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New Dominion Monthly.

OCTOBER, 1878.

LORD MACAULAY: A MENTAL STUDY.

READ BEFORE THE ATHENÆUM CLUB, MONTREAL.

In the present paper I propose to analyze the intellectual qualities and mental attitude of one whose life has lately been submitted to the public, who attained great successes with apparently little effort, whose work is in many respects almost flawless, and whose mind is generally considered too simple and direct to repay the trouble of close attention. There is, however, great interest attaching to the study of any man's mind, for "other men are lenses through which we read our own minds." It is this, more, perhaps, than anything else, that makes George Eliot's novels so popular with those who do not profess to be novel-readers. This interest is increased when the mind we are studying is that of a man of letters confessedly great, but one who suggests a problem for our consideration. This problem is brought before us in a striking passage from Harriet Martineau's autobiography:

"While I write announcement is made of two more volumes (of Macaulay's History) to appear in the course of the year. If the radical faults of the former ones are remedied, there may yet be before this gifted man something like the 'career' so proudly anticipated for him a quarter of a century ago. If not, all is over; and his powers, once believed adequate to the construction of eternal monuments of statesmanship and noble edifices for intellectual worship, will be found capable of nothing better than rearing gay kiosks in the flower gardens of literature, to be soon swept away by the caprices of a new taste as superficial as his own. I have been led on to say all this by the vivid remembrance of the universal interest there was about Macaulay, when the London world first opened before me. I remember the days when he was met in the streets, looking only at the pavement as he walked, and with his lips moving—causing those who met him to say that there would be a fine speech from Macaulay that night. Then came the sighs over his loss when he went to India for three years; then the joy at his return, and the congratulations to his venerable father; then the blank disappointment at the way in which he had done his work."

All this undoubtedly requires qualification. It is impossible to believe in posterity ever acquiring a "taste" of such a nature that Macaulay's volumes will remain unread. But how is it that, after reading and thinking over his life, we feel a certain amount of disappointment at a youth of such promise followed by an age of inadequate performance,—at so lavish a display of power and so little accomplished? To this question I shall attempt an answer, and I think it will be found when we have realized the deductions which have to be made before we assert Macaulay's to have been a mind of the highest order.

When the Greeks thought of genius they pictured it as Athena springing full armed into the world from the skull of Zeus; and, no doubt, in the youth of the world genius was much more instinctive than it is now, for the faculties matured earlier, which would be a natural effect of the absence of the mass of books by means of which the modern mind has to receive its training. To the Greek, his education came through intercourse with his fellow men, at the games and in the "man-ennobling agora." The products of other men's brains were comparatively few, and these had been learned by heart in early childhood. Plato and Aristotle have their Homer at their fingers' ends, and quote him more frequently than we do our Bible, Shakespeare and Milton; but, strange to say, they rarely quote him correctly, for they know him so well that they quote from memory. Were the modern mind to typify the growth of genius, it would not be under the similitude of the birth of Athena. The parable of the grain of mustard seed and the story of the Ugly Duckling more nearly represent the process through which our minds have to pass.

Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

Only after years of toil, from the sorrow and humiliation of failure, does the modern mind attain its full stature; and only those who have passed through the fire and received this painful training carry with them the full marks of genius. This is so far a recognized fact, that the early works of men of genius are rarely, during their lifetime, reprinted by their authors, and to a later generation it is reserved, and to the enterprising publisher, to resuscitate the beginnings by which the burst of genius upon the world is prefaced. And this preparatory training is necessary to the full development of the powers; for, though many men have exhibited great cleverness in youth, the writings of precocious genius rarely affect us as the matured thoughts of age. Where high praise has been given to such early productions, it is often due to the early death of their authors. They are eulogized, as Cicero says children should be, not for what they are, but for the promise of what they might have been. Then comes a pitiless posterity, and Chatterton and Kirke White are banished to an upper shelf, to dust or Dryasdust. It would be absurd to call Macaulay a writer of this sort, and yet we cannot help feeling that there is something in a hard name that was once given him, "the grown and well-furnished schoolboy." There can be little doubt that his biographer claims for his hero too high a rank. We feel nauseated by his unvarying strain of praise. Notwithstanding the perfection of his work, and even allowing that his name will stand as a turning-point in the manner of writing history, we do not rest satisfied. Yet his claims to greatness are undeniable.

Few orators have been more highly complimented upon their speeches; to few has it fallen, as to Macaulay in the debate in June, 1853, upon the exclusion of judges from the House of Commons, to carry the votes of the House by a single speech. On his merits as a legislator, it is true, opinions are or were divided; but we may, at any rate, set off the high praise of Fitzjames Stephen, himself a philosophical jurist, writing long after, against the remarks of Miss Martineau, writing from impressions derived at the time. "I was witness," she says, "to the amazement and grief of some able lawyers, in studying that Code—of which they could scarcely lay their finger on a provision through which you could not drive a coach and six." The truth is that, as Mr. Stephen says, "Lord Macaulay's great work was far too daring and original to be accepted at once." He adds: "The point which has always surprised me most in con-

nection with the Penal Code is, that it proves that Lord Macaulay must have had a knowledge of English criminal law, which, considering how little he had practised it, may fairly be called extraordinary. He must have possessed the gift of going at once to the very root of the matter, and of sifting the corn from the chaff in a most unusual degree." As historian and essayist, it was Macaulay rather than Hallam or Allen, than Forster or Arnold, that decided the battle raging about the time of the Reform Bill over the memory of the Stuarts. By his ridicule and wit he succeeded in dispelling for a time the *aberglaube* that had gathered, mainly owing to the genius of Scott, round the fated line. While the influence he has exercised upon written English* has been almost equal to that of Carlyle, his literary verdicts, if not very deep, are rarely impeachable. No critic has probably thrown out so many *obiter dicta* that a mature consideration is willing to accept. But besides influencing the style of written English, he has changed the tone of history. The old notions of its dignity, which produced what have been called "drum and trumpet" works, have vanished, one may hope for ever. Macaulay popularized the social review, and now no history is complete without it. In more ways than one, Mr. Green's "Short History of the English People" is a work that shows the culmination of the ideas on the writing of history which Macaulay propounded, and of the principles upon which, following the example of the father of history, Macaulay insisted. To say that his writings are always interesting, his descriptions of famous scenes and manner of ushering in a grand historical personage, unrivalled, that the most careless reader has no chance of misunderstanding him, the most prudish no room for the complaints that can justly be made against Carlyle—are great merits and complete the picture. Almost all that he says of his old favorites at the opening of his essay on Bacon may be said too of him.

But here we come to a point of difference. "A great writer," he says, "is the friend and benefactor of his readers; and they cannot but judge of him under the deluding influence of friendship and gratitude." To many among the dead we stand as it were in personal relations; we read Charles Lamb and Goldsmith through their books. In their case the men interest us as much as their writings; we feel pity for their foibles while we admire their genius, but they are ever present. With Macaulay the case is quite different. The reader feels a curiosity about, never an interest in, his teacher. He would like to know how his vast knowledge was accumulated, how far his memory was natural, how far artificial; but in his habits and ways we feel no personal interest. The impression we carry away is one of the high intellectual, not the great moral qualities of the writer; we feel we have been reading a clever book, not that we have been conversing with a great man.

I have called Macaulay a "teacher," and that in truth he is, but a teacher of the class so happily characterized by Emerson: "For a time our teachers serve us personally, as metres or milestones of progress. Once they were angels of knowledge and their figures touched the sky. Then we drew near, saw their means, culture and limits, and they yielded their place to other geniuses. Happy if a few names remain so high that we have not been able to read them nearer, and age and comparison have not robbed them of a ray." To the

* I have never seen noticed the striking similarity between the prose styles of Macaulay and Dryden. He, more than any one else, is Macaulay's teacher, and one to whom he often appeals as a master of English. This will perhaps account for the favorable treatment that this apostate and Tory, two characters for which Macaulay ordinarily has but scant tolerance, meets with at his hands.

first of these classes Macaulay belongs. Each time we read him we recognize the charm of his style,—we admire the detail and coloring of his pictures and the representative genius that makes the dry bones of the past again instinct with life; but for the lesson it has to teach us, one reading suffices. In the sense in which the Bible, Herodotus and Carlyle are teachers, it is doubtful whether Macaulay is a teacher at all. Every student of history, almost every reader, has felt in his life towards Macaulay the historian as he has felt towards Scott as a poet. But though to some extent the influence of these writers remains into later years, the unbounded admiration that we felt for the one is as short-lived as for the other. When we read them again, we do so rapidly, more for pleasure than instruction; we do not try to mark, learn, and inwardly digest, nor do we use them as the younger Mill and Professor Tyndall used Wordsworth and Carlyle, for the strengthening and refreshing of our souls.

This absence of a deep undertone has been universally felt, and in this has originated the charge of superficiality so untiringly brought against Macaulay. To what extent this is true has already been hinted, and will be stated at greater length. The form that the charge usually takes may be seen from the passage already quoted from Miss Martineau, but will appear better in an extract I shall read from Maddyn's "Chiefs of Parties," a pleasantly written book and very useful for the present purpose, because, being itself intensely superficial, it sets forth only current views: "Lord Macaulay regards society and thinks upon the world's sublime and mysterious history, not as an investigator or an archæologist, but with the sentiments of a picturesque essayist. Effect, effect, effect is the perpetual and almost the sole object of his aim. For his originality we must look to his style, not his spirit; to his utterance and not to his meditation. He is unrivalled in literature in placing in a striking way what has been known before. . . . Faded commonplaces he retouches with exquisite art, and the haggard wrinkles of senile whiggery he rejuvenizes with his literary pearl-powder and rhetorician's rouge."

The writer goes on to speak of Macaulay's "enigmatical ambiguities" to find out which must surely puzzle those who know him best. There is, however, a mixture of truth with much falsity in this passage. The best answer to the latter comes from Macaulay's own words in a letter (Life I., 407*): "I like Schiller's style exceedingly. His history contains a great deal of very just and deep thought, conveyed in language so popular and agreeable that dunces would think him superficial." A truer statement of the case against Macaulay would be that, while he is not wanting in thorough knowledge of his subject as far as it goes, he never looks beyond it; that, if the distinction be possible, what he wants is rather width than depth of view. His originality is in fact by no means limited to his style. Upon many points (*e. g.* clerical status and the state of the Highlands at the time of the Stuarts) he is an original investigator, and his book breaks new ground. Certainly as far as the political history of his period is concerned he goes deep enough, but he has done little for the religious side except to ridicule it; and yet the reign of William III. was a time of paramount importance in the life of many Protestant sects, especially of the Congregationalists, the Quakers and Unitarians. It may, perhaps, be said that his history is but a fragment, but the impression conveyed by his History and Essays alike is one of want of width of interest. He seems to have never thought like Carlyle of the mystery of life, to have felt no interest in philosophy, to have cared

*The edition throughout referred to is the 8vo. edition published in 1876, by Harper Bros.

little for science and art. His mind was narrow but powerful, powerful perhaps in consequence of its narrow range, refusing to turn aside and busy itself upon those fields of conjecture and uncertainty to which most people feel such strong attraction. It may be that Macaulay would have called one who cared about such things, a "miserable ghost-seer, surrounded by phantoms in the noon-day, trembling under a breeze when the leaves were still, without appetite for the common objects of human desire, but pining after moonbeams."* But in these matters a certain mean is to be observed; it is an unhealthy frame of mind whose interest lies solely in the shades and nooks of life; but one who feels not an interest in what interests most of his fellow-creatures, who stands above their superstitions and weaknesses, their fears and hopes, is but half-human, for a man is strong through his weakness as well as his strength. Though fanatics may be morally worse for their fanaticism, it gives them transcendant energy that makes them in action a Cromwell or Napoleon, in thought an Isaiah or Johnson. In illustration of this let me quote a suggestive passage from Dowden's "Mind and Art of Shakespeare:"

"However we may account for it, the fact is unquestionable that some of the richest creative natures of the world have all their lives been believers, if not with their intellect, at least with their instinctive feelings and their imagination, in much of the old-wives' lore of the nursery. Scott does not as a skeptic make use in his novels of ghostly and supernatural machinery merely for the sake of producing certain artistic effects. He retained at least a half-faith in the Gothic mythology of the north. Goethe for a time devoted himself to the pursuit of alchemy. We slighter and smaller natures can deprive ourselves altogether of the sense for such phenomena; we can elevate ourselves into a rare atmosphere of intellectuality and credulity. The wider and richer natures of creative artists have received too large an inheritance from the race, and have too fully absorbed all the influences of their environment for this to be possible in their case. While dim recollections and forefeelings haunt their blood they cannot enclose themselves in a little pinfold of demonstrable knowledge, and call it the universe."

This wider and richer nature Macaulay certainly had not. He might boast himself clear of superstition and prejudice, and we must all agree he had an eminently rational mind, and yet, says Carlyle, "If the man who has no strength of affection, strength of belief, have no strength of prejudice, let him thank Heaven for it, but to himself take small thanks."

It is the absence of this element in Macaulay's mind that makes it impossible for him to rank above mere ballad writers. No part of Trevelyan's work is weaker than that part of the 13th chapter in which he struggles laboriously to *prove* that the "poetic nature was there." There is much in the diction and rough mechanism of the Lays that reminds us of the poetical work of Scott, and yet who would think of setting the two writers as poets on a par? The richer nature was present in Scott, carrying him at times to heights that Macaulay never attempts. Yet Macaulay was much more of an artist than Scott; his work is perfectly finished, and what we may call his low level much higher. Both again had a strong love for historical associations, and a fine piece of scenery affected them more deeply if it brought with it an historical reminiscence. But Macaulay's love of Nature was merely skin-deep. Here, as in so many other points, he was of the eighteenth century, but Scott was too much of a Scotchman not to feel the love of wild nature for its own sake.

Macaulay was all his life a precocious genius, and the sayings of his childhood recorded by Trevelyan are a proof of this; perhaps none is more significant than the following: It was his practice to read from the time he was three years old, lying on a rug before the fire, munching bread and butter. When his mother told him he must do without

* George Eliot's "Lifted Veil."

his bread and butter, he only replied, "Yes, mamma, industry shall be my bread and attention my butter," and so all through life he seems to have found no difficulty in thus readily renouncing evil for good. Thus while Macaulay is a genius "*totus, teres atque rotundus*," he bears no ennobling scars of the battle, and his character wants that deepened tone that the struggle between good and evil promptings imparts to the world's heroes—at the same time that his nature was far removed from that higher atmosphere that clothes and adorns the world's saints. His tone and manner is essentially a happy one. He had never trodden the winepress alone. The happy, Jovial cast of mind is a blessing to him that possesses it, and to those that are thrown into contact with it; but higher, though less popular, is the melancholic temperament of him that is born under the influence of Saturn. "There is nothing real or useful," says Emerson, "that is not a seat of war. Our houses ring with laughter, and personal and critical gossip, but it helps little. But the uncivil, unavailable man, who is a problem and a threat to society; whom it cannot let pass in silence, but must either worship or hate, and to whom all parties feel related—both the leaders of opinion and the obscure and eccentric,—he *helps*." Macaulay was not one of these. Two extracts from his Diary are interesting in this connection, as illustrating his happy, contented frame of mind. "Oct. 25, 1849—Forty-nine years old. I have no cause of complaint. Tolerable health; competence; liberty; leisure; very dear relations and friends; a great, I may say a very great, literary reputation.

Nil amplius oro,
Maiâ nate, nisi ut propria hœc mihi munera faxis." (Life II., 231).

He asks of Mercury nothing more, and to the same purpose he writes a few months later: "Went with Hannah to Richmond's studio, to see my picture. He seemed anxious and excited; but at last, when he produced his work, she pronounced it excellent. I am no judge of the likeness, but the face is characteristic. It is the face of a man of considerable mental powers, great boldness and frankness, and a quick relish for pleasure. It is not unlike Mr. Fox's face in general expression. I am quite content to have such a physiognomy." Macaulay was clearly not one of those that feel a "dissatisfaction with life and the world,"—that the younger Mill remarks in his autobiography is "felt more or less in the present state of society and intellect by every discerning and highly conscientious mind." He would probably have scorned such a feeling, as unpractical and unmanly, and yet "Every noble crown is, and on earth will forever be, a crown of thorns!" For Nature in her works has set her unfailing mark on what is really great—the mark of sadness, and this law is found to hold when we contrast one type of the animal creation with another,—whether we compare the fox with the lion, or the lower type of dog with the majesty of the mastiff, or of the St. Bernard.

One feels that Macaulay would have been a much greater man if his life had been less smooth, if he had had more difficulties to encounter. Sweet, indeed, are the uses of adversity. The son of a distinguished man, his talents met with ready recognition. He had not to do battle with poverty and neglect, like Johnson or Burke. What Sir James Stephen says of Isaac Milner, another of the "Clapham Sect," is true also of Macaulay: "Fortune bestowed upon him the rewards of eminence, such as wealth, leisure, reputation, and authority, without exacting the appointed price." Nature had given him a clear, piercing intellect, and education an easy vehicle of expression. He had never been a prisoner in the cave, but was born beneath the benefi-

cent rays of the sun; never felt the difficulties of sight which beset more slowly maturing intellects. He was not one of those whose mental process is described by Plato:*

> "At first when any one of them is liberated and compelled suddenly to go up and turn his neck round and walk and look at the light, he will suffer sharp pains; the glare will distress him, and he will be unable to see the realities of which in his former state he had seen the shadows. * * * And if he is compelled to look at the light will he not have a pain in his eyes which will make him turn away to take refuge in the objects of vision which he can see? * * * He will require to get accustomed to the sight of the upper world." (Republic 515.6).

His intellect was rather of the type that Plato pictures further on:

> "Did you never observe the narrow intelligence flashing from the keen eye of a clever rogue—how eager he is, how clearly his paltry soul sees the way to his end; he is the reverse of blind, but his keen eyesight is taken into the service of evil." (Republic 519).

This, with the necessary deduction of all that would be likely to convey moral obliquity, is a strikingly accurate description of Macaulay's mind. His intellect seems almost as clear in his first letter as in the maturity of age. He had none of the numerous difficulties that beset the childhood of Harriet Martineau. He attains his full intellectual stature at a bound and without effort; but what says the great teacher?

> "Whether I am right or not God only knows; but, whether true or false, my opinion is that in the world of knowledge the idea of good appears last of all, and is *seen only with an effort.*" (Republic 517.)

His political vision is as clear and undoubting as his intellect. Through life he was a firm adherent of the Whigs, never betraying his party, but always unhesitating and consistent. His position is clear cut and precise—that of the *Edinburgh Review*, the impartial foe of the *Quarterly* and the *Westminster*. This thorough-going belief in the Whigs is what might have been expected of a man of Macaulay's frame of mind, living when he did. Historical associations were equally strong for them and for the Tories, but it was the Whigs' especial boast, and justly, that they had been the champions of liberty and progress. They were naturally the party with which such men as Hallam and Macaulay felt sympathy. And Macaulay followed his party truly; he saw no rocks ahead, no difficulties besetting the nation's future; he never wandered in the painful doubt of a Cicero or a Gladstone. One who saw his own point of view as clearly as Macaulay could be expected to pay little attention to that of others, even if he saw it.

The same unhesitating clearness, joined with narrowness, appears in his religious utterances as far as he vouchsafes us any. Habitually, as Trevelyan observes, he veiled his opinions and very rarely spoke upon them, declaring himself a Christian merely when appealed to at an election. His general tone is one of conservative loyalty to the Church of England (Life II., 337), while he looked upon Popery as "execrable superstition" (II., 244), and the Puseyite party in the English Church as wolves in sheep's clothing (Life II., 159, 181, 244). While he refuses to believe in the miracles of the third and fourth centuries (II., 172), he finds no difficulties in those of the Christian era; and, though objecting to the evidence for transubstantiation, he does not find the doctrine of the Trinity opposed to reason (II., 174). He is no Sabbatarian; but while he always shows the utmost respect for the spirit of religion, he constantly sneers at the "successors of the Apostles" at the present day (II., 222 and pass.). He is, in fact, in many ways, the converse of the younger Mill, as described, not altogether truly, by Sir James Stephen in a lately published letter: "Mill is an opponent of religion in the abstract, not of any particular form of it." Macaulay's ordinary style, it must be

* The quotations that follow are from Jowett's edition.

acknowledged, was far from reverent, and his quizzing tone on religious questions reminds us constantly of Charles Lamb (II., 190, 336); but such levity was not uncommon in his day, even in the orthodox, like the Revs. Barham and Sidney Smith, of the old high and dry persuasion.* Macaulay, however, never seems to have thought much upon the subject. Though the contemporary of Carlyle, Emerson and Theodore Parker, and, though he lived in the midst of a religious storm, neither his life nor his writings betray an interest in it. Carlyle, we know from his life, he would not read. This is one of the points upon which his nephew notices his literary conservatism. But "the ideas of the time are in the air, and infect all who breathe it." Of what celestial proof was his armor framed that Macaulay was untouched by the lightning from heaven? Trained like the Newmans in an Evangelical school, and born like them, within the same seven years that saw the birth of Pusey, Harriet and James Martineau, Emerson, F. Maurice, J. Sterling and John Mill, he felt no interest in the theological and religious problems that interested them. One is reminded of Arnold's hearty scorn of Izaak Walton, who devoted himself to his "Complete Angler," while the Civil War was raging around him; and one contrasts him with Milton, turning aside from the studies he loved so well, to bear aid to what he elected to be the right cause, even losing his eyesight in its service, and we cannot help feeling that we should have thought higher of Macaulay had he struck a blow on one side or the other; had he answered to the call to arms, which in the present day summoned Matthew Arnold from his Literary Epicurism, to take his part in the conflict that is passing about us. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof, because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

This indifference is to be ascribed to various causes. It was partly due to the intellectual conservatism common to the English, which leads them to set their face resolutely against reconsidering the opinions, whether political or religious, instilled into them from their earliest years—partly to respect for the feelings and afterwards for the memory of his father—in part, too, it was due to the feeling of something like contempt for matters of religion manifested by those of the age who were unregenerated or untouched by the wider tone of the 19th century. This contempt shows itself even in Hallam, when in writing of Hooker he says that "The church of England.... found a defender of her institutions in one who mingled in these *vulgar controversies* like a knight of romance among *caitiff brawlers*, with arms of finer temper and worthy to be proved in a *nobler field*." We can see this indifference clearly in what Macaulay says of Goethe. While the criticism of Hamlet in the "Wilhelm Meister" "filled him with wonder and despair" (II., 15), at another time when thinking of the book he enters in his Diary his deliberate opinion that Goethe is "an *unbeliever* who has attempted to put himself into the person" of a "pious autobiographer," who "has tried to exhibit the spirit of piety in its highest exaltation, and a very singular performance he has produced." One is reminded of Carlyle's sarcastic remark upon this subject, "Did you never hear the story of that man who villified the sun because it would not light his cigar?" The bright, joyous nature of Macaulay was little affected by the modern phase of the Christian spirit—

* I am aware that another explanation of Macaulay's point of view is possible. It is, in fact, suggested by what he says about Middleton (see note on Life II., 391). He may have felt the same reluctance to plain speaking that Mill felt, but I think the balance of evidence drawn from his Life and Letters is in favor of my explanation.

the Religion of Sorrow. He might have lived in the by-gone days of the 18th century, when religion, by its most typical professors, as Butler and Paley, was regarded rather as a solution of intellectual difficulties than a sublimated state of feeling and emotion—more as a thing to be proved than one to be felt. Macaulay in his writings is in no way shy of the subject; he never avoids it as dangerous ground, but touches it as if it were one that wanted interest for him. For he was without an abiding sense of the mystery of life, and seemed to be what so many only say they are, perfectly content with life as they find it.

And as he was without mental and religious, so he never seems to have experienced any moral difficulties. Most great men (at least in periods of transition) seem to have experienced mental crises at some period in their lives, when the evil and the good powers within them are struggling for the mastery; when they think and choose for themselves; when the ideas of their youth begin to appear inadequate and life to require readjusting. Though the boy is the father of the man, how rarely are the aspirations of boyhood those of middle age! Rather it seems to be the rule with men of genius who move with their times, to experience a radical change of tone and thought, sometimes gradually,—it may be during a short period of trial brought on by some external event that deeply stirs their moral nature. This psychological phase is the subject of a chapter in Mill's Autobiography, and is alluded to by Carlyle in his life of Cromwell, in a passage which I will quote, as it will make my meaning more clear. He is speaking of Cromwell's early fits of melancholy and adds:

"Samuel Johnson too had his hypochondrias; all great souls are apt to have,—and to be in thick darkness generally, till the eternal ways and the celestial guiding-stars disclose themselves, and the vague Abyss of Life knits itself up into Firmaments for them. Temptations in the Wilderness, choices of Hercules, and the like, in succinct or loose form, are appointed for every man that will assert a soul in himself and be a man. Let Oliver take comfort in his dark sorrows and melancholies. The quantity of sorrow he has, does it not mean withal the quantity of sympathy he has, the quantity of faculty and victory he shall yet have? *Our sorrow is the inverted image of our nobleness.* The depth of our despair measures what capability and height of claim we have to hope."

Macaulay's life was passed by the green pastures and still waters, which formed the contrast to the ordinary life of the Psalmist. We never hear him crying out of the depths; he never seems to have really known the "gloomy powers."*

One such period, of short duration and little moment, occurs in his Indian career, when he writes to his sister Margaret (the gloom was caused by the engagement of his sister Nancy with Trevelyan): "Whatever I suffer I have brought on myself. I have neglected the plainest lessons of reason and experience. I have staked my happiness without calculating the chances of the dice. I have hewn out broken cisterns; I have leaned on a reed; I have built on the sand; and I have fared accordingly." And again in a letter shortly after: "I feel a growing tendency to cynicism and suspicion. My intellect remains, and is likely, I sometimes think, to absorb the whole man. . . . Books are becoming everything to me. If I had at this moment my choice of life, I would bury myself in one of those immense libraries that we saw together at the universities, and never pass a waking hour without a book before me." (Life I., 341-3). But the fit soon passed, and nothing of a similar nature occurred in his life afterwards. Nor do we ever see any change in his tone. He may alter his opinion upon solitary historical points, as on the prudence of

*"Who never ate his bread in sorrow,
Who never spent the darksome hours
Weeping and watching for the morrow,
He knows ye not, ye gloomy powers."
(Carlyle's Wilhelm Meister, B. II., ch. 13.)

Monk in effecting the Restoration without conditions, or on the manner of Essex's death in the reign of Charles II., but no change of *tone* appears. It was the same Macaulay that penned the death of William III. in old age and that competed for the prize essay at college on the same subject. He may have pruned the exuberance of style that he noticed in his essay on Milton, but his tone and modes of thought remain unaltered, except in so far as they have cooled down with advancing years. When I was a child, says St. Paul, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child: but when I became a man, I put away childish things. But Macaulay spake as a man from his childhood upwards. In many ways Lord Macaulay resembles Col. Newcombe's friend Binnie—an old bachelor with his college friend Ellis, dearly fond of his blood-relations, devoted to little children, and like Charles XII., "unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain." Throughout his life, as appears from his biography, Macaulay was a strictly moral man, and never needed those allowances to be made for him which he willingly conceded to others; for though, like Daniel Deronda, "few men were able to keep themselves clearer of vices than he, yet he hated vices mildly, being used to think of them less in the abstract than as a part of mixed human natures having an individual history."*

It is strange to learn that one who loved children so dearly should have had no sympathy with animals, and that with all his knowledge of the harmony of language, Macaulay had no ear for music and cared nothing for it. But his life proves both these points. "How odd," he writes, "that people of sense should find any pleasure in being accompanied by a beast who is always spoiling conversation!" (Life II., 341) and before this when Macaulay was dining at Windsor Castle the entry in his Diary proves that "The Campbells are Coming" was one of the tunes played—to which the biographer appends the remark, "This is the only authentic instance on record of Macaulay's having known one tune from another." This mention of the Court reminds us of Macaulay's introduction and subsequent behaviour there. He dined there for the first time in 1839, and describes his entertainment in a letter: "We all spoke in whispers, and when dinner was over, almost every body went to cards or chess. I was presented, knelt down, kissed Her Majesty's hand; had the honor of a conversation with her of about two minutes and assured her that India was hot, and that I kept my health there." "It may well be believed," adds Trevelyan, "that Macaulay did not relish a society where he fancied himself bound to condense his remarks into the space of two minutes, and to speak in the nearest approach to a whisper which he had at his command. But, in truth, the restraint under which he found himself was mainly due to his own inexperience of Court life, and as time went on, he began to perceive that he could not make himself more acceptable than by talking as he talked elsewhere,"—and so in the entry from his Diary, March 9th, 1850, we read as follows: "To dinner at the palace. The Queen was most gracious to me. She talked much about my book, and owned she had nothing to say for her poor ancestor, James the Second. 'Not your Majesty's ancestor,' said I; 'your Majesty's predecessor.' I hope this was not an uncourtly correction. I meant it as a compliment, and she seemed to take it so." Should any one feel curiosity about the behaviour of literary men in the presence of Royalty, he may compare this scene with one at the opening of ch. 16 of Boswell's "Life of Johnson." The contrast is significant. Johnson

* Life of Macaulay, II., 351, note; Mill's Autobiography p. 107; F. W. Newman's "Soul," ch. 3, pp. 68-9.

was reading in the royal library, and the King came upon him, taking him off his guard. They talked on various matters; at length

"His Majesty enquired if he was then writing anything. He answered that he was not, for he had pretty well told the world what he knew and must now read to acquire more knowledge. The King ..then said, 'I do not think you borrow much from anybody.' Johnson said he thought he had already done his part as a writer. 'I should have thought so too,' said the King, 'if you had not written so well.'.... When asked by a friend, at Sir Joshua Reynolds', whether he made any reply to this high compliment, he answered, 'No, sir. When the King had said it, it was to be so. It was not for me to bandy civilities with my sovereign.'"

Johnson's behavior is thus described by Boswell:

"During the whole of this interview Johnson talked to His Majesty with profound respect, but still in his firm, manly manner, with a sonorous voice, and never in that subdued tone which is commonly used at the levee and in the drawing-room. After the King withdrew, Johnson showed himself highly pleased with His Majesty's conversation and gracious behaviour."

Yet Johnson was the son of a man "of obscure extraction, who settled in Lichfield as a bookseller and stationer," and morever was, as he calls himself, "a retired and uncourtly scholar," and this was his first introduction to Royalty. The difference, I think, between the behavior of the two is to be attributed less to the want of politeness on the part of Macaulay, a charge often brought against him by others, than to the shy self-consciousness from which bad manners generally come. Macaulay could never have had the perfect *abandon* of a real orator, and to this as well as to other reasons—his unimpressive figure, his monotonous voice, and too rapid utterance—is attributable the impression widely felt that he was a mere essayist speaking.* Those who merely heard Macaulay in the House, where he can never have been very impassioned, or who read his articles in the *Edinburgh Review* (forgetting the tale of the scholar who wrote one of those fiery notes which readers of old-fashioned Latin commentators know so well while his child lay asleep in his lap) naturally thought him cold and heartless. In those days the practice of serving up the private life of distinguished men in a very transparent garb, or sometimes without any disguise, either in novels or in popular papers, had not become common. Duels and horse whippings were still not unusual. And the public knew little or nothing of Macaulay's private life, so that its revelation by Trevelyan has brought with it something like a twinge of conscience, that one who was so impressionable that he cried over books as often as Julia de Clifford, and all the lords and ladies, went into fainting fits in the novels he loved so well, and who was the darling of his sisters and favorite uncle of his nieces and nephews, should have been called cold and unfeeling. This, for instance, is the manner in which Miss Martineau writes of one of the most loving and lovable of men: "The evidence seems to indicate that he wants heart. He appears to be wholly unaware of this deficiency; and the superficial fervor which suns over his disclosures probably deceives himself as it deceives a good many other people, and he may really believe that he has a heart." This we now know he certainly had to a degree unsuspected then, and the discovery of the mistake that all the world was making has reacted to some extent upon the literary verdict passed on his writings after the publication of his life. Even those who ventured to object, like Gladstone, in the *Quarterly*, did it more from a party point of view than a literary standpoint. He seemed to be holding a brief for the Anglican Church against the arch-secularist.

In my concluding remarks upon Macaulay as an historian and a writer

*Maddyn's Chiefs of Parties, I., 118. The Greville Memories, II., 338. H. Martineau's Autobiography, I., 262 (Osgood's Edition).

generally, I must disclaim all wish to cavil at his high and well-won reputation. When all deductions have been made, his Essays and History will remain unique, for reasons mentioned above, and he must always take his place among the greatest of English historians. It is because we recognize him as a great writer that we notice his deficiencies—because his mind was really preëmiment that an analysis such as has been attempted is worthy the trouble of execution. It would not be fair to insinuate, as Miss Martineau does, the charge of "dreamy indolence" against Macaulay, because we do not find him other than nature had made him. A man's power over his own mind and thoughts is after all limited, and what has been said of the world without us is almost as true of the world within:

> "What, shap'st thou here at the world! 'tis shapen long ago;
> The Maker shap'd it, *He* thought it best even *so*;
> Thy lot is appointed, so follow its hest,
> Thy course is begun, thou must walk, and not rest;
> For sorrow and care cannot alter thy case;
> And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

Macaulay did not rest, and so he won his race. The story of his life is one of the constant and enthusiastic application that befits the student. If he dealt in wide assertions, he can at least plead in excuse that they were grounded on thorough investigation. The extent to which party spirit pervades his writings will prevent readers from feeling that entire confidence that all feel when they are reading Hallam, Stubbs or S. R. Gardiner. Yet this defect was constitutional, and the dark shade cast by that brilliance of intellect that caused him to see what he did see so clearly, and enabled him to impart life and interest to whatever his pen touched. "*Nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*" is as true of him as of Goldsmith, of whom it was originally said. The peculiar merits of Macaulay have been mentioned before, and are too well known to need illustration. I propose, however, to compare his treatment of a few leading points with that of other historians. We have seen that as a man his development was one-sided; that in many fields of thought from the cast of his mind his interest was slight; that he had not that catholic nature that we find in the world's greatest writers and thinkers. I shall now show how his peculiar turn of mind was reflected in his works.

As a historian of wide scope, the rise and fall of dynasties and nations, and the doom that awaits the proudest, must have been constantly before his eyes.

> "Before my breath, like blazing flax,
> Man and his marvels pass away;
> And changing empires wane and wax,
> Are founded, flourish and decay."

Let us compare the treatment this idea receives at the hands of Macaulay and Arnold. The passage I shall read from the former is sufficiently familiar, and yet will bear repetition. The idea of the "New Zealander" was no new one to Macaulay. It appears in his diary (Life II., 33.), and in a less epigrammatical form it closes the essay on Mitford, reprinted after his death in his Miscellaneous Writings. But the form in which it is best known occurs in his essay on Ranke:

> "She (the Roman Catholic Church) was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge, to sketch the ruins of St. Pauls."

When for the first time we come upon this it almost takes our breath away. We admire the ingenuity of the paradox, the brilliance of the well-known fusion of rhetoric and allusion, yet how little *feeling* seems to pervade the passage! But Macaulay was a patriot, to whom the thought of the downfall of England's greatness could not have presented itself without a feeling of sadness. The

truth is, however, that he seems to look upon the ravages of Time, not as food for reflection, but as tinsel to garnish a peroration. How differently Dr. Arnold treats the same subject may be felt from the following passage, in which, after narrating the discovery of Spain by a Samian ship bound for Egypt, he adds:

"This story makes us feel we are indeed living in the old age of the world. The country then so fresh and untouched has now been long in the last stage of decrepitude: its mines, then so abundant, have long since been exhausted; and after having in its turn discovered and almost drained the mines of another world, it lies now like a forsaken wreck on the waves of time, with nothing but the memory of the past to ennoble it." (Hist. of Rome, ch. XXII.)

The feeling with which we read this simple statement of facts is quite different from that which Macaulay's art produces.

The passage that has just been quoted from Macaulay gives us what seems from all that he says to be his permanent and abiding state of mind with regard to the Church of Rome. Yet from his life we know that he looked upon it as an "execrable superstition." This curiously illustrates the fundamental "sectarianism" (to use Mill's word) of Macaulay's mind. Another phrase which he applies to it in his essay on Ranke will make my meaning more clear:

"There is not, and there never was on the earth, a work of human policy so well deserving of examination as the Roman Catholic Church."

How shall we begin to dissipate this cloud of error? What a gross ignorance it evinces of the historical sense which recognizes a law of development and continuity in all human institutions. Macaulay must have often smiled at Clarendon's simplicity, when he calls the revolution in the reign of Charles I. "a design deeply laid by chief plotters" or "agents," or when he remarks that Hampden "laid the design deepest." To Clarendon it appeared a great plot on a par with the Gunpowder or Gowrie plots, but for him the excuse may be pleaded that he moved and lived in the thick of the fight, and that he had his vision obscured by the events that were passing around him. But what excuse is to be found for Macaulay, except that his insight was constitutionally limited? His outlook, had he really thought on the subject of religion, ought to have been most unhappy. Half of Christian and civilized Europe and America the blind devotees of an "execrable superstition," and this too "a work of human policy!" And yet the truth that Roman Catholicism was a phase of belief necessary to a certain state of intellectual and moral development, and growing out of it, explaining its difficulties and satisfying its needs, that the Church is the external and visible embodiment of this tone of mind (for all ideas widely and tenaciously held by the masses have a tendency to stereotype themselves in institutions) was as well known then as now. To the Church much more truly than to the Empire the words of Bryce are applicable: "Into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose." Yet Macaulay, though he does not seem to realize its essence and nature, is perfectly willing to acknowledge its greatness and the debt we all owe to it. Does any finer eulogy written by a Protestant exist than the account of the Church in the first chapter of his History? But with some superficial likeness, how different is the tone of Carlyle in speaking of the Church's by-gone days. It is not with him a mere system, but a phase of life in the Past, which he wishes us to realize though living in the Present and for which he asks our sympathy:

"Another world, truly: and this present poor distressed world might get some profit by looking wisely into it, instead of foolishly. But at lowest O dilettante friend, let us know always that it *was* a world, and not a void infinite of grey haze with fantasms swimming in it. These old St Edmundsbury walls, I say, were not peopled with fantasms but with men of flesh and blood, made altogether as we are. Had thou and I

then been, who knows but we ourselves had taken refuge from an evil Time, and fled to dwell there and meditate on an Eternity, in such fashion as we could? Alas, how like an osseous fragment, a broken blackened shin-bone of the dead Ages, this black ruin looks out, not yet covered by the soil; still indicating what a once gigantic Life lies buried there! It is dead now, and dumb; but was alive once, and spake. For twenty generations here was the earthly arena where painful living men worked out their life-wrestle, —looked at by the Earth, by Heaven and Hell. Bells tolled to prayers; and men of many humors, various thoughts, chanted vespers, matins;—and round the little islet of their life rolled forever (as round ours still rolls, though we are blind and deaf) the illimitable Ocean, tinting all things with *its* eternal hues and reflexes; making strange prophetic music! How silent now, all departed, clean gone! The World-Dramaturgist has written: *Exeunt.*"

And as he treats institutions, so he treats individual characters. Macaulay is a devout believer in the old division of men into sheep and goats. They must either be painted black or white, or by way of variety black one side, and white on the other. That delicate shading by which Carlyle (when not misled by a theory or blinded by a false notion of heroism) realizes his characters and makes us understand them—which has given us perfect portraits of Diderot, Voltaire and Mirabeau —is quite beyond Macaulay. We have a brilliant picture of the life and surroundings of Addison or Warren Hastings, and we can realize what sort of figure they made in the world, but we do not feel that we know the inner man as we should have done if we had read a study by Carlyle or Prof. Stubbs. Macaulay's work is much more that of the Gentleman Usher, than of the Doctor or the Anatomist. "Many are the wonders of the world, and nothing is more wondrous than man." He is often as much a riddle to himself as to others, and we do not really feel that we have fathomed his character when we have seen him by the light of rhetoric and epigrams. This will be fully justified if we compare the two studies upon Boswell's Life of Johnson published by Macaulay and Carlyle within a year of each other. Both are of course admirable in their way. While the essay by Macaulay would by most people be called pleasanter reading, yet how much more clearly we understand the tone and mind of Johnson, his work and position in the eighteenth century, from Carlyle's essay than from Macaulay's; yet the external traits are more carefully given by the latter than the former. But while we rise from reading Macaulay's essay with the conclusion that Johnson, with all his goodness, was a paradox at bottom,—certainly an eccentricity,—Carlyle makes us clearly see the real greatness of his hero. What seemed before an incongruous mixture of humors and whims we see as a consistent temperament, a great nature, which made Johnson the last of the literary kings of London, the upholder of monarchy, the knight-errant of religion, the greatest Englishman of the 18th century, just as Voltaire was the greatest Frenchman.

Their remarks, too, upon Boswell are worth comparing. After reading Macaulay's brilliant presentment of the facts we almost feel inclined to side with him in saying: "Boswell attained greatness by reason of his weakness." He was everything bad, "and because he was all this he has in an important department of literature immeasurably surpassed such writers as Tacitus, Clarendon, Alfieri, and his own idol Johnson." The beauty of the style carries us along with it, and we almost rest contentedly in the belief unsanctioned by Scripture that we can gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles. But here Carlyle's sturdy sense and belief in goodness comes to the rescue: "Neither James Boswell's good book, nor any other good thing, in any time or place, was, is or can be performed by any man in virtue of his *badness*, but always and solely in spite thereof...... Bad is by its nature negative, and can do *nothing;* whatsoever enables us to do anything is by its very nature *good.*"

And then an old oracle, delivered by Plato ages ago, comes back to our recollection. He was talking of the "idea of good," and how it "appeared last of all and was seen only with an effort;" then he continues, "and, when seen, it is also *inferred to the universal author of all things beautiful and right*, parent of light and lord of light in this world, and the source of truth and reason in the other;"—and reinforced by *his* wisdom we have courage to turn a deaf ear to the charmer, charm he never so wisely.

How little tolerance Macaulay has for the unsuccessful. The noble character of Falkland, in which, as a tragedy, Clarendon finds food for pity and sorrow, Macaulay considers a fit subject for merriment. His political passions warp his judgment and confine his sympathies. In his wholesale condemnation of Charles and Laud he cannot find room for their redeeming points. Yet he was not a mere despot, who could write as Charles did to Rupert: "Speaking either as a mere soldier or statesman, I must say there is no probability but of my ruin; but as to a Christian, I must tell you that God will not suffer rebels to prosper, or his cause to be overthrown." The same qualifications would probably have to be made in view of his literary verdicts if he had not here been restrained by a salutary distrust of his powers. Yet he occasionally ventures out of his depth, noticeably so in the following passage from his Miscellaneous Writings, in which, after asserting the equality of the ancients in taste, the graces of style, etc., he continues:

"But in the moral sciences they made scarcely any advance. During the long period which elapsed between the fifth century before the Christian era, and fifth century after it, little perceptible progress was made. All the metaphysical discoveries of all the philosophers, from the time of Socrates to the northern invasion, are not to be compared in importance with those which have been made in England every fifty years since the time of Elizabeth. There is not the least reason to believe that the principles of government, legislation and political economy were better understood in the time of Augustus Cæsar than in the time of Pericles." (Essay on History."

It will be sufficient to say that within the period specified above, Plato and Aristotle lived, and the sects of the Stoics and Epicureans were flourishing. Had Macaulay written much in this style, we should have to say what he says of Johnson, that while he was undoubtedly an excellent judge of compositions fashioned on his own principles, when a deeper philosophy was required his failure was ignominious. But Macaulay was cautious, he even allows his own deficiencies, though he does not, perhaps, draw quite the distinction we should feel inclined to make. "I have written several things on historical, political and moral questions, of which, on the fullest reconsideration, I am not ashamed, and by which I should be willing to be estimated; but I have never written a page of criticism on poetry or the fine arts which I would not burn if I had the power." (Life II., 15). Yet, though in his published works his reticence upon literary questions is remarkable, and he only speaks when he feels his ground sure, we occasionally catch him off his guard in his Diary and Correspondence. The following instance is hardly the language suitable to a poet of Wordsworth's calibre:—"I should not like to have an execrably bad poem on the subject, such as Wordsworth would have written." (Life II., 272). Again he says when comparing the "Prelude" with the "Excursion":—"The story is the old story. There are the old raptures about mountains and cataracts; the old flimsy philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind; the old crazy, mystical metaphysics; the endless wilderness of dull, flat, prosaic twaddle; and here and there fine descriptions and energetic declamations interspersed." (II., 239 and I., 82, 83). All allow that Wordsworth's work is very uneven, yet I must submit that

this language is too strong. Macaulay, however, was most careful about what had to see print. Though his literary conservatism amounted, as his biographer allows, to "wilfulness," "with the instinctive self-restraint of a great artist, he permitted no trace of it to appear in his writings." (II., 389). Probably, too, Macaulay's name would stand less high as a literary critic had he possessed what, for want of a better name, we may call "literary" courage. If dreams, as caused by the involuntary action of the mind, are any test (as Lamb says they are) of the mind's real nature, then "literary" caution must have been one of Macaulay's strong characteristics. The only dream recorded of him in his Life illustrates this peculiarity. He was in great dismay at "Pepys's Diary" turning out to be a forgery by his niece. "What! I have been quoting in reviews and in my 'History' a forgery of yours as a book of the highest authority. How shall I ever hold my head up again?"

But enough has been said to make the character of Macaulay's mind clear, with all its brilliance and limitations. In proving this I have naturally been led to dwell rather upon his *nuances* than upon his merits. Every one knows that he was an honest man and an upright politician; and perhaps, when we remember his vast memory and the ease with which he seems to express himself from the very first, it will not be a mistake to add that he was the most talented man of the present century.

His tone of mind and sympathies made him the born historian of the 18th century. How much better we should understand that time and its perplexing political movements, if, instead of Stanhope and Massey, we could turn to Macaulay as our interpreter. No one will probably know it so well, for it is hard to imagine any one in the future sympathizing with it so thoroughly. Though the younger Mill has called the eighteenth century "a great age, an age of strong and brave men," yet it is neither the opinion of the special nor of the general, and it is unlikely to be so. Posterity will call it with Carlyle, "a period sunk dead in spirit," and will heap all manner of contempt and abuse upon it. I do not mean to say that in our reaction from its tone and ways, we do not judge it too hardly; but it will never, I imagine, be classed with the thirteenth, sixteenth or seventeenth centuries. The reasons of its inferiority are not hard to seek. Calm naturally follows storm; the political and religious world need periods of repose as well as the world of nature around us, and the period that begins about 1690 was one of these. Each age has its own poet and each its historian, and of this period of faction, littleness, low morality, absence of nobility, of high motives, of enthusiasm —Macaulay was the born expositor. To this period Macaulay belonged by the tone of his mind, partaking, as it did, to little or no extent of the nineteenth century reaction, by which even John Mill found himself affected. The reason of this is clear enough: Mill's, though a subtle, was not a strong, imposing mind, and as he first leaned upon his father and then upon his wife, so he depended, to a great extent, upon external opinion and upon debating clubs for the formation of his tone. He came into contact with Carlyle, and with the followers of Coleridge, in the persons of Maurice and Sterling, and they gave him that leaning towards the modern spirit which differentiates him from his father. But Macaulay was very different: his strong masculine mind never seems to have felt the need of support; he drew a minimum of nutriment from other men. Yet we learn from Mill's Autobiography that Macaulay mixed, to some extent, at least, with the class of men who were modifying the old tone inherited from the eighteenth century. But the truth is that books were Macaulay's teachers,

and, in choosing these, his biographer tells us, "He was not fond of new lights, unless they were kindled at the ancient beacons; and he was apt to prefer a third-rate author, who had formed himself after some recognized model, to a man of high genius whose style and method were strikingly different from anything that had gone before. In books, as in people and places, he loved that, and that only, to which he had been accustomed from boyhood upwards" (II., 388). Thus he neglected Carlyle and Ruskin, and when he met the former at Lord Ashburton's, Carlyle was bored, and Macaulay so indifferent that he does not notice the meeting at all (II., 173).

To the eighteenth century Macaulay belonged, as a steady Whig and as a man of letters, without very much enthusiasm or zeal for anything beyond, except for his country's glory. In fact we cannot help suspecting that his zeal all through his life was like that of the younger Mill before he had passed through his mental crisis, a mere "zeal for speculative opinions. It had not its root in genuine benevolence or sympathy with mankind, though these qualities held their due place in my ethical standard. Nor was it connected with any high enthusiasm for ideal nobleness." (Autob. 109.) The humanitarian enthusiasm of Zachary Macaulay stands in marked contrast with the literary nature of his son. His taste, too, was that of his favorite century, intensely classical. Out of the circle of mere scholars, few men seem to have devoted more time to the literature of the Greeks and the Romans, none to have relished it more thoroughly. Yet it was much more as writers than as thinkers that he cared about them. "The childish quibbling," he writes in his diary for July, 1853, "of Socrates provokes me. It is odd that such trumpery fallacies should have imposed on such powerful minds. Surely, Protagoras reasoned in a better and more manly strain. I am more and more convinced that the merit of Plato lies in his talent for narrative and description, in his rhetoric, in his humor, and in his exquisite Greek." (Life II., 304.) After this, we quite understand how, in the whole of his letters and diary, we never meet a remark upon Aristotle. That he had read him, we should gather from his Miscellaneous Works; but his overloaded style is quite sufficient to account for the neglect he experienced at Macaulay's hands, without ascribing it to old Cambridge prejudices.

And as in literary taste, so in love and admiration for England, he was of the eighteenth century. His hearty and undoubted patriotism is the noblest thing about Macaulay, and while it makes his writings such wholesome food for the young, it endears him to us more than any other trait in his character. There is none of the half-hearted devotion of the modern Liberal statesman about him. He would have scorned to call himself Cosmopolitan first and Englishman afterwards. This passion is so deep that it is never obtruded; no idle vaunts appear in his Essays, but we feel it to be there as much when he is describing the triumphs of the Seven Years War, as when he writes that the subject of his History is the relation, "how *our country* from a state of ignominious vassalage, rapidly rose to the place of umpire among European powers." "*When I am travelling on the continent*," he used to say in words that would have delighted the heart of Lord Palmerston, "*I like to think that I am a citizen of no mean city*." These are the noblest words he ever wrote or said, and so while remaining a Whig, he severed himself from the Liberal party. "You call me a Liberal," he said, "but I don't know that in these days I deserve the name. I am opposed to the abolition of standing armies—I am opposed to the destruction of the National Church."

But enough has been said to show Macaulay's tone and manner of thinking, to mark his individuality and what special qualities contributed to make him what he was; to make his mind clear, undoubting and honest, if limited in sympathies and confined in range. He hated turncoats and traitors, like Marlborough; for was he not, like the old Highlanders, from whom he was descended, a true adherent of his party-leader and a patriot? His mind was impatient of others' doubts and hesitation, for he rarely felt them himself; intolerant of mistakes and errors of fact, for his memory was vast and accurate. A clear head, an early consciousness of ability, and a strong will made him a successful man. No statesman has left a clearer record, and few private characters will stand closer scrutiny. When we add to this, that as a man of letters his name will probably be immortal, that the Powers dealt kindly with him through life, and that he left it before those he loved best, we feel that he realized the Aristotelian definition of the chief good, "a perfect activity in a perfect life."

R. W. BOODLE.

MONOGRAPH OF THE ESQUIMAUX TCHIGLIT OF THE MACKENZIE AND OF THE ANDERSON.*

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TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS BRYMNER.

I.

Etymology and Division.

The first author who introduced the name of Esquimaux was the Jesuit De Charlevoix, in his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, in which he informs us that the Abenakis, Indians of the Algonquin family who live on the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, call this people *Eskimautik*, that is, eaters of raw flesh.

Even now, the Crees or *Cristinaux*† of Lake Arthabaska, the most Northern Algonquins of America, call them *Wiyas-Kimowok*, a word which has the same meaning (from *wiyas*, flesh; *Aski*, raw; *mowew*, to eat), and *Ayiskimewok*, those who act in secret. This will show the reliance that can be placed on the explanation of the word Esquimaux, given by Sir John Richardson. He derives it from the French *ceux qui miaux* (properly written *qui miaulent*), a phrase which expresses, he says, the shouts (*teymo!*) which are uttered by this people when surrounding a ship. (Arctic Searching Expedition, vol. 6, chap. IX). Now, this same word *tayma*, which he writes *teymo*, meaning *enough*, Hearne translates as: How do you do?

The compound name given by Father Charlevoix has been accepted by all nations. Although the English sometimes use the word *Hoskys* to designate the Esquimaux, and one of their travellers alleges that it was a Kamtchatkadale chorus, I strongly suspect it to have the same origin as the words *Eskimo, Sakemo, Seymo*, by which this people is known by the English and Orcadians; that is, it is a corruption of the *Eskimau* of Charlevoix, which is itself only a transformed Algonquin word. The Russians style the Samoïedes, also, eaters of raw flesh.

The Esquimaux give themselves the general name of *Innoït*, men (*Innok* in the singular). In this respect they share to the full extent the idea of the Chinese, of all the American Redskins, of the Polynesians, and probably also of all nations of a similar origin; all having so exalted an idea of their own excellence that they believe they cannot do better than sum up the entire human race in their single nationality, to the exclusion of all others. An orientalist has stated that the proper name of the people of the Central kingdom, *Thsing-jen*, which the Malays pronounce *tching*, and from which we have made the words *China*, then *Chinese*, and *Chinaman*, means simply "men properly so called." The Bornese call themselves also *Idaan*, men, and the Tagals, also, have as their proper name the title of men, *bano*.

May the name of *Franks* not have the same origin, and was it not a similar idea that led the Germans to call themselves Allemands,—that is, All men?

* Monographie des Esquimaux Tchiglit, du Mackenzie et de l'Anderson, par Le R. P. E. Petitot, Missionaire Oblat de Marie Immaculée, officier d'Academie, etc.

† These words came from the corruption of the epithet *Knistinuwok*, given to the *Eyiniwok*, Algonquins of the West, by their neighbors to the South-east. The Crees must not be confounded with the Creeks of the United States, who are Flatheads, like the Cherokees, Catawbas and Chicasaws.

Independent of the collective and generic name *Innoït*, which serves also to designate every man, to whatever nation he belongs, the Esquimaux give themselves other names, serving to designate, some the large tribes, others the smaller clans. Thus the Esquimaux in question, who, to the number of about two thousand souls, inhabit the shores of the Arctic Glacial Sea, between Cape Bathurst and Colville River, give themselves the specific name of *Tchiglit*, in the singular *Tchiglerk;* those of Hudson Bay who frequent Fort Churchill call themselves *Akut* or *Agut*, plural *Agutit;* the Aleutians *Tagut*, the Tchukatchis *Tatchut*, the Kamtchatkadales—Tuski— *Tchuktchit*, the Greenlanders *Karalit*, etc. All these names are the equivalent of *vir*, *viri* (men), as the names of *Innok*, *Innoït* signify *homo*, *homines*.

The Loucheux and Hares name the Esquimaux of the River Anderson *Tchizaréni;* but this name, which is a corruption of the adverbial location *tcikdjarni* (on the coast), is purely arbitrary and is not recognized by the Esquimaux.

The other characteristic names of the small tribes express a local or emblematical idea. They naturally vary with the tribe which has given them to its neighbors. The following are those of the Esquimaux tribes known as the Tchiglit of the Mackenzie. The course I have adopted is from west to east,—that is, from Kamtchatka to the mouth of the Copper Mine River.

1. *Piktormeut* (the dwellers of the powdering snow), a tribe situated beyond Behring's Strait, either in Kamtchatka, or on the west coast of America. The locality they inhabit is called *Pirktork* (the place of powdering).

2. *Natervalinet* (the inhabitants of Naterovik), probably those of Norton Bay. Naterovik having been described to me as a Russian trading post, it can only be the old redoubt Michaelowski.

3. *Tuyormiyat*, or the inhabitants of Behring's Strait. Their country is called Tckikrénérelerk..

4. *Apkwaméut* (enclosed or sedentary people). Probably the sedentary Tchukatchis of Kotzebue Sound. It was from them the Tchiglit acquired the knowledge of a sort of boots with broad folds, called for that reason *apkwaméortok*. Our Esquimaux will imitate only their western countrymen. They speak of those in the east and north as mere savages. The *Apkwaméut* live in a place called Kranik (starry snow).

5. *Nuna-tag-meut*, or those who dwell at Nunatagmun towards the strait. These latitudes are also named *Tchikreynérk kagvirartchinerk* (the sun shows the tip of the nose).

6. *Nuvung-méut* (the inhabitants of the cape). They occupy the environs of Cape Lisbon.

7. *Akillinerméut* (the inhabitants of Akillinerk), between Cape Lisbon and Icy Cape.

8. *Tarèor méut* (the inhabitants of the sea). They are found from Herschell Island to Liverpool Bay exclusively, and on the mouths of the Mackenzie.

9. *Kramalit*, or Esquimaux of the River Anderson.

10. *Kragmalivéit*, or inhabitants of Cape Bathurst.

11. *Kravanartat* (inhabitants of the east). Here the name becomes vague, and designates all the Esquimaux included between Franklin Bay and probably the Copper Mine River, or even Melville Peninsula.

12. *Anenerit* or *Innoït* of the Great East. A name still more generic, which belongs to all those of Hudson Bay, Labrador and Greenland.

13. *Kfikertalorméut* (the inhabitants of the island). Under this name are all the Esquimaux of the countries about the Polar Sea.

The following are other names, quoted a little differently by Richardson, of the Central Esquimaux tribes, that is,

those included between the Mackenzie and Hudson Bay. The course is still from west to east, but the names belong to the tribe of Liverpool Bay, and are unknown to the Tchiglit of the Mackenzie.

14. *Kroteyloréut* (the inhabitants of reindeer mountain), to the east of the mouths of the Mackenzie.

15. *Naggiuktor-méut* (the inhabitants of the Horn), at the embouchure of Copper Mine River;

16. *Kaner-méut* (the dwellers among the white partridges), to the east of Cape Alexander.

17. *Utkutciki-alin-méut* (the people who use stone kettles), on the shores of Booth Gulf.

18. *Ahaknanèlet* (silly women), they live in the neighborhood of Repulse Bay.*

The Dènès and the Dindjié have conceived great hatred and terror for the Esquimaux, who have massacred whole villages of them. Thus they designate them by the insulting epithet of Foot enemies *(Enna-k'é, anakren)* and enemies of the discovered country. The Hares name them also in derision Peeled-heads *(Kfwi-dèkèri)* in allusion to their hood tonsure which makes them resemble bonzes.

The Innoït, on their side, give return for the hatred of these Indians by the most profound contempt. Indignant at hearing themselves called *anakren*,—a word which they erroneously interpret by *anakrœ*, meaning excrement in their language,—they lavish on the Redskins the bitter epithet of *itkrélèit* (that is, the eggs of vermin), *taortjoït* and *ortcho-todjo-eytut*, words corresponding to the name given in derision to the Jews by the Romans: *Appellœ*.

They name Europeans and whites in general *Krablunet* (crowned), in the singular *Krablunark*. These words are derived from *Krablut*, eyebrow, and *Krablunark*, frontal or coronal bone; which would seem to indicate that what surprised them most in Europeans was their head-dress. A hat must, in fact, have seemed a curiously formed article in their eyes, because they saw it cover the forehead as far as the eyebrows, whilst they always go bareheaded, or wearing only a small hood.

They distinguish half-breeds of Canadian origin by the name of *Krolearkutcin*.

II.
PORTRAIT OF THE TCHIGLIT.

The Grand Esquimaux of the mouths of the Mackenzie and Anderson are rather above than below middle height. There are very tall men among them, but the women are usually of small stature.

They are robust, broad-shouldered, active in gymnastic exercises, excellent dancers and thorough mimics; but they are inclined to obesity, have a round and full head, the neck being too short. Their muscular strength is not great. There are among them no half-breeds of European or Redskin origin,—at least, if there are, they pass unnoticed; yet children and the fair sex are not without external advantages. They enjoy a rosy complexion, a plump and agreeable countenance, which has led me to suspect that a little white blood flows in the veins of a certain number. At the age of fifteen or sixteen this carnation and these graces vanish before the dull bistre tint, verging on olive, which is the color of the adults, and the broad and flat features of the Mongol race. I have seen a man of mature age among them with beard and hair as red as those of a Scotchman or Russian. He was evidently a half-breed from the western Muscovite factories.

* The names of several *Kuskutchewak* or *Innoït* tribes of Behring's Sea may be found in Baron Wrangel. They are in their terminations exactly like those I have just given, and the sense of the word is perfectly intelligible in the *Tchiglerk* dialect.

The characters of the purely Esquimaux type, which I have had opportunities of observing in many faces, are not seductive. A broad and almost circular face, broader at the cheek-bones than at the forehead, which is receding ; the cheeks fat, gross, round ; a conical occiput, a sign of degradation ; a wide mouth, always gaping, having two pretty bars of marble or ivory, ornamented with blue glass beads, hanging to the lower lip ; a small goatee, thin and red like their hair ; small black eyes, sparkling, narrow and oblique, like those of the Chinese, shining with a snake-like lustre and malice ; regular teeth, filed up to the gums ; a nose sometimes square, sometimes prominent and strongly aquiline, sometimes absent or reduced to a rudimentary form ; a complexion like *café au lait;* coarse, flat hair, brittle, and black as ebony, cut square above the eyes and covering the forehead, falling in long flakes on each side of the face ; an air silly when it is indifferent, sardonic when it would be loving, hideous when it expresses anger—this is the attractive type presented by the Tchiglerk arrived at manhood, who has already lost the graces of youth.

Fat, corpulent, tidy, the women have a fair complexion, more color in their cheeks and more delicate features than their husbands. Their upper lip is slightly drawn back, as it is represented among the Cossack and Tartar women, but the lower lip projects, making a by no means handsome blubber lip. Their nose is usually short, their forehead high, their eyes sparkling and less contracted than those of the men. They gather and tie their hair on the top of the head, like the Chinese and Japanese, and fasten it with enormous chignons of which I shall afterwards speak.

On the whole this nation gives assurance of intellect. Its inventive genius, its love of labor, the relative comfort enjoyed by its members, are strong evidences to this effect. Apart from this ingeniousness, these Esquimaux are probably the most thoroughly savage of any in America. Thieves, passionate, liars, suspicious, faithless, they, as it were, envelop you with unbounded pride, treat with you as with inferiors, or at the very least as with equals, strut like theatrical kings in feathered tinsel ; they are shameless, dishonorable, laugh impertinently at what you do or say, ape your actions, look at your book over your shoulder, seize your furniture or clothing even in your house, rummage your effects with inexpressible effrontery, come close to hear what you are saying to any one, destroy or steal everything that does not belong to them, and are always ready to thrust their knife into the first man they meet.

But I must stop. Shall I not be accused of slandering these poor wretches, to whom I have devoted my being, whom I love and shall love all my life ? I hope not ; for, after all, I am speaking of true savages, who do not know the hundredth part of what we have learned, who are destitute of light and of the aids which we have received from eighteen hundred years of civilization and religion. Probably we are no better than many savages, only we conceal our vices under the cloak of civilization, whilst they show us theirs in all their nakedness. In reality, it is very likely that we appear to them as bad as themselves, and more worthy of pity, since they are ignorant of hypocrisy. Their childish cynicism deserves, therefore, our indulgence more than our condemnation, and so much the more that they have been trained in this way and know no other. Besides, the Esquimaux have moral qualities and human virtues. They cherish their children, are hospitable, and consider as inviolable every stranger placed under their protection ; they are brave, susceptible of rightful emotions, and appear to me to have

more heart than the generality of Redskins, for I have seen them weep with tenderness. They respect the dying and dead, and pay attention to the sick. I have not learned that they destroy their children, although these are but little seen. They remember benefits received, jealousy is unknown to them, and they agree with each other. Finally, wives are submissive to their husbands!

These are the qualities which I can recognize in the Innoït, but that is far from the statement of the modern Arctic explorer, that "the most violent passions of our nature seem unknown to them (the Esquimaux);" that their life "recalled to him the charming ideal of man newly issued from the hand of the Creator, and not yet sullied by contact with our advanced civilization." Either the Esquimaux visited by this navigator were different from ours, which I may be allowed to doubt, or else he had immense charity. In any case his description does not suit the Tchiglit.

The diseases to which they are most subject are those of the stomach, proceeding from excess in eating; scrofula and other cutaneous disorders, on account of their exclusively living on animal food, which loads the blood with acrimonious humors. The women are subject to ophthalmia and aphony, or loss of voice, the probable causes of which are, in the one case, the smoky atmosphere of their subterranean dwelling, and in the other the too frequent use of porpoise oil, and perhaps also their moral deportment.

The Tchiglit have not yet embraced the Christian religion; there are not even catechumens among them; but when they shall be converted, it is very probable they will be as fervent and firm in good as they are now rooted in evil, for they are endowed with an energetic will, a penetrating mind desirous of knowing everything, and have an excellent memory. May the time soon come!

III.

COSTUME, HABITATION, MANNER OF LIFE.

It cannot enter into my plan to dwell at great length on this interesting Esquimaux tribe. I must sketch it in a few words, which is not easy, for everything here is strange to us, and seeks for a description, or at least a remark.

The costume of men and women is nearly alike, yet both deserve special mention. At home, the Tchiglit dress simply in skin drawers, prepared like chamois leather. When they are obliged to travel on business, such as visits to nets or traps, they put on two pairs of trousers, and two loose coats of reindeer or muskrat skin; but it is when they repair to the nearest trading post that they array themselves in their finery. I transcribe here the description of the costume of a chief whom I saw at Fort Anderson in 1865, and whom I accompanied to the Glacial Sea:

Above a shirt or blouse of muskrat skin, with the hair inside, he wore another blouse of summer reindeer skin, with short silky hair of the most beautiful maroon color; this upper dress, or *atiké*, had the hair turned outside, and was edged with several embroidered strips of black and white skin, alternately, and fringed with the long fawn-colored stiff hair of the wolverine. A small hood, sole head-dress of the Esquimaux, was fixed to the loose coat, and also edged with braid of white skin and fringes of wolverine. This blouse, cut slantingly at the side and terminated by rounded tails in front and behind, was only split so far as to let the head pass through, and reached no farther than the top of the thighs; the sloping part of the sides reached to the haunches.

A simple strap having a slip knot at one end, at the other a button of imitation ivory, representing two white

bears, heads joined, served as a belt *(tapcirk)* to Nullumallok; but behind he wore at his loins a black fox tail, thick and wavy. His legs were cased in a double pair of trousers, which resembled, in shape, the breeches of the Gauls and Lower Bretons, with the sole difference that the Esquimaux breeches *(kammark)* are not so full. The inner breeches are of muskrat skin, with the hair inside, like the shirt; the outer of reindeer, with hair outside. This dress is not open, but is fastened round the waist by a running cord; it only reaches to the top of the knee, where it is fringed with wolverine skin, like the blouse. At this part of the leg, the trousers are joined by a pair of boots made of the skin of the lower part of the leg of the reindeer, for the leg of the boot, and of porpoise skin, in folds carefully ornamented, for the part containing the foot. They contain a pair of bootikins of very pliable and fine white skin, serving for socks. I noticed that between the boot and the trousers, at the ham, part of the leg was always bare, in consequence of the small dimensions of the clothing; the sleeves of the blouse are also very short, and leave part of the wrist bare. It is the same with the belly, which the trousers can scarcely cover, and I observed that my visitors suffered from cold on these different parts of the body. It would be easy for them to remedy this inconvenience by lengthening their trousers and the sleeves of their blouse. But it never occurs to them that this could or should be done, they stick so faithfully to routine and to the usages of their fathers. Nullumallok wore mitts of moose skin, as white and silky as fine wool. They call these *pualuk*. Besides these, his hands were covered by gloves of reindeer skin, with the hair inside *(adsigait.)* This is the winter costume. That of his companions was almost the same. The Esquimaux have a great variety of dresses, each apparently more remarkable and more elegant than the other.

The women's clothing is made with the same good taste as that of the men. The jacket, of the same shape but a little longer *(kapituark)*, is decorated with ivory pendants, imitating on a small scale, fish, white bears and birds. They also wear, suspended from it, as talismans, the stuffed bodies of the crow, the falcon or the ermine. The trousers *(tcivorak)* are of one piece with the boots, and are composed of bands of skin of different colors, skilfully joined together. But what especially distinguishes the dress of the women from that of the men is the shape of the hood *(natcark)*. As it must cover the chignon, it attains such an incredible size that it resembles a gendarme's cocked hat. What completes the illusion, is a triple border of black skin, white skin, and the long, stiff, tawny hair of the wolverine, which surmounts its outer edge. The latter bristles in the manner of an aureole, or like flames, communicating to the head of the women an odd appearance. They might be styled hyenas in a rage.

Nursing mothers wear an ample jacket, fastened round the loins by a belt. In it they wrap their dear progeny, whom they can, by this means, suckle without exposing them to what would in their case be a deadly cold. These young infants are without clothing till about two years old. As to the incongruities committed by these little creatures on the back of the mother, which serves as a stove, maternal love, as among all other nations, enables them to endure them patiently and with indifference. These poor heathen women, as may be seen, might teach more than one fine lady. These women have the Hindoo and Thibetian custom of putting out their tongue as a sign of admiration and astonishment, and of answering affirmatively by wrinkling up the nose. Their face is tatooed

with five or six lines on the chin *(Kakinœrèt)* and with two lines at the wicks of the mouth.

The Tchiglit do not always eat raw meat as their Cree name of *Wiyaskimèwok* seems to indicate. Those who have given them the name eat it, probably, as much as they. But it may be said that their taste is so depraved (others would say so indifferent or even so perfect) that they eat food or fish as well raw as boiled or roasted, as well fresh as smoke or sun dried, or even strongly tainted. In the latter case many European *gourmets* might be of the same way of thinking. I have never seen them eat anything raw in summer. During winter it is another thing. The difficulty of procuring fire, or at least of maintaining a fire in their subterranean abodes powerful enough to admit of their cooking, the exigencies of a stomach which has always room for more, and which cannot wait long hours till supplies of meat, as hard as the rock, can be thawed and cooked, have made the devouring anything that comes in the way, made ready or not, first a necessity and afterwards a habit. The habit has ended by making them enjoy as delicacies what would be repugnant to our tastes. It may be that they are more philosophical than we. At all events they are less unhappy, because they accept annoyances without murmuring, and are never seen to lose their temper from causes which are independent of our will, and which we can do nothing to prevent. Spoiled children of Nature and Providence, we show on many occasions that we are not always equal to those whom we despise.

Our Tchiglit are sedentary from the month of October to the month of May; nomads for the rest of the year. Their whole life is divided between hunting, fishing and seeking for fur-bearing animals, whose skins they exchange at the Hudson Bay Company's posts. When the sun, reappearing on the horizon, begins to climb towards the zenith and to make its kindly warmth felt, the Esquimaux undertake their first journeys towards Forts MacPherson and Anderson, * to exchange the peltries collected during winter for tobacco, beads, ammunition for hunting, and cheap hardware, such as files, steels for striking fire, kettles, knives, marten traps, etc. Richardson says that the trade with the Esquimaux of the Mackenzie dates only from 1849. Previous to that time an attempt to trade cost Mr. Livingston, an officer of the Hudson Bay Company, and his people their lives. They were massacred by the Esquimaux on an islet, at the mouth of the Mackenzie. We know how Franklin, Richardson, Pullen and Hooper were received by the same Tchiglit. They owed their safety only to their numbers and fire-arms, with which, however, they only threatened the Esquimaux.

Up till this time, the trade between this tribe and the Hudson Bay Company has been conducted without quarrels or bloodshed, but not without threats and attempts on the part of these turbulent and tricky natives. All the prudence and coolness of the British traders were needed to obtain this result. Before 1849, the Tchiglit traded in the south with the Dindjié or Loucheux, and the *Nné-la-gottiné* or Hares, "from the end of the world," a Dènè tribe. Exchanges were made with the first at Point Separation,—that is, at the head of the delta of the Mackenzie,—with the second at the site on which Fort Anderson was built in 1859.

In the west, the Tchiglit communicated with their nearest neighbors, the *Tarèor-méut*, and the inhabitants of Akilinerk, who exchanged with them tobacco, pipes, blue and white beads, and large iron kettles, which they received directly from the tribes traffick-

* The latter post no longer exists. It was abandoned by the Hudson Bay Company in 1866.

ing with the Russians of Naterovik. These exchanges were usually made on Barter Island, situated in 144° W. long. from Greenwich. From thence goods, the produce of Europe, and which must have crossed over all Asia, by the agency of the Tchukschit of Kamtchatka, of the Akilinermeut and of the Tchiglit, reached the tribes of the Copper Mine River, Melville Peninsula, and the Polar Islands.

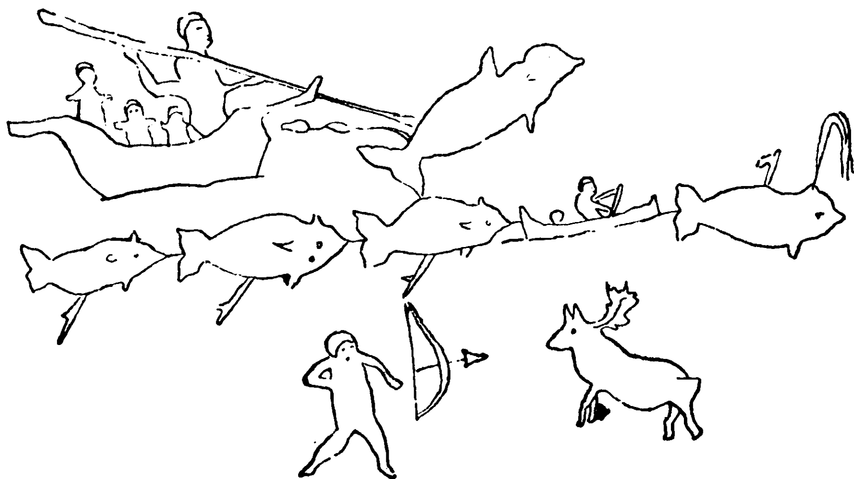
In these commercial wanderings our Tchiglit, it must be acknowledged, have but poor arrangements for a march. Their snow-shoes are so heavy and clumsy that they prefer not to use them, which makes their journey very painful. Their traineaux, like those of the Northern Asiatics and Russians, are mounted on runners, which sink in the snow, scooping out deep ruts, which tire out the dogs. As they are destitute of steel runners, the Esquimaux are obliged to supply the want by forming a covering of mud and ice the whole length of the runners; but as this covering is worn out by the friction, it becomes necessary to unload the traineau several times a day, to turn it over and make a new covering, by pouring on water, which, freezing instantly, becomes ice. To procure this liquid, which serves instead of steel, they must, with the help merely of an ox horn mounted on a long pole *(toron)* for a handle, dig through a crust of ice several feet thick—a long and painful operation. In place of camping on the shore or in the woods when on their journey, they prefer to spend two or three hours making a hut of hardened snow *(apun iglu)*, in which natural heat alone, added to that from a smoky lamp, must suffice. Our Tchiglit proceed in the following manner to construct their huts. I have taken the liberty of transcribing a passage from my journal of 1865:

By the help of a long cutlass with which they are always armed, two of them cut on the river, in the hardened snow which covered the ice to the depth of four or five inches, rough blocks in shape a more or less regular trapezoid. They placed these on a spot on the surface of the ice, and around the whole of the circumference marking the dimensions of the future house. When a first tier was laid, a second was superposed, then a third, which were turned like a snail-shell. At the same time water was thrown into the interstices of the blocks of snow to serve as mortar. Better cement could not be seen, because the water freezing instantly and saturating the sides of the vault as fast as it was built, changed the snow into ice and made of all these wedges a solid whole, perfectly air-tight. In less than two hours the house was finished; a last wedge, a veritable key-stone, consolidated the snail-shell and ended the work. We were then possessors of a small crystal palace, shaped like a beehive and the size of a beaver lodge. It was flooded with water, then covered again with snow; lastly, with three blows of the cutlass *(tsavi ratsiark)*, one of the Esquimaux cut an entrance into it, which might be two feet high, just space enough to slip in by crawling on the belly. This door was furnished on the windward side with a low semi-circular wall to protect it from the cold; on the opposite side, another wall supported, along with the first, a sort of pent house; the whole was of hard snow, turned into ice by the water. In this way our bedroom was prepared. They then carried into the hut reindeer and white bear robes, the lamp and provisions; all the useless baggage was left outside; then each one wormed his way inside, I last. The block which had been cut out to open a door in the lodge was replaced in the opening; it was sprinkled with water and we were thus imprisoned and absolutely cut off from all communication with the outer air. At the very first I shivered as if I were outside, but soon the air of this

apartment of such narrow proportions, becoming heated by our breath, our natural warmth and the heat of the lamp, I began to sweat, and that so copiously, that I was obliged to take off, as they did, all superfluous clothing. I even thought I was about to suffocate from want of air. I loudly demanded fresh air, at which the Esquimaux laughed heartily. In a short time the heat rose to such a point, in this snow hut turned into a hot house, that the walls began to sweat like the windows of an overheated room, and were entirely transformed into crystalline ice, through which we saw the light of the moon as through polished windows.

What is the internal arrangement of our crystal palace ?

Three-fourths of the circular space included under this dome of snow are reserved for a bed (*kragvaluk*). It is simply a platform of beaten snow, raised a foot above the floor of the hut, which is nothing but the ice of the Anderson river, nine or ten feet thick. On this platform robes, warm furs of the white bear (*nannuk*) and of the reindeer (*tuktu*) are stretched, to serve at once for clothes and blankets. The vacant space between the entrance and the platform is divided into three portions ; to the right of the door another small platform of snow receives a black stone, hollowed out of serpentine or kersanton, a foot and a-half long by a foot wide, in shape like a small barge. It is the lamp (*krolerk*), which reminds one of the Provençal *kalén*, borrowed from the Greeks. In 82° latitude, the Greenland Esquimaux call this same lamp *kotluk ;* those of Hudson Bay, at



FAC SIMILE OF ESQUIMAUX DRAWING.

I take the above drawing from a box in my possession received from the Esquimaux of the Anderson. The subject is traced on it in red and black characters, as silhouettes. It will be noticed that the principal personage of the scene is larger than the others, as in Egyptian and Greek paintings and bas reliefs, copied by the painters and sculptors of the Middle Ages.

The subject of the drawing, which is without perspective, is multiple.

At the upper part, an Esquimaux, standing in the bow of his *umiak*, managed by three women, is harpooning a white whale which has been once already harpooned. The lines and bladders can be seen floating behind the cetacea.

Lower down, another Esquimaux, seated in his *krayak*, is pursuing a wounded porpoise, which exhales with its blood its last sigh. At the same time, he is towing three others, which he has fastened together, and which have turned over in the water, belly upward.

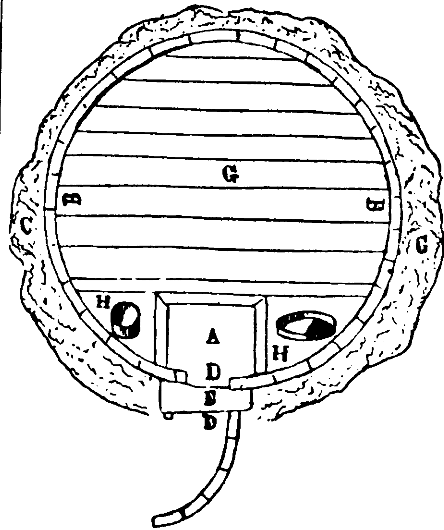
Finally, on the lower plane, a third Esquimaux is firing an arrow at a reindeer.

The general delineation of these figures, the position of the men and the form of the animals, are pretty correct. There is not a Dènè or Dindjié Redskin capable of making such a drawing.

Churchill, call it *kullek*. Have not these four words the same root, and do they not show the same origin?

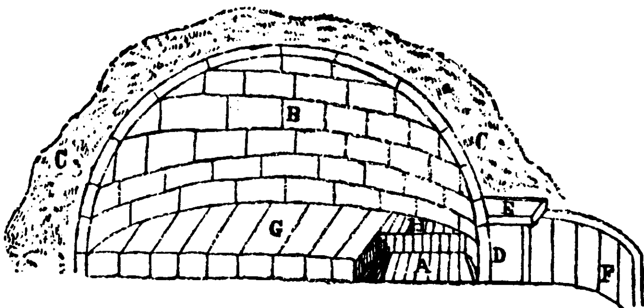
To the left of the entrance was another snow platform, which held a vase for a very different use. The thought that our bed-room, already so limited and so ill supplied with an air fit to breathe, was about to become a cesspool, after having been a smoking-room and kitchen, was sufficient of itself to sicken me. But what could I do?

Above the stone lamp a small rod was thrust into the brittle side of our palace; on this rod pieces of rancid whale's fat were hung; four or five wicks made of moss, arranged in one of the sides of the lamp, were saturated with fish oil and lighted. The heat of the flame gradually melted the whale fat above it; the fat began to drop into the small serpentine basin in the shape of oil or of liquid grease, and maintained the flame of the wicks, so that there never was more oil in the lamp than was necessary to keep up the flame, and that always melted enough of the fat to prevent it from being extinguished for want of oil. It is thus, by this simple and ingenious combination, the Esquimaux manage to keep up a perpetual fire without attention, provided they take care to replace the moss wicks when they are consumed, and to hang up other pieces of fat on the rod when the old have become dry.



GROUND PLAN OF AN IGLO-RIYOARK OR SNOW HUT, SERVING AS A CAMP ON A JOURNEY.

Civilized man as I am, I could not help acknowledging to these poor savages the admiration I felt for their ingenuity, at the same time thanking



TRANSVERSE SECTION OF AN IGLO-RIYOARK OR SNOW HUT, SERVING AS A CAMP ON A JOURNEY.

(A). Frozen bed of the rivers or sea.

(B). *Krayvιark*, arch of hard snow, showing the blocks, or wedges of snow *(killuk)*.

(C). *Saw*, shelving bed or outer covering of soft snow *(anniyo)*.

D). *Pah*, entrance to the hut, closed by means of a snow door *(upkuark)*.

(E). *Kraa*, shed of hard snow, to protect the entrance.

(F). *Tchukkak*, outer wall, or wind-fence.

(G). *Krιgvaluk*, bed, or platform of beaten snow.

(H). *Krolém-inné*, or place for the lamp, to the right; *Krorvim-inné*, or place for the vase, to the left.

God, who created the mind of man, and gave him power to face and overcome the powers of nature, however terrible, and however apparently opposed they might be to his existence.

In Greenland, the Esquimaux use amiant or asbestos wicks for their lamps; at sea, when moss is wanting, our Esquimaux make use of skin wicks. This lamp was the only fire by which we could heat ourselves or cook our supper. This is the practice in all Esquimaux huts.

All snow is not suitable for building the *iglo-riyoark*, that used being the frozen and hardened snow, which only forms in the middle of winter, in consequence of the intense cold, and especially of the violent winds, which heap it up and give it the consistency of blocks of sand. The thickness of this snow varies from two inches to half a foot. Between this crust (called *killuk* by the Esquimaux, *kollu*, *ollu*, by the Dènès) and the ground, a granulated snow (*natatkronark*) is found, which is crystallized and has the appearance of salt. This is the most useful for cooking, because being already changed into crystals of ice, it yields much more water than soft snow (*anniyo*).

In the month of June, when the icebergs have left the estuaries of our rivers, the Tchiglit again go to Forts MacPherson and Anderson, but by water. The men go in their light *krayaït* (*krayak* in the singular) made of porpoise skins, stretched on hoops, which are too well known to need description. The women, old men and children take their places in the vessels, also of skin, which they call *umiaït* (in the singular *umiak*), and which the Russians have named *baïdarka*. They serve for whale fishing.

The *krayak* is used for hunting the mink, muskrat or ondatra, seal or porpoise. The Esquimaux kill these animals with javelins (*kapotchin*) with shifting points, which differ according to the size and shape of the animal. They hunt the reindeer (*tuktu*) and the musk ox (*umimmark*) by means of barbed arrows, of which they have a great variety. It is only lately they have adopted the flint musket. From the middle of June to the middle of July the Tchiglit take to the fishing of herring, white fish and the *Inconnu* or salmon, in the innumerable channels of the Mackenzie. They preserve the fish they do not consume, either by exposing them to the smoke of a small fire, or by putting them in pickle in leather bottles full of porpoise oil, which they hang on trees. The smell which comes from these vessels, when the Esquimaux open them to test their contents, is inconceivable. Yet, it seemed to me that these fish, raw and red from fermentation, must be admirable food, so greedily are they devoured by the Tchiglit.

Reindeer hunting follows and accompanies fishing. It takes place from July into August, when these animals arrive on the shores of the Glacial Sea. It is followed by porpoise hunting, which goes on during the whole of August, on the sea at the mouth of the Mackenzie, Natowdja and Anderson rivers. The Tchiglit families, long scattered in the pursuit of fishing, are then reunited in their summer villages, which consist of wooden houses (*iglu*); they remain there till October. At this period only, their winter provisions having been collected, they think of putting up huts for winter, which compels them to leave the desolate shores of the ocean, to penetrate to a greater or less distance into the estuaries of the rivers already mentioned.

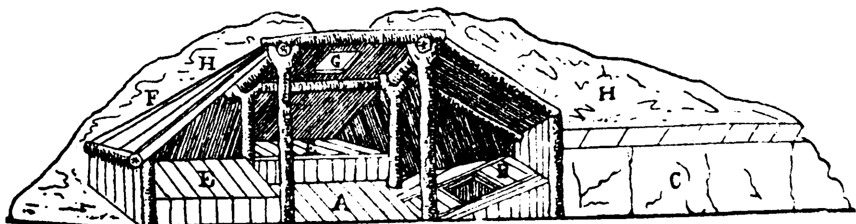
In the absence of forests, this cold country abounds with drift wood (*tchiamote*) with which the streams cover the Glacial Sea in prodigious quantities, and which the ocean currents carry to a great distance from the continent. This wood, an invaluable resource for the poor Esquimaux, supplies them

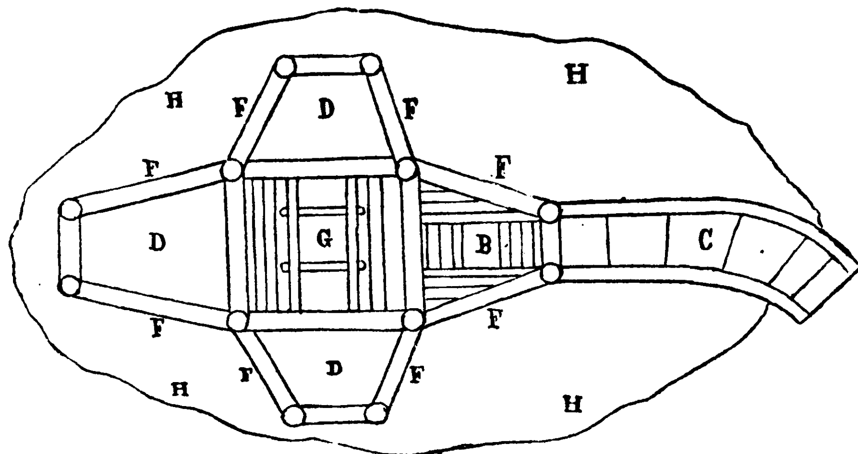
with the fuel with which they warm themselves in the summer, with which they cook their food, build their boats, make their arms, utensils, and especially their houses,—for these buildings must not be confounded with the snow huts of which I have first spoken. During their summer wanderings, they live under conical tents (*tupperk*) made of reindeer skin, closed at the top, and furnished almost like an *iglo-riyoark*.

I close this long chapter with the description of a winter house, that of my host of 1865.

These houses (*iglu*), collected into hamlets or villages, resemble on the outside circular hillocks or large haycocks, covered with snow. They are sometimes placed on the ice itself, but usually they are placed with their backs to a hill of a friable nature, which the Esquimaux partly dig, so that the *iglu* may be half subterranean and half above ground. At the top is framed a piece of ice, square and very clear, through which the light of day penetrates. Each house has in front a long, narrow and somewhat curved passage, which is built with large blocks of ice, placed on the surface and covered with other blocks, like dolmans, or Druidical remains. It is really a burrow of fifteen to twenty feet long by two and a half feet high, intended to preserve the habitation from all contact with external air. With this end it occupies a lower level than that of the *iglu*, because cold air does not ascend, and the upper part, on the contrary, retains the heated and lighter air. A single piece of sealskin forms the outer covering of this ice passage, which is scarcely distinguishable from the surrounding surface, and strongly recalls the mysterious Druidical galleries to be seen in Brittany. I will long remember the singular impressions which I felt on the first occasion in these black and oily holes. The odor breathed in them is far from ambrosial, but I smell something else when, half rising and lifting with my head another oil skin, which closed an inclined trap at the inner extremity of the burrow, the upper part of my body emerged into the interior of the Esquimaux house, shining with the light. What emanations—powers celestial!—assailed me at once! I thought I would be knocked back into the dark hole through which I had crawled on all fours. There was a compound of all perfumes: there could be smelled sweat, grease, rancid fat, the smoke of whale oil, the fœtid breath of the occupants, the fumes of tobacco, the steam of the kettle, and the odor of many other things. It was still worse than in the ice huts, which I had the consolation of perforating during the night, to inhale the fresh air through a small hole. No matter, I found myself in the presence of my hosts; the duty of acknowledging the hospitalities which I was receiving, and charity itself, constrained me not to vex them, and to conceal my disgust, so as to appear charmed. I placed my hands on the greasy edge of the trap (*kratark*), and raising my feet to the level of the floor, with one bound I was in the house.

Four fir logs, planted rectangularly in the ground, and fastened above by other trees of smaller dimensions placed crosswise, formed a sort of scaffolding; that was the framework of the house. Planks roughly squared with the axe and placed on this cage formed the ceiling of the apartment, in the centre of which the block of ice which I had seen from the outside was framed and cemented with moss and with snow sprinkled with water. The walls of the house were formed of pieces of wood resting obliquely against each of the four faces of the framework. Their interstices were filled with moss and snow, also packed and sprinkled with water. The space left in the middle (A), between the four trees serving as pillars for the edifice, was furnished with a flooring like the ceiling. Besides these, deals, squared with the axe, were placed





TRANSVERSE SECTION AND GROUND PLAN OF ESQUIMAUX WINTER HOUSE.

round the wall and formed a wainscot about three feet high. Opposite to and on each side of the trap or *kratark* (B) which served as an inner door to the building and opened into the *kranitat* or corridor (C), are the chambers or *krein-gork* (D), entirely occupied by as many platforms or divans *(iglerklit)* (E), which were used equally for seats, tables and beds for one or two families. These alcoves are naturally formed by the inclination of the sides (F) from the body of the framework, between the ceiling and the roof *(iralerk)* (G), to the floor. An outer coating of earth and watered snow (H) completes this ingenious building, into whose construction not a nail or bolt enters, and which has almost the form of a church, with its nave, choir and transept. The cut gives a longitudinal section and ground plan of one of these Esquimaux winter houses.

Nullumallok's hut, in which I lived, had only one chamber or alcove placed at the inner end, facing the door, but the others had each three alcoves, as marked above.

In these ingenious as well as comfortable houses, it is astonishing that there should be no fireplaces. They cannot be in countries where there are no trees. The locality in which we found ourselves formed an exception. But it was an autumn camp which my entertainers had the laziness to abandon in winter. The flame of the lamp, or *kroleït*, took the place of the absent fireplace. In these houses there are as many lamps as there are families. There were, therefore, two in the house which I occupied ; I have already described them, and the ingenious process for supplying them and keeping them continually burning night and day. Their place is at the foot of each of the

posts sustaining the building. They are kept as near the floor as possible, on a double row of stakes. Above is placed a sort of grating *(panertsiwik)*, on which are placed articles intended to be heated or thawed, as well as the food to be cooked. Let any one imagine the aroma of the meat roasted at the smoky flame of a lamp fœtid beyond expression, with no opening by which the black smoke can escape! This is the sole light by which these burrows are illuminated during the long nights of winter. It is the only stove which warms them at all seasons, summer excepted.

However difficult may be the belief, these houses have a degree of comfort which might be sought for in vain in the tents of the Redskins. The Esquimaux undoubtedly suffer much less than their neighbors, the Dènès and the Dindjiés. The temperature of their habitations, although destitute of fire, is always maintained at from 5° to 15° centigrade. Besides, they are furnished with an infinity of small articles, utensils and tools, hanging on the walls; quivers, bows, pipes, furs, clothing, satchels ornamented with bears' claws, belts of wolf or fox skin and nooses for catching hares, made of whalebone. On the floor lie scattered about bottles of the skin of the white whale (*krorlorark*) for holding water, the broad shovel (*pwalérén*) with which, at the beginning of building, the women clear the snow from the ground, wooden plates, deep dishes sewn with whalebone, women's knives (*ulualuk*), like knives for mincing meat.

In each alcove, or *krein-gork*, the place for the married men is at one of the lateral extremities. As there are usually two couples in each alcove, the men place themselves at each extremity. The woman comes next, beside her lamp, and the children or visitors occupy the centre, sleeping usually in the different direction from the married people—that is, their heads towards the inside of the alcove and feet on the edge of the divan, whilst the masters of the house place their head on the edge of the bed and turn their feet towards the outer wall of the apartment.

In the pillow of every male Esquimaux, even if only seven or eight years old, is thrust a knife *(tsaviratsiark)*. This weapon accompanies the Esquimaux everywhere; he does not take a step out of his house without it. It is his indispensable *vade mecum*, which takes the place of the axe of the Redskins. With this knife he eats, cuts up the animals he has killed in hunting, builds his snow hut on a journey, defends himself from his enemies, and avenges himself on those who insult him. The *tsaviratsiark* is everything in his eyes, so that he never lets it go, and frequently supplies himself with several. I noticed once in the hand of an Esquimaux a beautiful hunting knife obtained from an American whaler. I took it out of his hand to examine it more easily. The Esquimaux made no difficulty about letting me have it, and allowed me to examine it at leisure, but that he might not be defenceless he rapidly put his hand into his right boot, in Chinese fashion, and drew out a second knife. Surprised at this distrustful proceeding, and wishing to ascertain with how many weapons the man was supplied, I took the second knife, without returning the first. The Esquimaux was surprised, but gave up the weapon and plunged his hand immediately into his left boot, from which he drew a third knife. I took that, also, from him, persuaded that now I had succeeded in completely disarming him. Nothing of the sort. In the twinkling of an eye he had a fourth from the nape of his neck and stood on the defensive. I smiled at his chimerical fear and suspicion and returned to my man the other three knives.

The Esquimaux make their own weapons, as well as the articles and

utensils they use. Till now they have borrowed from the whites only the raw material, the metals. Their skill in forging and working in iron and copper is only surpassed by the dexterity with which they fashion, sculpture and polish moose and mammoth ivory. I have seen among them knife and tool handles, carved marline-spikes, arrow heads, sewing implements, needle cases, boxes, ear-rings, labrets or lip ornaments, belt buckles, fish hooks, made entirely of ivory, and in a style which would do honor to a skilful European workman. Their knives are often two-edged, with a blade from six to sixteen inches long, and in shapes as varied as they are curious.

TREASURE SEEKERS.

Eagerly the eyes flash in rosy, wind-touched faces,
    Underneath the beeches;
Little fingers deftly sweep the leaves from hollow places;
    Joyful laughter reaches
One who stands and watches them, behind the curtain fold,
And says, "You'd think these children were hunting after gold."

We are old and wise now, and smile to see their pleasure—
    Smile to hear their laughter;
But we too were children once, and beechnuts were a treasure
    Worth the seeking after.
Yes, we're wise, but so are they, although they're not so old,—
I wonder what they think of all our hunting after gold.

JANE SMITH.

NEGLECT FOR THE LIVING, AND HONOR FOR THE DEAD.

Great and gifted men, who almost suffer the pangs of want, and die neglected and broken-hearted, are often, long years after, paid the tender tribute of praise and tears by loving and admiring hearts. When disappointment and unhappiness cannot vex, nor success elate, the recognition and honor is tendered for which they longed and labored, but died without attaining.

While they bravely struggled to surmount the difficulties that beset and obstruct the path of ambition, the world remained cold and distant. It reached out no helping hand, nor offered any word of cheer or comfort to the noble spirits battling with the Tiber tide. But while they suffered all the pangs which unrewarded and unnoticed merit endures, detraction belittled their labors and envy blackened their character and ruined their career.

But after their aching heads were laid low, when their mighty minds had ceased to labor, and their proud hearts were beaten and bruised to death in the terrible conflict in which they conquered and were conquered; when they had achieved victory from posterity, and were beyond the hearing of earth's censure or applause, multitudes of admirers emerged from obscurity, and over their senseless ashes erected marble memorials and inscribed upon them mocking epitaphs.

It is sad to think of the great gifts of many, so little appreciated before death, so poorly paid for in their first fruits of recognition; and the heart goes out in strong and tender sympathy to the poor ambitious unfortunates, whose gifts are now so widely and heartily acknowledged, but who cannot now be comforted by the world's appreciation.

It is an old, old story, that has been repeating itself from the time when Homer begged his way through the seven cities which now contend for the honor of having been his birthplace, to the present day.

We blame the world greatly, and not without cause charge it with heartlessness, envy, malice and uncharitableness. But the world is not so guilty as it seems.

This neglect of the great and gifted is a curious custom of humanity, but its existence can be easily accounted for.

It is not because the world does not admire greatness, but because the world, which is at best no wiser than it should be, does not wish to appear to posterity as deficient in taste or judgment, and experiences considerable difficulty in anticipating the verdict of futurity.

The world is willing to encourage honest merit, but honest merit has many counterfeits, and the world is seldom able to distinguish the genuine from the spurious article, during the life of its unfortunate possessor.

The world is seldom well satisfied that a literary or artistic aspirant deserves success, until his death has removed all occasion to judge his performance from any other than a neutral and an unbiased standpoint. It reasons in a circle which leads to the no-conclusion of silence and neglect on the part of the world, and to discouragement and starvation on the part of the aspirant for its recognition and applause.

The world, moreover, is aware that

it has made mistakes. It has lionized men whom it thought great and gifted in one generation, and laughed at its folly in the next. It has derided and starved men of genius while they lived, and wept for its blindness and heartlessness when they were dead.

The world is, therefore, cautious.

"All that glitters is not gold,"

but we may not always be able to recognize the precious metal. The world does the best it can, but it rarely distinguishes itself by doing anything remarkably wise. It dislikes to make mistakes, but cannot help making them continually.

Even among those who are acknowledged to be great and gifted, there is great diversity of opinion in regard to new aspirants for literary or artistic fame. Genius does not seem to recognize genius so readily as one would suppose. It has sneered at the pretensions of a Dickens within my own recollection, and the world cannot be greatly blamed for doing the same thing.

There is, however, one mistake the great and gifted man never makes. He never doubts that he is great and gifted. The shallow-brained perpetrator of platitudes is also just as confident that he has genius, and never discovers his error. The world is sometimes of his opinion, and flatters, *fêtes* and honors him while he lives, but when he dies, discovers its mistake, and straightway shelves him in oblivion.

The great and gifted man may console himself, if he can, while his garments grow thin and threadbare, and his appetite is unappeased, with the reflection that the world will sometime acknowledge his gifts and honor his memory. But this sort of consolation is not very comforting. If the great and gifted could listen to some of the speeches that will be made, or partake of some of the banquets that will be given, or pawn the mausoleum that will be erected in his honor, the consolation would be much more substantial and satisfactory.

It should be borne in mind also that your great and gifted man has faults in common with ordinary humanity—only, unfortunately, they are frequently more glaring; and if his peculiar claim of special privileges be admitted, and especially if prematurely, he may put in no end of appearances and make no limit of demand; he may become a capacious sponge, a non-payer of debts, or a borrower of money, such as Lamartine, Dumas and Webster, or Edgar A. Poe, and divers others,—unhappy and make-shift geniuses.

Now the world does not like to be annoyed in this manner. It is willing to pay for amusement and instruction, but dislikes to pay too great a price, or to pay more than once for the same thing. It has no faith in renewed and irregular contributions.

But after death the case is altogether different. The world understands that it owes a debt to genius, and it is generally willing to pay. It owes genius a mausoleum. That purchased, paid for and erected, the appreciative world supposes the debt to be liquidated, except with respect to annual festivities, speeches, dinners, toasts, poems and parades, and it has no fear of another mausoleum being demanded.

But this does not, after all, signify any special degree of generosity or disinterested gratitude; for the world, and not the great and gifted dead, admires the mausoleum, and the world, and not the departed, eats the dinners and drinks the toasts.

J. O. MADISON.

LIFE IN GLENSHIE.

BEING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF ELIZABETH RAY, SCHOOL-TEACHER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MY YOUNG MASTER," ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"The one great rule on which I acted still,
To wit that I should work my own desire
And do in all things after mine own will."
THOMPSON.

When the children adopted me as the teacher of their choice, the parents took me into their hearts, and I was as happy as they could make me. I liked them all extremely. Their ways, their customs and opinions were as new to me as I was to them. I often fancied to myself that life in Glenshie was as interesting as Walter Scott's novels,—with this delightful difference, that I was seeing instead of reading. Seeing the incidents before one's eyes ought to be of more absorbing interest than waiting until they were gathered, dried and pressed into books.

Mrs. Morrison, except for vicious attempts to throw doubts on Revelation, and her habit of ransacking heaven and the regions under the earth for sacred names to make free with, or terrible ones to dare, in her familiar use of the dreadful words that describe eternal condemnation, was both kind and thoughtful. She had read a great deal, and seen a great deal of the wide world besides. I often wondered at the fact of meeting a countrywoman of my own so completely amalgamated into Scottish life as Mrs. Morrison was. She spoke Gaelic as well as her husband; it was always the home-language with the children,—in fact, she seemed most of the time to forget that she had ever drawn breath on the green island. I said to her one day:

"It seems so strange to me that you are an Irishwoman! How did it ever come about?"

"My own self-will brought it about," said Mrs. Morrison in a reflective way, feeling her chin as if she were stroking the beard that was not there. "I suppose you would hardly think I had ever been counted good-looking?—I was then, though my good looks died away long ago. When I was seventeen, the boys used to talk about my beauty as if it was something wonderful. I was counted the best figure, the best dancer, and the most fearless rider in the country round. My people were farmers,—I think I told you that before; but I didn't tell you of the uncle that spoiled me with his loving flattery. He was a great reader, and so was I. He taught me to think so much of Rousseau,—I read novels and nothing else, and lived in a world of my own. I was spoiled, if ever any one was; went where I liked; dressed as I liked; was at every dance in the country round, and was called the belle of the county. Sometimes my mother would advise,—but she was a weakly, timid woman, and Uncle put her down with, 'The girl shall have her own way. She'll ride in her carriage and four yet. She's a wife for the best lord in the land.'

"I met Hugh at a ball, at many a ball, and well I knew, by the signs and tokens, that he worshipped the ground I walked on, though he never said a word to me. If his tongue was silent his eyes said enough. Well, I took the small-pox, and lost the clear red and white that

made my face look pretty. You did not notice it? Well, you would if you looked close, but I know the marks did wear away a good deal. When I got up out of bed, he was, I found, the only true lover I had. He was only a sergeant in a Highland regiment, and my people were neither to hold nor to bind when they knew I cast an eye of favor on him. I pleased myself all my life, and the heart that was true was the heart for my money. He did not like to ask me to leave a hot and full home to follow a soldier over the world, but I told him no other man born would ever put a ring on me. We ran off together,—faith, they said it was I ran off with him,—I've followed him over the world and I never rued it; I'd do it all over again to-morrow. My friends wanted to forgive me and be reconciled to me,—I was an only daughter, you see; but they had flouted at him and his country, and I wouldn't be reconciled, nor take their forgiveness. I ran past my uncle, and him standing with his arms open for me,—that's all I'm sorry for to-day."

"Do you never write to your people at all?" I asked.

"No; I did as your Bible recommends—I forgot my father's house and my own people, and followed the fortunes of war with my husband. Mary was born in Gibraltar, after we came home from Burmah. Neil was born in Guernsey. When he was discharged, after he lost his health, we lived with his father and mother in the Highlands for awhile. When we came here we brought the old people with us. The old man has been dead this many a year, but the old woman's alive and hearty, and long may she be. And that's about all, and I'm a confounded fool for raking it up." And Mrs. Morrison smoothed down her blue woollen apron and went about her duties with a more than usually martial stride to cover her foolishness in talking of the past.

I often wondered what was in the little dark, silent Highlander to win the love of this strong-minded woman. The question had to go unanswered, like many a problem of human life.

About this time a Mr. McLachlan, from Scotland all the way, preached in the church at the Corners, both in Gaelic and English. He was only a passing minister, and stopped to preach on his way to somewhere else.

I never heard a sermon before that time like that sermon, and very few since. Whether he was the greatest of preachers, or my heart was more prepared, I do not know. One thing I do know, it tore off my covering of self-complacency for ever.

His text was, "Ye are dead and your life is hid with Christ in God." He spoke of people who were dead in trespasses and sins, an awful present death—a death to all that was great and godlike, leading down to an eternal death. A dead soul is without God in the world, for God is not a God of the dead, but of the living. It was awful to listen and hear these truths brought so near and made so plain.

Then he spoke of another class of dead people who had died to sin, and received from God a strange new life—not entrusted to their own weak keeping, as Adam's was, but laid up with Christ, safe in a bank that never breaks, safe in the eternal fatherhood of God—a life given to us as a free gift, a life so precious that the gold of all the universe, the gems of all the crowns that ever sparkled in earthly sunlight, could not be mentioned as a price—a life bought with blood and anchored safely within the vail. He described also the blessedness and the safety of the man who had the hidden life—how all woes and sorrows, every blow aimed at him by circumstances, fell outside of him; the impossibility of him being poor, or sorrowful, or forsaken; the wonders he was able to perform; what he was able to endure, till men asked

him in astonishment where his strength lay, but it was hidden where his life was—with Christ in God.

I knew all this before—not so fully or so eloquently told, perhaps—but I knew it. The glorious privileges of those inside of the Ark, the unspeakable desolation of those outside, he made plain; but the sermon ended before I could understand as plainly how the dead in sin might cross over to the ranks of the dead to sin. I could have cried when he said Amen. I felt earnest enough to stop the minister on his way from the pulpit to ask how I might get that hidden life.

I came home so slowly that when I turned into the green lane I was alone. I stopped under the elm tree. No one was near. I fell on my knees to call upon God, but I could not pray; my words fell back on me. Everything seemed unreal. I fancied a mocking voice said, "Call now if there be any that will answer thee!"

I was about closing school one evening some days after this, when Walter came in.

I was so glad to see him! He sat down till I dismissed the scholars, and then I said:

"What brings you here to-day? It is a lucky chance, whatever it is."

"I had business for Mr. Ramsay over at Badenoch, and I ran up from the Corners to see you," he said.

I looked at Walter, I heard a change in his voice, and I saw a change in his face. I took alarm and said quickly, "Is anything wrong, Walter, that you look so strange?"

"Do I look strange? No; nothing is wrong. I hope what was wrong is put right. Come with me and I will drive you home; I have not time to linger."

I put on my hat, a broad-leafed, home-made article, a present from one of my scholars, and got into the buggy with him.

We overtook little Donald Morrison on the road, who jumped up behind for a ride, and then jumped down to open the gate.

Half way down the lane grew my favorite big elm tree. It was such an elm as would have been written about had it grown in the old country. It would take Scripture terms to describe fitly its vigor and the spread of its mighty branches. The feathery lightness and grace of every spray, showing in relief against the clear sky, only a poet could do justice to.

"Under that great elm is a favorite resting-place of mine when the day's work wearies me," I said to Walter.

"We will stop here, then," said Walter; it is just the place for what I have to tell you."

Little Donald Morrison, who was hanging on behind, dropped off and ran away home, leaving us alone. The Morrison children are wonderfully nice in their ways, never intrusive or ill-bred, but full of bashful Highland courtesy. When he was gone I turned to Walter, who was looking up through the branches of the big elm, and said,

"Well?"

He turned to me, "Elizabeth, I have found peace in believing."

I am sorry to confess it, but my first feeling was pain—"Walter is taken and I am left."

"You know what this means?" said Walter. "You too have professed Christ, Elizabeth."

"Tell me about it, Walter," I said. I could not say to my brother, so beautiful in his happiness, that my profession had brought me to be on better terms with myself for awhile; that it had not brought me to the peace that flows like a river, and now I was convinced that it was an empty profession.

"I have been troubled in my mind ever since I heard Minister McGillivray preach first," said Walter. "I was in great trouble after hearing him preach on 'What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'

I could not get rid of the words. One day some fellows were in the store chaffing with Mr. Ramsay. They accused him of being proud. One said, 'You feel as big as if you owned all creation and had collected your rents.' 'I expect to own a good bit of it before I die,' said Mr. Ramsay, laughing in that self-satisfied way of his. 'It will be but a little bit you'll ever own of it, though you should wear away your soul scraping it together,' said the other.'

"I thought of that all night, 'It will be a little bit you'll ever own if you wear away your soul for it.' All that I could get or hold of this world began to look so small, and my soul so precious. I heard another sermon from Mr. McGillivray on 'Follow me.' While he was preaching I felt my heart go out after Christ, I felt all my soul going into a consent to follow Him, and I am happy. I was so happy that I asked for time the next day and went over to the minister's to tell him. Mr. Ramsay gave it grudgingly enough, though I have never asked for an hour since I came to him before. The minister and I talked a long time, sitting by the study window, looking down towards the Grace river, flowing along at the foot of the meadow under the elms. I have been thinking a good deal, Elizabeth, thinking this long time, and searching the Scriptures every spare moment I had, and I knew what was the desire of my heart. I said to the minister, 'See here is water, what doth hinder me to be baptized?' He said, 'If thou believest with all thy heart thou mayest.' I said, 'I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and my Saviour.' So we went down to the river and he baptized me."

"Oh, Walter!" I said, "but papa got you baptized before."

"I know, dear, but I had believed for myself and I wanted to get baptized as my own act, obeying for myself Christ's command. This is what I wanted to tell you."

A silence fell between us for a while; then he said:

"It will not make any difference between you and me, Elizabeth?"

"No, my darling," I answered; "nothing, not even death, shall part you and me."

"I have entered a road where there is no turning back. Pray for me that I may go straight on, not turning to the right hand or the left," said Walter earnestly. "I will leave you here now; I do not care to go up to Morrison's, and I must hasten home."

So saying he left me, and I sat for a long time under the tree thinking. There had fallen a great blessedness on Walter I knew. I did not feel as he felt. I feared, oh! so much, lest any separation should cause us to drift apart. Whatever private thoughts I had, school was to be taught, and it was necessary to forget my thoughts, or seem to do so, in order to make myself agreeable to the ruling power at Morrison's afterwards. There was to be a Sacrament, as the country people expressed it, at the Corners. Two ministers were to be there, and Mr. McLachlan was to preach once more on that occasion. Word was sent to me to give it out in the school, that the children might carry home the news and warn out the people. This was on a Friday, and, as I felt very restless, I determined on Saturday to go down to Mr. Jessop's, ostensibly to see how the sofa pillow progressed, really to divert my mind from the strain of one thought; even Mr. Jessop's enquiries I thought would be a relief. I was made to feel myself very welcome, and found the sofa-pillow progressing favorably. I met a stranger there, a tall, blue-eyed man with fair hair, who was introduced to me as Mr. Ronald McAlpine, from the lower end of Badenoch. Before I was there long, they began to talk of the prayer-meetings which were being held every evening in Blair-Athol, and of Walter's baptism. Mrs. Jessop was very much alarmed for fear her Richard

should follow Walter's example. I did not think Mr. Richard very much in earnest about anything, he was so full of jest and laughter. He never seemed to have considered anything seriously, but to be full of whims and mirth-provoking ideas; but the human heart is deep, and some thoughts do not readily come to the surface. He went away to the prayer-meeting after tea, despite his mother's rather irritable remonstrance.

He said to me, with his hand on the door, looking at his mother, who felt baffled and vexed, "Mother feels as uneasy, Miss Ray, as a hen sitting on ducks, for fear of any of her brood taking to the water," and he disappeared amid the laughter that followed.

Robert Jessop looked at me with his sad, earnest eyes, and said:

"You don't like these jests, Miss Ray." "There are different points of belief in different denominations, but the central truth stands firm—we have a Saviour who is able to save us from our sins."

I drew near to him, saying, "Have you this hidden life, Mr. Jessop?" We were apart from the rest a little, and no one but he heard my question.

He turned on me a look so glad that it transfigured his face. "Do you care? Have you an interest in these things? If I did not know that my Redeemer liveth how could I bear to feel my heart and flesh faint and fail? I laid my hand in His who is my peace, the Lord my Righteousness, long ago. I wish it was really with Rich as mother fears. If he were only safe in Christ, let him follow where his conscience leads; but I see no sign of any serious change."

When silence fell between us I drifted out on the verandah and stood at the end of it, looking down over the mills to the dark pine woods beyond the river. Away there in the west was Walter rejoicing in the Lord. He and many others were to be publicly added to the Blair-Athol church soon. I think these occasions are to a church like the feast of the ingathering to the Jews, a time for great gladness of heart.

Inside was Robert Jessop slowly wasting away, but bright with the same precious faith as Walter had found. I had no such assurance, despite my profession. I felt more of an orphan that night than I had done since I came to Canada. I do not know how long I stood there looking away over the dark woods towards Walter till tears of self-pity came into my eyes.

"You are very pensive, Miss Ray," said Mr. McAlpine behind me.

"Yes, I am a little sad," I answered. "Walter and I are alone in the world, and we are so much apart."

"I have a greater reason to be sad than you have," he answered.

"I do not know how that can be?" I said. "You dwell among your own people; you should be happy."

He stood silent a little, and then said, blushing like a girl, "No, I never saw Happiness except a glimpse of her round a corner. I covet that happiness that makes Robert Jessop not afraid to die. I suppose I will never attain it, for I forget all about it in other things often and often. And yet, though I only seek it by fits and starts, I cannot be happy without it. I envy you secure people."

"I do not feel secure a bit, Mr. McAlpine, though I am a member of a church. I desire but I have not, like yourself. I am not like Robert Jessop or my brother, rejoicing in hope," I said, sadly.

"I have a book here that first made me long for more than I can get out of this present life," he said. He took the book out of the breast-pocket of his coat and showed it to me. It was "The Heavenly Footman," by John Bunyan. He insisted on lending it to me, telling me that he would call on me for it at the school as he passed. I wondered at this man, whom I understood from the Jessops to be quite a

sharp and successful man of business, keeping his religious aspirations such a secret, and yet telling them to me, a perfect stranger. When I returned into the parlor Mr. McAlpine, Amelia Marston and Richard (now returned from the meeting, if he had been there) got into a discussion on doctrines, and the length to which Christians might go in amusements. Mrs. Jessop was away at some household duty, the old gentleman was in the kitchen questioning one of his workpeople, and I drew near to Robert Jessop. I felt as if he could help me. He had considered the soul's hunger and the sufficiency of the Living Bread more thoroughly than I had ever done. He spoke of Jesus with perfect love and trust, from such a near acquaintance with him that he reminded me of dear Miss Borg. She and Robert Jessop were near of kin. The love of Christ does make "aliens near of kin."

"I wish I could be with you a great deal," I said. "You could help me, I know. I am full of doubts and fears."

"My dear Miss Ray," he answered solemnly, "human help can only go so far and no farther. You must go in to the King. Christ, you know, is set as a King upon the holy Hill of Zion; from Him alone will you get the secret of the Lord, which He gives to them that fear Him, when He shows them His covenant."

When, at length, after family worship, I was conducted to the glory and solitude of the spare bedroom, I made a vow that I would never give over seeking till I found this assurance, and in the comfort of this resolution I fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

Next morning there were large preparations to take every one to the church because it was Sacrament Sabbath. I think the Highlanders of Glenshie regard the Sacrament Sunday as the Jews did that feast of which they said, "That Sabbath day was an high day." A large waggon with a span of coal-black horses was brought to the door.

"That will take a Methodist load," said Richard to me. I had never heard the term before, and Robert explained:

"The Methodists," he said, "have been often the pioneer preachers of the backwoods. Those of their people who had horses went round gathering up the people who had none and were not able to walk the distance. They loaded down their teams, taking all that could possibly be packed into the waggon or sleigh, and so the term arose. This term, therefore, became to me a testimony of how the early Methodists helped one another to come within the sound of the Gospel. Grand preparations of all sorts had been made beforehand at Jessop's, so that all might be at liberty to go to church, and also that they might bring home with them as many who were far from home, or strangers in the country, as they could gather up. This was one of the customs of Glenshie. Mr. McAlpine took Miss Marston with him in his buggy. Robert Jessop drove a small light carriage,—I wondered that he ventured out at all, he looked so frail. He asked me to ride with him, telling me that Richard would collect such a load as he went along that my weight might be the identical feather that would break the camel's back. Mr. Richard declared his horses would draw all that could be packed in the waggon and our horse and buggy with ourselves besides, without feeling it much of a load. Richard felt very proud of his horses, and indeed they were a fine team, beautifully matched, and went along as if a load was no trouble to them at all. As we drove along, Robert Jessop spoke earnestly to me of the necessity of serving the Lord fully, of being wholly given up and dedicated, without keeping any part back, in order to secure the greatest happiness. He said:

"A Christianity filled with ifs and buts, doubts and fears, is a poor thing

in life or in death. If Christianity, that portion that we have attained to, will not do for us what it promises in this life, how can we trust it for the swellings of Jordan and the Beyond? I am drawing near, as we all are, to the eternal world; what should I feel, if I only thought of Christ as a Saviour—the Saviour. I lay my hand on Him—all unworthy as I am, and claim Him as my Saviour, my Lord. Nothing less than this satisfies my soul. Jesus, my Beloved, is mine and I am His."

"I have always," I said, "trusted God, the God of my father, and believed in Christ,—I do not remember the time when I did not; but it is in a sort of a hereditary way. I feel no such assurance, no such personal trust and joy, as you describe—as Walter feels; and he has been but a short time seeking," I added with a tone of injury in my voice. "In spite of my profession I feel as if I was separated from Walter, as if he had gone in to join shining ranks, where you are, Mr. Jessop, and where I cannot come."

"I do not know any plan you can take to get this assurance, Miss Ray, but to drop the righteousness you have and come to Christ anew as a sinner. If the covering you are wrapped in is too short and too narrow throw it away; do not struggle to cover yourself with it any longer. Come to our Lord for a new robe. Take hold of one of His golden Whosoevers—Whosoever will—and be brought into assurance by 'the wicket gate which stands at the head of the way.'"

I felt a little offended with Robert Jessop. I knew I had a want, but I did not think I was as needy as he seemed to think me. I, with my godly education, and my struggles after God, I needed something—I knew not what, but not everything—a piecing out—an adding to—a supplying of some deficiency, without which I could not be completely happy, but not such a complete change. "This Robert Jessop," I said to myself, "must think very little of me and of all the advantages I have had, if my experience, my whole past life, goes for nothing."

I had been telling the Lord in prayer, that very morning, how utterly unworthy I was of the least of all His mercies; how needy, orphaned and lone I was, and here I was hurt that Robert Jessop seemed to take me at the same valuation I put upon myself in the presence of my Maker. While I sank into silence and thought of these things we came to the church at the Corners. Glenshie church was very different from Blair-Athol church, which was built like a school-house, with small square windows. Glenshie church was very large, white and lonely-looking. Not a single green tree grew near it, in this land of trees. The tall, arched windows stretched up as if they were standing on tip-toe to look into the galleries—and succeeding.

When we drove up all the vacant place round the church and the burying-ground was filled with people. On each side of the road were saddle horses, waggons, buggies, carts, and every possible style of Canadian conveyance, drawn up to the fence, to which the horses were tied. Still the people were gathering. Men on foot with staffs in their hands; women carrying their shoes; men on horseback, with some one behind them (as I had ridden into Glenshie first), some with the wife behind and a little one in front perched on the pommel of the saddle. Richard Jessop was disembarking his Methodist load, and it was a wonder how he had stowed so many into one waggon.

English was to be preached in the church and Gaelic outside. The Gaelic minister stood in a waggon, one of his elders standing behind him holding an umbrella over his head to keep off the sun. The people, seated on knoll or tombstone, were clustered round him.

We went into the church, which was crowded in every part. There were three rows of seats in the body of the church. A great gallery swept horseshoe fashion round three sides, and its seats, rising tier on tier to the ceiling, were packed with people. I never saw so many people together in my life before. This packed crowd, with hushed, attentive faces and eyes turned to the minister (country people do look at the minister), made me think, with a feeling of awe, of all these souls that might be saved and could be lost. I thought the minister might say to himself, "Whence shall a man find bread that these may eat?" Blessed are those ministers who know Him who carries the keys of the granary!

I expected that Walter would be there, but he was not. He could not be in any corner of that great congregation without my heart telling me where to look for him. The sermon was on the text "And the Lord shut him in." It was another grand effort and held me spell-bound; but it did not seem to help me, except as it caused me to covet more intensely the security of those whom the Lord shut in—His people, elected according to the foreknowledge of God.

From the church I went home to my boarding-house. No persuasion of the Jessops was sufficient to take me home with them. I shrank from Robert as if he were a physician who used the probe unsparingly.

My duties in school ran on pretty smoothly; I was queen there. The weather was delightful, the green lane along which my path to school lay was "a thing of beauty," and a daily joy to me. I tried to still the craving I felt by throwing myself more entirely into my duties, striving with all my heart to find pleasure in them, until the young minister came who compelled my thoughts to return to the same subject.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was autumn, and incessant
Piped the quails among the sheaves.
LONGFELLOW.

One morning, as lovely a morning as ever dawned on Glenshie, I was sitting on the broad flat stone that lay in front of Morrison's door and served for a step. This stone was a favorite perch of mine. It was so extensive in its broadness and flatness that it might have served as capstone to a pyramid. I was sitting on this stone, looking at that part of Glenshie which was visible from my perch. I cannot sufficiently admire this bright, new, fresh-looking country, which owes so much to nature and so little to art. The sky was cloudlessly blue and bright, the land level and rich through the wide clearings, with a background of forest, where roundheaded, leafy maples spread their umbrage wide, mingled with the graceful droop of elms, sturdy butternut and stately ash; and far off, at the limit of my horizon, on a low ridge, serried ranks of upward-pointing pine bristle up against the sky; nearer are a few feathery hemlocks. They tell me that through the haze of the beautiful Indian summer these woods glow and burn as if they were dyed in sunset. Down at the foot of the little grassy slope, on the brow of which stands the Morrison homestead with its very extensive doorstep, runs the Grace river, winding along through the meadow, green with aftermath. Beyond are fields all golden with the ripening harvest. An old American magazine has wandered into this out-of-the-way place. There is a political article in it which says, "If the country is tickled with a straw it laughs with a harvest." The farming here, I think, is not tickling but scratching, yet the harvest is laughing all around.

Is there anything on earth more beautiful than a field of ripe oats, with

its feathery golden heads rustling richly as the warm breeze ripples over it! The broad field on the other side of the river looks like a sea of tossing gold. Next is a great field of wheat, its martial-looking ears standing rank on rank, an exceeding great army, holding up their barbed heads as if they were prepared to defend the plenty with which they are laden. They will have to surrender, however. Mr. Morrison and Neil are over there swinging their cradles and laying them low. I hear the sharp swish that tells how the cradle-scythe cuts through their goodly ranks. I wonder if ever I will feel reconciled to see the cradle take the place of the poetic sickle, which still lingers in Glenshie in the hands of old men, matrons and maids, in spite of the innovating efforts of the young men who are trying to introduce the cradle. I ought to be, for every labor-saving machine proclaims that labor—humanity—is precious in this delightful Canada, and holds out hope to the crowds who are vainly asking leave to toil in the Old World. No one will do that here; Canada seems busy as a hive of bees. Every house is a small manufactory. This morning before I came here, eleven cows were milked, numerous calves fed, and a big cheese made of new milk. While I sit here enjoying the picture spread out before my eyes, I hear the old grandmother crooning a Gaelic ditty, sitting within the open door, where she is busily engaged in twisting stocking-yarn with her spindle, and thinking, I daresay, of that other Glenshie of which this is a Canadian namesake, where her foot in merry girlhood stepped on Highland heather; for the hearts of these people turn from their rich fields and free homes with love-longing to the barren rocks, heathy glens, and cottar huts of their own native land. Mary is singing beside her birring wheel, Mrs. Morrison is down at the river, in a dark blue petticoat and bare shoulders, sitting on her heels on one stone pounding some clothes with a flat stick on another. By and by all available help will go up to bind after the cradles. The little children are playing about, talking Gaelic, managing the most astonishing sounds with perfect ease. I have a new book on my lap; I am not reading, only pretending to read—the sights and sounds around me I find more interesting than any book. The book is a "Child's History of England," which I am hoping to be able to introduce into the school. I have read one sentence:

"The little neighboring islands which are so small on the map as to be mere dots, are chiefly little bits of Scotland broken off, I daresay, in the course of a great length of time, by the power of the restless water."

I drop the book on my lap again and go off into a speculation: if Glenshie and its kindred settlements of Blair-Athol and Badenoch are not bits of Scotland broken off from the much-loved land by a more relentless agency than even the tossing billows of the Atlantic.

While I think it is nearing nine o'clock, but my ruling trustee told me, as there was not regular preaching on Sabbath, I might take a holiday whenever there was an English sermon. Sermons are an event in our lives here, and most of them are in Gaelic. I have listened to a Gaelic sermon quite often, but it is a little dreary to me. I understand a few words, which, like milestones on a lonely road, serve to mark progress towards the amen. There is to be a sermon to-day in English; I have, therefore, availed myself of the permission and given to the children, or taken to myself—whichever you like—a holiday. I am not at all certain that Mrs. Morrison will approve of my so doing. She is fond of Established churches, was brought up an Episcopalian, but with her husband adheres to the Established Kirk of Scotland—

that is, so far as she adheres to anything.

The wave of disruption has reached here, and people are discussing the matter and taking sides. It has so happened that the occasional ministers who have lately officiated in the Kirk on the hill have been of the Free Kirk. Of their ministrations Mrs. Morrison has a very low opinion indeed. The last resident minister, the Rev. Isaac McWhirter, belonged to the Establishment; but his salary was small and ill-paid and his family large, so he had forsaken the flock, which yielded him so little of either fat or wool, and returned to Scotland. This is what I am told, and as there is no resident minister we are very thankful to those who come occasionally. I, for one, am rejoiced at the prospect of an English sermon.

I was just saying to myself, "I will get up and go into my room before Mrs. Morrison comes up—for we had a passage of arms last night, and the billows of her wrath may not yet have subsided." The cause was this: From the border of the St. Lawrence arrived a few days ago a distant relative of her husband's, who was also a great favorite of hers—a pretty young fellow, well-dressed, blue-eyed, curly-haired, named Angus McTavish. There was a dance in honor of his arrival, at his father's. I was invited, but declined going. I am a great coward, although I have the usual share of curiosity that falls to the daughters of Eve, and would like well to see Highland dancing; yet I have heard so much about the respectable, large-sized keg that is necessary to "fire the eye and warm the blood" on these festal occasions, that I could not get my courage up to go. Besides I do not know how to dance, and was enjoying the luxury of a headache; so I went to my own room early, and took refuge in bed. I was not asleep—headache is not favorable to sleep—when the irresistible Angus came to compel me by argument to go to the ball. He knocked at my door, and begged and prayed, besought and lamented—Mrs. Morrison adding her voice to help; but I was inexorable, telling him, through the door, that I would gladly go to meeting with him, which was all that my strength was capable of promising.

Mrs. Morrison would not believe in my headache, or inability to dance, and would persist in thinking that I had slighted their relative, and was quite angry in consequence. I was, as I said before, thinking of retreating, thinking that

> "He who runs away
> May live to fight another day,"

when I lifted up my eyes and saw my two new acquaintances with the Scandinavian names, Eric and Olaus McSweyn, coming over the meadow.

I have settled in my own mind that these young men, twins by the way, are descendants of the sea-kings, and have in their veins the blood royal of the Norse rovers. I noticed that Eric had a gun in his hand, and hoped that he would not take Mrs. Morrison out on her crag in the water for a solan goose, (what are they like?) or some other strange waterfowl, and shoot her. Such lamentable mistakes have occurred. With this benevolent hope I went in lazily to dress for church. That useful American magazine had furnished me with a hint for making a bewildering bow of ribbon,

> "Which I will pin
> Below my chin,"

I said to myself, adjusting it at my three inch square looking-glass. The effect was as fine as could be desired. I was still patting and coaxing the ends to stay in a certain position when I heard my door open without turning round, and Mrs. Morrison's voice saying:

"It is past school time, Miss Ray."

"There is no school to-day," I answered, turning round. "The trustees

empowered me to give a holiday in consequence of the meeting. Are not you going?"

My door shut quickly, Mrs. Morrison having no English equal to the occasion. When I came out I found Mary Morrison and the two Scandinavian princes—all purposing to go to church with me. Mrs. Morrison was chatting to my two princes in high good humor.

"You look splendid, Miss Ray," she said to me; "I hope your headache is better."

I assured her it was quite better.

"They say this preacher is a crazy boy," she continued, "so I hardly think it is worth while for any of you to go."

"Let us go to hear the crazy boy, by all means," said Eric McSweyn. "We have heard a good many wise men, and they have done us little good, perhaps a crazy boy is just what will benefit us."

We set out to church in high spirits. Over the bridge in the green lane we were joined by Angus McTavish, who crossed the brook, which was his boundary, on stepping-stones, and running gaily up the bank, called to me that he was going to be my partner to church. I assured him he was welcome, and enquired how much headache and weariness of limb he was taking to church with him as a legacy from last night's ball. He declared he was sound in head, heart and limbs.

"Was Donald Monroe your fiddler?" enquired Olaus.

"Yes, he was, of course, the glorious old fellow! Miss Ray, have you seen this first of fiddlers and best of Highland bards?"

"I have seen him, but I was not aware that he merited such high praise," I answered.

"Ah, if you understood Gaelic," said Angus rapturously, "if you understood 'the blessed speak,' you would not say so. You would hear his songs! You would admire them, and acknowledge that there is nothing in English to compare with them."

"There are some good things in English," I observed quietly.

"Yes, there are good things," admitted Angus, "but the language is tame—without the fire and feeling that are in the language of the hills. If the Queen, our own dear *Bhan Righiun*, understood Gaelic, and heard Donald's songs, she would say that such a poet as he is deserves to be pensioned by Government."

"He was very near deserving the Provincial Penitentiary this morning," said Eric. "He was trying to climb the gallows tree. He came very near having his wife's blood on his hands."

"Were they fighting again?" asked Mary Morrison. "They will not stop short of murder."

"It's her own fault, and all she gets serves her right," said Angus. "Donald says that her tongue clips like the devil's scissors. I do not know how they clip, but she can cut to the bone."

"What was the quarrel about this time?" Mary Morrison asked. "The last big fight commenced with her telling him to take his foot out of the way."

"Who knows?" said Eric. "It began, I think, after Donald came home from the ball. 'He was nae fou, na nae that fou, but just a drappie in his 'ee.' When he is a little off the square—liquor mellows him—he is kind, almost affectionate, and she gets savage; so anything and everything sets the fight agoing—at least so I think. I saw her just after the fight. Our cows were not found last night, and I was looking for them. I was coming down through McLachlan's sugar bush and I came upon her suddenly. She was on her knees with her cap off, and her long gray hair streaming down her back. She was praying. I tell you she was just telling her Maker

all about it, and the character she was giving Donald was not flattering. I felt sorry for the poor old woman. If she is ill tongued she is as ill treated. I didn't want her to see me, and I stopped short, and do you know, she had in her hands a little baby's cap and a curl of fair hair!"

"That was her baby's hair, that died on her way out from Scotland," said Mary Morrison; "they often quarrel about it. Father knew them both in the old country. He says she was the prettiest girl in the country round when she was Mary Cameron. After Donald's first wife died, leaving him with four little boys, he courted her. Most of his prettiest love-songs were made about her. She was *Nighean dileas doun*, faithful, brown-haired maiden. But they were not long married when they quarrelled like cat and dog, and they have kept it up ever since."

"Here is Evander Monroe coming after us," said Angus. "Walk slowly till he comes up, and we will hear all about it. We have plenty of time."

There were a good many besides our party on the way to meeting that morning, for the Glenshie people are great church-goers. We are joined by Flora McSweyn, sister of the twins, Christian McDonald, and my especial favorite, fair, serious-browed Katie McGregor. And still the conversation went on about the quarrel between the poet and his wife.

When Evander overtook us I heard Angus ask, "What was it about this time?"

"I was not at home when it first commenced. The ball was kept up till broad daylight, and I lingered awhile after father left. I saw some of the girls home before I went home myself. When I got there, they had got upon an old subject, the merit of the gentleman Camerons, compared with the want of merit of the black Monroes. Then they got to talking of my stepmother's little girl that died when we were coming out. He told her that the child died because she could not raise it, and she said—well, what she usually says. I have heard it all often enough, so often that I was not listening, and when he jumped on her like a tiger I let him alone. I was angry enough to jump at her myself, because she said something about my mother; but, when I noticed that she was black in the face, and her tongue out, I jumped to part them, and I had a job to do it. I thought she would be gone before I could get his fingers loosed from her throat. He was warm with whiskey and red hot with rage besides, and I could not make him hear."

"After I had got him off her, I had to struggle with all my might to keep him from her. But when he noticed her lying still without motion, and as black as a stove pipe, he cooled down and came to himself a little.

"I got water and dashed it in her face. It was a long time before she came to, and when she did she gave a shiver, and struggled up to her feet and got out of the door. She went away through the bush, and has gone to the Squire's I guess—she always goes there. It will be a while before she gets rid of the old man's mark on her throat, the old cat."

"I wonder she does not get your father bound over to keep the peace," I said.

"We do not appeal to law for our family disputes," said Evander proudly.

"We do not need law; we are a law unto ourselves," said Angus gaily.

"You were very near having the law's strong arm down on you, Evander, this morning, anyway," said Eric soberly.

"I have done nothing but save a cross old woman's life; if the law makes a crime of that I will never do it again," said Evander, laughing.

I could not help glancing at Evander Monroe. He was the handsomest specimen of a Celt I had seen in Glenshie. Tall and straight as a mountaineer

should be, splendidly luminous dark eyes, black glossy curls, regular, finely cut, olive-brown features, a firm, sarcastic mouth, and teeth even and white as pearls; well dressed, cool and self-possessed, he might have been a town-bred dandy. I notice in all these Highlanders how polite, cool and self-possessed they are; so sure of themselves; not a trace of rustic bashfulness among them. I wonder if it springs from the inherent pride of their nature, or from generations of feudal training, acknowledging no superior but the chief; or rather acknowledging the chief as the highest outcome, the blossom so to speak —"the highest top sparkle" of the grandeur and glory of the clan. I am forgetting about my handsome Evander.

"He is a fine-looking fellow," I said to Mary Morrison.

"Father says Donald was handsomer when he was young," she replied.

I had seen Donald more than once—a tall, thin, stern-looking, iron-gray man, with a face so hard, so determined, so dark—every wild passion carved into it—that one might fancy it would do as the figure-head on a vessel to represent a sea rover. I had often fancied that such a face belonged to him, mighty in battle, "*dhuine dhu glas*," or dark gray man, who founded the fortunes and gave the name to the Douglas family. But to think of him, young, handsome, melting the hearts of the fairest fair with tender songs sung to his own wild music, my fancy refused to go on such a flight. He might with a different instrument, blow up a clan's gathering or sound a charge; but teaching his "ungodly bit fiddle" to speak the praises of his sweet brown-haired darling—nonsense! These were of course unspoken thoughts.

"Is your father coming down to-day to hear this young preacher?" I asked of Evander.

"No," said Evander laughing. "My father is not a glutton for the Gospel. He has preached and practised enough for one day, I think."

"They say the minister is crazy," said Mary, interrogatively.

"That's a story of Allan King's," returned Evander. "It is not always Gospel truth he preaches. Though I daresay he is crazy or he would not come here to preach for nothing."

"He may be wise," said Olaus, "but you think as Minister McWhirter said of the story about Samson and the foxes, 'This may be, my friends, but it's not very likely.'"

"Come, come, now, that is too bad! Don't wrong the absent," said Katie McGregor; "the minister never said that. No minister that ever stood in a pulpit would dare to doubt a Bible statement."

"Well, I heard him say it, Katie, and so did more than me. He was just one of the dumb dogs spoken of in Scripture."

"You cannot say that he fed himself and did not feed his flock," retorted Katie. "If it was poor preach, it was poor pay."

"He got more than he deserved when he got anything," said Eric decidedly.

We were at the church, and the unworthiness of the Rev. Mr. McWhirter was left aside until another opportunity, as we entered and took our seats. The church was well filled, considering that harvest had begun. The young minister, a slight, boyish-looking person, with a fresh, beardless face and downcast eyes, came along the aisle and went up into the close, high, one-legged pulpit. Neither in his prayer nor sermon was there any sign of insanity or even eccentricity; nor was there any striking display of eloquence. There was one thing only to be remarked, I thought: all he said was intensely real to himself, and he had the gift of bringing it as a reality before his hearers. He was not so eloquent as Mr. McLachlan—did not stir me up to

self-searching as he did—but he carried me out of myself entirely. I had often wept over a story; that day for the first time I had tears in my eyes for the Man of Sorrows when "it pleased the Lord to bruise Him."

As we went home we were almost silent. We could not shake ourselves free from the influence of one who believed and therefore had spoken.

That evening there was a good deal of talk about Mrs. Monroe at Mrs. Morrison's. That martial matron had no sympathy with a wife who quarrelled with her husband. Indeed there seemed little pity for her in any heart. Her temper and her tongue was the excuse for Donald. I am afraid if he had killed her the verdict of her neighbors would have been that of the jury of London celebrity, who, sitting at a coroner's inquest on an ill-tongued woman who had been murdered by a sudden blow from her exasperated husband, brought in the verdict of "Served her right." Donald's talents, I suppose, make them partial to him. He composes songs so rapidly on every local occurrence that admiration is largely mingled with fear. I believe that no man in Glenshie gets into an awkward or absurd scrape but his first thought is, "I would not, for a good many dollars, that Donald should hear of this." But Donald does hear of it, and the event is celebrated in Gaelic verse, wedded to a tune, ready to be sung at the very first wedding, betrothal or christening, to the intense mortification of the victim, who has, however, one consolation that some one else will soon be in his place.

WEE WILLY.

As night comes creeping over day,
Elastic fancy soars away,
To take a glance through childhood's years,
All filled, as now, with joys and fears;
That "long ago," in fitful gleams,
Comes back to me like vivid dreams.

There stands the modest village church
With well worn, ivy-mantled porch;
The spire that served to point the way
For many a traveller by day,
While superstition feared to mark
Its close proximity, if dark;
For thereabouts, the people said,
Did wander spirits of the dead,
And moonlight on the gray tomb-stones
Gave them the look of dead men's bones.
Whoever ventured there by night
Was sure to see some ghostly sight;
And if he held his breath to pass,
Strange footsteps sounded on the grass.
Some told of one that dared look back
And saw a—something—on his track;
When morning came he searched the spot,
In hopes the ghost might still be caught:
Nigh grave-yards—'tis a dang'rous coast—
That 'something' though was found—a post.

The village school-house I recall
More vividly methinks, than all:
Of thirty pupils there was one—
A bright-eyed boy, brimful of fun—
A little boy, self-willed and strong,
And restless as the day was long.
What did he care for reprimand,
Or punishment, or stern command?
Untamed as any forest-bird,
He could not brook a single word.

"Rebellious one!" the master thought;
"His rebel spirit shall be taught;
To him I'll show myself severe—
He shall obey or not be here!"

This was the way a war began
Between the pupil and the man;
From bad to worse the battle grew,
Nor man nor boy knew what to do.

Yet tender-hearted was the child,
With some quite tractable and mild;
I oft recall his large eyes yet,—
The forehead white, with veins so blue,
A face that beamed with intellect,
And independence rare and true.
Oh that the master could have seen
What that young nature might have been—
Have known that if strong will was there
It needed all the greater care—
Have looked upon that will with pride,
Not striven to break it, but to guide!

"So good!" is sometimes said of one
That lacks capacity for fun;
"So bad!" is oft applied to him
That sees some sport in every whim:
Vocabulary misapplied—
The bad is oft the good belied!
The river from the highest source
Will onward roll with mighty force;
Untroubled, its swift waters clear
Will bear us blessings every year;
But rudely check its chosen course
(No surer way to bring remorse),
'Twill sweep with devastating train
O'er all the smiling fertile plain.

One morn wee Willy's vacant place
Reminded me of his wan face
The eve before. The weeks flew by—
He did not come—I wondered why.

A hasty messenger one day
Came seeking one called "little May,"
And told of how their Willy sent
To know if that before he went
Away his playmate would but come.
"Away!"—he meant to his long home!

With throbbing heart I quickly flew
To where he lay, but hardly knew
The wasted form and weakened voice.
Afraid to make the slightest noise,
In silence by his couch I stood,

While he, in melancholy mood,
Drew down my face near to his own,
And whispered tremblingly and low,—
"Dear little May! Oh, must I go?"
The voice was but the faintest tone;
But still it had its restlessness,
And all impulsive tenderness,—
And then there came a single moan—
The eyes shone with angelic glow.

Naught could I speak; my heart was full,
This, sturdy Willy of the school!
All blinding came the bitter tears,—
No time to calm his anxious fears.
My poor wee Willy, pale and meek!
I made a pillow for his cheek
Against my own, and, as he smiled,
I kissed his brow, so white, so mild.
Some moments passed—a change appeared—
The change I waited for, yet feared:
The little sufferer had fled—
I held not Willy—he was dead!

The earthly body that he wore
Was buried 'neath a willow tree—
And as I wept in sadness sore
The willow seemed to weep with me.
Upon the little lonely grave
The branches would so gently wave,
And if a bird came nigh to sing,
Its note had aye a mournful ring.
The school-house children went that way,
But softly trod, or stopped their play.
Ofttimes, amid their sportive noise,
I listened for wee Willy's voice
(So hard is it to realize
In childhood how a playmate dies!);
And if his tones I might not hear,
I still would dream his spirit near,
And smile to think, not far away,
He must be waiting "little May."

GOWAN LEA.

JUGGERNAUT.

In times so old as to antedate all human records, yet so new as to be only yesterday in the history of the globe, the waves of the Bay of Bengal dashed against the foot of a range of hills which extended, fold upon fold, far inland. From these uplands issued two great rivers, bringing down every hour burdens of earth and sand washed away from a thousand mountain-peaks and hill-sides. This earth and sand, deposited upon the shore, slowly formed itself into dry land, encroaching more and more upon the waters of the bay, until a strip of alluvial land has been formed, 150 miles long, with an average width of 50 miles, sometimes greater, and sometimes diminishing to a narrow beach. This strip of alluvial territory is the province of Orissa, which fell into the hands of the British in 1803. It is divided into three districts, Puri, Cuttack, and Balasor, having an area of 7,723 square miles, a little less than that of the State of New Jersey, with a population in 1870 of 2,119,192, being 274 to the square mile. The density of the population is about half-way between that of England (347 to the square mile) and France (177 to the square mile). The region is naturally a poor one. Rice is its main production, and the chief food of its inhabitants. In good years the product of food is adequate for the population, but at intervals of a few years a drought causes a famine. In the great famine which occurred in 1866, fully a third of the people died of starvation. Besides the three districts above named, nineteen tributary states are generally included in Orissa. These have an area of 16,184 square miles, and a population of a little more than 1,000,000. So that in the widest sense Orissa is about half as large as the State of Pennsylvania, and has nearly as many inhabitants.

The sandy strip which constitutes Orissa proper is the sacred land of the Hindoos. It is the land of pilgrimage for all sects and faiths. For more than 2,000 years the sacred city of Puri, the abode of Juggernaut, has been to them more than Mecca is to the Mohammedans, or than Jerusalem was to the Christians. The city contains only about 25,000 inhabitants; but every year the temple of Juggernaut is visited by 300,000 pilgrims from every part of India. At the festival in June or July there are regularly 90,000.

Juggernaut—properly Jagannáth, "the Lord of the World," an incarnation of Vishnu—is of comparatively modern date as the deity worshipped in Orissa. His first historical appearance was in the year 318 A.D.; but the legends respecting him go back for millions of years, running thus:

Far back in the golden age the great King Indradyumna ruled at Malwa. Vishnu, the Preserver, had vanished from the earth, and the king sent Brahmans in every direction to find the deity. Those who went to the north and the east and the west came back with no tidings. The one sent to the south returned not. He had journeyed through the great jungle till he came to Orissa. There he became the guest of Básu, a fowler of the wilderness, who, thinking it a great honor to have a Brahman in his tribe, gave him his daughter for wife, and detained him in honorable captivity. Básu was a servant of Jagannáth, and daily went into the jungle to offer fruits and flowers to his god. The Brahman at length prevailed upon his father-in-law to conduct him to the holy place. His eyes were blindfolded as he went. When they were uncovered he beheld the deity in the form of a shapeless mass of blue stone lying at the foot of the sacred fig-tree. Básu went away to gather flowers, when a voice from heaven fell upon the ears of the Brah-

man: "Go and carry to thy king the good news that thou hast found the Lord of the World." The fowler came back with his offering of fruits and flowers; but the deity did not, as was his wont, appear to receive them; only a voice was heard, saying, "Oh, faithful servant, I am wearied of thy jungle fruits and flowers, and crave for cooked rice and sweetmeats. No longer shalt thou see me in the form of thy blue god. Hereafter I shall be known as Jagannáth, the Lord of the World."

The Brahman returned to Malwa with the good tidings that he had found the Lord of the World. King Indradyumna gathered an army of 1,300,000 footmen, and wood-cutters without number to hew a way through the vast jungle. After journeying eight hundred miles they came to the spot, and beheld the blue stone under the sacred fig-tree. The monarch's heart swelled with pride. "Who is like unto me," he said, "whom the Lord of the World has chosen to build his temple?" A voice from the sky replied, "O king! thou shalt indeed build my temple, but me thou shalt not behold. When it is finished, then shalt thou seek anew for thy god." Then the blue stone vanished forever from the earth. The king built the temple, and it was consecrated by Brahmá.

We have not space to give more than an outline of the steps by which the worship of Vishnu, the Preserver, has in Orissa, and so to a great extent throughout India, superseded the worship of Siva, the Destroyer. "In the twelfth century," says Mr. Hunter,* "a curious movement began. Vishnuvism began to throw itself upon the people. Sivaism had enlisted their ignorant terrors; Vishnuvism was soon to appeal to the eternal instinct of human liberty and equality. The first stirring of the waters commenced in Southern India. There Rámánuja, about 1150 A.D., persecuted from city to city, proclaimed the unity of God under the title of Vishnu, the cause and the creator of all. The preacher made converts from every class, but it was reserved for his successors formally to enunciate equality of caste before God as an article of the Vishnuvite faith."

In the mean time the great temple of Jagannáth was built. In 1174 King Anaug Bhim Deo ascended the throne of Orissa, his kingdom extending from the Hooghly to the Godavery, from the forests of Sonpur to the Bay of Bengal. But in the height of his greatness he had the mishap to kill a Brahman, and the rest of his life was devoted to the expiation of his guilt. Tradition doubtless greatly exaggerates his works of penitence. He is said to have built 60 stone temples, bridged 10 broad rivers, dug 40 great wells, constructed 152 flights of stairs on river-tanks, founded 450 colonies of Brahmans, and excavated 1,000,000 water-banks. To him appeared the Lord Jagannáth in a dream, and commanded him to journey to the sands of Puri, and there to call upon his name. He devoted all his treasures to the erection and endowment of the great temple, which was completed in 1198, having occupied fourteen years in building. The reformation begun by Rámánand was carried on by his successors, and reached the sands of Puri about the end of the fourteenth century. Kabir, one of the twelve disciples of Rámánand, undertook to gather into one fold all the people of India, whether Hindoo or Mohammedan. He taught not merely the unity of God, but the oneness of all the gods. Allah and Brahmá and Siva were all one, and that one was Vishnu, whose universal name was "The Inner." Kabir anticipated almost the words of Pope's "Universal Prayer:"

> "Father of all! in every age,
> In every clime adored,
> By saint, by savage, and by sage,
> Jehovah, Jove, or Lord."

"If the Creator dwell in tabernacles," says Kabir, "whose dwelling is the universe? The city of the Hindoo god is to the east, the city of the Mussulman god to the west; but

Orissa. By W. W. Hunter: London, 1872. Vol. 1. p. 89 *et seq.*

explore your own heart, for there is the God both of the Mussulmans and of the Hindoos. Behold but One in all things. He to whom the world belongs, he is the father of the worshippers alike of Alí and of Ráma. He is my guide ; he is my priest."

The moral code of Kabir is as beautiful as his doctrine. Virtue consists in truthfulness, humanity, retirement, and obedience to one's spiritual guide. Among the five thousand sákhis or proverbs of Kabir are some that have a strangely familiar sound : "When the master is blind, what is to become of the scholar ?" "When the blind leads the blind, both will fall into the well." "In the heart where truth abides, there dwells God." All classes and creeds and castes of India claim Kabir as sprung from them. At his death, so runs the legend, both Mussulmans and Hindoos claimed the body, to be disposed of according to their respective rites. One wished to bury it, the other to burn it. While they were wrangling over the corpse, Kabir himself appeared, and commanding them to look under the shroud, suddenly vanished from before their eyes. They looked, and saw only a heap of beautiful flowers. One-half was given to the Hindoos, by whom it was burned ; the other half was buried in the Mussulman monastery at Puri ; and to this day the pilgrims from Upper India beg a spoonful of river water from that monastery.

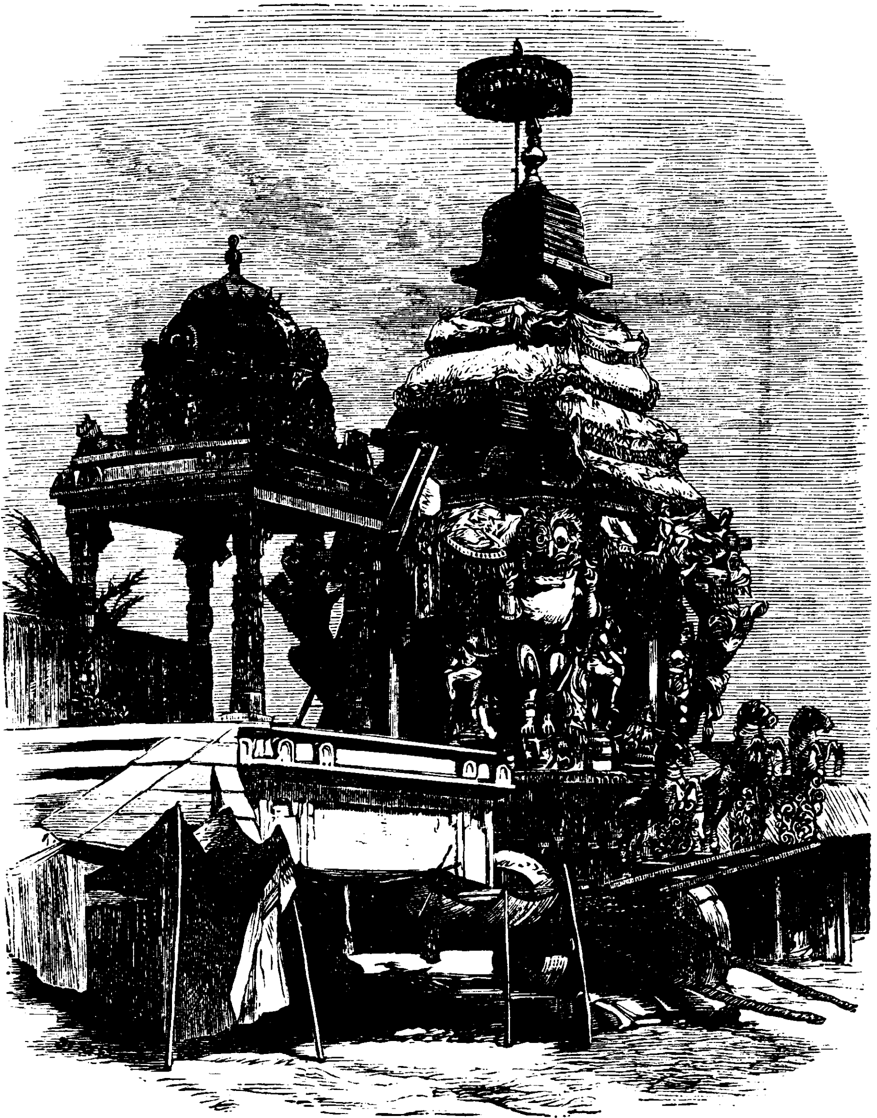
The labors of Kabir are placed between 1380 and 1420 A. D. The next great preacher was Chaitanya, who was born in 1485. His birth was miraculous and his life attended with signs and wonders. For twelve years he labored to extend the worship of Jagannáth, and then vanished from earth at the age of forty-two. His cardinal doctrine was that all men are capable of faith, and that by faith all castes become equally pure. In reading his writings one might fancy himself going over the pages of Madame Guyon. He tries to mark out the steps through which the human spirit must pass to attain a perfect communion with God. The first is *Sánti*, indifference to the world ; then come *Dásya*, the active service of God ; *Sákhya*, personal friendship for the Deity ; *Vátsalya*, tender affection for Him, like that of a child for its parent ; and lastly, *Mádhurya*, a passionate love. Chaitanya is the apostle of the common people of Orissa. There are in the province five hundred temples devoted to the joint worship of him and of Vishnu, of which three hundred are in the most sacred district of Puri.

Orissa has for twenty centuries been the holy land of the Hindoos. Its Sanskrit name, *Utkala-dèsa*, signifies "the Glorious Country." It is "the land that taketh away sin," "the realm established by the gods." "Its happy inhabitants live secure of a reception into the world of spirits ; and even those who visit it, and bathe in its sacred rivers, obtain remission of their sins, though they may weigh like mountains." Orissa is divided into four great regions of pilgrimage. From the moment the pilgrim passes the Baitarani River, a hundred miles from Puri, he treads on holy ground. Behind him lies the world with all its cares ; before him spreads the promised land, the place of preparation for heaven. On crossing the stream he enters Jájpur, the City of Sacrifice, sacred to Párváte, the wife of the all-destroying Siva. To the southeast is the region of pilgrimage sacred to the sun, now scarcely visited. To the southwest is the region sacred to Siva, with its city of temples, which once numbered seven thousand, grouped around the holy lake. Beyond this, nearly due south, is the region of pilgrimage beloved of Vishnu, known to every hamlet throughout India, and to every civilized people upon earth, as the abode of Jagannáth, the Lord of the World. Every town is filled with temples ; every village has its monastery ; every hill-top far up the mountain sides is crowned with a shrine.

Mr. Hunter gives a vivid picture

TEMPLE OF SIVA.

of these pilgrimages. Day and night, through every month of the year, troops of devotees arrive at Puri, and for three hundred miles along the great Orissa road every village has its encampment. At the time of the great festivals the bands follow so closely that they form a continuous procession miles upon miles in length. They march in orderly companies, each under its leader or guide. These guides may properly be called the missionaries of Jagannáth. About six thousand of them are attached to the temple from which they took ther departure for every section of the country. The arrival of one of these pilgrim-hunters is a memorable event in the still life of a Hindoo village. He is known by his half-shaven head, coarse tunic, knapsack, and palm-leaf umbrella. He waits, patiently chewing his narcotic leaf, until the men have gone into the field, and then makes a round of visits among the women. He works alike upon their hopes and fears, their piety and their folly. The older ones long to look upon the face of the merciful god who will remit the sins of a life. The younger ones are allured by the prospect of a journey through strange lands. Widows catch at anything to relieve the tedium of their blighted existence; childless wives long to pick up the berries from the child-giving banyan which grows in the sacred inclosure. In a few days the missionary has picked up a band of pilgrims. Fully nine out of ten are women, and when the bands come together on the great Orissa road they present a motley spectacle. Here are a company of white-clothed, slender women from Lower Bengal, limping wearily along. Next a train, clad in bright red or blue, with noses pierced with rings, trudges stoutly forward; they are the rugged peasantry of Northern India. Now and then a lady from near Delhi is seen, ambling along upon a little pony, while her husband walks by her side. A bullock cart creaks past upon its wooden wheels. A long train of palanquins conveys a Calcutta banker and his family. Sometimes there is a great north country rajah, with a whole caravan of ele-



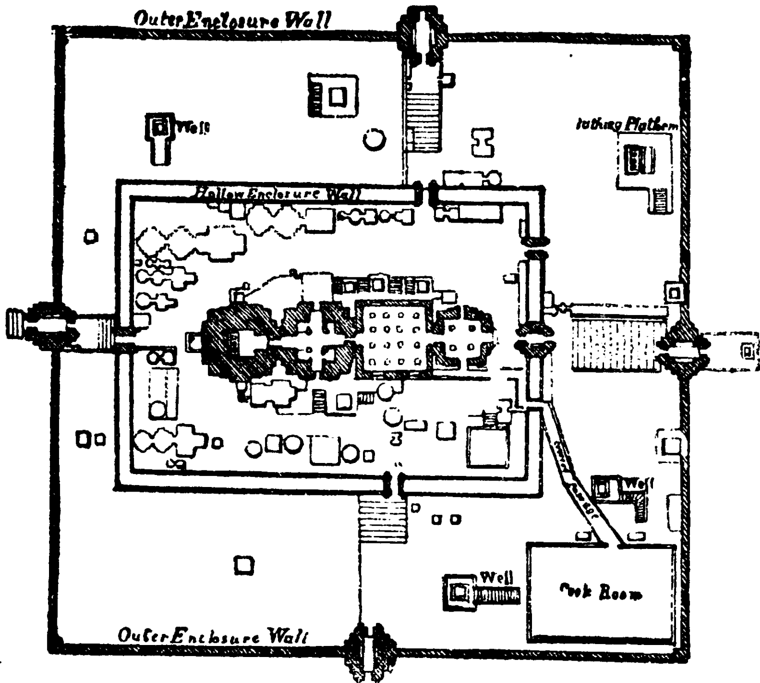
TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

phants, camels,and horses. But ninety-five out of a hundred of the pilgrims are on foot. Mingled with all are devotees of every sort, some covered with ashes, some nearly naked, with matted hair stained yellow. Almost all have their foreheads streaked with red and white paint, a string of beads around their necks, and a stout staff in their hands.

So this great spiritual army marches hundreds of miles along burning roads, across unbridged rivers, through pestilent jungles and swamps. Many perish by the way; all are weary and footsore. But no sooner are they within sight of the holy city than all the miseries of the journey are forgotten. They hurry across the ancient bridge with shouts and songs, and rush to one

of the great artificial lakes and plunge beneath the sacred waters. The dirty bundles which they have carried all the long way are opened, and yield forth their treasures of spotless cotton, and the pilgrims, refreshed and cleanly clad, proceed to the temple to partake of the sacred rice which has been cooked within its walls—that sacred rice for which the Lord of the World longed in his old jungle home, and of which he now partakes four times a day in his temple.

The sacred inclosure is nearly in the form of a square, 652 feet long by 630 wide, surrounded by a massive stone wall. Within it are 120 temples dedicated to the various forms in which the Hindoo mind has imagined its deity. Among these are about a score dedicated to Siva and his wife, and one to the sun. The central and chief pagoda is that of Jagannáth. Its tower, rising like an elaborately carved sugar-loaf, black with time, to the height of 192 feet, is surmounted by the mystic wheel and flag of Vishnu. In front of the main entrance is an exquisite pillar, the shaft of a single stone, forty-five feet high. It is of pentagonal form, and is beyond all doubt the most graceful monumental column ever raised by man. The temple consists of four halls opening into each other. The first is the Hall of Offering, where the bulkier oblations are made. The second is the pillared hall for the musicians and dancing-girls. The third is the Hall of Audience, where the pilgrims assemble to gaze upon the god. The fourth, beneath the lofty tower, is the Sanctuary, wherein in jewelled state are seated Jagannáth, his brother Balabadra, and his sister Subhadrá. The images are rude logs coarsely fashioned from the waist up in human form—the same carved by Vishnu himself. On certain festivals golden hands are fastened to the short stumps which project from the shoulders of Jagannáth. The priests give a spiritual significance to



PLAN OF TEMPLE OF JUGGERNAUT.

the lack of limbs. "The Lord of the World," they say, "needs neither hands nor feet to work his purposes among men."

The service of the temple consists of a daily round of oblations, and of sumptuous ceremonies at special seasons of the year. The offerings are only fruits, flowers, and simple articles of food, such as rice, pulse, butter, milk, salt, vegetables, cocoa-nuts, and ginger, which are offered up to the images, and then eaten by the priests. The entire value of them is put down at £4 8*s*. 4*d*. a day, or £1572 a year. Four times a day the gates are closed while the god is at his meals, attended by a few of his most favored servants. At the door stand a group of ascetics singing his praises, while in the pillared hall the dancing-girls amuse him with voluptuous gyrations.

Contrary to what has been almost uniformly asserted, the worship of Jagannáth is absolutely bloodless. The spilling of blood in any way pollutes the whole edifice, and a special troop of servants is at hand to remove any sacrificial food which may have been thus profaned. Yet so catholic is Vishnuvism to all forms of belief that within the sacred inclosure is a temple to Bimalá, one of the wives of Siva, who is worshipped with midnight orgies and bloody sacrifices. But various obscenities have crept into the system, some of which rival the lascivious mysteries of ancient Babylon. Mr. Hunter calculates that the annual revenue of the temple and abbeys amounts to £68,000.

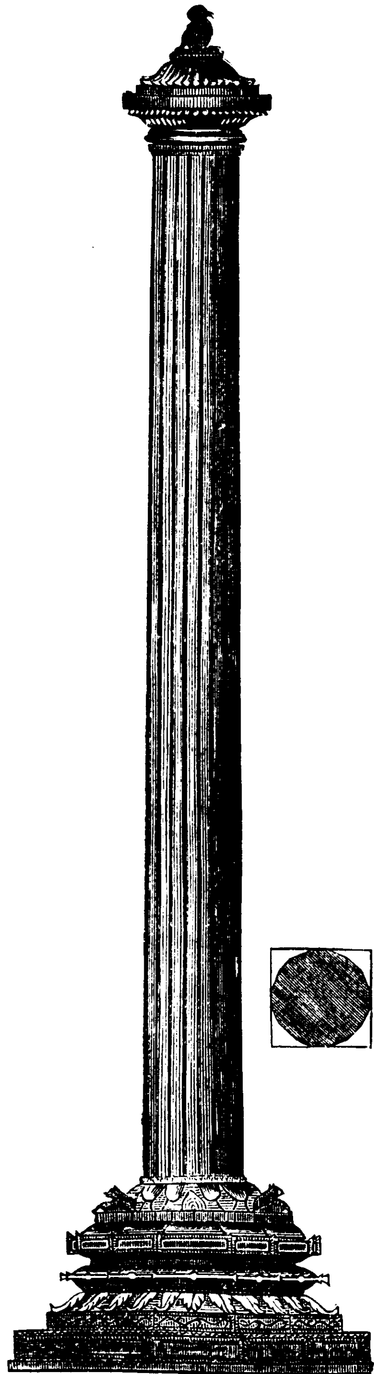
There are twenty-four high festivals in the year, each occupying several days, or even weeks. At the Red Powder Festival, occurring about Easter, and lasting three weeks, a boat procession is formed on the sacred lake. At the Bathing Festival the images are brought down to the lake, and a proboscis is fastened to their noses, so as to give them the appearance of Ganesa, the elephant-god of the aboriginal tribes. But the Car Festival is the great event of the religious year. This falls in the month of June or July, according as the months of the Hindoo calendar fall. Its object is to convey Jagannáth, with his brother and sister, from the temple to his country house, a mile distant.

For weeks before the time, the pilgrims come trooping to Puri at the rate of thousands a day. The great car has been slowly building; by this time it has reached its full height of forty-five feet. The temple cooks have made their calculations for feeding 90,000 mouths; for the doctrine is studiously inculcated that no food must be cooked except in the temple kitchen. Each image has a separate car. That of Jagannáth is thirty-five feet square, with wheels sixteen feet in diameter; the others are smaller. When the sacred images are placed in their chariots, the multitude fall on their knees and bow their foreheads in the dust. Then they lay hold of the ropes, and drag the heavy cars down the broad street. Before and behind drums beat and cymbals clash, while from the cars the priests shout, harangue, and sing songs, not always of the most decent character, which are received with shouts and roars of laughter. And so the dense mass, tugging, sweating, singing, praying, and swearing, drag the cars slowly along. The journey is but a mile, yet it takes several days to accomplish it. Once arrived at the country house, the enthusiasm of the pilgrims subsides. They drop exhausted upon the burning sand, or block up the lanes with their prostrate bodies. When they have slept off their fatigue, they rise refreshed, and ready for another of the strong excitements of the religious season. Lord Jagannáth is left to get back to the temple as best he may. He would never do this but for the aid of the professional pullers, a special body of 4200 peasants of the neighboring region.

All this is bad enough. But the story, so often repeated, of "thousands of pilgrims sacrificing their lives in the hope of attaining eternal bliss by throwing themselves under the wheels of the chariot," appears to be a sheer fabrication. Mr. Hunter says:

"In a closely packed, eager throng of a hundred thousand men and women, many of them unaccustomed to exposure or hard labor, and all of them tugging and straining to the utmost under the blazing tropical sun, deaths must occasionally occur. There have, doubtless, been instances of pilgrims throwing themselves under the wheels in a frenzy of religious excitement. But such instances have always been rare, and are now unknown. At one time several unhappy people were killed or injured every year, but they were almost invariably cases of accidental trampling. The few suicides that did occur were for the most part cases of diseased and miserable persons, who took this means to put themselves out of pain. The official returns put this beyond doubt. Indeed, nothing could be more opposed to the spirit of Vishnu worship than self-immolation."

But in another aspect the victims of Jagannáth far exceed the numbers ascribed to them by fiction. Puri is, perhaps, the filthiest city on earth. It contains 6,363 houses, and a resident population of about 25,000. But there are often 90,000 strangers at a time who must have lodgings. At certain seasons of the year the pilgrims sleep out-of-doors. In dry weather the streets of Puri look like a great encampment destitute of tents. The spiritual army slumbers in regiments and battalions. The same cotton garment which they wear by day serves to wrap them from head to foot at night. The soaking dews are unwholesome enough, but as long as the people can spend the night outside, some check exists to the overcrowding of pilgrims. But the Car Festival, the great ceremony of the year, falls at the beginning of the rainy season, when the water pours down in almost solid sheets. Every lane and alley becomes a torrent or a stinking canal. The pilgrims must seek the lodging-houses, and five houses out of six are lodging-houses, compared with which our poorest tenement-houses are palaces of health and comfort. The situation of Puri, on a low level, cut off from the sea by sandy ridges, renders drainage difficult. Every house is built on a mud platform about four feet high. In the centre of the platform is a drain which receives the filth of the household and discharges it in the form of a black fetid ooze into the street. The



SUN PILLAR AT ORISSA.

mud platform becomes in time soaked through with this pestiferous slime. In many cases a deep open cess-pool is sunk in the centre, and the wretched inmates eat and sleep around this perennial fountain of death. As a rule, the houses consist of two or three cells opening into each other, without so much as a window, or any ventilation through the roof. And this in a country where for seven months of the years the thermometer ranges from 85° to 105°. One can imagine the stench which must pervade a city of 6,000 houses, of which 5,000 are of just this kind.

One of the most beautiful features of pilgrims institutions in Puri also becomes a means of death. This is the almost sacramental ceremony of eating the sacred rice. Portions of cooked rice are sanctified by being brought into the presence of Jagannáth. This food is so holy that it wipes away all distinctions of caste or sect. The highest may eat it with the lowest. A priest will not refuse it from a Christian. This is the common food of all pilgrims. When freshly cooked, it is not unwholesome; but only a small part of it is eaten fresh, and not a grain of it must be thrown away. In twenty-four hours putrefactive fermentation sets in, and in forty-eight hours it becomes a loathsome mass of putrid matter unfit for human use—dangerous to a person in robust health, and deadly to the wayworn pilgrims.

What wonder that the cholera makes its regular appearance! And even when the disease does not become epidemic the mortality is fearful, especially on the return journey. The estimates of the number of deaths among the pilgrims to Jagannáth vary from 12,000 to 50,000 a year.

Many reasons may be assigned for the tenacious hold which the worship of Jagannáth has for so long maintained over the Hindoo race, especially among the lower castes. Foremost of all is the fact that he is the god of the people. His missionaries penetrate to every hamlet of Hindostan, preaching the great central doctrine of the holy food. As long as his towers rise from the distant sands of Orissa, there will be a perpetual and visible protest of the equality of all men before God. The poorest outcast knows that there is a city far away in which high and low eat together. In his own village, if he touches the garment of a man of good caste, he has committed a crime. In Southern India, by the old law, no one of the degraded class might enter a village before nine in the morning or after four in the evening, lest the slanting rays of the sun should cast his shadow upon the path of a Brahman. But in the presence of the Lord of the World, Brahman and Pariah are equal. What wonder, then, that the name of Jagannáth draws pilgrims from a hundred provinces to visit his shrine—that they should long to gaze upon the places where he has dwelt, halt beneath the trees which have overshadowed him, and bathe in the waters which have laved his incarnate frame!

It is not a little strange that the great revivals of Vishnuvism in Hindostan coincide almost exactly in time with the great modern revivals in Christendom. Kabir was contemporary with John Huss, Chaitanya with Luther. Nor has the influence of the Hindoo reformers been less extensive than that of the German. Who shall dare affirm that a people capable of being converted in a generation from Sivaism to Vishnuvism may not in some generation, perhaps not far distant, be converted from Vishnuvism to Christianity?

"The ascending Day-star, with a bolder eye,
Hath lit each dew-drop on our trimmer lawn;
But not for that, if wise, shall we decry
The spots and struggles of their timid Dawn,
Lest so we tempt the coming Noon to scorn
The clouds and painted shadows of our Morn."

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

FROM THE FRENCH.

In the year 1770, during Holy Week, Pope Clement XIV. celebrated mass in the Sistine chapel, surrounded by cardinals and prelates. The chapel was filled with noblemen, foreign ambassadors and a few travellers of distinction who had, with difficulty, obtained permission to be present on the occasion. The numerous crowd, for whom no room could be found, repaired to St. Peter's, and from thence sounds of distant chanting reached the ear. The celebrated choir of the Sistine chapel appeared in their places, and soon rose the accents of Allegri's marvellous Miserere—the sacred inspiration of so pure a genius that the music seemed to spring from a divine source. As the notes of the psalm ascended, thousands of yellow tapers, placed in the candelabras near the altar, shed a lurid reflection on Michael Angelo's grand fresco (the Last Judgment), which covered the opposite wall. In the flickering, fitful light, the condemned, remorse-stricken spectres seemed to move, their pallid, worn features bearing the impress of intolerable anguish, the eyes appearing to shed tears of blood, the teeth to grind in misery, the distorted limbs to writhe, and, at times, the piercing strains of the Miserere might have been taken for wailing from the lips of those unhappy spirits. At this moment, Michael Angelo's great work looked so terrible, and so real, that involuntarily all eyes turned towards it in terror and wonder. A tall, intelligent-looking boy of fourteen, whose high forehead and expressive blue eyes, shining beneath a mass of powdered hair, showed no ordinary intellect, seemed the only person unmoved by the wonderful effect produced on the fresco by the changing yellow light. He was dressed in a green velvet suit, and seated next the Austrian ambassador, in whose cortege the boy had come. His whole soul was absorbed in the music. The head raised and thrown back, the sparkling eyes, the smiling mouth half-open as if to *taste* the marvellous sounds, the ears pricked like those of a hound who heard a stag's approaching steps—all betokened ecstasy and deep attention. It seemed as if he sought to impress his memory with the divine melody. Motionless and scarcely breathing, he remained in the same attitude, until the last note of the Miserere died away. Then, starting as if from a dream, he rose, made as it were a gesture of assent to some self-imposed problem, and quitted the chapel mechanically, taking the arm of one of the secretaries to the Austrian Embassy. Passive hitherto, he now seemed stricken dumb, and paid no heed to the exclamations of surprise and delight at the beauty of the music which escaped from the lips of his companions. Arrived at the Embassy, the boy hurried to his room and hastily made some marks on a sheet of ruled paper which lay on his desk—marks unintelligible to any save himself. That evening, at the ambassador's table, the conversation turned on the religious ceremony of the morning, and on the wonderful Miserere.

"It is a great pity," said the ambassador, "that the whole world cannot benefit by knowing this marvellous music, so full as it is of infinite sorrow and repentance. No person hearing

it could fail to shrink from encountering the anguish it expresses."

"You should use that as an argument to prevail with His Holiness, and to obtain a copy of the chant," observed the French envoy, who was dining with his colleague.

"All arguments would be fruitless; several centuries have elapsed since Allegri composed that music, and never has it been heard, except within the walls of the Sistine chapel. Kings and emperors have failed to obtain a copy. To all royal petitions one answer has been given: 'The chant forms part of the holy treasure of St. Peter's and cannot be performed elsewhere.'"

A proud smile wreathed the lips of the boy in the green suit, who sat at the ambassador's table. The next day (Good Friday) he was again at the Sistine Chapel, listening intently to the Miserere; but this time his head, instead of being raised, was bent downwards, and his eyes were riveted on a sheet of paper concealed in the crown of his hat, which lay upon his knees. A Cardinal present watched the boy narrowly, and noticed his pre-occupation.

That evening a grand sacred concert was held at the Villa Borghese. The palace and gardens were illuminated, and the stars shone like lamps of gold. It was a glorious Italian night. The statues in the glades and shrubberies resembled shrinking forms, listening, concealed in their leafy bowers, to the melodious strains proceeding from the open windows. Suddenly, all the guests crowded into the sculpture gallery. A practised hand struck a few chords on the harpsichord. "It is he! It is he! The marvel of Germany!" was whispered on all sides, as every one gathered round the instrument. After a short prelude, the performer (who was no other than the boy who had been so entranced with the music in the Sistine Chapel) sang with great force and sweetness Allegri's Miserere. Never had the marvellous chant been rendered with more exactness and precision. Near the harpsichord sat the Austrian ambassador, encouraging the child by look and gesture. The hearers were lost in amazement and delight. Some exclaimed at the "miracle;" others hinted at theft and profanation.

"To know the chant so perfectly, he must have written down the notes as they were sung!"

"Yes, certainly, he wrote them down," exclaimed a Cardinal—the same who had watched the boy that morning in the Chapel.

"Is your eminence sure of that?" asked the Austrian ambassador, who, holding the young musician by the hand, now drew near.

"I thought I saw him doing so," murmured the Cardinal.

"You saw me reading, not writing, my Lord," said the boy, respectfully, but firmly.

"But you must have written what you were reading?"

"Yes; I had transcribed the notes from memory."

"From memory? That is impossible! for not a note is missing in the music you have just played. It is Allegri's Miserere, perfectly rendered."

"I know it," said the boy, "but what can be more simple? The music made such a profound impression upon me that the sounds engraved themselves upon my mind. This is the truth, my Lord. I swear it by this sacred chant."

The assemblage listened, breathless, to the conversation. Then most of the princes and nobles surrounded the boy, and overwhelmed him with praises.

Some cavillers, however, exclaimed: "This should not be permitted! He must be forbidden to play the chant and to have a copy of it! But what can be done?"

"His Holiness shall decide," said the Cardinal to whom the boy had spoken.

The next morning, the youthful

genius was sent for to the Vatican—the Pope desired to see him.

With a calm and tranquil bearing, the boy passed through the vast and magnificent rooms decorated by Raphael's master hand, gazing as he went with wonder and admiration at the immortal frescoes. Finally, he was introduced into the Pope's private audience chamber. Two *attachés* from the Austrian Embassy accompanied him. Clement XIV. extended his hand to be kissed and said kindly:

"Is it true, my child, that the holy chant, hitherto reserved for our sole use in our Basilica at Rome, engraved itself on your memory the first time you heard it?"

"It is true, Holy Father."

"But how came it to pass?"

"Doubtless by God's will and permission," said the boy, simply.

"Yes, God grants genius," replied the Pope, "and you are evidently one of His chosen band. If He has thus miraculously given you the power to appropriate this chant, He must destine you to create for His Church other beautiful and sacred melodies. Go then in peace, my son."

The boy departed, after receiving the Pope's blessing, to which several costly presents were added soon afterwards, by order of His Holiness.

This wonderful child was Mozart, the composer of so many *chefs d'œuvre*—among which the music of Don Giovanni and "The Requiem" rank highest.

From the age of three years his father had fostered the boy's musical genius, and when scarcely six he had played on the harpsichord before the Emperor, Francis I. of Austria, who called him his little sorcerer, and allowed him to associate with the Archduchess, Marie Antoinette, who was also then a child. During this stay in Italy, where we have seen him give such a striking proof of his genius at Rome, Mozart visited Bologna. There he met Martini, so celebrated for his science in counter point. This harmonist was awe-stricken, as he himself expresses, at the "lightnings darted from that youthful mind," and predicted with certainty the glory and fame which would crown his labors later on.

The Philharmonic Academy of Bologna, wishing to enrol the young German among its members, asked him to submit to the ordeal imposed on its associates. He was locked into a room, with a theme for a fugue for four voices to compose. He accomplished his task in half an hour, and received his diploma. No one of his age had ever gained such a distinction. From Bologna, he went to the Court of Tuscany. The grand duke, enchanted with his music, loaded him with honors and presents; the beautiful galleries of the ancient palace of the Medicis echoed with his songs. The very pictures seemed to listen to his melody, and the chaste Venus to smile upon him.

The sight of these *chefs d'œuvre* inspired him—he surpassed himself. Never had his voice given utterance to more sublime compositions. The atmosphere of Florence was worthy of him. Like those tropical birds who carol their sweetest melodies amid the triple enchantment of sunshine, flowers, and murmuring streams, Mozart sang best among the marbles, the paintings, the luxury, of the friendly Court of Tuscany, the patron of letters and of art. But Mozart's greatest and most singular triumph was at Naples. There, they would not believe in the wonderful child's *natural* genius. Enthusiasm changed into superstition—it was rumored, and by many affirmed, that his talent was the result of a magic talisman. Those who listened to the young Mozart at Naples were unable to penetrate or divine his genius. They found a kind of consolation for their wounded vanity in attributing his inspirations to sorcery. Mozart's later years did not disappoint the promise of his glorious boyhood. We cannot now

follow him through his short, but marvellous career. We will only say that his last work was a religious composition, the famous Requiem Mass. The genius of Allegri, which inspired his childhood, smiled upon him as a father in his latest moments. With failing hands and feeble voice, he endeavored to try over this funeral music, which he said should be chanted over his tomb. An hour before his death, he gazed at the scroll, exclaiming: "Ah, I foresaw truly that this Requiem should be my own death chant!"

THE RUINED QUAY.

BY JOHN READE.

I.

By the ruined quay she sits in sorrow,
As she has sat for years and years,
Waiting the dawn of a glad to-morrow,
Waiting a ship that never appears:
"Come back, my love, or my heart will break,
It only beats for my darling's sake,
O cruel white sails, bring back my darling,
Have pity, O winds, on a maiden's tears."

II.

By the ruined quay a vessel is lying,
The people on shore have ceased to cheer,
The tattered flag is at half-mast flying—
Where is she now that her lover is here?
Dead he has come from over the sea
To meet his dead love by the ruined quay,
And no more shall winds or waters sever
The lovers asleep by the cypress tree.

THE FAILURE OF UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE.

(*From the North American Review.*)

In different times and countries, patriotism has different work to do. For the last two or three centuries its business has usually been the bridling of tyrants, the dethroning of arbitrary kings and the setting up of constitutional ones, or the getting rid of kings altogether ; in short, the extension of popular liberties at the expense of the wearers of crowns and bearers of sceptres. Going farther back, we see another state of things. Toward the end of the middle ages we find the relations of kings and peoples the reverse of what they afterward became. We find oppression divided and diffused in the persons of a multitude of feudal tyrants, and the masses looking to their sovereign as a protector. The feudal oppressor was both his enemy and theirs, and the progress of monarchical centralization was in the interest both of prince and peasant. It was not until feudalism was prostrate that the masses ceased to bless their sovereign as a friend, and began to curse him as a tyrant.

Still farther back in the centuries we find feudalism itself acting a part which could not have been spared in the reorganization of society. The foe of one generation is the friend of another, and there is scarcely a form of government so bad that it has not, at some time, prevented a worse or prepared for a better.

It is but lately, then, that crowns and sceptres have been denounced as enemies of the rights of man ; but the war against them has been waged so hotly, and has left such vigorous traditions behind it, that the same battle-cry is still raised in quarters where the foe has been driven off the field and utterly annihilated ; where the present danger is not above nor beneath, and where the real tyrant is organized ignorance, led by unscrupulous craft, and marching, amid the applause of fools, under the flag of equal rights. One might be better employed than in hooting and throwing stones at the ghost of dead and buried privilege. But the amusement is safe and popular. Habit has made it second nature, and it gives excellent occasion for the display of oratorical fireworks. The transfer of sovereignty to the people, and the whole people, is proclaimed the panacea of political and social ills, and we are but rarely reminded that popular sovereignty has evils of its own, against which patriotism may exercise itself to better purpose. Here and there one hears a whisper that perhaps the masses have not learned how to use their power ; but the whisper is greeted with obloquy.

We speak, of course, of our own country, where no royalty is left to fear, except the many-headed one that bears the name of Demos, with its portentous concourse of courtiers, sycophants, and panders. Those who live on its favors, and pretend most devotion to it, have been heard of late warning us to beware, and telling us that Demos is a "dangerous beast," whose caprices it behooves us to humor, lest he should turn and rend us. Far be it from us to echo this treason. Let others call him beast: we are his subject, and will but touch with reverence a few flaws in his armor.

Once he was a reasonable and sensible monarch, who had a notion of good government, and ruled himself and his realm with wisdom and moderation ; but prosperity has a little turned his head, and hordes of native and foreign barbarians, all armed with the ballot, have so bewildered him that

he begins to lose his wits and forget his kingcraft.

When a king makes himself oppressive to any considerable part of his subjects, it is not worth while to consider whether he wears one head or millions; whether he sits enthroned in the palace of his ancestors, or smokes his pipe in a filthy ward-room among blackguards like himself. Nevertheless, if we are to be oppressed, we would rather the oppressor were clean, and, if we are to be robbed, we like to be robbed with civility. Demos is a Protean monarch, and can put on many shapes. He can be benign, imposing, or terrible; but of late we have oftener seen him under his baser manifestations, keeping vile company, and doing his best to shake our loyalty by strange, unkingly pranks. The worst things about him are his courtiers, who in great part are a disreputable crew, abject flatterers, vicious counselors, and greedy plunderers; behind their master in morals, and in most things else but cunning. If the politicians would let him alone, Demos would be the exact embodiment of the average intelligence and worth of a great people; but, deluded and perverted as he is, he falls below this mark, and passes for worse than his real self. Yet, supposing that his evil counselors were all exterminated as they deserve, it would avail us little, for he would soon choose others like them, under the influence of notions which, of late, have got the better of his former good sense. He is the master, and can do what he will. He is answerable for all, and, if he is ill-served, he has nobody to blame but himself. In fact, he is jealous of his nobles, and, like certain other kings before him, loves to raise his barber, his butcher, and his scullion, to places of power. They yield him divine honor, proclaim him infallible as the pope, and call his voice the voice of God; yet they befool and cheat him not the less. He is the type of collective folly as well as wisdom, collective ignorance as well as knowledge, and collective frailty as well as strength. In short, he is utterly mortal, and must rise or fall as he is faithful or false to the great laws that regulate the destinies of men.

A generation or more ago, a cry of "Eureka!" rose over all the land, or rather over all the northern part of it. It was the triumphant acclaim of a nation hailing its king. The enthusiasm had its focus in New England, at that time, perhaps, the most successful democracy on earth—a fact which, however, was mainly to be ascribed to wholesome traditions, which have become part of the popular life. These the jubilants overlooked, and saw the fountain of all political and social blessings in the beneficent sway of an absolute Demos; that is to say, in the uncurbed exercise of the "inalienable right" of man to govern himself. A little cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rose presently above the sea, the herald of an invasion of peasants. With this in-pouring of labor came railroads, factories, and a thousand prolific industries, which heads without hands could not have awakened or sustained. Population increased, wealth grew apace; men became rabid in making money, and women frivolous in spending it. The same influences were at work through all the Northern States. A vast industrial development, an immense prosperity, rested safely for a while on the old national traditions, love of country, respect for law, and the habit of self-government. Then began the inevitable strain. Crowded cities, where the irresponsible and ignorant were numerically equal, or more than equal, to the rest, and where the weakest and most worthless was a match, by his vote, for the wisest and best; bloated wealth and envious poverty; a tinseled civilization above, and a discontented proletariat beneath—all these have broken rudely upon the dreams of equal brotherhood once cherished by those who made their wish the father of their thought, and fancied that this favored land formed an exception to the universal laws of human nature. They cried out for elevating the masses, but the masses have sunk lower. They called

for the diffusion of wealth, but wealth has gathered into more numerous and portentous accumulations. Two enemies, unknown before, have risen like spirits of darkness on our social and political horizon—an ignorant proletariat and a half-taught plutocracy. Between lie the classes, happily still numerous and strong, in whom rests our salvation.

To these we must look for the sterling ability and worth of the nation, sometimes in wealth, now and then in poverty; but for the most part in neither the one nor the other. They are the natural enemies of the vulgar plutocrat, and the natural friends of all that is best in the popular heart; but, as they neither flatter, lie, nor bribe, they have little power over these barbarians of civilization that form the substratum of great industrial communities.

Liberty was the watchword of our fathers, and so it is of ourselves. But, in their hearts, the masses of the nation cherish desires not only different from it, but inconsistent with it. They want equality more than they want liberty. Now, there is a factitious inequality and a real and intrinsic one. Rank, titles, privileges, and wealth, make up the first; and character, ability and culture, the second. Excepting only the distinctions of wealth, we have abolished the artificial inequality, and now we are doing what we can to abolish the real one. Vaguely and half unconsciously, but every day more and more, the masses hug the flattering illusion that one man is essentially about as good as another. They will not deny that there is great difference in the quality of horses or dogs, but they refuse to see it in their own genus. A jockey may be a democrat in the street, but he is sure to be an aristocrat in the stable. And yet the essential difference between man and man is incomparably greater than that between horse and horse, or dog and dog; though, being chiefly below the surface, the general eye can hardly see it.

Mountains and mole-hills, deserts and fertile valleys, and all the universal inequality of Nature, are but types of inequality in men. To level the outward world would turn it into barrenness, and to level human minds to one stature would make them barren as well. The history of the progress of mankind is the history of its leading minds. The masses, left to themselves, are hardly capable of progress, except material progress, and even that imperfectly. Through the long course of history, a few men, to be counted by scores or by tens, have planted in the world the germs of a growth whose benificent vitality has extended itself through all succeeding ages; and any one of these men outweighs in value to mankind myriads of nobles, citizens and peasants, who have fought or toiled in their generation, and then rotted into oblivion. Condé used to say that a thousand frogs were not worth one salmon. The saying, as he meant it, was false, but there is a sense in which it is true, though it tells the truth but feebly and imperfectly.

The highest man may comprehend the lowest, but the lowest can no more comprehend the highest than if he belonged to another order of beings, as for some purposes he practically does. A single human mind may engender thoughts which the combined efforts of millions of lower intelligences cannot receive. This is not the faith of Demos. In his vague way, he fancies that aggregated ignorance and weakness will bear the fruits of wisdom. He begins to think that science, thought and study, are old-time illusions; that everybody has a right to form his own opinion as to whether the world is round or flat, and that the votes of the majority ought to settle the question.

We have said that intrinsic equality is inconsistent with liberty. It is so, because, in order to produce it, very unequal opportunities of development must be granted to different kinds of mind and character, and an even distributive justice refused to human nature. The highest must be repressed

and the lowest stimulated in order to produce a level average. In such an attempt no political or social system can completely succeed; but in so far as it tends this way it is false and pernicious. If it could succeed, or approach to success, it would be an outrage upon humanity. Asiatic despotisms have done so as nearly, perhaps, as is possible; but the Amuraths and Bajazets will hardly be thought fit examples for emulation. Democracy can no more succeed in producing a level than they did, but it can do prodigious mischief by trying to produce one. It may pretend that it is only "levelling upward," but this phrase of pleasing sound means levelling downward also; for, if the lower strata of humanity are raised as high as their nature and the inexorable conditions of human life will permit, there will still be no equality till the upper strata are pushed down to meet them.

A society where liberty was complete, and where all men had equal opportunities of development, acccording to their several qualities, would show immense diversities of all kinds; like the vegetable world, where the tallest trees and the humblest shrubs, plants climbing and crawling, poisonous and wholesome, all grow out of the same soil and are formed of the same essential elements. So the essential elements of human nature are the same, but mixed in such different proportion, and controlled by such diffent tendencies, that they often result less in resemblances than in contrasts.

Shall we look for an ideal society in that which tends to a barren average and a weary uniformity, treats men like cattle, counts them by the head, and gives them a vote apiece without asking whether or not they have the sense to use it; or in that which recognizes the inherent differences between man and man, gives the preponderance of power to character and intelligence, yet removes artificial barriers, keeps circulation free through all its parts, and rewards merit wherever it appears with added influence? This, of course, is a mere idea, never to be fully realized; but it makes vast difference at what a republic aims, and whether it builds on numbers or on worth. The methods by which it tries to reach its mark may be more or less effective, but it is all-important that the mark should be a true one.

The success of an experiment of indiscriminate suffrage hangs on the question whether the better part of the community is able to outweigh the worse. There are certain social conditions, rarely to be found except in small communities and a civilization not the most advanced, in which this question may be answered confidently in the affirmative; but, as numbers, wealth, and luxury increase, the difficulty grows with them. It is aggravated by the fact, generally acknowledged by those most competent to judge of it, that intellectual development and high civilization are not favorable to fecundity, so that the unintelligent classes, except when in actual destitution, multiply faster than those above them. Thus the power of ignorance tends to increase, or rather the power of the knaves who are always at hand to use it.

A New England village of the olden time—that is to say, of some forty years ago—would have been safely and well governed by the votes of every man in it; but now that the village has grown into a populous city, with its factories and workshops, its acres of tenement-houses, and thousands and ten thousands of restless workmen, foreigners for the most part, to whom liberty means license and politics means plunder, to whom the public good is nothing and their own most trivial interests everything, who love the country for what they can get out of it, and whose ears are open to the promptings of every rascally agitator, the case is completely changed, and universal suffrage becomes a questionable blessing. Still we are told it is an inalienable right. Suppose for an instant that it were so, wild as the supposition is. The community has rights as well as the individual, and it has

also duties. It is both its right and its duty to provide good government for itself, and, the moment the vote of any person or class of persons becomes an obstacle to its doing so, this person or class forfeits the right to vote; for, where the rights of a part clash with the rights of the whole, the former must give way.

When a man has not sense to comprehend the questions at issue, know a bad candidate from a good one, or see his own true interests—when he cares not a farthing for the general good, and will sell his vote for a dollar—when by a native instinct, he throws up his cap at the claptrap declamation of some lying knave, and turns with indifference or dislike from the voice of honesty and reason—then his vote becomes a public pest. Somebody uses him, and profits by him. Probably it is a demagogue, possibly a priest, or possibly both. In any case, it is folly to call him a free agent. His inalienable right may perhaps be valuable to him for the bribe he gets out of it; but it makes him a nuisance and a danger to the State. It causes pulpit, platform, and press to condone his vices, and debauch the moral sense of the people by discovering objects of sympathy in vagabonds, thieves, and ruffians. It gives power to the communistic attack on property, and makes it difficult to deal with outbreaks of brutal violence against which even humanity itself demands measures of the most stern and exemplary repression.

Universal suffrage, imposed upon the country by the rivalries of contending parties bidding against each other for votes, has since been promoted into a "principle," regarded by many persons as almost sacred. This so-called principle, however, is by no means of universal application, and when applied in the wrong place, at once reduces itself to absurdity. Distribute ballot-boxes among the subjects of King John of Abyssinia or those of the Khan of Kelat, and set them to govern themselves by the full exercise of their inalienable rights, and our panacea would result in anarchy. Universal suffrage is applicable only to those peoples, if such there are, who by character and training are prepared for it; and the only rational question is as to the degree of preparation that will serve the purpose. In any case, preparation must be the work of time. There must be hereditary traditions of self-government. Universal suffrage exists in some European nations, and exists along with a high degree of civilization and prosperity; but in these the traditions and material forces of a centralized government are extremely strong, and the evils of an ignorant or vicious vote are held in check by powers of resistance which are unknown here. Yet even in these countries the final results of the experiment are, and well may be, the objects of deep anxiety.

We are told that to make a bad voter a good one, we have only to educate him. His defect, however, is not merely intellectual. It consists also in the want of the feeling that his own interests are connected with those of the community, and in the weakness or absence of the sense of moral and political duty. The evil is not to be cured by reading, writing, and arithmetic. The public school may cram his brain with all it is capable of containing, and he will be no whit the better citizen for the process. It might train instead of cramming him, lay the foundation of a sound morality, and teach him something of political and social duty; but such education is more difficult than that now in vogue, and demands more judgment and ability in those who conduct it. To teach the teacher must be the first step; and here, as in everything else connected with public education, we find ourselves moving in a vicious circle. To whom have we intrusted these high and delicate interests? They demand the best intelligence and the best conscience of the community; and yet their control rests, in the last resort, with legislatures and municipal bodies representing in part that very public which needs education the most—wretched, wire-pulling demagogues, ignorant as the constituencies that chose them,

reckless of public duty, and without the faintest notion of what true education is. In such education rests the only hope of democracies; but it is vain to look for it unless the wiser half of the public can regain its virtual control.

The results thus far of our present style of popular education are not flattering. That portion of young America which has sprung from humble and ignorant parentage ought to show its effects most conspicuously; but it may be doubted whether, as a general rule, the young Irish-American is a better or safer citizen than his parent from Cork. He can read; but he reads nothing but sensation stories and scandalous picture-papers, which fill him with preposterous notions, and would enfeeble a stronger brain than his and debauch a sounder conscience. He is generally less industrious than his sire, and equally careless of the public good.

Those who bray loudest for inalienable rights extol the ballot as an education in itself, capable of making good citizens out of the poorest material. Under certain conditions, there is a measure of truth in this. An untaught and reckless voter, enveloped by honest and rational ones, is apt to change greatly for the better; but, to this end, it is essential that those whom the ballot is to educate should be segregated and surrounded by healthy influences. When extensive districts and, notably, large portions of populous cities are filled by masses of imported ignorance and hereditary ineptitude, the whole ferments together till the evil grows insufferable. The ballot then educates only to mischief. If the voter has a conscience, he votes it away. His teacher is a demagogue who plays on his prejudices or his greed, and out of a bad citizen makes him a worse. Witness the municipal corruptions of New York, and the monstrosities of negro rule in South Carolina.

It is said that vigilance is the price of liberty; but it has another condition no less essential. It demands moderation. It must stand on the firm ground, avoid rash theorizing and sweeping generalization, and follow the laws of development that reason and experience point out. It must build its future on its past. When it rushes deliriously after dazzling abstractions, it is rushing towards its ruin. In short, it must be practical, not in the vile sense in which that word is used by political sharpers, but in the sense in which it is used by thoughtful and high-minded men.

There is an illusion, or a superstition, among us respecting the ballot. The means are confounded with the end. Good government is the end, and the ballot is worthless except so far as it helps to reach this end. Any reasonable man would willingly renounce his privilege of dropping a piece of paper into a box, provided that good government were assured to him and his descendants.

The champions of indiscriminate suffrage—such of them, that is, as deign to give reasons for their faith—point in triumph to the prosperity which the country has enjoyed till within the last few years, and proclaim it a result of the unlimited power of the masses. This prosperity, however, had been founded and half built up before the muddy tide of ignorance rolled in upon us. It rests on the institutions and habits bequeathed to us by our fathers; and, if until lately the superstructure has continued to rise, it is in spite of a debased suffrage, and not in consequence of it. With still more confidence, and more apparent reason, we are told to look at the great popular uprising of the civil war. Here, indeed, democracy revealed itself in its grandest aspect. The degrading elements had not then reached the volume and force that they have reached to-day. The issue was definite and distinct. The Union was to be saved, and popular government vindicated. There were no doubts and no complications. Victory meant national integrity, and defeat meant national disintegration. Above all, the cause had its visible emblem—the national flag; and thousands and hundreds of thousands of eyes were

turned upon it in ardent and loving devotion. We heard a great deal at that time about "thinking bayonets." The bayonets did not think, nor did those who carried them. They did what was more to the purpose—they felt. The emergency did not call for thought, but for faith and courage, and both were there in abundance. The political reptiles hid away, or pretended to change their nature, and for a time the malarious air was purged as by a thunder-storm. Peace brought a change. Questions intricate and difficult, demanding brains more than hearts, and discretion more than valor, took the place of the simple alternative, to be or not to be. The lion had had his turn, and now the fox, the jackal, and the wolf, took theirs. Every sly political trickster, whom the storm had awed into obscurity, now found his opportunity. The reptiles crawled out again, multiplied, and infested caucuses, conventions, and Congress. But the people were the saddest spectacle; the same people that had shown itself so heroic in the hour of military trial were now perplexed, bewildered, tossed between sense and folly, right and wrong, taking advice of mountebanks, and swallowing their filthy nostrums. The head of Demos was as giddy as his heart had been strong.

But why descant on evils past cure? Indiscriminate suffrage is an accomplished fact, and cannot be undone. Then why not accept it, look on the bright side and hope that, "somehow or other," all will be well in the end? Because the recognition of an evil must go before its cure, and because there is too much already of the futile optimism that turns wishes into beliefs, and discourses in every tone of sickly commonplace about popular rights and universal brotherhood. Beneath it all lies an anxious sense of present and approaching evil. Still the case is not yet desperate. The country is full of recuperative force, latent just now, and kept so by the easy and apathetic good-nature which so strangely marks our people. This is not the quality by which liberty is won and kept, and yet popular orators and preachers do their best to perpetuate it. Prominent among obstacles to reform is this weary twaddle of the optimists.

It is well to be reminded how far we have sundered ourselves from the only true foundation of republics—intelligence and worth. The evil is not to be cured by hiding it, turning away our eyes from it, or pretending that it is a blessing. If it is to be overcome, it must be first looked in the face. All nations have in them some element of decay. Systems and peoples have perished, and not one was ever saved by shutting the eyes and murmuring that all was for the best. Faith without reason will only beguile us to destruction, and Liberty may elope while we are bragging most of her favors. We believe that our present evils are not past cure, and that, if the sound and rational part of the people can be made to feel that the public wounds need surgery, they will find means of applying it.

Under what shape shall we look for deliverance? It is easy to say where we need not look for it. To dream of a king would be ridiculous. We might set up an oligarch, or rather an oligarchy might set up itself; but it would be one made up of the "boss," the "railroad king," and the bonanza Crœsus—a tyranny detestable and degrading as that of the rankest democracy, with which it would be in league. The low politician is the accomplice of the low plutocrat, and the low voter is the ready tool of both. There are those who call on imperialism to help us; but, supposing this heroic cure to be possible, we should rue the day that brought us to it. Our emperor would be nothing but a demagogue on a throne, forced to conciliate the masses by giving efficacy to their worst desires.

There is no hope but in purging and strengthening the republic. The remedy must be slow, not rash and revolutionary. A debased and irresponsible suffrage is at the bottom of

the evil, but the state is sick of diseases that do not directly and immediately spring from this source. Something is due to the detestable maxim that to the victor belong the spoils, and the fatuity that makes office the reward of party service, demands incessant rotation, dismisses the servant of the public as soon as he has learned to serve it well, prefers the interests of needy politicans to the interests of the whole people, sets a premium on trickery and discourages faithful industry. When the scraps and marrow-bones of offices are flung down to be scrambled for, the dogs are sure to get the lion's share.

Never was there a more damning allegation against popular government than was made unwittingly by the popularity-loving Governor of a certain State, who, talking for reform in one breath and against it in the next, said in substance that good administration might be expected in monarchies, but that with us the conduct of public affairs is in the hands of the people, and that to complain of bad civil service is to arraign democracy itself. Let us emulate this worthy gentleman ; sit in smiling and serene despair, banish reflection, and drift placidly down the tide, fishing as we go. It is thus that republics are brought to their ruin. What the times need are convictions, and the courage to enforce them. The hope lies in an organized and determined effort to rouse the better half of the people to a sense that honest and trained capacity, in our public service, is essential to our well-being, and that the present odious and contemptible system is kept up in the interest of the few, and not of the whole. There is much, too, in the organization of legislative and municipal bodies which might be changed in the interest of honesty against knavery, and of ability against artifice, without involving any attack against "alienable rights." Yet, so long as a debased suffrage retains its present power for mischief, the snake is scotched, not killed. When a majority of the people become convinced that no aggregate of folly can produce sense, and no aggregate of worthlessness can produce honesty, and when they return to the ancient faith that sense and honesty are essential to good government, then it will become possible—not, perhaps, peaceably to abolish a debased suffrage—but to counteract and so far neutralize it that it may serve as a safety-valve and cease to be a danger.

There are prophets of evil who see in the disorders that involve us the precursors of speedy ruin ; but complete disruption and anarchy are, we may hope, still far off, thanks to an immense vitality and an inherited conservative strength. The immediate question is this : Is the nation in the way of keeping its lofty promise, realizing its sublime possibilities, advancing the best interests of humanity, and helping to ennoble and not vulgarize the world ? Who dares answer that it is ?

Great fault is found with men of education and social position, because they withdraw from public life and abandon the field to men half taught and *sans aveu*. Tried by the standard of ideal perfection they ought, for the good of the country, to sacrifice inclination, peace, and emolument, go down into the arena, and jostle with the rest in the scrub-race of American politics, even if victory brings them no prize which they greatly care to win. Such men we have. Those who to-day save our politics from absolute discredit do so, in one degree or another, at a personal sacrifice. If the conflicts and the rewards of public life have something to attract them, they have also a great deal to repel. They enter a career where the arts of political management are of more avail than knowledge, training, and real ability ; or, in other words, where the politician carries the day and not the statesman ; where fitness for a high place is not the essential condition of reaching it, and where success must often be bought by compliances repugnant to them. The public service is paid neither by profit nor by honor, except such profit and honor as those best fitted to serve

the public hold in slight account. It is only in the highest walks of political life that honor is to be found at all. For the rest, it might almost be said that he who enters them throws on himself the burden of proof to show that he is an honest man. More and more, we drift into the condition of those unhappy countries where "the post of honor is a private station;" and perhaps at this moment there is no civilized nation on earth of which this saying holds more true.

Out of this springs a double evil: Bad government first, and then an increasing difficulty in regaining a good one. Good government cannot be maintained or restored unless the instructed and developed intellect of the country is in a good degree united with political habits and experience. The present tendency is to divorce it from them; and this process of separation, begun long ago, is moving on now more rapidly than ever. Within a generation the quality of public men has sunk conspicuously. The masses have grown impatient of personal eminence, and look for leaders as nearly as may be like themselves. Young men of the best promise have almost ceased to regard politics as a career. This is not from want of patriotism. When the Union was in danger there were none who hastened to its defence with more ardent and devoted gallantry, rejoicing to serve their country in a field where it was to be served by manhood and not by trickery. Peace came, they sheathed their swords, and were private citizens again. They would die in the public service, but they would not live in it.

In fact, the people did not want them there. The qualities of the most highly gifted and highly cultivated are discarded for cheaper qualities, which are easier of popular comprehension, and which do not excite jealousy. Therefore the strongest incentive to youthful ambition, the hope of political fame, is felt least by those who, for the good of the country, ought to feel it most. The natural results follow. A century ago three millions of people produced the wise, considerate, and temperate statesmanship on which our nationality is built. Now we are forty millions, and what sort of statesmanship these forty millions produce let the records of Congress show. The germs of good statesmanship are among us in abundance, but they are not developed, and, under our present system and in the present temper of our people, they cannot be developed. The conditions of human greatness are difficult to trace, but one thing is reasonably sure: it will not grow where it is not wanted. It may be found in a republic that demands the service of its best and ablest, but not in one that prefers indifferent service of indifferent men, and pleases itself with the notion that this is democratic equality.

The irrepressible optimist, who discovers in every disease of the state a blessing in disguise, will say that eminent abilities are unnecessary in democracies. We commend him to a short study of the recent doings of Congress, and, if this cannot dispel his illusion, his case is beyond hope. This same illusion, in one shape or another, is wide-spread through all the realm of Demos, where we sometimes hear the value of personal eminence of any kind openly called in question, on the ground that the object of popular government is the good of the many and not of the few. This is true, but it remains to ask what the good of the many requires. It does not require that the qualities most essential to the conduct of national affairs should be dwarfed and weakened; but that they should be developed to the utmost, not merely as a condition of good government, but because they are an education to the whole people. To admire a brazen demagogue sinks the masses, and to admire a patriot statesman elevates them. Example is better than schooling; and, if average humanity is encouraged in the belief that there is nobody essentially much above itself, it will not rise above its own level. A low standard means low achievement. In every one of the

strata into which civilized society must of necessity be divided there are men capable of a higher place, and it is injustice to those whom Nature has so favored not to show them the heights to which they may aspire. What they do see clearly enough are the factitious heights of wealth and office; what they need also to see are those of human nature in its loftiest growth.

A nation is judged by its best products. To stand in the foremost rank, it must give to the human race great types of manhood, and add new thought to the treasury of the world. No extent of territory, no growth of population, no material prosperity, no average of intelligence, will ever be accepted as substitutes. They may excite fear, wonder, or even a kind of admiration, but they will never win or deserve the highest place.

Our civilization is weak in the head, though the body is robust and full of life. With all the practical vigor and diffused intelligence of the American people, our cultivated class is inferior to that of the leading countries of Europe; for not only does the sovereign Demos think he can do without it, but he is totally unable to distinguish the sham education from the real one. The favorite of his heart is that deplorable political failure, the "self-made man," whom he delights to honor, and to whom he confides the most perplexed and delicate interests, in full faith that, if he cannot unravel them, then nobody else can. He thinks that he must needs be a person of peculiar merit and unequalled vigor. His idea of what constitutes him is somewhat singular. He commends as self-made the man who picks up a half education at hap-hazard; but if, no matter with what exertion, he makes use of systematic and effective methods of training and instructing himself, then, in the view of Demos, he is self-made no longer.

The truth is, liberal education is at a prodigious disadvantage among us. In its nature it is only the beginning of a process that should continue through life; of a growth that will bear its fruit only in the fullness of time. Of what avail to nurse and enrich the young tree, if its after-years are to be spent in a soil and climate hostile or at least unfavorable to it? We do not say this in despondency, but simply to illustrate the position and its necessities. Amid the morbid levelling of the times, few signs are so hopeful as the growing strength of the higher education; but it is well to recognize with what it has to contend. In the platitudes of democratic society two counter-influences are apparent—the one a curse, and the other a blessing: First, those sudden upheavals of accumulated wealth which break with sinister portent that broad distribution of property which once formed our safety; and, secondly, this recent reinforcement of trained intelligence. Each confronts the other; for culture is no friend of vulgar wealth, and most of the mountains of gold and silver we have lately seen are in the keeping of those who are very ill fitted to turn them to the profit of civilization.

But culture—to use that inadequate word for the want of a better—has, as we have said, to contend with formidable difficulties. The lower forms of ambition among us are stimulated to the utmost. The prizes held before them are enormous. The faculties that lead to money-making, and those that lead to political notoriety as distinguished from political eminence, have every opportunity and every incentive. Ability, poor and obscure, may hope to win untold wealth, rule over mines, railroads and cities, and mount to all the glories of official station. As a consequence, we have an abundance of rich men and an abundance of clever politicians. Again, we would not be misunderstood. We have no wish to declaim against self-made men. There are those among them who deserve the highest respect and the warmest gratitude. If rarely themselves on the highest pinnacle of civilization, they are generally the sources, immediate or remote, from which our best civilization springs.

Yet there are achievements to which they are equal only in exceptional cases. We have had but one Franklin; and even that great man had failings from which different influences would have delivered him. Nor was Franklin a product of democracy full-fledged.

While the faculties that win material success are spurred to the utmost, and urged to their strongest development, those that find their exercise in the higher fields of thought and action are far from being so. For the minds that mere wealth and mere notoriety cannot satisfy, the inducements are weak and the difficulties great. The slow but ominous transfer of power from superior to inferior types of men, as shown in city councils, legislatures, and Congress, has told with withering effect on the growth of true political ability. Debased as our politics are, they do not invite, and hardly even admit, the higher and stronger faculties to a part in them. Liberal education is robbed of its best continuance and consummation, in so far as it is shut out from that noblest field of human effort, the direction of affairs of state; that career of combined thought and action where all the forces of the mind are called forth, and of which the objects and results are to those of the average American politician what the discoveries and inventions of applied science are to the legerdemain of a street juggler. The professions still remain open, and in these comparatively limited fields the results are good. Literature offers another field; but here the temptation is powerful to write or speak down to the level of that vast average of education which makes the largest returns in profits and celebrity. The best literature we have has followed the natural law and sprung up in two or three places where educated intelligence had reached a point high enough to promise it a favorable hearing. For the rest, our writers address themselves to an audience so much accustomed to light food that they have no stomach for the strong. The public demand has its effect, too, on the pulpit. It is pleasanter to tell the hearer what he likes to hear than to tell him what he needs; and the love of popularity is not confined to the laity.

From one point of view, the higher education is of no great use among us. It is not necessary to make a millionaire a party leader, such as our party leaders are, or a popular preacher or writer. So little is it needed for such purposes, that the country is full of so-called "practical men," who cry out against it in scorn. Yet, from a true point of view, it is of supreme use and necessity, and a deep responsibility rests on those who direct it. What shall be its aims? Literature, scholarship, and physical science, are all of importance; but, considered in themselves, their place is subordinate, for they cannot alone meet the requirements of the times. It has been said that liberal culture tends to separate men from the nation at large, and form them into a class apart; and, without doubt, this is to a certain degree true of the merely æsthetic, literary, or scholastic culture. What we most need is a broad and masculine education, bearing on questions of society and government; not repelling from active life, but preparing for it and impelling toward it. The discipline of the university should be a training for the arena; and, within the past few years, no little progress has been made in this direction.

Some half a century ago, a few devoted men began what seemed a desperate crusade against a tremendous national evil. American slavery has now passed into history. It died a death of violence, to our shame be it said; for the nation had not virtue, temperance, and wisdom enough, to abolish it peacefully and harmlessly; but it is dead. We would not compare the agitation against it to the far more complex and less animating movement by which alone our present evils can be met and checked. Conviction and enthusiasm, with very little besides, served the purpose of the abolition agitators. Their appeal was to senti-

ment and conscience, not to reason; and their work demanded a kind of men very different from those demanded by the work of political regeneration. The champion of the new reform will need no whit less enthusiasm, but it must be tempered with judgment and armed with knowledge. One idea will not serve him. He must have many, all tending to one end; an integrity that can neither be tempted nor ensnared, and a courage that nothing can shake.

Here, then, is a career worthy of the best, and demanding the best, for none but they can grapple with the complicated mischiefs of our politics. Those gallant youths, and others such as they, who were so ready to lay down life for their country, may here find a strife more difficult, and not less honorable. If there is virtue in them for an effort so arduous, then it is folly to despair. If a depraved political system sets them aside in favor of meaner men, and denies them the career to which the best interests of the nation call them, then let them attack this depraved system, and, in so doing, make a career of their own. The low politician is not a noble foe, but he is strong and dangerous enough to make it manly to fight him; and the cause of his adversary is the cause of the people, did they but know it; or at least of that part of the people that is worth the name. No doubt, the strife is strangely unequal; for on one side are ranged all the forces of self-interest, always present and always active; and on the other only duty and patriotism. But if the virtue and reason of the nation can be as well organized as its folly and knavery are organized to-day, a new hope will rise upon us, and they who can achieve such a result will not lack their reward. The "literary feller" may yet make himself a practical force, and, in presence of the public opinion which he has evoked, the scurvy crew who delight to gibe at him may be compelled to disguise themselves in garments of unwonted decency.

It is in the cities that the diseases of the body politic are gathered to a head, and it is here that the need of attacking them is most urgent. Here the dangerous classes are most numerous and strong, and the effects of flinging the suffrage to the mob are most disastrous. Here the barbarism that we have armed and organized stands ready to overwhelm us. Our cities have become a prey. Where the carcass is, the vultures gather together. The industrious are taxed to feed the idle, and offices are distributed to perpetuate abuses and keep knaves in power. Some of our city councils, where every ward sends its representatives, each according to its nature, offer a curious and instructive spectacle; for here one sees men of mind and character striving for honest government under vast and ever-increasing difficulties, mingled with vicious boors in whose faces brute, knave and fool, contend which shall write his mark most vilely.

The theory of inalienable rights becomes an outrage to justice and common-sense, when it hands over great municipal corporations, the property of those who hold stock in them, to the keeping of greedy and irresponsible crowds controlled by advenurers as reckless as themselves, whose object is nothing but plunder. But the question is not one of politics; it is one of business, and political rights, inalienable or otherwise, are not in any true sense involved in it. The city which can so reorganize itself that those who supply the means of supporting it shall have the chief control over their expenditure, will lead the way in abolishing an anomaly as ridiculous as it is odious, and give an impulse to its own prosperity which will compel other cities to follow its example. That better class of citizens who have abandoned civic affairs in disgust, will gradually return and acquire in municipal administration a training which may avail them afterwards in wider fields. The reform of cities would be a long and hopeful step toward the reform of the States and the nation.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

Young Folks.

A LIFT IN THE STAGE.

A STORY FOR BOYS.

"Wherever can he be?"

"Well, Mis' Squeers, wherever the young scamp is, there's no use keepin' that door open and lettin' in draught enough to take the roof off, let alone givin' us all the rheumatism."

When angry, Mr. Squeers was careful to give people their proper titles. Thus reproved Mrs. Squeers closed the door from which she had been peering out into the fast-falling night, and seating herself opposite her husband resumed her knitting. The flickering light, which rose and fell from the old-fashioned fireplace, showed an anxious look in her pale face, and though she knitted on mechanically, her attitude was that of an attentive listener. In the little summer-kitchen Lyddy, the "help," whose custom it was to accompany her work with spirited if not very cultivated singing, scalded her milk pans in a quiet, abstracted manner, now and then muttering something not very complimentary to her master; or when a sound, however slight, from without caught her ear she would lift the latch and steal quietly out, but always returned without any apparent result.

It cannot be said that Mr. Squeers' countenance betrayed anything in the nature of anxiety, but it wore the deeply injured air which was habitual to it whenever the gentleman had a grievance. These occasions were frequent. "Yes, sir,"—Mr. Squeers' favorite mode of address when he meant to include all who might be within the range of his voice—"Yes sir, we'll have no more of these charity rascals around here; I've had enough of that."

"Oh, you have," sneered Liddy below her breath.

Mr. Squeers drew his bootjack, a very clumsy contrivance of his own, out of a corner and proceeded to remove his boots, after which he held up his feet to the blaze and resumed the thread of his remarks.

"Yes, sir, if I catch the young rascal around this place again, I'll—here I am with that much work to do in the spring of the year I don't know where to begin first, and that young scalawag must take himself off—not that *he's* any good, but I'll give him a lesson to-morrow if I catch him about here. We've had enough of takin' other people's children to do for 'em."

"A deal *you* do," muttered Lyddy.

"But then when yer own flesh and blood leaves ye," continued Mr. Squeers, "what can you expect of a foundlin', or what's the same as a foundlin'. Oh, the ingratitude, the ingratitude!"

"Mary has helped us more since she went into town than she ever could have done here. She has done more than any girl I ever heard of. It's nothing but overwork that's made her sick now, I believe."

There were times when Mrs. Squeers ventured to speak.

"Well, well, say she has, say she has helped a leetle. Who did everything for her—who brought her up?"

"Not you," snapped Lyddy in a somewhat loud tone.

Mrs. Squeers took up her knitting with a sigh, while her lord and master proceeded to inveigh loudly against the ingratitude of the world generally, and the people he had to deal with in particular.

"Yes, sir, I'll fix this bright boy o'yourn," keeping an angry eye on his wife, "if I find him sneakin' back here. The half-witted little stoopid, never arned his salt yet, but if I catch him, I'll— I'll—"

Mr. Squeers rose and walked away to bed, shaking his fist at the floor and his head at nothing, apparently at a loss to think of words to express his dire intentions, albeit his two suspenders hanging down his back detracted somewhat from his otherwise threatening aspect.

Mrs. Squeers put down her knitting, and going down into the little kitchen, dropped wearily into a chair.

"I'm so troubled, Lyddy; seems to me it was bad enough to have Mary sick, and now here Sam has run away. Poor little thing, where can he have gone to? I feel just about beat this night."

"I shouldn't fret about it, Mrs. Squeers. Mary's sure to be better or you would have heard, and as for Sam, he'll be back in a day or two, and if we keep him out of Mr. Squeers' way for awhile, everything will come all right."

"That's just it, Lyddy, father's not very gentle with him,"—Lyddy thought her mistress put it mildly when she said, not very gentle—"and he's a shy little thing. I should never have taken a boy, Lyddy, and I wouldn't have, but the poor motherless little thing, seemed to cling to me, and I liked him, and always will, though people say he is stupid and has not half his wits. Poor little Sam! I'm afraid you're cold and hungry somewhere to-night."

"He's all right," replied the hopeful Lyddy. "I kind of misdoubted there was something up, for more'n a week he has carried his doughnuts or johnny-cake away from the table; I believe now he was savin' 'em for this jant, wherever it's to. There, now, that's the last pan. I think I'll just take a run across the field. He may be h idin' near the woods, half afraid to come back."

"I'll go too, Lyddy, he'll be more apt to mind me."

But the search was fruitless. There was no Sam lurking near the woods or hiding in a corner of the fence, and when Mrs. Squeers spoke softly to each bush and stump, which to her anxious eyes looked like the little figure coming to meet her, there was no response save the echo of her own voice, or the rustling of the leaves in the night wind.

"It's just come to what I might have expected, Lyddy," said she sorrowfully, "father's been so hard on him that he's just run away. Poor little fellow!—and I was so fond of him. There's no saying when I'll get a horse to go to town now, father's so put out about Sam, and poor Mary sick! Dear, dear, it's a hard world sometimes!" And in spite of Lyddy's hearty assurances of Mary's and Sam's well-being—which she did not feel—Mrs. Squeers went to bed very sad and troubled.

If she could only have seen Sam that evening, or known of the friend he had met when trudging wearily along the muddy road with his boots over his shoulder and a small parcel of stale doughnuts under his arm!

Sam was frightened when the stranger accosted him, and wondered if he had any connection with Mr. Squeers.

"Well, my boy, where are you bound for?"

"Town," was the low reply.

"Town? Well, when do you suppose you'll get there on these roads?"

Sam looked more frightened than ever.

"What's your name, and where do you come from? How is it that a little fellow like you talks of going to town alone? Seems you're a stranger to me."

"My name is Sam, I live over to Mr. Squeers' and I'm—"

"Oh," interrupted Sam's companion, "Squeers', I see—I see," and a peculiar expression stole into his face. "So you're the little boy I've heard tell of. Got sort of tired over there, I s'pose?"

"No, sir, but—but you won't tell, will you? Mrs. Squeers has been so good to me, she's all the mother I have, she's done more for me than I could tell, and Mary's sick in town, and mother can't sleep nights for thinking of her, and Mr. Squeers says the roads are too bad to drive to town, he don't ca—he isn't so worried as mother, so I left before daylight. I thought I might get back to-morrow night, for father will be needing me now the spring work is going to begin. But you won't tell till I come back, for mother is in such a way about Mary?"

Sam's hungry, wistful eyes were wet as he lifted them eagerly to the stranger's face.

"Tell! you poor little soul!" and farmer Burton passed the back of his hand over his forehead to wipe away the damp which was not there. "No, I'll not tell. So you're to help with the spring work, poor leetle mite! Well, well, and so Mary's sick? Oh yes, I know Mary used to come to my house sometimes, with my Sallie."

And farmer Burton walked on by Sam, talking, but mostly to himself, in a strain very similar to Lyddy's over her dish-washing. When they reached Mr. Burton's comfortable farm-house, that good man had considerable difficulty in prevailing upon Sam to relinquish his intention of walking all night. He was afraid he "mightn't be back in time for his work." However, the promise of a lift into town next morning removed his fears, and he followed his new friend up to the house in a state of painful bewilderment at so much undeserved kindness.

"Here, mother," said the farmer to a stout, pleasant-faced woman who met them at the door. "I've brought you another, seeing we haint quite enough of our own."

"Who is the little fellow?" said Mrs. Burton, looking at him with good-natured surprise.

"Oh, he's Sam, comes from Mr. Squeers', walkin' into town to see how Mary is. Seems she's been sick and her mother is frettin', so this little chap set out to bring back the news—meant to walk all night, but guesses he'll stay over and get acquainted with us."

And while some very intelligent glances were being exchanged over his head, Sam broke out again about mother:

"She can't sleep at nights, and you don't know how good she is; she don't mind how stupid I am—she always liked me."

"Bless your little heart, you're not so stupid as folks have said." Mrs. Burton's motherly eyes were dim as she stooped to kiss the little pale, freckled face, an action which filled Sam with great astonishment. Surely the world was different from what he had imagined. That any one but mother—and she only did when they were alone—should kiss him; that any stranger should speak kindly to such a stupid, half-witted boy as he was, were problems Sam found difficult to solve.

"And, mind, nothin's to be said, mother, it's a secret," said Mr. Burton.

"Honor bright!" Mrs. Burton accompanied this remark with a wink. "Now for supper."

But such was Sam's amazement at the number, good looks, good nature and happiness of the Burton family, that it is to be feared his supper would have been a poor one, had not Sallie—or rather Miss Burton, who was a grown up young lady, taken him under her care, and reminded him when he lapsed into meditation, that if he wanted

to grow up a strong man, he must eat lots of pancakes and drink all the milk he could get. Thus admonished, Sam would turn to his plate; for he had reasons, urgent reasons, known only to himself and hidden away down in the depths of his grateful little heart, for wanting to grow up a strong man. But how strange it all was, that they should be so good to him and so happy together! He had heard Mr. Squeers speak of Farmer Burton as a pretty considerable forehanded man, but that such a state of bliss existed in any home had never entered Sam's head. Poor little Sam sighed and wished mother and he could live in a house like this. After tea his attention was divided between a little black-eyed girl who undertook to initiate him into the mysteries of "Tic-tac-toe," with her slate and pencil, and Sallie, for whom he had been seized with a sudden admiration at the tea-table. Indeed Sallie might be called the centre of attraction. To her corner the eyes of the little ones strayed with glances of mingled awe and admiration, and titters, born of a pleasant sense of ownership in the interesting Sallie; while with the older ones, especially the girls, good manners and curiosity seemed to struggle for the mastery. No doubt the lessons suffered that night; even Farmer Burton occasionally lifted his eyes from the axehelve he was smoothing, gazed reflectively at the "settee," for a few seconds, and then at his wife, who for the most part kept her eyes discreetly on her work. Would the reader know the meaning of all this?—*Sallie had a beau.* She did not generally spend her evenings in the living-room, but the spring cleaning had been done early this year, the parlor stove taken down, and the chilly nights had led to the vacation of the "settee" in favor of Sallie and her lover. As Mrs. Burton remarked, it was a savin' of firewood and fuss,—not that she grudged Sallie anything; she was a good girl, and the man that got her would do well. Whatever he thought of it, the presence of Sallie's family did not appear to detract from her enjoyment of the occasion. To little Sam all this was marvellous. It never struck him that he with his great patient, hungry eyes, thin, pale face, that looked as though it had never smiled, was as great a wonder to them, or that the scraps of Mr. Burton's conversation which he overheard—about the poor woman, said to be a rale lady, who died; the man who gave his child to a stranger and wandered away no one knew where—had any reference to himself. Sam was in a new world indeed. And when bed-time came for the little ones, and according to the family custom they were all kissed round, and every one kissed him too, poor Sam thought heaven must be something like this. Or was it all a dream? It seemed more like one than ever when the next morning came and Sam found himself in the stage, safely seated between the driver and one of the passengers, holding a paper of fresh doughnuts made up for him by the thoughtful Sallie. To travel in the stage, in company with a lot of grown-up people!—well, after that anything might happen.

Even here Sam was surprised to find himself worthy of notice. What could the reason be? The driver was so jolly with him, and the strange gentleman so pleasant and friendly, asking so many questions that Sam was gradually led on to relate some of his experience, which he did, dwelling largely on mother's goodness to him, all she had done for him, and all he meant to do for her when he became a man. And then what more natural than to get out his luncheon and pass it around, explaining that they were not mother's,—her's were better than any other person's!

"Poor little critter!" muttered the driver with a slight cough, and a tendency to choke over the first bite.

Would Sam ever forget the delight of that morning's drive? Never. 'Tis true his feelings were a little hurt when the driver spoke of Mr. Squeers as a "miserly old hulk whose own children couldn't live with him, and his wife, a poor, broken-spirited thing, dassent call her ears her own." But the annoyance soon passed, and he found himself getting deeply interested in the conversation which followed. There was a great deal about lumber, mills and water-power. Sam wondered what a water-power was. But could his ears be deceiving him? Could it be possible that the stranger was going to build a mill near them? His heart gave a glad bound. Still, it wasn't likely; he was too fine a gentleman to live back in the country like Mr. Squeers. Down went his heart again. But when they reached town—all too soon—and the stranger, shaking hands with Sam, told him they were going to be neighbors and would get better acquainted by and by, in his delight and amazement he almost forgot what he had come for until the driver hurried him away to find his sister, reminding him that the stage went out again at five.

Mary was better and at work again, but she and Sam spent the afternoon walking about, gazing in at shop windows and deliberating upon a present for mother. Never had five o'clock come so soon, Mary thought, as she watched the little runaway Sam clamber up again beside the stage-driver, whom he now regarded in the light of an old friend. Sam did not think the drive *quite* so delightful as in the morning, especially when it grew dark, and they were drawing near Farmer Burton's, where he found all the family out to see him and enquire for Mary. When the stage rattled on, leaving that abode of light, warmth and cheerfulness behind, with every turn of the wheel taking poor Sam nearer his interview with Mr. Squeers, he thought it was dark for him in every sense.

"Now, little feller," said the driver, when they reached the cross-road, "here we are; you've a bit to go yet; you'll have to walk pretty smart."

Sam took an affectionate farewell of his friend and grasping the "present," trudged manfully on in the dark, his mind in a very tumultuous state with all he had seen and heard. But perhaps mother would have gone to bed, he thought, while making his way carefully through the vegetable garden. No, there was a light in the kitchen, and a figure in the door; then presently a voice,

"Why, Lyddy, here's some one—"

"It's me, mother," whispered Sam joyfully. And Sam was drawn in and the door shut.

Many years have passed since Sam got a lift in the stage.

Near the spot where stood the Squeers' abode, there is a thriving village, the centre, indeed it may be said the origin, of which is the "Mills"—for almost every man finds employment in them—known as Halton's Mills, and to some extent famous from the fact that certain parts of the machinery are the invention of the proprietor. On the outskirts of the village there stands a large but plain cottage, with (and this is considered the height of fashion) a verandah running all around it. At a certain hour in the afternoon two figures are always to be seen on this verandah, both old friends of ours. In the pale face of the elder there is a satisfied, contented expression, a rested look. Mother has found light at eventide. In the black eyes and good-natured face of the younger we cannot fail to recognize a Burton. The amiable Mr. Squeers is no longer here to make things pleasant for all around him. But can this comfortable, easy-going man, who walks up to the verandah and seating himself on the third vacant chair says with a quiet laugh: "Tic-tac-toe, three in a row"—can this be our little thin, pale-faced Sam,

who hadn't all his wits about him? Oh, that lift in the stage! What it led to! A new friend; so many months at school every year; work in the mill, hard work too, and hard study at night. But what of that? Then books on machinery; and then (what a day that was!) the two patents—what wonder if mother cried for joy!—then a share in the mill; and then—but it was all easy after that—for then the little black-eyed girl came over from Farmer Burton's, and after a time our little Sam became sole owner of the Halton Mills. Oh, that lift in the stage!

B. Athol.

ABOUT CATS.

It is true that cats do not, as a rule, display the intelligence and affection so characteristic of dogs; it is also true that, in many instances, they exhibit most interesting traits of character and disposition, frequently winning for themselves a place in the regards of their owners, from which they may not be ousted by the most sagacious "Ponto" or "Carlo" that ever barked.

Usually considered dull and unamiable, poor pussy lives under a blighting shade of disapproval; snubbed by the sterner sex, harrowed in soul by the constant persecutions of their canine followers, finding her only refuge in the sympathizing heart and protecting lap of that sex to which helplessness never appeals in vain. A quiet and home-like creature, pussy is emphatically the woman's pet. Her social habits, love of the fireside, and comfortable hearthside song, gain for her a welcome from those whose lives are by Nature's ordinance usually shut within four walls, which, though narrow, may yet enclose

> "Domestic happiness, the only bliss
> Of Paradise, that has survived the fall,"

and who naturally love all that is soft and appealing and gentle.

Why cats should be so berated has always puzzled me. They are most affectionate, as any one can prove by encouraging instead of resolutely snubbing every humble dumb-show of affection that the poor pussies make. A dog rubs his ugly head against his master (generally, I am convinced, with ulterior motives in the provender line), and is rewarded with an approving pat, a "good dog," and a snack of something nice, all in grateful recognition of his supposed attachment, which, I have observed, is sure to be particularly powerful and obtrusive at meal times. Poor puss now arches her pretty tail, curves her back, mews her mild regards, and rubs herself against her master's legs,—does she likewise receive marks of approval? Not at all. She leaves hairs on my gentleman's clothes, and is, therefore, and in consequence, a nasty, troublesome beast. No wonder that her affections have grown apparently cold! Would you have her longer to wear her heart upon her sleeve for daws to peck at? "La

Belle Dame Sans Merci" never carried a harder heart towards unfortunate knights and warriors than does pussy to the world that has wronged her and hers. Does she not remember cruel chasings and stonings by creatures whom she sees grow up to be men? Does she not yet yearn towards her helpless offspring, relentlessly drowned when but a few hours old? Persecuted and bereaved, can she be expected to bestow her affections indiscriminately on those who thus wrong her? Is not her coldness justifiable and meritorious? We hold it so. To those alone who value her worthily and seek her respect, does she unveil her icy reserve, ? And on such she lavishes a wealth of affection not to be estimated by ordinary standards. She loves constantly; she never forgets. Her sweet little cry of pleasure, as she runs to meet you after an absence, is the sweetest home-welcome in the world, and at all times (not particularly at meal times) does she cuddle close to her mistress, assuring her of her unalterable regard. She is meek and humble, her ways are peaceful and unobtrusive. Away with your dogs! They are strong and cruel. Pussy shall rest in my heart and my home.

Pussy's one failing, thievishness, can seldom be cured; but for mercy's sake do not expect perfection! Do let her enjoy her one little weakness in peace, remembering with what secret complacency you hug to your bosom your own special darling sin. It is the one flaw that serves but to mark the pure brilliancy of the gem; it is but the black patch, the beauty-spot, that throws into high relief the shining whiteness of your moral complexion, the "touch of nature" that "makes the whole world kin." Is not pussy also to have a little touch of blackness? Is she alone to be immaculate? So, I say, reflect on your own sins, and let puss alone.

It is not my purpose here to ente into a particular defence of my favorite's character, nor yet to elaborate her virtues. She was made in wisdom, and daily proves herself to be not the least intelligent or amiable of domestic animals. Anecdotes innumerable prove her wonderful sagacity, and she has even been worshipped by heathen nations, who, wiser than moderns, recognized her silent superiority. Having lifted my voice in her behalf, I shall now content myself with relating an anedote or two that shall not set forth pussy's virtues, but may yet bear a moral thereon to the reflective reader.

When I said above that a cat can seldom be cured of thievishness, I used the term "seldom" advisedly, and with an ulterior purpose of relating how I once cured one of stealing—at least, from our larders.

Pip was a handsome cat, grey, striped in tiger fashion with black, and not remarkable for intelligence. The only point of interest that he offered when a kitten was an appalling laziness. Place him on his back, he would not turn over; put him in your pocket, there he would remain while you took a walk; put him anywhere, in any position, it never occurred to him that he might move until forced to seek food.

He never was funny. Taken from his mother at three weeks old, carried from her protecting arms across an inclement and unpleasant sea, villified by sailors as a second Jonah, and treated on all sides with the disrespect usually observed towards his kind, Pip early became misanthropic, and looked upon the events of life with an indifferent eye. This lasted till he was a year old, when he developed a passion for stealing. Did we save any special tidbit for a snack between times, that tidbit Pip almost invariably enjoyed in his private apartments under the back platform. Half-a-dozen shelves offered no obstacle, "the more the merrier," quoth he, "for ambition loves to climb."

Legitimately obtained food he scorned. He would refuse scraps of meat and fish, and rush off in frantic haste with a bit of dry bread, or a mouthful of dough. He would turn up his nose at milk, and retire in triumph with a stolen potato skin. Part of his time he devoted to cribbing cream, which we kept in the cellar way, the door of which was always latched. How he got in was for a long time a mystery, until the servant girl, attracted one day to the door by a peculiar clicking, found Pip hanging by one fore-paw to the handle, while with the other he pressed down the latch. Then he pushed the door open, dropped to the floor, and walked in. A high button on the door soon stopped that performance, but the raids on open closets were pursued with unabated ardor.

At last we cured him in a curious way. Among our most prized possessions at the time was an old electrifying machine, with the usual accompaniments, and a large set of Leyden jars. Being mischievous young people, my brother Alfred and myself were in the habit of "shocking" persons and things by means of these same jars well charged, tormenting ourselves with violent electric shocks for the purpose of victimizing others. After every available person had been shocked, we turned our attention to animals, assuming professional airs, and talking loudly of science. Horse, cow, pig, dog, and even hens were experimented on. Smiler reared, snorted, kicked violently, and careered over the meadow, shrieking in the most absurdly terrified manner. Poor Sukey straightened her tail, almost stood on her head, and bellowed like the "crack-o-doom;" the pig squealed as if his last day had come, and gave himself up to despair, which pathetic passion he indicated by loosing the curl of his tail and woefully ignoring the choicest mud-puddles; the hens cackled and cackled, and could not stop cackling,—they waked in the night to cackle their indignation and astonishment. And Pip, poor Pip! he was the funniest of all. His mouth opened in cavernous depths that could not be justified by his outward dimensions, he careered about the room declaring his anguish in imaginable wails, he grovelled on the floor, and finally bolted through the open window. We knew that he suffered but a passing pang in company with us, so we practised on him more, unmoved by wails.

One day after shocking every available subject, I entered a bedroom, carrying a Leyden jar well charged in hope of finding some new victim. Pip was the only occupant of the room, and to my amazement retired very hastily, wailing, and with mortal terror imprinted on his lineaments. I chased him down stairs, and tried all manner of alluring enticements to overcome his fear, but all to no purpose so long as I held the jar. Suspecting the cause of his strange conduct, I put the jar away, and in a few minutes had my poor pussy nestling in my arms. After that he appeared to scent electricity in the air, and was always missing when experiments were going on. The study, where the machine stood, was abhorred by him; nothing could induce him to enter that room of torture.

One day, while fear was still strong upon him, and visions of Leyden jars yet floated before his eyes, Pip wandered into the pantry after a nice little bit of salmon that he knew had been put away from dinner. Spying its location, Pip's appalled gaze fell on a round tin canister that stood near. His uncritical mind waited not to consider differences; the band of dulled tin was enough to suggest unspeakable agonies. He waited not for a second look, but fled, shrinking in terror as he went. Henceforth, the pantry was safe from his pilferings, for on its shelves a row of canisters always reminded him of a torturing and dreadful mystery that he dared not again encounter. The fear

of tin cans haunted him to the day of his death, and, as the scientific result of our experiments, we announced curing a cat of stealing.

The trick of opening latched doors is frequently performed by cats, as everyone knows. But seldom does this performance lead to the curious occurrence that I once knew of. A cat belonging to a friend that we once had was quite an adept in lifting latches, but found locks to belong to that class of things which no fellow can understand. Coming home late one night, Miss Pussy tried to enter the house by her accustomed way of opening the front-door by the huge latch so common in that remote place and old-fashioned time. Being barred inside, the door, of course, resisted all pussy's efforts. Imagining that perseverance only was needed to win success, she persistently hung to the handle and wrestled with the latch. The noise of her jumps against the door, and the clickings of the latch awakened the lady of the house, who immediately decided on burglars. She roused her husband and sons, and quietly and in darkness all consulted as to the best means of defence or attack. Loaded guns were at hand, and it was decided to surprise and shoot the supposed burglars from an upper window. All gathered in the appointed room of attack, the window was thrown quickly open, and a gun pointed at the door from which the noise proceeded.

"Move, and you're dead men!" cried the valiant defender. No answer came, and the rattling continued.

"Come out of that, you rascals!" was the next adjuration. "Lay down your tools or I'll shoot you."

No answer, and continued rattling.

"Here, Henry, Stephen, you boys, hold me while I lean over and see what this means."

Leaning away out of a window in only a nightgown, in cold November, was very disagreeable work, and, moreover, nothing came of it. Peer as he might, nothing could the Captain see in the darkness, but still the door rattled and shook. And then, unawed by the big sealing-gun, pussy dropped from the latch, and piteously mewed for admission. The story was too good to be hidden, and before a week was over Captain Percy was congratulated on all sides for his successful capture of the burglar. This incident happened in the village of Brigus, Newfoundland, and is in all particulars true.

We have had many pet cats, and, like everybody's babies, our cats were the most wonderful things ever seen, so we thought. However, some were really clever, and some were funny, and some simply nice. One we had that always in spirit remained a kitten. Fun was her one idea; play she would, and with everything that came in her way. One summer, a particularly fat toad took up his residence beneath our front doorstep, and in the evening would take his walks abroad like any other toad. Patty soon found his nest, and routed him out whenever she wanted him to play with. It was most amusing to see the funny creature toss poor toady about like a ball, while his bright eyes grew brighter and rounder as he tried to escape, hopping clumsily about, fright and amazement filling his breast. I think they must have been quite friendly, however, as Patty never hurt him, and he never left his quarters for good. Another curious plaything that this cat possessed was a mole, which she used regularly to unearth and toss about. Poor, clumsy mole would utter tiny shrieks and try hard to escape, but was never let off till some new plaything took his tormentor's fancy. I think he must have grown disgusted, for he left us in a few weeks.

Patty was a thievish wretch, however, but her motives, I am bound to say, were good,—she stole for me as well as for herself, hoping thereby, I sup-

pose, to justify her private purloinings. She stole indiscriminately, and whatever she could not eat she brought me. Handkerchiefs, lace collars, antimacassars, neckties, anything that came to hand she appropriated and brought home. I might almost have furnished my house and clothed myself with her pilferings had her ability equalled her will. I daily expected to see her dragging home sofas and easy chairs. If the meat-safe was left open she would steal a piece of meat, hide it away, and then by anxious mewings and runnings invite me to shut the safe. Her affectation of honesty, however, was rather transparent to those who knew her. Peace be to her; she will never thieve any more.

J. X. S.

KATE'S FRIEND.

BY ESTHER WARREN.

"There," said Kate, with an air of satisfaction. "I guess she will like it. It looks pretty, doesn't it?"

"Rather," responded Charlie, surveying the bright little room with the mildly approving air brothers assume. "It looks quite—clean."

"Which is more than can ever be said of yours," retorted Kate, laughing. "I wish you would take that horrid snapping-turtle of yours away. It frightens me out of my wits every time I enter your apartment."

"So I will," returned Charlie, with unexpected amiability. "I'll put it right here on your mantel. Gertrude Lee would like it."

"She'd be charmed, beyond a doubt, but your pet wouldn't know himself in a clean place. Charlie, do behave while she's here!"

"Don't I always!" signs of indignation beginning to manifest themselves on his sunburnt, boyish face.

"H'm—sometimes," divided between a desire not to offend, and scruples about telling a falsehood.

"When I have company, I let you do as you like."

"My inclinations don't lead me to do such horrible things as yours."

"What is she like, anyway?" questioned Charlie gloomily, thrusting his hands deep into his pockets, and leaning against the door.

"Well, you see," began Kate, dropping into the big easy-chair by the window, "I don't quite know myself. I haven't seen her for two—three years. Before that she was very pretty and nice, so it's fair to suppose she's the same now."

"I think it's a great bother she's coming. I know I shan't like her!"

"Because you don't like any girl. However, I suppose Gertrude Lee would survive your dislike. What is more to the point is that you behave so she won't dislike you. Judging by your usual conduct, I take it you are about as unpopular with girls as they with you."

"Just wait till she comes," muttered Charlie, fired at this last insult.

"Charlie, Charlie!" rushing after him, as he ran up the stairs two at a time. "Wait—just a minute, please."

"Well, what do you want?" apparently mollified by her tone.

"Don't do any of the awful things you generally do, that's all," continued Kate, persuasively. "Don't bang the doors, or give a war-whoop when you come in, or shout, 'Is din' ready?' or whistle, or bring those animals you shoot into the sitting-room, and don't, *don't* sing 'Roy Neal and his fair young bride.'"

"Well, what can I do? You don't let a fellow do anything!" in an injured tone.

"Behave like a civilized being, that's all," hurrying back to change her dress for dinner.

It was a pretty room, as she had said. Straw matting, with several bright rugs, covered the floor. Cretonne curtains hung at the windows, one of which opened on a small balcony, covered with woodbine. The mantel and numerous brackets were well-filled with books, pictures, and knick-knacks, and the sun was filtering in through the partially closed blinds, brightening and cheering it all. Altogether Kate thought, as she took a final survey, Gertrude Lee would be hard to please if she did not like it.

Two or three hours later, she was driving to the station in her pretty phaeton, that had been her gift on her last birthday—her fifteenth—and soon after, her carriage might have been seen rolling up the Herricks' driveway, with two girls seated therein, talking, laughing, and enjoying themselves, as only girls can.

"There is mamma waiting to welcome you," exclaimed Kate, as they approached the house. "I really believe I have done nothing but talk about you these last three weeks; consequently, there is quite a little excitement attending your arrival."

"You flatter me immensely," laughed Gertrude, a pretty, blue-eyed girl of about Kate's age. "Oh, how lovely it is here!" looking admiringly at the piazza hung with roses, and woodbine, and honeysuckle.

"Do you like it? I'm glad, because, you know, you are to make me a good long visit," as the carriage stopped in front of the house. "Now, if you don't mind me leaving you a minute, I will drive the horse to the barn, as I don't see Hugh anywhere about. Mamma will take care of you," as Mrs. Herrick, a pretty, sweet-looking woman, advanced toward them.

So, leaving her friend with her mother, Kate drove rapidly along the driveway to give her cherished Puck into the man's care. They were all in the sitting-room when she returned, Charlie looking rather unhappy. Tea was over, and the two girls, after playing a game or two of croquet, seated themselves on the piazza steps, Kate with a collection of engravings and photographs to show her friend.

"What a stupid game croquet is!" said Gertrude, presently. "Do you play much?"

"A good deal," confessed Kate. "But I didn't mean to make a maytyr of you this evening."

"Oh, it was no matter. Who is that?" as Kate, slowly turning over the photographs, paused at that of a young man.

"A friend of Bobby's—my other brother, you know. Is he not handsome?"

"No, dissipated-looking," tossing the picture carelessly back.

Kate looked up in astonishment, and flashed angrily back,

"A friend of Bobby's, I think you heard me say!"

Gertrude laughed, and leaned her head back against the pillar.

"Can't help that," said she.

Kate swept the pictures up, and returned them to the sitting-room without speaking. How rude it was of Gertrude! For a minute, quick-tempered Kate struggled with an inclination to be equally disagreeable to her, or to leave her on the steps alone; then—"At any rate, it was not very nice of

me to get angry with my guest, even if she were rude—on her very first night, too," and so thinking, she rejoined her on the piazza steps.

"Well!" said Charlie, whirling her into a corner, as they all stood in the hall together preparatory to going to bed, "if that's your Gertrude Lee, I don't think much of her."

"Why not?" rather more anxiously, a shade less indignantly, than she would have asked in the morning.

"H'm," was the only answer Charlie vouchsafed, as he walked off with his nose in the air, and his hands in his pockets.

The next morning passed off very pleasantly. The two girls took a long drive in the cool, early hours, and then, the day turning out excessively hot, betook themselves to the shaded, comfortable sitting-room, with a couple of books. Not for long, however, were they permitted to remain there in peace, for Charlie, hot, tired, and rather cross, came in from an unsuccessful fishing expedition, and threw himself on the sofa.

"With your muddy boots on!" cried Kate, reproachfully. "Charlie Herrick, if you only would remember."

"Don't bother, I've a headache," he replied, with boyish impatience.

Slightly remorseful, Kate brought slippers, a fan, and a glass of water, and made her brother as comfortable as the state of his aching head would permit.

"That's very decent," he responded gratefully, in return for these attentions as he buried his hot face in the cool pillow. "Much obliged!"

"How you wait on him!" remarked Gertrude, from the piano. "Reversing the order of things, isn't it?" striking a few opening notes.

"I say, I wish you wouldn't," began the invalid on the sofa.

"Wouldn't what?"

"Play, you know. It goes right through a fellow."

"Why, Charlie!" exclaimed Kate, shocked at this breach of manners.

Gertrude struck carelessly a few more notes before ceasing—and Charlie jumped from the sofa, and muttering something that sounded wonderfully like "Nasty old thing," walked out of the room.

"I'm so sorry," began Kate, apologetically. "Don't mind him, Gertrude. His head really was aching, and it made him cross and rude."

"Boys always are. I am so thankful I have not a brother."

Kate flushed. It was one thing to say something against Charlie herself, and quite another to have a stranger do so; but then Gertrude, she had already discovered, had a way of stating her opinions very freely.

"Charlie isn't as pretty as he used to be," went on Gertrude, swinging slowly back and forth on the piano stool. "I remember him such a pretty little fellow—but he isn't at all now,—has grown quite homely, in fact."

"I'm sorry to hear you say so. But after all," with an effort to speak easily and pleasantly, "beauty doesn't make much difference to a man, do you think? I agree with somebody or other—Charlotte Brontë, isn't it?—that a man has no business with mere beauty; what he wants is strength and brains."

To her surprise, Kate began to find that she did not enjoy her friend's visit as much as she had anticipated. She had really looked forward to this part of her vacation that Gertrude was to spend with her, and yet, now she was really there, it was not half so pleasant as she had thought it would be. What was the trouble? Gertrude was always bright and good-natured; she was not selfish,—one always had the lion's share of her caramels, the first peep into her new magazines, the choice of seats in the carriage,—and yet there was something about her that made everyone dislike or at least fail to like her.

Even pleasant Mamie Sanborn, who liked everybody, did not seem to fancy her much. Charlie detested her, and kept as much as possible out of her way. He was at the age when a boy, careless as regards his personal appearance, is very sensitive to an attack on his dignity, and he had never forgiven Gertrude for telling him, on the third day of her visit, that his face was dirty.

Poor puzzled Kate! When she had seen her friend last she had been honestly fond of her, but surely Gertrude must have changed since then! It was very hard work for her to keep her temper sometimes, and yet Gertrude did not mean to be provoking, and Kate would often take herself severely to task for having flashed back a sharp answer, and to make amends would be doubly amiable and try hard to persuade herself that she was very, very fond of her friend.

What she said was perfectly true,—still there was no need of saying it. Kate almost began to wonder if excessive frankness were not quite as bad as the other extreme. It certainly was not good manners for Gertrude to say, as she was putting on her dress, "What makes you wear violet so much, Kate? It's horribly unbecoming." Nor was it exactly her idea of civility for a girl to laugh at the picture of her friend's grandfather, even if the dear old man's costume was rather old-fashioned.

When they went to see Grace Langley, to a question of hers, as to how she—Gertrude—liked Westport, she replied that the upper part was pretty, but the rest hideous, and Grace lived in "the rest."

And yet at times Kate enjoyed her friend's society as much as she had hoped for. Gertrude was intelligent and bright, could talk very entertainingly, had read a great deal, and was always pleased with every effort made to entertain her. It was approaching the end of her visit now, and to Kate's surprise and secret remorse she could not feel exactly sorry for it, though when Gertrude made some allusion to it, it was with perfect honesty that she said,—

"I shall miss you ever so much. I wish you could stay longer, Gertrude."

"Thank you. I hardly think I can, though," and then Kate was disgusted with herself to find that her friend's answer was a relief to her.

Pretty soon some friends—schoolmates of hers—came in and stayed till dinner-time. There was a picnic on foot, to which they invited the two girls, and in discussing that, and laughing and chatting about various matters, the time passed so rapidly that all were surprised when the dinner-bell rang and the guests rose to go.

"I am so glad it should come just now," exclaimed Kate, at the table. "It has been talked about for ever so long, and now it comes just at the right time."

"Isn't she homely,—Mamie Sanborn?" remarked Gertrude. "Thick red hair, and such a funny nose."

"Yes, but she's so nice," said Kate, warmly. "One of the pleasantest, nicest girls I know; I don't believe anyone thinks of her looks, her manners are so lovely."

"What horrible hats Grace Langley wears! Did you notice the one she had on to-day?"

"I'm afraid, Gertrude," rather soberly, "that my friends didn't please you."

"Gertrude would like them if she knew them better," said Mrs. Herrick, quietly. "I know of no one who does not like Mamie Sanborn."

A few mornings later, the great old-fashioned carriage, now seldom used except on occasions of this sort, was drawn forth from the carriage-house, and a little after ten was waiting at the door for the load of girls whom Kate had offered to convey to the picnic grounds.

It was a pretty spot that they had chosen, a pine grove sloping gently down to a lake, with a clearing near the shore where the table was to be laid.

"Don't you think it's pretty?" asked Mamie Sanborn, as the girls got out of the carriage. "We are quite proud of it in Westport. You see we are not of sufficient importance, or population, to have many picnics, so we are spared a regular ground, with the regulation of swings, tilts, tables, etc. I'd as soon think of picknicking in a dining-room as in such a place."

"It's very pretty," responded Gertrude, looking around. "Oh, there are boats!"

"Yes. We'll have a row after dinner. Can you pull?"

"Oh, yes, I am very fond of it."

"So am I, but I seldom have an opportunity. Perhaps it's just as well, for one burns so on the water, with tan and freckles looming up in the background."

"Why, I didn't imagine you cared. You never used to be so careful, did you?"

Mamie flushed sensitively at this speech, for bright, sensible girl though she was, her freckles were a source of great tribulation to her, and Kate, with a painful feeling of responsibility, slipped her arm through hers and said gaily,—

"Don't you think it would be a good plan to have dinner? The ride has made me hungry as a bear. Who'll make coffee?"

Somebody volunteered, and presently the boys had kindled a bright fire between a couple of rocks that formed an admirable natural fire-place. Some laid the cloth and others unpacked the baskets, and with the aid of many and willing hands, a tempting repast was soon spread out beneath the pines.

Then, after they had finished, and the baskets had been repacked, games were proposed, it being rather warm for rowing. They began with "Compliments."

"I give this handkerchief," explained Dora Greyson, "to some one, and whisper that he or she is to give it to such a one,—as the prettiest, or the most lovable, who takes it without knowing, and receives whispered directions to give it to some one else. And then when we are through, each is to tell to whom and for what he gave the handkerchief. Do you understand?"

All did, and the game began. Presently it came to Grace Langley, who gave it to Gertrude; she, in turn, presented one of the younger girls with it, and so the game went on, till Mamie Sanborn, who with Kate had had the handkerchief given her numbers of times, declared that her memory was already so burdened that she could remember nothing more.

Grace Langley had given it to Gertrude, as having the prettiest eyes.

"I was told to give it to the one who had the best opinion of herself," Gertrude went on, "and I gave it to Alice Richards."

An awkward little silence fell on them all, while Alice looked ready to burst into tears. Then Mamie Sanborn spoke.

"That is because you are not well acquainted with us," said she good-naturedly. "If you had been, you would have infallibly chosen me—all my friends say it is my chief failing."

"O Gertrude, how could you!" whispered Kate, much mortified. "Alice is such a nice little thing, even if she is rather vain of her pretty face. You might have given it to me. I should have understood and not have minded."

"I don't see anything to mind, anyway. It's your turn again."

But a chill had been thrown on the game, and a proposal to take a row on the lake was well received. There were lilies to be gathered, and in plucking

and admiring the lovely starry blossoms, a considerable time passed away. Then it was proposed to land for berries, and the party accordingly scrambled up the shelving bank, and soon numerous "Ohs" and "Ahs" of satisfaction proclaimed the berries to be large and numerous.

Finally Gertrude declared with a yawn that she was getting tired, and so presently they rowed back, talking, laughing, and singing; that is, they were singing with much enjoyment, even though not a great amount of melody, till Gertrude turned to Grace Langley, who was sitting next her, and said,—

"You put us out dreadfully. For pity's sake is that your idea of 'Row, Row?'" and poor Grace, who really had no more voice than a fish, was snubbed into hurt and angry silence the rest of the afternoon.

After that the singing died out, and a rather quiet boat-load landed at the Pines. In vain merry Mamie Sanborn talked, laughed, and got up games. At last they broke up into twos and threes, and strolled leisurely through the woods. Gertrude was amongst those who did not care to go.

"I'd just as soon sit here," said she, when Kate proposed following the example of most of the others. "But you go, if you want to."

"I don't like to leave you."

"Don't mind me. I shall take one of the books and read."

"Are you sure you don't mind?"

"I'd rather read."

That seemed final, so Kate joined Grace Langley and Mamie, who were just starting.

"I don't like to say anything against a friend of yours, Kate," began the former, when they were out of hearing, "but what odd things Gertrude Lee does say!"

"I daresay she doesn't mean half of them," said Mamie, soothingly.

"So much the worse," broke in Grace, angrily, the remark about her voice having rankled.

"I can't say anything," began Kate, dejectedly. "It's dreadfully mean of me to speak against her behind her back—but I'm so sorry, girls."

"Never you mind, Kate, we all know it isn't your fault."

"But I'm so sorry your picnic is spoilt."

"It isn't—not at all," rather lamely.

"I'm so sorry, too, for her, that she should be so regardless of other people's feelings," the tears coming into her eyes. "It is such a pity, for she is really so good and clever and generous."

"Kate dear, don't you mind," said Mamie, putting her arm around her. "And Grace, you're a goose to care for what she said. Let's get some of these lovely red berries to take home. Oh, and arbutus! I thought it was too late for it, didn't you?"

"See, isn't it sweet?" said Kate, half an hour later, dropping a bunch of the delicately scented blossoms into Gertrude's lap. "Are you ready for home? They seem to be making a start."

Their return was rather earlier than they had anticipated, and to Mrs. Herrick's surprise, the carriage set the two girls down before the house just as the tea-bell struck, when Kate's parting words had been not to expect them before night,

"Nothing has happened, has it?" she questioned, in true motherly alarm.

"Oh no, nothing, only we're ever so tired," said Kate, rather wearily.

That was all the remark vouchsafed concerning the events of the day, notwithstanding the innumerable questions Charlie showered upon her—what they did, what they said, and above all, what they had to eat.

A day or two later, Gertrude returned home, and loyal-hearted Kate was disgusted and ashamed to find what an

unmistakable relief it was. Not to anyone else, however, did she betray it. Only, some weeks later, after a thoughtful little silence, she broke out with,—

"Mamma, is it wrong to be unreservedly frank? Is it right to always speak out just what is in your mind?"

"H'm—I—guess—it isn't exactly good manners."

"More, my dear, *I don't believe it is good morals*."—*Watchman.*

PUZZLES.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

I.

CHARADE.

The mountain oak of giant height
That bends not to the driving storm,
Sustains the vine of lesser might,
Which twines around its rugged form;
And as the tender plant so frail
Trusts the strong oak to shield from harm,
So, sheltered from each passing gale,
My *first* leans on the loved one's arm;
All left, to one dear form to cling,
A gentle, hoping, trusting thing.

When through the desert's dreary waste,—
The scorching sands spread all around,—
The weary travellers onward haste
And not a spring or shade is found;—
A suffering band,—if in their way
My *next* were seen, O happy they.

My *whole* the honest sons of toil
Need never know, need never fear;
But he who loves the midnight broil
Sheds there the bitter fruitless tear.

E. H. N.

II.

A WOOD-PILE.

Sticks of wood are big things to hide, but there are ten different kinds hidden in what this boy says: "I have been as busy as a bee chopping wood, for a short time, hoping to give papa and mamma pleasure by earning some money. O, a king wouldn't be prouder than I, if I could—and give up, I never will! I shall tell Archie Taft and Will Owen I'll shovel more snow for them, and if I raced around the village all day I could pick up a good deal of work."

III.

AN ACROSTIC.

First take a word that will silence proclaim,
Which backward and forward will both spell the same;
Then for your next a feminine name,
Which backward and forward will both spell the same;
An instrument, too, which lawyers oft frame,
Which backward and forward will both spell the same;
A fermented drink that is known by a name,
Which backward and forward will both spell the same;
A musical note often called by a name,
Which backward and forward will both spell the same.
The initials of these, when joined, spell a name,
Which backward and forward will both read the same.

IV.

RIDDLE.

I dwell in the earth and also in the sea,
And likewise may be found in every cup of tea;
The beasts that roam my help demands;
In every breath they draw I lend a hand;
They could not eat without my aid,
And I am found in every meal that's made.

SANDY.

V.

REBUS.

100
—
500
—
E

VI.

REVERSIBLE DIAMOND.

1. A consonant.
2. The nick-name of a male.
3. Pertaining to royalty.
4. Used sometimes for "father."
5. A consonant.

Reversed.

1. A consonant.
2. Used sometimes for "father."
3. A drink.
4. A hole in the earth.
5. A consonant.

VII.

CHARACTERISTIC INITIALS.

(Example.)

1. Such Work Succeeds (novelist).
   Answer—Sir Walter Scott.
2. Erratic, Ambitious, Proud (poet).
3. Love's Euphonious Lines (female poet).
4. Has Earned Honor (a female sculptor).
5. Invincible Patriot (patriot).
6. Fate Gifted Him (poet).
7. He Wears Laurels (poet).
8. Illustrious Name (philosopher).

VIII.

POETICAL PI.

'Joeny hetpirngs fo vole dan houty,
Ot mose odog angle velea het ters :
Rof mite liwl cheat heet onso hot hurtt,
Herte rea on sirbd ni salt eary's sent."

IX.

DROP-LETTER PUZZLE.

(An old saying.)

T u h e r n t i g u c n e l e t.

X.

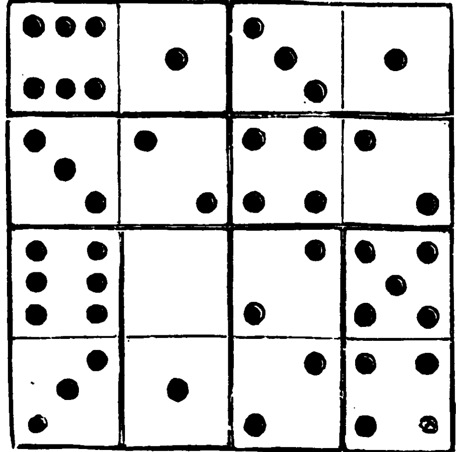
PUZZLE BOUQUET.

1. A cunning animal and a covering for the hand. 2 A voracious bird of prey and a useless plant. 3. A pipe and a flower. 4. A sweet-meat and a bunch of hair. 5. A noun meaning a quick breaking and a winged serpent. 6. A stone fence and the blossom of a plant. 7. Fragrant and a vegetable. 8. An entertainment of dancing and a boy's nickname. 9. Vapor frozen in flakes, and to let fall. 10. To enter into the conjugal state, and a precious metal.

XI.

MAGIC DOMINO-SQUARE.

Eight dominoes placed together form a square composed of sixteen half-dominoes, as shown in the diagram. But, in the diagram, each row of four half-dominoes contains a different number of spots from any of the other rows. Thus the topmost row, counting horizontally, contains eighteen spots; the one below it only four; the first row to the left, counting vertically, ten; the diagonal row, downward from left to right, eight, etc. It is required to make a square of eight dominoes of the same set, in which each vertical, horizontal, and diagonal row of half-dominoes shall contain exactly sixteen spots. Who can do it?



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN SEPTEMBER NUMBER.

I.

CHARADE.—Fire-fly.

II.

SQUARE WORD.—
A C I D
C O D E
I D L E
D E E R

III.

INITIAL CHANGES.—Owl, howl, bowl, scowl, cowl, growl, prowl, jowl, fowl.

IV.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—1. Wrote, tower. 2. Ages, sage. 3. Shore, horse. 4. Snipe, pines. 5. Psalm, palms. 6. Vowels, wolves. 7. Texas, taxes. 8. Roses, sores. 9. Spices, pisces. 10. Balm, lamb. 11. Care, race. 12. Odor, door. 13. Stripe, priest.

V.

ACROSTIC.—1. Zwingle. 2. Esculapius. 3. Nelson. 4. Ostracism. 5. Bannockburn. 6. Ionic. 7. Areopagus.

J. T. F.

VI.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Absalom.

VII.

SQUARE WORD.—

G	H	E	B	E	R
H	A	M	O	S	E
E	M	B	O	S	S
B	O	O	T	E	E
E	S	S	E	N	E
R	E	S	E	E	K

VIII.

LOGOGRIPH.—Daniel, Denial, Aldine, Nailed, Ailed, Delia.

IX.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.—Jenny Lind, Goldsmith.

X.

TRANSPOSED DOUBLE ACROSTIC.—

Perdu	—D	rup	E
Mite	—I	te	M
Alien	—A	nil	E
Roman	—M	ano	R
Agone	—O	neg	A
Leon	—N	oe	L
Adder	—D	rea	D

XI.

BIRD PUZZLE.—1. Kite. 2. Swan. 3. Wren. 4. Flamingo. 5. Jay. 6. Falcon. 7. Rail. 8. Martin. 9. Heron. 10. Raven. 11. Lark. 12. Goose. 13. Quail. 14. Grouse. 15. Rook. 16. Swallow. 17. Chaffinch. 18. Sparrow. 19. Crane. 20. Magpie. 21. Curlew. 22. Turkey. 23. Crow.

XII.

A HIDDEN QUOTATION.—"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet."

Shakespeare.

The Home.

HARD TIMES' PARTIES.

Clara Dawson was sitting in the back parlor of her father's house. It was a cosy, pretty room, with pictures on the walls and flowers in the bay-window. It offered every inducement to laziness, numerous easy chairs and a large, comfortable lounge, with downy pillows; but at the same time, a work-table and a book-case filled with books, showed that it was also the shrine of industry. Clara was attired in a becoming though simple afternoon dress; her hair, which sometimes she was wont to arrange in the most complicated maze of plaits, frizzes and curls, was loosely braided and coiled into a knot at the back; but the effect of this simple coiffure was rendered highly satisfactory by the presence of two jaunty little bows of blue ribbon. She was seated before the fire in an easy chair; her feet, incased in slippers, were resting on a foot-stool; while on her lap and on the table beside her, were skeins of various colored Berlin wools, which she was sorting. Altogether, more comfortable circumstances for a young lady to be in on a cold winter's afternoon, can hardly be imagined; yet strange to say, Clara did not seem to be particularly well pleased. She had a very pretty little mouth that could smile in the most bewitching manner, displaying a double row of pearls; but, instead of smiling, which, to be sure, would be but wasting sweetness on the desert air, her lips every now and then curled into anything but a bewitching pout. Her white hands moved rather impatiently among the wools, which would get tangled, and no wonder, for the young lady's heart was evidently not in her work. The door opened softly; a girl of about Clara's own age peeped in, saying in a cheerful voice as she entered:

"Well, Clara, how do you do? It was dreadfully dull at home,—they've all gone out for the day; so I have brought my work over here, and we can chat and work together. How cosy you are!—take care—don't rise—you're scattering your wool about."

Clara was smiling now; she drew an easy chair up near the fire for her friend, and soon the two girls were laughing, working and chatting, as only girls can do.

"How beautifully you're getting on with your tidy, Nellie! I shall make one like it, if I ever get this ottoman done, which I don't believe will ever be the case," said Clara, dolefully, as she bent to investigate the intricacies of a fresh tangle.

"Was it the consideration of that dreadful possibility that made you look so blue just before I came in?" asked Nellie,—"I never saw you look so cross before; but perhaps it is your custom to frown when you are alone, so that you may have nothing but smiles for your friends—rather a good idea."

"So it is, Nell, but I don't happen to have originality enough to think of such clever things; I *was* cross, and I'll tell you why. I haven't had a party for ever so long, and I made sure papa would not object to my giving one sometime this month. I had it all planned—such a splendid affair!—and behold, at the first hint, papa

looked very serious and said: 'Clara, my dear, we can't think of such a thing just now; the times are too hard.' I knew the minute he said it that there would not be the slightest use in coaxing. When papa says a thing in that decided way, it is final; so my beautiful scheme comes to nothing. Isn't it provoking?"

"It is too bad, Clara, but the times *are* hard, and a party costs a great deal,—you would not believe how much until you had counted everything; even a moderate little affair runs away with a good round sum. I know papa wouldn't let me have one; so I do not intend to ask him. There is one thing, though, it is not as if everyone else was giving parties, and asking you to them. I should feel dreadfully mean in that case, not to be able to return the compliment; but nearly every one is in the same predicament as ourselves. There has not been a single party for an age, except the Jones'; and if report can be trusted, they, of all others, are least able to afford it. Why, even Mary Branscomb is talking about hard times and economy, and you know how rich her father is! You'd laugh to hear her. I met her up street the other morning. 'Do I look thin, Nellie?' she asked, with a lugubrious expression. 'These hard times papa says we'll have to economize, and I've given up having bread for breakfast.' 'Given up bread!' said I, in amazement. 'Yes, Nellie, it's a solomn fact—haven't had a bite the last three mornings—do I look very much reduced?' 'Why, I think fasting agrees with you remarkably well; I never saw you look better; but, seriously, what do you have for breakfast instead of bread?' 'Toast,' said Mary, demurely. 'I am glad I don't look haggard,' and off she sailed with the air of a martyr."

"That's just like Mary," said Clara, laughing. "She's always at some nonsense. If my father were as rich as hers, I'd have a party, though. See, how does that flower look?"

"Lovely; are you going to fill in the back-ground?"

"Yes. I say, Nellie, why is it that when we give parties we have to go to such expense? The fun does not cost anything, and who goes to a party just for the sake of supper, I'd like to know?"

"Mr. Greenwood," said Nellie.

"Yes," laughed Clara, "he's one to be sure. You know Laura Comport could not go to the Jones' party because she had a bad cold; and the next morning, being very anxious to hear all about it, she asked Mr. Greenwood at breakfast what it was like, and who were there. Mr. Greenwood was a little put out, having espied cold beef, a dish for which he has no particular liking, and he said with a sigh, as he handed his plate: 'The party was a grand success; we 'ad three turkeys, two 'ams and several geese.' Laura had as much as she could do to keep from tittering, and Tom, with the most perfect gravity said: 'Ah, indeed! I knew there would be *one* goose (giving a comical look at Greenwood, whose eyes were on his coffee cup), but you say there were several.' '*Sevyeral!*' repeated the unsuspecting young gentleman, whereupon Laura took a violent fit of coughing and left the table." The two girls laughed heartily.

It was quite the fashion to laugh at poor Greenwood, and it was also the fashion to laugh at Tom Comport's jokes.

"Well," said Clara, after a few minutes spent in counting stitches, "I don't believe most people ever think of the supper,—I know I don't. Why not have a party without supper?—we could take our tea before we went, and we'd have all the fun, without any of the bother or expense."

"Yes," said Nellie, with a smile, "ask Mr. Greenwood—tell him to bring his goose with him. There'd be

one sure enough if he came ; but as birds of a feather like to flock together, he'd feel rather lost without a companion."

"Stop, Nellie, that joke of Tom's has gone far enough; you'll be making poor Greenwood out a cannibal soon, having him eat his own relatives; but let us put our work away, it's getting dark. You're to stay to tea—yes, and spend the evening too, so not a word, my lady. Here comes Charlie."

A merry whistle, subsiding into a hum as the street door closed, was heard in the hall ; the next moment a very handsome young gentleman opened the sitting-room door. "Well, Clara, you good-for-nothing creature, sitting here in the dusk idling, while your brother is toiling in the perspiration of his brow, and the freezing of his ears, get me my slippers," and Charlie Dawson, making a successful dodge, glided into his sister's easy chair, just as she rose. He spread out his hands to the cheerful blaze, after the manner of a gipsy crone, and looking up, suddenly became aware that Nellie Simpson was seated in the high-backed chair opposite, looking down at him with an amused smile playing around her lips. Now, if this sketch were a love story, we might say that in Charlie Dawson's writing-desk upstairs, there were several manuscript poems, in which the name *Nellie* occurred not unfrequently. There was a good deal in them about "eyes of heavenly blue," and "love for ever true," of "locks of living gold," and "vows of love untold," and much more of a kindred nature. There was also at that very moment, in his vest pocket, *at the left side*, carefully folded in a piece of silver paper, a little curl of blonde hair. Perhaps it was the consciousness of these secrets that made Charlie's face flush a little on discovering the eyes of heavenly blue bearing down upon him, or, perhaps it was only the reflection of the ruddy fire-light ; be this as it may, there was something in his smile, as he gave Nellie his hand, that told the young visitor more eloquently than words that she was welcome.

Tea over, music was in order, and Mr. Dawson, senior, insisted, as he always did, on Nellie singing some of his favorite old-fashioned songs. After playing a few duets, the girls got their fancy work, and Charlie read them some amusing sketches from a new book he had brought home ; while the senior partner in the well-known firm of Dawson & Son retired to the adjoining apartment with his papers. Reading was ere long given up in favor of conversation, in the course of which the old subject of parties came up.

"I am just dying to have a party," said Clara ; "things are dreadfully dull this winter."

"*Hard times!*" groaned Charlie oracularly, at which the young lady rather snappishly rejoined.

"Well, I hope I'll know that soon. It's the supper that costs so much. Why can't we have parties without supper, and let Mr. Greenwood bring a lunch with him or stay at home ?"

"Well, really," said Charlie, "that is hard on Greenwood," and then he burst into a peal of laughter long and loud. Of course he was given the benefit of Tom Comport's joke, and its occasion.

"Do you know," said Charlie, when the mirth had subsided, "I think it's a pity people go to such expense and trouble to entertain their friends. They would enjoy themselves fully as well with one-tenth the fuss and display generally made. Now the French have jolly parties where the only refreshments are a few bon-bons and a glass of *eau sucré*."

"I wish they were the fashion here," sighed Clara.

"And why not set the fashion ?"

"Oh, I wouldn't like to be the first to begin. Just think how people would talk !"

"Well, let them talk, or rather let us talk it over first among our friends," said Charlie, who, when once interested in a subject, was not to be dismayed by trifles. You speak to the ladies, and I'll undertake the gentlemen. They'll all vote for it, you'll see. We'll organize a *hard times party club ;* give grand entertainments with no refreshments except coffee and one kind of cake, which will be handed round among the guests in the drawing-room. No table-setting or bother of that kind, you see; take my word for it, they'll be all the rage in no time."

The idea grew in favor as it was discussed, and the final decision was, *it shall be done.*

* * * * * *

On a bright starlight evening, about a week after the conversation recorded above, you might have beheld a brilliant scene had you peeped into the Dawson's front drawing-room. Young ladies and gentlemen in groups or couples were chatting and laughing in right social style. Miss Jones was warbling forth an invocation to her kindred spirit the nightingale; while Mr. Greenwood leaned over the piano breathing sweet words, such as "*charming*," "*entrancing*," "*'eavenly*," between the verses. The scene was an inspiring one, yet do not suppose we are silly enough to attempt to give you a description of the evening's proceedings. Reader, think of the parties you have attended yourself; recall the clever and witty things you have said and heard said on such occasions: the lively repartee, the good-natured quizzing, the nothings and the somethings, both wise and otherwise, that made the hours fly quickly; do this, we say, and you will be in a position to understand how delightfully the time passed at the Dawson's that winter's evening. If you are fond of charades and tableaux, it may interest you to know that those under Charlie Dawson's management. which had been rehearsed the evening before, were brilliant and amusing in the extreme.

"How pretty Clara looked as Cinderella!" remarked Nellie Simpson to young Doctor Meredith, as they sat sipping their coffee,

"I cannot imagine Miss Dawson as looking otherwise, under any circumstance," returned the Doctor gallantly, and he glanced towards the end of the room, where the young hostess was dispensing steaming cups of the fragrant beverage. The Doctor meant what he said, and some time after, took advantage of an opportunity which offered, to tell Clara—well, not exactly this, but something else that pleased her quite as well. It was coming home from the Gordon's party. We might tell you all about it if this were a love story—but to return.

"Hush, silence!" said Mary Branscomb, with a strange sparkle in her eye, "Mr. Greenwood is going to sing,"

"Really," said that young gentleman, "I am but an amateur, and a poor one at that. A prima donna, like Miss Branscomb would only laugh at my crude attempt; besides, I never sing without my guitar."

"I shall deprive you of that last excuse," said Tom Comport, who at a signal from Miss Branscomb, walked to the hall and returned with the guitar complete, even to the blue ribbon.

"You were certainly very thoughtful, Mr. Comport," said Mr. Greenwood, as he gently resisted Tom's efforts to adjust the ribbon round his neck.

"You see, I've heard you sing, my dear fellow. Give us that charming little thing beginning 'Why, ah why, my heart, this sadness?'"

Everyone was now calling loudly for the song, all excuses were overruled, and Mr. Gustavus Greenwood having struck an attitude, having rolled up his eyes in the approved style, and having given the usual ahems, and guitar prelude, began—

"W'y, ah ! w'y, my 'eart, this sadness ?
W'y mid scenes like these decline,
W'ere all, though strange, is joy and gladness ?
Oh say wat wish can yet be thine ?"

"All that's dear to me is wanting,
Lone and cheerless 'ere I stray ;
For strangers' joys, 'owe'er enchanting,
Speak but of joys now passed away."

"Do you hear that, Miss Dawson ?" whispered Tom Comport to Clara. "Mr. Greenwood does not like these new kind of parties. He's lamenting that the days of *'ams and sevyeral geese* have passed away. See how heart-broken he looks. Sad, isn't it ?"

The party at last came to an end, as the best of things will. *Auld Lang Syne* was sung in full chorus, and the guests departed declaring that they never had been at a pleasanter party, and that they never had enjoyed themselves better. Even Mr. Greenwood, as he stepped out into the moonlight with the blue ribbon of his beloved guitar round his neck, and Miss Jones leaning on his arm, felt that the triumph of his song more than compensated for the absence even of *'ams and sevyeral geese.*

As Charlie Dawson had prophesied, "the hard times' parties" immediately became very popular. The Branscombs gave one the next week ; the Simpsons, the Comports, the Gordons and other families followed, and the winter which promised to be so dull became by far the most cheerful on record. As summer approached there were hints of lawn and croquet parties, at which ice cream or lemonade was to take the place of coffee ; and in anticipation of these joys, incredible quantities of ice were stowed away in cellars and outhouses.

Reader, is there a word of application needed ? That strange enigma human nature is emphatically a social nature. No wonder the poet exclaimed in amazement

"Oh Solitude, where is the charm that sages have seen in thy face !"

and the sages themselves practised one thing, and preached another, for they always were anxious enough to get large congregations to listen to the propounding of their theories. Social intercourse to young people especially is indispensable. It rubs off the roughness, brightens up the wits, and fits a man to benefit his race, by making him better acquainted with it. Even witnessing the little shams of society prepares one to be on his guard against the greater shams to be met with in the wider walks of life. Who would not in youth form friendships, participate in social pleasures, and cultivate that free exchange of thought with others which as sunny memories of auld lang syne will return to cheer the heart, when perchance the cares may be many and the joys few ?

Now, reader, you know the thoughts that prompted the writing of this article. Is sociability at a low ebb in your vicinity ? Well, just introduce the "hard times parties ;" things will brighten up wonderfully, and before long you will agree with Tom Comport that the name should be changed to *good times* parties.

FOODS IN SEASON.

By Giuseppe Rudmani, *Chef de Cuisine.*

October.

FISH.

Brill, Black Bass, Bluefish, Bonito, Codfish, Eels Flounders, Mackerel, Maskinonge, Perch, Pickerel, Sturgeon, Smelts, Salmon, Sheephead, Trout (salmon, lake and brook), White Fish.

SHELL FISH.

Clams, Crabs, Lobster, Mussels, Oysters, Scallops, Terrapin, and Turtle.

MEATS.

Beef, Mutton, Veal and Venison.

POULTRY AND GAME.

Capons, Chickens, Ducks, Geese, Grouse, Hares, Larks, Leverets, Prairie Chickens, Pigeons, Quail, Rabbits, Snipe, Turkeys, and Woodcocks.

VEGETABLES.

Artichokes, Brocoli, Beans, Cabbages, Celery, Carrots, Cucumbers, Coleworts, Endive, Leeks, Lettuces, Onions, Okra, Parsnips, Parsley, Potatoes (white and sweet), Salads of all kinds, Shallots, Spinach, Truffles, Tomatoes, Yellow Squash.

CANNED VEGETABLES.

Asparagus, Mushrooms, Peas and Truffles.

FRUITS.

Apples, Bananas, Dates, Figs, Grapes, Lemons, Limes, Oranges, Peaches, Pears, Quinces.

CANNED FRUIT.

Apricots, Blackberries, Cherries, Damsons, Greengages, Pears, Peaches, Pine Apples, Quinces.

NUTS.

Almonds, Cocoanuts, Black Walnuts, Filberts, Hazel Nuts, Pecan Nuts and Shell Barks.

VOCABULARY OF TERMS.

Blancher.—To render white ; to remove the hulls from fruits and vegetables.

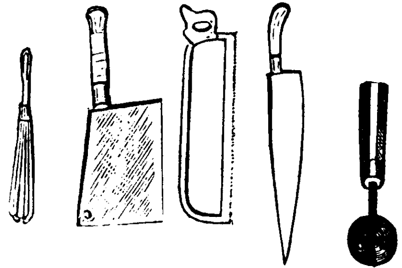
Braising.—A mode of cooking in which the meat is raised on a wire false bottom from actual contact with the liquor it is moistened with, and on the cover of the pot *(braisière)* live coals.

Bardes.—A thin slice of fat salt pork, used to protect and enrich anything small, delicate or naturally dry, or game while roasting.

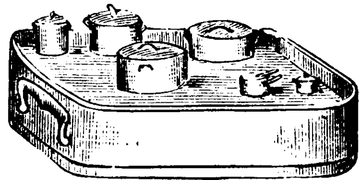
Croûtons.—Pieces of thin bread in various shapes fried crisp.

Espagnolé.—The grand sauce from which is made all the special sauces.

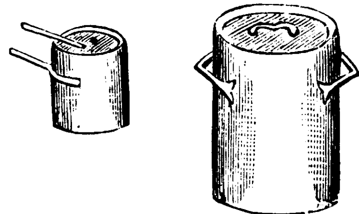
Roux.—Butter and flour kneaded and used or thickening sauces, &c.



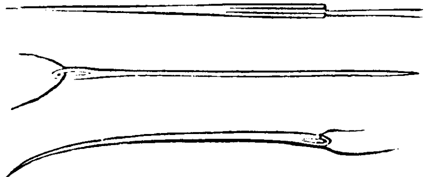
Egg Whip. Cleaver. Meat Saw. Cook's Knife. Vegetable Scoop.



Bain-Marie. (I.)



Small Saucepan. Bain-Marie. (II.)

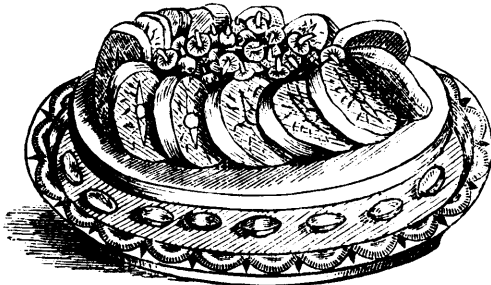


Larding Needle with lardor inserted. Trussing Needles.

BLACK BASS A LA LIVOURNAISE.

Trim the fins and tail of a fine black bass, split it down the back, remove

the bones, lay it on a deep dish, pour over it a Marinade d'Huile;* thirty minutes before dinner time place it on the broiler over a clear fire, and cook it slowly to a fine buff color, dress it on its dish, pour over it two ounces of butter heated over the fire until it froths, place a handful of crimped parsley well



BONITO, OR SPANISH MACKEREL.

drained in the centre, and surround with quartered lemon; send to table with a well-made Livournaise sauce.

SAUCE LIVOURNAISE.

Steep in tepid water ten anchovies, wipe and divest them of bones and skin, pound them to a paste along with the yolks of two hard-boiled eggs and two raw eggs, rub through the tamis, remove to a bowl, and very slowly and carefully incorporate half a pint of good olive oil, a pinch of cayenne and white pepper, very little nutmeg, juice of one large lemon, and one tablespoonful each of parsley and onion. Set on the ice until needed.

BLUE-FISH L'HARTRAISE.

Cut and trim small bluefish in three pieces, wash, wipe dry and set in a stewpan with two finely chopped onions, four ounces of butter, salt, pinch of pepper, a little nutmeg and a pint of broth. Simmer until done, when withdraw it, thicken to consistency with sufficient *white roux*, simmer ten minutes, skim off all the fat, strain through the tamis, return to the fire, incorporate a leason of four yolks of eggs, add five tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, pour the sauce on the fish and send to table.

*MARINADE D'HUILE.—Mix together two tablespoonfuls of oil, four of good vinegar, the juice of a lemon, a teaspoonful of salt, and a large pinch of white pepper and use as directed.

BONITO, OR SPANISH MACKEREL EN MATELOTTE A LA MARINIERE.

Trim and prepare a Spanish mackerel, cut it in inch slices, set it on the fire with four ounces of butter, a garnished bouquet of parsley, sprinkle with two ounces of sifted flour, let it cook five minutes, when add half-pint of water; when it boils set it where it will only simmer until cooked, when withdraw the fish, skim the *braise*, strain through the tamis, return to the fire and reduce to the proper consistency, warm the fish in it, dish it handsomely in a close wreath, surround it with a border of artichoke bottoms, and place in the centre twenty button onions *glacé* and thirty mushrooms mixed together.

EELS EN MATELOTTE.

Cleanse thoroughly, and cut into three-inch pieces, three pounds of eels, wipe them dry and set them on the fire in enough broth to cover, boil slowly fifteen minutes, when add two dozen button onions *glacé* and an equal quantity of mushrooms, dress a border of triangle shaped *croûtons* fried in butter, round the dish, arrange the fish in a pyramid and pour over the sauce finished with a pat of butter and an ounce of flour mixed, the juice of a lemon and send to table.

CODFISH WITH OYSTER SAUCE.

Trim and boil a piece of codfish in plain salted water, until sufficiently cooked, withdraw, drain, and dress it on a hot dish, and send to table with a bowl of either white or brown oyster sauce.

OYSTER SAUCE, WHITE.

Blanch fifty oysters in their liquor,

then reduce it with half pint of veal broth, until nearly all is evaporated, when add to it one pint of milk, simmer a few minutes, skim it clean and add a leason of four yolks of eggs; pass through the tamis into a *bain-marie;* just before serving add the oysters, washed in warm water, a pinch of cayenne and mace and juice of half a lemon.

OYSTER SAUCE, BROWN.

Proceed as directed for oyster sauce, white, substituting beef broth for veal broth and milk.

PERCH SUR LE GRIL A LA BADEN.

Trim four small carp, draw, wash, wipe dry, lay in a deep dish and pour over them a marinade d'huile. Turn for frequently two hours, withdraw them, wrap them in two thicknesses of paper saturated in the marinade, and broil over a steady fire, when, dress them on a hot dish, surround with fried parsley, and send to table with a well-made sauce piquante maigre.

SAUCE PIQUANTE MAIGRE.

Set on the fire two ounces of butter, two ounces of onions cut very fine, and cook without acquiring any color, add three tablespoonfuls chopped parsley, four gherkins chopped small, one tablespoonful capers cut small, and half the butter sauce; as soon as it boils add a leason of three yolks of eggs, a pinch of white pepper and salt, and put it in the *bain-marie* for use.

SMELTS, LONDON STYLE.

Draw by the gills and wash as many smelts as may be needed; dip each in flour, season with salt rather plentifully, and fry brown and crisp in plenty of lard, made smoking hot for the purpose; dress them on a hot dish, and send to table with plain boiled potatoes and walnut pickles.

STURGEON WITH EGG SAUCE.

Prepare, and cook in plain salted water with vegetables and few herbs, a piece of small halibut. When cooked withdraw, drain, remove the skin, dish on a silver dish-drainer, place four groups of crimped parsley well drained with quartered lemons round, and serve with a well-finished egg sauce.

EGG SAUCE.

Cut four hard-boiled and cold eggs into neat dice, add them to the butter sauce and set in *bain-marie* for use.

BROOK TROUT A L'ETEWEE.

Trim the fins, remove the head and tails, and cut in halves two trout; set in a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of good oil with two shallots sliced, cook of a fine yellow, add a garnished bouquet of parsley, a bay-leaf, a clove of garlic, a blade of mace, some mushroom trimmings, and a pint of *Espagnolé;* bring to boil, skim well, add the trout, simmer slowly until done, when remove, keep hot, reduce the sauce to consistency, dress them on a hot dish, add plenty of chopped parsley to it, pour over the fish and send to table.

STEWED OYSTERS.

Place fifty oysters on the fire in their liquor, as soon as they boil withdraw the stew, skim it well, add to it a pint of boiling milk, a pat of butter, white pepper and salt, and serve at once with crackers and pickles.

ROASTED OYSTERS.

Wash thirty large oysters in their shells and set them with their deep side downwards on a baking sheet in a hot oven, watch, and as soon as the shells withdraw, separate the shells carefully, serve on the *deep* shell with lemons quartered, bread and butter, and pickled cauliflower.

FRIED OYSTERS.

Wash thirty double extras in their liquor, wipe dry and dip in fine white bread-crumbs, then in beaten eggs, then in the crumbs, again with a broad knife shape them oval and quite level.

Ten minutes before dinner-time, place them on the wire lining of a deep frying-pan and immerse them in plenty of lard made smoking hot for the purpose, a golden yellow; dress them on a folded napkin in close circular order, fill the centre with fried parsley and send to table.

TOMATO.

Set over the fire a quart of tomato pulp, a quart of stock, six ounces of ham in dice, fried with a large onion minced fine, in two ounces of butter; two sprigs of thyme, a bayleaf, eight pepper corns, a large bouquet of parsley and a shallot, simmer very gently an hour, when run through the tamis, season with white pepper and salt, and if ready to serve, place two large handfuls of *Croûtons à la Condé* in the tureen, pour in the soup, and send to table.

CROUTONS A LA CONDE.

Cut stale bread in half inch slices, then cut in half inch lengths, then in half inch squares, and fry in plenty of hot grease.

PORTERHOUSE A LA SARATOGA.

Set a porterhouse steak in a deep dish, sprinkle it with two tablespoonfuls of oil and a tablespoonful chopped parsley; peel overnight, six large potatoes and slice them with a knife set obliquely in a plane of wood (to be obtained at any of the iron-mongers), wash them in plenty of water, then lay them in ice-cold water until within an hour or two of dinner-time, when drain them of all the water, and fifteen minutes before time to serve immerse them in plenty of lard, made smoking hot for the purpose; when they are of a fine buff color, remove, and drain them of all the fat, sprinkle with fine salt, and after broiling the steak over a clear fire, lay it on a hot dish, season with pepper and salt, surround it with the potatoes and send to table.

BEEF SAUTE A LA MARSEILLAISE.

Cut two pounds of round of beef into one inch cubes, set them in a stew-pan with an ounce of beef dripping, place on a hot fire and brown quickly, add then, half-a-pint of good beef gravy and reduce quickly to glaze, when at once remove, and place it where it will gradually acquire a deep red color, remove, add one and a half ounces of sifted flour, salt, pepper, a bouquet of parsley, thyme and green onions, and enough stock to cover, set it where it will slowly simmer until tender, dress the beef on a hot dish in a pyramid, strain and skim the sauce, pour it over the beef, surround with a border of diamond-shaped *croûtons* and send to table.

EMINCE DE BŒUF A LA PORTUGAISE.

Cut the remains of rare roast beef into small neat dice, set them on a plate, cut in fine shreds half an onion, a bouquet of parsley and a sprig of thyme, cook brown in two ounces of butter, then add half-a-pint of thickened gravy, boil and skim, add the minced beef, warm it, season with salt and little nutmeg, dress a border of oval *croûtons* on the side of the dish, pile the *emincé* in a pyramid and send to table.

HAUNCH OF MUTTON A L'ANGLAISE.

Dress a well-hung haunch of mutton on a spit, set it close to the fire for twenty minutes to form a crust over the entire surface, when, set it back and cover with a buttered paper, baste at first with salted water, afterwards very often with the drippings, roast it thus twenty minutes to the pound, remove the paper, dredge flour over, baste twice, dress it on its dish, ornament with a frill and three silver skewers, add enough stock to the gravy, boil, skim and strain, pour over the remove and send to table.

IRISH STEW.

Prepare two pounds of mutton cutlets, and lay them in the bottom of a

stewpan with a bouquet of parsley, thyme, a blade of mace, white pepper and salt, with a quart of cold water; simmer slowly, skimming often for twenty minutes, when add two dozen onions of equal size, previously cooked in stock, and two dozen small potatoes trimmed quite round to match the size of the onions; continue the simmering until the potatoes are cooked tender, when instantly remove, dress the cutlets in close circular order, with the onions and potatoes in the centre, add to the *braise* enough *white roux* to thicken it, strain, and if seasoned correctly pour over the stew, sprinkle over the whole two tablespoonfuls chopped parsley and serve.

POTATOES SAUTE.

Cut five cold boiled potatoes in slices a quarter of an inch thick, make a single layer of them in a large frying pan with an ounce and a half of butter, season with salt and white pepper; when of a good brown color, turn, brown the other side, dress in a close circle on a hot dish, dispose in the centre a handful of fried parsley, and send to table.

POTATOES A LA REITZ.

Cut four large potatoes, in long strips one-eighth of an inch square, immerse them in plenty of smoking hot lard,until of a fine buff color, withdraw, drain,place them in a frying-pan with an ounce of butter, a little fine salt, and two tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, toss them until the butter is absorbed, when dress them high on a hot dish, and send to table.

PARSNIPS A FRITE.

Parboil four large parsnips in salted water with a bouquet of parsley and a pinch of mignonette pepper, drain, cool, cut in slices, and immerse in plenty of smoking hot lard until tender and of a fine brown color, then withdraw them, dress on a hot dish, garnish with parsley and send to table.

CABBAGE A LA FRIBOURG.

Slice, cross-cut two large onions, sauté in three ounces of butter, then add a large firm white Savoy cabbage freed of stalk, cut in quarters and sliced very thin, a pint of veal broth, half a pint of white wine vinegar, salt and pepper; simmer slowly two hours, then thicken with two ounces of white *roux*, mix, dress on a hot dish and send to table.

COMPOTE OF APPLES.

Peel, core and throw in water ten apples; make a syrup of one and a-half pints of water and eight ounces of sugar, boil and skim for five minutes, then add the apples, place it where it will only simmer (care must be exercised that the apples, while being cooked through, are not broken); when one side of an apple is done, turn it, and when done all through it must be taken out and set in the *cômpotière;* when all are cooked reduce the syrup with the juice of a lemon and the rind thinly pared, strain and pour over the apples.

COMPOTE OF PEACHES.

Peel eighteen ripe peaches; prepare a syrup of twelve ounces of sugar and a pint and a-half of water. Boil ten minutes, throw in the peaches, simmer ten to twelve minutes, dress them in the *compotière*, reduce the syrup, pour over them, and send to table.

CELERY SALAD.

Cut white tender stalks of celery in one inch lengths, place in a bowl, dress with Mayonaise, garnish with olives and hard-boiled eggs, and serve.

POTATO SALAD.

Slice six cold potatoes very thin, lay them in a salad bowl with two tablespoonfuls each of chopped onions and parsley, salt, pepper, two ounces of salt pork in neat dice, fried crisp, two tablespoonfuls of oil and one of vinegar. Mix well and send to table.

FEUILLETAGE PUFF.

Sift on the pastry slab a pound of dry flour, which form in a ring, previously removing about three ounces to be used to flour the slab. Thoroughly press out all the water and buttermilk from a pound of good butter, put an ounce in the centre of the ring of flour, the rest place in the corner of a clean napkin and place on the ice, add the yolk of an egg to the butter, mix well, then gradually add ice-water, and gradually take the flour from the inside of the ring, until about a cupful of water has been used, mix the rest of the flour in and rub it on the slab with the backs of the hands until it comes from the slab quite clean and from the hands. Now place it on the ice for an hour, then drive it out to about six inches square, flatten the butter a little, place it in the centre of the dough and completely cover it, flour the slab, turn it over and drive it carefully out thin,—this is called *one turn* ; wind it on the rolling-pin, turn it upside down, and fold it carefully in three, as square as possible, drive it out thin, carefully keeping it as level and square as possible,—this is the *second turn ;* wind it on the pin, reverse it, and fold squarely in three, drive it out thin and as level as possible,—this is the *third turn ;* reverse it, fold it, drive it out thin,—this is the *fourth turn ;* reverse, fold and drive it out for the *fifth turn ;* reverse, and this time wash it thoroughly with lemon juice, fold in three, and on this *turn*—or more properly speaking *half-turn*, whatever kind of work is to be done must be cut out. Here we will let the subject rest and take it up as the different kinds of work come along to be described.

PATES.

Having prepared the *feuilletáge* (puff paste) and folded it for the last time, roll it out to the thickness of half an inch, when, stamp out with a round fluted cutter, lay on a baking sheet, with a smaller cutter mark out the covers, wash their surfaces with egg-wash, and bake in a hot oven about fifteen minutes. When cool enough to handle, remove the covers and the insides, and use as intended.

BRIOCHE.

Place half a pound of flour on the pastry slab, make it in a ring, add to it one ounce of compressed yeast, three ounces of sugar, a pinch of salt, and enough milk (previously boiled) just warm to bring the whole to a lithe, smooth dough, set it in a kitchen bowl and stand it in a warm place to rise, covered with a woollen cloth ; when it has risen to twice its original dimensions finish mixing the cake by placing on the slab a pound and a-half of flour in a ring, in the centre put fourteen yolks of eggs and eight whites, fourteen ounces of butter and a large pinch of ground cinnamon ; gradually mix, adding the flour cautiously until by vigorous rubbing on the slab the paste quits it clean, now clean off the hands—*do not use any more flour*, and add to it the sponge, very thoroughly incorporate them together; as soon as it again leaves the slab and hands clean, replace it in the bowl to rise, setting it in a warm place covered well from the air. When it has risen very light—in about two hours, have a well greased sponge cake mould, put the brioche in, and bake in a fair oven until a straw thrust into it comes out clean.

FLOATING ISLANDS.

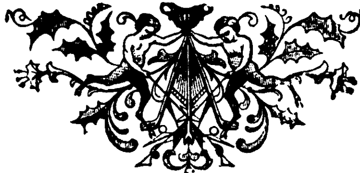
Set over the fire a large *sautoir* half full of milk ; as soon as it boils, carefully lay in it the whites of three eggs in tablespoonfuls ; as soon as the under sides are done, turn them ; when all are cooked, remove with a skimmer ; make a custard of a quart of thin cream, the yolks of three eggs and three whole ones, six ounces of sugar, a tablespoonful of orange flour water, and a pinch of salt ; when cool pour into a flat glass dish, arrange the poached whites of eggs on it, and send to table.

COCOANUT MACAROONS.

Grate a large cocoanut, spread it on a sieve to get perfectly dry, when measure out two cupfuls of it, add a cupful of sugar, the beaten whites of two eggs, and two tablespoonfuls of sifted flour, mix carefully together and drop by spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet; it bakes a nice yellow.

ALMOND CUSTARD.

Set over the fire in a double saucepan a pint of cream and a pint of milk, add to it eight ounces of almonds pounded to a fine paste, with half a gill of rose water, and seven ounces of sugar; stir until it is nearly boiling, then add six eggs, and stir until it thickens; when cold, stir from the bottom and pour into a glass dish, or in glasses.



Literary Notices.

THE COMING MAN. By Charles Reade. Letters contributed to *Harper's Weekly*. Harper's Half Hour Series, New York.

Mr. Reade, the novelist, is rather fond of all kinds of reforms. His latest subject is the custom of educating children into righthandedness. The first part of his book is devoted to proofs, of more or less value, that the power of the both hands is naturally the same, and in the latter part he urges parents to so educate their children that they will be either-handed.

HISTORICAL LEFTHANDEDNESS.

Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures in relief, more recent probably than most of the above words, but older than written language, reveal a moderate preference for the right hand. Pagan customs and traditions accord. The Hindoos and many other Oriental nations, from time immemorial, have performed certain ignoble ablutions at peep of day with their left hands, and for that, or other reasons, have declined to touch meat except with their right.

Mohammedans in general use only the right in eating ; and this comes to them by race not religion, and preceded Mohammed by thousands of years.

From Assyrian and Egyptian sculptures the next step, though a wide one, is to the earliest of the Hebrew writers. These accept the pagan theory, but with a certain moderation not found elsewhere, either in ancient or modern times. To begin with their phrases—these do not run down the left hand. This Syrian tribe took their words signifying right and left from some pagan ancestors, who worshipped the rising sun, and watched his course. This is transparent ; for their word " Kedim " means in front, or East. "Achor" means behind, or West. "Jamin" right hand, or South, and "Shemel" left hand, or North. (See Cruden on the word " Hand.")

Thus their phrases are neutral and decent ; but their facts show the right hand superior in *dignity*. In the bare sketch of events from Adam to the special history of Israel, this cannot appear : but it comes out as soon as the narrative, dealing with more recent and vivid tradition, enters into minor details.

Rachel, dying, in travail, called her new-born child " the son of my sorrow," but Jacob rejected this name, and called him " the son of my right hand" (Benjamin). Genesis, xxxv., 18.

Joseph brought his two sons to Jacob, for his blessing ; and the incident, as related, is a picture. Manasseh being the elder, and Ephraim the younger, Joseph presented the children to his father thus—Mannaseh in his left hand, opposite Jacob's right hand, and Ephraim in his right hand, opposite Jacob's left. But, to his surprise, Jacob put out his hands crossways, so that his right hand fell on Ephraim, and his left on Manasseh ; "and this," says the writer, "he did purposely ;" but Joseph, thinking it was an error, tried to shift his father's hands, and said, " Not so, my father : for this is the first-born ; put thy right hand on him." But his father refused, and said "I know it, my son, I know it," —and he persisted in blessing the younger above the elder, and therefore kept the superior hand upon Ephraim's head.

In Deuteronomy Moses describes the Law as having come from God's right hand.

In sacrificing a ram, Moses directed that the priest's right ear, right thumb, and right toe, should be anointed with the blood. Exodus, xxix. 20.

To go for a moment to a much later period, Solomon, granting an audience to his mother, descended from his throne, bowed to her with profound respect, and ordered her a seat on his right hand. 1 Kings, ii. 19.

In Exodus, xv. 6, 12, and in nearly all the sacred books, especially the Psalms, the right hand of God is lauded, and his left hand is never mentioned in the Hebrew Scripture.

Such was the superior dignity of the right hand in ancient Israel, derived from Syrian traditions, but as to the modern theory of muscular superiority, that is not indicated, but rather contradicted, nor is there a direct slur cast upon the left, as there is by the heathens, and by us, their too docile pupils.

In Homer we get the pagan notion unmitigated. His heroes salute with the right hand ; and they all turn to the right at their devotions ; Jove thunders to the right. And in this poem we find something more that the Hebrews did *not* receive, viz : that the left hand is unlucky, and so potent that it diffuses ill luck as far as the eye can see. Thus Polydamas took fright at the omen of an eagle which soared with a serpent in its clutches, received a bite and, dropping its prey, flew away on the left of the Trojan host.

This superstition about the left hand was in the human mind long before Homer, and it has survived him three thousand years. It grew and expanded in Greece, and became a principal element in all their omens and auguries.

The Romans fell into it thoroughly. Woe to the man on whose left hand a raven croaked or flew, when he went forth to war or travel; and indeed in classical literature the supposed *unluckiness* of the left hand is the main feature of that vilified limb. Of this a thousand examples could be given as easily as one.

The Latin word "sinister" (left) was innocent in itself; it means the arm that is attached to the sinus, or bosom. I suspect it was coined after they had discovered that the heart lay on the left side. But though "sinister" was an honorable term, or a neutral one, at first, the prevailing sentiment soon blackened it, and it came into conquered Gaul with a vile character, which it holds to this day in France and England. Both these nations, nowadays, use "sinister" only to mean unlucky, or full of bad designs.

Shakespeare uses it once or twice in its original sense of the left hand, but since his day we have fallen by degrees into the French way. Though "sinister" no longer means the left hand in France, that unlucky limb does not escape vilification. It is called "gauche," which word means indifferently left hand or *clumsy*. "Gauche" is said to be a word imposed by the conquering Franks, and to be "manus Gallica," or "the Gaul's hand," as opposed to "main Franche," or "the Frank's hand;" and from this word of contempt, "gauche," the Spaniards have taken "gaucho," the English "a gauky," and the Scotch "a gowk." The Italians, not to fall behind other civilized nations in vilifying the left hand, call it "mano-manca," or a failure, "mano-stanca," or a helpless hand. The Spanish "man zurda," or "seneca," which are also uncomplimentary.

On the other hand, "dexterité," French, "dextrous," and "dexterity," English, are from "dexter," and eulogistic. Thus laudation of the right hand as good and skilful, and depreciation of the left as useless, clumsy, perverted, and unlucky, have flowed into France and England by two separate streams, one crossing the continent many thousand years ago from East to West, another coming northward far more recently with the Roman conquerors. Both streams came alike from the East; only one came as the crow flies, and the other round by Greece and Rome. Probably the two streams meet in the French words "adroit," skillful, and "maladroit," clumsy, where the prefix is Latin, but "droit" is the same word as the German "recht," and the English "right," whence "droiture," "righteous," "righteousness," etc.

Words at first follow ideas and are the current signs of those ideas; but by-and-by they react upon the mind, and tend, by mere reiteration, to keep alive the ideas that gave them birth. These two streams of language are supported by custom and sentiment. Friends grasp each other by the right hand. It is almost an offence to offer the left. In Germany, France, and Scotland, the right hand must be lifted to God in the witness-box. In Germany, to this day, humble folk cut up their meat with the right hand, then lay down the knife, and take the fork in their right hand to eat. This comes straight from the East.

Impregnated with all these traditions, young mothers and nurses check infants, with superstitious horror, in the use of the left hand—which, *nota bene*, the poor little victims invariably attempt—and do their best to make a pagan tradition an immortal truth, and keep mankind one-handed, and right-handed.

Finally, certain German physicians, assuming too hastily that so general a practice must be founded not in custom but in nature, have set themselves to find the anatomical cause of the assumed fact, and think they have discoved it in the balance of the viscera, which are generally four or five pounds heavier on the right side than on the left.

This is the case I have to contend with as a friend of mankind: and, if men will listen to me patiently, and then use their own good sense, it will be a good thing for them, and a much better for their children.

GYMNASTIC TEACHING.

My next evidence is a class; and of great authority; for, suppose a number of men and women, who had all their lives studied to perfeet one limb, would they not be oracles about that limb? and by the same rule, if there are men and women who gain their bread, and fame, by perfecting the whole body and all the limbs, surely these persons must be infallible as to whether the trained and perfect man is right-handed, or left-handed, or either-handed.

Now there is such a class, small in numbers, but wide in impartiality, for it is of both sexes, and all nations—THE GYMNASTS, MALE AND FEMALE.

If the right-handed theory is true, it must be the interest of the gymnasts to carry it farther than any other people.

Instead of that, they are all more either-handed than the world; and *notâ bene*, the more eminent, the more either-handed.

Gymnasts have two lines, the strong and the agile. A few combine both; but that is not the general practice; and, at any rate, the distinction itself is sound, and useful in argument.

For many years I have watched both lines of business with interest and close observation. In the agile and graceful, including the feats upon the bar, the trapeze, the aerial flights, the treble somersaults, and the flying catches, I observe an evenness of the body, a simultaneous action of both limbs, a level extension and equally prehensile power, of both hands, that no positively right-handed, nor left-handed, person is capable of.

In the strong men and women I notice, even in repose, a marked and equal development of the great femoral sinew above each knee; and in action, when the male or female athlete puts up the agile, and holds him or her in the air with straightened arms, the outburst of muscle seems equal in both arms, nor is there any *perceptible* difference in the size of the arms nor their strength.

So far I venture to call myself as a witness, because mine are genuine observations of per-

formers, whose costume reveals the action of every muscle, and were made many years before I ever thought to use them in any public argument. Still my readers are entitled to higher authority, and shall have it.

I will call FARINI.

This gentleman was recommended to me by a learned physician as the highest authority in Europe, for the reasons that follow.

It seems he studied Anatomy and Medicine professionally, and obtained his diploma; but presently caught sight of a great field in scientific gymnastics, and turned his mind zealously that way. He knows the whole art, and has done both strong and agile business; has lifted himself entirely by the little finger of each hand till the chin was level with the hand, has walked Niagara on a rope, etc., etc. He has allowed me to examine his arms; they are grand models, with a vigorous and equal development of the biceps and triceps in each, the triceps especially remarkable, and equal in each arm. He is therefore a practical, and also a scientific, teacher of gymnastics, and an invaluable witness, as accessible to my readers as to myself, and that is my idea of a witness. He has been good enough to give me two or three conferences and much positive information, a part of which I now deliver from my notes written at the time.

He authorizes me to say that "the lop-handed" and "game-legged habit"—these are his own terms—are the curse of the youthful gymnast; all his pupils come to him infected, and this is his order of instruction: 1st. He teaches them to *fall;* so that they may never hurt themselves in the least, even in practicing at the low bar, a few feet above the suspended carpet. 2d. He sets himself to train both arms and legs to equal force and suppleness; this is his foundation-stone. At this he stays, until it s mastered. The suppleness, evenness, and grace, of the perfect gymnast can never—he assures me—be attained unless the limbs have been equalized. Some pupils are quick at this equalization; others slow. He has had to tie the legs together, to tie the right arm; and to stop all exercises for weeks, except with the left leg and left arm. But he never gives in, because the succeeding steps of his science would be ill applied. if he let the pupil go, awry at starting.

Farini declares, from experience, that there is by nature no difference whatever between the right and left limbs of the human body, but the well-meaning, and misguided females, to whom our race is confided in infancy, get hold of it when it can be moulded like a lump of clay, and easily do it a mischief, which can not be cured years afterward without a deal of trouble; because the body is now older, less ductile, and made stiff and stubborn by a fixed bad habit.

In short, custom is everything, teste Farini. His pupils come game-legged, and lop-armed, by custom: and by custom he cures them. By custom, in his opinion, the whole human race could be made as either-handed, and even-legged, as he makes his pupils—if the teaching began in infancy.

He tells me that he has been driven—in spite of a prejudice he shared with every man—to conclude that the great weakness of women is due not so much to Nature, as to their early neglect of muscular training, except dancing, in which they are not weak. In no other way can he account for their endurance in the ball-room, and their power and agility in the arena, whenever they train.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

There was lately a very skillful surgeon, who could operate with either hand. Mr. Wakley, I am assured, saved a life by a left-handed operation. In Paris, young surgeons practice both hands. Dr. Quain has given me a piece of excellent writing done by a gentleman with his left hand, whose right hand is disabled. Dr. Quain assures me it is better writing than the gentleman ever wrote with his right, and was acquired in a twentieth part of the time. Netherclift, the expert, deposes to me that Lord Nelson wrote a bad hand with his right; lost that hand, and soon wrote a good hand with his left. More remarkable still, a correspondent, by way of comment on my first letter, has sent me specimens with each hand, both superior writing.

Mr. Burns, property-master at the Olympic Theatre, and a very skilful carpenter, can use hammer, chisel, or gouge, with either hand, and carve wood with either, even in delicate work.

Messrs. Telbin and Craven, scene-painters, can both paint with the left or the right, teste Henrico Neville. For older examples among painters, see *Left-handedness*, by Dr. Daniel Wilson, page 20.

All the best steam-loom weavers can sit between two power-looms, watch, stop, repair threads, etc., right and left, and are paid accordingly.

All the fast type-writers, principally women, are either-handed, and by that means alone can print one hundred words a minute, and make a good livelihood, teste Dr. Hamilton, of Gloucester Terrace, who has kindly aided me in these researches.

Ask a gentleman who is driving four-in-hand to shift the reins from his left hand into his right. The man feels impotent directly. Why so? He has only shifted the difficulty to the hand they pretend is always the stronger. There is no stronger hand: the potent hand, right or left, is the customary hand, and custom is omnipotent. It is the same with the legs: in going up a ladder, no man cares whether he begins with the right or the left. In getting over a stile, no man cares whether he throws the right leg across it, or the left. But combine these two simple actions; cross a horse: you put the left foot up into a stirrup and throw the right leg over an equine stile; it is customary, and easy Now go on the horse's other side and reverse those simple actions. Straightway you are paralyzed with impotence real or imaginary. You would rather climb the beast by the crupper. Yet practice both ways, and they are equally easy.

THE TRUE SOLUTION.

Now let any man take the facts connected with the brain and the viscera in apes, tigers, racoons, infants, adults, etc., and the varied facts revealed in this letter, and as many more *indisputable* facts as ever he likes, and I say he will never reconcile all his facts and all mine with any other solution but this, that every child is born as either-handed as an ape, and shows it till Nature is stifled by grown-up people, but that custom is a second nature, and that it is the women who begin the fight against nature, with custom, and make the child lop-handed; in which he is afterward confirmed by the habit of imitating his playfellows, another custom, and the traditions of society at school and at home, which also are custom, and not Nature.

"As the twig's bent the tree is inclined."

The editor of *Figaro*, J. Mortimer, Esq., is completely either-handed. It came about thus: The women made him right-handed in the usual way. But when he was about four years old he injured his right, and the left hand look its place. His right recovered; but as the whole thing is custom, and Nature has nothing on earth to do with it, the left hand did not resign the eminence it had obtained by habit, arising not from nature, but accident. However, when he reached fifteen, the other boys ridiculed him so that he set deliberately to work to cultivate the right and be like his fellows. He succeeded—because the whole thing is custom—but became either-handed. He can use both hands equally well, except that he can work better with the right hand, simply because he practices it more. His left hand and arm remain the larger, and somewhat stronger. Such is the power of *early* custom. Follow these changes:

Either-handed for the first twelve months by nature.

Right-handed by training for three years.

Left-handed for twelve years by habit, arising not from nature, but accident.

Either-handed now by training, and each hand superior whenever most practiced.

These changes reveal the twaddle of Anatomy, the impotence of Nature, and the omnipotence of custom in the whole thing. The gentleman is alive, and accessible. The adult reasoner calls no witnesses that cannot be cross-examined.

My eldest brother, Mr. William Barrington Reade, is either-handed. In his youth a cricketer, he bowled and batted left-handed, but caught equally well with either hand, which in those days was not common. He always carved skillfully with the right, and wrote an exquisite and indeed an unrivalled hand; was a smart cavalry officer, and did his sword exercise with the right. Shoots from his right shoulder; can not shoot from his left. In shaving lathers with his left, then shaves entirely with his right; then goes over it again with his left, on the principle observed by mowers in mowing short grass.

I once asked him why not one of his children is ambidexter. He replied as follows to a syllable:

"Oh, for that matter, I always vowed that if ever I married my children should have the use of both hands; and I did my best: but all the good I did down stairs was undone in the nursery."

This then is where the shoe really pinches. Women suffer much for children, and love them much. They are naturally impatient of male interference between them and children, the burden of whom they bear. In the next place, yielding as women are in some things, they are stiff as iron in matters of custom, especially irrational custom. There is no single instance on record of their ever giving up any downright mania, under the influence of the pen, and they will not change their natures for me. They will never be the friends of children, but always their lovers, and their enemies, unless they can be persuaded out of it.

I must appeal, therefore, to good husbands, who wish to be good parents; and first to the class of mechanics and skilled laborers who have young children growing up about them. Look at these children, my fine fellow, and more to come. Can you tell me what they will be? Can you look at any one of them and say "I am sure that boy, or girl, will never be able to make ten shillings a week more by being either-handed, as the either-handed type-writers and steam-loom weavers do?" The omniscient God might say that, or He might say the reverse. You can say either. All you know is that you brought them into the world, without their consent, a world they will have to work and struggle for food in, like yourself; and so you ought to give them every chance, you and your wife. Well, either-handedness, as a rule, is money, and your wife can teach it the little children as easily as she can right-handedness. When they promote themselves to throwing stones you can insist on their throwing them equally well with both hands, and so on to this or that trade. They will never go back, if you start them right, and they may live to bless you for it. If you fall into this suggestion, send me your address, and I will lend you my co-operation by sending you printed instructions.

As for our games, what can be more absurd than to see a man, in the cricket field, stop a ball with the left in an attitude fit for throwing it to the wicket-keeper, yet have to shift the ball to his right hand, and advance the left foot to throw, and perhaps let in a run? The game of Fives is played with both hands, and is a most beneficial game to the whole body. Why should the games that are only fives with a bat, be played lop-handed? But I will be reasonable, I will only ask a few young ladies and gentlemen to give either-handedness a trial in lawn tennis—under forfeit for every ball struck with the wrong bat. I know it will be rather heart-breaking at first, but it will improve the whole body, and, if persisted in, we shall see young women very goddesses of grace and poetic movement, especially if they would also learn to do the most graceful thing possible, viz.; take *wide* steps *gracefully*, and bound like antelopes, lighting always on the ball of the

foot, and with the feet pretty near together, and ready to be off again. Young ladies, listen to an *older* fox than you are, and Heaven will reward you. You will be married wholesale from the lawn.

SURSUM PATRES!—FATHERS, AWAKE!

If any parents in my walk of life can rise to the parental wisdom and affection of an old bachelor—to whom, personally, children are pests—and decide to be their children's friend, let me warn them they live farther from their young than mechanics do, and have a harder task. Every gentleman with a large family has three houses under one roof. His basement is a modern public-house, that the lower classes run in and out of without his consent or knowledge; and his nursery is a mediæval tower of rusty superstitions. Nurse will be dead against him; and he cannot fight her; he would be mad to try it. His only chance is to persuade her. But he will never do that unless he begins by enlarging her vocabulary. He may take this truth from me; it is the observation of a life—

A GAP IN LANGUAGE MAKES A GAP IN THOUGHT.

"Oh, don't do that, Master George; you wil be left-handed," cries the Paynim nurse.

"What, if he uses his left hand one minute, and his right the next?" asks the youthful mother.

"La! yes, ma'am; if he uses his left at all."

That a child, who uses his right and left, would not be left-handed, but either-handed, is an idea this good soul could no more get into her skull, until you have enlarged her vocabulary, than she could fly to heaven on a soap-bubble.

"There's a fool for you," cries some sprightly reader.

No greater a fool than her neighbors; not to be able to realize any *thing*, unless there is a familiar *word* that fits it, is the common foible of all ordinary minds. My Lord Bacon says truly "words are the counters of wise men but the money of fools."

I cite from a weekly paper: "A writer in one of the medical journals asks why are we right-handed? Does it not occur to him that the reason is because we are not left-handed?"

What withering sarcasm, and how eager he is to clap his fool's cap over a gleam of dawning reason!

Dissect this weekly wag. What he proclaims comes to this: "I can not conceive any man not being lop-handed. If he is not right-handed he must be left-handed, and *vice versa*." But why are the wag's *conceptions* so limited? only because his *vocabulary*—unlike that of the despised "medical journal"—does not contain the word "ambidexter;" still less the better word "either-handed," and his mind can not, in any subject, go an inch beyond his vocabulary. To him, and to millions, A GAP IN LANGUAGE IS A GAP IN THOUGHT.

Now why should Nurse have a larger brain than this weekly wag? She is not paid for it. We must take her as she is, and work her by infallible rules. Even as the gimlet makes a hole in the hard wood, and then the screw can enter, so we must gimlet into the skulls of Nurse and mother the word EITHER-HANDED; and then we shall have a chance to screw the idea "EITHER-HANDED" in by degrees. Of this I am so sure, that I will send the gimlets by post to any parent, who may be in earnest; my gimlets will be good-sized slips of paper with the word "either-handed" printed large, a few words of sense, and of course a filigree border: the trimmings may reconcile her to the truth.

There is one topic more I would rather refer to medical men, under conditions. They must forego the false method of Broca and other juvenile reasoners, and conduct the enquiry on the plan of adult Reason—statistics collected by men without a theory.

Here is an awful coincidence, which none but a fool will slight; here is a single animal setting himself against his Creator, and making himself lop-handed and game-legged; and this same animal is more often afflicted with paralysis of one side (called in Medicine "Hemiplegia") than are animals in general. This, I say, is an awful co-incidence. Here is another—I am told, out of the note-books of several physicians, consulted by my friend Lawrence Hamilton, that the right side, in their experience, is paralyzed rather oftener than the left. So that the hand which, for so many years, man has almost worshipped, by word and deed, is oftenest laid low in horrible degradation, and brought very close to death and putrefaction while yet the body survives. Even so Antiochus, who accepted homage as a god, was not honored with a stroke of lightning or any godlike death; but smitten with worms, and taught his distance from divinity.

As to the physical *reasons* of the above coincidences, Dissection, on a grand scale, may, or may *not* reveal them; all the investigations up to date have been on too trumpery a scale, and in the hands of theorists, which is fatal.

Let the leaders of medicine profit by their private practice and the invaluable machinery for statistics in the hospitals and infirmaries. The nation is large; let them get one thousand brains of paralyzed persons examined by people *who have no theory*. Let it be noted at once whether each sufferer was right-handed, left-handed, or either-handed, paralyzed right or left, with or without loss of speech, and after death whether the lesion was in the right lobe of the brain or the left. This wide statistic will shed the first gleam of real science on this matter; at present it is all obscurity and *dishonesty*, because each theorist has found his own facts, and who has not observed that Medicine is mere fiction, whenever the theorist is allowed to collect the facts?

Meantime it is enough for me, who am a practical man, that an either-handed animal has somehow or other, a better chance of escaping paralysis than a lop-handed animal has. Aristotle says "When you have secured a fact, you need not trouble about the reason;" and that is

good sense, at all events as a rule of *action*. Chances are bought and sold all the world over, and often for high prices. One chance more in fifty of escaping paralysis is alone worth great pains and labor; and besides, on this point, the effect of inherited habit on the species is not yet known. We might possibly diminish that fearful malady in the race, as well as in the individual, by ceasing to inflict on children the lop-handed mania, and by aiding and directing those wise instincts the infant always shows, but at present resigns—to his own life-long injury—under the tyrannical influence of a creature, whose pagan traditions are not half so old, nor half so wise, as that poor child's immortal instincts, derived from primeval Man; but she is too big, watchful and resolute, for any child to resist.

CHILDREN SHOULD BE EITHER-HANDED.

To make children as either-handed as our Creator intended, first fix the word "either-handed" in the minds of the whole household, and never let a day pass without using it aloud to denote the only perfect child. Next impress the word "lop-handed," applying it equally to the the mere right-handed child and to the mere left-handed child, and declare them both to be equally imperfect, and on the road to deformity. Language, that great instrument of truth or falsehood, being thus cleared, I offer a few crude but practical hints. Infants are overhandled. Their live pets pine before our eyes from that very cause, and it is a caution. More floor and less lap; more safety-chair, with both arms free, and less hugging, cuddling, and carrying, with one little arm crippled against a nurse's body. Children *must* be carried *out-of-doors* for air, but even there the nurse must carry them an equal time on each arm. It is necessary to her own body, and to the child it is vital. Nothing will require more parental vigilance and determination than this. Carrying for an hour on one arm and five minutes on the other makes the nurse lop-sided and the infant lop-handed. In his chair, or so placed under a watchful eye that both arms are free, bring pretty things opposite his hands, and never let him stretch out either hand across his body. Teach him to throw things down with either hand alternately, and by-and-by with both hands at the same time. Let him be a quadruped and a suckling rather longer than usual, not shorter. When those tender limbs will bear the erect body without the injury a parent's loving impatience has sometimes caused, let him toddle, not to anybody's apron, but to a horizontal bar held across for him, and teach him to seize it with both hands exactly at the same time. Throwing is a great matter in itself, and the road to efficient striking, which is a great part of labor, sport, and war. Throwing with either hand can not be commenced too soon nor followed up too diligently. Taking these few hints as the mere basis of a system, those affectionate and intelligent parents who have written to me will very soon expand the matter and go beyond their counsellor in their training of infants.

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I now make a jump, and go to children. When it comes to reading, writing, and sewing, the centre of the paper or book should be opposite to the nose; indeed, all objects should be so looked at to make the sight even and correct. A little girl in threading her needle should hold it well out, opposite her nose, and thread it sometimes with one hand, sometimes with the other, and should use needle or scissors with either hand; also throw and catch balls and play battledore with either hand. Have no mercy on her if she plays her bass notes inaccurately, or thumps them and only plays the treble. Writing should be taught thus: The centre of the paper opposite the writer's nose, the letters exactly vertical—the slope being a mere disease to which we owe illegibility. The writing should always be from left to right, because we write for readers, not for ourselves; but it should be done with either hand. Short-hand writing ditto. I advise parents to have their boys and girls taught short-hand writing and type-writing. Few adults have patience to learn type-writing, but perhaps a boy or girl would find it as easy as hand-writing. A short-hand writer who could type-write his notes would be safer from poverty than a great Greek scholar. Boys and girls should all be taught to swim three times earlier than they ever are. Many a life has been literally thrown away for want of this easy accomplishment that can be learned in a week; and it is an either-handed practice invaluable to the growing body. So is rowing, especially with sculls. At present the most either-handed game is "fives." It can be played in almost any court-yard by making the pavement smooth. But, as the hand drives a ball feebly, racket bats must be substituted, with the handle reduced to four inches. The game thus played, which I suppose is much the same as hand-ball in Ireland, would be invaluable, and could be played by girls as well as boys, which "fives" can hardly be; it would be too hard upon a girl's hand. At cricket I advise fielding with either hand, batting right-handed, and bowling left-handed. It would be an abuse of a good thing to bat either-handed and bowl either-handed; this would entail waste of time and loss of skill. As to throwing either-handed, every sea-beach with shingles is a natural gymnasium. The boy of seven or eight should be trained to stoop, raise with his left a pebble the sea has smoothed for him, advance his right foot, and throw with his left, at some mark, the body erect and graceful, the right foot well advanced. He should then stoop again, raise a pebble, advance the left foot freely, and throw with the right, and so on in rotation. This is invaluable practice, especially if the instructor insists on a graceful, easy, and ardent carriage of the body in the act of throwing. Use hammer, hatchet, gauge, saw, foil, and single-stick with either hand. Do not let your son squint down the barrel of a gun or rifle because the government orders it. It is needless, fatal to even sight, and governments are often very ignorant. Should any inequality appear in the legs, practice digging, hopping, and kicking foot-ball, with the inferior limb only, for

a while; but the best practice of all, perhaps, is to stand on each leg in turn, and swing the other as high as possible both forward and backward; this will soon reveal any deficiency that exists, and, if persisted in, will do wonders to cure it. Never let stays in any form come near a growing girl. It is a wicked action. Hang her petticoats by braces, as a boy does his trousers.

I offer these crude hints to parents as a friend, not an oracle. I am sure of the general truth; but as to the best mode of applying it, why, we are all groping our way out of heathen darkness six thousand years old. We must put our heads together: and my great hope of helping parents in this great benefit to their offspring and to mankind lies in this—that I am willing to be a medium of communication between one parent and another. Their love and their intelligence will, I daresay, soon make me their pupil, whom, at first starting, they have been pleased to accept as a teacher.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE PRINCESS LOUISE, who is coming out to be our "Governess," is an artist of high merit. Her studio in the Gardens of Kensington Palace is nearly ready. It is being built from designs by Mr. E. Godwin. We fear Her Royal Highness will miss in Canada the art atmosphere of the older society of England.

IN THE Chemical Section of the British Association much interest was excited by Professor Reynold's paper on Baeyer's method of producing artificial indigo. There seems little chance of making it as a commercial product, but yet when artificial madder was first produced it was never supposed that natural madder would be almost superseded. The formation by artificial means of these natural organic substances are among the proudest achievements of modern science.

THE PHONOGRAPH was the central object of interest at the British Association this year, just as the telephone was last year.

BOOKS ON CYPRUS are commencing to throng the announcement columns of the English press. General de Cesnola's book is the best. All of them will be needed, for British ignorance must be very dense on this subject. Well-informed speakers in the House of Commons have stated that the Island is unhealthy and sterile, and equally well-informed speakers have asserted that it is salubrious, well-watered and fertile. It is odd that a man's political views should affect his physical geography, and that the Island should be arid to Whigs and productive to Tories.

THE REV. GEORGE GILFILLAN is dead. He will be remembered as the author of the "Bards of the Bible," and the editor of "Nichol's Series of British Poets."

AN EDITION of Bracton, the father of English law, is in preparation by Sir Travers Twiss. It is undertaken at the expense of the English Government.

THE COMPILERS of "Hymns, Ancient and Modern," have prepared a Psalter with Chants, Ancient and Modern, which has already reached a second edition.

THE ADDRESS of Mr. William Spottiswoode, the President of the British Association recently convened at Dublin, is not of the "fireworks" order of composition, but partakes of the somewhat dull manner of the last two addresses. Since the eruption under Professor Tyndal's presidency, this scientific Vesuvius has been quiescent. A good deal of smoke and a few red hot rocks are thrown out at times to show that the volcano is gathering force.

THE HON. AND REV. WILLIAM PETRE has published the second part of his book on "Catholic Systems of School Discipline." He has incurred the disapprobation of his ecclesiastical superiors in criticising the educational arrangements of Catholic institutions, but the loyalty to the Roman Church of a member of so ancient and staunch a Roman Catholic family cannot be doubted.

MR. W. H. MALLOCK, the author of that cleverest of modern satires, "The New Republic" has been entrusted with the volume of "Ancient classics for English readers" upon "Lucretius." It could not have been placed in better hands. Mr. Mallock's conflicts with Tyndall, Clifford, and the rest of the new school of English physicists has prepared him for understanding and elucidating the great poet-scientist of the ancient world.

BOOKS ON archery are commencing to make heir appearance. Mr. Maurice Thompson, who has written in *Scribner* and *Harper* on this subject, has published a book, "The Witchery of Archery," which is selling very well. Hawking and stage-coaching are also looking up. The sling and stone are valuable weapons and very ancient. They must surely have a turn soon.

DR. WINCHELL, who wrote a capital book upon Geological Science and the Mosaic account of the creation of the world, has written a pamphlet denying that the black race is descended from Adam. He claims for the negro a much greater antiquity than he assigns to Adam. The pamphlet is entitled "Adamites and Preadamites." His argument is mainly the same as that followed by Dr. McCausland in his book, "Adam and the Adamite."

MR. MALLOCK'S amusing satire, "Positivism on an Island," has been reprinted in a separate volume. It is exceedingly clever in design, but is marred by crudeness in workmanship. If he had spent another month in revising it he would have made it one of the best satires in English.

MR. TENNYSON has a new volume in preparation, to consist chiefly of lyrics and shorter poems. This is good news indeed, for Harold and Queen Mary have never attained to the popularity of the poet's other works. Long dramatic poems can scarcely be other than tedious, even when the work of a master.

THE *American Naturalist* is leading a determined attack upon the sparrow, which Dr. Coves considers to be a nuisance imported from Europe, like the white weed and the Norway rat. They are quarrelsome and voracious, but will not eat insects when they can plunder gardens, orchards and grain fields. They drive off the native birds, and, being fed and sheltered, there is no check to their increase. The grey Norway rat was thought at one time to be useful in diminishing the numbers of the native black rat, which was a meek and mild-mannered rodent, but now a black rat is never seen by any chance, and the grey rat is ten times as destructive as his predecessor.

DURING THE year 1876 the amount given or bequeathed for educational purposes in the United States was $4,691,845. This includes $400,000 for the Vanderbilt University and $700,000 of the Lick bequest. If such bequests were made to existing institutions instead of being squandered in vain attempts to perpetuate by means of sickly independent institutions the names of men who have no claims upon posterity, the value of the gifts would be enormously enhanced.

ÆONIAN METEMPSYCHOSES is the title of an interesting article in the last *Contemporary* on the future state. The doctrine of the transmigration of souls is believed in by an immense majority of the human race. It has not been discussed in recent times in Europe and it is time it had a turn. It has been too much overlooked, and is quite as reasonable as many of the theories put forward by grave and reverend divines.

ARCHDEACON DENISON has published a volume of "Notes of my Life, 1805-78," which is as outspoken and racy as might be expected from so belligerent and crochetty a person. He is measureless in his contempt for Greek and Latin verse-making, although he is an excellent classic. He respects flogging and hates examinations. He glories in having been always a Tory. He was "fool enough" forty-five years ago to be a Liberal for six months, but he thanks Heaven he never descended so low as to be a Whig. Truly, his record may well be consoling to his conscience, and his six months apostacy might be forgiven him.

ARCHDEACON DENISON is right—the insatiable thirst for examinations threatens to absorb all the time for study. What with vacations, examinations and preparations for examinations, the real work of education is neglected. A little more and the modern system of competitive examination will addle the small amount of brains left remaining in the youth of the period.

PROF. J. STUART BLACKIE thinks that the occupation of Cyprus gives the English an excellent opportunity of acquiring a correct pronunciation of Greek, and of putting away the absurd method now in use at the universities. To Prof. Blackie the modern Greek pronunciation is the correct one.

MR. R. HAMILTON LANG, brother of the Rev. Gavin Lang, of Montreal, and late English Consul at Cyprus, has nearly ready a very important volume on the history and present condition of that island. The author's official position and long residence in Cyprus gives great importance to his opinions.

THE LONDON SCHOOL BOARD has opened twenty-one kitchens, each to be conducted by a

practical cook, for the purpose of teaching cooking to the girls of the working classes. This is a move in the right direction. Reform in cooking is far more pressing than reform in spelling.

THE MOST complete and valuable work on the sacred language and literature of the Parsees is the collection of essays by Dr. Martin Haug, recently published by his literary executor, Prof. West, of Munich. There is no book in English upon the Avesta and the religion of Zoroaster to be compared with this.

PROF. DE MILLE, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, has a new volume in press, "A Castle in Spain." He is a novelist of some reputation as well as Professor of Rhetoric in Nova Scotia.

HACHETTE & Co., of Paris, employ 5,000 persons in their great publishing house, and issue on the average a book every day.

Mr. J. A. SERONDE has written an article for the Melbourne *Review* upon the relations between the mother country and the colonies.

SIR FRANCIS HINCKS contributes to the *Nineteenth Century* an article on the Quebec imbroglio, under the title of the "Crown and the Cabinet in Canada."

"FOOD FROM THE FAR WEST" is the name of a new work on raising cattle for the English market. The author, Mr. Jas. MacDonald, was the special correspondent of the Edinburgh *Scotsman*, sent out to investigate all matters relating to the meat export trade of America. The author visited all the Western and Southern States, as well as the Dominion of Canada.

PROF. PHILIP SMITH, who prepared two capital volumes of the "Students' Series" on New and Old Testament History, has made another valuable addition to that series in his "Manual of Ecclesiastical History." It embraces the first ten centuries of the Christian Church and comes down to the culmination of the Papal power at the period just preceding the Reformation.

MISS JULIET CORSON, who is to deliver a course of lectures on Cookery before the Ladies Educational Association and the Senior Classes of the City Schools, has published a small manual called "Twenty-five Cent Dinners." For such a manual as this we could well spare many of these "symposia" which fill up the leading magazines. It is well enough to discourse upon the future state, but, in the meantime, we have to live here, and the male portion of the community are, for the most part, coarse-minded creatures who cannot keep their strength by the contemplation of their wives' fine dresses or their daughter's music and metaphysics. Thanks to Miss Corson for thinking of us.

THE NEW volume of the "No Name" series will be called, "The Masque of Poets." Over fifty poets will contribute anonymously to the volume, and the literary world will be busy for a few days allotting the authorship of each poem. It will be as good as a new riddle book.

THE LIFE of Mrs. Jameson by her niece is nearly ready. This will be of some interest to Canadians, as Mrs. Jameson passed a short portion of her early married life in Upper Canada.

Chess.

(Conducted by J. G. Ascher, Montreal.)

All communications to be addressed to the Chess Editor of the "New Dominion Monthly," Box 37, P. O., Montreal.

To Correspondents.

E. Holt.—Yours received. Your prediction regarding ties will, we think, prove true.

Charles Mossop, London.—Have been too busy to look into matter of complete series. Will attend to it immediately.

J. W. Shaw.—Your valuable chess additions to this column are gratefully acknowledged. We congratulate you on your success so far in the present tourney.

GAME No. 46.

Played at the 7th Annual Congress of the *Canadian Chess Association,* held at Montreal, August, 1878, between Mr. John Henderson and Mr. J. W. Shaw.

Scotch Gambit.

White.	Black.
Mr. Henderson, Montreal.	*Mr. Shaw, Montreal.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.	2. Kt. Q. B. 3.
3. P. Q. 4.	3, P. takes P.
4. B. Q. B. 4. (*a*).	4. B. B. 4.
5. P. B. 3.	5. P. Q. 6. (*b*).
6. Q. takes P.	6. Q. K. 2.
7. Castles.	7. P. Q. 3.
8. B. K. Kt. 5.	8. Kt. K. B. 3.
9. Q. Kt. Q. 2.	9. Castles.
10. B. Kt. 3. (*c*).	10. Kt. to K. 4.
11. Kt. takes Kt.	11. Q. takes Kt.
12. B. takes Kt. (*d*).	12. Q. takes B.
13. B. B. 2.	13. Q. Kt. 3.
14. K. R. sq.	14. B. Q. 2.
15. P. B. 4.	15. B. B. 3.
16. P. B. 5.	16. Q. B. 3.
17. P. Q. Kt. 4.	17. B. Kt. 3.
18. P. Q. R. 4. (*e*).	18. P. Q. R. 3.
19. R. B. 3.	19. K. R. Q. sq. (*f*).
20. R. K. sq.	20. R. K. sq.
21. P. B. 4.	21. Q. R. Q. sq.
22. Q. B. sq. (*g*).	22. Q. Kt. 7.
23. Q. Q. 3.	23. Q. takes P.
24. P. B. 6. (*h*).	24. P. Kt. 3.
25. R. R. 3.	25. P. Q. 4.
26. R. takes P. (*i*).	26. K. takes R. (*i*).
27. Q. R. 3. (ch).	27. K. Kt. sq.
28. Kt. B. 3.	28. R. K. 3. (*j*).
29. P. K. 5.	29. P. takes P. (*k*).
30. B. takes P.	30. P. takes B.
31. Q. R. 6. (*l*).	31. R. Q. 2.
32. Q. takes P. (ch).	32. K. R. sq.
33. R. Q. Kt. sq.	33. B. takes Kt.
34. P. takes B.	34. Q. B. sq.
35. P. B. 4.	35. R. R. 2.
36. R. Q. sq.	36. R. K. sq.
37. P. B. 5.	37. R. takes K. P.
38. Resigns.	

Notes to Game No. 46.

by A. P. Barnes, Esq.

(*a*). As a matter of personal predilection I prefer the recapture of the pawn, though in a game not played over the board it may be more risky.

(*b*). Black might here reduce the game to a "Piano" by Kt. K. B. 3.

(*c*). This seems rather slow work.

(*d*). White exchanges pieces too readily. Kt. B. 3, having in view K. to R. sq., Kt. Q. 4. and P. K. B. 4, looks like a good enough continuation.

(*e*). The advance of these pawns is often made, but, as it strikes me, only to weaken White's Queen's side for the end game.

(*f*). At first sight I felt inclined to condemn the moving of this Rook rather than his comrade, but in the latter case I imagine Black feared the result of P. Kt. 5.

(*g*). Presumably to entice the Black Queen from her consort's vicinity, but if so White could hardly have given the position a deep examination, or the result of Black's twenty-fifth move, coupled with the cramped position of his own pieces could hardly have escaped observation.

(*h*). I am in doubt as to whether moving R. to R. 3. first would turn out better.

(*i*). I can see no line of play that promises better, though this should turn out badly.

(*j*). Here Black misses the best continuation; he should have taken the P. with R., if then

29. B. takes R.	29. P. takes B.
if 30. Q. R. 6.	30. Q. B. sq.:

and White must change Queen's or lose another piece.

if 29. R. takes R.	29. P. takes R.
30. Q. R. 6.	30. Q. Kt. 8. (ch).

and mates in a move or two more.

Even (28) R. K. 4. looks better than the move made. To either of Black's suggested moves White may reply R. Q. Kt. sq., but a little examination shows Black comes out ahead, for having a Rook to the good he can well afford the exchange to break the attack.

(*k*). Giving White a chance, of which, however, he does not make the most.

(*l*). If the omission to capture the Rook were not a slip, but intentional, then I fancy White overlooked the fact that his K. Kt. sq. was commanded by Black's B. In a back game in which the R. was taken, Black came out finally a piece ahead and won. I do not know what moves were made, but submit the following as what *might* have occurred, the moves given to Black looking natural enough.

31. Q. takes R. (ch).	31. K. to B. sq.
32. Q. R. 3.	32. Q. takes R. (ch).

I see no other course by which Black can hope to win. White of course would compound for a draw.

33. Kt. takes Q.	33. R. Q. 8.
34. Q. R. 8. (ch).	34. K. B. 2.
35. Q. R. 4.	

White now threatens to advance the pawn checking, and it cannot be taken without losing the Rook.

36. P. R. 3.	35. B. Q. 4.
37. Q. R. 7. (ch).	36. B. R. 4.
38. Q. K. 7. (ch).	37. K. K. 3.
39. P. B. 7.	38. K. B. 4.

and I think Black would now be satisfied to draw the game.

GAME No. 47.

Played at the Canadian Tournament, Aug. 21st, 1878.

K. B. Opening.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. White, Quebec.	*Mr. Ascher, Montreal.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. K. B. B. 4.	2. K. Kt. B. 3.
3. P. Q. 4.	3. Q. Kt. B. 3.
4. P. Q. 5.	4. Q. Kt. K. 2.
5. K. Kt. B. 3.	5. Q. Kt. Kt. 3.
6. Q. Kt. B. 3.	6. K. B. Kt. 5.
7. Q. Q. 3.	7. Castles.
8. Castles.	8. B. × Kt.
9. P. × B.	9. P. Q. 3.
10. P. K. R. 3.	10. K. Kt. R. 4.
11. K. R. 2.	11. K. Kt. B. 5.
12. B. × Kt.	12. Kt. × B.
13. Q. Q. 2.	13. P. B. 4.
14. P. × P.	14. B. × P.
15. Kt. Kt. sq.	15. B. Q. 2.
16. P. Kt. 3.	16. Kt. Kt. 3.
17. B. Q. 4.	17. Q. K. sq.
18. Q. R. K. sq.	18. B. B. 4.
19. Q. K. 3.	19. Q. Q. 2.
20. P. Q. B. 4.	20. P. Q. Kt. 3.
21. B. × B.	21. R. × B.
22. Q. Q. 3.	22. Q. R. K. B. sq.
23. P. K. B. 3.	23. Kt. R. sq.
24. P. Q. R. 3.	24. Kt. B. 2.
25. Q. R. K. 4. (*a*).	25. Kt. Kt. 4.
26. Q. R. K. sq.	26. P. K. 5. (*b*).
27. P. × P.	27. R. B. 7. (ch).
28. R. × R.	28. R. × R. (ch).
29. K. R. sq.	29. Kt. B. 6.
30. Q. × Kt. (*c*).	30. R. × Q.
31. Kt. × R.	31. Q. × R. P. (ch).
32. Resigns.	

(*a*). Lost move.

(*b*). On examination it will be found that if Black on move 26 took B. P., result would have been *nil*.

(*c*). R. to K. 2. would have been far better, but the position was a lost one for White.

GAME No. 48.

Third game of the tie match between Zukertort and Winawer, and one of the finest throughout the late International contest at Paris, played on July 30. The notes are by Mr. Steinitz.

WHITE.	BLACK.
Herr Zukertort.	*Herr Winawer.*
1. P. K. 4.	1. P. K. 4.
2. Kt. K. B. 3.	2. Kt. Q. B. 3.
3. B. Kt. 5.	3. P. Q. R. 3.
4. B. R. 4.	4. Kt. B. 3.
5. Kt. B. 3.	5. B. B. 4.
6. Castles.	6. P. Q. Kt. 4.
7. B. Kt. 3.	7. P. Q. 3.
8. P. Q. R. 4.	8. P. Kt. 5. (*a*.)
9. Kt. K. 2.	9. B. Kt. 5.
10. P. Q. 3.	10. B. × Kt.
11. P. × B.	11. Kt. Q. 5.
12. Kt. × Kt.	12. B. × Kt.
13. P. K. B. 4.	13. P. × P.
14. Q. B. × P. (*b*.)	14. B. takes Kt. P.
15. R. Q. Kt. sq.	15. B. Q. 5.
16. Q. B. 3.	16. Castles.
17. K. R. sq.	17. Kt. Q. 2.
18. Q. Kt. 2.	18. Kt. B. 4.
19. B. Q. 5.	19. R. Kt. sq.
20. B. Kt. 5.	20. Q. Q. 2.
21. R. K. Kt. sq.	21. Kt. K. 3.

22. B. Kt. 3. — 22. K. R. sq.
23. B. Q. 2. — 23. P. Q. R. 4.
24. Q. R. K. B. sq. — 24. P. Kt. 3.
25. B. R. 6. — 25. B. Kt. 2.
26. B. K. 3. — 26. P. K. B. 4. (*c.*)
27. Q. R. 3. — 27. Q. K. sq. (*d.*)
28. R. Kt. 2. — 28. P. B. 5.
29. B. R. 7. — 29. P. B. 6. (*e.*)
30. R. Kt. 4. — 30. R. Kt. 2.
31. B. K. 3. — 31. R. B. 3.
32. Q. R. K. Kt. sq. — 32. P. Q. B. 4.
33. R. K. R. 4. — 33. P. K. R. 4. (*f.*)
34. B. B. sq. — 34. R. K. 2.
35. B. × Kt. — 35. R. (from K. 2.) × B. (*g*)
36. B. Kt. 2. — 36. R. B. 2. (*h*).
37. R. × Kt. P. (*i.*) — 37. R. takes R.
38. R. × P. ch. — 38. K. Kt. sq.
39. R. R. 8 ch, and mates next move.

Duration, five hours.

(*a.*) A diversion from the defence in the first game of the present tie match, and sound enough so far as the further progress of the game affords a proof.

(*b.*) Black has simplified the position and broken up the K. side, at the same time hindering the development of the adverse Q. B. by the threat on the hostile Q. Kt. P. If he gains time for Kt. to R. 4. he secures a draw at least, for he then blocks White's doubled K. B. P. still more. In this predicament White gives up a P., which appears to us an error either way, whether he speculated on the attack or for defensive purposes. The proper move was Q. to K. sq. attacking the Q. Kt. P., which Black could hardly afford to lose for the prospective attack by Kt. to R. 4.

(*c.*) So far Winawer had still the advantage, albeit he had not increased his superiority by prompter measures, for which he had occasion. But by this untimely advance he compromises his game. The proper move was Q. to K. 2., to prevent the Kt. being taken at any time, with an attack on the Q.

(*d.*) The only move to protect the menaced K. Kt. P.

(*e.*) He does not realize the subtle weakness of his position, and he only forces the adversary to a good move. His P. would have stood better at B 5, and he ought to have played R. to Kt. 2, at once forcing the exchange of one of the dangerous bishops with a sure draw in hand.

(*f.*) Winawer's middle play does not match his exceptionally fine conduct of endings. On no account ought he to have thus weakened his K. Kt. P.—the key of his position. He ought to ave retreated the B. to B. sq. and relied on Kt. to Q. 5 whenever the adverse Q. B. moved to Q. Kt. 2 by way of Q. B. sq. Of course he had no more than a draw then, for White could then remain with bishops of opposite colors.

(*g.*) Still sticking to his P. with fatal obstinacy the other R. ought to have taken and he had still a fair game, though White recovered the P.

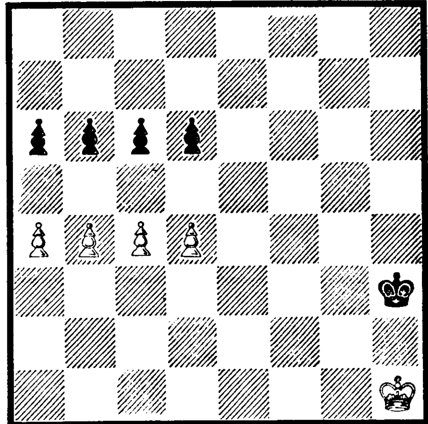
(*h.*) Entirely overlooking the opponent's brilliant design. His only chance now was to give up the exchange at once by R. to K. 4. R. to B. sq. was also of no use.

(*i.*) The termination is most beautitul, and in Zukertort's finest style.

A CURIOUS END GAME.

"IS IT A DRAW?"

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play.

CANADIAN CHESS TOURNAMENT.

THE SEVENTH ANNUAL MEETING is still unfinished, owing to the ill-health and business engagements of some of the participants. The score has been kaleidoscopical in its changes: The following is the result up to date:

	played	won	lost	draw*
Atkinson,	9,	4,	3,	2.
Ascher,	11,	9,	1,	1.
Hicks,	12,	7,	2,	3.
Holt,	12,	7,	2,	3.
Howe,	5,	2,	1,	2.
Shaw,	9,	6,	2,	1.
Von Bokum,	10,	6,	4,	0.
Henderson,	12,	4,	4,	4.
Saunders,	9,	3,	4,	2.
Bond,	12,	2,	9,	1.
Loverin,	12,	0,	12,	0.
Isett,	10,	1,	9,	0.

* Drawn games count half-game.

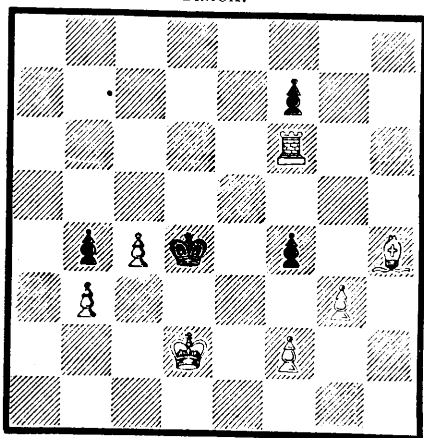
It is a matter of regret that the tourney has been somewhat long drawn out, but we hope ere our next issue the several winners of the prizes will be known.

Some excellent specimens of chess skill have been exhibited during the play. We give in another column one of the letters.

PROBLEM No. 24.

BY F. W. TOMPSON (BURTON).—*Ex.*

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

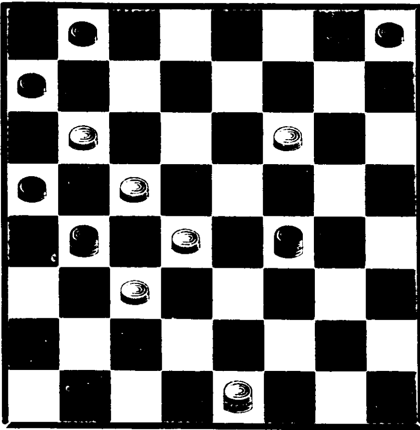
A CURIOUS GAME AT CHESS.

The annals of chess, though furnishing many more profound and tedious problems, contain none more marvellous and interesting than the following, which is authentic: When Charles XII. of Sweden was defeated at the great battle of Pultowa, and pursued by the victorious Russians, he sought refuge on a small island in the Dniester, in the dominions of the Sultan. Here, near the town of Bender, surrounded by Swedes and Poles—the remains of two great armies—by Tartars sent by the Sultan to keep a watchful eye on his guest, and by Janizaries who came to serve the unfortunate king, he established a permanent camp, and, as history relates, remained for years, till the Turk, fearing longer to offend the Czar, peremptorily ordered Charles to leave. The king refused, fortified his camp and resolved to stay and die if need be, while the Turks and Tartars 30,000 strong besieged him there, with now and then an occasional shot to warn him of his danger. His constant amusement while in camp was chess, and among his familiar opponents were the gallant Poniatowski and the brilliant Swede, Christian Grothusen. Fryxell, the Swedish historian, has related his combats with the latter, while the writings of Voltaire tell us of his contests with the former. It was in January, 1713, Charles and his General Grothusen, while thus besieged, were just at the close of a long contest when Charles announced "mate in three moves." The position was as follows: Place white's king on his bishop's fifth, his Rook on his knight's seventh, his knight on his king's square and king's Rook's pawn and king's knight's pawn on their own squares; place black's king on his Rook's fourth bishop at king's bishop's seventh, and a pawn at king's Rook's third and king's knight's sixth. The words were no sooner uttered than a stray bullet shattered a window pane, removed the white knight, but ere his dismayed opponent could replace the piece, Charles coolly smiled and said: "I do not need the knight, but will do without it," and declared "mate in three moves." At this second announcement a second bullet removed white's Rook's pawn. Charles, with his accustomed imperturbability, remarked to his opponent: "You have our good friends, the Turks, on your side; I can scarcely contend against thirty thousand heathen; this is the first time that I have seen chess played with muskets. But wait," continued he, "I think I can spare this unlucky pawn also," and informed Grothusen that there was a "mate in five moves."—*Exchange.*

Draughts.

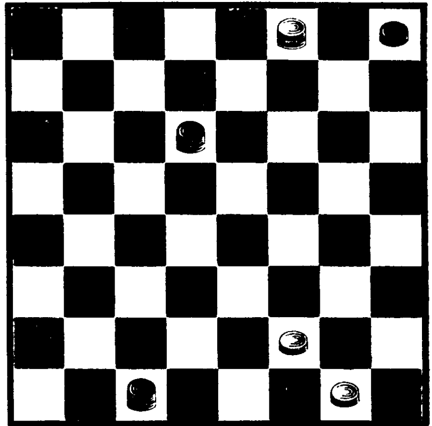
PROBLEM No. 17.

BY T. FINN, MONTREAL.



White to play and win.

PROBLEM No. 18.



White to play and Black to win.

All communications to be addressed to Mr. Andrew Whyte, Draughts Editor of the "NEW DOMINION MONTHLY," *Bolton Forest, Que.*

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 15.

13.17, 9.25, 30.26, 21.14, 26.17 and wins.

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM No. 16.

30.25	22.15	31.27	5.14	1. 3
29.22	21.17	32.23	6. 1	White
23.18	13.22	14. 9	15. 6	Wins.

The above are fair examples of what is termed the "Stroke Problem" and the "End Game Problem." The solution to the Stroke Problem is generally found by giving a number of pieces and taking an equal or greater number; the solution to the "End Game" Problem is found by correct and well-calculated play. Both of the above occurred in play, the first between T. Finn and friend, in a "Laird and Lady Game," the other is an "End Game," from the Fife.

GAME No. 41.—CROSS.

Nineteenth game in the last Dykes-Labadie match.

11.15	7.14	18.23	9.13	7.14
23.18	19.15	27.18	29.25	25.22
8.11	11.18	14.23	13.17	6.10
27.23	22.15	25.22	21.14	15. 6
4. 8	14.18	2. 7	10.17	1.10
23.19	31.27	22.18	18.14	22.18
10.14	9.14	7.10	23.26	21.25
19.10	24.19	24.20	30.23	18. 9
14.23	5. 9	3. 7	17.21	10.15
26.19	28.24	20.16	14.10	Drawn.

GAME No. 42.—LAIRD AND LADY.

Twenty-first game in the last Dykes-Labadie match.

11.15	24.20	16.19	7.10	13.17
23.19	16.23	20.16	5. 9	14.10
8.11	15.11	13.17	10.15	17.22

22.17	8.15	16.12	23.26	10. 7
9.13	25.22	17.22	30.23	22.26
17.14	18.25	12. 8	13.17	7. 3
10.17	27.11	3.12	23.18	26.31
21.14	7.16	11. 8	9.13	23.19
15.18	20.11	6.10	15.19	30.26
26.23	9.18	15. 6	22.26	19 24
6. 9	29.15	2. 9	31.22	12.16
19.15	1. 6	8. 3	17.26	3. 8
4. 8	28.24	9.13	19.23	16.19
23.19	12.16	3. 7	26.30	
11.16	24.20	19.23	18.14	Drawn.

The following games were played in Almonte some years ago.

GAME 43.—DOUBLE CORNER.

9.14	17.10	15.18	28.19	3.10
22.18	6.15	24.15	8.12	21.17
5. 9	26.17	18.22	21.17	30.26
25 22	16.19	26.17	1. 6	29.25
12 16	23.16	13.22	30.25	26.23
24.20	12.19	15.10	22.26	25.21
8.12	31.26	2. 6	25.21	23.16
27.24	4. 8	27.24	26.30	
10.15	32.27	6.15	17.13	Black
*22.17	9.13	24.19	7.10	Wins.
15.22	17.14	15.24	14. 7	

* Variation 1.

Another game was played thus :

(1.)

24.19	22.17	25.18	20.16	11.15
15.24	15.22	9.13	19.24	30.25
28.19	17.10	18.15	16.12	14.10
7.10	2. 6	13.22	18.23	6. 9
32.28	26.17	21.17	4. 8	10. 6
10.15	6.15	11.18	23.26	25.21
19.10	30.25	20. 4	8.11	6. 2
6.15	1. 6	12.16	26.30	21.17
28.24	23.18	24.20	17.14	2. 6
4. 8	15.22	16.19	24.28	9.13
				Drawn.

GAME No. 44.—SOUTER.

11.15	14.18	22.25	16.19	24.27
23.19	26.23	17.14	20.16	23.18
9.14	18.22	25.29	8.12	27.31
22.17	25.18	21.17	16.11	26.22
6. 9	15.22	7.10	12.16	20.24
17.13	23.18	14. 7	11. 7	15.10
2. 6	11.16	3.19	16.20	6.15
25.22	18.15	18.15	7. 2	13. 6
8.11	16.23	19.23	19.24	1.10
29.25	27.18	28.24	31.26	18.11
4. 8	10.19	12.16	23.27	10.15
22.17	24.15	24.20	32.23	2. 6
				Drawn.

GAME No. 45—LAIRD AND LADY.

11.15	4. 8	6.10	18.25	25.29
23.19	24.19	15. 6	29.22	6. 9
8.11	6. 9	1.17	7.10	29.25
22.17	28.24	19.15	9. 6	9.14
9.13	9.13	5. 9	10.14	25.22
17.14	24.20	23.19	6. 2	15.11
10.17	17.22	17.21	14.17	8.15
21.14	27.24	31.26	22.18	19.10
15.18	18.27	9.14	17.22	3. 8
26.23	25.18	18.9	18.15	10. 7
13.17	2. 6	11.18	22.25	8.11
19.15	32.23	26.22	2. 6	24.19
				White wins.

GAME 46.—SINGLE CORNER.

(From the Hamilton *Spectator*.)

Played at Chatham between Mr. Labadie and Mr. W. J. Giddey, of Detroit.

Giddey's Move.

11.15	8.12	17.21	11.18	22.26
22.18	17.13	28.24	23 14	23.19
15.22	7.10	6. 9	17.22	26.31
25.18	27.24	13. 6	26.17	19.15
8.11	9.14	2. 9	13.22	31.27
29.25	18. 9	22.18	20.11	14.10
4. 8	5.14	1. 6	12.16	6. 9
24.20	24.19	31.27	24.20	10. 6
10.15	15.24	9.13	16.19	27.23
25.22	28.19	(A) 18.14	27.23	15.10
12.16	14.17	10.17	19.26	23.18
21.17	32.28	19.15	30.23	Drawn.

(A.) Only move to draw; 18.15 would lose for White.

THE GAME OF DRAUGHTS SIMPLIFIED.*

Almost everybody can play at draughts—they know "the moves"—but comparatively few take the trouble to obtain a scientific insight into a game whose only rival is the "royal game of chess." It is not necessary by mere study of "the books" that a critical understanding of the beauties of the game may be attained. We have known good players who never opened a book upon it; and, on the other hand, we have known very poor players who devoted every spare moment to the study of "the books," and with but little advantage to themselves or their

* The Game of Draughts Simplified and Illustrated with Practical Diagrams. By Andrew Anderson. Third Edition. Revised and Extended by R. M'Culloch. Glasgow, R. M'Culloch, 9 Canon Street. New York: A. J. Dunlop: 123 Franklin Street. 1878.—*Glasgow Herald.*

advance in scientific play. With them it seemed as if

> "**Poring upon Black and White too subtly**
> **Had turned the inside of their brains to motely.**"

Taking two players, however, who are equally matched in their natural skill, and let the one study a treatise on the game and the other depend upon practice alone for advancement in the science of draughtplaying, and there can be no question that the book student, coupling his studies with a little practice, would soon outdistance the player who depended solely upon practice "'cross the 'brod" for improvement.

Of the books published on the game, that issued by Mr. Anderson in 1852—his famous "Second Edition"—was undoubtedly the best, and to this day it holds the foremost place with every draughtplayer; and this new edition, revised and extended by Mr. M'Culloch, of Glasgow, there is no doubt, will now rank as the leading authority. In taking up the volume, as we believe will be the case with nearly every player, our first thought was, "How much new play is there?" and roughly comparing it with the "Second Edition," we found the following result:

Games.	Second Edition. Variations.	Third Edition. Vars.	New Vars.
Ayrshire Lassie	32	48	18
Bristol	26	40	21
Cross	47	61	20
Defiance	23	35	16
Double Corner	0	13	13
Dyke	45	46	17
Fife	25	33	16
Glasgow	26	32	16
Laird and Lady	88	73	17
Maid of the Mill	46	49	10
Old Fourteenth	47	63	36
Second Double Corner	23	33	11
Single Corner	51	62	15
Souter	22	34	13
Whilter	89	90	29
Will o' the Wisp	58	67	15
	648	779	283

In reckoning the number of variations in the "Third Edition," we have included the various "A" and "B" Vars. as well as those numbered in the usual manner; and a glance will show that more than a third of the play is new—*i.e.*, not given in Anderson's "Second Edition."

The result of the analytical skill and patient labor expended on the various games cannot, of course, be fully criticised by us—the merits of the "Third Edition" can be fairly and fully tested only by long and constant use. Anderson did much by the systematic arrangement of play adopted in his "Second Edition" to popularize the scientific study of the game, and with the same object in view Mr. M'Culloch in the present work presents us with several improvements. Anderson recommended the use of red and white men, as presenting a fine contrast on the black squares, and, at the same time, in showing the board and men set for play, gave white and black men on the white squares; Mr. M'Culloch shows the red and white men on the black squares, forming a beautiful frontispiece, and the board is numbered to correspond on the black squares. The moves of Black are distinguished from White, enabling the student to see at a glance which side varies; and, still further, to facilitate the working out of the games, numbers are given at the bottom of the columns to indicate the variations from which they branch. The games are arranged in alphabetical order, as in the table above—a method which will save much trouble to the reader. The laws of the game, after mature consideration, and with the concurrence of many leading players have, in many instances, been altered, while others have been rendered more definite. The standard size of the board and men has been slightly increased; and the rule, by which a player who might inadverently touch or arrange an unplayable piece instantly forfeited the game, has been made less harsh. The instructions are written in a concise and lucid style; in the Elementary Positions, the First and Second retain their respective places, and those given as the Third and Fourth—to which number Mr. M'Culloch, with much tact, has confined the "positions"—have been selected with good judgment. A series of useful and instructive problems are also given at the end of the work. Paterson's lengthened, abstruse, and somewhat pedantic essay on the "Theory of the Move" has been admirably condensed; and is illustrated with diagrams which will enable the student at once to master the systems into which the board is divided in calculating the move; for, in the diagrams referred to, the one system is distinguished from the other in a manner which should bring "the theory of the move" within the comprehension of the veriest tyro.

Turning to the games themselves, in running over a few of them we were struck, amongst others, with a fine variation on the "Cross," on a line of play which has been much discussed. The play is as follows:

11.15	15.24	6.10	5. 9	15.19
23.18	28.19	17.13	27.24	22.17
8.11	12.16	10.15	16.20	9.13
26.23	19.12	13. 6	23.16	26.22
10.14	11.16	1.10	20.27	8.11
30.26	18.15	32.28	31.24	29.25
7.10	10.19	4. 8	2. 7	
24.19	22.17	25.22	24.20	

Anderson played 19.23 here, and although he made out a win for Black, it was afterwards demonstrated that White could draw. By boldly throwing away another man—for Black is already a man down—Mr. M'Culloch, in playing 19.24, sustains the win, and in the subsequent play gives a fine example of the power of position in defeating a superior force. We were somewhat curious to see the decision Mr. M'Culloch would come to regarding the 21.17 line of the "Fife"—Var. 2 in Anderson, as well as in this work—which has long been considered by many leading players as a loss for White. That, however, is not the view taken by Mr. M'Culloch, who varies from Anderson at an early stage. The line of play is as follows:

11.15	22.17	14.18	25.21	3. 8
23.19	5. 9	21.17	9.14	26.23
9.14	17.13	8.11	29.25	11.16

Anderson now played 30-26, after which we do not think there is a draw for White against Black's best play; but by 24-20 (for 30-26) a draw is demonstrated in the present treatise, and a number of very interesting variations and critical end-games spring therefrom.

One variation of the "Glasgow," we have little doubt, will give rise to considerable discussion. We refer to Var. 2, where White, whose crown-head is intact, plays 11-8, with the view of weakening Black by breaking up his crown head. The game runs as follows:

11.15	7.16	9.14	7.16	7.11
23.19	20.11	25.22	22.17	26.22
8.11	3. 7	5. 9*	9.14	11.16
22.17	11. 8	17.13	31.27	32.28
11.16	4.11	14.18	16.20	1. 5
24.20	28.24	29.25	26.23	28.24
16.23	11.15	12.16	2. 7	5. 9
27.11	24.20	20.11	30.26 Black wins.	

At the move indicated by the asterisk, Anderson played 15-19, and the game ended as drawn; by 5-9, Mr. M'Culloch shows a win for Black, and unless a draw can be shown for White prior to that move, we are afraid the 12th move (11-8) must be considered a losing move for White.

Before quitting the games, a line of play where Mr. M'Culloch varies from the trunk of the "Laird and Lady" is worthy of particular mention; he throws away two men for the White side, and yet comes out not only with a drawable game, but one in which Black has to time every move to secure a draw. The play is as follows:

11.15	10.17	4. 8	9.13	2. 9
23.19	21.14	23.19	15.10	24.19
8.11	15.18	6. 9	6.15	15.24
22.17	26.23	24.20	19.10	32.28
9.13	13.17	1. 6	11.15	17.21
17.14	19.15	28.24	10. 6*	28.19

At the starred move Anderson played 31-26—play still retained in this edition—but we think the line of play struck out in the above superior not only for brilliancy but for the chances of win for White.

The limits of our space forbid us referring, for the present, at greater length to the merits of a work which, even in its mere externals, is incomparably the best book we have seen on the game. Combined with the improvements we have already alluded to—*i. e.*, the alphabetical arrangement of the game, distinguishing the moves of Black and White, and giving references for the root of each variation—the large and legible type and diagrams, and the general "get-up" of the work are such as will rejoice the heart of every draughtplayer. We heartily congratulate Mr. M'Culloch upon the production of a work commensurate with the high estimation in which the game ought to be held. Neither the author nor players in general can expect that it will be found entirely free from errors; but we are certain it will be found more free from superficial weakness or unsound play than any existing work on the game. On this point, and in closing our present remarks, we cannot do better than quote the last paragraph of the preface:—"In conclusion," says Mr. M'Culloch, "while I may reasonably solicit the indulgence that should be shown to anyone who devotes himself to the arduous task of revising a work on draughts, criticism is invited, and will be gladly acknowledged, so that any errors existing may be rectified in future editions or in a supplement. As no effort has been spared to render the work as perfect as possible, the subscriber trusts that the treatise will be found as free from unsound play as any on the game of draughts; and in the hope that it will help to spread a love for and popularize the interesting pastime, he leaves it in the hands of a discerning public."

NEW DRAUGHTS MAGAZINE.—On the 1st of next month Professor F. A. Fitzpatrick, of St. Louis, Mo., U. S., will issue the first number of a magazine devoted exclusively to the game of draughts. Intending subscribers should address F. A. Fitzpatrick, 3,030 Cass Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., U. S.

Notice.

WILLIAM HARVEY.

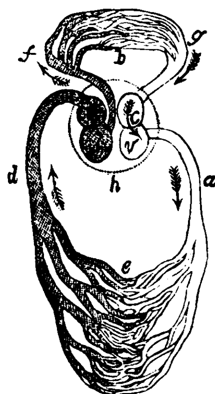
By far the most important physiological discovery in any age was that made less than three hundred years ago by the English physician, William Harvey. An enquiry into the procedure adopted by medical practitioners before the circulation of the blood—one of the primary considerations in all cures—had been acknowledged would be most interesting, but it is one which might lead the reader to imagine that doctors of medicine even now, sometimes, employ remedies on speculation, without much knowledge as to the ultimate results.

Harvey was born in Folkstone, Kent, on the first of April, 1588. He received a grammar school education at the Canterbury school, went to Caius College, Cambridge, in 1593, there took his degree of B. A., and went to Padua about 1598, where he attended the lectures of Fabricius ab Aquapendente, and other eminent professors of medical science, graduating in 1602. He then returned to England, settling in London. In 1607 he was admitted a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, and two years later was appointed physician to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, a position which he held uninterruptedly for thirty-five years. In 1615 he became Lecturer on Anatomy and Surgery in the College of Physicians. It is supposed that it was while discharging his duties, in connection with this office in 1619, that the great discovery which has perpetuated his memory was made, although his treatise on the subject, entitled *Exercitatio Anatomica de Motu Cordis et Sanguinis in Animalibus*, did not appear till nine years later, the interval being employed in experimenting and perfecting the discovery.

This discovery, probably more than any other, shows the hand of a Creator and design in the formation of man. The heart is one of the principal organs employed in circulating the blood. It is a hollow muscle, separating and forming four cavities, two at the left and two at the right of the organ, but all acting in unison. The two upper cavities are called the auricles, and the two lower ones the ventricles, so that there is a right and left auricle and a right and left ventricle. This being understood, it is not difficult to obtain some idea of the wondrous system of building up the body. Black or venous blood is gathered from all parts of the body by the veins and flows into the right auricle, and by this chamber is propelled into the right ventricle. By it it is sent to the organs of respiration, the lungs, through the pulmonary artery. Here the venous blood becomes purified and reddened by the action of the air, and is sent back to the heart through blood vessels called the pulmonary veins. It is received into the left auricle, thence into the left ventricle, and by it forcibly expelled into a large blood vessel called the aorta; thence into the smaller arteries, by which it is distributed to all parts of the body.

The facts first clearly demonstrated, in connection with this system by Harvey, are; 1. That the movements

of the heart are similar to those of the muscles of the limbs as regards the parts producing them; 2. That the arteries become full the moment the ventricles expel the blood they contain; 3. That the pulmonary artery receives blood at the same instant that the aorta and other arteries do, and therefore that the two ventricles contract and expel the blood at the same time; 4. That the two auricles contract simultaneously, and that their contraction precedes that of the two ventricles; 5. That when the flow of an artery is stopped by pressure



the vessel becomes distended with blood between the place where the pressure is applied and the heart, and empty in the other parts, thus showing that the blood comes from the heart into the arteries; 6. That if pressure be applied in the same manner to a vein it extends in the portions further away from the heart, and disappears in those between it and the place where the pressure is applied; 7. That the valves—previously discovered—in the veins prevent the blood from flowing in the wrong direction. These and other facts were sufficient to prove his newly advanced theory, which even in his lifetime became almost universally admitted.

The theory will be better understood by those who have not given any attention to this subject, by reference to a [illegible] ken from *Chambers' Encyclo-* [illegible] e shaded part of the figure represents structures filled with venous blood, while the unshaded portion represents parts in which pure, arterial blood occurs. The dotted circle represents the heart, and the C, in the shaded portion, the right auricle, the other C the left auricle; the V, in the shaded portion, the right ventricle and the corresponding V the left ventricle. The cavities C are used for receiving the blood as it flows into the heart, either pure from the arteries or impure from the veins, and for transporting it into the ventricles, the right one of which propels the venous blood to the lungs for purification, and the left by the large artery A, representing the aorta, to feed the system. It passes thence into the capillaries which occur in every part of the system and undergoes changes very much the reverse of these in the capillaries of the lungs, parting with its oxygen and taking up carbonic acid. It then enters the capillaries, which conduct it to the veins, and carrying it to the heart completes the circle, around which it continually flows, constantly giving off its flesh and bone-making properties to build up and strengthen the system. Very minute experiments have been made to determine the time it takes to complete the circuit, with the following result: In man from fifteen to twenty seconds; the horse, twenty-eight seconds; the dog, fifteen seconds; the goat, thirteen seconds; the fox, twelve and a-half seconds, and the rabbit seven seconds.

Harvey was, during the last two years of James I., royal physician extraordinary to that king, and in 1632 was appointed physician in ordinary to his successor, Charles I., and followed him through good and bad fortune for many years. He attended him on his various expeditions, and was present with him at the battle of Edgehill. Aubrey, writing of the battle, says of Harvey: "During the fight the Prince and Duke of York were committed to his care. He told me that he withdrew

with them under a hedge, and took out of his pocket a book and read. But he had not read very long before a bullet of a great gun grazed on the ground near him, which made him remove his station."

After the battle he accompanied the king to Oxford, where he was made Warden of Merton College, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Physic. Here he devoted much attention to the subject of Generation, as, according to Aubrey, "he came several times to our college (Trinity) to George Bathurst, B.D., who had a hen to hatch eggs in his chamber, which they opened daily to see the progress."

On the surrender of Oxford to the Parliamentary forces, he returned to London where he resumed his duties as lecturer to the college of physicians. In 1652 he received the honor of having his statue placed in the college hall, with an inscription testifying to the value of his discoveries, which he acknowledged by building an addition to the college, and endowed it with his paternal estate. One of the conditions of this grant was that an oration should be delivered annually in commemoration of the benefactors of the college, and an "exhortation to the members to study and search out the secrets of nature by way of experiment, and for the honor of the profession to continue mutually in love." He was elected president three years before his death, but declined on account of his advanced age, seventy-nine years. He died in 1657, honored and esteemed as the first anatomist of his time, and with his discoveries universally acknowledged.

This year is the three hundredth since his birth, and the tercentenary anniversary of that event was celebrated in April last.

Our frontispiece is after a portrait in the London *Graphic*, which is from a picture by Bemmel in collection of Dr. Mead.

Adonis.—"HERE!—HI!—BOY!—JUST WUN AND FETCH MY HAT, THERE'S A GOOD FELLAH!"
Boy.—"O, YES—I DESSAY. AND YOU'LL WALK OFF WITH MY BARRER.—*Punch.*

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