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OUR PUBLIC INDEBTEDNESS.

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OUR Dominion, Provincial, and Municipal loans, negotiated during the past three or four years in Great Britain, have been of considerable magnitude; and, apart from their immediate, direct results, they have attracted the attention of monied men to the Dominion, and better information now prevails regarding the character and resources of the country. Though the success and continued high character of any individual loan on the London money market may seem to concern only the Province or Municipality which seeks the loan, it is nevertheless true that this success and high character have a wider effect in directing attention to the whole country at large, and indirectly aid in the success of subsequent loans of the other Provinces and Municipalities. It is equally true that the failure of even a single Province or Municipality to meet in London its semi-annual interest, or its maturing bonds, would be long remembered, and would not only affect existing securities of other Provinces and Municipalities, but also render it more difficult to float new issues, especially of localities previously unknown on the money market there. Each Province and Municipality has thus in no small degree an interest in

maintaining a high credit for the securities of all the other Provinces and Municipalities, as well as of the Dominion.

Our public indebtedness has arisen from several causes—public works and improvements undertaken by the Government or municipalities; bonuses to railways or other private corporations; and increased educational facilities provided for the people. Thus, the Dominion indebtedness has largely arisen from the Intercolonial and other railways undertaken, and from canals and other improvements; the Province of Quebec's loans of 1874 and 1876 are essentially railway loans; whilst those of our cities have been for such purposes as waterworks, drainage, public buildings and parks, and providing funds for school purposes.

The funded and unfunded debt of the Dominion, including that of each of the Provinces previous to their confederation, was, on 1st July, 1875, \$151,663,401. In reduction of this were certain assets, consisting of sinking fund and miscellaneous investments and bank balances, amounting to \$35,655,023, leaving a net indebtedness at that date of \$116,008,378. The average rate of interest paid on the funded debt was a fraction over 4½ per cent.

Among the Provinces, since their confederation, Quebec has been the only borrower. Its loans of 1874 and 1876 aggregate \$8,030,000, carry 5 per cent. interest, and, so far as issued by its negotiators, are held entirely in Great Britain.

It is difficult to even approximate the municipal indebtedness of the Dominion. In two of the Provinces annual returns are required to be furnished to the Government, showing the indebtedness, by debenture or otherwise, of each city, county, township, and town; whilst in the other Provinces these returns do not appear to be provided for. Only in Ontario have the returns been published. The latest accessible reports for that Province are those for 1872, and in these are some facts of considerable interest when compared with the estimated indebtedness of the present time. One noticeable feature is the large increase in the liabilities of Ontario municipalities during the past three years. This increase has taken place chiefly through affording aid in railway construction; and it is suggestive, judging by the railway projects which have been aided and yet have fallen through, whether the municipalities are not sometimes too easily induced to vote bonuses to, and take stock in, railways. It is doubtful if sufficient consideration is always given to the question whether these railways have such financial resources as will ensure their being completed to the anticipated termini, and whether they are of the alleged advantage to the municipalities through which they pass, and are not, perhaps, only depreciating the value of other lines which run through or near the same districts, by taking away from or sharing with them a traffic not generally large enough for one railway. In 1869 the municipal indebtedness of Ontario is stated by the official reports to have been \$15,845,520, including the old municipal loan fund debts. In 1872 this had been reduced to \$14,583,800. In the absence of official returns it is difficult to approximate the indebtedness at the present time; but, taking into account the re-arrangement of the municipal loan fund debt, and giving credit for the respective amounts received by certain municipalities under the same Act, which gave effect to that re-arrangement—a considerable part of which amounts were probably devoted to the reduction of their indebtedness—and further, taking into

consideration the bonuses which have been voted to railways, and which either have been or will, in all probability, soon have to be paid, the municipal indebtedness of Ontario now probably exceeds \$19,500,000, or an increase of \$5,000,000, or thirty-four per cent. in the course of four years. With regard to this increase, it is to be observed that a considerable portion of the railway bonuses paid during that period had been voted by the municipalities previously. These railway bonuses gave rise to a large portion of the new issues of debentures, and the extent to which municipal indebtedness has increased from this source may be judged from the fact that, since the Confederation Act took effect in 1867, the bonuses voted to railways in Ontario by municipalities alone, and quite irrespective of Government grants, have amounted to \$6,465,980. Pending the completion of some of the lines, a portion of this amount has not yet been paid. Another feature in this enhanced indebtedness is, that some of the cities and towns of Ontario have added considerably to their liabilities, among others, Toronto, Ottawa, and St. Catharines. In each of these particular instances, however, the greater portion of the increased debt has been incurred on account of water-works, which of themselves form a reproductive asset. The aggregate debenture debts of the cities in 1876 appear to be as follows:—

Toronto.....	\$5,311,810
Hamilton	2,596,049
Ottawa	1,988,122
London.....	1,150,788
Kingston. ...	470,000

The three cities of Toronto, Hamilton, and Ottawa have thus a united liability of more than one half of the whole municipal debt of Ontario. Some of the counties have, however, also considerable debts. Among them, Huron, Bruce, Middlesex, and Perth have debentures outstanding—chiefly issued in aid of railway construction—which aggregate \$2,747,000.

In the Province of Quebec it is not so easy to arrive at approximate returns. The Municipal Loan Fund debt amounts to \$2,399,465; and, taking into account the bonuses given to railways and the known liabilities of the cities and towns, the municipal debt of the Province would appear to

be in the neighbourhood of \$19,000,000. Among the counties, Compton, whilst probably the most flourishing and wealthy, has, in its issue of \$250,000 debentures, the largest liability. The city debts appear to be as follows:—

Montreal.....	\$10,488,000
Quebec	3,635,740
Three Rivers	165,000
Sherbrooke.....	155,000

In the Lower Provinces no official returns are made; but the civic debts are as follows:

St. John, N. B.....	\$939,164
Halifax.....	1,213,400

In Manitoba and British Columbia the debts of the capitals are:—

Winnipeg.....	\$250,000
Victoria, B. C.....	100,000

The rate of interest which municipal debentures usually carry is six per cent., but seven per cent. is not uncommon. Each municipality knows its own credit sufficiently well to be able, before an issue of debentures takes place, to judge whether it can float six per cents at a figure high enough to make the burden on the ratepayers lighter than if the issue was of seven per cents. It is a mere calculation of compound interest, and a consideration of the credit of the municipality and of what the existing value of money is. There are, however, these decided objections to the issue of seven per cents, that a presumption is at once raised in the public mind that the municipality in question cannot borrow at six per cent., except at a heavy rate of discount under par, and further, in this country, among small issues of debentures, which are necessarily unquoted on the stock exchange, seven per cents rarely rise above par however good the bonds may be, whilst in the case of six per cents the constant aim of sellers and holders is to get them up in value to par. It is better also for a municipality to borrow at six per cent. because as its bonds rise in public favour through the locality and its financial position becoming better known—and every locality should look forward to and aim at this result—any subsequent issues of debentures can be placed at the better

figures to which the bonds rise. The reluctance of the public to go beyond par would preclude this being effected in the case of seven per cents. The importance of this question of the rate of interest at which bonds should be issued is measured by the fact that the saving of the single one per cent. in the rate paid on the aggregate indebtedness of the Dominion, Provinces, and Municipalities, estimated at two hundred million dollars, would, taken at compound interest, be a gain at the end of twenty years, of the vast sum of \$44,000,000, an amount more than enough to extinguish the entire municipal debts of both Ontario and Quebec.

The rates at which both our Dominion and Provincial Governments, and our cities, can borrow in foreign markets are not as favourable as they might be. The Dominion Government debentures have greatly improved in value during the past few years, and the last issue of Quebec bonds was made at one per cent. better than the previous issue; but the credit of the country is still lower than that of most other dependencies of Great Britain. Thus, the last issue of Canadian Four per cents stood on August 30th at 92½, and Province of Quebec Fives at 100, whilst Victoria Fours were at 99¼, South Australian Fours at 96½, New South Wales Fours 98, Queensland Fours 93½, Natal Fours and one-half 98¼, Cape of Good Hope Fours and one-half 103¾, New Zealand Fives at 104¼, and Victoria Fives 110. The loans issued by the Province of Quebec, both in 1874 and 1876, have been taken up very slowly in London, whilst the recent Queensland loan was subscribed for three times over. It will be readily understood that one reason why the former stand relatively low is that the Province is not as yet well known on the money market. The Dominion has, however, until recently, been prosperous beyond measure, and were it not for influences which may be regarded as in a sense outside, and which yet have their associations with, the country's progress, its bonds should stand as well as those of any other colony or dependency of Great Britain. One of these influences is the financial embarrassments of our larger railways—a chronic complaint of the English investor. It is beyond question that the almost irremediable difficulties of the Grand Trunk Railway, extending as they have over nearly

twenty years, have contributed more than any other cause to keep down the values of Canadian bonds. The British investor has come to associate this railway with Canada, and, prompted in the past by the *Times*, *Herepath*, and other English journals, has ascribed not a few of the ills of this railway to the condition of the country. The embarrassments of other lines have helped to deepen this impression. Thus the errors in the original inception and construction of these lines, and the often reckless management since, even though directly controlled by British bond or stock holders, have afforded the occasion for denouncing the country at large. These very difficulties have even given rise to positive opposition to the floating of Canadian loans. The determined and uncalled-for but unsuccessful effort of the *Times* to crush the recently offered Quebec loan betrayed so little of reason, and so much colour of either interest or outside influence or pressure, that it is generally ascribed to the promptings of the President of the Grand Trunk Railway, and of the clique of brokers in London who manipulate Grand Trunk stocks.

There can hardly be a question, unless the loans required for the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway are gradually issued and judiciously placed on the market, or the Government is successful in securing the construction of the line on the basis of only part cash and the balance land and interest guaranteed, that Dominion bonds will not reach that higher position which Canadians desire to see. The status of these bonds—and the same may be said of the Provincial bonds—depends largely on the watchful care of our Ministers of Finance and our London financial agents, and in this respect not merely in placing the loans at a good figure as they are issued, but by maintaining the credit of the country, by disseminating correct information regarding its resources and prosperity, and by keeping up the prices of the bonds in times of causeless depression by purchases for sinking fund investments and otherwise. It is extremely doubtful if, in the past, this has been always carefully and judiciously done. There seems no reason why the present position of these bonds should not be improved on, and should not be made equal to or even better than that of the bonds of the Australian colonies, if relative popula-

tion, wealth, resources, and past prosperity form any criterion. New Zealand, with a population, according to the census of 1872, of 279,000, has an indebtedness in London alone, according to the London *Economist*, of \$69,578,000, or \$249 per head of the population; Queensland has a population of 150,000, and a London indebtedness of \$28,833,000, or \$191 per head; Victoria, with 696,000 of a population is indebted \$55,756,000, or \$80 per head; whilst the Dominion, whose population was, in 1870, 3,600,000, has a total aggregate funded debt, at home and abroad, of \$135,220,000 or merely \$38 per head, and with all the municipal and unfunded debts added to this, only \$55 per head. From these figures, and a knowledge of this country's resources and wealth, Canadians will judge for themselves whether their finances do or do not require attention.

The powers which our municipalities have of borrowing, under the Municipal Acts of the Province of Quebec, and under the Consolidated Municipal Loan Act, which applied both to that Province and to Ontario, are limited to twenty per cent. of the aggregate valuation of the property in the municipality when the last By-law authorizing a loan is passed. Under the Municipal Institutions Act of Ontario there does not appear to be such a limitation; but municipalities are restricted from contracting debts which would require a greater rate to be levied than an aggregate of two cents on the dollar annually on the actual ratable property. It would be better for the credit of all municipalities, and would result in a wider market and a better price for their bonds, if not only there were such a limitation in every Province, but also if the limit did not exceed ten per cent. of the aggregate valuation of the property in the municipality. It is not an unfrequent circumstance to hear English investors refer to the fact that five per cent. is a common limit in such cases in the United States, and contrast it with the more extended powers conferred on Canadian Municipalities. This is a matter which, in the interest of the country at large, should receive the attention of the Government.

In each case, excepting where a By-law passed by a city council affects Local Improvement Debentures, which are necessarily limited in amount, and where, passed by a County Council, the proposed loan is

for a sum not exceeding \$20,000, every By-law, before it can have any legal effect, must, after due public notice, receive the assent, by public vote, of the ratepayers of the municipality. Further, under the Municipal Acts of the Province of Quebec, the assent of the Governor in Council to the By-law is necessary, and proof is required to be then made that the requirements of the law have been fully met. Though a similar assent of the Governor in Council is not stated in express terms to be necessary under the Act regarding Municipal Institutions of Ontario, although it was under the Municipal Loan Fund Act, such assent is expressly required to every By-law intended to in any way alter or repeal such previously passed By-law authorizing a debt to be incurred. All these limitations and requirements are very important sources of confidence to bondholders, as virtually every debenture liability incurred is required to receive the assent of three tribunals—the Municipal Council, the ratepayers affected by it, and the Governor in Council—and, further, the aggregate indebtedness cannot exceed twenty per cent. of the security, or must be such as not to require a rate of assessment exceeding two cents on the dollar for all purposes.

It is, by the Municipal Acts of both Ontario and Quebec, made a condition precedent to the legality of any By-law authorizing the issue of debentures, that a sinking fund shall be provided for in the By-law. In the Province of Quebec, and virtually under the Municipal Loan Fund Act, this sinking fund is arranged by an annual rate of two per cent.; whilst in Ontario it is required, in general terms, that an annual special rate shall be levied for paying the interest and creating an equal yearly sinking fund for paying the principal. Municipalities in Ontario are permitted to make a certain proportion of the bonds fall due annually, until, at the expiration of the term, the whole debt—principal and interest—is paid off. This latter plan is advantageous in some respects to the municipality, as it compels the corporation to invest annually in its own bonds, in preference to other investments, thus gradually reducing the indebtedness of the municipality, and removing the liability to possible loss through investments in other securities. The plan is, however, objectionable in other respects, as each set of bonds payable in any one

year has a different value from those payable in other years, rendering the bonds thus more difficult of sale, both at first and subsequently. When the loan is very large, it would be impossible to obtain a stock exchange quotation for debentures issued on this plan; and this would be a very serious objection, as it would narrow the circle of buyers to permanent investors only, and but few of them would be purchasers, as even a permanent investor requires to consider the possibility of his having to realize at some future time, and on an unquoted bond it might be almost impossible at such a juncture either to realize or to obtain advances. To the uninitiated, the value of a stock exchange quotation may not be apparent, but such now are the modes of transacting business that this quotation has become a necessity, in order that the particular stock or bond may be constantly before the public, who thus become familiar with its value from day to day, and in order that sellers may at any moment be able to dispose of what they hold. The proper plan for any province, county, or city issuing a large loan, and desirous of paying off a proportion every year, is to make all the bonds payable at one definite time, and to provide for annual drawings by lot of so many bonds as it is desired to redeem. No bondholder knows when his particular bonds may be drawn and paid off; and, therefore, the whole bonds issued have the same value.

An error into which two or three of our municipalities have fallen, is that of bringing out on the English market successive loans within short periods of each other. It is always more to the advantage of a Province or municipality negotiating a loan to anticipate its wants, if possible, and combine them in one issue of debentures. It may be thought that investors will look only at the aggregate indebtedness, but this is far from being the case. So sensitive are the monied public that loans, however good they are, and however small each individually may be, are viewed with some degree of suspicion when they follow each other in quick succession. That each as it comes out is not to be the last becomes the public impression. But apart from this it is to be borne in mind that, in a vast monetary centre like London, a large loan, if really good, will always be more successful than a small one. It is, in fact, well known that the best

financiers in London do not care to undertake the negotiation of loans under £100,000 stg.

It is well that discernment and prudence should be shown by municipalities in exercising their powers to issue debentures. There may be occasions when, with the money market unfavourable, public confidence unsettled, or previous issues of bonds at a discount, it would be very impolitic to offer a fresh issue to the public, besides being an injustice to existing bondholders by further depreciating the value of their securities. Were the people of each municipality, who certainly know and should have faith in its resources, always ready, as they are in Great Britain, themselves to take up the bonds of their own municipalities as they are issued, there would not be the most remote possibility of any such municipality being allowed to incur an unreasonable indebtedness. As yet there is not wealth enough in the country to do this, and a very large part of each municipality's indebtedness is in reality held outside of the municipality; in the case of Canadian cities is chiefly held in Great Britain. Now the measure of confidence which the public have in a bond is the measure of its value in the money market. It is, therefore, of the utmost importance that such holders of Canadian municipal bonds, living as they do at a distance, and having fewer sources of information than residents, should have no colour of reason afforded them for in the least doubting the resources of the municipalities, and of their ability to meet their indebtedness. The trans-Atlantic investing public are very nervous lest there should be over-issues of bonds, and lest our cities and provinces should incur more liabilities than they are able to bear. New loans recently placed, and rumours of fresh loans, as well as other exciting causes, have recently occasioned very serious falls in the values of the debentures of two of our Canadian cities on the London Stock Exchange. We are further told—with much exaggeration however—by one whom the *London Times* terms a leading shareholder of the Grand Trunk Railway, that at present Canadian city bonds are almost unsaleable in the English market. Every Canadian will be ready to affirm, and with good reason, that there are in reality few better securities quoted on the London Stock Exchange than

Canadian municipal bonds, and every banker in this country is aware of their unexceptionable security. The depreciation in these particular cases proves how sensitive the British investing public are. The effect of the depression in these bonds is that not only will any projected loans of these cities, if issued now, whether here or in London, require to be sold at a considerable discount, and perhaps with difficulty, but their previously placed securities may be still further depressed whenever such fresh issues take place, and all Canadian municipal bonds in the English market will be more or less affected.

The debenture debt of any province or municipality, held as it always more or less is by trust and other corporations, and by individuals living beyond its limits, should be regarded as the most sacred obligation which the province or municipality has. The debentures and the coupons attached are its promissory notes, and the promptitude or carelessness with which these are met enhance or lower its reputation and credit. States, provinces, and municipalities, like individuals, have a reputation to maintain or lose, though they differ from individuals in this respect, that this reputation once lost is not easily regained. The default of a state, province, or municipality is, through the public press, heralded everywhere, and frequently referred to in after years, in the course of political as well as commercial and financial allusions to the country; and this default is the more serious because of its lowering effect on the securities of integral parts or other sections of the country. Some years since one of our Canadian municipalities, whose position is now above question, allowed its securities to go to default, and every holder of Canadian bonds who has endeavoured to float them in Great Britain is aware how inimical to the best existing and future interests of that municipality the default has been, and how much it has impeded the negotiation of other Canadian loans. The remedy, however, which bondholders have in cases of such default, under our Canadian municipal laws, is clear. In every municipality the ratepayers and their property are liable to assessment to meet the indebtedness under the bonds, and on a judgment obtained and writ issued, the Sheriff will make such assessment and levy the taxes under it.

In the United States, State securities are, as a rule, not held in such high esteem as they should be, considering the wealth and resources of the individual States themselves. Rhode Island six per cents are at present 106, Michigan sixes, 104, those of Illinois 101, and those of Missouri 106. On the other hand, on the London Stock Exchange, Province of Quebec five per cents are at par. For this disparity in price there is, however, among others, one very obvious reason. The Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution of the United States enacts that the judicial power of the United States shall not "extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state." Under the protection of this amendment, States have continued free from prosecution, and state bonds have become virtually mere debts of honour. Alluding to this subject, Mr. Reverdy Johnson, formerly United States Minister to England, has said: "It has often been regretted, and I think with good reason, that such an amendment was ever made. The consequence has often been most unjust to individuals, to the cause of justice, and to the interests of States themselves. To the States, because it has frequently induced them to enter into reckless engagements under the confidence that their compliance cannot be enforced, and this has frequently resulted in injury to their reputation, as well as in wrong to the citizen."

Municipalities should themselves undertake the negotiation of their debentures, and, as far as possible, themselves fix their value in the market. They are the most deeply interested in maintaining their municipal credit, and, therefore, in obtaining the best ruling prices for their own securities. Too frequently, when bonuses have been given to railways, the debentures have been simply handed over to the railway company, to be in turn transferred to the railway contractors, who, often pressed for means with which to carry on the work of construction, sacrifice the debentures for whatever they will bring. It thus happens that municipalities which have but small indebtedness, and which have always been prompt in meeting their obligations, and whose credit should be unexceptionable,

find their securities sometimes heavily depreciated.

Municipalities require also to exercise care in the choice of the bankers or brokers who issue their loans for them. Hitherto some of our city corporations appear to have thought, when making a loan on the English market, that the price to be received for their debentures was the only subject for consideration. Three of them have, on different occasions, sold their securities to a firm of sharp, unprincipled financiers, who for some years have been known to be unworthy of confidence, and with whom respectable bankers would have no association. As in all their other schemes, this firm of financiers took no further interest in the loans, or in the cities which issued them, than was required to make a margin of profit on the negotiation of the debentures on the London market. Unfortunately for the credit of these cities, the name of this firm has become so associated with their loans on that market, that there are numerous firms of English and Scotch bankers, brokers, and solicitors, who, for that sole reason, would neither touch nor recommend to their customers or clients the securities of these cities. A serious result is the greater difficulty in floating fresh loans, and a diminished range of circulation for existing securities there. There is, however, another light in which to view the whole matter. Respectable bankers take an interest in, and carefully watch, the position in the money markets of the loans which they have issued. If unfounded rumours prevail lowering the price of the bonds, they endeavour to correct these rumours and restore the confidence of the public. Naturally they have an anxiety to maintain the price, because they feel that their own good name is associated with their loans. Some bankers have gone farther than even this, and a notable instance which was spoken of everywhere in monied circles in England to the honour of the firm which did it, has occurred within the last few months. The semi-annual interest on a certain large American loan fell due in London last spring, and was unprovided for, when Baring Brothers, who had floated the loan, gave prompt intimation to the bondholders to send in their coupons as usual for payment, and provided for them themselves.

At the present moment, city of Quebec six per cents, which a few months since were as high as 103 ex dividend, have fallen to 91 ½, and were even as low as 90 ½, and Ottawa six per cents, which were equally high but a short time ago, have receded to 95. It is to be feared that Grant Brothers, who have issued all the loans of these cities, would not, under any circumstances, have treated them differently from Emma Mine and Lisbon Tramways loans; and at the present time, if these cities desire to restore confidence in their securities, they must employ some other medium than a firm whose reputation is gone.

The state of the civic finances has lately been engaging serious attention in more than one Canadian city—the result perhaps, less of increased taxation, though that in some cities has been heavy enough, than of the greater economy felt necessary and practised in every household, consequent on the protracted depression in trade. Whether a curtailment of civic expenditure will result, it is difficult to determine, as discussion in such cases usually unveils the fact that certain expenditure has been authorised and must be met by taxation, and then, the taxes once paid, the public relapse again into indifference, from which they probably will not be aroused until the tax-gatherer once more makes his appearance. There can be no question as to the indifference with which the civic expenditure appears to be regarded in most of our cities, and it is indicative of the indifference, and results from the intensity with which party warfare is waged, that whilst an expenditure of fifty thousand dollars, the propriety of which it was possible to question, could not be made by the Government at Ottawa without the whole country being made aware of it by

editorials in the public press, an expenditure of a similar sum by a civic corporation would often scarcely be known to any one who did not read for himself the City Council reports. At the end of the civic year the rate-payers are alarmed at the amounts of the taxes which they have to pay; but are they not themselves in part to blame? It is to be hoped, however, that some reform will result from the discussion. Cities and towns, as well as private individuals, must contract their expenditure when the necessities of the times require it. It is of as much importance, and even more, to the one as to the other, to maintain its credit. Municipal corporations must realize the fact that their expenditure must be measured entirely by their income, and their public indebtedness by the permanent advantage resulting from the expenditure of the moneys borrowed, and by the perfect ability and willingness of the ratepayers to pay the interest and sinking fund. The temporary expedient, but financial fallacy, of having a floating debt, which generally in the end has to be provided for by a new issue of bonds, must be done away with; the idea that debts of whatever nature can always be disposed of by such new issues of bonds must be dissipated; sinking funds must be more carefully guarded in the hands of trustees, and more carefully re-invested than in some cases they have been; and corporations must have it brought home to them that however advantageous the object may be, to carry out which they at any time desire to borrow, they can never place their loans to the best advantage unless there is the greatest confidence placed by the public in the cautious and economical management of their finances.

MORNING SONG.

SONGSTERS of the wood! awaking
 With the breaking
 Dawn, forth-shaking
 Golden arrows of the day!
 Sing! a sweet song-offering making!
 Sing and pray!

Maiden of the cloister ! sleeping,
Never weeping,
Long time keeping
Vigil for the Natal-day !
Wake ! the morning beams are leaping !
Wake and pray !

Mother ! pretty baby rocking,
Children flocking
(Arms enlocking)
Round thee as no others may,
Sweetly sing while gently rocking !
Sing and pray !

Mortal ! at thy toil incessant,
Halt ! not lessened ;
Full, liquescent,
Shines for thee the light of day ;
Often at thy toil incessant,
Praise and pray !

Members of this vast creation !
Man and nation,
An oblation
Render at the dawn of day !
As at monarch's coronation,
Praise and pray !

God's great universe expanded !
All things banded
Rise ! commanded
By the voice that rules the day !
All the universe expanded,
Praise and pray !

Praise the King that never ages !
Long gone sages,
Holy pages
Say He's God of Life and Day !
Dead and living of all ages,
Praise and pray !

In a happy land, and vernal,
Vast, supernal,
And eternal,
Reigns the God of endless day !
That we reach this land supernal
Let us pray !

JULIET.*

BY MRS. F. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

IT was one of those days when Colonel Hugh Fleming was away up in London that "a southerly wind and a cloudy sky" ushered in the first of November.

Of all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, the first day of November was to Squire Travers the most solemn and the most important.

The first meet of the season was held, according to a time-honoured custom, on a small triangular-shaped common surrounded by three cross roads, and having in the centre a fine group of elm trees, known by the name of Waneberry Green.

Here, by eleven o'clock in the morning on the eventful day, were gathered together half the country-side. There were eight or ten carriages full of ladies on the road by the side of the turf—Lady Ellison driving her roan ponies with her daughter-in-law beside her; Mrs. Blair, in sables and a Paris bonnet, leaning back in the Sotherne barouche in solitary grandeur; fat, good-tempered old Mrs. Rollick, with her three plain but jolly daughters crammed up in the antiquated family chariot, all four laughing and talking very loud indeed all at once, side by side with the Countess of Stiffly, very thin and angular, sitting bolt upright in her brand new carriage, and casting withering glances of contempt and disgust at "those horrible Rollick girls;" and many other representatives of the county families. Besides these, there were also most of the smaller fry of the neighbourhood.

The parsons had come out to see the fun, with their wives and daughters, in unpretending little pony carriages; and the farmers' wives, in wonderful and gorgeous colours, driving themselves in their high tax-carts.

And then there were a goodly company of riders. Ladies of course in any number, most of them having merely ridden over to see the meet and to flirt with the men, though some few had a more business-like air, and looked as if they meant going by and by. Conspicuous among these latter is Juliet, on her three-hundred-guinea bay horse, side by side with Georgie Travers on her old chestnut.

Juliet, with her face flushed rosy with the wind, and her beautiful figure shown off to full advantage by her perfectly fitting habit and by the splendid horse on which she is mounted, looks as lovely a picture as anyone need wish to see, and is the centre of an admiring group of red-coated horsemen; but Georgie is a little nervous and anxious, and keeps looking about for Wattie Ellison, who has not yet appeared.

The Squire of course is in great force, riding about from group to group, talking to the ladies in the carriages, waving his hand to this or that new-comer, consulting his watch every minute, and trotting rapidly up and down as full of business as a general on the eve of a battle.

"Isn't your Wattie coming?" asks Juliet aside of Georgie, for her woman's wit has long ago guessed her little friend's secret. "Ah, there he is, coming up to us now; how well he looks in pink! How do you do, Mr. Ellison? here is Georgie getting quite pale and anxious because you are so late!" and Juliet nods pleasantly as the two lovers with smiles and blushes take up their position at once side by side.

And now the clatter of hoofs is heard on the left, and, headed by Ricketts the huntsman, and backed up by the two whips, in a deep, compact, and mottled mass, the pack of hounds comes trotting quickly on to the scene.

Then at once all is bustle and excite-

* Entered according to Act of the Parliament of Canada, in the year 1876, by ADAM, STEVENSON & Co., in the office of the Minister of Agriculture.

ment ; the Squire gives the word, on go the hounds to draw the woods to the right, crack go the whips, too-too-too goes the horn, and with much hurry and commotion the whole body of riders follow in the wake of the master.

Then there is the usual waiting about at the cover side, the gleam of red coats dotted about the field turns the grey background of brushwood and the sombre ploughed field into a holiday scene, all voices are hushed in the suppressed excitement of the moment, save only the Squire's, who swears roundly at everything and everybody within hearing, whilst the hounds draw silently but closely through the wood.

Then all at once a whimper is heard, soon deepening into a mellow chorus : " Tally ho ! Gone away ! gone away ! "

In a moment the hounds have burst from the wood, and after them dash the whole company helter-skelter, as fast as their horses can lay legs to the ground.

Such a confusion at the first few fences !

Some refuse, some jump on each other, some make for gates, whilst the timid riders turn back, and those who are left with the first flight settle themselves down to their work in earnest, and soon disappear over the shoulder of the hill.

In an incredibly short space of time Wanberry Green is deserted. The carriages have all driven off, some few to follow for a mile or two along the lane in hopes of coming across the hounds again, but most of them to turn in the direction of their respective homes. The lookers-on and followers on foot, who often see a good deal of the fun, have all disappeared ; not a living soul is left ; and the rooks, who have been disturbed from their haunts by the morning's noise and commotion, come cawing contentedly back to the elm trees in the middle of the little common.

They had a good run that morning, and foremost in the field was of course Georgie Travers, pressing close in her father's wake, and followed near by Wattie Ellison. Georgie knew every inch of the country, every gap, every gate, every ditch.

She picked her own line with a cool head and scientific reckoning ; she knew better than to waste her own strength or her horse's at the beginning of the day with unnecessary exertions, but when there did come an unavoidable thick-set bullfinch or a

stiff bit of timber, Georgie put the chestnut's head well at it, rammed in her little spurred heel, set her teeth hard, and was over it in a manner that made every man round her turn for an instant to admire.

Juliet Blair did not ride to hounds after this fashion. I am not sure that she would not at heart have considered it rather *infra dig.* for the owner of Sotherne Court to go rushing over hedges and ditches during the whole day in the reckless way that little Georgie Travers did.

Juliet followed for a little way in a leisurely lady-like manner, followed by her groom, and keeping rather aloof from the ruck of the hunt, till they came to the first check, and then she turned her horse's head into a side lane, left the hounds behind, and went for a quiet ride on her own account.

Just when she was going home, and long after she thought she had left every trace of the hunt behind her, she suddenly came upon Georgie and young Ellison riding side by side down a narrow lane with their heads and hands suspiciously close together.

" Halloo, Georgie ! I left you in the front ; how do you come here ? "

" I got thrown out ! " said Georgie, blushing, " and we have lost the hounds ; have you seen anything of them ? "

" Nothing whatever, and I don't suppose you want to see them, you very disgraceful young people ! " said Juliet, laughing, as she cantered by.

Georgie and her lover rode on slowly.

" You will tell your father to-night, Georgie ? " said the young man.

" Yes, I think I had better ; but papa has been very worried lately by Cis. "

" What has poor Cis been doing now ? "

" Why, Juliet has refused him again, " said Georgie, laughing.

" I am sure I am not surprised ; how can your father expect her to have him ? "

" Well, I don't know, but even now papa won't give up the idea ; he is very savage with Cis, and it is a good thing the poor boy is away. Certainly Cis inherits papa's dogged determination if he inherits nothing else, for he won't give her up a bit. I rather like him for it. Oh Wattie, Wattie ! " she cried suddenly, " there are the hounds ; come along. "

And Georgie was over the bridge in a

minute and away, as a gleam of scarlet and white through a break in the woodland told them that they had again fallen in with the lost hunt.

Such a run they had in the afternoon! thirty-five minutes without a check; it quite eclipsed the little sport of the morning.

It was very late that afternoon when Georgie and her father, stiff, tired, and muddy, dismounted at their own hall door, and limped into the house, whilst their steeds, looking tucked up and draggled, were led away to their well-earned gruel.

Little Flora came flying down stairs three steps at a time to meet them.

"Have you killed a fox, papa? where is his head?" she cried, clinging to her father's muddy coat tails.

Mrs. Travers, following slowly, lugubriously said it was a mercy they hadn't broken their necks this time, as if they were in the habit of doing so.

"Oh papa!" cried little Flora, "do let me ride with you some day on Snowflake; I know I could go quite well without a leading rein."

"So you shall, my little girl," said the Squire, lifting her up and kissing her, "I'll make another Georgie of you some day, when she goes and marries, and leaves her old daddy!" and the old man winked and nodded at his eldest daughter in a manner that made her quite hopeful about the confession that was hanging over her.

"Please go and take off your dirty things, Georgie, and make haste," said her mother. "Flora, you naughty child, you have covered your nice clean frock with mud; and I wish, Mr. Travers, you wouldn't put such ideas in the child's head; I am sure one daughter rushing about all day, with a pack of men, and unsexing herself among stable boys is enough in a family. I hope to see Flora grow up a lady like her sister Mary."

"Stuff and nonsense!" growled the Squire, fiercely; "there isn't one of 'em can hold a candle to Georgie; I won't hear her abused, ma'am. Unsexed, indeed! did ye ever hear such a word! d'ye want her to ride in a flannel petticoat? is it her wearing breeches that you mind?"

"Don't be so coarse, Squire," said his wife, looking deeply offended, whilst her spouse retired into his dressing-room with a loud guffaw of certainly rather unrefined laughter.

It was in the evening, after dinner, when the Squire had retired to his study to smoke his nocturnal pipe that Georgie came and stood at the back of her father's chair.

"Papa, I have something to say to you," she began, softly stroking the top of his bald head.

"What is it, my girl? I suppose you want another hunter this winter: well, I have been thinking myself the chestnut is looking a little bit shaky on his fore-legs, though there's no doubt he carried you well to-day, very well—couldn't have gone better; but still I know he won't last for ever. There's that brown mare, I meant her for you, and—there, I'll give her to you outright for your own; but I suppose you'll be wanting another. Well, if you're a good girl I'll see what I can do for you."

"But, papa, it isn't about horses at all," said Georgie, timidly.

"Not about horses!" he exclaimed, looking up at her. "Well, what is it, eh?"

"You—you said to-day, papa—perhaps some day I might—I might think about marriage."

"Eh? what, what! marriage, is it? Ah, my girl, I shan't know how to part with you, but I won't be selfish; never fear, my dear, the old man won't be selfish. I won't say nay to any good man who will make my little girl happy and keep her as well mounted as she deserves to be. Who is the man? out with it, Georgie; who is the happy man?"

"Oh, papa, I am afraid it isn't at all a good match for me, not so good as you would like, but he is such a dear fellow, and I am so very fond of him."

"Well—out with it; who is he?" said her father impatiently.

"Wattie Ellison!" faltered the girl, hanging down her head.

"*What!*" thundered the Squire, jumping up from his chair and turning round on her—whilst his best meerschaum pipe fell shattered at his feet. "*What?* how dare you mention that good-for-nothing young scoundrel to me? how dare you think of such a thing? confound his impudence! so that's what all your riding about together has come to, is it! I wouldn't have believed it of you, Georgie, I wouldn't have believed it!"

"Oh, papa, don't be so angry," cried Georgie, tearfully clasping her hands toge-

ther, "indeed we could'nt help loving each other."

"Loving! pack of nonsense. I am ashamed of you, Georgie. You don't suppose any father in his senses would allow his daughter to marry an idle young pauper like that. How dare he lift his eyes to you! how dare he make love to you! that's what I want to know. Of all the dishonourable, mean, base, contemptible young blackguards——"

"Papa, papa!" cried Georgie frantically.

"Oh ay, I mean what I say, and a good horsewhipping is what Mr. Wattie Ellison deserves, and that's what I would like to give him, and kick him out of the house afterwards, the impudent young scoundrel!"

And at this very moment the footman opened the door and in an impassive voice announced "Mr. Walter Ellison."

At this most unexpected and undesirable appearance on the scene of the young gentleman under discussion, poor Georgie went very nearly out of her mind with despair.

The Squire, speechless with fury, and almost foaming at the mouth, literally flew at the throat of his would-be son-in-law, and, seizing him by the collar of his coat, shook him as a terrier shakes a rat.

"What d'ye mean by it? How dare you, you scoundrel? You d—d young rascal!" he panted out breathlessly, whilst Georgie rushed at him to defend her attacked lover.

"I don't see that I need be so dreadfully sworn at, sir," said Wattie as soon as he was able to speak. "It is not my fault that your daughter is so charming that I could not help falling in love with her, and if you would allow us to be engaged we could wait, and I dare say I could get something to do, and you would help us a little perhaps."

"I'll see you d—d before ever I give you or her a farthing, sir, of that you may be sure; and as to allowing her to be engaged to you, I'd as soon allow her to be engaged to Mike the earthstopper, quite as soon—much sooner, in fact."

"Hush, hush, papa!" here broke in Georgie, with a very white face. "You need not say any more—you will be sorry for having spoken like this by and by."

"I shan't be a bit sorry. I mean every word I say. When this young gentleman goes out of the house this evening, I forbid him ever to come into it again. I forbid you ever to speak to him or write to him, or

hold any communication with him whatever; if you do, I will disown you for my daughter, and never speak to you again; and I tell you, Georgie, that sooner than see you married, or even engaged, to such an idle, profitless good-for-nothing as this young man, I would rather by far see you in your coffin."

There was a few moments' silence in the little room when the Squire finished speaking, and then Georgie, white to her very lips, but brave and resolute as the little woman always was where courage and resolution were wanted, went straight up to her lover.

"You hear what papa says, Wattie; don't stop here any longer, it is no use, he will never allow it, we must just make the best of it and submit. He is my father, and I would not disobey him for worlds. You had better go right away, my poor boy, and try and forget me. Yes, don't shake your head, Wattie; if it's impossible, we shall perhaps learn with time and with absence to get over it. Oh Wattie, give me one kiss and say good-bye!" And she put both her arms round her lover's neck and kissed and clung to him sobbing, whilst her father stood by, looking on, but saying never a word, with a sort of choke in his throat of which he felt half ashamed.

"Good-bye, my love—God bless you, Wattie; as long as you are alive I will never marry any other man on earth. Go now," and she pushed him with her own hands gently out of the room and closed the door upon him.

"My own brave good girl!" said the Squire when he was gone, attempting to draw his daughter into his arms, but Georgie shrunk away from him.

"Don't touch me, don't speak to me," she said, and then sat down till she heard the front door close with a slam, and Wattie's footsteps die away on the gravel walk outside.

Then she got up and moved rather unsteadily towards the door. The Squire sprang forward and held it open for her, looking at her wistfully, almost entreatingly, as she passed out; but she fixed her eyes in front of her and did not look at him.

And somehow, when she was gone and he was left alone, although his daughter had given up her love and promised to obey him, and although he had sworn his fill at

the young fellow, and had not even been answered again, the old man did not feel very triumphant; he did not seem to have had the best of it at all in the encounter that was just over, but rather very much the worst of it. He had a vague idea that he had taken an inglorious part altogether, and felt rather small and contemptible in his own eyes.

"Nonsense, nonsense," he said to himself at last, "of course I was quite right—quite right—any father in my place would have done the same—impudent youngscoundrel! and how was I to know the girl would take it in that meek way? girls don't generally. I didn't like the look in her face, though, when she went out. I hope it won't make any difference between her and me, though. Oh, she'll get over it fast enough! I think I'll give her a new saddle; she wants one badly—yes, I'll do that for her; that will please her, I know."

And no sooner had this brilliant idea come into his mind than he sat down and wrote to his saddler in London to send down as soon as possible a new lady's saddle of the very best that money could buy.

When he had directed and stamped this letter, and dropped it into the letter box outside in the hall, he felt happier in his mind, and went upstairs and joined the rest of his family in the drawing-room, but Georgie was not there.

No word was said between Georgie and her father of what had passed between them either the next day nor any of the days that followed. The girl went about her duties as usual, but very quietly and unobtrusively. She wrote her father's letters and read the papers to him, and walked up to the stables and kennels with him as she was always accustomed to do, but silently, listlessly, without any of her natural energy and enthusiasm. You could see there was no longer any pleasure or spirit in her life for her. She was not in the least sulky, she was perfectly sweet and gentle and submissive to her father, and when the new saddle came down she showed as much affectionate gratitude to him as he could possibly have expected, and yet everything was different.

There was no longer that unity in thought and purpose, that perfect confidence that had always bound the two together in a tie that resembled a devoted friendship rather

than the relation which father and daughter generally bear to each other.

The next hunting day Georgie, much to her father's relief, for he had been dreadfully afraid that she might refuse to go out, appeared at breakfast as usual in her habit. She rode the new brown mare, who, although she fidgetted a good deal at starting, and lashed out once or twice at the covert side in an unpleasant looking way, still, when she was once fairly going, certainly acquitted herself as if she knew her business.

Wattie Ellison was not there, and Georgie and her father both overheard Sir George Ellison say, in answer to some enquiries after him, that his nephew had taken a fit of industry and gone to town to court fortune in his old chambers in the Temple.

To Juliet Blair the girl said a few words concerning her trouble. Juliet saw at once that something had gone wrong with her little friend.

"What has happened, Georgie?" she asked in a whisper, as the two found themselves side by side during a check in a deep lane. "You look so miserable."

"I am miserable, Juliet," answered the girl, and her lip quivered. "It is all over between me and Wattie; he has gone away; papa won't hear of it; he was very angry."

What a shame! why should he be angry? I am sure Wattie is a man anybody might be proud of."

"Thanks, Juliet dear, but papa was quite right," answered Georgie, loyal as ever to her father; "I knew he would not allow it. You see, Wattie has no money and no prospects whatever; one's sense tells one it was impossible."

"How I wish I could help you!" cried Juliet, ever ready for a generous action. "Now, don't you think I could make you a good fat allowance, just to start you in life, you know? You wouldn't be proud, I know, for after all half the use of money is that now and then one can make somebody one cares for happy—don't you think we could manage it?"

"I am afraid not, you dear good Juliet! not that I should be proud a bit; but you see papa would not hear of such a thing, nor Wattie either; that is the worst of these men," added Georgie with a sigh.

"What, not even if I was your sister-in-law?" said Juliet, laughing.

"Ah yes, then, perhaps. Oh dear, Juliet, how I wish you could manage to marry Cis. Papa would be so pleased; poor papa! it is hard on him that both his children give him so much trouble and anxiety in their love affairs." At this instant a halloo was heard, and Juliet, who was going home, waved her hand in farewell to her friend, who put the brown mare neatly over a style and galloped off across a grass field to join the hounds.

CHAPTER IX.

COLONEL FLEMING ADVISES HIS WARD.

"I WONDER when he will come back," said Juliet to herself as she rode slowly up to her own hall door. "Not till the day after to-morrow, I suppose."

It still wanted two days of the week he had said he would be away, and Juliet, as she dismounted and went in, felt that she had never known a week to be so interminably long as this one had been.

She went into the little morning room. The short winter afternoon was drawing in, and the room was but dimly lighted by the flicker of the firelight.

"Let us have some tea," said Juliet, flinging down her hat and gloves on the table and ringing the bell, and then she stooped down in front of the fire and began warming her hands.

Somebody rose from the sofa in the half light and came and stood behind her on the heart rug. She thought it was her step-mother.

"I am very cold," she said.

"Are you?" said a voice that was certainly not Mrs. Blair's.

She jumped up with a glad cry of surprise.

"Hugh!" she exclaimed in her delight, unconsciously calling him by his christian name for the first time, and holding out both hands to him; and he took the hands and held them tight in his own, and then, with an impulse which he was unable to resist, drew her suddenly towards him and kissed her once on the forehead.

Ah! How many days were to pass away ere ever his lips repeated that unexpected and all too deliciously sweet caress!

"You are glad to see me again, then?" he asked, as Juliet drew back from him a little confusedly.

"Yes, so glad," she answered, looking away from him with brightly crimsoned cheeks. "I had no idea you were here. What brought you back sooner than you expected?"

"The three-thirty express. My business was over; there was no longer any reason for my staying away."

And then Higgs and the footman came in with the tea-tray and the candles, followed almost immediately by the rustle of Mrs. Blair's silk dress along the passage.

"Why, Colonel Fleming!" exclaimed the lady, "when did you come back? I never heard you arrive! Why, how quickly you have done all your London business; how much more lively I should have thought it must be for a man to be up in dear delightful London, with all the clubs, and Bond Street, and the shops, and the theatres, than down in the wilds of the country with only two women to amuse him; shouldn't you have thought so, Juliet?"

"You underrate your own fascinations, Mrs. Blair!" said Hugh with a gallant bow, whilst Juliet, still thrilling from head to foot with the memory of that kiss, busied herself silently at the tea-table.

About that same kiss, Hugh Fleming took himself afterwards very seriously to task. It was not at all in the programme of grave coldness and guardian-like severity of demeanour which he had drawn out for himself, and was quite incompatible with that stern line of duty and high principle to which he had determined most strictly to adhere. It was wonderful how, at the first sight of that graceful girl, with her small dark head and soul-inflaming eyes, all these good resolutions had vanished and melted away, and left him so weak that he had not been able to resist even the small temptation of kissing her.

It was only by going over and over again all the old arguments of honour and duty and right feeling during the course of a somewhat restless and sleepless night, that Hugh Fleming could at all bring himself round again to the very proper determination which Mr. Bruce's arguments and his own conscience had succeeded in implanting deeply in his mind.

He must do this hard duty by her; he must plead his rival's cause; he must, if possible, persuade her to look more favourably on Cis Travers's suit, and then he had

better get himself back to India as quickly as he could; for to stop by and see her married to another under his eyes was surely a pitch of self-torture and self-abnegation which could not possibly be required of him.

"Will you come out and take a turn in the garden with me, Juliet?" he asked of her as they rose from breakfast the next morning; "it is a nice bright day for a stroll, and I have something to say to you."

Juliet gladly consented, and went to fetch her hat.

They wandered out together towards the shrubberies, talking lightly first of one thing, then of another; Hugh, like a coward, delaying the evil moment as long as possible. Did he guess, perhaps, how rudely his hand was to tear away all her brightest dreams?

At last there was a sudden pause in their talk, and Hugh began hesitatingly:

"I said I had something to say to you."

"Yes?" she said enquiringly, breaking off a little branch of crimson-berried yew from the hedge along which they were walking.

"It is perhaps a difficult subject for me to broach to you, Juliet, and one which I can hardly dare hope you will listen to from me, but it has been forced upon my conviction of late that it is perhaps my duty to speak to you very plainly indeed upon this matter."

"Why should you not speak plainly to me?" she answered, looking down at the red berries in her hand and fingering them nervously.

"It is the matter of your marriage," he said gravely.

And then she answered, with, poor girl! heaven knows what a beating heart, and with all the hopes and fears of a glad love trembling in her low broken voice, "Speak to me as plainly as you will; speak to me from your heart, Colonel Fleming, not as guardian to a ward, but as man to woman; that is how I shall like you best to speak." In a moment it had flashed across her that because she was rich and he was poor, because he was her guardian and she his ward, therefore it was that he hesitated to speak what was in his heart towards her.

"Unfortunately, my dear Juliet," he answered after a moment's silence, during which every demon that understands the art of temptation had fought a pitched battle

within him and been defeated—"unfortunately, it is exactly as a guardian to a ward that I wish to speak to you. I think you have hardly given the subject of marriage with Cecil Travers as much attention and consideration as the idea demands from you."

The crimson berries dropped from her nerveless fingers upon the path and every vestage of colour faded from her face.

Colonel Fleming went on, speaking rather rapidly.

"I had no idea until lately how very much your poor father's heart was set upon it, and how completely the match was of his own planning and arranging for you."

No answer, only Juliet walked on rather faster by his side.

"Cecil Travers is certainly a most steady and deserving young fellow, and is, as I need not remind you, very much attached to you personally. He is, I am sure, quite above any sordid considerations, and will value you for yourself and not for your money, as so many of the men you will meet in the world might do. Don't you agree with me?"

Still no answer; Miss Blair walks rapidly on.

"From what Mr. Bruce tells me," continued Colonel Fleming, "and from what, indeed, I know myself of your affairs, it would be certainly a great advantage for the two properties to be united; it appears that the whole of those outlying farms in the Lynedale valley, which now form part of Mr. Travers's property, did in point of fact actually belong to your great grandfather, who sold them very much beneath their value to the Travers family in order to pay the debts of a younger son. Now, such a proceeding was of course an iniquity, and if you can in any way repair and make up for the sins of your ancestors by restoring the property to its original fair dimensions it is no doubt incumbent on you to do so. *Noblesse oblige*, my dear Juliet; in your position of responsibility you are not quite the free agent which young ladies are generally supposed to be in these matters, and you owe a certain distinct duty, not only to your predecessors, but also, if I may be allowed to say so, to those that are to come after you."

Then Colonel Fleming comes perforce to an end of his arguments, having in fact nothing more to urge.

"You are well primed, Colonel Fleming!" cries Juliet sarcastically. "Mr. Bruce has supplied you with the usual stereotyped sentences. I have heard all that you have been saying a great many times before;" and she laughed a short, dry, and not pleasant laugh.

"I don't know, if the things are true, that they are any the worse for having been said before," said her guardian, almost humbly.

And then Juliet stops short in her walk and turns upon him with angry flashing eyes—

"And do you mean to say, Colonel Fleming, that you, of all people on earth, advise me to marry Cecil Travers?"

"Really, Juliet——" he begins hesitatingly, quailing somewhat before her righteous wrath.

"Answer me!" she cries, stamping her foot, "do you wish me to marry Cecil Travers?—Yes or no, answer me!" and Hugh, not daring for his own sake to answer her "No," replies—"Yes."

"May God forgive you for that lie!" answers Juliet, and deliberately turning her back upon him, she walks away into the house.

Things after that are very uncomfortable indeed at Sotherne Court for several days. Juliet is deeply, bitterly offended with her guardian, and will not speak to him more than she can possibly avoid.

That he should have spoken to her as he did, ignoring all that had passed between them of tender meaning and unspoken sympathy, was in itself a bitter source of grief to her, but that he should have deliberately insulted her by pleading the cause of his rival, is a thing which Juliet thinks, and perhaps rightly, that no woman ought ever wholly to forgive the man whom she loves.

By some mysterious means of her own, whether it is by letters from Mr. Bruce, or whether Ernestine's powers of observation have again been called into requisition, I am not prepared to say, but certain it is that Mrs. Blair is conscious not only of the coolness that exists between Juliet and her guardian, but also is perfectly aware of the cause for that coolness.

And this state of things affords her intense satisfaction.

Mrs. Blair, as has probably been seen long ago, divined that the interest which Colonel Fleming took in Juliet exceeded

that amount of interest which a guardian may legitimately feel for a young lady who is in the position of his ward.

It seemed to Mrs. Blair that, given a man with no private fortune, and in a position of great intimacy in the house of a young lady largely gifted with all the good things of this world, what more natural than that the poor man should do his best to gain possession of those good things?

Now, that Colonel Fleming should marry her step-daughter would not at all have suited Mrs. Blair's views for her own future arrangements.

Colonel Fleming was not a man over whom Mrs. Blair felt she could obtain the smallest influence; she knew instinctively that he disliked and mistrusted her; and as Juliet did the same, anything like an understanding between the two would probably be at once the signal for her own departure from the very comfortable quarters in which she was at present installed. Although, with a weak youth like Cecil Travers, the widow felt that things would probably be very different, still I am not sure but that to put Cecil prominently in the foreground, in order to keep other and more formidable rivals at bay, was more her object than to urge on a marriage either with him or with anyone else. She felt that, if she could get Colonel Fleming safely back to India without his having proposed to Juliet, she would have gained a great deal.

Unconsciously, honest little Mr. Bruce, whose faith in the claims of the "Travers alliance" was part of his creed with reference to Miss Blair, played into the widow's hands with a promptitude and unscrupulousness for which she was constantly invoking blessings on his worthy head. And she had yet another advocate—of which, however, she was quite unaware—in the scrupulous feelings of honour and delicacy which formed a part of Colonel Fleming's character. Instead of being a fortune-hunter, as in her own mind Mrs. Blair had designated him, he was, on the contrary, ready to sacrifice not only his own happiness, but also Juliet's, if need be, sooner than in any way to court a woman whose wealth was to him only a disadvantage, and not in the very least a temptation.

After that conversation in the garden in which Colonel Fleming had given his advice so very ineffectually to his ward, his manner

to her became entirely changed; he was continually on his guard with her, constantly watching his own words and actions, so that he became reserved and even cold and distant to her.

Juliet fretted vainly over this change. To her impulsive, affectionate nature such an alteration in one who had hitherto been uniformly kind and indulgent to her was inexpressibly painful. Her own resentment against him had been but short-lived, and had he but met her half way, she would have been only too glad to have forgotten all that he had said, and have let everything be as usual between them.

Things were in this state when a dinner party which had been for some time in contemplation took place in Sotherne Court.

Sir George and Lady Ellison, Mr. and Mrs. Travers and Georgie, and the Rollick family, were among the guests.

A country dinner party is not as a rule a lively entertainment; the conversation is purely of local topics, and to a stranger the ins and outs of country gossip are apt to be inexpressibly wearisome.

It is bad enough at dinner, but after dinner, in the drawing-room, when the ladies are left alone, it is ten times worse. Lady Ellison gets hold of a young married woman, to whom she proceeds to unfold her views on the nourishment of very young infants. Mrs. Blair descants on the superiority of French ladies-maids to Mrs. Travers, who thanks God piously that she never had a fine ladies-maid at all, either French or English! Presently two of the Miss Rollicks good-naturedly go to the piano and warble a duet.

"Oh, were I on the zephyr's wing!" trill out these substantial maidens together, which makes Georgie Travers wickedly whisper that, if they were, they would very speedily tumble down; Mrs. Rollick sits by, fanning her portly person placidly, and smiling sweetly at her offspring, whilst Juliet and Georgie whisper together in a corner about poor Wattie.

"My dear," says Mrs. Rollick, who had a knack of making awkward remarks, nodding pleasantly across to Juliet,—“My dear,” how long is that very good-looking guardian of yours going to stay here?”

Juliet is angry with herself for getting red as she answers, “As long as I can keep him, I hope.”

“Ah!” says the good lady, nodding and winking, “if I were you I would try and keep him altogether; perhaps that is what you mean to do, eh?”

Here Mrs. Blair remarks casually, “I believe that Colonel Fleming's leave is nearly over, Mrs. Rollick; he will be returning to India almost immediately, I fancy.”

And for once, although she hates her for saying it, Julia feels grateful to her step-mother.

She gets up and goes over to the Miss Rollicks, who have just ended their duet, and asks them to sing another, which they eagerly and joyfully proceed to do.

“I know a maiden fair to see!” said Miss Arabella Rollick, archly smiling round on the company generally.

“Beware! take care!” echoes Miss Eleanor Rollick in a deep lugubrious contralto.

“She's fooling thee!” continues Miss Arabella, confidentially winking down the room.

And then there is a commotion at the door, and all the gentlemen come in very closely together, turn round just inside the room, and go on with what they were talking about before they came in.

Lady Ellison and the young married woman hastily push their chairs apart and finish off their last confidences on the subject of the infants in a whisper.

The Squire has button-holed Sir George Ellison in the doorway, and is saying in a loud voice, “Unless we can improve our breed of horses, sir, unless we can improve the breed, the country *must* go to the dogs!”

“Ah, we must improve the breed of dogs then, ha! ha!” says Sir George, with a feeble attempt at a mild joke, endeavouring to slide away from his tormentor and to get into the middle of the room—a stratagem which the Squire immediately circumvents by backing in front of him, holding him tight by the arm, and talking at the top of his voice.

Mr. Rollick, who is very small and thin, and altogether gives one the idea of a man much sat upon by the females of his family, is telling the new married woman's husband, who is a curate, for the third time, that the crop of mangel wurzels is remarkably fine this year, “re—markably fine.” The curate, whose interest in that vegetable is not absorbing, answers rather irrelevantly, “Exactly

so!" and looks around the room to see if his wife is sitting in a draught, which is his prevailing anxiety. Two young officers who have come over from the neighbouring garrison town stand for a moment together, and ejaculate to each other, "Deuced good sherry!" and "Deuced fine gal!" the latter remark being pointed at Juliet; after which the Rollick girls, having come successfully to the end of "Beware," bear down upon these gentlemen from the opposite side of the room, and carry them off in triumph into separate corners, there to torment them at leisure.

Lastly Hugh Fleming saunters into the room, looking very much bored, glances for one moment at Juliet, and then sinks down into a low chair by the side of Georgie Travers, to whom he has taken rather a fancy.

Squire Travers having backed himself into the middle of the room, still discoursing noisily by the way upon the breed of horses, catches his foot in the folds of Mrs. Rollick's amber-satin gown, among which he flounders about hopelessly, and nearly tumbles headlong on to that lady's portly lap.

Juliet goes laughingly to his rescue, and then, with a view to the release of the much-enduring Baronet, carries him off to a distant sofa for "a talk."

The Squire is pleased with the attention; he is very fond of Juliet, and always looks upon her in the light of his future daughter-in-law. "My little Georgie looks well, doesn't she?" he says, looking across to his daughter.

"Not at all, Mr. Travers," answers Juliet remorselessly; "I never saw her look less well; she looks as white and ill as possible; I am afraid you have been giving her something to fret about lately!"

"Eh, eh what! what's the girl been grumbling about? you don't really think she looks ill, do you, Miss Juliet?" This is said anxiously. Juliet answers that she really does think so, and the Squire scratches his thin grey hair, and mutters—"God bless my soul! I can't let her go and marry a young pauper without a farthing, you know!"

"No but you might give her a little hope," pleads Juliet.

"Well, and are you going to give me a little hope about my boy?" says he, dexter-

ously turning the tables upon her; "answer me that, Miss Juliet, and then I'll see what I can do for Georgie—not before, mind, not before!" And the argument is so unanswerable that Juliet is not able to continue the discussion.

And then, to everybody's relief, Lady Ellison's carriage is announced, and there is a general move; everyone saying, as they wish good-night, what a pleasant evening they have spent, and no one honestly thinking so, except the Rollick girls, who have made great way with the two officers, and got them to promise to come over to lunch next Sunday.

The last of the carriages drives off, and as Mrs. Blair goes up to bed, Juliet lingers a moment in the hall, and presently Colonel Fleming comes out to her; she lifts her eyes to his with a sort of dumb entreaty for mercy.

"Are you still angry with me?" she asks gently.

"Angry! what can you be thinking of? how could I be angry with you?" Something makes him more than half inclined to take her into his arms then and there, but he resists the temptation, and only says half playfully, half tenderly—"Go to bed, child, and don't take such silly ideas into your head!"

And Juliet sprang upstairs with a blither step and with a lighter heart than she had had for some days.

CHAPTER X.

THE MELODIOUS MINSTRELS.

WHEN Cecil Travers had met with that rebuff from the lady of his affections which has been recorded in a previous chapter, he had not been at all sorry to carry out her parting injunctions.

Broadley House became, so to speak, uninhabitable for Squire Travers's only son, and Squire Travers himself had taken care to make it so. During the two days that he had remained at home after having been refused by Juliet, Cis ardently wished himself anywhere but under the paternal roof.

His father sneered and scoffed at him all day long.

He wasn't surprised that no sensible girl

would have him ; he shouldn't wonder if he hadn't had the pluck to ask her right out ; he supposed he went whining and whimpering to her like a school-girl instead of speaking up to her like a man ; girls, especially spirited, clever girls, like Juliet, couldn't abide mollycoddles—and so on, till Cis very nearly lost his temper ; and it was a pity that he didn't quite do so, for his father would have respected him ten times more if he had.

Finally, Cis having declared that he was not at all hopeless of eventual success, his father answered that it was like his vanity to say so ; but that he was very glad to hear it, for he intended to see Juliet Blair his daughter-in-law before he died ; and that, if Cis stuck to her like a man, and asked her often enough, she was quite certain to give in at last.

The upshot of it was, that old Mr. Travers gave his son a liberal cheque, and told him to go up to London, away from his mollycoddling mother, and see if he couldn't get some sense into his head, and see a little life.

Cis accordingly, feeling very much like the prodigal son, pocketed his cheque, and, nothing loth to escape from the storms of home life, went his way up to London.

There, as has been seen, he visited Mr. Bruce, took that gentleman considerably into his confidence, and felt much cheered and consoled by the very hopeful view which he took of his prospects, and also by the eager partisanship for his cause evinced by the worthy solicitor.

Mr. Bruce, like Mr. Travers senior, was of opinion that perseverance was the main thing required, and that, if the young lady was but asked often enough, she was certain to yield at the end.

Only of course time must be given.

"Take your time, my dear Mr. Cecil," he said assuringly ; "take your time ; ladies never like being hurried. A little management is all that is required, and plenty of time." And Cis, as he wished him good-bye, felt almost triumphant already.

Cis, left to his own resources in London, was not nearly so much a fish out of water as he was in his own home. He belonged to a young University Club, in its first stages, and here he was sure to meet plenty of his friends—men of his own college and of his own standing, who did not know nor care that he could not sit a horse, but who did

know and were mindful of that first in 'mods,' of which his own father had spoken so disparagingly, and amongst whom he had in consequence some reputation for talent.

These young gentlemen—whose whiskers, like Cecil's, were small, and whose heads were for the most part filled with inordinate vanity, coated over with a thin layer of information—nevertheless counted themselves among the rising minds of their time.

When they met together they discoursed eagerly upon the principal religious and political subjects of the day, and honestly believed that their opinions were altogether new and original, and were destined to exercise a great and lasting influence on the history of their country.

Amongst these young men, Cis found himself quite an authority. Instead of being snubbed, sneered at, and sat upon from morning till night, his opinion was asked, and he was attentively listened to when he gave it ; he made little speeches, and they were enthusiastically cheered ; and altogether he was conscious of being considered by his clique to be a very clever and rising young man. So true is it that a prophet hath no honour in his own country !

All his friends were not, however, of the same stamp. One day, as he was wandering idly down Piccadilly, staring in at the shop-windows, a tall young fellow, in loose ill-made clothes, and with a ragged red beard, stopped suddenly before him, exclaiming—

"Surely you must be little Cis Travers !"

"So I am, at your service—and you ? Why, it's David Anderson ! We haven't met since we left school—fancy your remembering me !"

"I should have known you anywhere. What are you doing in town—nothing ? You must come to my diggings. Won't you ? What are you going to do to-night ? Nothing particular—I thought so ; well, then, you must positively come to our meeting. We hold our weekly meeting to-night."

"Who are *we* ?" asked Cis.

"Why, the 'Melodious Minstrels,'—our musical society, you know. Of course you are fond of music ?"

"Ye—s, I suppose so," said Cis, doubtfully, recollecting that he was rather fond of listening to Juliet's singing.

"Yes, of course you are ; every one with a soul loves music. Well, then, I can pro-

mise you a treat to-night ; none of your trash, I promise you—real, good, first-class—the music of the future, you know,—Wagner, and Beethoven, and Schumann too. Here's the address," giving him a card on which was inscribed—"Herr Franz Rudenbach, 114 Blandford Street."

"But, my dear Anderson," objected Cis, "how on earth can I go to this place, and who is Herr Rudenbach?"

"Oh, he is our conductor and fiddler, you know, and with *such* a daughter! perfectly lovely! plays like an angel! You'd come for the daughter if you knew what she was like, I can tell you!" And Mr. David Anderson lifted up his hands and eyes, smacked his lips, and went through other gymnastic exercises indicative of his extreme admiration of the lady in question.

"You must come, you know, Cis; you'll be delighted. Nine o'clock sharp, mind; be sure you come. Good-bye," and Mr. Anderson bolted swiftly round the corner of the street.

Cis felt very dubious about the evening's entertainment; but, when the time came, partly moved by curiosity concerning the fair Miss Rudenbach and partly through a wish to please his old schoolfellow, he found himself, a little after nine o'clock, at the indicated house in Blandford Street.

As he went up the narrow stairs of the dingy little house, a strange Babel of sounds met his ear: scrapings of violins, too-toosings of cornets, mixed with noises the like of which he had never heard before, made him imagine that a farmyard had been let loose in the room above him.

As he reached the top step a guttural German voice cried out—

"Now, then, gentlemen. One, two, three, four—off!" And the performers started.

It was Beethoven's Toy Symphony. And any one who remembers his impressions on hearing this performance for the first time will understand the absolute amazement with which Cis Travers, with whom it was a complete novelty, listened at the doorway.

He thought at first he had stumbled on a company of lunatics. Ten young men were grouped around the piano, each armed with a different so-called "instrument." One had a child's drum, another a penny trumpet, another a whistle, one had a row of bells on a stick, another a sort of tambourine; but the most awful instrument of all was a small

box, exactly like the stand of a child's toy dog, which when pressed emitted two sharp, short, deafening squeaks, supposed to imitate the note of the cuckoo.

When all these varied instruments burst into play at once, with doubtful tune and most uncertain time, the effect was simply Pandemonium. Herr Rudenbach stood in the midst, with his baton, and shouted "Time, time!" at every bar, whilst his daughter Gretchen slaved away at the piano. Innocent blue-eyed Gretchen, with her calm sweet face, and her smooth brown Madonna-like head! Cis Travers could not but acknowledge that David Anderson had shown his good taste in admiring her. She looked so out of place, so superior to her surroundings, like some garden flower grown up by chance in a field of weeds.

Wonders were never to cease that evening. Looking round the room towards the six or eight young men who composed the audience, Cis was astonished to recognise Wattie Ellison lounging back in an arm-chair and sketching Gretchen's profile in his pocket-book.

David Anderson, who was gravely playing the tambourine—indeed, the intense gravity of all the performers struck Cis at once as something very ludicrous, considering the ridiculous childishness of the instruments on which they were performing—David nodded at Cis over his music, and went on with his playing, and Cis sidled up to Wattie.

"Are they all mad, Wattie? and how on earth do you come here?" he whispered.

"I might ask the same," answered Wattie in the same tone. "Aren't they idiots? But it is very amusing, and little Gretchen's face is perfect. I am going to paint an historical picture; I don't know quite what the subject is to be, I haven't settled—the massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the burning of Joan of Arc, or something of that kind. I think I shall make something of it, and I want Gretchen's face for one of my figures. That is what I am here for; I am studying it. It's miserable work losing all the hunting season for this sort of thing, isn't it? How are your people, Cis?"

Here the Toy Symphony came providentially to an end, and David Anderson went up to speak to his old schoolfellow, and introduced him to Herr Rudenbach, who bowed and smirked upon him with exaggerated humility, whilst Gretchen came forward

in her grey stuff dress, made high up to the neck, and spoke a few gentle words to him.

Then two young gentlemen played a duet on two violins, which was really a very creditable performance, and was boisterously clapped and vociferously encored by the rest of the community, after which an unpretending little tray of refreshments was brought in and handed round—lemonade and gin and water, the latter beverage being generally preferred; slices of pound-cake, and dry untempting-looking sandwiches from the ham-and-beef shop round the corner, which were nevertheless partaken of with avidity by the guests.

"Come home to my rooms, Cis," said Wattie Ellison when, having feasted upon the above-named refreshments, the little society prepared to break up; and, linking his arm within that of Georgie's brother, he carried him off with him to the Temple.

But that was by no means the last of Cis Travers's visits to the house in Blandford Street, nor to the meetings of the "Melodious Minstrels."

Partly through sheer idleness, partly through a certain pleasure in playing the great man among a set of men who, being chiefly city clerks or else embryo solicitors, looked up to him as to a superior order of being, Cis grew rather fond of dropping in during these weekly musical performances.

And little Gretchen got to look for his coming. With the instinct of true refinement, she learnt at once to distinguish him and his friend Wattie Ellison from the other young men, of David Anderson's stamp, who came to her father's rooms. Cis was kind to her, and took pains to talk to her and to be interested in her. And he was to her as a god.

It was very pleasant to him to be so regarded. In the present sore and wounded state of his heart and feelings, consequent upon his rejection by Juliet Blair, it was inexpressibly soothing to him to be worshipped and waited upon by any woman so young and so pretty as Gretchen Rudenbach. This girl did not snub him, nor laugh at him, nor pity him with irritating compassion, nor call him "poor Cis" to his face, as if he were an inferior being. She sat and gazed at him in speechless worship, or spoke to him, in low timid tones, of her daily life, and cast adoring, respectful looks at him when he

talked to her or gave her advice, in a manner which no young fellow could possibly fail to find excessively flattering; he was grateful to her for her devotion, and began in return to pay her many little attentions. He brought her flowers and poetry books, and copied out music for her; once or twice he called at the house in the morning and found her at home; and having one day met her accidentally in the street, on her way to give a music lesson to two little girls, where she went three times a week, Master Cis carefully ascertained the exact route which she invariably followed on her way thither, and then found that, by some extraordinary coincidence, he was always turning up at unexpected corners of the street just at the moment when the little quietly-dressed music teacher appeared in sight.

Gretchen began to confide her little troubles and experiences to this kind-mannered young gentleman.

She told him that her father was not very kind to her, and that she was *no*. at all happy in her home. Her mother, she said, had been a real lady—an English girl, who had run away with her father from the school at which he had been music teacher. As long as her mother lived, although she was a very unhappy woman, in very bad health, little Gretchen had been still not altogether uncared-for and unloved, but since her death the poor child had had but a troublous life of it with her father. From what she told him, Cis gathered that Herr Rudenbach, although he spoke kindly to his daughter before others, was rough and harsh to her when they were alone. He was avaricious and greedy of gain, looking upon his child and her talent for music solely as a means whereby he might make money out of her, of which he gave her hardly enough to clothe herself, whilst he himself spent every farthing that he could lay hands on upon his own selfish and not very respectable pleasures.

Gretchen also confided to Cis that David Anderson was anxious to marry her, and owned to him that, although she did not care for him in the least, she was half ready to do so in order to escape from the unhappiness which she endured at home.

But here Cis became quite eloquent in his remonstrances and admonitions. It was, he declared, the greatest sin a woman could be guilty of to marry a man she did not

love. How could she possibly hope for a blessing on a union entered into from so unhallowed a motive? She must not dream of marrying David Anderson—it would be an absolute wickedness! She must promise him solemnly never to consent to become the wife of a man she did not love, and who was so utterly unsuited to her as honest David.

And Gretchen tearfully, timidly, and blushing gave the required promise; and heaven knows what wild impossible hopes dawned in the poor child's heart as she did so!

Cecil Travers was doing her a dreadful and incalculable injury. He was not in the smallest degree in love with her. Was he not as much in love with Juliet as it was possible for a man to be? He did not want little Gretchen for himself, but he did distinctly object to David Anderson having her. Men are very frequently found to resemble closely the typical dog in the manger.

And women are very slow to see this; they cannot understand a man being full of jealous objections to another man from any motive save one. Gretchen fancied (and who shall say she was to blame?) that because Cis was hotly, unreasonably indignant against David Anderson for wanting to marry her, therefore he must necessarily be desirous of doing so himself—whereas, as we know very well, nothing was farther from Cis Travers's thoughts than such a més-alliance.

David Anderson, although he had been educated at the same country-town school where Cis Travers had been sent for two years before going to Eton, was not exactly in the same rank of life as our young friend. He was the son of a worthy and respectable Glasgow merchant, who had given him a fairly good education and had got him a junior partnership in a young but rising firm in the city, dealing in hemp and flax. It was a splendid opening for young Anderson; for although his share of the profits was at present exceedingly small, in the course of a few years they would probably be much enlarged, and he would be in receipt of a very good income.

There was nothing in the world to prevent his marrying Gretchen Rudenbach, if he felt so disposed. His old parents were homely, simple-hearted people, who had no other wish than for their David's happiness;

and they would have welcomed such a sweet, gentle-mannered girl as she was with delight and affection. And David would have made her an excellent husband; but, alas for her! there came between herself and this rough but honest red-bearded suitor the vision of a tall, pale, gentleman-like youth, with blue eyes and yellow locks, who met her in her daily walks, who gave her paternal advice coupled with fraternal sympathy, and who, by occasionally pressing her hand sentimentally and looking at her tenderly, completely turned the head of the simple-natured little maiden.

One day, as the two were sauntering together down Wigmore Street, they came suddenly upon Wattie Ellison, who only nodded to them as he passed, but who looked back at them rather curiously after they had gone by.

"What can Cis Travers be walking about with little Gretchen for, I wonder?" he muttered to himself as he walked on; and Wattie came to the conclusion that Cis must be taken to task on this matter.

CHAPTER XI.

GRETCHEN GETS INTO TROUBLE.

WATTIE ELLISON'S rooms in the Temple do not, as it will be imagined belong to himself. They are the property of a well-to-do bachelor friend, who seldom visits them, and who lends them to Wattie whenever he cares to come and occupy them. Wattie is one of those lucky men who always fall on their legs in these matters. He has friends by the score: friends with moors in Scotland, friends with fishing in Norway, friends with shooting in Norfolk, and friends to give him mounts in "the shires;" and one and all of these friends are ready and anxious to welcome him and to give him of their best, whenever he may feel inclined to come to them.

And so, amongst others, he has of course a friend who has nice airy rooms, conveniently situated in the Temple, and who is only too delighted to place them at Wattie's disposal.

Wattie, who has been reading for the bar ever since he reached man's estate, comes to those pleasant chambers occasionally, by fits and starts as it were, whenever a sud-

den fit of industry is upon him, takes possession of his friend's household gods, gives pleasantly-spoken orders with a smile on his handsome face to his friend's old man and woman, who are left in charge, and who are ready to work their old fingers to the bone in the service of such a winsome-mannered, liberal-handed young gentleman; and, taking down his friend's musty law-books from their shelves, sets to work with a will, and burns the midnight oil in the study thereof.

And accordingly, when his utter rejection by Georgie Travers's father drove him in honour from the neighbourhood in which she lived, Wattie thought he would go up to London and toil at the law-books again. He had romantic ideas of remaining buried in hard study for several years, and then of bursting out suddenly into a Coleridge or a Cairns, when, having realized a large fortune and been raised to the top of his profession by his perseverance and genius, he would go down triumphantly to Broadley, and claim Georgie for his wife.

He set to work very hard indeed; for the first week he made himself almost ill by the arduous and energy which he threw into his labours. For the first week—after that, he began to find it rather monotonous. It occurred to him that, as he had a good deal of talent for painting, the fine arts might possibly open out a quicker road to fortune and to fame than the bar could do. At all events, the study would be pleasanter and more attractive in every way. Accordingly the law-books were replaced on their shelves, and the friend's rooms were quickly transformed into a studio. If, argued Wattie, he were suddenly to present to the world a striking and original picture, full of genius and talent, would not his fortune be as good as made? Why condemn himself to years of dry and uninteresting study when possibly a few months of much more congenial work might place him on "the line" on the Royal Academy walls, and lead him at once to a comfortable income and to Georgie Travers? And, even supposing he should not succeed and his picture be a failure, why then he could always go back to the law-books, for after all a few months more or less would not make much difference in the long run.

It was just at this stage of his proceedings that he stumbled across Cis Travers in Blandford Street.

Wattie Ellison was exceedingly cordial to Cis; he had never taken very much notice of him when they were both down in the country together, but here up in London they met like old friends.

Georgie's brother was a person whom Wattie Ellison could not fail to find exceedingly interesting to him. When Cis sat in his friend's rooms writing to his sister, Wattie, without sending her any direct message would suggest little allusions to himself and give bits of information or make little skilful enquiries, which Cis would duly report as he wrote.

"Wattie says he is going to do such and such things," or "Wattie has been asking me how your new mare goes, and what you have been doing this week," and so on; and then, when Georgie's answer came, you may be sure that all these little remarks were noticed and commented upon, and that the letter was as freely read by Wattie as by her brother.

Cis was fond of Georgie, for she had always been good to him and protected him from his father, and he was glad to do a good turn for her. Moreover, he became very fond of Wattie Ellison, and the two young men frequently spent their evenings chatting together in those pleasant Temple chambers, whilst Wattie, with a bit of charcoal, sketched out numberless rough designs for his great picture on a white board upon an easel hard by, and then asked Cecil's advice upon them. Cecil invariably said of each that it was very nice; and then Wattie shook his head and said it did not please him yet, rubbed it all out, and began it over again,

The same evening of the day when Wattie had met Cis and Gretchen walking together in Wigmore street, the two young men were as usual sitting together over the fire in the Temple rooms, when Wattie said, rather suddenly—

"Do you intend playing Faust to our little friend Gretchen, Cis?"

"Eh, what? What on earth do you mean?" said Cis, getting rather red.

"Don't you think it rather a pity to walk about with the child? And I saw you buying those flowers for her the other day at Covent Garden. She is an innocent little soul; one wouldn't wish her to get into any trouble."

"There's no question of any Faust, as far

as I am concerned, I assure you," said Cecil, earnestly, leaning forward in his chair and staring into the fire. "Why, you can't think so for one moment!"

"Well, I am glad of it; at the same time she may get fonder of you than is good for her, poor little girl, and it may put ideas into her head and give her hopes."

"Hopes? My dear Wattie, you don't imagine that Gretchen can expect me to marry her?" cried Cis, laughing.

"There's no knowing what a woman won't expect when a young man begins describing to her his views of marriage, as I heard you doing the other evening," said Wattie.

"Oh! as to that, you know, one can't allow her to throw herself away upon a boor like David Anderson, and I was giving her a little advice."

"Why should she not marry David? he would make her an excellent husband," replied his friend.

"My dear Wattie, what a sin it would be! Such a pretty, refined, gentle little thing to be wasted on a great rough fellow like that!"

"It would be a very good match for her. I don't see where she would get a better," persisted Wattie.

"Good heavens! how can you suggest such an outrageous combination? Beauty and the Beast would be nothing to it!" and Cis began impatiently walking about the room.

At this moment there was a slight scuffle outside the door, and in another instant the stern-visaged old woman who "did for" Mr. Ellison broke in upon the tête-à-tête of the two friends with the information, which she delivered with evident disapproval of such proceedings, that a young woman was wishing to see Mr. Travers.

She was almost immediately followed by a small figure, wrapped in a long black cloak, who, brushing past her into the room, fell at Cis Travers's feet in a passion of hysterical tears.

"Good heavens, Gretchen!" cried Cis. "What on earth is the matter? what has happened? Here, Mrs. Stiles, go and fetch this young lady a glass of sherry." And Wattie helped Cis to raise the sobbing girl and to place her on a chair.

"It is my father!" sobbed the girl. "Oh, Mr. Travers, save me from him! He has

beaten me so dreadfully, and he has turned me out of the house. Look here!" and she turned up her sleeve and showed the two horrified young men a sight that made them both shudder.

Her arm, once round and white and smooth, was covered with fearful bruises and bleeding wounds, and hung almost helplessly by her side.

"And my back is worse!"

"Good heavens, Gretchen, how dreadful!" exclaimed Wattie Ellison, in great dismay. "What was the reason of it? what made him so brutal to you?"

"Alas! it was because I have lost my situation as music teacher. I am sure I did no wrong, did I, Mr. Travers, by walking with you? But Mrs. Wilkins, the lady whose little girls I was teaching, saw me with you to-day, and she saw me once before, she says; so she came this evening and told my father that I was a bad girl, and that she would not have me to teach her children any more—and father was dreadfully angry, and beat me and then turned me out of doors, and oh, do help me! What shall I do?"

Cecil looked at his friend in blank dismay. This was what his mistaken kindness had brought upon her.

"Why on earth did you come here? had you no woman friend to go to?" asked Wattie almost angrily, of the weeping girl.

"No, no one; and I knew Mr. Travers would take care of me, he is so kind to me. I haven't a friend in the world but you," she added, looking up imploringly at Cecil.

"What shall we do, Cecil? Shall we take her back to old Rudenbach?" asked Wattie, in great perplexity.

"Oh no, no, no!" cried Gretchen, imploringly. "I can never, never go back to him. If you knew how cruel he is, how often he beats me and kicks me, you would not want me to go back—I would rather beg my way in the streets. But, dear Mr. Travers, may I not stay here?"

She was evidently as innocent as a baby; no idea of any wrong or impropriety in coming alone at ten o'clock at night to throw herself upon the mercy and charity of two young men ever for an instant crossed her mind. Cecil was kind to her, and she loved him devotedly; so in her trouble she had come straight to where she knew he

was likely to be found, and, having found him, she trusted herself implicitly to his protection.

No two young men were ever placed in a more awkward predicament. Here was this girl suddenly thrown upon their hands, without a friend in the world but themselves, and common humanity compelled them to take care of her. Cecil, moreover, felt himself responsible for the whole situation. It was his fault that the poor child had got into such a dreadful scrape; it was his foolish sentimental flirtation which had cost her her place and had made her brutal father turn her out of doors, and Cis felt in a perfect despair of misery and self-reproach as he reflected upon it.

Wattie Ellison forebore to reproach him. Fortunate it was that Mrs. Stiles was on the premises, and the two young men retired to consult with her over what was to be done.

Mrs. Stiles began by being exceedingly stiff and virtuous. She had never heard of such proceedings, she said, as a young woman coming alone to a gentleman's chambers in the middle of the night; she didn't know how she, Mrs. Stiles, a respectable woman, could mix herself up at all in such doings,—with sundry other cutting remarks of the same nature; but when the whole of Gretchen's story had been circumstantially related to her, and when she had seen the poor girl's maimed and bruised condition, feelings of humanity and charity awoke in her ancient bosom; and old Stiles, coming in at this juncture, proved a valuable ally, and suggested several useful and practical ideas.

Between the four it was settled that Mrs. Stiles should carry off Gretchen in a cab to the house of a cousin of her own—a certain Mrs. Blogg, who kept a small baker's shop in a street leading out of the Strand, and who, "for a consideration," which Cecil Travers eagerly offered to make as liberal as could be desired, would, she thought, take in Gretchen for a few days until it could be further decided what to do for her.

This idea was immediately carried out. Poor little Gretchen, much bewildered and rather reluctant, was carried off by the stern but by no means unkind old woman. Cis wanted to go with them; but Wattie, who had more sense and more knowledge of the world, would not allow him to do so. Mrs. Blogg, a fat, shrewd-faced woman, with a

sharp eye to the main chance, fingered the instalment of two sovereigns sent by Cis with greedy joy, and consented as a favour to take in the young woman.

And between them the poor girl was put to bed.

But when Cis went the next morning to enquire after his protégée he found Mrs. Blogg had in much alarm sent for the nearest doctor, as Gretchen had awakened in high fever and was quite light-headed.

For nearly a fortnight the poor child lay in raging fever and burning thirst between life and death, and then her youth asserted itself and the disease left her, to live, but oh! so weak and pale, such a poor little shadow of her former self, as made even the heart of the hired nurse whom Cecil had engaged to tend her, ache with pity at the sight.

Meanwhile our two friends had not been idle in her service. They had, in the first place, repaired to Blandford Street, there to find that the wretched old German music teacher had departed and utterly vanished, leaving no direction behind him nor clue as to where he was to be found.

"And a good job, too!" said his indignant landlady, "although he do owe me for five weeks' rent, and for three pound ten as he borrowed of me just the day before he went; but a more disrespectable drinking beast never came into an honest woman's house; and I am glad he's gone, even though I've lost the money. I am right down sorry for the poor young lady, that I am, and if I'd been at home he shouldn't have turned her into the streets; but then I was out, and never knew nothing about it till I got home an hour after and found that furrin' beast lying dead drunk on the landing."

No more information being obtainable in this quarter, the two friends began seriously to discuss what should be done with poor Gretchen.

Cis Travers's funds were getting low, and he hardly knew how he should be able to go on supporting the girl if she were to be ill much longer.

Driven at last to desperation, he wrote to his father, and, vaguely stating that he had got into a little difficulty in which his honour was concerned, besought him to ask him no questions but to send him a cheque for fifty pounds at once.

The Squire was delighted with this letter

from his son. It so happened that there had been a Newmarket meeting the previous week; and the sport-loving old man settled it in his own mind at once that Cis had been lured into making some imprudent bets, for which this sudden and mysterious demand for money was to pay. Any iniquity connected with horses and horse-racing was pardonable in the old man's eyes. He was positively enchanted.

"The boy is coming round at last!" he said to himself, with a chuckle; "I shall make something of him yet; that sending him to London by himself was a fine idea!"

And when Georgie came into his room he said to her, with quite a beaming face—

"Cis wants money; he has been getting into trouble; he has been to Newmarket and lost his money, the young rascal!"

"To Newmarket!" repeated Georgie, in amazement. "Are you sure, papa?" For Cis had corresponded pretty regularly with his sister of late, and certainly there had been nothing in his letters to lead her to suppose that horse-racing had in any way formed part of his pleasures.

"I tell you he has been to Newmarket," repeated the Squire, doggedly, for he was determined to believe it; and he turned the key of his cash-box and took out his cheque-book, filled up a cheque for seventy pounds, and sat down and wrote a mild exordium to his son on the evils of betting if you backed the wrong horse, which letter considerably surprised and puzzled that young gentleman when he received it.

Georgie had her own opinions on the subject of what the money was wanted for, but she did not think it necessary to impart them to her father. She pulled old Chanticleer's ear, and the ancient hound winked his one eye gravely at her as much as to say, "We know better, don't we?"

"So we do, old boy!" said Georgie, in answer, half aloud; and left the Squire to his own delusions and to his letter.

But, although Cecil could make neither head nor tail of his father's letter, the meaning of his father's cheque was clear and very delightful, for with it he could do everything he wished for little Gretchen.

He and Wattie soon hit upon a plan for her. There was an old governess whom Wattie knew, who had once lived with the Ellisons, and who had now settled down in a little house in Pimlico, where she thank-

fully took in lodgers to eke out her small income.

This lady, Miss Pinkin by name, would, they soon found out, gladly receive Gretchen Rudenbach when she was well enough to leave Mrs. Blogg's not very comfortable mansion. Cecil was to pay for her lodgings and for the hire of a cottage piano for her use until she was well enough to begin her teaching again. Miss Pinkin's educational connection enabled her to ensure at least two or three young pupils for the girl at once, and in time she would, they hoped, get many more.

Gretchen, on being consulted, thankfully and meekly acquiesced in anything and everything that Cis had settled for her; and when she was well enough to be moved she took up her abode in Miss Pinkin's upper-floor rooms, and under that lady's care soon became strong enough to begin her work.

Cis took Wattie's advice, and went but very seldom to visit his little protégée. The poor child was very sad. She sat and watched for him day after day at her window, and when day after day passed, and he did not come, she wept miserable tears in her loneliness. Now and then, once perhaps in a fortnight, he did come and see her, and then Gretchen became a transformed being; her pale face was suffused with a blush of delight as he entered, her heavy eyes became bright with happiness, and her gratitude and love for her young benefactor beamed out in every look and word.

But Cis was very prudent, and was determined not to put himself in the wrong concerning her; only it did annoy him considerably to hear that David Anderson had tracked her to her new abode, and was constantly visiting her and repeatedly urging her to become his wife.

He might have made himself quite at ease concerning this. Gretchen was in no danger of becoming Mrs. David Anderson.

"I do not think about him," she would say to Miss Pinkin when that good lady urged her not to turn a deaf ear to so advantageous an offer.

"But you do think about Mr. Travers, I am afraid, Gretchen," the ex-governess would say severely, "although he is far above you in station, and is not likely to think about you."

And to this accusation Gretchen could give no answer whatever.

CHAPTER XII.

REJECTED AND LEFT.

WITH her feet on the fender, the last new novel on her lap, and her eyes fixed on the fire, Juliet Blair is sitting one evening in the twilight in the little morning-room to which she is accustomed to resort for her five o'clock tea.

It so happens that an emissary from Madame Celeste in Bond Street, armed with cardboard boxes of every size and shape, has with much commotion arrived half-an-hour ago at the house, having come down from London by the afternoon express with an entirely new selection of Parisian bonnets, hats, and head-dresses for inspection.

Mrs. Blair, who would barter her soul away for a French bonnet, has retired with Ernestine to her bedroom to unpack and look over all these treasures, and it is possible that Colonel Fleming is not altogether unaware of these arrangements nor of the superior attraction which retains the widow upstairs.

For he shortly afterwards steals into the morning-room, and drawing a chair in front of the fire, sits down by the side of his ward.

Juliet makes room for him with a smile, and then for several minutes neither of them speak.

"I have been doing a very unpleasant duty this afternoon," says Colonel Fleming, at last.

"Yes?" from Juliet, enquiringly.

"I have sent off a letter that I have too long delayed writing. I have written to secure my return passage to India in the 'Sultana,' which is advertised to sail in a fortnight."

"What!" Juliet starts to her feet. "To India—are you mad! What have you done? The letters are not gone!" and she makes a step to the door.

He put out his hand to stop her. "I am afraid they are, Juliet; the bag was just going as I came in; but even if they were not, it would make no difference. I have quite made up my mind that it is high time I went back."

"Surely this is a very sudden determination you have come to," said Juliet, trying to speak calmly.

"Not at all; I have been thinking of it

for some time," he answered; "only it was no use talking about it until I had made up my mind to go; and now the deed is done," he added, with a half sigh.

"I do not see that the mischief is in any way irremediable," she answers, speaking quickly. "It is easy to write to-morrow, and retract your letter of to-day. Colonel Fleming, I entreat you to think better of it; we cannot let you leave us like this, indeed we cannot!"

"You are very good," he begins, rather formally; "but I have not acted without due thought, I assure you."

And then all her self-control forsakes her, and she bursts into a wail of despair, clasping her hands entreatingly—"Oh! why, why should you go? are you not happy here?"

"Yes, I am happy—too happy, perhaps," answers Hugh, gloomily; "but one doesn't live for happiness, unfortunately. I have quite finished all that I came home to do for you, Juliet; and now I am only wasting my time and my life here."

"But why need you ever go back? Why not throw up your Indian appointment, and stay at home?" she asks despairingly.

Colonel Fleming smiles. "I don't quite see my way to that, Juliet. I am not likely to get anything else so good at home, or indeed anything at all, good or bad; all my interest is in India, and this appointment of mine is a very good one. You forget that I am a poor man. I should not have enough of my own to live like a gentleman in England."

Juliet was leaning up against the mantelpiece with her arms folded upon it, and her head bent down upon them. He could not see her face—the firelight flickered red and warm over her dusky head and her bowed figure; something in the utter despair of her attitude touched him strangely.

As he finished speaking, she raised herself abruptly and began walking rapidly up and down the room behind him.

"You must not go, you shall not go!" she kept on saying aloud. He would not look round at her, perhaps because he could not trust himself to do so. He sat leaning forward on his chair and staring fixedly into the fire.

Then all at once she came and stood behind him; her heart beat so that she could hardly stand; her voice trembled so that

she could scarcely speak ; her very hands, which she laid one on each of his shoulders, shook as they rested there.

There was no light in the room but the firelight, and they could not see each other's faces.

"Hugh! don't go. Why should you go? Have I not enough for us both? Stay and share everything that I have—dear Hugh!"

And to her trembling words there succeeded an utter silence in the little room.

Why had she not worded it otherwise? why had she not said "I love you ; stay for my sake, because I cannot live without you."

Then, indeed, he could hardly have withstood her ; then, indeed, for her sake as well as for his own, he must have taken her to his heart at once and for ever. But a something of maiden bashfulness and reserve, even in that moment of impulse, when in her despair she had let him see too much perchance of what was in her heart, and kept her back from the actual confession of her love.

She had spoken of her money! Ah, fatal, miserable mistake! She had brought up before him the one thing that in his own mind stood as an inseparable barrier between them, the one thing that for honour's sake bade him hold back and leave her.

Rapidly there flashed through his mind the utter impossibility of what she had asked him to do—"to stay and share all that was hers!" How could he do so? how could he, her guardian, place himself in the utterly false position of her lover?

Still he did not speak. Ah, will no good angel prompt her to fall at his feet and to cry, "I love you!"

The opportunity is gone. Hugh turns round, and takes her hands—gentle hands, that were still on his shoulders.

"My dear Juliet"—and his voice betrays some unwonted emotion—"you are, I think, the most generous-minded woman I have ever met—but——"

"Ah, say no more! say no more!" she cries, wrenching away her hands from his grasp and burying her face in them.

"Do you not recollect, my child," he says, very gently and tenderly, "do you not recollect that I am your guardian and you are my ward? In such a position, that I should accept any gift or loan of money from you is utterly impossible."

He had wilfully misinterpreted her meaning! With bitterest shame she saw that he misunderstood her purposely—that he spoke of her money where she had meant herself! Was ever woman subjected to such soul-degrading humiliation?

She, Juliet Blair the heiress, the owner of Sotherne, young, beautiful, and talented, had made a free offer of herself to this man whom she had been weak enough to love. She had offered herself—and—had been rejected!

With flashing eyes and burning cheeks she turned upon him.

"Say no more, pray, Colonel Fleming. I am truly sorry that I should have offended you by offering to lend you money. As you say, I should have remembered that between you and me such a transaction was impossible. Pray forgive me, and rest assured that I shall be very careful not to offend you again by the repetition of such a proposition."

Her voice was full of scorn, and as she ceased speaking she made him a sweeping bow and left the room ; and hurrying upstairs into her own bedroom, she flung herself down upon the sofa and burst into a fit of passionate tears.

Bitter tears of anger and self-reproach over her own abased pride and self-esteem! What demon had prompted her to speak those miserable words? Why had she committed the fatal, irretrievable error of wooing instead of waiting to be wooed? And the worst of it was that it was all a mistake! She had thought herself loved, and she had been awakened rudely to find herself scorned and rejected. For that he had really misunderstood her she could not for one instant delude herself into believing. In his pity and his compassion he had answered her about her money, feigning to ignore her true meaning—which, alas, she had all too plainly betrayed.

To any woman the position would have been a sufficiently painful one ; but to Juliet Blair, with her proud spirit and independence of mind, such thoughts were absolute torture.

There was no untruth in the statement which she made to her maid, when that functionary entered her mistress's room to put out her dress for dinner, that she had such a frightful headache that she felt quite unequal to going downstairs again, and that.

she would have a cup of tea in her room and then go to bed.

But when this message was brought downstairs to the two who were awaiting her appearance to go into dinner, Colonel Fleming offered his arm in silence to the widow, and became very grave and silent indeed.

Not all Mrs. Blair's blandishments, backed up with an entirely new head-dress just come from town, could extract from her companion more than the most absent monosyllables.

When it came to the mistress of the house being forced to keep her room because of his presence—for it was thus that he interpreted her absence—Colonel Fleming felt that something must be done. Sotherne Court was no longer a fitting abode for him.

After dinner was over, he studied Bradshaw attentively for some minutes, and then, going into the library rang the bell for Higgs.

"Higgs, can I have the dog-cart to-morrow morning to meet the eight o'clock train?"

"Yes, certainly, sir."

"Very well, then: will you send James to my room to pack my things. I find that I am obliged to go up town rather suddenly to-morrow."

"Yes, sir—sorry you are obliged to go, sir; we all hoped you would have stayed," said the old man, lingering for a minute to poke the fire and sweep up the hearth. "I'll send James at once, sir."

And Higgs went his way to the back region, where, to the select community in the housekeeper's room, he gave it as his opinion that Miss Juliet had "given the Colonel the sack; and more's the pity, says I, for a nicer, pleasanter-spoken gentleman than Colonel Fleming never stopped in the 'ouse!"

Colonel Fleming and James the footman were busy packing up for the best part of the night.

"He'll never come back no more," said James to his superior, when at last he was dismissed; "he's packed up every stick and every straw; he's not coming back no more, Mr. Higgs."

It did not behove Higgs to lower his dignity by confiding to one of the under-servants his views of the part which he supposed Miss Blair to have played in this sudden departure. He contented himself with gruffly desiring James to "clean up that there mess, and to go to bed and be quite

sure he called the Colonel in plenty of time the next morning;" an injunction which James, mindful of parting tips, was not at all likely to forget.

When Juliet awoke at eight o'clock the next morning, her maid stood by her bedside with a cup of tea, and on the tray lay a small sealed note.

"Colonel Fleming desired me to give you this note, miss, before he went."

"Before he went! is he gone?"

With what a sudden, faint sinking of the heart she asked the question! but how foolish! Of course he had only gone up to town for the day.

The maid, perfectly unconscious of her mistress's agitation, said cheerfully that, yes, the Colonel was gone, and that she had heard Mr. Higgs say he had started in plenty of time, and was sure to have caught the train.

Juliet waited feverishly until the girl had left the room, and then tore open the note. It ran thus:

"Forgive me for leaving you so suddenly without a word of farewell or of thanks for all your hospitality and goodness towards me; but you will not, I know, think me ungrateful. After all that has passed between us, I do not think I could have stayed any longer under your roof, and I have thought it best to leave you thus without the spoken farewell that must have been full of pain to us both. God bless and reward you, dear Juliet, for all your generosity and affection towards me. I can never forget either; and, if ever you think of me in future years, do me at least the justice to believe that it is not inclination, but duty and honour alone, which have told me to leave you.

"I do not know where I shall stay in town, but I will write to you again before I leave England."

Mrs. Blair and Ernestine were as yet deep in the mysteries of rouge and crimping-irons, when, preceded by a short, sharp knock, the door was flung open, and Juliet entered hurriedly, with an open letter in her hand.

"My dearest Juliet!" cried the widow, hastily flinging a dressing-cape over the small collection of pots, and phials, and camel's-hair brushes that stood on the table near her—"how you startled me! What on earth is the matter?"

"Did you know that Colonel Fleming was going away this morning?" asks Juliet, shortly.

"Going away? No, certainly not; has he gone?" answers Mrs. Blair, with an astonishment too real to be feigned.

"Yes, I have just had this note from him to say he is gone; and I don't know if you are aware of it, but he starts for India in a fortnight."

"No, indeed; I had no idea of it. So he is gone! very rude of him, I must say, to go without wishing us good-bye." Mrs. Blair has some difficulty in concealing the satisfaction she feels at this unexpected piece of news.

"Not rude at all; he is suddenly called away—it is perfectly natural. Of course he could not wake us all up at so early an hour," answers Juliet.

"What does he say? Let me see the letter," says her step-mother, stretching out her hand for the note; but Juliet does not dream of giving it to her.

"There is nothing in it that would interest you," she says, folding it up slowly and replacing it in its envelope. "Besides, he says he will write again from town."

"Ah, he will write again?"

"Yes, so he says."

"Then perhaps, Juliet, you will leave me to finish my dressing, as there is nothing very serious the matter, and it upsets my nerves to be obliged to talk so early in the morning. Go on with my hair, Ernestine."

And Juliet goes.

Somehow that promise that he will write again prevents her from despairing.

That letter, she thinks, will in some way make up to her for all the suspense and uncertainty of the present. It is impossible that he can intend to leave her like that for years, perhaps indeed for ever. Vaguely, indistinctly, as women see such things, she begins to see the duty and the honour by which he has said he considers himself bound; but, woman-like, she does not think very seriously of them. Has he not at the same time more than implied that his inclination would lead him to stay with her? Do not such words mean that he loves her? And if so, then what need she fear?

What does a woman care for duty or for honour when set in the balance against love? Love in her mind outweighs everything; give her love, and she laughs at every other earthly consideration. To Juliet, with her impulsive, enthusiastic mind, and her passionate temperament, it seemed impossible

that so cold-blooded a thing as honour could in any man's mind win the day against love.

He would come back to her, she said to herself; he would not be able to stay away; a few days of waiting, and then he would come back to her, as he had come back before, sooner even than she had dared to hope for him.

She read his letter over and over again, she pressed it gladly to her heart and her lips, for she could not, possibly she would not, see in it a farewell.

And Hugh Fleming up in London is pacing objectlessly up and down Piccadilly and Pall Mall, wondering what he shall say to her, and feeling more and more angry with himself for having left her, and more and more inclined to go back to her by the next train.

Curiously enough, he does not feel at all sure that Juliet does indeed love him. Even her last interview with him, when she had of her own accord offered him everything, had but partially opened his eyes. He knows her to be impulsive and impetuous and generous to a fault. What more likely than that such a woman, fond of him as she undoubtedly was, should in a moment of exaltation be carried away into offering more than she intended or realised?

Should he be right or justified in taking advantage of that moment of weakness?

Had he known how completely and utterly the girl's heart was given over to him, he would certainly never have left her; but he did not know it—he knew, indeed, that if he chose he might win her, but he did not understand that she was already won.

He wandered about the streets, trying to settle in his own mind how he should write to her—or whether, indeed, he should write to her at all; and at last he decided that he would give himself one more chance of happiness.

He turned into the Club, and sat down and wrote to her.

He begged her to tell him truly if indeed what she had said to him had been the voice of her own heart—or merely an impulse of generosity; he told her that he loved her passionately, entirely, devotedly, with a love that he never thought to feel again after the death of his first love, and which she, Juliet, alone had had power to waken in him. But he told her at the same time that every feeling of honour, of duty, and of delicacy bade

him leave her; that her money stood between them like a wall; and that, moreover, his own peculiar position as her guardian made it almost a breach of trust to the dead that he should aspire to be her lover. One consideration alone, he said, could surmount these objections—the consideration of her happiness. If, indeed, she loved him so entirely that without him she could not live nor be happy, then indeed, and then only, would he throw all these most weighty objections to the winds, and devote his whole existence to her: And in this case he entreated her to write to him at once and recall him to her side; but if it was not so, if it was merely a grateful affection, a generous friendship, or even but a brief-lived fancy, which had made her for one short hour imagine that she loved him—in that case he prayed her to put his letter into the fire, and to send him no answer whatever to it; he should know too well how to interpret her silence. He concluded his letter by naming to her the very latest date at which he could receive an answer from her in town before starting for Southampton, and by telling her that up to the very last minute he should still not despair, but hope to hear from her.

Even when he had directed and stamped this letter, Colonel Fleming did not immediately post it. He was still so doubtful about the wisdom and the propriety of writing to her at all that he walked about with the letter in his pocket the whole of the next day. It was only on the third day that, having, I think, previously tossed up a sovereign, drawn lots from a number of blank slips of paper for one marked slip, and made use of sundry other most childish and undignified tricks of chance, in every one of which the luck came to the same decision, he finally determined to send the letter, and, going out with it on purpose, dropped it himself into the pillar-post.

And then he waited—at first confidently and patiently—then, after a day or two, less confidently, but still patiently—then with

restless impatience, and finally, as the days slipped away one after the other, and the posts came in in regular succession, and brought him many others, but never the one letter he looked for—finally his waiting became despair.

The last day of his stay in England dawned. He was obliged to go about his business to a few shops and to his banker's—but all day long he kept returning to his hotel to ask feverishly if there were no letters for him, to receive ever the same answer—none.

Then late in the afternoon he went to see a friend whom he could trust, and charged him solemnly to go the last thing at night, and again the first thing in the morning, to his hotel, after he had left, and, if he found there any letter for him with a certain post-mark, to telegraph to him on board the "Sultana," at the Southampton Docks, to stop his starting.

The friend promised faithfully—and then he could do nothing more, and he was obliged to go down to Southampton. To the last he would not give up hope; he watched and watched all that night and all next morning from the vessel's side, long after he had gone on board, for anything in the shape of a telegraph boy; and he would not have his things taken into his cabin, nor settle even that he was going, until the very last.

And then all at once the anchor was raised, and it was too late.

And as the good ship "Sultana" steamed slowly over the grey waves of Southampton Water in the early morning, and stood out to sea in a light and favourable wind, Colonel Hugh Fleming beneath his breath cursed his native land, and Sotherne Court, and Juliet Blair, with deep and bitter curses.

"She does not know how to love—she could not stand the test. Her pride has ruined us both!"

And he turned his back on the white shores of the old country, and set his face fixedly and determinedly towards that far Eastern land to which he was bound.

(To be Continued.)

ELNAH'S GRAVE.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Winter night was dark and chill,
The wind was rising wild,
Yet little heeding, Elnah knelt—
Nionah's orphan child.

She knew that far in southern groves,
Her dusky brethren slept,
While she amid the forest gloom,
Her weary vigil kept.

Poor forest maid, her watch was vain !
'Neath Keeza's babbling wave,
Entombéd in its rocky depths,
Rested her Indian brave.

Nine moons were since he wandered forth
In all a hunter's pride,—
A treach'rous step, then never more
He rose from Keeza's tide.

Wishna, the Chief, and all his tribe,
Oft roamed the forest o'er,
And sought him, till, as hope grew faint,
They went in quest no more.

Yet Elnah tireless wandered forth,
By hill, and vale, and plain ;
Each morn renewed her quenchless trust
She'd greet him back again.

Chilly the Autumn days stole on ;
The north wind's icy breath
Shrouded the leaves in gold and red,
Then laid them sere in death.

"The frost-king travels on the wind,
Far from the ice-bound shore,
He bears such cold, and storm, and snows,
As ne'er we've felt before :

"We'll seek a warmer hunting ground,
As southward flits the bird,"
Said Wishna, and his warriors all
Re-echoed back his word.

But Elnah clasped her hands and said,
"Keolin will return ;
Alone I'll wait to meet him, though
Ye wander from Tolurn."

They told of howling beasts of prey,
Of hunger, cold, and pain ;
Still answered she in steadfast tone,
"I'll greet him here again."

Through weary weeks she watched alone,
'Mid hunger, pain, and cold,
Till came a night when frost cut keen,
And storm-clouds scowling roll'd.

And hoarsely howled the angry wind,
And colder grew the night,
While Elnah vainly strove to fan
Her fire's dying light.

She held her stiff'ning fingers o'er,
And shiv'ring, nearer drew,
As fiercer now the storm raged on,
The wind more biting blew.

The Spring in flowered dress arose,
Birds trilled their joyous strain,
When Wishna led his warriors back
To seek the maid again.

They found her resting ghost and still,
Beneath the linden's shade,
Till death e'en, trusting, brave, and true ;
Poor untaught Indian maid !

Mid flower and fern, by Keeza's stream,
They made her lonely grave,
Nor knew till years had fled away,
There slept her Indian brave.

Yet Elnah, not in vain thy watch,
Love's sacrifice ne'er dies,
An incense from each deed like thine,
For evermore shall rise !

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

BY LIEUT.-COL. HUNTER-DUVAR, ALBERTON, P. E. ISLAND.

God save you, merrie gentlemen,
And send you Christmas cheere.

AMONG the antique institutions that are fast dying out in England, and have not been imported into America, are the celebrations of May-day and Christmas. The literature of the latter is very quaint and curious.

Lyric Poetry is commensurate with the feelings and emotions of man. Poetry and song (for the terms are synonymous) are as natural to the human race as to the birds on the bough. The untutored savage, roaming his native wilds, has a poetic shade in his nature that outlines for itself myths of much beauty, such as have been crystallized by the poet of Hiawatha. The desert-dweller sings the inspiration of his heart, all fragrant of the rose, as leaving behind him the flowery oasis he plods along the sands with the slow-moving caravan. The inhabitants of "the northern regions cold" are full of poetic fire; their weird mythology has a statuesque grandeur that is almost awe-inspiring; while their love-chants and pastorals are redolent of the soft, sweet summer that leaves them all too soon. In the earlier stages of civilization it is natural that the language of the lyric should directly embody the feelings, untrammelled, as well as unadorned, by the artificial fetters of refinement. Hence, the more intense the emotion, the more quaint the thought and familiar the words that embody it. Not only is the lyric the expression of pastoral, amatory, or warlike feeling, but in a larger degree it is the handmaid of religion, and the vehicle for conveying the cravings of the soul. The fervid worshipper sees nothing irreverent in the interchange of words of endearment between the Human and the Divine. The vulgar mind is at once superstitious and eminently realistic. As a consequence, the language of the untutored can only be increased in intensity by pressing into it the more ardent phrases of human affection. From this point of view the

Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages cease to be absurd. The sanctity of religion satisfied the stirrings of superstition; faith accepted the realistic, and as the common mind, thus filled, discerned in them no touch of profanity, the educated intellect of to-day can regard them as respectable, if not venerable.

The august event of the Nativity is the basis of the Christian belief. Apart from its vital import, it contains all the splendour of poetry. Its incidents appeal to human affections. The SAVIOUR was a man of like passions with ourselves. All the incidents of His incarnation are sympathetic with human experience. The circumstances of His birth are full of domestic sentiment. In His advent are combined the bases of pity and the gladness awakened by the coming of the first-born. And as in this world the joys outweigh the sorrows, the feeling of gladness preponderated, and the Nativity came to be popularly regarded and celebrated as a joyous event—a consummation of exceeding joy. A devotional mind drinks in its details and is permeated with their sublimity. But, as the sublime is beyond the reach of most, the popular intelligence striving to rise to the occasion could only reach the pleasant and affectionate. And such is the character of the literature of Christmas.

The majestic grandeur of the event, as narrated in the unadorned simplicity of Scripture, has drawn around it an accumulation of legend that brings it more within the grasp of the uneducated. In like manner as the principle of evil has among all rude peoples been personified and been given the material elements of an embodied terror, material accessories have clustered around the Holy Childhood to bring it within popular comprehension as an embodied joy. The ideal Nativity is too spiritual for the multitude. By being materialized it became a pleasing entity, and within the grasp of all appreciative faith.

From the initial ages of the Church the anniversary of the "dayspring from on high" was doubtless held in regard. Without doubt the disciples celebrated its recurrence with "psalms, songs, and spiritual hymns." From the catacombs must have ascended the voice of praise. In the general recognition of Christianity, and its subsequent ever-increasing corruption of form, the Christmas celebration would primarily share. The taste that authorized the Carnival would sanction an outburst of genial licence at Christmastide. Naturally the celebration would in time separate itself into the devotional exercises of the altar and the *quasi*-religious festivals of the people. At what time this distinction widened so as to have become recognizable is not clear, but it must have been at a very early date. The records of all Christendom show that the people universally gave vent to their geniality in Christmas carols or familiar songs. The Troubadours, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, were famous for their Christmas lays, and in Provence at the present day are current many such compositions both old and new. Several interesting collections of such lyrics have been published both in France and England, the earliest known in English having been printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521. We have at present to do with those of England only.

The natural events of the Holy Nativity, as recorded in the Gospels, were few and, but for the accompanying miracles, simple. A child was born and cradled in a manger, and wise men from the East came to offer gifts to the babe, they being guided to his resting place by the light of, to them, an unknown star. In the popular carols these events are related in a descriptive manner, more or less graphically, and (as we have said) more or less augmented by legendary accessories. Where the custom of carol singing still lingers in the more secluded parts of England, the church bells are chimed to usher in the happy morn. Then sally forth the singers who itinerate the village, carolling their quaint and olden lays to the sprightliest of tunes. The custom is pleasant, the voices often being trained, though in a rude way; still it must be confessed that sad work is often made with the Latin choruses:

"Alleluia! Alleluia!
There is a blossom sprung of a thorn
To save man-kynd that was forlorn,
As the prophets said before;,
Deo patria
Sit glor-ia-ia!"

There are several popular variations of the following rhyme, of different dates, but always sung to a rollicking hunting air:

"O, of a maid a child is born,
On a tree he shall be torn,
To deliver folks that are forlorn."

Or of date about Henry VI's time —

"Gesu the Son that here be born,
His head is wreathed in a thorn,
And 's blissful body's all a-torn,
To save mankind that was forlorn."

The above, however, are only vaguely devotional, and not sufficiently circumstantial—a fault that cannot be asserted of the class of descriptive carols of which the following is the type:—

"A shepherd upon a hill he satt,
He had on him his tabard and hatt,
Hys tarbox, hys pype, and hys flagatt,
His name was called joly—Joly Wat.

Chorus—Can I not sing but hoy!
When the joly shepherd he made much joy,
For he was a gude herdis boy,
Ut hoy!
For in hys pype he made much joy.

"The shepherd upon a hille was layd,
Hys doge to his gyrdylle was tayd,
He had not slept but a lytelle brayd,
But 'Gloria in excelsis' to hym was sayd."

Lying on the hill with his hand under his head this jolly shepherd saw above him a star "red as blood," whereupon he forthwith placed his flock in care of a woman named Mall and his assistant Will, and set out to follow the ruddy orb and see the "fairly sight." Arrived at "Bedlem," Wat found "Jhesu in a symple place, between an ox and an asse." Reverently addressing the Christ, he proffered his rustic gifts, then returned home joyously carolling his chorus:

"Can I not sing but hoy! Ut hoy!"

And so forth.

"Jhesu! I offer to Thee my pype,
My skyrte, my tarbox, and my scrype,
Home to my fellows now wille I skype,
And loke unto my shepe."

Other events, real or supposed, of the Saviour's infancy are likewise embodied in the carols. The offerings of the Magians—a favourite subject, from which originates the custom of Christmas gifts—is quaintly related in a carol of a date older than the discovery of America:—

“ There came iij kings from Galilee
In-to Bethlem that fair cite
To seek Him that should ever be
By right-a
Kyng, lord, and knyght-a !”

“ As they came forth with their offeryng
They met with Herod that bloodie kyng
And this to them he said-a :
‘ O whence be ye, you kyngs iij ?’

Magi. Of the East as ye may see,
To seek for Him that ever should be
By right-a
Kyng, lord, and knyght-a !”

It is somewhat typical that in several of the English and Dutch carols the kings come by sea ; although indeed some commentators would make out that their “ three ships” indicate the Trinity, an allegory too deep for the vulgar mind. A ship figures frequently in the imagery of the dwellers along-shore :—

“ As I sat on a sunny bank,
A sunny bank, a sunny bank,
As I sat on a sunny bank,
On Christmas Day in the morning,

“ I spied three ships come sailing by,
And who should be with those three ships ?
But Joseph and his fair lady,
On Christmas Day in the morning.

“ O he did whistle and she did sing,
And all the bells on earth did ring
For joy that our Saviour they did bring
On Christmas Day in the morning.”

Sometimes these water-poets soar out of the descriptive into the higher region of romance. In one well-known Dutch effusion a laden galiot comes into port with the Madonna on the quarter-deck, and an angel steering. In another the ship had a yet more illustrious crew :—

“ Saint Michael was the steersman,
Saint John was in the horn,
Our Lord harped, Our Lady sang,
And all the bells of Heaven they rang
On Christ His Sunday morning.”

Many other monastic legends have been engrafted on the scriptural account, and are set forth in various rhymes of lesser or greater antiquity. The Flight into Egypt, although

later in the life of the Child, is a favourite subject, affording as it does scope for the invention of romantic adventures. In place of multiplying extracts we prefer giving a more modern rhyme, now published for the first time, wherein are set forth the various legendary incidents, all on the authority of the old painters. The rhymed story of Zingarella [gipsy woman] and the Bambino [little boy] is well known to students of mediæval literature :

FUGA IN ÆGITTO.

[*Joseph sayeth it.*]

“ Dear Mary, hap young Christus well,
And pin his little tucker on,
And wrap Him in his new mantel,
For ere night falls we must be gone,—
And wear your blue serge petticoat,
And eke your warm red ridinghood,*
And I will don my redingcote,
And take my staff of crab-tree wood.

“ Edward, mine ass, is fierce and fier,
For he hath ate of beans and corn,
And we shall be far leagues from hence
By breakfast-time to-morrow morn,—†
For Mary, in a dream of night
A spirit stood by my right hand,
And told with Him to take our flight
From Heraud's wrath to Egypt's land.”

Went forth the Holy Familie,
In sad procession thro' the town,
And reached the gate of El Gebre
Just as the red son sank adown ;—
The sentry called out rough and wild :
“ Who goes there ?” Joseph said : “ Fair
cheer !
This is my spouse, and this Her Child,
And me, I am a carpentere.”

The soldier growled : “ wood-spoiler, pass !”
And, turning, clanked along his beat,
While Joseph led the bridled ass,
And happed a shawl 'round Mary's feet,
And tucked well in the gentle boy
To keep his baby brow from damp,
And then, heart-full of thankful joy,
Went on their way with steady tramp.

The night falls sudden in those climes,
Stars' light was none, nor lightsome moon's,
But doleful sounds, like eerie rhymes,
Came sighing from the sand lagunes ;
As, keeping to the sandy track,
They made some leagues upon their way,
Though earth met sky in brooding wrack,
And overhead was misty grey.

* Blue and red, the colours of the Virgin, in which she is always portrayed.

† Joseph “arose by night,” hence the flight into Egypt is so generally represented as a night scene, usually, however, illumined by the moon and stars.

The night set down more dank and drear,
The camps fell on the little child,
But resting place was none a-near,
And rough the road and many-miled ;
They pushed along the open glade,
They rose the shoulder of the hill,
And here the Holy Infant said :
" Sweet mother, dear, I am a-chill."

The patient Mother, sore oppressed,
To guard her Boy from hurt and harms,
Stripped off for Him her warm cloth vest,
And gathered him within her arms ;
The while—as haps when heart expands—
Though tears stole down she did not weep,
But rocked Him in her cradling hands,
And croon'd : " sleep my little one,
Sleep my little one, sleep, sleep, sleep."

Beneath the hill-range, pools and dykes
Shut in a range of swamp and moor,
Where marsh-grass grew and cotton spikes
On quaking bog—a treacherous lure—
The knowledgeable ass, like stone
Stood still, for they were all estray,
And Joseph groaned in wildered tone :
" God help me ! I have lost my way."

While all at fault they paused, ahead
A man was with a lantern seen,
Who, slowly moving forward, led
Them through the tufts of treacherous green,
By zigzag paths athwart the swamp,
Until they reached the solid plane
And highway ruts, on which the lamp
Went out, and all was dark again.*

And so they plodded on till dawn
Blazed ruddy in the orient sky,
At which time they had passed the lawn
Whereon fair Edom's land doth lie,
The where a farmer sowed of corn
On the brown furrow, with his men,
So to the husbandman, " good morn !"
Said they, and he to them, " god-den."

Quoth Mary Mother : " Friend, I pray
If any of the king's dragoons
Should ask if we have passed this way,
Say not, ' it was so many moons,'
But only that you sowed your grain
The day that we were passing by."
" Zooks !" quo' the husbandman again,
" I may say that and tell no lie."†

Then on. The farmer at his ease
Leaned on the gate to see them pass,
And marvelled much who might be these
With caravan of one sole ass ;
Till screamed his lads of spade and plough,
" Master ! here be a fearsome thing !
The corn that we have sowed but now,
As sure as eggs, begins to spring !"

* Various painters.

† Legends of the Madonna. The field of corn introduced into many pictures of the Flight into Egypt has reference to this incident.

The harrowed furrows, brown and bare,
Grew verdant like a rippling sea,
The grass burst forth again, the crown
Shot from the leaf luxuriantly,
Up graceful rose the jointed stems,
Expanded wide the wheaten spears,
And all the field with pendent gems
Grew golden from the ripened ears.

The ripe grain rustled like a brook,
The reapers brought their stones and snathes,
And in the nodding furrows strook
The sickle to the falling swathes ;
The farmer thought, " the crop be good,
Though it be sorcery, of course ;
'Twill bring twelve quarters to the rood—"
When galloped up a troop of horse.

" Ho ! bumpkin !" cried the captain brave,
" Hast seen along this way to pass
A bearded, beggarly old knave,
A child, a woman, and an ass ?"
" My General ! see this field is mowed,
And I will swear by wool and horn,
I saw them pass along the road
When I was seeding down the corn."

" Pshaw !—Right about !" the captain said,
" We'll make nought of these rustic curs !"
So, wheeling back, their way they hied,
Till clank of swords and jingling spurs
Mixed with the clash of kettle-drums,
And braying of their bugles loud
Grew faint, as when a grumble comes
From out a distant thunder-comet.

Meanwhile the Pilgrims, tired I ween,
Had come upon a sheltered nook,
With springy turf, as emerald green,
That ran around a wimpling brook,
Where four palms made a stately crown,
And green trees' shade invited rest,
Here Joseph helped Our Lady down,
And reached the Babe Christ to her breast.‡

IL RIPOSO.

When lo ! there happed a wondrous thing !
The palms bowed down their plumed heads, §
As courtiers bow before a king,
And all the supple osier-beds
Did homage with their velvet tynes,
The running roses dipped their leaves,
And, drooping down, the climbing vines
Bowed all around in nodding sheaves.

And all the green trees salaamed, save
The prideful aspen-poplar tall,
That with its white feet in the wave
Vain strove to overtop them all—
To it sad said the Mother dear :
" False tree ! remember God the Giver !"
Since then its limbs have quaked with fear,
And all its leaves have been ashiver.

‡ Claude Lorraine.

§ Ant. Mellone and others.

Upon the gazon green the shade
 Fell gratefully, and Pure Marie
 Undid the Infant's wraps and laid
 Beside her Son, well pleased to see
 The Boy so bright, nor felt surprise
 That, pushing through the verdant sod,
 Blue violets oped their gentle eyes
 Where'er his small bare feet had trod.

And when the sanct Child ran about
 To lithe his travel-stiffened limbs,
 Among the branches in and out,
 There hummed a drone of choral hymns,
 As if sung by some kind of bees,
 Though little angels made the tunes,
 And flapped their wings among the trees,
 And flew about in bright festoons.

While Joseph stalled his patient ass,
 Four angels up among the palms
 A curtain drew of silk arras, *
 While music played, and fragrant balms
 Shed scents as in a royal tent ;
 And watchers waited by the door,
 And all around cup blossoms bent,
 And petals strewed the flowery floor.

And there the Virgin Mother lay,
 The small Child Jesus by her knee,
 Around his hair a nimbus ray,
 Most luminous and fair to see ;
 Four angels waited at their head,
 And with a scarf their slumbers veiled, †
 And twelve stood watching by the bed,
 With folded hands and pinions brailed.

Like as in balmy meadow flats,
 On mellow, sultry autumn eves,
 With circling wings the filmy gnats
 Fly up and down aslant the leaves,
 A cloud of seraphs, purple-vanned,
 Flew up and down, and wove a maze
 Of spiral rings, a filmy band
 Of motive minstrels hymning praise ‡

On harp, psalterion, viol, luth,
 And therebo and brass bassoons,
 Which softly played produced, in sooth,
 A lullaby of slumberous tunes,
 In Babe and Mother's ear that chimed
 Until their gentle dreams were done,
 When back to heaven the minstrels climbed,
 A shining plane towards the sun.§

Then other glorious shining shapes
 Came ministering, bringing flowers,
 With cherries red and purple grapes,
 And dates and citron, sweets and sours,
 With honeycomb and grateful food,
 And water from the brook brought up ;
 And one small sprite on tiptoe stood
 And offered Him a buttercup.

* Nicolas Poussin.

† Titian.

‡ Lucas Cranach.

§ Giotto.

I LADRI.

Meanwhile sire Joseph 'neath a tree *
 Had ta'en the rest he needed sore,
 For of the Holy Familie
 He felt that he the burden bore ;
 And joy flowed all his heart amain,
 And gladness filled his face with light,
 To find once more the gentle twain
 Had waked from sleep refreshed and bright.

The while he gave them tender care
 Two forest ruffians rudely broke
 Upon the scene, with brutal air,
 And to the travellers harshly spoke :
 "How dare you pass our ransom by ?
 But be ye Lazarus or Dives,
 Ye may as well prepare to die,
 Unless with gold ye buy your live." †

Good Joseph grasped his staff, and threw
 Himself before his sacred charge,
 As guardian he, so leal and true,
 Of his own breast had made a targe
 To shield the loved ones from alarm ;
 But spake he fair and said : "Be sure
 We have no wealth to work us harm,
 You see that we are very poor."

Had those knaves known it, unseen bands
 Of armed spirits hemmed them in,
 With levin falchions in their hands,
 While on each vengeful helm there bin
 Aglow red tongues of burning flame ;
 For from his cradle to his death
 Man's secret deeds, whate'er their aim,
 Some unseen spirit witnesseth.

The thieves were fierce and keen for prize,
 But then the old man was so weak,
 And Mary, with her soft, mild eyes,
 So helpless seemed, a single streak
 Of pity crossed the heart of one,
 Who to his comrade said : "Gadzo !
 In this mean business I'll have none,
 And you, methinks, had better no.

"I have but forty groats, and these,
 Besides my belt with buckles gay,
 I e'en will give you, an you please,
 But let these poor folks go their way."
 The Infant Jesus raised his head,
 And stood up by His Mother's knee,
 And to the piteous thief he said :
 "One day, man, thou shalt be with me."

LA ZINGARELLA.

Again the angels came. While some
 Poured crystal cups of orangeade,
 Some served at board, and swept the crumbs
 Or salvers changed and napkins laid,
 Or peeled the fruit, or waited nigli,
 And wonned the soft air with their wings,
 Then took the plats and set them by,
 And tidied up the household things. ‡

* Vandyke.

† Zuccaro.

‡ Albert Durer.

While others paddled in the brook,
And washed the Infant's linen clean,
Which from the purling stream they took,
And bleached it on the dewy green,
Or hung on twigs till blanched as snow,
And packed it with sweet lavender,
Then to the Mother proud they go,
And, bowing, give it back to her.*

From all the near acacia groves
The singing finches came in flocks,
Came cooing, prism-breasted doves,
And coney's hopped from out the rocks,
Came squirrels—gymnasts of the spray—
With lithe fawns that on lilies feed,
And asked the Christ with them to play
And gambol on the flowery mead.

While thus in holy innocence
The Lord with works of his own hand
Disported, tripping hence and thence
Upon the pick and blooming strand,
Quick steps drew near the sweet Bambin,
And with a burst upon the plain,
Three gypsy-folks came bounding in,
And, dancing, sang a rude refrain :

"We be gypsies, Lady fair!
Zingarelli, Master old!
You have a Bambino there,
We will read his palm for gold—
Tra la! Cabala!
Abracadabra,
Here we be, Zingari!

"Pretty Lady! cross our palms,
Ancient Master! would you know?
We can sing the Magi's psalms
And tell you if his beard will grow—
Trin, lin! Sanhadrin!
Microcosmosin,
Here we be, Zingari!"

These gypsies were two men 'yclad
In bags and camelskin burnous,
And one—LA ZINGARELLA—had
Full draping robes of mingled hues,
Of stripes of white and bars of red,
That to her round knees flowed adown,
A pure white turban on her head,
And bangles on her ancles brown.†

And she it was that to the Maid,
Said, "Place your infant's palm in mine,"
Whereon the Child Christ smiling laid,
His small hand in His mother's, fine
And delicate as a pearly shell;
But when the small palm met her gaze
The woman all atremble fell,
And broke into a song of praise :

'Blesséd ...: thou of women, O Ladie!
Mirror of Womanhood, O star Marie!
Nurse-mother of the Lord of earth and sea.

* Cranach.

† So represented by Giorgione.

"Woman clothéd with the shining sun,
The hornéd moon for thy feet to rest upon,
And crown of twelve stars when the day is done.

"Garden enclosed from mortal lusts and harms,
Not barren thou, though angels kept thy charms
Fenced with a treillage of their linkéd arms.

"Sealed Book and Symbol of the Love Divine;
Olive, Fruit-tendrill of the blossomed bine;
Flower of the stem of Jesse; typic Vine.

"Apple that in the King's Walled Garden grows;
Stalk of white lilies among thorns that grows;
Pomegranate branch that budded; mystic Rose.

"Dolorous Mother thou hast need for fears,
No son of thine will stay thine agéd years,
Days come wherein thou shalt shed many tears."

Here Mary turned her saddened gaze
Towards her mild-eyed little Son,
And clasped him close, with gentle ways
As if to shield Him, while there run
Adown her cheeks upon the strand
The tear-drops in a tender shower;
The Child Christ kissed her, reached His hand,
And gave to her a passion-flower

When this was done the Zingarelle
Bent low before the Mother mild,
And humbly on her knees down fell,
And prayed a blessing from the Child.
The sturdy vagrants whined like slaves
To Joseph: "Master! pray bethink,
We be such poor and needy knaves,
Pray give us a *pour boire* to drink!"

"Good wine is good, if it be good,
And 'ereth well at good men's feasts,"
Said he, then took some chips of wood—
"Take these, but make yourselves not beasts!"
Each chip turned to a gold zecchin
As from the mint all red to see,
The which they tucked their pouches in,
And broke out in their uncouth glee:

"Bounteous Lady! Master sere!
We have told the fortunes true
Of you and your Bambino dear—
Black for Him and white for you.
Los! los! Chrononthos!
Chrononthos,
We be Zingari!
Zurro! zurro! zinzinari."

[*Exeunt dancing.*]

As we have said, the custom of carol-singing is dying out in England, although we hear that attempts, emanating mainly from the Dickens sentimental school, are made to keep it up. All such attempts must necessarily be futile. They must lack the vital element of spontaneity. Geniality is, after all, an ele-

ment of popular devotion, and neither individuals, nor the uneducated in the aggregate, can be hired to be genial by the job. Carol-singing may therefore be set down as one of the things fast passing away. So, too, Christmas cakes, with the corners rounded off to represent the cradle, are being dispensed with, even as they themselves superseded the buns with crescent horns dedicated to Astarte. Next we may hear that Queen Victoria (God bless her !) has ceased to present gold, incense, and myrrh, at the feast of the Epiphany to the Chapel Royal, as she does, and all her predecessors on the

English throne have done, keeping up the custom of the Magi. All old customs are dying, yet long live Roast Beef and Plum Pudding. May they be the stand-by at Christmastide for ever. And for ever and ever may that charity flourish which considers it a duty incumbent on every Christian to let his poorer neighbour share in his basket and his store. In the country parts of our well-fed Dominion the advice may not be needed, but O, ye dwellers in cities ! at blessed Christmastide, Remember the Poor. So God save you merry gentlemen, and give you happy cheer.

DREAMS.

FAIRY, flowery, fleeting dreams,
 Strange as moonlight's fitful gleams,
 Flitting over sorrow's night,
 Sudden flooding it with light ;
 Flowers of fancy ! could ye rest
 Constant in the human breast !

Wondrous, weird-like, wav'ring dreams,
 Weird as hazy moonlight streams,
 Hailing from—we know not where,
 Falling softly into air,
 Wand'ring far through worlds above,
 Lost in clouds of light and love !

Weary, woful, wasting dreams,
 Pensive as pale moonlight beams,
 Anxious, through some bitter loss,
 Seeing shadows of the cross,
 Searching haunts of memory,
 Pondering life's mystery !

* * * * *

Calm and cold—too chill for dreams ;
 Death o'er Life—the end—it seems ;
 Cheerless sky and rayless mind—
 This, the *all* for human kind ?
 Moons shall rise and moons shall set,
 Worlds revolving, *we* shall yet
 Dream again, and, dreaming, soar,
 Wondering, dreaming, more and more !

OUR ENGLISH SHAKSPERE.

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IT was a singular development of the golden age of English poesy that the glory of one who was the king of poets in his own country should have appeared at first a subject of paradox and scandal in other lands. In Germany this was not so remarkable as in France. But in France, the best literary minds, and the most refined and highly cultured lovers of the drama, long cherished the idea. La Harpe was carried away by a species of anger, serious and sustained, against the overshadowing fame of Shakspeare. He persistently sought to degrade his genius, and, for a time, he succeeded. Frenchmen lent a willing ear to the appeals of the critic who told them that their own best plays were not menaced by those of the Englishman. Voltaire, in the same breath, called Shakspeare a great poet and a poor buffoon. At one time, he compared him to the author of the "Iliad," at another, to a clown in a company of rope-dancers. Voltaire, as a young man, brought with him from England an ardent enthusiasm for Shakspearean scenes, and introduced them on the French stage as one of the bold novelties of the time. A decade or two afterwards he is found wasting a thousand strokes of sarcasm on the barbarism of the peerless dramatist, accumulating quotations from his plays in sportive mockery, and fulminating anathemas against him from the sanctuary of the Academy. Voltaire lived long enough to recant his worst errors, and redeem much of his ill-judged censure with honest praise. But even with him as its defender, the ancient fame of the French theatre was threatened long ere the sceptic with all his grinning mockeries had forever passed away. France, already nursing a revolution that was to appal the world with its horrors, passed silently through a revolution of a very different kind—a revolution of dramatic opinions and manners as well as of dramatic literature and taste. The English poet was crowned with a loyalty more unaffected, and ceremonials

more august, than his own willing subjects had ever dreamt of.

Although Shakspeare was many-sided and many-hued, although all attempts to trace his individuality in his writings have utterly failed, he has at least shown himself to be this—a representative Englishman, and the poet, above all others, who is dearest to the English heart. The splendour of his genius is unequalled, almost unapproached, in the literature of any country, but it is not unblemished. He has faults, not a few, constantly recurring in his drama, and some very odd and glaring faults. How came he, then, to be the idol of his English contemporaries, and the

"Dear son of Memory, great heir of Fame,"

which was felt and acknowledged almost in a dawning literature? Why is it that he stands in English, as Goethe in German, literature, "the only one?" Why has he shed over English poesy a halo peculiarly its own?

In the period of England's literary life which closed with Spencer, the treasures of a poetical literature were rude but rich and manifold. English poetry had emerged from a condition of indigence and grossness, and begun to wear a garb of polish and refinement. Old English song had died with Caedmon, but Geoffrey Chaucer, in his unique imitations of Boccaccio and Petrarch, had revived beautiful models of artless verse and pleasant fictions innumerable. Surrey and Sidney had re-echoed the Italian poetry of the Renaissance; but with the "Faerie Queene" the full glory of her new intellectual life broke upon England, and brought her mediæval past face to face with a revival of letters. The influences of the time were no less favourable to this newly aroused poetic impulse. It was a time of insatiable restlessness and curiosity—of travel, of discovery, of inventiveness in the arts, of industrial development. There was a universal passion to go over "the whole of the past

and the whole of the globe." In England there was a general quickening of intelligence, an upgrowth of learning, an increase of wealth, and refinement, and leisure. A great national triumph had rolled away the dark, threatening clouds of foreign conquest. The storm of a mighty religious revolution had swept over the land. The imagination of the people was excited. Their old beacon lights were found to be false guides—their old havens of refuge full of peril. Religious controversy was active; the strifes of creeds and sectaries stimulated enquiry, and an intense yearning for new thoughts had seized the nation's mind. The Bible, of which the versions by the Puritans had become popular, was, in itself, a school of poetry. It was replete with images which enlivened the people's fancy, and emotions which stirred deeply the people's heart. The antique legends and ballads of the middle ages were all but discarded, and their place filled by this sacred legend of immortality. The rude translations of the Psalms were full of poetic fire. They were the war chaunts of the Reformation, and pæans of hope and triumph through all that troublous time. Poetry, which until then had been a mere pastime amidst the idleness of palaces and courts, had thus lent to it something of enthusiasm and earnestness. The study of the ancient languages also opened an exhaustless source of recollections. Translations were numerous, and supplied elements for a poetical literature that stimulated research. The images of the old classic authors assumed a kind of originality from being half disfigured by the confused conceptions which the multitude received of them. Greek and Roman learning was the *bon ton* of Elizabeth's court. The Queen herself quickened the literary zeal of her nobles by a simple rendition into English verse of Seneca's *Hercules Furiosus*. Her courtiers became students and ambitious to excel in a new field. Of dramatic productions there was no dearth. Although the stagecraft of the time had many imperfections, the spectacles which it presented, patronized as they were by the Court, and fostered by the growing prosperity of a peaceful period, lost much of their coarseness by the novelty of the enjoyment which they afforded. It was then that Marlowe produced his "Tomburlaine the Great" and other minor plays, and that the ennobled

Sackville, from whom "winsome Marie Stuart" received the message of her doom, wrote and exhibited in the English capital the tragedy of "Garbeduc."

The erudition of the Court, however, was not communicated to the people at large. But withal it had a latent influence which cropped out in many a quaint and fantastic form amongst the popular festivals and amusements. The mythology of the ancients was revived, and, on English soil under an English sky, were to be seen real spectacles that had only an imaginative existence amongst the people of a crumbling antiquity. The Queen's progress from shire to shire was a series of splendid processions. Chivalric entertainments and classic pageants awaited her at every turn. When she visited a courtier or nobleman, the Penates saluted her on the threshold of his castle or country seat, and the "herald Mercury" conducted her into the chamber of honour. All the surroundings of her place of sojourn were made to minister in a similar way to these whims of Majesty. Tribute was exacted from the culinary arts that supplied the royal table, and the metamorphoses of Ovid were conspicuously reproduced in the materials of the dessert; the pages that waited on Majesty were transformed into nymphs, and the long twilights were beguiled by the Nereids and Tritons who disported on the lake of the lordly demesne. In the early morning Diana, the huntress goddess, did obeisance to the Queen as she returned from the brisk pleasures of the chase. Every divinity in turn gave her of the first fruits of his empire. As she entered the old city of Norwich, attended with all the pageantry of her brilliant court, the fickle goddess, Love, stepped nimbly forth from an encircling crowd of grave civic dignitaries, and, as a compliment to her all-potent charms, presented her with a golden arrow, a gift which we are told Her Majesty, who then drew near to forty, received with gracious thanks. These and many other spectacles equally ludicrous, were not altogether vain, idle shows. They excited the popular imagination and influenced the popular taste. They were the devices of men who might have been much better employed, of lord high chamberlains, wise ministers, and keepers of the Queen's conscience, who thus amused and amazed the people by flattering the vanity of a woman who ruled them with an iron hand;

but they, at the same time, spread an acquaintance with the charming legends of a very remote past. They familiarized the most ignorant with the heroes of a classic age and their mythical histories. The great dramatist himself caught their spirit. In his earlier compositions for the stage there is a pervading element that otherwise would never have found a place there. Like many another who has gained fame within the glorious guild of English literature, Shakspeare was at first a mere bread-winner. He wrote for that which perisheth with the using. He was more or less forced to consult the popular taste of his day, and therefore it was that he represented on the English stage those thrilling events of Grecian story which had already begun to possess the English mind, and which were made to pass before the spectator with such irregular unity. The untutored judgment of the English public called for these scenes of strangely mingled sublimity and buffoonery, prose and verse, pathos and triviality. They applauded the grave and tragic ceremonies in which, as at court and as was the manner of the time, the jester, with his encircling fool's bells, came and went with his laconic saws and idiotic mimicries. The dramatist strove to catch the popular ear; had he failed, many of his plays would have been, for his purpose at least, so much waste paper. He would have been hissed from the stage as a dramatic author, as the tradition says he once was as a player of the Ghost in Hamlet.

There were other well-springs of fancy from which a great poet to be could draw as his needs prompted him. Throughout Elizabethan England, as even in our own day, popular traditions and local superstitions were jealously preserved. The ignorance of the masses strengthened their vitality. Even at court, where the highest type of knowledge was to be found, astrology was studied and implicitly believed in. In the rural districts, and scattered villages and hamlets, the belief in witches and witchcraft, in fairies and genii, and the charms and wonders of fairy land, was universal. The melancholy tinge of mind of the English rustic found pleasure in such imaginings. The warm sunny skies of the south seemed to nurture these dream-like pictures of a more northerly clime, and the people cherished them as so many national recollections. In the minds and memories of the more cultured classes,

they were blinded with the chivalrous fables of the south of Europe, with the stories there extant, of heroic knight errantry, marvellous adventure, and deeds of supernatural daring, and all those wonderful tales which the translator's art had culled from the pages of Italian poetry. On all sides, and in all directions, by the mixture of ancient and foreign ideas, by the credulous obstinacy of indigenous recollections, by erudition and by ignorance, by religious reform and by popular superstition, were opened a thousand views to fancy. It was the bright dawn of a poetic golden age, and England, issuing from barbarism and from the fiery trials of a cruel religious persecution, agitated in her opinions, full of imagination and the memories of the past, and at peace with the world, was then the best prepared field from which a great poet could arise.

The genius of the dramatist flashed amidst the maze of fancies that enveloped him, and invested everything with a new and fascinating light. The nature of the materials with which he had to deal, the unfallowed field in which his genius chanced to exercise itself, and the time on which he fell, had everything to do with the impress which he made on our national literature. His drama was composed of the most opposite and conflicting elements, but the homelike harmony which he gave to its rough-hewn, shapeless fragments, the homelike mould into which he cast them, and the marvellous transformations which originality of invention and creative power there effected, gave Shakspeare at once a permanent place in the national affection. The shadowy beings of chivalry and romance, ancient and mediæval, became in his hands stately and beautiful personages. The forms and features of the great men of the past were as familiarly fixed in the nation's mind as those of the popular idols of his own day; their language was that of the courtly Englishman of the period—of the Walsinghams, the Cecils, and the Drakes—who basked in the royal presence, and who were proud actors in the stirring drama of public life. Shakspeare has been called infinite, eternal, everything that human admiration could ascribe to him. The language of enthusiasm and idolatry has been lavished on every line that flowed from his pen. The German critics, and especially Schlegel, have gone over every page of his drama with a loving

care; they have deified even his imperfections; yet, amidst all this prodigal worship of him, the manner of the poet's working shows him to have been a man after all, and wondrously like other Englishmen. He had a type of life before him, just as Massinger, Ford, and Dekker had, and the many humbler devotees of the poetic drama; and he portrayed it as he saw it. He drew men and women, but he drew them after the likeness of the English men and English women of his own day. No poet was ever more national. "It is we who are Shakspeare," said Coleridge, citing him as the one man who contained all the English nation. In his free and proud gait, his humour, his brusque pleasantry, his intellectual ruggedness, and even his mental gloominess, he is very much the English genius personified. Hamlet's soliloquy—is it unseemly that it should have been inspired in a land so often swathed by the Atlantic mist and fog, and where nature at times seems to dispose the mind to an unnatural melancholy? The black ambition of Macbeth—so startling in its suddenness and violence, so deliberate and intense in its horrible purpose—is it not a picture designed for a people whose history, however grand in its past, is painfully marred by many a dark stain, whose royal succession has more than once been decided by the stroke of the dagger, and where the sceptre of sovereignty was long the sport of revenge, and crime, and sanguinary war? No poet was ever more English. The local manners of the different countries, in which so many of his plots are laid, are nothing to him. He is constantly preoccupied with the manners of his own country. He is full of patriotism and insular prejudice, and, in Henry VI., he has caricatured Joan of Arc in the most heartless fashion. English physiognomy was ever before him, whether writing of Athens or of Rome; and the crowds that listened to Marc Antony or Menenius Agrippa, had all the humours of a London populace. His historical paintings, and his sweet and tender limnings of home and domestic life, were all taken from the England which he loved so well. His canvass is crowded with the grand figures of many a grand epoch in the nation's past. In his drama they file proudly past as in a living panorama, but the whole life of England follows in their train. The courtier jostles the citizen, the gentleman the fool, the soldier

who fought at Flodden the sailor of the Armada. There was nothing singular in his manner of doing this. As a playwright he wrought with sensible simplicity, he performed the tasks set before him like many another who has followed a literary career, by doing whatever his hands found to do. He retouched such old pieces as he came across in the repertoires of the theatres of the period, learning all the while to make plays of his own. He turned an honest penny as an actor, and, like other actors, lived a life obscure but free, compensating himself by pleasure for the want of consideration. He had the jejune style of the beginner, and improved it, as others did, by the teachings of age and experience. He drew the plots of his comedies, tragedies, and pastoral or fairy dramas, at one time from a popular tale or ballad, at another, from an old chronicle or a new translation. He wrote the English of his day, lived on the fruits of his pen, and at last, with the competency gained by his labours, prosecuted in a shrewd and business-like way, retired while yet in the prime of life, and "with all his honours fresh upon him," to the quiet repose of his English home.

Twenty-five years seem to have been sufficient for the poet's great life-work. Soon after he went to London he became known and envied as a dramatic author, and some literary lampoons of the time disclose a merited jealousy of his rising fame. His first efforts do not appear to have been devoted to dramatic composition. They gave to poesy many delicate fancies, strains of sweet tenderness and adoration, and touches of noble sentiment, but they gave many things also that had better never have been written. His "Venus and Adonis" which appeared in 1593, and which, in his dedication to Lord Southampton, he calls the "first heir of his invention," has a quaintness of style, an affectation of sprightliness, and a profusion of imagery that seem entirely in the Italian taste. The same thing is seen, amidst frequent beauties, in his "Passionate Pilgrim" and his "Lucrece;" and, in the amatory measures of the sonnet, we often miss the facility and grace of our native English measures—the song, the madrigal, or the ballad. In the period from 1589 to 1614, Shakspeare produced thirty-six pieces the authenticity of which is undisputed; and although, according to Ben Jonson, the poet

wrote with astounding rapidity and never erased what he had written, it is evident that his compositions did not crowd confusedly in his mind, or come forth without profound reflection and sustained effort. Shakspeare's was not the amazing fecundity of a Lope or a Calderon, those inexhaustible playwrights whose dramas are counted by thousands. Neither had he the trite and insipid ease of the French poet Hardy and others of that school. Despite their many dissimilarities, however, the English and Spanish dramas are not unlike. In both there are the same intermixture of tragedy and comedy, the same complication of plot and unexpected incident, the same free employment of colloquialisms instead of the even flow of poetic diction. But the improvisations of the Spanish poets proceeded more from the richness of the language in which they were written than from the native genius of the writers. They are too often bombastic, senseless rhapsodies, replete with platitudes expressed in the most extravagant style. We look in vain through them all for those sudden flashes of genius, those flights of poetic enthusiasm, and that deep philosophy which everywhere pervade the Shaksperian drama. The whole Spanish theatre has a bustling intricacy—a sort of wild delirium. It has the air of a fantastic dream whose effect is destroyed by disorder, and which vanishes in confusion leaving no trace of its presence behind. The theatre of Shakspeare is the work of a fervid but robust imagination, which leaves indelible impressions, and gives reality and life to its most whimsical caprices.

The origin of the national vanity, which has made Shakspeare the first of English poets, is not far to trace. He formed his expressions amongst the first treasures of the nation's literature, and proved the matchless power he wielded over his English mother tongue. Meres said "the Muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine-filed phrase, if they would speak English." It was the dramatist's subtle beauty of expression which first made him dear to the national heart. Amongst the multitude of pieces which crowded the stage of his day, his alone had the charming spell that language alone can give. To his contemporaries this was his crowning merit: he was called "the poet with the honied tongue." Like Corneille he made eloquence where it had not been,

and exacted the homage that all dawning literatures pay to a power so irresistible. The influence of the poet upon his contemporaries must have been very remarkable, and was of a kind we love to linger over. "Rare Ben Jonson," timid rival as he was, has expressed his attachment in lines full of enthusiasm, closing with a species of apotheosis which fixes the star of Shakspeare in the heavens to cheer forever the stage with the fire of its rays.

Although the poet's glory was dimmed by the fury of the civil wars, and the Puritanical proscriptions of the middle of the seventeenth century, and although the frivolities of the reign of the second Charles enfeebled his worship, his influence upon his countrymen never waned. His fame became a sort of national superstition, a tradition glorious and perpetual. It was not the fruit of a slow theory, or the tardy calculation of national vanity, and we need not conjecture what it might have been had he flourished in a less happy time. The most patient investigation has given us only imperfect glimpses of his personal history, but these show that he had his full share of the ups and downs of life. He seems to have felt early the grief of misplaced or unrequited affection, the bitterness of poverty, the sneers of the cold world, the need of pity. But he lived to enjoy the affection and homage of "troops of friends," and the serene pleasures and secluded ease of his home on Avon. Nor were courtly favours and noble protection denied him. Elizabeth appreciated his talents, and was charmed with his "Henry V.," and especially with Falstaff. The admiration of so severe a Queen could have chosen better, and the wonder is, that she whom the grateful poet calls "the fair vestal seated upon the throne of the Occident," did not find other things to praise in the greatest painter of the revolutions of England. The generous freedom which Shakspeare employed in the selection of subjects, is more to the Queen's credit. Under Elizabeth's absolute sovereignty, the poet recites history that to her was but of yesterday. The tyranny and turpitude of her self-willed father, Henry VIII., are depicted with a simplicity that is as beautiful as it is true, and poor Katharine of Arragon, harshly expelled from the throne and embraces of her husband, to be superseded in his fickle favour by Elizabeth's mother, has-

her virtues and her rights pourtrayed with a tenderness that is touching in the extreme. James I. was no less well disposed towards the poet, and received with pleasure the predictions, flattering to the Stuarts, that appear in the terrible tragedy of Macbeth. Then, as long afterwards, the Court was the author's patron; but from the natural sycophancy, the fawning abjectness, of patronage, Shakspeare appears to have been absolutely free.

The want of dramatic system, or rather the presence throughout his plays of a continuous dramatic confusion, was due in part, if not altogether, to the education of his age. It is not to be supposed that he was ignorant of dramatic rules. He had read the translations extant of ancient dramas, and in Hamlet, where he displays a marvellous knowledge of so many things, he makes Polonius speak of the dramatic unities. He must have studied the simplicity of narrative of the old Greek tragedians, and with the principles of Aristotle he was certainly familiar. It is, after all, in the fashion of the time that we must look for Shakspeare's irregularities of composition. All the absurd improbabilities, all the buffooneries of his drama, were common to the crude French drama of the same period. Both represented "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure;" the system of the poet was the result not the cause. Yet we see learned German critics enraptured before the happy confusion of paganism and fairy tales, of the Sylphs and Amazons of ancient Greece and of the mediæval time, mingled by the dramatist in the same subject. Schiller copies the poet in this particular. In his "Bethrothed of Messina" he designedly imitates this odd amalgamation which, in Shakspeare, was perhaps but a mere deference to popular taste, or the play of a careless caprice. The intermixture in the English drama of ancient and modern ideas, and the motley character of the costumes of the stage, were common before the dramatist's own day, and in this respect he has only followed his predecessors. His authority may have been the Theseus of Chaucer, in which we find the superstitions and the feudal manners of the middle age alike transported into heroic Greece. As Duke of Athens, Theseus gives tournaments in honour of the high-born dames of the city, and the poet describes at length the armour of the knights, and the

equipment of the cavaliers, as he might those of—

Old John of Gaunt, time-honoured Lancaster.

The "admirable Racine," too, substitutes the manners of his time for the ceremonials of antiquity, when he makes the guards follow the Queen, instead of showing Clytemnestra and Iphigenia avoiding the staring eyes of men, and received only by a chorus of Greek women. But these anachronisms are forgotten or overlooked in the spectator's involuntary preoccupation with the customs that are most familiar to him. If, however, a man of genius is to be judged by truth and not by systems, is Shakspeare to be excused for a fault too often repeated in his drama, and presented there in endless variety? Why should defects be admired in him that elsewhere are buried in oblivion, and which have survived in his drama only under the protection of the great beauties with which he has invested them? In fairly estimating his genius, is there no false taste to be discarded? Is it unnecessary to be on our guard against making systems, applicable to our own time, of these revered monuments of Elizabethan England? If a new form of tragedy should spring into startling grandeur from our present manners, why should it strive to resemble in all respects the tragedy of Shakspeare? Would it necessarily resemble the Shakspearean drama, any more than in France of to-day the rise of a new drama, equally grand, would resemble that of Racine? If Schiller, in one of his best plays, borrows from the character of Romeo the lively and free image of a sudden passion, of a declaration of love that begins almost with a catastrophe, is he not carried away with the delirium of an Italian imagination? If in a dramatic poem, full of the abstractions of his time, and which discloses all that satiety of life and knowledge, that ardent and vain longing which seem to be the bane of the highest civilization, Goethe diverts his readers with weird and wild songs like those of the witches in Macbeth, does he not make an odd play of the fancy, instead of a natural and terrible picture.

To Shakspeare's age, then, must be ascribed most of the incongruities of his works. Popular Elizabethan tragedy was a rude representation, on a very rude stage, of events singular and terrible, and entirely

disconnected as to time and place—a simultaneous exhibition of the thrilling occurrences of many years and many lands. The serious and the grotesque, sublimities and buffooneries, were everywhere blended. The court jester, with his “gibes and flouts,” appeared with a sudden bound in the midst of the gravest ceremonials. Such a style of tragedy was convenient to the author, while it dazzled the eye, and fascinated the attention, of the auditory. Ben Jonson, who was a good classic and an accomplished scholar, Marlowe, Beaumont and Fletcher, and their compeers and imitators, all employed this style. The great facts of their plays were rapidly presented. They showed the same confused stage; they carried the spectator quickly from place to place; they mingled the most opposite and varied emotions and expressions of the human heart in the same confined scene. Shakspeare did this also, only he did it with a richness and versatility of fancy unequalled, and a power that was all but supernatural. The other dramatists in the main but filled in the rough outlines of their plays. They strained to the utmost even Elizabethan delicacy, and abused their license by a grossly vulgar combination of scenic representations. The language of their best characters, in depth of feeling and elevation of sentiment, falls far short of the terse and expressive English of those who speak in the pages of Shakspeare. The outlines of his plays resemble in their irregularity those of his contemporaries, but his inimitable imagery, his passion, his fervid eloquence, carry everything before them, and leave nothing to be desired in dramatic construction. Molière has successfully imitated the poet’s method in at least one particular. He has taken the mere framework of a play, wanting in the meanest attributes of artistic excellence, and has filled in, with the instinctive touch of genius, a multitude of fresh and beautiful traits. He recast the grotesque and absurdly ludicrous tale of *Festin de Pierre*, which, at the time, had a run in all the theatres of Paris, and transformed and enlarged it by the addition of the part of Don Juan, and that brilliant delineation of hypocrisy, surpassed only in *Tartuffe*. Some of the best French plays, however, are marred by the forced and unnatural artifices of the playwrights. In Corneille there is frequently a tone of gal-

lantry unsuitable to the characters which he introduces, and utterly foreign to his own genius. In Racine we look for the simple domestic life and virtues of an old land of heroes, and too often find the pomp, the splendour, and endless intrigues, of the court of Louis XIV. In Shakspeare, how different! The myriad scenes of his drama are true to nature; they hold up the mirror to society and real life in their endless round of change and vicissitude. Disconnected though they be, they fascinate by their unexpectedness; their abruptness is overpowering. The personages who meet there by chance say things which cannot be forgotten. They fly past as in abject fear or hideous terror, but their flight is ineffaceably traced in our memories. They march grandly off the stage, and the remembrance of their presence, of the hopes that inspired them, the vows they uttered, or the resolves they made, remains long after they have vanished. The language of their thoughts has unsurpassed excellencies, but it is not unincumbered with obscurities and defects. Shakspeare has a strange fondness for metaphorical turns and affectations, where these are vain and useless. With all his great vigour of thought and expression, he frequently employs quaint and strained locutions to express the simplest things. His violations of local and historical truth are admitted; but, in all these departures from the proprieties of language and manners, we discern the influences of the time in which he wrote, and the education which he received from his age. It was that which he studied. Between himself and his age there was a mutual action and reaction, only he coloured it and all succeeding ages as did the Syrian sun the old crusading warrior. Although an age extremely favourable to poetic genius, it retained in part the stamp of mediæval civilization. The crude learning, the corroding rust of the bygone century, weighed down upon it. In every country of Europe, except Italy, public taste was unformed and untaught, and more or less corrupted; scholastic philosophy and theology did not serve to reform it. Even the brilliant court of Elizabeth was not free from quaintness and pedantry, the influence of which diffused itself throughout all England. When we read the strange speech from the throne of James to his Parliament, we are less astonished at the language which Shak-

spere gives to the kings and heroes of his drama. It is a language of strength, fresh and artless, wherein is felt the labour of a great mind winding up the devious paths of a civilization, new and complicated, and trammelled with the fetters of the past. But, as Fenelon says somewhere of Homer, it is wanting sometimes in "that amiable simplicity of a new-born world" of letters and of arts.

From his earlier occupation as an adapter of stock pieces for the stage, Shakspeare was led into dramatizations of our history. Marlowe in his "Edward the Second" had disclosed the capabilities of the historical drama. Shakspeare followed the plan of some of these older plays, but his treatment of his subjects was vastly different. The large and deep conception of human character, the intense power, and the tragic grandeur displayed in these pieces, established the poet's popularity for all time amongst the great mass of Englishmen. In them he is the representative poet of his country, and the embodiment of the native spirit of his race. He rushes upon his audience with all their time-honoured national memories, customs, and prejudices, with the familiar names of places and men of high renown in their great historic past. In the midst of work faintly traced for him by subaltern pencils, he throws in, as in masterpieces of painting, the vigorous and brilliant touches of a master hand. His powerful pen vivifies everything. The life and movement of history are fully disclosed, while his countrymen gaze with rapture on scenes "instinct throughout with English humour, with an English love of hard fighting, an English faith in the doom that waits upon triumphant evil, and English pity for the fallen." These dramas were written for their native stage, but if dramas like them had been written anywhere else, would they not have added equal lustre to the literature, and held an influence quite as great over the people, of the country that produced them? Had a man of Shakspeare's splendid genius and eloquence been thrown, for instance, on the period of the first unfolding of French letters and arts; had he presented upon that stage, with unlimited liberty of action and the fervour of a still recent tradition, the vengeance of Lewis XI., the crimes of the false Charles IX., the audacity of the Guises, the phrenzies of the League; had he described their chiefs, their

factions, their fields, not with the light passing allusions of *Nerestan* and *Zaire*, not with the emphatic circumlocutions and modern pomp of the old French disfigured by Dupellay, but with a plain and simple, yet powerful frankness, with the familiar expressions of the time animated by his own great genius, would such pieces not hold an immortal authority in their literature, and an all-powerful effect on their stage? And yet the French have not, like the English, the love of their old annals, the regard for their old manners, nor many of the sensitive impulses of an insular patriotism. Nor can we forget, in this connection, that the great spectacles of the drama have never been in England, as they long were in France, a pleasure reserved for the aristocracy, or for the higher classes of the people; they were, and have remained, popular. The English sailor, returning from his long voyages, and in the intervals of his adventurous life, goes to applaud the tale of Othello recounting his perils and shipwrecks. The crowds which fill the pit of Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are passionate for the odd and varied spectacles which the tragedies of Shakspeare present. They feel with unspeakable force the energetic words and bursts of passion which start from the midst of a tumultuous drama. Everything pleases; everything responds to their nature, and astonishes, without offending them. Upon the refined and highly cultured, the tragic nakedness of Shakspeare acts as an ever grateful, and ever potent spell. It fascinates by the very contrast which it offers to the peaceful pursuits of habitual life. It is a violent shock which distracts and excites those accustomed to all the elegancies of social life, or who are surfeited with its pleasures. The more hideous the pictures, the more powerful is the emotion created. Terror and mirth alternately hold sway amidst the labour and jokes of the gravediggers, the quaint sarcasms of those who could distinguish the skull of a courtier from that of a clown, and all the terrible buffoonery of Hamlet. The least impassioned cannot be unmoved at such a spectacle; they are attracted by these odd pleasantries that mingle with the play of the personages before them; they bend eagerly forward towards the funereal remains displayed upon the scene, and contemplate with ravenous curiosity the images of destruction and the minute details of death.

French critics affect to be shocked at these tragic images of the poet, but, in all these things in which Shakspeare has least gratified the fastidiousness of foreigners, he has an inexpressible interest for his own countrymen. He imparts to an English imagination pleasures which never grow old; he agitates, he attracts, he favours that love of singularity which England flatters herself she possesses; he entertains the English people with themselves, and it is with themselves that they are best satisfied. His work is a thoroughly national work in many parts, but these are the works which become most cosmopolitan. The Greeks, who wrote only for themselves, are read universally. Shakspeare was reared in a less happy and poetic civilization; his drama had not the naturally brilliant inspirations and poetic origin of theirs, and, unlike them, he offers perhaps fewer of those universal beauties which pass into all languages. It was on the fields of Marathon, and in the festivals of victorious Athens, that Æschylus had heard the voice of the Muses. But the characteristics of a man of true genius are not circumscribed in their range. The innumerable local beauties and individual traits of his works answer to some general type of truth. In labouring for his countrymen, he is the benefactor of humanity; he writes for his own nation, and gives pleasure to the whole world.

No poet has shown such an intimate searching out of the human heart, and deep sounding of its reigning passions. Ambition, hate, compassion and cruelty, the love of life, man's every feeling and impulse are tracked to their farthest source. He is often pompous and subtle, and his conceits and quibbles of style are endless; but, when he enters upon the expression of natural sentiments, when he turns his philosophic eye inward upon the mysteries of human nature, when he paints man, the emotion and eloquence of his drama are transcendent. His tragic characters, from the depraved and hideous Richard III. to the dreaming and fantastic Hamlet, are real beings who live in the imagination, and the impression of which is never obliterated. Like all great masters of poetry, he excels in painting what is most terrible and most graceful. In delineating the characters of women, his delicacy has a matchless faultlessness. Ophelia, Katharine of Arragon, Juliet, Cordelia, Desdemona, Imogen—pictures touching and

varied—have inimitable grace and an artless purity which we could not expect from the licentiousness of a gross age, and the ruggedness of a manly genius. In characters like these he never fails to supply the exigencies of a pure and elegant taste; he divines, with an exquisite instinct of propriety, everything that was wanting in the refinements of his time. He has softened even the character of a guilty woman by traits borrowed from the tender observation of nature, and dictated by milder sentiments. Lady Macbeth, so cruel in her ambition and designs, recoils with horror before the spectacle of blood: she inspires the murder but has not strength to see it. Gertrude, throwing flowers upon the corpse of Ophelia, excites compassion, notwithstanding her crime. This profound truth in primitive characters, and these delicate shades of nature and of sex, so strongly seized by the poet, justify the highest admiration; but are we to conclude that his frequent neglect of local colours is an unimportant consideration, and that when he confounds the language of different conditions in life,—when he places a drunkard upon the throne and a buffoon in the Roman Senate,—he has simply followed nature in discarding exterior circumstances, like the painter who, content with catching the features of the face, is careless about the drapery?

Shakspeare moves with no less power the superstitious part of the soul. Like the first Greek tragedians, he has rather a fondness for depicting physical pain, and he has exposed upon the stage the anguish of suffering, the tatters of misery, the last and most frightful of all human infirmities, madness. Nothing can be more tragic than this apparent death of the soul, which degrades, without absolutely destroying, a fellow-creature. The poet has often used this source of terror; and, by a singular combination, he has represented feigned, as frequently as real, madness. He has mingled both in the mysterious character of Hamlet, and blended the lights of reason, the stratagems of a calculated alienation, and the involuntary distractions of a perturbed soul. And, while he has shown madness arising from despair, while he has joined this to the most poignant of all sorrows, the ingratitude of children, he has often, by a no less deep insight into human nature, connected crime and madness, as if the soul became alienated from

itself in proportion as it becomes guilty. The terrible dreams of Richard III., his slumber agitated by the convulsions of remorse, the still more frightful sleep of Lady Macbeth, or rather the phenomenon of her mysterious watching, as unnatural as her crimes—all these inventions are the sublime of tragic horror, and surpass the Eumenides of Æschylus, if, indeed, the Eumenides are to be compared with them. Neither the English nor the old Greek tragedians respected the severe law of the unities, and we find, therefore, occasional resemblances between them. Poetic daring is one of these. In Shakspeare it is more marked than in Æschylus, but in, perhaps, a less cultivated form, there is the same vivacity, the same rich profusion of metaphors and figurative expressions, the same dazzling and sublime warmth of imagination. In his purely creative pieces especially, the English poet has displayed the same wealth of colouring, although in a more subdued form; but the incongruous tastes of his time caused him to intermingle a dramatic grossness and grandeur that are less noticeable in the old Greek tragedians. When antiquity is brought upon the scene, national and individual character is often disfigured; but in his historical dramas, and particularly in the more modern subjects, the simplicity, naturalness, and harmony of the whole are as absolutely perfect, as they are beautiful and true.

Fenelon reproached the French drama with having given, what he called, an "emphasis to the Romans." It is a question if the Julius Cæsar of the English dramatist is not open to the same criticism. Cæsar, so simple from the very greatness and elevation of his genius, seldom speaks in this tragedy but in stately, if not inflated and declamatory, language. Be this as it may, the admirable truth in the part of Brutus and the other great characters of the play, has redeemed it all. Brutus appears, as Plutarch has described him, the mildest and gentlest of men in domestic life, and impelled by the old Roman virtue of his nature, to the boldest and most sanguinary resolutions. Marc Antony and Cassius are personages no less profound and distinct. The incomparable scene of Antony rousing the Roman people, by the artfulness of his address, is all new, all created. The whole speech is the ideal perfection of oratory, and a master stroke of creative genius.

The emotions of the multitude at this address, emotions that are given in so cold, truncated, and timid a manner in the later dramas of the English stage, are here so lifelike, and so true to the instincts of a mob, that they form an indispensable part of the drama, and carry it irresistibly forward to the great catastrophe that follows. The contrast between the speeches of Brutus and Antony, and the principles on which they are framed, are a whole study in themselves. Both were to the same crowd, but the vulgar envy of Cæsar, the vulgar hatred of tyranny, gave Brutus an advantage which he failed to improve. He spoke to not unsympathetic ears, while Antony had to win popular sympathy as an ally for the deep game he was about to play, and to peril his life in doing it. Brutus's words are those of a pedantic rhetorician: frigid antitheses, strained climaxes, stale, heartless commonplaces form the staple of a speech that was intended to fire the hearts and nerve the arms of the mob from the *rostra*. Pitt was once asked by a French statesman, "How is it that that man Fo., a debauchee given up to pleasure, and ruined by the dice-box and the turf, has such weight with you in England?" He replied, "If you had ever been under the wand of the magician, you would know." Antony's secret was no great secret after all, but it was one that professional politicians of the Brutus type too often forget. He appealed to the feelings of his hearers, to their regard for friendship, their pity—that strong impulse with the uneducated—their curiosity, their love of gratitude, their hatred of ingratitude, their military glory. He had but to point to the rent mantle of the dead hero, and, gathering them round his bleeding body, bid them see—

Sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
and remind them of his will and its contents, to set "mischief well a-foot," and complete his victory as a popular orator.

The tragedy of Coriolanus is another result of the vivid impressions left upon the poet's mind by Plutarch's delightful pen. The haughty character of the hero, his pride as a patrician and soldier, his scorn of popular insolence, his hatred of Rome, and his love for his mother, make him one of the most dramatic personages of history. How different the view disclosed in Antony and Cleopatra? There the Roman character

never appears but as the recklessness of debased greatness, that delirium of prosperity and dissipation, that fatalistic vice which plunges headlong forward and boldly precipitates itself into ruin. All these assume a garb of semi-grandeur by dint of their very truth. Cleopatra is not a princess of history, but she is the veritable princess of the old Roman biographer, that depraved woman traversing Alexandria in the night in disguise, carried to her lover upon the shoulders of a slave crazed with voluptuousness and intoxication, and knowing how to die with so much languor and yet with so much courage.

In one or two of the historical plays on national subjects, which are but in part his own, we see traces of the power which the poet must have held over his contemporaries in delving amongst the repertoires of the time. Thus, in the first part of Henry VI., we are dazzled with the splendid scene of Talbot and his son refusing to be separated and wishing to die together—a scene that for its simple sublimity, its manly precision of language, and its grandeur of sentiment, has thrown the most captious of Shakspeare's foreign critics into ecstasies. In a scene like this the English theatre permits a liberty of incident and action that the French does not. The power of the whole representation consists in its moral dignity and elevation of sentiment, but the vehemence and patriotic beauty of the spectacle are at once discerned in the rapid and varied incidents of a combat that discovers the heroism of the father and son, saved at first, the one by the other, reunited, separated, and finally killed together upon the same battle-field. The same thing is noticed amidst the tumultuous changes of the second part of the same play. Such is the impressive scene where the ambitious Cardinal Beaufort is dying, and where he is visited upon his death-bed by the king whose confidence he has betrayed, and whose subjects he has oppressed. The delirium of the dying man, his dread of death, his silence when the king asks him if he hopes to be saved,—can there really be a question that this whole picture of utter despair, and premonitory damnation, belongs to Shakspeare, and to him alone? Then there are the vivid exhibition and expression of a great popular movement, the living

panoramic image of a sedition and revolt—"the scum that rises when a nation boils." There, everything is the poet's; the very words which rouse and fire the multitude are heard; the man is recognised who leads them, and whom they follow, with deepening fury and the wildness of revenge, bent on all the violence and destruction which he may suggest. In this and other of his historical pieces which he either retouched and repaired, or which were entirely his own, the dramatist created an endless number of new situations. His fancy fills those vacancies which are left by the most faithful history; he sees what it has not described, but what must be true. Such is the monologue of Richard II. in prison, and the details of his dreadful wrestling in the midst of his assassins. So, in King John, the maternal love of Constance is given with a sublime expression; and the scene of young Arthur, disarming by his prayers and gentleness the guardian who wishes to burn out his eyes, has a pathos so touching and so true to nature that even the poet's affectation of language cannot alter it. In all these historical subjects the disregard of the unities, and the long duration of the drama, permit contrasts of great effect, and disclose more naturally all the extremes of human existence. In this manner Richard III., the poisoner, murderer, and tyrant, in the horror of the perils with which he has encompassed himself, and suffering anguish as great as his crimes, is slowly punished on the scene, and dies, as he lived, miserable and remorseless. So Cardinal Wolsey, whom the spectator has seen an all-powerful and haughty minister, the cowardly persecutor of a virtuous queen, after having succeeded in all his designs, falls into royal disgrace, the incurable wound of an "ill-weaved ambition," and dies in such sorrow as almost to excite compassion. So Katharine of Arragon, at first triumphant and honoured amidst the glories of the Court, afterwards humbled by the charms of a young rival, reappears before us a captive in a solitary castle, consumed by the wearisomeness of her prison house, but still courageous and a queen; and when, at the point of death, she learns the bitter end of the great Cardinal, she speaks words of peace over his memory, and seems to feel some joy at least in forgiving the man who did her so

much harm. Twenty-four hours are truly too short to compass all the sorrows and all the incidents of human life.

Even Shakspeare's irregularities of style have their advantage. In his unique mixture of prose and verse, the dramatist has generally determined the choice between the two with a view to the subject and the situation. The terrible dialogue between Hamlet and his father, and some of the scenes of Romeo and Juliet, needed the attractiveness, or the solemnity, of verse. Nothing like this was required to show Macbeth conversing with his hireling assassins. Striking theatrical effects are produced by these abrupt transitions, and, in the sudden diversity of expressions, images, and sentiments, some profound truths are always discovered. The cold pleasantries of the musicians in a hall adjoining the death-bed of Juliet, these spectacles of indifference and despair, so near each other, say more upon the nothingness of life than the uniform pomp of foreign theatrical sorrows. The coarse dialogue, also, of the two soldiers mounting guard at midnight in a deserted place, the strong expressions of their superstitious fears, their simple and popular recitals, prepare the soul of the spectator for the apparition of spectre and phantom much better than would all the prestige of poetry. Powerful emotions, unexpected contrasts, terror and pathos carried to the extreme, buffooneries mingled with horrors, and which are like the sardonic life of the dying—such are some of the chief characteristics of the tragic drama of Shakspeare. From these different points of view, Lear, Othello, Hamlet, and the great epic drama of Macbeth, present beauties very nearly equal.

Another and far different interest attaches itself to those plays in which the poet has lavished the inventions of a romantic fancy. Such, for instance, is Cymbeline, the somewhat odd product of a tale of Boccaccio and a chapter of the Caledonian chronicles, but a fable full of action and enchantment, where the most luminous clearness reigns in the most complicated intrigue. There are other pieces which have all the charming disorder and freedom of Shakspeare's saturnalism of imagination. The Tempest, which a great French critic has sought to weigh down with his strong reason, is one of the most wonderful fictions of the poet. But

even this critic is forced to admit the creative energy, the singularly happy mixture of the fantastic and comic, in the character of Caliban, that emblem of all gross and low inclinations, of servile cowardice, and of grovelling and greedy abjectness, as well as the infinite fascination in the contrast presented by Ariel, that sylph as amiable and airy as Caliban is intractable and deformed. There, too, we see Miranda, one of the bright gallery of female portraits so felicitously sketched by the poet, and whom a native innocence, nurtured in solitude, distinguishes and adorns.

It is doubtful if Shakspeare's comedy has ever had the universal popularity of his tragedy, although its marvellous versatility has shown, more even than the other, the wealth of his creative faculty. Dr. Johnson's judgment has given his comic muse a very high place, and in its pleasantries, vivacity, and the steady flow of its sprightly mirth, he found a real superiority over many of the fruits of the poet's tragic genius. This has never been, and never will be, the opinion of foreigners. Nothing is translated or understood in another language less easily than a *bon mot*. The manly and powerful vigour of language, the terrible and pathetic bursts of passion, resound afar; but ridicule evaporates, and wit loses its point and grace. The comedies of Shakspeare are pieces of intrigue rather than pictures of manners; they are not designed to place real life on the scene, but they preserve, by their very subject, a peculiar character of gaiety that diverts the imagination and gratifies the senses. An English critic has accused Molière of being prosaic because he is too true and faithful an imitator of human life, but, whatever may be the defects of the French humorist, his holding the mirror up to nature in anything is scarcely the plagiarism of an ordinary mind. Shakspeare's comedies are full of complications of odd incidents and exaggerations; at times there is almost a continual caricature, while the fantastic buffoonery of his language, and the caprices of his invention, are the next thing to Rabelaisian. But the blemishes of his comic effects are more than redeemed by the sparkling raciness and brilliant wit of the dialogues. Timons of Athens is one of his most spirited pieces. It has something of the satiric fire of Aristophanes, and the malignant sarcasm of Lucian. The Merry Wives of Windsor is said to be the

only comedy for which he imagined and arranged a plan. It glows with rollicking mirth and gay bursts of laughter, and equals the happy prosaism of Molière in painting in expressive colours, the manners, the habits, and the reality, of life. The character of Shylock throws an admirable tragic hue over the whole of the Merchant of Venice. The inextinguishable thirst for gold of this Jewish money-lender, his greedy and base cruelty, the bitterness of a hatred ulcerated by contempt, are there traced with incomparable fidelity; while Portia—one of those rare female portraits of the poet's pen—lends to the varied incidents of a romantic intrigue all the charms of passion. This is one at least of the comedies of Shakspeare which has a moral aim—something in which his comedies, as a whole, are defective. They amuse the imagination, they excite the curiosity, they divert, they astonish, but they can scarcely be said to be lessons of manners; at all events, when they are such in any sensible degree, the lessons inculcated are more or less concealed. Some of them are very like Molière's *Amphytrion*, and have all its attractive grace and free poetic turn. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* is one of these. It is an unequal, but most entrancing, piece of poetic composition, in which magic, fays, and fairies, and all the mysteries of that world of enchantment so dear to the heart and imagination of childhood, furnish the poet with a gay and perpetually delightful marvel. In his *As You Like It*—which is full of verse as beautiful as any he ever wrote, and descriptions as light and graceful—Shakspeare imitates the Italian pastoral of the 16th century, and he has there represented, in a form the fairest and most agreeable imaginable, those ideal shepherds which Tasso's *Arminta* had brought into fashion. In his *Princesse D'Elide* Molière is swayed by the paramount idea of the English poet in the pastoral referred to. He shows the same mixture of passions without any apparent endeavour to give them the impress of reality, and the same sort of rural pictures without seeking to make them absolutely true to nature. This is not the most truthful kind of writing; it is not intended to be truthful, but probably the very opposite; but, if it appeals less to the reason in what the reason usually exacts from the drama proper, its scenic representations pre-

sent just as many grateful fascinations to the eye, and far more to the fancy.

All these productions, so original and diversified, all these efforts of imagination, so varied and profuse in kind and degree, prove the boundless wealth of genius of the man who brought them forth. Coleridge, who applied to the poet so many felicitous epithets, calls him "the thousand-souled Shakspeare," and when we see the multitude of sentiments, ideas, views, and observations which fill his works indiscriminately, and which can be extracted at every turn from the least happy of his compositions, we discern at once the force of this epithet of the author of "*Christabel*." His expressions, lavishly quoted by a long line of masters of English prose and verse, are the purest gems of our language. No foreigner, who has the sentiment of letters, can open his translated pages without finding a thousand passages which he never can forget. In the midst of strength often excessive, and of an expression given to character often immoderate, he will there discover innumerable touches of nature which more than redeem his greatest faults. How little can he wonder that, with a reflecting and ingenious people whose love of country is a very sacred thing, whose natural leaders are their noblemen of letters, who cling affectionately to all their traditional liberties, and who venerate their glorious past, the dramas of such a poet, in all their depth and fullness, should be as the very basis of their literature? Shakspeare is the Homer of the great English-speaking brotherhood of nations; he began everything for them. His powerful diction—his language enriched with bold and beautiful thoughts and images—was the treasure-store from whence drew at will the elegant writers of Queen Anne's age. His delineations of life and manners, so vivid, picturesque, and true, his energy never spent in vain, his untrammelled imagination which compassed everything, have for all time fashioned the character, and fixed the ambition, of English literature. Despite the constant advancement and ever-widening views of science and philosophy, the ever-circling changes of opinions, the amazing march of events, and the progress of research and acquisition in every department of human knowledge, Shakspeare subsists as strong as ever in the literature of his country; he

animates and sustains it as, in this same England from which he sprung, and from which have radiated the influences of his race, the laws and constitution of the ancient realm animate and sustain the modern commonwealth. There have been times in the history of English thought when originality languished, and when its utterance grew faint and feeble. There has never been a time when they failed to find fresh vigour and vitality in drawing from the wellsprings of his genius, when they did not derive new support from the rich bounty which he left them, and when they returned with confidence unrepaid to the old model which he set up in that golden age. The whole body of English letters is penetrated with the influence of his example. The novelist, quite as much as the poet, has sought, in the study of his works, to sound the depths of his great art of creating—of giving life to and identifying the characters of their fictions by the smallest details; of ushering, so to speak, more beings into the world with attributes peculiarly their own, and which their names alone recall to memory. Shakspeare has never been copied by

system and never will be. An object of emulation to the literature of every country, he has never been, as he never can be, reproduced in any one; and, where the attempt has been made, cold and incongruous, or laboured and stilted, imitations have too often been the result. Shackled with the fetters of any other theatre than his own, the power of his dramatic freedom is weakened; nearly everything that is unexpected by the imagination is lost. The great characters of his drama are dwarfed; they have no longer room to move. His terrible action and wide developments of passion are cramped by method, and crippled by fastidious rules. His pride and daring are restrained; his head is fastened with the innumerable threads of Gulliver; the giant is swathed instead of being left to his natural unbounded liberty. Shakspeare belongs truly to all who bear the English name. He is their's essentially, and their's he must remain; but, so long as the English tongue is spoken, the fortunes and genius of his countrymen will continue to extend the sphere of his immortality.

NOVEMBER FANCIES.

I.

IF earth were always bright and fair,
 And skies were always blue,
 And flowers grew always everywhere,
 And dreams were true!

If pain were not, and death were sought
 In vain from shore to shore;
 If haunting fears, and parting tears,
 Were all no more;

If hearts once joined were ever bound,
 If friends were ever true;—
 Why then, this world no place were found
 For me and you!

For only perfect hearts, that beat
 With calm unvarying poise—
 Keep even way through passion's sway,
 Through griefs and joys—

Could in a perfect world find place ;
 And ours, so frail and weak,
 Could never dare a realm so rare
 To vainly seek !

Let us be patient, then, the while :
 When *we* shall perfect be,
 A perfect world shall doubtless smile
 On you and me !

 II.

The soft, sad autumn rain is falling, falling,
 Through leafless boughs, from skies o'er-cast and grey ;
 In all the wood no bird its mate is calling,
 For all are fled away !

No sunshine on the sodden grass, and sadly
 In mournful heaps lie dank and sodden leaves,
 That but so lately fluttered green and gladly
 About our chamber eaves.

Where is the sunshine and the summer gladness ?
 The brooding light and warmth—come they no more ?
 Are we left all alone, in gloom and sadness,
 Upon a desert shore ?

Nay ! but, beyond the murkness and the shadows,
 Beyond the dull horizon, dark and grey,
 The summer light falls soft on dewy meadows,
 And birds sing, all the day.

Somewhere the sun is shining, bright as ever,
 And summer leaves are dancing, fresh and fair,
 And golden ripples fleck the winding river,
 Somewhere,—somewhere !

Let us be thankful, in November sorrow,
 To know that, though unseen, the day is fair
 With sunny promise of a brighter morrow,
 Somewhere—somewhere !

HOW I SAILED THE 'FLYING SCUD.'

"YOU needn't hurry back you know, Jacob."

I addressed this remark to the ancient mariner who, as the only professional seaman on board, acted in various capacities, from sailing-master to man-before-the-mast, on the schooner-yacht *Flying Scud*. He was pushing off from the yacht with a boat-load of the young people of both sexes who had formed our sailing party. We had just come to anchor, after a delightful afternoon on the lake, in front of the hotel which commands the mouth of the river at that most tranquil and pensive of watering-places—Old Newark. We were now all going ashore to end the day with tea and a dance at the hotel. The boat was full, but there were still two persons standing upon the yacht. By a coincidence, which was not entirely undesigned, those two persons were Alice Warren and myself. It was under these circumstances that I said casually to the ancient mariner, "You needn't hurry back you know, Jacob." Jacob made a display of understanding all about it, which was as disconcerting as it was superfluous.

The boat was rowed away and I turned to my companion. For the twelfth time that day I made a mental note of the fact that lovely woman appears at her loveliest in a crisp white dress and cherry-coloured ribbons, with a parasol lined with the same tint to shed around her a sweet halo of rose-colour.

"It will be some time before Jacob returns with the boat, Miss Warren," I observed. "I heard you say you wanted to explore the cabin; will you do so now?"

Young ladies have a keen curiosity about the interior of places specially haunted by men. A club is a mysterious seclusion which no girl could enter without a beating heart. The cabin of a yacht is no less an object of romantic interest. Miss Warren readily assented to my proposal.

Those break-neck cabin-stairs of the *Flying Scud* have often tried my temper, but I cheerfully admit that they have advantages. When a pretty girl descends them, regard for her safety requires that you should go

down first and grasp both her hands firmly. Alice Warren gave me both her hands.

When I said that we two were the only persons left on the yacht, I overlooked that member of the crew, young in years but old in guile, who went by the name of the "Imp." As we entered at one end of the cabin, he hastily retreated from the other. He had evidently been purloining the remains of the sweet-cake which had been brought on board in the afternoon on account of the ladies.

"That small sea-faring man seems to take a deep interest in me," said Miss Warren, referring to the retiring Imp. "I have found his wondering eyes fixed on me a dozen times to-day. I really believe I have unconsciously made a conquest. It is very singular."

"To me it does not appear singular," I remarked with a bow.

"Thank you. But pray tell me who this latest of my victims is?"

"Morally, he is an Imp of Darkness. Professionally, he is the steward, assistant-cook, cabin-boy, and general *valet-de-chambre* of the *Flying Scud*."

"An Imp? Why those innocent blue eyes might belong to a cherub; 'the sweet little cherub,' in fact, 'who sits up aloft,' and does what he can to neutralize the ignorance of amateur yachtsmen. Has he any other title but 'the Imp'?"

"Oh, yes; his christian name—if I may be allowed the expression in speaking of an Imp—is Billy, and his surname Tarpaulins. Never having had a father he had no surname till a compassionate yachting-man named him Tarpaulins, I think from the fact that his only pair of trousers are made out of one of those durable articles. I have told you his position on board. I have only to add that he is as calmly superior to his duties as a hotel-clerk of long experience."

Miss Warren's interest in the Imp beginning now to flag, I proceeded to point out the various mysteries of the cabin. She expressed surprise that any man could sleep in the narrow berths, and I explained that, as far as my personal experience went, no

man could. The kitchen she thought rather confined, and as it was three parts cooking-stove to one part kitchen, there was no denying the fact. But the log excited her deepest curiosity. I think she had previously had somewhat vague ideas as to what part of the ship's machinery the log was. She found it to be a battered volume, full of pencilled entries, relieved by frequent sketches, which, if crude, were spirited.

"What shall I read you?" I asked. "We have here something to suit every taste, the comical, tragical, pastoral, pastoral-historical, historical-comical. Into this convenient receptacle every member of the crew pours his soul, when the moving influences of the sea inspire him. I assure you the entries in this log exhibit astonishing power."

"How amazingly clever you gentlemen are when you are by yourselves. Why are you so selfish as never to bring your cleverness into society?"

"It is not selfishness; it is pure generosity to the women. But come, shall I read you something in which the tender and the terrible, the real and the romantic, are exquisitely blended? Something which smells of the sea? Shall I read you about a pirate?"

"Yes, a pirate above all things. I have never quite lost my early sympathy for pirates. They do not steal more than people in the best society, and then they are so bold about it, and don't pretend to be good. I shouldn't care to be a pirate's bride, but it would be nice to have a pirate for a brother. How one could frighten away meek young men who danced badly, by alluding carelessly to my brother, the pirate!" Pray let me hear about the pirate!"

I thereupon read from the battered volume the ballad of—

THE PIRATE.

A gifted youth was Peter Bliss,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form;
But with an ill-starr'd love he worshipp'd Miss
Matilda Storm.

His faithful heart the maid declined;
The youth, though clever, still was in his teens:
She loved a party with a smaller mind
But larger means.—

With murderous thoughts did Peter swell,
"Ha, ha!" he cried, "I'll board the *Flying Scud*,
If haply as a Pe-irate I may quell
This thirst for blood."

He piped on deck the gallant crew;
They tric'd the ship; they spread her snowy wing;
The billows rolled; the winds tempestuous blew
Like anything.

"Ease her! belay! stand by a spell!"
In warning voice the careful bo'sen said:
But Peter, bent that fatal thirst to quell,
Still onward sped.

"A ship! ha, ha! a ship!" he cries;
Loud roars the tempest and the lightnings play,
"Stand by my merry men to board the prize,
Belay, belay!"

"Ha, ha! Ho, ho!" they reach the prize;
Loud laughs the gale; loud laughs the jovial crew;
"Luff up," in warning voice the bo'sen cries,
"Stand to, stand to!"

"Ho, ho! Ha, ha! where's Captain Bliss?
The word to board! what means this dire delay?"
No answer, but a faint voice murmuring there,
"Belay, belay!"

The prize their Captain little heeds;
Below he lay, the pangs enduring there
Of that fell thing, that foe of noble deeds,
The *mal de mer*.

"Luff up," he said, "the *Flying Scud*!
Luff up my friends, nor tempt the howling blast;
I find that fierce, insatiate thirst for blood
Is quelled at last."

They luffed her sadly as she sped,
And slow returning gained the tranquil bay;
"Stand by!" in warning voice the bo'sen said,
"Belay, belay!"

Bold Peter Bliss now dwells on land,
No more enamoured of the pirate's sail,
He deals out bank notes with unerring hand
Behind a rail."

I regret to say that in the log of the *Flying Scud*, the burlesque element prevailed. And if, to the outside world, the humour would have appeared strained and meagre enough, it was bright and sparkling to those who understood the local allusions, and who took a kindly interest in the hands that penned them. In the incidents described, imagination had built upon a very slender foundation of fact, but if the log were not a veracious chronicle of events, it at least reflected truly the freedom from care and restraint, the good-fellowship, the high spirits, breaking out into all extravagances and absurdities, which enlivened the cruises of the *Flying Scud*. So my companion listened and laughed while I read page after page of the battered log, and if the reading was not

highly profitable it was at least pleasant to both of us.

I know not how long we had been thus engaged, when Alice suggested that we should write an account of the day's sail. With that fine sense of justice in the distribution of labour, which women shew in their treatment of men whose allegiance they are sure of, she directed me to compose and write while she criticized.

"The strange and romantic narrative of a cruise of the *Flying Scud* on Tuesday, the 20th July, 187—"

I wrote this on a blank page, and it looked well. In the absence of further ideas I paused and gazed into Alice Warren's dark eyes as the most likely place to find inspiration.

"So far," she said, "I have nothing to object to, except that in our cruise there has been nothing strange and nothing romantic. Subject to this exception the heading will do."

"I am compelled to disallow the objection. It is true that our cruise—like Mr. Tennyson's drama—has no incidents, and therefore to make the story interesting our invention will supply something strange and romantic."

At this moment a sharp cry on deck caused me to drop both book and pencil from my hands. After this incidents were supplied, without the aid of imagination, to fill up the blank page in the log.

I went hastily on deck and found that the cry had proceeded from the Imp, who had himself just ascended from below where he had been a secret and gratified listener to my reading. When I looked about me I could hardly believe the evidence of my eyes.

The yacht was at least half a mile from the spot where we had come to anchor.

I was quite unused to yachting, but I could see that we had, in seaman's language, "dragged our anchor," and had drifted, and were still drifting, in the swift current of the river. Every one knows that the strong, deep Newark river, instead of plunging at right angles into Lake Ontario, makes a sudden curve near the mouth, and flowing for a short distance almost parallel with the lake shore, continues its course after it has lost a northern bank, and carries its turbulent current some distance into the open water. Every one knows, too, that Old Newark stands on

the southern side of the rapid stream, just within the shelter of the opposite bank. We had dropped our light anchor within the edge of the current, and it had evidently taken no hold upon the smooth sandy bottom. The land-breeze had suddenly sprung up, and our mainsail being still set, the yacht had worked its way back into the stronger current, and, once in deep water, floated swiftly and noiselessly down the stream.

I looked to see if our movements had been observed from the shore. It appeared not. We found out afterwards that Jacob, obeying my suggestion too literally, had rowed up the river to the pier in order to lay in a fresh stock of provisions. Our friends, with nearly all the people of the hotel, had gone in to tea, and had not noticed our absence. The few strangers who were lounging on the balcony were too accustomed to the sight of yachts drifting lazily about to imagine that one of them might be in a position requiring help from the shore.

I hastily concluded that my proper course was to hoist the sails at once and endeavour to regain our anchorage. My companion, I was glad to find, had not the fearful imagination of her sex. Most girls in her position would have at once prefigured for themselves all modes of disaster, amongst which shipwreck and the consequent ruin of expensive millinery would have been the least evil. A slight shade of annoyance for a moment clouded Miss Warren's face, brought there doubtless by the sense that she was in an undignified and even ludicrous situation. To her well-regulated mind the greatest evil which had as yet presented itself was the absence of a chaperon.

My thoughts were more serious. The task I had before me was this: I, inland born and bred, and the merest tyro in sailing, had to navigate a schooner of 40 tons burthen into the most difficult harbour on the lake, with a crew consisting of an Imp of darkness and a fashionable young lady.

As I stood in some perplexity and looked back at the town, I saw that a dark shadow was slowly creeping up the sky, far off behind the houses. On this murky background a tiny spark flickered for an instant and went out, like a firefly on the edge of a swamp. After a pause it was followed by a faint growl, as if some wild animal had awakened unwillingly from sleep.

Another pause ; and then there came across the water from the fort opposite Old Newark, the boom, prolonged and dull, of the evening gun. The sullen sound fell upon my ear like a messenger of approaching danger.

"Tarpaulins," I exclaimed, "we must get these sails up at once. Miss Warren, you will have to steer for a few moments. We shall have to stand out a short distance into the lake first ; keep the yacht on her present course." The ship was heading from the shore ; the breeze was freshening. Under the mainsail, which, as I have said, was already standing, we were moving gently through the water.

The pace was accelerated when we raised the staysail.

The heavy foresail was not so easily hoisted. The Imp, who enjoyed the difficulties with which I was beset, and seemed disposed to add to them, insisted that it must go on one particular side of a rope up aloft. The foresail insisted on going on the other side. I hauled it up and down half-a-dozen times before the Imp declared that his fastidious taste was satisfied. When it was at last properly set, we were a mile from shore.

Surely by this time they had observed us from the land, and sent a boat to meet us as we came in ? I swept the shore with the glass. Amongst the few loungers in front of the hotel I thought I recognized the portly form of old Warren, as he came to the edge of the bank and looked towards the yacht—

Lord Ullin to that fatal shore—

but he had probably no idea that a lover unused to the "stormy water" was abducting his child much against his own will. However, the yacht must not be permitted to go cheerfully out to sea in this way any longer. We would "go about" at once.

"Hanker's got to come up," said the Imp with a malignant grin, as he anticipated the toil that was before me. I felt that he was right. To plough the deep with an anchor suspended by a chain of unknown length from the bow, like a huge fishing-tackle, was, to say the least, not ship-shape and might be dangerous. We would go about as soon as the anchor was hauled in. Till that was done I would try no experiments in navigation.

I hauled on the anchor chain, while the Imp stood by and made suggestions, till I was compelled to stop in order to prevent the veins in my forehead from bursting. I might as well have tried to uproot a cathedral. I did not move it one inch. The Imp at last came to my help with a wooden handspike from below. By the aid of this and the windlass I brought the anchor in, inch by inch. It was the hardest work I ever did in my life. When it was over I leaned against the mast and trembled from head to foot with exhaustion.

I had been twenty minutes at the work, and we were now another mile from shore. The black shadow behind the houses was darkening one-third of the sky. I hastened to the stern. Alice Warren stood at the tiller erect and beautiful, but her cheek was pale, for she too had noticed the darkening sky.

It was high time to put the vessel on the shoreward tack. I took the tiller and directed the Imp to go forward and "attend to the headsails." I was aware this was the usual thing, though it would have puzzled me to explain what sort of attention it was they required. I then shouted "helm-a-lee" with all the confidence I could command, and put the tiller "hard down."

The ship slowly swung into the wind ; the sails flapped ; the main-boom quivered ; the ship stood still ; and then—quietly fell back into her old course.

She had experienced a misfortune which to one of her sex is peculiarly embarrassing. She had missed her stays.

Yachting-men will understand me when I mention that in this and my second attempt to go about, I neglected the simple expedient of hauling in the main-sheet. But at the time I blamed only the perfidious bark. The sensation possessed me that I had a vicious animal to manage which would kill us all if she could. She plunged fiercely through the water, and I made a second attempt to turn her infernal head. I put the tiller down more cautiously. The wicked brute paused, and angrily shook her mane. She unwillingly brought her head round to the wind, sniffed it for a moment, and prepared to fling herself into the old path. With a smothered imprecation I gave the tiller a violent jerk. The next moment I was lying on my back, with the detached tiller in my hand. It was of

iron and its end was wrought into a circle which fitted on the rudder. It had been insecure for several days, and had at last twisted off in my hands. At this accident Taupaulins uttered a cry of dismay. Miss Warren burst into tears. "Hysterics!" I thought, "this is worse than ten broken rudders." But ashamed of her weakness, she stopped her sobs by a strong effort of self-restraint, and I never had to complain of her want of firmness again.

"Quick, Tarpaulins!" I shouted, "we must get the sails down at once and mend the tiller." The ship, released from a guiding hand, was now bowling along in the old course. So admirably had the sails been set by my ignorance that I believe she would have reached the opposite shore without a touch of the rudder. We lowered the sails with all the speed we could and clumsily tied them up with ropes' ends to prevent them from blowing about. The Imp, no longer malignant, had become a marvel of alacrity. Alice Warren tied many a rough knot with her white hands.

"Now Tarpaulins, the hammer and nails! Look alive! We must mend this tiller somehow or other!"

It was too late. The storm was upon us. On it came, like Night, embodied and animated, howling across the deep, blotting out the land, the white houses, and the last sweet radiance of the sunset, and driving the white-caps before it like a flock of frightened sheep.

"Miss Warren," I pleaded, "pray go below, and keep out of the rain. You can be of no use up here."

"No, thank you," she said quietly, "I would rather stay here. I am not afraid of a wetting." I could not urge her. I knew that her feeling must be the same as mine. Whether our little bark would live through the thunder-squall which was sweeping down upon us, was more than my experience could tell. For anything we could do to help ourselves we might as well be below, but on deck we could at least see our dangers and be to some extent prepared for them. Crouching in the little cabin we should lose even that poor satisfaction. The Imp suddenly threw round Alice Warren's shoulders a large military overcoat which he had unearthed from below, and gained a grateful smile for his thoughtfulness.

The storm struck us, and in a few minutes

we seemed to be in the midst of a chaos in which wind and mist, darkness and water, were furiously mingled together. The vessel was lying rather across the wind, and when it struck us, the resistance offered by the clumsy heaps into which we had bound the sails, caused her to heel frightfully. The water poured in volumes over the bulwark-rail and into the cabin windows. Amid the roar of the storm I heard a sharp crack and a report like a pistol-shot. I could just discern that one of our sails had been carried away. It was the flying-jib which had been hanging loosely at the end of the bowsprit, and the pressure on the fore topmast had caused it to snap also. But at the time I knew not how much damage had been done and expected momentarily to see the masts topple over.

At the sound of the breaking timber Alice crouched to my side and grasped my arm tightly. I drew her close beside me, and clasped her cold and trembling hands in mine.

After the first shock the yacht stood up nobly, though every now and then we shipped a sea. We seemed to tear through the water which hissed and boiled around us. We were in thick darkness, made more appalling by the constant flashing of the forked lightning. The thunder rolled over our heads and the rain fell in a fluid mass. For the first time in my life I felt that my own will and powers were absolutely of no account. I was at the mercy of forces entirely outside myself; the sport of circumstances. I had no plans, no expedients for our safety, or even for bettering our position. I could only sit there in the pitiless rain with that shrinking girl beside me and wonder when and how it was all to end. Having nothing else to do, I began to review the course I had taken. I now saw that I had been foolhardy in attempting to sail the yacht back to the anchorage, instead of shouting for help from the shore. This thought gave me constant pain. My two companions were in a position of great misery and peril through my want of judgment. And one of them was a delicately nurtured girl, for whom I would have suffered anything rather than that a breath of rude air should cause her annoyance.

The lightning—was it ever so terrible on land as this? The shrouds of the yacht were made of twisted wire. They were in

fact wire ropes reaching from each side of the vessel to the very top of the masts. What would be the effect of these wires when the electric clouds drew closer to us?

As I asked myself this question a lurid flash revealed to me new dangers. I saw, not a hundred feet from us, the outlines of an immense ship. I saw its high black hull wit white squares painted on it to simulate port-holes, the cabin on the deck, with its green shutters, the huge anchor at the bow, the three tall masts, the spars, and all the myriad blocks and ropes. It seemed inevitable that the two vessels should crash together. I pictured to myself the sensations of drowning, and lived through an incident of my childhood when I had narrowly escaped being drowned in a mill-race. I thought of my office in the city, and the confusion there would be in my business if I failed to return. I thought how desolate my home would be without me, and how those who loved me would weep to see the books on my table, which I had not finished reading, and the old chair in which I should never sit again. I thought of her who was beside me, doomed to perish in her youth and beauty, and there went up from my heart a mute cry of anguish to the Power who sits above the storm.

In immediate answer to my prayer, as it seemed, a slender stream of white-hot lava was shot across the sky, dividing it like a fiery meridian on an inky map. At the same moment it appeared, to my dazzled vision, as if a little jet of flame had glanced at an angle from the summit of the mainmast, and slid, like a fiery serpent, with a hiss into the water. On the instant, too, there broke around us such a peal of thunder that the very heavens seemed to be falling. We appeared to be in the centre of some terrible explosion. The ship trembled and we fell stupified upon our faces. For some moments I felt no impulse to move. I was going into another world and the thought gave me no terror. But the feeling was only momentary. As I arose I was stupidly conscious that a large mass was displacing the air close to us. Then something struck our mainmast a rough tap, producing a second vibration through the yacht. I hardly noticed this at the time, and I only realized what had happened by subsequent pondering over it. The fact was that some projecting spar of the passing vessel had touched our mast.

As my mind cleared I became aware of two facts. The spectral ship had passed us harmlessly and the wire rigging had saved us from the lightning. The next clap of thunder sounded clearly in advance of us. I heeded it no more than if it had been a child's rattle. I believed that the danger from above was past.

I now insisted on Alice seeking the shelter of the cabin. The Imp lighted the cabin lamp, which cast a cheerful glow, as it swung with the rocking of the ship, over the crimson cushions. It was the only spot in the wilderness of gloom on which the eye could linger with momentary comfort. Alice went below and divested herself of the dripping coat which had served her well in the rain. The Imp ministered to her comfort with a cheerful alacrity wonderful to any one familiar with his habits. When he had established her in the luxurious den known as the captain's cabin, he joined me on deck, and between us we hammered away at the rudder, by the light of the binnacle lamp, and we succeeded in mending it after a fashion. This enabled me to keep the vessel directly before the wind and saved us from being washed by the waves, which had been happening with inconvenient frequency.

By half-past ten the rain ceased, and the wind and sea rose. I did not dare to put up the sails; I could do nothing but sit there and await the dawn, and watch for whatever danger might yet be in store for us. I had sent the Imp below though he manfully declared he wasn't sleepy. He proved the truth of his assertion by coiling himself up upon a cushion and going off to sleep in three minutes.

How I missed his company! To me, sitting there and counting the slow minutes, the gloom seemed more intense, the desolation more complete than ever. What a long night it was! The last hour of a sentry's beat at dead of night, seems a day; a grand dinner party at about the fourth course becomes maddening in its interminable vapidty. But I have never been in any position where Time did crawl so drearily from minute to minute, from half-hour to half-hour, as on that miserable night.

What I chiefly feared was a collision with some other vessel, for I knew that we must be now in the course of ships sailing up the lake. Now and then I caught sight of a

light gleaming faintly over the water and I knew these must be the lights of sailing vessels. This reminded me that our own lights were not hung out. Leaving the tiller I found the lanterns after a long search and lit the lamps. I then hung them on the rigging, but to this day I can not tell whether they were on the right side or not. I thought we must be a long way from any land, so that I had no dread of being cast on shore while it was still night.

At about two o'clock I saw a light to the eastward which caused me much anxiety. It seemed to be a huge beacon on a shore some six or seven miles away. The vessel was now moving slowly in a northerly direction, if the compass told the truth. According to my calculations we ought to be some twenty miles from shore, on the north and on the east there should have been open water for a hundred miles. I was utterly confounded by this mysterious light. I went below and consulted the charts of the lake, but found nothing there to resolve my doubts. The strange beacon must have been a creature of my imagination. No, there it flamed, the only lurid spot in the encircling darkness. But it shed no bright rays through the darkness, nor did it flash to me the comfort which a familiar light always brings the sailor. I felt an undefinable awe stealing over me as I gazed at that strange visitant of the night. I tried to shake off the foolish feeling. It must be a ship; but it was four times the size of any light ever carried by a vessel on the lakes. If it was a ship at all, it was a ship on fire, and this thought made me shudder. I again went into the cabin and pored anxiously over the charts.

When I returned to the deck, after some time, it seemed as if the inexplicable light had come under the touch of some enchanter's wand. For its dark and lurid colours had been cast aside, and it shone there with pure and liquid beams, the loveliest of stars. It was the morning star, larger and lovelier than any star of heaven, rising from the bosom of the lake like a goddess fresh from the bath—

Idalian Aphrodite beautiful,
Fresh as the foam, new-bathed in Paphian wells.

And now a great change passed over the world. The powers of darkness began to collect their forces and sullenly retire before

this spirit of the light. Half an hour ago I could discern nothing beyond our yacht but the white-caps and gleaming backs of the rollers within a yard or two of us. Now I could distinctly perceive the horizon on all sides. The sky and water were still dark, but they were separated by a sharp and definite line. A ship would have been distinguishable a mile away. It was clear that, in the words of the collect, the night was far spent, the day was at hand. I was inexpressibly cheered and comforted. I felt as if all our dangers were past, as if there was nothing more to fear. Had I been able to sing I should have done so now. As I was unequal to that I whistled.

I had successfully accomplished a few bars of "Oh believe me, if all those endearing young charms," when I turned and found Alice Warren standing in the companion-way.

"I am glad to find you so happy," she said. "I was beginning to think you might be finding it lonely, and I came out to help you to be miserable. I didn't expect to find everything so cheerful. That lovely star, how kindly and mildly it looks down upon us."

"Yes, Miss Warren," I replied, "it is the morning star. It will soon be broad daylight ;

'Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east !
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.'"

There was a time when, had I been told I should find myself quoting Shakspeare to a young lady at break of day in the middle of Lake Ontario, I should have refused to believe it. It was rather cheeky and not altogether appropriate, but I had to relieve my feelings, and I think Alice forgave me.

The Imp now joined us, but took the morning-star philosophically. He brightened up when I suggested breakfast. We had eaten nothing for thirteen hours and, for my part, I was hungry. When we went below we found that the Imp had spread on the cabin table the following tempting delicacies :—

2 ham sandwiches,
4 "ladies' fingers,"
1 broken fragment of jelly-cake,
Half a pound of lump sugar,
The dregs of a jug of claret-cup,
1 bottle of plain soda-water.

"Merciful heavens, William!" I exclaimed, "are these all the provisions?"

"Ain't nothing else," said the Imp, and this time he spoke without a grin. It was too true. We had left home suddenly, and only provisioned for the run across the lake. Jacob had told us at breakfast yesterday morning that the larder was empty. The viands now before us were the remnants of some things brought on board in the afternoon.

"There's little Billee, he's young and tender, If we ain't got no wittles, we must eat he,"

I suggested pleasantly, but the Imp showed no appreciation of my humour. Miss Warren ate one sandwich, and I, at her command, ate the other. I emptied the soda-water into the claret-cup and made a horrible drink, most of which fell to the Imp and myself. We handed over to the Imp the ladies' fingers and the jelly-cake. Miss Warren then retired in good spirits to her cabin and I again went on deck. One rosy finger of the dawn was pointing out his course to the uprising sun. I would get up the sails—if I could only keep myself awake.

I must have slept three hours. When I awoke the sun was high in the heavens; the wind had almost died away. By eight o'clock there was not a breath of air stirring. In three words, we were becalmed.

Becalmed in the middle of Lake Ontario on a day in midsummer. No cloud to intercept one burning ray of the sun; no breath of air to cool the cheek; no motion but the sickening rise and fall of the vessel on the oily rollers of the dead-swell; and not a morsel to eat. I longed for another storm.

Alice came on deck and eyed the prospect with a look of blank astonishment. The only land in sight was on the south, and that was visible only to the keenest eyes. I had hoisted the sails, but they flapped idly in the still air, the booms plunging with the motion of the ship and making an intolerable din. The only sign that showed that we were not alone on the deep was a sail miles and miles away, obviously motionless like ourselves. The girl's lip quivered as she realized the situation.

"I suppose they will send a steam-tug or something after us?" she said at length quite calmly.

"Oh, yes," I answered cheerfully, "they

have a steam-yacht at Newark which, I dare say, is already on its way."

"If they do not find us when will the breeze spring up?"

I hesitated for a moment to contrive an answer. The Imp took advantage of the silence. "It'll be a dead calm all day," he said savagely.

As the day went on and the sun beat down, we got up the awning and tried to relieve our tedium by reading. The library of the *Flying Scud* was scantily furnished; a few books on navigation and some yachting-magazines were its regular stock. But we found two precious volumes which had been left on board by two members of the crew of somewhat different tastes. One was Palgrave's "Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics;" the other, a volume of Milman's "History of the Jews." These books probably saved us from throwing ourselves overboard to end our wretched existence.

At midday the Imp gave an instance of his ineradicable deceitfulness, which I felt sure must show itself sooner or later. I happened to ask Alice if she could hold out till toward evening, when we were sure to have a breeze, if the steamer did not come to our rescue sooner. She answered cheerfully that she could without difficulty, but she was terribly hungry. Thereupon the Imp retired quietly, and reappearing with two ladies' fingers and the broken fragment of jelly-cake, laid them by her side and disappeared again.

"You naughty boy!" cried Miss Warren, "to try and starve yourself on our hands. Do you suppose I'm going to be so greedy as to eat your cakes. Come here sir, at once, or I'll never look at you again."

The Imp returned, looking rather shamefaced. He mumbled something about "hating them sweet things." I knew this was a deliberate lie, as nothing that is food for man was an object of distaste to the Imp, so we forced him to consume the ladies' fingers on the spot.

The weary day wore on and no help came. I searched the horizon till my eyes ached for some signs of coming relief. Everything was against us for, as I afterwards learnt, the engine of the steam-yacht was broken, and it was six o'clock that day before the most earnest labour could put it in repair. We had seen a steamer, which I supposed to be the one which crossed the

lake from Old Newark, pass in the far distance, a little cloud of smoke. The captain's time was too valuable to permit him to scour the lake in search of wandering yachts. Night would return upon us perhaps, before the breeze sprang up. If so, what assurance was there that we should not be compelled to spend another night, with all its dangers, upon the lake? I was sick and faint for want of food. What assurance was there that we should reach the shore before starvation had deprived us of life or reason? I thought of that disabled yacht on which four young men had floated helplessly about the lake till three of them died, one after the other, in delirium. The fourth was picked up senseless, and with difficulty rescued from the fate of his comrades. With such gloomy thoughts did my mind, in my weak and dejected state, occupy itself, though I tried, for the sake of Alice Warren, to seem cheerful and confident. She, brave girl, never uttered a murmur. I felt inexpressibly tender towards her, and towards the Imp too. Community of distress is a great humanizer.

About five o'clock, as I lay listlessly on the deck, having almost given up hope of getting ashore before dark, I felt a faint breath of air upon my face. I started up; a gentle cats-paw was ruffling the water. Was it the beginning of a breeze, or only one of those deceptive currents of air which I had experienced before during the day, and which, apparently coming from nowhere, ended in nothing? My question was answered by a puff from the north, which for the moment filled the idle sails. Then I could see that, though the water around me was again as smooth as glass, off to the north and west it was dark with ripples. Another puff and I saw behind us a line on the water which indicated that we were moving. I rushed

to the tiller and put the ship on what I thought would be the course for Old Newark. In a few minutes the yacht was gliding through the water, which rippled against her bows, making music sweeter than the music of the spheres. Alice and the Imp were soon sitting beside me with new life in their pale faces. How strong and fresh and cool the breeze was! Would it keep up? No fear of that; the yacht was down to the gunwale. It might blow a hurricane and welcome; I would not take in a stitch till we rounded to in front of the hotel.

In an hour we saw buildings which with the glass we made out to be Old Newark. Before two more hours had passed, we were sailing under the bastions of the fort, when, sharp and clear, rang out the report of the evening gun. No wedding bells ever sounded more pleasantly in the ears of a bridegroom than that sound in mine.

We met the steam yacht, made effective when too late to be useful, coming to our rescue. Once more the *Flying Scud* lay at anchor opposite the hotel; once more Jacob, looking like a felon, was waiting to row us ashore. The Imp stepped last into the boat. Poor child! no sooner had he taken his seat than his head drooped and he slipped fainting to the bottom of the boat.

Alice Warren bent over and kissed him. For the first and only time in my life I wished myself a sick Imp.

"You will never care to go sailing with me again, Miss Warren," I said mournfully.

"I don't blame you for either the storm or the calm," she replied.

"No, but I am to blame for your being exposed to the miseries of both," I burst out passionately.

Alice looked up. She said nothing, but I read in her eyes something that was more than forgiveness.

G. A. MACKENZIE.

PAGAN RITES AND CHRISTIAN FESTIVALS.

BY J. A. G., PAKENHAM, ONT.

WE propose in this paper to show the close connection which exists between the two apparently incongruous subjects which form the heading of our article, how they became connected, and why they have not long since fallen into desuetude.

It is still known that the Mythologies of pagan Greece and Rome embraced an almost infinite multitude of deities, of many different ranks and powers, and as many different vocations. There was no action or thought of life, public or private, but what was placed by the fertile imaginations of the Theogonists of those days, under the tutelar patronage of some one or more of their gods; no tangible object could be presented to their sight, but what must have been associated in their minds with some mysterious being, who had it in his peculiar charge. Each of these deities, of course, had his own peculiar method of being propitiated—by the sacrifice of blood, of the fruits of the earth; by fasts or feasts; by secret orgies; or by national Saturnalia.

The more aristocratic among these heathen divinities had particular days allotted to them for the performance of the peculiar rites pertaining to their worship; hence it was at one time complained that every day in the year was monopolized by the gods, and there was no time left for mankind. The consequence of this condition of affairs was, that Christianity found the people of Greece and Rome, as well as of barbarous countries, accustomed, both by tradition and habit, to an endless round of festivals and celebrations, which the earlier and purer form of our faith utterly repudiated as idolatrous and impious, and the usual excesses of which were altogether repugnant to the spirit of the Gospel, as taught by the Apostles and early Fathers of the Church. In course of time, even as early as St. Paul's days, as we may gather from his writings, a certain degree of laxity began to prevail. This was increased by a false zeal for proselytizing, which arose very early in the Church, the two errors mutually promoting the growth of

each other. The pagan Roman, accustomed to a religion of the senses, could not understand the spiritual doctrines of Christianity; he could see nothing in the timid and austere Christian, in constant terror for his life and liberty, that could be an inducement to him to adopt a creed apparently so gloomy and unprofitable. He very naturally reasoned that there was no inducement for him to peril "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," for a religion that was altogether dim and misty to him, and did not even afford him the tangible benefit of amusement; and he therefore stood aloof from it, if he did not persecute its votaries.

In the course of time, when the severity of persecution had ceased, the Christians began to celebrate their worship openly, and forms and ceremonies, unknown in the days of its founders, crept in. In their eagerness to make converts, the leaders of the Church gradually introduced more of pomp and splendour into its observances. In order to allure by outward show, they were induced to imitate the pagan system of holidays or festivals, merely changing the name of the heathen divinity, in whose honour the day had been formerly kept, into that of some saint or martyr, but still perpetuating in the popular mind, in a greater or less degree, the peculiar superstition with which the original festival was connected. It must be borne in mind that the great body of the people were at this time uneducated; that these festivals had "grown with their growth and strengthened with their strength"—had become, as it were, a part of their lives. Who could blame the ignorant people for keeping up the old association of ideas, handed down to them through countless generations, although they had nominally become Christians? We all know with what tenacity our mental selves cling to what has been instilled into us in childhood, even after our more mature faculties have shown us the absurdity of our youthful beliefs. In this way heathen superstitions became engrafted upon Chris-

tian observances, and have come down to us at the present day no more changed from the original than can be easily accounted for by the mere difference of outward circumstances.

Before the Christian era had very far advanced, a new and powerful auxiliary to those already mentioned was found in the system of canonization, gradually adopted into the Church. This is so evidently an imitation of the Pagan *Apotheosis* of heroes and famous characters into the ranks of the mythological godhead, that it is scarcely necessary to point out the identity. We have said that the system was gradually admitted; it was so at first, but this slow process did not long satisfy the now more ambitious ecclesiastical mind. Indeed, so rapidly was the hagiology of the Church filled up, that in the reign of Phocas, A.D. 604-10, there were more saints than there were days in the year, and at the solicitation of Pope Boniface, that Emperor appointed a daily service in what had formerly been the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, to "all the Saints of Christianity." This service was afterwards, by Gregory IV., limited to the first day of November, as we find it now, both in the Anglican and Romish Churches. Since that time they have increased and multiplied amazingly, till they have become like the stars of heaven for multitude, some of them with not much better earthly reputations than their ancient prototypes, the heathen deities.

The admission of every new saint gave opportunity for the transplanting of another pagan holiday into the Christian calendar, and as it was generally accompanied by a new batch of nominal converts, we need not wonder at the rapid development of canonization. In Britain, the early clergy tried hard to put down the riot and licentious practices of the original *Festa*, but they were too deeply rooted in the hearts of the people to be eradicated by sermons and synods, and the most that could be done was, as in Rome itself, to endeavour to give something of a Christian colour and character to things that were still essentially pagan. As we proceed, we shall have occasion to note how successive Popes have followed out this notable plan. Nor is this course without at least a plausible excuse; if they could not entirely eradicate the excesses of the heathen *Saturnalia*, it may be said that it was a step

in the right direction to bring them under the control, even partial though it might be, of a purer and better system. Where the error lay was in the false and flimsy, and often absurd, pretences in which they were veiled, and which, even at that time, must often have excited the smile of contempt or the sneer of unbelief on the lip of men of common sense. These pretences were ultimately to become, in a great measure, the means of breaking up the system in the most enlightened countries of the world.

We may now proceed to notice a few of the many instances of this strange transformation of idolatry and paganism into the observances of professedly Christian Churches. To begin at the beginning of the year—the first day of the year, at whatever season it has been made to commence, has, from the earliest dawn of history, been celebrated by some kind of religious observances. From Ovid we learn that it was a day on which to observe omens; "the first sound you hear, the first bird you see, *that* becomes an omen." From him we also learn that our custom of wishing our friends "a happy New Year," is no *parvenu* salutation, for he asks, *Fasti*, Lib. I. v. 175,

At cur hæta tuis dicuntur verba Calendis
Et damus alternas accipimusque preces?

Libanius also tells us that the fourth kind of festivals, common to all people living under the Roman Empire, takes place when the old year has ended and the new one begun. They kept up the night, or eve, with riot, and in the morning, after the usual sacrifice to the gods, they went round visiting the dignitaries, and gave New-year's gifts to their servants. This does not differ very much from the present custom in most Christian countries, except in the gifts to servants, and that the Romans kept the first five days as a festival, instead of the first only, as we do. Thus the New-year festival of the Romans was unquestionably the origin of the same celebration among the early Christians, although from kindred ceremonies among the Hindoos, and the undeniable connection between Druidism and the worship of Mithra, it is possible that the custom may have been introduced into Britain by the Druids, long before the advent of Christianity in the island. The early ecclesiastics endeavoured to curb the dissipation incident to the celebration, and

even went the length of ordaining a fast. The *Strenæ*, or New-year' gifts, were forbidden by the council of Auxerre in A. D. 614, which stigmatized them as diabolical; but the decree appears to have been in vain, as the custom has come down to us with a great deal of its folly unabated.

Candlemas, or the purification of the Virgin Mary, is, in all probability, but a continuation under another form of the *Februata Juno* of the Roman calendar, and adopted into the family of Christian festivals for the reasons before given, the very name of the month in which both the ancient and the modern celebrations took place being derived from the Latin *februa*, an expiatory or purifying sacrifice offered to the *Manes*. Again, hear how Pope Innocent accounts for its being called Candlemas, in a sermon upon this festival, quoted in *Pagano Papis-mus*—"Because the Gentiles dedicated this month of February to the infernal gods, and as, at the beginning of it, Pluto stole Proserpine, and her mother, Ceres, sought her in the night with lighted candles, so they, in the beginning of this month, walked about the city with lighted candles; because the Holy Fathers could not utterly extirpate this custom, they ordained that Christians should carry about candles in honour of the blessed Virgin Mary, and thus what was done before to the honour of Ceres, is now done to the honour of the Virgin." Truly an excellent reason for the infallible ruler of a Christian Church to give for the perpetuation of a heathen rite!

Saint Valentine's day seems beyond dispute to be but a modification of the Roman Lupercalia, celebrated about the middle of February, in honour of Pan and Juno. The names of young women were, with various ceremonies, put into a box, from which they were drawn by the men as chance directed, as in a lottery. This, like other old customs, had become so rooted among the people that the pastors of the early Church could only follow their usual plan of adopting it, that they might, in some measure, obtain control over it; and from being "an unsightly nuisance, they endeavoured, as a skilful architect would do, to convert it into an ornament." In fact Pan and Juno vacated their seats in favour of the Christian bishop, Saint Valentine, but the good man could not avoid having much of the heathen ritual fastened upon him.

The day before Shrove Tuesday was, at one time, observed as a festival in England, under the euphonious title of "Collop Monday." According to Polydore Virgil, this observance originated in the Roman feasts of Bacchus. Some colour is given to this up to the present time, by the custom of the Eton boys of writing verses on this day in praise of the Lybian deity. Saint David's day opens the month of March. The custom of Welshmen wearing the leek on this day has been variously accounted for; perhaps the following hint may have as much authority as any other. The Egyptians, as Pliny tells us, "in swearing, hold the leek and onion amongst the gods." However we may account for it, there is scarcely a rite or ceremony amongst any people, without a precedent in one of an earlier date. Now, as to how the Egyptian esculent and the ideas connected with it could find its way to Wales, on the west coast of Britain, it is well known that the Phœnicians traded to Cornwall for tin, and probably to the neighbouring coast of Wales, about Swansea, for copper, in which case there is nothing improbable in the supposition that they introduced both the leek and the superstitions connected with it, and that the custom, like many others, has survived, although its origin has been forgotten.

Mid-Lent Sunday, or Mothering Sunday, immediately preceding Palm Sunday, probably came from the Roman Hilaria, a festival held at the time of the vernal equinox in honour of the Mother of the gods, and evidently borrowed from the Egyptians. The Mother of the gods, the Earth, rejoiced in the return of Sol, the Sun, just as Isis was supposed to mourn or rejoice for Osiris, according to the change of season. An eloquent writer says:—"There is surely deep meaning and much beauty in these religious fables of the old heathens, however they may have been disfigured by popular superstitions. In all of them there breathes a profound spirit of veneration for the *One*, the Omnipotent, through the medium of His works."

The next observance that particularly calls for our attention is the first of April, popularly called "All Fools' Day." The custom of making fools on this day is very old, both Maurice and Colonel Pearce showing that it prevailed in India as a part of the *Huli* festival. The latter says:—"During

the *Huli*, when mirth and festivity reign among the Hindoos of every class, one subject of diversion is to send people on errands and expeditions that are to end in disappointment, and raise a laugh at the expense of the persons sent. The *Huli* is always held in March, and the last day is the general holiday." Maurice observes that the origin of the custom is to be sought in the ancient practices amongst the eastern people, "of celebrating with festival rites the period of the vernal equinox, or the day when the New Year of Persia anciently began." But no matter whence derived, the name at least existed among the Romans, as the following from Plutarch clearly proves:—"Why do they call the Quirinalia the *Feast of Fools*? Was it because this day was given, as Juba writes, to those who were ignorant of their tribe? Or was it because it was permitted to those who had not sacrificed like the rest, at the Fornicalia in their tribe, on account of business, travelling, or ignorance, to recover their festival on this occasion?" It has been objected against the identity of the custom, that the feast of fools was held on the first of November, but it is marked in the ancient Romish Calendar as having been removed thither from some other day—"Festum Stultorum hunc translatum est,"—"The Feast of Fools is removed hither." Removals of this kind were frequent in the Roman Calendar, when, as often happened, any particular day became laden with more saints than it could conveniently carry.

Palm Sunday.—There seem to be some strong reasons for supposing that the peculiar ceremonies of this day, though explained as symbolizing Christ's entry into Jerusalem, may, after all, be nothing more than a revival of the old pagan custom of carrying Silenus this day in triumph. Dr. Clark tells us that it is still usual to carry Silenus in procession at Easter, and we have already seen how fond the old Church was of giving a Christian signification to heathen ceremonies, when they could not put them down.

We come next to Easter Day, or as it was formerly called, "Asturday." The name of this day has by some been derived from the Saxon, "Oster," to rise, typical of Christ's rising from the dead, but as the *month* had the name of *Easter* among the Saxons long before the introduction of Christianity, we must look further for the origin of the term; and where does it seem so probable as in the

name "Eostre," (the Saxon Goddess), in all probability a corruption of *Astarte*, the name under which the moon was worshipped by the most ancient nations of the East. Bede says:—"Eosturmoneth, which is now interpreted to mean the Paschal month, formerly had its name from one of their goddesses (i.e., Saxon goddesses) who was called Eostre, and to whom in that month they celebrated festivals." The very fact of its having been called *Asturday* seems to bear out this view. One of the Cottonian manuscripts has the following:—"Gode men and wommen, os ye knowe alle welle, this day is called in some place asturday, in some place paschday, in some place goddes sounday. Hit is called asturday, as Kandulmasse day of Kandulles, and palme sounday of palms, ffor wolnoz in uche place hit is the maner this day for to done fyre oute of the houce at the astur* that hath bene all the wyntur brente wit fuyre and blaknd wit smoke, hyt schal this day bene arayed wit grene rusches and swete floures strowde alle aboute, schewing a heyghe ensaumpul to all men and wommen that ryzte os thei machen clene the houce withine bering owte the fyre and strowing there flowres, ryzte so ze schulde clanson the houce of zour sowle." In plain English the old monk would call it hearth-day, but the etymology seems to be rather strained, for Astur is evidently but another form of Eoster or Astarte, which is as plainly a variation of the Hebrew *Ashtaroth*, signifying fire; therefore the goddess Eostre was the Saxon Diana, in whom they worshipped that vivifying power which was adored in Summer, as proceeding from her brother, Bel.

The festival of May-day has existed in England from the earliest times of which we have any record. Tollet imagines that it originally came from our Gothic ancestors, but we shall have to go much farther back to discover the true origin. Others have thought to find it in the Floralia, or rather in the Maiuma of the Romans, as established under the Emperor Claudius, A.D. 268-70. Of the latter Suidas says:—"Maiumas was a Roman festival held in the month of May, when the heads of the city, going off to the sea-town called Ostia, gave themselves up to pleasure, and amused themselves with throwing each other into the sea; hence the

* Astur or astre, signifies a hearth. See Spelman, *sub voce*.

time of that festival was called Maiuma." But though this may have the immediate origin as regards Britain, we must go still farther back and to other countries to find the final one; there is but little doubt that it belongs to a far more remote period. Maurice* says that our May-day festival is but a repetition of the Phœnic festivals of India and Egypt, which in these countries took place upon the sun entering Taurus, to celebrate nature's renewed fertility. Now *Phallos* in Greek, signifies a *pole*, as well as its more important meaning, of which this is a type. That the festival itself has come to us from the Druids, who in turn had it from India, is proved by many things, and by none more than by the vestiges found in it of the god, Bel, † the Apollo or Orus of other nations. They celebrated his worship on the first day of May, by lighting fires in his honour. The day is called by the Irish and Scottish Highlanders, Bealine or Beltine, that is, the day of Bel's fire, for in the Cornish, which is another Celtic dialect, *Tan* is fire, and *tine* signifies to light a fire. The Irish retained the Phœnician custom of lighting fires near each other, and making their cattle pass between them; ‡ fathers, too, taking their children in their arms, jump or run through between them. If further proofs were needed of its Eastern origin, there is the fact that Britain was called by the earlier inhabitants the island of *Beli*, and that Bel had also the name of *Hu*, which we again see occurring in the Huli festival of India.

It is not easy to discover when or how the Rogation days became mixed up with the parochial perambulations as practised in England, but there cannot be a doubt that the latter is derived from the Romans. It is simply a Christian form of the *Terminalia*, established by Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome (B.C., 716—673), in honour of the god *Terminus*, the guardian of fields and landmarks, and maintainer of peace among mankind.

Midsummer's day, the time of the summer solstice, June 23rd, is noted in most European countries as the festival of St. John the Baptist, and is celebrated with various ceremonies, but always connected with

the lighting of fires. These fires, however they may have originated, have been common on this day, at all times, and in all countries of which we have any record. They blazed equally in India and Egypt, and in the cold north among the Druids, from whom the custom probably descended directly to the Britons. In course of time the original festival was adopted into the Church, merely by giving it a new cognomen, but not thereby preventing it from being associated with many absurd superstitions, as we learn from Bishop Pecoek, such as that the branches and flowers brought for decoration into London on this occasion, grew in the carts that brought them, and even in the hands of those who supplied them.* Hutchinson mentions that "another custom used on this day, is to dress out stools with a cushion of flowers. A layer of clay is placed on the stool, and therein is stuck, with great regularity, an arrangement of all kinds of flowers, so close as to form a beautiful cushion; these are exhibited at the doors of houses in the villages, and at the ends of streets and cross lanes, where the attendants beg money from passengers, to enable them to have an evening of feasting and dancing. This custom is evidently derived from the *Ludi Compitalii* of the Romans. This appellation was given from the *Compita*, or cross lanes, where they were instituted and celebrated by the multitude assembled, before the building of Rome. Servius Tullius revived this festival, after it had been neglected for many years. It was the feast of the Lares, or household gods, who presided as well over houses as streets.

The Dog-days, regarding which there are so many absurd superstitions even now existing, are so called from the rising of Sirius, or the dog-star, which, as it rose in the latitude of Egypt about the time of the rising of the Nile, was worshipped by them under the names of Isis and Thoth, as supposing it had some mysterious influence upon their great fertilizing river. The story of the "Seven Sleepers," celebrated on the 27th July, seems to be but an elaboration of the story of Epimenides, told by Diogenes Laertius, and excellently parodied by Irving in his tale of Rip Van Winkle. The observance of the first of August as *Lammas*, is

* Maurice's Indian Antiquities, vol. 1, p. 87.

† Variouslly called Beal, Bealan, Belus, Belenus, Bael, and Baal.

‡ Higgins's Celtic Druids. Cap. v. sec. 23.

* Lewis's Life of Reynold Pecoek. Pecoek was Bishop of St. Asaph and Winchester, temp. Henry VI.

identical in time with the Egyptian celebration of the New-year, which with them commenced at this season.

Of Hallow Eve, October 31st, Hutchinson says correctly that "it seems to retain the celebration of a festival to Pomona (the goddess of fruits), when it is supposed that the summer stores are opened on the approach of winter. Divinations, and consulting of omens, attended all these ceremonies in the practice of the heathen; hence, in the rural sacrifice of nuts, propitious omens are sought touching matrimony." Here again, as in so many instances, the custom may be traced back from an unmeaning frolic to a popish superstition, and from that to a classic rite. "Nuts have a religious import," says the Roman calendar,* and going yet farther back, we find that this is but an echo from the times of earliest Paganism. Amongst the Romans it was customary for the bridegroom to throw nuts about the room, that the boys might scramble for them, for which custom various reasons have been given.† Vallancy gives some curious particulars of how the Irish celebrated this festival, which they called the vigil of Saman, clearly identifying the day with the sacrifice to Saman, or Baal-Samhan, on the following day, of a black sheep, a proof of which is, that the people went about soliciting gifts for the feast, desiring to lay aside the fattened calf, and to bring forth *the black sheep*. After enumerating a number of foolish observances, customary among the Irish of that day (about 1780), he says:—"These and many other superstitions, the remains of Druidism, are observed on this holiday, which will never be eradicated while the name of Saman is permitted to remain." Of course the old Scottish method of celebrating the vigil is familiar to all general readers, through Burns's inimitable description.

We now come to All Saints' Day, the first day of November. There can be little or rather no doubt as to the origin of this observance, although there may be with regard to the particular Pantheon from which it was derived. As the gods of Rome became too numerous a body to be easily looked after, when allowed to go about singly at their own sweet wills, Agrippa erected the *Pantheon*, as a sort of general lodging-house

to accommodate them all, and as some say, made it of a circular form, that it might appear more like heaven, and therefore a more fit habitation for all the deities, although Pliny affirms that it was sacred to Jupiter the Avenger. Be that as it may, the comprehensive name seems to include in some way, all the divinities, or, as the Venerable Bede somewhat profanely says, all the devils. By the close of the sixth century, the hagiology of the church had become about as extended as the older Roman Pantheon, and required as extensive premises to accommodate it, or at least some comprehensive method of recognising it. About the year 605, therefore, Pope Boniface persuaded the Emperor Phocas to turn out the idols, and, as it had been dedicated to all the gods of heathenism, he ordered that it should now be made sacred to all the saints of Christendom, with a daily service to them, as well as to the Virgin Mary.* Gregory IV., at a later period, limited the service to a festival on the first of November, and excluded the Virgin from any share in it. The ceremonies of the next day, the Feast of All Souls, were derived from the old Roman rite of sacrificing to the *manes* or souls of the dead. The Romans, in their turn, had borrowed it from the Greeks; it is spoken of so commonly by Greek and Roman writers as scarcely to require argument or proof. The commemoration of the Church seems scarcely to have differed even in form; even the sprinkling with holy water at this festival comes from a pagan origin. Virgil says:—

"Idem ter socios pura circumtulit unda,
Spargens rore levi et ramo felicis olivæ,
Lustravitque viros."†

There are various elaborate tales told of the origin of the latter rite, but none of them with sufficient probability to entitle them to repetition. Martinmas, or *Martilemas*, November 11th, is another festival borrowed, as far at least as the date and *some* of the observances are concerned, from the Greeks. It is generally considered to have been derived from the Athenian *Pythagia*, so called from tapping the casks of new wine. It took place on the 11th, 12th, and 13th days of

* Bedæ Martyrologium. D. Calend. Novemb.

† "A verdant branch of olive in his hands,
He thrice waves round to purify the bands;
Slow as he pass'd, the lustral water threw."
—ÆNEID, Lib. vi., v. 229.

* "Nuces in prætio et religiosæ." Brand's Pop. Antiq., vol 1, p. 212.

† Pliny's Nat. Hist., by Holland, vol. 1, cap. 22.

the month Anthesterion, corresponding with our November, and in all the vine-growing countries the custom still remains of feasting and rejoicing, as at our Harvest Home. As a further proof of the identity of this feast with the Pythægia, there is the fact, that, in some places, they had the custom of cheating the children into a due respect for St. Martin, by making them believe that he changed water into wine for their special delectation. "To effect this piece of jugglery the children were taught to fill vessels with water, and to leave them in that state for the saint to operate upon. The parents would then substitute new wine for the water, while the young folks were asleep, and in the morning St. Martin would get the merit of the whole transaction."

The first festival of note in December is Christmas Eve. In the primitive Church Christmas day was always held as a Sabbath, and hence it was preceded by a vigil as a preparation for the day following. It was attended by many popular superstitions and observances, the ceremonies of the Saturnalia, from which it was derived, being improved upon by Druidical and Christian additions. The connection of this festival with the Roman Saturnalia has never been disputed, by those competent to judge in the matter, and in some still existing observances in Franconia, the traces of the latter are undeniable. In fact, the ceremonies were identical in kind, though improved upon as we before noticed. In addition to what we have here shown, we have the unquestionable authority of Bede for asserting that it had been observed in England long before by the heathen Saxons; it was called the Mother Night, probably on account of the ceremonies used. Gregory Nyssen expressly says:—"It came to pass that for exploding the festivals of the heathens, the principal festivals of the Christians succeeded in their room, as the *keeping of Christmas* with joy and feasting, and playing and sports, in room of the Bacchanalia and Saturnalia;" and, he adds,—“By the pleasures of these festivals the Christians increased much in numbers, and decreased as much in virtue, till they were purged and made white by the persecution of Dioclesian.”*

But though a certain part of this festival may be traced to the Romans or the Saxons, the real foundation lies far beyond. It was clearly, at first, an astronomical observance of the Winter Solstice, and the approaching lengthening of the day, as is symbolized by the Christmas candles and Yule (or Huli) logs, emblems of increasing light and heat. These Christmas candles were, in old times, of great size. Even within the last twenty years it was the custom, in a certain city of Canada, for the candle-makers to present their customers with a great candle of half a pound or more; perhaps the practice exists yet. The Yule-clog or log was the representative of the fires at the mid-summer Solstice, the change of season having made their in-door warmth desirable. At one time it was in especial order to light it from a brand of the last year's log, carefully preserved for that purpose, as Herrick shows in his *Hesperides*.* This is plainly a derivation from the perpetual fire of the Indian Fire-worshippers and the Rosicrucians. Nor is the use of the Druidical Mistletoe in the Christmas festivities without its significance, as to the Pagan origin of these rites. What are called Christmas-boxes are, possibly, if not probably, derived from the Roman custom of sending presents to their friends at the season of the Saturnalia. The usual custom was followed, but the object changed; what had formerly been done in honour of Saturn, being now done as a votive gift to the Virgin Mary. It is certain that this custom is expressly prohibited in the Canons of the sixth Trullan Council. The good Fathers had discovered a wicked habit among the faithful, of baking cakes and presenting them to each other, on pretence of doing honour to the Virgin at the Nativity, but, as the good men sagely observed, "how are we to pay the rites of child-birth to her who never knew of such a thing?" forgetting that a few days after there was an appointed feast of purification, and that their action necessarily did away with that also. There is another possible derivation of the custom, but it seems so far-fetched that it is hardly worth

*"With last year's brand
Light the new block, and
For good success in his spending,
On your psalteries play
That sweet luck may
Come while the log is teending."—*i. e.* kindling.

* See Sir Isaac Newton on Daniel, part I, chap. 14.

while noticing it. It would seem to point to a Druidical origin for the custom. In Normandy and some other parts of France, New-year's gifts are still called "*Guy*, or *Gue l'an-neuf*." Now *Guy* or *Gue* is the Celtic name for the oak, and Keysler tells us that on New-year's eve the boys go about begging for gifts, while, as a New-year's salutation, they cry,—"*Au Guy, l'an-neuf*,"—"To the Mistletoe, the New-year's come!" We shall notice this farther on.

On the 27th, St. John's day, it is said to have been the custom of the Apostles to send to each other a present of a draught, presumably, of wine. The scattering of the Apostles throughout all lands, and the difficulty of communication in those days, sufficiently refute this origin of the St. John's draught or blessing, still kept up in many places. A more probable source of the custom is the practice of the Pagan Romans of sending round to each other at this season, a votive cup in honour of the two-faced God, Janus, who, according to them, was the first cultivator of the vine. The similarity of the names gives strength to this supposition, for the change from *Janus* to *Fohannes* was so easy that it was not likely to have been overlooked by the astute ecclesiastics of those days, while the great body of their nominal converts would imagine that it was simply a different pronunciation of the same name.

Holy Innocents or Childermas, which is held on the 28th, is supposed to be in commemoration of the slaughter of the Jewish children by order of Herod. Now, in the first place, there have been grave doubts whether this ever occurred, and is not an interpolation. It is only mentioned by St. Mathew, and that directly only in one verse. No contemporary historian, not even Josephus, himself a Jew, and, as an avowed enemy of Herod, not likely to overlook such a stain on his character, has the slightest allusion to it. But in the second place, we find strong reasons to suppose that this is another graft from the mythological tree. Saturn had his great festival on this day, and he too, was to have had a great slaughter of the innocents, as he was to devour all his own children. The reason given in the Romish Missal for the marriage of Mary—that the Devil might not suspect the birth of a child from a virgin, is a perfect counterpart of the pagan legend.

We have also a Hindoo Herod in the god Cansa.*

The flight into Egypt is not mentioned except in St. Matthew. Nay, St. Luke, who is very minute, expressly says, "they returned into Galilee, to their own city Nazareth," and that they went up to Jerusalem every year at the feast of the Passover. The whole passage in St. Matthew is not greater than some interpolations that have been proved to the satisfaction of the most learned men who have ever studied these matters, and the whole looks so like an attempt to reconcile evangelical authority with practice, as to render it suspicious.

We now come to New-year's eve, to which belongs the Hogmanay or Hagmena, by some supposed to be derived from the Greek, *Hagia mene*, sacred month, a name given to the month by the monks, who went round begging and chanting a carol, every verse of which commenced with the words—*Hagia mene*. The Wassail at this season was also a heathen custom, the very term being directly derived from the Saxon *was hal*, "be in health;" but the custom of drinking to the gods, magistrates, and to each other, was common among the Greeks, and the Christians, following their example, drank to St. John the Baptist, or to St. Michael, their fellows responding with Amen! So also the Danes drank to Thor and Woden, and when converted, only changed the object to their patron Saint, Olave, while the Icelanders drank to Jesus Christ, and even to God the Father, regarding it as a religious ceremony or custom.

* This Hindoo Herod had been warned by a mysterious voice, on the marriage of his sister, Devaci, that her eighth son would be his destroyer, whereupon he seized her by the hair and would have cut off her head, had not her husband, Vasudeva, promised to give up to him all the children she might bring forth. Six he slew; the seventh, Rama, escaped; and when for the eighth time Devaci became pregnant, her beauty shone forth so resplendently, that it brightened her husband's face and illuminated the walls of her chamber. At length she brought forth a child, and the eyes of the parents being open for the moment, they knew it was God himself. Again their eyes were reduced to a mortal state, when they saw only a human infant before them, but a divine voice directed Vasudeva to fly and secrete the infant. Cansa being thus baffled, ordered "all the young children throughout the kingdom to be slain." In this story we find, not only the exact counterpart of Herod, but the prototype also of Saturn devouring his children, lest any one of them should destroy him. Maurice's "Indian Sceptic," (p. 102.)

We have thus traced the connection of a few of the very numerous Christian festivals throughout the year with those of heathen mythology on precisely the same dates. The reader will not have failed to observe a similarity in the simultaneous celebrations, as well in character as in date. The common origin of many of them is beyond a doubt, while circumstances and the collateral testimony of Christian authorities place that of the others in almost as certain a position. In a recent work we have also concurrent testimony as to the adoption of heathen rites and superstitions into the Russo-Greek Church. We give a short extract :

“ On the popular tales of a religious character current among the Russian peasantry, the duality of their creed or that of their an-

cestors has produced a two-fold effect. On the one hand, into narratives drawn from purely Christian sources, heathen influence is perceptible in stories which deal with demons or departed spirits; on the other, an attempt has been made to give a Christian character to what are manifestly heathen legends, by lending saintly names to their characters, and clothing their ideas in an imitation of Biblical language.”*

Did the present limits permit, the proofs might have been swelled out indefinitely, but enough has been shown to provoke inquiry, which is all that was intended.

* Russian Folk Tales. By W. R. S. Ralston, M.A., London, 1873, p. 326.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

A PERSONAL SKETCH.

BY E. RANSFORD, TORONTO.

AT the present time, when the Papal Court is mourning the loss of the only man of any intellectual power amongst its members, a few random recollections of its late Secretary of State may not be unacceptable to Canadian readers. In them I shall confine myself exclusively to what fell under my own notice during several visits to Rome, during which I was on terms, if not of intimacy, at least of acquaintanceship, with the late Cardinal Antonelli. As it was well-known that I was an occasional Roman correspondent for one of the leading English liberal papers, I was, of course, in common with my fellow-correspondents, more or less an object of interest, not to say suspicion, to the bureau presided over by the chief of the Roman police, and more than once came into what might have been somewhat unpleasant collision with that department, had it not been for the good offices of the deceased prelate, whose courtesy to all journalists, not Italian and latterly not German, was of the highest, though he most affected

those attached to the English non-Roman Catholic press. These he constantly endeavoured to bring round to his views, or tried, at all events, to induce them to modify theirs, and to report the *roba di Roma* as looked upon through the spectacles of the Vatican. Individually he hated journalism of any sort, and had it been politic, he would willingly have suppressed every newspaper, and driven every journalist out of Rome. But as this would have involved the elimination of those journals and correspondents who were favourable to the ultramontane cause, and such a course of action would not have been a paying speculation, his policy was to endure the evil, in the forlorn hope of being able to cast dust in the eyes of the anti-papal writers. Clever and shrewd in his way, he little knew that in his own case was exemplified the proverb, “A man’s foes are they of his own household”—“*Omnis Romæ venalia*”—and Cardinal Antonelli’s personal attendants were no exception to the rule

they had their price, and those who could afford to pay for it were able to secure the earliest and the most authentic news as to the proceedings and opinions of the Pope and the Curia. In this way much leaked out into channels by no means friendly to the clerical cause, and for a long time the Cardinal was at a loss to discover the sources of our information. Later, however, the secret did come out; the chief offender, a secretary in the office of his Eminence, was made aware of his danger, and saved himself, by timely flight, from a somewhat too intimate acquaintance with the dungeons of St. Angelo. It is needless to remark that another was speedily found who supplied the place of the fugitive, nor could all the Cardinal's efforts thwart us in our manoeuvrings to countermine the plots of the *papalini* against the consummation of Italian unification.

One thing bothered Antonelli, perhaps, more than all the overt acts of the various conspirators. That was the existence of a national printing press, through whose instrumentality were thrown off by the thousand, stirring appeals to the friends of liberty in Rome, news of the movements or their brethren abroad, and summonses to those meetings on the Corso, the Pincio, and other places of public resort, which rarely came off without a dragonnade and the incarceration of some scores in the Roman prisons. We all shared the risk of secreting this press, which was purposely made of a small and portable size, and with its types and furniture could easily be packed at a moment's notice, either whole or in parts, and transported to safer quarters. On one occasion, after it had sojourned for some weeks in my rooms, (which were let to me by a red-hot papalist,) and had been instrumental in scattering broadcast through the city some tracts very damaging to the interests of Pius IX., one day received a hint from the Cardinal's personal attendant that a raid would be made upon the premises early in the evening, with the additional information that a load of wood destined for the Vatican would be passing at a certain hour in the afternoon. A word was sufficient for the wise. At a quarter to two p.m. the obnoxious press and its appurtenances, all ready packed up, were hidden under the faggots, the driver was "got at" by dint of a few judiciously expended scudi, and the

perilous cargo driven into the Vatican right under the nose of the omniscient Secretary of State and his myrmidons, and safely lodged under the same roof with his Holiness, whose temporal power its agency was doing so much to overthrow. Hardly had this been effected when the police arrived, and departed deeply chagrined at being so befooled. Of course I at once complained to Cardinal Antonelli, who made every apology, and, as far as I could judge, sincerely, for the intrusion on my privacy.

It is not needful to give a biography of the late Secretary of State. I only purpose to give a few personal recollections of his Eminence. Sprung from the people himself, he hated the multitude with all the hatred of a *roturier*. Was an Italian noble or conspicuous by position, above all was he rich, he was sure to find favour in Antonelli's eyes, and he might be guilty of many peccadilloes before he forfeited the esteem thus acquired. Only let him refrain from, at all events openly, mixing himself up with the Liberal party, and the Cardinal would wink at any other accusations that were brought against him, and it was whispered would even put him in the way of adding to his funds by successful speculations, or of enjoying certain pleasures and amusements supposed to be illicit in the palmy days of papal supremacy. But for his fellow-citizens and the rabble of the "baser sort," i.e. the middle and working classes, the Cardinal's contempt knew no bounds. "Keep them down, keep them down, if you want peace," was his constant advice to his gentle and liberally-minded master. The instincts of liberty were to be repressed at all hazard, and the old expedient of sitting on the safety-valve resorted to,—with the usual results. A meeting on the Corso was the signal for a charge by the papal dragoons, the vilest set of hireling ruffians unhung; a cry of "Viva Garibaldi," the display of the National colours, a necklace or a brooch of a certain shape or fashion, was too often equivalent to a life-long imprisonment or a voluntary banishment. Neither justice nor mercy found a place in his vocabulary; next to money, expediency and the magnifying of his office was his god. Ecclesiastical supremacy, a theocracy, with Pius IX. as the nominal, and Antonelli as the actual head, underlied all his policy; and hence it came to pass that Antonelli was, as it were, an Ishmaelite in the political world, if not in the

ecclesiastical. His hand was against every man and the hand of every man against him. Never was a man more hated, perhaps never was a man more dreaded; and since the days of Talleyrand no one has ever exercised so great an influence in Continental politics, or displayed such versatility of genius or such a capacity for finesse as the late Roman Secretary of State. He seemed intuitively to know all that was going on around him, and with a keen nose for smelling out antagonistic schemes, was able to counterplot—in nine cases out of ten, to do so successfully. He was within a little of being another Machiavelli, indeed he only failed in equalling, if not surpassing, that astute master of state-craft, owing to the superior enlightenment of the age, an enlightenment which he would fain have extinguished, had it lain in his power. Few were able to stand against him, and those who tried it generally went to the wall. Cavour attempted it, but was cut off, not without suspicion of poison on the part of Antonelli. Garibaldi thought to out-manœuvre his adversary; but retreated ingloriously with a ball in his foot on one occasion and one in his back on another. Napoleon III. broke a lance in favour of Victor Emmanuel, but found it more prudent to conclude the treaty of Villafranca, than to risk the fate which afterwards befell him at Sedan—a fate not improbably precipitated by the withdrawal of his troops from Rome, and the consequent entrance of the Italian troops through the breach in the Porta Pia. Bismarck alone has succeeded in countermining him, but his success has been due, not so much to diplomatic sharpness, as to blood and iron, and the employment of the secular arm against ecclesiastical tyranny. Nor have his successes been without risk to his own life and the stability of the German Empire which, even in the present day, is more menaced by the Ultramontanes—admirers of Antonelli's machinations—than by the hosts of the Red Republicans or the riffraff of the Commune.

Intellectually Antonelli far surpassed all his colleagues—to whose lot fell but a small portion of brains, and a smaller of any but a purely theological education. He was an accomplished scholar, a lover of art, an enthusiastic collector of jewels and articles of vertu, being possessed of a collection of gems and antiquities surpassed by no private collector. His conversation, when he chose,

was fascinating to the last degree, enlivened by flashes of wit, and apt and elegant quotations, not only from the Italian but also from other classical writers, ancient and modern. His sarcasm was biting and unsparing: it mattered not whether those he satirised were friends or foes, all fell in for their share of ridicule, not always of the most kindly sort. On one occasion I went to the Vatican accompanied by a ritualistic friend, in order that the latter might have an audience with the Pope. His Holiness, with his usual urbanity, jested with the Anglican "priest," whom he likened to the church bell, inasmuch as he called the people into the Church, but went not in himself. Antonelli, with a grim smile, said, "Nay, rather, Holy Father, is he not like the ass in the parable of the Good Samaritan, who bore the sick man to the inn, but had to put up with the outside stable himself?" On another occasion he compared a famous ritualist who had just been snubbed by his bishop, to Balaam's ass, who spoke the truth but was scourged for it by the false prophet. In neither case did the ritualist seem to take the joke.

I have said that next to money Antonelli worshipped power; that, however, fell into insignificance before gold. His every moment was spent in its pursuit: one might say his political endeavours were all directed towards the same object. He knew that the downfall of the temporal power meant the downfall of the religious orders, from which he derived a large part of his enormous income. Dispensations, renewals, fines, all came under his jurisdiction, and served to fill his coffers; nor is it any secret that the many schemes by which the Papal exchequer has been filled to overflowing since the "imprisonment" of Pius IX., were elaborated by the deceased Cardinal, whom the Ultramontanes laud to the skies for his devotedness to the Pope in sharing his "fallen fortunes." Doubtless there are many who would not be slow to evince a similar devotedness, or even to experience like ups and downs of the fickle goddess. So well known to the Pope was the avarice of his Minister, that he observed of him one day when it was an obligation for all ecclesiastics to say the Litanies of the Saints, that his Eminence had assumed Papal power, and added another Saint to the calendar, devoutly praying, "Sancte Pluto, ora pro nobis." On

another occasion he remarked that Antonelli had erected an altar to the "Diva Pecunia," in the innermost recesses of the Vatican, and that, by way of showing his acquisitiveness, had actually "conveyed" the altar itself from the Vatican Museum. His accumulated hoards have been left, not to the Church whence they were derived, but to his numerous relations, not a few of whom are what the Italians call, in the case of an ecclesiastic, "*quasi-nephews and nieces.*"

In disposition, the Cardinal corresponded to his personal appearance. Naturally saturnine, his dark olive complexion suited his mental gloom. Intellectually brilliant, his keen black eyes—the most fearfully piercing eyes ever seen in human head—deeply sunk in their cavernous sockets, would at times light up with the flash of genius, and some quip or sarcasm would set the table in a roar. His narrow forehead and sharp eagle nose spoke eloquently of that *auri sacra fames* which was the bane of his career. Round his chiselled lips there often played a sensual expression, betokening too clearly the animalism which dominated over the finer nature of the man, and pointing evidently to that immorality and those vices for which he was, unhappily, too notorious. His immorality was no secret to the Pope. Indeed, it was the joke in Rome, on one occasion during my going there, that on Antonelli's replying to His Holiness, when offered a pinch of snuff out of the Papal snuff-box, that he had not that vice, the Pope quickly retorted: "It's no vice, else you would long since have added it to your bundle."

In pride, the Cardinal was a very Lucifer. The people he would fain have trodden under foot, or at all events have allowed them only the privilege of existence. This the Romans heartily reciprocated. Hateful and hating one another best expressed their mutual relations. I well remember seeing the Pope going to a solemn function—I forget what—with Antonelli in his suite. It was very soon after the massacre of Perugia, and the Roman mind was greatly excited, yet hardly dared to give vent to its feelings. It was one of those glorious Roman summer days when everything seemed to partake of the nature of the sweltering heat. As soon as the *cortège* came within sight of the assembled populace, instead of a continuous shout of *vivas* for the Pope, his Holiness was re-

ceived in solemn silence, only broken when Antonelli's carriage was seen. Shouts of "Ficonaso" (Paul Pry), "Butcher," "Murderer," "Enemy of Italy," "Pig of a Cardinal," and the like, arose on all sides, and the startled horses could scarcely drag the heavy carriage along, so fiercely did the enraged Romans press upon it, in defiance of the Dragoons who surrounded it. The Pope was greatly agitated, and shed tears of sorrow, but Antonelli sat erect and emotionless as ever, his awful eyes—whose gaze only Cavour was ever known to withstand—scathing his assailants as with a lightning flash, and only once, when a stone whizzed past the driver's head, did he seem moved. A sinister smile lighted up his dark features, and muttering, "Canaglia; but they shall pay for this," he relapsed into his former insensitiveness, and went through his part of the sacred function as coolly as if nothing had happened. In the afternoon he carried out his threat. The Corso was crowded as on every *fiesta*; the morning's excitement seemed forgotten, and all were quietly promenading, when suddenly there was a charge of Pontifical dragoons. Numbers were cut down, many killed, and not a few swept off into captivity, from which some were not released till the occupation of Rome by the Italian troops.

An enemy to all progress, Antonelli scrupled not to imprison every priest, monk, or even bishop, that ventured to express liberal opinions or to advocate any change, except in a retrogressive direction. The dungeons of the Inquisition, as well as the cells of St. Angelo, if they could but speak of the horrors perpetrated within them up to 1848, could unfold many a sad tale of the sufferings endured by the victims of Antonelli's jealousy of aught approaching to reform. When I was in Rome, that eccentric British person styling himself "Father Ignatius, O. S. B.," nearly obtained for himself the notoriety he coveted. It was reported to Antonelli that an Englishman was masquerading in the streets, clothed in a bad imitation of the Benedictine habit, and strutting about with ladies on his arm. The Cardinal was on the point of ordering him to quit the city, but on discovering that he was a ritualistic monk, he gave one of his sarcastic laughs, and suggested, in the Italian equivalent, that the aspirant after monastic honours should be labelled "Brummagem—

warranted best venerated," at the same time commending him to the care of the Bishop of Birmingham, who then happened to be in the Eternal City.

Antonelli, besides being a diplomatist, was an enthusiastic chess-player, the only amusement he permitted himself. In this game he was so proficient that the saying ran, "It wants the devil to checkmate Antonelli." His sole objection to the game was that it took up too much time. So sparing was he of that article that for many years he refused to be ordained priest, lest he should lose too much time in preparing for, in saying, and in returning thanks after Mass—one hour altogether. As an ecclesiastic in Sacred orders—as opposed to the four Minor initiatory orders—he was equally economical. He was bound by the obligation of his state to recite the Canonical Hours of the Breviary every day—a task which occupies, on an average, one hour a day, and is rendered more tiresome by the amount of turning the pages over and over, to find the various antiphons, prayers, suffrages, etc. This Antonelli avoided altogether, by having the whole "Office" for each day printed in a bold canon type, on large quarto cards, in the exact order in which it was to be said. These were handed to him one by one by his chaplain and the words were rapidly repeated by his Eminence, who thus satisfied the obligation at very little trouble to himself. As a rule, he would postpone the Office of the day till within an hour of midnight, and would first repeat it, and then by anticipation that for the next day, in immediate succession, thus being clear of all religious obligations for the next two days.

His business powers were unparalleled, and his despatch in all matters connected with his office, rendered him a perfect terror, as well to his subordinates as to his fellow ministers, with whose duties he interfered to an unwarrantable extent. In matters of war or peace, the organization of the army, the conversion of the heathen, the police, the appointment of a bishop, finance, or ecclesiastical ceremonies, nothing came amiss to him; nor was the epithet "Ficconaso" (Paul Pry) misapplied in his case. The Pope at first tried to resist, but was at last compelled to yield to what was in reality the tyranny of his minister, ruefully complaining that, "no matter how varied the materials in the ecclesiastical omelette,

Antonelli was sure to have the mixing." It was an evil day for Italy, and especially for Pius IX., that saw the deceased Cardinal assume the position of Secretary of State. Had the Pope been left to himself and to follow the dictates of his own better and more liberal inclinations, a *modus vivendi* would have been arrived at by which the King of Italy's task would have been accomplished without the fearful outpouring of blood and treasure which has so crippled the new Kingdom, whilst to the Papal Court and its appanages would have been secured an amount of freedom and power, such as, fortunately for the world, it can never look for now. Antonelli stopped the way and brought himself and his master to grief. In fact, the only point on which the Pope and he disagreed was, that he never could persuade his Holiness to excommunicate Victor Emmanuel by name. The Cardinal hated the King as much as the Pope loves him: the one looked on him as a robber, the other as a true Italian. But "the craft was in danger," and the King had to be left out in the cold. It did not jump with Infallibility to look with favour on a monarch whose Ministers had flouted the Holy See in its own city, and given checkmate to its crafty and ambitious Prime Minister; and so, by the ambition of one man, the lives of hundreds have been sacrificed, and the world looks and scoffs at the sight of the "Vicar of Christ" snarling in the Vatican, or whimpering out querulous complaints from an imaginary dungeon.

Asto the Infallibility dogma, and Antonelli's share in it, I can safely assert that, as to its theology, he cared nothing; he looked on it solely as a means to an end, the apotheosis of hierarchism. Whilst it flattered the obstinate vanity of Pius IX., it played into the hands of the Cardinal, and seemed to open up an enchanting vista of increased power, and consequently of money-bags still further inflated. The theology he left to the Jesuits and Archbishop Manning, with both of whom he was *pro hac vice* at one: the political part of it he appropriated to himself. Sedan and Bismarck combined defeated his ambitious projects, and saved Italy, and indeed the world, from the infliction of a burthen too heavy to be borne.

It remains to be seen what difference his death will make in the politics of the Vatican. Already we read of changes, actual,

and rumoured. Cardinal Simeoni, Antonelli's successor, is a servile imitator of his predecessor, a man of mean ability, but of high sacerdotal ideas. If Cardinal Manning is really to remain at Rome, that would seem to point to the assumption by the Jesuits—whose tool the late Archdeacon of Chichester has always been, and whom Cardinal Antonelli always firmly opposed—of that absolute despotism over the Pope's mind, at which they have always aimed, and to the possible succession of Cardinal Manning to the Papal chair on the nomination of Pius IX. himself, a privilege he can now claim as an outcome of the declaration of the new doctrine. This step Antonelli always opposed, as there was no love lost between himself and his brother, the English

Cardinal. He had other views, and these in favour of the election of an Italian Pope. He had no wish to be Pope himself; he was more than content to pull the strings, and he had quite political sagacity enough to know that his election to the papal throne would be the signal for a general shout of execration, and a combined storm of opposition on the part of a united Europe sufficient to threaten the very existence of the Papacy. A mere puppet, in the shape of some half-educated Italian Cardinal, who could be moulded as he chose, was the one whom the late Papal Secretary of State desired to see step into the shoes of Pius IX., under whose *régime* he might still hope to enjoy the sweets of power and of money-getting.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK III.

POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER VII.

MICHAEL SEWELL.

BRIAN HALFDAY was not unmindful of his appointment with Angelo Salmon on the following day. True to his old punctual habits, he was descending the grand staircase of the "Mastodon" as the clock in the hall was striking seven. It was a bright, breezy morning as he stepped from the portico of the hotel to the street, and went on a few paces to the railing that skirted the cliff, where he paused and looked across at the sea, full of life and light in the early sunshine.

Brian had the view to himself for a while. The visitors at the "Mastodon" were not early risers as a rule, and the white frost on

the cliff railing, and on the top of the bathing machines below, was scarcely inviting to those who loved warmth within doors. It was a keen air, and Brian found it necessary after a while to walk up and down at a sharp pace to keep his blood in circulation, whilst he wondered what had become of Angelo, and whether another thought of meeting him had crossed that young man's mind, or the little that was left of it.

He would give him ten minutes' grace, and then start off towards the great green hills lying beyond the town, Brian thought, taking a long walk before breakfast, and postponing Angelo's revelation for another opportunity. He would have been glad to hear Angelo's story; to approach more closely to the truth from Angelo's point of view, but there was time before him, and no

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

necessity for haste. Young Salmon had possibly overslept himself, or was naturally an unpunctual man; he should see him on his return, and if he waited there much longer for him—he who hated to wait, or to be kept waiting—he should certainly lose his temper, being not wholly amiable. Suddenly the click of the great brass latch of the “Mastodon” doors echoed in the quiet street. Brian turned back with the expectation of meeting Angelo, and in his short-sighted fashion advanced towards the man descending the steps.

“You are behind time,” he said half-sharply, before he was aware that it was not Angelo Salmon upon whom he had intruded. The effect of his appearance upon the stranger was more startling than he had bargained for. The man came to a full stop, went up two steps again in his surprise, paused and gave vent to a bitter, awful oath.

“Brian Halfday!” he said the instant afterwards, “you have been waiting here. By what right do you watch me?”

“By what right are you in this place spending the money that belongs to another?” asked Brian, sharply in his turn.

He did not explain to the man on the steps that this was one of those chance meetings with which the world is full; it might be as well, for his future plans, to profess that he knew Michael Sewell was at Scarborough, and that he had been waiting for him there. At all events, in the early moments of their meeting he would not deceive him.

The man whom we meet for the first time, and yet whose life and character have been shadowed forth by his young wife Dorcas in our pages, was a tall and strikingly handsome man—an olive-skinned, dark-eyed, gipsy-looking being, who seemed more Spanish than English at first sight. It was probable that his surprise—even his evident confusion and anger—at this unlooked-for meeting with his brother-in-law had deepened the natural colour of his skin, for after all he was not a great deal swarthier than Brian when he had recovered himself and descended to the pavement. He towered over our hero, and looked down at him almost in defiance; he had been surprised and tracked, but he was not to be brow-beaten by this fierce little man whom he had always hated, and with just cause too—he

was sure of that! The times had changed, and he was rich and his own master—what was Brian Halfday to him now, and taken at his worst, what harm could he do?

“I am spending the money that belongs to me,” he said in reply to Brian’s last remark, “and you have no right to say a word against it.”

“Have you no idea of making restitution to Miss Westbrook?—is this how you carry out your promise to my sister?” asked Brian.

“You are in too much of a hurry—and I hate hurry,” he replied. “I want time to turn round, and to consider how this affects me—and by Heaven I’ll take my time too. Who has set you dogging my steps like this—Dorcas?”

“Is not Dorcas with you?”

“No—she is not.”

“Where is she?” asked Brian.

Michael Sewell seemed indisposed to afford his brother-in-law the information required. His face darkened again, and the veins in his forehead became swollen with a rage that was difficult to repress. Still, he repressed it; he was not at his ease in Brian’s company, or under Brian’s questioning, but there were reasons why he should not openly quarrel with him at present. He owed Brian Halfday a grudge, and he was a man who never forgave nor forgot, but the hour of retaliation lay beyond the present day, and he could afford to wait as well as any man. The game was his own, and he held the leading cards.”

“Look here, Brian,” he said bluntly, but in a more friendly tone, “you and I have not hit it well together, and you have taken a deal of pains to make me hate you, but you will find I’m straight and fair—if you’ll leave me to myself. Cross me, and there’s no one a greater devil. Ask Dorcas—ask that infernal father of hers—ask anybody who has ever known Mike Sewell. If you want me for an enemy, say so—if you want me for a friend, hold out your hand.”

Brian was not to be deceived by this sudden exhibition of frankness. He believed he knew the man and estimated him at his just worth, and he had lost faith in him and his honour long ago.

“I make neither friends nor enemies if I can help it,” he said, “and you and I are not likely to meet very often here, or elsewhere.”

"I'll take care of that," said Michael Sewell, insolently now. He was not at his ease, and his mood varied with every sentence of his brother-in-law's.

"I shall be glad of one interview, at your leisure," Brian continued, "for I have news of considerable importance to communicate."

"Have you been following me to tell me this?"

"Scarcely," said Brian, "my principal business in Scarborough is with Miss Westbrook herself."

"Ah—yes—Miss Westbrook," he muttered in a confused way that was difficult for Brian to account for, "but she does not know you are in Scarborough."

"Has she told you so?" asked Brian. "Are you acquainted with Miss Westbrook?"

"Look here," he said again, as though the phrase was a familiar one, "I am not going to be bothered by all your hateful questions—I don't care to commit myself—that is, to be taken off my guard. You are too sharp a fellow for me—you always were, and I want time and patience, lots of them. I haven't been well. I have come here for a holiday—a complete change—and not to be worried by business of importance, as you please to term it. Why," he added with a forced laugh, "I have not even given my right name here, so that I might enjoy a little peace."

"Not your right name," repeated Brian thoughtfully.

"I wasn't fool enough to come as Michael Sewell—the deserter too!—it was not in my line to let everybody know who I was."

"Will you tell me where Dorcas is?" asked Brian quietly.

"She is in London with her father. Ah! and look here now, I have not much time to spare," he said, drawing a new gold watch from his pocket and consulting it attentively, "but as we have met, and before we say good-bye here—and a good riddance to each other, perhaps—there's another little matter of importance I'll talk over with you presently—and that's this infernal father-in-law of mine. If you or Dorcas think I'm the proper person to take care of him—to be cursed with his whining and snivelling, and all his beastly ways, you're very much mistaken. There!"

"He is with Dorcas and you?"

"At present. If he stops much longer I shall murder him," replied Mr. Sewell vindictively. "You are not going to shove him upon me, I can tell you. Of all the hateful—but I shall see you again. Good morning."

He strode away in the direction of the steps that led to the sands and the valley, then turned again suddenly, as with a new thought which had come to him.

"Look here, old fellow," he said, advancing very closely to Brian once more, "least said is soonest mended between you and me. You need not tell everybody in the hotel that my name's Michael Sewell—it's a name I detest—and I don't care to be known by it in a swell place like this."

"Your complete change includes change of name also," said Brian ironically.

"Yes, it does. I have to play the part of a gentleman here."

"I am afraid you find it a difficult impersonation."

"Never you mind. You can disgrace me, and you can make people laugh at me," he said; "but two can play at that game, remember, always. And when your sister comes, which she will presently, you will have disgraced her, too—don't forget that."

"I will not forget anything," was Brian's answer.

Michael Sewell went his way after this, and Brian, disturbed as much as his brother-in-law by the turn which events had taken, resumed his beat in front of the hotel, and thought less of the gentleman for whom he was waiting, than of the individual playing the part of a gentleman from whom he had recently parted.

He walked to the cliff railing again, and looked down at the sands, as if curious—and he was naturally curious, the reader is aware—to learn what had become of Michael Sewell, and whether a cold bath or a walk by the seashore, was the mission which had brought the man out at so early an hour.

It was strange that he should have met him in this place; had he been a superstitious man, he might have seen something like destiny in it—the destiny of a retribution that it was in his power, and which it had become his duty, to bring about.

Yes; Fate, tired of persecuting Mabel Westbrook, was playing into his hands, when it brought him and Michael Sewell together by the sea; now the heiress might

step into her rights again sooner than he had dreamed.

This Michael Sewell had possibly determined on a long walk; the tide was low, and Brian, from his vantage ground, could see the well-knit figure of his relative by marriage striding along the wet sand, and close to the water's edge, as if with the intention of cutting off the curves of the bay, by keeping as far as he could from the range of brown cliffs that stretched on beyond the Spa, towards Filey.

Through his strong glasses, which he had put on to make sure that he was not interested in the movements of a stranger, Brian saw Michael Sewell suddenly look towards the gardens of the Spa, or to the sands immediately beyond the lower entrance, raise his hat, wave his hand, and make towards a spot of colour there—a fleck of blue and white, strangely like a lady in morning costume, sauntering time away by the sea.

"An assignation! I am not surprised," said Brian, shrugging his shoulders as he turned away; "he is false in everything. It is like his character, as I have always painted it—it is like the man of whom I always warned poor Dorcas. Why did I watch the wretch?" he said, stamping his foot upon the ground in his new petulance; "why have I lowered myself to spy upon him, knowing what he is so well."

Still Michael Sewell puzzled him, and enraged him. For his sister's sake, and in her service, it might be as well to learn something of the truth, to face the man even, and accuse him of his baseness, or to make sure that he was not the arrant knave he thought him. He would descend to the seashore and confront him. He might be doing Michael Sewell an injustice, he thought more generously, as he descended the steps, and the lady might be as innocent of an intentional meeting with the ex-soldier as Michael was of meeting her. A chance acquaintance born of *table-d'hôtes* probably; he was getting terribly suspicious of his fellow-creatures—he was not improving—Mabel Westbrook had seen that for herself only last night.

When he had reached the sands, the man who was not surprised, was doomed to experience another shock of considerable force, for leaning against the lower wall of the Spa, peering round it nervously and eagerly, and looking in the direction which Michael

Sewell had taken, was Michael Sewell's wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

NOT QUITE HAPPY.

INTO the foreground of life—and of life's battle—were advancing all those in whom Brian Halfday was interested. It seemed as if the great fight was to be fought out at this garish watering-place, where Thalia reigned supreme, and the dark skirts of Melpomene were only seen fluttering at the side wings. Surely more like destiny than ever to find Dorcas Sewell there—although Brian, like a wise man, had no faith in destiny. It was his sister who believed in fate, and who turned round with a half-scream of affright, as he touched her on the shoulder.

"Brian!" she exclaimed, "what evil genius brings you here?"

Dorcas was attired in a morning costume of fashionable make. It was the first time that Brian had seen her "dressed like a lady," and he frowned a little at her "style," at the massive gold chain hanging round her neck, and attached to a gold watch at her girdle. Evidences of making free with Mabel Westbrook's property—nothing more than that—nothing more creditable, he thought—not one effort to save money for the woman who had been robbed by the Halfdays.

"Miss Westbrook's business brings me here, Dorcas," replied Brian to her; "I hope the same motive has brought you, too. We have both been waiting for you."

Dorcas looked down, and wrung her hands together.

"I have been given time," she answered; Miss Westbrook promised to have faith in me and him."

"Meaning your husband?"

"Yes."

"And what faith has the wife in Michael Sewell when she watches him like this," asked Brian; "when he is unaware of her presence, and believes her to be in London with her father?"

Dorcas winced at the inquiry. The warm blood mounted to her face, and then died away, leaving her the colour of the dead.

Brian waited for an angry answer, for the

old passionate outburst which was natural to her character, and which invariably followed reproof or advice, but it came not. The hands were wrung together again, and the thin lips quivered, as she replied in a low voice—

“I did not care to be too long away from him. I wanted to see him, if even at a distance. I wanted to know what he was doing in this place without me.”

“Are you jealous of him?” inquired Brian.

“I—I wasn’t when I came here first—that is,” she added, “not very jealous. But he was anxious to get away, and leave me to father, and he never asked me to come with him, and I—I couldn’t bear it any longer.”

“When did you arrive?”

“Father and I have been here a week.”

“Without discovery—that is strange.”

“Oh! we are not likely to be discovered,” said Dorcas, with her old excitement gathering strength by degrees; “father is palsy-stricken and helpless now, and I am his nurse in lodgings near the ‘Mastodon.’ As near as I could get them, too, so that I could see Michael from behind the window-curtains pass the door, or come out of that hateful hotel where the women make love to him unblushingly, and he is fool enough to be flattered by their leers and smiles, and think what a handsome lady-killer he is! As if he is fit to be there, Brian,” she exclaimed; “as if they didn’t laugh at him and his rough, soldier-like ways—as if he wouldn’t be so much happier and better, and truer with me—as if he wasn’t down here learning to forget me. Oh! my God, Brian,—already!—think of it!”

She struck her hands upon the stone seawall of the Spa in her sudden rage, and then spread them before her face to hide a rush of tears from her companion.

“Dorcas——” began Brian, when she lowered her hands and cried—

“Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say. ‘I told you so—I warned you of him—I knew how it would be!’ Well, don’t say it—it’s a lie—you don’t know anything, and I will not listen to you.”

“I was about to speak in his defence, Dorcas,” when you interrupted me, said Brian very calmly.

Dorcas looked at him with amazement.

“You speak in his defence,” she muttered; “is the world coming to an end, then?”

“I wished to say, Dorcas, that you must not suspect your husband too hastily, or you will pave the way to your own unhappiness,” he said in a gentle tone that was new to the wild girl—for she was still a girl, rash and uncontrollable; “your husband is a man unaccustomed to society, vain, and easily flattered. He is not wholly ignorant; his rough manners may pass amongst some people here for a charming out-spokenness; he has probably made a few friends or acquaintances, who will drop him next week as easily as he will forget them, and there is no harm done or thought on either side. It would have been better to have left him to his holiday, and have waited trustfully for his return.”

The kind words were too much for the weak woman. She broke down again, and turned her face away from him and said—

“I couldn’t, Brian, I couldn’t. I did try.”

“Courage—faith,” said Brian, putting his arm round her, “you are a young wife, and this husband married you for love, remember.”

“Is that one of your old sneers?”

“No, Dorcas,” he replied, “I believe—and perhaps it is all I do believe—that Michael Sewell really loved you when we used to quarrel about him so terribly.”

“But you never had faith in him.”

“Well—no.”

“And now you have?” she inquired wonderingly.

“I don’t say that,” answered Brian, “although it does not agree with my experience of human nature to think Michael Sewell a cold-blooded villain. He may surely talk to the ladies of an hotel where everybody grins and chatters”—he was thinking of last night and Mabel Westbrook’s friends, now—“without a suspicion that he is false to you. A sensible man comes here to laugh rather than make love.”

“I’m not so sure of it,” said Dorcas, “and—what is he always with that woman for? Who is she? Why does she meet him in the early morning on the sands? Why are they together in the Spa? Why are they always together? Will you tell me that?”

“I cannot explain anything, Dorcas. I was only in Yorkshire, for the first time, last night.”

“Ah! then, you don’t know,” said his sister; “you haven’t seen how he goes about with her, whilst I stay at home and break my heart. And yet he doesn’t mean any

harm—he always liked me—he’s a good fellow, he means to do right—it’s that hateful woman who is leading him on, and mark me, Brian, *I shall kill her!* ”

CHAPTER IX.

A BROTHER AT LAST.

BRIAN HALFDAY had been all his life accustomed to the strange wild moods of his sister Dorcas, but he was unprepared for the intensity of hate and passion displayed in her last words. Here was something to surprise and appal him—even to confound him with the consciousness of his own poor knowledge of human nature. After all, he was no wiser than his fellow men, and this distracted girl remained an enigma impossible to solve. She had become in her jealousy a dangerous woman, and it was no idle threat which had escaped her. Brian could not see to the end of her purpose, or through the shadowy complications hovering about her life. What was to become of her?

He was wise enough at least to affect to disregard the bitterness of her words, and the threat which she had conveyed.

“You are looking at this through magnifying glasses,” he said, “and will have a hearty laugh at your own extravagance some day. Now, Dorcas, will you take my advice for once?”

“I never cared for your advice,” his sister answered sullenly.

“I am aware of it,” said Brian; “but we will not talk of the by-gones.”

He had advised her long ago to have nothing to do with Michael Sewell, but she had disregarded him and his counsel. Women generally will turn their backs on “advice gratis” when a lover is in question.

“What do you want me to do?” asked Dorcas.

“Go home quietly, and leave this to me,” he replied. “Trust me even to fight my sister’s battle, if it should be necessary—which is doubtful.”

Dorcas looked round the sea-wall again before she answered.

“I don’t say there’s any harm in those two; but he has no right to go on like that,” she muttered. “And if any harm comes,

I am not the woman to put up with it. I belong to a family, Brian, that’s revengeful and not too particular.”

“We are not a very nice family, certainly,” was the dry comment of her brother.

“There they go, walking along together still. She has got her hand upon his arm now. Do you see?”

Brian could only see that Dorcas’s face had assumed a greenish hue—the loiterers on the sands were beyond his range, even with his glasses.

“Let them be,” he said; “it would be a miserable policy to show the woman you are jealous, and the husband that you mistrust him. I will walk back with you to your house, if you can put up with my company so long.”

“Very well,” Dorcas assented reluctantly.

They went slowly towards the “Mastodon,” Dorcas turning and looking after her husband more than once. Brian endeavoured to distract her attention by discussing various matters foreign to the one subject weighing on her mind, but the effect was not particularly successful. He told her of his journey to America, of Peter Scone’s death—without, however, mentioning the second will of Adam Halfday—of Mabel Westbrook’s being at the “Mastodon,” which she knew already; of Angelo Salmon’s illness, and the strange means that had been adopted to work a cure in him. He was more communicative and confidential than he had ever been; he was altogether kinder and more considerate; and the change in him was too remarkable for Dorcas not to notice at last.

She had been answering in monosyllables to his various questions and items of news; she had been oppressed by her own thoughts; but when they had ascended the cliff, and were close upon home, she said, in dreamy wonderment—

“What has altered you so much, Brian? Why were you not always like this in the old days? I should have loved you then.”

Brian felt the reproach conveyed by the two questions she had asked—felt that there was more than the ring of a half-truth in them. He *had* been hard and harsh in the past—if he had been right in his judgments, he had not been merciful—like the rest of the Halfdays, a consideration for other people’s feelings, other folks’ weaknesses, had never been a strong point in his char-

acter, and Dorcas had not learned to love him.

"I am getting older and more thoughtful, perhaps," he answered, "but does it strike you I have altered very much?"

"Very much."

"I cannot account for it—I know I am as bad-tempered as ever," he added, thinking of last night again.

"It is not every thought for yourself," said Dorcas shrewdly, if not too complimentarily, "you are not thinking always of how good and wise a man you are, now."

Brian laughed.

"That is a sharp criticism, girl—but admirably near the truth. And there are times when I feel astonishingly like a fool," he said.

"You can't be in love," said Dorcas, moodily regarding him again, "it's as unlikely for you to be in love, as for—"

"As for anybody to be in love with me—exactly," said Brian, concluding the sentence in which she had stopped half way; "oh, no—it's not likely to be love, of all the miserable passions of the world. Is this your place?"

They were standing before a house in the square that faced the "Mastodon Hotel."

"Yes, from the windows on the first floor I watch him eternally, Brian. And it's no light task, God knows," she added, with a heavy sigh.

"Leave this to me for an hour or two," said Brian; "I am thinking that Michael Sewell may as well know you are in Scarborough."

"No, no," cried Dorcas, with evident alarm, "for Heaven's sake don't tell him. He would hate me for ever—he would never forgive me, Brian. You must not tell him—you will promise me not to tell him I am here—for my sake don't lower me in his eyes—pray don't!"

Once again Brian marvelled at his sister's manner, and at her sudden exhibition of excitement. She distrusted her husband, but she was terribly afraid of him.

"Will you inform him yourself?—write to him in a day or two, not later."

"Anything rather than you should tell him—or he should hear it from other lips than mine," said Dorcas.

Brian considered the question for a moment.

"Very well—I will keep your secret. I have not a right to betray it, perhaps."

"Thank you, Brian—thank you," she murmured gratefully; "I am beginning to hope I have a brother at last."

"Why?"

"You are kind to me—you speak kindly."

"I have a great deal to say that you will not take kindly to, presently, Dorcas," replied Brian, gravely, "but there is time before us for future arrangements."

"You mean about the money," she said with a shudder; "ah! you may reproach me if you will, though I am very helpless now. Not," she added, quickly, "that I have lost faith in Michael's doing right, or acting rightly by Miss Westbrook. He promised me he would, and he will keep his word, I am sure of it."

"Good day—I shall see you soon again."

"Will you not come up-stairs and say a word to father? He is stricken down of late days. He talks about you very often."

"Not now," said Brian, "presently."

"Good-bye, then—and please don't tell Michael."

She held her face up to him, and he stooped and kissed her, as he had not done since she was a little child—so far apart had the hearts of these two unsympathetic beings drifted in their day. He crossed the square and went towards the hotel, thinking it all over again, and striving vainly to see the end of it.

"If it had been any one else except Michael Sewell," he said to himself, "there might have been more hope for his wife."

CHAPTER X.

THE BIG BLONDE.

THE affairs of life were becoming complicated for Brian Halfday, and there was a greater pressure of business upon him than he had bargained for. He was a man with more missions than one, and they crossed and recrossed each other very strangely. First and greatest of all tasks was his duty to Mabel Westbrook: to bring back to her estate all the money of which she had been deprived had seemed the one

aim of his existence, until he had found her betrothed to Angelo Salmon, linked to a weak-minded eccentricity, whom he was sure she did not love, and whom she had accepted out of pity. To save her rather than her money in the first place—and then to confront this Michael Sewell with the tidings that he was not heir to the estate of Adam Halfday of St. Lazarus. To save Angelo Salmon also from the keen anguish of the disappointment that must come to him, to render him more man-like and self-confident, was scarcely an impossible task with time before him, Brian thought, but time was hemming him in quickly, and here was a jealous woman in hiding from her husband on his hands as well—a woman who would adopt desperate means to assert her rights against any one who came between her and the man she loved. Yes, he had enough to do—and he did not quite see in what direction to begin. He must watch his opportunity, for the sakes of all these people who had got upon his mind, and ousted his profession from his thoughts.

At the table d'hote breakfast at the "Mastodon," he saw nothing of his friends or acquaintances—it was on the Spa that they flocked, towards him or swept by him, atoms of the busy crowd of fashion and frivolity.

Mabel and Angelo came towards him first, and his heart sank a little—was it with envy?—as they approached him arm-in-arm. Angelo Salmon presented a less ghastly appearance in the sunshine, or the breeze had freshened him up for the morning, or in Mabel Westbrook's company, and with Mabel to take care of, he had become a different man. And she was bright and full of smiles also—hardly like a woman engaged against her will, Brian thought discontentedly, although a vainer man might have taken her smiles to himself, and considered that she was glad to see him again.

Mabel and Brian shook hands, and then Brian and Angelo, the latter proving that he possessed a memory still, by saying at once—

"I owe you an apology, Mr. Halfday, for not keeping my appointment this morning. I hope you did not wait long for me."

"Not very long," was Brian's answer.

"I did not wake—and the man who had orders to call me received fresh instructions from my father to let me be—and so

I hope you will hold me excused. They," he added, with a half-frown, "treat me very like a child, you perceive. Even this dear, good friend—this wife that is to be—talks to me as if I were a boy of ten years old, at times. That will not do much longer, Mabel," he said, looking into her face with so much love and admiration that Brian was half disposed to feel indignant again. It was an extraordinary thing that he could not bear anybody to smile at Mabel Westbrook but himself; he had no idea he was so selfish as that—it was perfectly unaccountable; he must be just waking to the consciousness that his temper was execrable.

"I hope Scarborough pleases you better in the daylight," said Mabel to our hero.

"It is a place that will never please me," he replied; "I am too quiet, or too morose, or too fond of my own company."

"I don't like it myself," said Angelo, "but they keep me here for some reason or other—for the sake of the change, I think they call it, as if change were necessary with Mabel for a companion."

"Shall I leave you two gentlemen to talk scandal against a fashionable watering place?" said Mabel. "I perceive a friend approaching whom I have almost deserted during the last two days."

"You will not be long away from me?" said Angelo.

"You will find me near the band," answered Mabel.

There was design in her departure, Brian thought, and Mabel certainly considered that it would be better for Angelo to tell his story, or that part of his story which might be of interest to Brian, as speedily as possible. Brian would understand Angelo and herself more thoroughly then, she hoped.

But Angelo Salmon was not in a hurry to commence his narrative. He sat down by the side of Brian, and followed Mabel with his eyes, watched her cross the promenade to address a lady and gentleman, to stop and talk to them for awhile, and finally proceed with them in the direction of the orchestra. Brian had been watching also with immense interest, for the lady was strikingly attired in blue and white, and the gentleman was Michael Sewell. The costumes are more striking than picturesque at Scarborough as a rule, and there are as violent dashes at colours and contrasts as in

the garish habits of an opera bouffe. Hence there are a few happy results and many terrible failures, although it was doubtful if the blue and white dress were a failure, despite the attention it attracted, and men and women looking curiously after it and its wearer. It was a marvel of skirts, under-skirts, and flouncings, we may observe; and the lady within it was large, fair, young, and pretty enough to carry off with something like grace a dress that would have been social annihilation to a doll or a dowdy.

The wearer of the blue and white was a fine woman, and knew it—and was perfectly aware that the world in general was of the same opinion as herself. Brian scowled again; it was another blow to him to think that Mabel Westbrook had made the acquaintance of Michael Sewell and his companion. Mabel was too quick to make friends, and her amiability had been imposed upon in consequence.

"Who is the lady, Angelo?" asked Brian sharply.

"The lady—what lady? I beg pardon, if you have been speaking before, I did not hear you," said Angelo, jumping at the suddenness and sharpness of Brian's address.

"Who is the lady Miss Westbrook has shaken hands with?"

"Mrs. Disney, a young widow. I don't admire her," said Angelo.

"Does Mabel Westbrook admire her?"

"I cannot say, she always fires up if one utters a word against her friends, and I like her for that, as I like her for everything. There is not such another woman in the world, Brian," he cried, enthusiastically.

"Exactly—Mrs. Disney is her friend, then?"

"They were schoolfellows together. Mrs. Disney was educated in America; when Mabel left Penton, she found out Mrs. Disney, who was very kind to her, and made her share her home at once."

"Oh! this is the school friend, the one friend in England of whom I have heard her speak. I wish it had been one friend the less," he muttered to himself.

"Mabel came to Scarborough with Mrs. Disney, and I found her here after a long search. I was determined to find her; I had made up my mind to die, and I thought I should be glad to see her again before I left the world in which I had lost all hope."

"That was a foolish resolution, Angelo,"

said Brian. "you should have been a prouder and braver man than that! There are plenty of women to love in the world, and there are life's duties before women."

It was his first step towards the end he had in view, and Angelo Salmon considered the remark for a moment.

"You do not know how completely prostrated I was, and what a blank everything was, too. I should not care to live without Mabel—I would not," Angelo said, stamping his foot upon the ground.

"It is a morbid feeling; you have no right to think of any one in that way," said Brian. "You will have different and better thoughts as you grow stronger."

"I don't want to think of anything but Mabel. She is my one thought."

"I am sorry for it," said Brian bluntly.

Angelo looked intently at his companion.

"Have you ever been in love yourself?"

"I don't know—I can't say. I have a remembrance of a school-girl whom I met in half-holidays, and once went nutting with, and who promised to marry me when I grew up. But she didn't."

"If you have never cared for any one—I mean, cared deeply—it is beyond your power to understand me, sir," said Angelo in a half-offended tone.

Brian assented readily.

"Perhaps it is," he said; "let us change the subject."

He saw quickly and shrewdly that Angelo's variable moods were difficult to oppose, and he felt already that the young man, who had been hitherto meek and docile, was as irritable and suspicious as himself now.

"Do you remember my asking you to be my friend?" Angelo asked suddenly.

"Yes; in the Museum at Penton; and I answered like a churl;" said Brian.

"I thought—she thought—that I could not have a better; there seemed something so strong, and manly, and straightforward in you—but," he added with a shiver, "I should not take you for a friend now."

"Have I altered so much?"

"I have taken a dislike to you," was Angelo's candid reply.

"Well, I regret that; for I would make you my friend, if I could."

"You have tried to make me think less of the woman I love—and I cannot forgive that very readily, Mr. Halfday," said Angelo

with great gravity, "you must have had some hidden reason for endeavouring to disparage Mabel in my eyes."

"I would not say a word of disparagement against Mabel Westbrook for the world," replied Brian; "but I would for a—that, beg you to love her with less selfishness."

"What can you possibly mean now?" cried Angelo.

"I have already told you that no woman is deserving of, and that no good woman expects to be made, the sole thought of a man's life. It is unnatural and unreal; and harm may come of it."

"I would prefer not continuing the discussion," said Angelo, loftily, as he rose from his chair, took his hat formally from his head, and left Brian to ponder on the non-success—even the utter failure—of his first attempt to rescue Mabel from the clutches of this man.

"Still it must be done," he said; "he is worse than I thought; and she would be hardly safe with him."

He sat there brooding on this problem, until Michael Sewell, Mrs. Disney, and Mabel passed again; when he half rose to his feet, as if with the intention of joining them, and then sat down again.

"No—I will not hunt her to death. She is happier without me," he muttered.

As they passed, and Mabel looked towards him and smiled, he could almost fancy that her glance asked him to rescue her from those people whom she had sought of her own free will, and had possibly tired of speedily; but he had not the vanity to construe her meaning thus, and contented himself by raising his hat, and feeling grateful for her acknowledgment of his existence. They passed on, and Brian looked after them, until he became aware that his sister Dorcas was looking after them too, from the upper gallery of the covered corridor which faced him. Ever the same thought and the same eternal watch for this woman of one idea—the sooner husband and wife were together, or Mrs. Disney separated from Michael Sewell, the better. This task seemed possible at least. Dorcas was thickly veiled now, and Brian would scarcely have recognised her, despite his glasses, had it not been for the preceding interview. But Dorcas was on his mind, and there was no mistaking the figure leaning over the balcony.

Dorcas did not see him. She had only eyes for Michael Sewell and his companion; and when Mabel left them and came on alone towards Brian, she did not look towards her, but shifted her position with the movements of her husband in the crowd. Presently Brian lost her altogether, and he was gladdened by the sight of Mabel standing before him.

"What have you done with Angelo?" she asked.

"He left me a few minutes since, being heartily tired of my society," said Brian.

"I will go in search of him."

"I will accompany you, if you will allow me."

"Certainly," said Mabel.

"I have one or two questions to ask concerning Mrs. Disney," said Brian; adding, as Mabel regarded him with surprise, "and in Mrs. Disney's interest."

"Mrs. Disney should be very much obliged to you," Mabel answered.

"Oh! I am not going to quarrel with you again," said Brian with a half sad smile; "I think I understand you now, and for ever."

"Well, well," she said in a lower tone, and looking away from him for an instant, "it is almost time."

"Young Salmon tells me that Mrs. Disney is a dear friend of yours," Brian began.

"He is mistaken," Mabel answered, "a dear friend Isabel Disney can never be. She is an old school-fellow, whom I sought when I found myself alone in the world—whose knowledge of that world, too, I fancied might be of service to me in some way. That was one of my mistakes—I make them at times, as you are aware."

"You do not like Mrs. Disney. I am glad of that," exclaimed Brian.

"On the contrary, I like her very much—as an acquaintance," was the reply. "She is very amiable, very kind, very anxious to be of service, very generous—"

"And very vain," Brian concluded.

"How do you know?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know, but the idea has impressed me, nevertheless."

Mabel laughed.

"Well, I think she is 'just a little' vain," Mabel confessed; "not much—not enough to spoil her. She is very pretty and dashing, and gentlemen pay her a great deal of attention, and that is likely to turn the head of a

young lady who is as fond of admiration as the rest of us."

"I wish you would not talk quite so flippantly on subjects of importance, Miss Westbrook," Brian jerked out solemnly. "You are not fond of admiration or attention."

"I am only a woman," answered Mabel demurely. "I think I am, Mr. Halfday."

"No—no, not in the way I mean," said Brian; "not the fulsome admiration and attention which that big blonde would take for a compliment."

"What a name, 'that big blonde!'" cried Mabel. "If she could hear you; if her new and last admirer could hear you."

"The gentleman with whom she is now, you mean?"

"Yes. Captain Seymour."

"Oh! that is Captain Seymour," said Brian. "Do *you* like him?"

"Well—no. He is very handsome, but very rough in his manners."

"Hardly a gentleman?"

"No—hardly a gentleman," repeated Mabel; "but Isabel likes his frankness, and he is certainly very attentive to her—possibly very fond of her."

"Don't say that," said Brian very quickly.

"Why not?" asked Mabel in astonishment. "Why should he not be? Do you know anything of him—is he what he seems?"

"No," was Brian's reply.

"What is he, then?"

"My sister's husband," answered Brian.

CHAPTER XI.

CLOSE TO THE TRUTH.

MABEL WESTBROOK turned very white, before a flush of honest indignation at Michael Sewell's duplicity stole over her face and neck. Young and guileless herself, knowing little of the world and the world's temptations, crediting humanity with higher motives than as a rule it deserved, believing in the good, and doubting if there were much evil in men's hearts, the revelation of Brian Halfday was a blow to Mabel from which she did not readily recover.

"Oh! is it true—can it be true?" she exclaimed.

"It is unfortunately too true."

"Let us get away from this crowd," she said with excitement. "I am bewildered—I shall betray my confusion. You must tell me what to do."

"What to do?"

"Yes; for Isabel. For oh! Brian, I—I think she likes him very much already."

"And has no idea he is married?"

"No. She is vain, but not wicked. She has not a bad thought in her simple heart, I am certain."

"She will the more readily get over this folly," said Brian.

They went slowly from the promenade to the paths which wound up the steep hills of the Spa Gardens, where they could talk in peace, and with only a few stragglers to wonder what might be the subject of their conversation.

"Now tell me what to do. Can you reply upon you," said Mabel, when they were on one of the upper paths, and not far from the summit of the cliff.

"Thank you for the compliment," answered Brian with a smile. "I have given you, in my time, a great deal of advice, which I have no remembrance of your following."

"Go on. You regard matters lightly. I have a friend's reputation at stake," said Mabel impatiently.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Westbrook. This is reproof for reproof, I suppose; but I hardly deserve it. But why should we not treat the matter lightly?" he asked. "Nicholas Sewell has been flirting with your friend, and has not told her he is married. Mrs. Disney has been a little indiscreet in accepting attentions from a gentleman of whose antecedents she is in ignorance; and a quiet hint from you sets the position right. Where is the harm done? The widow is not likely to be desperately in love. Her vanity may have been flattered by a handsome young man's attentions, but I should doubt if her heart had been touched in the least."

"I am not so sure. Love is a plant of quick growth in the hearts of most women, I have been told."

"Quick-growing plants wither quickly," said Brian in reply. "The weed grows apace, is torn up by the roots, and thrown aside—and there's an end of it."

"I had forgotten your opinion of women," said Mabel, half-indignantly, half-sorrow-

fully. "But this Michael Sewell is dangerous."

"To any one with a fair share of common sense," Brian answered, "he is obtrusive and vulgar."

"Why is he here without Dorcas? Why does he come under a false name to the 'Mastodon,' and with a title to which he has no right?"

"I am not defending Michael Sewell," replied Brian. "He is no friend of mine. In twenty-four hours from this time he will constitute himself my bitterest enemy."

Mabel drew a quick breath of alarm, and looked anxiously at Brian.

"He will not think you have told me," she said.

"Probably he will; but I am not alluding to that. He knows I am likely to study Dorcas's interest before his own; and if I understand the gentleman, he will treat the matter as an excellent jest, when he is found out—not before."

"Why do you think he will consider himself your bitterest enemy then?"

"Will you allow me to reply to that question twenty-four hours hence also?"

"For what reason?" Mabel inquired.

"It concerns you—it relates to the old, objectionable topic of your money," said Brian.

"Yes," replied Mabel thoughtfully, "I can afford to wait for any explanation of that, but," she added with greater interest, "you are not going to quarrel with him—to place yourself in vain opposition to him—to do harm rather than good by setting yourself up as my champion? I promised your sister Dorcas to wait patiently—to have faith in her—and you must not interfere."

"Suppose I am studying my own interests, and not yours?"

"Ah! now you speak in the old aggravating, enigmatical way. I will not suppose anything half so ridiculous as that," said Mabel, pouting a little.

"Ridiculous—do you say ridiculous? I think at least——" he came to a full stop, and then went on in a different tone, "but I am never again going to be angry with you. There—you may say what you like!"

"Thank you very much," said Mabel drily.

"Shall we change the subject, or go in search of Mrs. Disney?"

"Mrs. Disney I shall not see till luncheon," said Mabel, "but we may as well return to the promenade."

"I do not see any particular reason for that," replied Brian, "I hate promenades and mobs of people with fine dresses to show off."

"Angelo will wonder where I am—he——"

"Confound Angelo!" exclaimed Brian in a higher key, despite himself; "only last night you spoke as if you were afraid of him, doubtful of the result of this foolish step—you must pardon me, but it was a very foolish step—which you had taken at his friends' advice—and now you are scarcely happy out of his sight."

"He is my charge," was Mabel's reply, "for the present. He is still weak and strange, and only I have any influence over him. I might add without much vanity perhaps that *he* at least is unhappy out of my sight, terribly unlike his old self, but after your hard words I shall say no more, Mr. Halfday. Please conduct me back to the promenade."

"Yes—one minute," said Brian, "I have said something rude again, and hurt your feelings as usual. But you spoke of the man as if——"

"Well—as if?" demanded Mabel imperiously.

"As if you loved him," Brian answered, "and that vexed me."

"I do not see why it should vex you in any way," said Mabel, with a charming assumption of ignorance that a man more versed in woman's wiles would have seen through quickly, and seized his advantage from.

"Everything that relates to you affects me seriously," replied Brian, very grave and stern under the misapprehension of her manner, "and you know, or should know, that as well as I do. I have attempted no disguise; you have. Every time I meet you there arises something to perplex me with your character, and to bewilder me with your remarks. *You* wonder why I should be vexed at your speaking as if you loved Angelo Salmon. Why—you have no right to love him!"

"Have I not a right to love whom I please?"

"Certainly not," said Brian emphatically,

"you should be—I believe you are—above all profession of attachment for people you don't care for."

"But I do care for Angelo—in a way, that is."

"Yes, in a way! But how would the man who loves you with his whole soul—whom you love, for you have almost owned it—think of the miserable and mistaken position you have assumed?"

"What man can you possibly mean?" exclaimed Mabel, becoming very red on the instant.

"What man? Great Heaven, what a question! are you laughing at me—have you gone out of your mind, too?" cried Brian, in his profound astonishment.

"I hope not—but I don't know what you mean. I must be unaccountably dull this morning. Will it please you to enlighten me?"

"The dry-goods fellow—in the backwoods somewhere—whom you are not treating well, if you care for him at all. Which you owned to me you did, mind," said Brian with severity.

Mabel coloured again, but her eyes looked up at the blue sky, and then along the path they were pursuing in their slow progress downwards to the promenade again, and finally, to Brian's increased surprise and vexation, she burst into a peal of merry laughter which echoed pleasantly and musically amongst the trees. It was a momentary forgetfulness of the shadows that were about her life, that might be stealing from the lower ground like a mist that would envelop the lives of others presently, and wherein others might be lost, but she was young, naturally light-hearted, and the humour of the position and the studied gravity of Brian Halfday were too much for her. She laughed from the heart, as a girl should at her age, but it was the last laugh for many a long day.

"I don't see the joke," said Brian shortly.

"I cannot very well explain," was Mabel's answer; "there is a mistake somewhere, I think."

"There is no one in America whom you would marry if he asked you—whom you could love in good time—who you are sure loves you?" he asked.

"Not one," answered Mabel confidently.

"Have I been dreaming all this while?"

said Brian; "was it a fiction designed to mislead me?"

"Not so bad as that."

"Believing in what you said to me, I betrayed the secret of my own heart," said Brian, "for I felt hope was gone for ever after you had once loved."

"I simply said there was some one whom I might learn to love one day," said Mabel; "was there anything very remarkable in that?"

"A man in the backwoods."

"Ay—very far back, indeed."

"If I had only dreamed you were jesting on that night respecting the man I fancied you loved—I should have been very glad. I should have acted in a different fashion."

"I don't see why you should have done so."

"You were not in love with a dry-goods man—a backwoodsman—any one in America, then? Tell me that?"

"Literally speaking—no," answered Mabel; "but you must not ask too——"

"And you have never loved Angelo Salmon?" he cried. "It is all out of pity for him that——"

"Pray don't say any more," said Mabel, interrupting him in her turn, and becoming very much afraid of him. "I don't care—I don't wish—to reply to further questioning. I will not."

"You shall," he exclaimed; "for I must learn the truth, and be crushed under foot or raised to heaven by a word. I love you, Mabel. You know it—you have known it all along. Oh! my darling, to be lost for ever, or to be won now. I love you—I love you!"

It was a fitting place for the avowal, under the still, green trees that shadowed the winding paths of the Spa Gardens, where love-making is not particularly uncommon; it was the fitting time for it to two hearts that had been slowly and surely approaching each other from the first, in spite of every misconception; it was the genuine outburst of a pent-up soul that no woman could mistake. It was the strong love of a strong man, whose pride had given way, and whose passion had mastered his reserve.

Mabel looked away, trembled, and shed tears, but she did not shrink from him as he passed his arm for an instant round her waist. This was her first love, and she only

wondered that he had not seen it long ago ; for this had been her hero from the early days of his unselfish thoughts of her.

"Don't say any more, Brian," she murmured ; "let me think a little."

"I have not made you unhappy ?"

"No."

"Happy, then ? say that, Mabel—just one word."

"Yes, I am happy now," she answered.

He kissed her very hastily and clumsily—not being used to kissing—but he was very happy, also, and forgot the world ahead of him, as he drew her arm through his, and walked down with her very proudly towards

the band—that was playing a triumphal march, as if in compliment to his victory.

Two men followed them, but Brian and Mabel were unconscious of watchers, or of anyone existing, just then, in the world, save themselves ; such is the selfishness of the human heart when a man or woman is stowed away at its core.

"What did I tell you ?" said Michael Sewell to Angelo, as they stood on the high ground, looking down at the lovers ; "what else could you expect ?"

"Yes—what could I expect ?" repeated Angelo.

(*To be continued.*)

CURRENT EVENTS.

IN all countries where the people, either *en masse*, or as winnowed out by a process of artificial selection, constitutes the ultimate depository of political power, the problem sooner or later arises, how to reconcile the broadest franchise with security for the ability, culture, and integrity of rulers. It is no new perplexity arising out of the exigencies of modern representative institutions ; on the contrary, it was felt in Rome of old, and met by such rude appliances as suggested themselves as each new emergency arose. It is felt now, when civil polity has assumed the garb of philosophy, when society is more complex, and the need of satisfaction more pressing and imperative. No doubt the science of government was treated of by Plato, and Aristotle, and Cicero, but the conditions under which it presented itself to the view of the ancient philosopher were radically different from those of modern society, as contemplated by modern thought. A brief consideration of the question may be of service here, since, as may perhaps appear in the sequel, Canada offers a fairer field for its solution than Europe or the United States. And first, to clear the ground of a few obstructions tending to obscure the view, which, to be of use, must necessarily be broad and comprehensive.

Popular government, whether it be decked with the trappings of monarchy or appearing in the naked, but pretentious, simplicity of a republic, is not an end, but only the

means to an end. To assert that the object of all government is the good of the governed, and, therefore, that its machinery is merely instrumental, appears to be a truism ; yet, like other self-evident propositions, it is apt to be, at times, lost sight of or forgotten. There crops up, ever and anon, the popular fallacy that forms of rule are to be approved or condemned, not for what they *do*, but for what they *are*. Since the days of Rousseau and the Encyclopædia, *doctrinaires* have never tired of expatiating on the theory of government, as divorced from its practice. Like political economy, the offspring of the same era, democracy has been submitted as a complete theory, indisputable in its dogmatic principles, and capable of adaptation to any community, without regard to time, place, or degree of civilization. The revolution of 1789 has ceased to be the bogey it was, and properly so. The present generation has learned to peer beyond the terrible excesses of the Revolution ; the eye is no longer confused with the fearful scenes of the Terror ; the ear catches other sounds than the groans of the dying, the rattle of the fatal tumbrel, or the dull thud of Samson's knife. The smoke has rolled away, and the substantial results remain to be contemplated by men no longer frenzied by horror or unnerved by fear. The cost of these benefits surpasses calculation ; but, on the other hand, they are priceless. It is not too much to say that all which Europe possesses of

political and intellectual freedom, and all the promise of advance and progress yet before the nations, are referable to that awful convulsion. Whether liberty could not have been achieved by a process less violent and drastic, it is futile to enquire; for we must take history as we find it, not as one would have pre-adjusted it.

It is one thing, however, to recognize the service to human equality and freedom wrought by the Revolution, and quite another to approve of the theories to which it gave rise. Rigid political systems, stereotyped for all time, are sure to prove faulty, just as cast-iron creeds in religion have done over and over again. Theologians are not the only dogmatists in the world; nor have they a monopoly of obstinate bigotry and intolerance. To propound a particular form of government as the only one suited for every nation, irrespective of age, clime, or social development, on the sandy foundation of a social contract or an hypothesis concerning the rights of man, is only less absurd than to impose upon all men a detailed scheme of religious belief. A form of government, like all human appliances, must stand or fall by its adaptability to the purposes of all government, or the reverse. Democracy is no spell to conjure with; there is no magic about the name or the thing; for, according to circumstances, it may be either as an angel from Heaven, or as a fiend from the pit. At some stages of civilization, what Mr. Mill calls a "beneficent despotism" may be, out of question, the best form of rule, and popular government, if possible at all, the very worst. In like manner, even where the people have a share in the councils of their country, the extent of that share must be determined not on any preconceived theory, but by the circumstances of the case. It cannot be too often insisted upon, that the franchise is not a right but a privilege, to be granted or withheld according to the simple rule of expediency — by which is meant a regard for the general good, or in other words, a regard for the ultimate objects and aims of government which is established for the general good. If every intelligent human being had an inherent right to the franchise, there could be no possible pretence for denying it to women, who are, for the most part, more intelligent in the lower strata of society than the males already en-

franchised—or of refusing it to minors between the ages of eighteen and twenty-one. Moreover, if the possession of property were the test, instead of, or conjoined with, manhood, then every man should be represented according to the amount he pays to the tax-collector, which would give us that most odious of all governments—a plutocracy. Property qualifications are a clumsy device for separating the enfranchised sheep from the unenfranchised goats—a *pis aller* for want of something better.

Forms of Government, then, as well as the extent of the franchise where representative institutions exist, cannot be determinately fixed on *à priori* principles; and yet it by no means follows that they are matters of indifference. Pope's well-known couplet—

"For forms of Government let fools contest,
That which is best administered is best,"

is superficially true, yet substantially false. Given the age, the historical antecedents, and the existing conditions in point of civilization of any people, and although you may have some doubt about the precise political system to be preferred, there is seldom any difficulty in excluding all forms of government but one, out of view altogether. In civilized Europe and northern America, at all events, there is no longer room for choice. In Europe, Russia and Turkey alone remain without representative institutions, and for the present, it is quite as well that they do so. The Divan's proposal to establish constitutional government throughout the Ottoman Empire would be ludicrous, if it were not palpably fraudulent, a deliberate offer to act a lie, the same lie they imposed upon credulous Europe in the case of Crete. Germany is a bureaucracy, with the forms of free institutions, as the last Napoleon's rule was a despotism grounded on universal suffrage. In France and Italy, the experiment promises well, and deserves the cordial sympathy of free humanity; in Spain it is an abortion. In England and the United States, representative government is of historic development—the sole difference being that the child has outstripped the parent. Whether it has acted wisely or not, is another thing. The framers of the American constitution left the question of the suffrage to the individual States, and, as a matter of fact, Virginia and other members of the Confederation required a property

qualification long after the Union had assumed its present form. Ultimately, as Jefferson and his colleagues doubtless foresaw, universal suffrage prevailed, and there can be no doubt that many of the constitutional provisions were adopted as safeguards against possible danger from that quarter. The President is irremovable and possesses a veto, which it requires a two-thirds vote to override; the members of the Cabinet, although their nominations must be confirmed by the Senate in the first instance, are responsible only to the President, and independent altogether of Congress, like English judges, *quandiu sese bene gesserint*; and the Senate itself was obviously designed as a bulwark against assaults from the popular side. Then, again, above all sits the Supreme Court, with its unprecedented jurisdiction over the action of Congress; and although this tribunal was no doubt established to arbitrate between the central government and the States, so as to protect the "sovereignty" of the latter, it is essentially a conservative institution. In Canada, we occupy a middle position between the mixed monarchical democracy of England and the uncontrollable pantocracy of the United States. Our system is framed on the English model—for have we not a House of Lords, such as it is?—yet there are obvious differences between the two, in practice, if not in theory.

For our present purpose, the qualification required of a voter in Canada may be taken to be the same as that which confers the borough franchise in England under the Act of 1867, and the inquiry remains:—What are the peculiar weaknesses and dangers attending the system, and how may they be overcome? One thing is certain, that, even if we find ourselves in the desert, there is no use in hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt. The franchise once conceded cannot be taken away; we may go forward, but we cannot go back. Those who would be disfranchised are not likely to submit to the withdrawal of the boon; and they would be much to blame if they did. Whether the concession was wise or not, is a matter of opinion. Some Englishmen are lamenting over the glories of the past as earnestly as if by some legerdmain it could be transmuted into the future. It is possible that, in England, under the somewhat reckless whip of Mr. Disraeli, the coach has been going down hill too fast; still it has not yet

been upset as "Johnny" once upset the party drag. The cords have been lengthened, and the only desirable thing now is to strengthen the stakes. The infirmities and dangers of a widely-extended franchise are two-fold, those arising from the character of the electorate as a voting mass, and those which impair the efficiency of government by swamping the talent, the culture, and it may be, the integrity of the country.

In the first place, it is obvious that every addition to the constituency involves the taking in of an increment of lower intelligence and inferior education and judgment. There is no ground for alarm in this evident fact *per se*, for although the value of the franchise, as an educator, has perhaps been valued too highly, it nevertheless is an educator of no mean importance. Certainly if you refuse it to any class having a reasonable claim to enjoy it, on the ground that they are not yet intelligent enough to exercise the privilege judiciously, and on that ground only, you make a great mistake. The man who proposes to wait until he can get ideal electors out of any stratum of unenfranchised society, will wait for ever, and wait in vain. The sole question to be asked is—Are these classes sufficiently intelligent to know their duty, or sufficiently docile to be taught it? If so, then their admission to political privileges, notwithstanding temporary trouble and inconvenience, will strengthen the nation, and they should be admitted. The matter, as was before observed, resolves itself into a question of expediency and, in the natural march of events is only a question of time. Every portion of the people, above the "residuum," will ultimately obtain the privilege of voting, unless we mistake the signs of the times; representative government means progress, and therefore people may as well reconcile themselves to the inevitable. The agricultural labourers of England will as certainly be enfranchised within the next decade, as the artizans in the boroughs have already been, and therefore, the pressing duty of the hour, in England, is, so to elevate them mentally, morally, and socially, as to make them worthy, or at least promising members of the electorate when the time arrives for their admission.

No apprehension for the future, therefore, need be entertained, so far as the essentials of civic institutions are concerned; and the

Cassandras of the time are, we believe, doomed to disappointment. Still the fact remains, that, after putting forth every effort to educate the masses, the stress of the voting power will remain with those least fitted by intelligence, training, thoughtfulness, and judgment to use it aright. It is not the fault, perhaps not even the misfortune, of the people as a whole, that intellect and culture are sunk in the restless ocean of impulse, self-interest, and toils of every-day life. When Carlyle cynically observes that the people of England numbered "twenty-four millions, mostly fools," he is not to be taken too literally. If he meant that they are not all profound thinkers or Chelsea philosophers, it is fortunate that they are not; if by "fools" he desired to express in modern phrase an Horatian dictum—*Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, he made a serious mistake. A generation of philosophers would die of starvation in a week; all we can require of the toilers of the world is a reasonable use of those mental and moral gifts with which they have been endowed, and for the rest, a teachable and tractable spirit where the ordinary lights fail them. The statesman is not so much born as made; for whatever natural abilities he may possess, can, without straining a point, be found in the humblest walks of life. Of this surely the trades' union movement, with all its faults and excesses, is a sufficient proof. Nor is it any objection to the working-man that, feeling the divinity within him, conscious of potencies stunted and ill-developed, he becomes self-assertive and self-satisfied as the hour of emancipation draws nigh. To one who believes in the redemption of the entire race from the thralldom of vice and ignorance, to one who without seeing visions or yielding to fantasies of any sort, has a firm and well-grounded confidence in the future of humanity, the words of Mr. Walter Bagehot seem singularly malapropos. He is speaking of the checks upon extended suffrage, which we both advocate together; we, perhaps, with more earnestness and hope than he can command:—"What we have now to do, therefore, is to induce this self-satisfied, stupid, inert mass of men to admit its own insufficiency, which is very hard; to understand fine schemes for supplying that insufficiency, which is harder; and to exert itself to get those ideas adopted, which is hardest of all." The answer is, that the peo-

ple are not so stupid or conceited as Mr. Bagehot supposes; they are certainly not "inert," the danger being that they should prove too active and too meddlesome in matters with which, from the nature of the case, they are unfitted to deal. The phrase, "unbridled democracy," is often used, but it is, historically speaking, a contradiction in terms—and herein lies the danger. As Mr. Mill has observed, the "adulation and sycophancy" which was once lavished upon the despot, is poured in clumsy and profuse abundance upon the masses. The demagogue, in short, is the modern courtier, without his elegance of diction, grace of manner, or delicacy of approach. King Demos has supplanted King Louis le Grand, but he is gratified with the incense of worshippers much after the manner of his defunct predecessor.

The first danger then, so far as the electorate is concerned, arises from an accessibility to flattery which soothes its self-esteem and lulls its rude and honest strength by a Delilah lullaby. The tactics of Sergeant Snubbins have been as successfully pursued on the stump as at the bar; the demagogue's object being to persuade the steam-engine that it is omnipotent so long as he stands at the lever and has command of its motive power. The democracy is always bridled, and the problem to be solved is, how to oust the political charlatan, and give the weight of influence which is his due to the man of trained ability and unimpeachable integrity. The *fautor populi* is invariably a dishonest man, because on the face of it he is a liar; and lying is the begetter of all the vices. The second danger is partly engendered of the first. Flattery is the subtlest persuader in the rhetoric of guile. Whatever theologians may say, it is as easy, though perhaps not so immediately profitable, to lead the masses in a right, as in a wrong, direction; and whatever materialists, with equally presumptuous dogmatism, allege, there is a spark of divine fire in the human heart, which requires only the breath of genial inspiration to fan it into an ethereal flame. Unfortunately emancipated humanity has fallen upon evil days, and the prophet of the new dispensation is a spiritualist without spirituality. The true leaders of the people are mute amidst the din of charlatans, or if they lift up the voice as "of one crying in the wilderness," it is either unheard

or unheeded. The net results of our extended franchise, for the present are, a mass of humanity struggling to the light, and a herd of Polyphemuses satisfying them with smoky torches in the cavern, the guides ultimately, or perhaps from the first, as blind as those they essayed to lead into the azure.

The weaknesses then, so far as the electorate is concerned, are, want of political instinct or training, want of judgment, want of appreciation, where culture is concerned, fused into one base metal by the amalgam of flattery. Upon the rulers of the people, especially upon the representative assemblies, the results have been eminently disastrous. To whatever cause it may be attributed, there can be no question about the deterioration of statesmanship in all English-speaking countries. Having purposely avoided speaking particularly of Canadian politics hitherto, we shall not ask, Where are the giants that were in the old days? But where in our own England, in this her hour of possible peril, are peace-makers like Walpole or Fox, or war Ministers like Chatham, or Canning, or even Palmerston? Where are the orators of England—its Burkes, its Sheridans, its Windhams, and all the other brilliant names not yet forgotten? One man only, survives as a scion of the old stock; and Mr. Gladstone, great as he is in most things, and weak in some, is the best-abused man in the kingdom. There are at present many able men, and even a larger number of conscientious men still, but none of them ever rises to the moral dignity of the ex-Premier. Whilst Mr. Disraeli, his senior in age, was setting off childish squibs of his own, brilliantly devised by the irregular fancy of an ill-directed genius, the only living statesman, whose pupil is Mr. Disraeli's Chancellor of the Exchequer, was sitting at the feet of departing Gamaliels.

In the United States, the outlook is not promising; what has been the past we know. The Van Burens, the Tylers, the Polks, the Pierces, the Buchanans, and, we must now add, the Grants, have degraded the government of the Republic. No Clay, Webster, Calhoun, or even Seward, has filled the chair during the last half-century; they who have ate mediocrities all. Lincoln, in peace times, would not have been a Grant certainly, but he might just as well have been for all the intelligent electorate knew about

him. They, or Providence, turned up a trump card, and thus, in some mysterious way or other, according to some law which Buckle failed to discover, and Tyndall may live to the end of another century without finding out, the man was found when the hour came. Lincoln's case, however, was an exceptional one: the general rule of survival of the unfittest remains.

The problem then may be briefly stated thus:—Let the franchise be extended as widely as the security of government and a due regard to its ultimate objects may permit, how may the superior advantages—we do not say rights or claims—of cultured statesmanship be conserved? Or, to put it in another form, how may we combine the broadest popular basis with any adequate representation of the organizing thought of the leisured and thoughtful class? It is evident that there is a division of labour here which is ultimately of benefit to both parties. *Non omnia possumus omnes*, and most of us feel the necessity of guidance in leadership in all beyond the stretch of everyday thought. The ordinary elector has his work before him; the struggle for existence is his first duty, no doubt, and if he is not as well instructed as his teachers and preachers may desire, it does not at all follow that he is self-satisfied and stupid; he is only uninterested. In such a state of society, there is an imperative necessity binding upon the culture of the country to look after its own interests, not in the selfish sense, for there is nothing morally self-seeking in intellect, except that which is imported into it by immoral bias, but because its interests are coincident with the best interests of the community. It would, of course, be absurd to undertake a proof of the advantage which cultured ability gives to free governments—that is conceded, the only remaining difficulty being how to secure it in the sphere of government.

Mr. Walter Bagehot, in the paragraph immediately preceding the one quoted, recognizes, as all his predecessors have done, the crucial difficulty. For the present we intend, indeed space forbids any other course, to leave the matter as it stands, merely repeating the solutions suggested with one or two observations. Mr. Hare's system is one which commends itself to an intellectual man at the first blush, but we are not so sure that, as at present formulated, it

would be even comprehensible to the electorate at large. The other schemes may well be reserved for another opportunity. There is only an opportunity here for hinting at what we intended to show at length, that Canada, without endangering the peace of the Dominion or unsettling the foundations of her constitution, may put to the proof some of those suggestions on behalf of culture and intellect, as opposed to the brute uniformity of numbers, which have been advanced by every publicist from the dawn of Rome's organizing power until the latest magazine article. In Canada we have unexceptional opportunities. There is no absolutely crass and ignorant peasantry amongst us. Our people, high and low, may, on the whole, compare with any community on the face of the globe. There are no class interests to be consulted, whatever may be said of trade interests—"we are each of all, and all of one another." Here then is the most favourable opportunity that could be imagined for introducing culture as an element of government. Without contracting the franchise, without following the fatal example of France and America in the matter of theorizing, it is our conviction that in Canada a solution may be indicated, and its steps marked out with some confidence of success.

The Minister of Justice has once more got himself into trouble by a commutation. Mr. Blake's *régime* has been eminently the reign of mercy, and in our opinion, rightly so. Moreover, it has been consistent; whether present or absent, a uniform principle may always be found underlying the exercise of the royal prerogative. Simply stated it amounts to this—that the death penalty, however necessary its infliction may be in some cases, should be exacted with great caution, and only on clear evidence, not merely of guilt, but of sanity. In the case of Ward, the matter is set at rest by an autopsy of the brain—the man was cerebrally diseased, and that should finish the argument. It appears, however, that it does not. The *Globe*, which has constituted itself the organ of Jack Ketch, elevates the gallows, now that the party "standard" needs it no longer. The Blake influence in the Privy Council, since the admission of Mr. Mills, could not be made more apparent than it is. The *Globe* and its "manag-

ing director" have been shorn of their power; the old "Brown" days are gone, and another Pharaoh, who not only knows not the immaculate Joseph, but would be puzzled to identify him if he did, has presented himself. Mr. Blake's course in the matter of commutation, is readily comprehensible. Regarding the hangman as, on the whole, a monstrosity in modern civilization, he proposes to give him as little work to do as possible. Recognizing the necessity of execution, as a deterrent penalty on fitting occasions, he also realizes equally the necessity of reserving it for extreme cases. The Minister of Justice is incapable of arguing, with the *Globe*, that a criminal should be hanged whether he be sane or insane. To do so, is simply following the precedent of the Scotch Judge of the last century—"Ye're a verra clever chiel; but ye'll be nane the warse o' hanging." The royal prerogative of mercy, we take it, ought to be beyond impeachment. Only in one case in history, has it ever been called in question, and then with good reason. In the eighth letter of Junius, the law of commutation is laid down with accuracy and precision, and applied in the case of M'Quirk. The culprit in that case was a prominent partizan, and deserved punishment; he was pardoned, however, and Junius thus speaks of the matter in an address to the Duke of Grafton:—"Before you were placed at the head of affairs, it had been a maxim of the English Government, not unwillingly admitted by the people, that every ungracious or severe exertion of the prerogative should be placed to the account of the Minister; but that whenever an act of grace or benevolence was to be performed, the whole merit of it should be attributed to the Sovereign himself." And in a note, a quotation is made from Montesquieu:—*Les rois ne se sont réservés que les grâces. Ils renvoient les condamnations vers leurs officiers.* It would appear that, under our new rule, all this is changed. The admirable principle which resigns the exercise of the prerogative into the hands of the executive is to be repudiated, and the whole subject made material for discussion. In the case of Ward there is no longer room for dispute. The man was mad unquestionably, as the autopsy of the brain clearly showed. Nevertheless, the *Globe* says, he ought to have been executed. Perhaps so, if inhumanity

is to be the guiding spirit of the penal code; but not otherwise. To hang a man who is insane is murder, whatever the *Globe* and its fellows may make of it. One who is not responsible for his acts, because of a diseased brain, is not responsible to the law, and to hang him, therefore, is to be guilty of homicide. Moreover, it does not by any means follow, that a criminal who knows right from wrong is, on that account, amenable to law in the sense that ordinary murderers are. No greater delusion could possibly prevail than that which supposes that mere knowledge, without power of will, can constitute responsibility. The one, as Dr. Workman has over and over again shown, may, and often does, exist, without a glimmering of the other. It is, of course, easy to talk of the theories of "experts," and to deride them, but it is not quite so easy to confront the facts they marshal, or to meet the conclusions they deduce from those facts. Either the legal theory of insanity is widely astray, or the medical notion of it; where the error is, remains to be proved, perhaps; meanwhile the Minister of Justice has a right to err, if it be an error, on the side of mercy.

Another Cabinet office having become vacant by the retirement of M. Geoffrion, a new election has become necessary for Jacques Cartier. M. Laflamme, the new Minister of Inland Revenue, appears to have many enemies, and yet, it is hard to say what he has done seriously amiss. Admittedly he is a good lawyer and an able parliamentary orator, and there is little objection to him otherwise, if we except those objections which party men always make to their opponents. The clerical question, however, has come up again in a novel aspect, and may, perhaps, cause a closely contested election. It is by no means certain that the new Minister will be re-elected; but even if he should, the chances are ten to one that the result will be disputed. As in the case of M. Langevin, the interference of the clergy would appear to have cropped up at this election—at least the attempted interference of *curés* has served to do so, although in a contrary way. M. Langevin was charged with owing his election to clerical interference; M. Laflamme, on the other hand, should he lose his election, will owe his defeat to a similar cause. In a Province

where "the decrees of our Holy Father, the Pope, are binding," one meets with curious things at times. The new Minister, finding himself opposed by a *curé*, takes upon himself to warn the priest of his duty; the latter is threatened with the vengeance of the Archbishop and driven perforce out of the political domain. It is something new to find coercion applied to the shepherds as well as to the flock—perhaps it is right that it should be so. Intimidation of any sort is not to our taste; still it is not altogether a mischief that the turn of the habitual intimidators has come. If the Hon. Mr. Laflamme has succeeded in cowing the sacerdotalists, no one on this side of the Ottawa will feel aggrieved.

It may not be amiss here to consider the subject of clerical interference as it presents itself to us. We take it that anything which interferes with the free exercise of the voting power is a sin against the State, whether it be landlord power, capitalist power, or priest power. For practical purposes, all these influences stand upon a level, and, so far as they are used illegitimately, they are equally bad. The right to forbid the one involves the right to forbid the other. If it be right to prevent a landlord or employer from coercing, it is equally right to forbid a priest; and if it be wrong, it is wrong in all cases. The fallacy into which the *Globe* falls ought to be sufficiently obvious to any one who gives the subject a moment's thought. The intimidation of the voter, of whatever kind it may be, is an injustice to him; it may be weak in him to succumb to threats, whether clerical or lay, yet this want of moral courage is far from being uncommon all the world over. In all constitutional countries, the law has steadily set its face against coercion as well as against bribery. Indeed, the one is only, *mutatis mutandis*, a phase of the other. There is not, after all, much difference between threatening a tenant with eviction unless he votes as his landlord wishes, and saving him from it by offering to pay his rent; or between threatening with loss of employment on the one hand, and promising to find employment for the voter on the other. In both cases, a corrupting influence is exerted, whether it passes under the name of bribery or of intimidation. In both instances the franchise is directly poisoned at the fountain, and the power of force and the power of money are

both exerted, as the case may be, to prevent, what is of the essence of free institutions, free political action at the polls. The difference being simply that fear is appealed to in the one case and cupidity in the other, and, generally speaking, the needy or the ignorant elector is practically as powerless where he is tempted, as where he is threatened. When ecclesiastical terrors are held over the voter's head *in terrorem*, involving, as he is taught and confidently believes, deprivation of the sacraments, which are the only means of salvation, and social ostracism, to be followed by eternal woe in the world to come, it is of importance to the State, not whether the sacerdotal power be in fact possessed or not, but whether its assumption does, as a matter of fact, deter whole masses of electors from voting freely as the law desires they should. If such is the effect of clerical intimidation, then it is to be deprecated, and, if necessary, to be punished. In any case, it should void an election where it has been employed. If this is not to be done, then all laws against coercion, and all provisions against bribery are without logical foundation. *Salus populi, suprema lex* is at the root of all legislation of the kind, and, because both bribery and intimidation are deadly foes to popular suffrage, they should be both forbidden, no matter what form they may assume. The State does not interfere so much to save the voter from his ignorance, credulity, or love of money, as to save itself and its institutions from flagrant abuse. Certainly if a *curé* may terrify the superstitious with penalties which make them objects of alarm to their relatives, pariahs in society, and heirs of eternal damnation, and do all this with impunity, there can be no reason why a rich man should not buy the votes of those who are ignorant, careless, or greedy enough to sell them.

In two cases recently the question has assumed grave importance—an importance becoming more momentous every day. During the last five years, clerical pretensions in Quebec have been growing in magnitude. The Ultramontane spirit, which received so powerful an impetus after the Vatican Council, has gradually extended its sphere into every department of the State. The Syllabus has been quoted in Courts of Justice, the Papal decrees cited as binding in an Act of Parliament, and the franchise has been systematically tampered with through-

out the Province. There can be no question that the ultimate design of the hierarchy is to make of Quebec an ecclesiastical preserve, to subject its people and laws to clerical control, and to make a nullity of our free British institutions. There can be no doubt that this anomalous state of affairs will never be remedied so long as both political parties bid for sacerdotal support from the pulpit and altar, and they have both been guilty of doing so. M. Langevin received assistance in Charlevoix, as his former chief did in the olden time, and as the Local Government obtained it at the last general election. On the other hand, the Liberals were favoured with it, for a season, when Sir George Cartier refused to do the bidding of the bishops, and M. Lafamme would be glad to secure it now, if he only could do so. Both parties only feel aggrieved when their opponents monopolize the ecclesiastical machinery of terror instead of themselves. The Conservatives defend the system, because, for the present, at any rate, they are reaping all the advantages from it. The Reformers, "who have nothing to reform," do the same, partly because they stand committed to it by the course taken so soon as they caught a glimpse of power, and partly because they still hope, by some political thaumaturgy, to enlist the hierarchy once more upon their side. For this purpose they are willing to appear more thoroughly Ultramontane than the Archbishop of Toronto, or even his Grace of Quebec.

Some of the arguments advanced by these apostate Liberals have already been noticed; but let us now examine one of the straws to which they cling. The Rev. Mr. Bray, in a lecture delivered at Montreal, took occasion to express his opinion very plainly on the Bulgarian atrocities. He went further and denounced the action of Lord Beaconsfield's government in regard to the Eastern question, basing his right to do so on his duty as a minister of the Gospel. Here then, observes the Ultramontane organ, is an exact parallel to the interference of clerics at the Charlevoix and Jacques Cartier elections. Now it is easy to show, or rather, perhaps, it is too obvious to need showing, that there is no analogy whatever between the cases. When *curés* in Quebec interfere, they base their interference on a supposed possession of supernatural power; they are the depositaries of divine grace; they may

impart or withhold the sacraments necessary to salvation; they may make of a man an outcast in this world, and an heir of eternal damnation in the next. Whether these powers are in fact theirs or not is beside the question. Two queries only are relevant—"Does their improper exercise, real or assumed, actually intimidate voters?" and then—"Does the reflex influence upon the entire electorate, which is the ultimate source of power, tend to injure the State?" Both these interrogatories must be answered in the affirmative; yet in no respect is Mr. Bray touched by them. He lays claim to no mystical power, and his hearers would not entertain it if he did. No one, during his lecture, was threatened from pulpit or altar, if he dared to differ from the speaker; no spiritual terrors were so much as dreamed of by any one present. But again, clerical interference in Quebec, as between two local party candidates, means an attempt to force the election of one of them by illegal—we had almost said magical—means. Mr. Bray, without attempting to warp the consciences of his hearers, appealed to them in the cause of humanity, and protested against what he deemed a guilty connivance with Turkey for the purpose of maintaining, at any cost of blood and treasure, the integrity of that wretched Empire. There is no reason why a *curé* should not express his opinions in the same or a contrary sense, if he be so minded, and many reasons why a clergyman should do so in the discharge of his sacred functions. Unfortunately, in our opinion, the Vatican has exerted itself not on behalf of the oppressed, but of the oppressor. At any rate, what possible comparison can be made between party politics, as enforced in Quebec, and the Eastern question, which even in England—and we are not immediately concerned in English politics—can scarcely be called a party question? Are the bishops and clergy of England, though they spoke as became them in the strongest language, partizans in the sense that Quebec *curés* often are? Was the Bishop of Minnesota interfering in matters of party when he denounced the Indian policy of the United States as iniquitous, fraudulent, and blood-thirsty? To most people it appears peculiarly the duty of a Christian minister to lift up his voice on behalf of suffering humanity, and to preach the evangel of "peace on earth and good-will to men," especially at

this Christmas season. But with the Ultramontane organs there is no *modus in rebus*. A clergyman must be nothing in his influence upon the world, unless you permit his neighbour to be a political busybody, dealing in spiritual blackmail. The former must either cease to lift up his voice against oppression and outrage, whether they pass under the name of the slave-trade, or are clad in the bedraggled garments of Turkish "integrity," or submit to be compared with the latter, who stirs up the turbid waters of our party politics, tampers with the franchise, and employs the solemn sanctions of his religion to secure a miserable triumph at the polls.

The Lincoln election enquiry has been protracted to an inordinate length. The final result of the "revision" has not yet been announced, although in any case, the majority for one or the other of the candidates can only be a small one. Whether Mr. Neelon or Mr. Rykert ultimately succeeds is not of much importance; they are both of a low type of politician, with which, unfortunately, we are becoming too familiar. It is important, however, to consider whether these protracted trials are at all necessary. The time frittered away during the Lincoln enquiry was terrible; and if it be true that the cost was one hundred and fifty dollars *per diem*, this cannot on any pretext be justified. There must certainly be something radically wrong in our registration system to admit of such a monstrously long and outrageous trial as this. Moreover, the ballot, as established in Ontario, conceals nothing, and it is hard to divine for what purpose it exists, except to enable partizan returning officers to reject, on any pretext, ballots on the wrong side. So far as Lincoln is concerned this was, of course, a casual election; yet why should not an overhauling of the voters' lists take place previous to every election, so that no impeachment of a vote would be allowable after its reception. What is wanted is a system which will secure fair play to all parties, and settle every elector's claim to the franchise a reasonable time before the day of polling. Then there would only remain the oath to be administered, and the lawyers would be deprived of the fees they increase by protracting such farces as that at St. Catharine's. If the so-called secret voting were what it ought to be, and our system of registration what it might be, this abuse

would be put an end to. As it is, an entire county is scoured over for flaws that may be found in votes, and the haggling over a single naturalization lasts an entire day, with the probability of the very same case recurring in the event of another contested election. The American registration system may not be perfect, or exactly suited to us, but it is revised and supplemented prior to an election and not after it. Surely the Government can devise some plan by which the ludicrous scenes of which we have had so costly an exhibition in Lincoln, cannot be repeated. At any rate, every man might be registered in his own municipality, where the evidence of his eligibility would be forthcoming.

The municipal elections, and we are speaking mainly of the towns and cities, will no doubt result as they usually do, in the collection of a miscellaneous herd of incapables, after a rough scramble for such honour as the aldermanic dignity can bestow. So far as the mayoralty is concerned, it is high time that popular election were abolished. Three, four, or five greedy aspirants for the dignity, throw their hats into the ring, and the consequence usually is, that the worst candidate gains the day. Municipal affairs are, for the most part, matters of administration, and of these, the people at large are never good judges. We have already advocated a reform in the selection of administrators; but, in default of that, it would be well to enact that no man shall be eligible to the mayoralty, who has not served an apprenticeship as alderman. The election of mayor by the Council would open the door to some evils, but they are as nothing, even in the most aggravated form, as contrasted with the consequences of the rough-and-tumble system now in vogue. The debts of our municipalities are accumulating to unmanageable proportions, and unless those who bear the weight of the burden—those whose ability, integrity, and independence ought to be at the service of their fellow-citizens—come to the rescue, municipal affairs will sink deeper into the slough of despond. No improvement in the Councils is to be hoped for until they cease to be refuges for ward politicians. One thing may be done, and that is, to compel people to see that it is their duty to make their weight felt at the polls, and certainly if Mr. Bethune's

scheme of compulsory voting were needed at any time, it is at the present crisis in municipal affairs.

The Presidential election was held on the seventh ultimo and there is as yet no certainty as to the issue. Mr. Tilden is supposed to have one hundred and eighty-four electoral votes, or within one of the required number. Mr. Hayes can only muster one hundred and sixty-six, and therefore requires nineteen. The States whose votes remain in dispute are Louisiana, South Carolina, and Florida, one of which would elect Tilden, and all of which would be required for his opponent. It is most unfortunate that this should be the case; because the openings for fraud are so palpable, and the chances of fair-play so exceedingly small. These States have long been under the control of the "carpet-baggers," and what lengths they are ready to go in the way of fraud, falsehood, and violence, the history of the last few years has made evident. The record of political trickery in Florida has been unclean enough at times, but it is out of the way and has not so often been exposed. In Louisiana, the most audacious stratagems have been resorted to, as most readers are aware, who have not forgotten the frauds of Kellogg and Packard in 1874. The Returning Board nominally consists of five members, but actually of three, two of them coloured men of the basest character, and the third a Custom House officer. These men have the result of the election in their hands absolutely and without control by Court or Congress. If they choose to falsify the returns, they may do so; if they prefer a shorter cut to success, they may disfranchise entire parishes for some trifling informality or on pretence of a violence or intimidation which had no existence. Already they have cut off a majority of over one hundred and seventy which Mr. Tilden had in one parish; they have declined to receive any protest; and, in fact, have boldly proclaimed their intention to decide the election as they please—that is, in favour of Hayes and their fellow-conspirator Packard. Unfortunately, by an unaccountable omission in the Constitution of the United States, Congress cannot go behind the certificates of this partizan tribunal. There is, in short, no fraud of which they may not be guilty, including the greatest of

all—the imposition of a President who is not elected by the States—and guilty with perfect impunity. In South Carolina, again, Chamberlain is determined to carry the election *vi et armis*. When he invoked the aid of the Federal troops, his intention evidently was to succeed by organized terrorism. The disturbances in Aikens County, of which he complained, had no existence save in an imagination fertile in crooked expedients. The Supreme Court Judges, who were of his own party, the bishops and clergy of all denominations, as well as the most eminent of the merchants, flatly contradicted him. His hope evidently was that the Rifle Clubs—a perfectly legal organization—would resist his order to disband, and then he could use the United States' troops to crush all opponents. He was disappointed; the clubs obeyed, and the troops found that there were no enemies to encounter, and no disturbances to quell, except those aroused by lawless bands of Republican negroes: General Grant has been again called upon for assistance, this time for the purpose of seating Chamberlain in power so soon as the returns are properly manipulated in his interest, and a Colonel Pride's purge is possibly in contemplation. Fraud is thus to be covered by force. The Democrats all over the country are behaving with exemplary patience; but they are probably dazed by the unexpected turn of events, and may possibly be less docile and tractable when the worst is known.

Under stress of an ultimatum from Russia, the Porte has granted the shorter term of armistice, and, after attempting to forestall the decisions of the Conference, quietly given way. The Marquis of Salisbury is probably by this time at Constantinople, as the representative of England, and negotiations will begin with a fair promise of success. Journalists of both parties have expressed their satisfaction at the appointment of the Indian Secretary. In the first place, he is a man of strong and independent character, unlikely to be bent from his purpose

as Lord Derby has been by Lord Beaconsfield. Then again, he is no admirer of the Premier's Semitic vagaries, and has said very little upon the question, and that little has been exceedingly moderate. Finally, he is sure to be satisfied with no half-work, and such guarantees as he may obtain for the Christian Provinces will be firm and substantial.

It is evident that the turn affairs have taken does not please every one—the *Pall Mall Gazette* for instance. Not long since, while Mr. Disraeli was stigmatizing Mr. Gladstone and his friends as "more atrocious than the perpetrators of the Bulgarian atrocities themselves," that journal was also accusing them of "criminal conduct which was drawing England and all Europe into war." It is singular that its cry now is "that England cannot be neutral," and must rush into war by all means. Only a few weeks ago it was congratulating the country on the fact that there was an end of the "sentimental gush" of the "atrocities meetings." The discovery has since been made that although the fever of the agitation has passed off, the substantial results of it remain, and hence the impotent rage in which the *Pall Mall Gazette* indulges. The other day, it fell foul of Mr. Gladstone for his article on Turkistan, in language of unusual savagery. An editor must have lost his head when he can charge a statesman like the ex-Premier with "deliberately, carefully, and completely falsifying the whole question."

For the present the whole difficulty in the way of peace is the obstinate attitude of the Porte. Mr. Forster observed in a speech at Aberdeen, on the 27th, that Turkey's refusal of guarantees might lead to war, and that "the chief danger of that refusal was in her belief that England would support her." Further, the right hon. gentleman traced that belief to the speeches of Lord Beaconsfield, and especially his Guildhall speech. It can only be hoped that the firmness and robust sense of Lord Salisbury will speedily dissipate the delusion caused by the Premier's theatrical defiances of Russia.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE CARES OF THE WORLD. By John Webster Hancock, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law. James Speirs, London, 1876.

One of the most marked and hopeful features of the present time is the interest taken by laymen in discussing questions which used to be considered the monopoly of preachers and theologians. When a clerical writer discourses upon "the cares of this world and the deceitfulness of riches," ordinary readers are too apt to consider it simply "his rôle," and to pay correspondingly little attention; but when a barrister-at-law takes up this and kindred subjects, and speaks of them plainly and earnestly, as a business man to business men, about what most intimately concerns him and them, it is instinctively felt that he must have something important to say. And so we think he has, and has said it well. The sixteen papers contained in the neat volume before us, some of which, at least, appear to have been reprinted from serials of some years back, discuss ably and forcibly the practical questions which concern our life as citizens of this world, in connexion with that higher life which is to fit us for another sphere, and which it is of such paramount importance to cultivate here and now. Of the theological speculation which is so common there is hardly a trace, if we except the theory respecting guardian-angels; and those who regard such speculation with suspicion may consider this volume quite "safe." But of wise and practical demonstration of the bearing of the religious life on the every-day matters of the life of this world there is a great deal. There is nothing of the peculiar phraseology of a school, nothing to indicate the author's own theological leanings, except perhaps his undisguised contempt of all that is formal and unreal. His style is plain and direct, without any attempt at rhetorical graces, but with a certain naive simplicity of its own that gives it individuality and strength. His analysis of human life and human actions is profound and searching, and shows close observation and earnest thought, a knowledge of human nature that implies much self-knowledge, and a strong realization of the spiritual life and spiritual realities of which he speaks, which gives life and force to his words. We may stop to consider and question some of his statements, as, for instance, that "it seems to be a general law that our self-love should bear an exact proportion to our intellect, so that if we possess a large and active capacity for understanding truth, which tends to elevate us to heaven, a counter-poising weight of evil lusts requires the practical application of every new

truth to prevent them from dragging us down to hell." But we must always respect his application of principles to life and experience; as in the passage which shortly follows: "Mere thinking does not purify. We may therefore seem to ourselves to realize the promise, 'They shall mount up with wings as eagles,' but until we have learned to 'wait upon the Lord' we speedily 'faint and are weary.' We may, indeed, eagerly pursue our investigations of spiritual truth as a science, and seem not to slacken, but rather to increase, in the ardour of our pursuit, though our will and its affections receive no heavenly modifications from that which we learn; but in this case two things are certain—*first*, that a vast extent of highest and sweetest contemplation can never open to us, nor can we have the least conception of its existence, because that is revealed only to 'the pure in heart;' and, *second*, that at length we fly by night, and therefore not towards but from the sun, for such as is the quality of our will such is the quality of our thought."

From this extract it will be seen that the book is one which demands some exercise of thought, and so will not commend itself to the indolent lover of "thinking made easy," but only to those who enjoy what is suggestive and stimulating to mental circulation. The author's style is also, perhaps, hardly "spicy" enough for a taste formed in a sensation-loving age. Yet perhaps there may be among those who are weary of perpetual "spice" and periphrases, a tolerable audience for a man who clothes his thoughts in plain downright phrase, and thinks more about what he has to say than the way of saying it. His avoidance of set or "cant" phrases often gives freshness to his manner of stating old truths, as, for instance, where he speaks of the "spiritual" as being distinguished from the "natural" man, by "the powers of a spiritual mind hitherto undeveloped. Powers which corporal nature cannot give, but which are the direct gifts of that formative spirit which broods over the chaos of the fall in every man, and strives to create in him a clean heart and a right spirit." The papers on "Particular Providence," and on "Affliction the Great Purifier," may be read with profit by both Christians and sceptics. The former may be benefited by the contrast which he draws between the ideal Christians whom his imagination created as the result of their professed beliefs, and the average Christians whom he actually encountered; although he tells us that he *sometimes* found his early dreams realised. Some may be startled, too, by his unquestionable and unquestionably proved position, that "*Every rebel-*

lions murmur, under any trial or affliction, contains within it a denial of the existence of a God;" and those who doubt the doctrine of a particular Providence may find in these papers some suggestions worth considering. "By Providence," says the author, "we mean a controlling, modifying, helping Power, strong to do us good. If we deny such a Providence, we might as well believe that matter is God, that our life is but a magnetic current, and that gravitation is the only Providence, since that takes care that every atom in the universe tends to a common centre, and thus prevents every form of sentient and unsentient order, beauty and use, from being dissolved into an infinity of invisible dust, if indeed we should not say with Shakespeare—

'And leave not a wrack behind.'

The papers on "the Combat of Good and Evil," "Poverty and Oppression," and "The Rich and the Poor," are well worthy of the study of business men as well as of political economists. The author exposes, we think, the true root of the class evils which distract society, and must continue to do so till the problem is solved in the way he indicates. The manner in which he analyses two current maxims, "Every man has a right to do the best he can for himself," and "Self-preservation is the first law of nature," may startle some employers and merchants who "profess and call themselves Christians." Of the first the author says, indignantly, "This infernal maxim lies deep in the heart at the root of all the miseries which man inflicts on man. It is the source of poverty and the spring of want. It goes forth decked in the artificial laurels of a heartless philosophy—falsehood reduced to a science—and, blasting all the freshness of life, charges creative power with barrenness amid the boundless profusion of its treasures. Rich and poor *alike* have drunk of the poison." "If the law of the strongest is the law of hell, and earth most resembles hell when that law is recognised and enforced, then, too, the separate inhabitants of earth who most recognize and enforce it are most like the separate inhabitants of hell, in whom it reigns and rules as the absorbing principle of conscious life; but what do we call the separate inhabitants of hell? Where is the difference between them? *Actually* there is none; but there is a *possibility* in favour of man."

One of the most interesting of the papers, particularly in the light of the discussions of the day, is the one on "The Philosophy and Theology of Sleep," in which several interesting veins of thought are suggestively struck. The paper on "Widowhood and its Hopes" will, to many, have a special interest. That on "Old Times" is one of the liveliest in its strain, and will interest both parties to the perpetual

debate, whether the world grows better or worse as it grows older. No one, at least, can deny the assertion that "modern changes have gone far to equalize and to spread what I may call *nervous* cares broadcast over the whole community;" and the Montreal merchant's remark as to the effects of telegraph and cable in "taking peace from the earth," will find an echo in many a care-oppressed heart.

There are a few literary blemishes in the work, such as the occurrence of the inaccuracy "different to," and an unauthorised use of the preposition "without." These might easily be removed in another edition, as they are doubtless simple inadvertences. The author's very high tribute to his wife, embodied in his dedication, is worth the attention of wives in general. Mr. Hancock was formerly a practising barrister in Berlin and also in Toronto; though he now dates his preface from the vicinity of Liverpool. We are glad to give this work the most satisfactory commendation a reviewer can bestow; that of cordially recommending to others a book which one has read oneself, not only with much pleasure, but with much profit.

ST. ELMO. A Novel. By Augusta J. Evans Wilson. Toronto: Belford Bros.

"Blasé, cynical, scoffing, and hopeless, he had stranded his life, and was recklessly striding to his grave, trampling upon the feelings of all with whom he associated." Such is the author's description of her hero, and her other characters are pitched in as positive and exaggerated a key. Edna Earl, the typical woman and wife, is every whit as pure and holy as St. Elmo is vicious and degraded. Only one point of similarity exists between them, their surprising and supernatural learning, and the readiness with which they quote long extracts from forgotten authors, or bespatter each other and one another's friends with sarcasm, repartee, and abuse, couched in every living and dead language, and barbed with allusions to classic authors, nay, to the Talmud, the Koran, the Targums, and the pictured bricks of Babylon. At the age of seventeen, and having had no education at all until she entered her teens, this heroine had mastered Latin and Greek, and plunged into the mysteries of Hebrew and Chaldee. Four months' tuition in this last, and a little private study of her own, enables her (at p. 97) to turn up a disputed passage in an ancient Chaldee MS. in double quick time, so we must not feel surprised to find her, at "sweet seventeen," embarking on an original work of her own, in which that trio of "ologies"—mythology, ethnology, and philology—should march abreast, and trace, through all the supposed similarities of religious thought, the fancied thread that should

link the diverse systems together with one common source. This is much akin to the task undertaken by Mr. Casaubon, the creature of another woman's brain; but how differently George Eliot told her tale! In the story before us we have whole segments of the heroine's book. In "Middlemarch," there is barely a quotation or extract from Casaubon's ponderous tomes, and yet how one little master touch—the reference by the dying man to the "second excursus on Crete"—throws a vivid light upon the wasted labour, the heavy erudition, and their fruitless aim. George Eliot knew such a book would be a failure, but Mrs. Wilson, clinging to the idea, actually makes her heroine work it out and achieve a success,—on paper. We do not propose to tell the tale of St. Elmo; it will bear reading, for the sake of its vivacity and force, by any one who is prepared to skip every other word, or puzzle out its meaning by the help of a polyglot dictionary and an improved Lemprière. At first we thought that it would prove a splendid volume for any one who bore a grudge against an insurance company, to present to the managing director. Four several and distinct deaths and a terrific railway accident in the first 31 pages would certainly suffice to insure him a splendid nightmare! But we are happy to say the characters get more long-lived towards the end of the volume.

It is the duty of the reviewer to point out a few of the grave faults in this work. There is a most terrible anti-climax at p. 25, where an elaborate description of what a country churchyard was *not* like, and a catalogue of the

"rippling fountains, "crystal lakes," and "silver dusted lilies" which it did *not* possess, are wound up by the assertion that it was not so beautiful as "Greenwood or Mount Auburn!" Perhaps the printer (to whom we must accredit a more than usual number of typographical errors) is guilty of the punctuation which on p. 14 makes Mr. Hunt's saddle-bags (instead of his relations) reside in a neighbouring state. The taste which designed "*Le Bocage*," St. Elmo's residence, is supposed by the writer to be well nigh perfect, but Ruskin, whom she so plentifully quotes, would hold up his hands in horror at a mansion combining "a richly carved pagoda roof," "statues of Bacchus and Bacchantes," "high gothic windows," "a rotunda with moresque frescoes," and "distorted hideous monsters" carved as "grim doorkeepers."

Edna is not without lovers, who in horsey phrase may be described as "good stayers," and ready to "come again." Neither the "petrified hawthorn," the "man with the granite mouth," nor the "handsome lawyer" with a congenial taste for Chaldee MSS., nor the "haughty, huge-whiskered" English baronet, are content with one snubbing a-piece; they all get refused twice or oftener. While as to the happy man, he . . . but we must pause and refer our readers to the book itself. In spite of its untruth to life, it is worth reading; its tone is sound, and the reader will find that the author has, in its pages, defended herself by anticipation against strictures upon her style and her far-fetched metaphors—with how much success we must leave the public to judge.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The *Contemporary Review* is peculiarly rich this month in distinguished names and valuable contributions. "Russia, Policy and Deeds of Turkistan," by Mr. Gladstone, is the paper which has excited the ire of the *Pall Mall*. It is a review of Mr. Schuyler's work, and opens with a concise account of the Provinces and peoples of Central Asia. Then follow the strictures on the use made by the journal of what is really a hearsay story. It is alleged by Mr. Schuyler that Gen. Kaufmann demanded from the Yomuds, a sum of money he knew they could not pay, and ordered their extermination in case of default. Mr. Gladstone charges the *Pall Mall* with garbling what it quoted, and deliberately suppressing the Rus-

sian defence, as well as all the favourable testimony to their policy in the book before it. So far as the latter branch of the case is concerned, the editor urges that it was no part of his business to make out a case for the other side. Perhaps not, according to the Old Bailey code of ethics; but one who claims to guide the popular mind has no business to suppress the truth, however unpalatable, and it is quite clear that he has both suppressed and garbled. Mr. MacGahan, lately the *Daily News* correspondent in Bulgaria, went through the entire comparison, and "A Russian," also gives a defence of Kaufmann; both of them tell a very different story from that which Mr. Schuyler heard from Mr. Gromoff nine years after the alleged

occurrence. In any case, as has been well remarked, there is no parallel between the extermination of a ferocious tribe which lived by "pillage, slave-dealing, and murder, far on the steppes of Central Asia, and the slaughter of a peaceful population in Bulgaria, accompanied," as Mr. Gladstone observes, "with exquisite refinements of torture, and with the wholesale indulgence of fierce and utterly bestial lusts—all within two hundred miles of Constantinople and under telegraphic control from Midhat Pasha."

Mr. Matthew Arnold's "Psychological Parallel" deserves a more extended notice than we can give under pressure for space. Its main feature is an attempt to account for the belief of the Apostles in the resurrection of our Lord, by referring to the belief of Sir Matthew Hale and Sir Thomas Browne in witchcraft, in the seventeenth century. He traces much of our Lord's apparent acceptance of Jewish tradition and language to a desire not to break continuity, refers especially to the apocryphal book of Enoch, and endeavours, in conclusion, to indicate a method of accommodation by which those who believe with him may remain in the Church. Dr. Appleton's examination of Mr. Arnold's four prose works is exceedingly able, and merits careful study; it is neither depreciatory nor over eulogistic, but as another instalment is to come we may defer its further consideration. Lady Verney's "Bunsen and his Wife," is a careful study of the great Prussian and his English wife. As a picture of home happiness, of busy life, and contact with all the best spirits of the time, it is most interesting. The Rev. Mr. MacColl contributes a slashing paper on the normal rule, as opposed to the Bulgarian outburst of last May, or rather he shows that both are of a piece. His account of the terrible oppression, the extortion and the outrages, which have driven the peaceful rayahs to rebellion, is appalling. He contends that the Turks will never do otherwise, and that the "bag and baggage" policy is the only one which will adequately meet the case. Mr. W. R. Greg's paper, "The Prophetic Element in the Gospels," is one which should not be slurred over. It is a reply to Mr. Hutton's plea on behalf of the resurrection of Jesus, his premonitions and prophecies, and is weighty in argument and reverent in tone. Finally, Cardinal Manning appears in a review of a work, "Philosophy without Assumptions," by

Mr. Kirkman, who in his Eminence's opinion has demolished evolution and materialism.

The *Fortnightly* opens with an exceedingly valuable lecture, for such it originally was, by Prof. Tyndall on "Fermentation, and its bearings on Disease." It is something to sit at the feet of a scientific man who can first assure you that in spite of conjectures of former days, no thorough and scientific account of "fermentation was ever given until the present year," and secondly, trace the labours of Pasteur, who found out the nature and remedy of the vine and silk-worm diseases, the analogy between the "yeast-plant" and other organisms which produce diseases, culminating in the splendid discoveries of Drs. Lister and Burdon Sanderson. What the great Boyle had dimly discerned, is now demonstrated beyond dispute, "that reproductive parasitic life is at the root of epidemic disease." We refer elsewhere to Mr. Walter Bagehot's paper on "Lord Althorpe and the Reform Act of 1832." It is not so much an account of the Whig leader "who carried the Bill," although we have a very interesting sketch of him; but rather an essay on representation and the fate which seems likely to overtake it. The writer believes, with Dr. Arnold, "that the principle of power according to the majority of a population, is fraught with evil." He deplores the decay of statesmanship, and, although he approves of Mr. Hare's scheme and other similar palliatives, despairs of their adoption.

Mr. Sidney Colvin gives a very carefully written critique upon "Daniel Deronda," in which he deplores a tendency to philosophizing and pedantry in its author's last two works. Mr. Jevons's "Future of Political Economy" is a plea for the science of which he is a distinguished Professor. He denies the dictum of Mr. Lowe that the work on Adam Smith's foundation is all accomplished. Mr. Morley's address "On Popular Culture" is full of valuable practical hints for the student, on languages, history, and more especially on what is much wanted—training in the law of evidence. "The Eastern Situation," by Mr. Ralph E. Earle, is full of instruction in reference to the position of the Powers; but the way in which he proposes to cut up the map of Europe in strips, strikes us as rather cool. Mr. Harts-horne's "Rodiayas" is an account of a singular Ceylon tribe of whose origin nothing is known.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

AT the beginning of November the Grand Opera House "posters,"—apt emblems of fickleness,—lent their conspicuous superlatives to the announcement of the performances of Mrs. D. P. Bowers, assisted by Mr. J. C. McCollum. Mrs. Bowers is an actress of established American reputation, which has, in its day, fallen but little short of celebrity. She is, perhaps, somewhat *passée* now, but the indications of this are less in any positive failure of power, than in the impression which her acting leaves upon us, that it must be judged as it is,—that its faults and merits are alike stereotyped, or, at any rate, can alter only for the worse. The two historical dramas of "Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots," and "Elizabeth, Queen of England;" Brougham's dramatization of "Lady Audley's Secret;" and the elder Colman's comedy of "The Jealous Wife," had sufficient diversity to constitute a very fair test of her depth and versatility. The "Mary" and "Elizabeth" are both "hack" versions from the Italian, miserably lacking in strength, and murdering historical, without gaining dramatic, sequence. The text makes the "Mary" of necessity a very sombre performance; but, even with this fact in view, we are inclined to think that Mrs. Bowers neutralized the character too completely under the depth of shading she gave its sorrow. *Elizabeth*, painted here in colours that would disgust Froude, gave her talents more scope, and she rendered admirably the queenly strength of mind that is continually being carried away by the undercurrents of vanity and caprice. In the last act, Mrs. Bowers was especially fine, and the contrast between the haughty autocrat of the earlier scenes and the palsied, querulous old woman of this, was really wonderful, and not a little horrible. The touches by which she gave evidence of the survival of a ghastly coquetry, were subtle and telling; while her spasmodic efforts to regain self-command, her grovelling terror of death, and her desperate tenacity of her crown and sway, were most powerfully portrayed. The rôle of *Lady Audley* brought out some of Mrs. Bowers's best qualities, among them a reserve of force in emotional passages and a resulting concentration of passion, that mark an actress of finish and experience. But in this, and the lighter part of *Mrs. Oakley*, in "The Jealous Wife," there were more noticeable a certain deliberation and stiffness in her acting, which, with a

laboured, although correct, elocution, deprived it of spontaneity and gave it a tendency to staginess. Mr. McCollum acted creditably as *Essex* in "Elizabeth," but carelessly as *Robert Audley*. He has a fine stage presence, but a jerky and vicious enunciation, and, altogether, does not rise above mediocrity. The company barely passed muster; but praise is certainly due to Mr. Rogers for his *Luke Marks* in "Lady Audley's Secret," and his *Paulet* in "Mary Stuart;" while Mrs. Allen acted intelligently in the latter play as *Elizabeth*, a part, however, not quite in her line.

During the following week, Toronto was amused by Mr. John T. Raymond, who has identified himself throughout the United States with the speculative *Colonel Mulberry Sellers*, who sees "millions" in prospective, and *en attendant*, borrows ten cents because he has on his "other pants." The dramatization of the "Gilded Age," in which he appears, is a string of five straggling and colourless acts, which does injustice to the novel, and of which the only *raison d'être* is evidently the introduction of the Colonel and his eccentricities. Mr. Raymond has made a speciality of this character, as Sothorn has of *Dundreary*, Jefferson of *Rip Van Winkle*, and Owens of *Solon Shingle*. It is doubtful whether he has any remarkable capacity as a general actor, in parts which require the discarding of personal peculiarities instead, as does this, of their exaggeration. But that is beside the question; it is as Colonel Sellers that he claims notice, and as Colonel Sellers he is inimitable. The part fits him as if it had been written from him as the original. It is a broad and amusing caricature of a sort of Americanized Micawber, possessing, instead of an "admirable passivity," the national activity, which leads him to turn up every scheme that is visionary, instead of "waiting for something to turn up" of itself. It has not escaped the taint of vulgarity that seems inseparable from any product of American humour, and in the fourth act Mr. Raymond fell little short of coarseness in his rather realistic portrayal of intoxication. However, it is a thankless task to criticise too closely a performance brimming over with such hearty fun as Mr. Raymond's impersonation of so genial an oddity as Col. Sellers.

There was more justice than mercy in a severe paragraph that appeared recently in a New York dramatic paper, concerning Miss

Kate Claxton, which declared her success in the "Two Orphans" to be "owing almost entirely to her organic adaptation to a purely pathetic part," and censured her "assumption of a rôle of an entirely different character," such as *Constance* in "Conscience." The recent opportunity we have had of witnessing her in this play proved the justice of this remark, and showed that Miss Claxton possesses but few qualifications for emotional parts which demand powers more varied and more pronounced than the touching simplicity and the vivid realization of a physical misfortune which have gained for her, in the "Two Orphans," a success she is not likely to repeat. *Conscience*, at any rate, is not a play in which she will increase her reputation. It is without a spark of originality in plot or characters, and the sleep-walking expedient in the last act is almost identical with that in Simpson and Dale's powerful drama, "Time and the Hour." It is too late in the day to offer any remarks upon the "Two Orphans," except as regards its performance by Mrs. Morrison's company. Mrs. Allen had once more, in *Henriette*, a part for which, for physical reasons, it was obviously unfair to cast her, but she succeeded with it very fairly. Mr. Sambrook again played *Pierre* the cripple, and Mr. Vernon did justice to the part of *Jacques Frochard*. As *Picard*, Mr. Rogers chose his own invariable way of being funny; but neither acted nor looked the dapper and self-satisfied Parisian valet.

Miss Julia and Miss Jennie Beauclerc were the attractions last week at Mrs. Morrison's, in F. C. Burnard's lively burlesque of "Ixion, or the Man at the Wheel." Madame Janauschek, who, as a tragic actress, has probably no living rival except Ristori, is now filling a week's engagement; but we must reserve our remarks upon her till next month.

At the Royal Opera House, the event of the month was the production, by Messrs. Jarrett and Palmer's "combination," from New York, of Shakspeare's "Julius Cæsar," with Messrs. Davenport, Barrett, and Warde in the three principal characters. The leading actors were supported in the minor parts with that efficiency and that perfect smoothness which only long practice together can give. The costumes, as might have been expected, were, with some exceptions, very fine, and histrionically correct; and the *mise en scène* was excellent, the garden scene at Brutus's house especially so. As regards accessories, there was one curious omission. This was in the scene of Cæsar's murder, where Pompey's statue was conspicuous by its absence. Altogether, the performance was probably the most satisfactory presentation of any of Shakspeare's plays ever witnessed in Toronto. Of Mr. Davenport, who filled the part of *Brutus*, it is almost superflu-

ous to speak. His reputation as a sterling, if not as a great, actor, has been acknowledged on both sides of the Atlantic for the past five-and-twenty years. Doubtless he has passed his best day; and although Time has dealt gently with him, still one cannot help seeing that his *Brutus* is not what it once was. In parts, noticeably in the well-known oration to the Roman citizens, it was even tame. Notwithstanding, however, the evident indications of failing physical energy, it is still a noble performance; the grand old Roman whom Shakspeare drew with so loving a touch, is made to live again in our presence. The exception to which the *Brutus* of Mr. Davenport was open, cannot be taken against the *Cassius* of Mr. Barrett, which displayed, if anything, a superabundance of fire and energy. Mr. Barrett possesses a powerful voice, which has a fine, manly ring about it, and is withal capable of considerable variety of intonation and expression. His elocution, too, is remarkably fine; and his magnificent delivery of the splendid speech beginning with the words—

"I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour,"

was perhaps the finest thing in the whole performance. Mr. Barrett was remarkably good also in the celebrated quarrel scene, and in that of his death; and altogether his *Cassius* was the best that we remember. His principal faults are a tendency to over-act, and a very disagreeable trick of snorting (or something very like it) in which he indulges, in order to indicate suppressed rage. The part of *Anthony* was filled by Mr. Warde, the young English actor who appeared in Toronto last spring with Mr. Edwin Booth. Mr. Warde has an evident liking for the part, and he threw himself into it heart and soul, and the result was a very effective performance. Mr. Warde's elocutionary method, however, is radically faulty; he crawls unpleasantly, and constantly emphasises unimportant words. The wonderful oration over Cæsar's body, though on the whole delivered with great spirit, was, to a certain extent, marred from this cause, and also from a misapprehension of the author's meaning in two or three places. Several of the other characters were well acted, but none calls for special mention.

On November 20th, this theatre was opened permanently for the winter season, with a new stock company, under the management of Mr. Joseph Gobay. The company is an excellent one, including, among others, Mr. Neil Warner, Mr. Couldock, Mr. Spackman, and Miss Sophie Miles. We hope to notice their performances at length next month. During the present week there is an extra attraction in the shape of a star—Miss May Howard, a rising young actress who has won favourable opinions in Australia and the United States.

LITERARY NOTES.

We are in receipt, from Messrs. Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co., of a neat volume containing Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome," and Prof. Aytoun's "Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers," bound together, both being reprinted from the latest London editions. The same enterprising publishers have also sent us a reprint of "Mystic London; or, Phases of Occult Life in the British Metropolis," by Rev. C. M. Davies, D.D.; and a volume entitled "London Banking Life: Papers on Trade and Finance," by William Purdy. This work deals at length with the recent depression of trade throughout the commercial world, a chapter being devoted to Canadian affairs.

The Lovell Printing and Publishing Co., of Montreal, have sent us a pamphlet entitled "Another Trade Letter: What is the Commercial Outlook?" by W. J. Patterson. It deals with the question of opening up trade between Canada, and Australia and the West Indies.

We have received from Hunter, Rose & Co., a copy of their Canadian Copyright edition of "The Golden Butterfly," the last novel by the authors of "Ready-Money Mortiboy."

We are also in receipt, from Messrs. Belford Bros., of a work entitled "Life and Letters of the late Hon. Richard Cartwright;" Edited by the Rev. C. E. Cartwright. The subject of the memoir was the grandfather of the present Finance Minister.

One of the most sumptuous publications devoted to Art is the new French weekly journal entitled "L'Art," of which four volumes, in folio, appear during the year, at a cost of about \$3 per volume, in paper. The contents of the volumes are of the most attractive character, both as to text and as to illustrations, the latter being copies of the pictures of celebrated contemporary artists, examples of antique and modern sculpture, together with some rare etchings and choice designs in various departments of art. The publication is maintained

at an immense outlay, and art-connoisseurs should not be unaware of its existence.

Among the recent issues of Messrs. Harper Bros. are: a superb *édition de luxe* of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," with illustrations by Doré; a work entitled "Mediaeval and Modern Saints"; and a new novel called "The Laurel Bush," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

Mr. Ruskin is at Venice, occupied in studies for a supplementary volume to "The Stones of Venice," a work which has made considerable progress. He is also engaged in preparing a sort of art-guide or history of the masterpieces existing in the city.

From the *Athenæum* we learn that the long promised edition of the Greek Testament, on which Prof. Westcott and Mr. Hort have been engaged for nearly twenty years, is nearly completed, the sheets of the Apocalypse being in the printer's hands.

The MS. remains of the late John Keble are in an advanced stage of preparation. They will be published shortly in London, accompanied by an essay by Dr. Pusey, and an elaborate criticism by Dr. Newman.

The article in the last number of the *London Quarterly Review*, on the Papal Monarchy, is said to be by Mr. Gladstone.

Miss Rhoda Broughton, after an interval of three or four years, has just given to the world a new novel, entitled "Joan." The critics differ in opinion as to its merits; the *Athenæum* pronounces it superior to any other work of its author's, and as marking a distinct step in advance; while the *Saturday Review* denounces it as vulgar and indelicate. The book nearly gave rise to a libel suit, in consequence of a casual remark by one of the characters, speaking slightly of the wines of a well-known firm in London. The sale of the work was stopped for a time in order to have the objectionable passage expunged. This has been done, and the work is now again in the market.

CORRIGENDA.—In the paper entitled "Our English Shakspeare," in the present number, the reader will please note the following corrections, which were overlooked in the hurry of going to press:—

- On page 502, 1st line, for "Garbeduc" read "Gorbeduc."
 " " " 2nd line from foot, for "Tomburlaine" read "Tamburlaine"
 " " 503, 1st line, for "blinded" read "blended."
 " " " 4th line from foot, for "dream-like pictures" read "dream-like fictions."
 " " 505, 1st line, for "astounding" read "astonishing."
 " " " 11th line from foot, for "employed" read "enjoyed."
 " " 506, 17th " " for "Betrothed of Messina" read "Bride of Messina."
 " " 508, 3rd " " for "crimes of the false Charles IX." read "crimes of the palace of Charles IX."

Mathew Bell, Wardens, for Quebec; Alexander Auldjo, Francois Desrivieres and James Caldwell, Wardens for Montreal; Francois Boucher, Warden and Harbour Master of Quebec; and Augustin Jerome Raby, Warden and Superintendent of Pilots, at Quebec.—22nd May. Notice is given in the *Gazette*, by proclamation, of the declaration of war with Spain.—On Tuesday, 4th June, being the birth-day of His Majesty, colors were presented by Lady Milnes to Colonel Hale's battalion of Quebec militia. The presentation took place on the parade ground, all the troops in garrison taking part in the ceremony.—4th of July. Mr. Gabriel Franchère was appointed Harbour Master at Montreal.—The by-laws, rules, and orders of the Trinity House of Quebec, as sanctioned and confirmed by the Lieutenant-Governor on the 29th June, appear at length in the supplement to the *Quebec Gazette* of this date.—A proclamation of His Excellency, Sir R. S. Milnes, dated 31st July, announces his approaching departure from the Province, on leave of absence, and that on his departure the administration of the government would devolve upon the Honorable Thomas Dunn, he being the senior member of the council.—The same *Gazette* contains the appointments of George Longmore, M.D., as Health Officer and Medical Inspector of the port of Quebec, and of John Painter as Treasurer to the Trinity House of Quebec, and, on 1st August, of James Stuart, Esq., as Solicitor-General of Lower Canada.—His Excellency Lieutenant Governor Milnes embarked on H. M. S. *Uranie*, on 5th August, and sailed immediately for England.—July 27th. Lieutenant-General Bowyer, commanding the troops in Nova Scotia, being about to return to England, the inhabitants of Halifax presented him

with a sword of the value of 120 guineas, as a testimonial of their regard.—It is noted as an evidence of the growth of the Province, and of the increasing attention given to agriculture, that this year, with the exception of flour, which still continued to be imported from the United States, Nova Scotia was able to supply provisions not only for her own people, but also for the troops and prisoners of war, of whom there were six or seven hundred in the Province.—28th November. The sixth session of the eighth General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened at Halifax. The Speaker, Mr. Uniacke, being absent on leave in England, it became necessary to elect some person to fill his place during the session, and the choice of the Assembly fell upon Mr. William Cottnam Tonge.—The appropriation bill was, as it had been during the past two or three sessions, a subject of disagreement between the Assembly and the Council, and the session was in consequence protracted until the 18th January, 1806, when the prorogation took place.—29th January. The General Assembly of New Brunswick, having been prorogued to this day, met for the despatch of business, but a sufficient number of members not being in attendance, the House was further prorogued until the 4th February, when the session was formally opened by His Honor Gabriel G. Ludlow, President, upon whom, in the absence of His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Carleton, the administration of the government had devolved.—Twenty-one Acts were passed during this session, amongst which were "An Act for the better regulating the militia in this Province," and "An Act for the more effectual prevention of desertion from His Majesty's forces," Acts which the renewal of the war with France had led the President to recommend to the

special attention of the Assembly.—Lieutenant-General Fanning,* was permitted (after repeated applications) to retire from the government of Prince Edward Island, an office which he had held since 1787. He was succeeded by Colonel Joseph F. W. Des Barres, an officer who (when a captain) had been present at the capture of Quebec.

1806. The second session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, was opened by His Honor the Honorable Alexander Grant, President, on the 4th of February. Allusion was made by His Honor to the death of Governor Hunter, and to the glorious victory at Trafalgar, but no subjects for Provincial Legislation were touched upon. The session closed on the 3rd March; seven Acts were passed, one of which was to amend the law relating to the practice of Physic and Surgery; another to make provision for the payment of Sheriffs; a third to procure certain apparatus for the promotion of science in connection with the education of youth in the Province; the remaining Acts, had reference to the collection and appropriation of the Revenue. On 29th August, Francis

* Edward Fanning was the son of Captain James Fanning, a British Officer, who, after selling his commission, settled in New York. He was born in the then Province of New York, on 24th April, 1739, and educated at Yale College, where he received his M. A. degree. Although educated for the bar, the disturbed state of the American Provinces induced him to leave his practice for a more active life. Entering the military service he became a colonel, and served with distinction under Governor Tryon, of North Carolina; he went to England in 1773, strongly recommended to the favour of the government for his services in Carolina. After serving for some time in the army, Colonel Fanning, was, on 24th of February, 1783, appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, and, in 1787 succeeded Governor Patterson, in Prince Edward Island. On his retirement from the government of Prince Edward Island, General Fanning had a pension of £500 stg. a year conferred upon him in consideration of his long and faithful service. He died in London, on the 28th February, 1818, in the 79th year of his age.

Gore, Esq., who had been appointed to succeed General Hunter, having arrived at York, issued the usual proclamations announcing his assumption of the Lieutenant-Governorship of the Province of Upper Canada. August 16th. The Quebec fleet, under convoy of H. M. S. *Champion*, 24 guns, was overtaken at sea by the *Veteran*, 74 guns, under command of Jerome Bonaparte, and six vessels were taken and burnt; the remainder by scattering, escaped capture. The *Quebec Gazette* of 2nd January, gave at length, Lord Collingwood's despatch announcing the victory at Trafalgar, and the ever to be lamented death of Lord Nelson. A salute was fired from the Grand Battery at one o'clock in the afternoon of the 4th, and a general illumination took place in the evening of that day, followed by public balls on the evenings of the 8th and 10th, thus prolonging for a whole week the public rejoicings for the glorious victory which had been obtained. January 17th.—Monseigneur Pierre Denaut, Bishop of the Roman Catholic Church at Quebec, died at Longueuil, aged 63. M. Denaut was succeeded in his bishopric by M. Plessis, who had been consecrated bishop of Canathe on 25th January, 1801.—The second session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, was opened by Mr. President Dunn, at Quebec, on the 20th February.—An account of a public dinner, given at Montreal, in March, 1805, having appeared in the *Montreal Gazette*, of 1st April, 1805, in which the speeches were reported at some length, to the great umbrage of certain members of the Legislative Assembly, it was resolved, on 7th March, 1806 "that the said paper contains a false and malicious libel." Mr. Thomas Cary, editor of the *Quebec Mercury*, having published

in his paper an account of the proceedings of the Assembly, was arrested for so doing by the Sergeant-at-Arms; he was, however, after two days confinement, released on making an ample apology. On 15th March, the Assembly ordered the arrest of Isaac Tod, of the city of Montreal, for having published, and of Edward Edwards, for having printed, the said libel. No measures were, however, taken to carry the order into effect, and the matter was then suffered to drop.—Nathaniel Taylor, Deputy Secretary, and Registrar of the Province of Lower Canada, died at Quebec, on 4th April.—The session of the Lower Canada Parliament closed on 19th April. Seven Acts were passed, and one was reserved for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure thereon. Four of the seven Acts were to continue existing laws, and of the remaining three, one was to authorize further expenditure for the improvement of the navigation between Montreal and Lake St. Francis. The reserved Act was to authorize the erection of a bridge over the river L'Assomption.—*Le Canadien*, the first newspaper printed in the French language in Canada, appeared in November. February 15th.—Lieutenant-General William Gardiner, commanding the forces in Nova Scotia, died at Halifax, and was buried at St. Paul's church in that city.—The Nova Scotia Assembly was dissolved on 28th May, and writs for a new election, returnable on 7th August, were issued. On 18th November the new Assembly (first session of the ninth General Assembly) met. Mr. William Cottnam Tonge, member for the county of Hants, was elected Speaker. The House attended the Lieutenant-Governor on the 19th with their Speaker elect, who was presented to His Excellency by Mr. Northup. Sir John informed them that he did not

approve of the choice they had made, and desired them to return and make another, and to present the member chosen for his approbation on the day following at one o'clock. The Assembly accordingly withdrew, and on the 20th proceeded to choose another Speaker. Mr. Lewis Morris Wilkins, member for Lunenburg, was then elected and approved by His Excellency, who opened the session with a speech in which he congratulated the Assembly upon the victories obtained by British forces by sea and land, and upon the general prosperity of the Province. The House of Assembly presented an address to the Lieutenant-Governor in reply to the speech from the throne, on 22nd November, in which allusion was made to the rejection of Mr. Tonge as Speaker in the following terms:—"While we lament that your Excellency has been pleased to exercise a branch of His Majesty's prerogative, long unused in Great Britain, and without precedent in this Province, we beg leave to assure your Excellency that we shall not fail to cultivate assiduously a good understanding between the different branches of the legislature, and to prosecute with diligence the business of the session." No further reference appears to have been made to the subject.

1807. The first session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Francis Gore, at York, on Monday, 2nd February. The session was a short but busy one. The prorogation took place on the 10th March. Of the twelve Acts which were passed, the most important was an Act to establish Public Schools in each and every district of the Province. These schools were placed under the management of five trustees in each district, who were to be appointed by the Lieutenant-

Governor. The teachers were to be paid by the Receiver-General out of the general revenue, and to receive £100 a year, each.—Of the remaining Acts of this session, one was for the preservation of salmon in the Home and Newcastle Districts, in which the taking of salmon by setting any nets, weirs, or other engines, in any creek or river, or at or near the mouth of any creek or river, was prohibited under a penalty of five pounds for the first offence, and double that amount for any subsequent offence.—Three Acts were for the regulation of sundry details respecting the profession and practice of the law; one repealed the Act authorizing the payment of bounties for the destruction of wolves and bears; another provided for the settlement of certain matters connected with the setting apart of the district of Johnstown; the remaining Acts had reference to the collection and disbursement of the public revenue.—Captain Joseph Brant,* chief of the Six Nations, died on 24th November, aged 65 years.—December 2nd. Lieutenant-Colonel

Æneas Shaw appointed Adjutant-General of Militia for the Province of Upper Canada.—December 30th. The *York Gazette* of this date contains at length the King's Proclamation (dated 16th October, 1807), "For recalling and prohibiting British seamen from serving foreign princes and states."—The *Upper Canada Guardian*, the first "opposition paper" published in Upper Canada, made its appearance this year. It was edited by Mr. Willcocks, who had been Sheriff of the Home District, and was subsequently returned to Parliament to urge the views of the then rising opposition party.—The third session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec, on 21st January, by His Honor Thomas Dunn, Esq., President of the Province of Lower Canada. Seventeen Acts were passed during this session, one of which, an Act to incorporate the *Quebec Benevolent Society*, was reserved for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure thereon, and was assented to by His Majesty in Council on 30th March, 1808. Of the remaining sixteen Acts, ten were to continue for a limited time, or to amend, existing Acts; two were to provide for the erection of market houses in the cities of Quebec and Montreal; one was for the prevention of desertion of seamen from merchant ships; another for the regulation of the fisheries in the District of Gaspé; an Act for the more easy recovery of small debts, and another granting to Jean Baptiste Bedard the exclusive right and privilege of erecting bridges in Lower Canada, according to certain models therein described, complete the list. The prorogation took place on the 16th April.—Notice is given in the *Quebec Gazette* of 19th February that an Act of the Imperial Parliament had been passed, 21st July, 1806, permitting until 1st January,

* Joseph Brant was of pure Mohawk blood. He first came into notice when, in 1756, he was sent by Sir William Johnson to Dr. Wheeling's Indian School in Connecticut, where he received a good education. In 1762 Brant acted as interpreter to a missionary named Smith; in 1775 he visited England. In 1779 he was present at the attack on Minisink, in Orange county. The allusion to Brant in *Gertrude of Wyoming* is too well known to need repetition, but it may not be out of place to quote the poet's remarks on being satisfied of the erroneous view he had formed of Brant's character. Campbell, repeating the substance of his conversation with Brant's son, whose acquaintance the poet had made in England, wrote as follows: "Had I learnt all this of your father when I was writing my poem, he should not have figured in it as the hero of mischief." Campbell adds, "It was but bare justice to say thus much of a Mohawk Indian, who spoke English eloquently, and was thought capable of having written a history of the Six Nations. I ascertained also that he often strove to mitigate the cruelty of Indian warfare. The name of Brant therefore remains in my poem a pure and declared character of fiction."