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NOVEMBER, 1880.

'THE EARLY YEARS OF THREE RIVERS'*

BY WM. KINGSFORD, C.E., OTTAWA.

THIS volume, from the pen of Mr. B. Sulte, is, in every way, creditable to him. It is the result of reading and care, and is marked throughout by good taste and good feeling. Naturally Mr. Sulte writes as a French-Canadian. His motto is *faire aimer la patrie*, and he feels a laudable pride in the courage and endurance of his ancestors. Himself a native of Three Rivers, this work is a record of the early times of the city. Gathered from original sources of inquiry, it must have been a labour of love. It contains much which, in our condition of knowledge, is original and trustworthy; and we do not doubt but hereafter future writers of history will quote his pages as an authority. The style is pleasing and animated, so that, barren of interest and matter of fact as many of the incidents naturally must be, he makes pleasant reading out of much that is common-place. The task Mr. Sulte has set himself is to trace the history of an infant settlement, until it outgrew the troubles and trials which for forty years threatened its existence. His effort is to bring back these times vividly before us, and hence he portrays scenes of every day life, of which the account can have interest only from the view in which he places them, and from the memories the events themselves awaken.

Two important events changed the whole aspect of the world. The application of movable types to printing by Faust and Guttenberg, during the second half of the fifteenth century, and the Reformation, to which the stimulus given by printing to human intelligence, to a considerable extent, led some years later. We do not say this from what is called the Protestant stand-point. When Luther commenced his crusade against the Papacy of that date, he had on his side men like Erasmus, Dean Colet, and Sir Thomas More. No one with greater bitterness assailed the corruptions of the hour than Erasmus; but he hesitated when his companions went forward. But if his advance in opinion

* Chronique Trifluvienne, par Benjamin Sulte. Montreal: Compagnie d'Imprimerie Canadienne, 1879.

was not to the same extent, at least he gave his impress to the field where he remained, and whatever the word used may be, change undoubtedly followed in the life and government of the ancient religion. Half a century later, Loyola started on his extraordinary career, and the influences which he created were in full force when the events chronicled in this volume were taking place. The Jesuit has played a large part in the early history of Canada, and for much of the time his action was uncontrolled, more especially in the years which Mr. Sulte chronicles. His power was supreme, as governor after governor experienced.

Mr. Sulte commences his history at the period when Three Rivers was the limit of European civilization. Montreal was then Hochelaga, a *bourg* of the savage, and the western waters had been scarcely frightened from their security by the strange apparition of a white face. The fort at Three Rivers was constructed in 1634. Some few colonists had established themselves within its shadow, and in a short time appeared the inevitable Jesuit Father, concealing, under his unobtrusive humble look, the keenest ambition and a remorseless jealousy of the Recollet who had preceded him, intent on a policy which was to end in the ruin of the unhappy Red Man who became his convert, and to sap, over the larger domain of the continent, the power of the race and the creed he was working so hard to establish on the traditionary rock of faith. There were about seventy souls in the place at this date. The number increased scarcely to one hundred in the next four years. But at this period the whole French population in Canada was scarcely two hundred. This handful of men was literally the advanced guard of civilization, and a stern fight they and their descendants had before them, in which for half a century their existence never ceased to be imperilled. These men came from Normandy as a rule—the ancestors of the race of the *coureurs des bois*, and the descendants of those warriors who conquered England, whose deeds will live for ever in the Tapestry of Bayeux. They came generally from Rouen, Caën, Fécamp, and Fleury.

Champlain's map of 1632, which sets forth the explorations to within five years of its date, gives no indication of *habitation Française* above Quebec. But the records seem to establish that, as early as 1617, settlement commenced. The situation at that date was favourable to trade. Itself at the foot of the River St. Maurice, which was ascended to its source to cross to the tributaries of the Gatineau, for that river to be descended, so that the Ottawa could be gained. On the opposite shore, the mouth of the Richelieu was forty-five miles to the west; while on the south shore the Rivers St. Francis and Nicolet are more immediately in the neighbourhood. We can trace in these days much the same consequences as have hitherto taken place as settlement advances west. First came a few traders and Indians. As the numbers increase, the missionary appears upon the scene until a religious organization is established. The church was then built; and the fort followed, as the necessary protection against outward attack. Mr. Sulte tells us that Three Rivers held possession of the traffic for twenty years, and it was not until 1656 that Montreal, to any extent, partook of it. It was then that the great commerce of the West may be said to have taken its rise, and to control which the wars of the next century succeeded. However the quarrel may be described by other names, the real struggle was, if the 'peltry' and Indian wares should pass by the Mohawk to the Hudson and to New York, or whether it was to keep to the St. Lawrence, and take French ships to France, and if the supplies the Indians needed were to come by Quebec or by New York. That struggle is still being continued. If not in the same form, at least as zealously. The Dominion expenditure on

the canals has alone the end in view to bring the produce of the West to Montreal and the St. Lawrence. The enlargement of the navigation is to make it possible for vessels to start from Chicago for Europe, and to bring back an unbroken cargo of manufactured articles to an American port on Lake Michigan. The early inhabitants of the United States, the English colonists, were desirous that no canoe should pass below Lake Ontario, that the trade should ascend to the Mohawk and find its way to the Hudson. The struggle of *Nouvelle France* was to bring everything eastward. In the earlier history the St. Lawrence was not looked upon as the channel to the west; it was the Ottawa which was followed. The northern part of the Island of Montreal offered no such impediment as the Rapids of St. Louis, the Lachine Rapids. The Ottawa was taken to the mouth of the Matawan. This stream was followed to the portage which led to Lake Nipissing and, by the French River, Georgian Bay was gained. Access was thus had to the Huron Country. The Jesuit Fort, the traces of which remain, near the line of the Midland Railway, was reached by this route. The ruins yet stand on the shore in the great bay into which the Severn discharges, a branch of which penetrates to Penetanguishene, one of the most beautiful of the many picturesque sheets of water on the continent.

It has been the fashion to speak of Jacques Cartier as the founder of Canada. Cartier certainly visited the country, and he passed a winter here. In 1534, his first voyage terminated at Gaspé. His second voyage was in 1535. He reached Montreal, passed a few days, and wintered at Quebec in 1536.* In 1540 he again sailed to Canada in the expedition organised by Roberval, and returned to France in 1542. The mode of his departure gives one not too favourable a view of his character. Cartier then disappears from history. There is no trace of his presence, either in legislation, or manners, or jurisprudence, if we except the material memorial of some timbers found in the River St. Charles, which has been considered to be the remains of the *Hermina.* Cartier was not even the first to 'discover' Canada. The country had been visited in 1518 by De Levis; and Verazzani, ten years previous to Cartier's expedition, penetrated the St. Lawrence. The loss of Verazzani in the expedition of 1525, for he was never heard of after leaving France, has caused his name to be lost sight of, and explains why so little is known of his previous voyage.

The real founder of Canada is Champlain, and any non-recognition of this fact is a disregard of history. Champlain appears on the scene for the first time in 1603, some thirty years before the records of Three Rivers are marked by any interest. From 1543 to 1598 no effort of any kind was made to fit out an expedition to the St. Lawrence, or to colonize the country. It was in 1542 that Cartier abandoned Roberval in the Harbour of Newfoundland, by all accounts, in the night time. Roberval pushed on to Quebec and wintered there, and in the following summer, leaving a band of some thirty behind him, he returned to France. The fate of these men must ever remain unknown. In the succeeding year the brothers Roberval equipped a vessel and proceed-

* 'Plus proche dudit Quebec, y a une petite rivière qui vient dedans les terres d'un lac distant de nostre habitation de six à sept lieues. Je tiens que dans cette rivière qui est au nord et un quart du Nord-ouest de nostre habitation, ce fut le lieu où Jacques Cartier yverna, d'autant qu'il y a encores à une lieue dans la rivière des vestiges comme d'une cheminee, dont on a trouvé le fondement, et apparence d'y avoir eu des fossez autour de leur logement, qui estoit petit. Nous trouvasmes aussi de grandes pièces de bois escarries, vermoulues et quelques trois ou quatre balles de canon. Toutes ces choses monstrent evidemment que c'a ésté une habitation, laquelle a ésté fondee par des Chrétiens.'—*Œuvres de Champlain, Book III. ch. 4, Voy.* 1608.

ed to sea, but were never heard of. The vessel probably foundered. It was not until 1600 that Chauvin's expedition started for Canada, and made a settlement at Tadousac. We do not hear that Quebec was reached. Certainly it was not until 1603 that Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence to visit Hochelaga, when his progress was stopped by the Lachine Rapids, to which he gave the name of the St. Louis Rapids. Thus sixty years had passed since the thirty Frenchmen had been left by Roberval at Quebec. It is strange that not a vestige of tradition clings to their memory, except the slight traces spoken of by Champlain. One would think that some trace of their presence would have been retained, some slight vestige of their past, in the language in use when Champlain arrived. Some sound would have conveyed to his mind the fate of his abandoned, forlorn countrymen. Some weapon or utensil would have been found as a memento of their fate. We can picture to ourselves these men pining away one by one, hope having departed, and the feeling sinking into their souls that they had no home but with the red men, no lot but the Indian squaw and the filthy wigwam. Or did they make some effort to leave their prison, and regain their country in a vessel built by themselves? An impenetrable mystery covers them; no record of language, no utensil, no weapon, no tradition, was ever discovered to testify that they had lived and suffered. One theory is plain, they could not have remained in the country, for they would have left children behind them in middle life when Champlain came. Were they attacked and killed and eaten in some terrible time of famine, or did they trust their fortunes to the seas? *Memoria est quam mens repetit illa quæ fuerunt*, saith Cicero. But where can memory aid in the history of these first colonies, abandoned by their countrymen in France to their fate?

It was in 1608 that Champlain laid the foundation of Quebec, and became the founder of Canada. Champlain's words may again be quoted :—'Il n'en peut trouver de plus commode ny mieux situé que la pointe de Québec ainsi appellé des sauvages, laquelle estoit remplie de noyers.'

The early theories of Cartier's expectations seem to have been but slenderly entertained by Champlain. His good sense and his past experience did not lead him to look for the silver and gold of Peru. His duty was to found a colony, and there is little to show that he had any taste for, or foresaw at that date any prospect of gain by, commerce with the Indian. The fur trade was then unknown. A plentiful supply of furs could be obtained. But there were other requirements. If the trader grew out of the situation, the trader had to seek for furs, and he had to pay for them. Above all he had to be fed, and it was plain that the food could not come from France. Champlain, therefore, turned his first attention to the means of existing in the new land, and one of his efforts was to plant wheat and rye. The crop from this virgin soil must have been excellent. One of the early mistakes of Champlain was to listen to the representations of the Indians, and to interfere in their quarrels. The consequences were not foreseen. His temporary triumph brought terrible retribution. In after years the revenge it called forth threatened the destruction of the colony, and the feelings it created powerfully operated to narrow French domination within the limit which it could never permanently pass. The Algonquins persuaded Champlain to assist them against the Iroquois, the Five Nations, and this step was the commencement of a quarrel never to be terminated, while it potently contributed to the eventual uprooting of French power in British North America. It proved the cause of the utter destruction of the Hurons and the other Indians whose fortunes were linked with the French

cause. It was during this expedition that he discovered Lake Champlain, although these waters were doubtless well known to him by report. It was at the Chambly rapids that he must have been stopped, when his men deserted him. But Champlain continued his route to Lake George, where the enemy was descried and encountered. It was then that we see the commencement of that policy which will always be a blot on the French escutcheon in Canada. The Indians were allowed to torture their prisoners. It is said that so late as 1755, when Braddock was defeated by De Beaujeu, on the advance to Fort du Quesne, the British soldiers who were made prisoners were tortured by their Indian allies. The Jesuits in no way discouraged this conduct. Their motto appears to have been *Laissez les faire.* Mr. Sulte gives an example of this feeling in his chronicle. We quote the words of this reliable writer in his own language, so we shall not be accused of misrepresentation :—

'On les attaqua vaillamment ; mais, en verité, ils soutinrent le choc avec un courage et une dexterité non attendus, mais, au bout du compte, se croyant trop faibles pour resister aux assauts qu'ils devaient attendre le jour suivant, ils demandèrent qu'on ne tirât point de part ni d'autre pendant la nuit, et cependant ils s'evadèrent à la sourdine devant la pointe du jour. "Jean Amyot, plus rempli de courage qu'il n'a de corps," les suivit à la piste et en decouvrit une cache dans le tronc d'un arbre. Deux Iroquois avaient été blessés et sept fort blessés. On trouva dans leur rédoute quelques arquebuses plus grosses et plus longues que celles des Français. Deux sauvages du côté des Trifluviens avaient été, tués et six Français blessés ; l'un d'eux mourut peu après à Quebec où on les avait envoyés pour être soignés à l'Hôtel Dieu. Jean Amyot conduisit son prisonnier à Quebec. Là on fit avouer à cet homme qu'il etait l'assassin du Père Jogues. "M. le gouverneur le tint en prison huit ou dix jours ; *enfin les sauvages de Sillery s'ennuyant, M. le Gouverneur le leur envoya ;* il fut brûlé le 16.

''Il ne fut dans les tourments qu'une heure. Son corps fut jêté dans l'eau. *Il fut baptisé et morut bien.*''

(Journal des Jesuites, p. 95, *Relation* 1647, p. 73.)

The italics are ours.

The advantages of Three Rivers as a trading station were early seen, and these records commence when it emerged into something like a community. M. de Montmagny was then Governor-General, and M. de Champfleur, Governor of Three Rivers. The place by this time had become the rendezvous of the Attekamegues from the St. Maurice, and the Algonquins from Allumette Island. The word Huron, familiar to us, is French. The name comes from *hure*, the crest of the wild boar, to which, it was held, the head dress of the Indian bore some resemblance, and the term came to be used to distinguish the friendly Indians, who embraced Christianity, in contradistinction to those of the Five Nations, at enmity with them. There was a chronic state of war ; the French were few in number, uncared for in France, incapable, from their poverty of resource, of the least aggressive movement. The Iroquois, numerous, warlike, utterly false and treacherous, offered peace when events on the Mohawk made an enemy the less necessary, and broke the truce if they held it advantageous to recommence aggression. In the neighbourhood of Three Rivers the Algonquins made some efforts towards clearing the land and settling down ; but neither white nor red man could count upon reaping his harvest. Three Rivers appears to have early gained the preference over Quebec with its Indian visitors. It was nearer to the West, and possibly more *sans façon.* But the establishment of Montreal ultimately interfered with the advantages it possessed. In 1641 there was the usual alarm.

Two white men had been seized in the winter of 1640, close to the rising town. One would scarcely have expected that the Iroquois would have been in hiding in February, but such was the case, and the possession of these men led to an expedition, consisting of twenty canoes, in which the double purpose seems to have been to detach the French from any alliance with the Algonquins, and to obtain firearms. The Iroquois, in spite of the poverty of numbers and resources of the French, felt their rising power, and found themselves unable to cope with their ancient enemies when ranged with the new comers. The two men were brought in by the expedition, and it was hoped that by their intervention the end in view could be accomplished. There was another incidental request. The Indians demanded thirty-six guns. Marguerie, one of the persons who, on *parole*, carried the message, is recorded to have played the heroic part of Regulus. Himself a prisoner, sent as a hostage, with the prospect of having his fingers cut off one by one, his nose slit, his eyeballs stripped, and finally to be burned — cast all thought of self aside, and recommended the refusal of the request. But time had to be gained. A canoe was sent off to Quebec for the Governor-General, and negotiations were opened, the Indians being given to understand that it was only the Governor-General who could enter into a treaty that was binding. They therefore settled themselves down, protected themselves with trees in the form they followed, and awaited his arrival. M. de Montmagny came. One of the first sights he witnessed was an Algonquin canoe taken, the women killed, and the man carried off a prisoner. A meeting was held, the Indians gave over the white men, and it was understood that M. de Montmagny was to visit the Iroquois in the morning. The scheme appears to have been to seize the Governor-General himself, and to have made his exchange the basis of future demands. But the scheme failed, for, from the commencement, the French declined to enter into any arrangement which would not include their Indian allies. In the meantime an armed sloop arrived from Quebec. The Iroquois saw that they had to deal with men who believed that their best protection was in force. The Indians therefore declined any further meeting, waved the scalp of an Algonquin in defiance, and made preparation for their return. Their encampment was attacked by cannon. Leaving fires during the night in the first fort, they vacated it for a second fort, which they had constructed in their rear, and so managed to retreat with little loss; the cannon, however, caused great dread.

For some years, until about 1660, the colony was constantly subjected to scenes of this character. The records are of greater or less interest, but they are marked on the part of the Indian by the same ferocity and craft, by the Frenchman with the same constancy and courage. Entirely neglected by France, the wonder is that the French Canadian was not swept away. That such was not the case was owing entirely to his gallantry and endurance. The neglect of the colonist in America by the French Government was to a great extent the result of the religious character given to the emigration. There were doubtless thousands of Protestants in France who would have shared the fortunes of their countrymen. The difficulties of the hour would have given more serious occupation than quarrels about the extent of the Real Presence and the number of sacraments. One thousand Frenchman of any creed would have chased these Indians to their strongholds, and in a few months would have taught them a lesson the red man would never have forgotten. But the Jesuit was there with his narrow, gloomy, uncompromising faith. Careless of his own life, he was equally indifferent to

the happiness and welfare of others. Garneau well says he desired to make a Paraguay of Canada. Ready to devote himself to flames and torture, possessing the courage, with the intolerance, of fanaticism, he started for the west doubtful if he would reach the first rapid above Montreal. When tortured and burnt, another took his place. One feels how more wisely and nobly all this devotion might have been exercised. It was in this struggle in France, as in most others, that the real object was lost sight of. The dread of Protestantism with the governing classes was something more than mere dogma. As in England, the fear of Puritanism was that it would engender thoughts of personal rights and liberty, which would shake existing institutions. The persecution by the Anglican prelates of any freedom of thought in religion, which culminated under Laud, concealed the desire to crush any effort for greater personal liberty ;—a struggle to take the form of war, turmoil, and difficulty for nearly a century, and which really and in fact only took a settled form in the third decade of this century. The leaders in France knew well what they were battling for. Sully tells us that when Protestantism seemed on the eve of triumphing, Catharine de Medicis remarked, 'We shall then say our prayers in French instead of in Latin.'* But the ductile mind of the people had no such complacent opinions. They were taught early in life a deep and rooted bigotry, as the end of their being, and under its influence for 40 years their countrymen in Canada were left on the verge of destruction.

But the French in Canada never lost their self assertion, and their fortitude was unshaken. They must have felt that their lives depended on their own efforts alone. They felt that their safety lay in the fears of their enemies. Taken prisoners in 1652, Agontarisati, with one Ta Alleurat, two of the most formidable of their enemies, they burnt them at Three Rivers. No one can deny the necessity of this act. The Indians, of course, were duly christened before execution, *sine ceremoniis*. 'Prior Franciscus vocatus est, posterior Franciscus,' so runs the Jesuit record. There was no hesitation in Three Rivers, and it was felt that there could be none. In August of the same year, the Governor, M. Duplessis Bochart, hearing that some inhabitants of the place had been attacked at the entrance of the Saint Maurice by some Iroquois canoes, at once organized an expedition against the Indians, who were in hiding at Cap de la Madelaine. Seeing the enemy, he attempted to land among the sedge and reeds, trusting to his gallantry and courage. In a few moments he fell dead. Seven of his countrymen were sacrificed with him, some dying of their wounds, and one being burnt. Mr. Sulte gives the names of the fifteen killed and wounded.

It is not possible, in our limits, to run through the record of these events. The struggle still continued. M. Boucher has left a record of the state of feeling. 'A wife is ever fearful that her husband, who in the morning has started for his work, may be taken or killed, and she may never again see him. For this reason the *habitants* are generally poor. The Iroquois kill their cattle and prevent the crops from being harvested, burning or pillaging the farms as occasion offers.'

It was this same Boucher, whose name must ever be remembered in the annals of Canada as having been the principal instrument in turning the aspect of affairs. In 1661, he went to France accredited by the then Governor, M. D'Avangour. Colbert was then

* 'On a soutenu que l'intérêt de la vraie religion n'entroit pour rien dans la politique de cette reine. Témoin cette parole qu'on lui entendit dire, lorsqu'elle crût la bataille de Dreux perdue : "Eh ! bien, nous prierons Dieu en Français.' '—Note, Sully's *Memoires*, An 1586. Vol. I.

in the ascendant. Boucher obtained the ear of the king, and awoke his desire to extend his glories by the firm establishment of La Nouvelle France. The result was that reinforcements were sent. They, however, tardily came; still their presence gave hope and vigour to the colonists. They were followed by others; finally the celebrated Carignan Regiment arrived, and the days of Iroquois terror passed away for ever from Three Rivers.

But from the days of Champlain to Tracy, the colony passed through a terrible ordeal. Its first forty years of life have but few parallels in modern history. In 1621, the European population of Canada was under fifty, and new blood was but slowly poured in from Europe. It is not, therefore, a matter of surprise that Quebec was taken by an English expedition, under Sir David Kirk, in 1629. There was a strong party in France who considered La Nouvelle France a costly and dangerous acquisition, that had been well got rid of. The French Ambassador in London had the reputation of entertaining this view. The public opinion of France in those days was the opinion of the Court. Champlain's genius ranged it on his side, and his representation to Richelieu led to the adoption of opposite views. Champlain knew and understood the wealth and value of Canada, and a series of Champlains might have changed the destiny of the country. The treaty of St. Germain accordingly restored French Canada to France, and in 1633 an expedition started with new settlers. We may say that it is really at this date that the history of Canada, as a colony, commences. In the early stage of colonization the effort had been to get adventurous spirits to cross the seas. Religion had had little influence on the choice. Two-thirds of Champlain's crews had been Protestants. Under the great Henry and Sully toleration had been permitted. But the Protestants, yearning for personal liberty, ill accorded with the arbitrary theories of the French Court. It was resolved that such aspirations should be excluded from the new settlement, and that when any Protestant offered to join the expedition he should be refused. It was determined that hereafter in America, the taint of what is called heresy should not exist. Champlain is spoken of as being very strict as well as religious, but of dogmatic views. There is nothing to show that he did more than conform to the views of the French Court. Frenchmen of his character in those days had few philosophical opinions, and they changed from one side to the other as their interests dictated. It remained for the next century to produce the men who should turn the current of thought in Europe. The proximity of the Protestant colonies of New England and on the Hudson, then called the Orange River, suggested to French Statesmen the policy of raising up in Canada a totally different language and creed, which could not be tempted to swerve from its allegiance and orthodoxy, whose prejudices, in no way relieved by education, could ever be appealed to or excited. Had the dagger of Ravillac not destroyed the career of Henry so soon after Champlain's first expedition, Champlain's life, to our mind, would have taken a different impression, for he was thoroughly and truly a great man, above that deformity and passion, and the mean malignant instincts which are the invariable accompaniments of bitterness, mediocrity, and dishonesty. The Governors who followed Champlain—till we come to Tracy—excepting his immediate successor, Montmagny, were not men of capacity, and were not fitted to deal with the difficulties which threatened the life of the community. Montmagny had the example and traditions of Champlain; moreover, he did not suffer from the same difficulties which marked his successors—the efforts of the

Jesuits to control the whole policy and government of the country, and to place the State under the heel of the Church. Montmagny remained until 1647. As early as 1615, the Recollets had established themselves in the colony. The Jesuits did not appear until 1625, and it was not until ten years later that they commenced their remarkable missions. It was after Montmagny's departure, in 1648 and 1649, that the Hurons were destroyed, and Brebœuf and Lallement tortured and burned. D'Aillebout was a man entirely deficient in energy. Lauzon was insulted by the Indians under the very guns of Quebec. D'Argenson better understood the situation, and asked for troops to commence an aggressive movement on the Iroquois; but no aid was forthcoming from France, and he was continually thwarted by Bishop Laval, intent on establishing the pre-eminence of the Church, and who finally obtained his removal. D'Avangour, who succeeded him, was a blunt soldier, but was equally powerless. He was recalled at the instigation of the same clerical influence. De Mezy followed, to be persecuted as his predecessors had been. He died in two years, and Tracy came in 1665. It was his vigorous policy which changed the fate of the country, and that such was the case was owing to the mission of Boucher to France, who, to have attained his purpose, must have been a remarkably able man. Boucher came to Canada when only seven years of age, and he may claim to be the first native Canadian of eminence. That he was the first Canadian ennobled by Louis XIV. is a trifling matter compared to the reputation he has left of honesty, ability, courage and worth. We may add here that it is one of the most curious points of Three Rivers history that the first men ennobled were all from Three Rivers—Boucher, Godefroy, Hertel and Le Neuf. Mr. Sulte traces the various branches of these families. Senator de Boucherville yet represents the first of these names. The family of Godefroy have lost their ancient splendour. M. de Hertel is also not among the wealthy. Le Neuf left Canada at the conquest.

Possibly no more enterprising expedition was ever undertaken than that under Courcelles in 1666. We know the fact, not simply from French report, but from the narrative which is given of the expedition in the documentary history of New York. In the depth of winter, Courcelles, with 600 volunteers, passed along the frozen St. Lawrence, marching on snow-shoes, carrying their provisions on *traineaux*, till the Richelieu was reached. The Richelieu was then ascended to Lake Champlain—crosing to Lake George the waters were traced to where the Fort of William Henry was afterwards built, and the trail was taken to the Iroquois country; but, says the English record, 'by mistake of his guides, happened to fall short of the castles of the Mauhaukes, and to encamp within two miles, at a small village called Schonectede. The consequence was that a deputation was sent to Monsieur Coursell, to inquire of his intention in bringing such a body of armed men into the dominions of His Majesty of Great Britain.' 'Surely,' saith the writer, 'so bold and hardy an attempt (circumstances considered) hath not happened in any age.' Courcelles got safely back, but he lost some men, having dropped into an ambush consisting of nearly 200 Mohawks, planted behind trees, who at one volley slew eleven Frenchmen, whereof one was a lieutenant. The wounded men were sent to Albany. Experience had now established that there could be no safety for Canada until the Iroquois were made incapable of injuring the settlers. A series of forts was therefore constructed along the waters by which be approached. One at the junction of the Richelieu and St. Lawrence; one, the celebrated Chambly Fort, at the foot of the rapids; one a league to the

south, at Ste. Therese; one, which gave rise to the present town of St. John's, on the Richelieu; one, Fort St. Frederick, at Crown Point, and eventually Fort Ticonderoga was built. It is not shown on the Carte du Lac Champlain of 1748, par le Sr. Auger, arpenteur du Roy en 1732 fait à Quebec, le 10 Octobre, 1748. Signé, De Lery. Lake George was then known as Lac St. Sacrament. The English forts commenced at the Great Portage, between the waters of Lake Champlain and the Hudson. The first was built in 1711. There was also another fort on Lake Champlain, Ste. Anne, on Isle La Motte, about twenty leagues above Chambly. It was here that Dullier de Casson passed a winter.

It was in 1666 that Tracy organized his expedition, and inflicted the chastisement on the Indians which led them to keep their peace for twenty years. He commenced by hanging a boasting scoundrel at Quebec, who, at his own table, declared he had murdered the Governor's nephew, young Chazy. With 1,300 men, in the early autumn weather, when the heat had passed, and the swamps were dry, and the flies, those pests of Canadian sylvan life, had disappeared, he followed the track of Courcelles. His success must have exceeded his expectations. He burned five Iroquois fortifications—with the food they contained, retaining only what was necessary for himself, and took possession of the country for his master—so far as ceremonial went—and returned to Quebec.

The result of the peace is evident. In 1688 the population increased to 11,249; in 1667 it was something over 4,300.

But the French Canadian remained poor.* It was not until he lived under the blessings of English liberty that he became rich and independent. He had nothing to learn in the shape of gallantry, courage and endurance. When we praise the Jesuits for their courage and fortitude, we omit to state that it was simply the tone of the country. Every man carried his life in his hand. He never knew what the day would bring forth. When danger came he had to meet it. He could not count the odds, and he could never better his situation by hesitating to face it. His life was one unceasing struggle against numbers, but he remained undaunted and self-reliant, with his nerve unshaken and his heart true and firm and right.

He was thrifty and industrious, but he could get no further than merely living. Nobody was in want, but there was no money. Canada was regarded in France as an *annexe* where the Mother Country could obtain the articles she wanted, and where she could sell the articles she manufac-

* Il regne dans la Nouvelle Angleterre une opulence dont il semble qu'on ne sait point profiter, et dans la Nouvelle France, une pauvrêté cachée par un air d'aisance qui ne paroit point etudié. Le commerce et la culture des plantations fortifient la première, l'industrie des habitans soutient la seconde, et le goût de la nation y repand un agrément infini. Le colon Anglois amasse du bien et ne fait aucune depense superflue, le François point de ce qu'il a et souvent fait parade de ce qu'il n'a point. Celui-la travaille pour ses heritiers, celui-ci laisse les siens dans la necessité où il s'est trouvé lui-meme, de se tirer d'affaire comme il pourra. Les Anglais-Americains ne veulent point de guerre, parce qu'ils ont beaucoup à perdre; ils ne menagent point les sauvages, parce qu'ils ne croient point en avoir besoin. La jeunesse Française, par les raisons contraires, deteste la paix, et vit bien avec les naturels du pays, dont elle s'attire aisement l'estime pendant la guerre, et l'amitié en tout temps. . . . Tout le monde a ici le necessaire pour vivre: on y paye peu au Roi; l'habitant ne connait point la taille; il a du pain à bon marché, la viande et le poisson n'y sont pas chers; mais le vin, les étoffes et tout ce qu'il faut faire venir de France coûtent beaucoup. Les plus à plaindre sont les gentilshommes et les officiers qui n'ont que leurs appointements, et qui sont chargés de famille. Les femmes n'apportent ordinairement pour dot à leurs maris que beaucoup d'esprit, d'amitié, d'agrement et une grande fecondité. Dieu repand sur les mariages, dans ce pays, la benediction qu'il repandoit sur ceux des patriarches; il faudroit, pour faire subsister de si nombreuses familles, qu'on y menât aussi la vie des patriarches, mais le temps en est passé.

tured. Therefore the French Canadians could only buy and sell in France. But in the days of Iroquois invasions there was scarcely anything to sell, for the commerce in furs was nearly destroyed, and by all accounts money was not often handled and rarely ever seen. Later in the history of Canada it was the habit of the officials to deal in all sorts of merchandize, making what in modern language is called 'rings' to keep out the legitimate trade. There was then what always happens in such circumstances, favoured individuals became rich, while the country was impoverished. The people existed.

We are getting, however, entirely beyond the limit of Mr. Sulte's labour, which closes at 1665. With men of education, and with all those acquainted with the epoch of which he treats, he will obtain consideration. Literature, however, has so few rewards in Canada that we question if he will gain any substantial recognition of what he has done. He has the satisfaction, however, of knowing that he has added some pages to Canadian literature, which will not pass away, but be quoted with Charlevoix, Le Mercier, and Mère L'Incarnation, for he has revivified the past by the original records. We have only one piece of criticism to make. He introduces the numeral '8' (*huit*) to express the W. For example, Isond8tannen. It seems some of the Jesuit writers took this course, and Messrs. Laverdier & Casgrain printed the text of the Jesuit journal in this form. These Indian languages have passed away, and hence there is little consideration required for any delicacy of sound regarding them. But were it otherwise, and if there be no W in French, we have *ou* or *gu* to represent it. Surely we do not require a new letter to bring out this nice distinction in Indian, when we can do without it in Paris in the type of the dramas of the Theatre Français or the Sermons of Notre Dame. To our mind, it is too much like the enthusiasm of the *Fonetik Nuz:* we hope never to meet it again. Even the merits of Mr. Sulte fail to reconcile us to this formidable innovation.

There is one more point before we close, on which we wish to speak. We have said that the time has come when Jacques Cartier should take his true place in history—not metaphorically, but actually, to descend from the pedestal where it is proposed to place him,—for there has been some talk of erecting a statue to him. If there be any statue raised to the founder of Canada it should be to Champlain, and we believe that there is not a voice in Canada which would not accord with this honour to the memory of a great man. If we put ourselves right in this respect, there is another minor point which calls for attention. The late Sir George Cartier always insisted that the word Dominion should be translated by *Puissance.* He appears to have got bewildered in this respect, and that he made it a personal matter. Any contradiction with respect to it, he almost regarded as an insult. His personal qualities led many to accept his opinion. But we never heard anyone justify it. Years have fled since poor Sir George passed away, and it is with no desire to wound his memory that we say the time has come when we should cease to appear ridiculous in the eyes of the French *litterateur* and of all French scholars. The proper translation of the word Dominion is to gallicise the word with a masculine noun *Le Dominion.* If this be objected to there is *la Confédération Canadienne.* But are we a Confederation? Has not the word Dominion the greater significance? We put it to any French Canadian man of letters if this view is not correct, to Mr. Sulte himself, to Arthur Buies, Chauveau, Abbé Cosgrain, Hector Fabre, even to Mr. Pagnuelo, or the distinguished Father Braun, or the author of *La Comedie Infernale.* Mr. Baby and Mr. Masson are both

students of Canadian history and collectors of Canadian books and portraits,—we would leave the point with them, indeed, with any man of sense who knows French, and we are very sure that he will say with us that to translate the English word Dominion, as we use it, by the term 'Puissance' is simply a folly.

Perhaps some of the gentlemen we name may take the matter up. Why not our friend Mr. Sulte, of whom, we trust, we only take leave for a short period.

ABSENCE.

BY ALICE HORTON.

SURELY the blest are those who stay
  Rather than those who rove,—
Few can remain a year away
  Nor miss a face they love.

And if our fears are unfulfilled,
  And every dear one there,
We find that our own place is filled—
  That we have grown to spare.

The friends who mourned to see us go,
  And wept such tears about us,
Have learnt, because they must, we know,
  To get on well without us.

Grass grows not over graves so fast
  As new love ousts the old ;
If our joys pass, our griefs scarce last
  Until our tears are cold !

Absence has half the powerlessness
  And hopelessness of death :—
What the eye sees no more, the heart
  Hardly remembereth.

The dove should fly nor east nor west,
  But in her green copse wait,
If she would one day build her nest,
  And keep a faithful mate !

ECCENTRICITIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HAYDON HOLME.

II.

THERE is another member of the 'House' side of our boarding-house, whom we have not yet noticed. We must say a word about Sadie Lane; she was the younger sister of Hendryson's Miss Lane, of low stature, round as a beer-barrel, and with as much of a figure, sallow-complexioned, with bloodless lips and hair banged over her forehead like the strings of a floor mop.

The curiosity of her sex Miss Sadie had to a three-fold extent; it afforded us endless amusement to see her on the street; she slowly rolled along with a kind of vacant stare, stopping at every store window gazing at its contents, until she knew every article in it, and the marked price of every article off by heart. She would never pass an advertisement bill, a conspicuous sign-post, or a street car laden with advertising matter, but she would read out loud what was printed thereon; a man-fight, a dog fight, any kind of a row she would stop to see the end of; would spend hours leaning against the railings of some concert-hall, listening to what was going on; and whenever, or wherever, she saw a crowd, would be sure to add to its number; anything to see, she would see; anything to hear, she would hear. When in the house, Sadie never seemed to know what to do; she would sit for hours in one position, staring with uninterested interest at the cat, fire, or stove pipe, crooning with ceaseless monotony; occasionally she was visited by a gigantic specimen of masculine humanity, who had, to use an expressive phrase, 'a sort of hankering after her.' Donald Robertson, the gigantic specimen, was about six feet high, with shoulders broad as a Dutchman's, strong as an ox, and with a voice loud and thunderous enough to waken the Seven Sleepers; alongside of her huge lover, Sadie looked most interestingly comical; when taking her Donald's arm, by holding hers as straight up as she could possibly get it, her fingers would just reach; his strides were so long that Sadie could not by any means keep up with them, and consequently was always an arm's length behind. Donald looked like a lumbrous canal barge having a small boat in tow; he—Donald—when he came to see Sadie, would amuse her all the evening with shouting and laughing; he had a terribly powerful voice, and an always-present grin. Laughing and '*lunging*' were his only accomplishments, and both he could do to perfection; we never saw him but we saw his grin and heard him shout; he had one favourite word—we have forgotten it though—formed of a combination of the first syllable in the names of a number of people with whom he once camped a season amongst the 'magnificences' of Muskoka, and this word he would, when in our boarding-house, roar out with terrific thunderousness. He was a very good fellow was Donald, kind-hearted as a sister of mercy, a mass of good nature, and as thoroughly honest as the hanger-on of a travelling circus.

And now we may introduce the 'Opposition' party of our boarding-house.

Mr. Stitches, the law student, was

the oldest boarder on the 'Opposition' benches, and seemed to be acknowledged that side's leader. He was a little fellow, was this Mr. Stitches—a very little fellow—five feet five. He had a small head, the top of which he kept constantly shingled, so that it looked like a much cut-up patch on a skating-rink; his face was a very funny one, oval as an egg, flat as a grid-iron; nose that was all nostrils, and eyes so small that spectacles had to assist them to do their work. He sometimes wore a beard and moustache; occasionally wore neither; hair on his face became him better than hair off, as the lower part of his face was all angles and very shapeless. Stitches, when talking, had a peculiar habit of shaking his little scrubby head, and when he became excited it was quite amusing to hear his rapid utterance and note how well his head kept time to what he was saying. He was easily irritated—the least annoyance troubled him like sea-sickness. If a meal was delayed half an hour he fumed and fretted like a caged lion, and didn't get over it for a week. He was nearly always grumbling; he grumbled so much that we really believe his grumble was so much a part of his nature that without it he could not exist. One peculiarity about him was that he was always fancying himself ill, and what with his physicing, dieting, cold-bathing and flannel clothing, he might have been the most delicate consumptive that ever breathed. He had six medical works constantly on hand for easy reference if he felt a new ache or pain, and quite a drug store of patent medicines in his room. The poor little fellow, too, was always complaining of being cold; he seldom got warm even in summer. Before October was fairly in, he got out his winter wraps, fur cap and ulster, and every day met you with the same question, 'Isn't it cold?'

Mr. Arches and Mr. Dupernay occupied a room on the top flat adjoining Mr. Stitches. They were studying for the ministry, hence the house spoke of them as the 'divines.' Mr. Arches was a long and lanky divine, quite six feet from the earth, a good specimen of Euclid's definition of a line—'length without breadth'—he had evidently grown faster than he ought to have done; his limbs didn't seem to have a proper understanding with the body, the arms hung from his side like two pump handles, and the legs, awkward and ungainly, one would think, had been nailed into position; they followed the body in such a loose, slovenly manner when walking. Mr. Arches had a long thin, though rather heavy-featured, face, high cheek-bones, and methodist-parson expression. He was not a bad fellow, seemed to be well-read and clever; like most divinity students was excessively nervous, blushed much, and once a week knocked his tea or coffee over.

His room-mate and brother divine, Mr. Dupernay, was a French Canadian. He lacked in length, and had in breadth what Arches had in length and lacked in breadth. Heavily made, with a back broad enough for a church foundation, and long, so long that his back was all you would notice if you saw him going before you down the street. When he walked, this back of his was bent, doubled and crooked like a railway car after a collision, especially if he walked fast; then it wriggled and twisted about most singularly. He had a big, thick head, heavy, loose kind of features, wore glasses, through which, somehow or other, he could never look at you; he would lift them—the eyes—occasionally, but drop them again hurriedly as soon as he caught yours upon him, with the sheepish expression generally seen on a fellow's face when caught kissing a girl. He simpered so innocently when he talked—which was seldom—as every time the mouth opened it sent a blush all over his face. In his movements he was as awkward as Arches was in appearance, falling

down stairs every other day, always knocking against someone, and never coming to table without upsetting two chairs, and generally tripping over the door-mat.

Stitches, Arches and Dupernay seemed very fond of each other, and appeared to have one feeling in common with regard to the house. An injury from the House side to any of them was received by the whole three as an injury to all of them.

Visitors occasionally came to our boarding-house. There was Miss Castiron, a huge Amazonian, weighing about two hundred pounds, who never came but she brought some kind of ailment with her.

It was pitiable to behold her delicate frame, and to listen, as she half lounged on the most comfortable seat in the room—she always made for the best seats—to a long and decidedly interesting list of her illnesses. She, poor dear! must have lived a weary life; from her own account she had suffered from all and many more of the usual ills flesh is heir to, probably had touched and tasted every patent puff brought out for the cure or alleviation of said ills, and to gull gullible mankind. When we first met her—we were introduced to her voice first—she was descending from her sick-room to greet us with a grasp of her clammy nine-inch hand, mourning her lot in a tone of voice which—harsh at its best—had, through the training she had given it, become one of the most hideously, unearthly, and scratchy monotone. She frightened us. We thought a resurrection had taken place, and the new life, shrouded in its grave-attire, was coming to speak of the horrors of rooming six feet below the earth. When her gigantic frame darkened the door-way and stood before us, looking strong enough to draw a ton of coal the length and breadth of a nine-acre newly-ploughed field—well, we thought, invalid! Not much! We spoke to her, muttered something in sympathy with her sufferings, kept looking anxiously to the door, and felt so relieved when we got from her. We kept our distance when she was by after that, only hearing of her as a dangerous gossip, mischief-maker and general all-round black cat-loving 'Disagreeable.' Miss Castiron was forty years old.

Another ancient spinster whom we occasionally saw was a not badly figured, but plainly featured, lady of red-coloured hair. The general house opinion as to her age was that she had lived thirty-five years; her own—shared by none but herself—was that she was ten years younger; but as she had given this as her age for quite a number of years, it was not unnaturally considered by the majority as a fable. Miss Bell Bellian—she got that name soon after her advent into the world was registered—had for a very long period, extending from her early teens to her second tens, been under the delusion that she was in love. Doubtless she was, and the only difference between hers and the average love was that the favoured 'he' did not seem to have the slightest inclination, much less intention, of becoming 'Barkis.'

He had seen her about twice a year since meeting her first, and during that time had been constantly kept in mind of her being still in the flesh by the receipt of numerous gifts, from a smoking-cap to a spittoon, a dressing-gown to an easy-chair.

Like Miss Castiron, Miss Bell Bellian was ardently fond of cats. She had six, three in constant attendance, one for each shoulder, and one for her lap. Her disposition was peculiar; on the slightest provocation she would fly into a fearful rage, snap and snarl at all times, whether in company or out. She had a faded complexion, shrunk-all-angles' kind of face, mean-looking eyes, short upturned nose, and a shrieky voice, intensely disagreeable.

Two more ladies completed the list of female visitors. Miss Maddish—

such a dear girl—was one. She never had anything to say, but somehow or other was always saying something. She minced her words so delightfully, and simpered so charmingly, that—well—it made ill-natured people speak of her as a much affected, senseless little idiot. They oughtn't to say such things though. The other was a sister of Donald Robertson, christian-named Eva. It must have run in the family—that laugh—as like Donald, Eva, too, was never seen without a laugh-extended mouth, and she laughed so easily. Hold your finger up, and she would roar herself almost to death. She was a bright-looking girl, was Eva, but too heavy. She was as large as two ordinary-sized girls. We ought to mention Miss Katie Ways as another visitor, only she never came unless to a meal. She also was full-bodied. Rotundity—female rotundity—seemed in high favour at 14 Groater St. The two Lanes, Miss Castiron, Miss Robertson, Miss Ways, five big, square females—they would hold down their side of a pair of scales with twice the number of average-sized females trying to balance the other side.

Of males none but Robertson and a Mr. Bilton, a nice young man of faultless attire and careful utterance, stiff figure, and ever-present semi-sarcastic grin, were regular visitors. Robertson came to see his little lump Sadie, and Bilton had a leaning towards Fanny, Dimmelow's girl. Hence his rather frequent visits.

As winter, with its long and cheerless nights, drew nigh, our boarding-house dining-room became quite a love bower. Everybody was loving. Every evening, tea over, all fell to hugs and kisses. Hendryson and Miss Lane in one arm-chair loved. Dimmelow, the elder, with Miss Crowes in another arm-chair loved. Dimmelow, the younger, took Miss Sadie to arms and kisses in another chair—not an arm-chair—until sharp at seven Robertson and his sister Eva would be round, when Sadie was transferred to the former, and Bertie Dimmelow accepted the latter. The Opposition had even got love-infected. Upstairs the divines, for want of 'Divinenesses,' were hugging each other like a drunken man a gate post, while Law was in the kitchen kissing the servant. We must confess that we, too, felt bad, so bad that we must get something to love and hug. We tried, and tried, and tried, until—we got the cat.

December came, and its sharp frosts opened the skating rinks. We often spent our evenings, on iron and ice, at a rink not very far from 14 Groater Street. There we frequently noticed Bertie Dimmelow skating and whirling around with his brother's girl, Fanny Crowes. We thought it strange Red was never about, and a pity, too, since the couple evidently appeared to us to be flirting rather too zealously. It was nothing of our business though, so we skated about and 'knitted,' and said nothing. A fortnight or more of this passed, when one evening, a partly starry, wholly moonlight night, the thermometer registering one degree below zero, as we leaned against a fence surrounding the rink we were on, gazing upwards into space, with thoughts of the future alternately troubling us with probabilities, and encouraging us with possibilities, something dashed passed us with the rapidity of a lightning flash, and almost frightened us off our feet and on to our back. We looked, and as we did so the profile of Redward Jaynes Dimmelow whirled round a corner, and was lost to view. We had noticed and spoken to Bertie Dimmelow and Miss Crowes some short time previous; they were sitting arm-in-arm on a form, looking very loving, and apparently were happy. Red must have caught them thus; and, in a few moments, as his 'faithless fair' and guilty younger brother, we saw rapidly whizz past us, with him in full pursuit, was evidently trying to renew the catch, we became interested, and followed. For ten minutes the

race and chase was kept up, the couple dodging about and doubling back so frequently that poor Red didn't know what to do. He scuttled about hither and thither like a big bottle tossed at the mercy of the waves, and only caught them when the runaways stopped to unskate. Bertie took off Fanny's skates and his own. Red had lost his key and was trying hard to borrow one. He succeeded just in time to hear his brother's mocking 'good night,' and see him take the arm of his once-loving Fanny leaving the skating rink.

We had had enough skating for that night, so we, too, left the rink and followed Red, who, thinking the couple had gone towards the house, ran off after them with all the eagerness of a policeman in chase of a burglar. When we reached the house the couple were not in, nor did they put in an appearance until an hour afterwards. Red, flushed and agitated like a sensitive prisoner at the bar, was trying to tell Mrs. Crowes and Hendryson what had happened. He did tell what had happened, but not until Bertie was heard did the real state of the affair come out. Then it transpired that Bertie had wagered with Red that he could take his girl away from him. Red, sure of himself alone, having Fanny's love, accepted the wager, one of the conditions being that he should not interfere for a fortnight with either brother or girl. A week of the fortnight had not passed when Red, becoming uneasy, had gone to see how the wager was likely to result for him, favourably or otherwise; he knew Bertie and Fanny were at the rink, so to the rink he went. He saw them, and so saw them that jealousy and rage got the better of him; he forgot the wager, himself, and so gave Fanny's mother the above, which she afterwards learned from the villainous younger Dimmelow himself.

The scene that followed the arrival home of Dimmelow junior and the fickle Fanny was interesting in the extreme. Dimmelow junior, after getting into the house and laying aside his skates, immediately went up to bed, or rather to his room. He was followed there by his brother and the Crowes—Mrs. and Miss—who were conversing loud enough for inhabitants of a deaf and dumb asylum, and in language more expressive than choice. From their noisy and excited manner all the opposition boarders were certain something was wrong, and, naturally, all the opposition boarders wanted to know what. We saw the divines horizontally inclined at the head of the stairs, their heads stretching so far forward as to be just above the edge of the third flight, whilst law, standing on the tip-toe of his right leg, the left leg high in air, was half hanging over the bannister; his position was extremely perilous. A sigh breathed behind him might have sent him over altogether.

We noted this much and then entered the Dimmelows' room. Don't ask how we got into the room. Don't ask why we were privileged to witness the play, but remember that we —like all other we's whose pen is the public's—get passes to everything and every place that has a part in our narrative. Well then, we entered the room, and the first note we made was with reference to the position of the company. Mrs. Crowes sat on the couch with her hands crossed, her feet ditto, and her temper most ditto; she was much flushed and very excited; she looked annihilation, or as near to it as she possibly could, and if we had had time to be frightened would have scared us out of the room. Her daughter, the heiress, who had been crying before we entered the room, half lay on the couch, behind her mother's back, her dishevelled hair streaming over her forehead, and tears streaming down her face. She lay like a stricken deer, and looked as pathetically miserable as a dying parrot. Occasionally she would lift up her aching head and

cast reproachful glancesat the younger Dimmelow, lying down again with something between a smothered sigh and a stifled sob. Ten feet of carpet separated the culprits from the irate mother and heart-broken daughter. On a cane-bottomed chair lolled, lounged and otherwise tried to seat himself, in as cool and unconcerned a manner as possible, the younger Dimmelow, coatless, slipperless and a little undressed about the neck, seemingly, we thought, enjoying the mischief he had so well and wickedly brought about, from the fact that when the ladies weren't looking we frequently noticed his characterless mouth smile with undisguised pleasure, and afterwards assume an expression as innocent as a baby's dream, and as hypocritical as a Judas's kiss. At right-angles from this youth's unreality, wildly throbbed the diseased heart of its much and many loving owner, Redwood Jaynes. He—R. J.—had eighteen inches of bed for his seat, though he might have had more, but was in such a nervously-agitated state of mind as not to be able to maintain a hold on even that much of the bed. So restless was he that several times he nearly left the bed and sat on empty air; eventually landing on the carpeted floor, after falling through three feet of space. He tried crossing his legs, and placing his arms, then his hands in various positions, finally conquering his seeming St. Vitus's dance by placing his left foot over the right knee, leaning on the knee of the left, and energetically rubbing the stockinged foot of the same. As is generally, we might say always, the case in rows, neither side can, owing to its state of mind, possibly frame its remarks with anything like ordinary intelligibleness, much less with grammatical sequence, so that, as this row was no exception to the rule, it was characterized only by, on the female side—a few tears, five interrogatory shrieks, six exclamatory ditto, a lot of wild, unmeaning adjectives, a number of beautiful nouns—aliases for the younger Dimmelow's special benefit and adoption—some feminine gall, a sprinkling of uncompleted sentences, beginning with 'You—,' and ending there, owing to the nervous agitation of the fair declaimer, all of which our poor pen could not do justice to, unless we could accompany them with a series of pictures illustrative of the same, giving attitudes, &c., concluding with a notice to quit, and exit of mother and daughter; and, on the male side, absurdly worded and most laughable replies, contradictory evidence, mild sarcasm, spleen, won't-do-it-again avowals, graciously offered apologies (scorned), good-night (snubbed), with an acceptance of the 'notice.' The door closed. The law just saved himself from falling over to the landing below in his hurried anxiety not to be seen by Mrs. C. as she issued from the room, and the divines quietly but rapidly stole away into their roost. Five minutes had not been added to the nineteenth century's age since Mrs. and Miss C. had left Red and Bertie before the room was again entered, this time by Mr. Hendryson, who, with a face as solemn as a judge's assuming the black cap, wanted from the younger Dimmelow an explanation of his conduct. The guilty younger did not give it. If he had intended an explanation he was prevented from giving it by what we are now going to relate. Redward Jaynes, still writhing under the slight that his pure love had suffered from the faithless Fanny's fickleness, was burning for some kind of revenge. None seemed to him more revengeful than the return of all the 'loves' in the shape of substantial matter which he had accepted from his 'now-no-more,' so, instead of calmly retiring to rest, as the hour was pretty late, and waiting till the morrow for further steps, he immediately began to gather up everything of his that had once been Fanny's. First, he tore from its nail on the wall, a framed motto, reading something like the following: 'What

is Home without a Mother;' savagely opened the door and bursting into his quondam lady's room, fiercely flung the innocent motto on to her evening couch and the bed-clothes-covered-form of Fanny's sister, Patty, giving utterance to the extent of his feelings by a vehement 'there,' then turning hurried for something else.

This proceeding suggested to Fanny that she ought to do likewise, and so for a space of fifteen and a half minutes the reminiscences of other and happier days were returned to their respective donors. All this time the house was in a perfect bedlam of uproar. Red was bellowing, Fanny boo-hooing; Patty, from beneath her sheets and blankets, kept up a constant enquiry, 'when that Pinafore business was going to end?' Mrs Crowes on the landing, stormed and stamped about like a legion of Jezebels let loose; the villainous Bertie hemmed and coughed to prevent death from too much laughing; below Miss Lane and Hendryson—the latter, had got frightened out of the room by Red's fury—were smothering; above, law and theology lay on the floor kicking and roaring with uncontained delight; outside, quiet and hushed as a budding thought fell the unheard snow.

While the returns were being made we amused ourselves by taking an inventory of the 'goods.' They were of a very miscellaneous and interesting character. We observed the following:

The outcome of the female love first returned was, as we have said, a framed motto; then followed a pair of worked slippers, very red; a walking stick, very knotty; a tie, very blue; a snuff box, a tobacco pouch, a match-holder, an eye-glass, some tooth picks, three portraits (she), a bottle of Radway's Ready Relief, full, and one of Clark's Blood Purifier, half full; literature well represented by 'Lost for a Woman,' 'His Last Crook, or a parish Priest's Excentricities,' by May Agnes Hardtoford; 'Observations on the Colorado Beetle,' by Christopher Columbus; 'Black-eyed Susan;' a pugilistic love poem by Lord Byron; 'Tramps Abroad;' 'A Warning by a Police Magistrate,'—this was a pamphlet,—a Common Prayer, ten tracts, and some jewellery.

The male love receiving again what was his, had flung into his room—four portraits (he), a box of Florimel for the Teeth and Breath, a nearly emptied bottle of Eau-de-Cologne, some stuff called Vegetine, a tooth-brush, a hand-mirror, a hair-comb, several ribbons, a pair of No. 5 shoes, the red slippers he had returned only a few minutes previously.

We couldn't understand why Miss Fanny brought these back; we could only speculate and think that, seeing them in her room, and being at a loss to find some of Red's gifts just at the moment, in her excited state of mind recognised only the slippers as one of the gifts that had passed between them; hence their arrival in Red's room. We would have been better pleased if Fanny had not made the mistake, as one of the slippers, hurled with some violence, hit our respectable self right in the eye. Completing the list came a fan, a number of nick-nacks, and a lot of thirty cent literature, amongst which we noticed 'Nono,' and another work with an unpronounceable French title; we forget it. Anyhow, it was the sequel to 'Nono,' several cheap sheets of music, and a pair of skates. In addition to all this each received a number of envelopes, stamped and unstamped, covering lots of love, little of sense, and plenty of kisses. But the way in which these beautiful presents were picked up and returned was truly an interesting sight. Fanny's room was about five yards from Red's, entered from, indeed was a continuation of, the landing, an end room, whilst Red's was a side room, and it would almost have made a door-knocker laugh to have seen the interesting couple rushing backwards and forwards from each of these rooms. They seemed to be

trying which could get rid first of the now-unloved trash, and not unfrequently did they collide with each other, once or twice so severely that both must have felt the effects for some time afterwards. We almost roared when Florimel for the Teeth and Breath came flying into the room, passing *en route* Clark's Blood Purifier, journeying to its destination, the Eau-de-Cologne bottle meeting Radway's Ready Relief bottle, smashing each other into pieces and scattering their liquid contents over the landing carpet; and the Common Prayer hurrying past 'Nono' and the 'sequel,' as well it might. It is no exaggeration to say, that when we got into a convenient corner, we laughed until we almost cried. It was rare fun.

After the storm subsided, Red and his scoundrel of a brother retired to rest, whilst Fanny, her mother, Mr. Hendryson and Miss Lane sat round the dining-room fire and held a parliament, until two or three hours past midnight. They all agreed that the younger Dimmelow was a most contemptible cad, a sneaking hypocrite and impudent rascal, who deserved hanging and to come alive and be hanged a second time.

Of course, on the following day, a sort of funereal gloom hung over the house, we kept a constant look out for more, but save for noticing that Red's brother, with most unpardonable and exceedingly bad taste, sat at table laughing all the time, the two divines and the one law smiling at and whispering to each other, occasionally glancing at the Dimmelow brothers and Miss Crowes with humorous interest, we did not hear or see of anything worth recording. Before the day closed, however, we learned that the notice to quit given to the brothers had been cancelled by Mrs. Crowes, who for pressing private reasons wanted them a little longer in her house.

For some time previous, and up to about a week before the scene we have just recorded took place, 'somethings,' —they called them 'rehearsals,'—were of rather too frequent occurrence at our boarding-house. There was a 'rehearsal' taking place almost every third night; they were attended or rather parts in the 'rehearsals' were taken by three persons, always the same three—Donald Robertson, Redward Jaynes, and Miss Fanny. What they 'rehearsed' we never learned; we frequently heard them allude to some 'grand act' that was to come off before a private gathering in the dining-room at 14 Groater Street some time or other; and it would have been, no doubt, a very interesting 'grand act,' certainly a most uncommon one; there was such a terrible amount of unearthly shrieks in it, every two minutes a peal of laughter, and every three, cock-crowing was indulged in with more energy than correct imitation.

The 'grand act' never came off.

Our sketch is now near its close.

After the Dimmelow row it became pretty evident to all in the house that a break-up in the shape of some departures, would be the result. A stranger dining at 14 Groater Street, about this time, would not fail to have been struck with the quiet and solemnity of the proceedings at every meal; a death cloud seemed to hang over the table; every one was as quiet as a door mat, and not only so, but as uncomfortable as a tender foot in a boot filled with small cinders. Miss Crowes could hardly lift her eyes from her plate without her face crimsoning with hot blushes. The Dimmelow brothers sat the meals through with the brilliant red of a guilty conscience never leaving their faces for a moment. If law spoke for theology to reply, law purpled the hue of a roostor's comb, and theology's face became as scarlet as the juice of red currant pie. Mrs. Crowes and Hendryson also blushed at nothing and for nothing. Miss Lane only had sufficient control over her sympathetic nerves to keep her blood flowing its ordinary flow, and of course we, who are so hardened as to be ca-

pable of doing almost anything bad, without our conscience upbraiding us with its tell-tale blush.

Thus a fortnight passed away, and the first departure from our boarding-house came.

It had been known more than a week previous in the house that the younger Dimmelow was going on the following Saturday. The villainous young reprobate, as his time drew nigh, seemed to grow more and more insultingly impudent. He didn't say anything, but he looked unutterable insolence. He ceased blushing—we often thought this interesting youth could colour his face at will—and looked the table round with an air of complete indifference to the position he had placed himself and others at 14 Groater Street in, staring hard at Miss Fanny until her hot blushes almost boiled the water in the glass by her side, and passing remarks touching upon the past, provoking and paining to those who had been interested in that past. His time came. After a Saturday's dinner, late on in December, his unsatisfactory roll passed our dining-room window, after leaving the house for the last time. None of our boarders, save ourself, bade him 'good bye.'

He went, and two weeks later followed Mr. Red, the brother, who, however, still under the influence of Fanny's magnetic love, was drawn back into her folds, after less than a month's absence, and we doubt not will leave the Crowes family never again, unless with his going he takes the eldest daughter away with him as his Mrs. Red.

The divines were called off to the mercies of another boarding-house next, and they in due course were succeeded by the law, who felt too lone and cold tenanting the top part of our house, with none other beside. A short interval and Mr. Hendryson, with his Miss Lane, after a week-day visit to church, and a series of 'I will' responses, being duly registered, and advertised next day—man and wife—went forth from 14 Groater Street to battle with life and play house-keeping, and then, like the last verse of 'Ten Little Nigger Boys,' there was only left one more to go. That one was the veracious chronicler of these adventures.

We silently stole away one bright moon-light night, about the time when January's death was to give February birth, six days after the last departure. A hundred yards from the house, we turned, and as we did so the moon sank beneath a thick black cloud, darkening the region of 14 Groater Street, hiding herself from our view for a time, and our boarding-house from us for ever.

LIFE is like a tear
Born in the sad depths of a woman's eyes—
That brims up slowly through them, and then lies
And rocks as in a cradle, warmly hid
In the rich brown shadow of her glossy lid:
And then peeps out beneath it warily,
Quivering in tremulous uncertainty,
And rainbow'd like a bubble in the sun
Upon the twinkling verge—until, with one
Wild leap and gush of ripe intensity,
It darts away.

UNFORGOTTEN.

BY A. M. MACHAR, KINGSTON.

MARGARET! I see thee yet
  In the quiet woodland way,
While the sun, about to set,
  Crowned thee with a rosy ray.

Dost remember,—dearest one—
  That October evening rare,
How the hazy crimson sun
  Sank into the purple air?

How the scarlet maple burned
  Through the pine tree's dusky shade,
While the placid stream returned
  All the glory that it made?

How the river sweeping wide,
  Wandered toward the glowing west,
Rosy-tinged its glassy tide,
  Shadowy islets on its breast?

Dost remember all the pain,
  All the sweetness, all the glow—
How we felt that loss was gain—
  Parting—union—loving so?

Dost remember how, with tears,
  Then we sought, since part we must,
Strength to meet the lonely years,
  The sweet strength of love and trust?

How we looked across the long
  Vista of this lower life;—
Heaven makes perfect every song
  Drowned amid the earthly strife!

How we felt that souls that love,
  Though life's tossing waves divide,
On the Father's heart above
  Still together may abide!

Yes! for well I ween, thy heart
  Could not learn the word *forget*,
Though our lives have moved apart,
  Still, my love,—Margaret—
  Thou, I know, art waiting yet!

ON THE BASIN OF MINAS.

BY THOMAS CROSS, OTTAWA.

LEAVING the pretty and thriving Village of Parrsboro', in Nova Scotia, a drive of some two miles in a south-westerly direction brings the traveller to an eminence commanding a scene of extraordinary beauty.

Down below, the broad expanse of the Basin of Minas. To the right, a few hundred yards away, the bold promontory of Partridge Island gives to the landscape a foreground of such striking grandeur as at once to rivet the eye. To the left, the pictured rocks of the New Red Sandstone (the Bunter Sandstein, or *gay sandstone* of German geologists) trend far away to the eastward, forming, with the rich verdure of the overlying country, a combination of colour rare and striking. In front, placed in fine perspective by the nearer features of the scene, and at a distance just sufficing to bring out all its grandeur, towers Blomidon, noblest of American headlands, nearly six hundred feet above the waters; its steep base of bright red sandstone partially covered by bright green bushes, and surmounted by two hundred feet of perpendicular basaltic cliffs, crowned by the 'forests old,' upon which the eyes of Evangeline once looked from across the Basin.

At the foot of the hill is a solitary and quiet hostelry, known as the 'Ottawa House,' where we propose to take up our quarters for a few weeks, sure of clean rooms, unfailing kindness on the part of the household, and perfect freedom.

People who go to the sea-side in summer for the purpose of meeting the same people they meet in winter, and doing the same things they do in winter, and bearing the same fashionable yoke they bear in winter, of course know where to go; but people in quest of a thorough change of life, as well as of air and scene, and craving a respite from those eternal and unchanging 'amusements' without which it has been well said that life would be tolerable, these people cannot always hear of a place abounding in all things they seek, and free from all things they would escape from; and to them I would speak of the Basin of Minas.

When we turn up Principal Dawson's 'Acadian Geology,' and find that the rocks of these shores consist of 'New Red,' carboniferous and trap, we are in some degree prepared for the learned author's statement, that 'for grandeur and beauty of coast scenery, this part of the Minas Basin and the Minas Channel are not surpassed by any part of the eastern coast of North America.' For the trap will give us bold and peaky headlands like Partridge Island and Cape Sharp, enclosing deep quiet bays with pretty wooded islets. Or else it will rise, as at Blomidon, in a sea-wall of columnar basalt of overpowering majesty. The 'gay sandstone' will furnish those broad bands of bright colour which from afar call for 'three cheers for the red, white and blue.' Nature herself stamped the British colours on these coasts. The rich verdure combines well with the painted rocks below; and if we leave the coast the inland scenery

displays a variety no less pleasing—rich farms, luxuriant forest, pretty trout streams, and cascades hidden in deep rocky dells, and overhung by interlacing foliage.

The ordinary attractions of sea-side and country are here in perfection. Capital bathing, with caves and projecting friendly rocks whither both sexes may retire, separate though not far sundered, while preparing for a happy meeting in the waves; good roads to many a lovely spot; streams where a man may kill more trout in a day than he finds comfortable to carry. But the distinguishing pursuit hereabout is that of hunting for 'specimens'—*i. e.*, of the amethyst, agate, jasper, stilbite, &c., for which the locality has for many a year been famous. The trap cliffs and the shores at their base have long been ransacked by geologists and unscientific visitors too, but yearly the thaws and frosts of spring dislodge fresh masses from above, displaying new treasures, and the pretty minerals of the zeolite family and most of the varieties of quartz, may be studied in their most beautiful forms.

Beneath the basaltic cliffs of Blomidon, the pebbles we tread on are water-worn amethysts. Walking round Partridge Island at low tide, we pick our steps among crystals of stilbite and calc-spar thrown down from above with the falling masses of 'almond-cake' trap. At Two Islands, stones of most unpromising appearance, more like unwashed potatoes than anything else, prove the unwisdom of judging by appearances. One skilful tap of the hammer, and we have a little cavern filled with fresh and sparkling beauties, amethyst or acadiolite.

The fact of having these pretty things brought under one's eyes, of being in a measure forced into their company, is attended with results beneficial in at least a temporary way. Anything so undeniably pretty or 'nice,' captivates the ladies at first sight. They soon hunt for these gems with all the ardour of fair gamblers at Baden or Hombourg, scrambling over the rocks with an energy which soon proves the vanity of shoes with thin and narrow soles and heels in the middle. Dorsal muscles and lungs, almost annihilated by corsets, are not the things for this rough and wholesome work. But they stick to it nobly. Their interest in the beautiful objects of their search, extends to the question—What are they and how came they to be? And from the gems themselves attention is drawn to the rocks round about. For on these lovely shores the 'elder scripture, writ by God's own hand' is so plain, that even those who know not the alphabet of the writing, see that there *is* writing. Here, a hundred feet overhead and standing on end, is a broad slab of sandstone, bearing, fresh as in the beginning, the ripple-mark it took from the wavelets, when it lay, a level expanse of soft sand, beneath the ebb and flow of the tide. There, left behind by the wasting away of the softer rocks which enclosed them, are vertical walls of hard trap, once seething torrents of lava, poured from some submarine vent over the sands, then covered afresh by new deposits, and finally upheaved by a new volcanic effort into the position we see them in. So plain a page of the 'manuscripts of God,' as that of the cliffs of West Bay, is rarely to be found. In places like this, the repressive cruelty of fashionable education shows itself painfully; education, falsely so-called, which leaves its victim physically incapable of enjoying this glorious nature, and without the mental equipment, the *a*, *b*, *c*, of natural science, which would help its possessor to a rational enjoyment of the earth we live in.

But all the beauties of this northern coast cannot keep our eyes from the southern shore of the Basin. True, it has no beauties such as we have spoken of. For towering headlands and painted rocks, we shall have low marshes and flats of red mud; for clear green wa-

ter, red puddle. But as imperial Blomidon gave an amethyst to the crown of France, so those low-lying diked marshes have given to English literature one of its purest gems, moving and charming all gentle hearts throughout that 'Greater Britain' which girdles the world. For over there, hidden by the great promontory, once stood the 'beautiful village of Grandpré.'

It is strange how proximity to its scene awakens our interest in the sad page of Acadian history, written by the American poet in characters more lasting than brass. In vain the archives of Nova Scotia tell us the Acadians were unwilling and troublesome subjects, and had to be removed. Poetry has thrown its arm around them, and we see but their simple lives. Arcadian though in Acadia, and the saintly sweetness of Father Felician, full of all the poetry of that wondrous religion, and above all the picture of Evangeline, one of the loveliest forms of womanhood ever presented by history or fiction. Alas, the stories of the women who interest us, whether in history or fiction, are uniformly sad stories.

Taking the steamer *Earl of Dufferin*, at Partridge Island wharf, a run of some three hours brings us to Wolfville. As we near the shores, we see the long line of dikes, built by the industrious Normans to secure the rich wide marsh, the *Grand Pré*. No need to ask the whereabouts of the classic spot, and we reach it after a drive of some twenty minutes through a rolling 'new red' country, a land of rich farms and orchards, and smiling gardens and pretty homes; a land where, as in Evangeline's day, the richest are poor (or what a modern millocrat would call poor), and the poorest live in abundance. Here and there an ancient apple tree, standing alone in a field or by the way-side, is pointed out as a 'French apple tree.' We reach the supposed site of the 'French Chapel,' the church of Father Felician, where the unfortunate peasants received their harsh and cruel sentence. Here are two or three large stones which may have formed part of the foundation, and near by is a hole filled up with stones, said to be a 'French well.' On what was the north side of the church, if it stood here, is a row of vast and ancient willow pollards. The scene before us is well described by the poet—

> Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
> Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number;
> West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields,
> Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
> Blomidon rose, and the forests old; and aloft on the mountains
> Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
> Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.

Standing in silence on this spot, the ghosts of a century and a quarter ago pass before us, obedient to the poet's resistless wand—

> Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
> Came from the neighbouring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
> Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the sea-shore,
> Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
> Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and the woodland.
> Close at their sides the children ran and urged on the oxen,
> While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

So fresh and profound is the sadness that comes over us, that it might be yesterday, and not a hundred and twenty-five years ago—

> When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
> Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
> Exile without an end, and without an example in story.

So complete was the destruction of the unfortunate settlement that when a Connecticut colony took possession of the Acadian farms, five years later, they found no trace of their predeces-

sors, save some sixty ox-yokes, and the bones of several hundred sheep and oxen which had perished during the first winter.

> Nought but tradition remains of the beautiful village of *Grand Pré*,

and even tradition is silent on this haunted spot itself. The 'forest primeval' is gone, and the Norman cap and kirtle of homespun. None speaks the tongue of Evangeline, and her story, though true as it is sweet and sorrowful, is heard no more in the scenes of her early days. The people of the neighbourhood wonder what the stranger 'goes out for to see;' and why he stands uncovered under an old willow tree, gazing so long and so sadly across a wide flat marsh.

FAME AND LOVE.

(Translated from Victor Hugo.)

BY GEO. MURRAY, M.A.

WHEN, dearest, thou dost speak of Fame,
With bitterness I smile—
That phantom—a delusive name—
Shall me no more beguile.

Fame passes quickly from our ken,
Pale Envy's blazing brands
Spare its white statue only when
Beside a tomb it stands.

Earth's so called happiness takes wing,
Imperial power decays:
Love, noiseless love, alone can bring
True solace to our days.

I ask no blessings here below,
Except thy smile and song:
Air, sunshine, shade, the flowers that blow,
To all mankind belong.

When from thy presence sundered far,
In joy or sorrow's hour,
I miss thy glance alone, my Star,
Thy fragrance, O my Flower!

Beneath the lids that veil thine eyes
 Illumined from above,
A universe of feeling lies,
 I seek for nought but love.

My soul, that Poesy inspires,
 With thoughts to man unknown
Could fill the world—yet it desires
 To fill thy heart alone.

Oh, smile and sing! my ecstasy
 Transcends Elysian joys,
What matters now yon crowd to me
 With all its roaring noise?

Too keen at length my rapture seems,
 And so, to cause its flight,
I call before me in my dreams
 The poets' forms of light:

But still, regardless of their blame,
 I'll love thy soothing songs
More than the stirring trump of Fame,
 While Heaven my life prolongs.

And if my name on wings of fire
 Should soar to worlds above,
Half of my soul would still desire
 To linger here, and love.

Sadly, or pensively at least,
 I'll love thee in the shade—
Love's radiance ever seems increased
 By dusky twilight's aid.

O Angel with the starry eyes!
 O maid, whose tears are sweet!
Take my soul with thee to the skies,
 My heart is at thy feet.

Montreal.

A GIRL'S ATTEMPT AT FISHING.

BY J. M. TOCS.

SINCE the 1st of May the masculine portion of our town has been hugely exercised over 'trout fishing.' Fishing-tackle and baskets have been brought forth from winter resting-places, and there is hardly a corner of our garden which does not show traces of promiscuous digging for unhappy worms.

We have had several treats of trout, and a warning from our domestic that 'she'll leave' if she has any more to dress and cook—a threat which has not alarmed our boys very much.

I am the only girl among a lot of brothers, and as I heard them relate in glowing terms the delights of the sport, I felt keenly the disadvantage of belonging to the weaker sex. Having ineffectually offered all sorts of bribes if they would take me on one of their excursions, it was with extreme pleasure I received and accepted an invitation to join a party of boys and girls who were going, under the chaperonage of my friend, Mrs. Kelly, for a day's fishing to a trout stream some miles away. Having the misfortune to be eighteen, and a 'grown-up young lady,' my presence at first, I fear, was not regarded with great favour by the rest of the party; but I made myself agreeable and trust that, if they did not find me an acquisition, at least I was not a kill-joy. We went by train as near to our destination as possible and a merry party we made. We had a goodly supply of 'nice things,' in substantial lunch baskets, good spirits, and a fine day.

The boys all sneered at the idea of my catching anything, and fired my soul with an intense desire 'to do or die.' Once arrived at the stream our party separated, each one to choose a spot to entrap what members of the finny tribe he or she could. The stream was a pretty one, and looked like a silver thread winding in and out of the trees that grew on its banks, but we didn't stop to admire its beauties, only waiting to hear Mrs. Kelly's last instructions to be back in time for lunch in the shady nook she had chosen. I made friends, no matter how, with Jack Taylor. 'Jack dear,' I said in my most coaxing manner, and taking hold of the somewhat unwilling boy's arm, 'won't you put on my bait for me?'

With an inimitable look of scorn and an 'Oh, you're squeamish, are you? What sillies girls are!' he proceeded to comply with my request, turned up the end of his oyster can, helped himself to a large fat worm and commenced to pierce its body with the cruel hook.

I turned my head away at the first glimpse of the operation; but with that fatal fascination to look at the sight that we wish to avoid seeing, of course, I looked round again. The sight of the helpless, wriggling body, quite unnerved me, and with a mercy too lately aroused, I begged Jack to let it go. Not he. He finished his work with boyish nonchalance, heedless of my request; logically explaining to me that it would feel worse being 'half-done than finished;' 'besides,' he rejoined, 'how can you fish without something to tempt 'em? I can tell you (pointing to the worm) I've given you a prime

fellow;' and his eyes gloated with satisfaction on the thick spiral body of his victim, 'and,' added he, 'it 'll be worse for the fish, for he'll be thinking he's makin' a good mouthful, and the first thing he'll know will be a hook in his gills, he's hauled on shore and cooked and eaten himself instead.'

'I hate fishing. I'll never taste him,' I exclaimed with disgust. 'I can't think how you can be so cruel.'

'Tain't cruel;' and glancing at me, 'any ways *you* won't catch anything, so I may as well keep the rod myself,' retorted Master Jack with lofty contempt.

His cool, contemptuous words and manner put to flight my tenderness, and made me more determined than ever to get a fish. I seized my rod, saying, 'I suppose, as the worm is pierced through it won't suffer more by being thrown into the water.' Jack, glad to be off on 'his own hook,' as he expressed untrammelled action, did not wait for my thanks.

I struck off alone to seek what I fancied might be a haunt of the 'speckled delicacies,' and threw my line over an open space of clear water; but after patiently waiting for about fifteen minutes for a 'bite,' and getting none, and remembering that fish are said to lurk in dark places, I walked further on until I saw a spot on the other side of the stream which was well shaded by trees. This, I thought, suited the requirements of my case. At the first 'throw' my line only reached mid-way, the second brought it, if anything, nearer to me, a third throw sent it on the edge of the shadow; but I wasn't to be baulked, so after some further unsuccessful efforts, I at length succeeded in getting it in the desired place, and stood quietly waiting for the tug that was to inform me a fish was nibbling.

It was a long time before I felt any pull on the line that could justify such a hope. It was pretty warm, the sun shone disagreeably in my eyes, and unpleasantly suggested freckles innumerable, and sun-burn to my complexion, which I secretly prided myself on being exceptionally fair. The rod was heavy, and the bank of the stream too muddy just there to sit down, so I began to tire of such exceedingly still sport.

Just as I was about to remove my rod to a new place, however, I felt a drag on the line, and in an instant was oblivious to fatigue and heat in the glorious thought of coming victory. I gently drew up my rod, and felt sure from the weight that I had caught a remarkably fine specimen of trout. Indeed, it was so heavy, it wouldn't come up at all, or at least not until I bent all my strength on the refractory object, cracked my rod in the effort, and almost fell backwards. When at last the thing did come out of the water, instead of the beautiful fish I expected to see, I was disgusted beyond measure to find nothing attached to my hook but a quantity of water-grass and a piece of decayed wood that my hook had torn off the trunk of some tree which had long lain hidden under the water. I began to wonder where the 'fun' in fishing came in, and felt inclined to go back and sit with Mrs. Kelly under the trees; but remembering that such a course of action would only prove what my brother and Jack had declared, 'that girls weren't fit for fishing,' I gathered together my ebbing enthusiasm and determined to try again.

I perceived the necessity of getting rid of the grass and wood, and, throwing my rod on the ground, pulled some of the string-stuff off. In doing so I utterly ruined my gloves, which I had kept on to save my hands; but now, reckless of consequences, and finding the wet gloves uncomfortable, I drew them off, and with dainty fingers picked off all I could of the adhering rubbish on my line. In doing so I noticed that, in some way or other, half the long worm hung on the hook, yes, and the horrid thing, to my utter astonishment, really seemed to be

alive. It is needless to say, I did not replace the struggling 'half' on the hook, notwithstanding Master Jack's explanation of the additional misery the worm suffered by half-way doings. I walked on some distance by the side of the little rivulet until I came to a part where there were no trees growing, and, I devotedly hoped, none concealed.

My line seemed to develop a strong inclination to fall on the muddy bank, instead of the middle of the stream, as I desired this time—disgusted as I was with shaded spots. So, after several vain attempts to send the tiresome thing there, I raised my arm with all my strength, being impatient of delay, and sent it with such swinging force that it rebounded, going nearly as far behind. The first thing I was conscious of was a sharp pain on the back of my head.

A sudden puff of wind having blown my hat across the water, I got a pretty hard blow, and casting down my rod to discover the cause, I felt a rapid and agonizing up-heaval of my back hair, and the awful conviction that hook, lead—and, horror of horrors, the 'worm!' had caught in my much-admired golden locks, almost depriving me of my senses.

I tugged madly at the line, tearing out enough of my 'capillary' to have furnished love-sonnets for two or three lovers. How I wished that I had followed the advice of some of my girl-friends, and worn a switch,—'it would have been off in a minute.' I screamed, shrieked, but to no purpose. I had wandered too far away to be heard by the others. I danced round in the most absurd fashion, and still my hair held in a gordian knot the wretched worm and hook.

At last I calmed down somewhat, and by breaking away the hair that detained the unwelcome prisoner, with a last vigorous, excruciating pull, my head was free, when worse than anything I had endured, I felt a slimy, cold, crawling thing on my neck, and before I could arrest its progress, it had wriggled with loathsome movement down my quivering back. Shiver!! I should think I did—great drops of perspiration stood on my face, I was moist with fear, and trembling from head to foot with disgust and loathing at the glutinous contact. How my poor back contracted, but—

'The more I tried to get it off,
The more it stuck the faster.'

A horrible creeping sensation ran all over me as I felt the squirming thing cling to my shaking frame. In my life I had never felt so distracted. Without any thought of possible spectators (not that there was much chance of any), I had the waist of my dress off and my hand on a search for the reptile that I felt sticking to me. As my fingers touched it, my flesh, already the proverbial 'goose-flesh,' became, if I may use the expression 'more goosey.' But I didn't hesitate long, and to the intense relief of my back, drew away in haste and added disgust at the object which had caused me so much perturbation, a long viscous blade of green grass!!

I was sitting resting after my late exertions, but presently the hot sun beating down on my unprotected face, aroused me to the fact that I must go and get my hat which was securely caught in some bushes on the other side of the stream, no kind wind having blown it back to me. The water, some two to four feet deep, couldn't be waded, so I set off on a search for a bridge. After walking quite a distance, I discovered the trunk of an old tree that spanned it, it was round and slippery—the bark worn smooth by the combined influences of age and water, was covered with moss and lichens, and looked a rather treacherous footway,—but I thought that with due care it might serve my purpose. With cautious steps I got over safely enough, rescued my hat, rather the worse for its trip, and retraced my steps to the primitive bridge which, I have no doubt,

I would have found as useful as before, if it hadn't been that my dress caught in an inconvenient branch that time had not yet worn away from the parent stem. I looked hastily around to see what was detaining me, forgetting the insecure nature of my footing, and, before I knew where I was, fell into the water with a splash.

I was not in the least afraid of being drowned, for Mrs. Kelly had chosen that particular stream because it was too shallow to endanger the life of any of her party—besides my feet touched the bottom;—but I confess I was considerably put out by the accident.

In novels there are always convenient young men to help maidens in distress and to throw the halo of romance over similar misfortunes, but as I quickly regained a standing posture, I failed to find anything romantic in my situation, but a good deal of unpleasantness. I scrambled out of the hateful stream as well as I could and tried to adjust my intensely clinging garments, thinking with dismay of the comical figure I would be obliged to present to the laughing eyes of the boys and girls.

However, there was no help for it, I had to go back and get Mrs. Kelly to tell me what to do.

That walk was a labour, I can tell you. It was with difficulty I dragged myself along, my boots seemed to have become water cans, and made a fearful slushing sound as they carried me wearily on. My white skirts, free from starch, became unnaturally long, and gathered reeds, grasshoppers and mud, as they trailed after me; the soft little curls that usually are so becoming to me, had vanished; long strings of hair had taken their place and became channels for water to ooze down over my cheeks and the ridge of my nose; collar and cuffs hung limp, and looked as helplessly forlorn as I felt; indeed I was a very sorry-looking, dejected damsel.

Luckily Mrs. Kelly was alone, she advised my going to the station which was the only house visible, to beg some dry clothes from the station-master's wife—advice which I followed.

An hour afterwards, clothed in such articles of dress as that kind woman could lend me, I had given up all idea of making any further acquaintance with old Izaak Walton's favourite pastime, and was ready to agree with any one 'that girls wasn't fit to fish.' I got some dinner there, and waited at the station until the remainder of the party came to take the afternoon train home.

They had evidently had a jolly time, though on enquiry I learned that the net result of the day's fishing was four chubb and six small trout, which Jack Taylor said was 'as much as any one could expect when girls were along,' and gave it as his solemn conviction that 'a grown-up young lady falling into a creek was enough to frighten away every fish in it.' Convinced of my unlearnedness regarding matters piscatory, I couldn't contradict him.

I reached home that evening with a face as red as a lobster, a dilapidated hat and ruined gown, as the only reward of my 'first,' and I venture to add, my 'last' attempt at angling.

TRYING TO TURN THE TIDE.

BY 'ROSE,' SIMCOE.

APART from the many, alone, I stood
While watching the masses stemming the flood;
They were jostled together, each in strife,
They were trying to turn the tide of life,
Trying to turn the tide.

The pain on the faces of many there
Told tales of sorrow and tales of despair:
With their arms in anguish extended wide,
They were trying to turn life's fearful tide,
Trying to turn the tide.

And some who were there were struggling with woe,
And some were battling with passion, their foe:
They were striving 'gainst fate that conquers all
They were fighting their life, and many did fall
Trying to turn the tide.

Some cried for an ebb, some cried for a flow,
Some shrank from the waters, fearing to go:
They were spending their years in bitter strife,
They were trying to turn the tide of life,
Trying to turn the tide.

I noticed that some grew fainter each day,—
Their strength and courage were wearing away;
Then they sought the life they had scorned before,
But they found, alas! they had struck the shore
Trying to turn the tide.

Then they fought once more with their shortened breath,
Not the tide of life, but the tide of death:
And as many, prostrate with anguish, lay,
They were calling, calling, seeming to say,
'Mighty One, turn the tide!'

RUSSEL OF THE EDINBURGH 'SCOTSMAN.'

BY H. G. GRAHAM.

FOUR years ago there died one of the most representative of Scotchmen, and one of the most prominent men in Scotland, one whose writings had given more constant interest to politics and more vivacity to conversation for thirty years than those of any other man. His name was as familiar to everyone in the obscurest cranny of the country as was his figure in Princes Street of Edinburgh. As he walked along to and from his office, big and burly, with his genial rubicund face full of clever expression, his tilted inquisitive nose, like an incarnate note of interrogation, his bright eyes peering through his spectacles, and his hat a little back on his enormous head, as if to see the better below as well as through his glasses, passers-by would whisper, 'That's Russel of the "Scotsman,"' and then they would look back curiously to see his broad—not too gainly—shoulders disappear amongst the afternoon crowd, like a three-decker amidst a fleet of sloops. A journalist's fame is slowly won and quickly lost; his writings appear without his name, so that his personality is hidden; the subjects on which he writes are ephemeral, so that his papers which to-day are, to-morrow are cast into the oven. Soon, therefore, his reputation, however great, passes away, and even a generation will soon arise in Scotland that knew not Russel. And yet, fleeting as his fame may be, for thirty years Russel was able to put the mark of his genius on the newspaper he edited, and by that paper to influence greatly the whole political and public affairs of Scotland, to represent lay opinion in ecclesiastical and economical questions, and commonsense in every social movement.

Dead now only four years, it is already difficult to get details of the past life, and instances of the long-famed humour, of this journalist who was so powerful, of this nature that was so charming; this writer with many foes, this man of many friends. These friends tell—and are never tired of telling—of the quickness of his conversational wit, the endless jokes and overflowing jollity, the stories that convulsed them in those old days and nights at dinner or supper parties, at social gatherings or sporting expeditions, or at 'The Nest,' the scene of many a convivial saturnalia of the Edinburgh Angling Club, with its 'concourse wild of jocund din.' But alas! when you say to these appreciative friends, 'Come, do tell us something about him,' they are silent. The charm is left on them, the impression of social delightfulness remains, and that is nearly all.

Alexander Russel was born in Edinburgh on December 10, 1814. His father, who was a solicitor, died when his son was young, leaving his family to the care of a mother who had much originality and great shrewdness of character. After a school life which was marked by his usual independence, relieved by keen sports and varied erratic reading, he entered a printing establishment, where he acquired that mechanical aptitude which served him well in his first connection with the press. Early in boyhood he became

acquainted with Mr. John Johnstone, then editor of the *Inverness Courier*, and found true and kindly friends in him and his able wife, who edited *Tait's Magazine*, and who is best known as author of the novel 'Clan Albyn,' and as chief contributor to 'Edinburgh Tales,' which, if not read now, are still readable. Through them 'Alick,' as they called him, was introduced into literature, and by writing for *Tait's Magazine* he got practice for his pen, initiation into staunch Liberal politics, and acquaintance with literary characters of Edinburgh. Amongst these friends was Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, whose coarse humour afforded him much amusement and supplied him with many stories. Russel was working hard for his living, and all the harder because he enjoyed work, and liked to be independent of others, as he liked to be independent in his views. There was as much earnest as jest in his reply to a friend who asked him once, 'What is your coat-of-arms?' 'My shirt sleeves,' he answered. Whig principles he espoused with all his heart, and defended with all his strength; and he used to tell how, when the news of the defeat of the Reform Bill in 1831 reached Edinburgh, full of excitement and wild indignation he rushed off from town, wandering about the Pentlands till darkness fell, trying to cool his youthful wrath in the bracing breezes of the hills.

Adopting journalism as a profession, he was appointed editor of the Berwick *Advertiser* in 1839. His remuneration was not enormous—70*l.* per annum paid in weekly instalments. 'For this,' wrote the proprietor, 'I will expect you to devote a portion of each day, less or more, to the reading of newspapers, selecting and abridging from them Parliamentary reports and other news. New publications and the literary periodicals must have your notice. And you will also have to write political articles and a summary of news such as we have hitherto had. On the occurrence of an election or any great meeting I will require your aid in reporting. And, lastly, the attacks of our political adversary will be expected to produce your retort.' The last clause is decidedly good. And in such euphemistic and highly dignified terms the new editor was appointed to maintain Whig principles, and crush his political rival with the well-known urbanity of a provincial print. Local newspapers must indulge in personal amenities, else how can inhabitants exist in these country towns, where the streets are usually so dull and deserted that on a market-day you wonder where on earth the people have come from, just as you wonder at the buzzing noisy reappearance of flies on the window panes, on a sunny winter's day, from behind the genial retirement of the shutters. But the prescribed editorial work did not take up all his time; nights when fun was fast and furious alternated with evenings full of steady quiet reading, and it was during his stay in Berwick that he laid in that store of literary information which used to puzzle friends and foes alike, as he illustrated his arguments with choice bits from Swift, apt couplets from Pope, recondite passages from Dryden, lines from Goldsmith and Thomson. Big volumes in short-hand still survive full of copious extracts from authors, chiefly in old standard English literature, whom he loved to quote throughout his journalistic career, and he was specially fond of the old-fashioned poetry, with its formal measure, and its feet that are as stately as a minuet.

In 1842 Russel was appointed editor of the *Fife Herald*. In his new post he had more congenial work, and in his new residence he had more genial society. The best qualities of the journalist now got free play, and the Scotch political leaders soon recognised his power and welcomed his friendship, while eager readers enjoyed his articles, bubbling over with exuberant nonsense, or, rather, extravagant sense, and sedate citizens shook

their heads over his audacious assaults on time-honoured ways. Politics in Fife were keen, and party feelings were strong, so that every week the Whig *Fife Herald* and the Tory *Fife Journal* attacked each other with appalling fury. The Tory paper was under the editorship of James Bruce, an able, genial, accomplished man (not unknown in literature, by his 'Classic Portraits' and 'Eminent men of Aberdeenshire'), and while the rival papers were in deadly hostility the rival editors were boon companions, and would make merry at night over the virulent leaders of the morning in which they assailed each other, and sometimes they would secretly exchange editorial chairs, and assault their own papers with ferocity.

In the course of two years Russel, after an unsuccessful application for the editorship of a Glasgow paper, became editor of the *Kilmarnock Chronicle*, newly started, and for six months he resided in that town, of which he had afterwards no very savoury recollections. During this time, also, he had been appointed by Mr. Duncan Maclaren to write leaders in an Anti-Corn Law newspaper, called the *Chronicle*, at the rate of £50 a year, and to attack with all his force the Protectionist party. This brought him into correspondence with the Great League Council, and under the notice of Richard Cobden. Soon, however, a post was offered him which fulfilled his journalistic ambition. His writings in Cupar had attained more than local fame, and were sometimes quoted in influential papers throughout Scotland, and attracted the attention of the proprietors of the *Scotsman*. In 1845 he was appointed sub-editor, while he was occasionally to act also as a reporter. Mr. Charles Maclaren, who was at that time editor-in-chief, was the type of a hard-headed, sagacious, unhumorous Scotchman. He knew political economy as thoroughly as he did geology. His conscientious articles were written with great pains, and the sentences were so carefully rounded, that they immediately rolled off every reader's recollection; and he would examine a ridiculous town council squabble with as much sobriety as he would a piece of Silurian strata. A joke he could in a manner see, but certainly he could not *feel* it; and he would laboriously turn it round and round, as if it were a curious specimen, and carefully examine it to see what was in it. For instance, some one having quoted from 'Candide' the incident which veraciously relates that every time Dr. Pangloss coughed he spat out a tooth, the editor, gravely calculating how few teeth man has at his best estate, after a pause of serious rumination, very thoughtfully remarked, 'Well, he couldn't go on long at that rate.' Now, however, he had a colleague who was his opposite in everything except staunch Liberalism and steady accuracy, and he could only marvel mutely and awfully, as does a sedate hen that has hatched a duckling, at the exuberance of humour and the fertility of resource of his sub-editor. In perfect astonishment he observed that his young man could joke on everything. 'Now,' added he, 'for my pairt I can joke, but then I joke with deeficulty.' By the end of the year, Mr. Maclaren ceased to act as editor, although he held the post formally till 1849, when he finally retired, owing to an honourable aversion at receiving credit for work he had not done.

We have been told by one who heard them that the last words of Lord Elgin on his deathbed were, 'I wonder what *The Times* will say of me,' and this anxiety assuredly did not arise from fear of what *The Times* itself might say, but of what his country thought of him; for he knew well that what such a paper said to-day, society either had thought yesterday or would repeat to-morrow. People are apt to estimate very lightly the power of a Scotch paper in comparison with that of such great English

contemporaries. In London there are so many able newspapers, all competing with each other, each speaking to some particular section of readers, and trying to neutralize the effect of the others, that no one journal is omnipotent. But in Scotland, where there was only one powerful representative Liberal paper, which had no Conservative rival of any force, which was read by men of both parties and of all ranks, its influence was enormous to shape political thought in every town and village in the country, and every class of the people. When Russel sat in the editor's chair, article after article came forth which surprised by its easy mastery of every political subject, and delighted by its easy humour; and as each morning's paper appeared eyes scanned eagerly the columns to see if there was another racy article out, and as they read the eyes brightened, the mouth relaxed into an expectant grin, and the grin widened into a broad laugh. Every wide political question was discussed with admirable pith and ingenuity; but what the ordinary people enjoyed most, we suspect, was often his 'admirable fooling,' and no country gives finer scope for it than Scotland, with its few important towns, its many self-important citizens. Public bodies, busybodies, and presbyteries were invaluable to him, and after he had exhausted many a leader upon some foolish divine or eminent citizen, he knew that he would break out in fresh places again, and afford scope for his Gargantuan mirth. 'There are pickings on him yet,' the editor would confidently say.

While Russel staunchly supported Whig measures and Whig leaders, he never felt it the duty of a journal which assumes a high place to be the mere mouthpiece of a party or the obsequious echo of a statesman. Never extreme in his views, he said that the present Lord Derby, if he only joined the Liberal side—a wish now fulfilled —would represent best his principles. Whenever an aggressive or retrogressive movement was on foot, he firmly set his foot upon it. He was too honest to justify measures which he deemed unjustifiable, whatever people might say, or however subscribers might murmur. Bravely and alone the *Scotsman* ridiculed the alarms of Papal Aggression and condemned the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of 1851, when even staid citizens lost their heads, as much as fanatic Protestants, who, 'like those who take hay-fever the moment they smell grass, can never be expected to keep their senses when the faintest whiff of Pope is in the air.' Then in one day, by one post, a third of the subscribers gave up the paper—and that was no slight matter at a time when the subscribers were only a twelfth of the present number. In the course of his editorship he had many a hard fight to make in defence of his Whig principles. In his own time he was not always successful. In vain he tried to moderate the bitter bigotry which in the Anti-Maynooth agitation led to Macaulay's rejection in Edinburgh; in vain he tried to hush the anti-papal outcry which led to the abortive Ecclesiastical Titles Bill; in vain he opposed the petty Radical cliques which caused nobodies to be sent to represent the Scottish capital in Parliament; single-handed he fought when in 1854 Macaulay retired, and fortunately Adam Black was returned. In 1868 we find him anxious to get a man of mark to stand for the city. He asked Dickens, but in October Dickens wrote: 'My conviction that I am more useful and happy as I am than I would be in Parliament, is not to be shaken. There is no man in Scotland from whom I would consider this suggestion a greater honour.' And months before—in July—Russel had been in correspondence with Sir Henry L. Bulwer, who consented, at his request, to stand if there was any chance of success. But though not omnipotent in Edinburgh, his influence was immense throughout the country. When Sir W. Harcourt

swooped down upon the Kircaldy burghs to oust in 1858 the old Whig member, the *Scotsman* attacked him with unequalled energy and persistency day by day. Harcourt rejoined as day by day Russel assailed him, and no terms were measured, no love was lost. It is well known how a criticism on Mr. Duncan Maclaren, M. P., caused an action of libel in 1856, resulting in damages of 400*l*. against the *Scotsman*. 'Very hard,' as Russel would plaintively remark, 'for only quoting what somebody else had said.' Libelled for having likened a respectable M.P. to a 'snake,' the editor said, in a very rare pun, referring to his opponent's arithmetical skill, 'if he is not a snake, no one can deny at least that he is a remarkable *adder*.' Mulcted in damages for the freedom of his pen, Russel retained through all this matter the sympathy of the public, and, four years after, a handsome testimonial was presented to him for his unsurpassed services to the Liberal cause. In ecclesiastical questions the same impartial love of fairness and freedom was shown. Evangelical, Ritualist, Broad Churchman, Gorham, Bennett, Colenso in England, Dr. Robert Lee in Scotland, had each and all toleration demanded for them; and it mattered nothing to him that after some bold article, next morning's post brought letters from indignant subscribers, saying, 'Sir, be good enough to cease sending me your paper from this date.'

When Mr. Russel joined the *Scotsman* it came out twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday; and only when the newspaper stamp duty was abolished, in 1855, did it come out daily, and even then at first in the modest dimensions of a moderate-sized pocket-handkerchief. In the old bi-weekly times it was comparatively easy work for a journalist. Then he could think out, read up, and talk over a subject, while an editor like Maclaren gravely tapped out geological specimens with his hammer, or Russel grew wild over curling; and when he had written on it, two days at least would pass before fresh news would arrive to cruelly overturn, like a castle of cards, every ingeniously constructed theory. Mr. Russel illustrated the contrast between present days of hurry and the leisurely times when news jolted laboriously along at ten miles an hour by post, by the little incident of a clerk in the *Scotsman* office in London being locked out, and unable by his knocking to rouse the sleeping clerk within. In a minute he wires to the office in Edinburgh, requesting a telegram to be sent to the office on Fleet Street, to bid the slumbering clerk let him in. Quickly the telegram comes and the tinkle of the bell opens the sleeper's eyes, and he reads the message, 'Open the door.' While all-important news took days to travel when Russel began work, long before he ends it a message travels 900 miles in a few minutes on the insignificant errand of directing that a door be opened, while the man hardly leaves the door-step till it is done. And yet he considered that the average articles of to-day are quite as good as in the deliberate days of old. Albany Fonblanque wrote two short leaders a week for the *Examiner*, and found his strength exhausted, and needed his two or three months of autumn yatching to recruit; but the modern journalist, who has six articles a week, at least, to write, works at high pressure. He cannot elaborate, and often is in consequence all the more successful. The points that strike the editor's mind to-night are just those which will convince the citizen's mind to-morrow; the arguments which come soonest into his head are exactly those which will most readily enter into other people's. No doubt leaders, which, like rolls, must come piping hot to breakfast, get a little stale by keeping; but they form that daily bread which nourishes wonderfully the political system of the people.

Russel for many years had to go off to his office every night, and returned about three or four o'clock in

the morning, after seeing the paper through the press. Sometimes he wrote three articles a day, and, if in the spirit, would do them with great rapidity. Two books he had always by his side—a concordance to Shakespeare and a concordance to the Bible, both of which he knew astonishingly well. When in conversation as to any acrostic a Scriptural 'light' was needed, he was sure to find it. If he was wont to startle reverent natures by the audacity with which he couched his humour in biblical phrase, and shocked even still more some Presbyterian souls by his irreverence in using the quaint language of the Shorter Catechism, he after all meant no harm. Indeed, the articles which annoyed some prudish minds most, we suspect, he did not write. While often admiring friends would say or write to him that 'they were glad to recognise his fine Roman hand at last,'—he having written without intermission for months; at other times they would pleasantly say of an article he had never touched, 'One of the best things you ever did, Russel.' Of course on these trying occasions he looked in answer with an air of simple bashfulness which confirmed them in their sagacious opinion, and gave them the satisfactory impression they had done and said a very kind thing.

While thus busy day and night in his editorial work, he had to correspond with and to be interviewed by political and local magnates from all quarters; not only Whig leaders to advise, but burghs in search of a candidate and candidates in search of a burgh; different classes, who besought him to find a class representative; and farmers, who came to him professing themselves indifferent as to political opinions, but wishing from him a member 'soond on hares and rabbits.' If an unknown candidate started for any place, he knew at once all his antecedents; or, if he did not at the moment recollect, up went his spectacles over his forehead, his features puckered with aggrieved perplexity, as he muttered, rubbing his bald head, 'Bless my soul! My memory *must* be going,' merely because he did not remember what it would be a marvel if any mortal knew; then gradually his face would brighten as he called to mind some appearance or disappearance of the gentleman in question in rather equivocal circumstances, and with rather shady views, long years ago, in some obscure nook of the political world. On one occasion Lord John Russell was wondering in some company who a certain person was, when the editor reminded him that he had been one of his lordship's own secretaries.

Besides these distractions, he found time for reading and for reviewing, for occasionally writing for the 'Edinburgh,' or the 'Quarterly,' or for 'Blackwood.' Turning to one article in the 'Edinburgh' on 'The Highlands—Men, Sheep and Deer,' we find a very good example of his thorough and careful work, his curious versatility of illustration and argument, in the manner in which he exposes the outcry against depopulation raised by poets, theorists, sentimental uneconomists and politicians. The manner in which he begins must have delighted the commonsensical mind of excellent old Charles Maclaren.

'Not many false sentiments have had more injurious or foolish consequences than that to which Goldsmith gave new wings when he sent forth the assertion—

> A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
> When every rood of ground maintained its man.

It is rather sharp practice to encounter poetry with arithmetic, but it may be useful to hint by way of illustration, that a rood of ground never yet maintained its man in England or anywhere else. It takes four roods of pretty good ground to maintain a sheep. Although England now maintains at least three-fold the population of the time ere her griefs began, it is found that

even in her richest agricultural districts sixteen roods are required to maintain a man. In Ireland an attempt was made to make ten roods to maintain their man—perhaps the nearest approach ever made in these latitudes to the Goldsmithian proportions—and we saw and felt what it came to.'

So he goes on with curious detail to expose one by one the pathetic crotchets of sentimentalists.

The cares and fatigues of the office were not without relaxation. Now he was in Ireland with his friend Mr. Hill Burton; now, with the same companion, 'jumping' in Jura (for he protested it was impossible to 'walk,' and only possible to progress there by 'jumps' over hag and crag and bog). One year he was in Skye, another fishing by the Ettrick, another in Sutherland, letting few facts or fish escape him. Then he felt the glory of having no work to do to-day, of having no care for the morrow. Palmerston might declare war, but amongst the hills around Gairloch he would never hear it; Disraeli might change his policy, and Gladstone might denounce it; but neither the epigrams, which passed for conviction, of the one, nor the mellifluous sentences of the other, awoke echoes by the side of Loch Maree. What mattered it to him, in his holiday enthusiasm, even if, as he unreeled his rod, the keeper damped his matutinal ardour by telling him there was 'only a happenin' beast,' or by grudgingly owning that 'there micht be transient brute.' There he stood in the stream as the hours went expectantly by, cold, lonely and chittering; for though—as he wrote—'the wind was in his eye and the water in his boots, yet hope, the charmer, lingers still in his heart.' [The printers, to his vexation, *would* persist in printing the sentiment: 'Hope lingers in his *hat*.'] There he would stay 'till the hour when no man can fish, and every sensible man takes thought of what he shall eat and how much he shall drink and wherewithal he shall be bedclothed.'

Yet amidst all his amusements he had his eyes, ears, and mind open to everything. There was not a shepherd he met by the river-side that he did not question, it might be about the relative feeding properties of the soil or feeding powers of the sheep and deer; not a farmer did he meet and delight with his talk over their toddy at the little inns, from whom he had not quietly extracted facts about the rental, manure, and cropping. Of course everything ludicrous took his finely outrageous fancy, as when he broaches a delightful theory that Highlanders kept to their native districts because of the difficulty presented to Highland emigration by the demand of a half-penny pontage at Perth. A local guide-book, having described some wretched elevations as 'the most beautiful hills in Scotland,' he is reminded of a funny passage in Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chiefs' (which he cannot possibly have read since boyhood), where she speaks of the Scottish army wheeling its march along beneath the frowning gigantic range of the Corstorphines. The absence of trees in Caithness caught his whimsical compassion, for is it not asserted that 'up Strathaladale, within the Sutherland boundaries, there is a clump of the scrubbiest birches that ever disgraced the name of "a wood;" and the Caithness people came thirty or forty miles to picnic on that happy bog, and revel in forest scenery.' This Caithnessian defect is visible even in the interiors of the churches, the timber in which the natives owe much more to the sea than to the land; and even pulpits, it is said, being ordinarily constructed, and that with little adaptation to altered circumstances, out of the wrecks of fishing boats. He audaciously asserts that 'in one Caithness kirk which had been fitted up with timber not much altered from the state in which it had been cast ashore, a friend found himself embarked in a

pew inscribed, 'The Brothers of Banff;' while the minister appeared to be considerably at sea in a pulpit, which, as all men might read, had in its unregenerate days buffeted the waves as the 'Jane of Portsoy.'

Meanwhile, though enjoying richly the ludicrous aspects of everything, few men were more susceptible to the charms and beauty of scenery,—the song of the birds, the glint of light and play of shadows upon the mountain side, the solemn loveliness of silent moorland lochs, and the hoary memories of historic scenes. Few men knew, few men gave him credit for, deeper thoughts than those he spoke lightly and jocularly to his friends, and yet few could describe better, and feel more keenly than he, at once the humours of men, the pleasures of sport, and the picturesqueness and mystery of nature; as we see in his paper on his 'Angling Saunter in Sutherland':—

'At Scourie, if the angler, slightly sated by diligence in his proper avocation, desires to seek variety of interest, he has it at hand. There is the island of Handa, probably the most stupendous cliff scenery in the British Islands. No description, no expectation is felt adequate when, after the slow ascent from the landward side of the island, you at once stand on a wall of rock 700 feet sheer above the Atlantic, which chafes and thunders eternally against that mighty battlement. Here, the front presented to the assailing surges is without ledge or cleft that would give footing to a bird, or hiding to an insect. There you see it rent and worn by the storms of ages, and look down upon the fallen turrets and upon the savage and half-enroofed bays, within which the wild waters are at one moment lying in grim repose, the next roaring and leaping in fierce impatience. Standing on this sublime rampart, awed by the alternating silence and the thunder of ocean's artillery, as each slow, succeeding wave crashed against the repelling rock, or rushed booming into the caves and bays, a singing bird, unseen on the face of the cliff, sent forth a strain so low, so clear, so sweet, like a spirit visitant from some far and better world. Awe stole in by eye and ear in presence of that truceless war between the invading ocean and the defying land; but so it was—a deeper though less dreary dread came from the faint notes of that tiny and unseen songster. No fine-strung mental frame was required to hear in it an echo and memory of that "still small voice," which, issuing, we know not whence, is heard ever and again amid the loudest storms and fiercest tumults of our moral state.'

We think that a man who could write in such a strain and with such a style had powers of tender feeling and expression far greater than either the outside world, or even his intimate friends, ever gave him credit for possessing.

In these angling expeditions Russel acquired a remarkable acquaintance with the rivers and their inmates; of every salmon cast and every bend of the streams; and of the deep mysterious question, 'What is a parr?' And his knowledge theoretical and practical rendered his frequent evidence valuable before Parliamentary committees, and his suggestions practical in legislation. Writing with readiness and fulness of information, his articles in the 'Quarterly,' 'Blackwood,' and 'The Scotsman' were afterwards expanded into his well-known work on 'The Salmon.'

By the Ettrick, where he often resorted, he had much to try his skill, and a good deal more to try his patience; and we suspect the Lowlanders were not so 'poor spirited' as the Highlanders, who in Sutherland incurred the lofty contempt of the Southern keepers. '*Them* poach!' said to the editor one of these who had confessedly 'dune something on his ain accoont,' both with gun and leister, on his native Ettrick. 'When I cam' first I gaed to the folk in the clachan up there, and said, quite

bold, "I hear ye hae guns amang ye; you maun pit them awa'." Ye'll no believe me, sir, but the puir-speerited deevils actually did it. Besides, if ane o' them does mair guid for himsel' ony nicht than the rest o' them, some o' them is sure to tell. Hoo can folk be poachers when they've nae honour?' It was on one of these fishing holidays that a clergyman met him, and on the editor asking him if he ever fished, he answered that 'he was only a fisher of men.' 'I am afraid you don't make much of it then,' rejoined Russel; 'for I looked into your creel on Sunday, and there was very little in it.'

Every great conversationalist has his limited store of anecdotes which have seen an enormous deal of dinner service. One naturally compassionates the wives and offspring who have to listen to the same jokes with the same air of perennial surprise. With Russel, on the other hand, the effort was, not to evade, but to get the anecdotes—'Tell us that story again,' people would ask, and certainly they never asked in vain; and after all, what faint recollections remain of his talk, so vivid, so bright, so intelligent, so ready, so witty—only a few anecdotes with the ludicrous touches gone, only a few meagre jokes with the rich mellow fun away. At dinner, topic after topic came and went; a new book, a new measure, politics, ecclesiastics, society, are all discussed, brightened by some fresh thought, or illustrated by some quaint story, each guest being with kindly tact brought into the tide of talk, as the host chatted and sipped his grog,—he having persuaded himself firmly that the doctors ordered him to take whisky on the precarious ground that they had ordered him not to take wine. One remembers vaguely how the conversation went. He may be speaking of the difficulty of conciliating those whom he has ridiculed in his paper, for those who have little dignity to spare cannot forgive the loss of it; and he mentions how Mr. Lowe one day wisely remarked, 'You can't unpull a man's nose.' The talk turns on Lord Melbourne, and he describes the interview between the easy peer who was shaving and the secretary to the Lord Advocate, when he brings before him the draft of some bill. 'Well, Mr. M., this is another of your demned Scotch jobs, I presume?' 'Just so, my Lord; so, having settled the preamble, we will now proceed to the clauses.' Strong-minded women are spoken of, and a lady remarked that one noted female emancipationist, of masculine appearance, is much more of a lady than one who had, the day before, sharply criticised her. 'Well, she is much more of a *gentleman*, at any rate, my dear,' consolingly conceded the editor, with quiet sarcasm. Speaking of self-educated men, he mentions a remark by Emerson; when some one spoke of Abraham Lincoln as 'a self-made man,' the philosopher quietly said, as he thought of that ill-made figure, 'that saves Providence then a great deal of responsibility.' The Ballot question suggests the case of a farmer, who said to his landlord, in disgust at the new Act: 'Afore, everybody kent that I voted for your lordship, but noo the waurst o' 't is, if I gaung to the poll, folks micht think I was voting according to my conscience.' The editor relates his experience of the Irish. He recalls instances of their bulls, as, for instance, the entry he found in the inn-album, by a Colonel: 'I stopped here by mere chance, and would advise every person to do the same.' He recalls their inveterate desire for money—if gained without any labour: the boatman in Killarney having coolly and objurgatively affirmed an object in the distance to be a 'rale Irish eagle,' while Russel's companion in travel denied it. 'In that case,' replied his friend, 'we'll soon know—if it's an Irish eagle, it will pounce on the company and ask for sixpence for showing itself.' The clergy are brought in for some chaff, and he mentions how King-

lake in his drawling tones remarked that 'he thought the clergy could be indicted under the common law against fortune-telling.' 'As far as my experience goes,' remarks a guest, 'it is rather *mis*fortune telling.' Somehow the talk passes on to the humbug of servants' registers, the keeping of which, he protests, is the easiest profession in the world, and requiring the most limited of capital--for it only needs a pen, a sheet of paper, and a bottle of ink. The name of Charles Maclaren makes him tell how at a large party the grave and respectable appearance of that gentleman suggested that he should be asked to say grace. In deep agitation he rose, and in confusion he began, and made one or two bewildered efforts to say it. At last, looking round the company in abject despair and anguish, the unfortunate victim to respectability exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, my memory has clean gone to the deevil.' 'Why, your hair is getting grey,' says Russel to a friend. 'Yes, but there's plenty of it, at least,' looking at the editor's head, a Sahara of baldness. 'Oh yes,' added he; 'you see mine preferred death to dishonour.'

Strangely few true anecdotes remain of him, although of no man are there more false ones told, and often told very cleverly. Asking him one day if he had said some witty thing reported to be his, he answered, 'I only wish I could.' Driving past a well-known daft man who was haranguing a crowd of little children: 'Now,' remarked Russel, with a laugh; 'give that man a little education and make him a minister, and, bless you, he would never be found out.' Those very proper and pious persons who met him first with the notion 'that he was that dreadful Mr. Russel,' went away with the impression that he was 'a most charming man.' Old ladies without an idea behind their ringlets, old gentlemen without a thought beyond their denomination or their crops, sat and listened, worthy souls! as the editor poured out stories and made jokes, while they were themselves afraid to smile in case what he said was meant to be serious, and were afraid to look solemn in case he had meant to be funny, and therefore preserved an expression of wonderful mental and facial perplexity. 'Poor old chap, I like him,' the host would say, when the simple guest had departed in his goloshes. 'He is a very decent old fellow, do you know? though he cannot see a joke, and his grace is far too good and long for the dinner,' he remarks as some respectable dissenting minister goes off. Absurdities and follies struck his humorous mind, but defects and weakness raised his pity. Benjamin Franklin tells of an old gentleman with one deformed foot, who always judged of a man's character by noticing whether he looked at the shapely or the maimed limb first. Well, Russel would instinctively notice the deformed foot first, but he would pretend he had never seen it, and would act so that others might not notice it. This amiability pervaded his whole character. He could not blame in private, though none could hit harder in public, for he hated the infliction of pain on any being he met, and this quality servants knew to his cost; and he felt apologetic and awkward when he tried to find fault, as if he were really the culprit himself. And, curiously enough, though none were quicker to own the merit of others, he was absurdly shy and clumsy at praising; and as one who knew him well says, 'he seemed to think there would be some of the snobbishness of patronage in praise for work well done;' while he recognised without jealousy the talents of others, and even sometimes suppressed an article by himself to insert one by a friend which he considered more effective than his own, or rather than give disappointment.

During the last ten years of his life he had more ease and could take more leisure, although he wrote constantly from sheer pleasure, and laughed at

those who anxiously bade him give up work as being too much exertion. Certainly the old buoyancy had abated, the exuberant spirits had diminished; for after the death of one of his sons by drowning, which caused him unutterable grief, he never was quite the same man, although there was still wonderful vivacity and heartiness. Sometimes he went up to London, entering into the most brilliant political circles, gathering clusters of Liberal friends round him, in the lobby of the House of Commons, and at many a club, and getting in Parliamentary coteries refreshment for his jaded political ideas. Not that he considered London journalism itself devoid of narrowness, nor lacking an amount of Cockney arrogance and superfluity of ignorance on unmetropolitan affairs and interests, as if 'there were no world without Verona's walls.'

In 1869 he visited Egypt, in order to be present at the opening of the Suez Canal, of which he wrote home graphic notes. The incongruities of the scenes and the gravity of the occasion impressed him with equal readiness, and through all the mischances of his journey he carried the same even good nature, whether through the inevitable sickness in the Bay of Biscay, on the third day after which he re-appeared on deck, 'looking purified by suffering,' or during the miseries of Egyptian travelling, through unpopulated places by day, and in populated beds at night. Although as open to see the excellence of foreign ways and scenes as was that candid Aberdonian, who, on first seeing St. Paul's, owned that 'it made a clean fule o' the kirk o' Fittie,' it may be suspected that he had some sneaking sympathy with the Scotch bailie who, on seeing the majestic Pyramids, asked, 'What idiot biggit thae things?' At any rate he enters extremely rapidly into Thackeray's feelings when, in his book, the novelist said, 'they are very big,' and then 'dropped the subject and went home again.' He tries his best, however, to write impressively, for he feels bound to say something. 'And these are the Pyramids! is the first thought, if not the exclamation, of every beholder; and in the mere fact that they are the Pyramids, whose history, builders, uses, and age have baffled human inquiries for generations, is the source of the interest and solemnity with which they are gazed at. You feel that to see them is an event in your life, though you cannot satisfactorily explain to yourself why it should be so'—and so on. Neither do the sandhills, seen as he sails down the canal, impress him deeply when he discovers that these form the land of Goshen: 'If that land was of old anything like what it is now, depend upon it, that when Joseph invited his brethren to dwell there, he only meant to be upsides with them for their previous maltreatment.' But not lightly did he feel the moment when they arrived at Suez, and 'glad with grave thoughts,' proved the triumphant success of that great work which brought east and west 8,000 miles nearer to each other.

In November, 1872, he went abroad again, but this time it was the first serious attack of his illness which drove him away from Edinburgh at a season when, as in Pope's Castle of Spleen, 'the dreaded east is all the wind that blows,' and sought a warmer climate. For some time he stayed in Arcachon and entered into all the beauties and interests of the place—such as they are. As a sportsman, how pathetically he laments the utter absence of life in the woods. 'For some years past everybody has been shooting everything, so that now nobody can shoot anything. During three weeks we have seen only one sparrow and heard another; and as to singing birds, such as the lark—of which the French cookery book so affectionately says, "This charming songster eats delightfully with bread-crumbs"—it has arrived to them to be extirpated; and when some igno-

rant gull does appear above the horizon, shots begin going off all along the shore and from patiently waiting boats, as if a regiment of volunteers had broken into file-firing.'

He afterwards passed on to Portugal, whose lovely Cintra he admirably describes; to Spain and northern Italy, with eye more sensitive than most tourists to the beauty of the sunny South. On the whole he was not sorry to quit France, its formalities and its officialism; as many will agree with him that, 'though they manage things better in France, they manage them a great deal too much.'

Pleasant as idleness and travelling were to him, work and home were pleasanter still, and though a man of 'cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows,' illness was reminding him that life was a very uncertain thing. In the frequent spasms of his complaint he sometimes could only write kneeling. Yet how full of life and energy he was—so keen for work, so bright in society, so surrounded by old friends and ready to make new friendships. No one met with more people, and yet it is curious that he was miserably shy of public appearance, he hated to appear on platforms, he was in agony at the prospect of making an after-dinner speech; and when asked to stand as a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen in 1875, he declined the honour at once. But in private he was not shy, and rejoiced in the presence of friends round his table. What a number and variety of faces had appeared there in Ramsay Gardens in old days, at Chester Street in later years, who talked and laughed their best! Thackeray, up in Edinburgh lecturing on 'The Georges' (when Aytoun bade him 'stick to the Jeamses'), came and was not even cynical; James Hannay, clever and conceited, would tell his most piquant stories and prove his claims to a dormant peerage (which his host remarked 'it would be more to the point if he could prove a dormant half-crown') and then roll off with more than his usual sailor's gait to the *Courant* office to write a spiteful article on the editor of the *Scotsman*;' Mr. Grant Duff would come, fresh from some Elgin oration and with some fresh schemes on European policy; Dr. Robert Lee, of Old Greyfriars, cleverest of ecclesiastics, most liberal of Churchmen, ablest of debaters, would often turn up sarcasms at his 'pre-posterous' brethren in the Church, or as he delicately cut up some 'pious goose' of a minister who was stirring charges against him of heresy; Captain Burton even appeared in the course of going to and fro on the earth, and would tell some risky tales and utter some wild opinions on polygamy, and leave the impression, as ladies hurriedly left him, he had on emergency fed on—and rather enjoyed—a fellow-creature; Fitzjames Stephen would appear, not the least fatigued by his defeat at Dundee, having proved too good for the place, and very thankful for his new friend's powerful support; George Coombe and Hill Burton of course were of old frequent guests: and Lord Neaves, too, although of a different political faith, who would send upstairs for the presentation copy of his 'Songs,' which he knew was in the house, and give the company the benefit of his own musical interpretations, already very familiar to some of them. Now there came the Liberal whip to talk over political prospects, and get counsel about a new movement; and now local magnates dined who could tell the chances of the next Edinburgh contest or the new water scheme of the Provost; now it was Professor Huxley, so fresh, so unalarming, that, as a clergyman finishes saying grace at dinner, Russel exclaims, 'Halloa, was that you saying grace, Professor?' 'No,' replies he meekly and blandly, 'I trust I know my place in nature.' Russel's house was the meeting place of all sorts and conditions of men—certainly not excluding clergy: dissenting ministers, narrow in doctrine and Radical in politics, holding protec-

tion in religion, and free-trade in corn; Broad Church clergy, whom he regarded as rational beings; worthy old moderate divines who were admirable at table and sadly dull in the pulpit, who preached the driest of sermons, and gave the driest of sherry—who, in fact, from the good wine and bad discourses they gave, as Lord Robertson of facetious memory said, 'were much better in bottles than in wood.'

When people wish to know a man they are never satisfied till they know his creed, and in the case of Mr. Russel it is not easy to gratify such a wish. To pious temperaments who measure natures by the straitest of rules he was 'a most regardless man;' and in spite of his steady attendance in Old Greyfriars Church, he was asserted, with pious recklessness of assertion, 'never to be in the house of God;' and when he ridiculed clerical folly and sectarian bigotry, they gave him up as lost; truly, as he said, his praise was in none of the churches. Brought up as a United Presbyterian, he died in connection with the Church of Scotland, having with many of its clergy much friendship, and with its general liberality of feeling most sympathy. An established Church—whose policy he often condemned, and whose flaws he never wearied of pointing sarcastically out—he yet maintained to be the best safeguard for independence of thought and expression, as lifting its ministers above the servile need of teaching for doctrines of God the commandments of the pews. He did not believe in hard, dry dogmas; he winced under dogmatic assertions which tried to define the incomprehensible and to limit the illimitable; and he did not trust in preachers who professed to know the mind of God when they did not even know their own. The fact is that in him there were, as in most men, two conditions of mind, one that was believing and the other which was doubting. These alternated according to temperament and society, and, like those old-fashioned barometers, with the figure of a man at one end and the figure of a woman at the other, one of which comes out to mark the weather as the other goes in, so according to circumstances and intellectual atmosphere, the feminine belief comes out as the masculine doubt retires. There was much of the old Scotch religious character in Russel to the last. As the language of the Catechism clung to his memory, so religious associations and beliefs clung to his mind. Amidst all the Bohemian regardlessness of form, there was a deep vein of sentiment, which increased with his years. He loved religious teaching that was simple, and touched with a vein of true feeling, and he always retained a living awe of the unseen and a loving reverence for the Master of our faith. No doubt the 'articles' he wrote did not exactly square with any articles of faith that men sign. He belonged, according to the saying, to that religion to which all sensible men belong, and which all sensible men keep to themselves.*

His death was unexpected; the symptoms which had startled him ever and anon were becoming more frequent, but yet he had no fear. One day, not long before his death, he had been at the office and had dictated three articles, one of which appeared five months after he had died. On July 18, 1876, when he was looking forward to going to the quiet and pleasant leisure of the country, he passed

* It is useful to trace a story to its origin; and as many attribute the saying to which we refer to Samuel Rogers and others, here is the true source, which is found in John Toland's *Clidophorus*, c. xiii. 'This puts me in mind of what I was told by a near relation of the old Lord Shaftesbury. The latter, conferring one day with Major Wildman about the many sects of religion in the world, they came to this conclusion at last: that notwithstanding these infinite divisions caused by the interest of the priests and the ignorance of the people, *all wise men are of the same religion;* whereupon a lady in the room, who seem'd to mind her needle more than their discourse, demanded with some concern what that religion was? To which the Lord Shaftesbury strait reply'd, "Madam, wise men never tell."'

away, after a short illness, with the suddenness which attends heart disease. As the news of his death quickly sped, it cast a sorrow, sincere and deep, over the country, to which his writings had for a generation, to political friends and foes alike, been a source of never-failing delightfulness. The untiring vigour of his work, the clearness and pith of his style, his skill in political dialectics, his unsurpassed political knowledge, his remarkable powers of sarcasm, his rare sense of the ludicrous, his wit and mirthfulness, were familiar to all readers. The real generosity of nature, the sterling honesty of purpose, the exquisite simplicity of character, the warm, genial, kindly, trustful nature, however, were known most to those who knew him best. Men who have held a prominent place in the world do not like to be forgotten when they die, or to think that their memory will soon pass from the minds of those they leave behind. Such a fate Russel really feared. It is natural truly to wish to be missed for long years to come, and to hope that in many a familiar gathering of old friends,

> Amid their good cheer
> Some kind heart may whisper
> 'I wish he were here.'

Amidst the now swiftly thinning ranks of his past friends, that wish has been felt and uttered many and many a time, with all their heart, since he went away.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

AUTUMN.

BY SARA DUNCAN, BRANTFORD.

'O, STATELY maiden with dreaming eyes,
With Summer's secret so wondrous wise,
Wandering free under gentler skies,
By the brooks where the water is foaming!

'Wrapped in thine own mysterious haze,
The soul of thine Indian Summer days,
A golden glory in all thy ways,
'Tis bravely apparelled thou'rt roaming!

'Alas, fair maiden! The winds are cold,
And the mists are gray that were all of gold,
Speed thee away! Thou art growing old!'
And she saith good-bye in the gloaming!

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FIFTH MEETING, REPORTED BY THE POET.

'I LIKE the kind of looking-glasses they have in the house,' observed Lily Cologne, slowly revolving before the object of her admiration. 'They make a person look so pale and interesting.'

The house referred to is a very fine one, situated on Jarvis-street (more explicit than that in its location I dare not be), and, although it is richly and beautifully furnished, its chief adornment is the Duchess. By this I do not mean that Her Grace is what is vulgarly known as a raving, tearing beauty, for she is not; but she has a good deal of style about her, and style in society seems to be of as much importance as it is in literature. One respects people and books when they are full of information, and shuns them when they are shallow. One admires them for a handsome appearance, and likes or dislikes them, chiefly, I think, on account of that subtle indefinable individual thing called 'style.' 'There are an hundred faults in this Thing,' says Goldsmith of his masterpiece, and I have frequently thought the same of a friend of mine, whose charm for me is as real and lasting as is that of the 'Vicar of Wakefield.'

Smarty says she suffers from a constant desire to do or say something that will startle or shock people who are habitually as 'polite as peas,' and I have heard other girls make similar remarks. It seems to me that that is an accomplishment in which any barbarian might excel, but to do or say something that

> 'Sets one heart at ease,
> And giveth happiness or peace,'

requires very little less than genius.

Don't I remember one evening last winter, when I was taking tea with the Duchess. I never take tea with any one else, for Doc would have us believe that tea is the ruination of the nervous system, and all that, but one can't resist the cup that cheers, when it also intoxicates—intoxicates by its appearance, I mean. That is the kind of teacup they had there—frail and delicate as an eggshell, and fit to put to the lips of an Old-World Duchess. Through some unaccountable piece of awkwardness, the adage 'There is many a slip,' etc., was very literally illustrated in my case that evening, and I was dismayed to find my cup upset and its contents threatening the carpet. Then came the maid-servant to poke me with one elbow while the other was bent on retrieving my misdoings. If the rest of the company had only laughed a little or said something about taking warning by this downfall it would not have been so bad, but they were too hopelessly high bred for that. They simply assumed an air of studied unconsciousness, which by force of contrast seemed to add to my misery. Suddenly a welcome sound fell upon my ear. It was a little half shriek from the Duchess, who, strange to relate, had upset her tea in much the same way that I had done, and who now fastened all eyes upon herself by the frantic way in which she drew back from the table and exclaimed over the mishap. Then everybody looked relieved, and some smiled, and one of them asked what it was we had been reading that affected our nerves that way. And so we began to talk about books and be happy once again. But that deliberately designed

and artistically accomplished accident did seem to me to be the very pink flower of Christian kindliness and courtesy. I did not thank my preserver in words. No; I knew a better plan than that. Previous to this affair, the Duchess had asked me—on seventy-times-seven different occasions, I believe—to write in her preference album, and I had invariably declined, with thanks, as the editors say. But this evening I did not wait for the four-hundred-and-ninety-first invitation. I just attacked the album as if it had been an arithmetic and worked out the answers to the questions with all the skill I knew. In the light of my deliverance at the tea-table, I could not be sorry for the pains I took nor the pains I suffered.

But to return, as the novelists have it, to our last meeting. On our arrival we were confronted by the Irish girl, of whom Smarty inquired:

'Arrah, bedad thin, and can the likes of ye tell us whether the young misthress is not at home, upstairs, or where she is, faix?'

The girl did not look pleased, and I was about to put in a conciliatory word—for that little affair of the elbow was long ago forgiven—when the Duchess appeared to give us kindly greeting and to invite us upstairs. She did not drive us up as if we had been a flock of geese, but she herself led the way. At the top she turned with a smile, and said:

'Do whistle something, Smarty, I shall fancy that you don't feel at home unless you do.'

Thereupon, Smarty, glancing at the luxurious appointments about her, began softly to whistle a few bars from the song of Arthur Hugh Clough, one of the lines of which runs thus:

'How pleasant it is to have money, heigh ho!

'What a pretty tune,' exclaimed Doc. 'What are the words to it'?

'Oh, the words,' returned the Whistler, with a shrug, 'are very poor—they're not worth repeating.'

'Smarty,' I said in a low aside, while the others were chattering together, 'I don't think it would have been in good taste for you to repeat the words here, but you need not have called them poor, I think them very fine.'

'Now Poesy,' exclaimed the Irrepressible, 'I wonder at you praising up your own works in that style. Don't you remember that parody you wrote:

'How pleasant it is to be funny, heigh ho!'

'Well, it was the parody I was whistling.'

After that I began to pay attention to what the others were saying, and then it was that Lily Cologne made that remark about looking-glasses, with which I began this report.

'For myself,' said the Judge, 'I prefer a mirror, which, without any flattery, will let you see yourself as others see you.'

'But so many of them are constructed on a system of misrepresentation,' observed Lily mournfully, and then she went on to relate a melancholy circumstance which moved us deeply—but not to tears. It appears (I like to say 'It appears'—it sounds so much like a professional reporter), that once when she was travelling in the depths of the country she met with an accident which bruised her forehead and enforced a few hours stay at the village inn. On going to the glass to discover the extent of her injuries she was surprised to behold her image in a dissolving view, as it were, which led her to believe, as she herself expressed it, that she had 'gone all to pieces.' Closer investigation, however, revealed the encouraging fact that her worst fears were groundless, and that she was only cross-eyed, and crooked-faced, and frightfully gashed in the brow. 'Words cannot express my thankfulness,' concluded Lily, 'when I reached home and found that my mother recognised me at first glance.'

When we came down stairs the

Duchess produced some different pieces of fancy work, at which she had lately been employed, for the girls' inspection. I don't care for that sort of thing myself, but did not dare to say so. Grum was more reckless, and consequently came to grief.

'I must say,' she remarked deprecatingly, 'that I can't see the use of it.'

'Oh, it isn't intended for use,' returned Doc. 'But can't you see the beauty of it?'

'No, I confess I cannot see anything in it.'

'Perhaps' put in Smarty, who must always have something to say, 'it isn't necessary that our friend *should* see anything in it.'

Grum turned a deaf ear to this remark, and went over to the piano, where she produced a musical uproar by leaning both arms on the keys at once. The Duchess sent an inquiring glance or two in her direction, and finally went over to shew her some new music, leaving us to our own resources. Doc thereupon put her arm around the waist of the Judge (that is to say, as far around as it would go), and together they wandered off to look at some new books. Smarty's eyes lazily followed them as she said:

'I suppose the reason why it is called fancy-work, is because the idea that you are working when you are busy with it is merely a fancy.'

'Perhaps,' responded Lily indifferently. 'Oh; I must tell you a new way to make a cigar case: First you take a common pine box, line it or paint it.'

That was all I heard of that sentence. Whenever I read in a paper for making, what the writer is sure to call a 'thing of beauty,' in which a pine box or board box has to be lined or painted or otherwise decorated, I always turn away and try to think of something else. In turning away this time, I found myself near the piano.

'I have heard that he is something wonderful,' remarked the Duchess.

'He is everything that is wonderful,' said Grum with energy. 'When you have once listened to Liszt, you don't want to hear or see pianos or piano-players any more. You just want to go off to some nice quiet place and hang yourself.'

'But suppose,' I suggested, 'that you couldn't find any place convenient.'

'Oh, then,' said Grum, 'you could do nothing but sink deeper and deeper into the bottomless pit of your own conscious inferiority.'

The thought that Grum could really and strongly admire anything, moved me very much—away over to where the Judge was standing.

'What are you reading now-a-days Doctor,' she asked?

'Nothing at all.'

'Well, there are thousands of books worse than that. Do you find it interesting?'

'I can't say that it is exactly thrilling, but'—

I listened no longer. The conversation of a girl who can live without reading something every day of her life has no charms for me. In the middle of the room Lily Cologne was admiring a picture, and Smarty was supposing that the Duchess would as soon think of hanging a circus poster on the wall as a chromo.

If the rest of the girls think that this report has anything fragmentary and unfinished about it, let them remember how they divided themselves asunder refusing to conform themselves unto the commonest laws which govern the ordinary public assembly. In spite of this we parted then as always 'ever the best o' friends.'

TO A MOSQUITO.

BY STEPHEN McSLOGAN, OTTAWA.

HAIL, wingèd torture, born of ill !
 Foe to my sweet repose !
Thou'st venom in thy nasty bill
 For unprotected toes.

This night, about the hour of nine,
 I tumbled into bed ;
Where soon I heard a sound divine,
 From out thy tuneful head.

I closed my eyes with might and main ;
 I roll'd and toss'd till two ;
And then I tumbled out again
 To search about for you.

And lo ! thou camest gaily by,
 Blowing thy dismal horn ;
But, by the rood, thou'rt doom'd to die
 Before the break of morn !

How bold on my submissive hand
 You fill your famished frame
With the red juice ! but, where you stand,
 You'll e'en disgorge the same !

How dext'rously you ply your lance
 In taking blood from me !
Methinks some College may, perchance,
 Have made you an M. D.

Enough : I'm tired ; and you have dined ;
 Now set your conscience right ;
For verily it's in my mind
 To end your days this night.

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THE BLACK ROBE.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Before the Story.

FIRST SCENE: BOULOGNE-SUR-MER—THE DUEL.

I.

THE doctors could do no more for the Dowager Lady Berrick.

When the medical advisers of a lady who has reached seventy years of age recommend the mild climate of the South of France, they mean in plain language that they have arrived at the end of their resources. Her ladyship gave the mild climate a fair trial, and then decided (as she herself expressed it) to 'die at home.' Travelling slowly, she had reached Paris at the date when I last heard of her. It was then the beginning of November. A week later, I met with her nephew, Lewis Romayne, at the club.

'What brings you to London at this time of the year?' I asked.

'The fatality that pursues me,' he answered grimly. 'I am one of the unluckiest men living!'

He was thirty years old; he was not married; he was the enviable possessor of the fine old country seat, called Vange Abbey; he had no poor relations; and he was one of the handsomest men in England. When I add that I am, myself, a retired army officer, with a wretched income, a disagreeable wife, four ugly children, and a burden of fifty years on my back, no one will be surprised to hear that I answered Romayne, with bitter sincerity, in these words:

'I wish to heaven I could change places with you!'

'I wish to heaven you could!' he burst out, with equal sincerity, on his side. 'Read this.'

He handed me a letter addressed to him by the travelling medical attendant of Lady Berrick. After resting in Paris, the patient had continued her homeward journey as far as Boulogne. In her suffering condition, she was liable to sudden fits of caprice. An insurmountable horror of the channel passage had got possession of her; she positively refused to be taken on board the steamboat. In this difficulty, the lady who held the post of her 'companion,' had ventured on a suggestion. Would Lady Berrick consent to make the channel passage, if her nephew came to Boulogne expressly to accompany her on the voyage? The reply had been so immediately favourable, that the doctor lost no time in communicating with Mr. Lewis Romayne. This was the substance of the letter.

It was needless to ask any more questions.—Romayne was plainly on his way to Boulogne. I gave him some useful information. 'Try the oysters,' I said, 'at the restaurant on the pier.'

He never even thanked me. He was thinking entirely of himself.

'Just look at my position,' he said. 'I detest Boulogne; I cordially share my aunt's horror of the channel passage; I had looked forward to some months of happy retirement in the country among my books; and what happens to me? I am brought to London in this season of fogs, to travel by the tidal train at seven to-morrow morning—and all for a woman with

whom I have no sympathies in common. If I am not an unlucky man—who is?'

He spoke in a tone of vehement irritation, which seemed to me, under the circumstances, to be simply absurd. But *my* nervous system is not the irritable system—sorely tried by night study and strong tea—of my friend Romayne. 'It's only a matter of two days,' I remarked, by way of reconciling him to his situation.

'How do I know that?' he retorted. 'In two days the weather may be stormy. In two days she may be too ill to be moved. Unfortunately, I am her heir; and I am told I must submit to any whim that seizes her. I'm rich enough already; I don't want her money. Besides, I dislike all travelling—and especially travelling alone. You are an idle man. If you were a good friend, you would offer to go with me.' He added, with the delicacy which was one of the redeeming points in his wayward character. 'Of course, as my guest.'

I had known him long enough not to take offence at his reminding me, in this considerate way, that I was a poor man. The proposed change of scene tempted me. What did I care for the channel passage? Besides, there was the irresistible attraction of getting away from home. The end of it was that I accepted Romayne's invitation.

II.

SHORTLY after noon, on the next day, we were established at Boulogne—near Lady Berrick, but not at her hotel. 'If we live in the same house,' Romayne reminded me, 'we shall be bored by the companion and the doctor. Meetings on the stairs, you know, and exchanging bows and small talk.' He hated those trivial conventionalities of society, in which other people delight. When somebody once asked him 'in what company he felt most at ease,' he made a shocking answer—he said, 'In the company of dogs.'

I waited for him on the pier while he went to see her ladyship. He joined me again with his bitterest smile. 'What did I tell you? She is not well enough to see me to-day. The doctor looks grave; and the companion puts her handkerchief to her eyes. We may be kept in this place for weeks to come.'

The afternoon proved to be rainy. Our early dinner was a bad one. This last circumstance tried his temper sorely. He was no gourmand; the question of cookery was (with him), purely a matter of digestion. Those late hours of study, and that abuse of tea, to which I have already alluded, had sadly injured his stomach. The doctors warned him of serious consequences to his nervous system, unless he altered his habits. He had little faith in medical science; and he greatly over-rated the restorative capacity of his constitution. So far as I know, he had always neglected the doctor's advice.

The weather cleared towards evening, and we went out for a walk. We passed a church—a Roman Catholic church, of course—the doors of which were still open. Some poor women were kneeling at their prayers in the dim light. 'Wait a minute,' said Romayne, 'I am in a vile temper. Let me try to put myself in a better frame of mind.'

I followed him into the church. He knelt down in a dark corner by himself. I confess I was surprised. He had been baptized in the Church of England; but, so far as outward practice was concerned, he belonged to no religious community. I had often heard him speak with sincere reverence and admiration of the spirit of Christianity—but he never, to my knowledge, attended any place of worship. When we met again outside the church, I asked him if he had been converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

'No,' he said, 'I hate the inveterate striving of that priesthood after social

influence and political power as cordially as the fiercest Protestant living. But let us not forget that the Church of Rome has great merits to set against great faults. Its system is administered with an admirable knowledge of the higher needs of human nature. Take as one example what you have just seen. The solemn tranquillity of that church, the poor people praying near me, the few words of prayer by which I silently united myself to my fellow-creatures have calmed me, and done me good. In *our* country, I should have found the church closed out of service-hours.' He took my arm, and abruptly changed the subject, 'How will you occupy yourself,' he asked, 'if my aunt receives me tomorrow?'

I assured him that I should easily find ways and means of getting through the time. The next morning, a message came from Lady Berrick to say that she would see her nephew after breakfast. Left by myself I walked towards the pier, and met with a man who asked me to hire his boat. He had lines and bait at my service. Most unfortunately, as the event proved, I decided on occupying an hour or two by sea-fishing.

The wind shifted while we were out and before we could get back to the harbour, the tide had turned against us. It was six o'clock when I arrived at the hotel. A little open carriage was waiting at the door. I found Romayne impatiently expecting me, and no signs of dinner on the table. He informed me that he had accepted the invitation, in which I was included, and promised to explain everything in the carriage.

Our driver took the road that led towards the High Town. I subordinated my curiosity to my sense of politeness, and asked for news of his aunt's health.

'She is seriously ill, poor soul,' he said. 'I am sorry I spoke so petulantly and so unfairly, when we met at the club. The near prospect of death has developed qualities in her nature, which I ought to have seen before this. No matter how it may be delayed, I will patiently wait her time for the crossing to England.'

So long as he believed himself to be in the right, he was, as to his actions and opinions, one of the most obstinate men I ever met with. But once let him be convinced that he was wrong, and he rushed into the other extreme—became needlessly distrustful of himself, and needlessly eager in seizing his opportunity of making atonement. In this latter mood he was capable (with the best intentions) of committing acts of the most childish imprudence. With some misgivings, I asked how he had amused himself in my absence.

'I waited for you,' he said, 'till I lost all patience, and went out for a walk. First, I thought of going to the beach, but the smell of the harbour drove me back into town,—and there, oddly enough, I met with a man, a certain Captain Peterkin, who had been a friend of mine at college.'

'A visitor to Boulogne?' I inquired.

'Not exactly.'

'A resident?'

'Yes. The fact is, I lost sight of Peterkin when I left Oxford—and, since that time, he seems to have drifted into difficulties. We had a long talk. He is living here, he tells me, until his affairs are settled.'

I needed no further enlightenment —Captain Peterkin stood as plainly revealed to me as if I had known him for years. 'Isn't it a little imprudent,' I said, 'to renew your acquaintance with a man of that sort? Couldn't you have passed him, with a bow?'

Romayne smiled uneasily, 'I dare say you're right,' he answered. 'But, remember, I had left my aunt, feeling ashamed of the unjust way in which I had thought and spoken of her. How did I know that I mightn't be wronging an old friend next, if I kept Peterkin at a distance? His present

position may be as much his misfortune, poor fellow, as his fault. I was half inclined to pass him as you say —but I distrusted my own judgment. He held out his hand, and he was so glad to see me. It can't be helped now. I shall be anxious to hear your opinion of him.'

'Are we going to dine with Capt. Peterkin?'

'Yes. I happened to mention that wretched dinner yesterday, at our hotel. He said, "Come to my boarding-house. Out of Paris, there isn't such a table d'hôte in France." I tried to get off it—not caring, as you know, to go among strangers—I said I had a friend with me. He invited you most cordially to accompany me. More excuses on my part only led to a painful result. I hurt Peterkin's feelings. "I'm down in the world," he said, "and I'm not fit company for you and your friends. I beg your pardon for taking the liberty of inviting you!" He turned away, the tears in his eyes. What could I do?'

I thought to myself, 'You could have lent him five pounds, and got rid of his invitation without the slightest difficulty.' If I had returned in reasonable time to go out with Romayne, we might not have met the captain—or, if we had met him, my presence would have prevented the confidential talk, and the invitation that followed. I felt I was to blame —and yet, how could I help it? It was useless to remonstrate; the mischief was done.

We left the Old Town on our right hand, and drove on past a little colony of suburban villas, to a house standing by itself, surrounded by stone walls. As we crossed the front garden on our way to the door, I noticed against the side of the house two kennels, inhabited by two large watch-dogs. Was the proprietor afraid of thieves?

III.

THE moment we were introduced to the drawing-room my suspicions of the company we were likely to meet with were fully confirmed.

'Cards, billiards, and betting'—there was the inscription legibly written on the manner and appearance of Captain Peterkin. The bright-eyed yellow old lady who kept the boarding-house would have been worth five thousand pounds, in jewellery alone, if the ornaments which profusely covered her had been genuine precious stones. The younger ladies present had their cheeks as highly rouged and their eyelids as elaborately pencilled in black as if they were going on the stage, instead of going to dinner. We found these fair creatures drinking Madeira as a whet to their appetites. Among the men, there were two who struck me as the most finished and complete blackguards whom I had ever met with in all my experience, at home and abroad. One, with a brown face and a broken nose, was presented to us by the title of 'Commander,' and was described as a person of great wealth and distinction in Peru, travelling for amusement. The other wore a military uniform and decorations, and was spoken of as 'the General.' A bold bullying manner, a fat sodden face, little leering eyes, and greasy-looking hands, made this man so repellant to me that I privately longed to kick him. Romayne had evidently been announced, before our arrival, as a landed gentleman with a large income. Men and women vied in servile attentions to him. When we went into the dining-room, the fascinating creature who sat next to him held her fan before her face, and so made a private interview of it between the rich Englishman and herself. With regard to the dinner, I shall only report that it justified Captain Peterkin's boast, in some degree at least. The wine was good, and the

conversation became gay to the verge of indelicacy. Usually the most temperate of men, Romayne was tempted by his neighbours into drinking freely. I was, unfortunately, seated at the opposite extremity of the table, and I had no opportunity of warning him. The dinner reached its conclusion; and we all returned together, on the foreign plan, to coffee and cigars in the drawing-room. The women smoked, and drank liqueurs as well as coffee, with the men. One of them went to the piano, and a little impromptu ball followed; the ladies dancing with their cigarettes in their mouths. Keeping my eyes and ears on the alert, I saw an innocent-looking table, with a surface of rosewood, suddenly develop a substance of green cloth. At the same time, a neat little roulette-table made its appearance from a hiding-place in a sofa. Passing near the venerable landlady, I heard her ask the servant, in a whisper, 'if the dogs were loose?' After what I had observed, I could only conclude that the dogs were used as a patrol to give the alarm in case of a descent of the police. It was plainly high time to thank Captain Peterkin for his hospitality, and to take our leave.

'We have had enough of this,' I whispered to Romayne in English. 'Let us go.'

In these days, it is a delusion to suppose that you can speak confidentially in the English language, when French people are within hearing. One of the ladies asked Romayne tenderly, if he was tired of her already. Another reminded him that it was raining heavily (as we could all hear), and suggested waiting until it cleared up. The hideous General waved his greasy hand in the direction of the card-table, and said, 'The game is waiting for us.'

Romayne was excited, but not stupefied, by the wine he had drunk. He answered, discreetly enough, 'I must beg you to excuse me; I am a poor card-player.'

The General suddenly looked grave. 'You are speaking, sir, under a strange misapprehension,' he said. 'Our game is lansquenet—essentially a game of chance. With luck, the poorest player is a match for the whole table.'

Romayne persisted in his refusal. As a matter of course, I supported him, with all needful care to avoid giving offence. The General took offence, nevertheless. He crossed his arms on his breast, and looked at us fiercely.

'Does this mean, gentlemen, that you distrust the company?' he asked.

The broken-nosed Commander, hearing the question, immediately joined us, in the interests of peace—bearing with him the elements of persuasion, under the form of a lady on his arm.

The lady stepped briskly forward, and tapped the General on the shoulder with her fan. '*I* am one of the company,' she said; 'and I am sure Mr. Romayne doesn't distrust *me?*' She turned to Romayne with her most irresistible smile. 'A gentleman always plays cards,' she resumed, 'when he has a lady for a partner. Let us join our interests at the table—and, dear Mr. Romayne, don't risk too much!' She put her pretty little purse into his hand, and looked as if she had been in love with him for half her lifetime.

The fatal influence of the sex, assisted by wine, produced the inevitable result. Romayne allowed himself to be led to the card-table. For a moment, the General delayed the beginning of the game. After what had happened, it was necessary that he should assert the strict sense of justice that was in him. 'We are all honourable men,' he began.

'And brave men,' the Commander added, admiring the General.

'And brave men,' the General admitted, admiring the Commander. 'Gentlemen, if I have been led into expressing myself with unnecessary warmth of feeling, I apologise, and regret it.'

'Nobly spoken!' the Commander pronounced. The General put his hand on his heart and bowed. The game began.

As the poorest man of the two, I had escaped the attentions lavished by the ladies on Romayne. At the same time, I was obliged to pay for my dinner, by taking some part in the proceedings of the evening. Small stakes were allowed, I found, at roulette; and, besides, the heavy chances in favour of the table made it hardly worth while to run the risk of cheating, in this case. I placed myself next to the least rascally looking man in the company, and played roulette.

For a wonder, I was successful at the first attempt. My neighbour handed me my winnings. 'I have lost every farthing I possess,' he whispered to me piteously; 'and I have a wife and children at home.' I lent the poor wretch five francs. He smiled faintly as he looked at the money. 'It reminds me,' he said, 'of my last transaction, when I borrowed of that gentleman there, who is betting on the General's luck at the card-table. Beware of employing him as I did. What do you think I got for my note of hand of four thousand francs? A hundred bottles of champagne, fifty bottles of ink, fifty bottles of blacking, three dozen handkerchiefs, two pictures by unknown masters, two shawls, one hundred maps, *and*—five francs.'

We went on playing. My luck deserted me; I lost, and lost, and lost again. From time to time, I looked round at the card-table. The 'deal' had fallen early to the General; and it seemed to be indefinitely prolonged. A heap of notes and gold (won mainly from Romayne, as I afterwards discovered) lay before him. As for my neighbour, the unhappy possessor of the bottles of blacking, of pictures by unknown masters, and the rest of it, he won, and then rashly presumed on his good fortune. Deprived of his last farthing, he retired into a corner of the room, and consoled himself with a cigar. I had just risen to follow his example when a furious uproar burst out at the card-table.

I saw Romayne spring up and snatch the cards out of the General's hand. 'You scoundrel,' he shouted, 'you are cheating!' The General started to his feet in a fury. 'You lie!' he cried. I attempted to interfere; but Romayne had already seen the necessity of controlling himself. 'A gentleman doesn't accept an insult from a swindler,' he said, coolly. 'Accept this, then!' the General answered—and spat on him. In an instant, Romayne knocked him down.

The blow was dealt straight between his eyes; he was a gross big-boned man, and he fell heavily. For the time he was stunned. The women ran, screaming, out of the room. The peaceable Commander trembled from head to foot. Two of the men present who, to give them their due, were no cowards, locked the doors. 'You don't go,' they said, 'till we see whether he recovers or not.' Cold water, assisted by the landlady's smelling-salts, brought the General to his senses after a while. He whispered something to one of his friends, who immediately turned to me. 'The General challenges Mr. Romayne,' he said. 'As one of his seconds, I demand an appointment for to-morrow morning.' I refused to make any appointment, unless the doors were first unlocked, and we were left free to depart. 'Our carriage is waiting outside,' I added. 'If it returns to the hotel without us, there will be an inquiry.' This latter consideration had its effect. On their side the doors were opened. On our side the appointment was made. We left the house.

IV.

In consenting to receive the General's representatives, it is needless to say that I merely desired to avoid

provoking another quarrel. If those persons were really impudent enough to call at the hotel, I had arranged to threaten them with the interference of the police, and so to put an end to the matter. Romayne expressed no opinion on the subject, one way or the other. His conduct inspired me with a feeling of uneasiness. The filthy insult of which he had been made the object, seemed to be rankling in his mind. He went away thoughtfully to his his own room. 'Have you nothing to say to me?' I asked. He only answered, 'Wait till to-morrow.'

The next day the seconds appeared. I had expected to see two of the men with whom we had dined. To my astonishment the visitors proved to be officers of the General's regiment. They brought proposals for a hostile meeting the next morning; the choice of weapons being left to Romayne as the challenged man.

It was now quite plain to me that the General's peculiar method of card-playing had, thus far, not been discovered and exposed. He might keep doubtful company, and might (as I afterwards heard) be suspected in certain quarters. But that he still had, formally speaking, a reputation to preserve, was proved by the appearance of the two gentlemen present as his representatives. They declared with evident sincerity, that Romayne had made a fatal mistake; had provoked the insult offered to him; and had resented it by a brutal and cowardly outrage. As a man and a soldier, the General was doubly bound to insist on a duel. No apology would be accepted, even if an apology were offered.

In this emergency, as I understood it, there was but one course to follow. I refused to receive the challenge.

Being asked for my reasons, I found it necessary to speak within certain limits. Though *we* knew the General to be a cheat, it was a delicate matter to dispute his right to claim satisfaction, when he had found two officers to carry his message. I produced the seized cards (which Romayne had brought away with him in his pocket), and offered them as a formal proof that my friend had not been mistaken.

The seconds—evidently prepared for this circumstance by their principal—declined to examine the cards. In the first place, they said, not even the discovery of foul play (supposing the discovery to have been really made) could justify Romayne's conduct. In the second place, the General's high character made it impossible, under any circumstances, that *he* could be responsible. Like ourselves, he had rashly associated with bad company; and he had been the innocent victim of an error or a fraud, committed by some other person present at the table.

Driven to my last resources, I could now only base my refusal to receive the challenge on the ground that we were Englishmen, and that the practice of duelling had been abolished in England. Both the seconds at once declined to accept this statement in justification of my conduct.

'You are now in France,' said the elder of the two 'where a duel is the established remedy for an insult, among gentlemen. You are bound to respect the social laws of the country in which you are for the time residing. If you refuse to do so, you lay yourselves open to a public imputation on your courage, of a nature too degrading to be more particularly alluded to. Let us adjourn this interview for three hours, on the ground of informality. We ought to confer with *two* gentlemen, acting on Mr. Romayne's behalf. Be prepared with another second to meet us, and reconsider your decision before we call again.'

The Frenchmen had barely taken departure by one door, when Romayne entered by another.

'I have heard it all,' he said quietly. 'Accept the challenge.'

I declare solemnly that I left no means untried of opposing my friend's resolution. No man could have felt more strongly convinced than I did,

that nothing could justify the course he was taking. My remonstrances were completely thrown away. He was deaf to sense and reason, from the moment when he had heard an imputation on his courage suggested as a possible result of any affair in which he was concerned. 'With your views,' he said, 'I won't ask you to accompany me. to the ground. I can easily find French seconds. And, mind this, if you attempt to prevent the meeting, the duel will take place elsewhere—and our friendship is at an end from that moment.'

After this, I suppose it is needless to add that I accompanied him to the ground the next morning as his second.

That night he made his will—in preparation for the worst that could happen. What actually did happen was equally beyond his anticipations and mine.

V.

WE were punctual to the appointed hour—eight o'clock.

The second who acted with me was a French gentleman, a relative of one of the officers who had brought the challenge. At his suggestion, we had chosen the pistol as our weapon. Romayne, like most Englishmen at the present time, knew nothing of the use of the sword. He was almost equally inexperienced with the pistol.

Our opponents were late. They kept us waiting for more than ten minutes. It was not pleasant weather to wait in. The day had dawned damp and drizzling. A thick white fog was slowly rolling in on us from the sea.

When they did appear, the General was not among them. A tall, well-dressed young man saluted Romayne with stern courtesy, and said to a stranger who accompanied him, 'Explain the circumstances.'

The stranger proved to be a surgeon. He entered at once on the necessary explanation. The General was too ill to appear. He had been attacked that morning by a fit—the consequence of the blow that he had received. Under these circumstances, his eldest son (Maurice) was now on the ground to fight the duel, on his father's behalf; attended by the General's seconds, and with the General's full approval.

We instantly refused to allow the duel to take place; Romayne loudly declaring that he had no quarrel with the General's son. Upon this Maurice broke away from his seconds; drew off one of his gloves; and, stepping close up to Romayne, struck him on the face with the glove. 'Have you no quarrel with me now?' the young Frenchman asked. 'Must I spit on you as my father did?' His seconds dragged him away, and apologised to us for the outbreak. But the mischief was done. Romayne's fiery temper flashed in his eyes. 'Load the pistols,' he said. After the insult publicly offered to him, and the outrage publicly threatened, there was no other course to take.

It had been left to us to produce the pistols. We therefore requested the seconds of our opponent to examine, and to load them. While this was being done, the advancing sea-fog so completely enveloped us, that the duellists were unable to see each other. We were obliged to wait for the chance of a partial clearing in the atmosphere. Romayne's temper had become calm again. The generosity of his nature spoke in the words which he now addresed to his seconds.

'After all,' he said, 'the young man is a good son—he is bent on redressing, what he believes to be his father's wrong. Does his flipping his glove in my face matter to Me? I think I shall fire in the air.'

'I shall refuse to act as your second if you do,' answered the French gentleman who was assisting us. 'The General's son is famous for his skill with the pistol. If you didn't see it in his face just now, I did—he means to

kill you. Defend your life, sir!' I spoke quite as strongly, to the same purpose when my turn came. Romayne yielded—he placed himself unreservedly in our hands.

In a quarter of an hour, the fog lifted a little. We measured the distance; having previously arranged (at my suggestion) that the two men should both fire at the same moment, at a given signal. Romayne's composure, as they faced each other, was, in a man of his irritable nervous temperament, really wonderful. I placed him sideways, in a position, which in some degree lessened his danger, by lessening the surface exposed to the bullet. My French colleague put the pistol into his hand, and gave him the last word of advice. 'Let your arm hang loosely down, with the barrel of the pistol pointing straight to the ground. When you hear the signal, only lift your arm as far as the elbow; keep the elbow pressed against your side—and fire.' We could do no more for him. As we drew aside—I own it—my tongue was like a cinder in my mouth, and a horrid inner cold crept through me to the marrow of my bones.

The signal was given, and the two shots were fired at the same time.

My first look was at Romayne. He took off his hat, and handed it to me with a smile. His adversary's bullet had cut a piece out of the brim of his hat, on the right side. He had literally escaped by a hairbreadth.

While I was congratulating him, the fog gathered again more thickly than ever. Looking anxiously towards the ground occupied by our adversaries, we could only see vague, shadowy forms hurriedly crossing and re-crossing each other in the mist. Something had happened! My French colleague took my arm and pressed it significantly. 'Leave *me* to inquire,' he said. Romayne tried to follow; I held him back—we neither of us exchanged a word.

The fog thickened and thickened, until nothing was to be seen. Once we heard the surgeon's voice calling impatiently for a light to help him.

No light appeared that *we* could see. Dreary as the fog itself, the silence gathered round us again. On a sudden it was broken, horribly broken, by another voice, strange to both of us, shrieking hysterically through the impenetrable mist. 'Where is he?' the voice cried, in the French language. 'Assassin! Assassin! where are you?' Was it a woman? or was it a boy? We heard nothing more. The effect upon Romayne was terrible to see. He who had calmly confronted the weapon lifted to kill him, shuddered dumbly like a terror-stricken animal. I put my arm round him, and hurried him away from the place.

We waited at the hotel until our French friend joined us. After a brief interval he appeared, announcing that the surgeon would follow him.

The duel had ended fatally. The chance course of the bullet, urged by Romayne's unpractised hand, had struck the General's son just above the right nostril—had penetrated to the back of his neck—and had communicated a fatal shock to the spinal marrow. He was a dead man before they could take him back to his father's house.

So far, our fears were confirmed. But there was something else to tell, for which our worst presentiments had not prepared us.

A younger brother of the fallen man (a boy of thirteen years old) had secretly followed the duelling party, on their way from his father's house—had hidden himself—and had seen the dreadful end. The seconds only knew of it when he burst out of his place of concealment and fell on his knees by his dying brother's side. His were the frightful cries which we had heard from invisible lips. The slayer of his brother was the 'assassin' whom he had vainly tried to discover through the fathomless obscurity of the mist.

We both looked at Romayne. He

silently looked back at us, like a man turned to stone. I tried to reason with him.

'Your life was at your opponent's mercy,' I said. 'It was *he* who was skilled in the use of the pistol; your risk was infinitely greater than his. Are you responsible for an accident? Rouse yourself, Romayne! Think of the time to come, when all this will be forgotten.'

'Never,' he said, 'to the end of my life.'

He made that reply in dull monotonous tones. His eyes looked wearily and vacantly straight before him. The extraordinary change in him startled me. He showed no signs of a coming loss of consciousness—and yet, all that was most brightly animated in his physical life seemed to have mysteriously faded away. I spoke to him again. He remained impenetrably silent; he appeared not to hear, or not to understand me. The surgeon came in, while I was still at a loss what to say or do next. Without waiting to be asked for his opinion, he observed Romayne attentively, and then drew me away into the next room.

'Your friend is suffering from a severe nervous shock,' he said. 'Can you tell me anything of his habits of life?'

I mentioned the prolonged night-studies, and the excessive use of tea. The surgeon shook his head.

'If you want my advice,' he proceeded, 'take him home at once. Don't subject him to further excitement, when the result of the duel is known in the town. If it ends in our appearing in a court of law, it will be a mere formality in this case, and you can surrender when the time comes. Leave me your address in London.'

I felt that the best thing I could do was to follow his advice. The boat crossed to Folkestone at an early hour that day—we had no time to lose. Romayne offered no objection to our return to England; he seemed perfectly careless what became of him. 'Leave me quiet,' he said; 'and do as you like.' I wrote a few lines to Lady Berrick's medical attendant, informing him of the circumstances. A quarter of an hour afterwards we were on board the steamboat.

There were very few passengers. After we had left the harbour, my attention was attracted by a young English lady—travelling, apparently, with her mother. As we passed her on the deck she looked at Romayne, with compassionate interest so vividly expressed in her beautiful face that I imagined they might be acquainted. With some difficulty, I prevailed sufficiently over the torpor that possessed him to induce him to look at our fellow-passenger.

'Do you know that charming person?' I asked.

'No,' he replied, with the weariest indifference, 'I never saw her before. I'm tired—tired—tired—tired! Don't speak to me; leave me by myself.'

I left him. His rare personal attractions—of which, let me add, he never appeared to be conscious—had evidently made their natural appeal to the interest and admiration of the young lady who had met him by chance. The expression of resigned sadness and suffering, now visible in his face, added greatly, no doubt, to the influence that he had unconsciously exercised over the sympathies of a delicate and sensitive woman. It was no uncommon circumstance in his past experience of the sex—as I myself well knew—to be the object, not of admiration only, but of true and ardent love. He had never reciprocated the passion—had never even appeared to take it seriously. Marriage might, as the phrase is, be the salvation of him. Would he ever marry?

Leaning over the bulwark, idly pursuing this train of thought, I was recalled to present things, by a low, sweet voice—the voice of the lady of whom I had been thinking.

'Excuse me for disturbing you,'

she said, 'I think your friend wants you.'

She spoke with the modesty and self-possession of a highly-bred woman. A little heightening of her colour made her, to my eyes, more beautiful than ever. I thanked her, and hastened back to Romayne.

He was standing by the barred skylight which guarded the machinery. I instantly noticed a change in him. His eyes wandering here and there, in search of me, had more than recovered their animation—there was a wild look of terror in them. He seized me roughly by the arm, and pointed down to the engine-room.

'What do you hear there?' he asked.

'I hear the thump of the engines.'

'Nothing else?'

'Nothing. What do *you* hear?'

He suddenly turned away.

'I'll tell you,' he said, 'when we get on shore.'

SECOND SCENE: VANGE ABBEY—THE FOREWARNINGS.

VI.

As we approached the harbour at Folkestone, Romayne's agitation appeared to subside. His head drooped; his eyes half-closed — he looked like a weary man quietly falling asleep.

On leaving the steamboat, I ventured to ask our charming fellow-passenger if I could be of any service, in reserving places in the London train for her mother and herself. She thanked me, and said they were going to visit some friends at Folkestone. In making this reply, she looked at Romayne. 'I am afraid he is very ill?' she said, in gently lowered tones. Before I could answer, her mother turned to her with an expression of surprise, and directed her attention to the friends whom she had mentioned, waiting to greet her. Her last look, as they took her away, rested tenderly and sorrowfully on Romayne. He never returned it—he was not even aware of it. As I led him to the train he leaned more and more heavily on my arm. Seated in the carriage, he sank at once into profound sleep.

We drove to the hotel, at which my friend was accustomed to reside when he was in London. His long sleep on the journey seemed, in some degree, to have relieved him. We dined together in his private room. When the servants had withdrawn, I found that the unhappy result of the duel was still preying on his mind.

'The horror of having killed that man,' he said, 'is more than I can bear alone. For God's sake, don't leave me?'

I had received letters at Boulogne, which informed me that my wife and family had accepted an invitation to stay with some friends at the sea-side. Under these circumstances, I was entirely at his service. Having quieted his anxiety on this point, I reminded him of what had passed between us on board the steamboat. He tried to change the subject. My curiosity was too strongly aroused to permit this: I persisted in helping his memory.

'We were looking into the engine-room,' I said, 'and you asked me what I heard there. You promised to tell me what *you* heard, as soon as we got on shore ——'

He stopped me before I could say more.

'I begin to think it was a delusion,' he answered. 'You ought not to interpret too literally what a person in my dreadful situation may say. The stain of another man's blood is on me —— '

I interrupted him in my turn. 'I refuse to hear you speak of yourself in that way,' I said. 'You are no more responsible for the Frenchman's death than if you had been driving, and had accidentally run over him in the street. I am not the right com-

panion for a man who talks as you do. The proper person to be with you is a doctor.' I really felt irritated with him—and I saw no reason for concealing it.

Another man, in his place, might have been offended with me. There was a native sweetness in Romayne's disposition, which asserted itself even in his worst moments of nervous irritability. He took my hand.

'Don't be hard on me,' he pleaded, 'I will try to think of it as you do. Make some little concession, on your side. I want to see how I get through the night. We will return to what I said to you on board the steamboat to-morrow morning. Is it agreed?'

It was agreed, of course. There was a door of communication between our bedrooms. At his suggestion it was left open. 'If I find I can't sleep,' he explained, 'I want to feel assured that you can hear me if I call you.'

Three times in the night I woke, and, seeing the light burning in his room, looked in at him. He always carried some of his books with him when he travelled. On each occasion when I entered the room, he was reading quietly. 'I suppose I forestalled my night's sleep on the railway,' he said. 'It doesn't matter; I am content. Something that I was afraid of has not happened. I am used to wakeful nights. Go back to bed, and don't be uneasy about me.'

The next morning the deferred explanation was put off again.

'Do you mind waiting a little longer?' he asked.

'Not if you particularly wish it.'

'Will you do me another favour? You know that I don't like London. The noise in the streets is distracting. Besides, I may tell you I have a sort of distrust of noise, since ——' He stopped, with an appearance of confusion.

'Since I found you looking into the engine-room?' I asked.

'Yes. I don't feel inclined to trust the chances of another night in London. I want to try the effect of perfect quiet. Do you mind going back with me to Vange? Dull as the place is, you can amuse yourself. There is good shooting, as you know.'

In an hour more, we had left London.

VII.

VANGE Abbey is, as I suppose, the most solitary country house in England. If Romayne wanted quiet, it was exactly the place for him.

On the rising ground of one of the wildest moors in the North Riding of Yorkshire, the ruins of the old monastery are visible from all points of the compass. There are traditions of thriving villages clustering about the Abbey, in the days of the monks, and of hostelries devoted to the reception of pilgrims from every part of the Christian world. Not a vestige of these buildings is left. They were deserted by the pious inhabitants, it is said, at the time when Henry the Eighth suppressed the monasteries, and gave the Abbey and the broad lands of Vange to his faithful friend and courtier, Sir Miles Romayne. In the next generation, the son and heir of Sir Miles built the dwelling-house, helping himself liberally from the solid stone walls of the monastery. With some unimportant alterations and repairs, the house stands, defying time and weather, to the present day.

At the last station on the railway the horses were waiting for us. It was a lovely moonlight night, and we shortened the distance considerably by taking the bridal path over the moor. Between nine and ten o'clock we reached the Abbey.

Years had passed since I had last been Romayne's guest. Nothing, out of the house or in the house, seemed to have undergone any change in the interval. Neither the good North-country butler, nor his buxom Scotch wife, skilled in cookery, looked any

older; they received me as if I had left them a day or two since, and had come back again to live in Yorkshire. My well-remembered bed-room was waiting for me; and the matchless old Madeira welcomed us when my host and I met in the inner-hall, which was the ordinary dining-room of the Abbey.

As we faced each other at the well-spread table, I began to hope that the familiar influences of his country home were beginning already to breathe their blessed quiet over the disturbed mind of Romayne. In the presence of his faithful old servants, he seemed to be capable of controlling the morbid remorse that oppressed him. He spoke to them composedly and kindly; he was affectionately glad to see his old friend once more in the old house.

When we were near the end of our meal, something happened that startled me. I had just handed the wine to Romayne, and he had filled his glass, when he suddenly turned pale, and lifted his head like a man whose attention is unexpectedly roused. No person but ourselves was in the room; I was not speaking to him at the time. He looked round suspiciously at the door behind him, leading into the library, and rang the old-fashioned hand-bell which stood by him on the table. The servant was directed to close the door.

'Are you cold?' I asked.

'No.' He reconsidered that brief answer, and contradicted himself. 'Yes—the library fire has burnt low, I suppose.'

In my position at the table I had seen the fire: the grate was heaped with blazing coals and wood. I said nothing. The pale change in his face, and his contradictory reply, roused doubts in me which I had hoped never to feel again.

He pushed away his glass of wine, and still kept his eyes fixed on the closed door. His attitude and expression were plainly suggestive of the act of listening. Listening to what?

After an interval, he abruptly addressed me. 'Do you call it a quiet night?' he said.

'As quiet as quiet can be,' I replied. 'The wind has dropped—and even the fire doesn't crackle. Perfect stillness, indoors and out.'

'Out!' he replied. For a moment he looked at me intently, as if I had started some new idea in his mind. I asked as lightly as I could, if I had said anything to surprise him. Instead of answering me, he started out of his chair with a cry of terror, and left the room.

I hardly knew what to do. It was impossible, unless he returned immediately, to let this extraordinary proceeding pass without notice. After waiting for a few minutes, I rang the bell.

The old butler came in. He looked in blank amazement at the empty chair. 'Where's the master?' he asked.

I could only answer that he had left the table suddenly, without a word of explanation. 'He may perhaps be ill,' I added. 'As his old servant, you can do no harm if you go and look for him. Say that I am waiting here, if he wants me.'

The minutes passed slowly and more slowly. I was left alone for so long a time that I began to feel seriously uneasy. My hand was on the bell again, when there was a knock at the door. I had expected to see the butler. It was the groom who entered the room.

'Garthwaite can't come down to you, sir,' said the man. 'He asks if you will please go up to the master on the Belvidere.'

The house—extending round three sides of a square—was only two storeys high. The flat roof, accessible through a species of hatchway, and still surrounded by its sturdy stone parapet, was called 'The Belvidere,' in reference as usual to the fine view which it commanded. Fearing I knew not what, I mounted the ladder which led to the roof. Romayne received

me with a harsh outburst of laughter—that saddest false laughter which is true trouble in disguise.

'Here's something to amuse you!' he cried. 'I believe old Garthwaite thinks I am drunk—he won't leave me up here by myself.'

Letting this strange assertion remain unanswered, the butler withdrew. As he passed me on his way to the ladder, he whispered, 'Be careful of the master! I tell you, sir, he has a bee in his bonnet this night.' Although not of the North-country myself, I knew the meaning of the phrase. Garthwaite suspected that the master was nothing less than mad!

Romayne took my arm when we were alone—we walked slowly from end to end of the Belvidere. The moon was, by this time, low in the heavens; but her mild mysterious light still streamed over the roof of the house and the high heathy ground round it. I looked attentively at Romayne. He was deadly pale; his hand shook as it rested on my arm—and that was all. Neither in look nor manner did he betray the faintest sign of mental derangement. He had perhaps needless alarmed the faithful old servant by something that he had said or done. I determined to clear up that doubt immediately.

'You left the table very suddenly,' I said. 'Did you feel ill?'

'Not ill,' he replied. 'I was frightened. Look at me—I'm frightened still.'

'What do you mean?'

Instead of answering, he repeated the strange question which he had put to me down stairs.

'Do you call it a quiet night?'

Considering the time of the year, and the exposed situation of the house, the night was almost preternaturally quiet. Throughout the vast open country all round us, not even a breath of air could be heard. The night-birds were away, or were silent at the time. But one sound was audible, when we stood still and listened—the cool quiet bubble of a little stream, lost to view in the valley-ground to the south.

'I have told you already,' I said, 'So still a night I never remember on this Yorkshire moor.'

He laid his hand heavily on my shoulder. 'What did the poor boy say of me, whose brother I killed?' he asked. 'What words did we hear through the dripping darkness of the mist?'

'I won't encourage you to think of them. I refuse to repeat the words.'

He pointed over the northward parapet.

'It doesn't matter whether you accept or refuse,' he said, 'I hear the boy at this moment——there!'

He repeated the horrid words—marking the pauses in the utterance of them with his finger, as if they were sounds that he heard.

'Assassin! Assassin! where are you?'

'Good God!' I cried, 'you don't mean that you really *hear* the voice?'

'Do you hear what I say?' I hear the boy as plainly as you hear me. The voice screams at me through the clear moonlight as it screamed at me through the sea-fog. Again and again. It's all round the house. *That* way now; where the light just touches on the tops of the heather. Tell the servants to have the horses ready the first thing in the morning. We leave Vange Abbey to-morrow.'

These were wild words. If he had spoken them wildly, I might have shared the butler's conclusion that his mind was deranged. There was no undue vehemence in his voice or his manner. He spoke with a melancholy resignation—he seemed like a prisoner submitting to a sentence that he had deserved. Remembering the cases of men suffering from nervous disease who had been haunted by apparitions, I asked if he saw any imaginary figure under the form of a boy.

'I see nothing,' he said; 'I only

hear. Look yourself. It is in the last degree improbable—but let us make sure that nobody has followed me from Boulogne, and is playing me a trick.'

We made the circuit of the Belvidere. On its eastward side, the house wall was built against one of the towers of the old Abbey. On the westward side, the ground sloped steeply down to a pool or tarn. Northward and southward, there was nothing to be seen but the open moor. Look where I might, with the open moonlight to make the view plain to me, the solitude was as void of any living creature as if we had been surrounded by the awful dead world of the moon.

'Was it the boy's voice that you heard on the voyage across the channel?' I asked.

'Yes, I heard it for the first time—down in the engine-room; rising and falling, rising and falling, like the sound of the engines themselves.'

'And when did you hear it again?'

'I feared to hear it in London. It left me, I should have told you, when we stepped ashore out of the steamboat. I was afraid that the noise of the traffic in the streets might bring it back to me. As you know, I passed a quiet night. I had the hope that my imagination had deceived me—that I was the victim of a delusion, as people say. It is no delusion. In the perfect tranquillity of this place, the voice has come back to me. While we were at table I heard it again—behind me, in the library. I heard it still when the door was shut. I ran up here to try if it would follow me into the open air. It *has* followed me. We may as well go down again into the hall. I know that there is no escaping from it. My dear old home has become horrible to me. Do you mind returning to London to morrow?'

What I felt and feared in this miserable state of things matters little. The one chance that I could see for Romayne was to obtain the best medical advice. I sincerely encouraged his idea of going back to London the next day.

We had sat together by the hall fire for about ten minutes, when he took out his handkerchief, and wiped away the perspiration from his forehead, drawing a deep breath of relief. 'It has gone!' he said faintly.

'When you hear the boy's voice,' I asked, 'do you hear it continuously?'

'No, at intervals; sometimes longer, sometimes shorter.'

'And, thus far, it comes to you suddenly, and leaves you suddenly?'

'Yes.'

'Do my questions annoy you?'

'I make no complaint,' he said sadly. 'You can see for yourself—I patiently suffer the punishment that I have deserved.'

I contradicted him at once. 'It is nothing of the sort! It's a nervous malady, which medical science can control and cure. Wait till we get to London.'

This expression of opinion produced no effect on him.

'I have taken the life of a fellow-creature,' he said. 'I have closed the career of a young man who, but for me, might have lived long and happily and honourably. Say what you may, I am of the race of Cain. *He* had the mark set on his brow. I have *my* ordeal. Delude yourself, if you like, with false hopes. I can endure—and hope for nothing. Good night.'

VIII.

EARLY the next morning, the good old butler came to me, in great perturbation, for a word of advice.

'Do come, sir, and look at the master! I can't find in my heart to wake him.'

It was time to wake him, if we were to go to London that day. I went into the bedroom. Although I was no doctor, the restorative importance of

that profound and quiet sleep impressed itself on me so strongly that I took the responsibility of leaving him undisturbed. The event proved that I had acted wisely. He slept until noon. There was no return of 'the torment of the voice'—as he called it, poor fellow. We passed a quiet day, excepting one little interruption, which, I am warned not to pass over without a word of record in this narrative.

We had returned from a ride. Romayne had gone into the library to read; and I was just leaving the stables, after a look at some recent improvements, when a pony-chaise with a gentleman in it drove up to the door. He asked politely if he might be allowed to see the house. There were some fine pictures at Vange, as well as many interesting relics of antiquity; and the rooms were shown, in Romayne's absence, to the very few travellers who were adventurous enough to cross the heathy desert that surrounded the Abbey. On this occasion, the stranger was informed that Mr. Romayne was at home. He at once apologised — with an appearance of disappointment, however, which induced me to step forward, and speak to him.

'Mr. Romayne is not very well,' I said; 'and I cannot venture to ask you into the house. But you will be welcome, I am sure, to walk round the grounds, and to look at the ruins of the Abbey.'

He thanked me and accepted the invitation. I find no great difficulty in describing him generally. He was elderly, fat and cheerful; buttoned up in a long black frock coat, and presenting that closely shaven face, and that inveterate expression of watchful humility about the eyes, which we all associate with the reverend personality of a priest.

To my surprise, he seemed, in some degree at least, to know his way about the place. He made straight for the dreary little lake which I have already mentioned, and stood looking at it with an interest which was so incomprehensible to me, that I own I watched him.

He ascended the slope of the moorland, and entered the gate which led to the grounds. All that the gardeners had done to make the place attractive failed to claim his attention. He walked past lawn, shrubs and flower-beds, and only stopped at an old stone fountain, which tradition declared to have been one of the ornaments of the garden in the time of the monks. Having carefully examined this relic of antiquity, he took a sheet of paper from his pocket, and consulted it attentively. It might have been a plan of the house and grounds, or it might not—I can only report that he took the path which led him, by the shortest way, to the ruined Abbey church.

As he entered the roofless enclosure, he reverently removed his hat. It was impossible for me to follow him any further, without exposing myself to the risk of discovery. I sat down on one of the fallen stones, waiting to see him again. It must have been at least half an hour before he appeared. He thanked me for my kindness, as composedly as if he had quite expected to find me in the place that I occupied.

'I have been deeply interested in all that I have seen,' he said. 'May I venture to ask, what is perhaps an indiscreet question on the part of a stranger?'

I ventured on my side, to inquire what this question might be.

'Mr. Romayne is indeed fortunate,' he resumed, 'in the possession of this beautiful place. He is a young man, I think!'

'Yes.'

'Is he married?'

'No.'

'Excuse my curiosity. The owner of Vange Abbey is an interesting person to all good antiquaries like myself. Many thanks again. Good day.'

His pony-chaise took him away. His last look rested—not on me—but on the old Abbey.

IX.

MY record of events approaches its conclusion.

On the next day we returned to the hotel in London. At Romayne's suggestion, I sent the same evening to my own house for any letters which might be waiting for me. His mind still dwelt on the duel: he was morbidly eager to know if any communication had been received from the French surgeon.

When the messenger returned with my letters, the Boulogne post-mark was on one of the envelopes. At Romayne's entreaty, this was the letter that I opened first. The surgeon's signature was at the end.

One motive for anxiety—on my part—was set at rest in the first lines. After an official inquiry into the circumstances, the French authorities had decided that it was not expedient to put the survivor of the duellists on his trial before a court of law. No jury hearing the evidence would find him guilty of the only charge that could be formally brought against him—the charge of 'homicide by premeditation.' Homicide by misadventure, occurring in a duel, was not a punishable offence by the French law. My correspondent cited many cases in proof of it, strengthened by the publicly-expressed opinion of the illustrious Berryer himself. In a word, we had nothing to fear.

The next page of the letter informed us that the police had surprised the card-playing community with whom we had spent the evening at Boulogne, and that the much bejewelled old landlady had been sent to prison for the offence of keeping a gambling-house. It was suspected in the town that the General was more or less directly connected with certain disreputable circumstances, discovered by the authorities. In any case, he had retired from active service. He and his wife and family had left Boulogne, and had gone away in debt. No investigation had thus far succeeded in discovering the place of their retreat.

Reading this letter aloud to Romayne, I was interrupted by him at the last sentence.

'The inquiries must have been carelessly made,' he said. 'They ought to have applied to the police. I will see to it myself.'

'What interest can *you* have in the inquiries?' I exclaimed.

'The strongest possible interest,' he answered. 'It has been my one hope to make some little atonement to the poor people whom I have so cruelly wronged. If the wife and children are in distressed circumstances (which seems to be only too likely) I may place them beyond the reach of anxiety—anonymously, of course Give me the surgeon's address. I shall write instructions for tracing them at my expense—merely announcing that an Unknown Friend desires to be of service to the General's family.

This appeared to me to be a most imprudent thing to do. I said so plainly—and quite in vain. With his customary impetuosity he wrote the letter at once, and sent it to the post that night.

X.

ON the question of submitting himself to medical advice (which I now earnestly pressed upon him), Romayne was disposed to be equally unreasonable. But in this case events declared themselves in my favour.

Lady Berrick's last reserves of strength had given way. She had been brought to London in a dying state, while we were at Vange Abbey. Romayne was summoned to his aunt's bedside on the third day of our residence at the hotel, and was present at her death. The impression produced on his mind roused the better part of his nature. He was more distrustful of himself, more accessible to persua-

sion than usual. In this gentler frame of mind he received a welcome visit from an old friend, to whom he was sincerely attached. The visit—of no great importance in itself—led, as I have since been informed, to very serious events in Romayne's later life. For this reason I briefly relate what took place within my own hearing.

Lord Loring—well known in society as the head of an old English Catholic family, and the possessor of a magnificent gallery of pictures—was distressed by the change for the worse which he perceived in Romayne, when he called at the hotel. I was present when they met, and rose to leave the room, feeling that the two friends might perhaps be embarrassed by the presence of a third person. Romayne called me back. 'Lord Loring ought to know what has happened to me,' he said. 'I have no heart to speak of it myself. Tell him everything, and if he agrees with you I will submit to see the doctors.' With those words he left us together.

It is almost needless to say that Lord Loring did agree with me. He was himself disposed to think that the moral remedy in Romayne's case, might prove to be the best remedy.

'With submission to what the doctors may decide,' his lordship said, 'the right thing to do, in my opinion, is to divert our friend's mind from himself. I see a plain necessity for making a complete change in the solitary life that he has been leading for years past. Why shouldn't he marry? A woman's influence, by merely giving a new turn to his thoughts, might charm away that horrible voice which haunts him. Perhaps you think this a merely sentimental view of the case? Look at it practically, if you like, and come to the same conclusion. With that fine estate—and with the fortune which he has now inherited from his aunt—it is his duty to marry. Don't you agree with me?'

'I agree most cordially. But I see serious difficulties in your lordship's way. Romayne dislikes society; and, as to marrying, his coldness towards women seems (so far as I can judge) to be one of the incurables defects of his character.'

Lord Loring smiled. 'My dear sir, nothing of that sort is incurable, if we can only find the right woman.'

The tone in which he spoke suggested to me that he had got 'the right woman'—and I took the liberty of saying so. He at once acknowledged that I had guessed right.

'Romayne is, as you say, a difficult subject to deal with,' he resumed. 'If I commit the slightest imprudence, I shall excite his suspicion—and there will be an end of my hope of being of service to him. I shall proceed carefully, I can tell you. Luckily, poor dear fellow, he is fond of pictures! It's quite natural that I should ask him to see some recent additions to my gallery—isn't it? There is the trap that I set! I have a sweet girl to tempt him, staying at my house; who is a little out of health and spirits herself. At the right moment, I shall send word upstairs. She may well happen to look in at the gallery (by the merest accident), just at the time when Romayne is looking at my new pictures. The rest depends, of course, on the effect she produces. If you knew her, I believe you would agree with me that the experiment is worth trying.'

Not knowing the lady, I had little faith in the success of the experiment. No one, however, could doubt Lord Loring's admirable devotion to his friend—and with that I was fain to be content.

When Romayne returned to us, it was decided to submit his case to a consultation of physicians at the earliest possible moment. When Lord Loring took his departure, I accompanied him to the door of the hotel; perceiving that he wished to say a word more to me in private. He had, it seemed, decided on waiting for the result of the medical consultation, before he tried the effect of the young

lady's attractions; and he wished to caution me against speaking prematurely of visiting the picture gallery to our friend.

Not feeling particularly interested in these details of the worthy nobleman's little plot, I looked at his carriage, and privately admired the two splendid horses that drew it. The footman opened the door for his master—and I became aware, for the first time, that a gentleman had accompanied Lord Loring to the hotel, and had waited for him in the carriage. The gentleman bent forward, and looked up from a book that he was reading. To my astonishment, I recognised the elderly, fat, and cheerful priest, who had shown such a knowledge of localities, and such an extraordinary interest in Vange Abbey!

It struck me as an odd coincidence that I should see the man again in London, so soon after I had met with him in Yorkshire. This was all I thought about it at the time. If I had known then, what I know now, I might have dreamed, let us say, of throwing that priest into the lake at Vange, and might perhaps have reckoned the circumstance among the wisely-improved opportunities of my life.

To return to the serious interests of the present narrative, I may now announce that my evidence as an eye-witness of events has come to an end. The day after Lord Loring's visit, domestic troubles separated me, to my sincere regret, from Romayne. I have only to add, that the foregoing narrative of personal experience has been written with a due sense of responsibility, and that it may be depended on throughout as an exact statement of the truth.

JOHN PHILIP HYND
(late Major, 110th Regiment).

The Story.

CHAPTER I.

THE CONFIDENCES.

IN an upper room of one of the palatial houses which are situated on the north side of Hyde Park, two ladies sat at breakfast, and gossiped over their tea.

The elder of the two was Lady Loring—still in the prime of life; possessed of the golden hair and the clear blue eyes, the delicately florid complexion, and the freely developed figure, which are among the favourite attractions popularly associated with the beauty of Englishwomen. Her younger companion was the unknown lady admired by Major Hynd, on the sea passage from France to England. With hair and eyes of the darkest brown; with a pure pallor of complexion, only changing to a faint rose tint in moments of agitation; with a tall graceful figure, incompletely developed in substance and strength—she presented an almost complete contrast to Lady Loring. Two more opposite types of beauty it would have been hardly possible to place at the same table.

The servant brought in the letters of the morning. Lady Loring ran through her correspondence rapidly, pushed away the letters in a heap, and poured herself out a second cup of tea.

'Nothing interesting this morning for me,' she said. 'Any news of your mother, Stella?'

The young lady handed an open letter to her hostess, with a faint smile. 'See for yourself, Adelaide,' she answered, with the tender sweetness of tone which made her voice irresistibly charming, 'and tell me if there were ever two women so utterly unlike each other as my mother and myself?'

Lady Loring ran through the letter,

as she had run through her own correspondence. 'Never, dearest Stella, have I enjoyed myself as I do in this delightful country house—twenty-seven at dinner every day, without including the neighbours—a little carpet dance every evening—we play billiards, and go into the smoking-room—the hounds meet three times a week—all sorts of celebrities among the company, famous beauties included—such dresses! such conversation!—and serious duties, my dear, not neglected—high church and choral service in the town on Sundays—recitations in the evening from Paradise Lost, by an amateur elocutionist—oh, you foolish, headstrong child! why did you make excuses and stay in London, when you might have accompanied me to this earthly Paradise?—are you really ill?—my love to Lady Loring—and of course, if you *are* ill, you must have medical advice—they ask after you so kindly here—the first dinner bell is ringing before I have half done my letter—what *am* I to wear?—why is my daughter not here to advise me, &c., &c., &c.'

'There is time for you to change your mind, and advise your mother,' Lady Loring remarked with grave irony as she returned the letter.

'Don't even speak of it?' said Stella. 'I really know no life that I should not prefer to the life that my mother is enjoying at this moment. What should I have done, Adelaide, if you had not offered me a happy refuge in your house? *My* "earthly Paradise" is here, where I am allowed to dream away my time over my drawings and my books, and to resign myself to poor health and low spirits, without being dragged into society, and (worse still) threatened with that "medical advice" in which my poor dear mother believes so implicitly. I wish you would hire me as your "companion," and let me stay here for the rest of my life.'

Lady Loring's bright face became grave while Stella was speaking.

'My dear,' she said kindly, 'I know well how you love retirement, and how differently you think and feel from other young women of your age. And I am far from forgetting what sad circumstances have encouraged the natural bent of your disposition. But, since you have been staying with me this time, I see something in you which my intimate knowledge of your character fails to explain. We have been friends since we were together at school—and, in those old days, we never had any secrets from each other. You are feeling some anxiety, or brooding over some sorrow, of which I know nothing. I don't ask for your confidence; I only tell you what I have noticed—and I say with all my heart, Stella, I am sorry for you.'

She rose, and with intuitive delicacy, changed the subject. 'I am going out earlier than usual this morning,' she resumed.' 'Is there anything I can do for you?' She laid her hand tenderly upon Stella's shoulder, waiting for the reply. Stella lifted the hand and kissed it with passionate fondness.

'Don't think me ungrateful,' she said; 'I am only ashamed.' Her head sank on her bosom; she burst into tears.

Lady Loring waited by her in silence. She well knew the girl's self-contained nature, always shrinking, except in moments of violent emotion, from the outward betrayal of its trials and its sufferings to others. The true depth of feeling which is marked by this inbred modesty is most frequently found in men. The few women who possess it are without the communicative consolations of the feminine heart. They are the noblest—and but too often the unhappiest of their sex.

'Will you wait a little before you go out?' Stella asked softly. She had conquered her tears, but her head still drooped while she spoke.

Lady Loring silently returned to the chair that she had left—hesitated for a moment—and then drew it nearer

to Stella. 'Shall I sit by you?' she said.

'Close by me. You spoke of our school days just now, Adelaide. There was some difference between us. Of all the girls, I was the youngest—and you were the eldest, or nearly the eldest, I think?'

'Quite the eldest, my dear. There is a difference of ten years between us. But why do you go back to that?'

'It's only a recollection. My father was alive then. I was at first home-sick and frightened in the strange place, among the big girls. You used to let me hide my face on your shoulder, and tell me stories. May I hide in my old way, and tell *my* story?'

She was now the calmest of the two. The elder woman turned a little pale, and looked down in silent anxiety at the darkly beautiful head that rested on her shoulder.

'After such an experience as mine has been,' said Stella, 'would you think it possible that I could ever again feel my heart troubled by a man—and that man a stranger?'

'My dear! I think it quite possible. You are only now in your twenty-third year. You were innocent of all blame, at that wretched bygone time which you ought never to speak of again. Love and be happy, Stella—if you can only find the man who is worthy of you. But you frighten me when you speak of a stranger. Where did you meet with him?'

'On my way back from Paris.'

'Travelling in the same carriage with you?'

'No—it was in crossing the Channel. There were few travellers in the steamboat, or I might never have noticed him.'

'Did he speak to you?'

'He never even looked at me.'

'That dosn't say much for his taste, Stella.'

'You don't understand—I mean, I have not explained myself properly. He was leaning on the arm of a friend; weak and worn, and wasted, as I supposed, by some long and dreadful illness. There was an angelic sweetness in his face—such patience! such resignation! For Heaven's sake keep my secret. One hears of men falling in love with women at first sight. But a woman who looks at a man, and feels—oh, it's shameful! I could hardly take my eyes off him. If he had looked at me in return, I don't know what I should have done—I burn when I think of it. He was absorbed in his suffering and his sorrow. My last look at his beautiful face was on the pier, before they took me away. The perfect image of him has been in my heart ever since. In my dreams, I see him as plainly as I see you now. Don't despise me, Adelaide!'

'My dear, you interest me indescribably. Do you suppose he was in our rank of life? I mean, of course, did he look like a gentleman?'

There could be no doubt of it.'

'Do try to describe him, Stella. Was he tall and well dressed?'

'Neither tall nor short—rather thin—quiet and graceful in all his movements—dressed plainly and in perfect taste. How can I describe him! When his friend brought him on board, he stood at the side of the vessel, looking out thoughtfully towards the sea. Such eyes I never saw before, Adelaide, in any human face—so divinely tender and sad—and the colour of them that dark, violet blue, so uncommon and so beautiful—too beautiful for a man. I may say the same of his hair. I saw it completely. For a minute or two, he removed his hat—his head was fevered, I think—and he let the sea breeze blow over it. The pure light-brown of his hair was just warmed by a lovely reddish tinge. His beard was of the same colour; short and curling, like the beards of the Roman heroes one sees in pictures. I shall never see him again—and it is best for me that I shall not. What can I hope from a man who never once noticed me? But I *should* like to hear that he had recovered his health and

his tranquillity, and that his life was a happy one. It has been a comfort to me Adelaide to open my heart to you. I am getting bold enough to confess everything. Would you laugh at me, I wonder, if I——'

She stopped. Her pale complexion softly glowed into colour; her grand dark eyes brightened—she looked her loveliest at that moment.

'I am far more inclined, Stella, to cry over you than to laugh at you,' said Lady Loring. 'There is something to my mind, very sad about this adventure of yours. I wish I could find out who the man is. Even the best description of a person falls so short of the reality!'

'I thought of showing you something,' Stella continued, 'which might help you to see him as I saw him. It's only making one more acknowledgment of my own folly.'

'You don't mean a portrait of him!' Lady Loring exclaimed.

'The best that I could do from recollection,' Stella answered, sadly.

'Bring it here directly!'

Stella left the room, and returned with a little drawing in pencil. The instant Lady Loring looked at it, she recognised Romayne, and started excitedly to her feet.

'You know him!' cried Stella.

Lady Loring had placed herself in an awkward position. Her husband had described to her his interview with Major Hynd; and had mentioned his project for bringing Romayne and Stella together, after first exacting a promise of the strictest secresy from his wife. She felt herself bound—doubly bound, after what she had now discovered—to respect the confidence placed in her; and this at the time when she had betrayed herself to Stella! With a woman's feline fineness of perception, in all cases of subterfuge and concealment, she picked a part of truth out of the whole, and answered harmlessly without a moment's hesitation.

'I have certainly seen him,' she said—'probably at some party. But I see so many people, and I go to so many places, that I must ask for time to consult my memory. My husband might help me, if you don't object to my asking him,' she added slily.

Stella snatched the drawing away from her, in terror. 'You don't mean that you will tell Lord Loring?' she said.

'My dear child! how can you be so foolish? Can't I show him the drawing without mentioning who it was done by? His memory is a much better one than mine. If I say to him, "Where did we meet that man?"—he may tell me at once—he may even remember the name. Of course, if you like to be kept in suspense, you have only to say so. It rests with you to decide.'

Poor Stella gave way directly. She returned the drawing, and affectionately kissed her artful friend. Having now secured the means of consulting her husband without exciting suspicion, Lady Loring left the room.

At that time in the morning, Lord Loring was generally to be found either in the library or the picture gallery. His wife tried the library first.

On entering the room, she found but one person in it—not the person of whom she was in search. There, buttoned up in his long frock coat, and surrounded by books of all sorts and sizes, sat the plump, elderly priest who had been the especial object of Major Hynd's aversion.

'I beg your pardon, Father Benwell,' said Lady Loring; 'I hope I don't interrupt your studies?'

Father Benwell rose and bowed, with a pleasant paternal smile. 'I am only trying to organise an improved arrangement of the library,' he said simply. 'Books are companionable creatures—members, as it were, of his family, to a lonely old priest like myself. Can I be of any service to your ladyship?'

'Thank you, Father. If you can

kindly tell me where Lord Loring is——'

'To be sure! His lordship was here five minutes since—he is now in the picture gallery. Pray permit me?'

With a remarkably light and easy step for a man of his age and size, he advanced to the further end of the library, and opened the door which led into the gallery.

''Lord Loring is among the pictures,' he announced. 'And alone.' He laid a certain emphasis on the last word, which might or might not (in the case of a spiritual director of the household) invite a word of explanation.

Lady Loring merely said, 'Just what I wanted; thank you once more, Father Benwell'—and passed into the picture gallery.

Left by himself again in the library, the priest walked slowly to and fro, thinking. His latent power and resolution began to show themselves darkly in his face. A skilled observer would now have seen plainly revealed in him the habit of command, and the capacity for insisting on his right to be obeyed. From head to foot, Father Benwell was one of those valuable soldiers of the Church who acknowledge no defeat, and who improve every victory.

After a while, he returned to the table at which he had been writing when Lady Loring entered the room. An unfinished letter lay open on the desk. He took up his pen and completed it in these words: 'I have therefore decided on trusting this serious matter in the hands of Arthur Penrose. I know he is young—but we have to set against the drawback of his youth, the counter-merits of his incorruptible honesty and his true religious zeal. No better man is just now within my reach—and there is no time to lose. Romayne has recently inherited a large increase of fortune. He will be the object of the basest conspiracies—conspiracies of men to win his money, and (worse still) of women to marry him. Even these contemptible efforts may be obstacles in the way of our righteous purpose, unless we are first in the field. Penrose left Oxford last week. I expect him here this morning, by my invitation. When I have given him the necessary instructions, and have found the means of favourably introducing him to Romayne, I shall have the honour of forwarding a statement of our prospects so far.'

Having signed these lines, he addressed the letter to 'The Reverend the Secretary, Society of Jesus, Rome.' As he closed and sealed the envelope, a servant opened the door communicating with the hall, and announced: 'Mr. Arthur Penrose.'

(*To be continued.*)

WORLDLY PLACE.

EVEN in a palace, *life may be led well!*
So spoke the Imperial sage, purest of men,
Marcus Aurelius. But the stifling den
Of common life, where, crowded up pell-mell,
Our freedom for a little bread we sell,
And drudge under some foolish master's ken,
Who rates us if we peer outside our pen—
Matched with a palace, is not this a hell?
Even in a palace! On his truth sincere
Who spake these words, no shadow ever came;
And when my ill-schooled spirit is aflame
Some nobler, ampler stage of life to win,
I'll stop and say: 'There were no succour here!
The aids to nobler life are all within.'

—MATTHEW ARNOLD.

MORALITY WITHOUT THEOLOGY.

BY WM. D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE Rev. Dr. Stevenson, in the kindly reply he has made to my article in the June number of this magazine, on the relations between Morality and Religion, has brought the discussion to a critical point, and thus enables me to say, in comparatively few words, all that the interest of my argument requires. The only thing that troubles me is this: Dr. Stevenson has conceded so much that I am compelled to believe he is prepared to concede more; and, until we know for certain the limit to which he is willing to go, it is impossible to say how far his views and mine really differ. In answer to my demand for something like a definition of the sense in which he understands Christianity, when he speaks of it as something with which the moral life of humanity cannot dispense, he tells us that he means 'as much of Christianity as is common to Mr. Channing, for example, and the Pope.' Well, then, as what is 'common to Dr Channing and the Pope,' can only be what Channing himself held of Christian doctrine, we find Dr. Stevenson adopting, as his line of defence in this discussion, simply the Unitarianism of a generation ago. Let it not be supposed that I am here using an argument *ad invidiam*. Far from it. Dr. Stevenson, no doubt, comes many degrees nearer the Pope in his personal belief than Channing did; but the position is, this, that the excess of his belief over what the eminent Unitarian held does not enter into his conception of essential Christianity, or at least of that Christianity which is required as a supplement to natural morality.

This, as far as it goes, is very satisfactory. It helps me at once to a partial answer to the question my opponent puts when he asks what are the elements in religion which I think might be removed without loss to morality. I answer (provisionally), *all that Channing left out of his scheme of doctrine.* Morality, therefore, does not at all depend for its support upon the doctrine of the Trinity, or upon that of the Atonement. But it is my turn to ask a question here. Why was the line drawn at Channing? Was it because he was a believer in miracles, and professed his readiness to accept anything that could be clearly proven from Scripture? If so, then Dr. Martineau falls below the line, and must be considered as cut off from the full moral life that it was Channing's privilege to enjoy. I have serious doubts, however, as to whether Dr. Stevenson is prepared to draw any line that would consign Dr. Martineau or the leading representative Unitarians of to-day to a position of moral inferiority. With Dr. Martineau's writings and character, Dr. Stevenson is, no doubt, more or less acquainted; but if he also knows the writings of such men as the Rev. M. J. Savage, of Boston, the Rev. J. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, and others whom I could name, he must be aware that it would be a perilous thing to say that the morality which these men—far in advance as they are of Channing, doctrinally—preach and exemplify is of a lower order than that to which Channing himself attained. If, however, I am in error, and the line was drawn at Channing on the specific ground of his

unreserved acceptance of Biblical miracles and doctrines, then I am quite prepared to avow my conviction that the highest moral life is compatible with a disbelief in miracle and the freest handling of Scripture in subordination to reason. I must here express my surprise that my opponent should deny the legitimacy of my demand for some clear definition of the sense in which he used the terms Christianity and religion. He says that 'Christianity has not been so long in the world without men knowing its main outlines.' Yet, he knows perfectly, that after Christianity had been for centuries in the world, men slaughtered one another by thousands over questions of doctrine; and that a simple profession of what *he* would, perhaps, be disposed to call its main outlines would, in many ages, have consigned the person making it to the rack, or the stake. What to day are 'the main outlines of Christianity' to the Roman Catholic? And outside the Roman Catholic Church, who pretends to have any authority to say what the main outlines are? The most fundamental doctrines of a system are not generally those in which its especial virtue resides, for these it may share with other systems. Take for example the existence and personality of God. This is a doctrine of Christianity; but so it is also of Mohammedanism and Judaism. Take the doctrine of an incarnation: Brahminism and Buddhism both possess this element in full development. It is surely legitimate to ask wherein lies the essential virtue of Christianity as compared with these systems; and, when Christianity is put forward as the indispensable supplement to natural morality, it is equally legitimate to ask at what point, in what way, by virtue of what inherent and peculiar property, it accomplishes the results attributed to it. Dr. Stevenson was, of course, not conscious of the evasion really involved in referring me, in answer to my request for a definition, to the vague and shifting conceptions that float through society at large. To some the essence of Christianity resides in its doctrines, and they would rather be guilty of a crime than err in the faith; others find it in certain emotions awakened in them by the practices of religion; others again make it a matter of life and work. The latter was the view taken in a reported sermon that lately fell under my notice. To go to the average man for a definition of Christianity would be about as hopeful as to go to the first passer-by for an exposition of the philosophy of Kant. When a special function is assigned to anything, the thing itself should be susceptible of being specialised. In the present case a very special function is assigned to Christianity; and it is not only fair, it is the most natural, and, indeed, inevitable thing imaginable, that a demand should be made for such a definition as shall do away with all doubt as to what is considered the essential thing in it that works the alleged result. I go further: I say that those who make the claim should be forward, of their own accord, to remove all doubt on the subject, instead of accusing enquirers of 'trailing a red herring across the scent.' Such a definition G. A. M. was prepared to give. He *did* state that what the world required to save it from corruption was 'the apostolic doctrine of the cross;' and I am quite sure he would not have accused me of trailing a red herring across the scent, if I had asked him to explain a little more fully what he meant by the words he had used. Dr. Newman again, instead of shrinking from definitions, is everywhere labouring to define what he means by Christianity, when he places it in opposition to other systems, or to what is natural in man. And so with everyone who has a clear grasp of Christian doctrines; but *not* so with those who are uncertain as to the doctrinal ground on which they stand. Far be it from me to reproach the Rev. Dr. Stevenson with not being a more

rigid doctrinarian than he is; but, at the same time, if his repugnance to definitions arises, in any degree, from doctrinal vagueness it is, to use his own figure, very like drawing a red herring across the scent, to pretend that the demand for definitions is itself unreasonable.

I am told that it is I who require to be definite. Well, I have endeavoured to be so, and I do not think it has been shown that I have failed in this respect. The fallacy that is involved in this attempt to turn the tables on me is one, however, that can be very easily exposed. My position briefly stated is this:—that morality does not depend for its direction or support upon any supernatural revelation or influence. This position does not require me to discard, or to treat as of little account, any personal influence that may ever have been exerted in the world; and all that can be received as historically true in regard to the great leaders of humanity in the past forms, from my point of view, part of the realized treasure of natural morality. If I am asked whether I consider it a matter of great moment that Jesus of Nazareth should have lived the life he did, and uttered the words he did, I say Yes, I look upon it as an historical incident of the highest importance. So was the appearance in another sphere of Mahomet, and in another of Gautama. So, in the intellectual region, must we account the activity of an Aristotle and a Shakespeare. But what the believers in Evolution maintain is, that these historical incidents, striking as they are, and even seemingly out of relation to contemporary facts, were yet the product of antecedent causes, and exerted their influence by virtue of a certain previous work of preparation in society. It does not rest with the upholders of this view to show that certain events were *not* of a supernatural character; it behoves those who believe them to have had that character, to prove it. It rests with those who recognise a natural and a supernatural, and who earnestly proclaim the weakness and insufficiency of the natural, apart from the supernatural, to show us where the one begins and the other ends. The advocate of a naturalistic morality is as definite as he can be expected to be when he takes up his position clearly. If you would attack his position you must show that certain things which he has embraced as natural are supernatural, and that what is merely natural is not sufficient for a perfect morality. The definiteness is thus required from those who make distinctions, and who discourse confidently as to the relations of the things they distinguish. When therefore, the Rev. Dr. Stevenson says that 'the definiteness needed is of another sort, and it is due from Mr. Le Sueur, if it come at all,' he is not doing justice to his own perspicacity.

I am asked if 'reverence for an ideal of perfection' can be laid aside without loss, I answer No; but that natural morality makes ample provision for such reverence, and that history is full of examples of it quite unconnected with any theological belief. When Longinus says that the man of letters should write as in the presence and under the eye of the great masters of style, and should constantly ask himself what Plato or Demosthenes would say to this or that, he illustrates reverence for an ideal of literary perfection. The lion of Chæronea and all the monuments reared by national gratitude to the memory of departed heroes, bespeak a feeling nearly akin to reverence, for the noble in action. Nothing indeed is more conspicuous on the face of history, than the fact that great deeds inspire emulation and homage; and if so, how can it be supposed that a naturalistic morality should be embarrassed in presence of 'reverence for an ideal of perfection,' which is simply a more refined and abstract form of one of the most widespread of human sentiments—admiration of what is good.

As to the theistic belief which, according to Dr. Stevenson, lies at the foundation of the sense of duty, I must frankly state that I look upon that itself as one of the products of the human mind, and not as something imposed upon it from without, or communicated (as some would affirm) by special revelation. Important therefore, as its reactions may be upon morality, I cannot look upon it as controlling moral evolution, nor can I at all share the view that the sense of duty derives from it all its vital power. Dr. Stevenson asks: 'Why ought I to do what is beneficial to myself and others?' and he answers that he feels a whispered 'thou shalt' in the very centre of his soul. If the agnostic philosophy prevail, however, a sense of interest alone, he considers, will prompt any kindness or truthfulness that men may subsequently display. Here I cannot refrain from a quotation from one who is probably classed as an agnostic, Matthew Arnold :—

> 'Nay, look closer into man !
> Tell me, can you find indeed,
> Nothing sure, no moral plan,
> Clear prescribed, without your creed !'

A closer view would, I am persuaded, convince Dr. Stevenson that the sentiments of charity and brotherhood which now obtain among men are much more deeply rooted than he takes them to be. I am not arguing now, nor do I feel disposed to argue at any time, against theism as a form of belief; but what I seem to see clearly is this, that if, apart from a belief in God, men can only be swayed by self-interest, the belief in God furnishes no escape from the domination of that motive. Let us suppose, for a moment, that we are dealing with a man who, having never heard of God, avows that he is only governed by self-interest in his relations with other men. You then persuade him that there *is* a God; and you unfold to him, as well as you can, the character of the Being in whom you personally believe. What then? The man has never been moved to any unselfish emotion by the spectacle of human unselfishness, and it is not in the least likely that your words, however fitly spoken, will awake any such emotion in him now. He has never yet loved his brother whom he *has* seen, and how is he going to love a Being whom he only knows by hearsay, and whose attributes far transcend his comprehension? He will govern himself in relation to this newly-discovered Being precisely as he has done in relation to his fellows. He will ask: 'What can He do to me, or for me?' He will assuredly neither fear Him nor serve Him for naught. It is needless, however, even to resort to this supposition; for if Dr. Stevenson will press the question, why should a man do right to his neighbour, we may carry it on by asking, why should a man obey God? The latter question has generally been answered by theologians in terms of pure self-interest, and is so answered to-day in the consciousness of the vast mass of Christendom. The answer is, because God has heaven to offer as a reward, and hell to threaten as a punishment. If this answer is repugnant (as it is) to the finer sensibilities of some, the fact is due, as I firmly believe, to the progressive purification of human relations. Men and women who can be disinterested toward one another are ashamed not to be so towards the supreme object of their worship. Dr. Stevenson, however, in an unwary moment, concedes the whole point at issue, when he says that 'the acknowledgment and acceptance of duty as an appointment springing out of the character of God, and enforced by His will is (here I italicise) *as plain a matter of moral right as reverence to parents or honesty toward other men.*' Men swear by the greater and illustrate by the more evident; and I rejoice to find that the duty of obeying God's will is here compared with the more instinctively-understood duty of reverence to parents and honesty to our fellow-men.

My opponent has devoted considerable space to the discussion of special points in my June article; and in regard to most of these I must leave my readers to draw their own conclusions from what has already appeared. In regard to one or two, however, it seems proper that I should offer brief explanations. I am charged with having almost 'formally contradicted' myself in the following words: 'I should be the last to deny that the thought of God is with many a powerful influence, that in some it dominates the whole moral life; but what I contend is that the development of morality follows its own course, and that whatever is healthful in any morality that is strongly tinged by theology is 'of natural and human origin.' I can easily believe that a person not accustomed to the point of view from which these words were written might find them somewhat obscure; but once seize the right stand-point, and the obscurity vanishes. Assume, for a moment at least, that there are laws of moral evolution, and that the course of that evolution is, in general, as traced by Mr. Spencer in his latest work; it is still possible to conceive that the thought of God taking possession of an individual mind profoundly affects its moral sentiments, adding to the intensity of some and possibly diminishing that of others. The thought of God, for example, may add to the solemnity of a formal oath, and *pro tanto* diminish the sense of responsibility in regard to simple affirmations. Many shrewd persons argue for the retention of judicial oath-taking, on the express ground that multitudes of men who would lie freely, if unsworn, are more or less compelled to tell the truth when sworn. The thought of God leads them to wish to interpose a thumb between their lips and the Bible, but establishes no general obligation to tell the truth. On the contrary, it may be said to rob that obligation of much of the natural force it would have were it not for the special solemnity attaching to the formal oath. The thought of God urges some men on to the most painful of ascetic observances, and, on the other hand, disinclines them to take any interest in schemes for the removal of social abuses, or for any amelioration of the material conditions of human life. Let Dr. Newman again be my witness. 'Many pursuits,' he says, 'in themselves right and honest, are, nevertheless, to be engaged in with caution, lest they seduce us; and *those perhaps with especial caution* (italics mine) *which tend to the well-being of men in this life.* The sciences, for instance, of good government, of acquiring wealth, of preventing and relieving want, and the like, are especially dangerous; for fixing, as they do, our exertions on this world as an end, they go far to persuade us that they have no other end.'* According to this teaching the moral risks that our greatest social reformers run are simply immense. It was once said, 'How hardly shall they that have riches enter into the kingdom of Heaven,' but Cardinal Newman, to whose mind the thought of God is ever present, supplies us with a far harder saying still, 'How hardly shall the toiling benefactors of humanity enter into the kingdom of Heaven!'

It will help to dissipate the obscurity of my language in the sentence above quoted to remember that the Bible itself lays down the principle that men frame gods after their own image; and Col. Ingersoll but follows this thought to a legitimate conclusion when he sententiously reverses the statement that 'an honest man's the noblest work of God.' Let a man be pure in heart, and his God will be a pure God; let him be impure, and what does the Psalmist, speaking in the name of the Divine Being, say to him? 'Thou thoughtest that I was altogether such an one as thyself.'†

* Parochial and Plain Sermons, Vol. vii., page 30. † Psalm l., v. 21.

Here is the whole case in a nutshell. Moral evolution follows its own course; the thought of God (first, however, of *Gods*) emerges and exerts a varying influence, at times profoundly colouring men's lives, but in no way destroying the ultimate dependence of morality upon the general conditions of human life. The 'thought of God' being the thought of the particular God that the moral condition of the individual enables him to conceive, it does not thwart moral evolution, but simply supplies to the individual a synthesis for his scattered, and often not too concordant, perceptions of right and wrong. This is the resolution of that tangle of words which my critic could only compare with 'the darkest sayings of the most metaphysical divines'—a terrible image of darkness indeed.

Dr. Stevenson makes a safe statement when he says that 'exegesis of the sacred text' is not my 'forte,' but, though I readily admit the conclusion, I am not prepared to grant the sufficiency of the evidence by which, in this case, it is supported. Let Dr. Stevenson 'quote my folly' if he will, but let him quote it on good grounds. The doctrine of the 'eternal burning' of the wicked, and the companion doctrine that the wicked were the great majority of mankind, the thronging multitudes upon the broad road leading to destruction, have held their place too long in Christian belief to be brushed aside with a word. The ages when these doctrines were unquestioned *were* the ages when the Bible was believed in without reserve, without *arrière pensée* of any kind. The age when these doctrines are becoming a burden intolerable to be borne, is one in which the question of the inspiration of the Bible gives rise to innumerable difficulties in the minds of all intelligent men who still incline to hold the doctrine in a general way. To this extent, what I said upon the point in question is justified by the most palpable and obvious facts; and Dr. Stevenson, I respectfully submit, must deal more seriously than he has yet done with the subject if he wishes to invalidate my position. In declining to follow *Fidelis* into certain rather refined argumentations, I may have expressed myself hastily, but I leave my vindication to those who took the trouble to observe how far what *Fidelis* urged was from touching the point at issue, and how purely evasive the question he sought to raise appeared.

Exception is taken to the words 'prejudice and passion,' which I used in connection with the article of *Fidelis.* I may, of course, have been mistaken in my estimate of certain features in the article in question, and if so, I sincerely regret having employed the language complained of. But it is hard, I submit, not to suspect the existence of one or other, or both of the mental affections referred to in a case like the following (not mentioned in my article in the June number). In replying last January to G. A. M., I wrote as follows: 'If we say that Christianity--not perhaps as interpreted by G. A. M. in the present year of grace, but as interpreted by the average consciousness of mankind in different ages—has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution, we shall hardly encounter contradiction.' The parenthesis it will be observed, is here of the greatest importance to the sense of the sentence; yet *Fidelis* ignoring it entirely, writes: 'We are told that Christianity "has been pre-eminently the parent of persecution."' Qualified, as I qualified it, my statement expresses the barest historical truth; but strip away the qualification, as *Fidelis* has done, and there is room for the objection he proceeds to raise. I grant the possibility that neither prejudice nor passion was at work here; but I hold that it is most unsatisfactory to be quoted in such a fashion from whatever motive, or under whatever circumstances.

The only other point that seems to demand notice, is where I am accused

of 'attempting to narrow and even to confuse the question, ' by stating it in a particular way. Dr. Stevenson says that a previous writer (to whom I did not think it necessary to reply, the discussion being already in able hands on the side which he represented, and two opponents at once being enough for a person of ordinary pugnacity), 'has spoken effectively if a little severely on this point.' What struck me in reading the article in question, was that the writer had shown very scant respect to a contributor to this Magazine, the tone and style of whose paper certainly entitled him, apart from everything else, to all possible consideration. I refer, of course, to G.A.M., who handed me the question in the precise form in which I am ridiculed for having taken it up. If I rightly understand Mr. Inglis, the doctrine that 'the apostolic doctrine of the Cross' is necessary to the moral life of the world is too absurd for discussion, or, at least, is not worth discussing; and Dr. Stevenson apparently agrees with him. I make bold, however, to say that G. A. M's affirmation, or something equivalent to it, marks the true line of separation between the naturalistic and the supernaturalistic theories of moral life and development; and that Dr. Stevenson, if he wishes to argue on any distinctively Christian grounds, will have to advance from the standpoint of Channing to that of G. A. M.

Here, therefore, I close the discussion upon my side; for although I should be glad to hear from Dr. Stevenson again, and trust that he will try to set one or two points in a clearer light, and especially tell us his reasons for making essential Christianity type itself in Channing, I do not think that any further statement of my side of the question is necessary. My first article on the subject was published in January last; and I could scarcely excuse myself to the readers of the MONTHLY, were I to open another year with a further instalment of polemic. Dr. Stevenson's kind wishes, as expressed in the concluding paragraph of his article, meet upon my part with the most cordial response; and, though my thoughts are not occupied with that future life of which he speaks, I can hope and trust that we may both come to understand and realize the true significance of *this* life, and enjoy the great peace which, as I believe and almost know, comes of a loyal acceptance of the conditions of our existence here.

FAITHFULNESS.

BY ESPERANCE.

TAKE them away! both the veil and the chaplet,
And all the gay fin'ry intended for me,
Tell me, in mercy, I shall not be married!
Tell me, O tell me, I still shall be free!
Free to remember a dear one departed,
Free to be only the bride of the dead—

O what a mock'ry a chaplet of roses,
And drap'ry of lace on this poor aching head!
Every fond thought of the brain they would cover
Centres, alone, in that grave in the sea—
Clings to the mem'ry of him whom I worshipped,
He who was nearest and dearest to me!
Well they may robe me in satins and velvets!
Cover the heart that is throbbing with pain!
Well they may tell me my waiting is useless!
Tell me I never shall see him again!
Never till severed the thread of existence,
Never till life and its sorrows are o'er,
Till in the joy of an endless reunion
Stand we at last on the Heavenly shore!
Yes, they have told me my darling has perished,
Told me his vessel was wrecked on the sea!
Mother, I tell you they all are mistaken,
For in my visions he cometh to me,
Not as a spirit—but just as he left me,
Just as I saw him long years ago;
Blue are his eyes as the day that he wooed me,
Brown are his curls o'er the forehead below.
Light is his step as the deer's on the mountain,
Merry his smile as the sunshine of day,—
Mother, 'tis thus he appears in my dreamings,
God has *not* taken my lover away!
O when he whispers in tones I have listened,
Holding my hand in his own all the while,
O when I hark to his words of affection,
Finding my joy in the light of his smile,
How, do you think, can I dream of another
Taking the place which was given to him?
Claiming the love which is *his*—and which never
Waiting and watching are able to dim!
If I should give, to the one you have chosen,
That which you bid me—the gift of my hand,
What were it worth when my heart is another's?
Mother, I dare not obey your command!
He you have chosen is noble and faithful,
Richly deserving the whole of my heart,
Then were it sin to be wedded unto him
When I can give him not even a part!
No! take the fin'ry in which you have robed me!
Here are the flowers from my poor aching head—
Now I am free when he comes back to claim me,
Or I am ever the bride of the dead.

YORKVILLE.

WAVES OF LEGAL HISTORY.

BY K. N. McFEE, B.A., MONTREAL.

I.

HISTORY is the record of the great movements, changes and achievements of the past, traced out by the light of modern progress for the instruction and guidance of the present and future. The course of history is not a steady onward progress over a beaten road, but is rather the wayward track of a wave over the ocean of life, now rising aloft on the topmost crest of advanced thought and enlightenment, and anon sinking low in the trough of ignorance and gross superstition. At one time we see mankind reaching the pinnacle of civilization and refinement under the enlightened sway of an Augustus Cæsar, at another time we see it grovelling in the depth of barbarism under the degenerating and materializing influences of the dark ages. But with this alternate rising and falling, there is withal substantial progress and the human race has advanced greatly and universally during the period of its existence upon the earth. As it is with history in general so it is in an especial manner with legal history. Here, too, the progress has not been uniformly onward, but has been marked by many a period of retrogression and many an era of stagnation. During the course of the world's history, so far as it has been handed down to us by tradition or by written record, we can distinguish times of great legal activity and periods marked by unwonted advances in legal thought. It is noteworthy, too, that these legal fermentations have not been of a merely local character, but that a widespread and universal improvement in laws and jurisprudence over the civilized world can be traced during special and well-defined periods. The earliest system of laws of which we have any record was promulgated by Moses for the Jewish people, and is remarkable among early codes for the humane and enlightened spirit which pervades all its enactments. Though manifestly adapted for a primitive and pastoral people, in which it resembles the first legal endeavours of other nations, it is characterized by a wisdom and foresight to which these are strangers. Its provisions respecting slaves and debtors are noted for their leniency and thoughtfulness. We have no account of the state of legal thought among contemporary nations, but we know that many of the Jewish laws were drawn from Egyptian sources, and we have hints in the sacred record which give reason to infer that a law of nations was known at that early period, and that the institution of so thorough and perfect a system of law as the Mosaic code was not a solitery and isolated phenomenon, but that the legal movement, of which Moses was the great exponent, extended to surrounding nations as well. Thus we read that the Israelites before attempting to pass through the territory of the Amonites, sent ambassadors to Sihon the king, asking his permission to do so and promising to respect the rights of private property.* This request was preferred in almost similar terms to those which a King of France would employ in ask-

* Numbers xxi. 21.

ing permission of the King of Italy to pass through his dominions with an army of fighting men, and shows that some at least of the principles of international law were recognised at that time.

An interval of about eight hundred years elapses before any decided general system of law reform can be discerned, although isolated legislators, at various periods within that interval, effected important improvements in local laws. Thus Lycurgus completed the Spartan code shortly after Jehoshaphat established judges throughout Israel, but no general legal illumination occurred until the age of Solon, when a widespread and universal revival of the legal spirit became manifest among all civilized nations. Draco, the famous Athenian legislator, drew up his code of laws so noted for their severity about the year 624 B.C., and shortly afterwards Solon, reputed one of the seven wise men of Greece, remodelled the Athenian constitution and perfected its jurisprudence, materially improving upon the laws of Draco. At precisely the same period, Josiah, King of Judah, found the ancient book of the law of Moses. and re-established these laws throughout Israel. If, too, we give credence to the rationalistic commentators of the Bible, the Book of Deuteronomy was written at this epoch by the prophet Jeremiah, and contains a wonderfully complete and systematic code of Jewish law. To the same period also the promulgation of the Twelve Tables of Roman law has been referred, the tradition having been handed down to us of a visit of the Roman Decemvirs to Solon, the Athenian legislator. Although this visit may never have been made, or only made a century later, the tradition is an indication of unwonted legal activity taking place in Rome at that time. The appearance of Cyrus, and the rise of the Empire of the Medes and Persians, whose laws were so fixed and unalterable that they have become synonymous with unchangeability, belong to the same period. Thus all the nations of any historical importance at that time seem to have participated in a general legal awakening, of the details of which, however, we have but slight record.

Passing over another eight hundred years of legal quiescence, we come to the age of Justinian, whose influence upon legal development has permeated all succeeding legal systems. During this interval the Roman law had been gradually, but imperceptibly, growing in breadth, comprehensiveness and liberality. The Twelve Tables which had satisfied every legal requirement in the infancy of the Roman people when the complications between man and man were few and primitive, were found insufficient to solve the more intricate questions springing out of an advanced civilization, and some amelioration of law had to be obtained. This legal development, or in the words of Sir Henry Maine, this adaptation of law to social wants and necessities, was carried on by three great agencies of legal reform which that distinguished jurist has profoundly and beautifully generalized from the history of legal progress, viz., Fiction, Equity and Legislation. But the growth of Roman law did not keep pace with the advancement of the Roman commonwealth in influence and military supremacy, and it was not until the Roman power, having reached its greatest height, was far on its decline that the Roman law attained its fullest maturity. The wealth of legal principles for which it is so famous was the product of the years of decadence of the Roman Empire when it was tottering to its fall. To Gaius and Papinian, to Paul and Ulpian, who lived in the second and third centuries of our era, we are indebted for the fulness and comprehensiveness which characterize the Roman law. They laid the foundation and built the walls of the noble edifice of Roman jurisprudence, so that all that

remained for Justinian was to lay the corner-stone and give completeness to the structure by cementing and consolidating the labours of his predecessors. This he did with the able assistance of Tribonian, who carried out the plans of his master with consummate wisdom and skill. The fame of Justinian, therefore, is not that of an originator of law, but rather of a systematiser and compiler. He gathered together and put into permanent form the scattered fragments of previous commentators and legislators, and published them in three well-known works, the Institutes, Digest and Code. These have been handed down to us in complete form, and have entered largely into modern legal systems. This legal effort of Justinian was the dying gasp of Roman culture. As the setting sun illumines the sky with the greatest richness and brilliancy, so the extension of Roman power is marked by a splendid halo of legal glory. It seems as if the light of legal progress, which had been burning with steady brilliancy for a couple of centuries, shone now with unwonted splendour just before its final extinction. The illumination of Justinian is succeeded by an almost total darkness. In the chaos and confusion which attended the dismemberment of the Roman Empire, all regard for law is cast aside, and no trace of legal spirit or legal advancement is discernible. The irruption of hordes of lawless barbarians, and the supremacy which they attained over civilized nations, extinguished everywhere all legal culture, and reduced Europe to a state of primitive barbarism. The dark ages followed, wholly devoid of mental culture of any kind, and *a fortiori* of legal culture. For eight centuries, the whole of Europe was sunk in the grossest ignorance and superstition.

At times a faint beam of enlightenment glimmers amid the surrounding darkness, as in the days of the Venerable Bede, and the patriotic Alfred, but these are wholly exceptional instances, and do not betoken any universal amelioration of the prevailing barbarism. During this period the feudal system grew into a gigantic power, embracing in its iron grasp the Aryan nations of Europe. The despotism and aggressiveness of the feudal barons became at length intolerable, and the commercial and artizan classes united with the sovereigns to curb their unruly spirits. Many anecdotes are told by the ancient chroniclers to illustrate the untamed spirits of the barons. One of the best of them is, that which gives the pun made by Edward I. upon one of his lords named Bigod. Edward had asked his barons to accompany him on an invading expedition to Gascony, this they declined to do, alleging that their feudal oath only obliged them to fight at home. Baron Bigod was spokesman, and gave their answer to the king. 'By God (Bigod) you shall go or hang' said the king in a rage. 'I, by God (Bigod) will neither go nor hang' replied the baron. And go he did not. Again, when the same Edward appointed a Commissioner to enquire by what title his barons held their lands, the Earl of Warrenne throwing his sword haughtily upon the table in front of the Commissioner said, 'There is my title, by the sword my ancestors, fighting at the side of William the Norman, won their lands, and by the same title, I, their descendant, intend to preserve mine.' Such was the *animus* of the barons during this feudal period, and many of them were strong enough to defy their kings with impunity, paying them merely nominal homage. But the feudal system was too rigid to withstand the encroachments of advancing civilization, and had to succumb to the attacks of the wise legislators of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. This was the period of the legal renaissance as the sixteenth century was of the religious and philosophical renaissance. In every

country in Europe there arose at this time men of superior legal talent, who devoted their energies to reducing order and system out of the crude and anomalous collections of laws everywhere prevailing. This is the age which produced Alphonso the Wise, of Castile, Saint Louis of France, Frederick of Sicily, and our own Edward I. kings imbued with a fine legal spirit, of great administrative ability, possessing wonderful power of organization and thoroughly in earnest in carrying out liberal measures of reform. They had rough and unyielding material to work upon, and some of the means which they employed to carry out their plans might not commend themselves to the refined tastes of the nineteenth century; but more lenient measures would not have been effective. At any rate the monuments of jurisprudence which have come down to us from that period, attest the wisdom and enlightened spirit of these ancient lawgivers. The celebrated Spanish code, Las Portidas, the most comprehensive system of laws published since the time of Justinian was digested by Alphonso the Wise, King of Spain, whose fame in the sciences rivalled that of the Arabian. The good St. Louis of France was so meek that when some of his seditious subjects reproached him in the coarsest terms as unworthy to reign, and fit only for a cowl and a cloister, he replied calmly, and unaffectedly. 'It was all too true, and no one could be more sensible than himself, how unworthy he was of the station to which Providence had called him,' and yet he succeeded beyond any of his predecessors, in curbing the spirit of his barons, and in materially diminishing their power. This prince is also noted for his *Etablissements,* a compilation of the local customs, previously unwritten, in force in several of the French Provinces, viz.: Paris, Anjou and Orleans. From this monarch may be dated the growth of the French legal system, which reached its perfection in the Code Napoleon, and from which is derived the great body of the civil law of Lower Canada.

Frederick the Second of Germany and First of Sicily, is equally celebrated for his law reforms. He abolished private combats, effectually checked baronial usurpations, and appointed a Superior Court for both kingdoms. But his greatest work was the codification of the laws of his predecessors, which he promulgated under the name of *Constitutions*, published both in the Greek and Latin languages. The basis of this work was the Lombard law; but he also borrowed from the Roman civil law. He was assisted in these reforms by his Chancellor, Peter delle Vigne, a man of great learning and consummate ability, a worthy Tribonian for this Sicilian Justinian.

Such was the age in which Edward the First lived, and such were the enlightened contemporaries by whose influence he was surrounded, and among whom he shone with no inferior lustre. Edward was himself a man of acute legal mind, and possessed in a high degree the faculty of organization. 'His passionate love of law broke out even in the legal chicanery to which he sometimes stooped, but in the judicial reforms to which the first half of his reign was devoted we see the handiwork of our English Justinian.'

The character of Edward was formed under the supervision and training of one of the wisest and most patriotic statesmen that ever guided the helm of English affairs, Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. To De Montfort we owe the inception of our present representative system, and the settlement of the fundamental principles of our English Constitution, of which we are justly so proud. And to Edward, the pupil of Simon, who did honour to his teacher, we owe the consolidation of the constitutional principles introduced by Simon, and also the adoption of a great system of legal reform which has endured to the present day. The influence of the training of De Mont-

fort was abundantly manifest in the development of Edward's character during his life, in his military as well as in his legal and constitutional achievements. The veteran statesman himself noted this with pardonable pride, when on the eve of the battle of Evesham, he rode to a hill to reconnoitre the army of Edward, which was advancing to attack him. Seeing the orderly arrangement in which Edward had drawn up his forces, his experienced eye at once recognised the training of his own skill. 'By the arm of St. James,' he cried, 'they come on in wise fashion, but it was from me they learned it.'

Apart from the superior training which he enjoyed, Edward possessed great natural ability. Physically he was the beau ideal of a perfect man. 'Tall, broad of chest, and long of limb, he was capable alike of endurance and action;' a powerful swordsman, and trained athlete, he encountered, single handed, a famous freebooter after the battle of Evesham, and forced him to sue for mercy. He was brave without being reckless, and courageous without being rash. 'Great in counsel, ingenious in contrivance, and rapid in execution, he had a passionate desire to be a model of the fashionable knighthood of his day.' But in disposition he was 'a typical representative of his race, wilful and imperious as his people, tenacious of his right, and indomitable in his pride,' qualities which were overlooked because of the sympathy and consideration he manifested for his soldiers and his people. This was shown especially during the Welsh campaign, when his whole army was almost destroyed and the survivors reduced to great distress. Some of his soldiers had managed to forage a cask of wine, and presented it to him, but he refused, saying he did not wish to feast when so many of his followers were starving.

The motto of Edward was 'keep troth,' and he was all his life a truth-loving and honourable king. It is true 'he sometimes kept the law in the letter rather than in the spirit, and strained legal rights beyond the line of equity,' but this was the effect of a mind prone to legal chicanery, and that delighted in adhering to strict forms of law. If we compare Edward with the kings that preceded him, and with those who came after, we cannot but admire the wisdom of his statesmanship and the enlightened and temperate use he made of his exalted position. 'He had, besides force and honesty, a clear perception of true policy and an intuitive knowledge of the needs of his people.' 'The improvements in the laws, the elaborate arrangement of rights and jurisdictions, and the definite organization of government which mark this reign were unquestionably promoted, if not originated, by the personal action of the king.'

II.

The legal fame of Edward and his claim to the title of 'English Justinian' rest, not upon any code or digest compiled by him, but upon the perfection and completeness to which *quasi per saltum* the law attained during his reign. He had to assist him in these reforms Chancellor Burwell and Francesco Accursi, the former a man of great and varied endowments, to whom we owe the Saxon tinge which our laws and constitution retain; the latter a man of profound erudition whom Edward brought from the Continent to aid him in bringing his laws into accordance with the spirit of the Roman law, of which Accursi was a well-known exponent. For new life had been infused into the study of Roman Law by the discovery, a short time before, of a complete copy of the works of Justinian in the Library of Amalfi, and a class of enthusiastic students and commentators had grown up on the Continent.

The Legal Reforms of Edward may

be treated under four heads, according as they related to—I. The Constitution. II. The Church. III. Private Rights. IV. The Administration of Justice.

The principal changes effected by Edward in the Constitution had reference to the composition and powers of the respective Houses of Parliament. Former kings had assembled in Parliament persons belonging to the various classes of their subjects, but none of them had ever formed a complete representation of the three estates of the realm, as at present constituted. The clergy, for instance, used to assemble in convocation apart from the laymen, to pass canonical regulations, and grant spiritual taxes; but they were for the first time summoned to Edward's model Parliament of 1295, as representative of the one spiritual estate of the realm. The bishops and higher dignitaries of the Church held seats *ex officio*, but the inferior clergy were represented by duly elected delegates. The clerical members, however, did not coalesce with the other constituents of Parliament; they obstinately persisted in voting and deliberating by themselves, so that, after a couple of centuries, they ceased to be summoned, and have now no direct representation in either House. Those prelates who were wont to be called to previous parliaments stil! took their seats, not as clerical representatives, however, but as spiritual barons. It is these who are now the sole standard-bearers of clerical interests in Parliament, in which they are still possessed of some influence, having lately defeated the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. In our Canadian constitution, however, the clergy are not assigned any representatives, and their influence in public affairs is altogether indirect.

The baronage, too, was brought under Edward's remodelling influence. The tenure of land, which had, from time immemorial, entitled the proprietors to a seat in the Great Council, was now considered insufficient, and the hereditary reception of the king's writ became an essential qualification for the king's councillors, and the true mark of nobility in the peerage.

The lesser barons, who were not summoned as peers, were compensated for the loss of their seats with the Lords by a representation in the Commons. The knights of the shire were elected by the full county court in which the lesser barons had a predominating influence. The rights of the commercial classes to a voice in the deliberations of the Great Council of the nation were recognised by the summons to the principal towns to send two representatives each to Parliament. Similarly, the importance and influence of the cities obtained recognition by having two seats allotted to each. The Commons in Edward's model Parliament of 1295 thus comprised two knights from each shire, to represent the landed gentry of England; two citizens from each city, to represent the commercial interests of the large trade centres, and two burghers from each borough, to represent the manufacturing and artizan classes of the towns. This is essentially the present constitution of the English Parliament, and to Edward the First must be ascribed the honour of giving the English people so thorough and complete a system of representation. It is worthy of note here, however, that Parliament was not divided into the two Houses of Lords and Commons, as at present, for nearly a century later. It then consisted of but one House, comprising three bodies, which deliberated and voted separately, and usually granted different amounts of taxes, the Lords giving sometimes an eighth, the Clergy a tenth, and the Commons a fifteenth.

Though Edward was fond of power, keenly sensitive of his rights and tenacious of his privileges, the powers of Parliament were enlarged during his

reign, and its functions strictly defined. He first recognised the exclusive right of the representatives of the people to grant taxes, and bound himself 'from henceforth for no occasion to take any manner of aids without the common assent of the realm.' He was also the first to conc de definitely to the Commons the right to participate in the legislation of the kingdom, and the Statute of '*quia emptores*,' passed in 1290, was probably the last case in which the assent of the Commons was taken for granted in legislation.

In his struggles with the Church, Edward showed a wisdom and foresight which stamp him as our greatest of kings. The clergy of the thirteenth century were large landowners, and their possessions were augmenting rapidly and steadily, not only by natural increase of wealth, but by the donations and bequests of the spiritual sons of the Church. Many tenants in-chief, too, desirous of escaping the laborious and irksome duties which they had to perform as vassals to secular lords, transferred their feudal allegiance to the religious corporations, which were less exacting of feudal obligations and did not require their tenants to perform military service for the king. As the military and financial strength of the kingdom was weakened by these transfers, the celebrated Statute *de Religiosis* or Mortmain was passed to stop this drain upon the royal resources. It enacted 'that no religious or other person should acquire or appropriate to himself any lands or tenements so as such land should come into Mortmain.' This statute is the foundation of our law of Mortmain, and had the effect of putting a check upon the giganticevil of allowing lands to be become locked up in the hands of religious associations.

The sovereigns of Europe were, about this time, at variance with the Pope; but the contest was carried on with political rather than with military weapons, acts and bulls taking the place of sword and spear. The kings always considered the ecclesiastical wealth a reserved store from which they could draw supplies at pleasure when they were in need. The clergy finding these drafts becoming too frequent remonstrated, but without effect. They then appealed to the Pope, who issued a bull, forbidding the clergy to pay taxes to support the temporal power. But the European sovereigns were too poor to forego so profitable a source of revenue, and they set the Pope and his bulls at defiance. Edward forced his clergy, almost at the point of the sword, to grant him aids in spite of the Papal prohibition. The bull having become a dead letter was repealed a few years afterwards.

About the year 1300, the throne of Scotland became vacant, and Edward put forward a claim to the Scottish crown. Pope Boniface VIII. ordered him not to molest the Scots until he had appeared at Rome and proved his claim to that kingdom. Our constitutional king replied that he could do nothing without the consent of his barons, and forthwith assembled a parliament, and laid the matter before them. The parliament, having given the question due consideration, passed a resolution affirming the absolute independence of England in temporal matters with respect to any foreign judge, or power whatsoever, and asserting their unalterable determination that the king should not answer before the Pope as to his rights to the Kingdom of Scotland. In such terms was the freedom of England of any foreign control positively and explicitly asserted, and the principle of temporal independence definitely established. This bold assertion of parliament was followed in 1307 by the still bolder step of prohibiting the payment of tallages by religious commmunities to their superiors in foreign lands, which had been a constant drain upon the resources of the country. By these measures, Edward instituted the system of anti-Roman legislation which has

characterized our country ever since, and which caused the principles of the Reformation to take such deep root on English soil.

While Edward was engaged in these contests with the Roman hierarchy, the domestic interests of this kingdom were not neglected, and he consummated most important changes in the body of the laws and in the administration of justice. The Statute of Westminster Second is a veritable code, embodying the principal statutes then in force, and introducing reforms in nearly every department of law. The first chapter entitled *De Donis Conditionalibus* contains most valuable legislation. It provided that property left to the issue of the donee could not be alienated by the donee, but must remain for the benefit of his children. This was the beginning of the giving of land in entail, by which the land of England has been accumulated in the hands of large proprietors. The Statute of Westminster First, also contains a vast amount of useful information. It prescribes *prison forte et dure* against notorious felons, who refuse to plead to the charges laid against them, which was a frequent practice, because conviction after plea involved forfeiture of rank and estates. The *prison forte et dure* was most cruel, the prisoner being loaded with irons and fed on water alone one day, and bread alone the next. Sometimes the prisoner was loaded with heavy weights to which practice Milton alludes in his 'Ode to the University Carrier,' and makes a pun upon the eagerness of the carrier to have well laden carts.

> 'That even to his latest breath (there be that say't)
> As he were pressed to death he cried more weight.'

Another statute was entitled *quia emptores* and affected the privileges of the barons, by prohibiting tenants from subletting their lands. This practice had become very popular and was producing a new class of squires, or intermediate barons, to whom the power and influence of the king and greater barons were gradually being transferred. This statute checked the process of sub-infeudation, as it was called, and obliged under tenants to hold lands directly from the superior lords, and not from his tenants.

The Statute of Winchester gives an interesting picture of the state of the country at that time. It orders the gates of the cities to be closed from sunset to sunrise, and the highways to be cleared of wood for a breadth of 200 feet. This was to lessen the danger from highwaymen along the wayside, and from robbers entering the towns at night. These active measures for the prevention of crime made England comparatively free from robberies, and a safe country to dwell in.

But wise laws would have been of little use, without proper organization for having them enforced. The itinerant judiciary, which had been established by Henry the Second, were performing their functions very irregularly, and gave rise to much dissatisfaction and complaint. Edward's first step was to order a general circuit of the towns and shires to be made for the trial of offences committed during the past twenty-five years. This, however, was only a temporary measure, and was followed in a few years by the institution of a reformed system of judicial administration. Two sworn justices were appointed, before whom, together with one or two of the discreetest knights of the shire into which they came, should be held the assizes, three times a year. These justices were to try all cases brought before them, but if they failed to hold their courts, the suitors had a right to bring their suits to Westminster. The writs henceforth summoned the parties to Westminster, unless (*nisi prius*) the sworn justices held their visitation before a fixed day. From these writs, these courts obtained the name *nisi prius*, which they still retain.

A slight innovation in the sheriff's

courts gave rise to our modern 'justices of the peace.' To enforce an Act respecting the peace of the realm and possibly also to watch the sheriff who had become an elective officer, a *custos pacis*, or conservator of the peace was assigned to each shire. These officers proved so useful that their office became permanent, and their powers were extended under the name of justices of the peace.

The modifications in the higher courts were, however of much greater moment. The powers of the Court of Exchequer were strictly defined and its jurisdiction restricted to matters touching the king's revenue. This court was forbidden to decide civil suits between subjects, which were placed under the sole cognizance of Common Pleas, and all other suits were to be heard by the King's Bench. The same judges were no longer allowed to hold the several courts indifferently, but separate judges were assigned to each tribunal.

It was at this time also that the equitable jurisdiction of the Chancellor arose, which gave redress in cases where the rigid rules of the common law could not be applied, and decided petitions respecting the grievances of the subject. It was a tribunal analogous to that of the Roman Prætor, and its decisions were founded upon equity and natural right, irrespective of legal technicalities.

Edward also made his Great Council a Supreme Court of Appeal for the kingdom and gave it original jurisdiction in important suits between his more powerful subjects. The Privy Council still retains the powers of a Court of Appeal and exercises its functions for the whole empire through its Judicial Committee.

A complete system of law, however remarkable for wisdom and justice, and a perfect organization for the administration of justice, however thorough and comprehensive, would be of slight benefit with a corrupt judiciary, and Edward did not hesitate to clean out the Augean stable. Becoming convinced that his judges were not men of irreproachable integrity, he dismissed every one against whom there was the slightest suspicion. The Chief Justice was banished from the realm and many of the inferior judges were fined and imprisoned. Some of the dismissals may have been influenced by political considerations, but Edward doubtless saw that an entirely new and unspotted judiciary was requisite to inaugurate the new system.

Of such a character and magnitude then were the reforms which Edward instituted in every branch of the legal system, and they have been dwelt upon at greater length than those of contemporary kings, because they were more thorough and decided, and because they proved more permanent and stable, having been handed down almost without modification to our own time. This permanency and stability were due partly to the excellence of the institutions which he founded, and partly to the character of the English people, and perhaps in a greater degree to the perfect adaptability of these institutions to the nation over which they were established. It must not be forgotten, too, that the dispositions of the people of that time greatly aided the sovereigns in their reforms, and, indeed, may be said to have forced them in many instances to grant legal advantages they would not otherwise have conceded. It was, indeed, an age of great results in constitutional development, of radical and enduring improvement in the administration of justice, and of wise and substantial additions to the science of jurisprudence. The waves of legal progress which had been rolling along for so many ages attained their greatest volume and height in the thirteenth century, and then gradually subsided into complete quiescence. As we look back at the achievements of that time, we cannot but admire the daring and skill with which these farseeing legislators, bearing aloft the banner of law-reform, guided the constitutional

craft over troubled seas into the quiet waters in which it still remains.

Future progress is slow and laboured, and our puny efforts at legal advancement are insignificant compared with the attainments of that Augustan-age jurisprudence. Our laws are still inefficient and cumbrous, and afford large scope for a future Edward or Justinian. The cycle, however, is not yet complete, and we are still only in the seventh century of its revolution. Another century nearly must elapse before the waves of legal progress will again have reached their loftiest height, and the year 1980 may be expected to witness the advent of another Justinian to reduce the formless mass of modern jurisprudence to primitive simplicity and effectiveness.

LISSA.

(July 20, 1866.)

BY DAVID TUCKER, M.D.

ON the island the white surf is dashing,
 And seaward the billows are high :
Through the scud you may see the guns flashing,
 And smoke-wreaths are veiling the sky.

From the battle-mist slowly uprearing
 Her form on the swell of the wave,
Lo ! 'The King of Italia' appearing !
 She fights for the land of the brave.

Four to one ! see the conflict is pending,
 The prows on her sides dash their blows ;
While from maintop and deck she is sending
 The signals of death to her foes.

A crash and a sudden commotion !
 She quivers and reels to her doom ;
She is grasped in the arms of old Ocean,
 And whirlpools are marking her tomb.

As she sinks a fierce volley of rifles
 Sends many a Teuton to sleep ;
And a cheer, which the wave alone stifles,
 Rings wild o'er the roar of the deep.

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* These verses refer to an interesting incident which occurred at the battle of Lissa, when the celebrated Italian ship, *Il Re d'Italia*, was sunk by an attack from the rams of four Austrian vessels. A large body of sharpshooters were on board '*Il Re*,' who, as the ship was overwhelmed by the waves, fired off a volley and went down with a cheer.

That cheer was a shout of defiance,
A scorning of Tyranny's might,
A pledge of unshaken reliance
On Valour, and Honour, and Right.

'Hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
Hurrah for the land of our birth!
Hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
The first, fairest land of the earth!

Hurrah for our new liberation!
And joy unto all may it bring:
Hurrah for the fresh-risen nation;
And long live good Victor, our King!'

That cheer will not perish for ever,
Though the riflemen's race has been run,
But by haven, and city, and river,
It floats through the land of the Sun.

It wanders through Venice, the sea-born,
'Twixt the azure of wave and of sky;
And tells how her sons were once free-born,
Ere the white-coated spoiler came nigh.

Far away through the beautiful valley
Of Arno the echo has passed;
And the children of Florence will rally
For Freedom and Union at last.

And Rome, on her hills seated proudly,
The vision of glory foresaw;
While from temple and palace rang loudly—
'One People, one Monarch, one Law!'

Arise, thou great Parent of Nations!
Strike home for thine honour once more:
Emerge from thy deep tribulations—
Stand forth in thy might as of yore!

From the Mincio the Teutons are flying
Out of strongholds they've reared up in vain;
And northward their corses are lying
All foul in the down-trodden grain.

Are Italians less strong and stout-hearted
Than when Curtius and Cocles were here?
Think of Lissa's stern heroes departed—
The riflemen's volley and cheer.

Then hurrah for Italia, our Mother!
Our might to her aid let us bring:
Ev'ry son of Italia's our brother.
And Victor the Gallant's our King!

PICKERING.

THE LEGAL RESPONSIBILITIES OF CRIMINALS.

BY MACHAON.

THE circumstances connected with the recent homicide of a prominent Canadian politician and journalist have directed the attention of thoughtful men to the present state of the law in reference to the responsibility of criminals, and the due administration of justice when these are brought to trial. There are several important points in connection with this subject worthy of consideration, the most striking of which are the mental condition of the accused at the time when the offence with which he is charged was committed, the effects of the medical and surgical treatment to which the victim of the prisoner has been subjected, and the propriety or impropriety of the Crown providing the means necessary for his defence, when he is destitute of pecuniary resources.

The question of responsibility is one of the most difficult within the range of jurisprudence, and it will be found that, concerning it, there is a wide difference of opinion even amongst the most eminent jurists. There can be no doubt, that the plea of insanity has, particularly in the neighbouring Republic, been quite too frequently advanced, and sometimes in cases where it was utterly out of place. Of late years there seems to have been a general reaction in this particular, as far at least as the courts of Great Britain and her colonies are concerned; and in these, that plea is so much an object of suspicion, that a prudent advocate will hesitate before he ventures to present it to a jury. Notwithstanding this fact, the actual chances of obtaining from an alienist expert an opinion favourable to a prisoner, where there is even a slight ground for the supposition of the existence of mental disease, are everyday becoming greater. The diagnosis of the varied forms of insanity, as well as their suitable treatment, has been much advanced since the days of dark cells, filth and fetters. The humane spirit which has annihilated these, has also moved physicians to insist that but a small variation from the standard in cerebral power or function will warp the judgment so that the worse may, to the poor sufferer, appear the better course to pursue; and it is worthy of remark, that those professional gentlemen, whose positions in large institutions for the management and cure of the insane have afforded them the best possible opportunities for the study of the phenomena of mental disease, are the most ready to interpose the two-fold ægis of science and humanity, between its victims and the grasp of the executioner.

It is generally conceded that where reason does not exist there can be no responsibility. This rule applies not only to cases of congenital idiocy and confirmed insanity, but is applicable also to those temporary eclipses of rationality which are the results of bodily injuries and diseases. A fever patient, if left alone, will sometimes precipitate himself from his chamber window and lose his life in consequence. No person considers the suicide, under such circumstances, to have been accountable for the act. Various forms of vice, as the medical officers of any asylum for the insane

are well aware, induce diseases of the mind, and of course involve irresponsibility on the part of the patients. But the irresponsibility resulting from the effects of the vice of intemperance in using alcoholic beverages does not seem to be regarded in the same light as that arising from an obscuration of reason produced by any other cause. As to the maddening effect of wine and spirituous liquors, the general voice of mankind speaks without hesitation. Such adages as 'when wine is in wit is out,' are common; and our great national bard, three hundred years or so ago, called intoxicating liquor an enemy that would steal away the brains.

In the matter of irresponsibility from the effects of such drink much seems to depend on the length of the time during which the obscuration of reason has existed. If a person has voluntarily taken opium or any other intoxicating substance commonly classed as a drug, his responsibility, as far as I am aware, is not legally insisted upon if the crime of which he is accused was committed whilst the effects of the drug continued. Why the effects of alcoholic drink are differently regarded, must be accounted for from social considerations, rather than from philosophical reasoning. But even amongst learned interpreters of the law, there seems to be a difference of opinion as to admitting the plea of the effects of habitual drunkenness as an extenuation of crime, or in mitigation of punishment. A few days ago I read, in the September number of this magazine, a well-written and suggestive article, by the gentleman who so chivalrously conducted the defence of the misguided creature by whose act the late Senator Brown came to his death. In that article the author takes exception to some remarks which the present writer had made in a communication sent to one of the daily papers, the tone of which was generally favourable to the convict. He observed that Machaon 'seemed to be unaware that if a man, by drinking, renders himself furious or insane, he is responsible for what he does, and if he kills any one when in that state is guilty of murder.' I had given more attention to this subject than the author of the article in question supposed, having had, from time to time, in the discharge of my duties, a good deal to do with criminal prosecutions, the examination of the insane, and the question of mental capacity as connected with jurisprudence. I had learned that if a person voluntarily makes himself drunk, the law, considering that he was sober when he commenced the process, holds him responsible for all he does when under the influence of the intoxicating agent. I will add that my communication was written long after Bennett's trial, and not prompted by a hope of his finding a mode of escape by any legal technicality. It was an appeal in mitigation, looking to the moral aspect of the case, and addressed to the broad principles of equity, clemency, and philanthropy, as existing in the hearts of those who might have influence with persons in high places, who have power to modify or neutralize a judicial sentence. Mr. Davin took a more narrow view of my communication, and, as was natural, regarded it with a professional eye. He was probably looking to immediate and practical results, it may be in the form of another trial and fresh medical evidence. But, to return to the question of responsibility, a man, when suffering from *delirium tremens* has, to use Mr. Davin's own words, by drinking, rendered himself 'furious and insane,' and yet high legal authorities have pronounced that a person labouring under this disease is irresponsible for his acts. Prisoners have been acquitted of the charge of murder on this plea, even when there was an apparent motive for the crime, and a deliberate planning for its execution. English cases quoted to establish this fact are—*The Queen against Simpson;* Westmoreland Assizes, summer, 1845;

and *The Queen against Watson;* York Assizes, winter, 1845.

There is a condition of body and mind induced by habitual drunkenness which cannot properly be designated *delirium tremens*, but in which also reason is for a time dethroned. In *delirium tremens* the patient appears busy, excitable, nervous, alarmed, full of groundless fancies, but not always violent. The skin is moist, and the hands tremble: hence the qualifying participle used in the designation of the disease. Some use the term *mania à potu* as synonymous with *delirium tremens;* but such designation would appear to be more applicable to the condition to which I have first alluded, and which is characterized sometimes by a flushed face and a strong, exciteable pulse; and almost always by a tendency to abusiveness of language and violence of action. If a distinction were to be maintained between the two conditions, perhaps the term *furor à potu* would better express the febrile and violent condition resulting from excess. *Delirium tremens* is said to invade a drunkard in consequence of the sudden deprivation of the stimulus to which he has long been accustomed. The other condition seems to be the culmination of a continued debauch, which has been indulged in for ten, twelve, or fifteen days. If the debauch be persevered in, and the accustomed stimulus withdrawn, the symptoms of *delirium tremens* will supervene. Otherwise the complaint is more amenable to treatment. But it is very evident that the subject of such a disease has not, during its continuance, the proper use of his reasoning faculties. Ought he then to be held responsible for his actions. From what has been published concerning Bennett's habits and conduct, it would appear that he had been affected in this way for some days prior to his attack on Mr. Brown. He was clearly not fit to be at large; but whose duty was it to place a restraint upon him? Dr. Taylor, whom Mr. Davin quotes as a high authority, alluding to this condition of a drunkard, says,—'Some judges have admitted a plea of exculpation when the crime has been committed in a state of frenzy arising from habitual drunkenness.' In the interests of society no doubt great caution is necessary as regards admitting this plea; and if it were uniformly admitted those interests would demand that measures should be provided for the safe keeping and restraint of persons who, by indulging in vicious courses, render themselves dangerous to their fellow creatures; the more so as this 'frenzy' is sometimes characterized by a homicidal tendency, which fact I have myself seen verified. Regarding the matter in reference to the rigid principles of justice, if, when suffering from *delirium tremens* an individual commits a crime, and is held irresponsible for his act, why should the judgment be reversed if the criminal has been suffering from a mental ailment induced in a similar way, and impairing the reasoning powers, but which may have existed for a somewhat shorter time? The law humanely recognises the correctness of the Roman sentiment *ira furor brevis est*, when it distinguishes between manslaughter and murder. Why should it not also recognise the *furor brevis* which follows the debauch? The real difficulty in the matter is that if a criminal could plead a condition of drunkenness, though long continued, in extenuation or exculpation of his offence, an evil-disposed person might make himself drunk so that he might commit a long meditated crime with comparative impunity. It is often easier to point out an injustice than to supply a suitable remedy for it. The most satisfactory proceedings towards the adjustment of the anomaly above alluded to would perhaps be the establishment of inebriate asylums, in which habitual drunkards would be compulsorily confined till a reformation of habits could reasonably be ex-

pected. But here the financial objection would certainly meet us. Bennett was evidently unfit to be at large. Yet it was the business of no person to confine him. The liberty of the subject is precious to the community; but it is the liberty of the unoffending subject. The liberty of one man may be the peril of a thousand. In view of the disgraceful number of convictions throughout the land for drunkenness and crimes resulting from indulgence in that vice, it is surely time that a limit should be placed to the facilities for obtaining alcoholic stimulants, or else the punishment of the chronic sot ought to be rendered more severe; if necessary, by means of surveillance and continuous restraint. The perpetually repeated thirty-day sentences of our police courts result in no real good, and are a source of great expense to the country. When the offender has been discharged from prison, where he or she has been sheltered in idleness, the old temptations are presented afresh and yielded to. If we are not yet ready for a prohibition law, why could not the Gothenburg system be adopted experimentally in one or two cities of the Dominion? It appears to have done a good work in Sweden, and is worthy the attention of our legislators. Under such an arrangement the country or the municipality receives all the profits of the sale of intoxicating drinks, and the agents, being persons of respectability, and good moral character, paid by salary, have no desire to make people drunk; nor would it be to their advantage to do so. Even if vested interests demanded a pecuniary outlay on the part of the authorities, the saving in the expenses of the administration of justice would make such outlay justifiable. Were some such measures taken for the protection of the community from the outrages of drunkards, a more lenient interpretation of the law of personal responsibility, as it affects chronic inebriates, might be established and uniformly observed.

There is another interesting question connected with responsibility, which has likewise been suggested by the trial of Bennett, and which also seems to be waiting for a satisfactory solution. How far, and in what manner, ought the medical and surgical treatment of the victim of an assault, or the absence of all treatment, or the interference of an ignorant quack, or the wilfulness of the sufferer himself, to influence the fate of the accused? Mr. Davin expresses regret that such persons, as 'An Old Army Surgeon,' had not communicated with him when their opinions would have been of some practical value. In the face of what he states to be the present law, it is difficult to perceive what benefit the accused could have derived from such interference. The only hope of the advocate in employing such evidence would have been in mitigation; and the chance for mitigation, when such a 'rope' of circumstantial evidence, as he expresses himself, existed to ensure conviction, would have been small. The dictum of Lord Hale, which Mr. Davin says is an exposition of the present law, reads thus: 'It is sufficient to constitute murder that the party dies of the wound given by the prisoner, although the wound was not originally mortal, but becomes so in consequence of negligence or unskilful treatment; but it is otherwise when death comes, not from the wound, but from unskilful applications used for the purpose of healing it'. Let us try, with this statement, the evidence which, judging from his admirable letter, 'An Old Army Surgeon' would, most likely, have given in court. He objected to the elevating of the leg. Yet he could scarcely swear that such elevating was an operation intended for curing the wound, but which had killed the patient. He also found fault with the application of cotton batting for the first few days to the wound, instead of a carbolized lotion. But could he make oath that such 'application' was the cause of death? He could

only express his opinion that the wound was unskilfully treated. But his lordship says that makes no difference. Even if unskilful treatment rendered a wound, comparatively simple, a mortal one, still the prisoner is held guilty of murder. Another surgical witness might, with considerable show of reason, testify that the wound, being merely subcutaneous, and extending a long way, formed a sinus, and that the established treatment of a sinus is to lay it open from end to end, in order to facilitate discharges, promote granulation, and prevent matter from burrowing. But errors of omission are ruled out of court altogether by his lordship, and it will be observed that the distinction which he attempts to establish involves in reality little, if anything, of a difference; 'for unskilful applications or operations' in the second clause of his rule are necessarily included in the 'unskilful treatment' of the first clause, though a different and contrary thing is predicated of each. It is, perhaps, a presumptuous thing to say, but it would really seem, on examination, that this celebrated dictum contradicts itself. Commissioners who have since been appointed to define the criminal law, are in some points as severe as Lord Hale. Their decision is that, in case of the wounded man's death, the assailant is guilty of homicide, 'although if timely remedies or skilful treatment had been applied, death might have been prevented.' It would appear from the remarks of Dr. Taylor, and perhaps the experience of practitioners in the courts may verify his view, that judges do not always hold themselves to such uncompromising interpretations of the law. The doctor's words are 'When death is really traceable to the negligence or unskilfulness of the person who is called to attend on a wounded party, this circumstance ought to be, and commonly is, admitted in mitigation, supposing that the wound was not originally of a mortal nature. In reference to the proper view, which ought to be taken of the effective treatment of wounds, as influencing the punishment of the party accused, he very justly states: 'There are, it is obvious, many kinds of wounds which, if properly treated in the first instance, may be healed and the patient recover; but, when improperly treated, they may prove fatal. In the latter case, it will be a question for the witness to determine how far the treatment aggravated the effects of the violence; and from his answer to this, the jury may have to decide on the degree of criminality which attaches to the prisoner.' It would appear, then, that there is no rigid rule which judges observe in this matter, and that each takes such latitude as seems to him consistent with the due administration of justice. Lord Hale's opinion tends to show that nothing in the nature of treatment will clear the accused of the crime of murder, unless some heroic action should be taken, like amputating a limb without securing the arteries, or applying to the wound an arsenical ointment, which would be absorbed into the system and poison the patient. The latter may have a good surgeon in attendance, or a bad one, or no surgeon at all, but an old woman or a charlatan; he may submit to the orders of his attendant, or he may think himself wiser in professional matters than his surgeon; he may take improper food or drink, refuse necessary medicine, tear off the dressings, get out of bed, or make a long speech and still his death will lie at the door of his assailant. But judicial decisions do not, by any means, uniformly vindicate such an interpretation of the law. A Scotch judge, Lord Meadowbank, caused a prisoner to be acquitted who was charged with the manslaughter of a boy, whose shoulder he had dislocated by a blow. The boy fell into the hands of a bone-setter, who treated him so roughly, that inflammation ensued and the boy died. Baron Platt is credited with having laid it down as a rule that 'if a man inflicted a

wound likely to produce death, and the wounded party should fall into the hands of an unskilful practitioner, whereby death was hastened, the aggressor would still be responsible for the result. If the wound had not been likely to produce death, but by unskilful treatment death ensued, then that would not be murder.' It would be a great blessing, if out of the various opinions of these and other legal luminaries a standard could be formed for the guidance of lawyers on this important subject. As it is, the counsel of a prisoner, charged with homicide, hardly knows, under certain circumstances, what to expect from the bench.

It would also greatly facilitate the ends of justice if, at certain central points, courts-medical were established for the solution of certain questions within their province ; their decisions being accepted by courts of law. The decisions of a majority of, say a dozen, able and experienced professional men, would be valuable. Questions are constantly recurring in court connected with toxicology, medicine, obstetrics, gynæcology, surgery, testamentary capacity and insanity, which could thus be disposed of and much saving of time, annoyance, and distraction to the judges. It is a humiliating sight when four or five medical sciolists on each side of a case of murder, malpractice, or presumed insanity or imbecility, swear point blank against each other. It is nearly as bad when the members of a clique recklessly testify to defend the opinion and treatment of one of their party.

Mr. O'Flannagan, who has written some interesting books concerning the bench and bar of Ireland, in alluding to an important criminal trial, states that the Crown Counsel, who, on that occasion was, I believe, the Attorney-General, finding that the prisoner was undefended, requested in open court that counsel should be provided him ; adding that he would guarantee that the gentleman should be paid for his trouble. I am not aware that Canadian crown officers often display their humanity and sense of fairness in a similar manner. Unless the prosecuting counsel should be himself in the Government, probably such an arrangement would not be made without special instruction from the higher powers. Sometimes in British and American, including Canadian, courts, the judge, perceiving that the prisoner has no counsel, will nominate and invite a junior member of the bar to undertake the case. Presumably this is regarded as a compliment, and the junior is pleased to act, even gratuitously, that he may have an opportunity of showing what he is made of, and what he carries in his cranium. As regards tenderness towards prisoners on trial, our conduct has not been on all occasions uniform. In 1866, when our Province was invaded by a band of armed marauders, bent on rapine and murder, and after these had actually killed some of our young men who had bravely turned out to defend their homes, the bandits were tried with all the formalities and safeguards of the law, and at heavy expense to the country. The fees paid to the late Hon. J. H. Cameron alone, who acted as crown prosecutor on the occasion, would, as a year's income, made glad the heart of a junior barrister. And, in addition to the expenses of prosecution, when these fellows were sent back to their native or adopted land they were kindly supplied with cash to meet their contingent expenses. Being caught red-handed, their doom in some other countries would have been a drum-head court-martial and a firing party, or else a strong rope for each. But in Bennett's case there was no international complication. He was a poor and friendless man, with a strong prejudice against him. It would have been a graceful and merciful act if the authorities had enabled him to provide a satisfactory defence. But, if there was not an

international, there was a strong political, complication. The Reform party was horrified and indignant at the shooting of their Coryphæus, and the Conservatives, even had they seen any ground for a plea in the prisoner's favour, would have feared to urge it, lest their charity or pity should be misinterpreted. There is a modicum of comfort conveyed in the acknowledgment of the prisoner's counsel that he is satisfied with the result of the trial. He probably watched from the beginning all the factors working towards the inevitable and fatal end. The judge, true to his character and his duty, did not fail to present to the jurors the question whether or no the prisoner really knew what he was doing when the fatal shot was fired; and in the reply which they were bound to give the most momentous issues were involved. The trial and fate of Bennett will always occupy a prominent place in Canadian history, connected as it is with the death of one who so long watched over the cradle of our infant country. The whole case affords valuable suggestions to the lawyer, the employer of labour, the speculative philosopher, and the philanthropist. From it, as a text, grand discourses might be uttered concerning the rights of prisoners on trial, the field for missionary labour at home, the attitude of the capitalist towards the working man, the question of fatalism and of man being partly the product of his environment, the most efficient modes of repressing and preventing youthful crime, and the regulation of the sale and manufacture of intoxicating liquors. As to the moralist, his true comment will be in accord with such sentiments as we often hear and often disregard—that Godliness is profitable for all things; and that, if a man would be happy, he must first be pure and holy.

TO THE SPIRIT OF SONG.

WHITE as fleeces blown across the hollow heaven,
Fold on fold thy garment wraps thy shining limbs;
Deep thy gaze as morning's flamed thro' vapours riven,
Bright thine hair as day's that up the ether swims.
Surely I have seen the majesty and wonder,
Beauty, might, and splendour of the soul of song;
Surely I have felt the spell that lifts asunder
Soul from body, when lips faint and thought is strong;
Surely I have heard
The ample silence stirred
By intensest music from no throat of bird:—
Smitten down before thy feet
From the paths of heaven sweet,
Lowly I await the song upon my lips conferred.

—*Prelude to Mr. Roberts' 'Orion and other Poems.'*

JUVENILE OFFENDERS.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C., TORONTO.

THE subject of 'Juvenile Offenders,' and how they are to be dealt with, is at the present moment attracting the attention of those in authority in the British Isles, and must be of interest to those who wield authority in this Province and the Dominion of Canada. We have our Homes for Boys and Girls, a Home for Orphans, and other Houses of Refuge, aided by the State and city; they are most useful, of their kind, and all those who take part in the good work they carry on are deserving of the greatest praise. We have our jails and reformatories for imprisonment of *all classes* of criminals, and it is in respect of these classes that the defect in our mode of dealing, not only with those awaiting trial, but with those convicted of offences against the criminal or municipal law, is most apparent. Grand juries have, over and over again, presented the defects which exist in their various forms to the Courts. Judges have pointed out the faults in the system—the herding together of the most vicious with those yet but a little steeped in crime, the too often mingling of the innocent awaiting trial, incarcerated on some charge which may turn out wholly unfounded, with the convicted felon, are evils too transparent to require more than a passing notice. But what shall we say as to the state of our law, our criminal law, as it affects little children—boys and girls from, say, six to ten years of age? The Ontario Reformatory Prison Act provides that, 'Whenever any person under the age of sixteen years is convicted of any contravention of an Act of the Legislature of Ontario, which is punishable on summary conviction, and is thereupon sentenced and committed to prison in any common gaol,' then, after due enquiry into the circumstances, a Superior Court Judge, or County Court Judge, may 'direct such offender to be sent, either forthwith or at the expiration of his sentence, to the Reformatory Prison, to be there detained for a period of *not less* than six months.' The eighth section of the Reformatory Act provides, 'No offender shall be directed to be sent and detained as aforesaid, unless the sentence of imprisonment to the common gaol as aforesaid is for fourteen days at the least.'

It will be seen from this enactment that for offences ordinarily punishable on summary conviction, the accused, if found guilty, must first be sentenced to the common gaol, and after a fourteen days' incarceration there, he may, by the favour of the law, be removed to the Central Prison for six months, and this too in the case of any youth under sixteen years of age. It may be a great privilege for a person of the most tender years to be thus dealt with on being found guilty of the most trivial offence, as in the case of the little one who, not many years ago, was, in the Lime Stone City, charged with putting her little fingers between the boards of a fence and plucking a gooseberry, an act which was magnified into the crime of 'stealing.' How many little boys and girls are brought before the administrator of criminal law to answer for small indiscretions which they thoughtlessly or unconsciously,

and in total ignorance that they were violating any law, have committed, and yet for this have to suffer the ignominy of a public trial, and are sent to gaol, there to meet others worse, much worse, than themselves —culprits grown to man's estate in crime? A little boy from one of our rural districts, eight years of age, was placed, a few weeks ago, in the criminal dock in one of the Courts of Toronto, on a charge of having stolen an article of but little value. To a stranger entering the Court, he must have felt surprise and have turned from the picture with pain. There was the little fellow, apparently unconscious of having done any wrong, standing in the dock surrounded with a court audience and dignitaries of the law, as if he were mentally enquiring what it was all about? The charge was proved to be entirely false, and he was acquitted; he had, however, run the gauntlet of a trial in a crowded court —not an edifying spectacle in itself, or of benefit to the lad, as, although acquitted, he had experienced the charms of a committal for no offence. How many children are there who are totally without education, and may not know what parental control is, either being orphans or with parents who have shewn total neglect of their offspring, or too abandoned to shew the young ones the proper way?

All have to suffer the same if perchance they trespass on the domain of established law. Now, the question is not whether punishment or, let us rather use the term (as a better one for the case), *chastisement*, ought not to be administered, the question rather is, *what kind of chastisement or punishment* should be administered? May we not profit by going back to olden times, even to the ancients, and take a lesson from their mode of dealing with the youth of their States. Dr. Gillis, in his 'History of Greece,' referring to the Spartans, and the laws of Lycurgus, thus describes the old system of bringing up youth. He says: 'After attaining the ordinary branches of education, youths are frequently left the masters of their own actions. Of all practical errors, Lycurgus deemed this the most dangerous. His discernment perceived the value of that most important period of life which intervenes between *childhood* and *virility*; and the whole force of his discipline was applied to its direction and improvement. Instead of being loosened from the usual ties of authority, the Spartans, at the age of adolescence, were subjected to a more rigorous restraint; and the most extraordinary expedients were employed to moderate the love of pleasure, to correct the insolence of inexperience, and to control the headstrong impetuosity of other youthful passions. Their bodies were early familiarized to fatigue, hunger, and watching; their minds were early accustomed to difficulty and danger. The laborious exercise of the chase formed their principal amusement; at *stated* times, *the magistrates took an account* of their *actions*, and carefully examined their appearance. If the seeds of their vicious appetites had not been thoroughly eradicated by a life of habitual toil and temperance, they were *subjected to corporal punishment*, which it was their custom to endure with patient fortitude. The *maxims of honour* were instilled by *precept*, and *enforced* by *example*.'

This kind of training has not been lost sight of in much more modern times. Any boy who has passed through Rugby School, or the Upper Canada College of years gone by, when the rattan was used with wholesome regard to the improvement of the lad, will remember how much good he derived from a well but not cruelly administered *corporal* punishment. How the maxims of honour were instilled by precept (+ a drubbing, to use a familiar term, if the precepts were not obeyed), and enforced by example.

Why may not the same regard be paid to the youth of the present day? When brought up for a trivial offence,

why not try precept, once or even twice? Why not let the magistrate take the youthful prisoner to his room, and there lecture him on his fault, warning him of the consequence of disobedience and evil doing? If lecturing fails, if advice is not taken, then let a little wholesome flagellation be applied. Doubtless, by this many a boy may be saved the disgrace of being imprisoned in a felon's cell.

When the Anglo-Saxon youths were brought before Pope Gregory, he is said to have exclaimed: 'Non Angli, sed Angeli forent si essent Christiani.' If boys had instilled into them proper principles by magisterial advice or wholesome correction of the kind to which I have adverted, they might not be open to the rebuke of not being Christians, though they might not reach so high a place in the scale of morality and virtue as to be dignified with the appellation of 'Angels.' The subject of how to deal with 'Juvenile Offenders,' is one that may well engage the attention of the philanthropists. May success attend their efforts.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IS THE WIFE'S LABOUR NON-PRODUCTIVE?

A. B. C.'s 'rejoinder' to F. at the last meeting round the table, seems to me to be superficial and fallacious. A. B. C. may, as he says, have 'looked into' the works of the great economists whose names he mentions, but is it possible that he has *read* them? I claim no intimate acquaintance with McCulloch and Ricardo; but I fancy there be others, as well as myself who will be astonished if A. B. C. can give us a definition of 'non-productive labour,' drawn from those authors, which would include therein the labour of the industrious wife of any professional man. A.B.C. is zealous for the credit of the 'bread-winner,' and the dignity of the father. But what of the credit of the bread-winner's stay; and what of the dignity of that holiest and most reverend of all human creatures, the devoted mother? Is the good husband and father any the less good because the industry and thrift and thoughtful affection of his true wife, by modifying to his advantage the conditions of his labour, enable him to accomplish more, to 'produce' more than without them he could hope to do? Or, does he deserve less 'credit' because with the favourable conditions, her faithful care procures to him, he can produce more than he could produce without them? Surely not. He that doeth with his might that which his hand findeth to do deserves 'credit,' not in proportion to the greatness of his achievement, but, in proportion to the honesty of his effort. If the conditions of his effort be more favourable he must accomplish more, or his credit would suffer; if less favourable, he may accomplish less without diminution of merit. The credit for his additional achievement with favourable conditions of effort, belongs not to him, but to her who makes the favourable conditions; and to the extent to which a wife by her labour (in which may properly be included every act of thoughtful kindness that helps to make the husband's home a place of rest and refreshment for body and mind) creates for her husband favourable conditions of effort; to that extent her labour is productive, for to that extent her labour goes to increase the product of his. Man loses nothing either of 'credit' or of dignity by acknowledging ungrudgingly the merit and dignity of woman in her characters of wife and mother; and to attempt to dis-

parage her share of the world's work by calling it 'non-productive' and comparing it to its disadvantage with man's share of that same work is as unwise and as fallacious—not to say nonsensical—as it is to warn people against the 'profanity' of 'lowering by one iota the attributes of fathers upon earth,' whenever one ventures to raise a voice to claim some merit for mothers. No one wishes to 'filch away half his credit' from the bread-winner. By all means give him full credit for all he does, and if he does *his best*, let the measure of his credit be full and overflowing. But do not 'filch away' from the help-meet the credit to which she is entitled for her share of the work. To do so is to rob her of that which enriches him, and make her poor indeed. For, as I have said above, the credit he *deserves* is proportioned not to the sum total of his actual achievement, but to the honesty and wisdom of his efforts. For so much of that achievement as is due to the favourable conditions in which he works, not *he* deserves the credit, but the maker of the favourable conditions. And surely no man is enriched by receiving credit *undeserved* at the expense of the woman he would be glad to believe the most worthy of all credit. A.B.C. asks 'What warm-hearted woman, what true mother does not take delight in the thought that it is the husband of her choice, and the father of her little ones, who ministers to them?' I ask in turn, What true man, what faithful husband and father, does not take delight in the thought that it is to the wife of his choice and the mother of his little ones that he is indebted for the restful peace and comfort of his home, whence he goes forth each day like a giant refreshed to his toil, that it is that same wife and mother that 'ministers' (far more truly than he can be said to do) to those little ones, not only in supplying their bodily wants, but in what is of infinitely more consequence here and hereafter, the moulding of their characters, and the training of them up in the ways of righteousness? Let A.B.C. 'beware how he lowers by one iota the attributes' of *mothers!* It is the result of such teaching as his that so many women are what they are, useless and contemptible in the eyes of themselves and others, in no way contributing to the work of the world (God's work), faithless to their children, whose happiness in this world and the next will depend to an enormous extent upon the characters they carry with them into the world formed by the influences surrounding them in childhood. Tell a young girl that as a wife and mother her work in the world must of necessity be of secondary importance, that her labour, however assiduous, in the care of her household, and the nurture of her children will after all be 'non-productive,' and of little importance in comparison with the labour of her husband, because that is 'productive' and means 'money' and 'can be turned into bread and butter,' and if she be foolish enough to believe you, she will, according as her character be strong or weak, do one of two things. Either she will despise the part which she is best fitted to perform in the world, and set before herself as the only worthy object of her ambition a career wherein her labour shall 'mean money,' and can be 'turned into bread and butter'—as if 'bread and butter' were the only or the best thing to live for—or she will surrender herself to what will appear to her the inevitable, and become deliberately a trifler and a doll, content to regard herself merely as the toy of her husband's fancy, the amuser of his idle hours, a figure head for his table, a piece of pretty furniture to adorn his drawing-room. In either case she will not do well the work it is her duty to do in the world. If she be wealthy enough to do so, she will delegate to other and probably less competent hands than her's should be, all the work (in her eyes so unimportant) that properly belongs to her to do herself. If she be not so wealthy she will do such of that work as she is *compelled* to do; but she will do it grudgingly, with distaste, without understanding, without a sufficient sense of responsibility, and therefore badly. Alas for the husband and children of such a wife and mother! Alas and alack a day for the poor woman herself! But tell that same young girl that she should strive to be independent and able to do the work that 'means money' so that lack of 'bread and butter' may never make her marriage a matter of necessity and not of choice; and tell her also, what is the simple truth, that if it be her happy fate to link her future with that of a true man, to be his helpmeet, not his toy, her work as wife and mother will be some of the

most important—ay, perhaps the most important that the world knows—immediately 'productive' in so far as by her care and encouragement her husband may be strengthened for the work he has to do in the outer world. Ultimately productive in so far as her children, growing up under her care, shall go forth at last to *their* work, strong in body, noble in soul, righteous in conduct—but deriving its importance far less from its 'productiveness' in the economic sense of the word, than from its influence—an influence almost infinitely far-reaching in its effects for good or evil—upon the character and happiness of her husband, of herself, of her children, of her servants, of her friends, of all that come within the charmed circle of her sacred work:—I say tell her this and get her to thoroughly grasp and believe it, and you will give to herself and to her life in her own eyes a dignity and value that will make her what she should be, the noblest creature in the glorious universe. And that the work of the wife and mother is the most important part of the world's work is true. We do not live to eat: we eat to live. Productive labour is most important from the standpoint of the economist, because the economist has to do solely with the science of material wealth. But material wealth and progress are chiefly valuable because they make favourable conditions for that other kind of labour ('non-productive' in the economic sense of the word), whereby man becomes better and nobler, more worthy of veneration, more truly happy, 'more angel and less worm.' And it is the wife and mother that does the most of that other kind of labour. So that her labour really bears the more immediately and directly upon the great end for which all should work, and the 'productive' labour of the husband is secondary to that of the wife and mother. She does most of the really important work: he helps her by providing favorable conditions for her to work in.

But these comparisons should not be made at all:—

> 'Nothing useless is or low,
> Each thing in its place is best,
> And what seems but idle show
> Strengthens and supports the rest.'

The grand resultant effect upon the sum of human happiness of the joint efforts of a true man and a true woman as man and wife, and as the father and mother of a family, is utterly incapable of analysis into what is due to one and what to the other. An individual excellence in the discharge of duty is from the point of view of the moralist, dependent not upon what others do or have done, but upon what is the *capacity* of each. Let each do his or her *best* in the conditions by which each is surrounded, and each will deserve that highest of all praise—'She hath done what she could.' Nor will the bestowal of that praise on the one in any way detract from its value when deserved by the other.

F. B. R.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Orion and other Poems. By CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, Fredericton, N.B. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

The readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY are familiar with the name of Mr. C. G. D. Roberts, as the author of a beautiful lyric, 'The Ballad of the Poet's Thought,' published in these columns. Most of us have also read with pleasure and pride as Canadians the lyrics contributed by this young Canadian poet to the pages of *Scribner's* Magazine, and high expectations were formed of the treat which lovers of genuine lyric poetry might expect from this volume. The volume takes its name from the longest poem, Orion, which is epic in form: the blank verse, vigorous and musical, bears the impress of no particular school, certainly

not that of the prevalent Tennysonian rhythm. The plot of the story is that of an old myth. Orion, the mighty hunter, is engaged by Œnopion ('the wine-drinker'), king of Chios, to clear that island of wild beasts, in return for which he is to receive the king's daughter in marriage. Orion comes forward with the last wolf ready bound for sacrifice.

'Meanwhile, from out a neighbour gorge, which spake
Rough torrent-thunders through its cloak of pines,
Along the shore came one who seemed to wear
The grandeur of the mountains for a robe,
The torrent's strength for girdle, and for crown
The sea's calm for dread fury capable,—
A hunter laden with the spotted pride
Of kingly beasts before not dared of men,—
And stood without the laurel's sacred shade,
Which his large presence deepened. When the knife
Let blood well-pleasing to Apollo forth
The victim's gasping throat,—who yet cried not,
But glared still hate upon his murderers,
And died uncraven,—then the hunter bent
His godlike head with awe unto the gods,
And so kept bowed, the while the king drew forth
Wine from a full skin-bottle nigh, and poured
A beaded, dark libation.'

The king deals treacherously. Orion is drugged with poisoned wine. A venomed juice is dripped into his eyes: he has lost his sight. But the sea nymphs gather round Orion, and sing an exquisite chorus of sympathy.

'We all are made heavy of heart, we weep with thee, sore with thy sorrow,—
The Sea to its uttermost part, the Night from the dusk to the morrow,
The unplumbed spaces of Air, the unharnessed might of the Wind,
The Sun that outshaketh his hair before his incoming, behind
His outgoing, and laughs, seeing all that is, or hath been, or shall be,
The unflagging Waters that fall from their well-heads soon to the sea,
The high Rocks barren at even, at morning clothed with the rime.'

It is revealed to him that his sight shall be restored, 'Get thee up to the hills! Thou shalt behold the morning.' Eos comes to heal him.

'A mist of gold flung down about her feet,
Her dewy, cool, pink fingers parting it
Till glowing lips, and half-seen snowy curves
Like Parian stone, unnerved him, waited SHE—
Than Circe skilfuller to put away
His pain, to set his sorrow afar off,—
Eos, with warm heart warm for *him*.'

Surely this is poetry, thoroughly Greek and saturated with the spirit of the glorious Greek religious art. Surely it is like what Keats wrote and Shelley; that is to say, it is true poetry, unmarked by mannerism any more than Shelley is marked by it. Of equal beauty, but in lyric form, is Ariadne. A strain of mediæval music clad in modern richness of expression is 'Launcelot and the Four Queens.' 'A Ballad of Three Mistresses' is mystical and voluptuous.

'Fill high to its quivering rim
The crimson chalice, and see
The warmth and whiteness of limb
Light-draped luxuriously.'

'Memnon' and 'Drowsyhood,' are familiar to the readers of *Scribner*. Among the other lyric poems—all good, not one feeble or wanting in *verve*, and originality—we specially commend those which revive ancient classical forms, those in Sapphics and Choriambics. With a quotation from the latter, we close the brief notice that the space at our disposal permits. But first we would ask, does not the publication of such a book as this by Mr. Roberts, of New Brunswick, justify us in auguring good things of the spread of a genuine literary spirit in Canada? Here is a writer whose power and originality it is impossible to deny—here is a book of which any literature might be proud.

'Ah, Love, what would I give just for a little light!
Cryings born of the wind wake on its undertones.
Vainly praying the shore wearily all the night
Round me the ocean moans.

'Ebb-tides laden with woe flee with a wailful song
Far down out of the dark, calling my trembling soul.
Ah, Love, where is the light? Why is the way so long? ....
Hearken how sad their roll!'

Our quotations do but scanty justice to Mr. Roberts. His poetry should be judged by a far larger sample of his varied and vivid powers as a lyrical poet. But what we have given is enough to induce those who are lovers of poetry for its own sake to order this volume, which, by the way, is as prettily bound and printed as such a book deserves to be.

A Trip to Manitoba, or Roughing it on the Line, by MARY FITZGIBBON. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1880.

'On the line,' gentle reader, does not imply by any means on the equator. Another line, also to some extent imaginary, is intended, namely the line of the Canada Pacific Railway. And, as we read in books of sea-travels, of the hardships which novices have to undergo at the hands of King Neptune in crossing the 'old original' line, so we learn here of the miseries of those who pass a more or less muddy existence in going to and fro along the route of our prospectively great national highway. These discomforts are very graphically and naturally told by Miss Fitzgibbon, whose little work shows capacity both for humour and description, and (still rarer praise to fall from a reviewer's pen now-a-days!) contains no hackneyed French phrases, no superabundance of quotations and quotation-marks, and to sum up all, no padding!

Here is a Dutch picture of the party setting out from Winnipeg for a journey over the prairie. 'Can you imagine a three-seated waggon, containing a load of valises, travelling-bags, a tin box of edibles for a week's journey, tents, blankets, pans, kettles, pails, a box of earth containing bedding plants, a bundle of currant bush slips, a box of cats (being *the* cat and five kittens), a box of family silver, engineer's instruments, wraps of every description, provender for horses, a bag of bread, the driver's own provisions (it was part of the bargain that he was to "find" himself), loose articles of all kinds thrown in at the last moment, five adults, two children, one small dog and an unhappy-looking bird!' Imagine such a load jolted along a corduroy road and through a succession of mud puddles so that the edibles get mixed up and they have to drink salted tea! Heavy rain and mosquitoes attack the travellers together, the canary's cage has to be emptied of water repeatedly, and the cat claws vigorously at any one who comes near her hamper! Curious are the places they have to take shelter in. At one house on the Dawson route, the hopeless wife of the proprietor moved about 'in melancholy protest, or sat with her head leaning against the wall, applying the corner of her apron to her eyes so constantly that that particular corner would not lie flat when allowed to drop.'

But this was luxury compared to the accommodation afforded to emigrants at Fisher's Landing (before they reached Winnipeg). The '*Ho*-tel' there was so crowded that seven men slept on the floor of a room and about twenty women, who had to take refuge from the mud and rain while waiting for the steamer, had to pay twenty-five cents a-piece (children half price) for standing room under cover! But Miss Fitzgibbon found Fisher's Landing much improved on her way back.

Miss Fitzgibbon gives us a graphic account both of canoeing and camping out and also of the everyday life of an engineer's family on one of the advanced sections of the line. The studies of Indian, Irish, and half-breed characters which she comes across are very life-like, and her descriptions of scenery are often really pretty. The only part in which our author appears out of her element is in some of the few explanatory notes she gives. For instance, at p. 24, speaking of the Michigan canal at the Sault, and the command which it would give the Americans in case of war, she considers all difficulty would be obviated by making the Imperial Government joint proprietors. It does not seem to occur to her that in case of war such joint rights would mean nothing, we should still have to seize with the strong hand, which is no more and no less than we should have to do as matters stand now, if we wished to gain the mastery of the upper lake.

Bigotry Demolished; the Close Communion Baptists refuted, examples exemplified, and Christian Union vindicated. By Rev. G. C. MOORE, of Moorefield, Ontario; Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Company, 1880.

This book consists of a series of essays having for their subject the position held by the Close Communion Baptists. This the author maintains to be untenable on Christian grounds, and irreconcilable with the doctrine and practice of the Primitive Church. The illustrations which are given in the course of the argument are well chosen, and cover a rich and varied field of reading. Our sympathy is certainly on the liberal side of this question,

as advocated by Mr. Moore. In the present age the boundary walls between churches are being so fast pulled down, and the tendency towards increased toleration is finding so much favour, that we should think most sensible Christians would take sides with Mr. Moore rather than with his Close Communion opponents.

There are, however, some slips which should be corrected in a future edition, —Madame Roland (see page 63) did not die in 1794; nor can the martyr of Girondist Republicanism be fitly described as a 'courtly dame.' The book is on the whole well written, it abounds in interesting anecdote, and is a credit to its intelligent and large-minded author.

Byron. By JOHN NICHOL. Morley's English Men of Letters series. New York: Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

We have often wondered that the opponents of aristocracy have not made more capital than they have out of the relation borne by noble birth to literary excellence. What has the English peerage done for English poetry? Are the names emblazoned in the heralds' visitations of the one high in the roll-call of the leaders of immortal verse? Do not, my Lords, do not offer us versifiers or poetasters, apt translators from the classics or coiners of the *vers de societé* that sometimes pass current for sterling metal among the frequenters of palaces of these we will allow you have plenty, but answer,—where are your poets? At one time it seemed as though the aristocracy of Elizabeth might take rank upon the tables of another precedence than that of Rouge Croix or Clarencieux,—but the fair early prospect withered away. We might naturally expect more than usual promise from a nobility then but lately largely recruited with new blood after the Wars of the Roses, especially as their wealth enabled them to reap the first fruits of revived learning in advance of the commonalty. But once this was over what a dead level of prose does our House of Lords present to us, generation after generation till the monotonous sound of title succeeding title is broken by the name of Byron! And even in his case we may ask, would he not have been at once finer poet and truer man if born without that magic pale?

Prof. Nichol believes that much of Byron's character was inherited. A wild strain of blood ran in his veins on both father's and mother's side; and if he owed much of his force and vigour to this endowment, there is no doubt he owed to it as well much of the sadness and of the strange impulses which led him to do things he afterwards thought of remorsefully.

The 'wicked Lord,' 'foul-weather Jack,' and 'Mad Jack,' were the sobriquets of three of Lord Byron's nearest paternal relations, his mother was of Scotch birth 'proud, impulsive, wayward and hysterical,' and such a slave to her passionate temper that Prof. Nichol tells us she died 'in a fit of rage brought on by reading an upholsterer's bill!' With such a mixture of blood in his veins, Byron set out to subdue the world.

Generous in his disposition, he found himself cramped in money matters; vain of his fine person he was tormented by the thought that he always bore with him a palpable personal deformity; fond of admiration, he was satiated with it for a period and when he wrote at last things more worthy of praise, the world turned round and tried to hoot him down. What wonder if these harsh contradictions, joined to a wife who skilfully contrived to make her very virtues so many knives to gall him with, should have embittered his spirit and driven him out, like an evil spirit, into unclean places? But he strove, on the whole, upon the side of goodness. It is not in his pages that one would seek the means of polluting innocence,—rather do his wildest fancies revel in tearing the evil from the face of the hypocrite and showing the rottenness that dwells beneath a smug exterior. The man who loved and was beloved by Shelley could not have been so bad at heart as many would still have us believe him.

In those days of political darkness when kings were putting their heels on prostrate nations and England blindly stood by in acquiescence, Byron, antedating opinion some half century, gave his suffrage in favour of free Italy and his genius, his purse and his life for free Greece. And he is rewarded. Unrecognised at home by all but the masterminds, and with even their suffrage obscured by pharisaic dogmatism, the

universal voice of Spain, of Italy, of Germany, awarded him pre-eminence. Of all modern English poets, he it is who has taken most hold upon the Latin mind, a circumstance perhaps largely owing to his freedom from those conventional restraints which usually fetter the 'pawky' Pegasus of British poets. In England Carlyle has headed a strong reaction against Byron as a shallow writer. 'The refrain of Carlyle's advice during the most active years of his criticism,' writes Prof. Nichol, was "Close thy Byron, open thy Goethe!" We do so, and find that the refrain of Goethe's advice in reference to Byron is :—"Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."' We may, perhaps, to some extent reconcile the conflicting authorities by allowing that Carlyle's advice was necessary to prevent that undue steeping of the mind in the superficialties of Byron's mannerism which at one time sent half the youth of England into turn-down collars and fits of despondency, while the great German desired to recommend the deep study of Byron's better works whose fresh audacity and grandeur would, he believed, prove potent aids to culture.

Four Centuries of English Letters. Selections from the correspondence of one hundred and fifty writers from the period of the Paston Letters to the present day. Edited and arranged by W. BAPTISTE SCOONES. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1880.

Such a collection as this can serve a very useful purpose. We do not at present refer to that kindling of interest in our rich national collections of memoirs and correspondence which may well be caused by the perusal of these pages, although that result may, and we hope will, also follow.

But the study of this book and the three hundred and fifty-one letters it contains also lead us to grasp what we might have omitted to notice in a more extended and detailed investigation, that is to say, the great truth of the unity and continuousness of the English character. The current of life that reaches in these pages from William Paston, who wrote from the playing fields of Eton in 1478, to ask his brother for a day's holiday in London, down to Lamb or Macaulay, ever presents to us varied aspects of the same national characteristics, so that we feel convinced that Lancastrian, Puritan, Whig, Erastian Bishop and modern Man of Letters would only need to meet as closely in the flesh as their epistles do within the cover of this book, in order that their antipathies should be forgotten and their sterling points of similarity alone remembered. We are apt to make too much of the superficial differences of manners induced by the grinding rub of the chariot wheels of the passing centuries. It is well for us now and then to recognise the fact that at bottom we are not so very different from our forefathers, and that the thoughts which fill our letters bear a kinship to those which they indited far more striking than is the external dissimilarity of circumstances, which have put a steel nib (with its point slightly retroussé) in our hands instead of the grey goose-quill with which *they* used to convey their ideas, squeakingly, to paper.

As a general view of English letter-writing, therefore, we must commend this book, and, to come to details, we have no fault to find with the selection it contains. Of course every student will have his especial favourites, all of which he cannot expect to find chosen. But, upon the whole, our great letter-writers are fairly represented, and it is of course an objection inseparable from the plan of the work that we are hurried away from one man's letters just as we are getting most interested in them and him. The fault we notice in the arrangement and sequence of the letters themselves was not however insuperable, and should have been avoided. We allude to the grouping of letters under their writer's name, and determining the place of each group by the date of the author's birth. Most confusing results of course follow. At page 32, Sir Francis Drake's account of the defeat of the Armada in 1588 immediately precedes a letter to Thomas Cornwell about the dissolution of the monasteries in 1535. Or we have all Donne's letters preceding Ben Jonson's; although Jonson was heart and soul an Elizabethan dramatist, and Donne (despite his one year's seniority) as certainly a writer of the school of the Stuart *régime*. When so few letters of each writer are published, there is little gained by keeping them together, and it would have been far better to have arranged all in order of date of writing.

It might be a question whether some rather trivial letters, say rather notes, (as for instance the one on page 413, where the Rev. Sydney Smith simply acknowledges the receipt of some game !) might not have been omitted with advantage, and letters containing more incident substituted. In fact there is too little incident. Your letter-writer (particularly in the seventeenth century) was very apt to moralise and concoct a little essay unless he had some stirring news to tell, in which case he could speak a plain tale as well as any one. Yet occasionally the essay or moral letter is charmingly touched off.

Take any of those of James Howel (1596-1666), and they will be found to be capital. His little bit about the tongue and his reason for considering the pen a more faithful interpreter of the mind, because 'being seated in a *moist and slippery place* the tongue may fail and falter in her sudden extemporal expressions' is uncommonly quaint. The whole of his letter No. lviii. is delightful, although it contains no other news than that he took a walk into the fields and indulged in various reflections on the objects he saw there. The charm consists to a great extent in the curious manner in which his thoughts join together, the old speculations of the schoolmen and far reaching ideas containing the germs of many modern and advanced scientific discoveries. Howel was worthy of living in the same age as Sir Thomas Browne, of whom, by the way, Mr. Scoones gives us no single specimen.

By the aid of an amanuensis poor Nell Gwynne manages to send us a note with the latest news from "The Pel Mel." But it is with difficulty that it is achieved, the pen-wielder appears to be not much more used to caligraphy than her mistress, and the letter ends to the mortification of lady and lady's maid, 'I have a thousand merry conseets, but I can't make her write um, and therefore you must take the will for the deed.'

What a step from Nell Gwynne to John Wesley ! but all must meet on the common ground of a sheet of letter paper. Pious Mr. Wesley had some hard exhorting to do in his day, but he did not believe in shouting and speaking vehemently. To one of his missionary preachers in America he wrote : 'Scream no more, at the peril of your soul. . . . Speak as earnestly as you can, but do not scream !' One wonders how poor John King, whose questionable screams had reached across the Atlantic, contrived to get on without 'straining himself.' Perhaps, as Wesley tells him, he was 'stubborn and headstrong,' he may have gone on screaming till he screamed himself out.

Here is another little touch of an utterly different character. Thiers and the French Government of 1840 are blustering about war, and the spirit of the Empire seems on the point of breaking out again in its most aggressive form. With what consummate knowledge of the true position of affairs, and with what depth of sarcasm at the Bourgeois Government which wished to ape the glories of Napoleon, does Lord Palmerston write to the English Ambassador, 'pray let me know when the next settling day happens at the French Bourse !' The whole cloud of war, which in the grand times of the Consulate would have burst in a devastating torrent on Austria or Prussia, was now nothing but a device to raise or lower the price of *Rentes !*

We should like to go on and give some of Porson's satire, or Professor Wilson's criticisms on Ossian ('a man who lives for ever among mist and mountains, knows better than to be always prosing about them, ') but our space forbids us. We only notice a few misprints, as 'betwitching' for bewitching, and a misplaced note at page 240 : in other respects the reprint is more than creditably got up, and deserves much success with the public.

White Wings, a Yachting Romance, by WILLIAM BLACK. New York : Harper Brothers ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

Publishers, those mysterious men who feel the pulse of the world's literary taste, and mark down on their tablets its so many-edition beats to the year,—these complacent doctors who never cross their patient's fancy but always prescribe what he calls for,—publishers, we say, tell us that Mr. Black is one of the most popular writers of the present day, and that his books, no less in the New World than the Old, are called for almost more rapidly than they can be produced. The critic who also aspires to do a little literary doctoring, and who does not content himself with always

accepting the invalid's estimate of the medicine supplied him—he, on the other hand, does not entirely agree with this verdict, and even hints that Mr. Black, if harmless and well-intentioned, is dull at times, and repeats himself *ad nauseam.* We need not give any detailed account of the story now before us, as most of our readers will have seen at any rate parts of it in the weekly or fortnightly stolen screeds that have appeared any time the last six months in the *Globe*, and have represented that advanced journal's sole homage to literature. One good point may as well be noted at once. Mr. Black has fairly warned all the world in his title page that this is to be another nautical romance where the initiated may expect to meet any number of miraculously beautiful sunsets, brooding over any quantity of olive-green rocks, and where any number of absurd Highlandmen will talk about feeling 'ferry well whatever,' and ask why you did not comply with their 'when I wass call you.' The initiated will not be disappointed in this point, and we can promise them a fine old Laird thrown in, who tells idiotic tales and chuckles over them in the most annoying manner, but with whom you cannot get seriously angry because he candidly admits that the humour of these anecdotes depends almost entirely on the dialect in which they are couched. Without pretending to gauge the exact amount of wit a peculiar *patois* can instil into a tale, we may fairly admit that these eternal reminiscences of Homesh possess no humour in any other aspect. Then the principal characters are always singing, often in Gaelic, and their *répertoire* is limited to a very few ballads, which we are generally regaled with at full length. Add to all this, the crowning misery of having to listen to a tale nearly all told in the shape of questions, and the idea of discomfort is complete. According to this chaste and simple method the commonplace sentence, 'She came up the companion-way' is etherealised into 'But who is this coming up the companion-way?' and the verbless phrases, 'But this sudden sound of oars?' and the slight shock against 'the side of the vessel?' are supposed to have a nameless charm that far exalts them over the usual stale and mundane methods of announcing the approach of a boat. In this particular we must admit that Mr. Black can quote the authority of a greater man than himself, we mean Mr. Robert Browning, in whose 'Balaustion's Adventure,' we are sorry to say, the same interrogative form of giving a fact appears more than once (*e.g.*)

> 'Round we rushed,—
> 'What hung behind us but a pirate ship
> 'Panting for the good prize?'

Then again we have slowly acquired an undying hatred for the stock character of Queen T. who has done duty in so many of Mr. Black's novels. We inwardly rebel and cannot away with her tricks and her manners. This introduction of your old characters into your new books is a favourite game with some novelists, who seem to think that, by harping long enough on one personality, a strong belief in its existence can be evoked. With a low bow of apology for mentioning him in such company, we would refer to the wonderfully minute skill with which Thackeray added to the *vraisemblance* of his fictions by introducing the characters from one of his books into another and that not alone but with their relations and forbears, *avus et proavus*, for some generations. But he did this in such a masterly way and his canvas was so full of life that the repetitions were no more striking than those everyday coincidences that are always occurring in society.

On Mr. Black's narrow yacht-decks it savours of presumptious laziness to make one of his five principal characters a *revenant* from the gloom of his past novels. But if Queen T. is so obtrusive, what are we to say for the angelic modesty and retiring spirit of her husband? This marvellous nonentity neither speaks nor is spoken to. Apparently he never helps to sail the yacht or row a boat. If he is sick in his cabin all the time he accomplishes his fate noiselessly and with self-effacement. And yet, like the Greek chorus, he is supposed to divulge no inconsiderable part of the narrative, which he does without further betrayal of his existence than is involved in such phrases as this, 'Some of us' objected to such and such tyrannical proceedings of Queen T.,—while we really know all the time that he durst not raise a finger in opposition to that despotic individual. So completely does the reader ignore him that we had quite a difficulty in making out who this strange man could be who persistently appeared in the illustrations!

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Morley is about to issue a work on the 'Life and Correspondence of Richard Cobden.'

A new volume, entitled 'Winter Troubles,' of Mr. Kinglake's 'Invasion of the Crimea,' is nearly ready for publication.

The nephew of Lord Macaulay, Mr. G. O. Trevelyan, is writing a work on 'The Early History of Charles James Fox.'

A biography of the late Editor of the London *Times*, Mr. John T. Delane, is announced as about to appear from the pen of Sir George W. Dasent.

'Scientific Sophisms, a Review of Current Theories concerning Atoms, Apes, and Men,' is the title of a new book about to appear in England.

Among forthcoming books is the 'Life and Letters of Lord Chancellor Campbell,' to be edited by his daughter, Hon. Mrs. Hardcastle.

Two new volumes of essays from the *Quarterly Review*, by Mr. A. Hayward, Q.C., are announced. They will bear the title of 'Sketches of Eminent Statesmen and Writers.'

A companion volume to Mr. Smile's 'Self Help' series is shortly to be issued, on the subject of 'Duty: with illustrations of Courage, Patience, and Endurance.'

Dr. Schliemannn's new book 'Ilios,' which is to appear immediately, will comprise a complete history of the city and country of the Trojans, including all the recent discoveries and researches of its author on the Plains of Troy. The work, we learn, will be enriched with appendices and notes by many classicists, philologists, and antiquarians, of high repute.

Messrs. Willing & Williamson, of Toronto, we learn, have arranged for a Canadian edition of a delightful little work for the holidays, entitled 'Pretty Peggy and other Ballads,' illustrated by Rosina Emmet, the lady who was the winner of the thousand dollar prize offered by Messrs. Prang & Co., the Art Publishers, of Boston, for the best illuminated Christmas Card. The book, which may be considered a companion to Kate Greenway's charming holiday juvenile of last year, 'Under the Window,' contains five simple ballads, quaintly illustrated in colours after most artistic designs by Miss Emmet. Though intended for the young folks the book, we are sure, will be studied by all lovers of art and will find a place on the drawing-room table as well as in the nursery. Kate Greenway's new Birthday book of Child Life has also been imported in large quantity by the same firm. The latter is also sure of receiving large favour in the approaching holiday trade.

We observe with pleasure that Mr. Justin McCarthy, in the concluding volumes of his admirable 'History of Our Own Times,' just published, devotes some space to the consideration of the thoughtful essay on the *National Development of Canada* which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for March last, from the pen of Mr. J. G. Bourinot, B.A., of Ottawa. This recognition, on the part of a notable English author, of the writings of a Canadian will be gratifying to those who, with ourselves, look hopefully on the future of the literature of the Dominion, and who see in men of Mr. Bourinot's calibre writers who would do honour to the profession of letters, wherever resident, were our people but more appreciative of native talent, and better disposed to encourage the possessors of it in intellectual pursuits. It can hardly be said that it is creditable to us that native literary merit should be left to the accidental notice of literary men of other countries for its proper recognition, or that, as in many instances, they should be the first to discern it. We learn that Mr. Bourinot is about to bring out a lengthy historical review of the 'Intellectual Development of the Canadian People,' which we trust will awaken some active interest, now too long dormant, in Canadian literature and its professors. Mr. Bourinot, we need hardly inform our readers, is the Clerk-Assistant of the House of Commons.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

The Latest Method.—Jones: 'I see Smith has taken to riding a bicycle. What on earth is he doing that for?' Robinson: 'Oh, a very simple reason—to prevent Mrs. Smith going with him.'

It doesn't always Pay to be Meek.—'You are an idiot!' angrily exclaimed a domineering wife. 'So my friends said when I married you,' replied the husband. And she became more infuriated than ever.

From a Ladies' Logic Class.—Professor: 'Miss C., give me the example of a true conclusion drawn from two false premises.' Miss C.: 'Logic is an easy study; that's false. I don't like easy studies; that's false. I don't like logic; that's true.'

Celtic English.—Scene—Hurricane deck of West Highland steamer; the fares are about to be collected. Mate vociferously to Donald, a deck hand: 'Donald, come up here and stood where you'll stood, and I'll go doon an' stood where am I.'

A canny Scotchman inquired of a fellow-trader, 'Is Colonel X a man to be trusted?' 'I think you'll find him so,' was the reply. 'If you trust him once, you'll trust him for ever.'

Doctor X is as bad a sportsman as he is a physician; but this does not prevent him, as regularly as the season comes round, from spending a fortnight in the fields with his dog and his gun. 'And that's the only period of the year when he doesn't kill anything,' said one of his colleagues kindly.

Some enthusiastic anglers from Paisley were fishing from Rothesay quay this summer. A small boy among them tumbled into the water, and would have been drowned had not an old veteran jumped in after him and landed him safely. A bystander complimented the angler on his heroism, and asked him if the boy was his son. 'No,' replied the old man, 'but he micht jist as weel hae been. The young rascal had a' the bait in his pouch.'

Squibb's boy has been for some months an inmate of a lawyer's office. He entered with the determination, as he announced to his family, to become Secretary of State. There would seem to be some probability of his succeeding, to judge from the following note sent the other day to his anxious mother, who had inquired why he did not come home to see them oftener: 'The impossibility of my absence will be readily apparent when I convey the intelligence that my senior principal is at the current juncture exhaustively engaged in the preparation of a voluminous series of intercalatory interrogatories to be propounded to a supposedly recalcitrant witness whose testimony is of cardinal importance in the initial stages of an approaching preliminary investigation involving the most momentous consequences.'

A BALLADE OF EVOLUTION.

In the mud of the Cambrian main
  Did our earliest ancestor dive:
From a shapeless albuminous grain
  We mortals our being derive.
He could split himself up into five,
  Or roll himself up like a ball;
For the fittest will always survive,
  While the weakliest go to the wall.

As an active ascidian again
  Fresh forms he began to contrive,
Till he grew to a fish with a brain,
  And brought forth a mammal alive.
With his rivals he next had to strive,
  To woo him a mate and a thrall;
So the handsomest managed to wive,
  While the ugliest went to the wall.

At length as an ape he was fain
  The nuts of the forest to rive;
Till he took to the low-lying plain,
  And slew but omitted to shrive.
Thus did cannibal men first arrive,
  One another to swallow and maul:
And the strongest continued to thrive,
  While the weakliest went to the wall.

ENVOY.

Prince, in our civilized hive,
  Now money's the measure of all:
And the wealthy in coaches can drive.
  While the needier go to the wall.

—*St. James' Gazette.*