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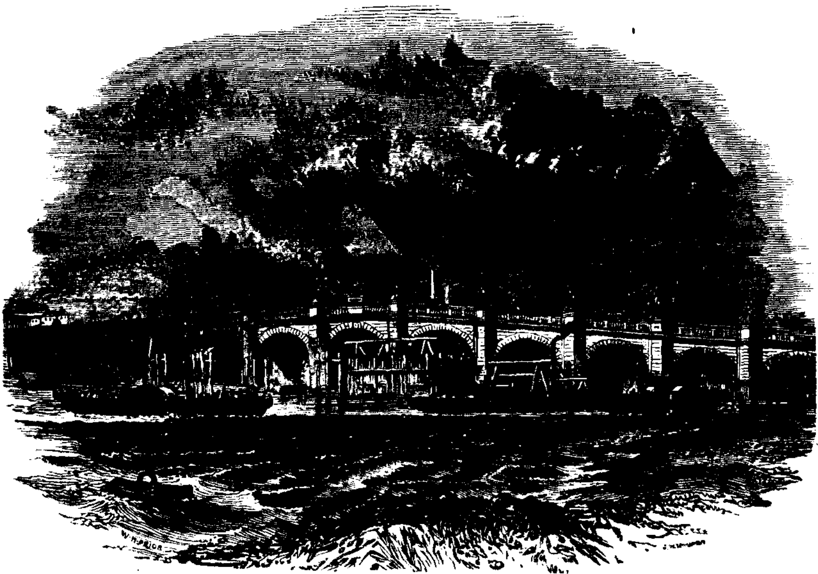
BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

SEPTEMBER, 1877.

UP THE THAMES.

FIRST PAPER.



OLD WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

To the westward drift alike fashion, history and empire. The west end of cities corresponds to the west end of chronology. It is the forward end, the eventful end—the end of gaiety, change, life, movement. The eastern end—for even this spherical perch of ours must have a beginning somewhere—is that which melts into the stagnant past, as into, say,

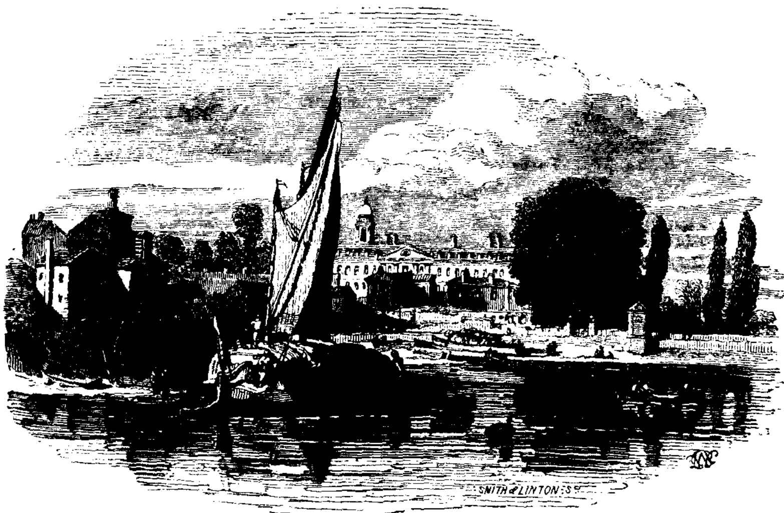
the yellow blankness of the Babylonian plains and the swamps of Siam or the Isle of Dogs.

So the excursionizing visitor in London, having performed the melancholy duty of groping through the cobwebs and fungi of the great wine-vaults and other wonders of the dock-region—Doré's illustrations of which are scarce surpassed in unearthly gloom by those of his *Wandering Jew*—is not apt to do more in that direction than take a hasty glance at Greenwich, where the pensioners used to be, and the telescopes and the whitebait still are. Beyond and below that all is blank; for, though a jaunt to Margate is a thing of joy to thousands of Londoners, "nobody" lives there or ever did. Our knowledge of, or interest in, the place we owe almost exclusively to the Rev. Sydney Smith's account of the "religious hoy that sets off every week for Margate," and Elia's more sympathizing sketch of a trip thither by a more rapid and less saintly conveyance. The estuary of the Thames is almost as poor a cover for the explorer to draw as the estuary of Delaware. So he gives the wind to the herring country over the way, and turns his nose up stream. Above Westminster Bridge, starting from the House of Parliament, he looks for the haunts of the hard fighters and hard thinkers, past and present, of England, and for her most characteristic charms of landscape, natural and artificial.

BATTERSEA RED HOUSE.

Our starting-point, though above the limits of the city proper, is five, six or seven—no one can tell exactly how many—miles below the western edge of the metropolis. The ancient city, with three hundred thousand inhabitants more than two centuries ago, and hardly a hundred thousand to-day, is but the dingy nucleus of a vast nebula of brick, that differs from a comet in constantly expanding and never contracting. As a sample of its progress, the opening, in the ten years from 1861 to 1871, of six hundred and thirty-five miles of new streets will serve. Nine or ten thousand houses are annually erected—ten times as many as are in the same time added to the most rapidly growing Canadian city. About four millions of souls occupy an area of one hundred and thirty-one square miles, this being still but a corner of the space—five hundred and seventy-six—included within the beats of the metropolitan police. London has thus gathered to itself not only home provinces, but out-

lying colonies. More populous than Rome ever was, her commissariat gives her none of the worry that so complicated the politics of her prototype. Seventy miles of beeves, ten abreast, stalk calmly every year into her capacious maw. And it cries out for more and will not be appeased with anything short of a corresponding tribute of sheep, pigs, poultry, etc. by way of *entremets*. Statistics like these pass from the arithmetical into the poetic, and approach the sublime. Hecatombs do capital duty in the old epics, but what are hecatombs to such nations of live-stock as these? An army, said Napoleon or Wellington, or both, travels on its belly. London equals in numbers and exceeds in consumption forty armies larger than either of these generals had at Waterloo. Fancy the commensurate receptacle! The mass oppresses the imagination. Let us get from under it.



CHELSEA, FROM THE RIVER.

A century or two ago, according to the doggerel of the time, when the lord mayor and aldermen set out on their annual hunting excursion, their route lay "from Cheapside down by Fenchurch street, and so to Aldgate Pump," and soon found themselves, despite the tardy locomotion of their fat Flemish horses, among the fields. From where *we* set forth, two miles up the river, the eye can follow the current, mark where the magnificent Thames Embankment carries elegance, atmosphere and health into the noisome tide-marshes that skirted their haunts.

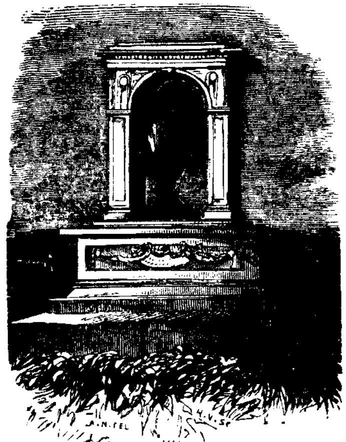
On Westminster Bridge, the second of the name constructed within

a century and a quarter, we stand, as on the Bridge of Sighs, "a palace and a prison on each hand." The Houses of Parliament, excelling in cost and elaboration most palaces, look down upon one of John Bull's recently abandoned pets, the Millbank Penitentiary, situated on the same (or north) side of the Thames. Over the way, Lambeth, the ancient residence of the archbishops of Canterbury, is both palace and prison. Replete with memories of Cardinal Pole, Laud, Juxon, Tillotson and their successors, that part of its irregular façade which is first sought by the eye of the strangers is the Lollards' Tower, wherein the followers of Wycliffe tasted the first fruits on English soil of religious persecution.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S MONUMENT.

Vauxhall Gardens have passed away with Sir Roger de Coverly, and the superior taste which improved them out of existence manifested itself in a fashionable pigeon-shooting resort dubbed the Red House.

Glancing to the northern shore again, Chelsea Hospital comes into view, a present which England owes, as she does her Indian empire, her American colonies, her navy, St. Paul's, the best of her art-treasures, and so many other acquisitions of power and culture, to the Stuarts. The story that Nell Gwynne has the credit of having suggested the creation of this national retreat for the broken soldier is far from having gained universal acceptance. Yet the existence of the tradition is as complimentary to her as would be its truth. It proves what a character for that charity which covereth a multitude of sins the active benevolence of the gay *comédienne* had earned among the people. The Hanoverian ladies who came "for all your goots" have never been accused of any such freak.



SIR HANS SLOANE'S MONUMENT.

CHELSEA CHURCH.

The shadow of the famous dead begin to thicken around us with the bending trees—of great men, not as they mingled in the turmoil of court and council, but as they strolled in their gardens, laboured in the study, or went, like common people, through the daily round of domestic life. Within a very circumscribed space lay the abode of Pym, Shaftesbury, Locke, Addison, Steele, Swift, and Atterbury. The extinct hamlet of Little Chelsea was thus gilded by the greater lights of the Augustan age of British literature. Swift for a time had for his next neighbour over the way his intriguing brother of the cloth, and got on with him much more smoothly and pleasantly than was his wont with others. Had they agreed better they would doubtless have been worse friends.

Far back of this circle, in point of time, flourished on the same spot the author of *Utopia*, Sir Thomas Moore, handed down to us by that enigma among philosophers and divines, Erasmus, as every way a model man. Other accounts go to justify this character. To himself, his long and placid life must have appeared a perfect success, and he may well have deemed himself to be lapsing dreamily into the bliss of his imaginary republic until rudely awakened by the axe of the tyrant whom in the epitaph of his own composition in the heyday of his prosperity he styles the "best of princes." Readers of this inscription, which stands in faultless Latin on his monument in Chelsea church, may note, after the passage which proclaims the writer and deceased a stern foe to thieves and murderers, a blank space which was originally filled with "heretics," the identical class of malefactors for belonging to which he was himself, within three years, brought to the block by the best of princes. A keen helmsman it must have taken to steer in the wake of bluff Harry. The Vicar of Bray was right in claiming to be the only consistent man of his day.

BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

A different style of philosopher, one of our modern evangelists of the practical, Sir Hans Sloane, unites with More in illustrating Chelsea. His works have not followed him, but still speaking in monuments which cannot lie—in the dispensary system for the relief of the poor, in broad and beautiful Botanic Gardens, and in the British Museum, whereof his bequest was the nucleus.

The West End, as we follow the river, has become the south end, and that in its most aggravated shape we have on the south bank. The majesty of the past gives place to the might of modern England in the very unsavoury guise of the pariahs of the factory tribe. From monumental chimneys, gin, vitriol and soap insult the welkin with their surplus fumes. It may be a question whether the most elegant of English political writers, the site of whose villa and the resting place of whose remains is among them, would altogether enjoy such evidences of the prosperity of the kingdom whose welfare he pursued through paths so tortuous and yet illumined by so much genius. He—and certainly his friend Pope—might scorn such "meaner things." The statesman and the poet would have been loath to accept the soap-boiler as a co-labourer in the cause of national elevation, although manufacturers are at once the source and the expression of wealth, the familiar ally of statesmanship and poesy. "The first king was a fortunate soldier,"

MONUMENT TO BOLINGBROKE.

and his workshop, the battlefield, is less pleasant to look upon than the foulest of factories.

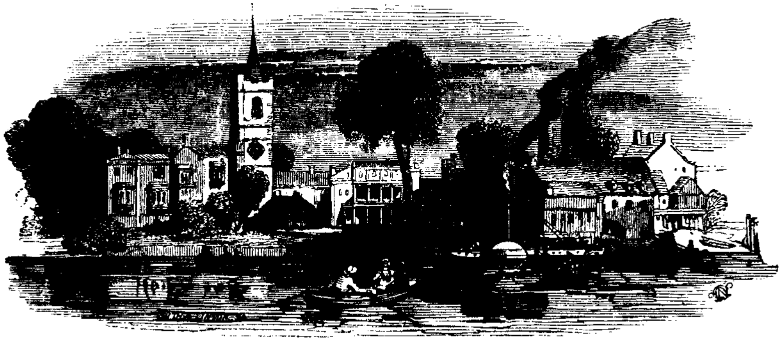
All this, however, does not lessen our anxiety to leave behind these homes of progress and get into the unprogressive country. It is not easy to keep out of the way of growing London. It almost visibly follows us up the river. In fact, as we skim the currentless surface of the placid and canal-like stream, where garden and grove more and more exclude the town, it has stolen a march upon us—flanked us, so to speak, on the right or north, and taken a short cut across a semicircular bend of the Thames, miles in advance to Hammersmith and beyond. Two miles' sail from the metropolis will thus bring us back into the midst of it. But till then we shall enjoy the suburb-and-villa sensation supplied by the scenery near Putney and Fulham.

BOWLING-GREEN HOUSE.

PUTNEY.

Abundance of celebrities here beset us. The chief of them in modern eyes are, Gibbon, who was born, and the younger Pitt, who died, at Putney.

It was not among these tranquil folds and meadows that "the lord of irony, that master-spell," formed the plan of his great history. Conceptions of war and revolution seem here wholly forced and unnatural ideas. At first thought, they would appear equally so amid the ruins of the Coliseum, where, as he tells us, the design first occurred to him. But there the remains of the empire whose epitaph he was to write lay broad and clear around him. To disentangle from the obscure and involved records of twelve centuries of barbarism the reasons why so much and so little of it survive, was a task that one is surprised should have been left to a wanderer from the British Islands. It is a task thoroughly performed by him. His work has not been materially improved by any of the corrections and expansions that have been essayed: the author's edition remains the best. It may be pronounced not merely the only history of the vast period it covers, but the only compendious and perspicuous history of any considerable portion of it. It stands out in European literature from a host of monographs, chronicles and memoirs, many of them more brilliant and exhaustive, like one of Raphael's canvases in a gallery of Flemish cabinet pictures. Gibbon and Clarendon may almost be termed the only English historians. Hume and Robertson



FULHAM.

were Scotch; Macaulay's fragment is a clever partisan production, not a history; Froude, the fashion of the hour, is already on the wane, as befits a chronicler whose passion is for paradox rather than for truth. In one or another respect each of these is Gibbon's superior in style. His method of expression is rhetorical and involved to the last degree. And yet it does not tire the reader. Discovering the sense soon ceases to be an effort, with such unfailing regularity does the meaning distill, drop by drop, from those convoluted sentences. The calm, clear, idiomatic flow of Hume, and the direct, precise, engine-like beat of Macaulay, are both technically preferable; but the former would have put

us to sleep before we got through a long reign of the Lower Empire, and the vigorous invective of the latter, pelting as with rock-crystal the ample material before him, would have palled upon us ere losing sight of the Antonines.

Pitt, the "great young minister," a maker and not a writer of history, died at the Bowling-green House on January 23, 1806, of an attack of Austerlitz. The courier who brought him the news of that battle brought him his death-warrant; a French bullet could not have been more fatal. Napoleon had his revenge for the disasters of the future. Pitt might have outlived him and died anything but an old man, but the satisfaction of witnessing Moscow and Waterloo was denied him. It would have been in his eyes the happy and natural close of the great drama, only the first two or three acts of which it was his to witness. It is impossible to repress a feeling of sympathy with the earnest and patriotic statesman, galled, baffled and beaten, compelled, while racked with bodily suffering, to face some of the mightiest foes at home and abroad that publicist had ever to encounter—the eloquence of Fox and Sheridan and the sword of Napoleon—laying down the chief power of the realm to die heartbroken in these secluded shades.

HORTICULTURAL GARDENS, CHISWICK.

Less secluded are they now than seventy years ago. Attracted by the comparatively elevated situation and fine air of Putney Heath, many residents have sought it. It is now covered with villas, each boasting its own private demesne, if only large enough to accommodate a tree and some shrubs. It does not take a great mass of verdure to conceal a smallish house that stands back from the road, or to give to the whole row, square, crescent, terrace or walk a rural and retired effect. A pas-

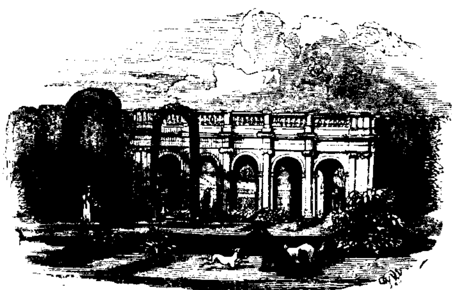
sion for planting is common to the English everywhere, and especially does it manifest itself where all the conditions are so favourable as on the upper Thames. Trees are the natural fringe of rivers in all countries. The watercourses of our great North-western plains are mapped out by the only arboreal efforts Nature there seems capable of making. The streams of England, naturally a forest country, must always have been peculiarly rich in this decoration; and had they not been the people would have made them so. The long stone quay is backed by its bordering grove, and towns and houses that throng down to the water are content, or rather prefer, to view it through such peepholes as the leaves may vouchsafe them. And then the turf, the glory of Britain, that shower and shears, Heaven and man, vie in cherishing!

The basin of the Thames is nearly as flat as the bottom of the ancient sea through which the chalk and clay that underlie it were slowly sifted down. Neither rocky cliff, breezy down, nor soaring mount has part in its scenery. What variety of outline the horizon seen from the river possesses is due to grove or façade. But all the variety these can give is there. The stream itself, so barren in some of the ingredients of the picturesque, is as agreeably astonishing in the use it makes of what it has. The tide running to Teddington, twelve miles above London, and lock and dam navigation taking possession above that village, there is little current but that caused by the tide. The Thames, in other words, where not an estuary is a canal—we had almost said moat. It has neither rapids nor rocky islets. It labours under the fearful depoetizing drawback of a towpath. Racing shells, miraculously slim and crank, traverse with safety its roughest bends. From Putney, where we now are, to Mortlake, four miles above, is the aquatic Newmarket of England, where the young thoroughbreds of Oxford and Cambridge yearly measure their mettle.

Tufted islet—or "aits," as the local vernacular has it—varied in size and shape, divide the stream. Long reaches, with spire or palace faint and pearly in the distance, alternate with sweeping curves scolloped with billowy masses of foliage that bastion broad re-entering angles of tesselated lawn and meadow. Willow and elm, the most graceful of trees, luxuriant as such a habitat can make them, sends streaks and masses of richest shadow beneath and beyond them. "Schools" of water-lillies star the clumps of reflected shade or blend with catches of sunlight brighter than themselves. Vistas of water among the aits, and of velvet-green among the meadows, lead off here and there. Now we thread a bridge, modern and smart, or mediæval and mossy, with a jumble of peaked arches diverse each from the other in shape and proportion. The cumbrous piers of these veterans repeat themselves in reflection, substance and shadow cut apart by multiform ripples and

swirls, that shift and start and interlace, and pass hand in hand finally into the glassy sheet below, as they did when the Norman masons set them first in motion. They built to last, those "Middle-Aged" artisans. Prodigal of material, and not given to venturesome experiments on the capacities of the arch, like those who designed the flat elliptical spans of Waterloo Bridge, their rule was to make security more secure. They multiplied spans, made them high and sharp, and set them up on piers and starlings that occupied—and occupy yet where they have not been removed as impediments to the march of improvement—the greater part of the width of the river. From that portion of its course now under notice these old bridges have pretty well disappeared. Old London Bridge, the most considerable of them, and an exaggeration of their most fantastic traits, gave place to its elegant successor half a century ago, after having sustained the rush of waters below, and of a crowd of humanity, resident and locomotive, above, for five or six centuries. As we ascend the stream into regions less harried by the inexorable invader, Progress, they grow more and more common. They enhance the difference in the character of the scenery. Chronology and landscape march together. As we are borne into the country, we are led back, *pari passu*, into the past. It is taking a rustic tour into the Dark Ages by steam.

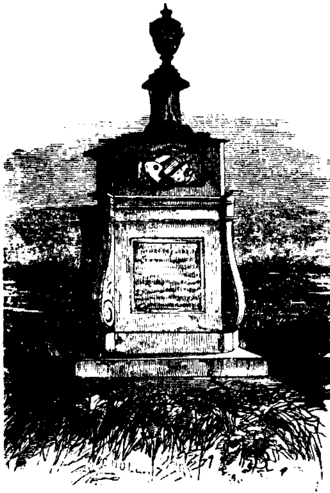
Not that the absurd little steamers which infest these waters—the equation of hull, cabin, paddle-box and pipe reduced to its lowest terms of a horizontal line and a vertical ditto erected on the centre—can penetrate far into the antique. Their field grows narrower year by year with the wash of the expanding city. These boats will always be the gondolas of London's Grand Canal, and all the more assuredly when the water-front shall have been transformed by the completion of the long line of quay and esplanade now in progress; but, as with their less prosaic congeners of Venice, their operations outside of the city limits will be restricted.



GARDEN SCENE, CHISWICK HOUSE.

It is in perfect keeping that the charms of the lush and mellow landscape that unrolls itself on either hand should be those of peace. Nearly two centuries and a half have passed since it was disturbed by battle. The fact helps us to realize the unspeakable blessing England's unassail-

ablity by land is to her. Not only are her liberty and prosperity enabled to expand and establish themselves without fear of disturbance from external forces, but they receive an impulse from the mere recognition of this fact derived from observation of the fortunes of her neighbours under the contrary condition. Her domestic politics, unlike those of the continental nations, are controlled only by domestic interest. The result is a practical and common-sense treatment of them, such as a merchant makes of his individual affairs in the seclusion of his counting-house. The *nation boutiquière* thus carries "shop" into her Parliament. Could a ditch impassable to Von Moltke be drawn around poor France from Dunkirk to Nice, and kept impregnable even for a few decades, the world would witness a notable change in the steadiness of her institutions and her industry. It is not a question purely of race, as we have usually been taught to consider it. Circumstance makes race, and race cannot rise wholly above circumstances. The Jutes and Saxons in their native seats are not distinguished above the other peoples of Christendom for intelligent and effective devotion to free institutions. Many continental families are more so. The Welsh and Scots, largely sharing the Celtic blood which is alleged to enfeeble the French, are in no way inferior to their English brethren in this regard.



HOGARTH'S TOMB.

Peace at home tells, in three words, the main story of English freedom and might. Beranger, lifting his voice from the ruins of the First Empire, sings—

> J'ai vu la Paix descendre sur la terre,
> Semant de l'or, des fleurs et des épis.
> L'air était calme, et du Dieu de la Guerre
> Elle etouffait les foudres assoupis.

With him it was an inspiration *for* peace. From the banks of the Thames, unsmirched of blood and smoke and blooming with everything that war can destroy, his aspiration would have been *to* peace, pervading in divinest *aura* the lovely scene.

A realization of this peculiar blessing is general among Englishmen. The tremendous lesson of the Conquest, eight hundred years old, is fresh

CHISWICK HOUSE.

with them yet. Thierry maintains that that invasion, in the existing domination of the Norman nobles in both houses of the national legislature, and in their more and more absolute monopoly of the land, still weighs upon them. Be that as it may, the nobles are at least an infinitesimally small numerical minority, compelled not only to govern under a wholesome sense of that truth, but to recruit their numbers from the subject masses cooped up with them in the island and constituting the whole of its military and industrial strength. The commonalty have endured much for the sake of the tranquillity the palpable fruits of which surrounded them. And they will endure more, if necessary, as is evidenced by the slow progress and the frequent backsets of liberalism, and the utter contempt into which republicanism has fallen. More reforms are to come, and will be exacted if not conceded freely; but war to procure or to prevent them is the interest of neither the ruler nor the ruled.

The faint whiff of villainous saltpetre that floats from the direction of Charles I's capital at Oxford along the skirmish-lines of Rupert and Essex as far down as Turnham Green is dilute with the breath of a dozen score of English springs. Yonder old elm may have closed around the pikehead of a Puritan or a Cavalier bullet, but it has smothered the disreputable intruder in two or three hundred tough and sturdy rings. The wall over which it hangs may have been similarly scarred without equal faculty of healing by the first, or any, intention, but the hand of man has come to its relief, and difficult indeed is it now

to find trace here of the mêlée when wood and water rang to the charge-shout—

> For God, for the law, for the Church, for the cause!
> For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

Wide and splendid gardens, filled with the botanic spoil of all the latitudes, overspread the field of forgotten combat. Societies, commoners, and peers compete along the Thames, as in other parts of the island, in this charming strife. The Duke of Devonshire, the owner of famous Chatsworth, possesses a country-box called Chiswick House, less noted for any association with the Cavendishes than as having witnessed the last hours of C. J. Fox and George Canning. Fox's death-bed, like his death-hour and his tomb, was very close to that of his great rival.

> Drop upon Fox's grave the tear,
> 'Twill trickle to his rival's bier.

BARN ELMS HOUSE.

You may read their epitaphs without turning on your heel, although a truthful one will not be written for either until we stand in the midst of such a quarter of a century as that wound up at Waterloo. All was exceptional then—acts and motives alike. The globe's polity, like its crust, is built of sedimentary layers, filtered in calm, shot through by rare volcanic veins. When the subterranean fires shall break out again we may understand these men and their contemporaries on both sides of the Channel. Exactly who and what was wrong may come clear when everthing is once more muddle. Our mental optics must be adjusted to the turbid medium in which they moved. We cannot now determine how far the country for which both laboured is the better or worse for their having lived. If at all the worse, wonderful indeed would have been her present exaltation, for it is difficult to conceive a

KEW PALACE.

finer spectacle of national thrift and ease. Certainly, there is much misery among the poor, rural and oppidan, throughout the kingdom, reduced as it has been of late years, and the inequality in the distribution of property is greater than in any other Christian country; but nothing of this is obtrusive to the voyager on the Thames. The lower classes appear under the not particularly repulsive guise of gardeners, bargemen, drivers, park-keepers, etc. There are palaces, but none of them overshadowing save Windsor and Hampton Court. Though the towns do not always put their best foot foremost and dip it in the water, their slums rarely offend the eye. At this part of the river's course they are in a great part new and bright, thanks to the growth of the great city. The rotund and genial clumps of trees that compose so much of the view shelter rich and poor alike, and the velvet sward is pressed as freely by brogan as by slipper. The wearers of both may chant as they cross it, "Merrily hent the footpath way, and merrily hent the stile-a."

Water, the universal detergent, is at war with the squalid; and nowhere more thoroughly can it perform that office, with shower, dew and river always flush. It ensures to the scenery that first requirement of English taste, an air of respectability.

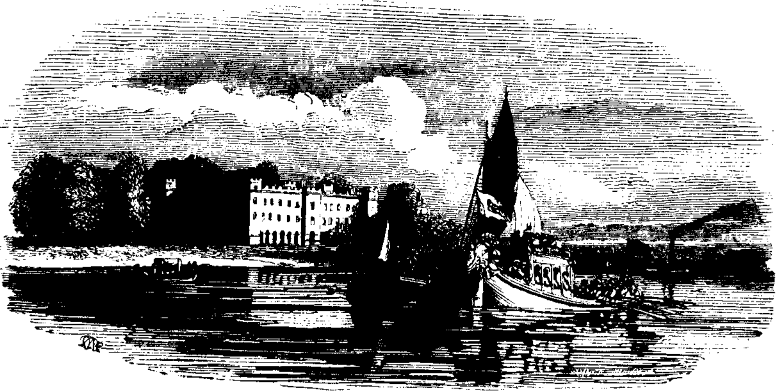
Chiswick churchyard accommodates, like most other churchyards, an odd jumble of sleepers. The Earl of Macartney, the modern introducer of the Flowery Land to its forgotten and forgetting acquaintance of old, Europe: Charles II.'s duchess of Cleveland: Mary, the daughter of Oliver Cromwell; Cary, the translator of Dante; Kent, the architect;

and, chief of all, Kent's tormentor, Hogarth,—are among its occupants. Hogarth's well-known epitaph, by Garrick, we may quote:

> Farewell, great painter of mankind,
> Who reached the noblest point of art,
> Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
> And through the eye correct the heart!
> If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
> If nature move thee, drop a tear;
> If neither touch thee, turn away,
> For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here.

In his latter years the father of the British caricature owned a cottage near by, where he spent his summers in retouching his plates and preparing them for posterity. He still retained his Leicester Fields residence, for he could have no other real home than old London. It is curious to speculate on what might have been his position in art had he brought himself to shake the cockney dust from his feet and seek true æsthetic training in Italy. One year, or three, or five, spent at Rome or Florence would not have sufficed to replace his inborn devotion to the grotesque with something higher, not to say the upper walks of design. Wilkie, who had been styled his moonlight, cannot be said to have been improved by a similar step, the works executed after his return being inferior to his earlier efforts. Hogarth, too, might have been spoiled for the field he holds without challenge, and spent the rest of his career in cultivating one more elevated, but unsuited to his genius. It may be as well, therefore, that the hand of the gendarme was laid on his shoulder at Calais gate. The Frenchman proved an "angel unawares." He saved England an illustrator she values more highly than she would have done a manufacturer of Madonnas and Ajaxes. When the outraged Briton was whirled round on the deck of the little packet, and his nose violently pointed in the direction of the white cliffs, neither he nor his unpleasant manipulator was aware of the highly beneficial character of the proceeding to the party most concerned.

Hogarth would not have admitted relationship to the Rowlandsons, Cruickshanks, Brownes and Leeches, who represent satirical art in the England of the nineteenth century. He would have but distantly recognized even Gilray, who belongs as much to the end of his own as to the beginning of our century, and whose works are of a higher stamp than those of the sketchers we have named. He claimed to be a character painter, remitting to the lower class altogether, those wielders of the satiric pencil who dealt in the farce of "caricatura," as he termed it. He drew a distinction between high comedy and farce, and sometimes aspired to a position for himself in melodrama. *Marriage â la Mode* he claimed to belong to such a class, not without some counten



SION HOUSE.

ance from independent critics. He is needed now to administer a little wholesome regimen to British artists. How he would have lashed the Pre-Raphaelites! Into what nightmares he would have exaggerated some of the whimsies of Turner, as truly a master as himself! Possibly the coming man has already arrived, and has caught inspiration from the appropriately square, solid, broad-bottomed monument that looks out over the fast-swelling hurly-burly of new London from Chiswick burying-ground.

Barn Elms, on our left, was the home, in their respective periods, of Secretary Walsingham and of Cowley. That the latter did not select, in this choice of an abode, "so healthful a situation as he might have done," we are assisted in conceding by a glance at the tendency to swampiness which yet afflicts the spot. One account given of the circumstances of his demise requires no heavy draft on the aid of malaria. He missed his way on returning from a "wet night" at the house of a friend, and passed what remained of the small hours under a hedge. A timely quotation to him then would have come from his own *Elegy upon Anacreon:*

BOAT-HOUSE, SION HOUSE.

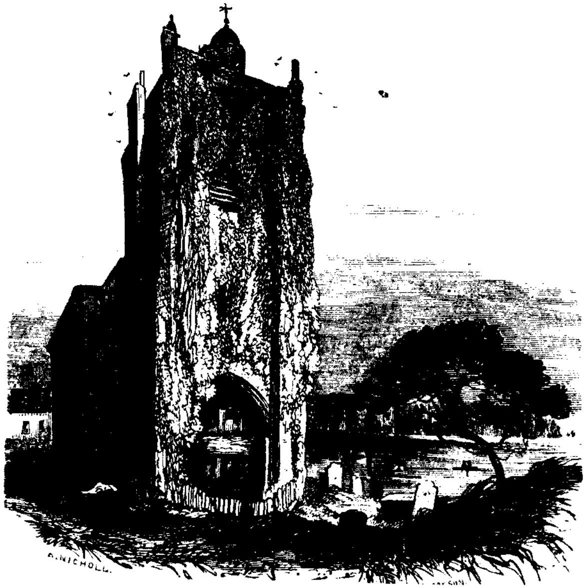
> Thou pretendest, traitorous Wine !
> To be the Muses' friend and mine :
> With love and wit thou dost begin
> False fires, alas ! to draw us in ;
> Which, if our course we by them keep,
> Misguide to madness or to sleep.
> Sleep were well : thous't learnt a way
> To death itself now to betray.

A weakness of this description, combined with his well-tried loyalty, was calculated to win him a friend in the merry monarch. Charles's eulogy was, that "Mr. Cowley hath not left a better man behind him in England." The judgment of Charles's subjects was, that he was the first of living English poets, Milton to the contrary notwithstanding. They placed him, accordingly, in Westminster Abbey, by the side of Chaucer and Spencer, while his rival, blind and in disgrace, with the bookseller's five pounds for the copyright of *Paradise Lost* in one pocket and—unhappily for his weight with the literati of the Restoration—a thousand from Cromwell in the other for pelting Monsieur Saumaise with bad Latin, was sinking into an obscure grave at St. Giles's.

Mortlake, at the western extremity of what may be dubbed University *Row*, cherishes the bones of another brace of votaries of imagination. Partridge, the astrologer and maker of almanacs, has a double claim to immortality—first, as Swift's victim in *The Tatler ;* and second, as having distinguished himself among the tribe of lying prophets by blundering into a prediction that came true—of snow in hot July. The other was no less a personage than Dr. Dee, familiar to readers of *Kenilworth.* Good Queen Bess luxuriated, like potentates of more recent date, in a kitchen cabinet, and Dr. Dee was a member. In his counsels Elizabeth apparently trusted as implicitly as in those of her legitimate ministers. She often sought his retreat, as Saul did that of the Witch of Endor, for supernatural enlightenment. Unfortunately, the journals of these séances are not preserved. Dee's show-stone, a bit of obsidian, in which he pretended to mirror future events, was in Horace Walpole's collection at Strawberry Hill. How such matters were viewed in those times is evidenced by the facts that the learned Casaubon published a folio of Dee's reports of interviews with spirits; that Dee was made chancellor of St. Paul's ; and that he was employed to ascertain by necromancy what day would be most auspicious for Elizabeth's coronation. Still, let us remember that Cagliostro's triumphal march across Europe dates back but a century ; that Cumming's prophecies constitute a standard authority with many most excellent and intelligent persons ; that Spiritualism, despite the most crushing reverses, numbers many able votaries on both sides of the Atlantic.

Very vivid is the contrast that awaits us at the coming curve, between

the unlovely town of Brentford, the "lang toun" of South, as Kirkcaldy is of North, Britain, on the right, and the horticultural marvels of Kew on the left. Brentford, however, is, as we have said is the case with other weak points of the Thames, screened from the reprobation of the navigator by the friendly trees of a large island. If you feel a personal interest in studying the field of two battles fought, one eight hundred and sixty years ago, between the Saxons and Danes—"kites and crows," as Hume held them—and the other two hundred and forty years since, between the Roundheads and the Cavaliers, you will pull up at Brentford. If you lack time or taste for that diversion, you will "choose the better part" and go to Kew, one of the lions of the river. In front stands the old red brick palace, the favourite country home of George III. It is to his queen, worthy and unbeauteous Charlotte, that London and its guests owe the foundation of the matchless Botanic Gardens. Their glories are inventoried in the guide-books: two hundred and forty acres of park and seventy-five of garden; acres of space and miles of walk under grass; the great palm-house, tall enough for most of the members of that giant family to erect themselves in and enjoy the largest liberty; the Chinese pagoda, one hundred and sixty-three feet high; the entire vegetable world in microcosm ordered, trimmed, and labelled with as much business precision as though, instead of being the manufacturer of Nature, they were so many bales of Manchester goods ticketed for exportation to some other planet;—a collection and display, in short, not unworthy of an empire whose drum-beat, etc.



ISLEWORTH CHURCH.

Conspicuous on the opposite side of the Thames, midway of the linked sweetness of Kew, stands storied Sion, a seat of the dukes o

Northumberland. Originally a wealthy nunnery, it was seized—and of course disestablished and held as his own—by the Eighth Harry. It served him as a prison for one of his wives, Katharine Howard, and a few years later furnished a night's rest to his own remains on their way to Windsor. His daughter revived the nunnery. It has reverted to the Crown on the attainder of the duke of Northumberland, who had been granted it on the attainder of the Protector Somerset, to whom Edward VI. had presented it. From Sion House, Lady Jane Grey stepped to a throne and a scaffold. Its associations with the misfortunes of royalty do not end here. In it the children of Charles I. were held in custody by the Parliament, and it witnessed an interview between them and their unfortunate parent, procured by a special intercession as a special favour. The Smithsons, representatives of the Percies, and fixed in the esteem of the people of the United States, by the Institution at Wash-

RICHMOND BRIDGE.

ington, are inundusturbed and exclusive possession now—too exclusive think some tourists, who desire to explore the house, and find difficulty in procuring the permission usually accorded at other aristocratic seats. Yet it is easy to surfeit of sight-seeing without grieving over a failure to penetrate the walls of Sion.

A little above Isleworth, the home of Lord Baltimore, the original grantee of Maryland, helps to sentinel Kew. The church-tower, if decapitated, would somewhat resemble that of Jamestown, Va. Like the latter, it is of brick. The similitude is not the less apt to suggest itself that beyond it, as we ascend the river, lies Richmond.

Having thus achieved our "on-to-Richmond" movement, we are admonished that justice to our object point and to its more interesting

neighbours, Twickenham, the home of Pope and Walpole, the Great park, and other attractions, requires another article. We have reached the head of steam navigation, and lost the last whiff of salt water. We forget that Britain is "shrined in the sea," and begin to cultivate a continental sensation. The voice, the movement and the savour of ocean have all disappeared. If aught suggestive of it linger, we find it in the moisture that veils the bluest sky, lends such delicate gradations to the aerial perspective, adds a richer green to tree and turf, and seems to give rotundity to the contours of both animate and inanimate Nature.

E. C. B.

AFTERMATH.

I FOUND one day upon the ground,
It's petals wet with dew,
A yellow primrose broken from
The stem on which it grew.

A fickle hand had plucked it off,
Then left it there to die,
Because a flower of brighter hue
Had caught his wandering eye.

I do not know quite how he fared
Who chose the rose that morn;
He did not wear it long, 'tis said,
Before he felt its thorn.

But this I know, howe'er he fared
Or wheresoe'er he be,
With all my heart I bless the lot
Which left my love for me.

FRED. TRAVERS.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE failure of Nicholas to interest the professional and other philanthropists of the city in his grand scheme of reformation and cure, did not leave him in good humour. He saw, or thought he saw, motives at the basis of their operations which were worthy only of his contempt. He failed, at least, to see, in any of their schemes, a recognition of the necessity of radical measures. It was true that many a faithful missionary of the Christian religion was endeavouring to change character and life. It was true that great efforts were making to implant good principles in the young, and to direct them into good habits. It was true that great good was done to the poor who were not paupers—men and women who, with manhood and womanhood intact, were bravely struggling to keep their heads above water, and rear their children to virtue and industry. To these the brotherly hand of religion was indeed a helping hand. To every angel of ministry in this field, he could heartily bid "Godspeed!" and wish that their numbers might be multiplied until their wings should whiten the air in every dark street and dismal dwelling.

The city presented itself to him in the figure of a huge sieve over whose meshes the swollen rich and the well-fed men and women walked with impunity and confidence, but into which the poor, thin men and women were momently slipping, some with brave and successful efforts to save themselves from falling through, and others given up for lost, and weakly losing hold and dropping down among the helpless inert mass beneath. It was this mass, diseased in body and mind, without ambition, beyond the reach of morality, with nothing but palsied hands and open mouths, that engaged his mind with an awful interest.

Could this mass be lifted into the light again? This was the great question. Were the existence and perpetuity of this mass necessary in the nature of things? In the harmony of the social instrument, was there a "wolf" forever to be hidden in this key?

There was no lack of benevolence—that was manifest on every hand; but there was not only a lack of concert, but an utter failure to comprehend the nature of the case, and to see anything to be done but alleviation. He saw a great weight to be lifted, and no harmony of action with regard to it. Every remedial agent was "patchy." There were hospitals for old men and hospitals for old women. There were "help-

"THE DOG WAS GROWING MORE EXCITED AND DIFFICULT TO HOLD."

ing hands" for this, that, and the other. There were asylums for orphans and half orphans. There were out-door relief and in-door relief. There were general societies that were not only competing with one another for the privilege of distributing the funds of the benevolent, but invading one another's fields.

How to get the most out of these benevolent organizations was the great question among the pauperized and perjured masses. They were besieged on every hand by deceit, by ingenious and persistent lying, by all base means to secure what they had to give. They were looked upon as the repositories of prey, to be dragged for with nets, to be fished for with hooks, to be caught with snares and weirs.

A most significant fact which had fallen under the notice of Nicholas was that pauperism increased, not in the ratio of the public distress, but in the proportion of the public provision for it. During this winter of unusual severity, a benevolent gentleman had instituted soup-kitchens to feed the starving; and a week had not passed after the announcement of this measure when the city was full of new faces. Tramps from all the region near the city were attracted like vultures to a carcass. Worse than this, this benevolent provision had developed the pauper spirit among those who had the means of living, and they pressed in on all sides with lying pretences by which they might save their money. It operated not only as a premium on lying, but a reward for improvidence and avarice alike.

Almost the only radical work that he saw in progress was the seizure of vagrant and ungovernable children by authority, their training in institutions, and their apprenticeship to farmers in different parts of the country. This was something, but how little it was among so many!

He was full of these thoughts and reflections, and a bitter sense of disappointment, when he called upon Miss Larkin, at the close of the meeting in "The Atheneum." He was indignantly impatient with the apathy he had met and found impossible to master. He had gone along so successfully with his experiment, he had demonstrated the truth of his theory so satisfactorily to himself, that, to find his progress barred and his scheme whistled down, chafed him sorely. He walked up and down the room, swinging his hands in his distress, and exclaiming:

"The idiots! the idiots!"

"Don't fret, Nicholas," said Miss Larkin, calmly. "The world was not made in a day."

"Man was made in a day," Nicholas responded, "and he can be made again. Why, Grace," he went on, "give me the authority and the money, and I will take the contract to cure three-quarters of the pauperism of the city in three years. The poor we have always with us, and whenever we will we may do them good, by helping them to help them-

selves. . The physically helpless we have always with us. The sick we have always with us. You may call these a quarter of the pauper population, if you will; but the remaining three-quarters only exist by a crime—a crime of their own, and a crime of society that tolerates them for a day. If a man will not work, neither should he eat. I cannot bear to see an evil grow in this new country until it becomes a hopeless institution—a great ulcer upon the social and political body, eating toward its vitals year by year, with never an attempt at radical treatment—with nothing applied but emollients and sedatives. Well, it just makes me wild. Idiots!"

Miss Larkin gave a merry laugh.

"Now, Nicholas," she said, "I protest. Do you see what is coming to you? Do you see how impatient you are getting to be, and how uncharitable you are growing? That is the way with reformers the world over, and it is a very bad way. They butt their heads against the public apathy and misapprehension, and it hurts them; and then they stand back and say, 'idiots!' Don't do it any more. It will spoil you. Try to be charitable toward the mistaken and the selfish as well as toward the unfortunate and vicious."

The calm voice, the rational and Christian reproof, went to his heart, and taking a seat at her side, he said:

"Forgive me, my dear! May God forgive me! I am getting proud and wilful, I suppose. What a child I am!"

"One word more, Nicholas," she said. "Be charitable toward yourself. Give your own motives a fair chance. If you don't, they may die."

The quick tears sprang to his eyes, and he seized her hand and kissed it as he said:

"And you are the woman who proposed to deprive me of words like these, and an influence which only you can exert upon me, because you would not give either your own or my motives a fair chance!"

Nicholas left Miss Larkin calmed and comforted, grateful for the change in his feelings, and grateful for the words that had wrought it.

The next morning as he issued from his lodgings, he realized for the first time that the winter which had been so full of interest to him, and so crowded with action, had spent itself, and that there was a prophecy of spring in the atmosphere. The sparrows were chattering and bustling at his feet; the few clouds in the sky had a look of restfulness and peace, as if the hard work of the year were done; men walked with unbuttoned coats; the girls he met looked more bright-eyed and beautiful; the buds in the parks seemed to have swelled in the night; and his heart responded to the new influence with a joy to which he was unaccustomed. The fancy came to him that the sleeping year had waked,

but still kept its eyes closed, while it recalled some great and delightful dream.

He saw but little of the ordinary sights of Broadway that morning, for the mere suggestion of spring had brought back the thoughts of his home, or carried him forward to it. The prospective spring had become impersonated in his mind, and wore the breezy robe and bore the inspiring features of the woman of his love. She walked the broad piazzas leaning on his arm. She was a form of grace, trailing her train across his velvet lawns. He was sitting under the trees with her. She not only interpreted but created and informed the beauty of the landscape. To his susceptible heart, Spring and Grace Larkin were one.

With the advent of spring, however, there would come a cessation, or a great modification, of the labours of the winter, in the enterprise which had so engaged his enthusiasm. The lectures at "The Atheneum" has gone steadily on, with the best results. Jonas Cavendish had kept his personal hold upon the people of "The Beggars' Paradise"; for he was fertile in expedients, and he had been able to engage specialists who supplemented his labour by interesting lectures and experiments. There was really a new spirit in the district. Men and women had got a new hold upon life. There were stumbling and backsliding, there was still in many minds a weak holding-on to the idea of being helped, or of getting pay for being good, but, after all the drawbacks and discounts, there was indubitably a sum of improvement achieved.

What should be done next? How should this sum of improvement be permanently secured? How should it be made seminal and productive?

These were vexing questions to Nicholas, as his plans would take him away from the city during all the summer months. He was revolving these questions in his mind, noticing nothing around him, and seeing nobody, when his ears were saluted with the familiar greeting:

"Say!"

"Hullo, Tim! How are you, this pleasant morning?"

The pop-corn man, without his usual burden, paused and shook hands with Nicholas.

"Say! I want to see you," said Tim.

"We are near Glezen's office," responded Nicholas, "and we'll go in there and have a talk."

Bob Spencer, the new office-boy, heard his father's voice upon the stairs, ran quickly to the door, seized and shouldered his broom, and, as the new-comers entered, presented arms in military fashion, and with a countenance as grave as that of a grenadier.

"What does this little monkey mean by this?" inquired Tim, who was suspicious that his boy was overstepping the bounds of propriety.

"Oh, it is a bit of nonsense, contrived by our friend Jonas, for amusement," said Glezen. "I don't mind it."

Jonas was scratching away at his desk, with a quiet smile upon his face.

"Jonas," said Glezen, "put him through his manual."

Bob sprang to his broom again, and responded to the words of command with great promptness and exactness, while the spectators looked on with much amusement, and rewarded the performance with cheers.

"Put me through my catechism," said Bob, who was excited by his new audience.

Jonas blushed. He had amused himself with Bob when Glezen was absent, but he had not expected to be called upon to give a public exhibition of his pupil's proficiency.

"Go on, Jonas," said Glezen, who was always ready for anything that promised a laugh.

"Make your obeisance," said Jonas.

Bob responded with a profound bow.

"Who is the greatest man living?" inquired Cavendish.

"Mr. Montgomery Glezen," said Bob.

"Who is the next greatest?"

"Mr. Jonas Cavendish."

"Who is the worst boy in the world?"

"Bob Spencer."

"What is Bob Spencer's chief duty?"

"To keep his hands and face clean, and show proper respect to his superiors."

"Who is the greatest woman in the world?"

"Miss Jenny Coates."

"What is the greatest reformatory agency known to man?"

"A woman's hand on a boy's ear."

"Make your bow, sir."

Bob made his bow with profound sobriety, amid vociferous laughter, while Cavendish resumed his pen.

Nicholas noticed with great amusement and with more interest than he would have been willing to betray, that at the mention of the name of Miss Coates a bright blush overspread Glezen's face. He evidently did not like to hear her name used so lightly and familiarly by his employés, and he grew sober quicker than was his wont, after so absurd a scene.

"Say!" said Tim, "Mr. Minturn and I came in to talk, and I should like to say what I have to say before you all. Are you too busy Mr. Glezen?"

"No," responded the lawyer. "Go on."

"I've been thinking," said Tim, "about 'The Atheneum.' The fact is, those people, according to my notion, have been fed with sugar-plums about long enough. I can see, too, that they are getting restive. They have been helped, but they must have something to do. They have been taught a great deal, but they have not yet been taught to take hold and carry on this enterprise for themselves."

"That is the very matter that has been passing through my mind this morning," said Nicholas. "Now, Tim, what have you to propose?"

"In the first place," Tim responded, "they have no rendezvous, where they can meet, keep each other in countenance, and talk over matters. They need organization, and they need especially to feel that this work is theirs, and that they are personally and collectively responsible for it. They need to feel that they are of some consequence in the world—in their world, at least. In other words, they need to be committed to reform in a way which involves their personal honour and their personal influence."

"Tim, you are a wise man," said Glezen.

"So my wife thinks," Tim replied, with a laugh.

"Well, what is your scheme?" inquired Nicholas.

"It involves money," said Tim, "and it involves me; and if you'll furnish the money I'll furnish the machinery."

"Let's hear what it is," said Nicholas.

"You know," Tim resumed, "that there are unoccupied rooms under 'The Atheneum,' and that in these times they can be had at a very modest rent. If I had the rooms, I could get a better living in them than I can get now. I could take care of them, give the most of them to public use, and have enough left to carry on a little trade in papers and periodicals, and knick knacks of all sorts. We could have social parlours, reading-rooms, a coffee-room which my wife and daughter could take care of, and we could make it a pleasant place of resort under the control of an association, the president of which I see at the desk yonder" (pointing to Jonas Cavendish).

All looked at Jonas, whose eyes kindled at the thought of his new dignity.

"Tim, it seems very practicable, and very desirable," said Nicholas. "What do you think, Glezen?"

"The only thing to be done."

"Let's do it, Tim," exclaimed Nicholas promptly, rising. "Let's fix the matter to-day. It will cost me more money than I feel able to spare just now, but it is throwing good money after good, in this case. It will secure the original investment."

Before night, Nicholas and Tim Spencer had canvassed the whole mat-

ter. They had not only surveyed and apportioned the rooms to their purposes, but had hired them for a year.

The regular weekly meeting at "The Atheneum" occurred on the following evening. The house was full to overflowing, a special notice having been posted during the day, which stated that important communications were to be made.

The lecture was briefer than usual, and then the lecturer made way for "one whom," as Mr. Cavendish expressed it, "the people were always glad to see."

There was something about this occasion which touched Nicholas very powerfully. His ingenuities, his purse, his labour, his sensibilities, had been under constant tribute for months. As he looked out upon his interested and grateful audience, eager-hearted to learn what he had to say to them, and realized that he had their friendship and their confidence, and remembered the last audience that he met in the hall, with its questions and doubts and protests, he was almost overcome. It was a minute before he could speak, and when he opened his lips, it was not with the usual form of address.

"My brothers and sisters," he said, "I am touched by a strange sense of weariness to-night. I have been at work all this winter for you, and others who are like you, in poverty and misfortune. I began with great hope and energy, and I have realized all my hopes with regard to you; but to-night, after a winter of observation, I feel so overwhelmed with the work to be done in this city, and the incompetency of the means for its accomplishment, that I acknowledge to you that I need your help. If I could take you all by the hand, and hear you say to me that I have done you good, and that you are glad I came to you, it would rest me, I am sure. I have had help of various sorts from more than one, but I feel now, and I have felt for a good many days, that I must have your help. The spring is almost here, and the time is not far distant when the meetings, that have been so full of pleasure and instruction for us all, must be suspended. What will you do then?"

"God knows!" said a deep voice in the audience.

"Yes," said Nicholas, "and so do I."

Then he went over in detail the plan that had been devised and initiated by Tim Spencer and himself. The broaching of the new project and the intense interest with which it was received, relieved him of his weariness, and he became eloquent upon the possibilities of the new enterprise.

"This affair is yours," he said. "The rooms are yours for a year. Perhaps, when the lease expires, you will be able to renew it for yourselves. I hope you will be very happy in them—that they will be the means of bringing you closer together and strengthening you. I shall

have nothing to do with your organization. Choose your best men, and choose them from among yourselves. There are those among you who are quite capable and quite worthy of authority; and, above all things, stand together. As soon as I finish what I have to say to you, I shall leave you to make your organization and discuss your plans. I put the responsibility upon you, feeling sure, from the friendliness of the faces I see before me, that you wish to please and satisfy me.

"Before I leave you to-night,"—and Nicholas hesitated and his eyes grew moist,—"I have a word to say upon a topic concerning which I have not been accustomed to speak. The subject is a very sacred one to me. It is surrounded by a great many precious associations. It is so identified with my secret satisfactions, my source of inspiration and the history of my childhood, it is so profoundly important to the progress of the world, it is so sweetly wonderful in its nature and results, it is so marvellous in its promises and prophesies of the future, it has so much in it for you, that I can hardly trust my tongue to mention it.

"If you love me, or believe in me, don't turn away from me until you have heard me through. I know that this subject has sometimes been presented to you as a threat, sometimes in the form of cant, sometimes in the form of blatant or flippant declamation, sometimes as an appeal to your selfish desire for safety, but don't turn away from it."

The people saw that Nicholas was in a new mood, and that what he was saying came from the very depths of his heart. They were as silent as if they were anticipating the appearance of some wonderful spectacle behind the speaker.

"Nearly two thousand years ago," Nicholas went on, "a babe was born in a manger in the town of Bethlehem, in the province of Judæa. Some shepherds, watching their flocks, were startled by a great glory in the midnight sky, and the appearance of an angel, who told them what had happened and where to find the child; and there were wings all about them, and there was strange music in the air. No child of yours was ever humbler born; no woman among you, in your hour of sickness and trial, was ever more meanly entertained than was this mother upon her bed among the cattle.

"Well, the people in those days had very strange ideas of God. They thought He was hard and fierce, and they killed cattle and sheep and burnt them upon altars as sacrifices to their Deity; but a song was sung in heaven that night, which was heard upon the earth, and the words were 'Good-will toward men.' God had been misunderstood. He had a fatherly affection for his suffering children, and the angels put it into words, which swept over the hills like the sunrise; and they have been echoed all around the world. 'Good-will toward men!' God, who made this wonderful world, and all the stars, and made us, too, means

well toward us. He loves us, and desires that we may not only be good but happy.

"Now this babe, the birth of whom gave occasion to the expression of these words, was born, as I have told you, very poor, and he grew up to manhood a poor working man. He might have been born among you. One of you women, here, might have been his mother, if you had lived at that time. You might have had him in your arms, and tended and reared one who proved to be the greatest and best man who ever lived. Some of you men might have worked at the bench with him, for he was a carpenter, and you might have heard him talk, and gone home to your wives and reported his conversations, and told them how good and how remarkable he was. He belonged to your class. He was the unspeakable gift of poverty to wealth. He made poverty forever dignified, and if there are any people in this world who ought to be his lovers and followers, they are the working poor.

"Well, the babe grew up, and became a great teacher. He worked miracles. He healed the sick; he fed the hungry; he forgave the erring; and wherever he went, he preached the good news that God bore nothing but good-will toward the world. His life and character were spotless. He had the same temptations that we have, but he resisted them. He was oftentimes without where to lay his head, but he did not complain. He never forgot his class and his companions in poverty, and to them, especially, he preached the good tidings.

"The mistaken men of that day persecuted and killed him. They did not know what they were doing. They were blinded by their old ideas, and envious of his influence. But a little while afterward he rose from the dead. He talked with his friends; he showed himself to them openly; and then, in the presence of a multitude of them, he rose up out of their sight.

"That is the story, and I believe it. You have learned something of the littleness of the world. It is only one among more than you can count; and does it seem so very strange to you that God should make him—the only sinless man who ever lived, the king of his race—the man who lived and died for it? Does it seem strange to you that he should have been raised from the dead, and placed in the charge of humanity,—to be its teacher, its inspirer, its leader, its ruler? Doesn't it look as if he were king? See how, for almost two thousand years, he has entered into the world's civilization! Think of the uncounted millions of dollars that have gone to the building of Christian churches, all over the world! Think of the numberless lives that have expended themselves in Christian service! Think of the poems, the hymns, the pictures, the architecture, that he has inspired! Think of the million of good lives that have been shaped upon the model of his, and the millions of dying men who

have gone out of life with triumph in their hearts, and a vision of their King in their eyes!

"Good friends, dear friends," and Nicholas leaned forward upon his desk, "what brought me to you? Had you any honour to give me? I came simply in obedience to the command of my King. He told me that he was one with the poor, and that if I would do the smallest of them the smallest service, I should do that service to him. You do not know it,—you have not thought of it,—but Jesus Christ is looking at me out of your eyes to-night, and there is no service that I can render you that I do not render him.

"But I did not come here to preach. I did not intend to say as much as I have said already, although it has seemed necessary to say it in order to get at a proposition I have to make, and to prepare you for it. To me, religion is a very simple thing. To be a Christian is to be like Christ. I have no taste for talking about the machinery of the theologians, or about belief in this, that and the other. There are two or three things that I know. You need help. Many of you have determined upon industrious habits and reformed lives, and you need more help than I can give you, to enable you to persevere. Now, mark you, I don't believe—I know—that if you will take Christ for your pattern, if you will adopt his unselfish motives, if you will give him your trustful affection and allegiance, and consent to be led by him, you cannot go wrong. He will take care of you in this world and in the next. He was poor, and he can sympathize with you. He was tempted and he can help you, and he can whisper to you in your darkest hours, 'God means well by you.' No matter how troubled you may be, those two words: 'good-will,' 'good-will,' will always be breathed upon your hearts as a balm and a benediction.

"Now I ask you the question: will you have this religion of Jesus Christ taught to yourselves and your children? I can lay my hands upon a hundred men and women, devoted to their Master and yours, who are willing to come here and teach you and your little ones. You can have preaching in this hall every Sunday, if you will; but I force nothing upon you. If you do not want this, it shall not come. I stand between you and all intrusion of offensive instructions and influences; but I am sure that you do not wish to have your children bred as you have been."

"God forbid!" exclaimed a voice in the audience.

Nicholas saw that his audience were very deeply affected. Indeed, it was the consciousness that they were sympathetically absorbed in what he was saying which inspired his utterances. Women were weeping, and many a strong man was unable to control his emotions. Some of the men sat hard and determined in their skepticism, or their crime—

men who had not yet got beyond the motive of bettering their worldly condition, or who had come in, inspired only by curiosity.

"Will you have Christian instruction for yourselves?" inquired Nicholas. "All who desire it will be kind enough to stand upon their feet."

Every woman in the house rose, without hesitation. A few men stood up, here and there, but the majority kept their seats, while two or three left the hall.

"Will you have Christian instruction for your children? Inform me by the same sign."

The entire congregation rose to their feet.

Nicholas smiled, and said:

"Thank you!" adding: "A school for children will be organized in this room next Sunday morning at nine o'clock. Classes for adults will also be formed at the same hour, if they will attend."

"And now," said Nicholas, "I leave you to yourselves, congratulating you on your new privileges and prospects. You have done me a great deal of good, and I am grateful for it."

As he turned to leave the stage, the audience, by a common impulse, rose to their feet, clapping their hands; and with the words, "God bless you!" ringing in his ears, he vanished through the wing of the stage, and left the building.

A great load had been lifted from his heart, and a great peace had taken possession of it. The conviction had been pressed upon him more and more, for several weeks, that he had only lifted his charge a single step toward reformation, and that moral and religious instruction and active responsibility were necessary to perfect the cure which had been so successfully begun. He had apprehended the fact that his work was running out into nothingness, that it must be supplemented by something of a different character, and that, somehow, by some new and vital motive, these men and women must be bound together in mutual sympathy and mutual service.

And now the way was clear. Now they had a common home, with common privileges and common responsibilities. They had asked for, or manifested their willingness to receive, precisely the things they needed. He had left them at perfect freedom, organizing and contriving for themselves, with a great trust and a great enterprise on their hands. More than he knew, or could realize, he had reinstated them in independent manhood and womanhood; for before they separated that night, after a debate that would have surprised him if he could have listened to it, they were an organic community, with conscious possibilities of development, and bright anticipations and glowing ambitions.

The happiest morning that Nicholas had ever seen was that of the

following Sunday, when he found "The Atheneum" thronged by children with a generous sprinkling of adults, and furnished with teachers, and all the necessary machinery of instruction. "The Larkin Bureau" was all there, including Miss Larkin herself, who, after her long confinement, was once more engaged in her much-loved work. It is possible that this fact had something to do with the satisfaction that shone in the eyes of Nicholas as he observed, or mingled with, the noisy and happy throng.

Before the week expired, Tim Spencer had installed himself and his family in the rooms under the hall, and busy hands had brought the public apartments into readiness for occupation. The interest that was centered upon these preparations was full of promise for the future. "The Beggar's Paradise" was all alive with the matter. They talked of it in their homes. They visited or hung around the place at night. They stole into the rooms during their brief noonings. It was all for them. They were charmed by it; they were proud of it. They infected the whole neighbourhood and all their associates with their enthusiasm; and on the evening of the grand opening, Tim Spencer and his family were quite overwhelmed with the demands upon their space and their modest entertainment.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE affairs of Miss Larkin were transferred with remarkable ease to the hands of Mr. Glezen. It was with a measure of regretful hesitation that she cut herself loose from her old guardian; but the step was insisted on by Nicholas, who was sure that he was on the road to immediate ruin and disgrace. He had not, for a moment, relinquished his conviction that "the model man" had received and still held his own stolen property, and that at some time, in some way, his guilt would unmistakably be discovered.

Why Mr. Benson should surrender his trust so willingly was not apparent to any but the young men who knew him best. Glezen and Nicholas, however, had their own opinions, based on their knowledge of his history and his character. He undoubtedly wished to placate Nicholas, and remove, so far as he could, that young man's motives for his persecution. Mr. Benson had become aware, in some way, of the new relations that existed between Nicholas and his ward, and he wished to cut loose from all association with the pair in a way that would leave upon them a pleasant impression. The transfer had been made in Glezen's office, and Mr. Benson had not only been very dignified and

bland during the transaction, but somewhat effusive in his expressions of pleasure at being relieved of so grave a trust in so dangerous a time. He even went so far as to profess his gratification that he had the privilege of passing his trust into such faithful, friendly and competent hands.

The young men had no difficulty in understanding all this. It was natural and characteristic; but there was another motive, which lay under the surface, that was not so easily divined. Mr. Benson still maintained a fondness for his own reputation. He had arrived at a point where he was conscious that he could not save it whole. He knew that the time was coming when the poor would curse him, and hold even his name in execration; but Miss Larkin was not poor, and he would do something that would be laudable and gratefully remembered in the circle to which she and her friends belonged. To separate her fortunes from his own, when he became sure that his own were falling, if not hopeless, would be an act sufficiently manly and Christian in the seeming to hang partisan praise upon, among those whose good opinion he most desired.

It was already whispered about that there was something wrong with The Poor Man's Savings Bank. There were grave suspicions of "irregularities" connected with that institution, but Mr. Benson's reputation, although not so high as it was, was still regarded as an honourable one. People knew him to be embarrassed, but they gave him credit for honesty. Was he not in his pew at church every Sunday? Was he not punctilious in his observance of all the proprieties of his position?

One sunny morning, more spring-like than any that had preceded it, Nicholas and Glezen joined each other in their walk toward the lower part of the town. It was soon after the events narrated in the last chapter, and after Glezen had assumed the charge of Miss Larkin's affairs. They were talking upon business, and discussing their plans for the summer, when, as they were passing one of the streets that crossed Broadway, their eyes were attracted by a crowd that revealed itself down the street upon their left. Both stopped and both exclaimed: "That is Benson's bank." It was before the hour of opening, and it was not "quarter-day." They could come to but one conclusion, viz., that there was to be a run upon the bank that day. New York was but a whispering gallery. What had been quietly spoken in counting-rooms and palaces had been heard in the hovels and the stews. The wind which, with one wing, had brushed the clouds, had, with the other, rustled the leaves of the poor man's bank-book.

They turned their steps toward the crowd by a common impulse, and noticed bef· ·hem, walking with strong, determined steps, the familiar form of M ɪson. Checking themselves, and falling slowly behind,

they saw him make his way through the constantly augmenting mass. They heard the murmurs of the multitude as it parted to give him passage, and then, when he reached the topmost step of the stairs that led to the door, they saw him turn and face the cloud of distrust that had gathered around his beloved and long-honoured institution.

He presented a bold and dignified front. Lifting his hat, and wiping his brow, he looked calmly around. His well-dressed figure, revealed by the morning sun, his strong features, his questioning, pitying, almost scornful, look, as his eye took in the scene before him, were more than those near him could bear. They slunk back, and hid themselves among their fellows, as if ashamed to be identified.

"My friends," he said calmly, but with a voice that was heard to the remotest edge of the crowd, "I do not know what this means."

"It means that we want our money," responded a far-off voice.

"Did The Poor Man's Savings Bank ever cheat one of you out of a dollar?" inquired Mr. Benson. "You can have your money if you want it, and we are bound to give it to you, to the last dollar. But what will you do with it? You will wait for a week, until this foolish excitement has subsided, and then you will bring it back to us, and beg us to take it again. You make us all this trouble, to your own hurt and our very great inconvenience. You damage the credit of the institution in which you are all interested. You have been made fools of by demagogues. I have advised a great many of you: have you ever been injured by my advice? Now let me advise you again. Go home to your business, and trust my word that your money is safe. Go home, and go now."

He looked at one and another, and one and another went, until it seemed as if the power of the man were quite equal both to the occasion and his own wishes.

But more than half of the crowd lingered. He saw that he had failed, and as he turned to enter the door, it was opened by an inside hand, and he entered, closing it behind him.

As it still lacked half an hour to the time of the public opening, Nicholas and Glezen turned away and resumed their walk.

"There's trouble there," said Glezen.

"Much as I despise that man, do you know I cannot help admiring him?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, I admire the old fellow, too, and bad as he is, I pity him. All that was necessary for him to pass through life, and pass out of it, with a spotless name, was to miss the circumstances which revealed him to himself and others, and the temptations which the hard times have brought to him."

"It makes one tremble for one's self," said Nicholas. "Who knows

what unconscious weaknesses hide within him, waiting for the betraying touch of temptation?"

"Those fellows are not going away," said Glezen, recurring to the scene at the bank. "There's going to be a run there to-day, and a heavy one. I know these New York crowds, and the whole batch we saw there will come back, with recruited numbers. Well, I hope for their sake the bank can stand it, but nobody knows nowadays what will happen."

Glezen arrived at his office, and Nicholas went up with him.

"What are you going to do to-day?" inquired Glezen.

"I've nothing particular on hand. I want to hear from Benson's bank again. Perhaps I'll go back there," Nicholas replied.

"Oh, I'll send Bob up there. Sit down here, and amuse yourself in some way."

Nicholas amused himself for a while, looking down upon the throng of passengers in the street. Then he sat down and took up the morning papers; but he was uneasy.

"Look here, Glezen!" he said, "I am going round to the Guild, to see the operations. I was never there but once, and I was immensely interested."

"Very well," said Glezen, "I'll send Bob to you when he returns, and you may trust him to get all the news at the bank, with interest at a higher rate than a savings bank ever pays."

The two friends separated with a laugh, and Nicholas made his way to the rooms of the Guild, which he found thronged with applicants for aid. The conductors and almoners knew him, and invited him to a seat inside the rails, where he could witness the operations at his leisure.

It was a distressing scene, in comparison with which the anxious and eager crowd which he had just left at Benson's bank was an assemblage of kings. They were thinly clad and shivering. Many of them were known to the disbursing officers, and had lived upon the pittance doled out to them by this and kindred institutions all winter. There were wrecks of men and wrecks of women. There were pinched-looking boys and girls. Each had a story of want and suffering, and each received, with an eagerness which had no apparent flavour of gladness in it, the gift bestowed. Each story bore the impress of familiar use, and was patently, more or less tinctured with falsehood. Some went away with promises that their cases should have examination.

Nicholas was intensely absorbed in the abject tragedy transpiring before his eyes, when Bob burst into the door, his face glowing and his eyes ablaze with excitement. He was behind the crowd, but he caught sight of Nicholas, and at the top of his voice exclaimed:

"Say, Mr. Minturn! There's the greatest kind of a run on old Benson's bank. Everybody is there. Oh, there's a thousand—there's ten thousand people there! The street's full! You never saw such a row! They are knocking each other down, and they're yelling—just yelling like tigers! It's the bulliest kind of a row!"

Nicholas tried to stop the boy but could not help laughing at his apparent enthusiasm.

"That will do! that will do, Bob! I understand it. Hush!" said Nicholas rising, and trying to impress his injunction by a gesture.

But there were others who understood it besides Nicholas. The applicants for aid ceased from their story-telling, and looked with strange alarm into each other's faces. Then one and another quietly made their way out of the door, and then came a general stampede. Not five of the miserable crowd were left in the room. The officers gathered around Nicholas, and, looking into each other's faces they burst into a laugh.

"It is too bad," said Nicholas, on whose honest mind the perjuries enacted there that morning produced a very depressing effect.

"Say! you fellers haint got nothing in Benson's bank, have you?" inquired Bob of the little group that lingered hesitatingly in the rear of the room.

"Not much!" exclaimed one of them.

This excited another laugh among the officers, one of whom said, addressing the group: "What bank do you deposit in?"

The men looked dumbfounded. They were ashamed of the company they had been in, and realized how natural the suspicions were that were excited concerning themselves; but they came up, and told their stories, and received with little questioning the aid they desired.

Nicholas returned to Glezen's office, sick at heart, thinking of what he had seen at the Guild, and of what was in progress at The Poor Man's Savings Bank. He found Glezen busy, and then, unable to control his uneasiness, went out, and bent his steps toward Mr. Coates's warehouse, hoping to find the old merchant, for whom he had gradually acquired an affectionate respect, at leisure.

As he entered the building, the first man he met was his protégé Yankton, busy in shipping goods. He gave him a cordial "good morning," and was just about leaving him to go back to the counting-room, when Yankton said, fumbling his pockets, "I've got a paper here which may be of importance to you, though I don't know anything about it. I've had it a long time, but I have never thought to hand it to you."

Thus saying, he handed him a half sheet of note paper, which Nicholas quickly unfolded.

"Where did you get this?" inquired Nicholas, greatly excited.

"In the pocket of the coat you gave me," replied the man. "It was tucked down in a corner, and I had worn the coat a month before I found it."

As he talked, Nicholas had looked it through, and then, without stopping to place it in his pocket-book, or to make the call upon Mr. Coates which he had intended to make, or even to bid Yankton good-morning, he wheeled and left the store with the paper tight within his hand.

Strange that he had not thought of this before! He remembered it now with entire distinctness. That was the very coat he wore when he called on Mr. Bellamy Gold, with regard to taking the bonds to New York for registration, and he had put the record of their numbers into his pocket for some momentary reason or through some vagrant impulse, and there it had lain forgotten until Yankton discovered it. He even remembered that he had not told Mr. Gold that he had taken it, after that gentlemen had returned it to its place. He walked straight to Glezen's office, possessed by his first excitement, and unmindful of the scenes through which he passed. The lawyer was closeted with a client, but Nicholas made his way unbidden into the room, unfolded the paper, and laid it upon Glezen's desk before his eyes.

"I understand it," said Glezen quietly, "and now that we may be sure, go directly and telegraph for Mr. Gold. Tell him we want him here to-night. I'll keep this, Nicholas, for, my boy, you are not in a fit condition to take charge of it."

Excusing himself from his client for a moment, Glezen took the paper to his safe, locked it in and came back.

Meantime Nicholas had vanished from the room, and was already on his way to the telegraph office.

To Nicholas, the day which opened so calmly was long and full of excitement. He could only walk the streets, and revolve the possibilities connected with the finding of the long-missing paper. Three or four times he found himself on the edge of the crowd around Mr. Benson's bank, watching the gratified faces of the depositors as they one by one emerged from the door, and hearing the questions propounded to them by those whose turn had not yet arrived. He could see that all looked less unhappy as the day wore on, and still the money did not give out. He noticed, however, that the proceedings were very leisurely, and that not half of the depositors assembled could be waited upon during the day.

The train on which Mr. Bellamy Gold was expected to arrive was not due until nearly evening, but Nicholas was at the station an hour before the time, and when, at last, the country lawyer stepped from the platform, he was literally received by open arms.

Nicholas took him to his rooms, and before dinner he had told him the whole story of the missing bonds, and the discovery of the lost paper. The lawyer's joy and excitement were hardly less than those which exercised his client. The loss of the paper had weighed upon him like a great personal bereavement, and now that his skirts were clean, he was as happy as a boy.

After dinner they found Glezen at his lodgings, and all went to his office, where the paper was fully identified.

"Nicholas," said Mr. Bellamy Gold, "what did I tell you about the model man? Eh?"

"We shall find out whether you were right," said Nicholas.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MR. BENSON, with a very quick instinct, apprehended the nature of the crisis upon which he had entered. He knew that the bank must succumb if the run should prove to be formidable and persistent. He knew, too, that the run upon the bank would involve a run upon himself, and that that run would meet with a disaster sooner than the one which threatened his institution. People had for several weeks ceased to deposit with him, and all who called upon him now wanted money. It was with the greatest difficulty that he had been able to meet the demands of the few previous weeks. The money of the new depositors was all gone to satisfy the old. Property had been sold at a sacrifice, and the proceeds of that were gone. It was more and more difficult to borrow from day to day, and lately he had felt himself obliged to deny himself to callers. He sat alone in his library, doing nothing, but too "busy" to see them. He absented himself until midnight from his home. He resorted to every wretched pretense to avoid meeting those who had trustingly placed their all in his keeping.

To his proud nature, the thought that his family should witness his humiliation was a galling one. He had been so infallible in his own house, he had carried himself so like a god in the presence of his wife and children, they had stood in such fear of him, they had been such slaves to him, they had so abjectly believed in his power, and their attitude toward him had so gratified and flattered him in his selfish and proud isolation, that the reflection that they were to witness his humiliation stung him to the quick.

The first business he transacted, on his arrival at the bank on the morning of the run upon that institution, was the writing of a letter to his wife, requesting or commanding her—they were interchangeable

words in his vocabulary—to take her children to the home of her family in the country, and to remain there until she should hear from him. She was to leave no one behind but the cook and a man-servant. His messenger would assist her, and go with her to her destination. He knew there would be no protest to the arrangement. It did not make him particularly unhappy to know that she would be glad to go. He did not care for that. He was only anxious that Mr. Benjamin Benson should not be regarded with wonder and pity by those who had believed in his power and wisdom, and practically acknowledged his unbounded authority.

Two hours after this note left his hands, Mrs. Benson and her family were on their way,—not greatly troubled by what they were leaving behind them,—pleased and excited by the prospect before them.

As the doors of the bank were opened, and the throng pressed in, Mr. Benson and the officers and clerks regarded them with a degree of merriment quite unusual in that institution. It was a huge joke. They laid out their money in massive piles, in sight of the crowd, went at their work leisurely, and at last settled down to their day's doings.

It did not seem so much of a joke when a little trio of bank commissioners entered, and were politely invited into the consulting room by Mr. Benson.

What passed between Mr. Benson and the board of authority was not known outside, but it was not calculated to assure the president. In revealing the assets of the bank, and the shameful malfeasance of its officers, as he was obliged to do before the day closed, he was compelled, in order to justify the loan that had been made to himself to exhibit the securities he had pledged. As thorough an examination of the affairs of the bank as could be made in a single day was made, and when, at last, the doors were closed, and the run of the day was over, and the commissioners with grave faces had retired, Mr. Benson realized that the end was coming fast. What the morrow would bring forth the commissioners did not tell him, but he foresaw it with trembling.

As the crowd were pressed out of the ante-room and pressed back by the closing door, with the assistance of policemen, a menacing shout of rage went up from the disappointed assemblage, some of whom had stood in the street without food all day. Not an officer dared to stir from the bank, and it was not until the police had cleared the street and sent the disappointed people home, that the imprisoned men were released.

Instead of returning to his house, Mr. Benson took a cab and went to a distant restaurant of the highest sort for his dinner. There, at least, he should be beyond the contact of the crowd he dreaded. But there, alas! everybody seemed to know him. The waiter at his table called him "Mr. Benson." People were whispering together, and casting

curious glances at him. The fact that he was there was a strange one to them.

A thought occurred to him.

"Bring me an evening paper," he said to the waiter.

The paper was brought, and under startling headings he read the doings of the day at his bank. Worse than this, he found stated with wonderful accuracy the condition of the bank. Where the information had come from, he could not guess; but somebody had betrayed him, and, undoubtedly, in a hundred thousand homes at that moment, his name was a synonym of dishonour.

His appetite was gone. He called for his bill, discharged it and went out upon the street. Whither should he go? Not homeward, for he had a vision of a little crowd of anxious creditors, waiting at the door for his coming—stalwart working-men who had confided their savings to him; widows in their weeds who had gone to him as a christian protector, and placed all their worldly possessions in his keeping; orphans who had lost their petty patrimony through his treachery. No, not homeward until an hour should arrive that would drive the haunting spectres to their sleepless pillows!

The evening was damp and chilly, and he tied a handkerchief around his face and drew up his coat-collar. The muffling would at least help to shield him from recognition. The lamps were lighted; careless laughter rang in his ears; the brillant restaurants were full of happy guests; men and women were passing into the open doors of the theatres; carriages and omnibuses rolled by with happy-looking freights, and life went on around him as careless of him as if he and his troubles had no existence. A great reputation had fallen, but nobody paused to contemplate the ruins. His life had practically ended in disgrace, and the great multitude did not care. The space that he had filled in society was closing up already, and soon he would be counted out of it altogether.

Wrapped in his bitter and despairing thoughts, and not knowing or caring where he was, he heard a church-bell. It sounded to him like a bell in heaven. He knew the tone, and knew that his Christian brothers and sisters were answering to its call. Ah! why should he who had responded to that bell so many times be left so shorn of reputation and happiness? Had he not paid his money? Had he not been in his place, in season and out of season? Had not his voice been heard in prayer and exhortation? Had not his influence been thrown constantly upon the side of religion? Why had God forsaken him?

The bell had a strange fascination for him. He arrived at the church, and, although it was late, he determined to go in. Perhaps some word of comfort might come to him. Perhaps man's extremity would be God's opportunity. Perhaps some beam of light would illumine the way that

seemed so dark before him. Perhaps some miracle would be wrought on his behalf, if, under such depressing circumstances, he continued true to his religious obligations.

He entered, and took his seat in the rear of the assembly-room, just as the minister gave out the text: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these my brethern, ye have done it unto me." Every word of the searching discourse was a thorn pressed into his aching brow; and the prayer at its close, evidently inspired by the history of the day, crushing him with penitence for wrongs which it was too late to remedy.

When the benediction was pronounced, he slipped out of the door and encountered the sexton. He had forgotten that this modest functionary was one of his many victims.

The sexton stepped to his side quietly, and said:

"It's all right, I hope, Mr. Benson? When shall I call upon you?"

"Never. Take this: it is all I have."

He handed him a little roll of bank notes, and vanished. Then he thought what a good thing he had done—how it would be talked about in the church, and how much it would do to soften the judgments of those who had known him there. Perhaps, too, this little act would somehow turn the tide of adversity that was then piling its cruel waves upon him.

He stepped rapidly away to avoid the crowd. Passing into a side street, he saw a huge Newfoundland dog, seated upon a pile of ashes, howling for its lost master. He was struck at once with a sense of companionship, called the animal to him with kind words, and bade him follow. The dog licked his hand, and he stopped and patted his shaggy head. Coming to an open butcher's shop, he spent a few cents for meat, and fed him, and then he went on, man and dog together. Was he, a man that could be touched by the pitiful cry of a dog that had lost its master, an inhuman man? He felt that he was not, and that he had only made mistakes, and been forced by circumstances into measures that had compromised his reputation and his prosperities. He could see the mistakes, and if he had his life to live again, he should not make them; but he was helpless against the circumstances. The more he thought, the more he felt himself wronged. The more he thought, the more he grew angry with the world.

The huge dog hung to his heels like a shadow—past the street lamps, through the dark passages—everywhere silent, content, trustful. He seemed to know that his benefactor was in trouble, and to wish to express his sympathy by his clumsy caresses. He assumed a sort of guardianship of his new master, and growled menacingly whenever they met supicious-looking passengers.

It was midnight when Mr. Benson turned into his own street. He

knew that by that time his discouraged creditors would have gone to their homes.

As he arrived at the foot of the steps that led up to his door, the dog stopped and began to growl. Then a dark figure stepped out of the area, and approached Mr. Benson.

"Who are you?" the latter inquired.

"Take care of your dog, or I'll shoot him," said the man.

Mr. Benson seized the dog by the collar and held him quiet.

"Who are you?" he inquired again.

"A man as has business with you," said the stranger.

"This is no hour for business."

"It is the right time for my business, and its the right time for the sort of business that you've done with me."

"Captain Hank?"

"Yes, that's what the boys call me."

"What do you want with me?"

"He steals a hard-workin' and a slow-savin' man's bonds from 'im, an' then axes him what he wants with 'im," said Captain Hank. "He steals 'em, an he keeps 'em. He needn't say that he hasn't kep' 'em, for he knows he has!"

"I have not kept them. They are not in this house. It is just as impossible for me to give them to you as it would be to give you the money for them."

"Then you must git money for me, for I'm broke," growled Captain Hank.

"Captain Hank, I have no money to-night, and you must call again."

"No, you don't come no telegraph on me again. I'm here for money."

"Pick it up in the street, then, for I have none."

The dog was growing more excited and difficult to hold.

"If you want money, come here to-morrow night, and go away now, or I will not answer for the consequences. I will certainly let this dog loose if you do not leave me this moment, and he'll make short work with you."

The villain moved off, cursing both Mr. Benson and the dog, and promising to return at the appointed time.

Mr. Benson mounted the steps, and letting himself in with a latch-key, disappeared from the street.

He tied the dog in his library, and went to bed. It was nearly dawn before he slept, and he was awakened at last by a rap at his door.

"Well?" he exclaimed.

"Breakfast is waiting, sir, and the street is full of people, asking to see you," the servant responded.

Mr. Benson rose, and, parting the curtain sufficiently to see without

being seen, scanned the darkening mass of eager, questioning men and women. There were more than his depositors there. There were those there who had never deposited a dollar with anybody. There were ruffians and pickpockets who had come not only to witness his disgrace, but to ply their trade,—a savage, rejoicing crowd, that gloated over a Christian's overthrow—so pleased and excited by it that the very house he lived in was an object to be looked at by the hour, as if some awful scandal in high life had been born there, or a murder had been committed.

He dressed himself with his accustomed care, and walked down stairs to his breakfast, in a room at the rear of his house.

"Thomas," he said quietly to his waiting man, "I am not well this morning. After breakfast, I want you to go to the bank, and tell them that I shall keep my room to-day. No one is to be admitted to the house, at either door."

"All right, sir," said Thomas. "I will go to the bank, but I'm not coming back. Cook gives her notice too, and is packing to leave."

"Very well, Thomas. Only see that no one gets in. I'm sorry I have no money for you. If you and the cook can find anything in the house that will pay you what is owing to you, take it away. I will trust you. The quicker you do it the better, for this crowd may become reckless after waiting."

Then Mr. Benson ate his breakfast without an appetite, from his old, automatic sense of duty, and then he sat back and read his newspaper. He read everything that he could find which did not relate to himself and his affairs. He read politics, the theatre notices, the police record, and gradually worked up to the full, detailed account of the run upon his bank, and an editorial comment upon himself. There was a measure of respectfulness in this comment, but it closed with a hint that there were to be astounding disclosures, which menaced a character that had been held in high honour in the community for many years. He found out what this meant when, in looking over the advertisements, he saw one signed "Nicholas Minturn," giving a succinct account of the Ottercliff robbery, and the numbers of the bonds stolen. The advertiser warned all persons against purchasing the bonds, and offered a suitable reward for their discovery and delivery. Mr. Benson was calm no longer. Up to this point he had, so far as the public knew, come only to a most disastrous financial failure. It was true that he owed money to the bank, but his pledge was there. He had kept secret the loans of the other officers; but men had lived through such things,—stained somewhat, perhaps, but still with a flavour of their old respectability, and a few friendly partisans left.

For the first time in his life he realized that he was a criminal. The act which had made him such had not greatly horrified him. The results

of the act, which were to make him a hunted man, which were either to place him in the hands of the law or to drive him into disgraceful exile, which were to load his name with ineffaceable opprobrium, which would make it for ever impossible for him to hold up his head among honest and respectable men—these swept the world from under him. Realizing that he was already a prisoner in his own house, afraid to venture out to make one last attempt to get hold of and destroy the stolen bonds, measurably sure, under the circumstances, that his bank was already closed against him, and in the hands of a receiver—remorseful, rebellious, hopeless, helpless, he stormed about his apartment like a madman, or sat and groaned in his chair, and listened to the murmurs of the crowd from which he was hidden only by a curtain.

At last he thought of the dog, and went to release him. The animal was overjoyed, and, after he had been fed, clung to him affectionately as he wandered from room to room. This was all the friend he had left. Even a dog, to whom he had been kind, clung to him in his hour of supreme adversity, but there was no human being in the wide world who, remembering some act of sympathetic kindness from him, would extend to him a thought of affection, or would drop a tear upon his memory. He had done many good things from a sense of duty—to God and his own reputation—but never one humane thing from an impulse of kindness and love. By his quickened apprehensions he saw the fatal flaw in his life and character for the first time. It was all a mistake. Oh, if he could but try it all over!

The dog knew that there was something wrong outside, and the outsiders were only too sure that there was something wrong within. Already the ignorant mass at the door and on the street, watching the silent, curtained house, were growing superstitious. They were filled with a creeping terror, as at one window and another a strange, black dog—strange to them and to the house with which they were so familiar—parted the curtains with his nose, and looked out upon them. This was the only living face that they could see. The door-bell was rung again and again, but there was no response. Policemen came and tried to persuade the crowd to go away, but as they were peaceable, no forcible attempts were made at their dispersion. Curious, fascinated, hoping that the door would be opened, seeing nothing alive but the black dog's face—now here, now there—they stood and gazed—gazed through the long morning, through the long afternoon—coming and going—until night fell upon them, and cold and hunger drove them away, almost forgetting their losses in the fearful comtemplation of the mystery they were leaving behind them.

(To be continued.)

THE SWISS DESERTER.

A POPULAR BALLAD.

In Strasbourg's fortress old and strong,
  Began this sore mischance of mine :
I heard an Alpine horn prolong
  Its echoes from across the Rhine.
I heard—I plunged—and strove to gain
My native shore, alas ! in vain.

'Twas at the darkest hour of night
  When I, the homesick boy was caught,
And (with my arms both pinioned tight)
  Before the unpitying Captain brought.
My mates had dragged me from the wave,
And nought, O God, my life can save.

To-morrow—at the hour of ten—
  Before the regiment I must stand,
And I must ask their pardon then,
  Obedient to the Chief's command :
Doomed for my crime without delay,
The penalty of Death to pay.

Comrades ! ye see me, be it known,
  For the last time on Earth to-day :
'Twas the young herdsman who alone
  Caused that my life must pass away—
His Alpine horn bewitched my youth
To yearn for home—God knows the truth !

Ye Three, that armed with rifles stand,
  Loved Comrades ! hear my last desire—
See that ye lift no trembling hand,
  Aim true—together—when ye fire :
Straight let each bullet pierce my heart,
I ask this only, ere we part.

O Lord ! who art the King of Heaven,
  Draw my poor soul to Thee on high :
May all my frailties be forgiven
  By Thy great mercy, ere I die.
Hereafter, let me dwell with Thee,
O Lord, my God, remember me !

Montreal.

GEO. MURRAY.

SIDDARTHA; OR, THE GOSPEL OF DESPAIR.

BY REV. JAMES CARMICHAEL.

OF late years the Chinaman has invaded the labour market of the neighbouring republic, and, within the last few weeks, a thin-bearded, obliqued-eyed, parchment-skinned Mongolian, stood on an American platform, and argued out before a select audience, the distinctive merits of Buddhism and Confucianism. In other words, China appears inclined to relieve America of its widespread washing, and its Christianity, and if the perfection of Chinese art in the former line be successful, and the dogged perseverance of the old Buddhistic missionaries be revived in the latter, America had better run up its earth works and prepare for a lengthened siege.

The Buddhistic Chinaman represents a creed, two thousand four hundred and sixty years of age, wielding power in some shape or form over one-third of the human race. It is only within the last fifty years that Europe came in contact with the sacred volumes on which this creed is based, but during these years the efforts of Oriental scholars to make it known have been unceasing; so much so that a fair knowledge of it lies within the reach of any earnest student.

The story of Buddhism dates back its first chapter 600 B. C., when amongst the Jews Jeremiah spoke his gloomy prophecies; when amongst the Greeks Solon was thinking how to remodel the constitution of his country; when independent Babylon, under Nebuchadnezzar, had overthrown Assyria, and annihilated Egyptian rule in Asia; at such a time, in far-off India, the story opens. It opens, possibly, in Kosala (or modern Oude), the oldest seat of Indian civilization, or, probably, on the borders of Nepaul, under the shadow of the mighty Himalayas, in either of which places the founder of Buddhism was born, in a royal palace and of royal race. The child is called Siddartha, but as around the simple name of the founder of Christianity, names of spiritual import have grouped themselves, so here. Siddartha in due time develops into Sakya-muni, the solitary, into Scramana Gautama, the ascetic, into Bhagavat, the blessed, and Bodhisatva, the venerable, into—the Buddha—"He who knows truth"—strange names to us, but names associated with holy awe to those who look on them as sacred and divine.

The early life of Siddartha seems like a page out of the Arabian Nights, or the echo of a fairy tale. The infant grows up into a thoughtful, beautiful boy—into a silent, melancholy, handsome man, full of

quaint ideas as to the misery of life, and the folly of pleasure, loving the dark gloom of silent forests, undisturbed by tramp of human foot, or voice of child. He literally lives in a cloudland of religious dreaming, and as his father looks to him to take the throne, and dreads some silly act of religious madness, he orders him at once to marry, and so the young and handsome bridegroom, perfect in everything but merriment, weds his girlish bride, who, by her winning graces, kindles and keeps alive the love of her mournful husband. No outpouring of affection, however, can dispel the gloom of his nature, so the castle in which he lives is guarded lest he should escape from his royal fate; watchful soldiers follow him wherever he goes; he has everything that Prince can ask but freedom. Then comes the dark night, the drowsy guards at the gloomy gate; the last look at the young wife sleeping, with her arm round her infant child; the opening of the prison doors; the blowing of the free air on his anxious face; the flight from wife, and throne, and father, and kingdom; and the facing of the world, a princely pauper. All this seems so fairy-like in structure, that we feel at once like questioning any record of truthfulness, save that we remember that we are in Golden India, where acts of daily life to-day, to say nothing of centuries ago, seem to our sober eyes like fairy fancies. Siddartha's escape was the result of untold sadness, arising out of the earnest mind brooding over the national creed in which it had been trained, a creed that led it to look on everything as bathed in a horror of ceaselessness. Behind him was that awful transmigratory soul-life, in which cenruries seemed like hours; present with life was disappointment and sorrow, disease, old age, and death; and before him were fresh transmigrations, hundreds, thousands, millions may be, in which moments would drag on as years. According to the stern creed of Brahmanism, there was no rest for the panting weary soul, which to-day lived in the body of a royal, yet sinning Prince, and to-morrow lived in the filthy fly that sucked in strength from a rotting carcase. As long as living in any shape would be, sin would be; as long as sin lasted, sorrow would last, and whilst sorrow reigned, man could have no peace.

Full of such awful musings, the sad-hearted prince places himself under the teaching of two great Brahminical instructors. Teacher number one brings neither faith nor comfort; teacher number two leaves him sad and dark as ever; so after a lengthened trial of daily training in philosophy and theology, he flings off the iron hands of Priesthood and Tradition, and starts afresh to seek for glimpses of some gentle light as yet unknown to men. In this search he is followed by five companions, and with them for six long years he lives the double life of a voluntary ascetic and a dissenter from the laws and rules of the national Church. Solitude, however, had its lessons for Siddartha, as it had for Moses, for

Elijah, for all who ever sought it. It told him that starving or beating the body, however it might deaden passion, could not restrain the inquiries of the intellect, or silence the frantic beatings of the soul against the bars of its prison-house; and at last he becomes an apostate to his own ideas, and, deserted disdainfully by his companions, he ponders alone over the awful germ thought of his future philosophy,—"*that life itself is misery, and that in lifelessness alone is peace.*" True as this seemed to him in his darkness, the shadow of a greater question loomed out before him, namely, How could lifelessness be gained? Natural death, as far as he knew, was but a pang, a groan, a still moment, and then the restless soul gave another cry as an infant, or chipped the shell of egg, or burst the bonds of chrysalistic life, and soared aloft as a golden beetle. Nor was there peace even in self-murder. A bloated purple face floating on the water, a bloody gash, a poisoned, swollen body, whilst the soul lived on in the slimy worm, or in the loathsome spider, full of life, spinning its terrible toils out of its hated bowels. There was no answer to such awful musings, save in some new departure of faith, whose garment's hem he could not even see, but which he hoped would come as a revelation, from where he knew not; how, he cared not; but he would sit, and think, and wait, until the revelation came, until the brighter morning dawned and the stormy shadows passed away.

A new departure of faith to a mind like Siddartha's ever means revolution; and by whatever process of meditation the new light dawned in on his darkness, the result of the meditation was that of direct antagonism to the national creed of India. Reared to believe in the terrible doctrine of "caste," the new light shines on a regenerated world freed from its curse. Trained in a religion of form and metaphysics, of priestly tyranny and national degradation, he sees a living beauty in a code of simple morality; in the coming preacher rather than in the lordly priest; in sorrow for sin and in good resolutions instead of formal prayers and formal penances. Transmigration he cannot get rid of, but he transforms it into a channel of soul-life, leading up to a gate which opens into nothingness, into eternal death silent and unbroken. For the saints, the holy, the pure-minded, for those who become dead to the world, dead to pleasure and passion, for those who, trampling on human nature, killed out all desire, cared for nothing here, hoped for nothing beyond,—for such there would come Nirwana, or the death of the soul itself. An end, at long last, to its weary wanderings, to its flitterings from earthly tabernacle to earthly tabernacle, to its awful restlessness. Let the life be lived, and the reward would come as a necessary consequence. Nature would breathe on the purified soul, and her breath would blow out its life, and it would die and cease to be forever.

We are not distinctly told how long it took Siddartha to think out his idea of Nirwana, but his personal elevation to it appears to have been a matter of a few hours. He commences his final meditation as Siddartha, he rises from it the Buddha, the one who knows everything, with power to perform any act or to understand any truth; his soul in that state of sublime purity that it could live on free from all sin, and be entitled to the supreme blessing of annihilation whenever death came. Inspired, if not practically self-deified, Siddartha now commenced to lead others to Nirwana, and though he met with vigorous opposition his success was marvellous. For forty years he roamed over Northern India, preaching to thousands, converting kings on thrones, and the Pariahs of the people, mocking at vain sacrifices and still vainer penances, calling the awakened to confession of sin, and absolving them with the glorious words, so precious as coming in after years from lips divine, "Go and sin no more." In one sense his message was a gospel, but only such a gospel as might prove "good news" to ruined spirits, condemned to eternal pain, and destitute of every hope. As Jesus preached to publicans and sinners the glad tidings of a Father's love for all, so in principle Siddartha went amongst the wretched Sudras, almost slaves, and the outcast Pariahs, cursed slaves, and rang out the glad tidings that at long last there would be rest for them in a changeless death.

Nirwana was for all who lived the life which led up to it. There was but one road, and that road was open to every grade of caste and outcast, to Brahmans and Kshatryas, to Vaisays and Sudras, to cursed Pariah and children of mixed birth. To all the invitation was "come." All were welcome, all could fight the fight and live the higher life, and all could be blessed at last, through perfect and irresistible annihilation. For forty years, the tradition tells us, Siddartha preached this fundamental doctrine of his gospel, and when he breathed his last beneath the sacred Sâl tree, in one of his own loved forests, he left his hopeless and atheistic creed imbedded in the hearts of thousands of his fellow countrymen. Because his creed was atheistic, there was no God in it. There was nature, incomprehensible; necessity, unalterable; inevitable cause and undeviating effect—but no God. There was nothing approaching the divine idea—no personal Creator or Father, no ruler, no divine spiritual essence—existing; but lost to sight and spiritual comprehension in clouds of impenetrable mystery. There was not even a divine something into which the soul would melt away as darkness loses itself in light. When the soul blessed by Nirwana reached death it was blown out like the flame of a candle, not by the mouth of God, but as the natural result of a high-toned life, based on the teaching of this Gospel of Despair.

During life Siddartha wrote nothing, but after his death the church

assembled in holy synods and produced the canonical books of the religion, which, strange to say were called "The Word," the system itself being styled, "The Truth." These books were published 240 B.C., and were divided into three classes, the first containing the personal exhortations of Siddartha, the second the discipline of the church body, and the third its doctrinal teaching. Previous to the completion of the canon, however, the apostles of Buddhism had gone forth as missionaries, and had established their creed as the national religion of Ceylon, and, in A.D. 61, when Christianity was winning Europe for Christ, Buddhism had gained admission into the court of China. In the year 407 it was introduced into Thibet; in 552 it was praached in Japan, and before many years it took the place of the national creed in the former country and amalgamated with it in the latter. In fact there is but one religion with which this creed of death can compare for wide and Catholic missionary labours, namely the religion of life—our common Christianity.

In some future article we may speak of the church discipline and order which gathered around the teaching of Siddartha, but we will close this paper by noticing the metaphysical and moral teaching of the system itself. The idea of Nirwana is not explained in the sacred books beyond the fact that it is the death of the soul. When it is reached "the last undulation of the wave has rolled upon the shore, the echo has ceased, the light has become for ever extinguished." Siddartha himself does not exist save in his teaching; he "has set like the sun behind the Hastagira Mountains," or "like fire extinguished, it cannot be said he is here or there." Nirwana "is filled with the perfume of emancipation from existence, as the surface of the sea is covered with waves resembling flowers;" "in it the principles of existence cease, it is the end or completion of religion, its entire accomplishment."

How to teach Nirwana is, however, much more clearly taught. Four paths of intellectual meditation lead to it. He who enters the first must be transmigrated seven times before he reaches it; he who enters the second, but once; the third path leads to an apparitional berth in a heavenly half-way house, with Nirwana as a final consequence; the fourth and noblest path is here on earth, in present life. Walking on this path all love for existence is destroyed by hard thinking, the saint kills out affection and passion, and hope and despair, "like a servant he awaits the command of his master, with all desires extinct, without a wish to live or wish to die." When the saint has reached this state he has escaped the curse of transmigration and can never be born again. He is a Rahat, free from the power of sin, from sorrow, and pain of mind. Like seas and rocks and mountains, he has no fear of sickness, no dread of death, he is an incarnate angel awaiting annihilation.

In each path Nirwana is reached through the mind conquering the body in various degrees. He who walks the first path meditates in awful solitude on the reality of Nirwana, and the misery of life. He who walks the second, makes greater progress. He learns all that the first path can teach, but in addition, through meditation and discipline, he conquers sensuality, and all feelings of ill-will or spite towards man. He who walks the third has learned all that the first or second can teach, but in addition he has gained the victory over evil desire, ignorance, doubt and hatred. He who walks the fourth, and perseveres through all stages, till he meets Nirwana, as a Rahat, perfect in victory over the flesh, but not perfect in knowledge, and outside of all these paths is the state of the inferior Buddha, the higher Rahatship, in which knowledge is more extended, and beyond is the infinitely pure and holy, the all knowing and miracle-working Buddha, an incarnate God awaiting annihilation. This was the state which Siddartha reached so quickly, which is ever open to the poorest and vilest Pariah, if only his mind can conquer matter, and his flesh be thoroughly subdued to the spirit.

So metaphysical a system could hardly be realized at once, by the great mass of Siddartha's converts; and, hence we find him teaching that any effort towards Nirwana, however weak, would never be thrown away. It would be put to the account of the transmigratory soul, and might be added to in after existences. Annihilation might thus be long delayed, but it would surely come if only the soul thirsted for it, and with patient perseverance pressed towards the mark, through the futures lives and deaths of transmigration.

But if the metaphysical aspect of Buddhism was in many ways above the comprehension of the ignorant, Siddartha gave them full scope for simple thought, and earnest practice in its morality. It is impossible to study his ethics without acknowledging that he stood head and shoulders above Socrates and Plato, and that on the highest and noblest ethical questions. It seems strange to find a Buddhistic decalogue, with five commandments applicable to the laity and clergy, and five specially applicable to the latter. Stranger still, to read this great Buddhistic law of mankind in the well-known letter and spirit of the Mosaic form. "Not to kill," "not to steal," "not to commit adultery," "not to lie," "not to become intoxicated." Stranger still, to find in the five latter laws a system of morality worthy of the most conservative Puritanism. But strangest of all is the Buddhistic roll of religious graces. Love and mercy towards all men, forgiveness of injuries, patience under suffering, calm submission to the laws of nature, meekness and gentleness, and single-mindedness in religious duties. How far the selfishness which the monastic system of Buddha naturally created and fostered may have neutralized these laws is of course a

large question; but no one can study them without feeling that in verbal precepts of practical morality, Buddhism comes nearer to Christianity than any other religion, and that if Christ, as Christians believe in him, reigned in the hearts of Siddartha's children, the ethics of Siddartha might be left to stand on their own original merits.

The influence of Siddartha seems to us not confined to eastern limits, or perhaps it might be more correct to say, that in one aspect of modern infidelity we have a clear announcement of the Buddhistic faith. To advance with Auguste Comte we go back to Siddartha. In Buddhism and Positivism there is no god but Humanity, in both reverie is a fundamental characteristic, and in both there are stages of intellectual evolution leading into empty Nothingness. And yet, whilst we see this strange likeness, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that Positivism is Buddhism shorn of its graces, for Comte's morality is raised on the ruins of all past codes of ethical commandments. We doubt much if Siddartha the pure-minded would ever have welcomed the loose living philosopher to his bosom, or that Comte would ever have tolerated the clear-cut morality and holy living of the Indian master. Both were Atheists, but we suppose there are morally good and morally bad Atheists. Siddartha belonged to the former school, without a doubt; the less said about Comte the better.

Where is the Christian like Siddartha, who, leaving all things palatable to nature, will face Buddhism with the better Gospel, the Gospel of Joy? When will the Church bring forth her man-child, to raise a smile on this pale face of sadness? Surely he will one day come head and shoulders above his fellows, to reap in these fields of rich morality and store his golden harvests in the divine granary of Him who sows the better Word.

MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI.

THE beginning of this century was momentous for American literature. Its condition was transitional, emerging from a narrow and imitative style to a more characteristic and national one,—a necessary and inevitable consequence of the Revolution. The same active, daring spirit which had broken loose from the bonds of foreign laws, and rebelled against a foreign government, had struck out for itself new paths of literary as well as political thought. Yet although this change was, in its nature, radical and extensive, peculiarities and defects grew side by side with excellences. Of a people so full of resources and yet impatient of slow progress, other results than this could not have been expected. Many years passed ere this literature assumed a decided character for depth, purity and originality in the hands of such leaders as Theodore Parker, Margaret Fuller, Emerson.

No rapid development of thought or inherent power ever takes place without a reaction or what approximates to a reaction. The most conspicuous in American literature was what is called the "Transcendental movement" in New England, of which these three great thinkers were the principal representatives. Lowell says it was "a struggle for fresh air, in which, if the windows could not be opened, there was danger that panes would be broken. It was the protestant spirit of puritanism seeking a new outlet and an escape from forms and creeds which compressed rather than expressed it," and because the spirit of the movement was essentially iconoclastic, panes *were* broken, "though painted with the images of saints and martyrs," since evil ever goes hand in hand with reformation; many forms and creeds, the dearest and most necessary to man's welfare and happiness, were scorned and renounced. But evil is seldom absent from its attendant blessing good, and in this reformation the good prevailed. As the human spirit was believed to be god-like, inspired, the fulfilment of its ideal its highest aim; the result of this beliefwa s deep contemplation, and concentration of thought; rigid and exact cultivation of the moral and more especially the intellectual faculties; solemn and earnest views of life and its behests; devoted adherence to truth and obedience to God.

We find Margaret Fuller to be representative of all these conditions, fitted by genius and culture to be a "peer of the realm in this new world of thought" to which she herself gave a powerful impulse towards that which is best and highest in action or aspiration. This was owing as much to the wondrous magnetism of her personal character and to her

intuitive knowledge of human nature, its needs and resources, as to her thorough, profound scholarship or remarkable eloquence in conversation.

The work she did was wide reaching in its influences,—a work than which none could conceivably be greater. It was to impress others with the greatness and dignity of the purposes which ruled her own life, to raise them out of the dull and heavy atmosphere which they had always breathed into a higher attitude of spiritual and intellectual culture. This she did by the silent power of her own attainment and progress, not less than by her inspiring, soul-stirring words.

Certainly no description can give an adequate account of the marvellous gift with which she was endowed—the heavenly gift of eloquence which dazzled by its splendor; wrought magic wonders by the wondrous magic of its power; which unlocked the most reserved hearts, and shed new light—the light of intuitional genius—upon problems and mysteries. Her conversation was made brilliant by scintillating wit and playful fancy; poetical by unlimited imagination, and skill in adapting the "shows of things to the desires of the mind*;" impassioned by deep hearted feeling and touching pathos; profound and scholarly by learning, accurate judgment of facts and principles, and strong realistic habits of thought. Her diction was elegant and choice without being either constrained or forced,—her sentences, though as complete and gracefully rounded off as a Greek work of art, came from her lips apparently without forethought or care. Accustomed from the first years of childhood to the most rigid intellectual discipline from philosophical study, yet extensively acquainted with the vast works of imagination, her thoughts had variety and range, and by clothing them in words of beautiful, nay startling eloquence, she wove a spell over the minds of all and held them to her allegiance forever. Hear what the *Westminster Review* says of Margaret Fuller's conversational power: "She was as copious and oracular as Coleridge; brilliant as Sterling; pungent and paradoxical as Carlyle: gifted with the inspired powers of a Pythoness she saw into the hearts and over the heads of all who came near her."

And W. H. Channing thus describes her style of speech in the meetings of the Transcendentalists of Boston: "When her turn came, by a graceful transition she resumed the subject where preceding speakers had left it, and, briefly summing up their results, proceeded to unfold her own view. Her opening was deliberate, like the progress of some massive force gaining its momentum; but as she felt her way, and moving in a congenial element, the sweep of her speech became grand. The style of her eloquence was sententious, direct, vigorous, charged with vitality. Just emphasis and varied accent brought out most delicate

* Bacon.

shades and brilliant points of meaning ; while a rhythmical collocation of words gave a finished form to every thought. Her statements however rapid showed breadth of comprehension, ready memory, nice analysis of differences, power of penetrating through surfaces to realities, fixed regard to central laws, and habitual communion with the Life of life."

It has certainly been this conversational power, more than her valuable contributions to the literary treasures of the world which has made the interest in Margaret Fuller so absorbing, her fame so illustrious, not only in her own country but in England, France and also Italy. The eloquent voice has long since grown silent ; the bright and beautiful life has been shadowed by tragic death ; and yet the influence of that life still abides,—a strong inspiration, a stimulus like that of mountain air. It could not be otherwise when so many of the peculiar characteristics of her genius were infused into her writings, though they are indeed very imperfectly representative of her intellectual depth or range of vision. Her genius shone the brightest in contact with other minds. Nevertheless, by these writings must her true power and intrinsic excellence be determined ; by means of these we may arrive at not an inaccurate idea of her permanent place in American literature.

Her written works, we said, but faintly indicate her genius. She often debated whether to retire from outward influences and devote herself to some great literary work which would immortalize her fame ; but the work given to her by God, to inspire and benefit others, could best be done by a life of contemplation and action rather than by contemplation alone. There she had to labour for immediate results, to support not only herself but her brothers and mother, and win a home for them.

Margaret Fuller's faculties were trained more for reception than production ; with a fine conceptive imagination she yet lacked executive power. Hence the drudgery of the pen was distasteful. "How can I ever write with this impatience of detail ? I shall never be an artist, I have no patient love of execution. I am delighted with my sketch, but if I attempt to finish it I am chilled." This was as much owing to the intense physical pain which during life was her attendant evil-genius, as to the constitution of her mind. But though her works are fragmentary and defective in formal completeness, they are full of the "tide works" of great thoughts ; though in cultivating her powers of acquisition and scholarship, those of creation were not sufficiently exercised, she has written well. It were not an exaggerated assertion that if more years of life had been granted her, with restored health, and the added experience which her life abroad bestowed, she would have devoted her matured powers to the production of work which would have left her fame so deeply imprinted on the records of literature that the waves of forgetful-

ness would sweep over it in vain. The loss of her history of the great Italian struggle for freedom, is a great and irreparable one. Strange mystery of Providence, that fatal accident off Fire Island beach.

Her writings are too well-known to warrant a full catalogue. The articles on Goëthe, and Goëthe's works are the finest and most exquisite of all. The style is vigorous, compressed and brilliant—the thoughts logically adherent to the main line of argument. Her ideas are neither vague nor shadowy, but clearly, lucently defined, and distinguishable from one another ; and because she knew just what she wanted to say and said it in the most concise, hence forceable, way, there is a pleasing contrast between her and Carlyle, who sometimes wearies us by repetitions of the same praises and eulogies of his hero. With appreciative skill she has discovered the subtle quality of Goëthe's genius, and helps us to discover and admire it ; yet with what fearlessness and precision she points out what we all *feel* in regard to Goëthe's character,—that with his keen, flashing intellect and marvellous genius, there were failures in his life which we cannot but sternly condemn !

Her translations from the great German poet are considered to be excellent ; in fidelity to the original, and as far as possible reproduction of its charm and grace, unsurpassed. Translation at best is like the transcript of a landscape on canvas. The illusion may be almost perfect, still it is but an attempt at illusion, and we are never deceived. Instead of grasping the beauty, the picturesqueness of the landscape, we are apt to admire first the artistic naturalness with which it is reproduced.

A word of praise cannot be withheld from the "Essay on the Modern English Poets." It is the clearest exponent of one of Margaret Fuller's most prominent characteristics—order.* Each poet has given him his true position in regard to each other, according to the universal laws of poetry and art. This essay indicates the singular fineness of her perception of beauty ; her comprehensive, analytic intellect ; original and deep thinking ; and mechanical skill in the formation of sentences. All extraneous words are rejected, each sentence is a model of brevity continued with greatest beauty, yet every word is so enlightening in its suggestiveness, and so many valuable hints are given, that the subject can be carried on endlessly in the reader's mind, if he be anything of an independent thinker. Everything she said has this power of germinating in other minds and bearing rich intellectual fruit. It is one of the many proofs of her genius. Thus her influence is not lost, now she herself is gone ; its effects are remote, stretching far away into interminable years.

Her sketches of the eminent men and women she met abroad are most truthful pen-portraits. That of Carlyle, published in the memoirs is one of the best of the kind ever written. It reveals unusual keenness

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* One of her friends has noticed this.

of observation, unerring insight into the essential idea and principle of diverse manifestations of character, and skill in delineation; while its felicities of expression and of allusion are numerous.

We cannot criticize "Summer on the Lakes," "Women in the 19th Century," or any of her less important writings. The subjects of these latter are sometimes trivial and they are treated in a light, racy, superficial style; but they were written for recreation from arduous study, and should be judged as such.

Some of her best thoughts are given in letters to her friends. After all it is by these that we are the most attracted towards this noble and high-spirited woman, who, though sleeping beneath the "waves of the tossing Atlantic," has left us such records of her life. We catch refreshing glimpses into the inner sanctuary of her heart,—its love, its faith, its heroism. We feel her deep sympathy for all sorrow, and affectionate tenderness for those suffering ones who looked to her for relief. It is said that the art of letter-writing is decaying, that we shall never again see letters parallel to those of Lady Mary Montague or Madam de Sévigné. The world may take courage and not wholly lose its faith in the eternal progression of the race while there are such letters written as F. W. Robertson's and Margaret Fuller's. Their personal effect is to open our eyes to the fact that our life here must have other aims than mere enjoyment. We have a heart and intellect to educate for Eternity, and eager search for truth and wisdom must be our never-ceasing action.

And now what is Margaret Fuller's place in American literature? Intellectual greatness is displayed in many ways. The poet sees qualities in material objects and in the common experiences of humanity invisible to men of coarser perception, less subtle insight. He can combine these isolated experiences into an artistic whole by the uniting power of his genius. But there is another phase of intellectual greatness displayed in our age, in point of fact the natural and inevitable outgrowth of our way of thinking and the degree of perfection which has been attained in all branches of learning and science. His critical faculty is inferior to the "vision and the faculty divine," but it is of the same nature, partaking of the same essential spirit and ruled by the same laws. Margaret Fuller was "no artist, and never wrote an epic, romance or drama, yet no one knew better the qualities which go to the making of these."* She was essentially a critic, perhaps the greatest, most scholarly critic America has produced. When in 1840 the celebrated "Dial," to which contributed Emerson, Theodore Parker, Thoreau, and other intellectual men, was started with the aim to elevate the minds of the people to a higher grade of culture, to furnish a higher standard of art to guide, no one was believed to be so suited for its editor as Margaret Fuller.

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* Emerson.

At the present time it were well if her rigid analysis of books to be reviewed, and reliable accuracy in criticism, could be imitated. She had a clear, undimmed eye for the beautiful, the great and true, and welcomed them from whatever source they came. This unprejudiced reception of new ideas, this recognition of universal rather than narrow and local principles, this freedom from the servitude of long-cherished current opinions; this breadth of view, and wide deep sympathy, made her criticism comprehensive and liberal instead of subjective or conventional. Her intense love of truth both in speculation and action, her independent fearlessness, made whatever she uttered vigorous, trenchant and effective. Yet because she scorned to minister to a false public taste; because she endeavoured to raise the multitude up to her standard, rather than stoop to them; because she aimed keen shafts of satire against injustice, falsehood and pretence, careless if they struck those whom ignorant favoritism wished to shield, she was often misunderstood, and had to endure the charge of being influenced by personal animosities. Her keen, sagacious eye saw what American literature lacked—that with all its vigor and originality it needed cultivation. Culture was the shibboleth of the Transcendental party. Margaret Fuller announced its importance ceaselessly, decisively; and what was still better, made her life an inspiration and guiding star to other aspiring minds,—showed by her own power of acquiring knowledge of what attainments the human intellect is capable; while by her fortitude in bearing disappointment; by her power of evoking from hours of intense physical agony blessing and usefulness and rapturous spiritual enjoyment; in fact by the whole bent of her moral nature towards all which is beautiful and noble and true, she showed that the human spirit is also capable of education.

The habit of abstract thought and the constant study of poetry did not contract her horizon; her ideas in relation to political and social conditions were consistent with the most realistic and scientific modes of thought, though indeed highly coloured by the brilliant hues of imagination. In point of fact, her opinions and convictions had a solid foundation, built on universal and necessary laws. Her taste, being refined and exalted by close acquaintance, we might almost call it friendship, with the best works of art in every language, could not tolerate with equanimity what was ignoble or coarse; hence as an editor she was exacting in her claims. Sincere and earnest belief was, however, the formative cause of her most extreme dogmas.

Margaret Fuller does not impress us as ever having ventured beyond her depth. She had a well-defined idea of her own limits as well as capacity, hence avoided many of the mistakes and perplexities into which those critics fall who have not her practical common-sense, accurately disciplined mind, and great powers of generalization. She erred once and

that greviously. It was in her estimate of Longfellow. With this exception she was one of the most discriminative and reliable of critics.

Her critical writings indicate a calm, generally impartial judgment; an intuitive grasp of elemental truth; a well-trained analytic faculty; and a keen, penetrating perception of beauty. Bright, subtle wit, originality of ideas, and innumerable rich allusions, give her writings grace and freshness, while strong will, vigorous, profound intellect, and magnetic genius, make them powerful in their influence upon us.

Toronto.

G.

THE OLD HOUSE.

THE old house, the old house,
  I think I see it still,
The ivy wreathed about the perch,
  And 'neath the window-sill.
Around its aged time-worn stones,
  Sweet mem'ries take their stand,
I dearly love the old house,
  The best throughout the land.

The old house, the old house,
  It's mass of verdant green
Is varied by the grayness
  Of the flints that peep between.
It stands like some old sentinel
  Guarding the pleasant Earth.
If not to others, yet to me,
  No gold can match its worth.

The old house, the old house,
  Its aged visage bears,
A world of cheering-hope to those
  Burdened with this life's cares.
E'en creeping-things would love it
  If they only had the means,
There's a charm about the "old house"
  We miss in other scenes.

The old house, the old house,
  It stands amidst the trees
'Neath the shadow of the Elms
  'Mid the murmur of the bees.
The life within the old house,
  Is quiet if you will,
But oh! to hearts that beat aright,
  It is the "old house" still.

Walton Place.

F. C.

"A NOBLE LOYALTY:" OR, "IN HIS DIRE NEED."

A Novelette in Four Chapters.

BY MONTAGUE SOLOMON,

Author of "The Dial;"—"The Manner of Giving," &c.

CHAPTER I.

> "'Tis the very change of tide
> When best the female heart is tried;
> Pride, prejudice, and modesty,
> Are in the current swept to sea,
> And the bold swain who plies his oar
> May lightly row his bark to shore."

"NOT a bit of it. It'll be a nine days' wonder, and Vivian will have to keep dark for a little, perhaps go abroad for a year or two, but it will soon blow over."

"Oh, Gerald! how can you talk so, and how *could* I ask him to sacrifice his good name, honour, reputation, everything, for me,—to bear the life-long burden of another, even for my sake? He who is so good, so noble—oh! how can I?" And the fair speaker rested her elbows on her knees, and drooped her head low, as the hot tears welled up, and coursed slowly into her hands.

There is something mournful in the surroundings, as well as the scene being enacted.

The harvest moon, now obscured by fleecy cloudlets, and anon breaking forth in all the fulness of her luminous beauty, shed a fitful, varying light on the calm and tranquil ocean—without a ripple to-night—and when the waters catch the fickle beams on their glass-like surface, they reflect them in one long, unbroken line, stretching far and afar away. One long tiny wavelet breaks with dull regularity on the pebbly shore with that peculiar murmuring yet soothing sound, which seems to lend an added solemnity to the evening hour. All nature seems steeped in rest after the long, hot, wearisome August day, and the peaceful quietude is alone broken by the two voices which chime in upon the stillness of eventide in the different tones suited to pleading, and anon to rebuke.

They are sitting on the shingle, in a cove formed by a deeply-indented rock, which has been the scene of many a similar rendezvous.

Gerald Maudsley rises with a gesture of impatience at the tokens of distress evinced by his companion. He is no more susceptible to tears

than he is to the influence of the hour, and, as far as he is concerned, to the tranquil sea, and the soft moonbeams alone appealed to him, in so much as the one afforded him the pleasure of a "pull" or a "plunge," and the other assisted him on occasion to find his way home, at times when several other lights blended with his magnified vision.

Besides, he knew from experience that nothing was so subversive of the point to be carried as a woman's refuge in tears, and he had a point to carry to-night, and a very serious one too. He regarded all matters of this life affecting his interest as a game to be skilfully played; to be won if possible, to be compromised if not possible. The losing side had never entered into this man's sanguine calculations, and though indeed he had sailed perilously near the wind at times, with all his canvas flying, he had contrived hitherto to escape shipwreck. He had a game to play to-night, and the stakes were very heavy, even for Gerald Maudsley.

If he won he could continue to float along pleasure's stream in his lazy, reckless, unprincipled way, that with him had become second nature.

If he lost—and he set his teeth at the bare thought of this contingency—he must needs go to the wall; and going to the wall in this instance had the unpleasant significance of emigration at the expense of his country, or at least self-exile in a far-off country without means, friends, or the hope of ever again being countenanced by the associates of by-gone days.

So he did not mean to throw away a card to night, nor lose the shadow of a chance in the game he had set himself to play. He rose and walked to the water's edge, picked up a handful of pebbles and threw them slowly one by one into the moonlit waters.

He watched them with a grim smile, as noiselessly they sank, leaving a little circling eddy on the tranquil surface. "I shall go down for all the world just like those pebbles," he muttered, "if I can't overcome this girl's scruples. Let's sum up the pros and cons of the thing. There is a weak girl's credulousness and love, or rather Maudsley-mania, (for I don't believe in any such thing as love), for—and then there is the black and white of that cursed document, and perhaps Vivian's unwillingness to step into my shoes; against—the odds are pretty well balanced, but there's no time to be lost," and so soliloquising, he rejoined his companion, and flung himself at her side, with a profound sigh. A comely man to look at was this Gerald Maudsley, otherwise Captain Maudsley (though whence he derived that title was a question open to some discussion). Slightly above the middle height, with square shoulders, and shapely limbs, he united to these advantages, the attraction of a handsome face, although bearing the furrows ploughed by the

dissipation of long years, short curly hair, and heavily drooping moustache. He was not altogether unmilitary-looking, but there was something too languid and undecided in his manner to have particularly characterised him as a votary of the sword.

For the rest he was a heartless, reckless roué. Had been in turn a gentleman-jockey, stockbroker's tout, and a billiard-sharper, and had gone down hill with easy transition from bad to worse, until he had descended to counterfeiting another's signature on a promissory document, and found himself villainously trading on a weak girl's sensibilities, with the view of inducing her to get her true and loyal lover to own to the fraud, and thus bear the life-long burden of dishonour attaching to his own criminal act of common swindling. He had a quiet persuasive way with women, which men in his set had been known to say "would fascinate his Satanic Majesty himself," and Maudsley knew only too well how to use this influence to the best advantage. His companion Ada Saville is a warm-hearted, generous girl of some nineteen summers. Her life hitherto had been an unbroken course of characteristic frankness and candour, but she was not guiltless of the weakness of the weak ones of her sex, which often enough is the accompaniment of a kind, large heart. Her peculiar beauty—her large, lustrous, soft grey eyes, and fair smiling face, set in nature's wreath of wavy, auburn hair, had attracted Maudsley soon after his arrival at Kenford, some nine months before, and unfortunately, with the facilities afforded by a small sea-side place for making acquaintances, he had had no difficulty in compassing an introduction to her. Soon afterwards, and for the lack of more profitable employment, Maudsley applied himself to the task of winning the girl's heart, or rather, and more correctly speaking, of stealing it during the absence of another, and had so far succeeded that at the present moment a tacit understanding existed between them, which represented the first flush of a transient liking on the one side, and the heartless gratification of a passing whim on the other.

Gerald Maudsley had never for one moment seriously contemplated marrying Ada Saville, unless, indeed, he could thereby reap some material benefit.

No! with him everything was a question of profit and loss, and for him what significance had unfulfilled promises, and broken troths?

"My dearest girl," he urged as he rejoined Ada Saville, "you have an exaggerated idea of the whole thing, and surely if Vivian is so true and loyal, he would not mind going abroad for a spell, for the woman he professes to love."

"But how *can* I ask him? What claim have I to his allegiance when I don't return his love!" persisted the girl. Maudsley continued for

some time in a similar strain, but finding he was not "on the right tack," as he would have phrased it, he adopted another.

"But my own Ada, you don't, you wont look at the thing in the right light. Vivian is a young fellow, quite a young fellow. His father has influence, and all that sort of thing, and before he is on the other side of the water, the whole affair will be hushed up—but with me you must know it is different, very different. I am much older—have no influential father or friends, and should go hopelessly to the wall, and all without even having you near me if the thing goes wrong."

He talked of "things going wrong" as if something threatened which had been quite unforeseen, and which he had had not the least share in bringing about. But he was steering a better course, and he knew it.

"Oh! can't I help you some other way, can't there be devised some other plan?"

"Impossible. None other could be concerned in the matter but Vivian and myself, and one or other of us must own to the paper."

The coast guardsman on his evening beat passed the cove at this juncture, and seeing who were its occupants shrewdly surmised, "The Cappen beant up to no good I'll warrant." But "the Cappen" thought his persuasion *was* doing good, and persevered in the same strain.

"I wouldn't care a pin if it were not for you, but hang it all, it's hard lines, very hard lines for a fellow just when his dearest hopes are beginning to be realised, to have to leave the object of them for ever."

He infused suitable pathos into his tone where supposed feeling entered the question.

"How, how I wish you had thought of all this before, everything would have been so much happier."

"It's very, very little happiness that has ever fallen to my lot," said Maudsley. "Mine has been an unkind up-hill journey all the way, and it depends upon you how much happiness, or how much misery, is to be meted out to me in the future," and he screened his eyes with his hands, as one deeply affected.

"You know Gerald, oh, you know, I would never cause you any pain," cried the girl, trying to remove his hand. "I'll do what you ask me, but I know I shall never, never forgive myself."

The last move had answered well, and now, thought Maudsley, I must strike whilst the iron is hot. He enclosed her in his arms, and drew her tenderly towards him. "Don't talk so, Ada dearest, *you* will have nothing to forgive yourself for; it is I who have to be forgiven, my brave girl. After this we shall be so happy—all will be sunshine—and to think you have rescued a life, saved a soul, will compensate you for any false scruples about——"

"But poor, poor Claude, I haven't seen him for six months," interrupted the girl. "And I do not know how he feels towards me. How can I *ever* feel happy in having caused his unhappiness?"

"Ada, trust in me, when I tell you it will all come right. He will only have to go through the fire like we all have to do sooner or later. But here comes your Abigail, and we have kept her long already."

And thus she unwillingly consented, and he had won his game so far; in further details of which he duly instructed his reluctant accomplice, as the patient maid loitered accommodatingly in the distance. Ada Saville was to tell Claude Vivian, her true loyal lover, that she had married under the rose during his absence, for Maudsley shrewdly surmised that the despair the tidings would cause the poor fellow would prove an additional stimulant to his seeking far-off lands, quickly and without a care of what might come in the future.

This subtle, unscrupulous adventurer knew well the noble nature that had to be played upon, and arranged his nefarious scheme accordingly.

And so they parted, the one to seek her home with a heavy trouble-laden heart, vaguely wondering why there should be all this sorrow in the world; and the other to resort to the noisy billiard room.

Il segreto per esser felice, he sang, trolling out in rich tones the famous drinking song of Lucretia Borgia, as if no such words as fraud and penal servitude were discoverable in the dictionary.

CHAPTER II.

"Hearts are not flint, and flints are rent,
Hearts are not steel, and steel is bent."

CLAUDE VIVIAN had returned to Kenford after an absence of some seven months, on the evening preceding the meeting detailed in the last chapter.

He was looking forward with much prospective eagerness to the pleasure of meeting his lady-love again, though not altogether unmingled with an undefined feeling of apprehensiveness, for he had not been quite able to reconcile the altered tone of her "few and far between" letters, with her previous loving trustfulness.

Indeed, she had not liked to pain him by telling how perverse her affections had been of late, and that some undefined change had come into her feeling for him. She fancied she had thought of him with more of a sisterly love, since Maudsley with his subtle fascination had come into her life; and now Vivian had not only to be told this, but had to be asked, as it were, to substantiate his bitter loss by the self-sacrifice of his own good name.

And it was a good name, for his honour was as the very breath of his soul to Claude Vivian.

Frank, affectionate, unselfish and fearless, morally and physically, he was indeed one of Nature's noblemen, and bore the impress of her rank on his fine open brow and graceful and majestic proportions.

He had been reading for the law in a desultory sort of way; but truth to tell, he had been rather unsettled in mind by his attachment for Ada Saville, which had prevented him whilst at Kenford from being very successful in his labours.

This had somewhat nettled his father, the rector of Kenford, magistrate and strict disciplinarian. Claude had mooted the subject of his affection to the reverend parent before he had left home, and a very damp blanket had been cast over his hopes by the clerical hand:

"Surely, sir, you cannot be in possession of your seven senses, seriously to contemplate an engagement, or more correctly speaking, a sentimental entanglement, at your age of twenty-one. Why, you have not only failed as yet finally to decide on a profession, but appear to me most unlikely to settle down into any fixed groove. One day you are going to be a coffee-planter in Ceylon, the next you indulge in dreams of the Foreign Office, then you vacillate between the Law and Medicine; but what all these aspirations will end in I can't venture to predict. Smoke, most likely, on which a wife is hardly to be supported. No, sir, no. It is most absurd to lay such a matter before me." And the Rev. Septimus Vivian concluded with all the magisterial dignity which characterized him on the bench.

He was a man of strict integrity, this clerical gentleman; with the nicest sense possible of the Decalogue, and most zealous in the discharge of his rectorial and magisterial duties. But he had a less lucid conception of parental obligations. He had never so acted in regard to Claude as to enable the son to seek the father as an adviser in his perplexities, or as a confidant and *friend* in his youthful troubles; and the inestimable privilege of a loving mother's tender guidance Claude Vivian had lost at a very early age.

The father had not entered into the child's inner life; never identified himself with that little world we all create for ourselves; and thus there had always been an impassable gulf where should have existed a firmly uniting bond of sympathy and mutuality of feeling. The rector expected his son to act up to his own particular standard of right in every detail of life, and no consideration of difference in disposition, feeling, or circumstances were any excuse for the least divergence from the narrow way.

Alas! it is too often so with fathers and sons, and had Claude been of

a less noble nature, the Rev. Septimus Vivian might have reaped in his declining days a heavy harvest of self-sown trouble.

On the second morning after his return home, Claude received the following note:

"MY DEAR CLAUDE.—Will you meet me at Cleveland Coppice at twelve o'clock? I want to talk with you particularly. Please come.

"Yours in haste,

"ADA SAVILLE.

"Sea Grove,

"Wednesday Morning."

In obedience to this summons, Claude was at the entrance to the little wood at a quarter before twelve, with sadly perturbed feelings. The prospective pleasure of meeting was tempered by a vague sense of impending trouble.

Punctually at five minutes to twelve, Ada Saville comes into view, walking by the hedge-row at a quick, business-like pace, which was a sort of unconscious effort to nerve herself for the coming trial.

Thoughts oppressed her, poor girl, like some horrible night-mare, and it was vain to try and walk away from them. Verily was she "going through the fire," and when she saw the tall, well-remembered figure, and the frank, kindly face, one deep sob escaped the pained heart, and afforded momentary relief to the pent-up feeling. That alone was the one weakness in which she permitted herself to indulge, and as Vivian advanced to meet her she welcomed him with the same trustful smile as of old.

She was densely veiled in lace, and Claude gently raised the screening folds as he bent low, and greeted her with lover's greeting.

"Why, how old you look with that great thick veil, Ada love, I positively hardly knew you in the distance."

"I have felt much older, Claude, of late, so my looks don't belie me," she replied, with a forced smile.

"How's that, my own little girl," he answered, caressing her hair. "You shouldn't feel old. Tell me all about yourself—what you have been doing whilst I was away."

"I have nothing, nothing to tell, and oh! Claude, as for myself, I——"

She spoke with slow mournfulness, and the sadness of the tones struck quickly on Claude's ear, sharpened by love and apprehension.

"What is it, Ada dearest?" he broke in, warmly. "You are not your old self, and your letters of late had told me this. Tell me all, and if there is anything in which I can help you, God knows I will do it."

Here was an opening, but the poor girl felt she could not for very life take cruel advantage of it at that moment. She must temporise for sixty seconds.

"Nothing is the matter; only a little dullness we all feel at times, I suppose."

But it was no good. Claude Vivian felt intuitively that he had to face some great sorrow, and he prepared to face it just as he would have prepared to face the fire of a platoon. He had had a brief and distant acquaintance with Gerald Maudsley before he left Kenford, brief, because Maudsley had only been in the place two or three months at that time, and distant, because Vivian had taken an immediate dislike to the man. He knew that Ada Saville had been introduced to him and could not help somehow associating her changed manner and the present sense of trouble with that fact.

So he plunged in *medias res* at once.

"But you never used to be dull, Ada; why should you be? I hope you have not seen much of that fellow Maudsley while I was away. I never liked the man, and am afraid there's little good in him. But what was it you wanted to say to me so particularly?"

It was no good procrastinating any longer, the bitter moment had come at last.

"I want—I have," she stammered, "to ask you something. Will you grant it?"

"Grant it? Of course I will, Ada. You know it is granted before you ask."

"It is a great deal, a great deal to ask—more to grant. Oh! Claude, how can you love me?"

The last question came involuntarily. It was the natural assertion of her better self.

"How can I love you? Ada, why do you trifle with me? You who are my own—my all in all. But why is this doubt—this change? Oh! tell me all or I shall go mad."

The man was pale as death. He felt his love had been killed—ruthlessly killed.

"Forgive me, forgive me," she sobbed forth. "My affections have strayed where perhaps I didn't wish them. How could I help it? I—I belong to another. Oh, Claude! will you, in pity's sake, spare me more?"

Yes, the old love was dead. The old joyousness had faded away like a dream. The light had died out of the man's life. He answered in the slow, distinct tones of a brave man's despair:

"Yes, I'll spare you more, and I'll forgive you all this; but not so the man who stole my love, my soul's happiness. He or I must die. But no!" as if suddenly remembering something, and controlling himself with visible effort, "you love him—you care for him—so I won't do

this, for your sake." Then, after a catching of the breath, " Is there anything else ? For I must leave Kenford quickly, and for ever."

She wished she had been dead. But the task was nearly over, and she must needs go on to the bitter end now. So she sobbed out her petition as best she could, whilst Vivian was as one in a dream, and seemed now to accept everything as a natural sequence to all he had been listening to.

The shaft had pierced him to the heart's core, so what mattered the lopping off of a limb ? But let us draw a veil, reader, over this sad picture of sorrow and remorse --this willing sacrifice of all the future earthly happiness, on the shrine of a departed love.

Ada Saville felt that she could say no more. How could she add one more drop to the already overflowing cup of bitterness ? No, she would write him as to the rest, and thus he left an address to which a letter was to be sent explaining all. And so, with one long hand-grasp, they parted. Claude Vivian's strong frame was rent with sobs as quickly he walked away, and the first tears fell that he had shed since the bright days of his lightsome boyhood.

And she, poor, distraught, misguided girl, buried her face in the heather, and cried as if her heart would break. Reader, she had no loving, trustful mother to soothe and guide her in the hour of her dark distress ; no kind father on whose broad chest she could sob forth her trouble, finding sympathy and consolation. She was only an orphan ward, with a stern old aunt for a guardian, and yet—and yet—she had just flung away the best and truest heart that ever beat.

How inscrutable are the perversities, how unfathomable are the mysteries, of the human heart !

When Claude Vivian reached the rectory, and was a little composed, he sought his father's study—the sanctum of sanctums—which never failed to impress one with stern seriousness directly he had crossed the threshold. The rector was busily engaged upon his next Sunday's sermon ; and when Claude, after knocking at the door, and receiving the customary summons to " come in," entered, and said abruptly :—

" I'm going abroad, sir, will you please let me have the funds ? "

The reverend gentleman tipped his spectacles on his forehead, and looked up as if expecting to see his son under the novel influence of drink.

" This is no time for joking, you perceive I am engaged, sir."

" It is no joking, sir, but serious reality, and my mind is unalterably made up."

" That's gratifying at all events. But what's this new whim ? I suppose the coffee-planting illusion is in the ascendant to-day. Surely you——"

"Will you let me have the money or not, sir?" broke in Claude, in no mood to bear his father's sarcasm.

"Money, sir! certainly not. Do you think I am going to sanction your going abroad, to gratify a passing whim; prompted, I doubt not by some silly sentimentality? and going, too, in a manner suggestive of most unpleasant, *the* most unpleasant things, sir. Why, what do you mean?"

"I have nothing to say beyond repeating my fixed intention, and again asking your decision."

"You have heard my decision, sir; such conduct is opposed to all precedent, and I cannot nor will not encourage it."

"Very well, sir, I must ask another to help me, upon whom I have less claim." And so saying, Claude withdrew, leaving the rector overcome by surprise. This was a new development of his son's vagaries—but, did the father think of quietly and kindly reasoning with the misguided son? No. He had laid down the law—the right and proper law in the sight of God and man; and he busied himself with the sermon, preaching love and charity, with all the sense of having fulfilled the duty of a Christian parent.

That night Claude Vivian travelled by mail train to London, to obtain the funds necessary to carry him to a far off-land.

CHAPTER III.

"ON CONNAIT L'AMI AU BESOIN."

RICHARD LONSDALE, or, as he was familiarly designated by his chosen friends, "Dicky" Lonsdale, held an appointment at the Foreign Office; and when not occupied with the onerous duties of his calling, was generally to be found in the comfortable rooms he tenanted in Curzon Street, Mayfair. The stipendiary income which he derived from this source was supplemented by a liberal allowance from a liberal father. Thus he had no pecuniary annoyances,—nor, indeed, many others, for the matter of that; for the even course of his easy-going existence was seldom, if ever, ruffled by the cares and the troubles which beset the path of man.

He was unsusceptible, to a degree, to female wiles and attractions, and perhaps in this reposed the secret of his happy peace of mind. He admired a fair woman just as he would have admired one of Raphael's inimitable master-pieces, or Canova's sculptured triumphs; but as for losing possession of his heart, or "going off his head," as he phrased it, for a pair of *les beaux yeux*, why, Richard Lonsdale would just as lief have seriously contemplated the contingency of his being united to one

of the Princesses Royal. For all this, he was large-hearted, frank, and generous, and the truest of all true friends. He was a great lover of sport, and an adept at everything which came under the heading of "manly exercises;" and his splendid athleticism fitted him well for the indulgence of his taste. Standing six feet one and a half inches, with ponderous shoulders and massive chest, he indeed formed a fine specimen of "muscular christianity; and had at college not inaptly been nicknamed "Giant Lonsdale." For his twenty-six years he was possessed of a good deal of shrewd discernment and practical matter-of-fact sense, which had stood him well on more than one occasion; and beneath the superficial joviality of the man, there lay plenty of earnestness and determination of purpose. Such was Richard Lonsdale, sworn friend and boon companion of Claude Vivian. They had formed a fast friendship at college which had grown and ripened in after years; and though Lonsdale was some four years Vivian's senior, there was a congeniality of feeling and similarity of qualities which drew the two men together; and the creed of both was summed up in the one word "gentleman."

Lonsdale had been on a visit at the rectory at Kenford shortly before Vivian had left home, and they had spent a pleasant fortnight together. He had been introduced to Ada Saville, and soon perceived how the land lay in regard to his friend. He had also made the acquaintance of Gerald Maudsley, of whom, be it said, he had formed the same unflattering opinion as Vivian had done. Thus he was not altogether in the dark when, after a long night of travelling, Claude presented himself at the Mayfair chambers, wearing on his face a weary, haggard look which surprised and quite pained Richard Lonsdale.

"You're looking fearfully seedy, old man," after a long hand-pressure. "What the deuce have you been doing with yourself? Travelling by that night mail, too! You must have some soda-and-brandy or champagne-and-seltzer, before you do anything," and thus saying he laid his hand on the bell.

"No; thanks, old fellow, nothing but a glass of iced water: and not that until I have—"

"A glass of water be hanged!" broke in Lonsdale, who saw there was something radically wrong with his friend; "I shan't have a single word with you until you have had a good pull at something, and eaten some breakfast, man."

Vivian rose, and walking up to Lonsdale laid his hands on the latter's broad shoulders.

"Lonsdale, old fellow," he said, in a low voice, "we have known each other,—aye, and been fast friends,—for many a long day; but we must needs say 'good-bye' now. I am going abroad,—going to Australia, in three days hence, and you must trust in me and spare me any questions."

With quick perception, Lonsdale surmised that a woman was at the bottom of all this; and though at heart he felt heavily oppressed, tried to rally Vivian by treating the matter lightly.

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. Don't talk like that, man, or I shall begin to think the old pluck is clean gone. Going to Australia, indeed! It may be very well in theory, but not in practice. There is some thoughtless girl to be blamed for this." Vivian looked hurt.

"Lonsdale, I can't. You musn't say that. Spare the subject; you understand, old fellow."

"No, but I do not understand you;" came in Lonsdale's ringing tones. "Have a steak and a pint of beer, man, and then we'll discuss the faithless lass; and it's short and sharp shrift she'll have at my hands."

But it was no good. The well-meant bantering did more harm than otherwise, and Lonsdale, perceiving this, resolved to spare his friend's feelings, whatever course he might pursue afterwards.

So he quietly listened to Vivian's request for money to enable him to leave England for ever; drew a cheque for treble the amount asked, and promised to forward to the Post Office at Southampton the letter Vivian expected, addressed to Curzon Street—the letter from Ada Saville.

After this, Claude seemed relieved as of some heavy burden, and Lonsdale was too much wrought upon to wish to prolong the meeting. But a few moments later, as they stood at the threshold of the hall door, Lonsdale laid both his hands on his friend's shoulders, and repudiating all claim to his profuse thanks for the service rendered, he added with slow enunciation :—

"Look here, Vivian, old man. I have stood your friend, and always will stand your friend, and feel deeply for you in this. But I have duty towards you to perform, which I warn you I *mean* to perform. Come what may, I'll see you again before you are clear of English waters. Meanwhile, keep up your spirits and hope for the best. Good bye, old fellow."

"Good bye, truest of friends. Good bye, Dickey;" and with one long grip of hand to hand, Claude Vivian was gone—gone on his way to Southampton. He had been too bewildered by his trouble to notice Lonsdale's parting words, but in after years they recurred to him with forcible significance.

A quarter of an hour after Vivian had left Curzon Street, Lonsdale had despatched a note to the Foreign Office, excusing himself on "urgent private affairs," and two hours after that he was tearing through the air at the rate of forty miles an hour, on his way to Kenford. He was a man of action and promptitude, you see, in the case of

an emergency, and this journey to Kenford was the form in which the first part of his duty to his friend had suggested itself to him. Yes, he would stand by him to the very last, and if he could fathom the troubled waters, and rescue Vivian, he meant to do it. "There's a woman at the bottom of all this," he reflected again; "and my first step will take me to Miss Saville. But when, after a long day's travelling, he arrived at "Sea Grove," he was informed that Miss Saville was "out of town," and would not return until the following day, which would be Friday, and on Saturday Vivian sailed. Lonsdale swore a deep oath under his beard when he learned this; but there was nothing for it but to wait and see what the morrow brought forth. He might have called at the rectory, but he rightly judged that this would be useless, if not otherwise, as a first measure. So he waited and hoped on; and sat in the silent coffee room of the "Silver Swan," not indulging in sombre reverie, but bringing his mind by sheer force of will, and fixity of purpose, deliberately to contemplate and plan the part he had set himself to fulfil. While thus he was sitting alone, Gerald Maudsley chanced to come in, evidently somewhat in his cups, and elated moreover by the partial success of his villainous scheme. He knew Vivian had "cleared out," as he phrased it, and "consented most accommodatingly to step into his shoes." "There is only one act more to complete the little comedy," he said to himself. "Penitent letter from Vivian to the Rev. Septimus, confessing all. The sailing for Australia, and then—curtain." So he was on good terms with himself and the world generally, when he entered the coffee room of the "Silver Swan" that Thursday evening, and nothing was more distant from the man's mind than the idea of associating Lonsdale's presence with Vivian's absence.

Thus in our pilgrimage on earth do we grope in the darkness, when often times one little ray of light would alter the whole course of our lives.

"Holloa, Lonsdale! you here? What fair breeze has wafted you to these parts? Have a liquor, man;" and he moved towards the bell-handle.

"No, thanks, Captain Maudsley, nothing for me; I have business to attend to," Lonsdale rejoined, curtly, in no mood at this moment for Gerald Maudsley's society, which he considered a doubtful privilege at any time.

"Business to attend to! My dear fellow I never heard before that business was incompatible with a drink."

"Perhaps not. But it depends upon one's views of business, you know. Mine don't happen to mean the pursuit of pleasure to-day."

Maudsley ignored the sneer, and blurted out:—

"Talking of pleasure! I hear that Vivian has been pursuing the

Phantom Goddess at rather a hot pace lately, so much so that some kind friend has suggested the advisability of his clearing——"

Richard Lonsdale rose, his face was very stern. "What the devil do you mean, sir?" he interrupted, hotly. "You had better leave Claude Vivian's name alone, for I'll hear no vile insinuations."

"Why, my dear fellow, I only say what I have heard—which in sporting parlance is, that Vivian has gone a regular mucker; made a mistake in signing his name, and——"

A ray of light darted across Lonsdale's consciousness; but he was too wrought upon by anger to think of anything but resenting the stigma on his friend's good name. He strode up to Gerald Maudsley, and grasping him by the coat-collar, swayed him to and fro, as a reed is swayed by the wind. "Say that again, and by the Lord I'll cram the words down your throat."

Gerald Maudsley was no physical coward with all his villainy, and on more than one occasion in his chequered career, had elected to settle his differences by a hair-trigger and fifteen paces of turf. Though he had been drinking heavily, his was no pot-valiancy. Still the exciting effects of his deep potations added to the passionate rage at the insult he had sustained, utterly blinded him to considerations of policy, and all discretion was swept away by passion's angry torrent.

"I shall say it as much as I like, the same as I should of any other d——d swin——"

But the foul word never left his mouth.

Lonsdale's threat was literally fulfilled. His arm shot out with lightning impulse, and catching Maudsley full in the mouth, laid him senseless and bleeding on the floor.

* * * * * *

The following day Lonsdale sought and obtained a long interview with Ada Saville. He transacted much other important business during the course of the same day, at Kenford, and left the place Friday evening, by express train.

CHAPTER IV.

> "Time and tide had thus their sway,
> Yielding like an April day;
> Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
> Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

It is a glorious August morning. The sun pours down an aureole-flood of heavenly light, gladdening all things with the warmth and

brightness of a golden summer time—whilst a soft breeze springs refreshingly from the balmy south-west. The sky is beautifully deep blue, and looks incapable of ever changing a leaden hue, and drenching poor humanity.

"The magnificent steamer, *May Queen*, 3,242 tons register, 2,000 horse-power, and A. 1. at Lloyd's. G. Farquhar Frampton, Commander,"—as the advertisement has it, "leaves the Southampton Docks at 1 o'clock this afternoon, for Australia."

A magnificent steamship she is, and there is all the confusion and bustle on board attending the sailing of a vessel for a far-off land.

Some of the passengers are congregated in little knots here and there on the deck, exchanging a last few words with the friends and relations they perhaps will never meet again. Others, who have already taken their farewell of those left behind, or who perhaps have no kith or kin to wish them a "God-speed," are leaning over the bulwarks of the vessel, taking one last long look at the dear old English shore.

Some have sought refuge from the noise and bustle in out-of-the way nooks and corners, where unobserved they shed the hot tears that will keep welling up.

The officers and crew of the good ship, alone seem ready and unaffected, the former hurrying about issuing orders, and the latter executing them with the cool promptitude of men performing the business of every-day life.

The first bell peals forth loud and sharp, on the morning air. Then comes the agony of parting—the grief of severing. Men gripe the hands with one long pressure, and hurry away.

Women embrace and weep, and cling to the necks of husbands, lovers, and brothers. Mothers, the poor mothers, sob forth their blessings on their sons' chests, and tears fall fast and thick.

Ding dong! ding dong! ding dong! the warning bell goes again, ten minutes succeeding the first peal, and now the signal has sounded for friends to leave the ship.

The steam is being got up now, the skipper is on the bridge, and the other officers at their respective posts.

One figure, with a pale, haggard, sorrow-stricken face, stands alone, leaning over the bulwarks on the shore side. He scans with anxious look the crowd left behind, and beyond, as far as his gaze will reach, but no responsive sign meets his troubled eyes, and the thoughts that arise one by one are dark and bitter.

"Is the pilot on board?" the skipper sings out in lusty tones from the bridge.

"Aye, aye, sir," comes back from the forecastle, in the cheery tones of the first mate.

"Then stand by your anchor."

"Aye, aye, sir."

The *May Queen* glides majestically along, cleaving her way through the waters, amidst the ringing farewell cheers of those on shore, which are caught up and echoed again and again by those on board.

She is soon a mile out, steaming surely away, but slowly, very slowly, as yet.

The white waving handkerchiefs have disappeared, the well-known figures on shore faded gradually away, and the last rites of a long parting have now been gone through.

But what is that in the distance?——

The second officer who is on the bridge with the commander adjusts his glass.

"What is that he sees?"

A boat manned by four oarsmen, pulling in the direct wake of the emigrant ship, for their very lives.

He approaches the commander, and, pointing in the direction of the advancing boat, says:

"A passenger left behind, sir."

"Ease her engines then," replies the good-natured skipper.

"Aye, aye, sir."

And in a few moments the *May Queen* was scarcely moving.

Claude Vivian, whom the reader has already recognized, strained his gaze as Richard Lonsdale's parting words recurred to him involuntarily. —"Come what may, I'll see you again before you are clear of English waters."

The boat came nearer, and nearer; the four men were becoming visible to the naked eye, and all on board the steamship were fixedly watching the little craft.

But who is that rowing stroke? Settling down to his work with bare arms, and pulling that mighty well-feathered oar, in form, which had once been the pride of *Alma Mater*.

Can it be? No, it isn't? Yes, surely it is, and "Giant Lonsdale" comes up to time as often before he had come up to time when the honour of his college had rested with him.

A rope ladder is dropped over the side of the *May Queen*, and the skipper, making a speaking trumpet of his hand, sings out in sharp tones from the bridge,

"Have you got another passenger? Why the deuce did you run it so close?"

The answer came in Richard Lonsdale's clear ringing tone—

"No, sir, I have come to fetch one, and it is a question of life and death."

And so indeed he regarded the matter of Vivian's staying or going. The little craft was alongside the *May Queen* now, and Lonsdale clambered up her sides with the agility of a cat.

Captain Frampton was a kindly, genial sort of man, and accustomed to view the shifting panorama of life in all its varied phases.

After having exchanged a few words with Lonsdale, and received a paper at his hands, he seemed perfectly to understand matters, and to be satisfied with the explanation he had received.

Meanwhile, Vivian stood by regarding all with a dazed, dreamy sort of look, as if wanting a clear comprehension of what was passing.

But there was no time to be lost, for the good ship must needs pursue her course immediately.

So Lonsdale drew Vivian aside, and having whispered something in which the words "villain," "not married," and "truly loves," figured prominently, more dragged than led his old friend away.

Vivian descended the ship's side mechanically, hard pressed by Lonsdale, who having smilingly raised his cap in farewell salute to the good skipper, shoved off and rowed quickly away from the *May Queen*, which immediately resumed her long voyage.

* * * * * *

We are in the little town of Kenford once again, but some three years have come and gone since last we were there, and witnessed the scene in the coffee room of the "Silver Swan."

That period, amongst other effects of time, has wrought great changes in the fortunes, aye, and in the feelings, of those in whom we are interested. But one old friendship remains firm and fast as ever. One old love remains true as ever, requited as it deserves, and one old gentleman has arrived at a better sense of the parental obligations, as well as a truer conception of his son's real worth and nobility of character.

Two men are lounging under the grateful shade of the fir trees of Cleveland Coppice, where once before we were spectators of a different scene.

We have no difficulty in recognizing our old friend Dicky Lonsdale of the F. O., as the owner of those brawny shoulders, those long muscular limbs, and that frank, genial countenance, looking the very picture of strength in repose.

Nor do we require more than a glance to identify his companion as Claude Vivian, wearing that bright, joyous look which is the reflex of a light, happy heart.

They had been talking a moment before, but smoke on in solemn

silence now, stretched at full length on the heather, with heads pillowed on hands, and eyes half closed, as if willing to submit to the repose-inviting influence of the sultry summer afternoon.

Vivian broke in in another minute,

"But I don't know to this very day, old fellow, how you found it all out, and managed it all. Nature must certainly have intended you as an ornament to Scotland Yard."

"Many worse vocations, my dear boy. But I had to play the policeman with a vengeance that day with that unhappy Maudsley. I took my man in a cab to the rector—not with the coercion of *words* alone you may depend—and after extorting, aye, regularly extorting, a full confession from him, I less led than I think I bodily carried him to the lock-up. I shall never forget it."

And Lonsdale's hearty laugh rang out on the still air as retrospectively he saw himself taking Gerald Maudsley to justice.

"Yes, you giant, I can easily imagine it all," Vivian answered playfully. "But how the dickens did you find out what you wanted? *I* never gave you a clue; how in the name of fate did you go to work, man?"

"Never mind. That's Miss Saville's and my secret;" in a tone that forbade further questioning. "Are you not satisfied that you are going to marry one of the best and prettiest girls in the county, eh, old fellow?"

"Satisfied! I should indeed think so. But as I have to thank you for it all, should be more satisfied if I could bring about a similar happiness into your——"

"Never mind me, my dear fellow," Lonsdale interrupted, I'm happy enough; and if ever I am rash enough to commit matrimony, the fair conqueror will be the marvel of her age. She is in space I think as yet. But, *qui vivra verra.*"

And so they continued chatting with the gay pleasantry of light hearts.

Yes—Claude Vivian was indeed about to be united to Ada Saville, and the promoter of all their sunshine, all their happiness, was to officiate as "best man" on the auspicious occasion.

The Rev. Septimus Vivian had gained a better conception of a father's duties since last we saw him infusing the doctrine of Love in his Sunday sermon.

The history of his son's noble love and willing sacrifice had been an appealing example of Christian forbearance and resignation, which the rector, in his capacity of Minister of God, had felt he dare not disregard. He dared not shut his eyes to the new clear light which had dawned upon them, and if before he had erred on the side of harshness, it is but fair to add that his sense of justice prompted every reparation now.

And Ada Saville, what of her? The golden hair is as glossy as ever. The fair open brow is fair and open as ever, and the large, lustrous, soft grey eyes are beautiful as ever.

But the little mouth is a trifle firmer. The eyes are a shade graver, and there is a new depth of expression in the fair face which confers character to its peculiar beauty.

And the heart, the soul, has grown in depth as well as the features that mirror the inner light.

The kindly, affectionate, loyal heart, beats with the same pulsation of kindliness, affection, and loyalty as ever. But it had been tried in the furnace of a bitter experience, and had come forth from the ordeal strengthened and annealed, as the steel which has glowed on the blacksmith's stithy. The great artificer of all had ordered this moulding of the heart; and without the trial, who shall say that the old weakness of purpose had ever given place to strength, or the want of courage to earnestness and sincerity?

In her nightly visions, one name was never omitted, never forgotten, by Ada Saville. Do not think I mean Gerald Maudsley's; far from it. No! it is Richard Lonsdale's, her saviour, and her lover's saviour, the originator of all their happiness; all their sunshine. He who for them had created—

> "Smiling noon for sullen morrow,
> Years of joy for hours of sorrow."

* * * * *

Two years and a half ago, Gerald Maudsley had sailed on a ship bound for Botany Bay, when his identity became merged in the distinguishing number "218 + F."

PATIENCE.

SHOULD one be angry if the fickle blast
Raise the ignoble dust above his head
On which he trod just now, on which shall tread
When fate's capricious rage is overpast?
What though the upstart atoms, blindly cast
By fortune's waywardness beyond their sphere,
Awhile impede the traveller's career—
They surely find their level at the last.
And he is sure to conquer who endures
In faith and patience, following duty's path,
Swerving for neither obstacles nor lures,
Unbribed by favour, undeterred by wrath;
Until he reach the goal—accomplishment
Of that for which his Master has him sent.

Montreal. JOHN READE.

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

COLONEL WILLIAM KETCHESON, AND HIS FOUR SONS, WILLIAM, THOMAS, BENJAMIN AND ELIJAH.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

WILLIAM KETCHESON, the progenitor of the now numerous families of that name, well-known in the County of Hastings for loyalty to the British Throne, patriotism and the sterling qualities pertaining to high citizenship, was born in Yorkshire, England, 7th July, 1759. His father having died, he with his grandfather emigrated to America in 1773, and settled in South Carolina. At the opening of the war in 1776, although but seventeen years of age, he enlisted as a dragoon under Colonel Toulton, in the Queen's Rangers. He was with Lord Cornwallis, in the Southern Provinces, took part in many engagements, and was wounded by a ball in the thigh. He was married in New York, March, 1779, to Miss Mary Bull. At the close of the struggle he went to Nova Scotia with other loyalists, where he remained until 1786, and then removed to Canada. He first found a home in Fredericksburg, on the Bay of Quinte; but in 1801 he settled in the Township of Sidney, a short distance west of Myers' Creek, (Belleville), where he had procured 400 acres of land. The land was in the fifth concession, quite beyond the settlements. The writer had the gratification of conversing with the son of this veteran loyalist in the summer of 1866, also named William, who was then in his ninetieth year. He related the events connected with the removal of the family to their home in the woods. They came up in batteaux, and landed at a place known as Gilbert's Cove, where the provisions were stored until a place was prepared for them on their land. He used to come every Saturday through the trackless woods, some seven and a half miles, and carry upon his back, provisions of pork, peas and flour sufficient for their use for a week. Here the father lived the rest of his life, until a short time before his death, which took place at his son Benjamin's, in Belleville, on the 15th of March, 1848, having reached the age of eighty-nine.

In 1812 William Ketcheson had four sons old enough for military service; namely, William, Thomas, Benjamin and Elijah, the last being a little past sixteen years. The news of the declaration of war reached Kingston by a private letter to Mr. Forsyth, a prominent merchant from the States, which had been conveyed by a special messenger, who had

travelled in post-haste. An hour and a half afterwards, says one who was there, the tidings having been communicated to Colonel Benson, the drum beat to arms, and couriers were on their way with all haste to warn out the Militia along the Bay of Quinte and in Northumberland. The belief was entertained that Kingston would be a place of immediate attack, and the flank companies were ordered there without a moment's delay. We have a letter dated 27th June, 1812, written by John Ferguson, at Kingston, who was the colonel commanding the 1st Regiment Hastings Militia, to Lieutentant Colonel Bell, of Thurlow, which instructs him to " cause the volunteers of the Battalion who have already offered their services, to hold themselves in readiness for actual service, and to apply to the Quartermaster for such arms as are in his possession to be used by the volunteers until others were got at Kingston. Captain John McIntosh to take command, the other captain to be J. W. Myers. Notice to be given at once, be it night or day, to meet on the Plains (by Belleville) and be drilled by the Sergeant-Major." Colonel Bell received this letter at sunset on the 29th June, by the hands of one John Weavor, says a memorandum in the letter. A postscript to the letter says: " War is declared by the United States against Great Britain." The same messenger, probably, continued his way to Northumberland County. Elijah Ketcheson informs us that they were in Sidney notified on the 1st July, and on the 2nd they were mustered at Belleville, under Captain Jacob W. Myers; and immediately marched to Kingston, where they were organized into a company with McIntosh as Captain; John Tompson, Lieutenant; and William Ketcheson, Ensign. We have before us the " Roll of the Hastings Flank Company," dated 2nd July, 1812. By this we see that the Sergeants were Thomas Ketcheson, Benjamin Ketcheson, Patrick Joseph Yeomans, and Isaac Stimers; Corporals, Abijah Ross, David E. Sills, and Edward McConnell. The total number of privates on the roll is eighty-seven. Of these, Edward Cram, John Fulton, Samuel Motte, Ammo Smith, Rowland Potter, and —— Warner, are marked as having deserted, that is, did not respond to the call. Samuel Comstock, Peter Vanskiver and Jacob Perry are rejected as under age. Nine are excused for various good reasons. This reduced the company to sixty-nine. Among the privates appears the name of Elijah Ketcheson. He was offered the position of corporal, but declined on account of his age. After serving six months he was made a sergeant; and Thomas and Benjamin were also promoted. Colonel Elijah Ketcheson, the only one of the brothers now living, informs us that there was not much fighting for them at Kingston. He was on duty when the American fleet attempted to take the " Royal George." But they thought it more prudent to pass on. He remembers being at Point Frederick when the prisoners from Detroit passed down. It was

a time of great rejoicing. But when the news reached them of General Brock's death, there was a corresponding feeling of depression, for it was felt that it was his wise and heroic conduct which had enabled the Militia to save the country from being overpowered by the Americans.

William, the eldest of the four sons was born at Bedford, New York, in Sept., 1782. He was married to Nancy Roblin, daughter of the widow Elizabeth Roblin, an historic name in connection with the first Methodist meeting house in Canada, in 1800, with whom he truly enjoyed companionship for over seventy-two years. They were blessed with fifteen children, who lived to become parents. Wm. Ketcheson, Jr., first held the commission of acting Ensign under Lieutenant John Sturgeon, then commanding the Hastings Militia, and was made Ensign in 1809. He received a Lieutenant's commission from General Brock, in 1812, and a Captain's in 1815. In 1832, he was commissioned a Major under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Coleman, of Belleville. He was appointed a magistrate in 1834, and in 1836 he was made a commissioner of the Court of Requests. In the first year of the reign of Queen Victoria, he was promoted to the rank of Colonel. And finally in 1839 he was appointed Justice of the Court of Requests. A man thus honoured must have possessed more than ordinary ability. He was tall and commanding in appearance; had a quick and intelligent mind, and was held in the deepest respect as a man and a Christian. He was a member of the Methodist Church for seventy years. He departed this life on the 30th June, 1874, being in his ninety-second year.

Thomas Ketcheson was born on the 8th March, 1791, in Fredericksburg, on the Bay of Quinte, soon after his parents came there. At first a sergeant in the war of 1812, he was in a short time made Ensign, in which capacity he served during the war. In subsequent years he was promoted to the position of Lieutenant-Colonel of the Hastings Militia. Thomas Ketcheson spent all the days of his life upon the farm he had himself cleared; at the age of eighty-five years he passed away on the 15th of Feb., 1876. An obituary says of him :—"Whatever duty in his country's interest fell to his lot, he assumed and discharged it with hearty promptitude. His was no craven heart; but with fixed purpose, ready willingness, and unflinching courage, he performed whatever his social position or nature had imposed, and deserved to receive the esteem and good will of his fellow men; and merits the gratitude and obligations of his country."

Benjamin, who lived many years in Belleville, has been dead for a good many years.

Colonel Elijah, the youngest of the brothers, is still alive, being eighty-two years old. His first commission, which he carefully preserves, is dated 16th October, 1815; his last as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Second

Battalion Hastings Militia, bears the date of Sept. 21st, 1848. He is the Senior Justice of the Peace for the county. Colonel E. Ketcheson has in his possession the muster roll already referred to. This old and faded document became important in the way of evidence on behalf of the claimants in Hastings for pension. Colonel Macpherson could not doubt such documentary proof.

At the time of the Canadian rebellion in 1837, Elijah Ketcheson was on duty as Captain. His company was composed of men living on the front of Sidney, true and trusty. Each was provided with his musket, and they were from time to time called at periods of alarm. When a landing of the rebels and American filibusters was expected at Prescott, Captain Ketcheson's company was ordered to that place. They remained on duty here for two months, when they were dismissed by the following order from Colonel De Rotenburg. He said, "He cannot allow Captain Ketcheson's company to return to their homes without conveying to them the expression of his entire satisfaction of their uniform good conduct during the period they have been embodied; and also with the loyalty and zeal with which they turned out at the first warning to defend their country. He has not failed to notify this to His Excellency the Major-General Commanding; and he begs that Captain Ketcheson, the officers, non-commissioned officers and privates will accept his best thanks for their meritorious behaviour." Colonel Ketcheson resides on the shore of the beautiful Bay of Quinte, a short distance west of Belleville, highly respected by the whole community as a citizen and public officer, and we believe bids fair to reach the patriarchal age attained by his brother William.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXIX.—(*Continued.*)

"I am very glad, my dear; but I am also very hungry and very tired. The train was behind time, and endeavoured to make up for it by cutting short its stoppages for refreshment."

How haggard and worn he looked; and what a strange embarrassment there was in his tone and manner! A sudden hope illumined her—a hope based upon strange ground indeed, that perhaps illness had been the cause both of his absence and his reticence.

"You have not been ill, my darling, have you?"

"Ill! not I," he answered with an unjoyous laugh. "What should make you think of that?"

"That terrible accident, Cecil. I feared that perhaps you had been more hurt than you liked to tell me."

His brow darkened visibly.

"Oh, the railway accident! I had almost forgotten that. I only got a little shaking. Where is your friend Gracie?"

"She is out, thinking that you would like to be alone with me, at our first meeting after so many weeks; but perhaps she is mistaken."

He ignored the bitterness of the speech, but not the speech itself.

"I am sorry she should have been driven out on my account," said he indifferently.

"Oh, Cecil, what is it?" cried Ella, passionately, all the barriers of her pride broken down by a great and sudden fear. "You are playing a part with me; I am sure you are. You are trying to steel your heart against me, heaven only knows for why."

Cecil's face grew very troubled, though it did not darken as before. He dropped the papers from his hand, and looked at her in a strange pitiful way.

"Playing a part," he murmured; "why should I play a part?"

"That is what I ask," she said. "I do not know what is in your mind; but you cannot hide from me that there is something. Let your own conscience tell you whether it should be there or not. Do you think that you can deceive me—me your wife?——"

He shuddered, and his pale face grew paler and more drawn.

"Is it possible, Cecil, that you regret I am your wife?"

"I did not say so," returned he, hoarsely. "What makes you ask

such things? I am come home—only for a short time: I will tell you about that afterwards; but, at all events, after a long absence, and you receive me with reproaches."

"No, Cecil; the reproaches came from your own heart. I did not mean even to be cold. I do not feel cold towards you. Oh no! no! But something has come between us, Cecil. What is it?"

He did not speak though his lips trembled a little. His eyes were fixed upon the carpet.

"Is it that you still feel bitter against me for my deception at our marriage," she went on. "I had hoped that that was over. Not that I deserved to escape so easily, but because I thought you loved me so, and because to Love forgiveness is so easy. Have you had trouble about it, dearest, from that man, Whymper, or anybody?"

"There has been trouble of course," answered Cecil. "People have written to me about it; this Whymper-Hobson's friends, I mean."

"Lady Elizabeth, I suppose; she called here."

"Well, she and others have written. I told them if the sneak wanted satisfaction he should have enough of it. It is not that, of course."

"I am sure of that, Cecil." Even in that hour of doubt, nay, almost of despair, as to her husband's love, she could feel a gleam of pride in the consciousness of his courage.

"It has been a very unfortunate business altogether."

"Of course it has; but it need not embitter our lives; nor does it, Cecil. What is doing that is doing something else. Good heavens, what have I done, that you should treat me thus?"

"You have done nothing, Ella; at least nothing more than what we know about; and I think the less said upon that subject the sooner mended. It is almost dinner-time, and I must go and dress."

He turned and went upstairs into his dressing-room, where she heard him lock the door behind him. He need not have done that, for though it had been her loving wont on such occasions to unpack his portmanteau with her own hands, and see that everything was ready for him with her own eyes, she would not have ventured to do so now. Even had that material obstacle of the locked door not been interposed, she would have felt shut out from him enough, Heaven knew.

She sank down in the chair by which he had stood, so cold and strange throughout their interview, and burying her face in her hands, recalled it word for word, and tone for tone. There had been a moment—she felt sure of this—when he had all but given way to her appeal, and thrown his arms around her; but that moment seemed now gone for ever; the rest of the time he had been acting a part very unsuited to his character; angry he might have been, but not indifferent, and indifference was what he had throughout affected. Some husbands are

not demonstrative, and behave to their wives much as they do to other people; but that was not Cecil's way. A horrible idea struck her, that he might have desired an excuse for more ill-conduct; for absenting himself from her still more, for example; and indeed he had hinted of such an intention. Upon one thing she was resolved, that she would give him no such pretext; but beyond that she knew not what to do. The opportunity for an explanation had for the present passed away, and indeed he had as good as refused to give her any. She felt well convinced that he would not come downstairs, or see her, until dinner-time, when Gracie would be with them. Indeed a knock at the front door at that moment announced her friend's return. She felt that she could not see her—that she must be alone with her wretchedness since her husband left her so—and hurried up to her own room. She paused at his door, as she passed by it, but not a sound was to be heard; he, too, was doubtless thinking of their late interview, and making plans for his future behaviour—to what end? He at least knew what he had in view, but as for her—Heaven help her—she knew nothing.

Had not her maid come up as usual to help her to dress, she would have forgotten to do so; for her mind was dazed, and she felt incapable of the least exertion. When her toilette was completed, and the maid dismissed, she waited for her husband to go downstairs; she heard his door unlocked, and then his step outside it; would he come in and see her? No, he ran quickly down into the drawing-room, where Gracie had already made her appearance, for she heard their voices beneath her. Then she went down herself and joined them.

There are many occasions in which it is difficult to make or lift conversation; between two foreigners, for example, who do not understand one another's language, and to whom you have to interpret; and still worse (as once happened within my experience), between two foreigners of the same nation, one of whom is debarred from using his native tongue, from the circumstance of his being a Pole by adoption and a spy by trade. But, perhaps, the most embarrassing position in which "articulately-speaking-man" can be placed, is when he is one of a party of three, whereof the other two are a married couple, who are not on speaking terms with one another. It was Gracie's fate upon the present occasion to play this unenviable part. It was easy to perceive that if her host and hostess were not "at daggers drawn," there was but an armed peace between them. Their characters did not admit of "nagging," or of talking at one another; it was not possible for them to descend to that lowest depth of domestic discord which consists in endeavouring to make the third party their ally against one another. But both Cecil and Ella talked independently, and would pursue no common topic. Ella, indeed, scarcely talked at all. The stage of conciliation

was well-nigh passed with her, and the presence of Gracie aggravated her sense of wrong. Slights and insults have thrice the venom in them when inflicted before a witness, and the coldness of a husband, that can be borne in private without a shudder, sinks to freezing-point when displayed in public. Cecil's talk was studiously indifferent, yet he could hardly avoid some reference to the causes of his long absence from home. "I never knew what work was, my dear Miss Ray, I do assure you, till I went down to Wellborough. Country folks take twice as long to take in an idea—even a business idea—than we do in town."

"Thank you, Mr. Landon," said Gracie, laughing.

On ordinary occasions Ella would have certainly struck gaily in on behalf of her friend, but she maintained an icy silence.

"Oh, I don't call Woolwich the country," said Cecil. "Everybody within the Postal District partakes of the civilization of Cockaigne. But at Wellborough dullness reigns. The simplest order remains unexecuted for a week. If I had to do with London folks, I should have broken the neck of what I have to do by this time, but as it is, I shall have to go back again almost immediately. Indeed, I should not have returned to-day, if it had not been absolutely necessary to see my father."

Gracie, of course, understood that this was Cecil's method of breaking the fact to his wife that he was going away from home again.

But Ella said nothing, only went on pretending to eat, but in reality, poor soul, eating next to nothing. Cecil, too, on his part, "marked time" with his knife and fork, rather than made progress with his meal.

"The fact is," continued he, looking down upon his plate, "if the governor insists upon my doing the work of the late manager, I shall have more or less to live at Wellborough, and that is by no means a pleasant prospect."

"Not in the winter, perhaps, Mr. Landon, but in weather like this, and especially as the summer comes on, I should think that Ella and you would prefer the country to London." This well-meant attempt of Gracie's to bring her friend into the conversation was a total failure. When Ella spoke, it was upon a wholly different matter.

"You heard from home by the afternoon's post, did you not, Gracie?"

"Yes, a few lines from my father."

"And how is the commissary?" inquired Cecil.

"Oh, quite well; but he speaks of Colonel Juxon having had a twinge of gout."

This allusion to the colonel was unfortunate. It was from his house that her host and hostess had been married; and it was he who had played into Ella's hands with respect to the retention of her false name.

"Has anything been seen of Darall by the Woolwich folks?" in-

quired Cecil; rather a trying question for poor Gracie, though she felt that even it was better than the intolerable silence that had succeeded her last remark.

"My father does not say so," said Gracie, blushing: "but, of course, he does not go much about, scarcely anywhere, indeed, except to"—she was just going to say "the colonel's," but stopped herself in time, and substituted—"to the commandant's."

"That must be a little dull for him I should think," said Cecil, "if the hospitalities there are confined, as they used to be, to 'a little music,' and sherry and sandwiches. I can't think how people can ask their fellow-creatures to such entertainments. For my part, I hate moving after dinner, and that reminds me that I must see the governor to-night. We shall have a great deal to talk over, and I may be very late, so I think it will be better, Ella, to have the bed in my dressing-room made up, that I may not disturb you."

"Very good," said Ella.

"But why don't you go at once, Mr. Landon," said Gracie, "now that we have finished dinner? We will excuse you coming up into the drawing-room, and then you needn't be so unconscionably late. Ella and I are not such very early birds—that is as respects going to roost—I do assure you."

"I am very tired to-night," said Ella, coldly, "and shall not sit up." It was plain to her that her husband's proposition was made to avoid any further opportunity for explanation between them. Her feelings towards him were growing very bitter, and she was no longer solicitous to conceal them.

"I think I will take your advice, Miss Ray," said Cecil, "if you won't think it rude of me to run away; and so I shall wish you ladies good-night at once." He did not even shake hands with Gracie, since that would have involved some leave-taking of Ella, but simply nodded good-naturedly, and left the room. He had been always wont to light his cigar in his wife's presence, but on this occasion he ordered the servant to bring a light into the hall, for we are never so much on our good behaviour as when we are conscious of behaving very ill.

The front door closed behind him with a gloomy jar, that sounded to Ella's ears like the knell of all the happiness of home.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"NEITHER TO-NIGHT NOR EVER."

WHAT Cecil had to say to his father that took him away so abruptly from his home, upon that first night of his return, concerns us but little; the

matter, however, would seem to have been important, since the upshot was, as he told the two ladies at the breakfast-table the next morning, that Mr. Landon, senior, as head of the firm, insisted upon his return to Wellborough, where affairs required his personal superintendence.

"It is an infernal nuisance," said he; "but when one has once put one's hand 'to the plough of business,' as the governor says, 'there is no looking back'—and very little, he might have added, to which to look forward; for my part I see no end to the work."

He glanced at both women as he spoke. Ella only replied by a hard smile; but Gracie said:

"But surely, Mr. Landon, you can give a guess as to how long you are likely to be detained from home?"

"Indeed I cannot," he answered. "We are opening a branch establishment farther south, from which my father expects great things; and I am bound to look after it, until it is set a-going, as well as to manage matters at Wellborough."

At this moment the letters were brought in. Gracie took hers from the salver; she saw her own lying on it that she had written to Cecil, and which had been forwarded to him. She had half a mind to claim it; but her courage failed her, and the next instant it was in Cecil's hand. She felt that, whatever benefit might have been once secured from it, it was useless now; that it had, as it were, missed fire; and that the sight of the weapon would only make more angry the man at whom it had been aimed.

He read it, with his other letters, without comment; and presently went off as usual to the office.

"Oh, Ella, I am so sorry that that letter found him here," said Gracie penitently, as soon as they were alone.

"What does it matter?" returned Ella bitterly. "Fifty letters would not move him wherever they had found him. He came home to quarrel with me, and at last he has succeeded."

There was a world of significance about that "at last." She had restrained herself, as she had never thought it possible for her to do; had shown no "temper;" had been submissive, gentle, pleading;—and all to no purpose. He had rejected all her advances towards a reconciliation. She would throw herself at his feet no longer to be thus trodden upon.

"But this is so dreadful, Ella. Perhaps I was wrong to persuade you not to appeal to his father. There is that course still left to you."

"Not now, Gracie," answered she, in a hard, stern voice. "He went out last night to have the first word with the old man; to persuade him that what he himself wished to do was the best thing to be done. He will not return home any more."

"Oh, that is impossible, Ella. He has not even taken leave of you. Whatever has misled him and altered him so, he would never do that; it would be so cruel, so unmanly."

"Cruel, of course it is. Unmanly, no, Gracie; men are all cowards when they have once resolved to be base."

"Nay, I am sure that your husband is no coward, Ella."

"He would fight another man, if you mean that," returned Ella, contemptuously; "but he fears the woman he has injured. He dared not once look me in the face. Did you not see it?"

Grace had noticed that; but she did not say so. She was not one of those women who take a pleasure in widening a breach between their friends and their husbands. On the contrary, she would have given all she had to bridge over this great and terrible gulf, the proportions of which had by this time become apparent to her. She was filled with righteous indignation against Cecil; but she felt it was her duty not to show it, and even to make excuses for him, if excuse should be possible.

"Your husband looks so ill, Ella," said she, presently, "and so unlike himself, that I think there may be some physical reason for his conduct. I really do."

"He seems to me well enough," said Ella.

"I wonder at your saying that. I don't wish to frighten you; but do you not think it possible that that railway accident shook him more than he liked to say? Some men hate to talk of their ailments; and did you not observe how he shrank from any allusion to the collision?"

"I did notice that," said Ella, a ray of hope breaking in upon the night of her soul. "If there is anything wrong with him—with his brain, I mean—that would of course account for his conduct. I should never forgive myself——But there; such a thing is, to the last degree, improbable."

"Let us hope so, Ella; but it is not improbable that, for other reasons, you may one day say, 'I shall never forgive myself' as respects your husband. Think as charitably of him as you can, darling; you love him dearly, even yet; and he loves you, though something, which we do not understand, has for the moment come between you."

Ella shook her head, and sighed deeply. "No, Gracie; his love is gone. The void is here"—she laid her hand upon her heart—"a cold and aching void. I am not sure even that I still love him."

"But I am sure, Ella; and that you pity him. Even I do that. If ever I saw wretchedness in any face, it was in that of your husband as he left this room."

"He is dissatisfied with himself, as well he may be, no doubt," said Ella. "I did not say he had no conscience."

No one, indeed, with any claims to be an observer of human nature

could have said that who had beheld Cecil Landon's face that morning as he set it Citywards. It was, in fact, the very index of a mind, if not remorseful, yet very ill at ease. Gloomy it was, yet not morose; oppressed with the sense of ill-doing; and, perhaps, one would have now added, conscious of more ill to be done. With his hat pressed over his brows, and one hand thrust in his pocket, he walked quickly on for a mile or two after leaving his own house, looking neither to the right nor to the left. Then he consulted his watch and called a cab, giving somewhat elaborate directions to the driver before he entered it.

At the corner of a small street, in the City, and some distance from his own office, he dismissed it, and walked on as before, except that he took some note of the houses on his side of the way. They were all places of business, and most of them occupied by several sets of tenants. At one of these he stopped, and looked down the list of names with some attention. About midway, newly painted in, was that of "C. Landon, Commission Agent." He went upstairs and, taking a latch key from his pocket, opened a door upon the second floor that bore this name—his own— upon it. The room he entered was a spacious one, newly furnished in office style; but he cast but one rapid glance around him, as if to make sure that it had no tenant, rather than to note its contents. Then he closed the door and opened the letter-box that, as usual, depended from it. There was but a single letter, nor—it was evident—did he expect to find a second. It was directed, "Cecil Landon, Esq., Brant Street," in a female hand.

"I told her it was unnecessary to put 'Cecil,'" he muttered peevishly. But there was no peevishness in his face as his eyes fell on the closely-written pages; it was illumined with a glow of expectation that deepened into delight as he read on. The perturbation of his mind had ceased; his trouble, whatever it was, was forgotten, smoothed away by that distant, and to us unknown, hand. When he had read all he put the letter to his lips and kissed it.

He looked quite another man from that one who had left his home an hour ago; though not a better man. There was a fire in his eye which spoke of triumph; but it was assuredly not that most glorious of victories—the victory which a man gains over himself. It was the exultation rather of one who has yielded to a great temptation, and promises himself a supreme bliss from which he has been hitherto debarred by scruples. This expression, however, was but momentary; having folded up the letter and put it carefully away in his breast-pocket, his features re-assumed their haggard look. It was like some magic charm, which, while its owner gazes at it, has the virtue of bestowing happiness, but, once out of sight, is powerless.

"I will get it to-day," he muttered, "this very day. I cannot endure

to go to that house again." He was speaking of his home. "The air seems poisoned there. And yet who has poisoned it?" Then with a hesitating voice, "Not—not my poor Ella." His face grew tender and pitiful; he burst into tears. "What an infernal hypocrite and scoundrel I feel," cried he with bitterness. "What a cruel and heartless brute. How could I—could I—treat her so. She has never deserved that, whatever she may have deserved."

He had sunk down into the chair beside the office-desk, and there he sat, all huddled together, like a man who has been hanged. Perhaps he deserved hanging; he had, at all events, suffered something of that mental agony which is said to precede the operation. He had grown to look so old within those five minutes that he might have passed for his own father. Curiously enough—for he was not a "self-conscious" man or one given to self-examination—he was cognisant of his own mental condition. "I feel like a whipped hound," he murmured on; "a creature like Whymper-Hobson is a man compared with me; but there, I have gone through with it. I have broken with her. She must feel that. And she is not one to cling where she has been spurned. It is better so, and I did it for her sake."

He said this in a firm voice, and looked round about him with a defiant air, as though challenging contradiction. Unhappily, Conscience—who alone was present—is like Punch in the puppetshow; she eludes a knock-down blow, and has a most dexterous vitality. She can also be very vulgar, and what she whispered in Mr. Landon's ear upon the present occasion was, "Liar." "Yes, it was for her sake, just as the surgeon uses the knife, to prevent lifelong mischief. It was the actual cautery, in her case, poor soul, without the chloroform. And this is for her sake, too," he went on, looking around the newly-papered, newly-furnished room. "It is to spare her; and keep things quiet as long as may be. The hardest trial is over for both of us; for I suffered too, Heaven knows. There shall be no more such days. I will get it this afternoon, and go down by the evening train. In the meantime I must make all straight with my father; a difficult matter, I should have thought at one time; but, compared with what has been surmounted, a very easy task, and, what is better, painless." With a deep sigh he rose and left the room, closing the door behind him, which fastened with a spring lock. As he reached the bottom of the stairs "C. Landon, Commission Agent," again caught his eye. "A pretty commission have I to do to-day," muttered he bitterly. Then he bent his steps to Wethermill-street. His father, whose habits were punctual and exact as the movements of a machine, arrived a few minutes after him as the clock was striking ten.

"What, so early, Cecil?" cried he cheerfully. "You have turned over a new leaf, indeed."

"Well, it was necessary to be early down at Wellborough, father, where a six-hours' work is spread over the whole twelve."

"Ay, I know their ways," said the old citizen, rubbing his hands. "Those country fellows are half asleep till dinner-time, when they wake up with a vengeance."

"After which they take their regular nap," put in Cecil. "Still they are sure, if they are slow. There are no speculations on their private account, with defalcations to follow. There is life and hope in that idea of the branch, I think, though the results may not appear immediately."

"No, begad, they won't do that. However, that is your own affair, my boy, more than mine. When I am a sleeping partner—under the turf—you will reap that crop, if there is any. I have taken your word as to the prospects of the harvest."

"I think it will do, father. Indeed, there is a good deal more to be carried off that field—I speak of the West generally—that we have hitherto dreamt of."

"Gleanings, my lad, only gleanings. However, Heaven forbid that I should dash your hopes. I am delighted to see you entertain them, whether you are right or wrong. I never thought to see you take so great an interest in the matter, I confess, and it gratifies me extremely. Why, you'll be the business man of the firm, if you go on like this."

"What I do, I like to do thoroughly," returned Cecil indifferently. "I only left my work yesterday to come up to consult you——."

"And to see Ella, I suppose," put in the old gentleman, roguishly.

"Well, yes, of course, to see Ella."

"And how does she like the prospect of your running away from her so soon again?"

"I think she has made up her mind to it, sir."

"Then I think she's a deuced good-natured girl, and very easily convinced."

"I don't see that," said Cecil coldly. "She knows it's for our good, and the good of the firm. And it is not as if she was alone, you know; she has got her friend, Gracie Ray."

"Ay, a very nice-looking young woman; I remember her. I don't think you would find Miss Gracie, if she was Mrs. Cecil Landon, quite so complaisant as Ella. It struck me she was a bit of a Tartar. But as to Ella, I confess I was wrong when I doubted the wisdom of your making her your wife. She is one of a thousand, sir, just fitted to be the wife of a man who has got his hands full of business; not extrava-

gant, nor, what is still worse under such circumstances, exacting. You are a devilish lucky dog."

"So people say," said Cecil, who was sitting at his desk, and affected to be looking over some memoranda. "I have been telling her that the sooner I go down westward the sooner I shall get my work over. If I went to-day, for example, I could see Critchett about the mill to-night and set him going."

"To-day! Do you mean to say that Ella will let you go to-day, after six weeks' absence?"

"I think, sir, she is sensible enough to perceive the advantages of such a course."

The old gentleman put up his gold spectacles over his bushy eyebrows, in the rut they had formed for themselves in his forehead, and regarded his son attentively.

"You have had no quarrel with Ella, I hope, Cecil?" said he, earnestly.

"Quarrel! Certainly not, sir. What makes you think that?"

"Nothing. I suppose folks change with the times; but in my day a young wife would not be so easily induced to part with a young husband, just after they had been separated so long; that's all."

"It is the Age of Reason," said Cecil, with a short laugh.

"So I have heard it said," replied the old gentleman dryly. "Everything moves so fast, too, that I dare say you both consider yourselves old married people."

To this Cecil made no reply, but his face grew a shade paler as he bent over his memoranda.

"You have no objection, then, father, to my returning to Wellborough at once?" observed he presently.

"Not I, if your wife has none. But I do think, in justice to her, Cecil, that you should not remain in the West indefinitely without sending for her."

"But you see, sir, I have to move about so much just now; it is not as if I were positively established at Wellborough."

"Well, well, you are the best judge of your own affairs. I never interfere in domestic matters. Let me look again at that estimate of Mr. Critchett's."

So that matter was settled, thanks to the preliminary talk which Cecil had had with his father on the previous night. It was not likely that the old gentleman would compare notes with Ella upon the subject, notwithstanding that he had put that word in on her behalf with her husband. He was, as he had said, not one to interfere in domestic matters, nor, indeed, in any matters out of his own line. He knew nothing of the society in which the young couple moved in London, and did not

want to know anything. Social scandal never reached his ears, nor had he even so much as heard of that famous immersion of Mr. Whymper-Hobson in Virginia Water. He thought his son's conduct strange as respected his leaving Ella for such long intervals; but the fact was only a confirmation of a favourite theory of his own—that all things were changed since his young days. He acquiesced in it, too, the more readily on account of the new-born interest which Cecil had lately taken in the business, and which was the pretext for his present behaviour. We do not commonly look very keenly into the motives of any action which gives us both pleasure and profit.

There was something else to be done in London that morning by Cecil Landon, besides the business in Wethermill street, and he did it. Then he returned to the office, and wrote the following note to his wife :

"DEAR ELLA,—My father and I are both agreed that the sooner I get back to Wellborough the better, as affairs there are very pressing. I shall therefore go straight down there this afternoon from the City terminus. Be so good as to forward to me, addressed as usual, to the Eagle Hotel, the bag and portmanteau which are in my dressing-room. With kind regards to Gracie,—yours,

"CECIL LANDON.

"P.S. I shall be moving about for some days in the West in connection with our new venture, but shall be at Wellborough probably on Monday."

This letter was, designedly, not posted at once, but reached its destination about five o'clock, when its writer was already seated in the Great Western express. Ella and Gracie were sitting together when it arrived over their "afternoon tea," a fashion which had just then come into vogue.

Ella read the note, and threw it across to her friend without comment, save what her face said.

"Then he is not coming back to-night, Ella?"

She strove in vain to make her tone indifferent, for she was, in fact, not only surprised, but shocked.

"No, neither to-night nor ever. Did I not tell you?"

Than she rose and went upstairs, and finding, as she expected, the bag and portmanteau already packed, despatched them to the address indicated. She did one thing more, she locked the dressing-room door and took the key away. It was henceforth a Blue Beard's chamber to her, haunted by memories hardly less terrible than murdered wives.

CHAPTER XXXII.

PARTED.

"GRACIE, I want you to do me two favours," said Ella, when she returned to the drawing-room.

"You need not ask them, darling; they are granted."

"One is, never to speak to me again—unless I broach the subject—of my husband."

Gracie bowed her head. She had been thinking, while her friend was absent above stairs, and thinking in vain of what she could say to any good purpose about Cecil.

"My second request, Gracie, is that you will go with me to-night to the theatre."

This surprised Gracie more, and scarcely shocked her less than the first stipulation.

"I will do so, of course, Ella, since I have promised," said she quietly, for she saw that it was no matter of argument.

"Then we had better dress at once, and dine a little earlier."

During Gracie's simple toilette—for where black is one's only wear there is not much to be done—her sagacity discovered the reason of this strange proposal. Ella wanted some distraction for her importunate thoughts. It was not that the society of her friend was insufficient, but that it reminded her of the very thing that she would fain forget. A less wise and more conventional person would have pleaded her own recent bereavement, and declined to oblige her friend; but Gracie preferred real duty to a sham one. She knew that all such means of drowning sorrow are ineffectual—for there is not depth enough in them to hide its feet—but she also knew this must be proved by experience. He is a poor physician indeed who denies his patient the harmless remedy for which he craves, even though he himself knows it to be futile.

So they went to the play together, and saw something—a burlesque, or a drama, they could scarcely have told which; but there were burglars in it, a circumstance which gave Gracie an opportunity of being of service.

"My dear Ella," said she, as she drove home, "those men with the black crape over their faces have made me feel quite nervous."

"What men?" inquired Ella; the hand which her friend held in hers was as cold as stone.

"Those robbers in the play. It is very foolish of me, I know, but would you mind my coming to your room to-night? I feel so frightened at the notion of being alone."

"That is the third favour which I have been thinking of asking of you all to-night," said poor Ella gratefully. She had felt that the lonely hours would bring with them far worse than such robbers as Gracie spoke of—remorse, regret, despair, remembrance of the happy past, that would rob her bosom of all peace, and leave it bare and cold indeed. It was something that a tender heart would be beating near her, and in loving sympathy with her own.

When they got home, they found an unexpected visitor had come and gone; no other than the commissary, who, "having business in town," as he told the servant, "had called at seven o'clock, making sure that he should find the ladies in;" the message did not say, "and at dinner," which had been unquestionably the commissary's object. As this had been defeated by the change in the dinner-hour, he would, he left word, "do himself the pleasure of looking in on the morrow—about luncheon-time." He might not be the right man in the right place, so far as the performance of his official duties went, but he was one who unquestionably "took an interest in his profession"—the Commissariat.

This news was another pang added to poor Ella's troubles, for she thought it foreshadowed her friend being ordered home.

"Oh Gracie, supposing he should come to take you away from me; just now, too!"

"You need not fear that," said Gracie, with confidence and a little sigh. She knew her father far too well to imagine that he would wish to carry her off with him from a place where she was living at free quarters, to letter Z, where her return would be inconvenient as well as expensive to him. He and the colonel, she felt assured, had by this time turned the whole house into a smoking-room, with the exception of the apartment devoted to mother-of-pearl. At the same time it had puzzled her to know what had brought him up to town. He was a man who hated London, chiefly because he was "provincial" (in its worst sense) to the backbone, and also because London pleasures were not cheap.

Punctually as the hour struck the midday meal next day, the commissary appeared, looking unusually smart, notwithstanding his mourning garb, and in extraordinary good humour.

"The idea of you two young people keeping house by yourselves," said he; "and doing it so well, too," he added, sniffing at the savoury dishes which Ella had taken care to provide for him.

"It isn't my house, remember, papa," said Gracie reprovingly.

"It is at her service as long as she chooses to stay in it," put in Ella quickly. "I hope you are not thinking of cutting short her visit to me, general?"

"No, madam, no," said the commissary graciously, and helping himself to a sweetbread. "I feel that my dear girl is in good hands; in

excellent hands. Only I think she is in some danger of being spoilt. You are such a lady of fashion, my dear Mrs. Landon. The idea of your going off to the play on the very night that your husband left you, when you ought to have been inconsolable—at home. You see I know all about it ; a little bird informed me."

The idea of a little bird—such as a wren or a robin—having had any confidential communication with the commissary was not a little incongruous. Ella pictured to herself a vulture whispering a ghastly secret in his ear, as she inquired with indifference,

"But how was it that you really got this information, general?"

"From the best of all authorities—from your husband himself. I met him yesterday afternoon in the strangest place—Well, yes (to the butler), I will have just one more glass of sherry—at Doctors' Commons. 'Why, you were here only twelve months ago,' said I ; 'You don't want to be married again, do you, Landon?' It was certainly a most un likely place to come across a friend, but you never saw a man so taken aback in your life."

"But how came you in Doctors' Commons, papa?" put in Gracie, to direct attention from her friend, who had suddenly become strangely excited.

"Oh, I," said the commissary, his brickbat complexion assuming a glazed look (which was his way of blushing), "I happened to be there on business—to look up a document for a friend."

"My dear Gracie," said Ella, speaking with great effort, "I have just remembered that I have to write by the two o'clock post, so I will leave you to take care of your father for a few minutes. I dare say you have plenty to say to one another. The drawing-room will be quite at your service."

"Don't mention it," put in the commissary hastily, with a sidelong glance at the sherry. "This room will suit us admirably." Then, when Ella had closed the door behind her, and the servant had been dismissed, "I say, what's wrong here, Gracie, my girl?"

"Wrong, papa? there is nothing wrong."

"Why what makes your friend so queer, and off her feed? She don't ——eh?" He took up his glass and emptied it, with a significant gesture. "Some young women do, you know ; and really, when they get such tipple as this, there is some little excuse for them."

"Do you mean that Ella——"

"Well, yes, I do ; not of course if you think it's a breach of confidence."

"Indeed, I have nothing of the sort to divulge, papa," answered Gracie, with something very like disgust. I don't think Ella drinks more

than I do. She had but one glass to-day, as you could have seen for yourself."

"Nay, she wouldn't drink here, of course; I thought she might have gone upstairs to do it. That letter before two o'clock, you know; I don't believe in that one bit." And the commissary winked his eye, and put out his tongue, a duplex action in which, in rare moments of hilarity, and under influence of sherry far above the ordinary, he sometimes indulged.

"You are utterly and entirely mistaken, papa," said Gracie gravely. "Ella is not herself just now, being naturally depressed by the unexpected absence of her husband."

"Oh, that's it, is it? A very creditable trait, I am sure. By jingo, what sherry this is! If you could only make such a match as your friend here has made of it, Gracie, and give your poor father such wine as this when he came to lunch with you, I should come pretty often, I can tell you."

To this glittering inducement to make for herself a prosperous marriage, Gracie said nothing, so let us hope she laid it to heart.

"I can't understand," continued the commissary, holding up his glass to the light, "why the girl played that trick upon Landon at her marriage. I suppose she had not married before, eh?" And he looked up sharply at his daughter.

"Of course not, papa. What strange ideas you have got in your head about poor Ella. Her reason for marrying under a name that was not her own I am not at liberty to mention; it was in my opinion a very insufficient one, but I do assure you there was nothing absolutely wrong about it; she had nothing to conceal of which—in the sense you have in your mind—she needs to be ashamed."

"Other people don't think so, however, as I happen to know," returned the commissary, dryly. "Her husband seems to leave her a good deal. He told me yesterday that his return home would be very uncertain."

"Well, that of course makes poor Ella unhappy, and 'off her feed,' as you call it, papa. To remain at home when her husband is away is, of course, very disagreeable for her."

"Just so, if he still keeps away," observed the commissary thoughtfully, "and matters grow more unpleasant. What do you think of bringing her down to Woolwich? It will be a change for her; and I tell you what, my girl, it will be a good thing for her reputation."

"Her reputation?"

"Yes, it has suffered not a little; and she cannot do better than show herself among old friends. When it is seen that I offer her the hospitality of my roof"—here the commissary drew himself up and

smote himself on the breast—"her good name will be rea—rea—" his intention was to say rehabilitated, but this design was too ambitious for his powers—"her good name," he said, "would be resuscitated."

"I don't think she would be moved by any consideration of that kind, papa; but perhaps she might like to come to Woolwich, if you gave her an invitation."

"I will, my girl, I will. You see, if Landon and she were to come to a split, it is most important that you should keep on the old footing with her. She will be always, as I happen to know, independent of her husband; and she will be under great obligations to us for the countenance which we shall have afforded her."

"I don't think Ella stands in need of that, papa," said Gracie, smiling; the contrast between her present residence and Officers' Quarters, letter Z, as also between the classes of society that frequented them, striking her very forcibly, and tickling her dormant sense of humour.

"By jingo, but you'll find she does," cried the commissary, emptying the decanter. "Mark my words, that girl's in a hole. I didn't tell her, of course, but I happened to say a word or two to Landon, in a jocular manner, about his ducking Whymper-Hobson in Virginia Water—we know all about that at Woolwich of course—and he didn't like it at all, I can tell you. If everything had been on the square—I mean as to his marriage—why should he have been so sore about it?"

"I don't know, I'm sure, papa. I don't think he is very good-tempered."

"No—and yet one had need to be in this world. Things happen to put one out enough. The idea of our letting slip fifty thousand pounds, for example—fifty thousand pounds!—just for want of a little early information respecting that young Whymper."

"But how did you let it slip, papa?"

"Why—of course, if we had known that his uncle was going to leave him all that money, I should have made a point of being civil to him. Why, you might have been Mrs. Whymper-Hobson by this time."

In other days, perhaps, Gracie would have returned some answer of dutiful regret, but since she had known Hugh Darall she was no longer ductile as regarded the matrimonial schemes chalked out for her by her astute but unsentimental parent. She had been submissive to her father's will in many things during her mother's lifetime, out of her exceeding love towards her, but now that she was dead—and out of harm's way as respected her lord and master—Gracie's character, though perhaps unconsciously to herself, was asserting its independence. Its native bent had been always towards what was right, though the iron pressure of necessity had sometimes warped it. Although this reference to Whymper-Hobson was a mere vain regret upon her father's part, and his scheme

a phantom, she would not give encouragement to it by so much as a smile.

"I suppose," continued the commissary thoughtfully, "you have not had a chance of meeting this young gentleman; he will probably shun the Landons' society, at all events till he gets dry."

"I have not, of course, gone into society at all of late, papa," returned Gracie, gravely.

"Just so; but you mustn't mope: a girl in your position cannot afford to seclude herself. You may not feel quite up to gaieties at present, but you must make an effort. I do so myself, because I think it is my duty. I have made a point of going out a little—to the commandant's and elsewhere; and if Ella comes to us we must try to make her stay agreeable to her. We must not mind a little sacrifice, whether it is of our feelings or our pleasures, for other people. Do you think she would mind my smoking a pipe?"

"I think I had better ask her first, papa, as this is the dining-room."

"And if I smoked upstairs," answered the commissary, peevishly, "you would object 'as this is the drawing-room;' you women are so unreasonable. Look here, I must have my pipe, so I'll take it in the street. Just make my apologies to Mrs. Landon, and say I found my time was running short. You can give her the invitation to Woolwich as from me."

As soon as her father had left, Gracie went upstairs to her friend's room and knocked gently at the door.

"Come in," said a quiet voice.

Ella had been writing no letter—had had, indeed, as the commissary had suggested, no letter to write—but was sitting on the sofa, with her hands before her, and a hard cold look in her eyes.

"I thought I would come up and see whether I could do anything for you, Ella."

"You can do nothing, Gracie, thank you. Nobody can do anything."

"But what is the matter, darling?"

"Did you hear where your father had met Cecil?"

"Yes; at Doctors' Commons."

"Do you know why he was there?"

"No; how should I?"

"I will tell you; he went to make inquiries as to the legality of our marriage."

"My darling, that is a most morbid, nay a monstrous fancy. We know there is no doubt about its being legal."

"Still, when one wants to do anything very much—to get rid of one's wife for instance—one clings to hope."

"Oh Ella, this is shocking. I am sure your husband never dreamt

of anything so wicked. Your nerves are quite unstrung. Papa says he shall be so glad if you would return with me to Woolwich and spend a week or two. I think any change, even to so humble a roof as ours, would do you good."

"To Woolwich?" said Ella, eagerly. "Yes, I should like to go to Woolwich. When is it to be?"

"As soon as ever you please; that is, after our little arrangements have been made for your reception."

"Very good; tell your father I shall be very glad to come. And please excuse me to him; I am not fit to see anyone just now."

Gracie did not think it worth while to mention that her father had left the house, but withdrew at once. She felt that for the time her friend was out of the reach of sympathy, and that the expression of it would do her more harm than good.

"Yes, I will go to Woolwich," muttered Ella, with stern cold face, "because I know he will not like it. He has taken his own way, and I will take mine."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SENTIMENT AT LETTER Z.

NOTWITHSTANDING the commissary's invitation, and Ella's eager acceptance of it, Gracie and she did not go to Woolwich for some time. No day was actually appointed for the visit, and in the meantime Ella "went out" a good deal, taking her friend with her. She had a feverish desire for society (quite apart from "liking"), and carried the black Care about with her to many a gay scene, which she probably enjoyed even less than Gracie, who had just then but little heart for them. From Lady Elizabeth's particular coterie Mrs. Cecil Landon was excluded a ukase had gone forth against her, for reasons with which we are acquainted, but the very rumours that were in circulation about her made her all the more popular elsewhere. Among outside circles her story had grown (by the process which is known in our drawing-rooms as "tradition") into quite the dimensions of a romance. It was said that she had been attached before her marriage to Mr. Whymper-Hobson, whose poverty had alone forbidden their union; and that, after his too late accession of fortune, he had paid her marked attention, and been, in consequence, thrown into the Thames by her husband. Moreover, that that gentleman, unsatisfied by this act of vengeance, was still in dudgeon as respected his wife's conduct, and had as good—or bad—as abandoned her. Under these circumstances we may imagine how great

an attraction was this beautiful and forlorn young woman to all fashionable circles. One distinguished personage, a rival of Lady Elizabeth's as a caterer for the public pleasure, actually hit upon the plan of inviting Mr. Whymper-Hobson and Mrs. Cecil Landon to her house upon the same evening, "just to see how they would behave." In the same spirit do the barbarian princes of the East introduce in their arenas wild animals that have every reason to shun one another, and take pleasure in their pain. The exhibition was a failure ; for just as in the Eastern spectacles the tiger will sometimes turn tail at the sight of some meek horned creature, so did this supposed Don Juan flinch and shrink from Ella's presence, whose splendid "ox eyes" seemed to be unaware of his existence, as she swept by him as majestic as Juno.

"You behaved most admirably, my dear," said Lady Greene—whose active partisanship in Ella's cause was doing her at least as much harm as good ; "and in a manner that does you infinite credit. Some women in your position, slandered as you have been, and deserted—well, I won't say deserted, but neglected, by her husband—would have made a point of encouraging young Hobson."

"Indeed," said Ella, with superb contempt.

"I don't mean to say that it would have been justifiable," explained her ladyship, "but that it would have been human nature. I am truly glad to find that your are above it, my dear."

But, alas ! poor Ella was very human, though her humanity did not exhibit itself in the direction indicated. Mr. Whymper-Hobson was as indifferent to her and as much beneath her notice as the pattern of the carpet she trod upon ; but that "neglect which was almost desertion" of her husband, and which, it was clear, had now become a common topic, was wearing away her very heart. It was now three weeks since he had left home for the second time, and not a line had she heard from him. That she had not written to him was scarcely to be wondered at. What could she write ? What argument could she urge—what tender plea could she express which she had not used already in vain ? Moreover, she was under the great disadvantage of not knowing what was his real attitude towards her. That he was studiously and purposely neglectful of her was now certain ; but was he absolutely hostile ? If not, would not any strong remonstrance—and in no other style could she have brought herself to write—be likely to drive him to hostility. She did not even know, exactly, where he was. The address, "Eagle Hotel, Wellborough," would find him doubtless, but by no means, it seemed, at once. She had learned that much from his father.

Mr. Landon, senior, had called one day, evidently in utter ignorance of the relations between his daughter-in-law and her husband, and asked her, "What the deuce had become of Cecil ?" He had written to him

wice, it appeared, upon some pressing matter of business and received no reply. Then an answer had come from Wellborough, stating that he had been detained "in the South;" but without any explanation of the causes of his detention.

"What does he mean by 'in the South,' confound him?" said the old gentleman, petulantly; "he talks as if he were a ship becalmed in the tropics. Where has he been, and what is he doing with himself?"

"I know nothing about him," was Ella's quiet reply.

"Nothing about him? Nothing about your own husband?"

Then the old gentleman gave a gasp which ended in a prolonged whistle.

"I will run down to Wellborough myself," said he; "I think it will be better, my dear, than your going." He spoke with an evident effort at indifference, but the very tenderness of his tone had a cruel significance.

"I think it would be much better," returned Ella, coldly.

The old gentleman was a man of action, and started that very day. "I wonder who she is?" was what he kept saying to himself throughout the journey, unconscious that his idea was a plagiarism. The next evening he was back again, and drove from the station straight to his daughter-in-law's. His face was gloomy and stern until he saw her, when it brightened up a little.

"Well, my dear, I am glad to say that matters are not so bad as I almost suspected they might have been. No one at least has robbed you of your husband's affections."

"It is no matter, since they are gone," answered she bitterly.

"Do not let us say that, Ella. They are temporarily alienated, but that, I sincerely trust, is all. All married people have their quarrels, and there are generally faults on both sides. Of course your marrying him under false pretences—I mean under an assumed name—was a very serious matter."

"That has been forgiven, Mr. Landon. I do not defend it, and I did not to Cecil himself; and he forgave me. He may make use of it now as an excuse for his cruelty, but he has some other motive for it."

"Well, it isn't what we feared it was, at all events. Cecil has his quarters at the inn at Wellborough—I made inquiries about all that—when he is not down at the branch establishment farther south. It is my impression that he is in the sulks, and that is all. We had some very sharp words between us about his behaviour to you, and I spoke my mind, I promise you. The result is that we have not parted on the best of terms."

"I am sincerely sorry for that, Mr. Landon."

"I am sure you are; but, after all, it is you who are most to be pitied.

I think Cecil is acting very ill, and I told him so. If he is really still troubled about the circumstances of your marriage, as I strove in vain to convince him, it is his duty to have the ceremony performed again.

"Never," cried Ella, with glowing face. "That would be an admission which I would never stoop to make. Cecil is right there, however wrong he may be elsewhere. The marriage is perfectly legal, and he knows it."

"I hope so; for, as I told him, if he doubted it, and yet was averse to adopt the remedy, he was a regular Henry the Eighth—a fellow that seeks an excuse to get rid of his wife, just because he is tired of her. "Not," added the old gentleman hastily, "that Cecil can be tired of you; there is no parallel so far, though I pushed it with him still farther. 'Why, one would really think, sir,' said I, 'that there was some Anne Boleyn in the case,for whom you wished to exchange Ella.' That put Cecil's back up at once—so you may be sure he had nothing of the sort in his mind—and we fell out in good earnest. I don't care, however, comparatively speaking, about his cutting up rough with me; we have agreed to differ upon other subjects before this, as you know; but I am ashamed at his behaviour towards you, Ella. 'Don't you imagine,' said I, 'that because you are my son, I shall take your part against your own lawful wife, when I know you are in the wrong.'"

"You are a just man, Mr. Landon, and I thank you," returned Ella with dignity. "Your son, unhappily, is not just—at least, in this matter—and you have failed, as I expected you to fail."

"Still it's only a matter of time, my dear," said the old gentleman soothingly; "it is impossible that he can keep away very long from such a wife as you; it's not in human nature. He'll be coming back soon, I'll warrant you, quite penitent and tractable, like the prodigal son in the scriptures."

"He will not find me here after to-morrow, as I am going to stay at Woolwich," said Ella quietly.

"Indeed! Cecil did not seem to be aware of that."

"Probably not, as I have not told him," answered Ella quietly. "No communication has passed between us since he left. I am going to stay with Gracie and her father."

"But if he comes home," suggested the old gentleman, "and finds you gone, won't that be a little awkward?"

"If he comes home, he will probably write beforehand, and his letter will be forwarded to me; if not, the 'awkwardness' will be of his own making."

The old gentleman said no more, but looked distressed and troubled. If he had found obstinacy in Cecil, he had found an equal resolution not to yield in Ella; and it augured ill for the result. His tidings, however,

had not, in fact, been wholly unwelcome to the neglected wife. It was a secret relief to her to be assured that Cecil's conduct, however caused, was not dictated by an unworthy attachment for another woman. She felt more charitable and less hard towards him, notwithstanding his cruel silence, than she had done for weeks. Perhaps her leaving home conduced to this. If her married life had been but short, it had been, upon the whole, and until the last few months, a happy one. The roof that she was now about to quit—alas! without him—was still a sacred one to her. She had not been able to exile from her heart the memories of vanished joys, and this had been the home of them. There was many a tender tie to be snapped yet before she could play that independent rôle she had mapped out for herself, with ease, or, at least, without the consciousness that she was acting a part.

"We are wiser than we know," says the poet, and he might have added that we are more gentle-hearted also.

It was Gracie's wish to precede her friend by, at all events, a few days to Woolwich; Officers' Quarters, letter Z, had never presented a very attractive appearance even in her poor mother's time; and now that they had been so long without female superintendance, they must needs require some looking to before they could be pronounced ready for the reception of any guest, far less such a one as Ella, who was accustomed to have everything so nice about her. Gracie had little pride, and less pretence, in her composition; but she was naturally desirous to make what domestic preparation she could for her friend. On the other hand, Ella besought her so piteously not to leave her even for a day to the companionship of her own thoughts, that she felt compelled to give way to her, and the two young women left town together.

The commissary himself happened to be engaged on some official duties at the hour of their arrival, so there was no one to welcome them. The first entrance into what had been her mother's home—though, alas! an unhappy one—was a trial for Gracie; she had pictured to herself the empty chair in the bow-window, and the little table on which, while her fingers could still obey her will, the invalid was wont to work. But a still sharper pain than she had apprehended seized her heart when she found that all these said relics had disappeared. "Many men, many hearts," as true a proverb as "Many men, many minds." It is impossible to decide for others on a question of the affections: whether it is better, for example, when one has lost some dear one, that all that belonged to him should be removed and kept out of sight, or whether they should be left, as usual, to in time become common things. The latter is, of course, the easier method, and it might therefore have been concluded that the commissary would have taken it. His enemies would have said that he could have borne the spectacle of these 'trivial fond

records" with considerable philosophy, and that it was not likely that he would take much trouble to spare his daughter's sensibilities. But in this case it seemed the good commissary was wronged. The house had been re-arranged throughout, and, it must be confessed, for the better. The mother-of-pearl glories of the drawing-room indeed remained; "The Abbey by Moonlight" on the sofa back, and "Windsor Castle by Night" on the conversation chair, still gleamed with livid splendour; but the rest of the rooms had been refurnished, and not without some taste.

"Why, my dear Gracie, this is quite palatial!" said Ella, with a touch of the old sense of fun that had won Cecil's heart almost as much as her beauty. "Your father has actually gone in for art;" and indeed there was a picture of a ship at sea over the dining-room sideboard, the gorgeous frame of which exacted involuntary homage from every eye.

"Yes," answered Gracie gravely. "I have no doubt papa has done it for the best; but it seems to me—just at first—that I should have preferred things to be as they were."

Ella felt she had struck a sad note, and was not sorry that at that moment her Uncle Gerard made his appearance. It relieved her from embarrassment as respected her friends, and besides she wished to have her meeting with the colonel independent of the commissary. Gracie guessed that she desired to be alone with him, and almost immediately left the room.

"Well, Ella, I am delighted to see you back at Woolwich, my dear, though I should have preferred receiving you under the old roof; but I have parted with the cottage, as you know, and gone back to barracks. Diogenes is in his tub again."

"I know it, my dear uncle. I hope you are all the happier for not having a self-willed niece to plague you?"

"No, Ella, I can't say that," returned he tenderly. "I miss you sadly. But what does it matter; a few more years, and then—why, damme, I shall have wings instead of epaulettes; I shall be an angel?"

Ella could not restrain a smile; she had not seen, or at all events heard, anybody so funny as the colonel for many a day. Yet perhaps the smile was forced, since he went on: "You look as beautiful as ever but not so bright and gay. What is it, my dear?"

"Oh, nothing, uncle. I am a sober matron now, remember, and not the thoughtless girl you knew me."

"And more's the pity. I like thoughtless girls; and I am afraid it is only the thoughtless ones that like me."

The colonel sighed. It was a bad sign with him when he sighed and did not swear.

"When a man has reached my time of life," he continued, "the gout

is his only companion; he must expect the blues, Ella. But you—you are still a child in years, and your face should show no care; yet care is there. What's wrong, my girl?"

"There is nothing absolutely wrong, uncle," answered she with a sudden flash; "nothing, at all events, that can be bettered by our talking about it."

"Does Landon treat you ill, Ella? I never liked him—damn the fellow!"

"Uncle Gerard, for shame!" cried she; "I will not listen to such words. You forget that Cecil is my husband."

"So I did; I'll hold my tongue. I was only about to reiterate an opinion of mine, that you have heard me express before, so you will lose nothing. Only, if ever you want a friend—if any man should do you a wrong, Ella, husband or not—so help me Heaven I'll put a bullet through him!"

"You would do anything you could to serve me in your way, I know, uncle."

"Yes, anything in my way, Ella; or, for that matter, out of it, if you'll only show me how. Blood is thicker than water; and besides," added he hastily, struck doubtless by the remembrance of how very thin it was in certain cases, "I love you on your own account, niece."

"There have been great changes here," said Ella, pointing to the new furniture and the gorgeous marine picture: the colonel had found the ladies, as it happened, in the dining-room. "The commissary seems to have had a fit of extravagance which surprises me."

"He knows what he's about generally," observed the colonel with significance, "and he thinks he knows always; but we shall see."

"I don't understand you, my dear uncle."

"Why, it's the De Horsingham has done it all, or has caused him to do it. You have heard of the woman, of course?"

"The De Horsingham!" said Ella, looking both surprised and alarmed.

"What! don't you know? Oh! it's all right so far. The lady is a pillow of snow—I mean a pillar. But do you mean to say he has never mentioned her? Why, my dear girl, she has metamorphosed the commissary. He has become quite a lady's man."

"She is the governess at the commandant's, is she not?" observed Ella, recalling, for the first time, what Mr. Whymper-Hobson had said of the lady on their way to the pic-nic. So many events—and such sad ones—had happened in the interim, that she had never given her another thought.

"Yes; but she is said to have some money of her own; to teach only because she liked young people; which a certain friend of ours, not given to credulity in a general way, has chosen to believe. She painted that picture of the ship in a storm herself, and he thinks it's a master-

piece. It's so far like, as I took the liberty of telling him, that it makes me sick to look at it ; but he sticks to his own opinion."

"But do you mean to say, uncle, that this man—the commissary—is already thinking of marrying again ?"

"I should say he thought of nothing else," answered the colonel coolly. "She is a fine woman, there is no doubt of that ; and if she really has got money it is natural that he should be anxious not to let her slip through his fingers. I know what you would say, 'the funeral baked meats,' and so forth ; indeed, I ventured upon that quotation myself, but he replied that Hamlet's mother only showed a wise economy. The commissary's independence of public opinion is, I have always maintained, a fine trait in his character ; it rises to sublimity."

"I think he ought to rise to sublimity—with a rope round his neck," said Ella, with indignation.

(*To be continued.*)

LORD BYRON AND MARY CHAWORTH.

NOTTINGHAM, ——.

I HAVE been wonderfully entertained to-day by the story of old J——, Mary Chaworth's servant, "head-man at Annesly Park." I should much like to know if any one else has been so fortunate as to hear the loquacious old man's account of Byron and his early love. When one hears a story like this from the lips of a servant, it is surely worth while to consider whether, after all, great reputations are not apt to suffer from the ill-will of hirelings, and may not be too readily branded by the world, as prompt to condemn our failures as to applaud our attainments. Lord Byron suffers nothing from J——'s confession, but Mistress Chaworth was surely unfortunate in her confident dependence on a servant's faithfulness.

That was a funny sum-total of J——'s when I asked his opinion of Byron's character: "Oh, his lordship were a fool. He didna knaw—grass from—grass. An' he never gave me naught. But many's the pun' note Mr. Musters gie me for a chance to speak wi' Mary Chaworth."

So ! and who knows if but for the trick the old man confessed Lord Byron would not have married one whose affectionate disposition and self-immolation for the object of her devotion might have saved to the world a pure and elevated poet unsullied by the mire of wanton despair,

and to Mary Chaworth a heart that loved her for herself? John Muster's triumph was cheaply purchased. I will record it all as old J—— related it.

"Ay, I remember well when his lordship wud come riding like mad into Annesly Park, and his two great dogs flying along wi' him. 'My word!' old Mrs. Clark would say, 'if there doesn't come his lordship, and those nasty brutes are with him to spoil my nice white counterpane!' You see, the brutes always sleepit outside o' the covers on his lordship's bed.

"One fine day, when I was laying the cloth for dinner, Miss Mary sat in the great hall wi' her back to the lawn, an' she didn't see his lordship coming."

"How was she dressed?"

"Oh, she was dressed in a white silk gown very low on the shoulders, an' a high belt under her arms, like. An' it were long behind, an' so you could see her wee small feet in tidy slippers in front.

"Well, the great hall-windows opened on the lawn, an' his lordship were quick enough to spy Miss Mary sittin' there. An' he came soft-like through the room, and before she knew it he leaned over her and kissed her beautiful white shoulder.

"Oh dear! will I ever forget how she flared! She sprang to her feet, and wi' a voice chokit wi' rage, she said, 'My lord! what does this mean? You never have so much as touched the hem of my garment, an' you never shall!' Then it was awful to see the fire in her eyes: she were the picture of her grandfather, who were killed in a duel wi' his lordship's grandfather across that very table. But she needna been so mad, for his lordship were a nice man enough but for his *nub* foot. Poor fool! she didna know John Musters were only after her money, an' his lordship loved her for herself. Mr. Musters were a handsome man too, and he always gipd me a pun' note: once he gied me a fi'-pun' note, but I never told him I saw a five on it when I got home. I helped him to get rid of his lordship, an' I fixed all the meetin's wi' his man. You see, I was head-man at Annesly Hall, an' when the young heiress rode out, it was my place to ride after her, an' Mr. Musters's man would ride after him, an' we'd a'ways go the same road.

"But how did you manage about Lord Byron?"

"Oh, he were like his mother—afraid o' the *bogles*."

"Bogles! and pray what are they?"

"Oh, the people o' the kirkyard, that couldna rest after duels an that."

"Oh, yes: well go on, please."

"An' it were for that his lordship always kept one o' the men waiting half the night next to his bedroom till he read himself to sleep.

Well, one night it were my turn to wait, an' I waited till it were near morning, an' at last I couldna keep awake any longer, an' I just out an' said, 'I think, your lordship, it's time for reasonable folks to have done wi' crack reading an' go to sleep.' 'Fellow!' he shouted, like one stark mad—'fellow! do you know to whom you are speaking?'—'Ay, your lordship, that do I, but I'm afeared o' naught—neither lord, duke, earl, nor king—for the matter o' that!'

"I doubted I'd lose my place, but Mrs. Clark begged his lordship's forgiveness for me, and I wasna dismissed. But I made up my mind his lordship shouldna sleep more nor one night again at Annesly Hall.

"'Mrs. Clark,' I said, 'you'd rather the brutes would not spoil your white counterpane?' 'Ay, J——,' she said, 'but I dare not offend his lordship.'

"Well, I didna say aught, but I just went about it: and this is how I did it. The great bed in his lordship's room had heavy curtains, an' they were hung on brass rings that run on brass bars, an' they made a deal o' noise an' rattlin' when they were drawed. I found a big ball o' packthread, an' I run one end through all the rings on one side, and th'other through all the rings on th'other side; and when I carried the two ends down the posts and along the floor I cut a clean slice off the bottom o' the bedroom door, so that the thread would be sure to pull easy-like; an' I put the rug over the thread, an' then I couldn't ha' told myself aught was wrong.

"After me tellin' his lordship a piece o' my mind about his crack reading, they took the next man to me to wait on him for that night, an' I thought it would be morning before he ever would have done, he was so intolerable long. But at last I heard the door of his lordship's room open, an' soon as everything was quiet I peeped through the crack and made sure the master and the brutes were all sleepin'. Then I pulled the thread. It was an awful shriekin' the rings made over the brass bars, an' in a second, crack! went a pistol, an' the dogs barked; crack! went another pistol, and the dogs howled, an' his lordship called, 'Help! help! Thieves! thieves!'

"I ran to my bed fast as my legs would carry me, an' in a minute all the doors in the house flew open, an' candles were flarin' and women screamin', and all the men poundin' on his lordship's door an' callin' 'Open the door, my lord. There be five o' us here, and we'll soon make sure o' the rascals!'

"Some one come an' tried to waken me, but you knaw I had my breeches on, an' if I'd got out o' bed they'd knawn I was at the bottom o' the mischief.

"'Go 'long to the great room, an' I'll come,' I said at last, yawnin', an' then, makin' as if I had just hauled on my clothes, I joined the men

at the door ; an' after his lordship was convinced we couldn't burst the door in he opened it, and such a rushin' o' men an' dogs was never seen afore. Lookin' up the chimney and under the bed, I were really frightened at the danger I was in o' bein' found out, an' shakin' all over, when I said, 'There be naught here, your lordship—neither thieves nor murderers—an' *I doubt it was the bogles from the kirk-yard yonder.*'

"My word ! no one slept any more in the hall that night, an' it was the last time his lordship ever went to bed at Annesly Park."

"But you are sorry now, J——, for the trick you played, since Miss Chaworth might have married him if she had known Lord Byron better, and had not been deceived by Mr. Musters ?"

"Ay, that I be, it often gied agin my conscience when I waited till all the folk would be asleep in the hall, an' then I'd bring Miss Chaworth down to meet Musters in the dining-hall, an' leave 'em a bit of a chat an' that ; an' when I'd knock. Sometimes he wouldn' go, an' I'd have to tell him he must, for the folk would soon be stirring in the hall.

"And ho, the picnics we had in the groves ! I'd send out the hampers by the men to the blacksmith's, an' they never knowed what was in them. And Muster's man would get them, and lay the cloth on the sod, an' such long merry talks they'd have while we strolled away a bit: an' then they'd go off together while we'd lunch a bit. The very last time we were feastin' in the groves Musters's man said, 'So many bottles are strawn around, an' these be nice ones, J——: one for you an' one for me ;' an' we put 'em in our great coats ; an' there they are: you can have 'em both if you want them. Ah, little did the poor young thing know what was comin' ! The day she was of age she married Mr. Musters, an' a month from that she paid a hundred thousand pounds to the money lenders, that were only waitin' all the time for his promise to pay them when he married the heiress. And oh, she was the most unhappy woman alive when he openly treated her bad-like ! an' all he wished of her was money ! money ! Never will I forget the day his lordship's funeral was coming to the inn at Nottingham. My poor mistress came into the town, and up to the very door, before she knowed whose funeral it was. She was so stricken with trouble and illness that the folk thought even then she were some'at daft. An' two years more was a' she could manage. She died from the madhouse."

E. D. W.

Current Literature

For several years the *Fortnightly Review* has been the acknowledged organ of so-called liberal thought in England. Its unquestioned success as a periodical may have led its talented Editor to wander farther from orthodoxy than on cool reflection would commend itself to his own judgment. There is indeed an indication in the current number* that Mr. Morley will not devote so much space at least in future numbers to criticisms, which, as a rule, h d better be left to the incorrigible *Westminster Review*. The undoubted ability of the magazine (published only once a month by the way, and not every fortnight, as its name indicates), induced its present Canadian publishers to enter into arrangements with its English publishers for its publication in America. To secure accuracy, this is done every month from a duplicate set of stereotype plates. There is reason for saying that the degree of public favour extended to the venture fully justifies the Canadian publishers in their faith of finding a market on this side the Atlantic.

The first article in the August number on the "Secret Societies of Russia," by that great authority of Russian questions, Mr. D. Mackenzie Wallace, is an admirable *resumé* of Russian history, and a lucid exposition of the causes which have made Russia a hot-bed of Secret Societies—nay, of the causes which have led to the present war. The history of Russia, unlike that of England, has been a succession of breaks with the past ; a series of new departures. In the reign of Peter the Great, the thread of continuity was suddenly snapped, and ever since violent reform and violent reaction have been the rule. The history of the present campaign in Asia Minor has so far illustrated well the Russian character and habitual mode of action. First, great enthusiasm, inordinate expectations and a haughty contempt for difficulties ; next, a rapid advance, obstacles surmounted with wonderful facility ; difficult positions stormed with reckless, dashing gallantry, and, as a result of all this, overweening confidence, whispering them that, as one of their proverbs graphically and quaintly puts it, "if they tried to ford the ocean, the waters would not rise higher than their knees." Then comes a a check, obstacles are met which no amount of dash and gallantry can surmount, the over-heated enthusiasm cools, the retreat begins, the imprudence of neglecting to secure firmly and methodically the positions gained becomes apparent, and the great shadowy conquest collapses into the most modest of acquisitions. In the history of the nation secret societies have sprung up with most luxuriance in the hours of recoil. This is illustrated by a review of the four great reforming epochs, which are associated with the names of

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* *The Fortnightly Review*: August, 1877. Toronto: Belford Bros.

Peter the Great, William II, Alexander I. and Alexander II. In this review, we have historical material at once instructive and amusing, the description of the various secret societies, with their generosity, pedantry, wildness and utopian dreams, being especially interesting. Mr. Grant Duff's "Plea for a Rational Education" is addressed mainly to those who can give their boys all the chances, and is a strong indictment against what is called a classical education. Mr. Grant Duff, who is one of the most enlightened men living, is not content with a destructive criticism, but formulates a system of education, which strikes us as singularly rational and well adapted to our needs here in Canada. One of the things, amongst others, insisted on is a good knowledge of at least one modern language; also a general acquaintance with the laws of health; and, that which Englishmen so greatly lack, a knowledge of geography. This is a most suggestive essay, which we recommend to our Minister of Education and the heads of universities. "Sea or Mountain?" is a discussion of the relative advantages of sea air and mountain air as restoratives to health. Their points of similarity are dwelt on, and how numerous their use is surprising—and their differences. What patients should choose sea, and what mountain regions—at what ages we should elect one or the other air—the *rationale* of the recuperative process—all this is shewn in a clear, terse, popular style, abounding in illustration and reference. The next article, "Cavour," is a painting of the great statesman with the history of Modern Italy for background. The splendid balance and patriotic ambition of Cavour are accentuated, while his herculean labours after 1851, when he began to take every department in hand, are held up to wonder—the wonder being intensified by the fact, delicately brought out, that the whole time the laborious statesmen held his own against the King—a notorious free liver. "The Indian Civil Service," will well repay perusal. But the most interesting paper in the whole number is "Three Books of the Eighteenth Century," by the Editor. The three books are by Holbach, and the writer has in addition much to say of Voltaire, Rousseau, D'Alembert, Frederick the Great, &c. Only one of the three books is treated of in the present paper. We are quite sure that many of our readers will not agree with all that Mr. Morley says, but he must be pretty "weak in the faith" who cannot read the article and derive instruction and profit from it.

"I have told the story of the great fire in St. John in my own way. I have tried to do justice to my theme. Like many others, I have passed through the flames, and received as it were my first 'baptism of fire.' My book has many imperfections. It was necessary that it should be hastily prepared. My publishers demanded this, and gave me a fortnight to write it in. I can, therefore, claim nothing in favour of the book from a literary point of view, but this I can claim—the history is reliable in every particular. Not a statement within its pages was committed to paper until it was thoroughly and reliably avouched for. I have verified every word which this volume contains; and while the haste in which it was prepared precluded my paying much attention to style, the book is a complete record of the fire as it was, and not as a lively imagination might like it to be." Thus writes Mr. Stewart to-

wards the close of his book on the recent conflagration in St. John.* There is in these words something of that "modesty of genius" of which we sometimes hear, and which is not altogether a figment of the imagination. Every page of the book gives evidence of great carefulness of research and of the author's capability to deal with the *minutiæ* of his subject. But it is not wanting in literary finish. Far from it. Mr. Stewart could not write on the driest of topics without imparting to it a literary flavour. On no single page of this work do you find the least attempt to excite the imagination by a straining after literary effect; but at the same time you cannot read half-a-dozen pages without being impressed with the fact that it is written by a scholarly man. To the readers of *Belford's Magazine* Mr. Stewart needs no introduction. He is well known to them through his clever essays on the American literary men of the day—Longfellow, Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, &c., which have appeared in its pages. It was fortunate for those who must obtain something more than a general knowledge of the Great Fire that the writing of its Story fell to the lot of one not only so competent to perform the task, but who was also an eye-witness of the terrible scenes enacted, and a resident of St. John.

Mr. Stewart takes us from street to street, and from block to block, as the flames spread out their angry claws and took in two-thirds of the whole city in its desperate and destroying gripe. But he does not content himself with being the mere historian of the fire; he is also the historian of the city. He gives us the history of all the public buildings. He tells us when each church was built, and who were its pastors and officers from its erection down to the time of its destruction. With the pen of a clever satirist he gives us a sketch of the inner life, so to speak, of "Chubb's Corner," where the brokers most did congregate and "took it out of" their victims. Over the ruins of the old Lyceum he fondly lingers, telling us something of the men and women who in his time have delighted the people of St. John with their histrionic efforts. He gossips like a very Pepys of the Old Curiosity Shop on Germain St., and gives us all sorts of incidents in the raciest of styles, making us laugh and cry in turns. There are pages descriptive of the way in which some of the citizens met their death on the streets which are written with great power. We must resist the temptation to give excerpts. His talk about the books lost, and the pictures gone for ever, in the last chapter, is a charming bit of reading.

We do things on a big scale on this continent. Chicago a few years ago could furnish one of the greatest fires of modern times. In the destruction of the City of St. John—or at least of two-thirds of it—Canada follows hard on the heels of the United States. Mr. Stewart, from careful surveys and measurements had by himself, says that 200 acres of territory were burned over; the mileage of streets destroyed was nine and six-tenths; the total loss he puts down at $27,000,000, and he assures us that this is not a high estimate. The City Corporation was a heavy loser. The Dominion Government, which lost half a million of dollars, had no insurance. These are tremendous figures.

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* *The Story of the Great Fire in St. John, N. B., June* 20, 1877. By George Stewart, Junr., of St. John, N.B. Toronto: Belford Bros.

They naturally send us to Mr. Stewart's book for all the details, which are the more acceptable because of their pleasing setting. The letter-press is heightened in interest by thirty-three views, which bring out very clearly some of the best known of the buildings and streets destroyed, as well as present to us some of the scenes of desolation and ruin which remain to tell the destructive character of the conflagration. It is in all respects a creditable work, and the early day on which it has appeared in the market speaks well for the energy displayed in its production.

The companion works on "Russia" and "Turkey," reprinted by Messrs. Holt & Co., of New York, should be carefully studied by everyone who desires to understand the strength and the weakness, the merits and the failings, the virtues and the vices, of the two belligerents. Having already reviewed at length Mr. Wallace's admirable account of the Empire of the Czar, we now purpose to give some account of Col. Baker's elaborate work on Turkey.* It may be necessary to distinguish between three Bakers, all known to fame, and, we believe, brothers. Sir Samuel Baker is the well-known traveller; Col. Valentine Baker is a volunteer officer on the Turkish staff; and Col. James Baker is our author. The last-named has lived, off and on, in Turkey for three years (1874-77), and has a large estate, managed by a Scotch agent, about eight miles from Salonica in Macedonia. Before entering upon a review of his book, it seems impossible to avoid a comparison of it with Wallace's "Russia." The author of the latter deliberately set to work to study the language and habits of the Russian people. He was six years in the Empire, and the result is a complete survey of the whole subject, on the whole impartially given. Both authors, as might be anticipated, are prepossessed in favour of the people they have studied; and the great value of both works, taken together, is the real insight they give us into the really good, and essentially bad characteristics of the two empires, as displayed in their institutions, military, religious, governmental, social, and domestic. The strong party feeling displayed in England in favour of Russia on the one side, and Turkey on the other, find their corrections in these two admirable volumes. They differ, it is true, in point of impartiality; for Col. Baker's prepossessions in favour of the Turk are not disguised. Still, generally speaking, the Russophile will learn much that he should know from "Turkey," while the Russophobist may glean some lessons from both authors. The work before us is extremely well executed in every respect, with a slight reservation in point of fairness and impartial judgment. The narrative of the writer's travels is peculiarly vivacious. He has a keen military eye, the zest of a sportsman, and the practical *nous* of a settler. There is no subject on which even a specialist in any department of knowledge would like to be informed which is untouched in this volume; and Col. Baker touches no subject without casting upon it a flood of light. Topography, religion, military defence, legal, political, and fiscal institutions, land tenure, ethnology, archæology, history, the fauna and flora of the country, its geology, agriculture, manufactures, are all

* *Turkey.* By JAMES BAKER, M.A., Lieutenant-Colonel Auxiliary Forces, formerly 8th Hussars. New York: Henry Holt & Co.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1877.

touched with the skill and care of a shrewd, observant, and indefatigable inquirer.

The obvious drawback to the acceptability of the work is a lack of the judicial spirit manifest from first to last. In the preface our author says, "It is a doctrine of Confucius, that 'True virtue consists in avoiding extremes;' and in the following pages I shall do my utmost to profit by this instruction, in order that the Turk may be weighed fairly in the balance." But we do not get to the end of the introduction without finding that, sincere as Col. Baker's desire to be impartial no doubt was, he could not succeed in being so. "Broad and sweeping condemnation of the whole nation," he rightly reproves; and, unfortunately, it is too common a practice. Still there is no use in striving to present the Ottoman Empire as the victim of destiny, circumstances, or the inveterate hostility of "a foreign power." Russia is to him a *bête noire*, to whose charge must be laid all the bad government, all the feuds, all the rebellions, all the atrocities. Now in Mr. Ralston's admirable paper on "Turkish Story-books," in *The Nineteenth Century*, we have proof conclusive that the rottenness of Turkish administration was apparent to the satirist Nabi Effendi, in 1694. Peter the Great had been joint Czar for twelve years at that date; he was not sole Muscovite ruler until two years after. Let us listen to Nabi's expostulation. Every office was purchasable, as it is now; every pasha received bribes and extorted money. "His officers are so many bare and hungry oppressors, who go about pillaging, leaving behind them universal ruin and desolation. When laws are respected they stifle rebellion and stay the course of all disorders, for who would dare to spoil the weak? Who would vex the rajahs and drive into revolt?" So it is clearly evident that long before Peter's apocryphal will, there was tyranny, cruelty, and extortion in European Turkey. Col. Baker admits the venality of Turkish officials, from the tide-waiter up to the Sultan's relatives. He even proposes to change the Moslem battle-cry to "There is no God but God, and *backshish* is his prophet." He denounces the abominableness of the judicial system, —the cause of which is not Russia, but the Koran and the horrible legal code, fully exposed by Captain Osborne in his admirable articles in the *Contemporary*. He tells us that there are no roads, properly speaking, in the country; that the money squeezed out of the rajahs is expended on palaces and seraglios at the capital; and every word he utters about the richness of that unhappy country in agricultural, mineral, and manufacturing resources, makes against his client. For the Bulgarian atrocities of May, 1876, he makes no apology; but it was all Russia's fault. The entire troubles of 1867 and 1875-6, are all traced in imagination to Russia; in fact, no further than the Sclavonic Committees of Bucharest and Belgrade. That Russia has fomented these intrigues is not only probable, but proveable; still there is no necessity for laying the guilt at her door, just of getting up a "so-called" rebellion, and then of ordering "panic-stricken authorities" to order the massacre; for Col. Baker has too much regard for truth to deny that the May atrocities were deliberately ordered from Constantinople. He denies that the Bulgarians even rose in rebellion. The natural inquiry then is, What possible justification could be pleaded for the outrages of last year? Every argument urged about the

peaceful, industrious, contented, and prosperous condition of the Bulgarians, is a still stronger reason for indignation at their brutal treatment by the Bashi-Bazouks, under orders, be it said, from the Sublime Porte.

It should be said that Col. Baker's book has another vicious element in it. His travels extended only over a few months—he left England the end of June, 1874, and returned in October, and, in the early part of his Turkish tour proper, spent some time with Dr. Schliemann in the Troad, and some time at Constantinople. By the Black Sea he reached Burgas, south of the Balkans and Varna and thence his itinerancy is well marked on one of the admirable maps in the volume. The journey in the valley of the Tondja, which he points out, with the sharp vision of a soldier, as a splendid line of defence, was, of course, south of the Balkans, but it took in a good part of the "atrocity" district about Philippolis, though it did not extend to that centre. It is impossible to read a description of the kindly hospitality of the people in that doomed district which, as the author says, "became one of the centres of massacre," without wondering that he could speak so perfunctorily about the host and hostess who had treated him so well. A large number of passages had been noted, as proofs of Col. Baker's inveterate prejudices, but the subject, which is not pleasant, may be passed over, with the remark, that if Bulgaria, north of the Balkans, knew little, and that in the southern Bulgaria, along the valley of the Tondja, he was under the tutelage of a British consul, the constant guest of Pashas, who could tell him what they liked, since he did not know the language, north of the Balkan chain, the country was not visited save a journey to Tirnova and its immediate neighbourhood. The knowledge Col. Baker derived from this Bulgarian tour must, therefore, have been exceedingly limited, and, apart from the actual results of his own observation, is worth little or nothing.

The plan of the work is well laid, and we wish that, with the brief space at our command, we could give the general reader some idea of its graphic character, where it deals with descriptions of men, manners, or scenery. Our author professes a wonderful love of nature—see the description of the neighbourhood of Rilo Monastir (pp. 308 and 310), as an example—which overflows in a rapturous fulness of style. He has a good insight into human character, a lively sympathy with the better part of man, and an earnest struggle, sometimes, to find it out amongst some of the queer people with whom he came in contact. Extracts would merely be mutilations, if intended to convey an idea of the value of the descriptions of travel, pure and simple; because they are full of humour, sharp insight and genial *bonhommie*.

Colonel Baker's plan is an admirable one—to convey the greatest amount of information without boring the reader. His accounts of the races, for example, are not put in treatise form, close together, but interspersed them amongst his graceful travel chapters. The writer presses strongly upon his readers an obvious fact, which has not been sufficiently taken into account: the varied character of Turkey's population, the multiform races and religions with which she has to deal. This is enforced with no pertinacity, though it is illustrated everywhere; and rightly so. In Western nations, such as England, France, Germany, and the Latin nations of the Mediterranean, here

have been intolerance and persecution, the offspring of the *odium theologicum;* Turkey has any number of Irelands upon her hands—not of one race, but of many—with diverse creeds, which have not only quarrelled with her, or with one another, but in schisms and heresies interminable. Each sect has formed for itself a nest of intestine troubles, and all these dissensions the Porte has been compelled to adjust in the attitude of peacemaker. On the whole it has done its work justly, patiently, and well, as Colonel Baker's account of the firman on the independent Bulgarian Church proves.

We can cordially recommend his book as one which contains an immense fund of information on a comparatively little known country, and which would at any time have been an acceptable addition to our libraries. In the presence of the stirring events which are now transpiring in the East, it cannot fail to have a special value and importance.

The out-gushings of a soul surcharged with that divine afflatus which makes the pulses of the poets throb, their heads burn, and their hearts beat faster, are always interesting if not awful. But unfortunately in this age of general adulteration the mighty spirit is often so watered down that it may be safely warranted that there is "not a headache in a gallon of it," not a throb of the pulse, not a sensation in the cardiac region, save possibly indigestion. Where the poet of "Pasco" * obtains his inspiration it is hard to say. Possibly the small grocery round the corner has got the agency for Polyhymnia, Erato & Co.'s "Stunning Parnassus Ale," and the water-works people have laid an extra large pipe into its premises.

Pasco is a young Cuban gentleman of intense patriotism, whose cheek glows with a flush

> "As soft as are the roseate tints that streak
> The summer's sky when as night's curtains close
> On Twilight's breast (!) day sinks into repose—

a complicated condition of colouring which is however fortunately "tempered with a grace of true nobility," and "a nameless air of conscious force." Pasco burns to free his country from the Spanish rule, and is much incited thereto by the words of her he loves, a certain "Lulu," who having, regardless of scansion as of Mrs. Grundy,

> "In one long embrace
> Upon his breast pillowed her lovely face,"

addressed to him with sentiments, which coming from "a sweet form confined in softest folds of chaste illusion," would make a patriot of a pieman. The condition of his unhappy country is described by the poet as that of a stag attacked by a panther.

> "The noble stag just struggling to his feet,
> Defiantly fronts his pursuer's hate."

Furthermore, the sympathising on-looker is requested to

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* *Pasco and other Poems.* By R. Rutland Manners. Hurd & Houghton, Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass.

"See on the jaws of his fierce assailant,
The scarlet life, in savage cunning rent
From his torn limbs, that know no soothing balm,
Save the soft currents of his life-blood warm."

That this extremely felicitous simile may not "o'erleap its selle," the author explains,

"Lo, Cuba thus confronts Hispania still."

The rare beauty of figure, diction, rhyme and rhythm in the foregoing only require to be read to be appreciated. For the rest, the fortunes of the hero will be better, perhaps, imagined from the above sample than further described.

Of the "other poems" the poet's manner shows the same noble disregard of the mechanism of verse making which characterizes "Pasco," while the matter is not, unfortunately, sufficiently fresh from Apollo's Lyre to compensate for the deficiency. As to Mr. Manner's depreciation of criticism for his verses on the plea that they have been "written during the leisure time of evening," while they are collateral witnesses to poor Charles Kingsley's theory that nothing he wrote at night was worth reading, their appearance in the volume before us is proof that there is the considerable difference between the two authors, that one did and the other did not possess a waste paper basket.

For a long time it has been apparent that the present is the "children's hour." For them the wisest philosophers, the raciest humourists, the cleverest draughtsmen expend their energies, kings go down on their hands and knees, and romp, till, as Lamb's nonsense has it, "the gunpowder runs out at the heels of their boots," and so much the better too, while, as for ordinary fathers and mothers, uncles and big brothers, from the first moment of the arrival of king "Fire" or queen "May," from babydom to breeches and frocks, many are the children's "most devoted lovers and servants." How enthralling the bondage and how sweet the chains, may be judged by the rush for those two charming little books, "Helen's Babies," and its recent sequel, "Other People's Children."* The charmful simplicity of the two trots, Budge and Toddie, all their quaint sayings and irrational doings; the progress of their deterioration from their primal cherubic sphere, and the comical perplexities of their natural and unnatural guardians, striving to instil the decencies and Mrs. Grundyisms of this formal globe into minds and hearts as innocent as a pailful of water, and about as capable of permanent impression—are they not all written in the Chronicles of the Kings of the Nursery, to be used and laughed over, and possibly, for there is a fine tough moral at the end, digested by their admiring subjects?

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* *Other People's Children.* By the author of "Helen's Babies." Toronto: Belford Brothers.

Musical.

We take the greatest pleasure and satisfaction, unmixed with even the smallest grain of envy, in being the first, as we believe, to announce to the world a fact the truth of which time will only strengthen and investigation but corroborate. The long looked-for American composer has arrived. His name is E. H. Bailey, against which there can be nothing said, unless his admirer should be betrayed into calling him the "great" Bailey, which might lead to a confusion of terms, and suggest the energetic but inartistic promoter of a well-known itinerant equestrian combination; and his genius and attributes are graphically and lovingly dwelt upon in the pages of the *Folio.* We could wish, indeed, that the writer of the article in question had been a little more diffuse, and had condescended to tell us more of his hero's past history. A sketch of his life would have made an acceptable addendum. How gratifying, for instance, only to know his birth-place; how precious any anecdote, however weak, of his darling childhood; how intensely interesting to calculate how far the early influences of home and parents (probably poor but honest) have shaped his glorious career! All this is lost, however; and though we would not even hint that the art-enthusiasm of the writer had run away with him, yet we are desirous of informing him that, in our opinion, these blanks in the history of Mr. Bailey should be filled up as quickly, correctly, and as minutely as possible, for the good of the cause. In the meantime we have ample opportunity for judging of his truly peculiar gifts and style of composition. It seems that Mr. Bailey has not sprung all at once into fame; as he is one of that coterie of musical professionals who statedly write for the pages of the *Folio;* and we feel, in common with most of our readers, we presume, no small humiliation and regret on reflecting what possible literary delights we have missed.

Mr. Bailey is chiefly remarkable, it seems, for "subjective originality and artistic excellence;" and his compositions embrace "nearly one hundred pieces, diversified in style and varied in movement, which make an invaluable repertoire for student connoisseurs." We hope that every thorough musical instructor will immediately start his pupils on these noble "one hundred," that their *diversity* and *variety* may not pass unappreciated. A course of Bailey would, we fancy, be highly beneficial, especially to the growth of the high virtues of patience and resignation. We are also told that this music is allied to Bryant's poetry, both being "keyed to the harmony of the spheres." At some time in his history, Mr. Bailey was so unfortunate, we take it, as to "catch in his soul a flame" which evidently had no business to be wandering about so far from "nature's altar fires." However, it was not long detained there in hopeless imprisonment; for, we learn, very much

to our comfort, and probably equally to his own, that he succeeded in breathing it out "in a Pentecost of musical utterance." The same "poetic fire" which graces his sacred compositions, actually pervades his secular efforts, before which fact we humbly bow in awe and admiration. As what might be termed a "clincher," some of these sacred compositions are appended to the same number of the *Folio;* and really when we come to make a selection we feel *au desespoir.*

And now, interesting as the subject is, we feel ourselves incapable of continuing it, for the few cold words at our disposal do not seem to do Mr. Bailey justice ; and sooner than be charged with such a grave fault we are content to let the *Folio* do the rest. We congratulate the Republic on the possession of this *rara avis;* and may it allow us to indulge in a little pardonable pride as we are natives of the same continent !

Apropos of the *Folio,* which for a second-rate publication is taking too prominent place in Canada, what fearful and wonderful English does it indulge in ! Its own literary department is said to include "a *newsy, chatty melange of musical news and gossip.*" We are told of a certain collection of "short sacred tunes" which choirs will find *especially* suitable for special work." The statements it makes are not altogether authentic either. The Handel Festival, given every three years by the Sacred Harmonic Society, is ascribed to the "London Handel and Haydn Society," whatever that may be. The editorial staff of the *Folio* must be in fine condition, and we envy the happy go-lucky frame of mind which must characterize the author of the foregoing statements.

The history of the guitar is a very interesting one. Instruments of the guitar kind are of great antiquity as well as of general use by people of all nations. The kinnor and nebd, mentioned in the Bible, were stringed instruments of the guitar and harp family, but of their exact nature it must be confessed little is known, though much is conjectured. The Egyptian frescoes and other paintings, valuable as showing the frequent use of musical instruments, include several specimens of the harp and guitar family. The nefer, one of the latter class, had a neck, sometimes with a carved head, and was furnished with three strings and had a resonance box. Upon the neck or fingerboard, frets were tied or fastened as in the modern guitar. Each string is said to have been able to produce two octaves. The three strings were supposed to correspond with the seasons of the Egyptian year. Grecian writers describing Egyptian instruments do not afford much real information concerning them, and all attempts to reconcile their statements only lead to confusion ; for conjecture is not conclusion. Too much trust has been placed in the accuracy of sculptures and painted images, and various theories have been founded upon the character of musical instruments as deduced from their represented forms. As with ancient, so with modern, musical instruments of far away countries, travellers' tales have too often been trusted, and their statements received as conclusive, when in the majority of cases they are confessedly ignorant of the subject upon which they give "authoritative judgment." Philology does not, after all, furnish the best assistance towards determining relationship in this matter, and, as a rule, the picture of an in-

strument offers but little help or guide in this matter. References to musical instruments by the poets of several ages afford no aid whatever, but, on the contrary, often tend to mislead. If they were trustworthy, it might reasonably be supposed that no other instruments but the lyre and harp were ever employed to "assist the music." But colloquial terms—often despised by musical poets—are of most value to the historian, and it is therefore found that the common names applied to a stringed instrument with a finger-board, kissar, cittern, zither, ritra, rithara, geytarah, guitar, point to a common origin. There is no question but that the guitar was introduced into Europe after the Crusades. The name purely Eastern, has been adopted with only such a variation for spelling as European use demands. The modern Egyptians call it "geytarah Carbaryeh" the guitar of the Berhers, the people who are the direct descendants of the ancient race of the country, and as names and words in the East vary in the course of ages less than those in the West, it is likely that the word is of great antiquity. The Chinese, though a people of a different stock, have an instrument called yue-kin or moon guitar, having four silken strings arranged in pairs, each pair being tuned in unison, and the two pair a fifth apart. The instrument has been called by travellers, following the method of pronouncing the name in Canton, *gut-kum* which may or may not be philologically related to the guitar. The lute, another member of this family, also comes from the East; the name is the European method of spelling its title "el'ood." The pandore, bandore, pandonra, and mandoline are simply other names for a lute or guitar arising from fancy or accident.

The mandola or mandoline, for example, derives its title from the almond shape of the resonance body; the Italian word for almond is mandola. Variety of names for the same thing, together with slight difference in form, tend to confuse the enquirer. The method of performance, the shape, the mounting, the material of which they are constructed, and various other causes, are often taken into consideration in the naming of instruments. If these reasons are lost sight of, a certain amount of confusion naturally arises in the classification of musical names and titles; and things are treated and spoken of as dissimilar which are really closely connected. If, for example, we were five thousand years older, and our specimens of a pianoforte, or if its musical literature existed, and we were left to judge of the form and use of the instrument called by the several names applied to it, we might say with good authority, out of existing documents, that our ancient English ancestors were accustomed to listen for hours to a performance upon a broad wood, probably an extensive forest or a wide plank, as the acute future critic would say. Further, it might be inferred that our German contemporaries were enraptured with the skill of one who was able to produce similar effects from a flügel, the wing of a bird. The connection between a forest and a bird's wing might suggest some very ingenious comments. In cases where titles are given independently, and detailed descriptions are wanting, the difference becomes apparently wider each successive age, until all ends in chaos. If the ancient Eastern title geytarah had not been adopted with the instrument by the Spaniards, and by other nations following them, the changes in the form of the in-

strument might have been held as indicating many origins. There seems to be no connection between the words nefer, nebel, pandonra, lyre and kithara, still it is not unlikely that they had a common starting-point. When the drawings of ancient performers on stringed instruments are examined, it will be found that if, as they are represented in the majority of cases, a modern player were to hold his instrument in a similar fashion, he would be unable to support and play it at the same time.

As the human form appears to have been pretty much the same in old times as it is at the present day, it is more than likely that the artists "evolved" the representations out of their "inner consciousness," and, therefore, that they are not to be confidently trusted. Plato advises to train up children to use the right and left hand indifferently. "In some things," says he, "we can do it very well; as when we use the lyre with the left hand and the stick with the right." Unless some other occupation than that of holding the instrument were intended, such a piece of advice would be superfluous. The cithara is mentioned by Ovid, Horace, Virgil and other Latin authors, with but little reference to the manner of performing on it, other than that it was held by one hand, while the other struck the strings with a plectrum. In France, Spain and Italy the guitar is used as an accompaniment for the dance as well as for the voice, and at one time, during the last century, it was so popular in England that the sale of pianofortes was interrupted, until an ingenious maker bethought him of a plan by which to weaken and ultimately to destroy its popularity. There is an extensive literature of guitar music, called into existence by the revival in favour of the instrument, brought about by the number of Spanish refugees resident in England during the Carlist rebellion of 1834 and 1839. But in the present day, the instrument is but little cultivated; in fact, it may be said to have become undeservedly neglected.

Down the Shadowed Lane She Goes,

— OR THE —

HAPPY LITTLE MAIDEN.

J. L. GILBERT.

p cres.

rall. *p*

Down the shadowed lane she goes, And her arms are la - den

With the wood-bine and wild rose, Hap-py lit - tle mai - den!

Sweet-ly, sweet-ly doth she sing As the lark a - bove her

p

ad lib. *a tempo.*

Sure - ly ev - 'ry liv - ing thing That has seen must love her.

As she stray'd and as she sung, Hap - py lit - tle mai - den,
Dropp'd a flow - er, so they say, Dropp'd and nev - er miss'd it;

Shadowy lanes and dells a - mong, With wild flow - ers la - den,
And the youth a - lack - a - day, Pick'd it up and kiss'd it.

Chanced a bon - ny youth that way, For the lanes were sha - dy,
Now in sweet lane wan - der - ing, With love flow-ers la - den,

p

ad lib. *a tempo.*

She dropp'd one wee flow - er, they say, Did this lit - tle la - dy.
With her love she strays and sings, Hap-py lit - tle mai - den.