Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

☑ Additional comments / Commentaires supplémentaires: Irregular pagination.

"BILL SANDERS GETS HIS HAND ONTO A BIBLE"

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

JULY, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIX.

NICHOLAS visited his protégés every evening for a week after he had procured places and employment for them. He carried them newspapers and books, read to them, discussed business and the affairs of the nation, and heard the stories of their experience in their new spheres of life. It would be hard to tell whether he or they learned the more, or enjoyed the more, in these reunions. That they missed their old excitements and their vagrant liberty, was very evident; but no one seemed so far to regret the change as to be tempted to return to his old life. Every day placed them further from danger, and all of them had conceived a hearty respect and friendship for their benefactor. Nicholas was very much gratified that, at the end of the first week, they paid their board-bills, though they must have been sorely tempted to use the money in their hands for the improvement of their wardrobe. For this, Nicholas and they were indebted to Glezen, who had had a long talk with Cavendish, and placed upon him the responsibility of seeing that his companions did their duty.

The result of many discussions, in which the reclaimed vagrants gave Nicholas some valuable lessons in human nature and philosophical policy, appeared at the end of the week, in an announcement which threw one of the worst and poorest neighbourhoods of the city into a fever of curious excitement. "The Beggars' Paradise," as the neighbourhood was familiarly called, had something new to think of and talk about.

Nicholas, in his conversations with Cavendish, found that he was a man of very fair education, and exceptionally versatile gifts. He had

been the inventor of a thousand schemes for winning money without work; his wits had been sharpened in all directions; he was familiar with every phase of pauper life; he knew thoroughly the kind of demoralization which it engendered, and he possessed not only a facile tongue, but an illimitable impudence, which a worthy motive could readily soften into self-respectful courage and ingenious address.

On the border of "The Beggars' Paradise," at the corner of a street devoted mainly to the purchase and sale of old clothes, many of which were collected and pawned by the beggars themselves, there was a dilapidated assembly-room, called by the ambitious proprietor "The Atheneum." In earlier days it had been the scene of sundry cheap shows and low theatrical exhibitions. During one whole season a quartette of negro minstrels, with very large posters and very small jokes, had occupied "The Atheneum." This was in its "palmiest days." But the minstrels and the glory departed together. The grime of years had clothed itself upon the bare arms and legs of Melpomene and Terpsichore, which illuminated the drop-scene of the little stage; many of the seats were broken; the spiders had woven their gray webs across the angles and corners; boys had scrawled the walls with rude effigies of the proprietor, and legends not altogether complimentary to his sense of decency and habits of cleanliness, and everything betrayed not only the degeneracy of the hall itself, but that of the neighbourhood on which it had originally depended for support.

Nicholas, for a very modest sum, secured a lease of "The Atheneum" for six months. He caused the shutters to be opened one bright morning, started the fires, put a little army of labouring men and women into the room with brooms and scrubbing-brushes, rolled the presiding muses out of sight, and before night had a clean little theatre that would comfortably seat five hundred people.

In the meantime he had informed his friends and associates of what he was doing, and the greatest curiosity and interest prevailed throughout the little group. Ways and means were discussed, prophesies were indulged in, and all looked forward to the night of the opening with keenly delightful anticipations.

The announcement of the first performance at "The Atheneum" was composed by the "Larkin Bureau," and revised and modified under the suggestions of Mr. Jonas Cavendish and his friends; and "The Beggars' Paradise" awoke one morning to the surprise of the flaming poster, on every convenient dead-wall of the region, to which allusion has already been made. It read as follows:

GREAT BREAD MEETING!

Every Ticket a Loaf of Bread, wrapped neatly in brown paper!

Good news to "The Beggars' Paradise"!

Re-opening of The Atheneum! On Thursday evening, January 10th, at 8 o'clock, The Atheneum will be re-opened for a lecture on Bread.

HOW TO GET IT AND HOW TO MAKE IT!

The tickets, each of which will be a loaf of the best bread, are placed at the low price of one dime. Just five hundred loaves will be packed in the box-office, and every member of the audience, on payment of the admission fee, will receive a loaf, and be admitted to the door on showing the same.

The audience are particularly requested not to break the papers and eat the contents during the exercises!

The amusements of "The Beggars' Paradise" were few; and as every attendant upon the performance was promised an equivalent for his money in bread, men and women alike were more than ready to avail themselves of the opportunity to enjoy a social evening in comfortable quarters.

During the afternoon of the opening day, a huge load of bread was drawn to the door of "The Atheneum," and carried upstairs in the sight of an admiring crowd of boys and idle men. So there was no longer any doubt about the bread. A competent force of police was secured for the preservation of order, and for the sifting out and sending from the building such drunken applicants for tickets as would be likely to make disturbance.

At half-past seven o'clock, Nicholas stationed himself in the box-office, with Talking Tim at his side. The former was to take the money, and the latter was to pass out the bread, which so filled the little office that they had hardly sufficient room to stand. Their friends had previously been admitted to the hall by a private door, and had found places for themselves upon the stage, within sight of the rostrum, though hidden from the auditorium.

Already there was a crowd at the door, covering the sidewalk for several rods, and clustering upon the steps like a swarm of bees upon an orchard limb, with a buzz that might furnish a new force to the figure.

At last the door was opened, and the crowd surged up the stair-way in wild disorder, and with cries and shouts and oaths that made their entrance more like that of a mixed herd of cattle and swine and sheep than like that of human beings.

At the end of the passage leading to the hall they encountered a force of police, standing opposite the box-office in quiet dignity, and every man, as he caught sight of the officers of the law, subsided into silence. Here and there one stopped and hugged the wall, waiting for his chance

to turn back—men who did not wish to be recognised, or to come too near to those who might remember a claim upon their persons.

Nicholas had but little difficulty in making change, as nearly every man and woman had brought only the dime that would secure admittance; so that the hall filled rapidly, and Tim, with his one hand, had all he could do to pass out the huge ticket, whose possession gave admission. Before the hour for the beginning of the exercises arrived, the last loaf of the five hundred had been passed out, the box-office was closed, and the remainder of the still-coming crowd was turned back, because there was no more room.

Within there was a scene of confusion, such as the worst theatres have rarely witnessed. Some of the more reckless had broken their loaves, and were throwing them at each other. It was a remarkable-looking crowd. Pale women sat holding their loaves in their laps, as if they were afraid their treasures would be snatched away. There was a great rustling of paper, there was merry chaffing on every hand, there was impatient stamping of feet, and the little knot of philanthropists behind the wing of the stage, who from sundry peep-holes could see everything, were in a fever of excitement.

One among them was pale and uneasy. The success of the evening depended upon him, and, bold as he was, confident as he was in his own resources, he was humble and fearful. At last, when the clamour was at its height, Mr. Jonas Cavendish stepped out upon the stage, and advanced to a little desk near the footlights.

Twenty men recognised him in an instant.

"O Jonas! Jonas!" went up from all parts of the hall.

"Who made your boots?"

"Where did you get your pretty coat?"

"Who suffered for the bread?"

"Where did you sleep last night?"

Cavendish stood and received these blows in silence. At last he saw a brutal fellow rise in the middle of the hall, and lift his loaf of bread to hurl it toward the stage, himself being the special target. He raised his hand deprecatingly, and some neighbour pulled the ruffian back into his seat.

"Boys," said Cavendish, "do you believe in fair play?"

"Yes!" "yes!" "yes!" from all parts of the hall.

"Have you had anything but fair play here to-night, so far?"

"No, no, it's all right."

"Very well; you will have nothing but fair play for the rest of the evening. And now, will you hear what I have to say?"

"Yes, yes! go on! go on!"

Cavendish with one trembling hand upon the desk, and leaning appealingly and deprecatingly forward, began:

"You are all poor people here to-night. Some of you are very poor. Some of you do not know where your food for to-morrow is coming from, but all of you know that you have a breakfast in your hands, and that you have honestly paid for it."

"That's so."

"Well, boys, I see that some of you know me."

"A good many of us know you, Jonas," was the response.

"I am glad of it, for, if you do, you know that I have been as poor as any of you, that I know what hard times you have, and that I am acquainted with every disreputable trick by which a dead-beat manages to keep body and soul together."

"You can swear to that, Jonas."

"Now," said Cavendish, "I want to tell you a little story, and, if you will hear it through, perhaps you will hear the rest that I have to say."

"Go on, we'll hear you."

"I was a rich man's son—the son of a man who was fond of me, and gave me every advantage—and I was foolish and wild. I squandered the money that was left to me, after I had broken the hearts of my father and mother."

"Oh, none of that! none of that, Jonas! Don't come the pathetic."

"Ah, but I am telling you the truth. I say that I broke the hearts of my father and mother, and after that I broke the heart of as good a wife as a man ever had. I went from bad to worse, until the time you first knew me. I borrowed money to spend upon my vices, until I could borrow no longer, and then, dead-beaten, I resorted to every scheme that my ingenuity could devise to get the money that I would not undertake to earn."

"You were an ornament to the profession, Jonas. Don't cry about it" —from the audience.

"I am not going to cry, but I'll make you cry before I get through with you: see if I don't."

"Pump away, Jonas!"

"Well, I played at last a shabby trick upon a gentleman. I'm not going to tell you what it was, but I got the money I went for, and then he got me. [A general laugh.] But he bore no grudge against me, and had a hearty wish to help me. He found a place for me to work. He gave me good companionship and books. He gave me his own society, and treated me as a man and an equal. Since I started in my place, I have earned my daily bread, and more; and I have found and proved that there is no man so low, so beaten by the world, that he cannot rise and be a man again. There is not a man or woman in this hall, who begs from

day to day, who cannot by industry and good habits place himself or herself above want, and become something better than a mere swallower of the earnings of other people.

"Now, mark you, I did not intend to tell you this when I came here. I'm no preacher, but you have compelled me to explain my presence here to-night.

"Will you let me go back a little now, in your own lives? Let us go back to the time when you married that pretty girl. How pretty she was! Do you remember her rosy cheeks, her bright eyes, her quick and elastic step, her pleasant ways, the trust she had in you? Do you remember how fond you were of her? Do you remember how you promised to work for her, and take care of her? Do you remember how proud you felt with her hand upon your arm, and how you prized her more than all the world besides? Where is she now? In her coffin? I do not see her in this hall. I see women here, care-worn, pale, weary, with no smiles on their faces. These are not the girls you married. Where are they? Ah, boys! you have killed some of them, and some of them you have beaten. You have made beggars of them and their children. You have disgraced them and done them a thousand wrongs. Isn't it so, boys? Haven't I told you the truth?"

"What's the use o' rakin' it up?" exclaimed a rough fellow, wiping his eyes, while a dozen women were sobbing around him.

"You drove me to it," said Cavendish, "and I told you I would make you cry, and I have done it. But I haven't told you the whole of my story yet. The man who helped me to my place has hired this hall for your amusement and your help, and I have promised to stand by him. I'm going to do it. You will always have your money's worth in your ticket, as you have had it to-night. If you know me at all, you know I can teach you, and if I know you, I can tell you a thousand things that it will be useful for you to learn. I would like to see "The Beggars' Paradise" something better than a beggars' hell, and if you will join hands with me we'll revolutionize this part of the town, and get the name changed. I will work every day for myself for the sake of working with you at night."

"Bully for you, Jonas!"

"We'll think about it."

"Where's the boss?"

After these expressions, coming from different parts of the hall, had died away, Cavendish proceeded:

"I was to speak about bread to-night. This preliminary talk that we have had is more than I bargained for.

"I want you now to follow me as I try to show you the region where the bread begins its life. Let us take the cars and travel westward.

We go one, three, five, seven, ten, twelve hundred miles. We pass through a great many thriving cities, we cross many wonderful rivers, we skirt the shores of broad lakes, for a day and a night, and a day and a night, and on a bright and dewy morning we stand upon a broad prairie. It has been a tedious journey, but what we open our eyes upon now is so great, so sweet, so wonderful, that we are repaid for our fatigues. The ocean itself does not seem more illimitable than this expanse of land, all turned over and harrowed to receive the seed. Before, endless prairie; behind, endless prairie; at the right and left, nothing but prairie,—sometimes level like the sleeping sea, sometimes rolling like the ocean after a storm.

"The little seed-wheat which the thousands of workmen are scattering has been brought, perhaps, from long distances, but every kernel cost the farmer money. The labour that sows it costs the farmer money. All the preparation of the ground costs the farmer money, or his own hard labour. The cattle and the horses used cost him labour or money.

"Go to the same prairie in the early autumn. The black earth has turned into gold, and the prairie is a yellow sea, as mobile and as beautiful as if it were water. Every ear of grain that helps to constitute that palpitating, rippling ocean of beauty, over which the shadows of the clouds are chasing one another, is bending with bread. Then come the reapers who do their work, and get their pay, and then come the threshers, and the money that their labour commands is added to the aggregate of cost. Then the kernels, every one as exquisite as a pearl, are prisoned in sacks, bursting with fulness, are loaded upon wains that drag them to the rail, and then they begin the journey eastward which we passed over when we started to see the prairie. They ride on the rail to the lake. They are hoisted into huge elevators. They descend in streams into ships. They toss upon the waters. Steam propels them, or the winds drive them eastward. For long days and nights they journey over the water and over the land, until they reach their destination. They find the miller at last, and are ground into the finest flour. They are barrelled and shipped to the city. From the warehouse they go to the baker, and from the baker they come here, and here you have them in your laps.

"Now mark the process, and see how every grain of these beautiful loaves has been paid for. The seed cost money, and the man who received the money fed himself with it, and thus secured pay for his labour. The ploughing and pulverizing of the soil, the covering of the seed, the reaping, the threshing, the transportation by sea and land, the grinding, the baking, have all been giving people bread. Every little kernel of wheat in these loaves has had a blessing in it for every hand

that has touched it; and the money that you have paid for this bread to-night goes back through a thousand hands. Bakers, and millers, and railroad men, and sailors, and labourers of all sorts, teamsters and farmers, are helped by the little dimes that you have brought here to-night. All these men depend upon you, and the rest of us, to pay them for the work they have done, and all they ask is that you shall work as hard for them as they have worked for you. Is there anything unreasonable about this? Don't you all feel better for having paid for your loaf of bread, and will not the bread taste the sweeter for it?"

When Cavendish had concluded this part of the address, the house was perfectly still. The listeners had made an excursion into the great country, had caught a glimpse of its industries, and they were thinking how many loaves of bread they had eaten without making any return for them. He was a graphic speaker, and having fairly got the audience into his hands, he had won back all his self-possession and was master of the situation. Dull as the minds of his audience were, they had followed him, and saw dimly what he had been driving at.

"No man is a real man who is not willing to do a man's work, and contribute his share to the making of the bread he eats," said Cavendish. "I confess myself to have been a mean apology for a man—a skulk, a shirk, a leech."

"No doubt about that, Jonas," from the audience.

"What are you?" said Cavendish.

As the owner of the responding voice was a notorious dead-beat, and well known to those about him, a laugh of derision went up at his expense.

"I propose to be a leech no longer. I am ashamed of myself," said Cavendish; "but I must not waste your time in personal matters. It has been promised that I should tell you how to make bread."

Then he went into a long and interesting dissertation on the chemical processes involved in the making of the loaves that the audience held in their hands. He broke open a loaf that lay upon the table at his side, and compared it with the miserable stuff they were in the habit of preparing for themselves. Then he told them that lest they should forget the various formulas that he had described to them, he had brought some printed recipes, which he would distribute among them.

Forthwith there appeared from the wing of the stage, and descended into the auditorium, a lad dressed like a page, in a blue roundabout with brass buttons—no less a personage than Bob Spencer, Glezen's new boy, in the regalia of his high office.

"Hullo, Bob!" rose from every part of the hall, and Bob was as proud of his dignity as if he had been a prince. He passed among the seats, distributing his bundle of recipes right and left. Every woman

took one, and laid it away in her pocket or her bosom. Then the boy ran swiftly upstairs and disappeared.

It looked as if the exercises were closing, when a voice called out:

"How are we to get the bread? You promised to tell us how to get it."

"Thank you," said Cavendish. "I came near forgetting that, I have had so many other things to talk about. Now, as I have dealt very frankly with you to-night, and acknowledged my own sins and short-comings, I have a right to ask you to treat me in the same way. How many in this audience intend to go to an ale-house, or a gin-shop, on their way home, and get something to drink? Up with you! Be fair now! No skulking!"

Cavendish was laughing, and the laugh was contagious. The atmosphere was favourable to candour and frankness. One lathy, long fellow rose, amid universal merriment, then another and another, until a hundred men were on their feet.

"That's right," said Cavendish. "Now please to sit down."

All resumed their seats, and then Cavendish said:

"I calculate that this audience propose to spend at least ten dollars on the way home for drink. There, you see, are a hundred loaves of good honest bread that you propose to throw away. And what will you get for it? An unhappy home, a drunken sleep, a headache to-morrow morning, unfitness for work, and the necessity of driving your poor wives and wretched children out to beg for the bread that will be necessary to hold your souls within your miserable carcasses. Isn't that true? You know it is. One way, then, to get your bread is to save your money for it. The other way is to get something to do, at any wages, and do it, and get your money for that."

It was evident that the audience had risen to no such determination as this. They had been interested and amused, but every man had come to the hall with a scent of benevolence in his nostrils. They knew that somebody, somewhere, had money; and when they arrived at the hall Cavendish had told them that somebody had money. They wanted money. Their self-respect had been ministered to, but their wants were open, and the habit of their lives—the habit of living and desiring to live on the money of others—was not broken.

"Where's the boss?" they cried.

"Trot him out."

"We want to see him."

"Show us the elephant."

They clapped their hands and stamped their feet, and were about breaking up in a great tumult, when Nicholas appeared at the wing

of the stage, advanced rapidly to the foot-lights, and bowed to the audience.

"Boys," said he, "I am the boss, and I mean well toward you all. I wanted to do something for you. I knew your evenings must be rather dull, and that even those among you who have homes are not very comfortable in them. I thought it would be a good thing for you to have a warm, well-lighted hall, such as the rich people have to meet in, and that you could be interested here. I have been very much instructed and interested to-night, myself, by one from your own ranks, and I am sure that there are hundreds of well-educated people in New York who would have been willing to give five or ten times the sum your bread has cost you for the privilege you have enjoyed. All I have to say is, that they cannot have it at any price. [Cheers, and 'bully for you!'] Is there anything that I can do for you?"

If he had asked this question earlier, there would have been a call for money from every part of the house, but the speaker's respectful tone, and his evident good-will, shamed them all into silence, except one brutal fellow, who said loudly:

"Yes! shell out!"

A hiss was started, and a cry of "shame, shame," went up from every part of the hall.

When the tumult subsided, Nicholas said:

"I may as well answer this man, for myself and for you. I never gave a cent of money to a man in my life—to a man, I mean, who was able to earn it and had not earned it—that I was not ashamed of myself and ashamed of him and for him; and I promise you and pledge you that I will never give you a penny so long as I live. I would not insult a man who was capable of earning his own bread by offering him money. I would not do anything for any man that I would not permit him to do for me. I have a reasonable amount of money now, but I may lose it, as multitudes have lost theirs. If I am unfortunate, I will work my fingers to the bone before I'll beg."

"Good! Good! You're all right," resounded on every hand, and Nicholas was about retiring from his first public effort when a man rose in the middle of the hall and expressed the hope that he would remain a moment.

Nicholas recognised Mr. Lansing Minturn, who, with Yankton, or "Twitchell," had taken a seat in the audience, in order to be ready for any emergency. Both these men were known, and both knew that their recent history had come to the ears of their old associates. It was Lansing Minturn's hand that, in the early part of the evening, had prevented the loaf from being hurled at the head of Cavendish. They had led in

the cheers, and had controlled and guided, as well as they could, the demonstrations of the audience.

"It seems to me," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, "that this audience owes to the gentleman who has just spoken, and to our old friend Cavendish, a vote of thanks for our entertainment here to-night. I therefore propose that the thanks of the audience be presented to them for the use of the hall that we have enjoyed, and the very instructive and interesting address that we have listened to."

"I second the proposition," said Mr. Yankton, promptly.

The propounder of the motion put it to vote, and it was carried *nem. con.* Nicholas, with a smile of acknowledgment on his face, bowed to the audience and retired, while Cavendish raised his hand and said:

"One word more."

The audience paused—some standing, some sitting.

"One week from to-night there will be a lecture in this hall on 'Soap.'"

The announcement was greeted with the wildest merriment and applause.

"How to make it and how to use it!" shouted Cavendish.

This addition excited loud laughter and cheers, as the grand joke of the evening.

"Every attendant paying his dime at the box-office, will be presented with a cake of good soap, which will serve as his ticket of admission to the hall."

"We'll all come," said Lansing Minturn.

"Every man and woman of us," shouted Yankton.

The hall was quickly emptied of as merry an audience as any New York theatre sent into the street that night. They had been interested, they had been instructed, they had forgotten for more than an hour the low motives of their lives. The passengers upon the sidewalks stopped and watched the bread-bearing crowd, and wondered what had been done; and many men went straight home who had intended to waste the scanty contents of their pockets in drink.

Nicholas and Cavendish, on rejoining the little circle of friends behind the wing of the stage, were the recipients of quite an ovation. Both were heartily congratulated. Mr. and Mrs. Coates were there, having been attracted partly by curiosity, and partly by the enthusiasm of their daughter. Mrs. Coates only, of all the company, withheld her approval.

"It seems to me," said Mrs. Coates, "that this meetin' ought to have been opened with prayer. I may seem to be a strange woman, but I like the good old ways."

"Y-yes," said Mr. Coates, who saw that he was the only proper person to make a response to the suggestion, "b-bait your t-trap with a

ch–icken, c–catch your fox, and then b–brush the flies off his face, and t–teach him the c–catechism."

It would have been too much to expect of the excited and happy group that they should receive this illustration of Mr. Coates's idea of the situation without laughter; but there was not one of them —there was not one of the most reverent of them—who did not apprehend the unfairness of imprisoning a collection of five hundred people for a special object, and then taking an advantage of their helplessness to secure another. They had seen it tried, again and again, and they did not believe in it. They did believe, however, that God likes work better than words, that those who honestly labour for His children have His blessing in advance, without those phrases of public petition which are uttered mainly for their moral effect.

From the hall the young people went directly to Miss Larkin, who awaited their return and report in a fever of excitement. She had asked of Nicholas the privilege of sharing in his expenses, so that she might be reckoned among the agents of the reform he had undertaken, and he could not refuse her request.

The meetings at the "Atheneum" went on during the winter. The lecture upon soap was as great a success as that on bread. New seats were put into the hall. The audience went from five hundred up to six hundred. The "Atheneum" had never enjoyed such a season. The lecture on soap was followed by one on carbon in all its forms, from graphite to the diamond. The ticket for this lecture was a little inkstand, made from coal like that which they burned upon their hearths. Cavendish was furnished with books for cramming purposes, and was particularly brilliant and graphic in his representation of the age when the world's fuel and light were deposited in their rocky store-houses. From useful things the lectures went to ornamental. The ticket to the first of these was a chromo, and in this lecture upon art, Cavendish told with thrilling effect the story of the morning which he and two of his companions spent with Nicholas in his room. The hurling of the Laocoön from its bracket, on that eventful morning, was made to do double duty, and the audience had been so far educated by the exercises of the winter, that they could receive and carry away the lesson.

There was new life in hundreds of homes. Other philanthropists became interested in the remarkable experiment, and the appearance of a number of gentlemen and ladies upon the stage, with the permission of the audience, came to be a regular and expected affair. Of course, those who were poor were poor still, but something had come into their lives to give them meaning. Their common needs lost their vulgarity, and gradually clothed themselves with beauty and even romance. A degree of self-respect came back to them. They were more industrious,

more frugal, less intemperate. They paid more attention to their persons. They were better dressed and cleaner.

While this was going on, other events were in progress among those with whom our story has brought us into association, and to these we must return for a while, to come back to "The Atheneum" experiment when it takes on a new character and develops a new phase of interest. It is sufficient to say now, in regard to this experiment, that its course, though always progressive, met with many drawbacks and difficulties, which taxed to their utmost the time and ingenuity of those who carried it on. Nicholas was the busiest man in New York. He made all the purchases, and became a personal adviser—almost a father confessor—to many poor men and poor women, who were struggling to better their low conditions. He had a great deal of earnest help, but he was the readiest man of them all—always bold and quick in expedients, and never failing of his ends, because he would not fail.

CHAPTER XX.

ONE may not swear that a river is pure because heaven is to be seen in it. Reflection is an office of the surface. Many a stream with an under-tide of turbid waters and a muddy bottom mirrors back the courtesies of the trees upon its banks, but never shows them a pebble.

Mr. Benson's life seemed pure. It reflected the atmosphere above him and the things around him. There was not a bird that crossed it without seeing its double in an inverted sky. It gave back what it received. It entertained the clouds and the stars; and men did not pause to think that they were only looking into a mirror. Indeed, they flattered the fact in supposing that the difficulty in seeing into this life was attributable to its depth rather than its density.

It often happens, however, in the clearest streams that a confluent may receive an independent freshet, and carry out into the broad river its burden of suspended uncleanness. Mr. Benson's financial troubles, and the means he adopted to meet and master them, were defacing the mirror of his life. The surface was growing dull and perturbed. Midway it showed a separation; and side by side, with only an imaginary or indistinct division, there flowed a river that seemed clear as of old, and one that was dirty and dull. If careless people did not see this, Mr. Benson himself was conscious of it. He was in grave trouble—trouble not only with his affairs, but with himself. He had arrived at a point where he could apprehend the fact that a fatal gap yawned between his religion and his morality. He was inexpressibly pained by

this apprehension, and profoundly puzzled by it. He could not see that his religion and his morality had the same selfish basis. He could not comprehend the fact that his morality had not grown out of his religion —that they had no common root in love to God and love to man.

He was sure that he enjoyed his religious exercises. He did not see that he enjoyed them because they had no connection with his moralities. The services of his church on Sunday, the attendance upon, and the active participation in, the social religious gatherings of the week, personal devotions, the reading of his Bible—all these were sources of comfort to him. The faithful discharge of what he regarded as his religious duties gave him his best consolations.

It has been said that there was no vital relation between his morality and his religion, yet in his own mind there was a relation, so far that he was puzzled to understand why a man who discharged his religious duties with such careful punctilio should not receive his reward in greater prosperity. He was a friend of religion—a friend of God : why was not God a more helpful friend to him? Still, the fact that God was no more helpful did not tempt him to relinquish his religious duties. Indeed, the circumstance that he was doing doubtful things in the realm of his moralities, stimulated him in what he regarded as other good directions. He was dimly conscious, perhaps, that he was trying to blind the eyes of others to his immoral doings and conditions, and that he was apparently more religious because he was consciously more immoral, but this did not affect his action.

Mr. Benson was sound in his beliefs, and this fact, in such a mind as his, went a long way in the conservation of his self-complacency. To these he clung with almost affectionate pertinacity. Whatever changes might happen to his earthly fortune, his heavenly inheritance should be secure. Concerning the duties in this department of his life he had no doubt, even if the circumstances of the time and the infirmities of his will under temptation, should warp or degrade his action in his practical dealings with the world. He was at least no heretic, and the truth should always find in him a bulwark and a defence.

The real trouble with Mr. Benson was that he was obliged to take care of Mr. Benson and Mr. Benson's reputation. He had been a wise and prosperous man. The community had looked up to him and trusted him. He had nursed his reputation with a degree of self-love of which he was entirely unconscious. To be greeted, and spoken of, and pointed at, as a man of probity, as an eminent citizen, as a person supremely trustworthy, was the sweetest gratification of his life. Under the inspiration of his own self-love, rather than that of any higher love, he had been a moral man. When he saw this successful and moral man about

to tumble from his height of prosperity and good repute, the same self-love sprang to save him by such means as seemed necessary.

The first duty, then, that appealed to Mr. Benson, outside of that which he owed to his religion, was that of taking care of himself. He justified himself in this by the fact that if he could take care of himself, he could take care of all whose affairs he held in his hands. His work was therefore very simple. How to get through the crisis and save his reputation was the great question which covered all other questions.

He was already conscious, however, as has been intimated, that a freshet had occurred in the principal confluent of his life, which had betrayed itself upon the surface to a few eyes besides his own. He knew that his reputation was suffering already. He was at least so conscious that it ought to suffer, that he became painfully alert and suspicious. He had carried through all his business life so confident a feeling and so confident a front, based upon conscious fair dealing and assured popularity, that a suspicion of himself made him suspicious of the public. He had noticed, first, that the tide of private deposits, of which he had been the recipient, had reached its flood. Whether this was attributable to the growing poverty of the people, or to a general subsidence of confidence in moneyed men, or to a special waning of faith in him, he could not tell, but he suspected the last.

It is curious how keen the public scent of private difficulty is—how quickly suspicion gathers around a man who, however faithfully he may have discharged all his business obligations, has done it with trouble to himself and fears for the future. There was no doubt that, for some reason, the public confidence in Mr. Benson was waning. His affairs had been quietly canvassed in business circles, and wise heads had been shaken over them. Nothing had been spoken of them outside—no whisper of warning had been breathed among the poor — yet sharp instincts apprehended the tottering of his strength, and a certain indefinable change in himself. The man who had had a courteous word for everybody, now passed his best friends in the street without knowing them. He was absorbed, preoccupied. He found it more difficult from day to day to obtain accommodations. Some of his recent depositors called, under various excuses, to withdraw their loans. Men bowed to him in the street in a different manner from that to which he had been accustomed. Money-lenders gave him short greetings or a wide berth.

He was unspeakably vexed and distressed with the change, and it did not work well with him. It maddened him and made him desperate, yet still he could not only blame their selfishness, but take refuge in his own superior motives. These motives hardened, however, from day to day, into a determination to save himself at any risk—almost at any price.

Did he mean to wrong anybody? No. He fully intended to pay every dollar of his debts. That, at least, would be necessary to save his reputation, and he sincerely desired to do this, with as little wrong-doing as possible.

It was in this mood and in this condition that Nicholas would have found him on the night on which he received the letter from the burglar concerning the stolen bonds, had he persisted in his determination to call upon him and read the letter to him. At that moment he was closeted with one of his largest and most importunate creditors—one who, on the brink of failure, was telling him that he must and would have his money. It was in vain that Mr. Benson assured him that the debt could not be paid without distressing others, and involving a ruinous sacrifice of property. Necessity could take no counsel of generosity. Ruin was not in the mood to consider ruin; and Mr. Benson was obliged to submit to the rule of business which circumstances had compelled him to enforce upon others.

So, before the creditor left the house that evening, he secured a promise from Mr. Benson that the debt should be paid on the following day.

This was the hardest emergency that Mr. Benson had ever experienced. He had made a desperate promise under desperate pressure, and must keep it or go to protest, and acknowledge himself beaten. He had nothing to keep his promise with. No sale of property could be made in the brief hours at his command. He could not borrow on the securities he held, save at rates that would disgrace him and hasten his ruin.

His mind trod the weary round of possibilities again and again, and at every revolution it paused before the safe that held the stolen bonds. He did not wish to touch them. Why had he held them? Why had he not placed himself beyond the temptation to use them? Could it be that Providence had withheld his hand from restoration? Could it be that the God he had prayed to so earnestly intended that these bonds should come into his hands for temporary use, in the most cruel exigency of his life? It seemed so. He could see no other way out of his trouble. There were the bonds, lying idly in his safe. There was in them all the help he needed, and more. They were doing good to nobody. At the very moment he contemplated theft, his heart went up with an emotion of gratitude!

The devil had come to him as an angel of light, with the blasphemous message that Providence was dealing with him,—that a miracle had been wrought for him,—that a man who held him in his hands and held him in contempt had been made unwillingly tributary to his safety. The devil did not need to tell him that he had paid for the bonds a

certain sum in money, that he had taken them from the hands of a robber, that he was ready to give them up to any man who could prove them to be his, that he had kept them safely for the owner, and that he only wanted a temporary use of them.

What should he do? What would any man do with ruin staring him in the face, the means of avoiding it in his hands, and a message more than half believed to be from heaven in his heart, bidding him use the means?

Still, if Nicholas had told him of his letter, the message from heaven in answer to prayer would not have come to Mr. Benson. He might even have informed Nicholas of his possession of the bonds, and insisted on putting them out of his hands. He had gradually approached, and finally reached a determination, and found his heart lighter and his path brighter. Was this heaven's own smile of approval? It seemed to be.

But here another difficulty arose. Where should he use the bonds? He found that however divinely sanctioned his use of them might seem to be, he was not ready to use them in the open market. It would not be safe to place them where he could not at once lay his hands upon them.

So he was shut up to a single resort. It was against the law for an officer of the Poor Man's Savings Bank to use its funds for his personal purposes. But he would use them for a few days, and no harm could come to the bank, with such security as he had it in his power to offer. He had become so blinded and benumbed in his apprehensions, that he did not see that his one illegal or irregular act would demoralize every officer of the bank associated with him, and that he would lose all power to control them. He did not see that every man of them would demand a loan for himself, as a bribe to secrecy, and that he would by his act inaugurate a confederacy of crime that would endanger or destroy the institution in which he had taken so much pride.

Before noon on the following day the bonds were in the vault of the savings bank, Mr. Benson's creditor was paid, and he had a surplus fund on hand which would give him room and leisure to work for the redemption of his pledged securities.

The first effect was great mental relief to Mr. Benson. The second was an organized demand, on the part of the other officers of the bank, for accommodations for themselves. They gave him plainly to understand that they were in as great trouble as himself; that their right to borrow of the bank was equal to his own, and that if their demand was not acceded to they would endeavour, in the proper quarters, to ascertain why he was to be made an exception to the rule.

Mr. Benson was in their hands. Practically he was under the threat of exposure, if he refused to honour their wishes. There was but one

thing for him to do, and he discovered too late that the devil, who had assumed the semblance and the prerogatives of Providence, had led him into a trap, from which there was no way of escape. He saw before him the ruin of the bank. He saw that he had demoralized his own officers, and that not one of them could be dismissed.

Sometimes the whole chain of events which had led him into his present desperate perplexities was unrolled before him. Oh that he could go back! Oh that he could recall the first mistake, the initial act, of his supreme selfishness, which had placed him on this declining and tortuous road!

He prayed, but he had no relief. He was in a land of shadows. He was fighting with monsters. The heavens were brass, the earth was iron. His divinity was the Virgin of the medieval chamber of torture, who opened her thorny arms and pressed him to a breast of spikes, that quenched his breath and drew his blood and racked him with insufferable pain.

CHAPTER XXI.

In the meantime, Nicholas had taken the burglar's letter to Glezen's office, and they had looked over it together. Nicholas had not the slightest doubt that the note was from the man whom he had chased from "The Crown and Crust"—his keeper on the night of the Ottercliff robbery—the beggar whom he had violently ejected from his house. Every circumstance connected with it assured its genuineness, but whether Bill Sanders knew where the bonds were, or was only trying to secure money for information which he did not possess, was a question that could only be doubtfully answered.

Glezen had considerable faith in the genuineness of the letter, but none at all in its author's proposition. He had had a little experience, and a good deal of observation, in such cases, and he had learned that very little dependence was to be placed upon letters of that character. It was possible, however, that the burglars had quarrelled over their booty, and that Bill Sanders would be ready to play a game of revenge, if he could be assured of his own safety.

After a long consultation, Nicholas left the letter in Glezen's possession, with the permission to take such steps with regard to it as might seem to be the most judicious.

From all that Glezen could learn or guess about Bill Sanders, he had been a subordinate in the crime—a cat's-paw in the hands of abler and worse men; and he cared a good deal more about getting back the bonds for Nicholas than he did about securing the person of such a man. Besides, a man who would be willing to act as a tool for a greater

rogue, might the more easily be induced to act as his own tool. So he sat down and carefully wrote a reply to the burglar's letter, telling him that the matter had been placed in his hands, and proposing an interview, with a pledge of personal safety.

The night fixed upon for the interview was one which Nicholas and Cavendish would spend at "The Atheneum," so that, without exciting suspicion, or being under the danger of intrusion, he might have the rogue in his office and examine him at his leisure.

The reply to his note reached him with unexpected promptness, and, somewhat to his surprise, his proposition was accepted. The man made his conditions in detail. The main point seemed to be personal safety during the visit. He even indulged in threats, in the name of his gang, if anything should happen to him contrary to the construction he had placed upon Glezen's letter, and the conditions named in his own.

Glezen was in his office at nine o'clock, the place and hour specified in his own letter, though he had but little faith that the visitor he had invited would appear.

The clock of Trinity had hardly completed its own tale of the hour, however, when Glezen heard steps slowly ascending the stairs. They paused at the landing, and the man who had made them seemed to be trying to read the signs on the various doors. At last there came a hesitating knock, which Glezen answered in person.

"Is this Bill Sanders?" inquired Glezen, opening the door upon him.

"I'm the man as writ the letter," was the reply, in a voice which Nicholas, had he been present, would have recognised at the antipodes.

"Come in out of the draught," said Glezen.

"Is it all clear?"

"Yes."

"Honour bright?"

"Without a stain," said Glezen, while the man glanced into his quizzical eyes.

Bill Sanders stepped inside, and looked around him, as the lawyer turned the key in the door.

"Be you a jokin' man?" inquired Bill Sanders.

Glezen laughed, and said:

"Why do you ask?"

"I reckoned you was by what you said, and how you looked," was the reply.

"I am serious enough for our business," said Glezen.

"I always trust a jokin' man," said Bill, flatteringly, with his husky voice. "'Does he joke?' says I. That settles it. 'There's a good spot in 'im,' says I. 'What he says he'll do, he will do. When he

says he'll pertect ye, he'll do it. When he says he'll plank down money, he'll plank down money, and he won't stand no small change.' That's what I say."

Bill took the chair that was offered him, tucking his hat under his left arm, as if that disposition of it were an act of courtesy towards his host. He wore a cunning, depreciative, deferential air, most unlike the ordinary bully, and a pale, creamy smile, under which it was difficult to tell whether the milk was sweet or sour.

"I know ye mean to deal squar'," said Bill, to break the uncomfortable silence in which Glezen was regarding him. "I knowed it as quick as I seed ye leave the key into the door."

"I think I understand you, Bill," said Glezen, at length; "and before you start, I want you to hear a little that I have to say. You needn't tell me your real name, because you'll lie about it, and that will be a bad beginning. What I want is the truth. I have promised that you shall come and go this time in safety, and I will keep my promise. But you must remember that I have promised nothing beyond this evening. If you tell me the truth, I can probably save you from harm. If you lie to me I shall feel at perfect liberty to do anything that seems desirable. You are undoubtedly one of the robbers of my friend Minturn's bonds. Now what you do know about them?"

"Swear me! Let me git my hand onto a Bible," said Bill.

"No, I don't want you to swear," said Glezen. "I'll take your word of honour, if such a man as you has any honour."

"Then I'll swear myself," said Bill. "May God ——"

"Stop!" said Glezen. "Not another word! If you wish to have me believe you, drop your oaths."

Bill's programme for the evening was broken up, and it bothered him. He had actually come to tell the truth; he had been confirmed in his determination to tell it by Glezen's words; but he somehow thought it would be truer if he could "git his hand onto a Bible."

"Begin," said Glezen.

"There was three men as went a-foragin'," said Bill Sanders—"as went a-foragin' up the river. Two of 'em was old hands, that was used to large business, and one of 'em was a new hand as was used to small business. They cracked a house as wasn't fur from the river, and got away with a stack o' plunder, an' nobody hurt. Lawyer, stick a pin in that—nobody was hurt. A kid was skewered temperary, but there wasn't no murder—a kid as had no good will a-owin' to 'im, but there wasn't no harm done."

"No," said Glezen, impatiently, "you only bound and gagged him. Go on. I've heard all this before."

"As I was a sayin'," pursued the narrator, "the men got away with

a stack o' plunder—some on it silver, and some on it bonds. Now, s'pose we call the head man Captain Hank. That wasn't his name, but suppose we call it Captain Hank, to make it easy. Captain Hank says: 'Boys, we'll divide the silver, but I'll keep the bonds, and sell 'em when the time comes. They must be kep' together, an' I'm goin' to keep 'em,' says 'e, an' when I get rid of 'em then we'll divide squar,' says 'e. Well, the men was free spendin,' and they run through the silver afore they knowed it, and then Captain Hank went to raise the needful on the bonds."

Up to this point, Glezen had sat back in his chair with half shut eyes, listening to the old story, but now he opened them and became alert.

"Did he get any money on them?" inquired Glezen.

"I'm a-comin' to it, careful," said Bill. "Two of the fellers waited for Captain Hank, an' they waited till he come back, the wust beat man you ever see. He went to a high party as deals extensive, and the high party knowed about the bonds, an' come down on 'im with a barker an' a telegraph, an' was too many for 'im. Leastways, that's Captain Hank's story. Captain Hank gave both of his pardners an X, an' that's all they ever see of the bonds, an' then he broke with 'em. An' here you sets an' asks me if he got money on 'em. In course he got money on 'em, an' he got more'n he give account fer. That's what's the matter. You don't s'pose I'd come here an' give him up if he'd dealt fair, do ye?"

"Who's the high party as deals extensive?" inquired Glezen, adopting a phrase which Bill seemed to have used with considerable pride.

"He's a party as gobbled the whole pile, an' we've watched the papers to see if the bonds ever got back to the man as owns 'em, but the old cock hasn't peeped. He's got 'em now. I've seen 'im sence in the street, and butter wouldn't melt in 'is mouth."

"But you haven't told me his name," said Glezen.

Bill drew his chair nearer to Glezen, and began to tremble and grow white-lipped. His voice became more husky, and came down to a wheezy whisper, as he said:

"Lawyer, you won't believe me. Swear me as a pertickler favour. Let me get my hand onto a Bible."

Glezen was impressed with the man's sincerity. He was evidently under great excitement, and felt that the secret he had determined to divulge would be regarded as incredible. Knowing that his word was valueless, he seemed to feel that an auxiliary oath might stiffen it for use.

"I don't want any oaths," exclaimed Glezen impatiently. "If your word isn't good for anything your oath isn't good for anything. Out with it."

"But you won't believe it," said Bill.

"You don't believe it yourself, perhaps."

"I do. I know it."

"How do you know it."

"I went with 'im to the door."

Bill fell back in his chair, and drew a long breath.

"What door? Whose door?"

"Old Benson's!" in a whisper.

It was Glezen's time to be excited now.

"I have a good mind to tell you that you lie, and to kick you out of my office," said he.

"I knowed you wouldn't believe it," said Bill, deprecatingly. "I wanted to get my hand onto a Bible, and you wouldn't let me."

"Very well," said Glezen, trembling with excitement, "you shall have your hand on a Bible. Here it is. Stand up, and put your hand on it."

The rogue staggered to his feet, and placed his hand boldly on the book.

"I'm ready," said he.

"You solemnly swear, that you honestly and firmly believe, that a man whom you know as Captain Hank, and as the robber who stole a package of bonds from Nicholas Minturn at Ottercliff, disposed of those bonds to, or had them taken from him by, Benjamin Benson, in this city, God Almighty being your witness, and your avenger if you swear falsely.'

Glezen administered the oath with profound solemnity.

"I do," said Bill, "an' that's what I call business. You might as well have come to it afore, an' it wasn't my fault that you didn't."

"Now, if you've lied to me, Bill Sanders, I'll make this place too hot to hold you."

"If I've lied to you I hope I'll go to a hotter place than you can make this into," said Bill, firmly.

"Don't you tell this to anybody else," said Glezen. "If it's true, I'll take care of the matter; if it is false, as it probably is, whatever your belief may be, it will be a cruel thing against an innocent man to say anything about it. Captain Hank has probably lied to you. He may have gone to Mr. Benson to sell the bonds, but he probably did not sell them. And now," said Glezen, rising, "I want nothing more of you to-night."

"What are you going to give me?" inquired Bill.

"For what you've told me, nothing," said Glezen, "until I am convinced that you have told me the truth. For your trouble in coming here to-night, this——," and he handed him a bank-note of small denomination. Bill was disappointed.

"I'll make it right if I am convinced that you have not tried to deceive me. There's no use in talking about the matter. No words, Bill, no words! Good night!" and he almost crowded him out of the door of his office, and locked himself in. Passing swiftly to his window, he saw his visitor cross Broadway, and disappear down one of the side streets.

It was already late, but he knew, with this secret in his possession, he could not sleep. He paced his room for a few minutes, then, seized with a sudden determination, he hurried on his overcoat and hat, locked his office, ran down stairs, and hailing and leaping into a passing cab, ordered the driver to take him to the rooms of Nicholas, and not to lose time on the way.

The revelations of the robber had profoundly impressed him, however incredulously he may have appeared to receive them. He was certainly more than half convinced that Bill Sanders believed the statement he had sworn to. If he had not been measurably convinced of this, he would not have been so much excited.

He found himself sitting lightly on his seat, and leaning forward, with the strange, involuntary fancy that he was lightening the burden of the horse, or imparting something of the haste he felt to the brute that dragged him. Every muscle was tense, and, at last, became so painful that he was obliged to lean back for rest. Although the night was cold, the cab seemed close, he put down the windows, that he might catch the sharp air on his feverish cheeks. Then came a flood of doubts whether he had a right to plant suspicions in the mind of Nicholas, which, in all probability, were groundless. He had a dozen impulses to stop the driver and walk back to his own rooms.

But the cab rolled on over the stony streets, past the theatres as they were disgorging themselves, past the saloons ablaze with light, past the long rows of dark warehouses, and the unending lines of flickering street-lamps, and he held to his seat as if by some fatal necessity. Crowded and violently exercised as his mind had been, he was at his destination before he could realize that the long distance had been measured. The cabman was royally paid for his service and dismissed; but even then Glezen hesitated.

In vain. He could not go away. He rang the bell, and on reaching the room he sought he found Nicholas preparing to retire for the night.

"What! This you?" exclaimed Nicholas.

"Even so."

"What is the matter? You are pale. Are you ill?"

"I have heard the devil's own story to-night," said Glezen, sinking into a chair, "but I am not ill—only a little excited. Put on your coat,

Nicholas. We must have a talk. I don't know that I ought to tell you this story, but it's in me, and I don't seem to be able to hold it."

Nicholas sat down near his friend very much puzzled, and heard in profound amazement every incident of the interview that had occurred at Glezen's office.

"Now, mark you, Nicholas," said Glezen, interrupting the latter in his attempt to speak. "I give but little credence to this story. On one side of it, there is a set of desperate rogues—men known to be thieves —men who would perjure their souls for money just as readily as they would break into a house, or cut a throat if they had occasion for violence. On the other, there is a man more conspicuous for his probity than for anything else—with all the dissuasives against crooked courses that can be gathered round a man, or gathered into him. It is not fair to pit one of these parties against the other, even before the bar of one's private judgment. We must keep this to ourselves. I am glad to have a partner in the possession of the story, because it is an ugly thing for one man to carry, but it cannot be true. You know it cannot be true."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Nicholas. "You lawyers are always looking after evidence that will be good in a court of justice. There are circumstances in my mind which have fitted themselves into, and illuminated every passage of, the story. I shall surprise you if I say that I not only believe that this story is true, but that my belief amounts almost to knowledge."

"You surprise me," said Glezen. "What do you mean?"

"I know the very night on which the transaction took place," said Nicholas. "Why, the man almost revealed himself. The secret was as hard for him to hold as it has been for you; and if he had had no greater motive for keeping it than you have had, I should have received it then. My interview with him came next after that of Captain Hank. He was pale and excited when I entered. He questioned me about the bonds. He told me he believed, or felt, somehow, that I should get them again. He went so far as to say that he had just had a call from a man who was as likely to have been the robber as any man he had ever seen. I see it all. He had my bonds in his safe at that moment. He asked me if I had yet discovered the record of the numbers, and I can see now—I saw it then, without understanding it—his look of satisfaction when I answered in the negative. It's true, Glezen, it's true! I see it more plainly every moment, as our conversation comes back to me. I see the strange malignity with which he undertook to play upon my hopes, and the blinds which he wove before my eyes. I tell you it's true."

Nicholas grew more nervous and emphatic as he talked. Every

word and circumstance of the interview which he recalled fitted so naturally into, or grew out of, the consciousness of guilt on Mr. Benson's part, that he could find no place for them in any substituted theory.

Then he rose and walked the room in wild excitement. He clenched his hands as if he were in pain. Then gesticulating furiously, he said:

"I see it! I see it! I know it is true!"

"You forget, Nicholas, that Benson is not a fool," said Glezen. "He couldn't afford to risk his reputation for the money."

"He doesn't love me, Glezen."

"Very well, he cannot afford to risk his position for the gratification of a private enmity. You must give me a better reason than these."

"Wouldn't he commit crime for the sake of saving his position?" inquired Nicholas.

"My boy," said Glezen, "that's deeper down into motives than I've been. If he is in any such strait as that, it is time our friend Miss Larkin were placed on her guard."

"She shall be placed on her guard the next time I see her. If he can steal from me he can defraud her."

The excitement of Nicholas had had the effect to cool Glezen, and the latter at last said quietly:

"Well, Nicholas, what are you going to do about it?"

"I am going to give Mr. Benson an opportunity to deny the story."

"You cannot do that you know."

"I can do it, and I will do it."

"You will only get yourself into difficulty."

"What do I care about that? I have had him on his knees more than once, and he has more than one reason to be afraid of me. You talk about keeping this matter to ourselves. I cannot carry it even with your help. Why, the man has almost shaken my bonds in my face. He has gloated over their possession in my presence. Leave me alone. I shall not mention your name, and I assume all the responsibility."

Glezen saw it was useless to argue with Nicholas in his excited and confident mood, and securing a promise from him that he would not move in the affair until further consultation, bade him good night and sought his lodgings.

He left his friend to a night of sleeplessness. A danger to Miss Larkin had been opened to the latter in the conversation. His own instinct or insight had discovered it. It assumed the front of reality, and he could not put it out of his mind. Any selfish consideration was nothing compared with his sympathy for her, and the motive that sprung within him to shield and defend her. He would warn her of

her danger. She was a lamb in the den of a wolf, and he would be her protector. He tossed all night, and went through every imaginable encounter and conflict with his foe, but rose in the morning with his purpose unshaken.

(To be continued.)

THE MEETING AT MARATHON.

BY S. J. WATSON.

Author of "Ravlan" and "Legend of the Roses."

["WHILE the army (of Athens) were mustered on the ground sacred to Heraklês, near Marathon, with the Persians and their fleet occupying the plain and shore beneath, and in preparation for immediate action, they were joined by the whole force of the little town of Platæa, consisting of about one thousand hoplites. . . Many a Grecian town would have disregarded both generous impulse and rational calculation, in the fear of provoking a new and terrific enemy. . . If we summon up to our imaginations all the circumstances of the case . . we shall be sensible that this volunteer march of the whole Platæan force to Marathon is one of the most affecting incidents of all Grecian history."]—*Grote's History of Greece.*

FROM Persia's plains, like locusts, her legions westward swarm,
Then darkening the seas of Greece, sweep on her like a storm;
And hour by hour pale messengers to Athens tidings bear
Of war-ships, clangorous with mail, these Eastern myriads wear;
Countless the spears as reeds of Nile—their gleam for leagues is seen,
Save where the smoke of cities, like a death-cloud, drops between.
While brave men doubt, and women weep, priests sacrifice and pray
That Heaven stretch forth its hand this curse of war and waste to stay,
Ere dread Darius shall have crushed the only land that flings
Defiance against Asia's lord, and spurns the rule of kings.

All hail the grand Democracy! Athens will raise alone
A barrier of death and deeds 'twixt Greece and Persia's throne:
One city but frail bulwark is, 'gainst such gigantic wave,
But freemen never count the odds, they leave that for the slave.
And so, from heroic Athens file her gallant burghers fast,
The look they cast behind them tells they think that look their last;
But now the hands that clasped "Farewell," draw the good sword-belt tight,
The eyes that felt a home-tear burn, from the blue steel catch light;
And Battle's lion springs to fill the hearts whence Doubt hath flown,
And thus the sons whom Athens bore take march for Marathon.

Far as sight flies, o'er Marathon, the spoilers' host appears,
And distance seems to die away 'mid groves of Persian spears;
Darius ten-score thousand hath, Athens can only send
Ten thousand; but, the noblest pledge Earth could to Freedom lend.
So the heroic handful form their battle's meagre line,
The People's infant Majesty bearding the Right Divine.
Athens against all Asia—Athens for Europe stands,
Is there no sister State in Greece to help with words or hands?
Sparta is absent—she hath kings, hath nobles not a few,
But, in the strife with king and caste, would these prove allies true?

Lo! there draw nigh a thousand men, and sons of Greece they be;
Come they as foes? Come they to fight to keep their mother free?
But there is nought of slavish port in these new warriors' tread,
Gallant their step, their swords unsheathed, haughty and high each head;
Straight on, like to an eagle's flight, the stately column sweeps,
Now Hope flames up in Athens' host; now Doubt upon it creeps,
Whisp'ring "'tis aid for Persia." No! see the battalion wheels,
A moment more of dread suspense, its grand design reveals;
And into line with Athens fall, 'mid shouts and joyful tears,
The thousand sons Platæa sends to give to Greece their spears.

Like tempest born on Winter-morn 'mongst sky-crowned Ida's pines,
Like famished eagles swooping down on serpents 'mid her vines,
So Athens and Platæa burst upon the Persian foe,
The Eastern legions bowed and broke, crests filled the air like snow,
As Grecian swords for God and man shore down through helms and plumes,
Through mail from Media's anvils, and through silks from Susa's looms.
Europe is saved! the glittering slaves ship-wards in myriads flee,
Crimsoning, ere they reach their decks, the violated sea.

* * * * * *

The Athenian people make decree that, till the end of days,
Their herald shall, in public prayers, Platæa's warriors praise.
Athens is dead; but, from her grave she calls with trumpet tone,
"Honour the thousand men whose swords joined mine at Marathon!"

SHAKSPEARIAN STUDIES.

MACBETH.—THE SUPERNATURAL.

BY RICHARD LEWIS.

He who reads Shakspeare by the laws of literary criticism only will have his taste and his judgment incessantly offended. Shakspeare did not write to gratify the scholar, but to delight and instruct the man; and if we change scholar into scientist the difficulty is enhanced, for the greatest of his dramas owe their deepest interest to principles and beliefs which are in deep antagonism with modern science. As he paid little regard to the unities, so he violates with equal indifference the rules of the rhetorician and the grammarian; and, as his province is that of the

imagination, he justly subordinates the physical world to the spiritual. In this view, it would be wise in all who would profit by his works to follow the counsel of Dr. Johnson. "Let him that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakspeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play from the first scene to the last, with the utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope, [or of Tyndall or of Darwin]. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable, and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators."

In the spirit of this counsel ought we enter upon the dread scenes of the second and third acts of Macbeth. And if we would fully conceive the nature and purpose of this tragedy, and profit by its solemn instructions, we must admit the power and necessity, even if we doubt or deny the truth, of the supernatural. For Shakspeare revels in the supernatural. When he would charm the fancy he makes the air musical with the songs of Ariel, and leads the mind captive with the phantasies of Titania and Oberon and Puck; and when he would awake remorse and horror in guilty souls he summons the dead from their graves, and makes night hideous with the ghastly spectres of murdered victims.

He has introduced this element of the supernatural especially into Tragedy, because he believed in it himself. The age in which he lived, with all its great religious and intellectual revolutions, could not fail to influence and leave its impress on his genius. The Reformation gave a new fervency to Faith, and the Inauguration of Science strengthened the alliance between the spiritual and material conceptions of men, without awakening the scepticism which, in assailing Faith, clips imagination of her wings and poetry and art of their glories. But while Shakspeare manifests a deep faith in the supernatural world, he never forgets to make it consistent with the characters of his drama. It is thus that the sublimest effects of his tragic creation are due to the supernatural, because those characters have implicit faith in the doctrine. The profoundest interest associated with Hamlet, and the finest sentiments he utters, are due to this influence. But in Macbeth it becomes the instrument of his torture; and while he boasts defiance of "the life to come," it is the faith in the realities of that life which impels him to consult the weird sisters, which makes him the victim of their delusions, and which unmans and prostrates him with frenzied terror in the banquet scene, before his nobles and his queen. Whoever con-

ceives Macbeth to be a rude and brutal murderer has not rightly studied his character, nor the design of the poet. His utterances give evidence often of deep thought and faith in divine government; but that faith, while it is marked by all the superstition of the age in which he lived, is wanting in the reverence for holiness which exalts and sanctifies religion. Like Satan, he believed and trembled. In him judgment is not weak; but imagination is strong, and the lust of power is supreme; and while that imagination, corrupted and perverted by evil desires, hurries him along into crime, it inflicts its heaviest penalties upon him by the terrors which it creates and exaggerates.

It is under the influence of that corrupted imagination, that he appears before us in the second act. It is impossible to realize the awful nature of the scene, unless we give ourselves utterly up the possibilities of the supernatural. It is a glance into hell. For a period we are shut out from the world, to behold—not the revolting details of a common murder, for that would have no influence on the imagination or the conscience—but the soul in its deepest tortures laid bare; and we look into that hell of conscience which the affliction of guilt and the unutterable agony of remorse create and make incalculably more awful than the hell of penal flames. And as we listen to the whispers of crime and the compunctions of guilt, we then realize the nature and the power of that splended genius which fashioned so wonderful and so awful a production.

With admirable skill the poet has prepared us to detect the crime by exalting the virtues of the victim. There is a royal grandeur in the simplicity, the confidence, and the generosity of the venerable Duncan; and the guilt of Macbeth is not only magnified in our estimation by his ingratitude, but the sense of that ingratitude is made to aggravate the tortures of conscience on the chief criminal, to the last act of his life. He feels that there is nothing but "vaulting ambition" to justify the murder he is about to commit, and it is the struggle of this sense of duty ever in conflict with criminal ambition that gives an apparent inconsistency to his actions and utterances. The more exquisite the tortures of remorse, the more excited his imagination, until the air becomes peopled and dark with fantasies of his terrrors. It is the fever of remorse that pictures to his eyes the air-drawn dagger wet with the blood of his victim, and while his reason tells him that it is

> "A false creation,
> Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain,"

yet he struggles in vain to dispel the dread vision from his eyes. There is the deepest pathos—as if the doomed man, dragged onward by

a destiny which he could not resist, is yet conscious of the crime to which he is urged by overmastering passion—in the words—

> " Mine eyes are made the fools
> O' the other senses,
> Or else *worth all the rest.*"

That is, my fears and excited imagination have invoked this unsubstantial dagger, or else—and here is the evidence that religion and conscience are active in his breast—this ghastly apparition is sent by Heaven to warn and to save me from this great sin.

It is difficult to conceive the awful terrors of this scene, until the imagination has been aided by the vivid conception of the great actor; but its impersonation by dramatic genius never fails to impress the spectators with a sense of the supernatural and the guilt of the murder.

But in antagonism with these supernatural terrors there arises the strength of intellect, unrestrained by conscience, to dissolve the creations of the fevered brain. There is that in the silent contemplation of the bloody tragedy in which Macbeth is engaged, which makes the mind shudder; and the stealthy approach of Lady Macbeth—the master spirit who might had saved him, and whose fierce eloquence of scorn had determined his destiny—only adds to the horrors of the scene. In her imagination is weak, save when she contemplates the golden diadem and the "hereafter" of "sovereign sway and masterdom." Principle is weak, but intellect is powerful, and will is supreme for evil. "That which had made them drunk," which had darkened the moral vision and fired as to madness the too susceptible imagination of her husband, had only made her "bold," and swept away whatever "compunctious visitings of nature" had moved her in a holier season. As she listens at the door of the chamber of death, there is something painfully awful in that brief expression that drops in broken whispers from her lips—

> " He is—about—it."

A writer of inferior power would probably have made her picture the details of the crime at that moment being committed; and yet—I know not how Mrs. Siddons uttered these words so full of meaning—yet to me so dreadful is their import, so marvellously do they realize all that the mind shrinks from contemplating and shudders to conceive, that only an imagination kindred with that of the poet could give them their just expression.

Mrs. Jameson has with great force and beauty asserted the humane characteristics of Lady Macbeth, and shown from this scene how the

gentler memories of childhood were not dead in her nature, when she utters the well known words—

> " Had he not resembled
> My father as he slept. I had done it."

Yet, when, in the very words that follow, as Macbeth re-appears with the bloody daggers in his hand, and the bloodier deed on his soul, she exclaims—

> "My husband!"

there appears to me as deep a tenderness as in the remembrance of her father. For she had pondered and measured to the full the peril and the trial through which he had passed, and as she looks upon his haggard and terrified face I conceive she must utter those simple words with all the tenderness of the woman, and the sympathy of the wife, with him who had passed through the dreadful ordeal for their mutual advantage. But in all that follows she crushes down all womanly emotion, and in the strength of a master intellect rises to sustain and strengthen her wretched partner; and although we may abhor her heartlessness and want of remorse, yet she commands our respect in the sublime grandeur of her fortitude, and the firmness with which she conceals her own terrors and anxieties.

But again, it is the supernatural sentiment that gives the terrible interest to this scene. It is this sentiment that kindles the unquenchable fires of remorse in his soul. There Shakspeare, prophet-like, asserts and interprets the universal faith of man. The further we fling ourselves away from God and duty, the more we feel the necessity for holiness and that peace which passeth understanding. This is the lesson the great poet would impress upon us, and this is the human characteristic of Macbeth. He is committing the deed which cannot be revoked, when the prayers of the sleeping attendants break across the silence, not to arrest the crime, but to rebuke the criminal, and we hear the wail of the lost soul in the words of Macbeth:

> " *Macb.*—One cried, *God bless us?* and *Amen*, the other,
> As they had seen me with these hangman's hands.
> Listening their fear, I could not say *Amen.*
> When they did say *God bless us.*
> *Lady M.*—Consider it not so deeply.
> *Macb.*—But wherefore could not *I* pronounce Amen?
> *I had most blessing*, and *Amen* stuck in my throat."

It is then that the poet invokes the supernatural to crown the horrors of the "deed," with the rebuke and judgment of Heaven. For it is this sentiment, that the sword of Divine vengeance is drawn against the murderer, that at once exalts the man, and gives the most solemn import to the crime:

"Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep! The innocent sleep;
Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleave of care;
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

The views of mere scholars upon this passage present another evidence of the weakness of literary criticism when it is not guided by the spirit of the passage. In the printing of the early folios, there was no mark to indicate when the words of the "voice" ended, and even Pope and Rowe left the passage uncertain. Dr. Johnson, however, with the true perception of the poet most correctly made them end as quoted above. The very brevity of the sentence adds to its solemnity. All that follows, though of the highest order of poetry, would have weakened the awful import of the judgment pronounced in that brief passage; and from the very improbability that Macbeth could in those moments of terror, compunction, and confusion have remembered the passage that follows, would have marred the effect on the mind of the spectator. But regarded as the comment of Macbeth on the first and surest issues of his crime, the passage is as natural as it is full of touching beauty. It is said that when men are drowning, the events of a life—of all they are losing—pass in swift and dreadful review before their mental vision. Thus, too, Macbeth, as he hears the solemn doom of the accusing conscience, feels the inestimable value of the innocent sleep which he is destroying, and which shall never again visit his eyes.

"Glamis hath murdered sleep; and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more."

The horrors of this scene are magnified by the callous indifference of Lady Macbeth. There is every reason, however, to believe that the indifference is forced and assumed. The wail of the stricken conscience in the sleep-walking scene of the last act gives proof that even in her, remorse and anguish for crime are not dead. But in this hour of guilt and horror her mental energy, which had urged him to the murder, supports his fortitude, though it cannot rekindle his courage. But the contrasts of character are full of the highest dramatic power. When she suggests that he should take back the bloody dagger, which in the terror and confusion of guilt he had brought away with him, we may conceive how, with appalled look and outstretched hands, as if to repel the dread spectacle, he replies:

"I'll go no more.
I *am* afraid to *think* what I have done;
Look on't, I dare not."

Then that knocking without, breaking upon the silence of that terrible night, and which De Quincy has so beautifully interpreted as by its

very familiarity awakening the guilty actors in this scene to the consciousness and realities of life and humanity, from which their sin had for so brief and awful a space shut them out—how, as it is repeated, it brings him back to life, and rends his nature with the agony of despair, we may understand, as he sends forth that cry of the hope-abandoned heart:

"Wake Duncan with thy knocking: Oh, would thou couldst!"

The banquet scene is another appeal to the supernatural, more powerful because more real in its ghostly phantoms and effects. In this awful scene, when wielding the "sole sovereign sway and masterdom" for which he had given his "eternal jewel to the enemy of mankind," the ghost of the murdered Banquo rises before Macbeth "with twenty trenched gashes on his head," Shakspeare displays the loftiest powers of his imagination. Yet in the overwhelming horrors of that scene there is nothing extravagant nor inconsistent with our conceptions of the possibilities of the spiritual faith of man, nor the character of the crime. It is the expression, realized by the vividness of genius, of a belief, as universal as man, that the innocent blood cries to heaven for vengeance, and is heard; and no conception of divine vengeance can assume a more dreadful form than that which summons the spirits of the murdered from their graves, and sends them forth as the instruments of heaven to rebuke and terrify the murderer. It has become a question with some whether the ghost is a phantom of the imagination or a substantial and real appearance. Whatever views Mr. Irving and others may entertain on the subject, there is nothing opposed to the belief of Shakspeare in making the ghost of Banquo a visible and bodily presence. In Julius Cæsar, the ghost of Cæsar appears to Brutus, and warns him that he shall again "see him at Philippi." In Hamlet the ghost plays a part next in importance to that of Hamlet himself; is seen and heard by the officers of the watch as a visible and substantial being, necessary to the interest and general effect of the play. Mrs. Siddons believed that the appearance of Banquo's ghost "became no less visible to the eyes of Lady Macbeth than to her husband." If this was the design of the poet, the courage and fortitude of the woman approach heroism. This, indeed, is her redeeming quality, that, having urged her husband to crime, she faithfully and bravely clings to him and sustains him with tender solicitude and affection through all his trials of guilt, remorse, and terror. It is true that in the scene under review she pours a flood of scorn upon him as he gives utterance to his horror. But she knows his nature, and fears he may betray the dread secret to the assembled nobles, and her reproaches of scorn and contempt are designed to rouse him to a sense of his danger by appeals to his pride; and bitter as are

her rebukes, they are only heard by him, while the calmness and courtesy she incessantly assumes as she addresses the guests prove the magnanimity which Shakspeare stamps upon her character. But the instant the guests are dismissed she ceases her reproaches, soothes the agonies of his guilty conscience, addresses him with the respect and submission of a subject, as if to restore to him the consciousness and sense of his power—made doubtful and shattered by the frenzy of his terrors—and entreats him to seek repose. "There is something of pathos and tenderness," writes Mrs. Jameson, "in this silence which has always affected me beyond expression; it is one of the most masterly and most beautiful traits of character in the whole play."

It is impossible for the student of Shakspeare to appreciate the solemnity and high purpose of this great tragedy unless he gives himself up to this faith in the Supernatural, and in the intention of Shakspeare to make it a supreme agent in the great moral of the drama. Banquo anticipates the dread events that occur, and with a devoutness that marks his character throughout offers up his prayer for defence.

> "Merciful powers
> Restrain in me the cursed thoughts that nature
> Gives way to in repose."

When the murder of Duncan is discovered, he cries—

> "In the great hand of God I stand; and thence
> Against the undivulged pretence I fight
> Of treasonous notice."

Just before the murder is discovered, *Lennox* says—

> "The night has been unruly; where we lay
> Our chimneys were blown down; and as they say,
> *Lamentings heard i' the air, strange screams of death*
> And prophesying, with accents terrible,
> Of dire combustion, and confused events
> New hatched the woeful time."

Thus to the end of the awful drama, the poet makes us feel that there is a world beyond the material, and that human actions, good and evil, are linked with a higher spiritual life, and with beings whose sympathies break through the boundaries of a spiritual world,—that they govern, and direct the destinies of this. Material science may smile at these "conceits" as the wild dreams of the imagination; but Shakspeare and poetry have the sanction of Holy Writ and the universal aspirations of human hopes to support these conceits of the imagination.

THE FISHERY COMMISSION.

BY MARTIN J. GRIFFIN, HALIFAX.

THE meeting of the Fishery Commission, which was appointed to take place at Halifax in June, gives new interest to one of the oldest and most interesting of international "questions," short of the Eastern Question. I think it would be found that no public international discussion had ever been carried on at such length and under such varying conditions as the North American Fishery Question. The discussions began almost with the first fishing fleets that sought our waters in the sixteenth century, and the merchants of Bristol and Brest had their quarrels over the waters. In the seventeenth century we find that France and England began to make treaties regarding the right to the fishery grounds, particularly with reference to Newfoundland, which was at that time insisting on becoming an established colony, though the Royal will was that it should continue to be a mere fishing station. In the eighteenth century the United States came, in their usual piratical but very practical way, into the discussion, and added a third factor to the sum of discussion and dispute. A long line of illustrious men have been connected with the negotiations concerning the fishing grounds. Edmund Burke's name is connected forever with the most magnificent tribute ever paid to maritime and fishing industry. Daniel Webster deserves the equivocal gratitude of his countrymen for having obtained for them concessions and privileges which they ought never to have enjoyed. Lord Castlereagh, Lord Bathurst, and Messrs. Rush and Gallatin all had an active part in the discussion. They all died without seeing the end. The war of 1812 was waged and concluded; the convention of 1818 was fixed upon; and

> All seemed as peaceful and as still
> As the mist slumbering on yon hill,

or as the mists of the misty Bay of Fundy in May; till one day an English vessel, acting under instructions, captured an American schooner for violation of the convention, and then uprose the old Fishery Question that diplomatists had considered dead and buried.

It proved too much for Webster, Everett, Lord Stanley, Lord Aberdeen, and Lord Elgin, who all appear to have been killed by the oppressive debate on the Fishery Question. A great effort was at last made in 1871 by the Washington Treaty, and to Sir John A. Macdonald his friends give the credit of having temporarily settled the

question by that treaty which provided for a commission to finally determine the matters in dispute between ourselves and the United States. Having thus brought the reader down to the present time, and given him an idea of the greatness of the abstract Fishery Question, which, like the giant released from the jar in the Arabian Nights, threatens the existence of all who touch it, let us proceed to answer the very natural question, What is the Fishery Question? There are two men in Canada pre-eminently fit and able to answer that question. One is Hon. Peter Mitchell, whose ex-official rank demands the earliest mention, who has devoted much time and thought to this question, and whose fulness of knowledge is dangerous for those who either speak or write on the question without agreeing with him. The other is Mr. W. F. Whitcher, the Commissioner of Fisheries. Perhaps no man in the public service has so complete a command of the details of his department as Mr. Whitcher. He has laboured with a strenuousness, activity and forethought on this great question, as well as on the minor, though still great, question of internal or river fisheries, which, in the imperial service would long ago have been rewarded with a titular distinction, and in the United States might have been rewarded with an embassy. To him above all others is due the importance which the Fishery Question has assumed of late years; to him is due the fulness of information which the Government must possess now, as it possessed it in 1873; and to him will be due in great part the success of the Canadian claims, if, indeed, the traditional ill-success of British diplomacy with Americans does not pursue us here.

Before the rebellion of the thirteen colonies, which deprived Great Britain of a large part of the continent and robbed her of the millions that had been spent in its defence, the inhabitants of the new world on either side of the St. Lawrence were accustomed, and had naturally the right, to fish at will in all British waters. That the New Englanders pursued the avocation with enormous industry we know, and Burke was not far wrong when he declaimed, "No sea that is not vexed by their fisheries, no climate that is not witness to their toils." After the rebellion had succeeded, and Canada, remaining loyal to the Crown, had become a foreign country to the Americans, these latter were slow to find out or to be convinced that the political change had altered their territorial as well as their diplomatic relations, and that they had no longer either the natural or international right to fish in the bays, seas, gulfs, coasts, and shores under British jurisdiction. They could not understand that being no longer British subjects they had not the privileges of British subjects; nor that in renouncing their allegiance to their lawful sovereign they had renounced their right to any share in the national inheritance. But this fact was brought home to them

forcibly in a variety of ways, and at the Treaty of Paris in 1783, the American minister pressed for the concession of some of their ancient privileges; and in that spirit of generosity, which seems to have lost nothing because it has been unrequited at all times, Great Britain consented to the fishery article of the Treaty of 1782. It was as follows:

"ART III.—It is agreed that the people of the United States shall continue to enjoy unmolested, the RIGHT to take fish of every kind on the grand bank and on all the other banks of Newfoundland; also in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and at all other places in the sea where the inhabitants of both countries used at any time heretofore to fish. And also that the inhabitants of the United States shall have liberty to take fish of every kind on such part of the coast of Newfoundland as British fishermen shall use (but not to dry or cure the same on that Island), and also on the coasts, bays, and creeks of all other of His Majesty's dominions in America; and that the American fishermen shall have liberty to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of Nova Scotia, Magdalen Islands, and Labrador, so long as the same, or either of them, shall remain unsettled; but so soon as the same, or either of them, shall be settled, it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to cure or dry fish at such settlement without a previous agreement for that purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground."

It is necessary for the student of this question to mark the carefully guarded language of the above article. It concedes to the Americans the *right* to fish in the Gulf and on the Grand Bank, and all other banks in the sea,—that is, at such places where, by the general law of nations, as we understand it, though the understanding at that date was much more limited, they had a natural right to fish, the sea being the common property of all who may choose it, for any purpose consistent with the law of nations and the peace of the world. But it only concedes the *liberty* to fish on certain British coasts and in certain waters over which Britain, as a matter of course, maintained, as she still maintains (spite of the misinterpreted and misunderstood judgment in the *Franconia* case), a territorial jurisdiction; and a still more restricted and guarded liberty to use British coasts, still unsettled, for the purpose of drying and curing. It was still a generous concession under the circumstances. In a moment of colonial petulance we might say that it was weak; but we must never allow ourselves to blame too much the "weakness" of British diplomacy for ill results which arise, not from the generosity of England, but from the historic dishonesty and persistent trickery of our neighbours, who will fairly interpret no treaty, and whom no convention can bind to honourable fulfilment.

From the signing of this Treaty down to the troubles of 1812 we hear little of the Fishery Question. The Americans pursued their avocations with industry and success, reaping rich harvests from concessions

of England, and they were content. Colonial fishermen were few in number, and pursued chiefly their shore fisheries, which the Americans had not yet learned how to destroy. The British Government took no further notice of the fish fields, and indeed, I suppose, looked upon them as practically inexhaustible, and perpetually renewed by the enormous productive capacity of the finny tribe. But on and after 1812 another phase of the question presented itself. In that year war arose. The Americans, as Howe once said, fell upon the rear of England when her front was engaged in Europe in a struggle against a despot for the liberties of the world, and planned that invasion of Canada which was repelled in due time, and for their bravery in which we are now giving certain late gratuities to the survivors. When the war was over and done, and the Treaty of Peace came to be negotiated, the Fishery Question again stalked into the council chamber of the Commissioners, and imperatively demanded a settlement. The British Commissioners claimed that the war had destroyed the fishery clauses of the Treaty of 1783, though the rest of that Treaty, so far as it recognized the independence of the United States, was still in full force and virtue. On the other hand, the Americans claimed that the Treaty of 1783 was one and indivisible; that as war had not abrogated one part of the Treaty, it could not abrogate another, and that therefore the fishery clauses of the Treaty were just as binding on England as the clauses recognizing the independence of the United States. They claimed that the "rights" acknowledged by the Treaty were irrecoverable and inalienable, and that no war, not ending in absolute conquest, could deprive them of such rights. This, we may say, is their contention still. They ignored the distinction between the *rights* acknowledged and the *liberties* conceded. Now, as this is an important question, and as it will not unlikely be discussed in some shape at Halifax, let us see what the law of nations has to say about it.

There are two questions which arise in this connection: 1st, Are treaties generally abrogated by war? and 2nd, Was the Treaty of 1783 such a treaty as, in whole or in part, might have been abrogated by the war of 1812?

Both of these questions have been ably, and almost exhaustively, treated by Mr. Whitcher in his remarkably able and conclusive pamphlets on the Fishery Question; by Hon. Peter Mitchell, in a speech delivered by him in the session of 1875; and the letters of Lord Bathurst, in 1815 (*see State Papers in Ottawa Library*), contain a fine presentment of the claims made by Great Britain, and of the law and arguments by which it was supported. I shall make extensive use of all these authorities, adding somewhat to their labours with the view o
f

giving a more distinctively *American* colour to the authorities by which the British claim is strengthened.

As to the effect of war on treaties generally, Sir Travers Twiss says :—

"Great Britain in practice admits of no exception to the rule that all treaties, as such, are put an end to by a subsequent war between the contracting parties."—*Law of Nations*, 1861, p. 377.

On the same subject, an American work of considerable authority, "Upton's Maritime Warfare," New York, 1861, says :—

"By war all treaties, all civil contracts, all rights of property, are terminated or suspended."

Again, on this subject, Professor J. D. Woolsey, of Yale College, an American authority of undoubted ability and learning, in his "Introduction to International Law," New York, 1872, says :—

"A war puts an end to all treaties, except so far as they restrict the action of the war itself. Stipulations which contemplate a state of war are evidently not annulled by a state of war. . . . But all other arrangements (save those which relate to war) formerly existing, especially of *the nature of privileges conceded* by either party to the other, it is optional to resume or not. f nothing is said in the treaty about them they are understood to have expired. Thus our former privilege of using certain coasts of Great Britain for the purpose of drying fish *was cut off by the war of* 1812, and as no notice was taken of it in the Treaty of Ghent (1814), it had no existence."

If a statement so decided, so definite, so bearing out in every particular the claims of Canada and England, had been made by a British writer, it might have been open to the charge of national prejudice; but, coming from an American, it cannot have that objection urged against it.

Another American authority of weight and ability, "Halleck's International Law," says :—

"As a general rule the obligations of treaties are dissipated by war, and they are regarded as extinguished and gone for ever, *unless expressly revived by the Treaty of Peace.*"

And as to the claim made by the United States, that the Treaty of 1783 was one and indivisible, and that no particular part of it could be abrogated without abrogating all; or that, to put it the other way, that one part standing would make it all to stand good, let us turn to an authority, still American, in which we will find the following remarks :—

"Neither party was stopped by this action (*the silence of the Treaty of Ghent with regard to the fisheries*). We think that the American Ministers at Ghent,

and Mr. Adams at London, did not present the strong points of their case, and that Lord Bathurst had decidedly the best of the argument. It is certain that a treaty recognizing independence *need not necessarily be taken as a unit*, to stand or fall together ; it may well contain executory clauses temporary in their nature. That treaty (1783) *created and conferred a liberty*, and did not merely recognize a subsisting right to fish in Canadian territorial waters."—*Am. Law Review, Vol. V.*

The Commissioners at Ghent could not, certainly did not, settle the Fishery Question. The Treaty of Ghent took no notice of it; and there it was left, the Americans claiming a right to fish, as they had fished since the Treaty of 1783, on British coasts and in British waters, and the British claiming that the war of 1812 had abrogated the fishery clauses of 1783, and that the Americans therefore had *not* their old "privileges" or liberties, however secure they might be in their old "rights."

Of course the matter could not be long left in this condition. Nor did the British and colonial authorities mean that it should so continue. The colonial authorities began to take rather more interest in the question at this period, and being ably and firmly seconded by the Imperial Government, the Americans were soon brought into treaty again. Orders were issued to seize all American fishing vessels found trespassing on British waters for the purpose of fishing. In 1815, Vice-Admiral Keats was ordered by Lord Bathurst, as follows :—

"I am commanded by His Royal Highness the Prince Regent, to instruct you to abstain most carefully from any interference with the fishery in which the subjects of the United States may be engaged, either on the Grand Bank of Newfoundland, in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, or other places on the sea."

This was clearly recognizing the "rights," which the Americans had, to fish in the open sea over which Britain claimed no exclusive jurisdiction ; but the despatch goes on to show the claim of England as to the "liberties."

"At the same time you will prevent them, except under the circumstances hereinafter mentioned, from *using the British territory* for purposes connected with the fishery, and will exclude their fishing vessels from the bays, rivers, harbours, creeks, and inlets of *all His Majesty's possessions.*"

The circumstances hereinafter mentioned, were these, that if the Americans had actually begun to fish, and if their being ordered off would do them any serious injury, then they might be allowed to continue for that year, with a warning against further encroachments.

A long discussion ensued, which ended at last in the Convention of 1818. The first article of this Convention thus provides :—

"ART. I.—Whereas differences have arisen respecting the *liberty* claimed by the United States for the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, and cure fish on certain coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks of His Britannic Majesty's dominions in America, it is agreed between the high contracting parties that the inhabitants of the said United States shall have for ever, in common with the subjects of his Britannic Majesty, the liberty to take fish of every kind on that part of the southern coast of Newfoundland which extends from Cape Ray to the Ramean Islands, on the western and northern coast of Newfoundland from the said Cape Ray to the Quirpon Islands, on the shores of the Magdalen Islands, and also on the coasts, bays, harbours, and creeks, from Mount Joly, on the southern coast of Labrador, to and through the Straits of Belle Isle, and thence northwardly indefinitely along the coast, without prejudice, however, to any of the exclusive rights of the Hudson's Bay Company ; and that the American fishermen shall also have liberty for ever to dry and cure fish in any of the unsettled bays, harbours, and creeks of the southern part of the coast of Newfoundland here above described, and of the coast of Labrador ; but so soon as the same or any portion thereof shall be settled it shall not be lawful for the said fishermen to dry and cure fish at such portion so settled without previous agreement for such purpose with the inhabitants, proprietors, or possessors of the ground. And the United States hereby *renounce for ever* any *liberty* heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish on or within *three marine miles* of any of the coasts, *bays*, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America not included within the above-mentioned limits, provided, however, that the American fishermen shall be admitted to enter such bays or harbours for the purpose of shelter, and of repairing damage therein, of purchasing wood, and of obtaining water, and for *no other purpose whatever*. But they shall be under such restrictions as may be necessary to prevent their taking, drying, or curing fish therein, or in any other manner whatever abusing the privilege hereby reserved to them."

We now arrive at the point where the disputes that have disturbed the minds of the statesmen of three countries rise up to confront us. It will be seen that, by the article I have quoted, the Americans are still permitted to enjoy their rights of fishing in the deep sea, and are given enlarged facilities for drying and curing fish ; but they renounce forever the claim they had previously urged, of being entitled to fish within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of British territory ; and are content with the privilege of entering these bays, harbours, creeks, &c., for the purpose of repairing damages, of getting shelter from danger, and of obtaining wood and water ; but "for no other purpose whatever." If the Americans had acted honestly in carrying out the national engagements entered into by this Treaty, all would have gone right. But dishonesty is the note of American diplo-

macy and American national conduct; at least Great Britain has generally found it so; so also has Canada. The language of this above-quoted article is perfectly plain; it is based upon the immemorial usage and the settled law of nations, as well as upon the mutual agreement of the two high contracting parties. And yet it is in the interpretation of this language that a whole series of disputes have arisen, resulting in *quasi* war and vexatious legal proceedings, accompanied by long and by no means friendly discussions.

The enforcement of the provisions of that Treaty cost Canada half a million of dollars annually for several successive years. It ought never to have cost a dollar if we had been dealing with a nation jealous of its honour and careful of fulfilling its obligations.

The first question or difficulty that arose under the Treaty of 1818 resulted from the unfair and improper advantage taken by the Americans of their privilege of entering British creeks and harbours. They were not content with going in for the legitimate purposes set forth in the Treaty; they made a practice of catching and purchasing bait, of obtaining supplies, and of exchanging and transhipping cargoes at the same time. And these proceedings were often accompanied by the selling of rum and the drinking of it, riotous conduct, and other injuries inflicted on the people of the shores. Within six years after the signing of the Treaty, the Colonial governments, particularly that of Nova Scotia, had made serious complaints, and it was found necessary to enforce the provisions of the Treaty by practical measures. Between the years 1817 and 1854 (see "Review of President's Message," supposed to have been written by Mr. Whitcher, and published some years ago), there were many seizures of American vessels for the following causes: 1st. For fishing within prescribed limits; 2nd. For anchoring having aboard ample supplies of wood and water; 3rd. For lying at anchor and remaining inside of the bays to clean and pack fish; 4th. For purchasing and bartering bait and preparing to fish; 5th. For selling goods and buying supplies; 6th. For landing and transhipping cargoes of fish.

One would think that the formal notification of the interpretation put upon the Treaty by Great Britain, and the frequent seizures of American fishing vessels for the reasons above named, would have given the British Government a right, at least, to claim beyond doubt that such was and had always been their interpretation of the Treaty. Nevertheless, in the face of these things, the Americans have insisted that the interpretation of the Treaty in that rigid sense is a modern innovation, an afterthought as it were; and that they had under the Treaty the right to do those things for which their vessels were seized by Great Britain, President Grant insisted in the Message to which reference

has been made, and in which he raised a whole host of questions regarding the use of the fisheries. It would take a whole number of the magazine to go fully into the propositions he propounded, and the replies that were made, or might have been made to them. Suffice it for the present to quote the language of the *American Law Review*, in commenting on the said message. "These acts," says the Review (meaning six violations of Treaty set out above, for which seizures were made), "are PLAINLY UNLAWFUL, and would be good ground for confiscation "of the vessel and the infliction of pecuniary penalties." And again, in the same article, the writer, a distinguished American judge, says, in reference to President Grant's claims in his message, "all this is clearly "a mistake, and if the claims of American fishermen rest upon no better "foundation, they must be abandoned."

The next question that arose was on the claim of the Americans to navigate the Strait of Canso. The Americans had the right to fish in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and the Strait afforded them an easy and safe passage, but not the only one. The Legislature of Nova Scotia passed an Act imposing light duties on *all* vessels using the Strait: and the Americans raised a "question," of course, and claimed the right of passage through the Strait as incidental to the use of the Gulf fishing. This "question" was submitted, in 1841, to Messrs. Dodson and Wylde, the Crown officers, and their opinion was given as follows. (See N. S. Journals and "Review of Message," before quoted.)

"We are of opinion that, independently of Treaty, no foreign country has the right to use or navigate the passage of Canso; and attending to the terms of the Convention relating to the liberty of fishing to be enjoyed by the American citizens, we are also of opinion that the Convention did not, either expressly or by implication, concede any such right of using or navigating the passage in question."

This opinion, supported as it is by the general law of nations and by the practice regarding Bristol and St. George's Channel, the Baltic Straits, the Straits of Messina and the Dardanelles, has pretty well settled *that* "question."

The Headland Question next comes up for review. It is, of course, the most important of all, but it is also one of the most familiar and best understood, and need not, therefore, be discussed at any length. This question has gone through several stages. First the Americans claimed that the word "bays," in the Treaty of 1818, did not include such bays as the Bay of Fundy and Bay Chaleur. The Gulf has been given up to them, though no doubt it would still be held territorial to the extent of prohibiting belligerent acts on its neutral waters. The Bay of Fundy next came up for dispute, and in the case of the "Washington," which

was referred to arbitration, the umpire decided that the Bay of Fundy was not a territorial bay within the meaning of the Treaty. This was not satisfactory, especially as it induced the Americans to widen their interpretation of the Treaty, and in effect insist that it meant nothing at all, and that they had the right to fish anywhere within three miles of the coast, basing the line of measurement from the original coast line, and not on the traditional HEADLAND LINE for which the British and Colonial statesmen contended. A few authorities on this point will be in order here, before we come to the Washington Treaty and the Fishery Commission. Chancellor Kent, in his "Commentaries," (Vol. I., pp. 29, 30), says that the Americans claim—

"The control of the waters on our coasts, though included *within lines stretching from quite distant headlands*, as, for instance, from Cape Ann to Cape Cod, and from Nantucket to Mountanck Point, and from that point to the Capes of the Delaware, and from the south of Cape Florida to the Mississippi."

Puffendorf says :—

"Gulfs and channels, or arms of the sea, are, according to the regular course, supposed to belong to the people with whose lands they are encompassed."

Wheaton says (p. 320, Ed. 1864) :—

"The maritime territory of every State extends to the ports, harbours, bays, mouths of rivers, and adjacent ports of the sea enclosed by headlands."

Phillimore says (p. 239, late ed.) :—

"There are certain portions of the sea which, though they exceed this usage (of three miles from the shore), may, under special circumstances, be prescribed, for Maritime territorial rights extend, as a general rule, over arms of the sea, bays, gulfs, estuaries, which are enclosed, but not entirely surrounded by lands belonging to one and the same State."

But from American authorities, contemporary with the seizures that were made, we have equally strong evidence in support of the British claim. The writer in the "Cyclopedia of Commerce," (New York, vol. I., p. 665) says :—

"I cannot forbear to add that, had our statesmen stood by the doctrines which were asserted and maintained at Ghent by the American Commissioners, one source of calamity at least would have been spared to our Fisheries..... *The first Article* of the Convention of 1818 should never have been agreed to by our Government. The third Article of the Treaty of 1783 ought never to have been stricken from that instrument. *It is now too late to correct the mistake.*"

On the same topic, Daniel Webster, writing on the Headland Ques-

tion, on the 6th July, 1852, after stating the British claim to draw the base line of measurement from headland to headland, said :—

"It was undoubtedly an oversight in the Convention of 1818 *to make so large a concession to England.*"

And on the same subject, referring to Mr. Everett's letter to Lord Aberdeen, Mr. Sabine makes the following very significant admission:—

"It is the *only one* which we can cite to show our dissent to the British claim to the Bay of Fundy as a bay within the meaning of the Treaty of 1818."

And after thus admitting that there was but *one* letter that he could cite from an American source to show that the American interpretation had been seriously contended for, he makes a further admission in his reports to Congress, p. 436 :—

"It is of consequence to remark that, as far as there is evidence before the public, the Fisheries were never once mentioned by Mr. McLean (who succeeded Mr. Everett) in his correspondence with the British Government. Nothing, in fact, seems to have passed between the two Cabinets relative to the subject for more than six years, *though England retraced no step after opening the Bay of Fundy.*"

And Mr. Everett, writing to Lord Aberdeen in 1845, had said, with reference to the alleged advantages had by the British fisherman over the American:—

"He is able to use the net and seine to great advantage in the *small bays and inlets* along the coast, from which the fishermen of the United States, *under any construction of the Treaty, are excluded.*"

All these extracts make the case in favour of the British interpretation of the Treaty overwhelmingly strong.

The Reciprocity Treaty of 1854 of course put an end to disputes for a time, by giving the American fishermen the liberty of fishing anywhere in our waters. In 1866 that Treaty was abrogated after due notice, with the very friendly notion of "starving" Canada into annexation. The temptation to dwell for a little while on the results of the "loss" of the Treaty to Canada is strong; but we have only to do with the matter so far as the fisheries are concerned. With the abrogation of the Treaty the liberty of American fishermen to fish in our territorial waters expired. On the 20th February, 1866 (see speech of Hon. Peter Mitchell), the Governor-General of Canada published a notification to the Americans that their privileges had ceased. Of course the Americans were indignant, and protested in angry tones. Yielding to the wishes of the Imperial Government, the Canadian Government tried from 1866 to 1869 a

system of licenses to the Americans. In 1866 there were 354 licenses issued; though probably 1,200 vessels fished in our waters. In 1869 only 25 licenses were taken out; though no doubt as many vessels fished as before. Clearly the license system was a failure. In 1870 when Mr. Mitchell was Minister of Marine and Fisheries, his energetic spirit prevailed in a more spirited national policy; and a Marine Police was established, which, aided by the British war vessels, did all that could be done to free our waters from poachers, and preserve at once our fisheries from injury and our rights from usurpation. In this year the license system was abolished, and Hon. Mr. Campbell was sent as a delegate to England to press upon the Government the necessity of stringent measures. In the meantime the Marine Police had been at work. American vessels were seized and condemned. And in the Lower Provinces some of those journls that had called most loudly for the protection of the fisheries when they imagined that the subject was one with which the Government would find it difficult to deal, now complained most bitterly that "Peter Mitchell's fast sailing schooner would drive us into a war with the United States." Nevertheless no war ensued; but our fishery grounds were fairly well protected. Complaints regarding the Government policy did indeed arise; but the reader will not give them much weight when he knows that they proceeded chiefly from those who wished to embarrass the Government by intimidation, and from others who, at a few points on the coast where the presence of American fishermen had given an opportunity for an illicit and probably profitable traffic in—the curse of the fishing, as it is the curse of all other districts,—Rum. The mission of Mr. Campbell to England resulted in the negotiations which were opened at Washington concerning the Fisheries, and which after a time came to include the Alabama claims and the San Juan boundary question. This brings us to the Washington Treaty.

In the Treaty known by this name which, as times go so fast now, has become almost historical, though it is yet incomplete, there were the following provisions:—

ARTICLE XXII.

"Inasmuch as it is asserted by the Government of Her Britannic Majesty that the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII. of this Treaty are of greater value than those accorded by Articles XIX. and XXI. of this Treaty to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, and this assertion is not admitted by the Government of the United States, it is further agreed that Commissioners shall be appointed to determine, having regard to the privileges accorded by the United States to the subjects of Her Britannic Majesty, as stated in Articles XIX. and XXI. of this Treaty, the amount of any compensation which, in their opinion, ought to be paid by the Government of the United States to the Government of Her Britannic Majes-

ty in return for the privileges accorded to the citizens of the United States under Article XVIII. of this Treaty : and that any sum of money which the said Commissioners may so award shall be paid by the United States Government, in a gross sum, within twelve months after such award shall have been given."

ARTICLE XXIII.

"The Commissioners referred to in the preceding Article shall be appointed in the following manner, that is to say : One Commissioner shall be named by Her Britannic Majesty, one by the President of the United States and a third by Her Britannic Majesty and the President of the United States conjointly ; and in case the third Commissioner shall not have been so named within a period of three months from the date when this article shall take effect, then the third Commissioner shall be named by the Representative at London of His Majesty the Emperor of Austria and King of Hungary. In case of the death, absence, or incapacity of any Commissioner, or in the event of any Commissioner omitting or ceasing to act, the vacancy shall be filled in the manner hereinbefore provided for making the original appointment, the period of three months in the case of such substitution being calculated from the date of the happening of the vacancy.

"The Commissioners so named shall meet in the City of Halifax, in the Province of Nova Scotia, at the earliest convenient period, after they have been respectively named, and shall, before proceeding to any business, make and subscribe a solemn declaration that they will impartially and carefully examine and decide the matters referred to them to the best of their judgment, and according to justice and equity ; and such declaration shall be entered in the record of their proceedings.

"Each of the High Contracting Parties shall also name one person to attend the Commission as its agent, to represent it generally in all matters connected with the Commission."

This was in 1871. Some delay was of course inevitable, both in the appointment of Commissioners and in the collection of information. The other portion of the Treaty, too, the Alabama business and the San Juan business, took precedence. And it was not till 1873 that the Imperial Government sent out Mr. Rothery to Canada to investigate the conditions under which the Commission would be held. The Marine and Fishery Department under the direction of Mr. Mitchell, aided by the restless and almost fiery activity and intelligence of Mr. Whitcher, has prepared a considerable mass of information to lay before the Commission. The proceedings would probably have been urged on that year ; but well-known political events supervened, and in the fall of 1873, the Ministry of Sir John A. Macdonald resigned. Of course for a time the Fishery Commission had to remain in abeyance. The tumult of a general election and the pressing necessities of meeting Parliament for the first time in office, prevented the new men from doing anything for one

year. As this is not a political article, it is not for the writer to enquire into the reasons which have caused the long postponement of the meeting at Halifax. There is reason to believe that the United States government threw every possible obstacle in the way. At last, however, here in July, 1877, the work of investigation is going on, and will result either fortunately or unfortunately for Canada.

It would, perhaps, be a little out of place to go into the details of the statistics by which the claim of Canada to compensation will be supported. The Americans have greatly injured our shore fisheries, and during their twelve years' use of them they will injure them still more, by their peculiar and mischievous methods of trawl fishery, and other ingenious means of increasing their catch. This will, no doubt, be an element in the calculation of damages. The privilege of purchasing bait and supplies, and landing and transhipping cargoes. is also one that may fairly claim large compensation, since it enables the Americans to greatly extend the period of their stay on the fishing grounds, to the extent, indeed, of an additional trip.

The permission to navigate the Strait of Canso is a privilege that also saves a great deal of time, and is worth a round sum in itself. The right to participate in our valuable shore fisheries, when often the catch is most rich and marketable, is one that is approximately estimable in money. The competition to which they will subject our fishermen is also a matter for which compensation may be demanded, and to which consideration will doubtless be given. But the great centre ground of compensation is, the value to the United States fishermen of the privileges for which they have so bitterly contended, and the loss of which would be the ruin of large numbers of them, as the possession will give wealth to them all. The fish they catch in British waters equal in value at least two-thirds of their whole catch. To put it at ten millions of dollars per annum would not be too high an estimate.

During the discussion of the " Reciprocity Treaty " of 1874, all the American papers favourable to the Treaty looked upon the fishery concessions as the most valuable proposal of Canada; and some very influential journals admitted that Canada might have a good claim to at least three millions of dollars per annum rental for the fisheries. What the actual claim of our Government is, it is not possible at this date of writing to know. But it is greatly to be hoped that whatever claim is made will be made with firmness, and supported with the fullest information, and that the traditional ill luck of British negotiations with the United States will not attend on this Commission.

THE SWING.

THE SWING.

Now in the sun and now in the shade,
Floats fair Adelaide, smiling and swinging ;
While we lie in the cool green glade,
Filling the air with our laughter ringing.

Up in the sky and down to the earth,
Backward and forward the swing is glancing ;
All is sunshine and joy and mirth,
While gaily the rosy hours are dancing.

Ah, fair Adelaide ; so in life,
Up and down and from joy to sorrow ;
The world looks on with envy rife,
Nor dreams that the swing may break to-morrow.

From life to death the pendulum swings,
Time with his scythe the flowerets mowing ;
Enjoy the day while youth's laughter rings,
And be gay while yet the swing is going.

A SAFE INVESTMENT.

I.

"If you tell me," he said gravely, but kindly, "if you truly tell me that you are tired of our engagement, and wish it to cease——"

"I tell you nothing of the kind," she replied, by no means either so gently or so affectionately as he had spoken. "I am trying to make you understand the exact opposite, but you either cannot or will not comprehend what I mean."

"No," he said, "I do not exactly know what you mean. You say you desire our engagement to continue, but it has already lasted a long time and there is no real reason——" he paused.

"In waiting any longer? Suppose I think there is every reason? Did not you think there was sufficient reason six months ago? In what respect is there any change either in your circumstances or mine? Have I any more prospect of a large inheritance, or are you any nearer that problematical partnership? No, John; let us continue the prudent course we have laid out, and pursued so far; and not rush into married life with insufficient means, to repent it by and by."

"You were not always so prudent, Gertrude," he said, and this time there was a tinge of bitterness in his tone, and a slight frown upon his broad brow. "I do not think we could be said to 'rush' into married life after two years of consideration; and as for insufficient means, if you do not so consider them I promise you that I will not."

"I do so consider them," said Miss Constable, "I am not afraid to say so. I earn now what is amply sufficient for my own needs, and am not at all ashamed to do so; but it would not be fitting that I should continue to do it as your wife; and I will never have to reflect that I am a drag on my husband. You shall never have my needs to think of until I know that you will not be hampered to supply them."

To the wise of this world these words would probably have sounded very noble, and the sentiments therein expressed lofty and self-denying. But there are differences of opinion on all subjects; and to some simple souls of the old loving and romantic school, a readiness to take her lover as he was and share his burdens, instead of deeming that she must of necessity add to them, and a belief that in the surrender of self and soul she compensated him for all else, and gave as much as she received, might have appeared more womanly and charming. That John Rysland

was not satisfied by them was evident: the frown remained on his face, and there was a decided coldness in his voice when he spoke again.

"I do not think you take the wisest course, Gertrude, either for my sake or your own," he said, "but of course I am bound to abide by your decision. Forgive me if I say that if you truly loved me you would not be so prudent, and would think less of my interests and more of my happiness; but if you in earnest wish that things should remain as they are for some time longer——"

"I not only wish it, but intend that they shall."

"And take all risk of change,——" he continued, as though she had not spoken.

"Change!" she interrupted. "What can change? Why John I could as soon suppose the sun would go backward as that you could change to me." And she smiled in serene security.

If she had meant to provoke asseverations of undying faith she failed signally, for he made no reply. Was there, underlying the words of each, a something unspoken, a mental reservation? Was there more in the persistence of each in the chosen way than the reason assigned? John Rysland had, six months before, considered that his income as a not too prosperous man of business scarcely justified immediate marriage with one so brilliant as Gertrude Constable; and she then had not appeared to think a life of self-support so far preferable to that which she must lead as his wife; but to-day his part had been to press for a speedy termination to their engagement, by entrance on a life-long union, and hers to delay what would have seemed to most people a sure refuge from a life precarious, if showy; unsafe, if superficially gay. Was there, in the mind of both a doubt which neither, though they felt it, could have expressed or defined? And was it a doubt of each other or of themselves?

It was a peculiarity of their conversation that neither had, at any part of it, looked the other in the face. She sat on a low chair fronting the fire, her handsome robes sweeping round her, and a rich fan in her hand. He stood with his back partly turned to her, and his arm upon the mantel, so that he saw her whole figure reflected in the sloping glass above. She, when she raised her eyes could see, not his face, but the face the glass gave back, and addressed herself to it.

"Are you going to sing to-night?" he asked suddenly, noticing for the first time apparently, the richness of her dress.

"Yes. There is a large party at Mrs. Vandusen's."

"Gertrude, I sometimes wonder how you will be able to live without the excitement and the brilliant society you share in now."

"Society!" she returned bitterly. "Yes, society in which I share as the paid entertainer of those who meet as equals, and criticise and

blame and praise at their discretion the talents of such as I. I wish I *could* join in it on equal terms, and pay in their own coin those to whom I have a deep debt."

"Could you be in any degree happy without it, and forget the debt if you could not discharge it?" he asked. Did it cross his mind to think she might have said that having *his* society she would need no other?

"I suppose I could do without it if I must," she unwillingly admitted; "but what one must is not always what one would."

"It is not probable we shall have the room to ourselves much longer," she said after a minute's pause, during which he maintained a somewhat gloomy silence; "and before anyone comes in I want to ask you a question. Have you any objection—I do not suppose you can have, but as we are situated it is my duty to ask you—any objection to my wearing this?"

She drew from her pocket as she spoke, and held out to him, a handsome diamond bracelet. The gems flashed and glittered in the firelight, which in the falling dusk diffused a bright radiance in the room.

"Why should I object?" he asked as he took the shining toy. "If you can afford such ornaments, why should I dislike your wearing them?"

"I did not buy it. How do you suppose I could pay for diamonds like those? And if I had bought them why should I consult you?"

"Why do you consult me then? Where did they come from?"

"They were sent to me two or three days ago."

"By whom?"

"I do not know."

"But you must have some idea. No one would send a gift of that value without *something* having passed beforehand."

"I tell you I cannot tell. I have often had things sent me—people in my position always have—flowers and little things not worth mentioning; but never anything like this, and I would do nothiug with it until I had told you. May I wear it?"

"If you ask me what I should like, I shall certainly say—*no.*"

"There, how unkind! It is not as if I knew who sent it. It can only be a token of admiration, such as I should have had by the hundred had I been on the stage. Of course you have the right to dictate to me, and I will do as you say. I cannot send it back, as I have no idea where to send it, but I will not put it on; but I don't pretend that I shall not think it very hard to be forbidden it, when I have so very little worth wearing."

"If you put it in that way, Gertrude, I can only say, do as you please; I have told you what would please me. It cannot be agreeable

to me that you should wear diamonds of another man's giving, no matter how given; but if your pleasure in them outweighs that consideration—why, as I said before, do as you like. I am going down to Oldnook to-morrow for a day or two—have you any message?" He had changed the conversation suddenly, that he might not show how painful to him it had become.

"You may give them my love," she said carelessly.

"If you would sometimes come down and see them, Gertrude.—"

"Oh, I can *not* do that," she interrupted hastily; "I have the greatest possible respect for your father and mother, but unfortunately they don't return the compliment, and Mona loves me to the last degree. I always feel tired to death of myself and every one else after the first hour. I was not made for that life, or the life for me. You must excuse me, John."

Whether he excused that, or more than that, he did not say. He soon after took leave, and though he kissed her as they parted it was a cool parting and she felt it so. It did not seem to grieve her. As he left the room she took up the bracelet, which he had laid on the mantel, and shook it in the rays of the fire till it threw off drops of light. "I have won the first trick," she thought. "I have concealed nothing from him, and yet I am to do as I please. What I please is this," and she snapped the clasp with a firm hand, and watched the sparkle on the white flesh of her arm. "I wonder if John is really fond of me, or if—I wish I knew what he truly means; but when I know how little, I say what I mean myself. How can I trust him? If I can guess where the diamonds came from, what matter? I don't *know*, and don't want to know till I am sure of more. Now for my coffee, and then I am ready for Mrs. Vandusen's, and if any one there should recognise my new bracelet or be glad to see it on my arm—how can I be blamed, if I do not know?"

II.

In order to experience the feeling of discontent it is necessary that we should first become acquainted with something different (that it should be superior is quite immaterial), from what we have been hitherto accustomed to. This at first sight may appear a truism hardly worth repeating, but when we consider the vast amount of pity lavished in the world on those who do *not* require it, it may be as well to enter a protest against the waste. If the commiseration expended on those who, either from good sense or ignorance, are perfectly contented with their lot, were bestowed on those who really needed it, it would be sufficient to cover all the misfortune in the world.

Some such thoughts as these were in John Rysland's mind, as on the

evening succeeding his interview with Miss Constable, he walked across the few fields intervening between the village where the stage had set him down and his father's farm. He had been well aware that in the years gone by he had been the object of, if not pity, something very like pity, from those who had watched his struggles in life. There had been struggles, for his father had highly disapproved of his only son's leaving the homestead and the life that seemed laid out for him, to follow his own inclination and enter on a business career, and had not given him even so much assistance as might have been in his power; but John had never resented this, or done other than smile at those who thought and said that he would have been better off at home. Looking forward into the future, which to the young is always the blue far-off land, and seeing the goal to be reached by his own exertions, how could it be otherwise than that he should feel pride in his power to overcome adverse circumstances, and take pleasure in the struggle? Things were different now: the goal, then so distant, was almost reached; the fortune, in his lot in life the one test in ability, almost won, and people said now how wonderfully fortunate John Rysland had been. His name was favourably known among business men, and he was the envied betrothed of a fair and brilliant woman, one whose rare talent had gained her enough publicity to please, and whose rare tact had guarded her from the publicity that offends. He should have been quite content—and yet, as he walked across the fields, John Rysland was conscious of a feeling of dissatisfaction to which he had been a stranger in his less favoured days—a sense of *something* wanting that should not have been.

His thoughts were filled, as they were in duty bound to be, with the image of Gertrude Constable, but I am not sure that lady would have been well satisfied with the shape they took. He could not reconcile the splendid figure of the night before with the surrounding scene. Why should he have wished so to reconcile it? Had he not often said to himself that he was neither partial to, nor fitted for, a quiet country life? Was it not his ambition to be a king of commerce, and had he not hitherto desired that his wife should be a queen of fashion? Had he not always believed that if he could win so shining a woman, and provide her with a fitting home in which to shine, he would be quite content?

We are all influenced, however we may be aware of it, by our surroundings, and no doubt John Rysland was so to-night. The weather had changed, and the chill so often in the atmosphere of May, which had made the fire in the parlour of the city boarding-house both needful and pleasant, had been succeeded by a soft balminess much more in accordance with the character given by poets to the over-praised month

of Spring. Sights, sounds, and scents were all peaceful and soothing. No business recollections are evoked by the perfume of apple blossoms —there are no incitements to speculation and exertion in the bleat of lambs; and, enjoying the calm sweetness of a summer sunset in the country, and contrasting it, as others have done before him, with the fever and turmoil he had left behind, John Rysland was for a moment faithless to his creed, and almost inclined to put serenity before celebrity; the peace which knows no ambition before the wearied happiness of an ambition gained.

He paused at the last fence and leaned on it. He had sent no word of his coming; no one expected him, and his time was his own. His eyes were on the house, half hidden among its trees and vines, watching apparently for some sign of life or motion,—some known figure or familiar sound; when he started suddenly and violently as there came to his ears from the other side, from the lane on his right hand, the tramp of feet and the sound of a voice singing. As he opened the gate and advanced into the lane a procession came in sight—a long line of placid solemn cows, whose grave glances and fragrant breath smote on his senses as they passed slowly by on their way to their evening milking; but he gave them little heed as he hurried to the figure that brought up the rear, the girl who owned the singing voice.

She was a pretty little creature, fair and slender, with a delicacy of colouring and a coquettishness of dress at first sight very much out of keeping with her evident occupation; but when you noticed how the sunset flush tinged her cheek and gilded her hair; when you saw how the early flowers she had plucked became the white throat against which they nestled; when you felt how the little figure fell in and harmonized in every detail with the peaceful beauty round it, you became reconciled to Mona Fairfield's doing just as she pleased, and were content, whatever it was, to think it right.

"Good gracious! cousin John, what are you doing here?" was her merry salutation; but she had first coloured high, and as quickly turned pale again at his unexpected appearance.

"Rather Mona, what are *you* doing here?" he uttered in a tone graver than seemed necessary.

"Taking a walk, John, this beautiful evening."

"But——" and his eyes wandered to the cows in the distance.

"I am not afraid of them," said Mona innocently, while she looked at him with a roguish expression in her eyes. "You see they are a long way off, and if they were not, I assure you they are quite harmless."

He could no longer help laughing. "Mona, will you never be anything but a child. I wish you would not do these things. I do not like it."

"*I* should not like to be shut up in the house this evening; and if I take a walk, what does it matter that the cows go before me?"

"Where is Patsey?"

"Oh, Patsey's mother is sick, and he wanted to see her, and I thought he might as well go early as late."

"In other words you gave him a holiday while you do his duty. Mona, you will never be cured of self-sacrifice. I believe you would give away all that belonged to you, and yourself to boot, if it would benefit another. How do you expect ever to get through the world?"

"Much as others do, I suppose. If I can't take care of myself, perhaps some one may be found to do it for me; but I'm sorry you have so low an opinion of my ability, cousin John."

"Mona, why do you always now begin to quarrel when we meet? You know that was not what I meant, but you never seem to understand me."

"I understand that it takes two to quarrel, cousin John."

He smiled now, whether at the words or the sweet look which accompanied them perhaps he himself did not quite know.

"But you have not told me yet, Mona, if you are glad to see me?"

"If you do not know without my telling, it would be of little use to tell." Then suddenly thinking that her words might imply more than she had meant to say, she tried to laugh, and failing in the attempt to do so at all naturally, she blushed deeply.

It was dangerous flattery for a man who had parted with his liege-lady, as John Rysland had done. He knew it had been the dearest wish of both his father and his father's wife (who though not John's mother was the only mother he had ever known), that he should marry the orphan niece of the latter: he had been told this when she came under their care three years ago; but Mona was then an unformed child of fifteen, and John was just becoming the slave of Miss Constable's practical graces. Things were changed now; Mona had ripened into a sweet and lovable woman, as John had discovered on his last visit to Oldnook six months before; and being no more deficient in either eyesight or vanity than the rest of his sex, he more than suspected that had he been free to win her heart he should not have tried to win it in vain. Did he wish himself free? He certainly did not ask himself the question, and to any other asking would have returned an indignant no. He had already won one infinitely more brilliant than Mona could ever be; and yet there was a lurking misgiving in his mind that perhaps he had not chosen wisely after all. It is possible this lurking doubt had led him to be more anxious to fulfil immediately his engagement with his betrothed, but it had not led him to avoid the temptation of Mona's presence; and though he knew he was wrong, it did not lessen his pleasure in being

with her, and seeing her colour come and go, and her eyes droop under his gaze. I do not know whether it tells most for or against him, that of the cost to her feelings in the matter he never thought at all.

Mona thought of it, however. She knew only too well that he was bound to Miss Constable by every tie of word and honour, and rated at their true worth the occasional soft glances and tender words to which, however pleasant they might be, she knew she had no right. And though, like most women, she doubted the ability of any other to love *quite* as well as she herself was capable of doing, she had no suspicion but what John Rysland's betrothed valued as she ought to do the prize she had won, and the idea of interfering with her possession of it had never entered her mind. Therefore it behoved to do as other girls do in the same unfortunate circumstances—to think as little as she could, and the more she felt to allow the less to be seen.

In the meantime it was very agreeable to walk home with John through the blossom-scented evening air and the sunset stillness, and to know that his eyes beamed admiration, and his tones breathed yet more. That is a sort of poison we none of us object to in the drinking, however fearful we may be of the after effects, and these two took their draught very kindly. That the cows reached home was more owing to their own sense of rectitude than to Mona's care; indeed it was so late when she and her companion appeared before the astonished eyes of their elders, that their own surprise was a thing of the past, and they arrived as quietly as if their coming together was the most natural thing in the world.

III.

"FATHER,"—the feminine portion of the household had disappeared, and the two men were left together on the "back stoop," where the elder was wont to enjoy his last pipe before going to bed;—"father, you know I have never asked you many favours in a money point of view."

"Very true, my son. You have not. We will not ask how much this has been owing to your being quite sure they would not be granted."

"On the contrary, sir, I should have felt sure that if I had wanted money for a worthy purpose I should not have asked for it in vain; and it is in that confidence I am going to ask you for it now."

"Oh, you are going to ask me for it? Let me hear why."

"I can obtain a partnership in a much larger firm than that of which I am at present only a junior member, for five thousand dollars, and I want you to advance me that sum." He spoke very quietly, but his heart beat thick as he uttered the words of the first favour he had ever besought.

The old man looked at his son in utter amazement, or rather would so have looked had there been light enough to see him; as it was, his withering expression was wasted on the darkness. "You must have gone out of your senses, John. Do you suppose that I have five thousand dollars in my pocket, or that if I had, I could find nothing better to do with it than give it to you?"

"I do not ask you to give it to me, sir, I will repay you, and it will bring you good interest meanwhile. As for having it in your pocket—you know how money can be raised as well as I."

"Raised!" exclaimed the old man, in some anger. "There is only one way of raising money that I know of, and that's a way I shall never follow, you may take my word for it. There's never yet been a penny of incumbrance on my land, and there never will be, John, in my time—there never will be. So take that for an answer, and be satisfied."

"Is that your final answer, sir?"

"Yes. If you talked for a week you would get no other."

"Then there need be no more said." It was somewhat odd, but there sounded in John Rysland's voice a tone of something very like relief, instead of the disappointment that should have been supreme.

"Will you tell me," said his father, after a few minutes of reflection, during which he slowly shook the ashes out of his pipe, "why you are so anxious for this now, instead of going on as you are, when you have given me to understand that you were doing well?"

"I am doing well enough, sir; but that is no reason I should not want to do better. I have lately had this opening, of which, with your assistance, I could have taken advantage; and the increased income would have enabled me to—to marry. My engagement has lasted a long time."

"It will last a —— of a time longer," said the old man coarsely, his suppressed wrath breaking out, "before I help you to bring it to an end. So it is for this you want me to borrow money and burden my property—a thing never known in the family yet? To enable you to give luxuries to a woman who is too fine a lady to take you as you are and be thankful! No; if she don't think you have enough, let her make more herself with her own stage airs and graces. She'll get nothing of mine."

"Miss Constable is not on the stage, sir."

"It comes to the same thing. She gives her handsome face and fine voice—I don't deny her what merits she has—she gives them for hire, and, as far as I see, it makes little difference whether a few more people see and hear them or a few less. No, John, you have made your choice and must keep to it; but it is not mine, and you know it."

"That she is my choice, sir, ought to secure her from any harsh

judgment on your part. Let us say no more. I am sorry I said anything."

"So am I, John, if I have said anything to hurt you much," said the old man, after a moment's thought, and somewhat softened by his son's submissiveness. "But you know how your mother and I wanted you to choose, and that we can't help feeling that if you had eyes, or a mind you would have chosen to please us. And you've been a fool for more reasons than one. I suppose Mona has told you she's got her money at last?"

"No; she said nothing about it," returned his son, shortly.

"Why, what in the world were you talking of that she did not tell you such a piece of news as that? Yes, the old woman died six weeks ago, and so all that her grandfather had comes to Mona. And a very tidy lump of money it is—seven thousand dollars certain, and perhaps a little more."

"I am very glad to hear it," said John Rysland, cordially.

"Why should you be glad," grumbled his father, with the unreasonableness of an angry man. "It can be nothing to you now. If you had had common sense you might have had a wife with seven thousand dollars of her own, instead of wanting five thousand of mine to buy one with. But no one has any sense now-a-days."

His son could not help smiling. "You speak, sir, as if *I* only had to choose. You forget that I might have very likely have chosen in vain."

"You can't tell whether you'll get a thing or not if you never ask for it," returned the old man bluntly. "You don't suppose Mona, with her looks and her money, is likely to go begging, or that she'll throw herself at you? But your chance would have been as good as another's, I dare say."

"Perhaps we had better say no more about it, as it is a subject on which we can never come to a conclusion. My choice is made, and I have no doubt Mona will make hers in good time, and whenever the time comes I hope she will be very happy."

Was it possible that the sigh with which John Rysland most assuredly concluded was echoed not far off, or was it only one of the mystical rustles and whispers of the young leaves? And in the noise made by the rising and departure of the two men, a gentle sound like the careful closing of a window overhead was also lost.

I do not know whether John Rysland entered into much self-examination as to the result of his application to his father. He had not told Miss Constable of his intention of so applying, so there was no fear of disappointment on her part; if indeed, he thought—so far had he come to doubt himself and her—she would in any case have felt much disappointment. Had he been successful, he would, with his improved pros-

pects, again have urged upon her immediate marriage; as it was, there must be further and indefinite delay; and if he did not ask himself whether the delay were as much a matter of regret as it would once have been, perhaps it was that he feared the answer he would be compelled to give.

He stayed the next day and night at Oldnook, but he did not see much more of Mona. She was, or pretended to be, very busy all day, and there was no ramble this evening. Patsey had returned to his duties, and Mona would not understand a hint that it would be possible to take a walk without an errand. And on the following morning he returned to town.

About a fortnight afterwards he received the following letter:

"SIR,—We are instructed to place to your account the sum of $5,000, for the purchase of a business partnership. The money will be paid on the presentation to us, and signature of, the necessary documents. The only stipulation attached is, that you shall make no inquiry whence the money comes, and on your observance of this stipulation depends your receipt of it.

"We remain, &c.,

GRAHAM & GUNN."

Although the name at the foot of this letter was that of a perfectly respectable and well-known firm, John Rysland could not at first believe but what he must be the victim of a joke. He could scarcely muster courage to call on Messrs. Graham and Gunn with their letter in his hand, and did not know whether he would be most surprised if it were truth or fiction.

It turned out, however, that there was no joke in the matter. The lawyers, in solemn earnest, confirmed in speech their written words. No questions could, of course, be answered, nor even asked; the simple fact was, that the money was there for the use and benefit of John Rysland, and he had merely to put out his hand and take it.

Should he so put out his hand? We none of us like accepting anonymous favours, and he was no exception to the rule. His father had, in a way none the most agreeable, refused his request when made with all due deference and respect, and it went against the grain to take as it were in secret what had been openly denied. That the money could come from any other source—any other solution of the mystery than that his father, on reconsideration, had regretted his hasty refusal, and, too proud to acknowledge it, had adopted this plan of acceding to his request without seeming to do so—never entered his mind. To no other human being had he confided his need of, or desire for, this particular sum, or the purpose to which it was to be applied; therefore no other humanbeing could know it. His reasoning was right so far as

it went; but unfortunately reason sometimes goes not far enough, and very often goes too far.

He ought to have guessed whence came the money. No doubt he ought, and would, if we could put two and two together as well at the time as we can afterwards, and see the events of to-day by the light of to-morrow. John Rysland could not do this any better than you or I; so he remained in mental darkness, and did not perform the simple process in arithmetic before alluded to. After some deliberation on the subject, he came to the conclusion that he ought not to reject his father's assistance, though so strangely given; and in as short a time as business particularity and legal delay admitted of, the sum so singularly placed at his disposal was handed over to him, and by its means he entered on his new and improved prospects in life.

He had been forbidden to ask questions, but there had been no embargo laid on his detail of facts. He wrote the whole history of the occurrence to his father, dwelling much on his gratitude to his unknown benefactor, and leaving it to the old man to make the application. He also promised a visit to Oldnook before long, hinting that it might be the last on which he would come alone. But the days and weeks went on, and the visit still remained unpaid.

IV.

THE last days of May had melted into June, and June's freshness and beauty had given place to the dusty and fervid heat of July; in the country, the fields were white with harvest, and fruit trees drooped under the weight of their luscious load; the cattle stood knee deep in the streams at mid-day in the shadow of the alders, and the air was sonorous with the lazy hum of bees; a cloudless sky smiled down on a plenteous earth, and sweet peace reigned.

But in the hot and crowded streets where John Rysland plied his trade of money-making, all was turmoil, trouble and toil. Not for him was the definite labour of the day and the quiet and undoubting rest of night; the sun rose on anxieties which beset him on the journey of the day, to follow him in his dreams, and to be renewed in the morning. Day in and day out he was slaving, not for gain but for safety, perhaps for existence, for it was a time of dread among business men, and none knew yet who should weather the storm. The firm John Rysland had left was already wrecked; and though that which he had joined had not yet foundered, it rode the waves of financial difficulty dismasted and disabled, and it was doubtful if safe harbour could ever be reached. Ceaseless care and attention might do much; but the safety of the firm

really depended on the stability of two large houses in a distant city. If they stood—well; if both of these—or either one—fell, as so many others were falling round them, farewell to all hope of future success for John Rysland, and farewell also to the fruits of all his past years of labour.

He was still alone in the world. In the first days of his new and then promising prospects, he had asked Gertrude to fix the time for their marriage, urging upon her that the income for which she had stipulated was now secure; and Miss Constable had complied, but had appointed so distant a date that she might almost as well have refused again. "Very well," she had said, "we will be married in the autumn, John. I have made engagements for the summer that I must fulfil; indeed, I shall be out of town a great part of the time. But if all goes well with you, and nothing happens to me, when I return in October we will settle the day. Somewhere about Thanksgiving time I suppose will suit?" If John thought her way of speaking rather cool and diffident, he made no comment; his own conscience was not very clear; he could not tell Miss Constable that he was in a hurry to marry her, because he feared himself; because he found himself thinking more and oftener than he should have done of Mona Fairfield. That it should have been so, was one of those anomalies which will continue to exist as long as honour demands the performance of the letter of a promise, with no reference to the spirit thereof. John Rysland's last visit to Oldnook had assured him that were he now free to choose, his choice would be differently made; but it was too late, and he tried to believe that honesty of action would atone for falsehood of thought. He is not the first who has endeavoured so to believe; and he will not be the last who will so endeavour—and endeavour in vain.

"You are quite sure, Gertrude, that you were sincere when you told me a short time since, that you wished to maintain our engagement? Forgive me for asking again, but how can I help doubting, when you are so anxious for delay?" And as he spoke, the thought was in his mind, "She may even yet release me."

Miss Constable looked at him with a level glance, "I was and am sincere, in wishing to maintain it. When I desire it broken, I will tell you so. If we marry, we shall have all the rest of our lives together, and surely that will be enough; if things remain as they are now until next October, you shall no longer have to complain of delay."

There lay a double interpretation in every sentence of her speech; but John Rysland accepted the one which lay on the surface, and said no more. In the latter days of June, Miss Constable left the city with friends of her own; and soon afterwards those clouds began to lower on the business horizon, which were to engross her lover's attention, and

excite his anxiety during the hot and weary summer months which she was spending in the prosecution of her own plans and devices among the pleasant breezes by the sea. The promised visit to Oldnook would have been a great relief to the fever and worry of constant struggle and care, but John Rysland dared not make it. Had he been sure of Mona's indifference, he might have trusted himself; but—he knew that he was *not* quite sure, and the very delight he felt in the knowledge that his going would give her equal pleasure with him, told him how necessary it was that he should stay away.

So he toiled on alone, hoping the best, fearing and prepared for the worst. Letters from his betrothed were short and infrequent, letters from home came none. No comment had been made on his relation of his receipt of the money that had been so dangerously risked, and he was left in doubt as to whether his father had been angry at his mention of it, or simply wished to ignore the matter entirely. The dread of what would be said if the money were lost was infinitely greater than the dread of the loss itself, hard as that would be. It was useless to wish that he had never applied for it, and that he had already passed through, and become accustomed to, the misery of failure with his former partner—nevertheless, John Rysland did so wish most devoutly. To make a mistake, and through it to suffer loss is bitter, but to be compelled to confess that mistake to one who will be certain to say "I told you so," is gall to the spirit. It is a twist in humanity to be deplored, no doubt; but there are few who would not far rather have to acknowledge an error of conscience than one of judgment.

Once during those summer months he heard of Miss Constable from another source; she was the admired of all admirers at a fashionable sea-side resort, and the recipient of especial attentions from more than one. That was not new in John Rysland's experience of his lady love, and he made no inquiries; indeed, with ruin and disgrace staring him in the face, it was more than ever doubtful whether the right of influencing Miss Constable's movements would ever be his, and he began to think she had been wise in her generation.

Once also, in those summer months, he saw Mona, when on one of her rare visits to the city she called at his place of business with a message from his mother. For her benefit he banished the care from his face, and tried to be as cheerful as of old; supposing that, after all, they lived through the crisis, there would be no necessity that the past danger should be known; if not, the dark knowledge would come soon enough. He remarked that Mona did not mention Miss Constable, and taking his tone from her, though he thought it rather strange, neither did he; not till long afterwards did either know the reason of the silence of the other—not until all silence was at an end between them. They chatted,

during the few minutes they were together, of the old days on the farm —of John's favourable prospects !—of friends' affairs, and of their own small matters of pleasure and annoyance ; but it was plainly to be seen, in what they did *not* speak of, what was in the minds of both. Each tried to blindfold the other—with what success their thoughts, could they have been guessed, would have revealed.

"He is not doing well," said Mona to herself, as she left him. "His cheerfulness was put on, and he looks careworn. If anything happens to his business—perhaps even if it does not—she will jilt him yet." Miss Fairfield ought to have sighed and looked sad during such painful reflections; but truth compels me to record that she whispered the words with something like a smile.

There was no smile on John Rysland's face as he closed the door. "I could have won her," he thought bitterly, "if I had not been a fool, and had known what was good for me before it was too late. Now, whether I am ruined or not, she is equally lost to me. She loves me, and I love her, and I must never see her again."

It was on a bright day in November, one of those days when Nature takes pleasure in showing how small is her sympathy with human emotions, that there came the final demolition of John Rysland's fortunes. The gloom on his partner's brow announced it even before the fatal letters were read which made it sure; but it was there in black and white—one house was gone, the other tottering ; and in their fall, that of Cole & Rysland must go too.

His face blanched, but he spoke quietly as he looked up.

"Well, the worst has come. I suppose there is no use in further struggle ?"

"No, it is the end. No one will lose much by us but ourselves. I have calculated that we can pay 90 cents on the dollar, and thank God I have neither wife nor child."

"Nor have I," said John Rysland. "I never shall have now."

"What shall you do," asked his partner, "when we have wound up ? I shall go West."

"I do not know," returned John, "I must think." Though with the falling of a long-expected blow, there generally comes a mental calmness under which men speak and act quietly, it is sometimes hard to realize at once what has actually occurred. John Rysland did not yet realize that he must "begin again."

"Here are two more letters for you ; I hope they may be less disagreeable."

The first was from his mother :

"DEAR JOHN,—Do not forget Thanksgiving. It is so long since you were here that we shall certainly expect you. We should expect you in any case,

but as things are now, you must not fail us. Your father and Mona insist as well as I."

He put the letter aside with a sigh; she little knew how things were now. He did not feel in a particular thankful mood; what was left him to be thankful for?

The other letter was somewhat longer, but quite as much to the point:

"DEAR MR. RYSLAND,—I said I would tell you when I wished our engagement broken; I tell you so now. If the rumours I hear be correct, our marriage for a long time to come must be out of the question, and I am sure you will forgive my honesty in saying that I wish neither to bind you nor be bound myself for an indefinite period. What I say now is exactly consistent with what I told you at our last interview; and as you yourself made the proposal at first, I cannot suppose it will be disagreeable to you now. Please let me hear as soon as possible that you consent, and believe me ever sincerely, yours,

"G. C."

John Rysland felt somewhat stunned as he finished the perusal of these simple words; there was no doubt as to their meaning; but nevertheless he read them a second time. When he had mastered the sense, he could not have told whether relief or anger was the feeling uppermost in his mind. He had known that his now certain failure must separate him from Miss Constable, but I believe he had thought that noble renunciation was to come from him; he had never contemplated being cavalierly dismissed, and it was another small prick added to the stabs he had already to bear. He could scarcely command his mind for the needful business arrangements with his partner, and was thankful to be released to reflect upon his own concerns.

Reflection brought him to his senses, and directed his course. He wrote, in as few words as possible, his assent to Miss Constable's request; he made over his few private possessions to the use of the firm, and entered into negotiations for joining a party on the point of starting for the all-devouring West. Then came the hardest part of his duty; he must go and make his confession to his father, express his contrition for the loss he had inflicted on him, and his resolve to repair it, if it ever lay in his power. He might have done this with less shame by letter; but then there was his mother's pressing invitation for Thanksgiving, and —— he would see Mona again. True, she would be nothing to him now. His present poverty separated him from her as completely as ever; but there was a possibility that if she cared for him she might be as willing to wait as the one who had not cared, and, at all events, there was no longer any offence against conscience or honour in

seeing her. So at the appointed time he made ready; and with his evil tidings in his heart, and Miss Constable's letter in his pocket, he went down to Oldnook for Thanksgiving.

V.

THE last Thursday happened to be also the last day of November in this particular year; and very gloomy and dispiriting was the preceding evening, as John Rysland again approached his father's house, and again leaned for a few moments on the last fence, as he had done on that May evening six months ago. His life was as much changed as the season, he bitterly thought; the hopeful summer was past, and the dreary winter, dark and churlish, was now to begin; if there were ever to come another spring, it lay so far in the future that he dared not look forward, while on the gloomy and toilsome present he must concentrate his thoughts and his energies, and make the best he could thereof.

Voices! His father and Mona had come to meet him. This little mark of tenderness touched him as well as surprised. Perhaps he would rather either had come alone, as he could in that case have made his confession at once to his father, or to Mona—but he had resolved to say nothing to Mona; true, Mona was rich now in comparison with himself, and that placed an invincible barrier between them. On the whole, perhaps it was as well that she had not come alone.

By and by he began to fancy he should have no confession to make. Something in the voice and manner of both impressed him with the idea that they already knew what he had come to tell. There was a gentleness about his father, a shyness in Mona that made them different from themselves, and though it was not the form he would have expected their knowledge to take, he would imagine no other cause. Still, he could not broach the subject to them both together; and they spoke only of indifferent matters till they reached the door. Then, as Mona entered first, his father detained him with his hand upon his arm.

"My boy," he said, and he so seldom used the slightest term of endearment that his son knew he must be much moved; "I suppose you don't want much said about it, but I would not have you think that I am not sorry for you. I am, John, truly."

"Thank you father," said John, greatly relieved. "I am very grateful for this sympathy, where I only expected and deserved reproach."

"I will never reproach you, John. What is past cannot be undone; so let it be forgotten."

His son knew that the subject could not be dismissed in this very summary manner, but a present reprieve was a blessing, and he said no

more. His mother gave him a more than unusally tender welcome, and in her eyes also he read a knowledge and a sympathy which he knew would soon find vent in words. He was not mistaken, but the opportunity did not at once occur; not in fact until all the household had retired, and he and she were left alone. Then the little mystery which the man's reticence had left undiscovered, the woman's endeavour to console revealed.

"I will not say much, John," she began in almost the words his father had used, "but indeed I feel for you, and wish it were otherwise."

"You are very good, mother. Other men have lived through the same, and so I daresay shall I, though at first it comes hard."

"I never thought her good enough for you, John, though perhaps I should not say so, even now."

"What do you mean, mother? How do you know——?"

"Why, what else am I talking of, John?"

"But do you mean that you know that Miss ——?" he paused, hardly knowing how to put what he had meant to say.

"How could we all help knowing it, when we saw it in the paper?"

"Do tell me what you mean, mother, please," he said nervously, fearing some great misunderstanding.

Mrs. Rysland took from the shelf a newspaper, and gave it to him, marking the place with her finger, and watching his face as he read.

And this was what he did read: "We believe there is no breach of confidence in stating that a marriage is soon to take place between the Hon. Dionysius Deacon, well-known as one of our western merchant princes, and Miss Constable, whose beauty and talents have graced and delighted during the past season. May all happiness attend them."

John Rysland smiled somewhat bitterly. "She has played her game well, and won," he said; "has done better for herself than I could ever have done for her. She is certainly as wise as the serpent, and as harmless as the dove too, mother, so far as I am concerned;" he added, cheerfully. "Is it for this you have all been condoling with me? Believe me, I need very little consolation. But oh, mother, you do not know the truth, how much more need I have of sympathy for something else than this."

"What else, John? Surely no other misfortune?"

Then, glad to make the first announcement to a sympathetic woman, instead of to the father whose scorn and anger he had so much reason to fear, he poured out the story of his long anxiety, his desperate struggles, and his final ruin. "I could bear my own loss, mother," he ended, "but it will be hard to bear my father's reproaches for the loss I have occasioned him."

"Your father!" she returned, and for the first and only time, he

heard a tone of scorn in her voice. "You need not be afraid of your father, it is Mona Fairfield you have ruined."

He stared at her in utter amazement and incredulity.

"You need not look so astonished. How could you ever suppose that that money came from your father? I could not imagine, even when you wrote concerning it, but that you must guess the truth. How could you think it possible that your father would change his mind on such a point after refusing you as he did? How Mona knew that you wanted it we never found out, and I tell you fairly that if we could have prevented her lending it to you we would; but it was hers, to do with as she pleased, and she had her own way."

"Why did you not tell *me* the truth? I would never have taken it," he said, still stupified by the discovery of what he had done.

"She knew that; and she took us in, before we knew what she intended, to promise that we would not tell. I suppose I ought not to tell you now, and would not, if—— if things were——, never mind why."

"This has put the finishing stroke to my misery. I can never hope to repay her, and how can I ever hold up my head if I do not?"

"What simpletons men are after all," said Mrs. Rysland, laughing till John could not help thinking her rather heartless, and showed that he thought so. "I beg your pardon, John; but you sometimes are so blind to what a woman can see in a minute. I think my news has bewildered you, and it is very late. Go to bed now and try if you can dream of some way to pay Mona Fairfield your debt."

Whether he dreamed to such purpose, or any purpose, can not now be known. All that is certain is, that he slept so late on the following morning that breakfast was over, the household scattered, and his mother the only person visible when he came down stairs. He made some excuse, but she stopped him.

"You are here for a rest and a holiday, John, and I am sure you look as if you needed both. A home where you can get them is one thing you have to be thankful for to-day."

"I wish I felt in a temper better suited to the day, mother. What does my father say, and what am I to expect him to say to me?"

"I have told him nothing yet. The loss is not his, and perhaps something may happen to put him in a good humour before he knows of it at all. I have told Mona both of her loss and that you know the truth about it, that you might be spared doing it. I do not think you will find her a very hard creditor."

"How am I ever to face her after doing her such an injury?"

"You must make your own peace. She has gone to post a letter for me, and if you have anything to say to her, I should not wonder if you were to meet her coming home."

At something in the tone, or the words, or perhaps something he saw in his mother's face, a light broke in upon John Rysland all at once.

"Mother," he exclaimed, "do you mean that you think ——?"

But Mrs. Rysland was far too wise to listen to what her woman's wit told her he was about to say. It must be told at first hand to the only one who had the right to hear it.

"I mean nothing in particular, John. I only say that if you had any apologies to make to Mona, it would be a good opportunity when there is no one else by."

Even to John Rysland's dulled senses so broad a hint was plain. He started to meet Mona knowing what he was expected to say, and that he meant to say it, but not so certain of how it was to be done. To offer himself to Mona, in exchange for her lost fortune, seemed greater assurance than he could ever find courage for; he knew perfectly well how it would look to others. "And yet," thought he, "what signify appearances when I am sure of my own motives? If she loves me she will not care what anyone may say, and I think I can convince her that I love her. I am afraid to think how long I have loved her—or what life might have been to me now."

His thoughts were brave, but there was very little valour in his face as he caught sight of Mona in the distance. It was a day of clouds and sunshine, alternate brightness and gloom, and one of the transitory gleams illumined the little figure as she came to meet him. He accepted it as a good omen, and felt his man's boldness return to his aid.

"How can I look you in the face, Mona?" he said at once without preamble, as he took her hand. But though he so spoke he continued to do it without much difficulty; far more easily indeed than she could look at him.

"Why did you do this thing, Mona?" he continued, as she made no reply. "How could you expose me to such risk of self-reproach?" The question was cleverly worded, for it stung her into an answer which betrayed her.

"You told my uncle you wanted it, so I thought— "

"How did you know I asked him?" he inquired mercilessly, as he saw the tell-tale blood creep over cheek and neck. "I never told you. I can guess now, Mona—shall I? The May night was warm— "

"Oh no, no, do not guess!" she said hastily. "Let us say no more about it."

"Say no more about it, Mona? You think it can be dismissed so? You know—my mother told you—that it is all gone?"

"Yes; but I have two thousand dollars left, cousin John. Will you take them and begin again?"

He laughed outright. "You are the most reckless little woman in

the way of investments that I ever heard of, Mona." Then he added, gravely enough, "Yes; I will take it—if with it you will give me yourself."

She did not answer, but, as is the way of woman, began to tremble.

"Listen, Mona," he said, taking both her hands in his. "I make no excuse for saying this to you so soon, for you know well that I have loved you—longer than I had any right to love you—if I had done the right." He paused, but she neither affirmed nor denied; only she tried to draw her hands away. "If," he continued, detaining the hands, "if you heard part of what I said to my father that night you must have heard all; and if—knowing why I asked for the money—you could do as you did, you must either love me as few women love, and as I little indeed deserve to be loved—or—you do not love me at all. Tell me, Mona, which it is: I must know."

Did a woman ever answer such a question in plain words? Mona certainly could not do so. Her hands being prisoners she could not hide her face which had now turned from crimson to pale; but her head drooped lower and lower as she said, so softly that he could scarcely catch the words,—

"You were very ready to guess just now. Unless you can guess this too, you will never know."

"It's all very fine, John," said his father, when told the news. "I must forgive you, I suppose, as Mona has done so, and I am glad you have shown some sense at last. But I am afraid you must make up your mind that people will say that you only married Mona because you could not pay her, and I am quite sure they will say she has made a very bad investment of her money." The tone and the smile showed how little in earnest was the harshness of the words, for the old man was pleased at the happiness of his favourite niece, and could afford a joke.

"I don't care what they say," returned his son. "Mona knows better."

"Neither do I care, uncle. I am afraid to say it aloud, lest John might remember it inconveniently at some future time; but—let me whisper it to you—I don't think I could have made a better investment!"

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THE REV. GEORGE RYERSON AND HIS FAMILY.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

THE renewal of the embargo by the American Government, prior to the declaration of war, was intended to injure Canada, and the most rigorous measures were promptly adopted to prevent the least infringement along the frontier, especially on the Niagara, by armed patrols and the presence of soldiers. This was all observed by the keen eye of Gen. Brock, who was narrowly watching the course of events, and who had made up his mind that the United States would find some excuse for going to war with England. He had, consequently, made such preparations for that event as the limited resources in Upper Canada permitted, although somewhat hampered by his superior, Sir George Prevost.

As may be supposed, the aggressive action of the American Government was strongly resented by the U. E. Loyalist settlers of Canada; and the declaration of war evoked among them the highest feeling of patriotism, and determination to defend their young country. Toward the close of the last and during the first years of the present centuries, a certain number of Americans had entered Canada, not because they loved the British flag, but because they found in the rich soil of the country an attractive field for pioneer life. Some of these did not object to British institutions, but had no particular attachment for them; in fact, would as soon live under one flag as another. The call to arms had upon these only the effect of causing them to consider the probable result of the conflict, with the intention of avoiding, if possible, service in the field. They would talk loyalty with the Loyalists, shrug their shoulders with the doubtful, and with the well-known Yankee would curse the King. But there was another class more decided in their views, and with more decided principles and objects. Most of these had come to Canada to turn a penny, and at the same time to indoctrinate the inhabitants with republican principles, with the view of bringing about annexation. In the same manner as Americans settled in Texas, and, having gained the independence of that country, effected its annexation to the States. Many of those in Canada whose avocation led them from place to place were, doubtless, duly authorized American spies. But the information they furnished the Americans was often quite erroneous, as

to the extent and degree of loyalty existing among the Canadians. The character of this class will be indicated as we proceed.

The name of Ryerson is a household word in Canada, and it requires no word of ours to place it among the foremost of those which will live in Canadian history. It may be another century before full and ungrudging justice is meted out to one who has made Canada known throughout the civilized world for its superior system of Common School education. But apart from all that may be said in eulogy of this one, the name is eminently distinguished in connection with the history of the settlements of British Canada. From the commencement of the American rebellion, in 1776, during the dark days of wandering refugees, of creating homes in the woods, at the time of the war of 1812, in the subsequent years of tardy growth and development, up to the Confederation era, the name of Ryerson is ever found occupying a conspicuous and honourable place in the various walks of life. Especially do we find it as an active, zealous, and successful agent in preaching the Divine Word.

Among the Ryersons no one deserves a higher place in the esteem and grateful recollection of Canadians, particularly on account of the part he took in the war of 1812, than the Rev. George Ryerson. Before proceeding, however, to speak of him, it will be well, and, we think, interesting, to refer, however slightly, to the immediate ancestry of the Ryerson family.

At the beginning of the war in 1776, there lived in New Jersey two brothers named Samuel and Joseph Ryerson. They were of Dutch descent, and were strongly attached to the British throne. Samuel was about twenty-six years of age, and Joseph ten years younger. A captain's commission was offered to any one who would enlist sixty men. Samuel, being well known and popular, soon had double the required number. He consequently received a commission in the Fourth Battalion New Jersey Volunteers. The commander of the battalion in presenting his name for the commission mis-spelt it "Ryerse." By that name he was known during the war, and under that name he was discharged and received his subsequent awards; and by that name he and his descendants have always been known. Joseph, at the same time as his brother, also sought service in the army. When he presented himself the officer told him he was too small; but Joseph stretching himself up, replied, "but I am growing every day." It is probable he entered as a cadet, at all events he was entrusted with extremely important duties, and engaged in carrying despatches through the enemy's lines, which he did with so much discretion and success that he was at an early day commissioned as a Lieutenant in the Prince of Wales' Volunteers. He took part in six or more engagements, and

was at least once wounded in the hip. At the close of the war both brothers went to New Brunswick. Samuel before long returned to New York at the request of his wife's friends; but the feeling manifested toward him was so bitter by the Americans, that he was fain to seek a home again under the British flag. He consequently came to Canada about 1792, and met with a warm welcome from Gov. Simcoe, who was an old friend. He received large grants of land, and settled at Long Point. Here he built the first flouring and saw mills. (These were burned by the Americans in 1812.) He in time filled important positions, being the first Justice of the Peace. He organized the first militia company in that part, and was the first Chairman of the Quarter Sessions. He had one son, George, very young, when he came to Canada. He subsequently had three more sons, and one daughter, who became the wife of Mr. Harris. He died just five days before the declaration of war, in 1812. Joseph Ryerson having visited Canada, came with his family, in 1799, to settle. The account of the struggles of both brothers in New Brunswick, and of the tedious and dangerous journey to Canada, and how they planted settlements on the shores of Lake Erie, is full of interest, but cannot be detailed here. Joseph became High Sheriff of the London District in 1800. But, being in receipt of half-pay, he had, after a few years, to resign, or lose his half-pay. He was succeeded by his son-in-law, Col. John Bostwick. He was, during the war of 1812, commanding officer of the 1st regiment, Norfolk Militia, and took some part in repelling the American invaders. Being next senior officer to Col. Talbot, he was, in his absence, in command of the District. Joseph Ryerson had six sons, George, Samuel, William, John, Edgerton and Edwy; and three daughters, the eldest of which married Bostwick, the second Williams, and the third Mitchell, afterward County Judge. Joseph died in 1854, aged 94; his wife also attained to a good age, having died, in 1850, aged 84.

One Francis Ryerson, of Long Island, likewise was a U. E. Loyalist, and went to Nova Scotia, and settled at Annapolis. Descendants of this person, we believe, now live in the province by the sea.

On the 3rd of February, 1812, General Brock opened the Legislature at York (Toronto). He delivered a spirited speech, in which he referred to the glorious contest in which the British Empire was engaged on behalf of freedom, and in scathing terms reflected upon the conduct of the United States. In view of the threatening attitude assumed by that Government, he appealed to the Canadian Militia, as the sons of a loyal and brave band of veterans, to make due provision for any contingency. Parliament continued in Session only a month, but passed several important Acts. One was, granting a bounty for the apprehension of deserters; another, relating to the raising and training of the Provincial

Militia; another, to raise a sum of money to defray the expenses of the Militia. By the second of these Acts power was invested in the President, General Brock, to form two flank companies from the battalions. Each company was to consist of a captain, two subalterns, two sergeants, one drummer, and thirty five rank and file. These were to consist of volunteers. Scarcely a month had elapsed before steps were taken to carry out the object of this Act. And we find by a letter that General Brock, on the 8th of April, communicated to Lieutenant-Colonel Nichol, commanding the 2nd Regiment Norfolk Militia, his request that this should be immediately done. Colonel Nichol was to recommend the two captains to General Brock, and to nominate the subalterns himself. He was to make applications at Fort Erie for such arms and accoutrements as were required to complete the men. The same instructions were doubtless conveyed to Colonel Joseph Ryerson, commanding officer of the 1st Regiment Norfolk Militia; because, in the early spring the flank companies of this regiment were enrolled at Turkey Point, and placed under the instruction of Major Bowen. The captain of the first company was John Bostwick, Sheriff of the London District; 1st Lieutenant, George Ryerson, the subject of our notice; the 2nd Lieutenant, George Rolph. It will be seen that these flank companies were composed of the picked men of the militia, the officers being selected for their unquestioned loyalty and efficiency, and the men being only volunteers. When war was declared they had already become very well trained, and constituted a most trustworthy element for the protection of the country. To them General Brock looked, scattered through the Province, as so many firm pillars around which the contiguous militia could rally.

When Brock formed the determination of moving towards Detroit to oppose General Hull, his intention was to collect the militia as he passed westward, hoping that as he approached Detroit his force would become so augmented as to enable him successfully to encounter any foe he might have to engage. But in this purpose he was thwarted. We are indebted to Mr. Ryerson for some facts bearing upon this event. The militia to the west was duly warned out, the Norfolk battalions among the rest. The call here was only partially responded to; at least there were some who were easily turned aside from the path of duty. They had collected at Waterford for enrolment, but the women, who had been instigated by the disaffected, hurried after those dear to them, and actually seized them, and, with their arms around their necks, made loud cries that they should not go—that they would surely all be killed. The result was they prevailed, and the men refused to go. Some of the leaders were arrested and taken in a schooner to Niagara. The inhabitants of this section were composed largely of an American element

which had somewhat recently come in, and they held their Yankee predilections. A spirit of disloyalty had been aroused and encouraged by a number of Yankee school teachers and singing masters, and such like adventurers. This conduct on the part of the Norfolk Militia caused Brock to alter his plan of procedure, and he ordered the flank companies to proceed by water. Lieutenant Ryerson proceeded with a company of some 300 men under Colonel Simon, by schooner to Amherstburg, and up the river. They found Sandwich, then a village occupied mostly by the gentry, quite deserted. Hull was then at Windsor, but, immediately, having heard that Brock was approaching with a considerable force re-crossed to Detroit. Lieutenant Ryerson's company was at once employed to construct a masked battery opposite Detroit. At this point there stood on the banks of the river a number of large oak trees. Behind these they proceeded to erect the batteries. But the work had to be done quietly, and no one was to be seen during the day passing near the place. The men would go quietly at night, dig until near morning, when they would as quietly go away into the woods beyond sight. By the time Brock arrived the batteries were completed, and the guns in place. The General came up by land with a small staff, passing along the banks of the Thames. The night before the crossing of the British, the trees disguising the battery were cut down. Mr. Ryerson remembers well the early morning move. They crossed about two miles below the fort, and the numerous boats, some of which drifted further down, filled with soldiers, with their bayonets glistening in the morning sun, presented a most animated appearance. Having landed, they quickly formed into line and took the way toward the fort to within half a mile. They had expected the foe would oppose their landing, and were surprised to see none. About half a mile from the fort was a ravine, where were deserted villas. This concealed them, and they turned in among tall, green growing corn, and paused. Presently they were ordered to prepare and partake of their breakfast. Meanwhile the batteries on the Canadian side had opened fire upon the fort, no doubt very much to the astonishment of the Americans, and were sending shot and shell into the fort. After breakfast they were ordered to fall in. The total force did not much exceed 700 men. They fully expected, as they took their place in the ranks, to be led into action, and to encounter a much larger force ; but there was no hesitation. What, then, was their surprise to find, as they came in sight of the fort, that the way was unopposed, and the gates wide open. It had not been made known that the pompous American General who had so lately invited the Canadians to remain peacefully at home while he drove the red-coated oppressor out of the country, had ignominiously surrendered to a small body of Canadian militia, with a handful of regulars. The

first intimation that Lieut. Ryerson's company, at all events, had of the state of affairs was, upon entering the gates, to notice the arms of the Americans stacked in a small enclosure. Then they became aware of the fact that the whole American army were prisoners of war. It was the trusty flank companies that Brock detailed to take possession of the prisoners and fort. Those companies were not equipped like the regulars, and as the little squad passed in, the on-gazing women of the disarmed soldiers hooted and railed at their appearance. For this the Canadians cared not, for their joy was full. In thus occupying the fort of Detroit, Lieut. Ryerson heard not a single shot of small arms, and believes not one was fired. And the only firing done was by the battery before mentioned. This battery, it was then stated among the men, had been the final means of causing the surrender. While Gen. Hull was holding a council of war to decide upon the answer to Gen. Brock's demand for surrender, and was hesitating, one of the shells from the battery entered the very room he occupied and killed several present. This so frightened him that a surrender was determined upon. Lieut. Ryerson saw the dead bodies, and he believes they were the only persons killed on the occasion. Shortly after entering, he passed by the great Chief, Tecumseth, who was sitting in his buckskin clothes, with his brother the prophet, smoking his pipe, with a face perfectly calm, but with the greatest gratification beaming in his eye. His hated foe, who had chased him like a beast and had wronged his people, was at his feet. But he carried out his promise to Brock, not to allow his braves to maltreat the prisoners. Lieut. Ryerson had little time to observe subsequent events at Detroit. He, with Capt. Bostwick, was selected by Brock to carry despatches, as soon as they could be prepared, to Burlington and to Col. Talbot. The horses available were inspected, and the best two selected for their use; and in a short time they were on their way along the Thames, carrying the glorious tidings. They rode all the day and for some time after dark, when a point was reached where they had to separate, Capt. Bostwick continuing on to Burlington, and Lieut. Ryerson turning aside to traverse a thick wood to the Talbot settlement. The only thing Lieut. Ryerson carried from Detroit as a prize was a brass pistol, which he picked up from the heap of arms. On his way he tried his skill with this pistol, and the ball which had been intended to fetch a Britisher or Indian was the means of suddenly terminating the career of a porcupine which he saw up a pine tree. Lieut. Ryerson's way through the woods, a distance of twelve miles, was pathless; there was only a blazed line. But he had hoped, by the aid of a guide, to find his way. They found it impossible to proceed, and so turned in at Muncytown, and stayed the night. Here was a large collection of Indian women, old men,

and children. The braves were all with Tecumseth at Detroit. There was much distress among them, lest their young men should all be killed; but when Lieutenant Ryerson made known to them the result of the day, and that the warriors would shortly be with them, loaded with plunder, their joy was unbounded. Mr. Ryerson slept in the tent of an aged chief, in a bunk with a bottom of bark. The chief was over a hundred years old, and deaf and blind; but they managed to inform him of what had occurred, and he broke out in a war song, and continued all night, in tones not without melody, to recount his own battles.

Lieutenant Ryerson was next stationed with his company at Sugar Loaf, and then at Fort Erie. He was here on the first occasion, when the Americans made a determined attack, and was among the heroic Canadians who took part in repelling them. It was here he received a severe wound, the effect of which is observable to this day. Although it has been to some extent a deformity, and proved somewhat detrimental to the sufferer in the course of life he has pursued, it has been a noble mark of bravery of which any man might feel proud. As the boats of the enemy neared the shore they fired a volley, and one of the balls took effect in the face of Ryerson. The ball entered the mouth, slightly impinging upon the lower lip, made a shallow furrow upon the under surface of the tongue, and then striking the lower jaw on the right side shattered it, and finally emerged at the angle of the jaw. The wound was a very painful one, and, of course, rendered him unfit for service. He did not receive medical treatment for some time, and the result was a long period of suffering and the deformity mentioned. He could not speak for months; for days could hardly swallow, and at one time it was expected an opening would have to be made in the windpipe to save his life. Pieces of bone came away from time to time, and it was not till after several years that the wound healed. The bone, however, never became united, and his speech was permanently impaired. But Mr. Ryerson did not remain inactive during the war. In the spring of '13 he felt himself fit to resume duty. He enlisted men for a Lieutenancy in the Incorporated Militia, and served on the Niagara Frontier during the summer of '13, under Captain James Kirby, with James Hamilton, afterward Sheriff of London, Lieutenant; and George Kirby, Ensign. When the flank companies from all parts of the Province were embodied in one regiment in Toronto, under Colonel, afterward Sir John, Robinson, in the winter of 1813, to serve during the war, he became Lieutenant under Captain A. Rapalge, with John Applegarthe as Ensign. In this regiment he served during the war. He was on guard on the right wing at the Battle of Stony Creek; took part in the capture of Beaver Dam; was in the Battle of Lundy's Lane, and in that of Fort Erie when invested by General Drummond, and in

various other affairs on the Niagara frontier. While stationed at Stony Creek he was seized with typhus fever, from which he almost died. As soon as he was able he went to his father's and stayed during his convalescence. Mr. Ryerson was entitled to a medal for the taking of Detroit, but neglected to apply for it while they were being distributed. He continued in the service until April, 1816, when the regiment was disbanded.

During his convalescence from typhus fever, Mr. Ryerson took the most important step any one can take, and which led him into the path of life he subsequently followed. He became a converted man, and resolved to prepare himself for, and devote his life to, the work of the Gospel Ministry. He desired to become a clergyman of the English Church, of which he was a member. His first participation at the communion table was in "York," at the close of the war, where the Rev. John Strachan, afterwards Bishop, officiated. To prepare himself for the ministerial work, he studied at a school in Schenectady for some years. He returned to Canada expecting to be ordained, but for certain reasons the Rev. Dr. Stuart, the Bishop, deferred the preliminary examination. In the first place, his speech was impaired; in the second place, an order had been issued in England, in consequence of the large number of officers set free by the close of the Peninsular war seeking entrance to the church, prescribing limited reason which should warrant the reception of such to church orders. Had it not been for this Mr. Ryerson would doubtless have been ordained. Although his speech was impaired, it was not sufficiently so to debar him from a position he desired to occupy, and for which he was well qualified. Mr. Ryerson filled the position of District School Teacher for a time, during which he preached as a Methodist. He went to England to settle his wife's estate, and lived in London several years. During his stay he embraced the views of the Rev. Mr. Irving, of the Catholic Apostolic Church. He returned to Canada in 1836, and established a branch of that church, being the President. He has resided in Toronto ever since that time, and laboured as a Minister. For some years now he has, in consequence of the infirmities of age, ceased to preach, but he still retains his position as the President of that denomination. Mr. Ryerson has been married three times, the first wife being Miss Rolph, sister of the late Hon. Dr. Rolph, to whom he was united in 1823. His second wife was an English lady; his present wife was the daughter of Judge Sterling, of Connecticutt. The Rev. George Ryerson was born in the County of Sunbury, N. B., about 90 miles from Fredericton, about the year 1790. He came with his father to Canada when nine or ten years old. The writer was desirous of obtaining a full account of Mr. Ryerson's experience of the war written by himself, and

solicited the favour. The reply thereto is characterized by such noble and stirring sentiments, enunciated in a manner which carries us back to another generation, that we cannot forbear giving an extract. He says, under date May 18 :—" I was 21 years of age when the war commenced, and actively and zealously participated in it from the beginning to the end. But after the lapse of 60 years, I find it difficult to bring to my recollection vivid and detailed particulars of such events as would be interesting to the reading public—especially as during that time my studies and pursuits and conversation have been so pacific and unmilitary, and for about fifty of those years, I have been actively engaged in the Ministry of the Church of God,—not that I have ever ceased to be deeply interested in the current military events of the nation. I hold in respectful love and reverence every aged loyalist who has served his King and country ; and it warms my heart to look on the grey and withered faces of such old men ; and I pray for God's blessing upon them. Not that simple loyalty to the King is by itself religion ; but it is an important part of it, and an essential element of Christian faith and character. Insomuch that I cannot conceive of a man as a *perfect* Christian who is not at the same time loyal to his king. To *fear God and honour the king* are essential elements of the faith once delivered to us from above, notwithstanding the popular theories and perversions of the present time. A conscientiously loyal man is an honour and a blessing to the country, and it was for the inheritance and residence of such, under the name of U. E. Loyalists, that Upper Canada was separated and given by our wise and beloved sovereign, George III. He loved and cared for them as his children ; and they loved, honoured, and suffered for him as a father. And so long as Canada is counselled and guided by such men and such principles, she prospers—and whensoever she departs from them, she is visited with poverty, division, and perplexity. For the country was providentially separated as a refuge for the truth, and has been marvellously protected as a standard and witness on this continent for God's ordinance and kingly rule of Christian monarchy. And anything I may have to relate of the former days that tried men's souls in this land—of what kind they were, will go to illustrate this truth. 'God and our King !' should be the motto of all Canadians."

While writing these lines Mr. Ryerson was evidently living over again the days prior to when our beloved Queen ascended the throne. Although this honourable and splendid veteran is now in his eighty-seventh year, he retains a wonderful amount of energy. He says his memory is failing, but excepting some deafness, and being slightly stooped, he appears full of vigour. A genial, florid countenance, a well-shaped head, a still keen eye, a ready utterance, all indicate a protracted and green old age. All Canadians will join us in wishing that

he may long be spared to his family, and that peace and happiness may be continued to him until he passes to his great reward.

We must not omit to mention the name of William Ryerson who, although young at the time of the war, and not enrolled, was a participator in the strife. It was known that a party of Canadian traitors were collected at the house of one Dunham, at Port Dover. One of the Bostwicks, without any authority, determined, with a number of volunteers, to ferret them out. William Ryerson was one of the volunteers. They succeeded after a sharp encounter, in which some were killed, in taking a number of them prisoners. There were some forty of them; and they were planning the destruction of the houses of certain leading men in the neighbourhood. Nine of them were subsequently hanged at Burlington (Hamilton). William barely escaped the fate of one beside him when attacking the house, who was shot dead. He was also engaged in another adventure, and barely escaped losing his life; the ball which killed his companion cut the straps of his knapsack. William Ryerson was a pioneer Methodist Minister, a man of large endowments, and greatly loved by his people for his earnest zeal and eloquent preaching. His death took place only a few years ago.

PATRIOTIC ODE.

(WRITTEN BY A TORONTO GIRL, 13 YEARS OF AGE.)

Eastward and westward two great nations
Stretch out their hands, across the sea,
Joined by a thousand fond relations—
Mother and Daughter, proud and free.
England, throned in her ancient glory,
Smiles on her fair child's earnest face;
Canada young, with her untold story,
Offers the love of her own true race.

March on then in thy youth and beauty!
March to the noblest heights of Fame!
March with the eyes of two worlds on thee!
And a glorious future to sound thy name.

Press on my country, great and glorious,
On! to thy grand and bloodless strife,
March proudly on o'er all victorious,
And be thine aim the perfect life.
Shine! lovely star, the west adorning
Let every nation bless thy ray:
Strive for the Truth in life's bright morning,
Till thou attainest the perfect day.

March on then in thy youth and beauty!
March to the noblest heights of Fame!
March with the eyes of two worlds on thee!
And a glorious future to sound thy name

IN DAYS TO COME.

Translated from Théophile Gautier.

E'EN now—from mountain or from plain,
In France, America, or Spain,
A tree is soaring—oak or pine—
Of which some portion shall be mine.

E'en now—within her chamber lone,
Some wrinkled and decrepit crone
Weaves fair white linen—like a Fate—
To clothe my body, soon or late.

E'en now—for me, with sunless toil,
Like some blind mole beneath the soil,
A swarthy miner doth explore
Earth's teeming veins for iron ore.

There is some corner of the earth,
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,—
Where sunbeams drink the tears of morn,—
There, I shall sleep in days unborn.

That tree, which, with its foliage now,
Doth screen a nest on every bough,
The planks hereafter shall supply
Wherein my coffined bones shall lie.

That linen, which the wrinkled crone
Is weaving in her chamber lone,
Shall form a winding-sheet to hold
My lifeless body in its fold.

That iron, burrowed from the soil
By the swart miner's sunless toil,
Transformed to nails, shall tightly close
The chest wherein my limbs repose.

And in that charming spot of earth,
Where nought but loveliness hath birth,
A grave shall yawn, beneath whose sod
My heart shall mingle with the clod!

Montreal. GEO. MURRAY.

"UP THE RIGHI."

It was Friday afternoon, and my friends were leaving Axenstein, that most beautiful of Swiss resorts. They had spent a week there, and in that time had "done" all that was to be done, from Brunnen to Fluelen. They were off for Interlaken and Geneva. But before leaving the "Lake of the Four Cantons," they intended to "do" the Righi, and kindly asked me to join their party.

It was a lovely day. The sky was cloudless. Uri Rothstock, crowned with its glacier, reddened in the sun. The green-blue waters of the lake appeared thick and solid to us looking down upon them from a height of 800 feet. The waters of the fountain in the Hotel-garden fell with a monotonous plash into the basin. It was just the kind of afternoon when one feels inclined to sip Rhine wine under the shade of the firs, and to listen to the flow of German gutturals, as the different currents of conversation, from the surrounding groups of coffee-drinkers and gossips, meet in charming confusion.

But it was a most favourable day to ascend the Righi. Never was there promise of a more glorious sunset, and so we shook off the languid feeling which was coming over us, and made our departure.

My friends were three in number: a mother, son and daughter. The ladies and their luggage descended in the 'bus by the circuitous mountain-road to Brunnen, while Bob and myself, armed with our alpenstocks, ran down the foot-path through the forest, and reached the village before them.

We made our descent in twenty minutes.

How the sun scorched in the valley!

A few chestnut-trees by the landing afforded little shelter. A dozen lazy boatmen, lounging by their flat-bottomed boats, with their picturesque awning, importuned us to hire them for an excursion to Tell's Chapel on the Mytenstein. We politely declined. We did not want to go on the water just then. We would willingly have gone into it, had we had time, for a bath in the Lucerne is equal to one in the Atlantic, the waters are so cool and buoyant. We strayed into the church, partly through curiosity, partly to escape the sun. It was clean, as most Swiss churches are, and the altar and pulpit were of handsome marble; but a huge doll image of the Virgin, on the Super-Altar, with flat features and coarse black hair, excited our sense of the ludicrous to such a degree that we thought it better to retire. So out we went again to the street, to find that the 'bus had just arrived, and that the steamer was but a mile distant, on its way down from Fluelen.

This upper part of the Lake of Lucerne is the grandest and most picturesque. The mountain sides come down in many places perpendicularly into the water, and are reflected on its surface as on a mirror.

Looking up the lake from the wharf at Brunnen, you see, on the right, Seelisberg, a village with church among the trees, and a large Pension on a ledge of rock 900 feet above the level of the lake; then, sloping up from the water, and approachable only by boat, Rütli, a meadow with châlet, where the three confederates are said to have sworn a solemn oath to free their country from the yoke of Austria; further on, the Uri Rothstock. On the left, you catch a glimpse of Tell's Chapel, and the eye follows the windings of the Axenstrasse, a road which is a marvel of engineering skill, cut along the sides of the mountain, and in some places piercing them. At the end of the vista is Fluelen, and beyond clouds and the blue distance of the St. Gothard pass, one of the regular routes into Italy.

Brunnen itself is a very pretty little town. There are some large white houses near the wharf, one having on its eastern wall a rude fresco of the Confederates, *Werner Stauffacher*, of Steinen, in Schwyz, *Erni* of Melchthal, in Unterwalden, and *Walter Furst*, of Attinghausen, in Uri, making their solemn vow, an incident in Swiss history that is very popular in this locality. But to my mind the best pictures are its old châlets, brown, weather-stained, in most picturesque irregularity, with flat stones on the roofs to keep the shingles from blowing away, forming a striking foreground for a view of lake and mountain.

The little steamer drew up to the wharf, and we made our way through a crowd of struggling, bawling porters and hackmen, crossed the gangway, and found a cool seat on the upper deck. The boat was crowded with tourists, mostly English and American. Some were returning from Northern Italy. Others had been to the head of the lake, and were going back to Lucerne. Others we had seen for the last few days across the *salon* at the *table d'hote* at Axenstein, and were on the same expedition as ourselves. Our boat crossed and recrossed the lake, stopping at the various little villages on the way, to disembark and take on passengers, and in due time arrived at Vitznau, a village on the right shore going towards Lucerne, and the lower terminus of the Righi Eisenbahn, or railway.

Formerly this ascent of the Righi was made on foot or on mules, by a narrow bridle path; and, though there were several routes, the favourite one was from Kasuacht, but lately a railway has been built which makes the ascent, if less meritorious, at least easier and more novel.

You can walk up any mountain, but it is not often you have the opportunity of being pushed up, alternately through dark tunnels and the sublimest scenery, by a little snorting, puffing engine. We elected, therefore, to go by rail.

The steamer from Lucerne had landed her passengers before us, and when we reached the station we found our train had started, and two more were on the point of starting. I call them trains, but I must explain that each engine took only one car, and that each car held about thirty passengers. The cars were something like our own, but smaller and lighter, with no cushions on the seats. They were open, covered above by light board awning. The engines were very funny. On the level they looked like small steam fire-engines, that had run against a street-corner and knocked forward their smoke stacks. The compensation of the incline made them upright, when they commenced the ascent.

The exact grade of the Righi-railway I don't remember—you will find it in Bædeker—but I know it looked terribly steep to us, as we watched one of the little engines push its burden before it, till both were lost in the darkness beyond the arch of the first tunnel. Progression is accomplished by cog-wheels in the engine working on cogs on the track midway between the irons. The first train had disappeared in the tunnel. Two more were on the level, before the commencement of the ascent, one at the platform taking in its passengers, the other on the line a few yards ahead, having started and stopped. Another, in which we hoped to obtain seats, was coming up the Station.

I left the platform for the *buffet*. A glass of Affenthaler is a great assistance to mountain climbing, even if it is by the unambitious mode of an inclined railway. Somewhat refreshed, I had just put down the wine-glass, when a piercing shriek rent the sultry air. I hurried to the platform. Behold the scene! An excited shouting crowd on the platform. Passengers, principally ladies, jumping from the car. A guard with eyes distended, gesticulating violently, and waving his handkerchief at the passengers to keep them from leaving their seats. The more he shouted and waved, the more panic-stricken they became. For this wild scene there was no adequate cause. At first I thought something had gone wrong with the first train, and that it was sliding back in its own track, to the imminent peril of the train standing in the way. But no, there was nothing of the kind.

At last when people had become more calm it was discovered that an engine had pushed its car against the engine of the train in front, and had crushed the brakesman between the wire guard and the car front. He had screamed and set the rest off in a panic. He was not much hurt, for I saw him hugging his knees, and hopping about the Station.

The panic had half emptied the car at the platform, and gave us a chance to secure seats which we were glad to avail ourselves of, and so with plenty of room at our disposal, for the car was looked upon as ill-omened, we commenced the ascent. What sad glances were cast after us as we moved off! All seemed to say "foolish people, you are

going to your destruction." We did not go to our destruction, nevertheless,—we went to the top of the Righi. Sometimes we were puffing through dark tunnels. Again, gazing over precipices, down upon the calm waters of the lake, and upon islands of faultless beauty. We stopped at two or three Stations on the way, among them Kaltbad, where Monsieur and Madame Thiers happened to be spending a few weeks. Finally we drew near the summit, the track running parallel with and beside the bridle-path.

We passed groups of tourists; walking parties with knapsacks; ladies on mules, with paterfamilias and sons striking their alpenstocks vigorously against the stony ground. The most striking figure in the motley crowd was that of an old monk, in brown serge cassock and cowl, bareheaded, shod with sandals, and with a rope girdle about his waist. There he toiled up the steep ascent, or gazed off towards Lucerne and Pilatus, with head erect and hand shading his eyes from the sun. To one fresh from the new world he seemed like a being of the past, an Elijah on Horeb or Carmel. One could not help wondering what was the man's history. Was he a lazy peasant who had taken to the monastery as an easy way of making a living, and a safe way of getting to heaven? or was he moved by a real religious impulse? Did that coarse serge dress cover a heart throbbing with the same passions as others, or had the realization of the Divine stilled human needs and cravings? As the train ascended we left him and his history behind us, and were safe at our destination, the Righi-Kulm.

On the plateau which formed the mountain top we found a large hotel thronged with guests, but as our rooms had been secured by telegram from Axenstein, we were all right. Never fail to telegraph for rooms, in travelling on the Continent; it is the common custom, and saves much disappointment. Arriving one evening at the *Hôtel de la Poste*, Brussels, I enquired for a room. My hostess was sorry they were all engaged. But I had telegraphed. From what place? From Rotterdam? What name? Smith. "Monsieur Smith, here it is with the key, *je suis charmé*." Safely established in our quarters, we washed off the dust of travel and hurried down to join the crowd below, for the sun was beginning to sink in the west, and the spectacle for which we had, I will not say, climbed, but been pushed up the Righi, was coming in.

Think of two hundred people ascending a mountain to see the sun set, sleeping there, getting up at 4.30 o'clock to see it rise, and then descending with the satisfaction of having "done" it. There they were; two hundred people of all classes, and from almost every nation in Europe and America. English walking parties; undergraduates, with knapsacks and alpenstocks; grave lawyers; enthusiastic artists; shrill-voiced Americans, with the usual number of Generals and Colonels;

Germans with their never-to-be-forgotten and much-to-be-lamented gutturals; stern Russians; wiry Swiss; and last but not least, a representative of this Canada of ours, for whom an epithet shall be wanting. All were talking—not loudly, for who could raise his voice in the presence of such grandeur? but the buzz of conversation was general.

But the view! Stretching from east to west from Sentis to Pilatus was a grand mountain panorama. There was a bank of clouds, however, in the east and south, and the view was not perfect. But the western sky was cloudless. The sun was sinking behind Pilatus. We looked down 5000 feet at least upon hill and vale, lake and forest, over which the shades of evening were already commencing to gather. Far off lay the thin blue line of the Lake of Zurich, with Zurich itself like a dot at the end; nearer the Lake of Zug; to the left the end of Lucerne. Countless hills and villages and churches were spread as in a map, in the country before us. As the sun gradually declined, the darkness commenced to steal up through the valleys. The scene surpassed description. Every eye was strained. Every voice was hushed. Men spake with bated breath, the highest tribute to the awfulness of nature. It was only for a few moments. The sun's last ray joined its fellows below the horizon. It was dark and cold.

Then we crowded into the hotel, secured our places at the *table d'hôte*, and as we made our first onslaught on the soup and *le côté*, struck out boldly, after Sidney Smith's plan, into conversation with our *vis-à-vis*, introductions being discarded. A canny Scotch lady, with four pretty daughters, sat opposite. They had wintered in Dresden, and had spent the spring in Northern Italy and Southern Switzerland. The girls gushed about Lugano and Bellaggio. We were a very merry party, in the best of humours with ourselves and all the world. After dinner people dispersed to their bed-rooms. A few still wandered about through the *salons*, or amused themselves in the billiard-room.

Before retiring I went out to see how things appeared in the darkness. The air was unpleasantly cool as I climbed the stairs of the little temporary turret at the edge of the plateau. The lights were shining brightly in Lucerne, and in the châlets and villages about Kusnacht. The outline of Pilatus could be traced against the lesser darkness of the sky, but there was nothing to give pleasure to anyone. All the glory of the scene had departed with the sun.

Between four and five o'clock next morning the prolonged note of an Alpine horn wound through the corridors. Springing from my bed I stood face to face with a notice on the wall, to the effect, that it was forbidden to take the blankets from the room. In their hurry, and to save the trouble of dressing, it had been a common custom for people to half dress themselves, and then, wrapping a pair of blankets about their

shoulders, to run and see the sun rise. I was soon dressed, overcoat and all, and walking briskly in the grey morning light, with the crowd, out on the plateau. How cold and sharp the air was, though it was the middle of August! Men buttoned up their greatcoats, and women drew their wraps closely about them, and shivered, as they paced up and down, with anxious faces turned ever and anon towards the east, or criticised the dowdy appearance of the laggards, as with sleepy looks they issued from the hotel door and joined the promenade.

Everything and everybody look so different in the cold grey morning from what they do in the flush and excitement of the evening. We could not fail to notice this, as we recognised our friends of the previous evening. There was the Scotch lady, like a motherly hen, clucking and calling her pretty chicks about her. But the girls had evidently made hasty toilets and did not care to be recognised. Our American friends were wrapped in shawls, and their voices were muffled in the heavy folds. The pretty English bride, in her sea green print dress, hung tenderly on the bridegroom's arm, but her eyes were still heavy with sleep, and some stray hairs straggled down upon her cheek.

The sky fortunately was cloudless. The cloud banks had disappeared, and there was every prospect of a glorious sunrise. Nor were we disappointed. First came a red streak in the far east. Then a flash! It was the Finsterarhorn, the highest mountain of the Bernese Oberland, catching the first ray. Then the Mönch and the Jungfrau and the Schreckhorn, in turn, flung back the sunlight from their foreheads. The rest were not long left in shadow. Peak after peak, now in the east, now in the west, caught the ray till the whole range of mountains was illuminated. When the heavens were ablaze and the magnificent panorama was unfolded to our view, the object of our visit was accomplished.

People sometimes spend two or three days or even weeks on the Righi, and I can imagine nothing more delightful. What exquisite enjoyment would it be to breathe day after day that pure atmosphere; to see, morning after morning, that grand spectacle, the snow Alps flinging back from their spotless brows the sun's first greeting; and then at eventide to watch the darkness creep up the valleys, and the sun sink in the painted west!

But we had no time to linger, and with the most of those who had gazed with us on a sight never to be forgotten, a thing which has become a part of our very being, we eat a hurried breakfast at the hotel, bought a few Swiss *Sculptures en bois*, a paper knife or two with pretty chamois handles, as souvenirs of the Righi, and were let down to Vitznau by the obliging little engines that had pushed us up.

K. T. J.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXII.—*Continued.*

"Yes, I know it; he has been false to me, and thinks of it but lightly. And what have I done at the worst? He has no right to punish me, even though I do deserve it. When he comes to know, I will say, 'Well what then? I have deceived you, Cecil; I confess it, but I have not wronged you. Lay your hand upon your heart—the heart that should be mine alone—and tell me truly, you who are the soul of truth, it seems —have not you wronged me?' Then he will deny it upon his honour; that is what men do."

She began to pace the room with rapid steps, as some do to prevent themselves from thinking, as others to encourage thought. Presently a cab stopped at the door. Even that alarmed her, notwithstanding her just uttered words. Could Cecil have already heard the scandal that was afloat at Woolwich concerning her, and come to tax her with it? When she saw, through the blind, that it was his father, she experienced a sense of relief, and then again of oppression; such as is begotten by an opportunity one desires, and yet of which one fears to take advantage.

"So your mate has flown already, Ella, has he?" said the old gentleman, after an affectionate greeting. "I thought I would take him on with me in my cab, since I have a cab. I know he is much too fine to ride by the 'bus."

"He sometimes does," said Ella, apologetically.

"Yes, sometimes rides by it on horseback," snapped the old gentleman. "Young men didn't go to business that way in my time."

"It makes him so uncomfortable, to travel inside," pleaded Ella.

"Then why don't he go outside?"

"It's the sitting sideways that disagrees with him."

"Then let him go on the box. Much better men, much 'warmer' men—men with ten thousand a year, ma'am—are not ashamed to do it."

"Perhaps it's because they are warmer, Mr. Landon," answered Ella simply. "Cecil finds it so cold."

"Go along with you, you little witch," laughed the old gentleman. "You are incorrigible. I am sorry I missed him, because I wanted to

have a talk with him, in your presence, upon a certain matter which has only turned up this morning."

"In my presence?" echoed Ella, a cold shiver creeping over her.

"Yes; it is a subject in which you are concerned, as much as he, though it has only reference to business. A telegram has come telling me we have lost our managing man down in the West, where our operations are greatly extending. Some responsible person must be found to live at Wellborough at least three months in the year; it would be better indeed if he did so altogether. Of course such an individual could be got, but it would save a deal of money if Cecil undertook the matter himself. If he goes, of course you must go; and I came to ask your opinion about it. You could come up to town for the season if your heart is really set on that sort of thing; and, in fact, I should not like to lose you for more, say, than half the year. Your income would be improved by it, though, till the nursery comes to be filled you can scarcely want more money. I daresay you will find the country a little dull at first; but, on the other hand, you will have more of Cecil's society. What do you think about it—that I may know what to say, so far as you are concerned, when I come to talk to your husband?"

"I am quite ready to do what you and Cecil wish, dear Mr. Landon." As a matter of fact the proposal charmed her. When the old gentleman had remarked that she would have more of her husband's society—he was referring, as she was well aware, to business hours—Mr. Landon did not know how much of his time, especially his evenings, Cecil spent away from his home. There would be no such attractions for him, Ella reflected, in the country that there were in town: and more than all, they would be out of the way of gossip. It was a slender chance, but still there was a chance, that that piece of Woolwich scandal might die where it was born, and never follow them to a distant home. She could not contradict it, as Gracie suggested, because it was true; but there was just this "pull" in her favour, that even her enemies—and she had many such among the ladies of that garrison town—must needs take it for granted (even supposing this choice morsel of tea-table tattle were founded on fact) that her husband knew of it.

"You are a good wife," cried the old gentleman, seizing both her hands; "just the sort of wife for a man of business; and if Cecil behaves badly to you, I'll cut him off with a shilling."

"Should we have to leave London soon?" inquired Ella, with as much indifference as she could assume, though what she would have dearly liked him to reply was, "Yes, to-morrow."

"Well, if you go at all, it should be almost at once. I don't wish to be unreasonable, my dear. I have heard of the great picnic that is to be at Virginia Water next week, and understand the impossibility of

interfering with that arrangement; but if you could contrive to leave town immediately after it——"

"So far as I am concerned, dear Mr. Landon," interrupted Ella, "I am prepared to give up the picnic."

"What, the Groves', with Lady Elizabeth, and 'really the very best people,' as your friend Lady Greene calls them?"

"I don't care for 'the best people,' nor yet for Lady Greene, twopence," answered Ella, laughing.

"My own sentiments, and my own expression," exclaimed the old gentleman, delightedly. "Cecil says, 'If you would only make it silver, father, and say one fourpenny piece,' but I am a stickler for the truth. So is your husband I am bound to say. The clerks who are straightforward all adore him, but if one ever deceives him he has to go forthwith."

"But that is very hard," said Ella, faintly.

"Well, yes it is hard. But then young people are always hard—except where they are uncommon soft. And, after all, it's a good plan, for one deception involves a score of others in order to make it safe, and so the whole character of the man becomes rotten. However, I didn't come here to moralise, and I must see Cecil at once. Now that his better-half is on my side he will be easily persuaded, no doubt. You have behaved like a trump, Ella, and I look upon you less as a daughter-in-law than as a daughter. God bless you, my dear!"

He was out of the house and in the cab in a moment. Her pleading looks, her yearning eyes, had escaped his observation; he had only seen a pretty face that had smiled a ready and somewhat unexpected acquiescence in his views. Perhaps it would have been all the same had he been less absorbed with the business in hand and more observant. His remarks about the clerks had chilled her. And surely in this projected change of residence there was a new hope of safety, a less necessity for confessing all.

CHAPTER XXIII.

PROCRASTINATION.

THERE is this peculiarity in the misfortunes of mankind, which also renders them more bitter—namely, that they generally come from quarters wholly unexpected. We may look for a fire to break out in our new conservatory, heated by the very last new apparatus, and naturally, therefore, arousing apprehensions, the case being only mitigated by the knowledge that we are insured; but what does happen is

a hailstorm that smashes the place to shivers, and for the damage arising from which catastrophe we receive no compensation. And thus it was with Ella Landon in her present state of anxiety and alarm. Her speculations for the "fall" took every direction, save that her husband would refuse to remove his residence to the West of England. Even in that case she would have had cause enough for fear for her secret, but she did think that so far she was safe. He had complained of the gloom of the city and of the confinement of his London life, so far as it was associated with his business and his home; had often, too, expressed his partiality for the country, and, though it was true that was on account of the opportunities it offered for sporting, and the shooting season was at this period almost over, yet the immediate change was understood to be only temporary; in future he might divide his time as he pleased, and, in fact, possess two houses, one in town and one in the country. Under these circumstances, with the additional advantages of having an increased income, and of giving pleasure to his father, Ella had never contemplated that Cecil would oppose himself to the new arrangement. And yet he did so point-blank. He would run down for a day or two to the west of England and put matters in hand there, he said, but make it a place of residence he would not.

The old gentleman was very angry at his obstinacy, as Ella gathered from Cecil's manner, who had evidently been made angry also. She did not see him till the following morning—if between two and three A. M. can be called so—when he came home from dining with Mr. Magenta at the club. That is what he would have his wife believe, at least; and it was not a time for her to express disbelief. She had her own thoughts, and they were not pleasant ones, about this matter; but other things were just then more important and more pressing. The incident, however, caused her to regard the idea of a residence in the country, where folks do not keep such very late hours, and there are no clubs, with even greater favour than before. She was resolved to make a fight for it, though, if possible, not to let him see she was fighting; and, above all, she must not lose her temper, nor cause him to lose his. If the discovery she feared must needs take place, she was resolved that it should happen under the most favourable conditions for her forgiveness, and when her husband and herself were on the best of terms.

But to fence with an adversary whom one is not to prick with the foil, is to contend at a disadvantage, indeed; and other things were against her also. In the first place, thinking he would not be so very late, and wishing to discuss the question of change of residence with him, she had sat up for Cecil, and he resented that as a reproach, as husbands will, especially when they feel that they deserve reproach.

"How foolish it is of you, Ella, to fatigue yourself in this way; I

told you I might not be home to dinner; and when a man is dining with one, one can't turn him out of the club till he chooses to go."

Under ordinary circumstances Ella would perhaps have answered, "Can't one?" a little mournfully, for she was well aware that no human creature could have persuaded Cecil to stay anywhere when he had a mind to come away. He would have excused himself in the most pleasant way in the world, on the score of the necessity of rising early next morning, or would even have laughingly laid the burthen upon Ella herself: "I am so henpecked, you know, that I daren't stay;" but he would certainly have come away.

"I am not tired, darling, and I don't blame you," replied she, sweetly. "Of course, I was anxious to know what decision you had come to with regard to your father's proposition as to Wellborough. I assured him that, so far as I was concerned----"

"Yes, I know," interrupted Cecil, curtly; "he told me you didn't care which way it was."

"But, indeed, I didn't say that, darling; I said I should like to live at Wellborough very much."

"I confess I can't sympathise with your taste then. It's the dullest, dreariest town in England. I would as soon be buried alive as live there."

"Oh, Cecil, I thought you were so fond of the country? I know, when we were at the Lakes——"

"Oh, that was very different," interrupted Cecil, with a laugh that was not intended to be a mocking one, but which to her ears sounded so. "Every place was delightful then; but one isn't always on one's honeymoon."

"That is true," sighed Ella. "Still, there would be hunting and shooting, I suppose, at Wellborough?"

"Not a bit of it. There would be nothing to do—but dye."

"There would certainly be fishing, because the town stands on a river."

"In which our works, it is complained, have poisoned all the fish; but, at all events, I hate fishing."

"But your father seemed to have set his heart upon it so, dear."

"My dear Ella, I think I have done enough and to spare to please my father already."

"Oh, Cecil," said she with tender reproach.

"Nay, I don't mean in marrying you, my dear, I did that, of course, to please myself; but in leaving the army. In doing that I did a good deal in the way of filial obedience, as both he and you are well aware. It is impossible to shape one's life entirely in accordance with the wish of another—especially if one has no wishes in common with him. I don't deny that the governor is very good to me."

"And very fond of you, Cecil."

"I believe that; but that feeling is not so contrary to nature as to be set down so very largely to his credit. There's a good deal of nonsense talked about the obligations one is under to the 'author of our being,' as the moralists call one's papa; but the probability is, he didn't become so upon our account. I know you have an exaggerated notion of filial duty, and I have no doubt you were the best of daughters, but——"

"I was not that, Cecil, heaven knows," interrupted Ella, gravely.

"Well, one would really think so from the way you preach to me sometimes. For my part, I think the governor is very unreasonable; and, I must say, I didn't like the way he threw you at my head as it were this morning, saying how little you cared for society, and how you loved quiet, and that it was all my fault that we couldn't live at Wellborough."

"I am very sorry, dear; your father must have misunderstood me. I don't remember saying anything of the kind."

"Well, he said that you didn't care for the Groves' picnic, for example, which I have heard you say, myself, you were looking forward to with the greatest pleasure. It would almost seem that you had two faces, Ella, one for him and one for me."

"I told your father that I didn't care for the picnic, so far as the Groves and the other people were concerned; but I do care for it since you are to be there, Cecil. That was what I meant."

"Then the governor got hold of the wrong end of the stick, that's all. It's not worth arguing about—especially as the matter's settled—and I am sorry to say it's very late," and with that Cecil walked into his dressing-room, and closed the door with rather a sharp click.

There were moments during that interview when poor Ella had been sorely tempted to show her annoyance, but she had restrained herself. She had now the mortification of reflecting that whatever she had gained by her forbearance, she had certainly not gained her point.

The subject of a change of residence was not again adverted to between Ella and her husband, but it was necessary to talk of Wellborough. Cecil was going down thither, it was not quite settled for how long, and it was only natural, she thought, that she should accompany him. She had been with him before upon his business trips, though not always; but those on which she had not accompanied him had been much briefer than this one was likely to be. At first she even took it for granted that she was to go, nor did he absolutely forbid it. But it was clear that he had no intention, or at all events no wish to take her.

"Things will be very uncomfortable," he said, "down at Wellborough. The man who is giving us all this trouble is still there,

though he has accepted another situation ; we cannot therefore occupy our own house, but should have to go to an hotel. And I should think an hotel at Wellborough would be hateful."

"I do not mind discomfort, so long as I am with you, Cecil," she had said, and meant it with all her heart. But he had still denied her, basing his objections upon the same ground.

"You can't imagine what it would be," he said ; "moreover, it will be an excellent opportunity while I am away to ask poor Gracie to come and stay with you."

It was the second time that he had hinted—or seemed to do so—that Gracie's company could make up to her for his absence, and it had a still more painful effect, like a blow on an old wound. But this time she did not reproach him. She had resolved not to do so whatever he said ; and this time there was no need to oppose the proposition, since she would be glad enough to receive Gracie, while he was away, that she might make her at least safe with respect to her secret. But the wound rankled for all that. Moreover, the impression remained with her, that notwithstanding all her patience, and efforts at conciliation, and even her loving attempts to win him, that she had not brought herself nearer to her husband. Was his love for her then really weakened, while her love for him remained as strong as ever, nay stronger—or rather more feverishly strong, at the bare idea, that she might come to lose his love. It was not, perhaps, really weakened. There are subtle influences which make themselves felt under such circumstances, however we strive to veil their presence. The possession of her secret, and the fact that she was endeavouring to ingratiate herself with him for a purpose, no doubt affected her pleadings unknown to herself. He never, indeed, suspected that she had any such design, but there was something in her manner that failed to please, or at all events to attain her object. During the honeymoon (as he had said) she might have succeeded.

Having satisfactorily disposed of this "unpleasantness," and got his way, one would have imagined that Cecil would have been in high good-humour. But this was far from being the case. It was not, indeed, in his nature to be downright sulky ; but he took it in dudgeon that after that supreme sacrifice to filial duty, as he considered it, in the matter of adopting the mercantile profession, his father should have endeavoured to exile him to Wellborough. The delights of town were dear to him, the pleasures of the west-end of it formed his solace for his drudgery in the east, and it seemed most unreasonable that he should be expected to give them up. He felt it hard that just when London was at its gayest, he should have to go to Wellborough even for a few days, which might indeed be weeks. One of his reasons for not taking

his wife with him, which would rather have comforted her had she known it, was, that he thought she would somewhat cripple his movements as respected coming back again. The first hour after he could get his business done, he had made up his mind would be the last he would spend at Wellborough.

As the time of his departure drew nigh—it was to be the day after the picnic at Virginia Water—Ella evinced her love for him in a thousand ways, as a good wife will do on the eve of ever so short an absence of her consort. But though he acknowledged them by his manner—for he was neither bear enough, as many men are, to take them as matters of course, nor brute enough, as a few are, to despise them—he did not, to her mind at least, reciprocate her tenderness. She was persuaded therefore, or persuaded herself, that the moment had not arrived even yet, for throwing herself upon his breast, and confessing to the deception that she had practised on him. He was going away whither such tidings would not meet him, and in the meanwhile, perhaps, some plan might be arranged with Gracie, who had promised to stay with her in his absence, for breaking it to him in a judicious manner; and so once more was the evil day put off.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PICNIC.

In these days there are many ways of going to Virginia Water. You can go by one of the many coaches, which, in the summer time, have endeavoured to revive the glories of "the road" with more or less of success. Holiday folks who use this mode of conveyance, and pass on a fine day through beautiful scenery to the end of a short journey, forget that the season and the locality have been chosen for them, that they have selected the weather for themselves, that they are not in a hurry, and are bound solely on pleasure; and on the strength of what is, after all, but a mere trip (though even that begins to grow a little tedious at the last), are apt to talk of the "old coaching days" with regret, and to undervalue the advantages of the rail. But in the times we write of—unless people were mad enough to drive down in their own carriages—no opportunity was afforded of tiring themselves out, and getting weary of their company, in this way, before they had arrived at the spot selected for their enjoyment. You went by train to Windsor—there was then but one line—and drove the rest of the distance through the beautiful Park. In these days, again, it is as common for a gentleman, who is giving a garden-party, to secure "a special" for his

London guests, as for any absconding bank manager to indulge himself in the same extravagance; but it is only within the last twenty years that luxury has taken such gigantic strides, and for General Groves' pic-nic at Virginia Water no such convenience was provided.

His guests travelled by ordinary train, to which, however, a saloon carriage was attached for their especial behoof, and at the door of it stood Percy Groves, the general's nephew, and heir-presumptive, to welcome his uncle's friends, and indicate the means of transit provided for them. The general himself would as soon have thought of patronising a pic-nic, even of his own, as of presiding at a teetotal meeting. When the train was starting, he was in his brougham upon his way to the Megatherium Club, where he had occupied the same corner in the whist-room every afternoon for the last quarter of a century. He no longer played, for his memory could not be depended on, but his judgment remained to him, and he backed it on the best performers, with much pleasure to himself and not a little profit. As far as society was concerned with him, he had been extinct for a whole generation; but his wife, Lady Elizabeth, was a leader of fashion, with more acquaintances, and we had almost added, fewer friends—than any woman in London. She knew everybody, as soon as they had established their claim to be anybody; authors, artists, travellers, millionaires, or beauties. She made a point of getting an introduction to them, of asking them to her receptions in Eaton-square, and of puffing them to other people; she made much of them for periods varying from a fortnight to six months, and then she dropped them, taking no sort of precaution as to breaking their fall. If they ventured to importune her for an explanation of this singular conduct she put up her large gold glasses—for she affected near sight—and regarded them with a resuscitation of interest. It seemed so funny that they should not understand that they no longer afforded her any amusement. Even the beggar in the street does not look for a second penny, when you have said: "My good man, I have nothing more for you," and she had said that to these good people as plainly as looks could speak. One would really think, to see them behaving in this way, that they had been persons of her own rank in life, who visited her by right, and were not called upon to afford her any excitement.

She had patronized the Landons on account of Ella's exceeding beauty, and was as much surprised as pleased to find her husband so "presentable." She had been informed that he was "an oil and colour man," and had expected him to smell of paint. In her search for "novelties" she sometimes picked up some very queer people; and, indeed, one of her aristocratic acquaintance had likened her garden-parties to a day with the Odd Fellows; but she succeeded—perhaps from this very circumstance—in making them very popular. Aristocracy by itself is an

insipid "plat" indeed; but mingled with a dash of Bohemianism, and, still more, with a suspicion of impropriety, it becomes piquant.

There was nobody that could be called "improper" in the reserved saloon-carriage on the present occasion, but the company was very mixed. The aristocratic element—which included a cabinet minister who had taken to spirit-rapping, was well represented; and the "scratch lot" as the cabinet minister irreverently described his hostess's notabilities, was a very remarkable one. There was Mr. Marks, the latest sensationalist novelist, who had excited the town by his original disposal of all the bad characters of his story; he had shut them up in a snow-bound cavern in Patagonia, where they had been driven to the extremity of devouring one another; and the survivor of them, and principal villain, had only escaped to be similarly dealt with by a native cannibal, afterwards converted by the angelic character of the story, and only prevented from becoming a ritualist clergyman by the consciousness of what he had swallowed.

There was the great Prima Donna, Madame Livoli, who never opened her pretty mouth, except to sing and show her teeth; and the still greater pianist, Herr Stäegger, who never opened his mouth at all, but shook his long whity brown hair, and rolled his eyes, in a manner pregnant with genius, and more eloquent than words. There was Mr. Theodore Plum, the rising historical painter, who dressed as much like Charles the Second as he dared, and talked of "his art" till you wished "art" was dead, and worse.

There was Mr. Rufus Bond, the famous financier, who boasted that he held the South American Republics in the hollow of his hand, and who afterwards became more famous still, by having conferred upon him by the representative of his sovereign (in a court of justice) the sentence of five years' penal servitude.

Each of these distinguished personages was received by Lady Elizabeth with well-affected rapture, and took their seats in the saloon where they would, or whither embarrassment hurried them. Cecil and Ella, who were never embarrassed, and the former of whom had at least as good an eye for comfort as Mr. Theodore Plum for colour, selected a comfortable corner, with their backs to the engine, and looked about them.

"By jingo! there's that owl Whymper, blinking at us," whispered Cecil.

And indeed, in the opposite corner sat Mr. Whymper-Hobson, looking very uncomfortable and unknown, and endeavouring to attract their attention.

He was of good family enough by the mother's side, but would certainly not have found himself in that reserved saloon, save for his recent acquisition of wealth; so soon, however, as that circumstance had been

made public, Lady Elizabeth Groves had remembered how tenderly she had once been attached to his maternal parent, when they were girls at school, and wrote to the young man a letter full of graceful sentiments, with an invitation to her picnic in the postscript. She had a niece unmarried, who was likely to become a charge upon her, if she was not otherwise provided for. "I should die happy," she was wont to sigh to confidential friends, "if I could only see dearest Julia suitably settled in life;" but it is probable that she would not have thought seriously of dying even then. It was a subject that not even the general himself had begun to think of, who was five-and-thirty years her senior.

Mr. Whymper-Hobson had greatly improved in appearance since we knew him at the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich. The time had been unfavourable for making his personal acquaintance, it being that period at which the face of youth is apt to put forth pimples, and straggling tufts which only a mother can admire, or flattery designate as hair. He had now become a good-looking young fellow, with soft whiskers and moustaches to match, and with a certain bashfulness of air which those who did not know him for a sneak might easily mistake for modesty. Cecil of course was not deceived in this respect, nor was he at all gratified by the signs of recognition made by his former slave. Very few men care to renew acquaintance with their old school-fellows, unless they have happened to be their intimate friends, and not always even then. It takes some courage to say so, for over this subject cant has of late years reigned supreme; but as a matter of fact, friendships at school mostly end there, unless, indeed, they are renewed at college, when they often last for life. In the unregenerate days of which we write, at all events, our boyish antecedents were not always so perfectly satisfactory that it was pleasant to be reminded of them. And more especially, I fear was this the case with those who had been at the Royal Military Academy, which was "neither fish nor flesh"—neither school nor college—nor particularly "good red-herring."

To Cecil's mind, for example, Whymper's appearance recalled some high-handed, not to say tyrannical behaviour on his own part; and although there was a smile on the other's face, he could not believe in its sincerity. However, there was nothing for him but to make a sign to the young gentleman that he would be welcome to come and sit beside himself and Ella; an invitation that was accepted at once. His greeting of his old acquaintance was so cordial that, as Cecil afterwards said, "It sickened me to hear the fellow, knowing that he wished me dead;" and, after a few words of commonplace, he turned his back upon him, and, man-like, left the task of entertainer to his wife. What they might say to one another was not likely to have much interest for him; and,

besides, the train had started, so that it would have been difficult to attend to their conversation, even had he been so minded.

Mr. Whymper-Hobson's small-talk was not, however, it seemed, without its attraction for Ella. If one had not known that he was almost a stranger to her, the look of her face, when she first caught sight of him, might have aroused suspicions that at one time this young man had not been wholly indifferent to her, and her present behaviour would have strengthened them. Though the simple explanation of it all was, that he had only recently left Woolwich, and might have heard the story which Gracie had advised her to contradict, but which did not admit of contradiction. As it happened, he at once began to talk of Gracie, whom he knew by sight, and who, he was aware, was Ella's friend.

"She has had a sad loss," said he, "in the death of her mother."

Ella assented, with the proper expression of sympathy; but she was not thinking of the dead, but of the living. What unhappy fate had brought this man to the picnic on the only day that, for some time at least, Cecil would be within hearing of that hateful rumour? Mr. Whymper might not have heard of it, of course; but she fancied that his face said that he had. There was an expression of sly jocosity about it, which in reality was natural to him when talking to ladies—with whom he thought it effective—but which she imagined to proceed from what he knew about her. Even if she was right, it was very unlikely he should speak of the matter to Cecil, of whom, as she knew, he did, or had been wont to stand in fear; but still there was the chance. She bitterly repented that she had not had the strength of mind to tell her husband, even though the time had seemed, of late, inopportune.

"I think it pretty certain that he will marry again," observed Mr. Whymper-Hobson.

"Marry again!" exclaimed Ella, fortunately not aloud, but in a whisper, hoarse with horror.

"Well, it is generally understood that Miss de Horsingham has hooked him."

Then she understood that some intermediate remark of her companion had escaped her observation, and that he was speaking of the commissary.

Miss de Horsingham was governess in the family of the commandant at Woolwich; and it was a joke in the garrison that she was the only lady to whom Acting Deputy-Assistant Commissary-General Ray ever paid any attention. She was not very young, but she was what is called "a fine woman," and was supposed to have saved a good bit of money.

"You seem quite shocked, Mrs. Landon," said Mr. Whymper-Hobson, with an odious giggle, which was part of his lady-conversational effects.

"I am shocked," said she, "that people should say such things of a man before his wife is cold in her grave."

"Oh, at Woolwich, you know, people say all sorts of things," returned the young gentleman, so slily that she felt sure that he was referring to the subject that engrossed her mind.

"It is rather dangerous to disseminate personal scandal," said Ella, "whether at Woolwich or anywhere else."

She had suddenly remembered that, when talking of this man, Cecil had hinted that he was not remarkable for personal courage; and she resolved, if possible, to frighten him.

"Nay, a scandal is a thing that is not true, Mrs. Landon," replied the young gentleman; "and this talk about the commissary is a fact. He has speculated for years, it is well known, upon his wife's death; and has had this lady in his eye. Trotter tells me—who is a cousin of the commandant's—that Ray has always made up to her; her personal beauty not being so much the attraction as the main chance. She openly gave out that she became a governess, not for the salary, which was no object to her, but for the pleasure she derived from 'seeing the minds of her young pupils expand like flowers to the sun;' 'and it is therefore probable,' says Trotter, who is cynic in a small way, 'that the commissary will catch a Tartar.'"

"I sincerely hope he will," said Ella; and then turned away to admire Windsor Castle, to which her attention had been drawn by a civil neighbour.

Everybody was in ecstacies about the castle; partly because it indeed stood up most nobly against the delicate spring sky, and partly because it was complimentary to their hostess so to do, to whom they were indebted for the view.

Lady Elizabeth had, doubtless, admired it in her time as much as the rest, only she had seen it about five hundred times before, and her mind was now a little preoccupied; first, with the reflection that her niece Julia was little better than a fool to have permitted Mr. Whymper-Hobson to stray from her side, to that of that abominably-pretty young woman—Ella's name her ladyship had forgotten, though she remembered with satisfaction that she was married; and secondly, she was occupied with a calculation of the number of her guests, and how they would find carriage accommodation. In pleasure-parties of this description, there are always some who are audacious enough to bring friends, so that it is difficult to make an exact computation. However, at the station, everything was found as it should be, and her ladyship took great care not only to pack Mr. Whymper-Hobson and the niece that was on hand in the same conveyance, but to put Mrs. Cecil Landon somewhere else.

The party were not going to picnic in the Park, you may be sure—it was but the latter end of May; nor in any other month was Lady Elizabeth—who never so much as sat down in a low chair, because of the rheumatism in her knees—likely to propose anything so imprudent as dining in the open air; nor were they bound for the hotel, which satisfies the aspirations of middle-class people. The general was one of those privileged persons who have a house at Virginia Water within the confines of the Park, and it was thither that the party were bound. Everything would there be found in order for them, and after their entertainment under that hospitable roof, they might picnic, in the sense of wandering about and enjoying themselves, wherever they pleased. The drive, of course, was lovely—the most lovely of its kind to be found in England, or, for that matter, out of it—and under any other circumstances Ella would have enjoyed it thoroughly. She had contrived—in spite of some opposition—to be in the same carriage with her husband; he was in high spirits and made himself very agreeable to the other occupants of the vehicle, and she was usually never so happy as when she saw that others admired him. But every now and then she caught, through the trees, a view of Mr. Whymper-Hobson in the vehicle ahead, and the sight of him chilled her to the marrow with vague alarms. The many-summered trees that towered along the way, the browsing deer, the rabbits darting through the fern, were spectacles for which she had no leisure. She saw them, indeed, for every incident upon that journey was stamped upon her mind, and recurred to her afterwards a hundred times, with sharp distinctness; but she had no pleasure in them. That May-day in the Forest, with all its glorious sights, and scents, and sounds, was lost upon her. It seemed as though the very air, laden as it was with the freshness and sweetness of the coming summer, had been poisoned by this stranger's presence.

Arrived at their journey's end, she fled from him into a little coterie with which she had grown to be tolerably intimate, and wherein she felt he would not venture to intrude; but he fascinated her, nevertheless, and her eyes pursued him. It was some comfort to see that Cecil evidently avoided him, for she would rather the man had sought her own companionship than his. At dinner he was seated by Julia Groves, and away from both of them; but, even then, she fancied that she formed the subject of his conversation. Miss Julia had looked up once with elevated eyebrows in her direction, and then had coloured, and looked down, confused. Doubtless, that hateful wretch had been telling his neighbour what he thought would please her best—a scandal about a friend. If she could only have got Cecil quietly away immediately after dinner, upon pretence of sudden indisposition, she would have done it; but that would have made a fuss, and drawn the general

attention to herself, from which she now shrank as timorously as though she had exchanged natures with Gracie Ray. She saw her husband leave the house with some gentlemen, of whom Whymper was one, to have a stroll by the lake-side with their cigars; and at the same time Lady Elizabeth proposed a visit to the famous temple which George the Magnificent set up, and of course she had to acquiesce. The thrush was loud in the woods that afternoon, but it had no melody for her; she was listening for a voice that had wont to be more sweet to her than any bird's, but which she feared to find discordant. Never had that modern ruin, with its carpet of tender green, pranked with the flowers of spring, looked more exquisitely beautiful, but her eyes were fixed upon the quarter from which her husband must needs return, and beheld neither grass nor flower. Around her broke the light jest, followed by tinkling laughter, as the sparkling wave breaks on the summer beach, but her ears were deaf to it; they were on the watch for some sound—she knew not what—but with which she felt very sure no mirth would mingle.

Presently, Percy Groves—the general's aide-de-camp, as he was called—who had been one of the lake-side party, was seen strolling slowly back alone. He took his seat on the ground beside her, and began chatting in his thin, good-humoured way. Then, dropping his voice to a grave whisper, "Will you take my arm," he said, "and come as far as the Sun, your husband is waiting for you there."

She obeyed at once, though her limbs trembled as she rose, and she clung to him in a manner that some aides-de-camp would have misconstrued.

"What is the matter?" faltered she, "for I am sure that something has happened."

"Well, yes; I hope it is nothing serious. They have got him out, and he was coming to all right——"

"Good heavens! Has Cecil fallen in the lake?"

"No, no, it was Whymper-Hobson. He took a little more champagne than was good for him, and somehow or other picked a quarrel with your husband."

"With my husband!" her heart sank almost as low as when she had thought Cecil had been half drowned.

"Yes, it was foolish of him, for Landon is almost the last man to choose for such an experiment; and the place was badly chosen too—the only deep one in all the lake."

"What, did Cecil push him in?"

"No, indeed he didn't; there was no pushing about it; he took him round the waist and flung him in as though he had been a water-spaniel, which, unhappily for Whymper-Hobson, he was not. It was touch-and-

go with him for a minute or two, though, as I said, he is all right now; only, of course, it is an unpleasant business, and Landon thinks it better to get away and avoid a row."

"You are not deceiving me, Mr. Groves?" gasped Ella; "the man is not drowned?"

"Not a bit of it; he is rather wet, of course, but that's all, and by this time they have put him to bed. A carriage will be ready at the inn for you and your husband. I am so awfully sorry you have to leave us. Shall I run back and fetch your shawl?"

For Ella was shivering as though she had fallen into the lake herself.

"No, no; I am quite warm, thank you."

They had reached the inn garden, crowded with early pleasure-seekers, who had already heard of the "accident," and who gazed with curiosity at her pale and frightened face, for she wore no veil.

"Where is my husband?" murmured poor Ella.

"Outside the inn, no doubt; he didn't want to be in the way when Hobson was brought in, I daresay."

In the road was a closed carriage with Cecil standing by it. He did not even look at Ella as he opened the door for her to enter, but turned his pale, stony face to her companion.

"I am much obliged to you, Groves," said he. Then, in a lower voice, "If that fellow wishes anything more, you will tell him where to find me."

"Oh, stuff; he took too much wine—and begad, too much water afterwards—that's all; it will all come to nothing, my dear fellow."

"Drive on," cried Cecil, in a harsh, impatient voice, and off whirled the carriage with the unhappy pair.

If her husband had begun to storm and swear, if he had even threatened to leave her by reason of her perfidy and falsehood, Ella could have borne it better than the silence and contempt in which he wrapped himself. Not a word dropped from his lips, and he kept his eyes averted from her, fixed on the glancing trees and vanishing hedgerows.

"Oh, Cecil, won't you speak to me?" said she, presently.

"Not now," returned he, curtly.

"Then, may I speak to you?"

"Not now," returned he again, in such a tone that she felt it was hopeless to address him.

The last time they had travelled together in a similar conveyance alone had been during their honeymoon, only a few months back, yet how long ago it seemed, and alas! by what a distance were they now parted. Would that icy voice ever speak to her in loving accents again, or that stony face beam with its old smile? It was very cruel of him to act as he was doing; and though she allowed that she had done wrong, she did

not think that she deserved it. Even at the railway station, though they had to stop there half an hour for a train, he did not speak to her; but, having placed her in the waiting-room, walked up and down the platform alone, smoking a cigar. In the train he selected a carriage with several people in it, notwithstanding there were others empty, and, though he sat beside her, he never opened his lips. He was dumb, too, in the cab on their way home. Not till they got within doors, and were alone together in the drawing-room, did he break silence, with, "And now, madam, perhaps you will tell me why you married me under a false name?"

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CONFESSION.

THE question which her husband had put to Ella was one she had been expecting for many a day, for she had never in her heart believed that it would not be put. She had rehearsed a hundred times the very scene that was about to commence between them. She had chalked out a line of apology for herself; she had anticipated certain homethrusts, and made up her mind how to parry them; and, in a word, you would have said—like the counsel of other unfortunate persons who are not in the presence of their judge, but "under remand"—that she was fully prepared with an answer to the charge that had been brought against her. But now that the judge was there, looking so stern and so unyielding, and even with an expression of foregone condemnation on his face, words for the moment failed her.

"Come," said he bitterly, "you have had three hours to make up a tale in; I should have thought less would have sufficed for your quick wits."

The taunt was welcome to her; it acted like a spur on a high-couraged horse, and made her take the fence.

"I shall tell you no tale, Cecil, if you mean by that a lie, but the simple truth. I have acted ill to you, and worse to others; but I am not so much to blame as you may think. If you fear, for example, that any disgrace attaches to you, through me, from anything I have done before I married you——"

"It is possible," put in Cecil with a harsh laugh; "husbands generally do fear it, when they find their wives have had to falsify their marriage register."

"Then you do me wrong, Cecil," she answered calmly. "My maiden name——"

Again he laughed; she coloured to her forehead, and flashed one fiery

glance from her dark eyes; but her tone was quiet as before, as she went on:

"My name before I married you, was not Mayne, but Juxon."

He started a little; the blow had come from an unexpected quarter. She had herself done nothing shameful; but the colonel had been her father, not her uncle; and she had not been born in wedlock. That was her history, as he now read it, and as she knew he read it.

"My father was, and is, a clergyman in Yorkshire," she went on. "My Uncle Gerard is his brother. We three are the only survivors of our name and race. Our family is an unfortunate one. We are cursed with an hereditary disease—that of an evil temper. You have observed it, Cecil, for yourself, I fear."

He gave his shoulders a slight shrug. The circumstances were much too serious to make "temper" a matter of importance.

"Let us come to the point, madam."

"That is the point, Cecil. It is temper, and nothing else, that has placed me in this false position."

"And me?" put in the other disdainfully.

"Yes, and you through me. Many people have bad tempers, but we Juxons are possessed with devils. I believe I was the worst of all of them, Cecil, till I knew you; but you and love together—I hope—have cast my devil out."

He smiled again, this time contemptuously, yet not so much as if he doubted whether she was cured in that way, as that it was of no consequence whether she was cured or not. Why did she thus beat about the bush, when it could profit her nothing; instead of answering him his question straight. What made her deny her name?

"If my mother had lived—God knows—things might have been better with me; but I was left as a child, alone, to the care of my father. He was a good man, while I was far from good; but like the rest of us, he was of a violent and imperious disposition, and, unhappily, we had not an idea in common. From the time that I first began to think, I was all for independence and equality; for a wild sort of justice and rude right. I disliked control of all sorts, but tyranny was loathsome to me. Any slight put upon myself threw me into paroxysms of passion; and even an injustice committed upon another would do the like. My father was not unjust, but he was high-handed, and had an extreme reverence for all authority, which of course included his own. We came of a loyal stock. That Bishop Juxon, to whom King Charles gave his garter upon the scaffold, was an ancestor of ours whose memory my father almost worshipped. That garter, as may be read in history, remained with us for many generations, till some female member of our race, transported with passion, and wishing to spite her husband, threw it into the fire

before his face. It was rescued from thence half burnt, and even thus was considered by my father—notwithstanding that he loved wealth for its own sake—a more precious heirloom than the costliest service of plate could be, or the rarest diamonds. It used to lie in a casket upon his study table, among the ancient books and MSS. he loved so well—for he was an antiquary—and he held it in higher estimation than all his relics together. Bear with me, Cecil, while I tell my tale;" for he was looking the picture of impatience, and tapping with his foot, a sound with which of late months she had grown familiar.

"Being what we were, it was only natural—though far from right—that my father and I should disagree. Of course it was I who ought to have submitted to his elder judgment, but he could not convince me, and I could never feign to be convinced. Yes, Cecil, whatever I have been, I have been always honest, and was so after a fashion—though a wrong one—even at the very time when I deceived you. Such honesty, you will say—and have a right to say—was cheap, since it consisted only in doing my own will and pleasure; yet I must plead that it was not quite so, but that my curse of temper made me as frank, as apt to cleave to what my rage had spoken. As I grew up, my father and myself, though dwelling beneath the same roof always, grew more and more asunder; a state of things which—Heaven forgive him for it—Uncle Gerard fomented. He had quarrelled with his brother, while I was still a child, upon some money question. We were all rich, and though, as I have said, my father loved wealth for its own sake, he was not one to grasp at it, as Gerard was. There was a sum that by the law fell to my father, but the man who left it died without a will, and it was known that he had wished the brothers to share his property. My father would have given the half of it, as in duty bound, to Gerard, had it been asked of him; but Gerard claimed it as a right."

"'Right? What you, when I am the elder?' was the other's answer.

"'Such ideas'—that is, the ideas that were really dearest to the other, feudality, primogeniture, and the rest of it—'are very convenient,' cried Gerard, 'when one wishes to fill one's pocket at another man's expense.' The scene was a terrible one, and they parted, never to meet again.

"I took my uncle's part, thinking him wronged, and that was wormwood to his adversary. From child to woman I grew more wilful and more headstrong daily; while my father remained as masterful as ever, but with less of power. He knew that I should be independent of him in a little while, and that too galled him. He had many excuses, as I now can see—too late—and I had few. For one error, however, and that the most important, he was alone to blame. He used all his influence and authority to make me wed a man for whom I had no love. There lived near us, one Sir Percy Pomfret, whose large estate joined

our own, and who was wont to pester me with his attentions. He was a baronet of ancient race, which was nearly all that could be said in his favour, save his riches; but in my father's eyes this was very much. An alliance between the Juxons and the Pomfrets seemed to him to be the most fitting conceivable; a marriage that might indeed be said to have been made in Heaven. I cared for neither Sir Percy nor his ancestors, and on a certain day, only a little while before I came of age, being much provoked by my father's importunities, I told him so. Words grew high between us, though I scarce know what I said; but he told me I was a disgrace to him and to the race of Juxon. Then, urged by the devil in my blood, I snatched the royal martyr's gift from the casket in which it lay, and, as my ancestress had done before me, I threw it in the fire, which consumed it. It was terrible to see my father's face; but in my passion nothing had terrors for me. He rose and cursed me—me his daughter—protesting that he would own me as his child no more. 'Nor will I own you!' cried I, 'as father—I swear it! From henceforth I will bear another name.' 'It will be better so,' he said. And then I flung myself out of the room.

"Those were the last words I heard him speak, or shall ever hear. That very night I left his roof and sought that of his brother. My uncle received me gladly. He had a genuine regard for me I do believe, and my income was an advantage to him, since he was not very wealthy; but most of all it pleased him that I had quarrelled with my father. I called myself Ella Mayne, pretending to be his niece upon the mother's side. He approved of that, because of the humiliation that it would cause my father, who, whatever he had said in haste and passion, would never wish me to deny my name."

"Then Colonel Juxon was a party to the fraud on me?" observed Cecil coldly.

"If fraud it can be called, he was. Indeed I would have told you all before I married you but that he dissuaded me from it. He said that you would insist, he thought, on my wedding you under my proper name, or else you would break off the engagement."

"He was right," said Cecil; "I wish to Heaven he had told me."

"Oh, Cecil," pleaded Ella, "would you have made me break my oath?"

"I do not say that, madam."

It was plain he meant the other alternative, that he would not have married her. How hard, and cold, and cruel was he become!

"But, Cecil, I did love you so dearly, almost as much as I love you now." She stole a little towards him, but he drew back.

"Not so much it seems, madam, but that you preferred before me the gratification of your own pride and passion. The oath you kept was like the oath of Herod, and I was sacrificed to it. What had I to

do with your father's temper, or your own, or with the race of Juxon, that I should be made the scapegoat of them all? Under pretence of love you have disgraced me. Yes, disgraced; I was told as much to-day by Whymper, and half-drowned the man, simply, as it now seems, for telling the truth."

"Oh, Cecil, have you no pity?"

"Yes, I pity myself. Bad as is this story of yours, even told by your own lips, do you suppose anybody will believe it? Will not the finger of scorn be pointed at me as the man whose wife married him under a false name for reasons——"

"Reasons, Cecil? I have told you the reasons."

"And I don't say they may not be correct; but others may not be quite so credulous. Remember, however, you have falsified your marriage register; which is, in the eye of the law, I believe, a very grave offence. It is as bad for a man to have married a felon as a hussey."

"You use very hard words, Cecil."

"I call things by their right names, madam; which I daresay seems strange to you."

"'Madam' sounds very strange to me, Cecil."

Her tone would have touched any heart that was not of stone, and Cecil's, for all its faults, was "very human."

"You have brought it on yourself, Ella," returned he, with a peevishness that was, by contrast to his former accents, almost kind; "your conduct has been, to say the least of it, most selfish and inconsiderate. Yet there have been times when you have thought me selfish, and indeed have hinted as much."

"If I did, I retract it, Cecil. You have behaved to me as well as I have deserved; though perhaps not so well as I seemed to deserve."

The colour rushed with violence into Cecil's face.

"I don't wish to be hard upon you," he said, "I have had my faults, no doubt; and I am sorry for them."

"If I have anything to forgive you, husband, I forgive it freely. Will you say as much to me?"

"Well, I am not a fellow to bear malice, you know; but you have put me in a very unpleasant position, Ella. I really don't know what I ought to do. Whether we ought not to be married again, for one thing. Yet what would people say then?"

"Surely that will be unnecessary, dear Cecil." She did not like to tell him that her uncle had taken precautions beforehand to ascertain that her marriage was legal. That would seem now to have been like a conspiracy against him.

"Well, I will think over all that, while I am away," said he.

"Then you must go to-morrow, dear Cecil, must you?"

It seemed so hard to her that he was going to leave her now, before she could make up to him, as it were, for the wrong she had done him; a week hence, when she had won him over to forgive her, she could have borne to part with him; but now, he would leave her with this wound to his self love only half healed, with his mind still filled with bitter thoughts of her.

"Of course I must go, Ella. I have promised my father to do so; and though I am not that model of filial obedience that you of all people would have me to be—— "

"Yes, Cecil, that is true," she put in quickly. "But you should not reproach me with it. The misery that I had brought upon myself—for I was miserable whenever I thought of it—by my quarrel with my father, made me all the more solicitous to keep you on good terms with yours. I would have done everything—short of giving you up—to reconcile you to him; and in having accomplished that, I feel I have done something to mitigate my grievous fault. What wretchedness would have been yours if that kind old man, who loves you better than aught else in the world—though at times he may cross your will—had said to you, 'You shall never more be son of mine.' My father once loved me as dearly, Cecil."

"And yet—being a Juxon—you never intend to set eyes upon him again."

"I should not dare to speak to him, Cecil, unless he spoke to me; but I have seen him." Here she dropped her voice. "It was he whom we met at Furness Abbey."

"Oh, that was he, was it? I remember how you were put about; you said it was the Furness air that had affected you. A fib or two, however, more or less, is no great matter to you."

"Cecil, you are hard upon me. I have not been hard upon you, when you have said things that were not quite true for your own purposes. Nay, I do not reproach you; your conscience tells you, or should tell you, what I mean. I have confessed my fault—my crime, if you will have it so."

"Not altogether voluntarily, however," answered Cecil drily.

"That is true; but take the pain of the rack into consideration, and even an extorted confession should count for something for the poor wretch who makes it. Husband, I have been on the rack for months, tortured with the fear of the exposure that has come at last—to-day. In judging me, or rather in meting out my sentence, remember what I have suffered. You say you are not one to bear malice, and I do believe it."

"Well, of course I'm not. When the eggs are broken and the milk is spilt, there's nothing to be done, that I can see, but to wipe it up, and look, or try to look, as if nothing had happened."

It was not a romantic way of expressing pardon, but Ella was grateful enough to have obtained it in any form. She put her hands upon his shoulders, and lifted up her face to his. "Kiss me, darling, and say I am forgiven."

"Well, there then;" and he kissed her.

It was not the sort of kiss to which Ella had been accustomed from him, being what in kissing circles is, I believe, called "a smudge;" but he did it. Her story had been told, and her apology had, after a fashion, been accepted. Anyone who has looked forward for months to an "operation"—not in the City, for that one soon gets accustomed to, but a physical one—knows what a relief it is to have got it over, no matter how; to find one is alive after it; and, above all, that it has not to be gone through again. It had not been a very successful one in Ella's case, but she had reason to be thankful for small mercies. "There will be no secret between my darling and me henceforth," thought she that night, and thanked Heaven for it.

In this, poor soul, she was doomed to be most grievously mistaken; but it is said, and I believe is truly said, that Heaven is never thanked in vain.

CHAPTER XXVI.

OLD FRIENDS.

A GREAT poet has told us that there are few things more delightful to a young matron, than to "bring her babe and make her boast" at her father's house; and second only to it, perhaps, is the pleasure she feels at entertaining, under her own roof, the girl, still unmarried, who has been her chosen friend in the old days. She has probably confided to her long ago—or what seems to her long ago—her affection for the man that has become her husband; they have speculated together upon that future which has now become her happy present; and it delights her to talk over these matters again, now that doubt is over, and her good fortune assured. If the visitor has a little love affair of her own on hand, so much the better; nothing pleases the young wife so much as to play the mentor, and dispense advice and comfort, from her new pedestal, to her who has not yet been lifted up above the throng of maidens to the high estate of matrimony.

Nor was Ella different from other young matrons in this respect, though perhaps somewhat less absolute and arbitrary. Under ordinary circumstances it would have enchanted her to receive Gracie—towards whom her feelings were at least as sisterly and sympathetic as ever—as her guest. But it was a disappointment and almost a humiliation to

her, that Cecil should be from home when her friend arrived. Moreover, although she had parted from him on good terms—that is to say, without absolute coldness—she was bitterly aware that the warmth had been almost wholly on her side. He had forgiven her her deception, for it was his nature to forgive; but she saw that he had not been able to forget it; that if it did not actually rankle in his bosom, it was there, disturbing—if not affecting still more seriously—his devotion to her. She had not that confidence in his affections which she had hitherto persuaded herself to feel, notwithstanding that she had been occasionally jealous of him. She had been impatient of his frequent absences, irritated at the flirtations of which she had been occasionally witness, for Cecil had certainly a demonstrative way of making himself agreeable to women; but in her heart of hearts she had believed in his fidelity, and in the love for his wife that secured it. But now she did not feel so sure of him; she felt that that warm, but too impressible heart, was not so safely anchored at home as it used to be. It was a relief to her that, since he must go, he was going away from town and its temptations. There was not likely to be any society in Wellborough of which he could become the darling, and be petted by young ladies, as had seemed the case, to her eyes at least, in London.

She loved her husband passionately, devotedly, and yet she felt she could not talk about him to a shrewd girl like Gracie, in a passionate, devoted way. It was difficult even satisfactorily to account for his absence. Most husbands—especially when they had been married so short a time—would, she knew it would strike Gracie, have taken their wives with them, upon an expedition, the duration of which was so undefined.

Nevertheless, she was sincerely glad to see her old friend, who arrived within an hour or so after Cecil's departure for the west; and whose presence, if it did not, as he had once so cruelly hinted, make up for his absence, at least prevented her mind from dwelling upon it.

Gracie was in deep mourning, of course, but looking well, and by no means lugubrious. She was not one to put on a mask of woe, in deference to custom. She felt her mother's loss as keenly as any daughter could, but she did not pretend to regret it. On the contrary, she had welcomed—though not on her own account—the end which the poor invalid had herself so long desired. Helpless, hopeless, and a burthen—the helping to bear which, though only with his little finger, she had well known was grudged by her liege lord—what attraction had life left for her? Her end, of course, formed the first topic of discourse between Ella and Gracie, but it was not pursued for long. The circumstances were too painful, and too well known to both of them, to be dwelt upon. Enough to say that, but for the mere breath she drew, Mrs. Ray might

have been carried to her grave months and months ago, so far as any indication of vitality remained with her.

"You must have had a terrible time, dear Gracie."

"It was very sad, dear, but not terrible. Dear mamma suffered no pain, and it was a great comfort to be able to be with her always."

"I suppose no one saw her of late months beside the doctor, save you and your father?"

"Papa was a good deal away; he could be of no use at home, you see; and people took compassion upon him—your uncle Gerard especially—and asked him out pretty often."

This defence of the commissary was rather unexpected, for Gracie had been wont to be a partisan upon the right side, and Ella at once came to the just conclusion, that this charity towards him had been his wife's work. In her latter days, she had besought her daughter to think of her father's conduct with charity. "I have never been the wife to him, my dear, that a husband has the right to expect, though I think I did my best. The fault is not all on his side, believe me." And then again she would say: "Gracie darling, never marry unless you are quite sure that you will love your husband. Work your fingers to the bone rather in getting your own living."

She seemed to take it for granted that her daughter would not long rely upon the commissary for support. Gracie had some little accomplishments of her own, which, as a governess, she had confidence would at least earn her bread and shelter; and about these slender talents and how to employ them it was her design to consult Ella, but she did not speak of them just now.

"You have not seen much of Uncle Gerard, I suppose, Gracie?"

"Not much, but more of late than usual. He has been very kind—kinder than I am afraid I gave him credit for being, Ella. I think he came of late quite as much to see me as papa."

"I am glad to hear it," returned Ella, a little stiffly; she had not forgiven the colonel for persuading her to keep her change of name a secret from her husband, notwithstanding Cecil had told her that he would not have married her under such circumstances, had he been aware of them. She was very clever, but she had certainly not a logical mind.

"Did he—did my uncle—ever talk to you Gracie, about that—that report you wrote to me about—the scandal, as you called it, respecting myself?"

"Never!"

"Well, it was no scandal dear," said Ella, looking down upon the floor; "it was, I regret to say, the truth."

"The truth! that you and Mr. Landon were never properly married!"

(To be continued.)

DOWN AMONG DRY BONES.

PARIS, ———.

MY DEAR ———, —Since I sent off my last budget to Canada, I have been down in one of the catacombs of this city.

Murray's Hand-book informs me that these excavations were originally quarries, out of which was drawn, from very early times down to the seventeenth century, the stone used in the building of the city; and that in 1784 they became a repository for the remains of the dead of many ages, which it was thought advisable to remove from the Cemetery of the Innocents.

The catacombs were formerly open to the public, though such is not the case now, and I hear that many persons have been lost in them.

Mademoiselle Marie told me a sad tale of a bride and bridegroom, who, on their wedding day, gaily entered these dismal vaults, never to quit them alive—for not being able to find their way out, they perished through starvation; and some weeks afterwards their lifeless bodies were discovered lying close together.

The hearing of this affecting story awoke in me a strong desire to visit the catacombs, and I was much delighted when, through the good offices of a daughter of Israel, a Danish lady, Miss Boning by name, and myself obtained the privilege of being allowed to go through one of these chambers of the dead. The rest were closed to us, but this was a circumstance little to be regretted, as probably a great similarity as regarded the appearance of their interior existed amongst them, and therefore seeing one was the same as seeing all.

On the day appointed my friend and I set out for the entrance to the catacombs. When we reached it we were instantly surrounded by a crowd of women and children, who clamorously offered for sale candles stuck into broad pieces of card-board, to those who contemplated going under ground. Our party consisted of about fifty persons, and, upon the arrival of our guide, we immediately began to descend the gloomy staircase which leads to the catacombs.

Each of us was provided with a lighted candle, which was carried high above the head to prevent any one running the risk of being set on fire by the person next him.

Notwithstanding this precaution I could not help fearing that my clothes by some mischance might get in a blaze, and consequently my mind felt quite relieved when we had completed our descent without any such catastrophe.

The foot of the staircase being reached, we found ourselves in a long gallery, which was broken at intervals by arches and buttresses. On either side were to be seen tiers of human bones, which were separated from one another by rows of grinning skulls; these last being in some places so arranged as to form crosses and arches.

To the walls were affixed several tombstones, which had probably been conveyed to the catacomb with the bones of those to whose memory they had been erected.

But I had had hardly time to look about me much before Miss Boning

startled us all by beginning to scream in a most dreadful manner. She and I were in the rear of our party, and when we had reached the foot of the staircase, our guide was so far in advance of us that he was totally lost to view, and it was the perception of this fact which caused her to make the catacomb resound with her shrieks ; in a high shrill voice she showered down reproaches on our conductor, and in the same key predicted that we would certainly all be lost.

Fortunately for her peace of mind, somebody pointed out to her a black line, which was traced in the roof, for the purpose of indicating to those who visited the catacomb, the course they were to follow ; and upon seeing this she became calmer, and ceased screaming. There was, indeed, no danger of our losing ourselves, for along either side of the gallery there extended an iron chain, which was an effectual barrier to our turning aside into any of the lateral chambers. Somehow we always seemed to be forgetting the existence of these chains, and as the light afforded by all our candles united only dimly illuminated the catacomb, our shins were constantly coming into contact with them ; and I for one received in this manner several hard knocks.

Though Miss Boning now dimly comprehended that it would not be in the least difficult for her to keep in the right track herself, yet she would persist in feeling anxious on my account, fearing that by some almost impossible chance I might get lost.

However, in spite of her terror, and perhaps to a certain degree because of it, for as you well know I love to tease, I lingered behind the rest of the company to read the inscriptions on the tombstones, which, however, were for the most part mere records of birth, name and death, or to look upon some skull which seemed to fascinate my gaze by its expression of mournful comicalness. How difficult to realize, said I to myself, as I arrested my steps before one of them—

> That this was once ambition's
> airy hall,
> The dome of thought, the
> palace of the soul

But I was not long left to pursue my train of thoughts undisturbed. Miss Boning, as might have been expected by one who knew her as well as I did, could not long remain satisfied with being silently anxious on my account, but again made herself the cynosure of all eyes by chiding me at the top of her voice for my dilatoriness ; this she continued to do until we had reached the end of the catacomb, and began to retrace our steps back to the staircase by which we had descended, and even then she did not leave off shouting entirely, but continued to call out my name at irregular intervals until we once more stood side by side outside the catacomb. I must confess to being a little disappointed with my visit to this home of the dead. I had thought that the sight of so many human remains would have inspired me with a pleasing awe, but the tiers of bones put me in mind of miniature woodpiles. I had fully expected that a stroll through a catacomb would have involved at least a spice of danger, and, thanks to the precautions taken by the municipal authorities, I ran far less risk of losing myself than I do when I take my daily constitutional in the environs of this city.

M. M. S.

Current Literature.

It is not in every case a pleasant experience when you take up for pure recreation and enjoyment a novel, attractive in title and general surface, to find before you have read very far that either by easy and gradual stages you are being lured on, or by a sudden plunge *in medias res* you are brought face to face with that *bête noire* of novel readers—an object. It may be political, scientific, philanthropic or religious, in another form an old hobby of your own; but whatever it is, it is foreign matter in a novel, and if you be a reader of novels, *pur et simple*, the book is discarded, or if any element of interest survive the cruel shock, you may perhaps languidly turn to the final page "to see what becomes of them." However, personal prejudice is generally outweighed in such cases by the immense power that fiction wields, and which we are glad enough to see being wielded in the right direction. Mr. Reade is distinguished above all other living novelists by his fearless writing in more than one of his books on Social Reform, and his last effort, "A Woman-Hater,"* contains in the character and history of Rhoda Gale, M.D., a noble plea for the adaptability of women for the study of medicine. She is a splendid specimen of the cool, clear-headed, clever American girl, whose fresh, bright energies and grand will conquer all obstacles and make for her a useful and sensible career; and if Mr. Reade does equip her "in a uniform suit of grey and a wide-awake hat," she is only the better for the dash of masculine in her costume, and never loses her femininity. Side by side with Gale, woman and doctor—stands another grand type, Ina Klosking, woman and artist, a genius of Danish extraction, whose glorious contralto makes the leading soprani sound like whistles, according to her agent and faithful friend Mr. Joseph Ashmead, and whose purity and integrity of life, together with a curious facility for singing his mother's songs, overcome the base prejudice and cynicism of the Woman-Hater, who is no less a personage than Harrington Vizard, an English Squire, of vast rent roll, good looks, and fine, blunt, honest character. As a contrast to Rhoda Gale, we have Fanny Dover, with all the feminine keenness and tact which the former possesses, and which the author loves so in his women, but with a great propensity for excitement and flirtation—a sensible girl too, "and not a downright wicked one, only born artful." She meets the usual fate of such girls—marries a mild young curate, and again as usual, is ever after "too hard upon girls that flirt." Zoe Vizard, more beautiful than the Klosking, but weak and too confiding, is still attractive from the sweetness and openness of her character, though one sometimes marvels how even the insinuating

* *A Woman-Hater*: A Novel. By Charles Reade. Montreal: Dawson Bros. Toronto: Belford Bros.

ways of the handsome scamp Severne, who is in reality the Klosking's husband, can influence her as they do. He is an admirably consistent portraiture of the thoroughly bad, yet always fascinating man.

Mr. Reade has evidently thought of the last moments of Charles II. when he makes poor Severne say :—"I declare—I have been so busy—dying—I have forgotten to send my kind regards to good Mr. Ashmead." . . . . "He just ceased to live. So quiet was his death, and a smile rested on his dead features, and they were as beautiful as ever. So ended a fair, pernicious creature, endowed too richly with the art of pleasing, and quite devoid of principle. Few bad men knew right so well, and went so wrong." The dialogue is exceptionally brilliant, and the descriptions of the Kursaal in Homburg, and the country home of the Vizards, are perfect in their way. In fact it is throughout the most charming novel of the season, and fully sustains, if it does not strengthen, the reputation of its author. As a love story, it is interesting, and as a plea for the Higher Education of women it should be read and welcomed by thousands. By elevating the sex, Mr. Reade says, "so will advance the civilization of the world, which in ages past, in our own day, and in all time, hath and doth and will keep step exactly with the progress of women towards mental equality with men."

Dr. Matthew's delightful book of essays is exceedingly seasonable.* It is not detracting from its distinctly able and, in some respects, learned character, to suggest that it is peculiarly a book for the holidays. It shows a great amount of reading and knowledge of the world ; but these are employed in so pleasing and attractive a guise that it cannot but prove an eminently agreeable companion for the vacation trip. Summer tourists—if we may use for once a noun we dislike—if they have forethought and intelligence also, never fail to provide themselves with a select company of books—the *compagnons de voyage*. The ordinary novel-reader fills his or her trunk corner with a batch of the latest stories, thus carrying out from town the same course of reading which formed the ordinary literary pabulum of every-day life. Those of higher tastes or, at any rate, of tastes not quite so omnivorous in one department of literature, are liable to the same fault. Now, if both classes were wise, they would, in choosing their holiday reading, eschew "shop," for it is that, even in the case of the reader of fiction, since he or she sees in novel reading the business of life.

Now "Hours with Men and Books" is one of a kind which are eminently suited to both classes. The light reader will not only be pleased, but may be informed by its perusal ; the other class will receive pregnant suggestions and salutary hints, even, which is not likely, if they knew all the wealth of anecdote and illustrations before Dr. Matthews uses the results of his reading in so different a way, and puts his facts in so fresh and novel a light, that his essays have all the effect of a literary surprise. Moreover, they are essays, short and sprightly—any one of which may be taken up and read without the slightest feeling of one's being bored. The lassitude of the ordinary reader, and the laziness of the tourist, are admirably suited by this little volume. By

* *Hours with Men and Books.* By William Matthews, LL.D., author of "Getting on in the World," &c. Toronto : Belford Brothers, Publishers.

the seaside, where one very properly detests, above all things, to make an intellectual labour of his search after health and exhilaration, on the lakes, in the country, "under the shade of the beech-tree," or any other tree, where the greatest pleasure is "to lie upon one's back and think of nothing," a book like this affords just enough fuel to the wind to "keep the pot boiling."

It would be impossible, even were it desirable, to review Dr. Matthew's book as one would another, within the limited compass of a review; still it may be desirable to give a general account of its contents, so that readers may judge whether it really is worthy of the encomium we have passed upon it. The work comprises twenty-one essays in which there is much to attract readers of every kind. Every one is not obliged to read everything; each may select for himself, although the whole book is eminently attractive and instructive. It is scarcely practicable to classify the essays as we intended to do, because the lines which would, at a first glance, appear to divide one essay from another, will be found to traverse one another all through the book. Each separate essay is quite independent of any of its followers, but they are not sufficiently separated in general character for the purpose of classification. Nothing can appear more unlike, in probable tone, than "The Illusions of History," and "A Pinch of Snuff," and still they are cast in the same mould and bear singular relations to the author's method of treatment.

The longest essay is the first on the singularly strange and fascinating life of Thomas de Quincey, "The English Opium Eater," as he styled himself in that wonderful book of "Confessions." De Quincey wrote his autobiography and that must have been read by many of our readers as well as the confessions and *Suspiria de Profundis*. The merit of this essay consists in the care with which Dr. Matthews has collected and woven into one fabric the whole story of the man's life. Apart from his self-regarding writings, De Quincy was somewhat repulsive in style because of its quaintness, and of what, in our age and country, would be called pedantry. His learning was profound, and it bubbled out of him whenever he dipped pen in ink. Dr. Matthews' estimate of his character and genius are, on the whole, just; yet we can hardly agree with him that De Quincey was naturally "infirm of purpose." It certainly was opium which made him so, and also caused his genius to be so unstable and discursive. The youth, who "was scarcely ten years old when he had laid the deep foundations of that wonderful accuracy which he acquired in the Greek and Latin tongues," could hardly have been that without great strength of will. It was at the age of nineteen that, in order to relieve the pains of rheumatism he first had recourse to the drug, which became his spiritual delight, but soon his pitiless tormentor. Our author justly commends his essay on "Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts," but to our mind the episode of his acquaintance when a boy with poor Ann, the generous and pitiful outcast, is the most touching passage in the history of the unfelt-for world of London, that "stony-hearted step-mother," as De Quincey aptly terms it. But we must hasten on.

The essay on Dr. Robert Smith may be recommended with confidence. It is a graphic sketch of an English Divine who is perhaps not as much read now as he ought to be, not merely for his admirable style and pure English, but for his terse and epigrammatic expression. "Nature seems to have made but one such and then broken the mould." A man who could condense a

whole body of truth in a sentence or two, and whose humour and satire were inimitable, is not met every day, perhaps every century. Of the art of vituperation he was *facile princeps*, and he is now chiefly read for his pure style and inimitable power of compression. Mr. Beecher has declared, according to our author, that he studied South deeply, and "formed much of his style from him; if so, we fear he has strayed in other paths and lost sight of his master." The account of Mr. Spurgeon is also good, but we object to his being styled the great thing to visit in London, as St. Peter's is at Rome, or Niagara Falls in America. The "Recollections of Judge Story" are exceedingly interesting and full of amusing anecdotes.

There is a class of essays in this volume, because they are so fresh, and run so in the face of some of the prudent and cant maxims of the time which appeals irresistibly to every reader. Such are "Moral Grahamism," "Strength and Health," "The Morality of Good Living," "Homilies on Early Rising," "Working by Rule," and others. "Literary Triflers" is an interesting account, with examples of symmetrical stanzas, acrostics, riddles, enigmas and conceits of all sorts. But we have only space to refer to two other essays, the first of which is "The Illusions of History," in which Dr. Matthews tilts at the fallibility and prejudicial character of the historians. It is in fact, an interesting homily on the text, supplied we believe by Chatham, "Do not read me history for that I know to be false." He first takes up the evidently just position that, whether unconsciously or from design, historians have so represented the facts of history, either by distortion, suppression or high colouring, that our views of men and events rest upon a very precarious foundation. Not only so, but he proves that events, in modern as in ancient times, which used to be considered most certain, have been utterly disproved. The same is true of the celebrated sayings of great men. The writers of history also are proved to have been prejudiced and false. He is especially severe on Hume, Macaulay and Froude, and does not spare Gibbon, who was generally considered strictly faithful in his record of facts, whatever may be said of his inferences. This essay is peculiarly brilliant, and we regret that space precludes the possibility of our giving extracts.

It may be remarked that "A Forgotten Wit," an account of the sardonic Chaufort, is notable; but the other essay we desire to note is "Are We Anglo-Saxons?" in which he not only denies that Americans and Englishmen are not of that race, but proves that the race never existed at all. He is inclined to the opinion that it is the peculiar merit of these nations that they are "akin to all mankind," and as the admixture of races has been carried farther in the United States than in the mother country, we presume that Americans must have reached the highest summit of eminence. At least, one would think so from a remark in the concluding paragraph of the essay—"America is not Anglo-Saxon any more than it is Norman or Celtic; it is the grand asylum and *home of humanity*, where people of every race and clime under heaven may stand erect," &c. The italics are the author's. General Grant, by the way, is said to be of Norman blood, *via* Scotland.

In commending finally this interesting volume to our readers, we fear that justice has not been done to the sprightlessness and fund of anecdote. But if we have only presented the dry bones of the work, readers will find flesh, blood and marrow enough by turning over its pages for themselves.

Musical.

THE Wagner Festival in London is long since over—came to an end on May 20th, with a selection from *Die Meistersinger von Nurnberg*, consisting of the introduction to the third act and part of the second act of *Tristan* and *Isolde*; the introductory scene in *Das Rheingold*, and the last scene of *Götterdämmerung*. At the conclusion of the concert a rare scene was witnessed for England. Embracing, kissing, crowning with wreaths, &c., &c., excited the Teutonic portion of the audience immensely. Herr Wilhelmj fell upon Wagner's neck, overcome by his feelings, and the composer of the future returned the embrace with interest. Herr Richter, the excellent conductor, was presented with a silver-mounted *bâton*, and Herr Wilhelmj with a new bow. Possibly his own had been weakened by the terrific labour it had undergone. Wagner has not been spoken of in the most flattering terms as a conductor, but every one has agreed in the extraordinary gifts he possesses as a writer for the orchestra. The orchestral combinations in many of his works have taken the public ear; though to hear them, one may have to sit out whole pages of abnormal and anomalous sounds. His love of alliteration is one of the most noticeable features—listen to the song of the Three Rhine Maidens :—

"Weia! Waga! Woge du Welle,
Walle zur Wiege! Wagalaweia!
Wallala weiala, weia!
Heihaha weia! Wildes Geschwister."

A capital travesty of the Die Ring der Nibelungen, and entitled "The Shoulder Cold! or the Master-and-Missis's Ring," has probably been read by this time. The Rhine Maidens are represented by three kitchen maidens, Marihaan, Lisajana, and Mytilda, who having been entrusted with the care of the larder during the absence from home of their master and mistress, neglect the same, and allow Plees mannex (a Nibbeling), to carry off the cold shoulder. Here is a specimen of the alliteration employed in the burlesque :

"How the dashed dry dust
Nebulous nothing
Nettled my Nasal
Nostrils, you noodles!
Ho! there, shy shufflers!
Shelved is the shoulder;
I am the ungering,
Unawares nibbeling."

Wagner completed his sixty-fourth birthday on the 22nd of May, on which occasion the London Lieder Krauz gave a banquet to about three hundred, mostly Germans. He was presented with a copy of the frescoes of Michael Angelo.

Thus writeth an enthusiastic member of the London press anent the fair and fascinating Marquise de Caux: "Adelina Patti," "Little Lina" as she used to be called, when not much littler, though some years younger, has returned, and now Mr. Gye's bright galaxy is three-parts finished. The Southern Cross is nothing to it! Fancy! Adelina, Emma, Zaré—the other being *in nubibus*, till the bapours disperse. . . . . But to leave astronomical metaphor, Adelina has come back to England. On Tuesday she appeared as the shadowy Dinorah of dear old Heine-Wagner-bitten Giacomo; and when the moon came out, shone brighter than the moonlight. There were birds of song in Shelley's time—sky larks, "scorners of the earth," who "in profuse strains of unpremeditated art," sang so as to arrest the music of the spheres, and make the heavens dumb for listening. Of such as these is Adelina, whose warbling, nevertheless, no bird, though rising in its flight so high as to become, as it were, a speck irradiating melody, ever equalled, or could possibly equal. Such a glory of tone and tune as gushes from the slender throat of Adelina, was never before heard from feathered or unfeathered biped. Shelley the divine apostrophised Apollo and also Pan; but, maugre his "sweet pipings," Pan would be nowhere, supposing Adelina within ear-shot, while Apollo, who tauntingly says (through Shelley's verse—*he*, the god, could not have said it for himself.)

> "I am the eye with which the universe
> Beholds itself, and knows itself divine."

would have been of little account. . . . . As for Hermes and his tortoise, to Erebus with them both! But to quit the spheres—Adelina, on Tuesday, not only came, but saw and conquered two thousand amateurs, hungry for melody, sending them home transported. She was younger than ever, more beautiful than ever, more Syren-like than ever. Talk of Circe, and Calypso, and Armida!—no tying to masts could resist *her* spell." After such a flow of encomium, what can we say but that brilliant and critical audiences at the Royal Italian Opera fully endorse it? In *Dinorah*, in *L'Etoile du Nord*, in *Il Trovatore*, in *Don Giovanni*, has Patti again proved herself unapproachable.

At Mr. Mapleson's new, or rather old, house, the most remarkable performances have been, perhaps, the "Lucia" of Mdlle. Nilsson, which for three years she has not played, and the "Alice," in *Robert Le Diable*, of Mdlle. Caroline Salla.

Sacred concerts are to be henceforth dispensed with in the English Catholic Church. Cardinal Manning has issued a pastorate, directing that no music taken or adapted from the theatre, the opera, or concerts, or which has become familiar from secular usage, shall be sung at mass or benediction, or be used as voluntaries or interludes. At benedictions, solos are to cease, and the singing to be as congregational as possible. It may not be generally known that ladies have been excluded from the choirs of churches under Cardinal Manning's jurisdiction. The titled English followers of Rome have cheerfully concurred in the desirability of the step, which to many may seem unfashionable and mediæval.

Rubinstein made at least $40,000 out of his late London season.

Since the departure of the President, His Royal Highness the Duke of Edinburgh, the Royal Albert Hall Orchestral Society has entirely re-organized itself. The band numbers about eighty-four members, including Lord Gerald Fitzgerald, Sir Frederick Halliday, Dr. Stone, and other well-known amateurs.

A Cantata, relating to English country life, left by the late Edward Rimbault, will be shortly published. The music is in the old English style, of which we cannot have too much.

M. C. Saint-Säens has resigned the post of organist, held by him for nearly twenty years, at the Madeleine, Paris. He has started on a concert tour, during which he will visit Switzerland. M. W. Dubois, Professor at the Conservatory, and Chapelmaster at the Madeleine, succeeds him as organist.

In Dresden, *Fidelio*, originally sung there by the celebrated Madame Shroeder-Devrient, has been performed for the one hundredth time.

A Finnish company is now performing in St. Petersburgh, at a theatre in the mansion of Prince Galitzin. The *prima donna* is Mdlle. Alma Fohström.

At the Opera House, Rubinstein's *Maccabees* has alternated with Verdi's *Aida*. Strauss has been engaged to conduct some promenade concerts at Parolowsk, in conjunction with Langenbach's band.

From Pesth we learn the marriage of the rising *prima donna*, Mdlle. Etelka Gerster, who made so favourable an impression at Kroll's (Berlin), with the impressario Gardini.

Letters from Bayreuth leave little doubt as to the entire abandonment of the Wagner Festival Theatre. The composer, while willing to continue the artistic direction of the scheme, entirely declines any further share in the management—*i.e.*, the financial part of the affair.

There will be, later in the summer, a series of performances of the historical play *Christoph der Kampfer*, by Herman Schmidt, at the Practice Theatre of the Oberammergau Passion Players. The King of Bavaria has promised to be present.

At Salzburg, the International Foundation Committee are organizing a Grand Musical Festival, to be held in the latter half of July next, the duration of which is fixed at three days, and which will include social amusements as well as musical enjoyment. The programme includes two Evening Concerts and a Matinée in the Aula Academica; two cosy social evenings, with a Regatta, in the Leopoldskroner Lake, illuminated for the occasion; a banquet; an Artists' Excursion to the Lichtenstein-Klamm; a burlesque performance in the Imperial Theatre, by Viennese artists; and, lastly, a Park Festival in the Curgarden. The whole of the orchestra of the Imperial Opera of Vienna will co-operate, under the guidance of Herr Otto Dessoff, Court Chapelmaster. During the three days, moreover, a special tariff for apartments, service, and conveyances will prevail. In the Aula Academica, built in 1631, was erected in 1660, an academical theatre, in which, at the end of each scholastic year, sacred plays were performed by the students. It was under Archbishop Sigismund Schrattenbach that *Wolfgang Amardeus Mozart, when only five and a half*, played twice in the Aula, 1761, in the singing comedy *Sigismundus Hungariae Rex*, with music by Eberlin. "It is, then, in this building," says the article from which we learn the above,

"which presents to-day the same appearance as formerly, and which has been preserved with anxious care, that the music-loving crowd at the Festival will assemble for the purpose of listening to the strains of Beethoven, Cherubini, Gluck, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, Wagner, Goldmark, &c. !"

It would seem that the Old World has gone wild over Festivals. One held at Liege on the 3rd, 4th, 5th, 10th and 11th of June, and decreed by Government, coincided with the fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of the conservatory, so that a series of public manifestations, attended by the King, Queen, Count and Countess of Flanders, were organized by the authorities at the same time. Rifle matches, regattas on the Meuse, a grand review of regular troops and civic guards, illuminations, fireworks, concerts, balls, a vocal competition, open to choral societies of all countries, and a patriotic cantata by M. J. Michel, native of the town, were gone through right royally. The chorus numbered eight hundred, the orchestra one hundred and fifty; Théodore Radout was conductor, and Joseph Joachim solo instrumentalist. In England it is frequently said that "they do things better on the Continent," but we cannot conceive of such interpolations as the above in, for instance, the Handel or Leeds Festivals, and doubt if they would work in England.

Madame Friedrich Materna, who, it will be remembered, was the *prima donna* at Bayreuth, contemplates quitting the German for the Italian lyric stage. This certainly looks bad for Wagner and his prospects.

The chief experimenters with the telephone are Professor A. Graham Bell, of Salem, Massachusetts, and Mr. Elisha Grey, of Chicago. The former has made the more extensive experiments, but the latter has operated over greater distances. Professor Bell has operated over 143 miles, while Mr. Grey has transmitted sounds over 240 miles. On October 9th, 1876, the first practical proof of the telephone's success was given. On that day the conversation of the operator in Cambridge, carried on in ordinary tones, could be heard in Boston. With a wire 18 miles long, from Boston to Salem, Professor Bell succeeded, on January 21st, in transmitting words and tones and inflections of several voices. Professor Bell's maximum distance thus far achieved was 143 miles. His apparatus is described as consisting of "a powerful compound permanent magnet, to the poles of which are attached ordinary telegraph coils of insulated wire. In front of the poles, surrounded by these coils of wire, is a diaphragm of iron. A mouth-piece whose function is to converge the sound upon this diaphragm, substantially completes the arrangement." The telephone of Mr. Grey appears to deal chiefly with the transmission of *musical* sounds, and is of different construction.

It is almost too late to record the proceedings in Boston from the 24th to the 28th of May, which constituted the Handel and Haydn Festival, and yet our readers may be glad to hear again of certainly the best musical effort that this country has put forth for some time. The opening night, Wednesday, was signalized by the performance of the "Elijah," with a chorus of six hundred voices, Carl Zerrahn's wonderful conducting, and solos by Miss Kellogg, —who, however, did not impress the Bostonians favourably in Oratorio—Annie Louise Cary, charming as ever, Mr. Winch and Mr. Whitney. Thursday

afternoon was a miscellaneous concert at which Miss Thursby, Strakosch's new find, carried off the honours. Thursday evening were given two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio, particularly well rendered, although the most enjoyable feature of that evening's programme was the Recitative "Deeper and deeper still," and Air, "Waft her Angels," from "Jephtha," sung by Mr. Winch with more than his accustomed power and pathos. Mr. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" was also given the same night, written especially for the festival, with Miss Cary taking the solos. A correspondent says:

"When it was over, I wish you could have seen what ensued. If Boston audiences are critical they are certainly the most enthusiastic I have ever witnessed. Miss Cary was half buried in baskets and standards of flowers, and they applauded and stormed and cheered in the most glorious fashion, but she would not sing again though she responded to all the uproar in her own bewitching way. When at last the audience were quiet, Mr. Ryan, of the Quintette Club and of the beautiful face, rose in the orchestra and called for 'Parker,' and then the storm broke loose again. He rose in his seat and bowed, but that would not do, and big Carl Zerrahn put on his glasses and turned round to look for him, when spying him sitting a little way down the aisle he dashed after him and brought him to the stage where the whole chorus and orchestra rose to greet him and handkerchiefs were waved, and *such* applause! I am not sure but they fired a gun, for I was too royally excited to know what was going on."

On Friday night were given *Samson;* on Saturday afternoon, a fine miscellaneous programme; and *Israel in Egypt* completed the festival on Sunday, May 28th. The interpretation was in every case most creditable; and the citizens of Boston may well be proud of the artistic spirit which characterizes their city, and of the native talent—both creative and executive—that gave form and expression to such a spirit, of which we wish there were more in Canada.

Max Strakosch, with his usual restless activity, finding that the Grand Opera House in New York has, in spite of his endeavours, vanished (if there was really anything in the scheme to vanish, for the report that the land had been purchased was denied), is now organizing a new opera company, to leave in August for the Pacific coast. It will include Miss Kellogg, Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Tom Karl, and Signors Tagliapietra and Verdi, with J. B. Behrens, as conductor. *Paul and Virginia, Le Prophete, Aida,* and *Lohengrin,* will be produced.

We are told that the Chickering piano firm, which recently completed the 50,000th piano in their factory, signalized the event by establishing a circulating library, the use of which is free to their employés. Says a contemporary, "This is an example worthy of imitation." By the Steinways.

Dr. Maclagan's great festival in Montreal, on the evenings of 28th and 29th of May, came off gloriously. It was purposed to give the Montreal public an opportunity of hearing two of the grandest choral works ever composed, performed by the best soloists on the continent, supported by a first-class chorus and orchestra. The first evening was devoted to the *Messiah,* and on the following evening Mendelsshon's *Hymn of Praise* was given, together with Mozart's 6th Symphony, and a miscellaneous selection. The choir num-

bered about 160, and the orchestra about 60 performers, the largest organization yet attempted in Canada. Amongst the vocalists were members of the following choirs :—Mendelssohn Choir, Cathedral, St. George's, St. James the Apostle, St. John's, St. Patrick, Church of the Jesu, American Presbyterian, St. Andrew's, St. Paul's, Zion Church, Emmanuel Church, Coté Street Church, Baptist Church, Unitarian Church, St. James Street Methodist, Dorchester Street Methodist, and others. The soloists were as follows:— Soprano, Mrs Anna Granger Dow ; contralto, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer ; tenor, Mr. Wm. J. Winch ; basso, Mr. J. F. Winch. The Festival was held in the Skating Rink, and met with great encouragement on all sides.

The really painful dearth of good music in our midst is only proved the more by an occasional concert such as that given lately by the well-known Quintette Club from Boston. The overture to Semiramis ; the quartette in B flat (Haydn), and the beautiful Adagio from Beethoven, Septette Op. 20, which seemed to gain rather than lose in condensation, were all given with the ease and artistic conception so familiar to hearers of the Club. The solo for Double Bass was the most eagerly welcomed item on the programme, Alexander Heindl being a recent acquisition to the Club. The singing of Miss Lewis was perfect in organ and method ; her dramatic power was even better displayed in " The Sands of Dee " than in a selection from " Lucia di Lammermoor."

Mr. Lauder's farewell piano recital and the delicious concerts (if we may be pardoned the adjective), given by the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, merit a longer notice than we can give them. The engagement of the latter will be a lasting disgrace on music-lovers in Toronto. The selections were of the choicest description, the Swedish Folksongs, with their quaint cadences and accentuation, pleasing the most from their novelty. Miss Bertha Erixon's wondrous voice showed to great advantage in the plaintive old song which, like Nilsson, these ladies gave for an encore, " Way down upon the Swanee River," her full tones seeming to vibrate and throb like an organ as they formed a sustained chord of accompaniment. We suppose the concerts would have been a greater success had they been given in Shaftesbury Hall instead of a theatre ; but surely it is a pity to let Puritanical scruples such as these interfere with the support of good and true and pure music.

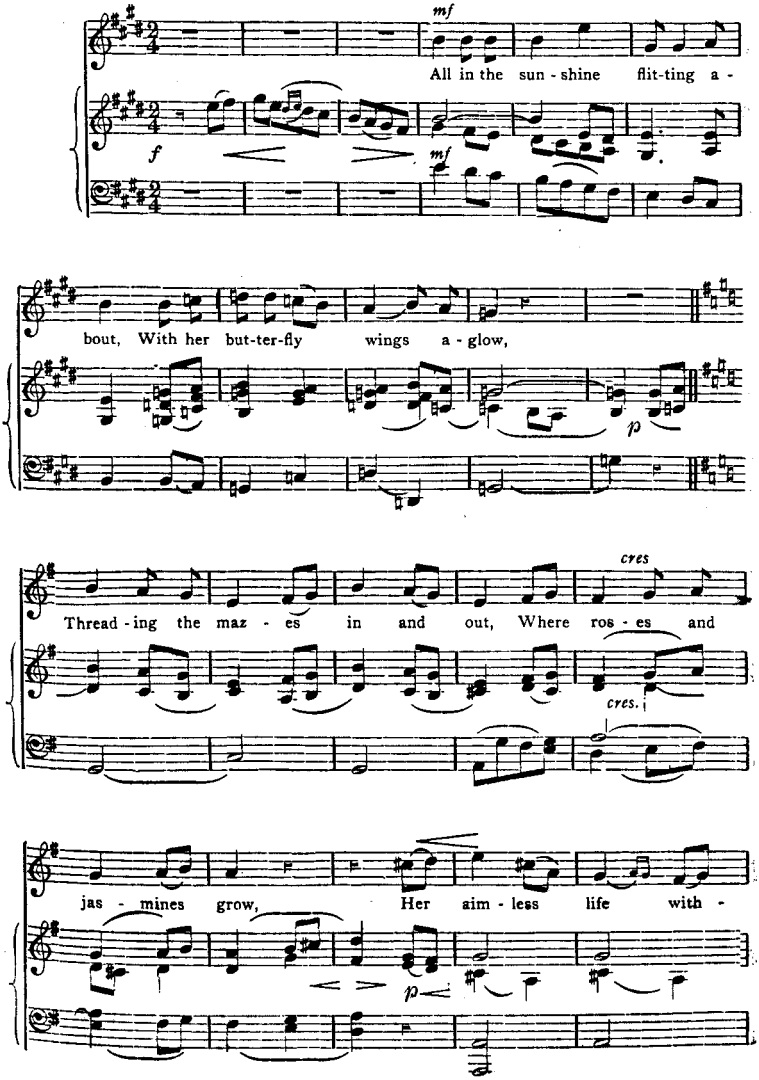
We have no new publications to notice except (and it is a valuable exception), the charming " Souvenir Valse," published by Messrs. Orme, of Ottawa, and which we owe to Mr. F. N. Mills, well known as a pianist and composer in Ottawa. He is now in Philadelphia, but has found time to remember his " Canadian friends " by dedicating to them a composition full of originality and merit. The frontispiece is very tastefully designed, our Canadian sports and emblems being happily conspicuous.

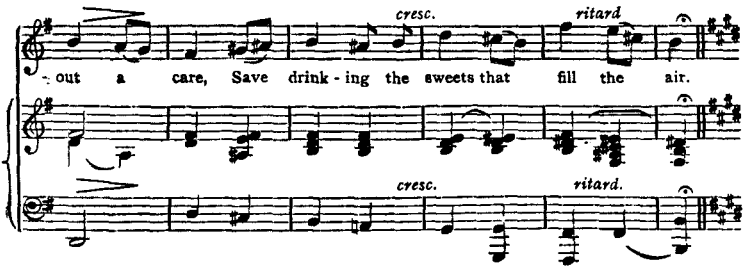
ALL IN THE SUNSHINE.

OR,

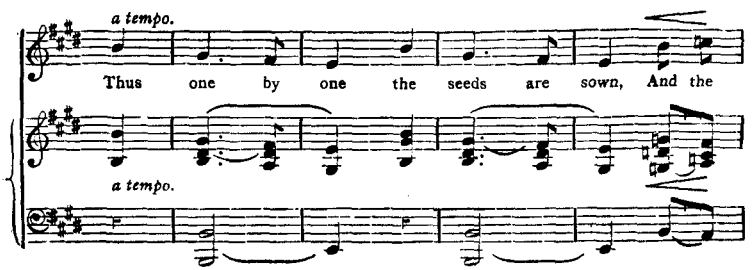
THE BEE AND THE BUTTERFLY.

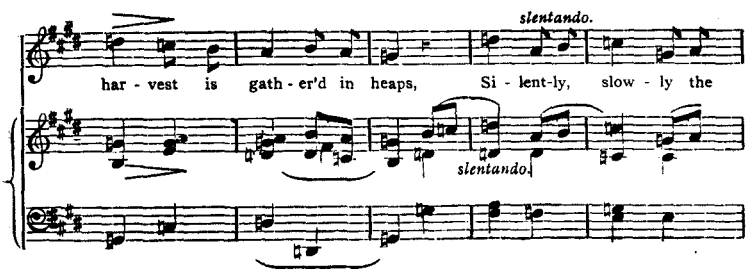
Words by H. C. L. FAUSTINA HASSE HODGES.

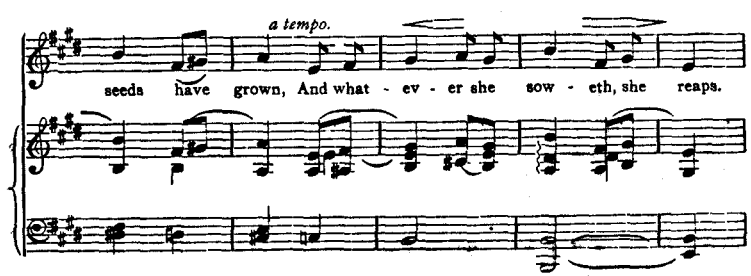


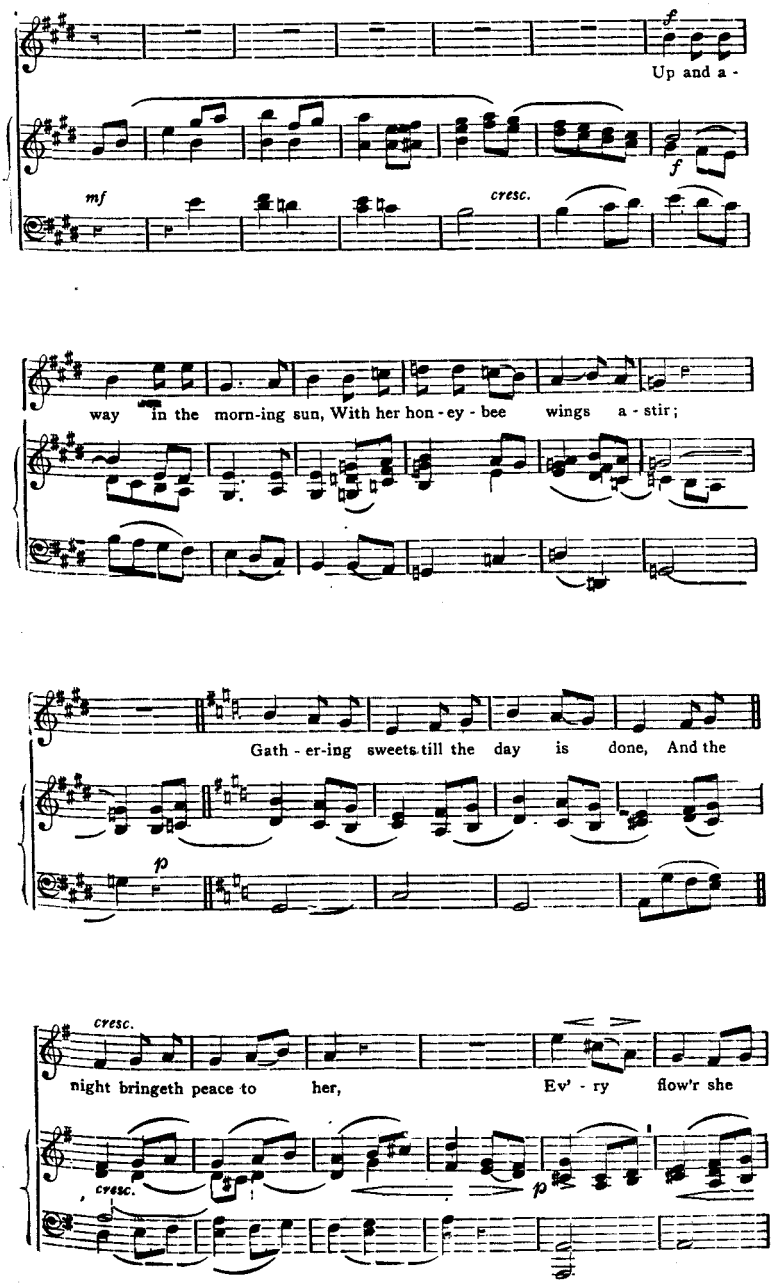

cresc.
ritard
out a care, Save drink - ing the sweets that fill the air.
cresc.
ritard.

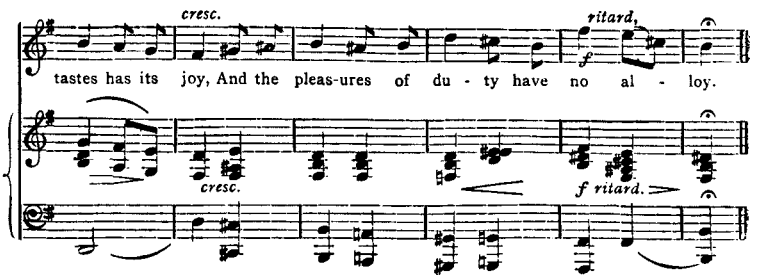
Refrain.


a tempo.
Thus one by one the seeds are sown, And the
a tempo.

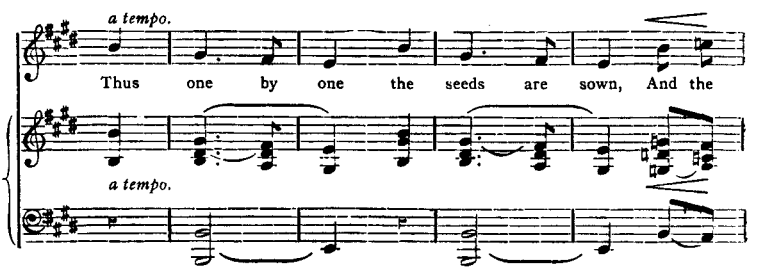

slentando.
har - vest is gath - er'd in heaps, Si - lent-ly, slow - ly the
slentando.

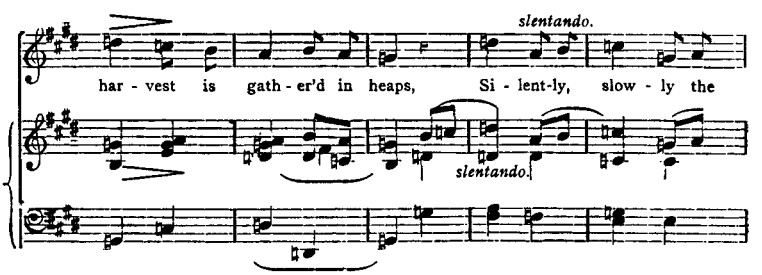

a tempo.
seeds have grown, And what - ev - er she sow - eth, she reaps.

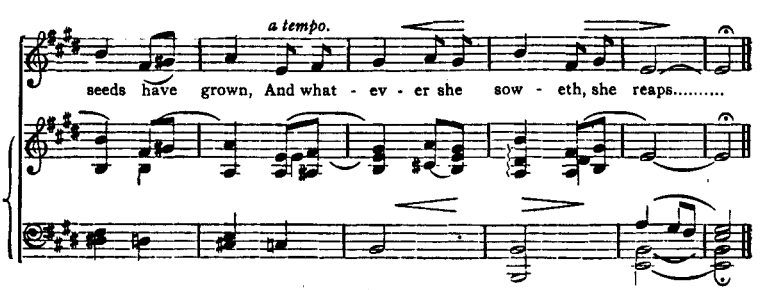

f
Up and a -
mf
cresc.
f
way in the morn-ing sun, With her hon - ey - bee wings a - stir;
Gath - er-ing sweets till the day is done, And the
p
cresc.
night bringeth peace to her, Ev' - ry flow'r she
cresc.
p


cresc.
ritard.
tastes has its joy, And the pleas-ures of du - ty have no al - loy.
cresc.
f ritard.

Refrain.


a tempo.
Thus one by one the seeds are sown, And the
a tempo.


slentando.
har - vest is gath - er'd in heaps, Si - lent-ly, slow - ly the
slentando.


a tempo.
seeds have grown, And what - ev - er she sow - eth, she reaps.....