have despatched that letter she had written, when she believed she was dying, after him to Australia! Could she send it to him yet? She hesitated: she could hardly bring herself to compromise the dignity of Alice, and her own. She had a short talk with him before they had separated for the night.

"I think you should go home by railway to-morrow," he said. "It is blowing fresh now, and the trains will all be running to-morrow. I am sorry I have to go by the first in the morning, so I shall probably not see you then."

"I don't know," she said: "it is a question if Alice will be able to travel at all to-morrow."

"She is not ill, is she?" he said. "It is only a little fatigue from exposure that ails her, isn't it?"

"But it may have bad consequences," said Lady Arthur: "one never can tell;" and she spoke in an injured way, for George's tones were

not encouraging. "And John, my coachman—I haven't seen him—he ought to have been at hand at least : if I could depend on any one, I thought it was him."

"Why, he was overcome in the drift to-day : your other man had to leave him behind and ride forward for help. It was digging him out of the snow that kept us so long in getting to you. He has been in bed ever since, but he is getting round quite well."

"I ought to have known that sooner," she said.

"I did not want to alarm you unnecessarily."

"I must go and see him ;" and she held out her hand to say good-night. "But you'll come to Garscube Hall soon : I shall be anxious to hear what you think of Frank. When will you come ?"

"I'll write," he said.

Lady Arthur felt that opportunity was slipping from her, and she grew desperate. "Speaking of writing," she said, "I wrote to you when I had the fever last year and thought I was dying : would you like to see that letter ?"

"No," he said : "I prefer you living."

"Have you no curiosity ? People can say things dying that they couldn't say living, perhaps."

"Well, they have no business to do so," he said. "It is taking an unfair advantage, which a generous nature never does ; besides, it is more solemn to live than die."

"Then you don't want the letter ?"

"Oh yes, if you like."

"Very well : I'll think of it. Can you show me the way to John's place of refuge ?"

They found John sitting up in bed, and Mrs. Ormiston ministering to him : the remains of a fowl were on a plate beside him, and he was lifting a glass of something comfortable to his lips.

"I never knew of this, John," said his mistress, "till just a few minutes ago. This is sad."

"Weel, it doesna look very sad," said John, eyeing the plate and the glass. "Yer leddyship and me hae gang mony a daftlike road, but I think we fairly caught it the day."

"I don't know how we can be grateful enough to you, Mrs. Ormiston," said Lady Arthur, turning to their hostess.

"Well, you know we could hardly be so churlish as to shut our doors on storm-stayed travellers : we are very glad that we had it in our power to help them a little."

"It's by ordinar' gude quarters," said John : "I've raily enjoyed that hen. Is 't no time yer leddyship was in yer bed, after siccan a day's wark ?"

"We'll take the hint, John," said Lady Arthur; and in a little while longer most of Mrs. Ormiston's unexpected guests had lost sight of the day's adventure in sleep.

## IX.

By dawn of the winter's morning all the company, the railway pilgrims, were astir again—not to visit a shrine, or attend a tournament, or to go hunting or hawking, or to engage in a foray or rieving expedition, as guests of former days at the castle may have done, but quietly to make their way to the station as the different trains came up, the fresh wind having done more to clear the way than the army of men that had been set to work with pickaxe and shovel. But although the railway and the tweeds and the india-rubbers were modern, the castle and the snow and the hospitality were all very old-fashioned—the snow as old as that lying round the North Pole, and as unadulterated; the hospitality old as when Eve entertained Raphael in Eden, and as true, blessing those that give and those that take.

Mr. Eildon left with the first party that went to the station; Lady Arthur and the young ladies went away at midday; John was left to take care of himself and his carriage till both should be more fit for travelling.

Of the three ladies, Alice had suffered most from the severe cold, and it was some time before she entirely recovered from the effects of it. Lady Arthur convinced herself that it was not merely the effects of cold she was suffering from, and talked the case over with Miss Adamson, but that lady stoutly rejected Lady Arthur's idea; "Miss Garscube has got over that long ago, and so has Mr. Eildon," she said drily. "Alice has far more sense than to nurse a feeling for a man evidently indifferent to her." These two ladies had exchanged opinions exactly. George Eildon had only called once, and on a day when they were all from home: he had written several times to his aunt regarding Lord Eildon's health, and Lady Arthur had written to him and told him her anxiety about the health of Alice. He expressed sympathy and concern, as his mother might have done, but Lady Arthur would not allow herself to see that the case was desperate.

She had a note from her sister-in-law, Lady George, who said "that she had just been at Eildon, and in her opinion Frank was going, but his parents either can't or won't see this, or George either. It is a sad case—so young a man and with such prospects—but the world abounds with bad things," etc., etc. But sad as the world is, it is shrewd with wisdom of its own, and it hardly believed in the grief of Lady George for an event which would place her own son in a position of honour and

affluence. But many a time George Eildon recoiled from the people who did not conceal their opinion that he might not be broken-hearted at the death of his cousin. There is nothing that true, honourable, unworldly natures shrink from more than having low, unworthy feelings and motives attributed to them.

## X.

LADY ARTHUR EILDON made up her mind. "I am supposed," she said to herself, "to be eccentric: why not get the good of such a character?" She enclosed her dying letter to her nephew, which was nothing less than an appeal to him on behalf of Alice, assuring him of her belief that Alice bitterly regretted the answer she had given his letter, and that if she had it do over again it would be very different. When Lady Arthur did this she felt that she was not doing as she would be done by, but the stake was too great not to try a last throw for it. In an accompanying note she said, "I believe that the statements in this letter still hold true. I blamed myself afterward for having influenced Alice when she wrote to you, and now I have absolved my conscience." (Lady Arthur put it thus, but she hardly succeeded in making herself believe it was a case of conscience: she was too sharp-witted. It is self-complacent stupidity that is morally small.) "If this letter is of no interest to you, I am sure I am trusting it to honourable hands."

She got an answer immediately. "I thank you," Mr. Eildon said, "for your letters, ancient and modern: they are both in the fire, and so far as I am concerned shall be as if they had never been."

It was in vain, then, all in vain, that she had humbled herself before George Eildon. Not only had her scheme failed, but her pride suffered, as your finger suffers when the point of it is shut by accident in the hinge of a door. The pain was terrible. She forgot her conscience, how she had dealt treacherously—for her good, as she believed, but still treacherously—with Alice Garscube: she forgot everything but her own pain, and those about her thought that decidedly she was very eccentric at this time. She snubbed her people, she gave orders and countermanded them, so that her servants did not know what to do or leave undone, and they shook their heads among themselves and remarked that the moon was the full.

But of course the moon waned, and things calmed down a little. In the next note she received from her sister-in-law, among other items of news she was told that her nephew meant to visit her shortly—"Probably," said his mother, "this week, but I think it will only be a call. He says Lord Eildon is rather better, which has put us all in good spirits."

Now, Lady Arthur did not wish to see George Eildon at this time—

not that she could not keep a perfect and dignified composure in any circumstances, but her pride was still in the hinge of the door—and she went from home every day. Three days she had business in town : the other days she drove to call on people living in the next county. As she did not care for going about alone, she took Miss Adamson always with her, but Alice only once or twice : she was hardly able for extra fatigue every day. But Miss Garscube was recovering health and spirits, and looks also, and when Lady Arthur left her behind she thought, “ Well, if George calls to-day, he'll see that he is not a necessary of life at least.” She felt very grateful that it was so, and had no objections that George should see it.

He did see it, for he called that day, but he had not the least feeling of mortification : he was unfeignedly glad to see Alice looking so well, and he had never, he thought, seen her look better. After they had spoken in the most quiet and friendly way for a little she said, “ And how is your cousin, Lord Eildon ? ”

“ Nearly well : his constitution seems at last fairly to have taken a turn in the right direction. The doctors say that not only is he likely to live as long as any of us, but that the probability is he will be a robust man yet.”

“ Oh, I am glad of it—I am heartily glad of it.”

“ Why are you so very glad ? ”

“ Because you are : it has made you very happy—you look so.”

“ I am excessively happy because you believe I am happy. Many people don't : many people think I am disappointed. My own mother thinks so, and yet she is a good woman. People will believe that you wish the death of your dearest friend if he stands between you and material good. It is horrible, and I have been courted and worshipped as the rising sun ; ” and he laughed, “ One can afford to laugh at it now, but it was very sickening at the time. I can afford anything, Alice : I believe I can even afford to marry, if you'll marry a hard-working man instead of a duke.”

“ Oh, George,” she said, “ I have been ashamed of that letter I wrote.”

“ It was a wicked little letter,” he said, “ but I suppose it was the truth at the time : say it is not true now.”

“ It is not true now,” she repeated, “ but I have not loved you very dearly all the time : and if you had married I should have been very happy, if you had been happy. But oh,” she said, and her eyes filled with tears, “ this is far better.”

“ You love me now ? ”

“ Unutterably.”

“ I have loved you all the time, all the time. I should not have been happy if I had heard of your marriage.”

"Then how were you so cold and distant the day we stuck on the moor?"

"Because it was excessively cold weather: I was not going to warm myself up to be frozen again. I have never been in delicate health, but I can't stand heats and chills."

"I do believe that you are not a bit wiser than I am. I hear the carriage: that's Lady Arthur come back. How surprised she will be!"

"I am not so sure of that," George said. "I'll go and meet her." When he appeared Lady Arthur shook hands tranquilly and said, "How do you do?"

"Very well," he said. "I have been testing the value of certain documents you sent me, and find they are worth their weight in gold."

She looked in his face.

"Alice is mine," he said, and "we are going to Bashan for our wedding-tour. If you'll seize the opportunity of our escort, you may hunt up Og's bed."

"Thank you," she said: "I fear I should be *de trop*."

"Not a bit; but even if you were a great nuisance, we are in the humour to put up with anything."

"I'll think of it. I have never travelled in the character of a nuisance, yet—at least, so far as I know—and it would be a new sensation: that is a great inducement."

Lady Arthur rushed to Miss Adamson's room with the news, and the two ladies had first a cry and then a laugh over it. "Alice will be a duchess yet," said Lady Arthur: "that boy's life has hung so long by a thread that he must be prepared to go, and he would be far better away from the cares and trials of this world, I am sure;" which might be the truth, but it was hard to grudge the boy his life.

Lady Arthur was in brilliant spirits at dinner that evening. "I suppose you are going to live on love," she said.

"I am going to work for my living," said George.

"Very right," she said; "but, although I got better last year, I can't live for ever, and when I'm gone Alice will have the Garscube estates: I have always intended it."

"Madam," said George, "do you not know that the great lexicographer has said in one of his admirable works, 'Let no man suffer his felicity to depend on the death of his aunt'?"

It is said that whenever a Liberal ministry comes in Mr. Eildon will be offered the governorship of one of the colonies. Lady Arthur may yet live to be astonished by his "career," and at least she is not likely to regret her dying letter.

## A WILD NIGHT IN PARLIAMENT.

BY A GALLERY-MAN.

SAMUEL, said the elder Weller—in a language which I am unable to spell with propriety, and therefore prefer to use mere English—Samuel, when you are married, you'll know a great many things you don't know now, but whether 'tis worth while *going through so much to learn so little* is more than I can tell.

What has Sam Weller to do with Parliament? Nothing, directly, that I know of; but in the tangled chain of circumstances in this world, things of different character become oddly connected at times. Besides, as one claims, with the Greek poet, to be merry on a merry subject, so one has a distinct right to be confused on a subject of confusion, and to be chaotic in describing chaos. Having thus, I trust, to the reader's satisfaction, quite conclusively proved my right to be incoherent if I choose, I propose to show that I am not incoherent at all, and that Sam Weller's wise observation has quite as much to do with the Canadian Commons as everybody knows the steeple of St. Paul's has with the Goodwin Sands. And when I say that it seemed to me at the time, as it seems now to a good many people, that the Canadian Commons, on the night of Friday, the twelfth day of April, A.D. 1878, went through a good deal of suffering to accomplish very little result, good, bad, or indifferent, I suppose that I shall have proved at once the keenness of my intellectual perceptions, and the strength of my logical deductions.

Twenty-four hours before war "leaped out of hell" in 1870, the European skies were as silent, as serene, as the blue heavens above our western wilds. But in twenty-four hours Peace had ceased to pipe from her pastoral hillock; the clash of arms was heard in every camp in Europe; and across the French frontiers went trooping the big battalions *à Berlin*.

So twenty-four minutes before the storm, now so memorable, broke out in Parliament, no man could have suspected the existence of a *casus belli*. But we are told of certain choleric natures that greatly do find quarrel on a strain at times, and so come endless struggles and disagreements among friends, followers, supporters, retainers. So out of a little obstinate petulance at half-past two of the clock on the aforesaid morning, there rose a very memorable Parliamentary struggle.

Nothing is so long as Parliamentary memory. School and college traditions are long; village traditions have lost their continuity by emigration; but Parliamentary tradition is long and strong and perfect in



its way. The traditions of the British Parliament are fresh, quite fresh and bright, back as far as the day when Burke flung his dagger on the floor, his knife—"without the fork!"—back, indeed, as far as that Duke of Newcastle who did not know that Cape Breton was an island; back as far as old Walpole, who slept in his chair, and *then* got up and answered everything that everybody had said on the occasion of the protracted debate. And all one has to do in order to test the length, strength, and continuity of the chain of tradition in the Canadian Parliament, is to get up and say something uncivil to Sir John about the "Baldwin" days, or to Mr. Masson about "'37," or to Mr. Mackenzie about who fought for constitutional government! *Then* you may look out for a rush of facts to your head. Have you ever pulled the string of the shower-bath just a second sooner than your nerves were braced for the shock? That is how one feels when the fountains of Parliamentary memory are opened on one's head by an injudicious expression or an incautious attack.

Now Parliamentary memory in Canada includes very few "all night" sessions, and particularly such sessions as took place on the occasion referred to.

How did it arise?

All in a minute—like a spring hail-storm; but it lasted longer.

The debate on the resolutions offered to the Commons by Sir John A. Macdonald had lasted from four in the afternoon of Thursday, with intermissions for business, till nearly midnight on Friday night. It was hardly expected that a division would take place before Sunday. A grave constitutional question was under discussion. It was known that many members would speak. The Quebec members in particular were naturally expected to speak at length; and as they are modest and courteous, as well as able and cultivated men, they would be listened to with patience, of course. Sir John A. Macdonald had spoken in his grandest parliamentary manner, his star-and-riband manner. Mr. Mackenzie had replied, if not in his best, at least in an effective way, from a party point of view. Masson and Langevin and Laurier had devoted their energies to the discussion of the constitutional point from not only a Canadian, but also from a Parisian point of view. Brooks, of Sherbrooke—a legal gentleman with the air of a colonel of dragoons—had spoken for three hours with the learning of a Lord Chancellor and the manners of a grand seigneur. And all night long, on Friday night, the noise of battle rolled along the benches in the Commons' house, till Hector—name of prophetic import, warlike name!—Hector Cameron had closed an able reply to an able tirade from Mr. Devlin, of Montreal Centre. After him there came Mr. McDougall, of Three Rivers—legal man not much given to parliamentary duties, but one of

the best-read men, and with the aptest faculty for conversation, in the House—arose in his place to speak, as he solemnly stated for not more than twenty minutes.

It was here that the war broke out.

It is always well to settle our points of departure.

It was about McDougall, of Three Rivers, that the riot arose. He will do for the body of Patroclus; the rival parties fought over his body. He was not much injured, I believe.

Mr. McDougall wanted the debate on this pure constitutional question postponed to another day, as the hour was late; he was not well; and other French members wanted to speak. Mr. Mackenzie did not want to consent to an adjournment; he refused, perhaps not with the grace which makes a refusal almost as flattering as an acceptance or a kindness.

Mr. McDougall got stubborn, and went on to speak. He was greeted with "noises," that is a combination of every possibly unpleasant sound which about fifty or sixty gentlemen well disposed to noise can make when they try hard. After he had proceeded "amid much interruption," as a well-bred reporter would put it, for an hour, it was remembered that he had moved the adjournment of the debate, and it was held that therefore he could not speak to the motion.

At this point we pause to reflect. The meaning of things is important. It is by reflection we get at the meaning of things.

There is in every Parliament a volcanic element. In some Parliaments it is stronger than in others. In the French Chamber this element is strong. Last century it flung up a guillotine. This century it has overturned several "Constitutions." In the English Parliament it only causes noises and turns "strangers" out of the gallery. It is difficult to tell when this volcanic element will break out. It is not a periodical force. But it *will* break out on the slightest pretence sometimes. It matters little to Vesuvius whether an army is marching or a herd grazing at the base; it erupts all the same. That is the irony of nature. She cares as much for a cow as for a man, as much for a herd as for an army.

Well, the volcanic element broke out over McDougall, of Three Rivers. He was temporarily put down; but Mr. Cimon came to his rescue. Mr. Cimon made a speech, a long speech, in which he moved the adjournment of the House. This gave Mr. McDougall, of Three Rivers, his chance and his speech; the chance was taken and the speech spoken.

During all this time there was a continued series of noises of the most extraordinary character. An amateur negro Miustrel troupe that has been in constant practice all the session, under the charge of two accomplished and dexterous handlers of the bones and tambourine, performed

tricks in a variety of ways. Revolutionary members, led by the "Red" Cheval, sang the Marseillaise. I beg to say that they sang it well; and Mr. Bourassa is none too old to go on the stage, or I would advise him, on the decline of talent, in the old age of Brignoli and the rest of the sweet singers, to betake himself to singing as a profession. If the Marseillaise failed to excite the souls of honourable members, at least "Auld Lang Syne" did not fail to awaken tender memories; nor was it less effectual in disturbing the debate. And still the debate went on.

It had become necessary for the Opposition to keep up the debate. Mr. Mackenzie would not consent to an adjournment. The Opposition wanted to speak; and some of their friends were away. I suspect, too, that both sides rather wished to steal a march. The Government wanted the Commons vote to be taken before Sunday, so that the good tidings of great joy might be taken to the shepherds who were watching their flocks in Quebec. The Opposition probably wanted to prevent that unnecessary consummation till the vote of the Senate, which might be the other way, would also go with it. No matter what the reasons were, we suppose that both parties were within their constitutional and parliamentary rights, or they would not have been tolerated by the Speaker in their proceedings.

The Speaker deserves a word of praise. His conduct in the chair was, very good. He did not exert his prerogative power strictly, while at the same time he made occasional efforts to keep up the tradition of parliamentary propriety of which there had been a solution of continuity. At a late hour, worn out with watching, he left the chair for a moment, calling Mr. De Veber to his place. Mr. De Veber was but a moment in the chair when some one shouted, "call in the members." Mr. De Veber echoed "call in the members." The Sergeant-at-Arms started for the mace, but an indignant protest from Haggart, who was to distinguish himself at a later stage of the "debate," called Mr. Speaker De Veber to his senses and the order was recalled. The "debate" continued. Mr. Plumb, of Niagara, spoke for a long time, amid such a storm of various noises as has seldom greeted a Speaker, even from the pit of a cheap theatre. Not long before—a few days before—the House had been on tip-toe with the idea of defending its "dignity" against the attacks of newspaper correspondents. And one of these correspondents wrote to the *Ottawa Citizen* to say that the dignity of Parliament was best defended and manufactured on the floor of the House, and that if the members themselves did not respect the dignity of the House, no one else would respect it. "I have seen," said this correspondent, "the House of Commons prostrate its dignity in the dust with as much recklessness as Sandwich Islanders exhibit in thrashing a *fetish* out of favour. I have seen scenes in the Commons Chamber that would have disgraced

a college wine party at two in the morning. I have heard language in the Commons Chamber which would have been deemed disgraceful in an assemblage of the *Jacquerie*. And yet these gentlemen talk as if it was the press which was degrading the 'dignity' of Parliament."

One wonders if the gentlemen on the floor of the House remembered these words—they attracted some little attention at the time—when the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'" were passed amid a babel of discordant sounds and noises as from the rabble rout of Comus broken loose into the Commons Chamber, and in full career of revelry.

After the real Speaker's reappearance, several cups of the berry that cheers but not inebriates, appeared on the desks of Ministers amid timid suggestions of "more" from Parliamentary Oliver Twists who had been shut out in the coffeeless cold. The storm of songs and cries, slamming of desks, scraping of boots, shrieking of toy-whistles, continued straight along till the latest hour of night. On a sudden, something seemed to have changed in the Chamber. The air which had been clear seemed to get cooler. The light which had been dull and yellow got mixed somehow with something else. And in a little time there came pouring into the painted windows the glorious light of the blessed dawn, and over all that scene and over all the world,

"God made himself an awful rose of dawn."

Outside of the building the mists rose white above the dark of the river. The sky trembled in its early beauty. The roar of the great falls came freshly on the ear. The tender green of the early grasses showed up bright in the morning dews. Fresh breezes blew with refreshing coolness to fan the fever from the cheek, and soothe the eyes of those who had watched and waited through the wild night, the comical night, the saddening, maddening exhibition.

At the same time inside some forms were sleeping and some lolling in indifferent discomfort on the unpitying chairs. From after six till after seven Mr. Methot had been speaking in French, and speaking too with immense energy and freshness and spirit. After him rose Mr. Domville, a rarely tried Opposition member. Mr. Domville does not rank high as a parliamentary speaker, and his manner in the House is not always dignified; but there are few young men in Canada who carry on such slight shoulders and with such a fragile form, so enormous a load of business responsibility. That spare, sparkling, indifferent young gentleman has a perfectly enormous business capacity, and before you put him down as an inefficient Parliamentarian, please talk with him for half an hour and then you will come away prepared to admit that the slight shoulders carry the head of a Vanderbilt and that underneath all the apparent levity there is the earnestness of a great man of business. Mr.

Domville on this occasion had been dining on Friday night and was kept in the House all night in his dress suit. When he began to speak about half-past seven or eight, he looked pretty bad, for a man who is unshaven, and whose white necktie has stood a long night's lounging, does not usually present a pretty sight in the early morning. Mr. Domville makes a very fair speech. He reads some constitutional doctrine from a book, and then pathetically appeals to Mr. Mills to know if the people of Keewatin would not revel in the reflections suggested by that consoling and cheering constitutional theory. But Mr. Mills is too far gone in weariness for fun, and his smile is like the smile of Cossins—

“ He smiles in such a sort  
As if he scorned himself and checked his sport  
That could be moved to smile at anything.”

But Mr. Mills has not been idle all night. He and Mr. Dymond have been taking turns in leading the “tuneful choir” with that pretty and amiable young gentleman of indifferent ability, Mr. Casey. These three have greatly contributed to the humours of the night. But all three are now pretty well worn out by breakfast time, and are literally laid out in discomposed bulk on their chairs. Mr. Dymond, it is true, still keeps enough energy to fling an occasional taunt across the House. Mr. Dymond will disappear from this earthly scene in a state of protest—be sure of that. He reminds one of the woman whose husband drowned her for saying “scissors”—for what purpose I quite forget—but who, when she could no longer articulate, crossed her fingers and made scissor-like motions with her hand as she sank beneath the water. If Mr. Dymond were to be spoken to death by wild Conservatives, his last words would be hurled in protest against the Right Honourable member for Kingston and his too numerous followers.

Some of the scenes of the night were objectionable from any point of view; but we feel sure that on reflection, a portion of the press will have reason to regret the tone of the despatches sent concerning the events of the debate. Some reckless partizans have been hurling charges of “drunkenness” about; but let us first say, that a charge of this kind is pretty easily brought against any assemblage of two hundred men sitting up all night, and in a state of the highest excitement; but if charges of that sort are brought against one side, they can with equal force be used against the other. For my part, I saw no striking scenes of drunkenness and very little disorder arising from drinking. The soberest men in the House were the noisiest. The gravest were the most disorderly. It was a high parliamentary revel. And telling tales out of school is no portion of a journalist's business, though some irre-

sponsible correspondents seem to think that they are at liberty to send to their papers items of news which would not be tolerated even in club conversation.

After breakfast and up to ten o'clock, the debate continued with some degree of gravity. About this time, the civil service and the town generally came to the knowledge of the fact that the House had been sitting all night. The galleries soon filled. The earliest visitors were ladies, whose fair sweet faces were as refreshing to one's tired eyes as flowers in the desert, as soothing to the weary brain as music after long labour. One by one, members went home to breakfast, and came back bathed, shaved, dressed, and vigorous.

Mr. Costigan, of New Brunswick, spoke for an hour or more, making an admirable speech from his point of view, as he always does whenever he rises in his place. Mr. Ouimet, an amiable young giant from Quebec, spoke for over an hour in French. Mr. Rouleau, a fluent young gentleman, also spoke at length. Hon. Mr. Smith contributed his mite to the debate. The galleries continued to fill. The members became more refreshed. And till after lunch the fight continued without much interruption. But after lunch and towards three o'clock there rose **MR. HAGGART**.

Now Mr. Haggart is a ponderous young man, with a roguish twinkle in his eye, and a touch of humour in his moustache. He does not often speak, but when he does, it is in a very slow and very ponderous fashion, but at the same time very forcible and apt. He was just the man to speak against time, and his rising was the signal for the outbreak again of the Parliamentary volcano—the sign for the re-opening of the season of the negro minstrel troupe led by Mr. Mills and Mr. Dymond, with Mr. Cheval for orchestra, and Mr. Casey for prompter, and a wondering world for their astonished audience.

Mr. Haggart was received with a wild chorus of noises of all kinds. "Call in the members!" "Question!" "Sit down!" and so on. But he was not to be dismayed. He reassured the honourable gentlemen on the ministerial benches that he had some forty-five points on which he would dwell, and as a grave constitutional question, on which volumes had been and volumes might be written, could hardly be discussed in less than seven or eight hours, he hoped to be able to give them his peroration by eight or nine o'clock that night—if they would listen patiently. And when Mr. Haggart went on with his point first, one unconsciously thought of the parson in the "One Hoss Shay."

"The parson was working his Sunday text,  
He had got to sixthly, and stopped perplexed,  
At what the—Moses, was coming next."

Mr. Haggart made a quotation from Mr. Bagehot's work on "The British Constitution," and some one cried out, "what page?" Then Mr. Haggart kindly read out the name of the book, the name of the publishers, the year of publication, and the profession of the author, adding that the book was "the only one in the country, and was presented to *his* and *my* friend, the honourable member for Ni-a-ga-ra," all in a very slow and grave tone, whereupon the honourable member for Niagara, the genial, scholarly, and gentleman-like Plumb, bowed his acknowledgment of the compliment, and the House laughed most consumedly. Then Mr. Haggart went on with his quotations from Bagehot in the midst of noise and interruptions. It is impossible to give an idea of the unfathomable fun of the grave speech of Mr. Haggart. Now, a boy would come in staggering under a load of books from the Library and solemnly lay them down before him, and retire with a wonderful expression of countenance as if he expected Mr. Haggart was going to speak till the day of judgment. Then Mr. Cheval would lead off his orchestra, playing on an imaginary piano with much *empressement*. Then the Speaker would stop the "debate," and in the midst of the deepest silence and with a face as grave as possible, would read out the rules of the House concerning decency and "order," and of course inform the members that these sacred rules ought to be sacredly kept. Whereupon he would be greeted with the most reverential "hear, hears," and the fellows who had made the most noise would profess the most profound veneration for the "chair," and then—why then they would proceed with their circus and be worse than ever.

Meantime Mr. Haggart would continue his quotations from Bagehot. "My favourite author, Mr. Speaker, and I may say that this book is the only copy in the country, and was presented by the author to *his* and *my* friend, the honourable member for Ni-a-ga-ra." Occasionally a quotation would be interrupted too badly, and then Mr. Haggart, with a due regard for the value of extracts from a book presented by the author to the honourable member for Niagara, would insist on reading it all over again; and Mr. Blake would wriggle on his chair, and Mr. Holton would look as if chaos had come again, and the end of the world reached.

"Thy hand, great Anarch, lets the curtain fall,  
And universal darkness buries all."

Here a quotation would be arrived at which had been read before, but as Mr. Haggart would profoundly declare had not been read by members with that due regard for elocution which was necessary in case of an extract from a work "presented to his and my friend the honourable member for Ni-a-ga-ra" by the very distinguished author; and Mr. Haggart would go on to read the extract with the proper degree of elo-

cutionary skill, but still amid the wildest interruptions from the Negro Minstrel Troupe of Messrs. Cheval, Mills, Dymond and Casey, while Mr. McDougall, of Elgin, would occasionally, with a degree of spirit which his sparseness of flesh rendered easy, *clatter his bones*.

Then Mr. Speaker would proceed to read out the order of Parliament in regard to "naming" members, and point out to the House the obvious fact that under the circumstances he could not name *all* the offenders without calling over the division list, a fact which would be received with immense reverence by the most notorious offenders. After a reverent pause of three seconds, the Parliamentary devil would break loose again. This thing of "naming" the members recalls a story of the British House of Commons. An Irish member had made himself conspicuous by his noise, and at length the worried Speaker said, "I will have to *name* the honourable gentleman."

The Commons grew silent at this awful threat.

"And what will happen then, Mr. Speaker?" asked the peccant Irishman.

"The Lord only knows," was the muffled and melancholy reply of the Speaker.

So nobody was named, and nobody was arrested, and the Lord only knows what would have happened if anybody *had* been.

About half-past four o'clock, Her Excellency, attracted by the news of the long sitting, arrived in the House, and took seat at the side of the Speaker. The noise continued, and Mr. Haggart continued his speech. He developed the theory of the origin of man, and of Government, and pointed his remarks by apt quotations from scientific authors in French and English. It was something delightful to hear Mr. Haggart regret the absence of the honourable member for Levis, the *elegans nascitur non fit*—Frechette, whose interest in the elegant translation of the debates would assure him that a correct translation of Mr. Letellier's paper had been put before the House.

"The House," meantime, got up a "circus" for Her Excellency, the Marseillaise being sung with true radical spirit by the revolutionary Cheval and the temporary Communist Bourassa; and this being followed by a verse or two of "Auld Lang Syne," for the benefit of the Scotch members. After an hour or so of this kind of fun, during which Mr. Haggart continued gravely pleading for constitutional freedom, and reading extracts from the valuable work, "Presented by the author with his kindest regards to *his* and *my* friend the honourable member for Ni-a-ga-ra," Her Excellency rose to depart. Then occurred a scene which is unprecedented in Canadian or any other history. Some inspired Frenchman got up and gave out a bar of "God Save the Queen!" It was a revolution. The whole House jumped up; the galleries rose with



a bound ; the newspaper men jumped to their feet. Even Messrs. Blake and Mackenzie, after a moment's natural hesitation, rose up ; and *all* sang " God Save the Queen." Her Excellency was quick to catch the meaning of it, and remained near enough to be seen, and to let members know that she saw the scene and felt the meaning of it. After the song, came three magnificent cheers for Her Excellency, and then she carried away her grace and beauty, her kindness and womanliness, out of that disorderly Assembly, but she could not carry away from the House or from Canada the memories of her many charms and her rare-tact, and her beautiful example to all the mothers and wives in this Canada of ours. Hereafter, in the times of other Governors, one feels quite certain that no other lady will, in Her Excellency's position, recall the triumphs and popularity of the Countess of Dufferin without feeling and saying that little broken line of the poet—

" She shines me down."

In the great picture gallery of fair faces and kind faces of which every nation is possessed, and which Canada possesses too, the face of Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin will always be fixed in a prominent place, like some protective saint, the central figure of the scene.

After this another equally unprecedented scene arose. Sir John had retired to rest about eight o'clock, after a long and weary night. At five o'clock he returned, looking as cheery as ever, and as ready for the parliamentary fray, and as he entered, the Opposition benches rose up as one man and cheered him, " hats i' the air and hearts at his feet," to the echo. It was an inspiring sight, and to one in the gallery there came back the memory of student days, and a cry from a Roman villa *to a hero coming home !*

" Divis orte bonis, optime Romulæ  
Custos gentis, abes jam nimium diu ;  
Maturum reditum pollicitus Patrum  
Sancto concilio redi.

" Lucem redde tuæ dux bone patriæ :  
Instar reris enim roltus ubi tuus  
Affulsit populo, gratior it dies  
Et soles melius nitent."

It seems to me that the cheer of a Parliament or of a people is the finest sound in the world. There is a high excitement in a grand steeple chase, and in

" The glory of the gallop, forty minutes over grass ;"

there is an excitement in a grand boat-race, for the rower ; but for the loftiest sort of excitement, the noblest emotions, the ringing cheers of a

crowd, whether it be a "mob of gentlemen," or an assemblage of people, is the most glorious stimulant.

Meantime Mr. Haggart still continues his immense oration. At times a gentle ripple of fun will run over his moustache; at times his eyes will twinkle with the humour of the occasion; at times he will laugh as he reads an extract from "my favourite author," Mr. Bagehot, whose book was "presented by the author to *his* and *my* friend, the honourable member for Ni-a-ga-ra," who, at each mention of the book and the owner, gravely bows his compliments and thanks. Mr. Haggart, finally, is a little tired and begins to give it up. He regrets that only two or three of his forty-five points have been touched upon. He regrets that time will not permit him to deal more fully with this important question. He declares that perhaps he will take another occasion, later in the debate, of renewing his remarks so that the country may have them *in full*,—(cries of "Oh don't!" "Spare us!") He thanks Honourable Members for the "patient!" hearing that has been given him during his long and necessarily tedious speech, and then he sits down amid the applause of his own side, and the good-humoured regards of even Mr. Blake.

Mr. Haggart had done a difficult thing. He had spoken against time with no manifest impropriety. He had made a humorous speech without being at all ridiculous. He had shewn *ability* in a humorous fashion, and after he had concluded, and for twenty-four hours after, the House and the galleries talked of nothing but Haggart's speech which, without detracting anything from his reputation as a sensible man, had given him a new reputation as a humorist.

After Mr. Haggart had finished, Mr. Mackenzie Bowell began an innings, but a proposition had been made again for an adjournment, and was accepted by the Premier; and the House, after sitting constantly for twenty-seven hours, adjourned.

It was a memorable scene; few who saw it will ever forget it; and fewer still will remember it without regret. But under a system of Parliamentary government such scenes are always likely to happen. In the British House of Commons a somewhat similar scene took place a year ago, and disturbed the public mind for a long time, and engaged the attention of publicists in an unusual degree. We have, after all, but very faintly photographed this remarkable occurrence; a dozen of comical occurrences rise up before us as we close this hastily written paper; but we cannot spare the time to reproduce them.

A few remarks on the manner in which the events of the session were retailed in the press, may not be out of place, in view of the discussion which took place on the 17th April on the subject. Some newspapers at once proceeded to remark that such and such members were

“drunk,” and attention was called to it in Parliament, and emphatic contradiction given to the statements, by members who were present on the occasion. Now, it may be fairly said that during a long parliamentary night-session, disorders of the kind described in this sketch, are inevitable in any body of men under sixty years of age; and no one should be disposed to find fault with such exhibitions when not too grossly insulting to those who are the victims of them. It would be far better if the press were to take Parliament in charge, as it were, for that time, and care for its reputation, fling the cloak over it as it were, and not call on all creation to witness the disorder of the national assembly. But, on the other hand, Parliament has its dignity in its own keeping, and each member has the privilege of being the curator of that dignity. There has been growing up during two or three sessions past a phase of ill-feeling between the press and the Commons; and it will be very lamentable if such ill-feeling should continue to grow. In the course of the session there were several debates on the subject of the press, and even those who were least disposed to quarrel with the press were, by the unskilful use of language, drawn into an indiscriminate condemnation of the fourth estate. Members of Parliament ought to know enough to understand that there are degrees in the press as well as in the professions; that there is a difference of standing in the press as well as in Parliament; and that the men who are the leading writers on the press, and who make the Literature of Politics, should not be classed and included in a general condemnation with those who have neither standing nor character, neither skill nor ability, but who may be temporarily or permanently engaged in the distribution of news. It is the misfortune of the press that so many such men are engaged on it, as it is the misfortune of the professions that so many unworthy men creep into them, and as it is the misfortune of the House of Commons that so many members, quite unfitted by nature and education, secure election to that body.

But the greatest misfortune of all is, when in such quarrels as may arise the leading members in the press and in Parliament come into a collision which is not intended, and which is injurious to the interests of both; a little more consideration on the part of the press and of the House, a little courteous recognition of the degrees which exist in newspaper as well as in Parliamentary life, would probably tend to a better state of feeling between the two greatest Intellectual Forces in this country.

---

## MAN HERE AND HEREAFTER.

BY W. J. R.

WHATEVER sins of omission or commission may be fairly laid to the charge of our age and generation, indifference to the momentous problems of human life and destiny is not one of them. The methods employed by scientific or philosophic thinkers may be incomplete, and the results at which they arrive vague and unsatisfactory; still no one can impeach the honesty or earnestness of their speculations. Men are far too seriously-minded in their search after truth—far too religious in fact, even when they are not so in theory—to treat the solemn questions which persistently obtrude themselves for solution on every age, with levity, scorn or a flippant superficiality. That this is a time of transition in theology and philosophy, can hardly be denied. The discoveries of science, the unfolding of natural laws, and the gradual extension of the sphere of law over universal nature, apart from the results of destructive criticism in other departments of thought, cannot fail to exercise a modifying influence upon the beliefs of men, and effect a gradual revolution in a sphere where men have been accustomed to speak with unswerving confidence and dogmatise in peremptory and authoritative tones. There is no permanent advantage either in denying facts, or ignoring their drift and significance, much less in imputing sinister motives to those who doubt, or in assailing them with opprobrious epithets or violent invective. Those who have an abiding faith in the power, intelligence and wisdom of a Being who created and sustains “the round world and they that dwell therein,” ought surely to manifest its power by boldly facing difficulties, frankly conceding truths, however unwelcome, and leaving consequences to the unerring guidance of Him in whom they have believed.

It must not be forgotten that the whence, the what, and the whither form a perplexing trinity of questions which are not now sprung upon humanity for the first time. Indeed they occupied men's thoughts, inspired their poetry and controlled their lives, long before they were consciously formulated into philosophies or theologies. When Mr. Herbert Spencer says, “A religious creed is definable as an *à priori* theory of the universe,” he no doubt speaks correctly, if by “religious creed” we are to understand a theosophy—the net result of rational and philosophic speculation upon the primary elements of religion; but not otherwise. Religion, whatever its origin, was not primarily a “theory” at all; not the result of reasoning—but the spontaneous outcome of man's nature, an instinct, an intuition, in the progress of natural de-

velopment, if you choose. All the primitive faiths of the world were singularly simple in character, and not at all logical or systematized in their mode of expression. When Mr. Mill, Mr. Spencer, and Mr. Matthew Arnold cavil at the notion of "a manlike artificer," "a magnified man," and so forth, they are not demolishing religion at all, but the attempts made by man to give definite and comprehensive—in other words scientific or philosophic—form to antecedent religious conceptions. Man believed in "a Power not ourselves" long before his faith became anthropomorphic, and ages before he peopled Olympus with deities. And his child-like faith in continued existence was long prior in time to any notions about eternity or annihilation. The poet expresses, as poets have done more clearly than scientists, philosophers or theologians, the abiding belief of humanity, when he says :—

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
 Thou madest man, he knows not why ;  
 He thinks he was not made to die ;  
 And Thou hast made him : Thou art just."

As Mr. Fairbairn justly observes in his "*Studies in the Philosophy of Religion and History*" (p. 68) :—"Religion is not a science, or any constructive or reasoned system of thought that can be opposed to it. It is simply spirit, expressing in symbol its consciousness of relations other and higher than physical and social. Religion is a permanent and universal characteristic of man, a normal and necessary product of his nature. He grows into religion, but works into theology ; *feels* himself into the one, *thinks* himself into the other. He is religious by nature, theological by art." Belief in an intelligent Creator of the universe, a Power of inconceivable might, that lies behind and above all which man perceives through and with this bodily senses, comes first ; "*à priori* theories about the universe," or about anything else, are reached long after. When, therefore, religion and scientific philosophy are opposed to each other, it is well to remember that, for "religion" we must read the systems, philosophical or theological, based upon it ; and also that scientific speculations into inscrutable causes are not science, but hypotheses built upon science.

In the intellectual jargon of the day even, there is ample evidence remaining of the primitive Theism. "The unconditioned reality," "absolute force," "the power by which we are acted on," "the Inscrutable," "the Unknown and Unknowable," "the *Universum*," and such other expressions of Agnosticism as must be familiar to the reader, are merely confessions that man cannot by reasoning on material facts, or "by searching, find out God." Philosophy does not help us, any more than science. Yet even those who doubt, may admit with Mr. Mill, that there is evidence of an intelligent Being in the phenomena of nature ;

and Mr. Herbert Spencer's conclusion is that "the order of nature is doubtless very imperfect, but its production is more compatible with the hypothesis of an intelligent will, than with that of blind mechanism." Tyndall even conceded that "the theory that the system of nature is under the control of a Being who changes phenomena in compliance with the prayers of men is, in my opinion, a perfectly legitimate one." Probably the learned Professor would not go so far as this now; but he distinctly admits the postulates of natural religion in his latest utterances. Nothing indeed is more striking than the vacillating attitude of scientific men, the facility with which they occasionally admit propositions, which in their dogmatic moments they strenuously assert to be not merely unproveable, but absolutely unthinkable. The reason is not far to seek, if we remember the purpose and scope of physical science. To it, as Mr. Mill's system clearly admits, the principle of causation must be an insoluble enigma; assuming mere sense perceptions and our inferences from them to constitute the sum of human knowledge, then it is certain that "ultimate or efficient causes are radically inaccessible to the human faculties," always supposing reason to be the sum of all those faculties.

The failure of science upon the ground it has seemed ambitious to occupy of late, was inevitable. Dr. Martineau well remarks that "science discloses the method of the world but not its cause; religion discloses the cause of the world, but not its method. There is no conflict between them except when either forgets its ignorance of what the other alone can know." When Professor Tyndall speaks from the head and as a scientist, he speaks as a materialist; when his heart breaks through the crust, he is ready to admit that "The facts of religious feeling are to me as certain as the facts of physics." Mr. Mill, in his essay on Theism, in another connection, says "Feeling and thought are not merely different from what we call inanimate matter, but are at the opposite pole of existence, and analogical inference has little or no validity from the one to the other. Feeling and thought are much more real than anything else; they are the only things which we directly know to be real. \* \* Mind, (or whatever name we give to what is implied in consciousness of a continued series of feelings) is, in a philosophical point of view, the only reality of which we have any evidence; and no analogy can be recognized or comparison made between it and other realities because there are no other known realities to compare it with. That is quite consistent with its being perishable; but the question whether it is so or not is *res integra*, untouched by any of the results of human knowledge and experience." Such being the case how could a scientific analysis of mind be other than material, and its "unconditioned reality," a Power "unknown and unknowable"?

Mr. Buckle, in the concluding volume of his brilliant *History of Civilization*—a magnificent but unsatisfactory fragment—laments that men of science are so engrossed in their inquiries into the nature and properties of matter and force, as to forget that man has a history, not altogether physical, and also that the reasoning faculty is not the whole of man. In referring to Leslie's remark that he owed much of his insight into the philosophy of heat to the poets, Buckle, who certainly was no slave to the imagination or the emotions, points out how feeble and halting even physical science must needs be, when it ignores these elements in the constitution of man ; and he does not hesitate to declare that the contemporary scientific school of England can never find a sound basis for philosophy so long as it is so contracted in its vision. From the earth-bound flutterings of our modern philosophers on God and mind, let us turn to a brilliant and inspiring flight from the pen of one who was snatched away too soon from a world which was offended with his crudities, and never knew of the angelic visitation until the waves had hidden it from sight. In his unfinished "Essay on Christianity," Shelley was beginning to emerge out of the cloud when he said :—

"We live and move and think ; but we are not the creators of our own origin and existence. We are not the arbiters of every motion of our complicated nature ; we are not the masters of our own imaginations and moods of mental being. There is a Power by which we are surrounded, like the atmosphere in which some motionless lyre is suspended, which visits with its breath our silent chords at will. Our most imperial and stupendous qualities—those on which the majesty and the power of humanity is erected—are, relatively to the inferior parts of its mechanism, active and imperial ; but they are the passive slaves of some higher and more omnipotent Power. This Power is God ; and those who have seen God have, in the period of their purer and more perfect nature, been harmonized by their own will to so exquisite a consentaneity of power as to give forth divinest melody, when this breath of universal being sweeps over their frame."

This passage is Pantheistic and necessitarian in tone, doubtless ; not more so, however, than passages which might be quoted from the Christian Fathers, from Fénelon and John Calvin ; at all events, it is pitched in a nobler key than any strain from sensational philosophy or scientific Agnosticism. It certainly shows the force of Buckle's caveat against the modern school of science, with its pendent philosophy, and warrants the warm protest of Mr. Frederic Harrison against its grovelling and materialistic tendencies. What, let us now ask, are the points of divergence between science and faith, and are the two absolutely irreconcilable ? It must be borne in mind, in approaching this question, that our immediate concern is with the axioms of natural religion alone, and not with the diverse aspects these assume under the various systems of theology.

When, and only in so far as these systems approve themselves to the heart and conscience of man, they are religious in our present sense of the term. If there be a revelation or revelations of religious truth, their validity must rest upon the notions which men entertain of the Supreme Power. The antecedent probability of any such revelation is worthless, unless it be based upon the theistic postulate—that there is an intelligent Being—whom we necessarily term Personal, because of the inadequacy of language—to whom His creatures may look up with awe and reverence, and with whom they can recognize their ties of relationship by gratitude and devotion. A deity who is like the God of pure Pantheism, a part of His own universe, is practically no god at all in the human sense of that awesome word; and the modern “Leviathan” which man is asked to worship under the name of Humanity is too gross and doubtful a Being, upposing him to exist save as a Positivist chimera, for devotional or reverential purposes. Man is too well acquainted with “the chambers of imagery within” his own heart, to multiply himself by untold millions and fall down before that huge conglomerate of human strength and infirmity—of good and evil—and worship it as God. Human emotion may be a fickle agency; but it will neither enlist itself under the banner of a Cosmos which has ordered itself, or of a “Humanity” which neither hears nor heeds its prayers. We shall have occasion hereafter to deal with these phases of pseudo-religionism; in the meantime, the case on behalf of religion, cannot be better illustrated *en passant*, than by a reference to the poetry of one of its fashionable counterfeits. We quote from Walt Whitman and Algernon Swinburne as their lines are, in all seriousness, embalmed in a paper by Professor Clifford on “Cosmic Emotion.” It is interesting to note what a grave mathematician mistakes for the divine *afflatus*. This is from seer Whitman:—

“There is no stoppage, and never can be stoppage;  
 If I, you, and the worlds, and all beneath or upon  
 Their surfaces were this moment reduced back to a  
 Float, it would not avail in the long run;  
 We shall surely bring up again where we now stand,  
 And as surely go as much farther—and farther, and farther,  
 A few quadrillions of eras, a few octillions of cubic leagues,  
 Do not hazard the space, or make it impatient;  
 They are but parts—anything is but a part—  
 See ever so far, there is limitless space outside of that;  
 Count ever so much, there is limitless time around that.”

Except the difficulty in comprehending infinite space or time—which after all is quite as possible as to conceive of a time when there shall be no time or space beyond which there is no space—this bedlam fustian



is worthy of the Cosmic creed. If the reader's attention has not been sufficiently wearied to "make it impatient," like Whitman's "space," he will perhaps listen to another apostle of the new evangel, Mr. Swinburne :

"The earth-god Freedom, the lonely  
Face lightening, the foot-print unshod,  
Not as one man crucified only  
Nor scourged with but one life's rod ;  
The soul that is substance of nations,  
Re-incarnate with fresh generations ;  
The great god Man, which is God."

*Io triumphe!* There is no God but Man, with a capital letter, and Walt Whitman and Swinburne are his prophets! Religion man must have, we are told; but he ought to worship, not the God who created man, but the *Universum*, the *Cosmos*, or the Man who created, nay is, God." "These be thy gods, O Israel!" in the halcyon era of Positivism, Agnosticism and the countless *isms* which are to follow and reign upon the vacant throne of the despised Galilean! Those of us who are not ashamed to answer Strauss' momentous question "Are we still Christians?" in the affirmative, can only wonder and tremble in pity and amazement at this melancholy exhibition of blasphemous self-conceit and verbose inanity.

How far Positivism is entitled to the name of religion would hardly have been worth discussing, but for the amount of deceptive veneering with which its rotten wood-work has been covered; but of that anon. In considering the antagonism, real or imaginary, between religion and science, we exclude all pseudo-religions and take Theism, as the basis of religion, with the immateriality of spirit as a corollary from it—both being primary truths posited by the "practical Reason;" in plain language, they are truths perceived, not demonstrated. Now, where a revelation commends itself to the religious instinct, it, of course imparts, as well as receives, confirmation; but it may also be the source, in a lesser degree, of weakness, when logical tests are applied to the resulting belief. The first difficulty which confronts the religious man is the doctrine of inexorable and immutable law, according to which everything in nature is pre-determined without any possibility of change or variation. This scientific dogma—for which there is no scientific proof in the strict sense of the term—is used against particular theological beliefs such as miracles, special providences, and the efficacy of prayer. Now, as we have already said, it is not within the purpose of these general remarks on religion to allude to any difficulties connected with particular forms of faith. At the same time, it must be apparent that a Power, which is "unknowable" though we may concede that it possesses intelligence, but which has contrived by the agencies at its command so to frame the uni-

verse as to have rendered its own existence in all time coming a superfluity, cannot be an object of worship. A God who once, to use the words of a contemporary writer, made a machine, and after winding it up, now stands apart and contents himself with seeing it go, without either the power or inclination to do anything more, is in fact no God at all. And what is worse—because it at once settles man's place in the scale of intelligent beings—if by uniformity of nature is meant the blind rule of necessity, then man is not even a conscious automaton, but a bundle of nerves and fibres acted upon by inexorable law, and there is room no longer for religion or morality in his career than in the life of a gorilla, an oyster, or an amœba. Now what do we mean by law in this connection? Simply an inference drawn from experience during a finite time over a limited portion of the universe. Says Mr. Mill, in his *Logic*, "The uniformity in the succession of events . . . must be received, not as a law of the universe, but of that portion only which is within the range of our immediate observation, with a reasonable degree of extension to adjacent cases;" or to use Prof. Tyndall's expression, "there is an unerring order which, in our experience, knows no exceptions." But surely generalizations of this sort can be of no avail, when volition is introduced as a factor in the reckoning. To postulate that, so far as we know, matter as affected by force, is uniform in its character and follows unalterable laws, however valuable as a working hypothesis—or even the only working hypothesis—in physics, is a very inadequate basis for a philosophy, mental, moral, or "cosmic." Mr. Buckle, Prof. Sidgwick, and a host of others, whilst they admit that the logical proof of necessity is irrefragable, deny its validity at all as opposed to man's consciousness that within certain limits, he is free. As Buckle observes, it only serves to show that the scientific synthesis is faulty, its generalization founded on an imperfect induction from a partial acquaintance with the facts, and therefore, symmetrical though it may be as an argument, it must be set aside at once when we come to deal with man as he has been, and as we feel and know ourselves to be. It has been well remarked that "this is a point on which consciousness has a right to speak; and Mr. Spencer tells us that belief of it is a necessary condition to all knowledge. Scepticism on one point here involves scepticism on all. If a man doubted his own consciousness, he must doubt everything, and science is impossible. But if consciousness must be held veracious when it testifies to the existence of an outer world, the obligation to believe is much greater, when it speaks to what is known, not in symbol, but in itself. Now, if there is one point on which the consciousness of universal man, as expressed in universal language, has been more unanimous than another, it has been in testifying to his freedom, and because of it, judging as to the character and quality of his actions." (Fairbairn, p. 94.) If man is nothing

more than "the transferred activities of his molecules," he cannot be free and thus the physical hypothesis, when proposed as a psychological principle, contradicts consciousness, and therefore must be a partial and defective account of human nature.

The doctrine of the correlation of forces, or conservation or persistence of energy, again, is no stumbling-block to spiritual truth. It may be briefly stated thus: All the forces at work, the effects of which we perceive in the universe are correlatives, one of another; each may be transmuted into any other; the amount of force in the universe, like the amount of matter, is always the same, and, underlying the various forms it assumes, there is a substantial unity or identity eternally persisting. Now, man is absolutely unacquainted with the nature of force, in the first place; and, in the second, we derive our notions of its character from its effects in nature, as compared with effects we can ourselves produce. A few authorities will make this clear. Mr. Spencer (*First Principles*): "Experiences of force are not derived from anything else . . . and the force by which we ourselves produce change, and which serves to symbolize the cause of changes in general, is the final disclosure of all analysis." Again: "By the persistence of force we really mean the persistence of some cause which transcends our knowledge and conception. In other words, asserting the persistence of force is asserting an unconditioned reality, without beginning or end." Mr. Justice Grove (*Correlation and Conservation of Physical Forces*):—"Force is a subtile, mental conception, and not a sensuous perception or phenomenon"—"a postulate of reason applied to nature;" "all we know or see is the effect, we do not see the force." Even in Prof. Tyndall's hands matter ceases to be matter at all in the ultimate analysis and "behind the veil" there is an "outside entity" whose "real nature," he tells us, "we can never know" and which while manifested in evolution must remain "a power absolutely inscrutable to the *intellect* of man." No doubt he is justified in confining his assertion to the domain of intellection. Now, mark the natural progress from Agnosticism up to Theism in the quotations following. Challis (*Mathematical Principles of Physics*):—"Force dissociated from personality and will must be forever incomprehensible to us; because it would be something contradictory to our consciousness." Force, therefore, so far as we know anything of it, is associated with intelligent volition. It then becomes, in Dr. Carpenter's words, "that universal and constantly sustaining agency of the Deity which is recognized in every phenomenon of the universe." Finally, Dr. Whewell (*Astronomy and Physics*):—"The laws of nature are the laws which God in his wisdom prescribes to His own acts. His universal presence is the necessary condition of any course of events. His universal agency is the origin of all efficient force." Thus the doctrine of the conservation of

energy, so far from invalidating our Theistic belief, is itself not only "inscrutable," but absolutely unthinkable, unless we predicate intelligence and volition as its efficient cause. That cause, that Being, that all-pervading Power, in the words of Shelley, "is God."

The theory of evolution again, which has taken so strong and firm a grasp upon the thought and culture of this age, is not at all at variance with natural religion. It may, or may not, be reconcilable with the Mosaic cosmogony; but, instead of making a conscious, intelligent and all-powerful Deity unnecessary in a new theory of the Universe, it furnishes corroborative testimony, of the most cogent kind, to His existence. The old theological argument from ends, or from evidences of design in nature, must be transformed, no doubt, but only to be spiritualized, elevated to a serener air, and grounded upon a more secure foundation. Mr. Mill has said that "Teleology, or the doctrine of Ends, may be termed, not improperly, a principle of the Practical Reason," borrowing that phrase from the system of Kant. Prof. Huxley, in his review of Haeckel and in his address at Glasgow, denies that there is any antagonism between theology and evolution, and admits that the latter leaves the argument from design practically where it was. That is, if we understand him aright, it does not weaken its force, although it has rendered necessary its reconstruction. The discovery of a different method in creation, does not at all affect the question of cause. As a recent writer remarks, a theory based upon "the survival of the fittest" in a "struggle for existence," only deepens and broadens the causal inquiry. Whence the "existence" to survive and what impressed upon matter its tendency to conserve "the fittest?" Even were it proved that man himself, so far as his body is concerned, must be the ultimate outcome of developed bioplasm or protoplasm, the origin of life would be as inexplicable as ever. Moreover, the gradual development in plan is sufficiently clear; but the genealogical descent of later, from earlier, and ultimately from primitive, forms is unproved and perhaps unprovable. Without referring to other writers, one or two sentences from Agassiz and Owen may suffice on this head:—"There has been a manifest progress in the succession of beings on the surface of the earth. This progress consists in an increasing similarity to the living fauna and, among the vertebrates especially, in their increasing resemblance to man. But this connection is not the consequence of a direct lineage between the fauna of different ages. . . . The link by which they are connected is to be sought in the thought of the Creator Himself, whose *aim* in forming the earth, in allowing it to pass through the successive changes which Geology has pointed out, and in creating successively all the different types of animals which have passed away, was to introduce man upon the surface of the globe. Man is the end toward which all the animal creation has

tended." Professor Owen says:—"The recognition of an ideal exemplar in the vertebrated animals proves that the knowledge of such a being as man existed before man appeared; for the Divine Mind which planned the archetype also foresaw all its modifications. The archetypal idea was manifested in the flesh long prior to the existence of those animal species that actually exemplify it." He further concludes that this "unity of plan testifies to the oneness of the Creator." It is true that Prof. Owen, like many other distinguished naturalists, has been carried from his moorings, yet in his latest work, he says, "I believe the horse to have been predestinated and prepared for man. It may be a weakness; but if so, it is a glorious one, to discern, however dimly, across our finite prison-wall, evidence of the Divinity that shapes our ends, abuse the means as we may." It is hardly necessary to note the straw at which some writers have snatched—the theory of "unconscious intelligence." Mr. Alfred Russell Wallace, an evolutionist, remarks that "the hypothesis has the double disadvantage of being both unintelligible and incapable of any kind of proof." The expression, says Mr. St. George Mivart will, "to many minds appear to be little less than a contradiction in terms; the very first condition of an intelligence being, that if it know anything, it should at least know its own existence."

Evolution, so far from invalidating the theistic convictions of mankind, adds force to those convictions—is corroborative, not infirmative. Mr. Darwin himself, the greatest living naturalist and the high priest of the development hypothesis, concluded his first great work in these words: "There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on, according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning, endless forms, most beautiful and most wonderful, have been, and are being evolved." But once eliminate the Creator, in theory, from the universe, and what becomes of the transcendent sublimity of Mr. Darwin's view? Every element of complexity introduced into the original scope of the creative plan, or even the simplification of its *modus operandi*, only adds intricacy to physical phenomena—makes the necessity of the theistic conception only the more imperative. It thus becomes more and more incredible that matter can have been the efficient cause of all the phenomena of thought, feeling, volition, imagination, &c., which we class as moral and spiritual. There can be no effect admitted as flowing from a cause which was not originally in that cause. The reason of the universe, as a writer already quoted observes, "must be expressible in the forms and terms supplied by the last and highest, rather than the first and lowest, development in nature. . . . The beginning marks the process as an ascent or descent; the end, by exhibiting the highest product, determines the kind and quality of the pro-

ducing factors." In Platonic phrase, the "idea" must have existed in Deity, before it could have unfolded that "promise and potency," to use Prof. Tyndall's expression, "of all terrestrial life" which modern science discerns in matter. As the schoolmen put it, there can be no effect in the *natura naturata* which was not antecedently in the *natura naturans*—in other language, a stream cannot rise higher than its source. The evolution hypothesis is no new cosmic theory. It was, as Mr. Mivart has shewn in the twelfth chapter of his *Genesis of Species*, held distinctly by St. Augustine, Thomas Aquinas, and Suarez centuries ago; in modern times it was the property of philosophy long before the physicists laid hold of it. Kant, Goethe and Hegel were its apostles before natural science claimed it as its own and added to the weight of probability by experimental research. It must never be forgotten that, however grand this and other notable scientific discoveries of the age may be, they are metaphysical, not physical, where they profess to deal with causes which transcend experience. There the necessary laws of thought must reign supreme, and the result may be put in the form of argument in Hume's celebrated thesis on miracles:—It is contrary, not only to experience, but to the necessary laws of the mind and, therefore, absolutely incomprehensible that force should originate anywhere but in will, or that a complex plan of procession in life and being should exist without having for its author an intelligent and all-powerful Being who could see and forecast the end from the beginning; but it is not contrary to our experience, and easily conceivable, that scientific hypotheses should be false. If the immense and bewildering periods of time, recorded in the stony volume of nature, have led up to man; what must he himself be, if not, like his Almighty Creator, at least spiritual, though clothed upon with a material garment and, though finite in his origin, destined to live when the earth and all that is therein shall have "shrivelled like a parched scroll," or been congealed into eternal rigidity, bereft of life and being, thought and intelligence? From the universe we learn, then, the wisdom and the power of its "great Original"; and from His workings on earth we have some clue to the elevation and the natural dignity of man in the scale of being. When those who are unencumbered by subtly woven hypotheses, scientific, philosophic or theological, speak of man they mean a living soul, a being who has God for his Father and upon whom, therefore, the sacred relationship has imposed duties which his love and gratitude alike suggest and which are feebly expressed in the reverence, devotion and obedience of the creature. Our views of man here, and more especially our beliefs in his hereafter, depend for their vitality and substance upon the truth of Theism, and it is at once the back-bone of religion, natural or revealed; the key-stone in the arch of humanity; the ultimate basis of moral

obligation ; the pole-star to wearied voyagers on this dark and mysterious sea of life ; and the sheet-anchor of the soul when it glides at last into that quiet harbour—the final rest for the weary—which is known to mortals as death.

The subject of man and his final destiny was discussed in the form of a Platonic "symposium" by various writers in the pages of the *Nineteenth Century*, and this, with another "symposium," which preceded it in order of time, has been re-published by the Rose-Belford Publishing Co., in an exceedingly neat volume, and at a reasonable price.\* These discussions certainly deserve a more prolonged existence than that which even a monthly periodical can confer, and we sincerely recommend this little volume to all earnest readers as the best *résumé* of the state of thought and opinion, current amongst reflecting men on its respective subjects. The work begins with two introductory papers by Mr. Frederic Harrison, the eloquent, earnest, and even fervent apostle of Positivism. Then follow the "symposia" proper in which Profs. Huxley and Clifford take part on behalf of scientific Agnosticism, Mr. Greg on the side of literary Agnosticism, and a large number of others in support of views which come, more or less strictly, under the common, but somewhat individious, name of orthodoxy. To this edition, moreover, is prefixed an able and thoughtfully written preface, which seems to require more than a passing reference, because it appears to view pending controversies regarding religious truth from what some of us regard as an insecure standpoint. It has already been admitted that our theological beliefs are undergoing changes ; "our little systems have their day" and, having enjoyed it, there is no reason why they should not "cease to be," so soon as they give an inadequate or false expression to the basic truths underlying them all. Truth is eternal ; but our knowledge of it and the *isms* and *ologies* constructed upon the facts at our command, are necessarily imperfect, because not only does our knowledge widen, but the insight, mental and spiritual, of the race deepens and so out-grows the provisional creeds and systems of other times. This is true in other spheres of thought, no less than in the religious world of man. Science, philosophy, economics, sociology, even our methods of writing history or biography, and the form and spirit of literature are in a state of flux and transition ; why should our theological systems fare better, after they have served their temporary purpose, outgrown their usefulness, and ceased to embody fully or accurately the spiritual needs and aspirations of the time ? In such vicissitudes as have marked the history and progress of human thought, theology has had its share ; but, in this respect, it has suffered in common with science and philosophy.

---

\* *A Modern Symposium*. Subjects : The Soul and Future Life, and The Influence upon Morality of a Decline in Religious Belief. By various Writers. Toronto : Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1878.

Dogmatism is not peculiar to theologies—indeed, in our age, we must seek elsewhere for salient illustrations of it—but is begotten of intellectual pride upon imperfect knowledge, and brings with it the hereditary doom of failure and destruction. Ever and anon there is a violent upheaval in the mental devices of humanity, signifying “the removing of those things which are shaken, as of things that are made, that those things which cannot be shaken may remain.” The steep and rugged path on which mankind have toiled painfully upwards towards the light and the truth, is strewn with the *débris* of creeds, theories, hypotheses and systems of all sorts, and the retrospect ought surely to teach a lesson of humility even to the self-sufficient confidence of the age in which we live.

Not now, for the first time, has Reason vainly hoped to “do its work thoroughly” by “digging down to the very foundations of religion,” and, after all its delving, neither stirred a stone nor caused perceptible vibration through its massive stability. Religion, whatever its origin, is a possession of the race,—a heritage which depends upon the results of no legal or logical argument for its validity. Systems about the origin or basis of our beliefs are made and perish; religion has grown and been made more perfect by development. If, as modern science teaches, there can be no breach of continuity in the material world, it is equally certain, perhaps more sure, that there can be none in the progress of the race, spiritual, moral, mental, social or political. The days that are past are linked with the present, and it will be bound to the future, by a chain which neither time nor strength may rend or destroy. Man cannot “break with the past” even if he would; but must “walk in the old paths” onwards whithersoever they may lead him, or cease to progress at all. Those who would make each age a sort of ideal Sisyphus, so far as fundamental beliefs are concerned, may be wise and sanguine, but they are unsafe guides in the journey upwards.

The distinction between Reason and Authority and the radical antagonism supposed to exist between them in the preface, may be truly or falsely put, according to the sense in which those much over-worked terms are used. Like the Dean of St. Paul's, when speaking of the subject of the second discussion (p. 221) we may be permitted to ask here, What and whose Reason, and what Authority are intended? Reason has been employed in so many senses, that perplexity and hesitancy here may be excused. Is it a faculty of the mind, say the judgment, or a consensus of the mental faculties, or the method of investigation as distinguished from feeling, intuition or inspiration, or simply a plea that man should believe nothing for which he cannot give reasons satisfactory at least to himself? Whose reason is to be supreme, mine or yours, or the collective reason of the race, acquired hereditarily through the



measureless past, and imparted in a measure to every man? Again, if by Authority be meant the imposition by some external power of a rigid system of belief in the shape "of iron clad creeds and confessions of faith, made three or four hundred years ago, by fallible mortals like ourselves"—in fact, that sort of authority which settles matters by exclaiming "the Church has said it and it must be so," there can be no objection to the statement referred to. But, then, that is a very narrow and inadequate definition of Authority, as much so as the sphere of Reason is unduly widened, and its actual influence over mankind exaggerated. Let any one try to eliminate roughly all that he supposes he has derived from reason in his beliefs, opinions or knowledge, and then analyze the evidence upon which he has deliberated, the rules by which he has weighed that evidence, and the various warpings of bias which have swayed his judgment, and he will be convinced that the real sphere of rational operations is exceedingly limited. Reason is but a fallible guide, it is true, but as a test of the value of authority, and, in the issue, the arbiter between conflicting opinions demanding assent, it must be supreme. But still reason is no *deus e machinâ*: it is an inherited faculty, and must have some material to work upon. It does not make mental bricks without straw, and, for that, it must look to some authority. "Authority," says Sir James Stephen, "is the evidence of experts;" but as Prof. Wace observes, it is a great deal more. It is the net result of the struggle of the race towards sound knowledge, just views and correct beliefs. Our fundamental axioms in morals, religion and everything else must be accepted before we can reason,—indeed Reason accepts them as indisputable, and they are adopted as premises before a single inference can be drawn. These are the *data* of consciousness, and their "authority" is paramount. To give an instance: Mr. Herbert Spencer argues that our moral judgments have their origin in a "sense of interest." That may, or may not, have been the case at the outset, it is certainly not so now, and therefore, seems after all, but a subordinate inquiry. Sir John Lubbock—who will hardly be stigmatized as a sheep from "those submissive flocks who, in all times and countries, have rejoiced the hearts of all priesthoods"—contends that for "sense of interest" should be substituted "deference to authority" inherited at birth, or imposed by our environment. Authority then, whether as it speaks from within, or without, is *primâ facie* to be received; reason is simply the touch-stone which distinguishes the sterling from the base, in the current coin of the time. The real question, after all, for every man in most subjects, and for the overwhelming majority in all, is not whether Reason or Authority is to be followed; but what Authority commends itself at once to the head, the heart and soul of man? We all have idols, before which, consciously

or unconsciously the knee is bent, and towards which our judgment is biassed, and our feelings and affections unceasingly incline, be its name Catholicism, Protestantism, Rationalism, Agnosticism, or any of the other *dii minorum gentium* in the Pantheon of the day. From the moment man emerges upon this troublous scene, until he finds rest in the grave, be he ever so rational or sceptical, he is mainly the creature of authority, and will continue to be so until an infant Robinson Crusoe is dipped in some Lethe which washes away every inherited influence, and he is left to survive on his desert island, with such Reason as he may possess for his man Friday.

In briefly noticing the first discussion in "The Modern Symposium," that on "The Soul and Future Life," it seems necessary to remark that Positivism forms the text proper, and Mr. Frederic Harrison is the fervent and eloquent preacher, whose sermon is criticised from various points of view, by the other writers. The two papers which make up this discourse, deserve to be attentively read and digested. They constitute the latest word of *soi-disant* scientific philosophy, as opposed to the cherished convictions of the race—the most promising attempt to evoke enthusiasm on behalf of a pseudo-religion which has Humanity for its God, "a consensus of the human faculties," as the Soul, and participation "in the glorious future of the race" as "a life beyond the grave," when all sense of individuality is lost, and man, with his hopes and fears, lies buried in the dust. The "imaginative glow and rhetorical vivacity," and "passionate earnestness," which Messrs. Hutton and Baldwin Brown cheerfully recognize, are manifest in these papers unquestionably; but the creed Mr. Harrison propounds must inevitably appear to the vast majority of readers, dreary and cheerless in the extreme. Let us endeavour, inadequate and perhaps unfair as such an attempt may be, to strip Positivism of its attractive plumage and present its claims upon the confidence and enthusiasm of man, as they appear from a mere synopsis of these essays. The Positive method then, "would base life and conduct, as well as knowledge upon such evidence as can be referred to logical canons of *proof*, and would place all that occupies man in a homogeneous system of *law*. On the other hand, this method turns aside from *hypotheses* not to be tested by any known logical canon familiar to science, whether the hypothesis claims support from intuition, aspiration, or general plausibility." (p. 20.) "Science," Mr. Harrison very properly declines to restrict to that branch of it called "physical," treating it as inclusive of ethics and sociology. But whilst he appears justified in protesting against the attempt of physicists to monopolize that word, he is guilty of a graver offence, when he uses words, which have a well-defined meaning in common parlance, in a Comtist, if not a Pickwickian, sense. To speak of a "soul" and of

“spirituality” when he denies the existence of anything but matter and its functions is surely paltering with language, and when he treats of humanity in the mass, with all the good and evil pertaining to it, as a Being, and of an immortality which is not life at all, but only the influence, beneficent or the contrary, which survives a dead man, it is not surprising that Prof. Huxley protests against this absurd travesty of popular belief and ridicules the Positivist for preaching “a soulless spirituality and a mortal immortality.”

On page 37, we find a passage which seems almost marvellous, when taken in connection with what precedes and follows it. Speaking of the Positivist, Mr. Harrison says:—“As a fact every moral faculty of man is recognized by him just as much as by any transcendentalist. He does not limit himself any more than the theologian does to mere morality. He is fully alive to the spiritual emotions in all their depth, purity and beauty. He recognizes in man a yearning for a power outside his individual self, which he may venerate, a love for the author of his chief good, the need for sympathy with something greater than himself. All these are positive facts which rest on observation, quite apart from any explanation of the hypothetical cause of these tendencies in man. There, at any rate, the scientific observer finds them; and he is at liberty to give them quite as high a place, in his scheme of human nature, as the most complete theologian. He may possibly give them a higher place, and bind them far more truly into the entire tissue of his whole view of life. . . . With the language of spiritual emotion, he is perfectly in unison. The spirit of devotion, of spiritual communion with an ever-present power, of sympathy and fellowship with the living world, of awe and submission towards the material world, the sense of adoration, love, resignation, mystery, are at least as potent with the one system as with the other. He can share the religious emotion of every age, and can enter into the language of every truly religious heart.”

Here we have Mr. Matthew Arnold’s “Power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness;” the Comtist religion, like his, appears to be “morality touched with emotion;” “the author of man’s chief good” is “an ever-present power,” which (not Whom) he may venerate, and he finds scope in “awe and submission towards the material world,” and “sympathy and fellowship with the living world” for “adoration, love, resignation” and so on, through the entire devotional vocabulary. The soul like the deity of this stupendous creed, is no “immaterial entity,” and yet it is not permitted us to explain “the spiritual side of life by physical, instead of moral and spiritual, reasoning” (p. 26), because that would be “materialism,” a system from which Mr. Harrison shrinks with a horror which appears perfectly genuine and unfeigned. Still he insists that all the manifestations of our moral and spiritual being are functions of the organism. Of course, if he means by his italicized proposition—“every moral phenomenon is in functional relation with some physical phenomenon” (p. 161), that, in humanity, as we know it

under existing conditions, mind, soul and body, are intimately connected together in the complex being called man, and that we have no experience of soul apart from body, there was scarcely any reason for stating it so explicitly. *Quis negavit?* as Prof. Huxley puts it. If our moral and spiritual nature is not material and not "an immaterial entity," pray, what is it? The body is certainly material, and its functions are corporeal; if the moral and spiritual part of the soul differs from its physical part in character—and all, it must be remembered, go to make up the Positivist "soul"—then, whether there be "an heterogeneous entity" or not, there must be a heterogeneous something. What is it, and what is its nature, or has it any existence but a "hypothetical one?" Byron, misunderstanding the philosopher, exclaims, "when Berkeley said there was no matter, it was no matter what he said;" in point of fact, the distinguished Irish prelate simply contended "that what we directly perceive are not external objects, but our own ideas." "He did not deny the validity of perception, nor of consciousness; he affirmed the reality of all that either the vulgar or philosophers really perceive by their senses, and denied only what was not a perception, but a rapid and unconscious inference. (Mill's *Essay on Berkeley*.) But what would either the poet or the philosopher have said of a theory, essentially physical, which terms the soul "a consensus of the human faculties," corporeal and all, and yet speaks of "a moral and spiritual nature," which is neither material nor spiritual? Mr. Harrison concludes that such a nature exists, because the fact is clearly apparent in the history and progress of the race; but why state that fact in terms which traverse the clearest affirmations not only of individual, but collective, human consciousness? As philosophical idealism has clearly shewn, it would be much easier to disprove the existence of body, than of mind.

With regard to "the hereafter," Mr. Harrison holds the *bizarre* opinion that, whilst there is an immortality, "a life beyond the grave," it consists not in a prolongation of conscious personal identity at all. He denies that "when the brains were out the man would die and there an end," but his so-called "life" is in fact death in the terrible form of annihilation, and it is only by the survival of his influence, which may be infinitesimal, and of doubtful benefit, that an individual can participate "in the glorious future of the race," which, as Mr. Hutton remarks, may before long be cut short by the cooling of the sun (p. 68). And yet Positivism admits as a fact in consciousness to be taken into account, "the sense of identity, and the longing for perpetuation of that identity" (p. 38); and elsewhere he states the religious problem to be "where is he (man) to find the object of his yearnings of spirit?" On the other hand, he asserts in defiance of both the "yearning of spirit" and the sense of identity that he regards a "perpetuity of sensation as

the true hell." Mr. Harrison proposes "the conviction of posthumous activity (not of posthumous fame)" or "the consciousness of a coming incorporation with the glorious future of his race" as a sufficient future for man. He mentions the name of Danton; but these were his words: "My abode will soon be annihilation; but my name will live in the Pantheon of history." So the Epicurean Horace, in the Ode (iii. 30) in which he glories in having "finished a monument more enduring than brass", boasts *non omnis moriar*—"I shall not all die;" and both Danton and the poet were evidently yearning after, not posthumous activity, but posthumous fame. To the mass of humanity, such a scheme of immortality can only seem a mockery, in comparison with which even "the eternity of the tabor" or the "ceaseless psalmody" which constitutes Mr. Harrison's idea of the Christian heaven must appear real and desirable. To humanity clamouring for spiritual bread, Mr. Harrison proffers a stone, and maintains that it is no stone at all, but bread; and when the guests, at his Barmecide feast, insist upon its true character, he is amazed and offended at their obstinate and invincible ignorance. "Religion," he tells us, "and its elements in emotion—attachment, veneration, love—are as old exactly as human nature" (p. 41). True; but it certainly never entered into the head or heart of man to conceive of attachment to a magnified Humanity, adoration of it or of the material world, or love for a philosophical abstraction, until Comtism invented the deity and the cult. The hope of immortality may be as "selfish" as Mr. Harrison contends—and it is certainly not wholly so—yet there it is, enshrined in the heart of man, and not to be expelled by a fanciful paradise, which we may view from the Pisgah of Positivism, but can never enter, except by proxy, represented by our posthumous activity.

It is not intended to follow out the "symposium" in detail; still some reference must be made to the views advanced, both in favour of the orthodox and agnostic opinions. Mr. R. H. Hutton, the able and earnest editor of the *Spectator*, is of the Liberal Anglican school,—a Broad Churchman in common parlance—and his criticism is specially directed to the caricature of the Christian heaven drawn by the Positivist, and the absolute inanity of his notions regarding immortality. A few passages may be sufficient to indicate its general scope. Speaking of Mr. Harrison's defective view of the "orthodox" position, he well remarks: "I fear that the Positivists have left the Christian objects of their criticism so far behind, that they have ceased not merely to realize what Christians mean, but have sincerely and completely forgotten that Christians ever had a meaning at all. That Positivists should regard any belief in the 'beatific vision' as a wild piece of fanaticism, I can understand; but that, entering into the meaning of that fanaticism, they should describe the

desire for it as a gross piece of selfishness, I cannot understand ; and I think it more reasonable, therefore, to assume that they have simply lost the key to the language of adoration " (p. 64).

Mr. Hutton's eloquent description of the spiritual conception of a future life, is too long for quotation ; certainly there is no trace of selfishness in the aspirations he cherishes. As he well remarks, the hope could only be "selfish" if one's own "personal immortality could or would interfere with any other being's growth." Again, directing his attention to Mr. Harrison's constructive side : "My posthumous activity will be of all kinds, some of which I am glad to anticipate, and much of which I anticipate with absolute indifference. Even our best actions have bad effects, as well as good" (p. 67) ; to which may be added the important consideration that this "posthumous activity," so far as it is in any proper sense a voluntary and purposed activity, may perhaps be exactly contrary to what we intended, and therefore a result which we cannot at the present time anticipate with satisfaction. Once gone from us, our thoughts and deeds, even in life, cease to be parts of our being, and we lose control of them even while we are in the body. Mr. Hutton declines to contemplate his "coming incorporation" with the "future of our race—glorious, or the reverse," with any rapture of satisfaction ; and he continues, "I do not quite see why the Positivist thinks it so glorious, since he probably holds that an absolute term must be put to it, if by no other cause, by the gradual cooling of the sun." The glorious future, even at best, is "a very patchwork sort of affair, indeed, a mere miscellany of bad, good and indifferent, without organization and without unity" (p. 69).

A very different type of critic now appears in the person of Prof. Huxley, whose remarks are not merely pungent, but caustic and trenchant. Positivism has at least this merit in it, that it takes up the cudgels against materialism ; whether it uses them effectively or not, is another question. The scientist is naturally, and to our view, justifiably angry with Mr. Harrison for denouncing natural science, and then assuming its axioms as the ground-work of his pseudo-philosophy. Mr. Harrison's discourse, he remarks, "has a certain resemblance to the famous essay on the Snakes of Iceland. For its purport is to show that there is no soul, nor any future life, in the ordinary sense of these terms. With death, the personal activity of which the soul is the popular hypostasis is put into commission among posterity, and the future life is an immortality by deputy." (p. 71.) In short, he advocates "soulless spirituality and mortal immortality," and the Professor, with many others besides, would like to know how this "is consistent with the intellectual scorn and moral reprobation which he freely pours out upon the irrational and debasing physicism of materialism and materialists." To an outsider, it certainly

appears marvellous to begin new building operations on the temple of natural science by blowing up the foundation. Prof. Huxley is extremely anxious to repudiate the extreme views of Büchner; so is Prof. Tyndall, when he exclaims "there is no rank materialism here;" and Prof. Fiske, in the *North American Review* (Jan.-Feb., 1878), where he defends this critique of Prof. Huxley's. But even accepting the Professor's pleas put forth here *pro hac vice*, one has only to turn to his "Physical Basis of Life" and "Man's Place in Nature," to find plenty of propositions materialistic enough. It is not to be wondered at that scientific men should shrink from the name; the astonishing feature is the nonchalance with which they coquet with the reality. Prof. Huxley is really strong, and not a little pitiless in his stern logic, when he plucks the spiritual feathers from the Positivist crow; yet, after all, it is not of much importance that the Comtist and Agnostic find themselves at last birds of a feather. There is no escaping the awkward predicament certainly into which Prof. Huxley drives his opponent. If it be a "corrupting doctrine" to hold "that devotion is a definite molecular change in this or that convolution of gray pulp," and yet true that "every factor of will and feeling is in functional relation with kindred molecular facts," then devotion must be the outcome of molecular motion, unless there be something to exert force—"a heterogeneous entity," which is not material. Relation implies, at least, two things which are in relation; molecular motion is one term; what is the other in its nature and essential character? "If," says Prof. Huxley, "it be true that 'impaired secretions' deprave the moral sense and make hope, love, and faith reel, surely the religious feelings are brought within the range of physiological inquiry." If the moral and spiritual fall under the same category, are subject to the same laws as the corporeal part of the organism, and if everything from "the finest spiritual sensibility down to a mere automatic contraction, falls into a coherent scheme" which excludes heterogeneity, then, as body is material, so must that consensus of the human faculties, called the "soul," be. "Mr. Harrison," says Prof. Huxley, "is not an impatient theologian—indeed, no theologian at all, unless, as he speaks of 'soul' when he means certainly bodily functions, and of 'future life,' when he means personal annihilation, he may make his master's *grand être suprême* the subject of a theology," and that is true, doubtless, as well as telling against the florid ornamentation with which Comtism has decked the portals of the tomb. It is Chaumette's "Death is an eternal sleep" in holiday costume, with all the gew-gaws of ecclesiastical paraphernalia, sitting on the altar of *Nôtre Dame*—a fraud for a deity—the goddess of Reason in the person of a lady of the ballet.

Mr. Harrison's "posthumous activity" is treated by Mr. Huxley thus, "Throw a stone into the sea, and there is a sense in which it is

true that the wavelets which spread around it have an effect through all space and time. Shall we say that the stone has a future life ?" (p. 83.) It will not answer to urge, as Mr. Harrison does in his reply, (p. 179) "Has a stone a life at all? Because, if it has no present life, I cannot see why it should have a future life. How is any reasoning about the inorganic world to help us here in reasoning about the organic world?" It may be true that "a man," so long as he lives, "is wholly different from a stone;" but what is the differentiating element in a dead man? If a dead man survives in his influence, it must also be conceded that a stone acquires life when force is applied to it. Passing natural phenomena, such as clouds, comets, storms, earthquakes, are as capable of activity, posthumously, if we may use the expression, and in the moral and spiritual life of man too, centuries hence, as a dead man is, if he be but dust and ashes, or, even in Hamlet's phrase, the "quintessence of dust." But, in the organic world, has no one ever heard of the fabulous or real agency of animals? What of the she-wolf that suckled Romulus and Remus, the geese that saved the Capitol, the cock that smote the conscience of Peter, the spider that nerved Robert Bruce? They had, or may have had life, and they enjoy "posthumous activity;" are they immortal? Prof. Huxley is only weak, when he tries to make out his physical theory about religion and morals. So far as the material part of man's organism is concerned, he is sure of his ground; but when he attempts to treat matters which are beyond the purview of his own study, where he is *facile princeps*, all is darkness. The fatal blindness, which besets minds warped by a particular branch of knowledge, however valuable, has ensnared Prof. Huxley and his illustrious brother in science, Prof. Tyndall. "Physiologists," says John Stuart Mill, and the remark applies to natural philosophers also, "have had in full measure the failing common to specialists of all classes: they have been bent upon finding the entire theory of the phenomena they investigate within their own speciality, and have too often turned a deaf ear to any explanation of them drawn from other sources." So far as Mr. Harrison exposes this peculiar illusion or Baconian "idol," he is a universal benefactor and deserves higher credit than can be claimed for him as the apostle of an unfruitful, because it is a hybrid, creed. The "consequences of men's actions," so far as they appear in earthly results, will doubtless, to use Prof. Huxley's argument, "remain the same" whether man be material or immortal, but the causes and motives of action would vary, and the sanctions of morality would fluctuate accordingly. With the Professor's feeling of regret that he cannot find evidence of the soul and the future life, where it is vain to seek it, we may, or may not, sympathize; but most people will agree with him that "it is not worth while to have broken away, not without



pain and grief, from beliefs which, true or false, embody great and fruitful conceptions, to fall back into the arms of a half-breed, between science and theology, endowed, like most half-breeds, with the faults of both parents, and the virtues of neither." (p. 83.)

This article has far surpassed its proper limits, and any reference to the admirable papers of Lord Blachford and his fellow believers in immortality must be omitted. To the discussion itself we refer our readers, especially directing attention to the despairing Agnosticism of Mr. Greg, and the "robust faith" of Dr. Ward, the editor of the Roman Catholic *Dublin Review*. The second discussion upon the relation of religion to morality must be passed over. It only remains to remark that in this struggle regarding man and his nature and destiny, the validity of the facts attested by consciousness, whether innate, inherited or acquired, remains intact. From the concessions of Messrs. Mill, Spencer, Tyndall, Comte, Harrison, Huxley and the rest of the thinkers, scientific or philosophical, who have left their impress upon the intellect and sentiment of the time, we could readily reconstruct the fabric of natural religion, were it possible, even for an hour, to remove it from its foundation in the soul of man. The theologies of the past, and to some extent of the present, are chargeable with much of the perplexity which harasses men to-day. In the words of Principal Tulloch, in the collection of papers on "Future Punishment" reprinted also by the publishers of the "Modern Symposium:" "The definiteness which mediæval and, hardly less, Protestant theology sought to carry into questions which, by their professed nature allowed of no adequate definition, has recoiled upon it disastrously, till its right to be a branch of knowledge at all has been disputed; and the spiritual sphere within which alone it finds its function has been denied any reality. So extreme a recoil as this will in the end bring its own redress; but there may be 'a bad time' before the balance of thought swings round again, and theology is glad to be content, like other sciences, with its own sphere of facts, and its own order of generalizations." That sphere, continues Dr. Tulloch, is "at least as real in human experience as any physical or mental series of facts, and claims, no less recognition and scientific explanation." At all events there will be no grand *bouleversement* in religion; theology must suffer for its own sins of dogmatic presumption, whilst religion, purified from the ooze and slime of the material channel through which it has passed, will emerge at last, like the celestial stream of the Apocalyptic vision, "a pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God."

W. J. R.

## ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.

## CHAPTER XXX.

## LOVE AND GRAMMAR.

ON the day following Roxy's infare, Mr. Adams took Mr. Whittaker down to Miss Rachel Moore's rooms, and, in defiance of all the customs of the time, was married privately, with no witnesses but Mark and Roxy. Miss Moore would have liked a little more of ceremony, a few friends, and some little show. But when Mr. Adams told her that people of their age would better be married without any nonsense, she answered, "Very likely, very likely, my dear Mr. Adams! che-he-he."

On the night of the infare at Bonamy's, some of the young fellows who were not invited, showed their wit by perpetrating a transposition—that joke that is as old as sign-boards themselves. No doubt in Babylon sign-boards were changed round at night so as to make good Assyriac puns and other such jokes.

And what mischievous boys probably did in Babylon in B.C. 1841, that they certainly did in Luzerne in A.D. 1841. For Mr. Adams, on the morning on which he was to be married, found over his shoe-shop door a sign which read, "Miss Moore, Millinery and Mantua-maker." and Rachel Moore came near snickering her head off with mingled shame and pleasure to find "T. Adams, Boot and Shoe-maker," at her place of business. It was characteristic of Adams that he let the signs remain as they were that day. Only he had the wedding earlier in the day, telling Rachel that when they were married the joke would be spoiled. To which she replied that she thought it very likely indeed. At any rate she willingly conspired to spoil the joke.

But the old man was resolved that the joke should go no further. Hearing that he was to be shivered that night, according to the usage by which widowers, and old maids, and all whose weddings are eccentric, are serenaded with skillet lids, and "dumb-bulls," and "horse-fiddles," and bells, and tin pans, he put a stop to it in his own fashion. He borrowed a double-barrel shot-gun, and carried it ostentatiously down the main street. When Tom Pilman, the rough who led all such serenading parties, saw him pass, and hailed him with: "Hello, Adams! What you going to do with that gun?" he made answer "We're going to have a serenade at our house to-night, and a coroner's inquest in the

morning." The empty gun stood peacefully in a corner that night, and there was no shiverree.

Mrs. Rachel wanted to continue her business, and Adams gave consent. There was a dignity and authority about her position as modiste, which she did not like to surrender. She thought she would rather keep "help" to do the work at home, and go on as usual, dealing in ribbons, and bonnets, and general intelligence. Only her husband stipulated that her sign must be changed.

" 'Millinery and Mantua-maker,' " he said, sneeringly. " Why, you aren't for sale, Rachel, are you ? "

" Very likely, Mr. Adams," she said, in a blissful and absent-minded titter.

" Why, Rachel, you must have lost your wits ! "

" Very likely. Che-he-he ! "

" But the sign must be changed so as to read ' Milliner and Mantua-maker.' Don't you think it ought to be changed ? "

" Very likely. The ' Miss ' ought to be changed to ' Mrs.' now. Che-he-he ! "

Poor Miss Moore had dreamed *so* long of that change.

" That would make you Mrs. Moore," said Adams. " Aren't you going to take my name ? "

" Oh yes ! I forgot. I'm Mrs. Adams. It seems so strange to change a lady's name—che-he—for the first time, you know. Now you're used to it, you know. Oh ! I forgot—che-he-he—men don't—che-he-he—change their names, do they ? "

Adams gave up making her understand his scruples of grammar, at least until she should recover from the idiocy of her honeymoon. He had the sign changed, however, and Mrs. Rachel Adams read it every time she approached the little shop, in a glad endeavour to impress it on her own mind that her reproach among women was taken away, and that she was an old maid no longer, but on a par with any other " Mrs." in town.

In the matter of finding a help, Mr. Adams consulted Jemima, whom he met in the street. Did she know anybody that he could get ?

" Yes, I 'low I do," she answered.

" A real good-tempered person, and trustworthy ? " asked Adams.

" Awful trustworthy, and crusty enough to keep you company any day, Mr. Adams."

" Well, who is it ? " asked the shoe-maker. " If she'll only quarrel with me, I don't care. I'd like a little quarrelling, and you can no more quarrel with Rachel than you can with sunshine itself. Who is it that you mean ? "

" The fust letters of her name's Jemima Dumbleton, and she's got a

powerful dislike to the male sect in particular, and to most men in general."

"Would you leave Henrietta?"

"I'd ruther leave'r not. I dislike the male sect, but Henrietta I dislike on her own particular account. She's too good for me."

Adams was pleased to get Jemima, and immensely gratified at having a chance to defy Mrs. Hanks at the same time. Poor subdued Mrs. Rachel was shocked. To brave Mrs. Hanks was too much. But Adams told her that now she was his wife, she must hold up her head and show her independence, or Henrietta would run right over her. "You're a married woman now, Rachel," he concluded.

At which Rachel smiled audibly, and answered, "Very likely, my dear."

---

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### AN ATTEMPT TO FORECLOSE.

THE little teapot of Luzerne society had been agitated during the two weeks of preparation for the marriage by surmises in regard to the ulterior purpose of Colonel Bonamy in consenting to Mark's wedding Roxy, and even offering him help conditioned on his marriage. To pious people it seemed a special interference of Providence in favour of Texas. But not so to the sage and sagacious Lathers. He knew nothing about Providence—he felt distinctly his moral inability to understand God's way of doing things, though if he thought about God at all it was doubtless as one who was a good deal shrewder in carrying his selfish ends than men were in achieving theirs. To him God and the devil were playing a series of games, and though the former might now and then let the latter gain a few points, it was only for the sake of making the play interesting, and of finally beating the devil into utter bankruptcy and locking him up in perdition for a thousand years. But if Lathers could not see through the ways of Providence so well as some of his townsmen, he thought he did know something about Colonel Bonamy.

"I say, watch out fer the devil when he is playin' possum," said Lathers. "But what the dickens Colonel Bonamy's doin' now, I can't see. Him help the missionary work? Not him. That aint his side of the question. Wait till you see this game out. Wait till he begins to play the aces he's got up his sleeve. Now, liker'n not the old man's goin' to git married to some young wife, er run fer Congress, and he wants Mark away off among the Egyptians in the land of Babylon, an' the like. I'm purty good at guessin', now,—I've knowed Colonel Bon-

amy nigh onto twenty-four year, an' he's powerful deep. Now you jest watch out fer him, will you, and see ef he don't do somethin' like I say."

But Lathers was far out of the way. Colonel Bonamy began to urge first on Mark and then on Roxy that they should postpone their journey.

"Better put it off till New-Year's. It isn't safe going to that climate so early," he said.

But the enthusiastic Roxy was hard to manage. Mark was impatient to be away, as any active minded young man is impatient to set out upon the achievement of his purposes. He would have yielded readily enough, however, notwithstanding his impatience; for, since his father's management of Nancy, he felt a certain confidence in the friendliness of his purposes. But the dire danger of souls without a shepherd oppressed the soul of Roxy. It was pleasant to her to enjoy, here in her own town, the devotion of Mark, the fine-looking young husband of her heart; but, because it was pleasant, the austere girl was eager to surrender it. Perhaps, too, there was in her mind some latent dread lest an easy temper like Mark's might not hold firmly fixed a severe resolution not immediately put into execution. So she resisted energetically, and with success, the influence of Colonel Bonamy's persuasions on the mind of Mark. If he did not go at the time appointed, Roxy urged, the Bishop would not want him at all. Indeed, this uncertainty and complexity of motive drove the straightforward Roxy into an irritable energy of temper which was a surprise to herself. She longed to be where she could act again directly toward a definite aim.

All the time that this discussion was being waged, and Colonel Bonamy was seeking some means of detaining Mark without a point-blank refusal to keep his agreement in the matter of furnishing money, Mark was supposed to be engaged in studies preparatory to his ministrations among the Texans. Wesley's "Sermons," and Watson's "Institutes of Theology," were especially prescribed; but to a man of Mark's animal spirits and glowing feelings, the clear-cut and severely unrhetoical sentences of Wesley seemed uninteresting, while the long-linked reasoning of Watson, by which it was clearly demonstrated that foreknowledge was not fore-ordination, even where God himself was the foreknower, was decidedly dry. He liked better a copy of Maffit's "Sermons," then fresh from the press, and full of far-resounding bombast about the stage-fixings of the day of judgment. But he managed to get on in the arduous task of reading Wesley and Watson, by dint of reclining laboriously on the bed, while Roxy sat by the window and read to him, putting something of the fire of her own enthusiasm into Wesley's grave and simple diction, and changing Watson's abstruse speculations almost into poetry by the illumination of her imagination.

On Sundays, Mark exercised himself in preaching in the country school-houses. The young missionary was quite the lion, and the crowds of listening people that came to hear him, and, above all, the eyes of his young wife, stimulated him to addresses of much warmth. They seemed to Mark far better than Wesley's.

Meantime Colonel Bonamy drew the reins tighter on his son. Now that Mark was married, he could not go to Texas on the pittance the church would pay, and the father had some difficulty in remembering that he had made any definite promise in the matter. At most, he could not raise the money before midwinter, and as he did not believe in their going to the South until January, he was not going to hurry himself. People who were going to be dependent should not be too domineering about it.

Slowly, as the old colonel began to hint that preaching in Indiana would do just as well, Mark perceived his duplicity; and by degrees, he came to understand that his father had not intended to have him go to Texas at all. No man of Mark's spirit likes to be managed, and when once the scheme by which he had been encouraged to marry for the sake of keeping him at home dawned upon him, all his pride and combativeness were carried over to Roxy's side of the question.

"I am going to start to Texas by the 'Duke of Orleans,'" he said one day, with great positiveness. "She will leave Cincinnati about the middle of October."

"Well," said the old man in a whining drawl, under which he always covered any expression of defiance—"Well, if you go in the middle of October, instead of waiting until the time I have set, you must not expect me to keep you from starving. You'll have to look out for yourselves."

"That's just what we've made up our minds to," rejoined the son.

"If we can't live on what missionary money we are to have, we will scratch for a living, like other poor emigrants."

"You can't pay your travelling expenses out there," said the old man.

"By selling my horse, and some other things I can get there."

"And ride afoot when you get there, eh?"

"Well, I going. That's the long and short of it."

"Well, you can go to the devil, for all of me," said the old man, turning sharply away.

Mark was resolved not to be the dupe of his father, and Roxy, for her part, was rather pleased with the prospect of extreme poverty in the mission work. It filled her ideal. Indeed Colonel Bonamy was in every way disappointed in Roxy. She did not seem at all afraid of him, nor in the least conscious that she had married above her station, and she showed a resistance to his domineering will that was beyond anything

he had imagined possible. His interviews in private with his daughter-in-law were a succession of defeats. She even showed, on occasion a temper that seemed to him quite inconsistent with her general saintliness.

But Colonel Bonamy had not yet "played out his game," as he phrased it.

"Mark," he began, as they two sat together in the office one day, "you never asked me how I came out with your Rocky Fork girl."

"She's none of mine," said Mark.

"She shows rather strong proofs of your liking for her. You don't give your watch-seals and Testaments to every young convert, do you? Now, if Nancy were to bring a suit for breach of promise of marriage, these things might play the deuce with you. And she would have done it if it hadn't been for me. I kept the facts out of Lathers's hands, and I had hard work to keep her from coming in and making a row at the infare. If you and Mrs. Roxy are too stubborn, I don't know but that I'd better just let things take their course. I think you'd hardly set out on a mission to Texas with such charges against you." The old man emphasized this with a sinister laugh, very provoking to the other.

"You'd look well, setting such charges a-going against your own son," retorted Mark, reflecting that his father's family pride was protection enough from the execution of that threat.

But he was not at ease. Secretly he feared Nancy. Since his wedding, he had twice seen her at a distance in Luzerne, and had turned out of his way to keep from meeting her. This fear of Nancy was alone enough to determine him to get away to Texas by the next New Orleans boat. But at the same time, he dreaded an open break with his father. He knew the old man's love of mastery, and he did not know how far it might carry him. He no longer insisted that he was going, whether or no. The senior was lulled into security by his silence, believing that the enemy wavered, and that he should yet carry the day. And as days went by, with no visible preparations for his son's departure, the colonel thought that he was gaining time; and since the other did not speak of it, he treated the matter as though it were tacitly settled as he wished.

But Mark had secretly sold his horse, and had sent word by a friend to the captain of the steam boat "Duke of Orleans," then lying at Cincinnati, asking him to stop at Luzerne to take him and his wife aboard. Roxy's preparations were all made but she did not like the secrecy which Mark enjoined. She could not bear to do right as though she were doing wrong.

As the time approached for him to depart, Mark felt that the storm would be all the more severe when it did burst upon him, and that he could not much longer keep the matter a secret, for all the brethren in the church wanted to know about it, and they would wish to hold a farewell meeting on the coming Sunday. But he was relieved of all debate

on the way in which he should communicate the matter to his father, by the accident that Lathers heard of the sale of his horse, and forthwith sauntered into Colonel Bonamy's office.

"Is Mark reely goin', Colonel?" he began.

"Do you think he is yourself?" retorted the old man, with a sudden suspicion that Lathers knew more than he did.

"I don't know what to think," said the sheriff. "Sometimes it seems like as ef he wuz, and then ag'in more like as ef he wuzn't."

"I'd a little rather he'd stay, Major, but I suppose he'll go," said Bonamy, affecting indifference.

"Did you know he'd sold his hoss and saddle?"

This was a thunder-clap to the colonel, but he did not let Lathers see the inward start it gave him.

"I believe he has sold several things. He didn't consult me, and I haven't asked who bought it."

"Done kind o' on the sly, wuzn' it?"

"He's a fool if he does things on the sly from me. He'll have to depend on me when he gets out there."

"Well, I heerd Ben Plunkett sayin' that he'd bought, but wuzn't to say anything about it till the time come. An' I thought a father ought to know what's goin' on in his own family."

"Oh, well, I know pretty well, Major, how the land lies. If they will be fools, let 'em. It's no lookout of mine."

Lathers left the office, but he was gratified to observe from the next street-corner, on which he had taken up a stand of observation, that the colonel went home soon afterward.

"Mark'll ketch it now," he chuckled, all his innate love of mischief being tickled by the consciousness of having exploded a mine at a safe distance from himself.

Colonel Bonamy was bitterly disappointed at having all his ambitious hopes of Mark overturned, and doubly chagrined that the whole village had now guessed out his motive in consenting to Mark's wedding Tom Adams's daughter. In conceding so much, and in employing all his art to defeat Nancy Kirtley, he had only rendered his own humiliation the more complete.

He found Mark and Roxy in their own room, in the midst of preparations for going, and poured upon them, for half-an-hour, the fiercest and most sarcastic things he could say, all uttered in his irritating, whining drawl. Mark was a coward, the colonel snarled. He had meant, if they *must* go, to keep his promise. But a man guilty of sneaking disobedience and ingratitude toward his father, wasn't fit to be a missionary. He would corrupt the people of Texas. It was in vain that Roxy tried to



take the blame upon herself; the colonel's aristocratic gallantry did not forsake him for a moment. He gently waved her aside, and continued to berate Mark; for indeed he knew well that a wife would rather be scolded than have her husband denounced. Mark did not receive this lecture in the meekest way. Even Roxy could not restrain him, and he replied with a vehemence that brought both the sisters into the room.

Seeing that he prevailed nothing, and having wrought himself into a passion that put diplomacy out-of-doors, Colonel Bonamy, who gave himself credit for his dignified forbearance in not speaking a rude word to his daughter-in-law, did not mind saying words—sometimes with a keener edge for her than a personal insult would have had.

“It was of much use that I interfered to keep that Kirtley girl from giving you trouble,” he said to Mark. “She would have stopped your wedding if I had let her. Didn't she stand out behind the garden and storm at you and Roxy by the hour on the night of the infare, and didn't it take both Whittaker and myself to quiet her?”

Mark turned pale at this, but extreme anger generally puts on an appearance of calmness.

“You know there is no truth in what she says, and yet you throw out innuendoes here in the presence of my wife and my sisters. We will leave your house right off, sir, and never sleep here again.”

But here Janet caught hold of Mark, and then of her father, and then of Roxy, and begged them not to part in that way. She carried her tears and sobs round, and they were effectual. For if a man will not listen to a crying woman's entreaty out of pity, he may yet yield because he hates a scene. See for example, the story of the unjust judge.

“Mark's going away forever,” pleaded the tender-hearted Janet. “Now, don't send him off this way. Don't go to-night Mark. Please, Roxy, don't you let him go.” And then she stopped and sobbed on Roxy's neck, and Roxy began to feel that her burden was more than she could bear. She had strengthened herself against poverty and barbarism; but what are poverty and barbarism to scolding men and crying women?

“I didn't send him away,” said the old man. “It's only his way of treating his father.” Then, softening a little, he said: “Come, Mark, don't let's quarrel any more. Of course I know the Kirtley story is all a lie. I oughtn't to have mentioned it, but you are so stubborn. Don't leave the house; it'll make trouble.”

Without waiting for a reply, Colonel Bonamy went out, reflecting, with considerable satisfaction, that, go where she would, Roxy would be nettled by thoughts of Nancy Kirtley, and that the knowledge that Whittaker had heard Nancy's story, would multiply the trouble. The more he meditated on it, the more did he think his allusion to the Kirt

ley matter a master-stroke. "She'll be sorry she ever crossed me," he said.

Still, he could not but see that he had lost ground by his passion. He had set all his son's pride and anger in favour of going, and he had given the stubborn Roxy new motives for seeking a mission in Texas without delay.

---

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### THE OVERTHROW OF BOTH.

THE oldest son of the Bonamy family, the namesake of the father, had "turned out bad," as the village phrase ran. He was vicious from the beginning. Much money and many beech switches were wasted in vain attempts to beat the Latin paradigms into him against his inclination. He was sent away to boarding-school after awhile, but the education he got there only made matters worse. When at last Colonel Bonamy stopped giving him money in order to throw him on his own resources, he preferred to live on other people's resources and so became a gambler, in New Orleans, the Sodom of that day; after shooting a fellow-blackleg in an affray he sailed thence to Brazil and was never afterward heard from. The second son, a lad of promise, died in childhood. It would be hardly fair to say that all the old man's affection had centered itself in Mark. All his family pride and fierce ambition were concentrated in the boy. He rejoiced to discover in him as he grew up a fine force and fire in declamation, which was lacking in himself. He was sure that with his own knowledge of law and his shrewd "management" he could, by the help of Mark's eloquent delivery, maintain his ascendancy at the bar to the last, and bequeath to his son the property and distinction of the family. This was his whole dream of immortality. He had looked on Mark's Whiggery as rather a good thing—both parties would be represented in the firm. He was rather glad of his sudden religious turn for the reason assigned in Watt's hymn, that it would save him "from a thousand snares, to mind religion young." When he got old he could take care of himself. At present Colonel Bonamy thought it a good thing in that it would check a tendency to dissipation that had given him uneasiness. He had thought favourably of Roxy in turn as an antidote to the Texan fever, and as one likely to make an economical wife, and restrain all wrong tendencies in her husband. For Colonel Bonamy hated all sin that interfered with success and no other. But now this Texas fool's-errand was a rock likely to wreck all his hopes and send him into old age disappointed and defeated.

Is it any wonder that during the last week before the coming of the "Duke of Orleans," every sort of persuasion, scolding, contention, per-

sistent worrying and continual badgering were put in force against the young people, to weary them out of their purpose? Offers of property, persuasions by Mrs. Hanks, coaxings by Janet, remonstrances by Mr. Adams, were brought to the front through the scheming of the colonel. But in vain. Roxy would not disobey the heavenly voice for any entreaty; and Mark also good-naturedly credited himself with much martyr-like endurance. He had gone too far to yield now. Though, indeed, lying lazily there in the quiet coolness of the old brick house, listening to the rustle of the poplar leaves, hearing the old long clock ticking slowly its sixty beats a minute, soothed by the "chook, chook!" of the red-bird under the window, and the distant music of the blue-bird on the fence-stakes, flattered by the loving devotion of the most superb woman he had ever known, there were times when he wished that he and Roxy might give over the hardness of Texas and remain in the comfort and dignity that surrounded them. He might even have proposed the matter tentatively to Roxy, had it not been for a fear of annoyance from Nancy Kirtley. He was young, active and at times zealous. Toil and hardship he could endure, but annoyance, entanglement and perplexity were grievous to him.

As for Roxy, she was in ever-deepening trouble. Her father's scoldings and persuasions disturbed, her aunt's preachment angered her. She could not look at Bobo, whose education must now be arrested entirely, without the bitterest regret. The poor fellow seemed to have caught some vague notion of the impending trouble, from words he had heard.

"What will Bobo do when Roxy's gone?" she heard him repeat dejectedly, but whether he fully understood a saying that he echoed in this way she could not tell. Sometimes a sharp pang of doubt crossed her mind whether it were her duty to leave the little garden of Bobo's mind to cultivate an unpromising patch in the great wilderness of heathendom. But then the great thought of soul-saving perplexed her logic as it has that of many another. Bobo would go to heaven anyhow, but how about the people in Texas? Then, too, there was Mark's ability of which she more and more felt herself the keeper. She must not thwart his great destiny. But in all these perplexities she had to stand alone. She could not support herself on Mark; his heroic resolutions leaned more and more for support upon her. She could not go to Twonnet. There was no one to ask.

Colonel Bonamy was restrained by his conventional gallantry from scolding Roxy, but no gallantry kept him from scolding at her. And no gallantry checked the innuendoes of Amanda, who held Roxy a sort of intruder in the family. But Amanda heartily hoped that Mark would take himself off to Texas if he wanted to go. She did not care to have either him or his wife at home to interfere with her mastery of things.

And, indeed, the haughtiness of Amanda did not disturb Roxy so much as the tearful entreaties of Janet, whom she loved now with her whole girl's heart. Janet came into the place that Twonnet had occupied. She had so taken her colour from Roxy that she had even braved her sister's scorn in making an attempt to take up the teaching of Bobo. But no patience or tact less than Roxy's could effect that.

Along with all of Roxy's other troubles she found herself a prey to what seemed to her a mean feeling, and this was a new and bitter experience for one struggling to lead the highest and most ideal life. She was unable any more to think of that dark Kirtley girl with composure. It pained her to recall how lustrous were her black eyes, how magnificent her *tout ensemble*. What truth was there behind Colonel Bonamy's hints? Had Nancy Kirtley any claim on Mark? Her growing knowledge of the vain and self-indulgent element in her husband's disposition did not re-assure her. The only feeling in her heart that rivaled her religious devotion was her passionate love for Mark, and in proportion to her love was her desire to be sure of her entire possession. Lurking in a dark corner of her mind into which she herself was afraid and ashamed to look, was a suspicion that served as a spur to her pious resolution to carry the Texas mission into execution at once.

The farewell meeting was duly appointed to be held on the last Sunday that Mark was to be in Luzerne, but on Saturday morning Haz Kirtley's dray rattled up in front of Colonel Bonamy's door. The drayman called Mark out and told him that "the w'arf-master had just heerd from the 'Duke.' She laid all last night at Warsaw takin' on a hundred bar'ls of whisky, and would be down this evenin' about four o'clock."

So the farewell meeting must be given up. Haz was to call for the boxes and trunks at two o'clock that afternoon.

As for Nancy, she was not capable of forming any plan for detaining Mark except that of trying to regain her influence over him, and this seemed impossible since he steadily avoided meeting her, and she was dreadfully afraid on her part of a collision with the Colonel. But when at last she heard that Mark was about going she determined at least to gratify the resentment of wounded vanity. She put the Testament and the watch-seal in her pocket and took her stand on the wharf-boat at noon. When all the curiosity-seekers and all the church members should stand around to tell Brother Bonamy good-bye, she would make her speech, exhibit her trophies and thus "send that hateful Adams girl away with the biggest kind of a bumble-bee in her bonnet." And so for hours she paced up and down the wharf waiting for the arrival of the "Duke of Orleans."

The persistent Colonel Bonamy had not shown his usual self-control

in his present defeat. Perhaps this was because it was the most notable and exasperating overthrow he had known ; perhaps some oncoming nervous weakness—some gradual giving way of brain-texture—in a man of sixty, whose life had been one of continual strain and excitement, had something to do with it. At any rate he now lost all self-restraint ; and what was the more remarkable, even something of his sense of conventional propriety. He stormed, and at last raved, at both Mark and Roxy.

“Never expect me to help you. Never expect me to write to you. Never come back here again. I will not have anything to do with you. You are no son of mine. I renounce you, now and forever !”

“Oh, please, sir,” said Roxy, “please don’t feel that way. We are only trying to do our duty. Mark loves you, and I love you. Please forgive us for giving you so——”

“Begone !” She had taken hold of his arm in her earnestness, and he now shook off her hand as though it were a snake. For either because there was a possibility of feeling on his part, or because there was not, Colonel Bonamy could not endure to have any appeal made to his emotions. “Begone ! I don’t want to see or hear of you again. Get out of the house at once !”

It was already time to go. Mr. Adams stood gloomily on the wharfb-  
boat, waiting to see his Iphigenia sacrificed. He would not go to Bonamy’s, because he thought the family had a sense of condescension toward him. Mrs. Hanks had taken Bobo to the river to see Roxy leave. Jemima was there. So was Twonnet, with her little brothers and sisters ; Adolphe was throwing sticks into the water, in order to hear Bobo chuckle at seeing these tiny rafts float away on the broad current. There was an ever-increasing crowd on the wharf to see Mark leave. Mr. Dale, the Methodist preacher, and the chief brethren were there ; and Lathers stood alongside the melancholy and abstracted Mr. Whittaker, explaining to that gentleman the good Presbyterian influences under which he had been reared, and how his mother had raised him in the nursery and admonition of the Lord, like Mary Ann, the mother of Moses, and the like, you know. And ever as the crowd increased the Rocky Fork beauty, with that precious bumble-bee in her head which she meant to put in Roxy’s bonnet when the time came, slunk away down one of the aisles between a row of bales of hay, where, half hidden in the obscurity, she could keep a good watch for the arrival of Mark and his wife. And several people in the crowd busied themselves with suggesting that Colonel Bonamy would not come to the wharf. Grandma Tartrum had been seized that very day with an attack of “the rheumatics,” and had to deny herself the fun of seeing the departure. But she had sent a faithful reporter in the person of her little

grandson, Zeb, whose natural gift for eavesdropping and noising had been much sharpened by judicious training.

The last struggle almost overcame even Roxy's constancy. What right had a son to tear himself away from an old father? It was a hard law that a man must hate father and mother for the Lord's sake. It was to her like performing an amputation. All her strength was gone, and there was yet the awful parting from her own father, and the farewell forever to Bobo and to Twonnet, in store for her. She hesitated. Mark was not so much affected; he was accustomed to suspect an ulterior aim in all that his father did, and he doubted the reality of his anger. It was but for a moment that the heart of Roxy faltered; then the duty of leaving all for the kingdom of heaven's sake, the Macedonian cry of lost souls in the wilderness, the loyalty to her Christ-service, all came back to fortify her resolution. Meantime Colonel Bonamy, having given rein to his passion, could not or would not restrain himself but raved like a man demented.

"Tell me good-bye, won't you?" pleaded Roxy, going up to him at the very last moment, with the assurance of one who was born to exert an influence on people.

"I will not! Out with you!" cried Colonel Bonamy in a hoarse staccato.

Bidding Amanda and Janet farewell, Roxy turned to Mark, who had become calmer as his father grew more stormy. Mark's intellect always grew clearer and his will more direct in a time of trial. With perfect quietness he took leave of his sisters and started out the door, never so much as looking at his father. The carriage had been ordered back to the stable by the wrathful colonel, and there was nothing now for the young people but to walk to the landing.

"Good-bye, father Bonamy," said Roxy, turning her head regretfully toward him as she reached the door.

The old man turned. Whether he meant to speak kindly or fiercely Roxy could not tell. He only said "Roxy!" and came toward her. Mark, knowing his father's pertinacity, trembled inwardly, with a fear of some new form of attack. Would the old man say more about that Kirtley matter? But as he held out his hand to Roxy, he reeled. Mark ran toward him too late. He fell at full length upon the floor, unconscious. Mark lifted him to the bed, and Roxy stood over him, with a remorseful feeling that she had somehow struck him down herself.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE "DUKE OF ORLEANS."

AT a little before four o'clock the "Duke of Orleans" came around the head of the island. She was one of the typical "lower country" boats of that day. The mail boats were built light of draught, and, for that time, swift of speed; the stern-wheelers and the insignificant, old-fashioned "chicken-thieves" were still lighter. But the lower country boat was heavy in build, deep in draught, slow in the revolution of her wheels; with a sturdy bull-dog look when seen in front, and an elephantine solemnity of motion when viewed at broadside, the wheels seeming to pause at each semi-revolution. The lower country boat of that day defied all time-tables. She started whenever she was ready, and she stopped as often and as long as she found occasion. The arrival of a New Orleans boat at the wharf of one of the river towns at this time of the year was a great event. It was only in an exceptional season that there was water enough in the channel for such craft above the falls of the Ohio in October.

Now that the boat had actually come around the island, the fact that Mark and Roxy were not anywhere yet to be seen was a great disappointment to people on the wharf. They were, perhaps, to be cheated out of their spectacle; they would not see Roxy's tears, nor any of the other entertaining things they had a right to expect. Mr. Adams moved testily to and fro, fearing he knew not what. Twonnet strained her eyes up Ferry street in vain; Granny Tartrum's boy, Zeb, was exceedingly active in the effort to find out what it all stood for; and the wharf-master's little brown dog dashed about in a way that showed how keenly he also felt that a crisis had come, and that something ought to be done. The "Duke" approached with majestic tardiness, her captain ringing the great bell on the hurricane deck in a slow and imperious fashion. He rang five great taps, which were echoed faintly in the distant hills. If he had stopped at three, it would have signified that he intended only to send out the yawl for his passengers; but the five solemn tolls were the sign of a landing. Then the boat "rounded to," —brought her bow round so as to point her head upward against the stream. The line was thrown out to the wharf-boat and caught by the wharf-master, who, with Haz Kirtley's help, quickly took a turn with it round the check-post. This important operation was vigilantly superintended by the little brown dog, who, with tail in the air, ran round the check-post till the line was made fast, and then dashed away to attend to the running out of the "walk-plank."

Here was the boat and here the baggage; but the passengers were

not. But now came galloping down the street an old negro, appendage from time immemorial of the Bonamy family, who rode his plough-horse to a most unwonted speed as he sat with legs projecting forward and outward, holding to the reins of his bridle with one hand, while he gripped the mane with the other to keep himself from being thrown by the awkward plunges of the stiff old animal. This spectacle set all the small boys laughing at Uncle Bob, and the attention of the crowd was divided between the negro and the steamboat. Reining his horse in the very edge of the river, the old man called out :

"I say, dah! Is de doctah on boa'd dah?"

The doctor was soon brought to the front of the crowd on the wharf-boat.

"I say, dah! Doctah! de cunnel's done had a stroke, or sumpin. Tumbled right down in middle ob de flo'. Git on heah and go quick. Be mighty spry now, I say, else you won't see no cunnel when ye git dah. He done be dead afo' ye git dah."

The doctor took the negro's place, and the horse was soon charging back again through the town, while the steamboat captain with reluctance pulled in his line and left without his passengers. The crowd felt that a serious illness on the part of Colonel Bonamy repaid them but poorly for their disappointment; but they fell at once to making the most of it, by disputing whether it was Colonel Bonamy who had been struck by Mark, or Mark who had been struck by apoplexy. Granny Tartrum's little boy ran home breathless to tell about it; and, rheumatics or no rheumatics, the old lady felt herself called upon to hobble into the street and assail the passers-by with all sorts of questions about the case. Who struck whom? What was it? Was he likely to live?

As the fact came to be known with clearness, some folks thought it a sin and a shame for a son to disobey his father, and be the death of him in that way. Pretty Christian he was, wasn't he, to be sure, now, for certain.

Some of the more lugubrious were sure that it was a judgment. Wasn't Uzzah slain for putting his hand upon the ark of God? Didn't Ananias and Sapphira die for lying? Colonel Bonamy'd learn not to oppose God, and it was good for him, and served him right besides, and was no more than he deserved, over and above.

Nancy went home, carrying the bumble bee with her, but vowing she'd pay 'em up. She somehow looked upon Colonel Bonamy's stroke as one of the means taken to defeat her by the family. But she'd pay 'em up, yet. Give her half a chance, and she'd git Mark away from that Adams girl. Roxy Adams wasn't no great shakes that all the town should turn out to see her off, now. It might better have been



herself than Roxy. She wouldn't have minded going to Texas with Mark.

And Whittaker, who had observed Nancy's curious behaviour on the wharf-boat, went home, putting this and that together, troubling himself with forebodings about Roxy's future, and with griefs about his own disappointment, and with questions whether he had done quite right or not. He, at least, had a bumble-bee in his head for he walked the floor of the upper porch half the night.

---

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### A MONITOR IN MASK.

THE next day after the passage of the "Duke of Orleans" being Sunday, Mother Tartum contrived to keep the most conflicting rumours a-going in regard to the condition of Colonel Bonamy. She stood at the gate all day, hailing the negro messenger, the doctor going, the doctor returning, and everybody else, in turn, hearing where they had information or thought they had, and telling her latest, where they had none.

On Monday morning Whittaker rose, after a sleepless night, and thought it his duty to call at Colonel Bonamy's, and inquire after his health. If, perchance he were dead of apoplexy, the minister could condole with the family, and if he were better, he might sympathize with the patient. Anyhow, he would have a chance to speak with Mark about his plans of life, and he might happen to meet—say Amanda, or Janet, or—or well, yes, but that was not to be desired at all; though he might, by some strange accident, see Roxy herself. He did not admit to himself that the dull agony that had kept him awake the livelong night, promised to be quieted a little, if that he could but look into the face of Roxy and hear her voice.

It was Roxy whom he met at the door, and who was startled at the wan look of his face. She asked him to sit on the vine-covered front porch, and she told him in answer to his enquiries, that Colonel Bonamy was lying quietly asleep in his room at the right; that he had had a stroke of paralysis from apoplexy; that his right side was quite powerless, but they hoped he would recover. She was dressed in a fresh calico, and her exertions for the sick man had brought back a little of the wonted look of peace, benevolence and hopefulness to her face. When she could act in the direction natural to her, she was happy—when her energetic spirit was thwarted it became an energetic temper; and the conflict between her irritability and her conscience produced the most

morbid fitfulness of disposition. But now she could act with certainty and in straight lines again.

"You will not go to Texas yet?" said Mr. Whittaker.

"We do not know anything about the future. Our duty is very plain for the present." And Roxy put an emphasis on the last words that expressed her content at the present release from the complexities of her life since her marriage.

"Good morning, Mr. Whittaker," said Janet. "Papa is awake now, and we can't understand what he wants. Roxy, you'll have to come. He says he wants 'Roly,' or something of the sort."

With hasty "excuse me," and a "good morning," Roxy disappeared through the hall into the room of the sick man.

"Poor pappy!" said Janet, adhering to the older speech of the country in saying "pappy" "he is unable to speak plain, and he forgets the names of things. But Roxy guesses what he wants, and he won't have anybody about him but her. I suppose he meant her when he said 'Roly' just now. He calls me 'Jim.' But the doctor thinks he'll get well. If he does, it will be from Roxy's nursing."

Mr. Whittaker rose to depart, but just then Mark came out, and the two walked down between the Lombardies together. They were a fair contrast,—Whittaker's straight form, rather light complexion, studious and scrupulous look, with Mark's well-nourished figure, waving black hair, and face that betokened a dangerous love of ease and pleasure. He told Whittaker that this stroke of his father's would perhaps do away entirely with the project of going to Texas. He would have to take charge of his father's business until his recovery.

"You will probably enter the ministry here in Indiana then?" said Whittaker.

"I don't know what I shall do."

Whittaker thought he saw that Mark's plans were already turning to other things. For, indeed, Mark felt that now he was relieved from any committal to the public or to Roxy in the matter of ministerial work, he would rather enter upon the tempting field of activity opened up by the passing into his hands of his father's business.

The sight of Roxy had been a pleasure to Whittaker, but five minutes in the sunshine only makes a coal-pit the blacker. He went home, thinking that, after all, paralysis of the body was better than his own paralysis of heart and purpose. But to shake off his lethargy was a difficult thing. His congregation was small, and did not occupy his time. His efforts at study were vague and vain. He had been fond of dabbling in language-study, but even his love of languages had died within him, and he turned the leaves of his dictionaries and thought of Roxy, and dreamed of might-have-beens without number.

On the afternoon of this same day, he sat with his head leaning out of the window. There was a copy of Bossuet's "Oraisons Funèbres" by his side, but even that *funeste* reading could not attract his attention. He had too real a sense of the fact that life was indeed *néant, néant*, to care for Bossuet's pompous parade of its magnificent nothingness. For Bossuet manages to make nothingness seem to be something grand and substantial—even royal. One would be willing to be a king, for the sake of feeling this sublime nothingness and vanity that he describes so picturesquely.

Whittaker was leaning thus out of the window, and dreamily gazing at the pale green sycamores that will grow nowhere but fast by the river of waters, when there lighted on his head with a sudden blow, a paper ball. He started, looked upward. There was nothing to be seen but the garret window in the gable above. But he had hardly looked away before another ball descended upon him. He knew very well what sprite had thrown them. He looked away again, this time with a smile; then turning his eyes upward again, he caught the third paper missile full on the nose, and caught sight of the mischief-full face of Twonnet, just as it was disappearing, with a sharp little cry of "Oh!" at seeing where the ball had struck.

"You are caught," he said, and then the blushing face re-appeared, looking exceedingly sweet, draped as it was by long curls hanging forward as she leaned out of the window, like Dante Rossetti's "Blessed Damozel" looking out of heaven.

"I wouldn't have done it," she said, "but you looked so like a funeral to-day. I don't like to see you that way."

"How can I help it, Twonnet?"

Her face was serious a moment. Then she laughed.

"To think that you would ask advice of such a giddy rattle-pate as me. Everybody knows that I'm only a mischievous little fool with a shallow head, and besides I'm only a child, as you know. See here!" She held a doll out of the window. "I've never quite given up doll-babies yet. I keep this old thing hid away in this end of the garret where nobody else ever comes, and I slip up here sometimes and play with it till I feel like a goose, and then I go down-stairs and try to be a woman. I wish I had sense enough and I would give you some advice."

"You've got more sense than you pretend to have. It might have been better for two or three people if I'd followed your advice and not Highbury's, before. If you wont hit me with any more paper balls I'll listen to anything you say. Some things are revealed to—little children."

"There, you call me a babe! That's worse than all. Now the advice I have to give is serious and I'm not ready yet. You ought to

hear it from some one older than I am." And she withdrew her head.

Whittaker wondered what she meant. Was she waiting to frame into words what she had to say? Or, was she trying to get courage to say what she thought? Or, was she making game of him as she had of Highbury?

In a minute there appeared at the garret window the face of an old woman in frilled white cap and spectacles and a red neckerchief. The face seemed wrinkled and the voice was quivering and cracked. The words were uttered slowly and solemnly and with a pronunciation a little broken with a French accent.

"You must not think about her now. It is very bad. It will do harm to everybody. Get to work, and put far away these evil thoughts and wishes that can do no good. She is his, and you *must* not think about her."

The head had disappeared before Whittaker could realize that it was but Twonnet in masquerade. He felt vexed to think she had guessed the secret of his thoughts. Then he was lost in wonder at the keen penetration and deep seriousness hidden under this volatile exterior; and he was annoyed that she had ventured to rebuke him, a minister, and to imply that he was likely to go wrong. Then he honestly tried to see the truth of what she said. At any rate he resolved to think no more of Roxy.

But when the human mind gets down hub-deep into a rut of thinking it is hard to lift it out. He could not study, or walk, or talk, without this numb paralysis of wishing and thinking creeping over him. It was in vain that he studied the tables of Italian definitions hung about his room; he could not remember them. He preferred reading Petrarch's sonnets to Lady Laura, which he had forbidden himself. This struggle went on for two days. Twonnet did not take any notice of it. She laughed and sang French *rondeaux* and English songs, and gambolled with the children, and chatted in superficial fashion with Mr. Whittaker, and scolded at things about the house that went wrong, until he was more than ever puzzled by this doubleness. He could not explain it, and he contented himself with calling her in his thoughts "that witch of a girl." He would have been yet more perplexed had he known that after her merriest laughter and her wildest frolics with the children, and her most bubbling and provoking banter, she would now and then elude the little sister "Teet" in some dark corner, and escape to the garret, where she could have a good cry under the rafters. Then she would take up the old doll and caress it, saying, as the tears slowly dropped upon it:

"Nobody cares for *me*. Everybody loves Roxy because she is good ;

but nobody loves Twonnet—poor, wild, foolish, empty-headed Twonnet. Nobody loves me but you, old dolly.”

And all this in the teeth and eyes of the fact that Dan Barlow, the newly-arrived young lawyer, had walked home with her from church the Sunday evening before, and that more than one other would have offered her company at any time if there had not been a sly twinkle in her eyes that made them afraid of Twonnet's ridicule. But she cried in this inconsistent fashion, and declared that nobody loved her. And five minutes after she would be dashing about the house, broom in hand, singing in a wild, reckless, cat-bird-like cheerfulness :

“ Every lassie has her laddie  
Ne'er a ane hae I.”

But beneath all this mirth and banter of the girl, Whittaker knew now that there lay the deep seriousness of the woman. How deep and serious her nature might be he could not tell. Conscience, shrewdness, courage—these he had seen. What else was there? At any rate he knew that Twonnet was expecting something of him. The vivacious, incomprehensible Swiss prattler had become a monitor to the grave minister, all the more efficient that she said no more than enough. So it came to pass that the soul of the man awoke, and said to itself: “ Whittaker, you are bad. You are thinking and dreaming about another man's wife and what might have been. This is a good way to be worthless or wicked. You must get to work.”

And after a good lecture to himself he said to Twonnet :

“ I am going to start a school.”

“ That's good ; I will go. But I am a dull scholar. I hate arithmetic, and all my teachers hate me.”

That was all the response he got.

*(The remainder of this Story will appear in the ROSE-BELFORD'S CANADIAN MONTHLY AND NATIONAL REVIEW.)*

---