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A DISCUSSION ON BEAUTY:

BEING IN THE MAIN A CRITICISM OF THE ALISON-JEFFREY THEORY.

PART I.

THE readers of the MARITIME MONTHLY may perhaps remember that the very first subject to which it invited their attention was "Use and Beauty." The writer did not venture on a discussion of the nature of the Beautiful; but among other hints incidentally given, he suggested towards the close of his remarks especially, that Use and Beauty were pretty closely related, and that a good deal might be said upon the Use of Beauty. I think there might, and I have sometimes felt disposed to take advantage of the hint, and to say my say upon that subject. It is one which would be strictly congruous with the season of the year, and on which it might be neither unpleasant nor unprofitable to reflect for a while.

But if it would not exhaust the patience of those whom it may concern to follow me through a somewhat subtle, and intricate philosophical discussion, I would like to preface my reflections on the Use of Beauty, by some remarks on Beauty itself. It may look more logical to some to begin with the existence and the nature of the thing, before we talk of its use. For be it known unto you, my readers, that many sensible men have talked as if there was, strictly speaking, no such thing as beauty at all,—as if it were all a mock appearance and mirage,—a thing that may seem to be, but is not, a mere reflection of the feelings, and the shadow of a dream like Fichte's thought of his own existence.

Thus Hume says, in his essay on the Standard of Taste, "Beauty is no quality of things themselves: it exists merely in the mind which contemplates them; and each mind perceives a different beauty." And so Dr. Reid, though in almost all his reasonings directly opposed to Hume, and though it may seem at variance with the fundamental principles of his own philosophy, and inconsistent with some of his own averments on the subject, seems to lean to the same opinion. "I apprehend," he says, "that it is in the moral and intellectual perfections of mind, and in its active powers, that beauty originally dwells; and that from this, as the fountain, all the beauty which we perceive in the visible world is derived." And, not to mention others, Dr. Alison, and notoriously Lord Jeffrey, have laboured hard, in their famous Essays on Beauty in trying to prove that it is not a property of things extra-mental and material at all, but only an emotion of the soul unconsciously projected on the canvass of nature through the power of habit and association. "That vast variety of objects to which we give the name of beautiful," says Jeffrey, "become entitled to that appellation, merely because they all possess the power of recalling or reflecting those sensations of which they have been the accompaniments, or with which they have been associated in an imagination by any other more casual bond of connection." Things are beautiful, according to these writers, only because they have become associated in our minds with some agreeable feeling or emotion in ourselves or in other sentient beings, or when they are the natural signs of such feelings or emotions, and are calculated to awaken the imagination and excite us to some pleasing train of thought, or when they bear some analogy or fanciful resemblance to things with which these emotions are necessarily connected.

It would be an endless task to consider in detail all the facts and illustrations which writers like those we have mentioned have amassed in support of their theory; but it may not be uninteresting to see by what process they might come to entertain the belief that beauty is not a quality of things themselves, but a something only with which we clothe the outer world. For assuredly men in general don't believe so. They say of a tree or flower that *it* is beautiful, and think accordingly. It never occurs to them to doubt it; and you might as well call in question the existence of the object as to try and get them to believe that it has no inherent beauty. There it is, they'll say: I see it; and seeing with them is believing.

There are facts, however, which are calculated to shake our faith a little in what thus seems to be the evidence of the senses, and the verdict of the common sense of men; for common sense, let me say, is variable, and veers with light and knowledge. We put a straight stick in the water, and it seems bent: we sit in a train in rapid motion, and seemingly trees and posts fly past us, when really it is we who thus are flying: we shut our eyes, putting our hands upon them heavily, and direct them as if to look straight forward, and we see all sorts of brilliant colours moving and melting into each other, vanishing and reappearing: and, to give no other instance, we say that the fire is hot, though strictly speaking it is the fire that makes *us* hot. Now may there not be some such illusion in the case of beauty? If we see things straight as crooked, and things stationary as in motion, what reason have we for trusting our senses when we see things as beautiful? May they not in themselves be the reverse of what they appear to us? If we can make colours for ourselves by putting our hands upon our eyes, why may we not clothe the world with them? If we naturally and unconsciously transfer what can belong to a sentient being only—the sensation of heat—to the fire, and say that *it* is hot, may we not in the same way unconsciously transfer our feelings to the outer world, and say of things that *they* are beautiful? There is a perfect analogy between the two cases, is there not? And if there is a general illusion in the one case, why may there not be in the other? And that there is such an illusion in the case of beauty may be plausibly maintained, and has been plausibly maintained.

First, from the variety of objects to which beauty is ascribed. If beauty be a quality of objects, how, it may be asked, could things so various and unlike as a statue and a thought, a cloud and an eye, a hill and a dog, be possessed of it? There is but little resemblance, it would seem, between a trunk of a tree and a lyric poem, a gnarled stick and a perfect circle, a waving line and a theory of morals, a tumble-down wall o'er-grown with ivy and the life of a hero, a spire of grass and a foaming cataract; yet they may all be called beautiful. Have they anything in common which entitles them to the epithet? "How shall mind assert its supremacy so as to establish an order between things belonging to such different domains as a pillar, a song, a colour, and a smile? Under what mysterious art of mastery shall we comprehend the

thought that stirs a man's heart, the swelling wave that breaks at his feet, and the minster bell that travels over the green meadow and wreathes itself with invisible pulsations through the curiously convolved chambers of the ear?" Things tall and things short; things crooked and things straight; things material and things mental; colours, and sounds, and silence,—things the most contrary and unlike are said to be beautiful. Now what is it that makes them so? Must there not be some one quality in them all which entitles them to the same name? And if there is, what is it? But who is to decide the question? For every taste differs from almost every other. And hence,

In the second place, it may be argued from the want of agreement among men as to what is beautiful, that beauty is no property of things. There is no disagreement, it is said, among those in whose organization there is no defect, as to the colours and forms of things. Where one sees green, another sees green; and what one calls crooked, another calls crooked. It is the same with tastes, &c. We are all agreed that sugar is sweet, and that doctors' drugs in general are bitter; that ice is cold and fire hot; and that sounds are loud or low. If beauty, then, was a property of things and perceived by the senses, we should expect that there would be the same agreement among men as to its presence or absence. But what do we find to be the case? Where one may see it constantly and be thrilled by it, another may perceive nothing which he can at all admire, and a good deal perhaps which he does not like. A man of poetic temperament may gaze in rapture on a landscape, in which another, who is of a less imaginative turn of mind, and is bent on business and money-making, may see nothing that is fitted to arouse one pleasurable emotion. One may like a form and pattern which another would not look at. The uneducated speak of things as beautiful which cause loathing to the cultured, and vice versa. To one there is no beauty like that of a mathematical demonstration; another sees nothing that is attractive in it. The lover beholds a charm and beauty in the loved one, which no other mortal eye can see; and each one thinks his place the best. In short, what one regards as beautiful, another may think detestable.

But not only is there a difference of tastes in different individuals, there is a difference of tastes, often contradictory in the same individual at different times and in different places. Our taste

may vary with our years and change with education. What pleased us in our childhood has no charm for us now; and what we hated then, may now be perfectly delightful. The poem or picture which pleased us in our youth may appear to us as hideous or silly in our age. When we are sad all nature feeds on gloom; when cheered with fortune and blessed with health, the world is steeped in brighter light, and all things seem to dance with gladness. And then there is the puzzling fact of an ever-changing taste in fashion. How varying and contradictory are judgments here! what to-day seems graceful and becoming, the very perfection of beauty in dress, may in a few short months be laughed at as absurd. Our fathers look—how funny!

And as with individuals, so is it with nations. How different are the ideals of taste and beauty among the different tribes and nations of the world! There is nothing in the matter seemingly but confusion and contradiction. The *pelele*, or lip-ring, for instance, which is esteemed an ornament by the females of the African Manganja tribe, gives them an inexpressibly repulsive look to a European. But “if there was anything absolutely or intrinsically beautiful in any of the forms thus distinguished, it is inconceivable that men should differ so outrageously in their conceptions of it. If beauty was a real and independent quality, it seems impossible that it should be distinctly and clearly felt by one set of persons, where another set, altogether as sensitive, could see nothing but its opposite. And if it were actually and inseparably attached to certain forms, colours, or proportions, it must appear utterly inexplicable that it would be felt and perceived, in the most opposite forms and proportions, in objects of the same description.”

But a third, and it may seem a still graver objection, may be urged against the belief that things are beautiful in themselves, and that is, that forms and colours, without reference to any change or difference in ourselves, are beautiful only in certain places and positions, and sounds only at certain times and in certain surroundings. Blue, for example, it may be said, is beautiful in the sky, but not on the nose of a woman; green in vegetation, but not in the eye. Rose-colour seems more beautiful than that of mahogany; but were we to paint our doors or furniture with it, they would not look nice. Pink does well enough in a rose or the cheek of a girl; but paint your grates with that colour, and it would be

thought you had little taste. So again, the colours and forms which are becoming to women, are not so to men; and the features of childhood, or youth, would not be regarded with pleasure in one who had reached maturity. It is the same with sounds as with forms and colours. The songs which we love in gladness are painful in our grief; the stirring peals of martial music do not suit a funeral. The hooting of the owl at dusk or midnight among ancient ruins, or by the side of a gloomy wood, is strikingly sublime. The same sound at noon, in a cheerful, open landscape, is trifling or ridiculous. The falling of a drop of water is insignificant enough in itself; yet when heard at intervals in silent, subterraneous vaults, or large cathedrals, it is impressively sublime. And, not to multiply illustrations which every one's memory may supply him with, the noise of a cart may be mistaken for thunder; so long as the mistake lasts, that vulgar noise will be held to be prodigiously sublime; but the moment it is discovered, laughter will be the inevitable result. But if sounds, and forms, and colours, were of themselves, and intrinsically beautiful, they would be beautiful surely, wherever we saw or heard them, and without respect to place, or time, or circumstances.

From such considerations it has been concluded that "beauty is not an inherent property or quality of objects at all, but the result of the accidental relations in which they may stand to our experience of pleasures or emotions, and does not depend upon any particular configuration of parts, proportions, or colours, in external things, nor upon the unity, coherence, or simplicity of intellectual creations; but merely upon the associations which, in the case of every individual may enable these inherent, and otherwise indifferent qualities, to suggest or recall to the mind emotions of a pleasurable or interesting description. It follows, therefore, that no object is beautiful in itself, or could appear so, antecedent to our experience of direct pleasures or emotions; and that as an infinite variety of objects may thus reflect interesting ideas, so all of them may acquire the title of beautiful, although utterly diverse and disparate in their nature, and possessing nothing in common but this accidental power of reminding us of other emotions. And as a logical consequence of this theory, it must be added that "all tastes are equally just and true;" that "no taste is either bad or false; and the only difference worthy of being attended to, is that between a great deal and a very little."

Such, in brief compass and stated as strongly as we could put it, is the theory which Alison illustrated and defended at such a tedious length in his *Essays on the Beautiful*, and which Lord Jeffrey condensed and presented in a more popular form, with some additions of his own; and it does indeed seem plausible at first sight, and is likely to take a certain class of minds as by storm, and to seem to them irrefragable. Yet with all the undoubted truth it contains as to matters of fact, one cannot but feel that as a theory it is altogether unsatisfactory and superficial, and not a little dangerous to boot. For the same principles of reasoning rigorously carried out strike at the root of all morality and religion, and land us in universal scepticism. For if there is no inherent beauty in things themselves, then there is no beauty or deformity in virtue or vice as such, no loveliness in a holy character,—good and evil are the products of feeling or emotion merely, the creatures simply of association. And if there is no beauty in natural objects because men don't agree with themselves and with one another as to what is beautiful, then, for the same reason, there is no truth, and consequently no God. Nay, I cannot be sure of my own existence if I follow out these principles. For I do not seem to myself to be more certain that I have the emotion of the beautiful, than that I perceive a beauty *in things around me*. If the one be an illusion, why may not the other? Or, to turn the theory we have stated against itself more pointedly, if the beauty of nature is all an illusion, a mere appearance and fiction of the mind, why may not the thought that beauty is an illusion be itself a delusion? Thus on such principles I am led to the extreme of sceptical conclusions. I am sure of nothing; no, not even of that; for the statement contains an affirmation of a certainty, viz: that I am sure. I may henceforth say with the great philosopher whose name has been already mentioned, "I know nothing and am nothing. Images—pictures—only are pictures which wander by, without any thing existing past which they wander, without corresponding reality which they might represent, without significance and without aim. I myself am one of these images, or rather a confused image of these images. All reality is transformed into a strange dream, without a world of which the dream might be, or a mind that might dream it. Contemplation is a dream; thought, the source of all existence and of all I fancied reality, of my own existence, my own capacities, is a dream of that dream."—*Fichte's Destination of Man*, c. ix.

But perhaps we have given enough for a quiet reading. We will halt for a breathing space; and if the Editor be graciously pleased to grant us permission, we may resume the discussion next month.

WILLIAM P. BEGG.

A PLOT WITHIN A PLOT;

OR,

THE MYSTERIES OF THE DOG'S NOSE.

CHAPTER XXI.

“I DON'T know what's come over *you*,” said the old house-keeper with a dubious twitter of her cap-bows, and glancing into the Colonel's sick-room, where Marie,—self constituted nurse again,—was hovering with gentlest breath and touch over the couch.

“What are *you* up to, I'd like to know? All that patting and purring means something, I'll be bound. For ord'nar you're oncertain, cross, and hard to please enough,—goodness he knows! as says the poick; but whatever it's for, ye're working hard at the 'ministering angel' trick again. My lady, you want to be watched, I'm thinking.”

By which it will be seen that venerable female was read up in the poets, and moreover could see through a millstone nearly as well as a miller. Evidently she had but small faith in the present uncertain tricky specimen of the “ministering angel” order.

The patient had but recovered from one fainting-fit to fall into another, and now was lying sleeping the broken sleep of exhaustion and fever.

With attentive ear Marie was noting the muttered lisplings that fell from his working lips, and a darker frown each instant disfigured her brow. Singular too, in a “ministering angel!” It seemed as if she feared an influence alien to her own were working on him; an angelic ministrant of another order quite.

The old man's thoughts were with the bride of his youth. All the idolatrous love, the passionate admiration wherewith he had regarded her, spoke out in his broken ejaculations; and, as on the

previous evening, so now he seemed to be entirely wrapt up in communings with his Angélique.

A step in the apartment. Marie looked up and encountered the gaze of Delaval.

A strange, admiring gaze sat on the Frenchman's face, as he regarded his sister.

With precaution she drew back from the unconscious sleeper, and joined him.

There was a rare smack of reality about the girl now, Her's was a genuine rosy-red blush, and a look of timid, maidenly pleasure, as she felt herself caught to her brother's breast, and a kiss of strange respect imprinted on her brow.

"You are a great *artiste*, Marie!" said Delaval. "To pluck victory out of the jaws of defeat; to permit exposure to draw us to the very brink of ruin; then to arrest the fatal truth at the instant when all was lost; to suppress it, to pervert it, to suborn it as a lying witness on our side; to make our chief accuser minister to our triumph; it is magnificent! The rude masculine intellect is no match for feminine finesse. But how did you effect it; and so instantaneously too?"

"Hush!" said the girl, casting a frightened glance around.

"Walls have ears. You are too distressingly frank, *mon beau*. You shew your hand at every turn. It is manly, but it is dangerous. At present the whole success of our intrigue is seriously compromised. It is only by a miracle we have escaped defeat."

"Ah!" said Delaval: "we *must* not, we *shall* not fail. At last we have found the spring by which we can work on the old man's mind. Danger to himself from that source he scouts; dishonor to his house he can never forgive."

"Yes; that is our cue at last. In his son's *liaison* with this accursed American foundling, I have persuaded him there lies a menace to the unsullied honour of his family. It is easy to keep the poison working. In any case I engage to keep him quiet, until Calvert be driven forth an out-cast," said Marie.

"These friends of his must at all hazards be silenced. They know too much. But how dispose of them? If they be brought up to an open trial, everything will come out;" and he talked in a desponding tone.

"*Mon ami!* Is there no better path than that of violence? Will not their outraged pride prove our best auxiliary here?"

Their self-respect is touched by the imputation that they are practising to inveigle the young heir into a *Mesalliance*. Were they free to depart, would they not hasten to escape both the publicity of a trial, and the disagreeable necessity of remaining here as suspected guests? And I am confident this would be the signal for Calvert's departure also; for he will never break with his friends."

"True. But we must ensure not only their banishment; but that there shall no chance occur either of communicating with the Colonel or with the authorities. How to secure this?"

"*Mon cher!* I charge myself with the Colonel. As to the rest, let us make them fear the authorities. Let us communicate to their retiring from this place the character of an evasion, and all is done."

"Bravo, Marie! I see it all now. Our friends the Fenians may profitably be brought into play at last. But *peste* on Barillot's stupidity! I have no means of communicating with the rascals now. He has let them find him out."

"Better no communication;" answered she. "It is sometimes good policy to let things adjust themselves. I miss my guess if there be not some attempt at a rescue of the prisoners this very night. If so, the affair will settle itself without our shewing in it, which is safest."

"Explain yourself, *Ma vie!*"

"See. Let us not overlook one circumstance. This *Irlandais*, of his own will, surrenders himself. He is no fool: he will not thrust his finger into the trap farther than he is sure of drawing it out again. Once more; whilst you talk and act, I listened:—I observe. Amongst other things what do I see? Secret signs exchanging between one of the ostlers and this Barney. I see a sudden and apparently uncalled for display of two hands with their ten fingers spread out, followed by one more digit stretched forth. What hour does that make?—and when may we expect the assault?"

"Prodigious!" ejaculated Delaval. "But it is incredible! How was it possible for you to divine his meaning from such a slight sign?"

"You will find it true, Adolphe. This night at eleven o'clock, I bid you prepare to resist, or, if it better please you, to *assist* the escape of our prisoners."

“Excellent! If it should turn out as you predict, we will then be delivered from the heir and his troublesome friends at one *coup*. Long enough at least for the pear to ripen. Then we have only to pluck it, and dispose of *le vieillard*, and it will be an affair finished! But what is the old *grognard* muttering about?”

The two drew near the couch once more, and bent over the sleeper whose lips still worked and syllabled whisperingly forth his dreamy meaning.

“Hist! what says he?” whispered Deleval.

Marie looked up with that dangerous gleam in her eyes.

“Listen: he says ‘Oh Angélique, Angélique! Poor defenceless one! Wallowing in thy gore! Murdered! Murdered! Jacques Barillot; murderer of women and children!’”

“What means the dotard?” said Delaval with white and ghastly face. “Can he know, can he suspect anything of the past? But it is impossible: so long ago.”

The sound of approaching footsteps here startled the pair.

“Stay; I must not be found here,” muttered the Frenchman.

Without noise he slipped through the open window on to the balcony beyond: whilst his sister adjusting the curtain, so as to conceal him effectually, returned silently to her post by the bedside. To the tap at the door which followed, it was in a quiet and collected tone she answered, “come in!”

The handle was turned, and Calvert strode across the threshold. With but scant acknowledgment of his cousin’s presence, he moved to the side of the bed.

A gentle pressure on the arm, and the girl’s finger on her lip, warned the youth not to disturb the sufferer.

With a cold and contemptuous glance he turned from her, and bent over the agitated form before him, and laying one hand on the arm tossed out over the coverlet, said in a soft clear voice

“Father!”

The head moved uneasily over, and an effort seemed to be made to throw off the stupor that weighed down the half-closed eyelids. But a weary sigh, and an unintelligible muttering, dying off upon the lips shewed his powerlessness to contend with the coma that seemed to benumb his faculties.

“What is this?” said Calvert, with a sharp glance of suspicion around him; and his eyes resting on the array of glasses and vials on the small *commode*, within hand-reach of the nurse. “What have you been drugging him with?”

“Sir!” responded the accomplished actress, with an inimitable air of surprise, and wounded feeling.

For sole response the youth strode to the bell-rope, and stood with blazing eye, waiting till the door opened in answer to his loud, hasty summons, and gave admission to the startled housekeeper.

“Madam,” said he: “Have I not desired that you, and you alone should watch here? What means this lady’s presence? and why is there not a regular physician called in as I ordered, should the case appear serious? I find my father in a most dangerous condition.”

“Monsieur,” cried Marie, hotly, “your words are insults. I fling back your injuries on yourself. How could you expect to find your father otherwise, after the cruel anguish you have caused him?”

Deigning no reply, Calvert again accosted the abashed domestic;

“Do you hear? Let the doctor be sent for, directly. I remain here till he arrive. Do you return instantly.”

The poor woman flinging up her hands with a deprecating gesture, murmured;—

“You see, Miss. You *would* have your own way. I misdoubted what would come of it. Dear knows what ye’ve been a-doing of!” and shaking her head dubiously, she went out hurriedly.

“*Mon petit garçon!*” began Marie, loftily; “you forget that you are not the master here. Must I remind you that you are under arrest? One little word of mine, and you will be chased with ignominy to the fit society of your lady-love!”

The look she met suddenly stopped her vile tirade, brazen as she was. The disdainful silence of the youth, more eloquent than words, henceforth restrained her.

He seemed absorbed in counting the feeble throbs of the patient’s pulse, and watching the livid lips that voicelessly seemed to syllable forth his accusing plaint.

It was not long before the housekeeper returned, and took her silent station near the still group.

Marie had turned towards the *commode*, and with an air of solicitude, indicated a potion to the old domestic, as the one proper to be administered to the patient. In doing this her hand wandered casually among the vials; then she rose as if to leave the apartment.

"Stay!" said Calvert, turning abruptly; "what have you got there? Return instantly the phial you have abstracted;" and he advanced with a threatening air upon the lady.

"But, monsieur! Is it that you have become mad?" said the French-woman.

"No matter;" replied he: "you do not leave this till you have been searched."

With a touching look of outraged innocence the "ministering angel" sank back to her seat, and took refuge in woman's last resource—tears.

CHAPTER XXII.

After the episode described in the last chapter the minutes passed in unbroken silence until full half-an-hour had elapsed, and the day fast waning had darkened down into the dusk of night. At last a sound of horse's feet announced the arrival of the medical practitioner.

Marie had insensibly shifted her position until she communicated with the open window.

As Calvert rose from his position by the bed, and advanced to receive the new comer, her handkerchief came into requisition. By a motion so slight and natural, the nurse—however watchful she might now be—failed to detect it, she slipped into a hand waiting there the object of Calvert's suspicions.

A shadow flitted from before the window, a neighboring case-ment was silently lifted; and now breathing freely the French girl observed vigilantly the whispered conference at the door.

The two gentlemen made their way to the side of the patient. After a brief examination the doctor, still silent, turned and inspected the contents of the table.

Dubiously taking up a bottle of morphine standing among the rest, he remarked.

"It is probable that our young nurse has judged fit to strive and alleviate the pain, and allay the fever by administering an anæsthetic?"

The lady's silent nod was the sole reply.

"This is somewhat powerful in its action, and requires caution; but there is no danger to be apprehended from this source apparently. In a short time we will doubtless see its influence dissipated."

Calvert, but half re-assured still eyed the girl who sat impassive.

"But," said he at length, "can you not arouse him immediately, doctor? There are matters of the last importance awaiting the instant of my father's waking for him to be made acquainted with."

"One can but try;" was the answer: "Yet I am not very sanguine of success. The symptoms are peculiar, and certainly not like an ordinary case of one over-dosed with anodynes."

"Strange!" resumed he, after an interval spent in attempts by powerful stimulants, and otherwise, to recall consciousness. "Strange! The pulse is strong; the life functions seem unusually vigorous for one in such a condition. But there appears to be a complete torpor of the mind; or rather, a total severance between the intellect and its ordinary channels of communication through the senses. This may continue for an indefinite period. There is something inexplicable about the case. Perhaps the young lady can throw a little light on it."

Thus appealed to, Marie approached with an air of timid anxiety, the most natural in the world for a young person who feared she had unwittingly done mischief.

"Ah, monsieur!" said she, with swimming eyes and clasped hands, to the physician. "Is it that there is danger? But our poor uncle, he was suffering so. I could not refuse his solicitations for the anodyne."

"How much did you administer?" said the good doctor, gently, pitying her evident distress.

The girl picked up the narrow phial, and shewed with the tip of her finger-nail from point to point what had been abstracted.

"Good Heavens!" said he "that would be enough to kill three men."

Marie uttered a shriek. Calvert, with one bound leaped upon the miserable woman, and pinned her hands as in a vice.

"Stay, stay! The girl is certainly mistaken," cried the doctor. "With such a dose the inexplicable thing is that he is not dead long before this. To all appearance the animal functions, and even the nervous sensibilities are as active and acute as ever, see!—"

Calvert, releasing his hold and half-turning, saw at the doctor's touch on the sole of the foot, a spasmodic shrinking instantly respond. So, when the eyelid was lifted, the contraction of the iris round the pupil, and the nervous twitching of the muscles of the lid proved the doctor's word true.

It was indeed strange. Vitality was strong; the nervous system highly susceptible; and yet mind, soul was a-wanting. The separation between the will and its sentient instruments seemed complete.

The minutes swept by. The doctor was musing. His eye had dwelt in steady scrutiny on the phial of morphine. At last he said in a low, passionless tone;

"This girl is trifling with us. The morphine bottle has not even been opened. That was a blind—to throw us off the scent. If this seizure do not pass away speedily, and it's not likely that it will, I *don't* think I'll cry 'Hands off,' Calvert, the next time. No: I *don't* think I will." His next words had a sharp decisive ring in them; "the case is one of grave suspicion. It's not fever; it's not the wound, nor mental trouble, nor morphine. What is it? Mam'selle knows. If she would only tell the truth. If it were only accident she would tell all. She hides all, therefore there is design:" through his glasses he keenly watched her, to see the effect of his words. If he expected to frighten her, he was disappointed, as his next word showed. "Well; the bird that can sing, and won't, you know. Calvert, ring that bell;" and the baffled doctor could be heard muttering at intervals "police," "poison," "custody," etc.

The only sign of Marie's resentment was a contemptuous "*imbecile!*" levelled at the doctor as she rose from her seat and drew near the patient.

"Keep back, murderess!" shouted Calvert, whirling her round with violence, and sending her reeling back.

Far from resenting this rough treatment, the girl appeared sincerely to commiserate the anxiety of the youth. Again she drew near, saying with a pitying smile:

"My cousin; this old fool has alarmed you without cause. It is nothing. Our good father will wake on the instant. Suffer me: I will bring him to."

"Ah, Marie! if you only will," said Calvert with a quick revulsion of feelings; and he dragged her towards the bed.

"Boys are so headlong!" she said, with an amused air, as she suffered herself to be impelled. Her coolness petrified the assistants.

With her handkerchief in her hand she commenced tenderly wiping and smoothing the set mouth and the nearly closed nostrils.

Then the rosy tips of her supple fingers lightly stroked, back and forth, back and forth over the unconscious mask that her satin skin just faintly brushed. As if in response to this peculiar magnetic incantation, the countenance of the Colonel brightened; his bosom heaved; his set lips relaxed into a half-smile; the contracted nostrils expanded; the drawn look of pain was smoothed from off the forehead; the oppression of the eyelids vanished: suddenly the eyes opened, and with a calm, collected gaze ranged round the group.

"Throw your tongue to the dogs, doctor, why don't you?" was Marie's remark, flung over her shoulder with a light little rallying laugh.

That functionary seemed to have in effect just accomplished the said unpleasant piece of expiation; for he stood mute, with mouth a-gape, and eyeballs apparently resolved to break a pane and jump clear through the glasses that confined them.

"Prodigious!" at last he mouthed forth in a gasping aside to the housekeeper. That notable dame solemnly twittered her cap-bows again; and, with an oracular windiness befitting an inspired Pythoness, ejaculated:—

"It's witchery, Sir! Law save us pore mis'able offenders! But she oughtn't to ha' done that!"

Not that the good soul considered the resuscitation of the Colonel an inexpiable offence; but the occult, cabalistic manner of it! Ay, there was the rub!

And so she went on by way of exorcism:

"From all evil and mischief; from the crafts and assaults of the devil;"

"*Good Lord, deliver us;*" responded the doctor, officiating as clerk for the nonce. Again our petticoated ordinary led off her Litany, gabbling away in most approved style:

"From deadly sin, and deceits of the devil; from murder and sudden death; from all sedition, and privy conspiracy:"

"Curse your nonsense! Hold your tongue, will you?" grunted the *medico*, as his final crushing, and irreverent response.

Truth is, anger was getting the upper hand of astonishment with the worthy man. Not only was his *amour-propre* sorely wounded; but the infallibility of the profession was seriously compromised. And so it was on these general grounds, and from no special malevolence towards the reviving patient, he ejaculated in turn:

“Confound the girl! What business had she to do that?”

By which it appears that to escape dying contrary to the opinion of the faculty is the crime of *Lèse Majesté* in the last degree!

Calvert with a sickening feeling of anxiety, now that his father was recovering consciousness, waited in suspense to see how his presence would be received by his incensed parent.

Marie never removed her eyes from that of her charge, never ceased the serpentine undulations of her lithe smoothing fingers.

On his side the Colonel, after that first glance of scrutiny around the company, fixed his gaze with a pathetic expression of complete dependence upon his youthful nurse.

“You feel better, do you not, dear Uncle?” said she.

The eyelids were dropped an instant in silent affirmation.

“Here is Calvert come to see you:” continued she in her softest, flutiest tone. “He is afraid you are still angry with him. Will you let him speak to you?”

An eager expression; and then as it seemed an anxious effort of the hitherto dormant will to break loose from the spell of those greenish, and baleful glistening orbs that bound him; a look of alarm, of terror, of abject submission could be read by turns on the sufferer’s speaking countenance. Then as if repeating a distasteful lesson from a copy before him, the Colonel uttered in a painful, mechanical tone the words:

“No! He is joined to dishonor! Let him go!”

“By Jove!” said the doctor under his breath; “I never believed in mesmerism before!”

“It’s witchcraft!” nervously quivered the housekeeper in the ear of the son of Galen. “It’s my belief she’ll make him deny his Saviour yet, as well as his own son; ‘Have mercy upon us miserable sinners:’” she said, drifting into the Litany again.

Calvert, heedless of aught else but the crushing sentence pronounced against him, hung his head in an access of cruelest agony.

Marie suffered her eyes to wander for an instant, and to gloat with delight over the anguish of her youthful victim.

That instant’s wandering attention cost her the game!

Calvert’s courage rallied beneath the mocking glance. It was evident he meditated a bold stroke to free his father from her thralldom.

On glancing back, she perceived to her dismay that the chain of animal magnetism, in which she held her aged victim captive, was broken for the moment.

She could not succeed in again fixing his gaze. That feeble intelligence would now be the prize of the strongest will and the readiest wit.

For the first time a nervous tremor,—sure presage of defeat, overcame her. She felt the imminence of the struggle. The whole magnitude of the interests depending on its precarious issue, came upon her.

But should she suffer herself to be beaten?—she, a woman, to be beaten on her own chosen ground?—she, whose invincible attraction had never yet failed of its effect, when fairly put forth?

Perish the thought!

And her antagonist! who was he? A boy; a former victim of her own, whom she had dragged fawning like a spaniel to her feet! And she would humble him there again, only he was not worth the trouble!

Meanwhile, as Marie's presence of mind failed her, for once, Calvert had sufficient feminine penetration to perceive the lapse.

He instantly availed himself of it, made his stroke, and won!

Had he not been a very womanish youth, he would have blundered, or lost his chance for ever.

As it was, he won!

Which proves that it is not a bad thing to be somewhat effeminate at times.

How is it? Simply enough.

At the cruel words,—“he is joined to dishonour! Let him go.” Calvert, abashed for an instant, cast down his tear-dimmed eyes. The glitter of the gold guard, within his bosom, caught his gaze. By a happy inspiration, he drew forth his mother's locket, and holding the miniature open under the eyes of his father, he said, with emotion:—

“Dishonour and my angel-mother cannot dwell in the same bosom. Oh, father! Before God and my mother, you wrong me!”

By an almost super-human effort, the invalid raised himself on his elbow, and glaring back and forth from the miniature to his son's face, at last broke out in a hoarse half-whisper:—

“By God and his mother! my child calls his mother to witness,

and his God to judge between him and me! Oh, Angélique! Have I indeed wronged him?"

And his eyes were lifted to Heaven an instant.

"Forgive me, O God! Forgive me, my angel-bride! Forgive me, my son!"

And at the word he stretched forth his trembling and wounded arms, and folded his sobbing boy to his palpitating bosom.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The worthy physician—jubilant, at first, at the turn affairs had taken—with a grave and anxious face watched the scene as it was prolonged. He was fearful of the effects upon the enfeebled frame of the sufferer, of such excitement.

The housekeeper's sobs broke forth in sympathy, as she saw the hot tears stealing down the furrowed cheeks of her usually stern and self-contained master, and falling in a shower of blessing over his son, restored to his heart.

Marie sat with fallen countenance and averted glance, gnawing her ruby lip till the blood came. What were her thoughts?

"Oh, why had she given her enemies such an advantage? By that subtle Javanese narcotic (*arraymow*) which she had administered, a drug scarce known to the European pharmacopœia, her victim had been safely plunged in a trance from which none save herself could have roused him for twenty-four hours or more. How had she, with inconceivable stupidity, suffered herself to be tricked into removing the spell? (It was the essence of the *tooboe*, a counter-poison, with which she had saturated her handkerchief.) Or how, for the first time, had she failed to fascinate her victim and bend him, as heretofore, to her will? She had been too confident of her wonderful mesmeric influence; and this was her punishment. But no: it was fatality! Who could have foreseen that the young fool would have so skilfully availed himself of her false move? And yet it was but a common, and a palpable stage-trick he had played off upon his credulous dotard of a father.

"Had fortune, then, really turned against her?" No: a thousand times no!

"This is but a check: an undeniable reverse even." Yet, what of that? She will defy the fates, and win the game in spite of them.

"Meanwhile, let her be vigilant. What can they know, after all? Proofs, they have,—there are none. At most there can be nothing but guess-work."

At this point in her dark and vengeful reverie, her attention is aroused by the veteran's voice.

"Tell me about it, my boy. Where have I gone wrong?"

"You heard Harvey tell you of the child rescued by him, from the bosom of a poor frozen wretch.

Yes, yes!—Barillot's prostitute daughter. Marie told me that before."

"Ah!" said the youth, starting up, and casting a glance of fury at the still averted face of the French-woman; "I know now, what I only suspected before, who has been poisoning your mind. She took care though, not to tell you *all* that was in the letter, her brother stole from Harvey's desk."

"Come, come, Calvert. Don't say *stole*. It's not quite as bad as that. Say there is something *dishonourable*, if you like, in searching correspondence. Still, it was that of a suspected person, and is sanctioned by law. I don't approve of it myself; but it is done every day. What about the letter though?"

"Judge for yourself, father. Thus it runs:—'Thy little one (*Ta petite*)'—a female child, you see;—'will be a great lady; and since the other ought to be dead (*l'autre-morte*)'—this one doomed to death was also a little girl, you perceive;—'ought to be dead by this time, that is, if you are not too faint-hearted;' the villian feared his daughter's pitiful heart, it would seem,—so he gives her this additional spur; 'the enclosed order will be cashed *on proof that the affair is finished.*' The affair was *not* finished; and the proof is, she was found destitute, dead! The woman's heart within her would not let her 'finish the affair;' she preferred to die of starvation in the land of the stranger, to satisfying the conditions of that murder-bond, and returning home to fatten with her bantling on the wages of sin."

"Stop, boy, stop: You are too fast for me;" said the Colonel wearily; and, with a painful effort rallying his shattered faculties to the contemplation of the problem before him, he slowly repeated the words "'*Ta petite-l'autre-morte*' who is this 'other' then?"

"It is the child that was found still alive; it is the girl with my mother's angel-face; it is Madeline, your true niece."

"Ah! did not my heart tell me so?" said his father joyfully.

“Yes; it must, indeed, be so. Madeline is my *true* niece. And where is this other, the miserable woman’s offspring? where is the *false*, the supplanter, the veritable child of shame?”

Both looked round with accusing and vengeful glances; but she whom they sought had disappeared. Only the doctor and housekeeper remained; and, as they in turn moved towards the door, their significant glance and nod intimated how she had departed.

“Let her go, my son. She has deeply sinned; but she has been more deeply sinned against. She has no longer the power to divide you and me. Thank God, I have escaped from her hands, and now know the truth! My boy, she all but poisoned me; and worse than that, she well-nigh killed me outright with her lying tales that your love for this stranger maiden was bringing dishonour on our name. You love that fair girl, do you not?” and the eyes of the stern soldier rested with all a mother’s fondness on the youth’s blushing countenance. “Dear boy, you cannot love her more than I shall; and not only for your, and her own, and her mother’s sakes;—Aye, the poor mother!”—and here he broke off into the sad recollections of the past: “Poor mother! It was this poor hand closed her eyes in death, and it was by me she sent her last message of love to her child. And this is she! Ah! yes; I shall cherish her for her mother’s sake, and love her for her own; but most of all for that she so nearly resembles my own sainted one.”

After a pause, during which each was wrapt up in his own incommunicable thoughts;

“Father!” resumed the youth: “We, that is, Harvey, Madeline, and I, were wondering what it was in Barney’s denunciation of this Barillot that so painfully impressed you.”

The face of the veteran grew dark, almost ferocious.

“Yes,” said he with writhing lips, “It is all coming out at last: at last, after all these years! Murder *will* out. But, My God! such a murder! It is *too* horrible, *too* fiendish,—to murder a new made mother on her bed of travail. Oh, where were woman’s bowels of compassion? Could they not have pitied my lamb, and spared her when the hand of God was on her? Even the hangman’s hands will spare the wretch that is stained with countless crimes, until the sacred throes of maternity are over. Ah! Barillot, Barillot! murderer of women and children! I owe you a heavy

reckoning. I now begin to understand the awful enigma that froze my soul with horror as the accusing voice rang in my ears! Blessed Martyr, sweet Saint!" and his eyes rose heavenwards as in invocation;—"And was it for this thy spirit hath never left my side by night or by day? Was it that thy spilt blood hath been calling all these years from earth to heaven, for vengeance? Oh, Angélique! my poor murdered lamb!" and here the rugged, stern nature broke down in a storm of woe.

Calvert, appalled, overwhelmed, sat silent, crushed by this hidden horror of his own and his parent's life, thus starting afresh from the bloody sod of his murdered mother's grave. At long last, mastering in some degree his emotion, he looked up, and seeing his father's countenance partially composed, though the eyes were still veiled, he silently pressed his lips to the wounded hand; and, in return, the other was tenderly laid on his golden curls.

Long the two stricken ones remained thus, silently communing with their bitter thoughts.

Finally the youth disengaging himself, stood up. The action drew his father's gaze,—a gaze of wonder, almost of awe.

"What has come over you, boy?"

And well might he ask. His son stood transfigured before him. The last few minutes had done the work of years upon the stripling.

High purpose, stern resolution, wisdom to plan, will to do, courage to dare, had chased for ever the look of boyish indecision from his princely brow, and his face heretofore of almost womanly softness. Calm, passionless, terrible as an avenging spirit, he raised his hand and eyes to Heaven, and solemnly consecrated himself to the sacred duty of making inquisition for his parent's and his kindred's blood.

"And now," said he, turning to his astounded father, "give me the clue. Father, what leads you to fasten on Barillot the guilt of my mother's murder?"

"The cursed hag of a nurse whose blundering interference caused my darling's death was this Barillot's wife. They excused her to me on the plea of stupidity: I now see it was murder. She had fled in terror instantly as the deed was done; else you too, my boy, might have been added to their victims."

"Now father, one last question. Has any one an interest in

removing you and my mother, my cousin and myself from their path? You see the whole family has been, and is still menaced with destruction."

"Merciful heavens! whither do your suspicions point? No, no; it were too devilish: and yet it *must* be:—"

"Must be who, father?"

"Your cousin, Delaval, boy. He is the only one to be benefitted by our removal; he and this changeling girl he has with him."

Sundry particulars explanatory of his words were at this point detailed by the father—

"Ha! my secret presentiments, and intuitive dislike, entertained from the first against this man, were justified then. Bralligan said truly: Barillot has been but the hand: here is the head! and *he* shall not escape my vengeance."

"My boy, you frighten me. Remember who hath said, 'vengeance is mine: I will repay?'"

"To permit my mother's murderers to roam the earth unwhipped of justice were a cowardice, a crime, a sin of the deepest dye against that just Retributor, who hath set me on the track after all these years of concealment. I will pursue this thing to the bitter end."

Sooner than he thought, the young knight-arrant was to undergo the ordeal that would win him his spurs; the self-devoted avenger of blood was to receive the consecrating chrism, amid a whirlwind of flame, and a baptism of fire.

LAUGHTER AND ITS CAUSES.

BY DR. D. CLARK, PRINCETON, ONT.

IT has been wrongly said, that the radical difference, between the animal man and the animal brute, is, that the former has reasoning powers, and the latter has not. Such, mental philosophers forget that logical acumen is evidenced every day in the beasts about us. "Poor dog Tray" stole his dinner from the cupboard, and was caught in the act, and at once whipped for the larceny. It was the first time he became aware he was doing a punishable act, and consequently put on an air of injured innocency: but, he is caught the second time *in flagrante delicto*, and his

downcast eyes, his pendant ears, his depressed tail, and his woe-begone countenance show that he lays down this syllogism "I stole meat last Monday from the cupboard, and was whipped for it, I have done the same thing to-day, *therefore* I'll be whipped again." Nearly all animals show the same powers of ratiocination. The grand distinction between man and animals is, not reason, but morality—not the powers of deduction, but the sense of right and wrong. The reasoning of man is higher than that of brutes, for he can grasp ideas in the abstract, such as the unconditioned ideas and conceptions of space, eternity, and all the phasis of Infinitude, but in intellect it is a matter of degree. The moral judgments belong to man, and his superiors, for these include responsibility. Plato defined man to be "a two-legged animal without feathers." Diogenes to confute him, stripped a fowl of all its plumage, and throwing it among the pupils of the great philosopher, exclaimed "Here is one of Plato's men." A Frenchman said "man is the only animal that cooks," and possibly from this is derived the saying "There is reason in roasting eggs, and boiling potatoes." The more civilized man became, the more perfect is his cookery, and many savages to-day, in their cannibalism, are not particular whether the Rev. Octavius Cæsar, missionary, should be served up, *raw*, *rare*, or *well done*. A French wit, in savagery said, that "England was a country with *one* sauce, and one hundred religions." The Englishman might have retorted by saying that "France was a country with a multiform religion, and a multiform soup." Had he been blessed with visiting our land of plenty, he might have said that "the backbone of our country was made up of, butter, lard, gravy, pickles, hot biscuit, pie-crust, dyspepsia, and the blues."

Some one said, that the principal characteristic of man, is "he laughs." I am not so sure of that, for the distended mouth of the dog, when he is pleased, or the chatter and grin of the monkey when he has perpetrated a practical joke, are doubtless rudimentary laughs. Hazlitt says "man is the only animal which laughs and weeps." This is a mistake, for we are sure of seeing animals weeping, in sorrow and disappointment, and I scarcely think their laughter is matter of conjecture. Douglas Jerrold says, the proper definition of man is that "he is a coining animal." This is sarcasm. The power of laughter and the appreciation of its causes is very general, but, not universal. Some people have naturally

no sense of fun. They take a sober view of life in all its aspects. The man of jokes is, in their estimation, a trifler, and a sinner, and should not be tolerated in respectable society. To weep for the depravities of a degenerate age is sensible. To sigh and wail over the follies and frailties of society is orthodox. To hurl anathemas, through clenched teeth, at the humourist and wit, as being worse than small-pox or cholera in a decent community, is a laudable ambition, and deserves canonization. To such astatic judges, and censors, lugubrious words, melancholy expressions, and unreasonable sadness, throughout every step of our weary pilgrimage, from the cradle to the grave, must be our heritage. To laugh is folly. To coin a genial pun is childishness. To give full play to the free fancy of a volatile and overflowing mind in sparkling wit, and keen repartee, is soul harrowing, and ruinous, morally and intellectually. Such forget that it is as natural for the majority of mankind to laugh as to weep. It acts as a stimulant to the wearied soul,—a life-giving principle to the semi-torpid intellect,—a relaxation to the bent bow,—and a tonic to the whole man. It is but fair to say in defence of such sad mortals, that it is often hereditary and unfortunate for them to be deficient in this fun-loving, humour-appreciating faculty. Sydney Smith says, truly, "wit gives to life one of its best flavours, as ridicule chastens folly and imprudence, and keeps men in their proper sphere." The sensations of chronic sadness, gloominess, and persistent horror of merriment, melody, and brimful, running-over hilarity, are generally as morbid as measles and small-pox, and for comfort need to be eliminated at the shortest notice. Every heart should have over its door, to such persistent knockers, "Not at home—gone to the country for health." The *physiology of laughter* is worthy of study. I often, when a student, passed a stationer's shop, in Princes Street, Edinburgh, in deep and anxious thought over my studies. In the window was an oil painting of a chubby boy, with curly hair on his head. The angles of his eyes and mouth, curved upwards. His head was thrown backwards, in a sort of abandon. His mouth was distended nearly from ear to ear, as if in a fit of inextinguishable laughter, and a front tooth of the upper jaw was gone. The tears were rolling in numerous globules down his cheek, and the arms and fingers were extended, as if willing to embrace the world in the merriment. I never could look on that shining and happy face, without a smile, and feeling the better

for it. I was not alone in this enjoyment, for from the appearance of the countenances of passers-by, others were affected in the same way. The countenance was, as if a happy boy had been photographed on the moment of a "glorification." Old and young, wise and ignorant, laugh at the antics of Punch and Judy, and their grotesque appearances, although we know that the acting is mechanical, and the varied voices are from the "unparalleled showman." The daring of Punch, in his nodding night-cap, his ill-usage of poor baby, and the wife, so natural—the beaten and discomfited policeman—and old Nick's strategy, out-manceuvred so many times, are all sources of amusement. Look into the faces of the different persons of the audience, and see the different physical expressions of laughter. The jolly lady chuckles, as Topsy says, "away down," until her fat sides heave like a Mount Vesuvius, or Etna threatened with a volcanic eruption, or a huge jelly undulating like the "bounding billows" with no "white caps." Every vein in her face and neck stands out like blue whip-cords in the highest state of tension, and her eyes protrude, large and watery, as boiled onions. Her lean spouse, by her side, whose contour is that of a pair of walking tongs, or an exhumed skeleton, with a dried "pelt" thrown over it, to keep the cold out, has caught the infection, and roars out in perfect ecstasy. With his eyes half closed, and the salt flood from the lacrymal glands, pouring down a resistless current, on a "new-boiled shirt," over the bridge of the nose and the hollows of the cheeks, until you fear his submersion and drowning. The mouth has a wonderful capacity, and is distended until false teeth, bad dentals, gaps in the jaws, tongue and palate, stands out in bold relief from the cavernous recess. His sturdy stick grasped with both hands, rises and falls intermittently, but keeping time with a swaying body, and as it comes in contact with the floor, puts staccato notes in the general chorus. His right-hand neighbour thinks such boisterous laughter vulgar, and laughs with closed mouth, teeth, and lips together, as we all smother a yawn, where no yawn should be. His laugh is pent up within the walls of the city, echoing in every lane, street, and alley of the wonderful metropolis, up to the throne of the monarch, and blazing like the gleams of a setting sun, from the windows of the palace. His whole countenance seems to say "do let me alone, I want to have this good thing, all by myself." That timid creature by his side genteely laughs in her handkerchief, or behind her

fan. She chews at it, as if it were good to eat. Her face is red as the sun in a mist, and she seems as if she would give a kingdom for some sequestered nook in wood, vale, or glen, where, without breach of decorum, she could make the solitudes of nature echo with spontaneous laughter. One man clasps his knees with both hands as if they were out of joint, and he was holding them till the Doctor came. Another holds his sides about the fifth rib, as if a stitch was put there by a patent Sewing Machine.

What a difference in sounds! We have the loud haw! haw! terrible in intensity and fierceness as the snort of Job's war-horse. It is a sort of *de profundis* ebullition, and wells up, intermittently, from the throat, like a bubbling eruption of an Icelandic Geyser, now fast, now slow, now much, now little, now strong, now weak, but inexhaustable and alarming to the nervous. Then, we have the titter, which reminds us of a clock running down, or a sewing machine in full blast, being jerked out, short, sharp, and decisive. It runs down, and winds itself up again, and goes on more heartily than ever. We have a "heavy" smothered strangled laugh. You feel inclined to say "don't choke it to death—give it a chance for its life." You see it coming in every muscle of the face, and then driven back by the dominant will. It returns to the charge like an incoming tide, and recedes only to gather strength, and advance beyond its predecessor, until nature surrenders and a fit of laughter (all the more intense, because of repression) sweeps down all barricades, and jumps into the arena like a clown, saying; "Here I am all the way from Arabia." Such laughter is often as contagious as yellow fever, and will spread and catch you, if you enter the precincts of a laughing group, without knowing the reason why. They laugh—you laugh, and ask, "what are you laughing at." This is imitation, human and absurd. When we are tickled we laugh, but there is no pleasure in the operation, and if continued we would die under the treatment. The laughter of the hysterical becomes mechanical and unpleasant, but irresistible, and contagious. Some laughter is so heartless and cold that you know it comes from the deepest recesses of an iceberg: some is so spontaneous and genuine, as to light up with kindness and honesty all the countenance, and carries with it all the credentials of truthfulness; Some is so hollow and inane that you know at once "it is the laughter of the fool," from which, reasonable causes of merriment are ruled out of court.

A smile is an embryonic laugh, and can be modified to suit circumstances. That is a pretty Irish conceit which suggests that when a babe smiles in its sleep, pleased in its own way, with its world of imaginings, "the angels are whispering to thee." On the other hand what irony, sarcasm, spite, venom, and deadly hate can be thrown into a sardonic laugh, or a sneering smile! How it makes the blood curdle, in rage, contempt, scorn, or pity! I have often thought what a concentrated curl of bravado—what a fluid extract of devilish enmity—what a smile of eternal significance must have been on the lips of Imperial Satan, as he stepped outside of the portals of the citadel of heaven, and saw clustering angel faces, which he knew, hanging over the parapets of paradise, and he forever shut out, with before him no hope, and behind him an avenging angel. Happiness, joy, radiance are in the smile, which lights up, as with a sunbeam, every feature of the face of goodness, and stamps guilelessness on the visage, which can be read in living characters as the telegraph of the heart. A man may "smile, and smile, and be a villain," but the intuitions of a child will detect the counterfeit, and weigh all in the balance of nature's laboratory. There is poetry and music in the beautiful smile and the honest laugh, but instinct soon searches out, as unerring as the scent of a blood-hound, cunning, deceit, hypocrisy, in spite of art or artifice, or the honeyed accents, which like an *ignis fatuus* "lead to bewilder, and dazzle to blind." "The heart of man changeth his countenance" is an aphorism as true of smiles, and laughter, as of the hard-lines on the visage which are biographic hieroglyphics, or the inexpressible expression which can be read like an unsealed book. The rogues gallery of photographs has numberless counterparts in the world's vast congregations.

Absurdity is a frequent cause of laughter. The sense of this is possessed by almost every one. It is composed of three ingredients principally, (1) the *incongruous*, (2) the *ludicrous*, (3) the *ridiculous*. These overlap one another, and consist of the sudden disconnecting of ideas, or the jostling of feelings together, even if unpleasant to the actor. The first is laughable because of its *inconsistency*—its violation of "the eternal fitness of things." It is a truth that there is only a step between the sublime and ridiculous. We have all felt at times how the most solemn moments have been brought to a sudden termination, by the most

trivial absurdity.—In fact it must be a veritable *nothingness* to do this.

A man is suddenly sent down the street, on a windy day, after his dispossessed hat. Its course is as erratic and uncertain as some people's minds. It navigates pools lummsily,—explores ditches for "a north-west passage,"—searches, as if it lost a head, every nook and cranny, under "stoops," porticos, verandahs, carts, waggons, and apple-stands. It goes round corners, and down lanes, as if a policeman were after it. He cries "Eureka," and places his hand upon the spot where it was, but "the place which knew it, knows it no more." He savagely attempts to surround it with arms and legs, but it shoots at right angles, through an unlooked for aperture. The gloss of newness is fast leaving its exterior, and convexities are fast turning into concavities and rotund corners to serrated edges. A rim with lines of beauty is throwing out shreds of sable hue, as signals of distress. The black lustre begins to assume the appearance of a map, with seas, lakes, continents, mountains and rivers in bird's-eye perspective. Crowds gather round the "one more unfortunate," filled with roguish glee, which exasperates to madness. "O the wild charge he made" to put his foot on that, which has lost its identity as a hat, and seems like the shadowy ghost of a black-smith's anvil, but, a capricious and fiendish whirlwind sends it over the fence, into a neighbouring field, among a herd of cattle, which, supposing the rolling, bounding, and gyrating "beaver" of illustrious memory, to be a dog, give a stern chase—set up a bovine chorus, of deep bass, and in the distance disappear in a cloud of dust, of erect tails, and tossing horns, with a dilapidated hat for a nucleus, having "no visible means of support." The bereaved stands in the midst of a laughing crowd, with dishevelled locks, sweating brow and beating heart, irritated, moody and savage. There may be a laugh somewhere, but he does not see it.

Toothache affects the jaw of Abinidab Snarley. He feels the force of the aphorism that "there is no rest for the wicked," not even with a decayed molar. A poultice of hot salt or scalding onions is applied to the jaws. Both hands keep up compression on the cheeks; saliva flows copiously from the corners of the mouth. To use a *nautical* phrase, the larboard and starboard scuppers are always full. Throb, beat, gnaw, grind, tear and pull is the programme of the "hell o' a' diseases," with frequent

encores thrown in by way of variety. Hot and cold water, Creasote and Cayenne, Laudanum and Ready Relief are in demand. Marching without music, moaning without sympathy, savagery without civilization, and short sentences, of sober eloquence, without elegant arrangement, with long hours, morning coming with tardy footsteps, evening stealing on with fearful foreboding, are all filling the cup of misery to overflowing; the nerve no larger than a horse hair, has a telegraph office in the fangs of a tooth, and the operatives are holding high revelry with wires, which no volition can curb, for, in "no surrender" defiance, the clicking instrument is snapping out "no relief, no respite, no hope, no mercy." The grotesque is so pronounced, and the ludicrous so patent, that, knowing danger to be distant, we chuckle in our sleeve, in spite of the agony, the contortions and sympathy. The ludicrous dominates over the pitiful and the absurd crushes out condolence.

The stove-pipes have got out of order and must be "fixed." They are all made exactly the same size, by an apprentice hand, as if by malice aforethought." One part goes in and another pops out. Rebellion is put down in one part of the Dominion, but, only to show itself at some distant part. You indent, hammer and cut, standing on a chair, and at last nip a thumb, to be joined in its misery, by a cut finger. A section of pipe hangs at an inclined plane from the chimney, and another leans on the stove, like Mr. Pompey's pillar. You are working at the equator and hot work it is. Your head is exposed to the fire of these two gaping pieces of artillery. The left wing of a gust of wind makes a grand assault up the stove; the right wing makes a *diversion* down the chimney, and you are in short range. A volley of soot pours into your mouth and eyes, down your neck and shirt sleeves, on the carpet and into the cupboards. Spectators laugh but you can see no fun in what appears to be the very acme of misery. A man is a few minutes afterwards seen vigorously making foot balls of sections of sooty stove pipes.

I remember, once upon a time, hearing a most eloquent discourse. The orator mounted to the heavens, and to the "jumping-off place of creation," in his fervour and sublimity—occasionally plunging back to earth, and the waters under the earth, and the other place under that, in profundity of thought. All the choice and burning phrases of his vocabulary, including extracts from the "Book of poetical quotations" were hurled together *ad libitum*—

melted like lava into a homogeneous mass, and sent among us, startled and quaking hearers, like red-hot shot. A slippery place was on the floor, a first class hat was on the chair behind him, his spine was bent backwards as if he had spasms in the back, and his fists and arms were sent up far beyond his ears, in threatening and portentous motion, as the climax was reached. In a moment, in the quiver of an eye-lid, he disappeared from our gaze, as suddenly as if an earthquake had swallowed him, for he had lost his centre of gravity, and came in contact with the floor at the lower extreme, and the half-furnished brainer garret, which had kept up such a *racket* a few minutes previously, had come down like a sledge hammer on the hat, and flattened it like a pancake, but the thunder and lightning of our Cicero had passed scatheless over our heads, followed by a moan of anguish, mingled with inextinguishable laughter. The sublime and absurd had for a moment mingled their forces, but the latter of the "ill matched pair" extinguished its companion. A crushed hat, a mortified orator, and a convulsed audience, filled the cup of fun to overflowing.

Dean Stanly's parrot was found in a large apple tree, by a large number of visitors, who were on the search for him. He looked at the congregation first with one eye, then with the other, and then in solemn tones said, "Let us pray." Imagine the scene. Chaucer's fable of the fox and "rooster" is highly amusing. Reynard flatters the "gentleman hen" by telling him how eloquently his father spoke to his harem, and how sweetly he sang in love, and *martially* in battle: and always shut his eyes, in self appreciation and enjoyment. Young downy cheeks does the same thing to show a sworn enemy of his race that he is a worthy son of an illustrious sire. Foxy grabbed him in one of his *shut-eyed* inspirations, and nipped in the bud, as well as at dinner, a soft-brained biped of the genus chanticleer.

Extravagance in statement, or *exaggeration*, is often a source of amusement, when innocently indulged in. It differs from a falsehood in being uttered with no intention to deceive. The Fables of the East—the Pilgrim's Progress—Paradise Lost—Don Quixotte—Faust—and all works of fiction are intentionally high coloured, and verge upon the impossible and improbable. This faculty is carried to a great extent in America. The superlatives are ridden to death. Our humourists make capital of this morbid fungus, and spoil by extravagancies the genuine out-croppings.

Poets have a license in this direction. Perhaps imagery is running away with sober fact, in the exuberance of national poetic frenzy! Is the night dark? "You can cut the darkness with a knife." Are you slightly injured? "I was nearly killed." Is the mud an inch or two deep? "It is up to the knees." What made you start? "Dear me! I was almost frightened to death." I heard of a man so tardy in his movements, that spiders made cobwebs between his nose and the ground. The same man moved so slowly that his shadow killed plants. The grass is so short in Colorado, that you have to lather it, in order to cut it. That must be the region where the in-cisors of sheep are sharpened to nip closely, and chip-monks are seen gnawing gravel stones, in a starvation mood, with tears in their eyes. A young man once grew so rapidly, in one night that he found his legs, in the morning, so far through the window, as to furnish roosting room for the chickens. There was a man in Illinois, who had such a tight pair of boots, that he had to stand on his head every morning, and have his wife drive them on, with a sledge hammer. One morning she was in such bad humour (possibly he had not split kindling wood) that extra power was given to her elbows, and in the twinkling of an eye, he found himself in China, with no clothes on, to brag of, except a pair of shoe-strings, and a paper collar. Captain Hopkins saw a cloud coming when "far, far at sea," and reefed sails for a squall. It turned out, however, to be a shower of mosquitoes. They struck his sails, however, and stripped them of every stitch of canvass. This story must be true for Capt. Smith, two days afterwards was visited by them, and every one of the thousands were wearing canvass trousers. Horace Greeley, when in Kansas, was writing his name in a hotel ledger, when a certain insect (not to be named to fastidious ears) walked up to his chirography, and inspected it, with the number of his room. "The way-worn pilgrim" laid down his pen sadly, and dolefully exclaimed, "Council Bluffs' spiders have nearly bled me to death. Fort Laramie grey backs have interviewed me, with the pertinacity of a newspaper reporter, Mississippi mosquitoes have sung dirges over my sleeping frame, and feasted on my noble blood, but this is the first time a bug of low degree, has looked over the register to see where my room is, in anticipation of a good supper." A Western Stump Orator, in one of his speeches said, "gentlemen, if the Par-sy-fix Oshin wor an inkstand, and the hull clouded canopy of the blue, azure hea-

vens, and the level ground of our earth a sheet of paper, I couldn't begin to write my love of country onto it." Dickens makes David Copperfield say, "Mr. Mell got out his flute, and blew at it, till I almost thought he would gradually blow his whole being into the large hole at the top, and ooze away at the keys." Falstaff, comic, fat, witty, subtle, the prince of cowards, conceits, and liars, was an adept at exaggeration. What he said of his page was true of himself, "there be peers of the realms, and there be peerless backguards." He said of his raw recruits, "There is but a shirt and a half in all my company, and the half shirt is two napkins tied together."

"I've got a new machine," said a yankee pedler, "For picking bones out of fishes. Now, I tell you, it's a leettle bit the darndest thing I ever did see. All you have got to do is to set it on the table, and turn a crank, and the fish flies right down your throat, and the bones right under the grate. Wall, there was a country green-horn got hold of it the other day, and he turned the crank the wrong way: and I tell you the way the bones went down his throat was awful. Why, it stuck that fellow so full of bones, he couldn't get off his shirt for a whole week."

"Bill," said one man to another, "I'll tell you jest how much gold I wish I had, and I'd be satisfied"—"Well," said Sam, "go on—I'll see if you've got the liberal ideas of a gentleman"—"Well, Bill, I *wish* I had so much gold that 'twould take a 74 gun ship, loaded down with needles so deep that 'twould take only one more needle to sink her, and all these needles to be worn out making bags to hold my pile." Bill, threw his crownless hat upon the pavement with indignation, and exclaimed—"Darn it, why don't yer wish for *something* when yer undertake it. I wish I had as much as your'n wouldn't pay the interest of, for the time you *could hold a red-hot knitting needle in yer ear.*"

The plan proposed by a Boston Jonathan to shell oysters aught to have been patented. "Bring a little of scotch snuff ever so near their noses, and they'll sneeze their lids off."

This kind of extravagant statement seems to luxuriate like Canadian thistles in the cis-Atlantic soil. We take to it as a duck does to water. We see it in editorial, lecture, and review. It is used in irony, sarcasm, and invective, but more especially in adulation. The people of Rochester did not doubt the truthfulness of the peroration of Daniel Webster, when he said to them,

"Gentlemen," Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days, *never* had a Genesee Falls—one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmyest days *never* had such a waterfall. Men of Rochester! no people with such a cataract ever lost their liberties." This *high-falutin* "brought the house down," as might have been expected, when launched at a people "born and bound to whip all creation"—being the offspring of Hercules, Nature, and *eagled* Freedom, one-third horse, one-third alligator, and the rest of the fraction of the great unit, an earthquake. A country bounded "on the east by the Atlantic ocean, on the north by Aurora Borealis, on the west by the setting sun, and on the south by yellow fever." The Simon pure "Star Spangled" traveller is afraid to take a walk before breakfast, in England, for fear he would step off that circumscribed country. He crossed the Alps and "guessed he had come over some *risin*, ground." His railroad lamps are so resplendent, that all the cock Robins, on the line of march of the iron horse, think daylight is coming, and crow lustily. His locomotives run so fast that the sound of the whistles, entered the stations some time *after* they have arrived. He rocks his own cradle, when six weeks of age—whistles "Hail Columbia,"—chews Virginia twist, cuts his wisdom teeth, and passes safely through measles, hooping-cough, scarlatina, and chicken-pox. Two such beggar boys will make six dollars a day swapping jackets. Were he shipwrecked in an unknown country "when daylight doth appear," he is found peddling maps, or making a spelling book, or a patent churn. He makes ointment so patent that it, when applied to a dog's tail stump, made a new tail sprout, and when applied to a section cut off, made a new *dog* grow on it. He stole a walnut log from five sleepy watchers, and left them astride the log. It was a "down south" preacher who owned half an interest in a negro, and prayed for the blessing of heaven on his family, and *half* of Pompey.

American humour is characteristic of the people. It rejoices in the impossible and the absurd. The legends of the Norsemen, and the "highfalutin" of the Sagas, if burlesqued, would suit our neighbours. This is seen in the popularity of the absurdities of Artemus Ward. Take from his writings bad spelling, execrable grammar, and slang phrases, and you will not have much laugh left for the rest. The mechanical phonography amuses, and the

syntax *intentionally* mixed, displays ingenuity in construction, such as that in the build of a sausage-machine, or honey-strainer. There may be machine humour as well as machine poetry. The form may be present, but the *thing* may be soulless. We laugh at the oddities, but the nap is rubbed off, at one brush. When A. Ward "goes marching home" and finds that Betsy Jane has presented him with "two episodes," and that catnip tea, and red flannel are in request, and in the "fit of temporary moral insanity" he insists on firing salutes from the top of the house, in honour of the unparalleled epoch in his history, we are temporarily amused. When a Mormon female charges on him with a green cotton umbrella, and asks a free ticket for his show, under pain of immediate castigation, we chuckle at her *Staccato* interrogation of "air you a man?"

When he tells Betsy Jane she is too old to wear artificial back hair, we are inclined to cry bravo! when B. J. gives the red-hot retort "*too old* you bald-headed idiot! You ain't got hair enuff unto *your* hed to make a decent wig for a single-breasted grass-hopper!" When he is willing to sacrifice all his wife's relations on the altar of his country, we do not know which to admire the most, his patriotism, or his caution in regard to himself. The Schoolmaster makes a splendid appeal to the public to enroll in a volunteer *corps* and quotes Latin: "Nihil fit etc.," he says; Ward shouts "three cheers for Nihil, the man who fit." He trys his "prentic hand" at census taking, and insisting upon looking into the mouths of those whose eyes are doubtful, and some of his queries are pointed and significant, as for example, "Did you ever have the measles, and if so, how many?" "How many parents have you?" "Are you troubled with biles?" etc. "He hankers arter Betsy Jane." This might be expected when "her father's farm jined our'n; their cows and our'n squencht their thirst at the same spring: our old mares both had stars in their forrerd; and the measles broke out in both families at nearly the same time." No wonder he called his sweet-heart a *Gazelle* and she retorted by calling him a *Sheep*, when he told her from the depth of his manly bosom that there was fire enough in it "to bile all the corn-beef and turnips in the neighborhood." When, she commenced "chawin her strings to her sun bonnet" they both blushed like the Bladinsville School house newly painted. There was hope in the reply, "if you mean gettin hitched, I'm in."

Josh Billings has more sharpness than friend Ward. He cuts in wise saws, and philosophic epigrams. He is the cat's paw soft and velvety, but, when occasion requires it, the claws come up sharp, hooked and aggressive from below. He has not the geniality of Artemus, but more honest endeavour and less rudeness and vulgarity. He has the inward chuckle and has a high sense of the proprieties. His humour has no broad grin upon its face, but feels like bursting all the time. He does not count the clowns jests, nor the bells and caps of courtly fools. He clothes wise sayings in the garb of fun and pungent wit, for example "If I was asked 'what is the chief end of man, now-a-days?' 'Ten per cent!'"

"It is dreadful easy to be a fool. A man can be a fool and not know it."

"God save the fools, and don't let them run out! for if it wasn't for them wise men wouldn't get a living."

"When a fellow gets to going down hill, it does seem as though everything had been greased for the occasion."

"It is true that wealth won't make a man virtuous, but I notice there ain't anybody who wants to be poor just for the purpose of being good."

"Some people are fond of bragging about their ancestors, and their descent when in fact *their great descent* is just what is the matter of them."

"There are some dogs' tails that can't be got to curl no ways, and some which will, and you can't stop 'em. If you bathe a curly dog's tail in oil and bind it in splints, you can't get the crook out of it. Now a man's ways of thinking is the crook in the dog's tail and can't be got out; and every one should be allowed to wag his own peculiarity in peace."

"The mule is half horse and half jackass, and then comes to a full stop, nature discovering her mistake. The only way to keep a mule in a pasture is to turn it into a meadow adjoining, and *let it jump out*. They are like some men very corrupt at heart; I've known them to be good mules for six months, just to get a good chance to kick somebody."

Lowell the author of the "Biglow Papers," gives a quaint humour purely American, in a dialect natural and known. "The Courtin," is unique and characteristic. When Huldy heard Zekle's foot on the scraper:—

“ All ways to once her feelings flew,
Like sparks in burnt up paper,”

He was in the same state of *pleasurable pain*.

“ His heart went pity-pat,
But her'n went pity-zekle.

He knows the crisis has come, but he is not sufficiently phlegmatic to take matters coolly, for

“ He stood a spell on one foot first,
Then stood a spell on tother,
An' on which one he felt the worst,
He couldn't ha' told ye, nuther.”

Zekle was in a bad way when

“ Long o'her his veins 'ould run,
All crinkly like curlie maple.
The side she breshed felt full o' sun,
Ez a southy slope in April.

Huldy knew his voice in the choir. It had such a “swing.”

“ My! when he made Old Hundred ring,
She *know'd* the Lord was nigh'er.”

But ma was on the war-path and slips upon the lovers unawares, and found Huldy

“ All kind o' smiling round the lips,
And teary round the lashes,
Her blood riz quick, though, like the tide,
Down to the Bay o' Fundy.”

Of the many humourists of minor pretention in America, little need be said. Brete Hart has depicted in a pleasant way the rough customs and manners of “The Argonauts of '49,” especially in “The Luck of Roaring Camp,” and “Miggles.” The absurd and the pathetic are found in grotesque juxtaposition. The tenderness from rough men to “Cherokee Sal” in the hour of her maternal *agony*, solicitude, and dissolution, when “above the swaying and moaning of the pines, the swift rush of the river, and the crackling of the fire, rose a sharp, querelous cry—a cry unlike anything heard before in camp. The pines stopped moaning, the river ceased to rush, and the fire to crackle. It seemed as if Nature had stopped to listen too.” Sal “had climbed that rugged road which led to the stars.” The “mighty small speciman” that “ain't bigger nor a derringer,” had a collection taken up for him, as he “wrestled with Kentuck's little finger.” I can certify to the correctness of these life and death pictures. Mark Twain has written a great deal of perishable material, which is laughable, but has no abiding

interest. His "Innocents at Home" and "Roughing it" are not even worthy of him. Much of these being a rehash of floating anecdotes, which he has gourmandized without "by your leave."

The "Innocents Abroad" contains considerable humour. We appreciate the wisdom of the Emperor of all the Russias counting his spoons when the pilgrim visitors left him. We see fun in a string of camels leaving Damascus mounted by tourists with green goggles on the eyes, and above the heads bobbing green umbrellas. We laugh at a modern theatre bill style being adopted for the scenes of the Roman Coliseum of 1800 years ago. We cannot help but sympathize with the seven legendary and sleepy youths of Ephesus, whom he nicknames, among other patronymics High, Low, Jack, and the Game, and who, when they presented gold which had lain in their pockets for centuries, were told by the shop-keeper "them be bogus." When he asks his fumigator of everything but the spices of Arabia, as he reclines on a marble slab, to send for his friends to bury him as from the smell he cannot keep long, we laugh at the funereal suggestion, and when a jack-plane is preferred to a towel in the smoothing down process we roar at the the ludicrous suggestion. Such is Twain more absurd than humorous, and more a punster than a wit. The Danbury News' man threatens to eclipse him in depicting every day's joys and sorrows, whether putting up stove-pipes; splitting kindling-wood under a clothes line; pursuing cats' on the house top; or the first Sunday after moving, and washing day.

The only Canadian humourist worthy of the name, who has caught the public ear, is Sam Slick, (Judge Haliburton). His excellent burlesque on the down east yankee has a substratum of truth in it. "The clockmaker" had cunning, shrewdness, duplicity, and go-a-headitiveness. He had mother wit and was a keen observer of men and things. With one hand he was generous, and with the other he made ready grabs after the main chance. He would cheat without the least compunction of conscience for the pure love of it, and next hour shower on his victim generous libations. "Human nature" is his study, and how to circumvent it is his delight. Falstaff, Pickwick, Sancho Panza, are central figures in imaginative literature of the first order, but Sam Slick and Sam Weller would be well matched. His selling clocks by setting them running till he came round again, and then if not wanted he took them away—his comparison of courting a

girl to catching a colt with oats in a tin pan—or fishing for coy trout,—his “soft sawder” in selling buyers, and selling to them—his teaching Miss Arabella Green to “talk Latin”—his wise saws sandwiched in among caustic humour, and his “common sense” as the best of the *seventeen* senses, make this character unique as walking irony on national characteristics.

A certain sable personage, reliable history tells us, never could be a carpenter, because he would always cut his shins with the adze. Many persons raise a laugh at their expense by using words, and phrases, with wrong meanings and in wrong places, thus slashing at their shins. As the saying is “they never open their mouths, but they put their foot in them.” Shakespere’s Dogberry would advise watchmen to “*comprehend* all vagrant men.” He set afloat the oft quoted phrase “comparisons are odious,” or “damned into everlasting redemption.” He was like the vengeful man who threatened “to put a dagger into another man’s jeopardy.” Lincoln tells of a lawyer “out west,”—a master of arts, of “a one horse” college, who excused himself from telling a story, by saying “he never could put in, at the right place, the *embezzlements*.” It must have been a relative of the same man, whose parents died when he was fifty years old, and who bemoaned “that he was left an *orphanless* child, and was *preponderating* as to the course of life he should pursue.” I have an acquaintance who complains that the eaves of my house have not enough *objections*, and that bad roads are not sufficiently *degraded*.” Mrs. Partington “hopes that the new minister will do something to rejuvenate the church, it is getting so docile.”

Similes have often an aptness and fitness about them both pretty and amusing. The Scotch boy’s criticism on an ambiguous sermon *apropos*, as he paddled in the roadside pool. “He wis’na vera deep, but *drumlie*.” Sir John Suckling’s description of a sweet-heart’s feet is neat and *smileable*.

“Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they feared the light.”

Hood’s definition of an empty-headed dandy, of the Beau Brummell pattern was:—

“A column of fop,
A lighthouse without any light a-top.”

Wit is said to be an attention to the relationship between ideas. It is, however, more than this, for all knowledge, without distinc-

tion, consists of the grouping of ideas in certain relations. Wit has a *surprising* or unlooked for relationship. It rushes upon you from nook or cranny without warning, and delights you with its *freshness*. It must show itself as a new visitor, in strange garb, and cannot even have *utility* in its composition. It is a drone in the hive of human thought, which hums pleasantly, but from its very nature, has no usefulness, and cannot, if not serviceable be like a flower, which has beauty, but no usefulness. A witticism ostracises the sublime, the beautiful, and the needful, neither of which lay any claim to mirth provoking ideas. For example, there would not be much *utility* in holding an umbrella over ducks on a rainy day; in putting pantaloons on the legs of a piano, to hide their nakedness; nor in Bidy putting unbroken eggs in the coffee to settle it, and reasoning that their bobbing about in the boiling decoction had a tendency to drive the rebellious coffee-grounds to the bottom.

Wit and humour are close relations and imply a fellow feeling, sensibility, and geniality. Carlyle says "humour is a sort of inverse sublimity; exalting, as it were, into our affections what is below us, while sublimity draws down into our affections what is above us. It is, in fact, the bloom and perfume, the purest effluence of a deep, fine, and loving nature; a nature in harmony with itself, reconciled to the world, with its stintedness and contradiction. "Dr. Duller's remark "that the negro is the image of God cut in ebony" is humour. Horace Smith's paraphrase of it "that the taskmaster is the image of the devil cut in ivory" is sharp wit. There are two kinds of wit. One is like a rocket, which suddenly explodes—blazing,—scintillating—expiring. The other is like a discharge of many fire-works; it is bright, beautiful, and multiform at unexpected times and places, and startling by the brilliancy and suddenness. Some wit like that of Swift is barbed and caustic, bordering on irony, and wounds all whom it hits. Douglas Jerrold had wit of a sharp kind, but genial for all. He followed at a great distance Cervantes, with his sledge hammer blows at knight erranty, and Sterne in his inimitable humours and pathos as drawn in poor Yorick, Corporal Trim, and Uncle Toby.

Jerrold, no doubt, chuckled with enjoyment, when he said, "There is nothing like music to bring folks up to the polls. Fools are always led by the ears." "Whatever promises a man may

make before marriage, the license is a receipt in full." An epitaph for protection; "Here *lies* protection; it *lied* throughout its life; and it now *lies* still." Useless M. P's. are defined to be "like clucking fowls upon chalk eggs; they sit week after week but hatch nothing; and having eaten daily barley, will doubtless cluck to sit again." At the club an exquisite song was sung; "That song" says an enthusiastic member, "always carries me away when I hear it." Jerrold looking eagerly round the table whispers, "Can anybody whistle it?" The following is graphic: "Publishers look upon authors simply as a butcher looks upon South-down Mutton, with merely an eye to the number of pounds to be got out of him." "Martin, if dirt were trumps, what hands you would hold." That witticism reminds me of a small boy, who was being chaffed by a dirty man at a political meeting, and asked "How much do you weigh?" "Well, about as much as you do when you are washed." Jerrold met a man who was such a toady to a great nabob in the neighbourhood, that if he took nose ache, toe ache, or fever and ague, Brown would also pray for the infliction. He said to him, "Brown, I am told Jones pays the dog-tax for you." One gentleman, at the club, during a supper on sheepsh-heads, relished them as much as Sandie would a haggis, smacking his lips and holding up his knife, said, "sheepsh-heads for ever." Jerrold cuttingly said "what egotism!"

Sheridan once, unintentionally, mortally offended his constituents at Stamford, who mostly carried on the shoemaking business, by wittily making a good wish for them, which they did not understand, nor appreciate. He exclaimed in the peroration of a political speech, "May the trade of Stamford be trampled under the foot of the whole world." Genial, humorous, good-hearted Sydney Smith, often said sharp things. A friend did not thank him for saying "you have no command over your understanding; it is always getting like a sword, between your legs, and tripping you up." His ecclesiastical superior had the red-hot shot hurled at him. "The Bishop of——is so like Judas, that I now believe in apostolic succession." He said he had a friend so contentious, that he would throw up the window in the middle of the night, and contradict a watchman who was calling the hour. After hearing Daniel Webster make a speech, he said the American orator put him in mind of "a steam engine in trowsers." A sharp sarcasm was that which he uttered against the rural gentry: "accuse a

man of being a Socinian, and it is all over with him; for the country gentlemen all think it has something to do with poaching." We can echo the following sentiment, every day, we glance at the community, "yes he has spent all his life, in letting down empty buckets, into empty wells, and he is frittering away his age, in trying to draw them up again." He describes the whistle of a locomotive to be the *squeak* of an Attorney, when he is laid hold of by his satanic majesty. When Curran was asked by a member of the bar, "Do you see anything ridiculous in this wig?" It was sharpest wit to say "nothing but the *head!*" Oliver Wendell Holmes the most subtle of American humourists, says of his countrymen who are continually on the rampage abroad "that good Americans when they die go to Paris." He hits hard by saying "good breeding is surface christianity." He tells his countrymen that there is "not sufficient flavour of humanity in the soil" and that as it is said "a dead man's hand cures swellings if laid on them: nothing like the dead cold hand of the past to take down our tumid egotism." Like bitter Lowell, he is no believer that "wisdom or experience thrive by change o' sile, like corn an' kerrits."

Parody is absurd in words if not in ideas. It is the mocking bird which sits on the hill of Parnassus, and in malice or frolic imitates the gladsome voices of the frequenters to the sacred mount, and its perennial spring, and the warbles which fill with melody its hallowed groves. It lays no claim to genius, but shows an apprentice hand at mechanical poetic art. It is a cruel burlesque on those productions of the children of song, which have caught the public ear, and filled the public heart. The writers of parodies ought to be hung, and gibbeted, or guillotined and quartered, for I am not particular as to the manner of their departure. How heart-rending to see Scott mutilated, as for example:

"O Caledonia stern and wild,
Wet nurse for a poetic child."

When Gen. Ben. Butler was elected as senator, a Boston editor, with no veneration in his noddle, and who should have been made consul for the Fiji Islands for life as a reward, mutilated Whittier in this harrowing manner:

"Of all the sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are, we *must* have Ben."

Burns would have scalped the fellow who parodized thus:

“If a cat doth meet a cat upon a garden wall, and if a cat doth greet a cat, O need they both to squall? Every Tommy has his Tabby waiting on a wall, and yet he welcomes her approach always with a yawl. If a kitten wish to court upon the garden wall, why not sit down and sweetly smile, and not stand up and bawl? Why lift his precious back so high, and show his teeth and moan, as if 'twere colic more than love, that made that fellow groan.” The crank-turner of this doggerel machine must evidently have loaned it to the venerable deacon, who “gave out” to a devout congregation:

“Ye *rancid* sinners come.” Josh Billing’s advertizement of a new agricultural implement is a parody on “blows” which is pardonable. “John Rodger’s revolving, expanding, unceremonious, self-adjusting, self-contracting, self-greasing, and self-righteous hoss-rake is now forever offered to a generous publick. These rakes are as easy to repair as a hitching post, and will rake up a paper of pins sowed broadcast in a ten-acre field of wheat stubble. These rakes can be used in winter for a hen-roost, or can be sawed up in stovewood for the kitchen fire. No farmer of good moral character should be without this rake, even, if he had to steal one.”

A *Bull* is in most respects the counter-part of wit. Wit unfolds connections in ideas never before dreamed of; but the bull delights in shams, and pretends to have relations, which are only apparent, not real. At first thought it seems to be true, but immediately afterwards the cheat is found out, and amuses like the discovery of a riddle, or charade, or conundrum, whose simplicity amuses you, and whose solution is sudden and simple. It is said, that these Bulls flourish best in Irish soil, but the fact is, they are found where wit exists, as sattetites round a central sun, and are inferior productions of the same mould of mind. Some of the best are of antiquity, although claimed as new. They are “old pails, with new hoops, and repainted.” “God bless the man who first invented sleep,” is from the fertile brain of Cervantes. “I would have been a handsome man but they changed me for another man, in the cradle,” is a bull found in Greek, Hindoo, and Spanish literature. It is said an Irishman carried round a brick as a specimen of the house he had to sell. That is of Greek origin. An Irishman *shut* his eyes, and *gazed* into a looking glass, to *see* how he would look if he were *dead*.

I presume he was German-Cousin to him who brought a crow to to see if it lived, as reported, two hundred years. Both these are of Roman growth. An Irishman met a friend, who said "I heard you were dead," Paddy responded "well, you see I am not." The answer was, "Ah! I am not so sure of that, for I'd believe the man who told me, sooner than you." It was a Scotch woman who said that "her husband only killed half a beast at a time, to keep it fresh." It was a Yorkshire Justice, who, on being told by a vagrant, that he was not married, sagely replied, "It is a good thing for your wife." A German was required to prove his ownership to a pig, and did so, by saying "that its only ear-mark was a short tail." A Spanish Alcalde in holding an inquest on a drowned man gave as one of the marks of the unknown, as far as he could perceive, "he had a marked impediment in his speech." A British learned society was accused of having on exhibition casts of skulls of the *same* individual, at different times of his life, to show the changes every ten years.

A medical gentleman accounted for a certain couple having no children, by saying "it was hereditary." Was it a Canadian who said in his peroration, "ladies and gentlemen, there is not a man, woman, or child, in this house, who has arrived at the age of fifty years, but what has felt this truth thundering through his mind for centuries." "It is very sickly here," said one man to another, not long since. The answer was "yes, a great many have died this year, who never died before." Every man of a family will corroborate the fact "that beef never was so high since the cow jumped over the moon." The old fisher-wife was excused who did not want to see the minister, and pretended not to be at home by crying out "I'm nae in, sir, I'm awa wi' the fish." That is equal to the verdict of a Kansas jury at an inquest, who certified "that deceased came to his death by suicide, a sand-bank falling on him."

Puns are within the reach of everybody, however stupid. In fact some people will stagger into them, as into a quagmire unaware; but puns are only witty, when they not only shew the relationship between two ideas, but also suggest a third under an identical sound. A pun is a play upon words, wit is a play upon ideas, when a word has a number of different meanings, some of which are used in a ridiculous sense, or with *apparent* fitness, when it would be absurd, on second thought,

to suppose such a connection real, then it is a pun. The appropriate meaning, and the absurd application of another meaning, come suddenly into juxtaposition and cause momentary surprise and laughter. The wit of *language* is far below the wit of *ideas* in mental sharpness. "You are a little bear, madam," said a brute to a fashionable belle, at an evening party, "Sir?" exclaimed the dismayed one. "Beg pardon, I mean about the shoulders." When the guide points to a statue of Christopher Columbus, at Rome, and says to Mark Twain, "Santa Maria! zis ze bust!—zis ze pedestal!" Mark says "is this the first time this gentleman was ever on a bust?" We laugh at all this multifarious phrases of human thought, and why not? As jolly old Horace said "who shall forbid me to speak truth in laughter?" This joyousness is seen everywhere in animate *creation*. The Universe is an instrument upon which the Almighty plays with skilful fingers. We hear His music in the hum of every insect which dances in the sunbeam; as well as in the rush of the eagle's wing: in the zephyrs of summer, fanning "the children of the wild-wood," and in the brow of care or beauty, equally with the howl, shriek, and wail of the merciless tempest: in the joyous melody of every dancing streamlet, meandering through flowery meads, sylvan groves, and fairy haunted dells, or in the roar of every thundering cataract, which has sent up throughout the ages, its hymnal praises to Nature's God: in the sheeny ripple of the nestling lake, amid domestic scenes, on the one hand; and on the other, in the roar of a wrathful ocean, bellowing its mighty choruses on every isle and continent: in the songs of the minstrels of the grove, whose every note is of inspiration, and whose accents are of sympathy and love, and in the wonderful inflections of the human voice, whose cadences in soul-stirring music and song, move our inner being, and whose anthems, oratorios, and lyrics find a response from "the better angels of our nature." Did this world of humanity have no smiles and laughter within its precincts—no hearts surrounded by happy groups—no hills and vallies echoing with melody and music—and no sons of genius to fill our cup of earthly joy to overflowing with matchless appreciation of the wisdom and witchery of fertile, wise, and witty minds, then would it seem that a mighty blight had withered many loving traits of our race, and extinguished in our souls faculties for good, which nature with its thousand tongues has not been bereft of, for -

"No tears, dim the sweet faces which nature wears."

Coleridge strikes a cord in every well regulated soul, when he sings—

“Methinks it would have been impossible
Not to love all things, in a world so filled,
Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air,
Is music slumbering on her instruments.”

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

BY REV. M. HARVEY, ST. JOHN'S, N. F.

IN its largest sense, Science is the interpretation of the great volume of nature, whose author is God. To the finite mind of man that volume presents difficulties, preplexities, mysteries, partly because of the vastness of the plan on which it is projected, and partly because of the feebleness of that human intelligence which attempts to penetrate its secrets. It is a sealed volume: and only by patient study, and humble labour can the mystic seals be unloosed. The face of nature is veiled, and it is for man, who had been so wondrously endowed for the task by his Creator, reverently yet fearlessly to lift the veil, and gaze into that awful but lovely face which dimly yet truly mirrors the Omnipotent One. Not at once, or even readily, does nature disclose the secret laws and processes by which she works. Like the fabled Sphinx of old she propounds her riddles; and man, the intellectual monad, is the interpreter whose powers are at once taxed and developed by the demands she makes. Onward the beautiful Sphinx leads him, showing him, as he penetrates one secret after another, that deeper ones remain undisclosed, that mightier mazes of mystery open as he advances, that law within law rules the play of her mighty forces, in their marches and combinations; thus directing his steps along.

“The world’s great altar stairs
That slope from darkness up to God.”

Thus, man can never exhaust the study of nature; never hope to comprehend the whole which can only be known to the infinite mind; never be able to close the volume, saying, now it has no more secrets for me.” To the end of time, generation after generation will have to confess “we only know in part,” we can comprehend but fragments of the mighty plan which stretches

from everlasting to everlasting. Behind all that is known stretch the vast realms of the unknown.

True science being thus the interpretation of nature, must of necessity be imperfect, though progressive; and from feeble beginnings, and through many mistakes arising from an imperfect acquaintance with facts, she has to correct her stammering utterances, as she attempts to read the hieroglyphics of the universe. Slowly and gradually she advances to clearer knowledge and a more correct interpretation of those laws of nature which are the divine ideas expressed in facts. Knowing this, true Science is always modest and humble; always cherishes a deep reverence for facts, and is always ready to correct her own interpretations as a clearer light is reached. As she conquers one realm after another, she recognizes that these are but fringes of the great realms of the unknown which lie beyond. Still her object is wholly good,—to make man intelligently acquainted with his earthly dwelling-place, with his own physical and mental constitution, and with the universe at large.

The march of Science, especially during the last century, has been a triumphant and beneficent one. It has largely dispersed that dread of nature, which is the offspring of ignorance, and the fruitful parent of superstition with its progeny of woes. It has taught man to look fearlessly into the face of nature, and see there a divine order and beauty, not the features of a ferocious monster, "red in tooth and claw." It has told man how he may so utilise the materials around him as to remove or alleviate countless evils which pressed injuriously upon him. It has given him the fire and the lightning and the steam as his servants, smoothed the rugged surface of earth, and seamed it with the iron road, and linked together continents, islands and races of men; and it is gradually bringing the treasures of earth and air and sea, and laying them at his feet. All that it has done is but a prelude to what it will do, in advancing man's best interests. We hail Science as man's truest friend and noblest helper. In its genuine workers we see our brave benefactors who for us are bearing the burden and heat of the day,—who are conquering new realms, that we may enter in and enjoy their labours. All true Science is to be welcomed as wholly beneficent; and all true religion will hail in Science her best "help-meet" in the elevation of the race. How comes it, then, that in the present day, so many religious

people are alarmed at the teachings and disclosures of Science in regard to the constitution of the globe and the starry heavens, the unswerving laws of nature and the origin and destiny of man? Whence these sharp attacks of some Scientists on the bulwarks of religion, and the jealousy and distrust experienced by good men, as though the foundations were about to be destroyed; as though their belief in God, and their hope of immortality were about to be overthrown by these new and startling teachings of Science. Let us look at the matter calmly and fearlessly, and I think we shall find that the alarm is groundless and that the spectre is but a creature of the imagination.

Let us, first of all, consider how the apparent misunderstanding between Science and religion has arisen. Nature is not the only volume of which God is the author. The volume of revelation also professes to be from Him. As to the evidences that it is so, it is enough for my present purpose to say that those attestations which it brings of its divine origin, are so powerful and convincing as to have satisfied men of the acutest intellect and largest breadths of knowledge and noblest character, during eighteen centuries, that it was indeed a revelation from God; while the nations which have embraced it as such, are the most enlightened on the face of the earth, and are now leading the van of human progress. Now this volume of revelation resembles the volume of nature in containing heights and depths of mystery, things requiring patient and long continued thought in order to be understood, and apparent perplexities and even contradictions.

If it did not do so, we should pronounce it a mere human composition. But we find that it does correspond to the volume of nature, in its deep, majestic and sometimes mystic utterances; in the grandeur and sweep of its plan; and in the stimulus it offers to the intellect of man, in interpreting its pages. The true interpretation of the volume of revelation is not to be reached at a bound, any more than that of nature; but slowly and by reverent study, generation after generation have been exploring its treasures and bringing its deep things to light. No intelligent mind will say that, at the present day, the Bible is exhausted and that we know all that can be known regarding its utterances. On the contrary, the most intelligent minds admit that as in nature, so in revelation, much remains to be disclosed, and that we may be now on the borders of discoveries of great moment and far-reaching

consequences, in studying both volumes. The Bible, like nature, is inexhaustible. There is another point of resemblance. Countless mistakes have occurred in interpreting the Bible, just as in the case of the other volume; and men have represented their own crude theories and narrow views, as the teachings of revelation. The interpretation, in both cases, is going on, and is still imperfect. Herein, I think, lies the root of the misunderstanding between Science and revelation. Neither record has yet been fully and correctly interpreted. The imperfection of the reading in one or both records produces seeming discords and contradictions. The God revealed by nature seems different from the God made known by revelation. Nature seems to unfold one tale regarding man's origin, history and destiny, and revelation a different; and as both cannot be true, a doubt springs up as to the trust-worthy character of the written revelation and its divine origin, when it is thus contradicted by the facts of nature and the deductions of reason. God cannot contradict himself. He cannot say one thing in the facts of nature and the opposite in revelation. This is the way in which war has arisen, in these days, between Science and Religion; between the utterances of reason and the teachings of theology. It is not to be denied that, at present, things look ominous, and that the misunderstanding, on the face of it, seems deep and wide. Nothing could be more disastrous to man's best interests, than any want of harmony between faith and reason.

What, then, is the duty of thoughtful, intelligent men who love their Bible, and value it as their most precious treasure, and who, at the same time, reverence the voice of reason? I think the path of duty is plain. We should patiently, reverently and humbly consider on which side the fault lies—whether on the side of those who have been expounding the volume of revelation, or on the side of those who have been interpreting the volume of nature. Mistakes, hasty conclusions, crude generalization, may arise on either side. The men of Science may read their record amiss; or the theologians may err, as they have done, again and again, in the interpretation of revelation. Let each party carry out their investigations with a sincere loyalty to truth,—patiently endeavouring to correct former errors, rendering mutual help in a sympathetic spirit, and meantime, avoiding all hasty conclusions, and the result cannot be doubtful. Just as in countless previous instances, the apparent contradictions between Science and revela-

tion will vanish into thin air, "like the baseless fabric of a vision;" and all true Science will be found in harmony with all true religion.

Is this the mere baseless assertion of an interested partizan? Let us look back a little, and see if we cannot read the future in the light of the past. When Galileo turned his telescope to the starry heavens, more than two hundred years ago, and demonstrated that the planets were in motion around the central sun, the religious men of those days were alarmed, and cried out that the man of Science was contradicting scripture, and that his doctrines would over-turn the very foundations of religion. Instead of calmly inquiring whether Galileo's discoveries were true, and whether their interpretations of scripture were correct, they very foolishly tried to stifle his utterances by threats of imprisonment and death; and when he was a feeble old man of seventy, they compelled him to kneel down and recant his opinions. But the progress of truth could not be arrested in this way; and by and by, wiser men looked into their Bibles to see what it really asserted about the matter. Of course they found that the writers of the Bible, in speaking about the sun and moon and stars, just used the common language of their times, such as accorded with the ideas of the age, and had no intention of teaching men astronomy; and that had they used any other language they would not have been understood. Their province was to teach men in regard to matters of salvation, not to disclose, in advance, truths of Science. The difficulty vanished; and in the light of this simple truth, men saw that their fears about revelation were visionary, and that there was nothing to put a ban on the investigations of the astronomer. And so, that glorious, "star-eyed Science" has gone on, sounding the depths of space, following the comet in its far-flashing path, and resolving the dim nebula that seem to hang as clouds on the outskirts of creation; but all the disclosures of astronomy tell us what the Bible told us long ago, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth his handy-work."

Now this case of Galileo ought to have been a lesson to men for all time, but it was not. When, within the memory of men now living, the Science of geology began to unfold its doctrines about the age of the earth, and the mode of its formation, slowly and gradually, through myriads of ages, and to read of its history, as written by the finger of God, in the rocky tablets beneath its surface, a panic arose in the religious world, and there were men, good

and conscientious, but mistaken men, who denounced the new Science as impious, and declared that it contradicted the Bible's account of creation. This panic has long since abated: and there is no intelligent man to-day who has any fear lest the teachings of geology should shake the foundations of revealed religion,—And why? Because people found that they had been mistaken, in supposing that the Bible taught that the earth and the other worlds and suns were created in a moment, some six thousand years ago. On looking more carefully into the written record, it was found that it assigned no such narrow limits to creation; and that its language allowed for all the aeons on aeons of past time which the geological record had marked. Harmony, as in the former instance, was restored; and the disclosures of geology, carrying us away into the abysses of past time, give us grander and more ennobling views of the mighty Architect of the universe.

With such examples as these before us, we can await with tranquillity the results of the new theories propounded in our own day, by scientific men, and which seem to conflict with the teachings of revelation. Whatever is true in them will survive; whatever is erroneous will be eliminated; and, in the end, when the teachings of the two records, on the points at issue, are compared, just as in the former cases, perfect harmony will be established. It will either be found that our interpretations of scripture are at fault, and that we have been attributing to scripture that which is not in it; or that scientific men have been weaving theories out of their own fancies which will not stand the test of facts.

Let us take as an illustration of this, the question of the antiquity of man. Many able men tell us that his day on earth must have been much longer than that put down in our Bible chronology. They argue this from the evidences accumulated by geology, history, archæology, the science which deals with the formation of languages, as well as from the time required for the growth of so many and such diverse races of men, supposing them to have sprung from a single pair originally. Historical chronology fixes its earliest date, to which any degree of certainty can be attached, at the migration of Abraham, two thousand B. C. But at that time we find a powerful race, in an advanced stage of civilization in the valley of the Nile, under the lordly sway of the Pharaohs; and in the far east, in the valley of the Euphrates, we find a well organized government, under Chedorlaomer, conducting warlike

expeditions at a great distance from the seat of government. The monuments of Egypt show, according to the most moderate computation of the ablest scholars, that the Egyptian monarchy dates its origin at least seven hundred years before the visit of Abraham, thus placing the beginning of the dynasty in the twenty-eighth century B. C. Even that cannot be reckoned as the origin of the nation. Before a monarchy could have arisen, nomadic tribes must have existed, and the people gathered and grown through many generations. So, too, regarding the monarchy which flourished on the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates—its origin and growth must date far back in the annals of the past. We cannot doubt, too, from historical records, that contemporary with the Pharaohs, the great wave of human population had spread along the banks of the Oxus, the Indus, the Ganges, the Yellow River, to say nothing of the vast continent of Africa. The question arises, will our commonly received chronology allow sufficient time for these great growths of human population? The difficulty increases when we come to consider the varieties of man, and the vast lapse of time required for the gradual development of divergent types. In the pictorial records of Egypt we find accurate representations of the Negro, the race which diverges most widely from the European type; and in these paintings, executed one thousand four hundred years before the Christian era, their features are as strongly marked as in the present day. If then, in the days of Abraham, the Negro race was just what it is now, what a long period of time we must allow for the slow and gradual development of this variety of man, if, as we believe, a single pair were the progenitors of all the diverse races! The science of language also seems to claim for man a very lengthened term, in the ages that are past. It is now demonstrated that such languages as the Hindoo, the Persian, the Italian, the Greek, the Celtic and German have a common origin; and yet, in the days of Abraham, these languages were nearly as far apart as they are to-day. What a lengthened period, then, must we allow for the slow growth of these varieties of speech from one parent tongue! The evidences accumulated by all these branches of inquiry seem imperatively to demand a very great extension of our chronology, and put it beyond a doubt that man's day on earth is much longer than we are usually taught to believe.

The question then arises—do these conclusions of Science con-

flict with the testimony of revelation! It seems to me that all fears on this point may be dismissed, when we remember that the chronology affixed to our Bibles is simply that of Archbishop Usher, and is founded on a certain method of interpretation and mode of reckoning which may or may not be the correct one. That chronology forms no part of the inspired record, and is but a deduction from it. If we take the Septuagint version of the scriptures, which is one of high authority, we find that the chronology which is founded on it makes man's day on earth no less than eight hundred years longer than Usher's chronology. When two chronologies, so very different, profess to be founded on the Pentateuch, the propriety of reconsidering the principle of interpretation, on which both are based, is forcibly suggested. Computations of time, drawn from the same document, and yet varying so widely, cannot rest on a trust-worthy system of interpretation. When all turns on the meaning of certain Hebrew words descriptive of descent, the import of which is, to say the least, doubtful, we should be cautious about identifying the interests of religion with any system of interpretation which leads to a conflict with the plain deductions of Science. The truth seems to be that, just as in the case of the geological periods, the Bible does not lay down any definite limits of time, so it does not give us any *exact* information as to the lapse of time since man's creation. Thus the apparent difficulty vanishes; and we find that scripture does not limit man's antiquity within the narrow bounds hitherto supposed.

The Duke of Argyle, whose reverence for scripture no one can question, and whose ability as a writer is admitted on all hands, has discussed this question with great fairness in his work, entitled "Primeval Man." He arrives at the conclusion, that man's antiquity is greater considerably than that assigned to it, either by Usher's Chronology or that founded on the Septuagint version. Remarking on the uncertainty of the various chronologies founded on the Pentateuch he says; "They all involve suppositions as to the principle of interpretation, and as to the import of words descriptive of descent, which are in the highest degree doubtful, and which it is evident cannot be applied consistently throughout.' Thus when we read (Gen. x. 15-18) of Canaan, the grandson of Noah, that he 'begat Sidon, his first-born, and Heth,' we seem to have the names of individual men; but when it is immediately

added that he also 'begat the Jebusite and the Amorite, and the Girgasite and the Hivite and the Arkite and the Sinite,' etc, it is clear that we are dealing not with single generations, but with a condensed abstract of the origin and growth of tribes. No definite information is given in such abstracts as to the lapse of time. The chronology of changes not specially included in the narrative, can only be gathered from the general character of the events described. And that general character is such as fully to corroborate the evidence we have from other sources—that long before the call of Abraham, that is to say, long before the twentieth century B. C., the human race had been increasing and multiplying on the earth from such ancient days, that in many regions, far removed from the centre of their dispersion, great nations had arisen, powerful and civilized governments had been established." "When all due allowance has been made, there remains a weight and concurrence of authority in favour of a long chronology which grows and increases in the minds of all who have studied each one of the separate branches of inquiry." "Unquestionably the Unity of the Human Race, in respect to origin, is not easily separated from some principles which are of high value in our understanding both of moral duty and of religious truth. And precisely in proportion as we value our belief in that unity, ought we to be ready and willing to accept any evidence on the question of man's antiquity. The older the human family can be proved to be, the more possible and probable it is that it has descended from a single pair. My own firm belief is that all scientific evidence is in favour of this conclusion; and I regard all new proofs of the antiquity of man as tending to establish it on a firmer basis."

Let us now turn for a moment to those discussions, now so rife, regarding the origin of species and the descent of man, with which the name of Darwin is prominently associated. The truth is they can only be regarded as bold conjectures, and even their author does not claim that they rank at present higher than probabilities. We can afford to wait, and leave the scientific men who are alone competent to discuss these questions, to settle how much of truth or falsehood may be in them. The scientific world is quite divided on the matter; and authorities equally high can be quoted on both sides. We can afford to wait and look with calmness and even good will, on these new theories. The element of truth, if truth there be, that is in them will live, and the falsehood will

perish ; but we must be men of little faith if we fancy that any scriptural truth is endangered by these "fairy tales of Science." It is a mistake, however, to suppose that their tendency is atheistic or that they upset the doctrine of final causes. If we suppose the whole vast chain of animated beings on the globe to have been developed from simple forms, creative power and intelligence are just as much needed to call into existence these original germs, as to form new species by special, creative acts. Even if the modern doctrine of evolution were proved to be true, there must be an Almighty evolver who endowed the original forms with such wondrous capabilities ; and that Being will not seem less, but more august in our eyes, when we are told that his means are even simpler than we supposed. Taught by scripture, we believe in a Providence which watches over the whole universe and upholds all things. Would this doctrine be shaken if it were proved to be true, as Darwin puts it, "that natural selection is daily and hourly scrutinizing throughout the world, every variation, even the slightest ; rejecting that which is bad, preserving and adding up that which is good, silently and incessantly working whenever and wherever opportunity offers at the improvement of every organic being." Let us suppose that all this were true, who does not see that we have here simply a grander, wider view of Providence than ever, and that we obtain a more magnificent glimpse of the mode by which that Providence acts. It is an admitted fact that the bodies of all organized beings are evolved from what seems to be a simple germ, under a process of natural law ; but no intelligent man, on this account, questions the doctrine of an intelligent Creator. If, then, we extend this conception to the whole universe, and suppose, as these modern theories express it, that the whole organization on the globe has been evolved, under a process of natural law, from simple germs, just as our bodies have been, will not the Creator then still bear the same relation to the whole universe that he bears to every individual human body ? In both cases, and equally, there is a necessity for an intelligent and almighty evolver, who endowed the primary germs with their wondrous potentiality. Nor should we permit ourselves to suppose that such conceptions are necessarily contrary to scripture. While scripture tells us that God "created" all things, it no where defines that term, or specifies the means, the *how* of creation. We must beware of putting into the

teachings of scripture our own theories and pre-conceived ideas, and limiting terms which the Bible does not limit. It tells us that God created organized beings, each according to their kind; but we are not informed what "kind" it is, or whether it includes the property of variation—the point which is now so keenly debated. These considerations then may help us to have faith and patience, and to give a candid and impartial hearing to all that true Science has to say, believing in the deep and everlasting harmony of the truths of Science and religion. The christian need not dread lest the advances of Science should undermine the foundations of his faith. Our dear old Bible, the message of our loving, Heavenly Father, which has for eighteen centuries stood the assaults of foes and is still unscathed, is not likely to be injured by the speculations of philosophers in these latter days. We need not fear that we are going to be left in a fatherless universe, in which the blind forces of nature are grinding on for evermore, without intelligent origin or aim; and we ourselves be at last "blown about as desert dust; or sealed within the iron hills." Let us wait patiently and fearlessly. The clouds which have now gathered will disperse, and the shadows will flee away; and hand in hand, mutual help-meets, Science and religion will be seen walking harmoniously—the one beautifying and blessing man's earthly dwelling-place, and the other crowning his being with the unclouded hope of heaven.

PHILIP BLAIR;

OR,

School Days in the Dominion.

BY E. LAWSON FENERTY, ESQ., HALIFAX, N. S.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER XI.

TWO quarrels, in one severely punished, sent up for misbehaviour, chaffed unmercifully, and all within the two first weeks of his stay at the Groves; and yet the boys were unreasonable enough to consider Phil as particularly fortunate, or perhaps their own words would be more expressive to wit, "awfully lucky."

The matter of-fact-way he combatted any and every infringement of what he considered to be his rights, whether attempted

by such as Wilman or a big fellow like Terrance had quite won the fancy of the majority of the scholars; and they almost involuntarily accepted or rather sought his assistance, as one of the few who are called upon to decide a dispute or a race, choose a side for a game, act as spokesman for a grievance, or champion a little chap as, the ten year olds, the youngest in the school, were termed.

As the school authorities had, and I have no doubt wisely, "taken no notice of his last and crowning exploit; his glory from that encounter remaining unimpaired by such a humiliating sequence as a trouncing; Wilman's behaviour being all that could be desired, never making demonstrations hostile or otherwise; in fact letting Phil severely alone, which the latter fully appreciated: therefore as was perfectly natural under the circumstances, his first letter home, although written by a hand attached to an arm still sore from the effects of—; we'll say recent events; breathed a spirit of contentment with his lot, coupled with the desire inferred if not expressed, of going to school for the remainder of the days, and terminating a long and prosperous career at the summit of the school-boy's ambition, the oldest boy, but as the pith of the whole production, at least with reference to his opinion of the place, was summed up in the last few words I will give them, "I would like to go home once in a while, but its bully." His mother and uncle came to the conclusion, when the letter arrived, that he was quite comfortable; the old lady asserting, they must be spoiling him by giving him his own way too much."

A great game of cricket had been played with a neighbouring school, in which Blair had greatly distinguished himself, he had got into company with some of the boys who did not stand in the best light. He was advised by Crawford, not to have much to do with Wilson or Qurlett.

"What's the matter with Qurlett?"

"He is all the time with Wilson for one thing; he is a good enough fellow but doesn't care two cents what he does; between them they'll get you into a scrape you see; you know what Wilson is."

"O I guess I am all right, but what is the row with Jerry?"

"How do I know?" Crawford replied impatiently, "you ought to know better than me, you room with him; he hasn't been near me this week except when you were about."

"Then you should have a talk with him, you know how queer he is about some things, he thinks that you don't want him."

"Why should I? I am not going to run after him if he chooses to be so uppish."

"It's all right, if you think so, but you were ready enough to speak to me about Wilson and those fellows, that's all."

"I'll suit myself about it," Crawford replied shortly, turning away.

"Like to see a fellow do what is right though," thought Phil, as he wended his way down stairs, "and I think he has a right to speak to Jerry, I know I would."

That evening as the last bell rang, and the boys were hurrying into the house for the evening, Phil and Qurlett who were at the farther extremity of the play ground, saw one of the scholars come across the cricket ground, look along the line of boys and then come towards them; it was almost dark and they could not distinguish his features at first.

"It's Wilson," said Phil, as he approached them.

"Is that you Fred?" Wilson asked as he heard Phil's voice.

"Yes I am here; it's time to go in though."

"I've just been looking for you, didn't ask the fellows where you were, because they might think something was up."

"I guess there must be, by the way you talk," replied Qurlett, with a laugh, fire away, come along, we can talk as we go in."

"Hold on now, can't you wait a minute and don't make such a noise?" said Wilson in a loud whisper, "you want all the school to know, better wait till he goes along," casting a side glance at Phil and dropping his voice, "it's some fun."

"O, he's all right, he won't split if he doesn't go into it, come Phil," and the three boys walked slowly along.

"There is a shooting party camping over in the Grove," said Wilson, after looking about him to see if any one was near, "I saw them coming ashore."

"Well what of it," queried Phil.

"What of it? why a good deal, we can have some fun, hey, Fred? do you remember last year, coming down?"

"I'm in," rejoined Qurlett, "what do you say Blair? come along if you like, it's no harm and you will see some fun, come?" as Phil looked irresolute.

"How long will you be gone?"

"We'll be back in an hour easy enough; I suppose the seniors will give an imposition for it, that won't kill a fellow."

"I don't care I'll go; it isn't much," he thought.

"Let us wait until they all get in and then cut," said Wilson, "it's no use having a lot with us."

As soon as the play-ground was quite empty, the trio hurried away in the direction of the grove;—A bright fire that glowed and burnt on some broad flat stones there did duty for a fire-place, served as a beacon for our truants' guidance; on a tripod of sticks over it, hung a camp kettle, that from its exceedingly black exterior gave evidence of a long and useful career; while in a frying pan, sputtered a string of delicious lake trout fulfilling their manifest destiny, and being attended to by one of the party, who was unquestionably cook for the occasion; per force, for as he bent over the fire, his face glowed in a manner that was uncomfortably suggestive of intense heat; now and again he gave vent to a great,—I was going to say sigh—call it that, in lieu of a better name, because it might possibly pass muster with some for a very large sample of that article: now and then he would relieve his overwrought feelings by saying, "it's dreadfully hot work, boys," then subside and mop himself resignedly with a large handkerchief, mentally wishing the cooking was over, or that one of the others had the job.

The rest of the party, four in number, were lying carelessly on the green sward in as many different attitudes, busily engaged over a game of cards; they were surrounded on all sides by fowling pieces, fishing gear, baskets, flasks, and other *et ceteras*, supposed to be necessary for a night under the stars,—vernacular—"camping out."

All were gentlemen; gentlemen by their speech, but rough as raftsmen, in their garb of serviceable grey homespun, great boots, and surmounted by soft slouched wide-awakes, that one could sleep in without injury to hat or head.

As the fire rose and fell, it flung its light about in fitful flashes; now showing the sombre green of the oak leaves and undergrowth, where it waved and flickered until it lost itself away in the distance; again throwing a broad gleam across the dark surface of the river, lighting it up as a mirror, and bringing out in strong relief the huge shadows of the trees that seemed to be swaying as though wrenched by a passing gale.

"Who's there?" exclaimed one of the card players, half turning where he lay, with his elbow under him, and peering among the trees as the footsteps of the boys caught his ear; "I'll be hanged! if it's not some of the school-boys," he added, as they stepped into the ring of light.

"What, in the name of all that's festive, do you youngsters want here?" inquired the cook, "we will have the old man down on us sure."

"Let 'em come," interposed another, decidedly fast-looking, "they can't do any harm now," and dropping his voice to a whisper, "we will have some sport. That fat one," meaning Wilson, "will get as tight as a loon if you give him the swipes; I saw him and one of the others when we were here last year; come along boys," he continued raising his voice, and with a mischievous smile on his face, "it's all right."

The boys had stopped abruptly when they were so roughly saluted; after the men ceased speaking Wilson at once went forward, Phil paused an instant to consider, then turned to leave.

"Here youngster!" shouted the fast-looking sportsman, "come back, don't pick up your heels."

But Phil paid no heed and strode on.

Qurlett, knowing that it would never do for one to go leaving the others, bounded after him, and laying his hand on his shoulder stopped and finally persuaded him to return.

"Come boys, as long as you are here sit down and make yourselves comfortable.

Accepting the invitation they sat down, and watched the game with some interest; presently one of the men looked up, and addressing Wilson, inquired if he had not seen him before.

"I don't know, I'm sure, where do you belong," Wilson asked evidently not recognizing the speaker.

"Don't mean that; I think I saw you here last fall."

"Oh!" said Wilson grinning, "I remember, almost in this very spot, and him too," pointing to Qurlett, "the Governor almost caught me that time, he knew I was out though, but that was all."

"I thought I remembered you, but come," he said addressing the others as well, "have a fish and a bit of biscuit?" Wilson readily accepted, he was always willing to attend to anything edible, the others civilly declined.

"Now for a brew of punch, where's the whiskey, Walt?" asked

one of the men after they had finished their meal, "you must have a glass with us boys?"

"Thank you," said the irrepressible Wilson, smacking his lips.

"Speak for yourself, Wilson," said Phil, hastily jumping up, "come along let's go up, Qurlett; ask Wilson to come too," he whispered?

"Ask him yourself; he won't go till he gets that punch though, so you might as well save yourself the trouble, we'll all get up in a few minutes."

"You're not going to take any?" said Phil, "I'm not."

"Oh no," Qurlett replied, "I'm not such a fool as that; if you want to hear a fellow talk, just wait till Wilson drinks that punch, if you don't laugh."

"Any fun?" whispered Phil, grinning.

"Fun! I should think so, it won't be though, if we be caught."

"Hadn't we better tell him not to take it, it's mean to let a fellow go that way."

Qurlett looked at Phil with a stare of surprise, "just try it and see if you don't get a dig in the ribs; he has a right do as he likes, it's none of my business; much as I can do to look after myself, you better do the same."

"When will you go back? its more than an hour since we came down."

"Don't be in a hurry, it's all right we'll wait for Wilson, now."

While this whispered conversation was being held, the punch was brewed, and one of the men, the fast-looking one, taking the cup off his flask, partly filled it with the hot drink, and handed it to Wilson who swallowed it with scarcely a wink, and looked longingly as it was filled again and offered to Qurlett and Phil, but both declined.

"That's right youngsters, don't touch it, it's hardly fit for men," said the one who was cook.

"O you be hanged! we don't want any temperance lectures from you; if you never took any you might talk," retorted the other; "here," he continued handing the cup to Wilson, "you are man enough for it, I know."

"I guess so," he replied with a solemn grin taking it.

"It's a great shame for you, Steve, to give the boy that stuff," one of the others said.

"I should think so," added Phil, looking indignantly at Steve, "much of a man you are."

“Look a, ’ere you two fellers, yer shut up will yer,” said Wilson, trying to look dignified, but he was too drunk; “you! a boy like you, trying to tell me what to do, go away,” and he waved his hand, “do yer spose I ain’t all right?”

“I spose yer won’t have the Governor telling you either, if he catches you?” mimicked Phil, laughing.

But Wilson’s courage was equal to any emergency, “jes like to see the old rat touch yer, boys,” he said, winking both eyes vigorously in his efforts to be dignified but he only succeeded in looking sleepy; “I’ll take care of yer all right I know,” and he shook his head wisely; “I always look after them,” he added, turning to the men who were laughing.

“O come along!” said Phil, “it’s after ten now, come that’s a good fellow!” taking Wilson’s arm, but he was obstinate and would not budge an inch; “jes let me alone an’ I’ll go presenly,” he said, looking half-defiantly, half-stupidly at Phil; “do yer think I’m a fool?”

“Yes and a beast too, Phil muttered,” come along! finally after a great deal of persuasion they succeeded in getting him started, and with one on each side of the half helpless boy, proceeded to the house.

“Hold on,” said Qurlett, stopping when they had gone about half way, “let us go to the barn, they will twig Wilson if he goes in this way, we can sleep in the hay first rate.”

“They won’t see him or us either,” replied Phil, “I expect they are all in bed by this, just look at the time will you.”

“It’s after half past ten rejoined Qurlett,” after a long scrutiny of his watch, “I didn’t think it was so late, why the house will be shut, we will have to get in the window, unless we go to the barn.”

“No,” said Phil, “I’d sooner get into the house some way than go to the barn.”

“No shir,” Wilson broke in, “we ain’t hoshes, we-are-goin-to-ther-house, unerstan’ that.”

“Come along then,” said Qurlett, “let us do something, come Wilson.”

“Jes’ shu mind yer own bisnis,” replied Wilson, drawing back obstinately, “yer aint going to lug me round jes where yer like.”

“All right,” said Qurlett, “where will you go?”

“To ther house, old fellor,” Wilson replied, shaking his head and winking, “its all right.”

"I think I know where we can get in," said Qurlett as they approached the house, "just stay here a moment and I'll cut on and see."

Leaving them he went forward and cautiously walking to the kitchen tried the windows, but finding them fast, went up the slopes, he next tried a window or hatch of a sort of cellar and store-room just in rear of the kitchen, this he found open, it would answer admirable; with a little care they could easily get in, as the window was quite large, go through the kitchen and up stairs, without being discovered.

"It's all right, we can get in without any trouble," he said as he returned, "the big cellar window is open, come along and walk carefully."

"Come along?" said Wilson, "I know the way better'n you fellers, I'll show yer."

"Shut up, can't you," whispered Qurlett, angrily, "don't make such a row, or you will have the seniors after us; now take your boots off," he added as they came to the window; after each had removed his boots they were all ready to go in, and Qurlett stepped forward to go down first.

"Hold on there," exclaimed Wilson, "I'm agoing first, I know what you are up to, you want to leave me out altogether, no yer don't," and he pushed forward.

"Don't be a fool?" remonstrated Phil, "let him go first, then he can help you down."

"Do you 'spose I can't get down as well as him? go away, I'm going first," he persisted obstinately, trying to push Qurlett, who without heeding Wilson was just getting down, aside.

"Stop! if yer don't let me go first I'll make a row, don't care a darn if we are caught."

"Let him go then, said Phil, it's no use to talk to him."

"Not a bit," Wilson said, solemnly.

"Give us your hand and I'll help you," said Qurlett, as Wilson was about descending.

"Don't want any yer help, know the way better'n you, jes let me alone," he replied stubbornly. He was just in that frame of mind when the only way to get along with him, was to let him have his own way in everything; this they did, and he proceeded gravely and with the utmost deliberation to let himself down through the window.

During the afternoon, the housekeeper had stewed a large quantity of apples for the boys' use, putting them in a huge earthenware pan, and leaving it under the open window to cool, hardly expecting it was to become a thoroughfare.

Wilson let himself carefully down until he hung at full length grasping the window ledge, he then dropped; his feet striking the floor just outside the pan which was behind him, staggering back a little from the shock of the fall, the edge of the pan caught him across the legs, this caused him to lose his balance entirely, and over he went backwards with a cry, then a great splash as he fell into the midst of the soft mass.

Qurlett, who was lying out along the ground with his head to the window trying to pierce the darkness of the cellar, as Wilson dropped, hearing the splash, called out in a loud whisper, "what's the matter, Wilson?"

No answer, save a noise of struggling and grunting, and then something overset.

The boys hastily let themselves down, and Qurlett lighting a match, they discovered poor Wilson sitting in the midst of a great pool of stewed apples, with the big pan more than half empty beside him; he was rubbing his eyes vigorously with both fists, his hair filled and clothes covered with the sticking stuff; his face was smeared with daubs and streaks in all directions, and as the light from the match fell upon him, he looked up to the boys with such an expression of hopeless terror, mixed in about equal proportions with stewed apples, as to set them off in a perfect frenzy of laughter, utterly disregarding the time and place.

"Quiet," said Qurlett, after the first explosion, and fairly putting his hand in his mouth, chuckling and choking in his efforts to be silent.

"What's the matter Wilson," inquired Phil, as well as he could for laughter.

"I'm bust," replied Wilson in a voice of utter despair, "I'm all bust to pieces, jes look round and d'ye think I'll ever get well again?" I struck something when I dropped, and here is all there is of me; Oh dear! let me die easy."

Qurlett and Phil were fairly rolling on the floor as Wilson got this off.

"Oh Fred," Phil muttered, "what shall I do, my mouth is sore laughing?"

"I don't see much to laugh at," Wilson grumbled indistinctly, "you wouldn't if you was here, I know, O dear!"

"Come get up," said Qurlett, "give us your hand, take the other one Phil."

"Easy now," said Wilson as they were lifting him up, "e-e-easy," and he was pulled gradually up, with his legs as stiff and straight as two gun barrels, "I am all to pieces," he repeated confidentially to Phil; "I fell about five hundred feet and hit something."

"Won't there be a precious row in the morning when the house-keeper finds this mess?" said Qurlett, "hope she'll think it was the cats."

"That won't make any difference," returned Phil; "the senior knows we were out, I suppose we're in for it!"

"Never mind that now," said Qurlett, "let us get up stairs as soon as we can, or we'll have him down after such a racket."

"Who cares for him?" put in Wilson forgetting his previous woes, and taking up a position that was strikingly original; "he ain't goin' to interfere with my liberty. Give me liberty, or—" "give—me—lots of stewed apples," Phil interposed. "Look a here," said Wilson gravely, after a pause, "that's not it at all, if yer can't do better'n that shut up, look," he added, waving his hand, "you can't see my hand but you know it's going; give me liberty or give me death! there," he continued triumphantly, "that's the way to say it, it's in the book that way, that's the patriotic way; I'm a patriot, you're a patriot, we are all patriots."

"Stop that rubbish," said Qurlett savagely, coming from the kitchen with a lamp in his hand, "if you don't keep quiet I'll kick you."

"You will, will you, I'd jes like to see yer?"

"Yes," said Phil, "I would like to see him do it, too."

"We'd like to see yer do it all," said Wilson boldly, but a little mixed; "hey Phil? yes'ir, I guess so."

"Come along then!" said Phil, taking Wilson's arm, "we have got that fixed. Qurlett you go ahead with the light."

"What a regular muff you are," replied Qurlett, "as if I got the light to take up stairs, just stay where you are now," he continued after sitting the lamp down, "let us see if we can't scrape him a little; stand still Wilson, and we'll fix you all right, here," breaking a thin strip of wood he had found, and handing one half to Phil, "now," and the two scraped away vigorously at Wilson;

who too astonished to speak, stood with mouth and eyes wide open gazing from one to the other stupidly.

A few minutes steady application of the scraper, served to render him doubtfully respectable; "there," said Qurlett, "that will do, hold on!" as Wilson started to go, "you are in an awful hurry all at once, let us take our socks off, because you see if there is any of this stuff on them, we will make tracks, are you all ready?"

"Yes," and picking up their shoes and socks, they stepped carefully into the kitchen where they left the lamp after putting it out, and from thence went to the dormitories without further mishaps; after helping Wilson to bed, where they left him snoring like the seven sleepers, they went to their own rooms.

Phil, tired and dissatisfied with himself, and more than half afraid of the results of their lark, tossed restlessly about before getting asleep.

(To be continued.)

THE ROMANCE OF THE VIOLET.

JOY was in the camp at Rouen for the Frankish king had sworn
By his father Pepin's head, and by Christ, in Judah born,
He would sweep the Lombard land till he left not one to tell
Who had made the country man-less. And 'twas thus that it befell

In the days of Charlemagne.

To drum-tap and cymbals' clang

Flashing knights in phalanxes to their chamfroned destriers sprang.

Bright, from rampart-wall and terrace, with a mingled tear and
smile,

Leaned the lithe douzelles of Rouen to behold the hosts defile,—
On that day of long-leave taking, from the arrow-slit above—
To a knight beneath the turret, spoke the lady of his love:

"Take my cousin for a page,

He is a lad of tender age."

"I will,—and as your cousin love him well,—I give my gage."

Then he from his silken surcoat, where it rested on his heart,
Drew a golden violet, carven by some Moorish goldsmith's art,
Saying as he raised the trinket to her on the point of lance,
"I give this flower as gage d'amor to the fairest flower of France:"

"In life and in death," said she,

"I will wear this pledge for thee,

And save where go myself and my love this violet shall never be."

From her head, with housewife shears, severed she a curling bine,
And with fingers white and subtile wove of it a golden twine,
Looped it to the violet, and, as she hid the gift below,
Fair 'neath the unclasped chemise shone her swelling breast of
snow.

To his steed her lover sprang

And followed the cymbals' clang,

For golden spur had needs ride fast that rode with Charlemagne.

As Hannibalus, marched the king, and placed his standard on the
scalps

(Save to Franks and eagles reachless,) of the ice-enthroned Alps,
Whence the hosts of Normandie, bold Touraine and fierce La-
Manche

Burst amain upon the plain like the loosened avalanche:

Longobards, beware the Franks!

Stand before their rushing ranks

As ye would before the torrent that has burst its shattered banks!

All throughout the Lombard land rode the Frankmen fierce and
fast,

City-sacking, battle-giving, sword and fire, nor ceased at last

Till the rivers seaward ebb'd, charcoal-mixed, and water-dyed,

Then the king to heaven cried: "tell me, comrades, have I lied!

Done the kingdom of the Goth,

Certes! I have kept my troth,

And blood of Lombardy's last duke drips from my saddle-cloth."

Joy to the men of Charlemagne with glory on their helmets

With fiefs and high rewards for fee out of the subjects realms.

When spake he of the Violet, inspired by flowing grail,

Unto the faithful lissome page that helped unbrace his mail;

“I have done enough for fame,
 Now for some Italian dame
 To found a line of barons with a haughty Frankish name.”

The stripling with a low sad voice said:—“Master, noble lance!
 Did you interchange love-gifts with a lorn douzelle of France?”

“I, faith did I,—a violet;—the past is past, *pardie!*
 She may be true,—perchance she is,—or may be, false to me.”

Swift the stripling’s eyes grew wet,
 Swift he tore the clasps that met
 Across his breast of snow, and there lay shrined the Violet.

“Faitour!” cried the knight in passion, “leman to a faithless
 drab!

Dar’st thou thus to boast her favours and not fear to brook the
 stab?”

Swift the poignard, like an adder, sprang full at the opened vest,
 And the streaming life-blood dyed the violet on the snowy breast:

“Love! I am thy Violet-maid,—
 Love, I love thee,” low she said,
 And her fainting form falling in his circling arm he stayed.

Soft he from his right arm raised her, gently laid her on his left,
 And, with hand that trembled strangely, reached he for his dagger
 heft,

Sheathed its blade within the bosom that so falsely could forget
 The faithful maiden-page that wore the fatal Violet.

Side by side the twain were lying,
 Each with arm the other tying,
 While the cowed and muttering monks read prayers for the dying.

Their fate was told to Charles the king as he rode into hall,
 “By God’s Uprising,” sputtered he, “but this will not do at all!
 Let mine own minstrels rhyme the tale to an air of mournful
 sound.”

The which they did, and sang lament,—while all the knights sate
 round,

To men’s eyes the water sprang—
 As the Violet maid they sang,
 For the knights were gentle as brave at the court of Charlemagne.

THE FLOWER.

(Translated from the French of Charles Hubert Millevoye.)

O solitary flower and dying,
 Which wast the honor of the vale,
 Thy ruins on the dark earth lying,
 Are scattered by the northern gale.
 The same scythe cuts us down,
 To the same God we yield:
 A leaf, all sere and brown,
 Drops from thee to the field;
 A pleasure bids to us adieu,
 Ev'n as a leaf abandons you.

From us Time makes, each day,
 A taste, a passion fly;
 As the fleet moments glide away
 Our fond illusions die.
 Man asks himself with grief,
 Losing vain fancy's power,
 Which is the most ephemeral,
 Life or the flower.

JOSHUA CLAWSON.

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER.

BY GARRY FOSTER.

IN a pretty valley on the border of Alsace there lived some few years ago, in peace and happiness, a farmer and his wife named Scheller; their only son, Hans, and their adopted daughter, Gretta. When, in early childhood, Gretta had become their's by the death of her mother who left them her child, as a dying legacy to them, and faithfully had they performed the trust. Gretta by her loving ways and childish prattle had wound herself around their hearts; but they had not spoiled her by over indulgence, and now as she was budding into womanhood she was their pride and

blessing. The only near neighbours the Schellers had was a French family named Arlette, who lived but across the hill that formed the boundry line, so that the children of the families were constant companions. In the Arlette family there were three boys, Jean, Leon and Louis; the eldest, Jean, was clever, dark eyed; everybody thought him handsome and he was a favourite with all who knew him. Hans and he were close friends, although quite different in manners and appearance. Hans was light haired and blue eyed, quieter and less showy than his friend, though more persevering as was shown in the daily routine of the village school, five miles off, which they attended; the walk was long but they were young and healthy, and with an occasional lift from some kind farmer they got along right merrily.

And now where our story commences, Gretta had reached her eighteenth birthday, and the day was to be kept in good old German fashion. How early Gretta rose that Spring morning to peep though the casement and see if the day was fine, and so it was, and joyfully she hurried to meet her father and mother and Hans, who was eager to be first with his congratulations. It had always been promised Gretta, that on this birthday she should have a grander festival than usual; so now the cousins of the Schellers from the village, and other friends with them, were invited; their cousins from the town, ten miles off, and the Arlettes of course, for they shared in all their festivities? indeed, those of a lesser kind than this were kept alternately at each house. What a busy morning it was preparing the great dinner, and when it drew near the hour for the guests to arrive, Gretta donned her most becoming gown and brushed her golden curls, and then came to meet her guests.

The town cousins, consisting of Herr Scheller, his wife and two daughters were the first to arrive, and then the Schellers from the village, two young men, and soon after the remainder of the guests. Very merrily passed the dinner hour, and the fair Gretta's health was drank in home-brewed lager, and wine from their own vintage.

After which the young people went out for a stroll, and the old folks stayed behind to talk about their crops and the gossip from town. Afterwards the party assembled around the well-laden board, to partake of the closing meal for the day. Then the evening passed in merry games and tales, until the departure of the Schellers and their companions for the village, and soon after

the Arlettes. It had been arranged that the town cousins should remain until the morning, as Gretta at their earnest solicitation was to leave home with them for a short visit. After the guests had retired, Christian and his wife talked long and earnestly on their cherished plan of the marriage of Hans and Gretta, who would still live in the old farm house, and be the light and joy of their old age and would smooth their pathway to the grave. At length Christian arose and pointing to the clock, reminded Lisbeth how early they should have to rise to bid farewell to their brother and sister, and then the worthy couple retired. The family was astir at early dawn the next morning, and early as it was Jean Arlette was over to bid Gretta good bye, and he and Hans followed the wagon to the turn of the road, then waving their caps in farewell, they slowly returned home.

It was the second Sabbath of Gretta's absence, and a few days before her return, that Mother Scheller sat in the porch of the homestead. It was a beautiful Spring day, not a sound was heard but the buzz of insect life and the tick of the clock in the old kitchen, her husband was taking his usual Sabbath afternoon nap and Mother Scheller sat waiting with her open Bible on her knee for Hans. He soon came in and threw himself at his mother's feet and rested his head on her knee, just like when he was a boy. His mother stroked his light curls and thought how manly and handsome her Hans was. At length she spoke, "Hans my boy, Gretta will come home next week, art thou glad?" "Yes mother, very glad, but why do you ask me?" "My boy we are getting old, your father and I, and when we are dead and gone, we should like Gretta and you to take our places, though we should like to live a while longer to see you prospering." "Mother, dear mother," said Hans, "you must not talk of leaving us. Why I hope you will live for many years to glad our eyes," and then his voice lowered and he poured into the ears of his mother his love for Gretta, "but" he said "she was too good for him, he was not worthy of her." "Nay, Hans, my boy, thou art worthy of the best maiden in Germany, Gretta is a good girl and will be a blessing to you." "Then mother," said Hans (springing to his feet), "Have I your blessing?" "Yes, Hans, and may God bless thee and thy wife Gretta!" "Amen," said Hans, reverently lifting his cap. He then turned and strode quickly away towards the hill at the head of the valley. Dame Scheller soon after went into the house and commenced preparing

the evening meal. That night they arranged that if all went well (as they hoped it would), the betrothal festival should take place at the first of August. Two days after, Hans set off with the light cart to the market-town to bring Gretta home. He was cordially welcomed by her, and his cousins, and soon after he had partaken of some refreshment, they bade good bye, and Gretta promised to make them another visit that time next year. It may seem strange to our readers that persons living only ten miles apart should meet so seldom, but it must be remembered that the roads were often bad, and especially that these country folk were industrious "keepers at home," and therefore could not find much time for visiting. But to return to our story, Hans and Gretta had reached the hill that overlooked their valley, and there, gleaming in the moonlight, with a light in the window for them, was their home. Hans stopped the sturdy horses, and pointing below, asked Gretta if she were happy in her home. She answered him immediately by telling that she could never be happy anywhere away from her dear father and mother. "Then Gretta, heart's dearest, could you be happy in being my wife, nothing would please my dear father and mother more; and Gretta, Gretta, I cannot tell you how much I love you." For a while she remained silent to all his appeals, until he asked her by some sign to answer him, then she turned and smiled on him and gave him her hand, he covered it with kisses, then seized the reins and hurried on the horses to the farm house. The good couple had heard the approach of the team and were waiting for them at the door. Joyously was Gretta welcomed home, for it had been very lonely without her. As soon as Hans had put up the horses for the night, he joined them. As he stood on the threshold for a moment, looking at Gretta who was standing near the great fireplace, he thought how womanly and beautiful she looked, and felt proud to think she was all his own. Then coming forward, he took the hand of Gretta and led her to his parents saying, "She is mine! father will you bless us?" The old man rose and with tears in his eyes laid his hands on their heads saying, "May God also bless you my own children!" "Amen!" responded Dame Schellar. We must here leave them on this happy evening, and when we next see them the Spring has passed and the Summer has advanced to August, and the betrothal festival has arrived, (that is the time when the betrothal is made known to the relatives). The Arlettes, Herr Scheller (from the

village), his wife and one son were present. The company was not gay, for the cloud of war hung over the land, and Herr Scheller had parted with his eldest son to fight for his country, and they knew not how soon the stalwart youths at their side should have to face death, at the mouth of the deadly mitrailleuse. No games were played, and the conversation very often flagged. There had been a long silence; then old Christian spoke, "Ah, my boys, we do not know how soon we shall have to part with you, and then Jean will have to fight against us; war is a terrible thing. Why is it that the King and the Emperor cannot settle their own quarrels without making our homes desolate?" "But (interposed young Herman who was burning to go and join his brother Peter), war brings glory." "Not," said Christian "the glory that the Angels sang about; that was 'Peace on earth good will towards men.'" Herman made no reply to this, and soon after Christian Scheller announced to the company, the betrothal of Hans and Gretta, and after the ceremony was over the company brightened up and joined in drinking the health of the bride and groom elect, and then all joined in wishing that soon peace might be restored. The company separated earlier than usual, for now it was dangerous to be late on the roads, and the town relatives did not deem it at all prudent to come.

Several days after the betrothal festival, Hans set off for the market town, not so much to sell now as to hear news from the war. The town presented quite a different scene to the usual market days, for the people loitered around with anxious faces, waiting for the first news of the morning from the war. None seemed to have much business in view save this. Women stood at their doors; some with faces almost stark with anguish. Hans noticed one woman particularly, whose sad expectant face was very beautiful, and great masses of blonde hair were coiled around her head. Hans passed through them all, and having disposed quickly of his produce to his usual customers, he hurried to the inn, put up his horses, and just as he came from doing so, met the carrier with the morning news, followed by a company of the town folks. One paper was put into Hans' hands, and he was requested to read, by some one who knew him, and then he read the account of the battle of Worth, and then the group drew nearer to him while he read the list of killed and wounded, and as he read name after name, exclamations of sorrow were heard in different parts of the crowd as they heard the names of acquaintances, but no one heard yet

of their own until the name of "Christian Müller" was read as killed, and then a wail of anguish burst from some one beside him, and the pretty blonde that he had noticed fell at his feet; he instantly threw the paper to one of his neighbours, took her in his strong arms and carried her into the inn. Some women followed him, and he heard their sympathizing exclamations of "Poor thing, she has only been married to him two months." "So young to have so much sorrow." But she lay now as one dead, and when at length they succeeded in restoring her, she sat up with such a look of strong grief in her fair face that it was terrible to see her; then nothing could persuade her to rest a little where she was, but she rose and said, "I want to go *home*," but the word *home* sounded out with such a desolate wail, that it brought tears to the eyes of those around her. Hans immediately left the room and set out for home, thinking tenderly that his Gretta would feel the same if he were taken from her. As he arrived home much earlier than usual, for the sun was just setting, he thought that he would surprise Gretta as she was taking her usual walk. So, quietly putting up the horses, he took a circuitous way to the arbour by the brook, (he had a short time before made this arbour for Gretta, and it was a favourite resort of hers) so as to reach it at the back, and not to be seen from within. As he drew near, he heard voices, and bending to get a glimpse of the inside, just as he did so a cold chill came over him, and his face changed from curious pleasure to intense excitement, and leaning forward he saw Jean Arlette in French uniform kneeling at his Gretta's feet, and listening, he heard Jean pouring out passionate words of love in strains that no cold-blooded German could utter. Gretta sat pale and motionless, and as Jean raised his head with its great masses of jet curls, even Hans saw how handsome he was, but he listened breathlessly for Gretta's answer; and at last she spoke with tears standing in her eyes, "I am sorry for you, Jean, (Hans bit his lips in rage for her compassion) and I love you as——" but this was enough for Hans, and tearing himself away with a gasp, he hurried to the stable, threw himself on his strongest horse, and galloped away to the town. He hated himself for his folly in thinking that Gretta loved him, and bitterly upbraiding Gretta for making him think so. He felt she loved him not, and if she were to wed him it would only be for gratitude to them, as they were her benefactors. It was in this storm of human passion, that

Hans reached the town, and the Department of War that was there, and going to the officer he stated his desire to enlist as a soldier; the officer looked pleased to see such a robust young fellow offer himself, and the business was soon arranged, and permission granted for a farewell visit home, on conditions of his return the following evening. Hans dressed himself in his uniform, and borrowing a horse at his uncle's (for his own was now too tired to attempt another journey with it that night), he strapped his own suit to the saddle, and set out for home.

He rode slowly along the road, and now in the cool night air, he had time for reflection, and sad were his thoughts. For himself, he cared not if he were killed in the war, but for his father and mother whose only stay he was, how would they feel towards this rash step that he had taken; but he resolved to spare their feelings from knowing that the act was voluntary. And of Gretta; but here his loss came back with renewed force, and burying his face in the mane of old Fritz, he gave way to his sorrow, until his pride came to the rescue, and crushing his weakness, he hurried the horse, with all speed homewards. The sun was rising just as he came within sight of the farm, and he checked his horse to view the glorious sight, as it rose over his home. There lay the farm, looking so beautiful, with its well kept vineyards and fields of waving grain; and nestling in the midst, the dear old farm house, with its gay flower garden and rustic porch, laden with vines; the sun seeming to cast a halo over the scene. Hans eagerly drank in the prospect, thinking that perhaps it were the last time he should ever gaze on a sunrise in his dear native valley. Then, with a deep sigh, he descended the hill to his home.

Perhaps some of our readers, may think Hans cowardly; but whatever were his faults, this was not one of them, for no youth in Germany loved his country more ardently than he did: not with that frantic fitful passion, which when aroused to action can throw life heedlessly away, but with steady manly affection, and courage that can *endure* and calmly die for the Fatherland. When Hans arrived at the farm house, the family were just about to breakfast, and his mother was placing his before the fire to keep warm against his return; for he always, if he stayed away over night, came home to this meal. Hans did not want to startle them too much by the sight of his uniform, so he had borrowed the smock-frock of his father's herdsman, as he came in, and had drawn it over his gay

dress. Hans stood at the threshold, looking in just as he had done on the night that Gretta had promised to be his wife, and it just happened that Gretta was standing in the same position; and, just as the bitter regret came up, Gretta turned and saw him. She sprang eagerly forward, but drew back alarmed when she saw the strange look in his face. He passed her and went to the side of his mother, and took her tenderly in his arms, she looked up to smile a welcome, but instantly the smile faded and she asked anxiously, "Hans, my boy, what has happened!" He did not answer her directly, but asked in a low tone, "Could my mother spare me for the sake of her country." She burst into tears and cried, "Oh, do not leave me, you are our only son, Hans," but he answered her only by throwing off the smock, and displaying his uniform, and then tried to sooth her by tender words.

Meanwhile old Christian had heard it all, and bent forward and covered his face with his hands. Gretta stood as one struck dumb, and then turned towards the window but looking as if she saw nothing, Peter had told his fellow-servant the news, and he and she now stood in the porch with sympathizing looks in their honest faces. Hans informed them all, as soon as they were calmer that he was to leave home that evening. Very sorrowfully passed that day, and Hans stayed continually near his mother while she was making preparations for his departure. At last the hour drew near when Hans must say good bye to all. He had avoided Gretta all day, and he intended the good bye to her, to be a very cool, calm one, but after embracing his father and mother, he went to take Gretta's hand, but as he did so he forgot all his resolutions, and clasped her passionately in his arms; then remembering himself, he lingered no longer but sprang on his horse, and accompanied by Peter, his father's herdsman, rode away, and the two were soon seen disappearing over the hill-top. * * * * *

The months dragged wearily on at the farm, with occasional news from Hans; sometimes directly, and at other times through his cousin Herman, who was enthusiastic in his praise of Hans' bravery in the war; when such lines were read no one looked more pleased than Gretta, but she said nothing. But now the terrible tide of war was drawing near to them. Their relatives in the town tried to persuade Christian and his wife to come and stay with them saying, "it would be safer in the town, than out in the open country." But Christian was unwilling to do this, and he continued his daily

work, with the help of Peter, the same as usual, *until he, too, left for the war.* And now no farm produce went to the town, but all was stored up in the cellars. One day Christian came in at an unusual hour and asked for his wife. Finding that she was in the cellar, he went down stairs to her immediately. Dame Scheller looked anxiously towards him, (when she saw him coming at such an unwonted hour,) and asked if anything had happened; he smiled to re-assure her, and then, looking around the cellar, said, "Good wife, you think this is a great store of provision?" "Yes indeed, not many farm houses could boast of so goodly a one." "Wife," said he, "all this would be destroyed by a French rabble in a very short time. Let me tell you a plan that I have, I want to take to the hill cave, back of our house, all this store, excepting a little for our own use, and then when the war is over we will not be without something, for if the armies come this way our fields will be desolated, and it will be many a day before they will be as they are now. What say you, my frauleen?"

Very soon Christian and his wife decided that it would be the best thing that they could do, and that Christian should take the first load there that evening, after dark. Christian knew the way to it well, for Gretta had found it several years before, and he had often been with her there since. It was a beautiful spot, all around was carpeted with the green grass and delicate forms, some rearing their heads so high as to hide, almost completely, the entrance to the cave; the cave itself was lofty and the floor of fine gravel, as if it had been the bed of some ancient river. It was to this spot that Christian for several nights came and went, until one day he came in from the vineyard, and with an anxious face, told them that he heard firing, and that, having secured the cattle in the barn he would now stay in the house with them, for fear of danger. He then closed all the windows, fastened the door, and tried to give the house an uninhabited look; hoping that this might deter the French from invading it. All day long the firing continued until nightfall; then it gradually died away, and they knew that the battle was over. The Germans were victorious; no danger had as yet befallen the Schellers. Several nights after the battle, they were startled by a loud knock at the door. Dame Scheller was very much alarmed, and said the door must not be opened, but Christian tried to quiet her fears, and told her that it were better for them not to resist, even if it were any of the enemy. As soon

as he opened the door, a tall German soldier presented himself, and asked, "Is this Christian Scheller's house?" being informed that it was, he immediately produced a slip of paper, on which was written, "Dear uncle, please let Gretta come to me, it is the dying wish of your nephew, Herman Scheller." The writing was as if a tremulous hand had written it, but Christian knew it to be Herman's. As soon as Christian had read it, the soldier immediately related, "that he was the comrade of Herman, that they had become great friends, and that his friend had been wounded and was too far gone to be taken to Saabruck, for he was dying, (here the poor fellow dashed the tears from his eyes), and seemed to have something on his mind, and had begged him to come and bring his cousin Gretta to him." Christian feared to let Gretta go on so perilous an errand, and spoke very strongly against it to his wife. The soldier informed them that, "their nephew was only three miles distant, at a house that had remained standing in the village, and that if they would only entrust their daughter to his care, he would pledge his word to bring her back in safety in a few hours." At last Christian consented, for the mother had urged that it might be to tell news of Hans. A few minutes after, Gretta enveloped in a large warm cloak, and in company with the stranger guide, was wending her way to the village. The night was dark, and the darkness only relieved by the German camp fires in the distance, and the remains of burning homesteads. When they reached the village they were obliged to thread their way through the debris of broken carriages, cannons, and what had been so short a time before, the happy homes of many. As Gretta saw all this by the murky light of the smouldering ruins, her heart was saddened within her, and she shudderingly kept closer to her companion until they reached the house where the wounded were lying, until they should be conveyed to Saabruck. The soldier gave the pass-word, and led the way in, and through the rows of wounded men unto the farther end of the room, where lay Herman. Gretta was startled to see him so changed and worn. He greeted her with a smile, as if it relieved him much to see her; then a look of sadness came over his face, and when Gretta bent down and told him with tears in her eyes how sorry she was to find him so ill, he said "Oh Gretta! I do not deserve your sympathy, and you will hate me when I tell you how I have injured you." "No, Herman, I know you never did or wished me any harm; but will you not

take these grapes that have grown in our vintage," and Gretta laid them beside him and held one to his lips; he took it but told her to give the others to this comrades, as he would soon be without need of them. Herman then said, "I have brought you here to tell you I have killed your lover and to beg your forgiveness." Gretta became ghastly pale when he said this and gasped, "When, tell me quick." "Some weeks ago (he returned), I was one of those in charge of a provision convoy, and we were attacked, I fought hard, Gretta, and just as I in close combat with a Frenchman struck him to the heart, I saw that he was Jean Arlette: can you forgive me, Gretta?" A strange, amazed look, came into Gretta's face and she said, "Why Herman, what do you mean? I am very sorry for the loss of so near a friend, and am grieved for his mother's sake; but I do not understand you. Tell me what you mean. You know it is other than you say." Herman now looked amazed in his turn, and then told her, that, nearer the first of the war, Hans and he had been close comrades, and that Hans had confided to him all his trouble, and had told him how he came to enlist. Gretta listened eagerly to the tale all through, and when he ended by telling her of the interview between her and Jean that Hans had overheard, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears. When she was a little calm she said, "Oh Herman, if Hans had only listened a few minutes longer, he would not have brought this trouble between us. I did say, I love you, Jean, *as a brother*, and Hans must only have heard the first part of the sentence, and not have waited longer. Oh Herman, you know I never liked Jean as I did Hans. Oh why did Hans think so of me. How long is it since you have seen Hans?" "Not for a long time, as he had been slightly wounded, and had to be left behind, but he would be well, it was thought, in a few days. He had been fighting desperately, and was always in the thickest of the battle, as if he had nothing to live for." This long conversation was too much for poor Herman, and he sank back exhausted. His comrade who had been Gretta's companion to the cottage, now sprang forward, and held a cordial to his lips. He revived again, but Gretta saw that he was sinking fast, and, leaning forward, Gretta assured him of her perfect forgiveness of whatever pain he had caused her, and asked him if he felt forgiveness from God for all his sins, and spoke to him of his Saviour's love. He answered her with a happy smile, and sank back again on his pillow,—dead. His comrade

dashed the tears from his eyes, and touched Gretta to show that all was over, and that she must go. Gretta rose mechanically and left the cottage, just as the sun was rising. Only a few hours had elapsed since she had entered it, but with what different feelings to now. Hans thought her unfaithful, and then came the thought that she would never see him again, and perhaps, he was even now dead. What agony that thought brought to her.

Several days had passed since Gretta's visit to the cottage. It was evening; the doors were closed, and they were about retiring to rest, when they were startled by a noise like horses hoofs outside, and immediately after, there came a loud knock at the door. Christian opened it, and a French dragoon officer strode in, and ordered them to give him provision for his men. Christian very politely asked them in, and several weary men followed their officer. Christian ordered Catherine, the maid, to help them; but, seeing how frightened the poor thing was, he attended to them himself, and placed a well loaded table for them. When they had satisfied themselves, and had given as much trouble in doing so as possible, they went out, and Christian was just feeling thankful that they had behaved so well when one of the men returned, and ordered him to deliver up an old piece of fire-arms that was hanging over the fireplace, and he gave the order in his officer's name. Christian was very indignant that after they had eaten his food and wasted what they could not eat or carry away, they should come and order *him* to give up what was his own, and he refused to do so. The officer then ordered the soldiers to fire the house, and as soon as they had done so, they mounted their horses and galloped away. All efforts to save the house were unsuccessful for it was burning in different places, but the family worked energetically to save their furniture, until Christian declared it no longer safe to enter the house; then they stood in the vintage with their goods around them, and watched the burning of their home. The flames were lulled for an instant, then burst out with renewed force and showed in brilliant relief the dear old vine-clad porch where they had so often sat a united family in the happy days gone by. When Christian saw this, his indignation burst forth. "The *cowards*, they cannot conquer in the field and they revenge themselves by destroying the homes of defenceless women, but they will not have a chance for much more of such work, they had better look to their own borders." Then seeing

that his wife was leaning against Gretta and quietly crying, he went to her and said. "We are not without shelter, heart's dearest, come lean on me and I will help you to the hill-grotto where our stores are." Then taking up some wraps in his other arm, and bidding Gretta and the maid follow, they set out for the cave. All that night Christian worked, carrying in a wagon the rescued goods, and making his family comfortable in their strange dwelling. * * * * *

Many weary months had rolled away, months of anxious waiting, and of hope deferred until peace had been proclaimed, and yet no news of Hans had reached them. His mother was now ill, this anxiety was telling upon her, and Christian ceased to speak of his son, and had grown very grave. He was now commencing his new house, but he seemed to do but little, and oftentimes lost heart in the work; until, seeing his drooping wife, he began again more earnestly, knowing that the cave was not comfortable enough for an invalid. And Gretta, how hard she strove to be cheerful, and to try and make mother Scheller look more on the sunny side, while her own heart was dying within her, and sometimes the burden became too heavy to be borne in silence any longer; then she would break away from all restraint, and go to some lonely spot to give way to her grief, and to seek renewed strength in prayer.

One fine evening, the work of the day was over, and Gretta was resting at the door of the cave, Christian was attending to the cattle for the night, and the farm maid was with him, and mother Scheller had fallen asleep. There was a Sabbath-like stillness all around, only disturbed by an occasional bird warbling his evening song, and the pleasing notes were wafted on the breeze towards her. Gretta leaned her head against the wall and her thoughts floated back to the time when her life was so happy, and she knew naught of the heart rending sorrow and desolation that war brought; how short the time really was, and yet it seemed a lifetime, and now she felt as if she were so old, and then came thoughts of Hans being in that terrible war, and of his dying without the knowledge of her faithfulness in her love: but here the air seemed to be oppressive, she could no longer bear its stillness, and seeing that Catherine was coming in, she stifled a sob, and, signing for her to take her post by mother's side, she rushed away, and she stopped not until reaching the arbour by the brook, she threw herself down and burst into a passionate fit of weeping, and cried out, "Hans,

Hans! why did you leave me, I cannot live without you." * * *
Let us leave poor Gretta for a moment, for we see two figures coming over the hill. One man is tall and rather emaciated looking, as if he had just recovered from a severe illness; the other man is of a rougher cast, and looking hale and hearty, and the first is leaning on his arm. They stop for a moment, as they view the valley, as if something, or the want of something in the landscape, struck them as strange; then a few words from one seems to explain all, and they walk on; as they near the place where the farm house had been, the delicate looking one says: "Go to the hill cave Peter, I think you will probably find them there, you can go faster than I, and I know you are anxious to see Catherine, I will go to the arbour and rest a little, and will shortly follow you."

The other remonstrated but little, and sped rapidly on, towards the cave. The other proceeded more slowly to the arbour and arrived just in time to hear Gretta's last words; she was so much absorbed in her grief, as to be unconcious of any one's approach; as he heard these last words, he sprang eagerly forward, saying, "Here is Hans," (for it was he,) and took her tenderly in his arms.

But after so much endurance of sorrow, this sudden joy was too much for her, and, strong mountain maiden though she was, she fainted.

When she recovered, she was still in the arbour, but resting against Hans, him, whom she had never expected to see again.

Very soon mutual explanations were made, and Hans told of his lonely life in the war, after he had parted with Herman, then the long weary illness from which he was only now recovering, and that Peter, his father's herdsman, had found him and had tended him, like a woman, and he had come home, hoping to find health in his native valley, but not expecting to find the happiness that he now enjoyed. And then they left the arbour, for it seemed selfish to remain long away from father and mother Scheller.

Need we tell how joyfully Hans was welcomed; and how beaming Catherine's face was with smiles, as she stood beside Peter.

Till late that night the now united family sat comparing their mutual experiences until Christian rose and said, "How much we have to praise our Heavenly Father for, whose hand has so kindly dealt with us while so many homes are desolate to-night," and then with what fervour did they bow, and thank the Giver of all good.

AUSTRALIAN SPORTS.

[From Anthony Trollope's "Australia and New Zealand."]

HORSE RACING.

THE English passion for the amusements, which are technically called "Sports," is as strong in these colonies as it is at home. Why the taste should have transported itself to Australia and not to the United States I am not prepared to explain,—but I think any one who has observed the two countries will acknowledge that it is so. Trotting matches and yacht-racing are no doubt in vogue in the States, and there are men, few in number, who take kindly to shooting,—especially they who live near the Chesapeake and have canvas-back ducks within their reach. There is a set of betting-men at New York, who probably are beaten by none in the ferocity of their gambling. But "sport" is not a national necessity with the Americans, whereas with the Australians it is almost as much so as at home. Cricket, athletics, rowing matches, shooting, hunting, flat-racing, and steeple-chasing are dear to them. There is hardly a town to be called a town which has not its race-course, and there are many race-courses where there are no towns. As I was never either a cricketer nor an athlete, and know nothing of shooting or of racing, I am not qualified to describe the fashion in which our Australian cousins fulfil their ambition in these respects; but I can say that they are ambitious and are successful. In Queensland I saw kangaroos, wallybies and iguanas shot down with precision. In Gipp's Land I was witness to a great slaughter of wild ducks and black swans. At Hobart Town, in Tasmania, there came off while I was in the neighbourhood a regatta, for not being present at which I was much abused. And I know that I was wrong, for the scene must have been very lovely. No spot could be better arranged for boat-racing than the mouth of the Derwent, with the open public park rising high and close above the water. I was inspecting a lunatic asylum at the time, and think that the regatta would have been more amusing. Horse-racing I hate. As the horses run I never can distinguish the colours; I generally lose sundry small bets; and I don't like champagne. But I did go to the Launceston races in Tasmania, in reference to which I can only remark that the number of betting-men who came over from Melbourne to make money out of the small performances on that occasion surprised me very much. When the meeting was over I went back to Melbourne with a ship-load of them, and was lost in speculation how so many carrion birds could live on so small an amount of prey. As to the professional activity of the confraternity, the diligence with which they worked at their trade, the unremitting attention which they paid to the smallest chances, I had no doubt. They all looked as

though they would eat each other on board the boat, and I thought that some such unsatisfactory meals were made. Though the night was very cold I slept upon the deck, as the banquet was going on below. The songs of triumph and the wailings of despair at such festivals do not make pleasant music for an outsider.

I went also to see some hurdle-racing and steeple-chasing at the Melbourne race-course—partly because I had been told that the course itself was especially worth seeing, and partly as having been invited to join a pleasant party. It had been impressed upon me as a duty that I should see at least one day's racing at Melbourne, in order that I might report on the aspect of the race-course, the skill of the riders, and especially on the manners of the people. The course itself is something under two miles round. The courses run can, here as elsewhere, be arranged to any distance. The races I saw were described as being about three and two miles, and were all leap-races. I can only say of the fences prepared that I never before saw any which appeared to me so dangerous. They consisted chiefly of timber built up so stiffly that no horse and rider could break them, and were about four feet eight inches high. There was also a wall or two in the distant part of the course;—but I regard walls as very much less dangerous to men and horses than timber. The riding appeared to me bold to a fault, men being utterly reckless in riding beaten horses at barriers of built-up timber. The fashion and traditions of the place require that men shall so ride, and they certainly keep up the fashion and traditions. Consequently, on the occasion to which I allude there were almost innumerable falls. I think seven men and horses were down in one race, and four in another. I heard afterwards that the sports of the day were considered to have gone off with very harmless success. One jockey was a good deal crushed, and another had his collar-bone broken. Why half-a-dozen were not killed I cannot explain. Some of the horses jumped with admirable precision, taking just all the labour that was necessary and no more; but, as I afterwards learned, these horses will jump almost any amount of timber, but know nothing of fences, which are less dangerous, but more complicated and requiring greater skill. From the steward's stand, and from the top of the great stand,—and indeed from the seats below,—every part of the course can be seen, so that with a good field-glass the working of any horse or any jockey may be watched throughout the whole race.

But perhaps the most remarkable feature of the performance was the demeanor of the people. From the beginning to the end of the day, I saw no one drunk; I heard no word that could shock any lady; I found no one rough, uncourteous, or displeasing. There was no thimble-rigging and no throwing of sticks. All the world was decent and decently dressed. Within a certain enclosure,—if it was enclosed,—ladies walked about with gentlemen; and outside of it, the world amused itself with orderly

propriety. The meeting was not by any means the largest of the year, but I was assured by those who were qualified to give an opinion,—among others by the Governor of the colony,—that the conduct of the crowd was the same even when the crowd was the greatest. It should be understood at home that the people of these colonies are almost invariably decent in their behaviour when gathered together, decent in their dress, and decent in their language. There certainly was no reason why ladies should not be present at the races I saw,—unless ladies dislike to see jockeys falling over high railings.

There was indeed a betting-ring in which the usual applications were being made to some outside and invisible world to accept lavish offers of complicated bets. Men were walking about making unintelligible appeals apparently to each other,—which nobody ever seemed to accept. I am bound to say that the Melbourne ring looked to be as villainous as any other ring that I ever saw. The men wore the same objectionable clothing, were conspicuous in the same manner for indescribably abominable hats, and talked in that tone which to ordinary ears seems to be in itself evidence of rascality sufficient to hang a man. There were present, perhaps, two or three dozen of them ready to pick out any man's eyes; but I could not discern the prey. There is prey no doubt, as the profession thrives and wears jewelry. But the betting-ring on the Melbourne race-course will hurt no one who does not expressly seek its precincts.

GAS-LIGHTING.

THE Very Rev. Dr. Clayton, Dean of Kildare, having experimentally ascertained that a permanently elastic and *inflammable* aëriiform fluid is evolved from pit-coal, described the same in a letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle, who died in 1691; though the discovery was not published in the *Philosophical Transactions* till the year 1739. Hughes, in his *Treatise on Gas-Works*, 1853, says:—"To the celebrated Dr. Watson, Bishop of Llandaff, we are indebted for the first notice of the important fact, that coal-gas retained its inflammability after passing through water into which it was allowed to ascend through curved tubes;" but there is evidence in the *Miscellanea Curiosa*, 1705-6-7, vol. iii. p. 281, to show that Dr. Clayton also discovered that gas retains its inflammability after passing through water.

Although the Chinese have, for ages, employed natural Coal-Gas for lighting their streets and houses, only within the present century has Gas superseded in London the dim oil-lights and crystal-glass lamps of the preceding century. Dr. Johnson is said to have

had a prevision of this change; when, one evening, from the window of his house in Bolt-court, he observed the parish lamp-lighter ascend a ladder to light one of the glimmering oil-lamps; he had scarcely descended the ladder halfway when the flame expired; quickly returning, he lifted the cover partially, and thrusting the end of his torch beneath it, the flame was instantly communicated to the wick by the thick vapour which issued from it. "Ah!" exclaimed the Doctor, "one of these days the streets of London will be *lighted by smoke!*"

Coal-Gas had been used for lighting by William Murdock, in Cornwall, Birmingham, and Manchester as early as 1792, when F. A. Winsor, a German, after several experiments, lighted the old Lyceum Theatre in 1803-1804; he also established a New Light and Heat Company, with £50,000 for further experiments; in 1807 he lighted one side of Pall Mall, and on the King's birthday (June 4,) brilliantly illuminated the wall between Pall Mall and St. James' Park; and next exhibited Gas-light at the Golden-lane Brewery, August 16, 1807.

In 1809 Winsor applied to Parliament for a charter, when the testimony of Accum, the chemist, was bitterly ridiculed by the Committee. In 1810-12 was established the Gas-Light and Coke Company, in Cannon-row, Westminster; removed to Peter-street, or Horseferry-road, then the site of a market-garden, poplars, and a tea-garden. In 1814 Westminster Bridge was lighted with gas; and the old oil-lamps were removed from St. Margaret's parish, and gas lanterns substituted; and on Christmas day, 1814, commenced the general lighting of London with gas. Yet the scheme had been so ridiculed, that Sir Humphry Davy, F. R. S., asked "if it were intended to take the dome of St. Paul's for a gasometer." Dr. Arnott has truly said, with respect to the mistakes about gas-lighting, that "such scientific men as Davy, Wollaston, and Watt, at first gave an opinion that coal-gas could never be safely applied to the purposes of street lighting."

"Winsor's patent Gas" first illumined (Jan. 28, 1807,) the Carleton House side of Pall Mall; the second, Bishopsgate street. The writer attended a lecture given by the inventor; the charge of admittance was three shillings, but, as the inventor was about to apply to Parliament, members of both houses were admitted gratis. The writer and a fellow-jester assumed the parts of senators at a short notice. "Members of Parliament!" was their important ejaculation at the door of entrance, "What places, gentlemen?" "Old Sarum and Bridgewater." "Walk in, gentlemen." Luckily, the real Simon Pures did not attend. This Pall Mall illumination was further noticed in *Horace in London*:—

"And Winsor lights, with flame of gas,
Home to King's-place, his mother."

In the Peace Rejoicings of 1814, the Chinese bridge and pagoda on the canal, in St. James's Park, were lighted with gas. Mr. Jerdan, in his *Autobiography*, relates:—

"My friend, David Pollock, who was about the earliest promoter of the introduction of gas from the invention of Mr. Winsor—the first successful experimentalist with it in his own dwelling—and for 30 years Governor of the Chartered Gas-Light and Coke Company, was so concerned in the application, that he hastened to London from the Circuit to be present at the lighting of the bridge and pagoda with this new flame. Mortifying to relate, it will be remembered that the pagoda caught fire: the gas was put out, happily without explosion, and every part thrown into smouldering darkness."

In 1814, a Committee of Members of the Royal Society was appointed to inquire into the causes which led to an explosion of the Gas-works in Westminster, which had only just been established. The Committee consisted of Sir Joseph Banks, Sir C. Blagden, Col. Congreve, Mr. Lawson, Mr. Rennie, Dr. Wallaston, and Dr. Young. They met several times at the Gas-works, for the purpose of examining the apparatus, and made a very elaborate Report. They were strongly of opinion that if gas-lighting was to become prevalent, the Gas-works ought to be placed at a considerable distance from all buildings, and that the reservoirs, or gasometers, should be small and numerous; and always separated from each other by mounds of earth, or strong party-walls.

In 1822, St. James's Park was first lighted with gas; and the last important locality to adopt gas-lighting was Grosvenor-square in 1842.

Theatres were first lighted in 1817-18; church clock-dials in 1827. The Haymarket was the last of the London theatres into which gas was introduced, in consequence of some absurd prejudice of the proprietor of that theatre, who bound the lessee to adhere to the old-fashioned method of lighting with oil. The change took place April 15, 1853.

Coal-gas is made from coal enclosed in red-hot cast-iron or clay cylinders, or retorts; when hydro-carbon gases are evolved, and coke left behind; the gas being carried away by wide tubes, is next cooled and washed with water, and then exposed to lime in close purifiers. It is then stored in sheet-iron gas-holders, mis-called gasometers: some of which hold 700,000 cubic feet of gas; and the several London Companies have storage for millions of cubic feet of gas. Thence it is driven by the weight of the gas-holders through cast-iron mains or pipes under the streets, and from them by wrought-iron service-pipes to the lamps and burners.

The London Gas Company's works, Vauxhall, are the most powerful and complete in the world; from this point, their mains pass across Vauxhall-bridge to western London; and by Westminster and Waterloo Bridges to Hamstead and Highgate, seven miles distant, where they supply gas with the same precision and abundance as at Vauxhall.

Gas made from oil and resin is too costly for street-lighting, but has been used for large public establishments. Covent-garden Theatre was formerly lighted with oil-gas, made on the premises; and the London Institution, with resin-gas, first made by Mr.

Daniell. The lime-ball, Bude, Boccius, and electric lights have been exhibited experimentally for street-lighting, but are too expensive. Upon the Patent Air-light (from the vapour of hydrocarbon, mixed with atmospheric air), proposed in 1838, upwards of £30,000 were expended unsuccessfully.

An ordinary candle consumes as much air while burning as a man in health while breathing; the same may be said with regard to gas, oil-lamps, etc., bearing a proportion to the amount of light evolved. One hour after the gas of London is lighted, the air is deoxygenized as much as if 500,000 people had been added to its population. During the combustion of oil, tallow, gas, etc., water is produced. In cold weather we see it condensed on the windows of ill-ventilated shops. By the burning of gas in London during twenty-four hours, more water is produced than would supply a ship laden with emigrants on a voyage from London to Adelaide.

THE FORMS OF WATER.

No. 5. Architecture of Snow.

WE now resemble persons who have climbed a difficult peak, and thereby earned the enjoyment of a wide prospect, made ourselves masters of the conditions necessary to the production of mountain snow, we are able to take a comprehensive and intelligent view of the phenomena of glaciers.

A few words are necessary as to the formation of snow. The molecules and atoms of all substances, when allowed free play, build themselves into definite and, for the most part, beautiful forms called crystals. Iron, copper, gold, silver, lead, sulphur, when melted and permitted to cool gradually, all show this crystallizing power. The metal bismuth shows it in a particularly striking manner, and when properly fused and solidified, self-built crystals of great size and beauty are formed of this metal.

If you dissolve saltpetre in water, and allow the solution to evaporate slowly, you may obtain large crystals, for no portion of the salt is converted into vapour. The water of our atmosphere is fresh though it is derived from the salt sea. Sugar dissolved in water, and permitted to evaporate, yields crystals of sugar-candy. Alum readily crystallizes in the same way. Flints dissolved, as they sometimes are in nature, and permitted to crystallize, yield the prisms and pyramids of rock crystal. Chalk dissolved and crystallized yields Iceland spar. The diamond is crystallized carbon. All our precious stones, the ruby, the sapphire, beryl, topaz, emerald, are all examples of this crystallizing power.

You have heard of the force of gravitation, and you know that it consists of an attraction of every particle of matter for every other particle. You know that planets and moons are held in their orbits by this attraction. But gravitation is a very simple affair compared to the force, or rather forces, of crystallization. For here the ultimate particles of matter, inconceivably small as they are, show themselves possessed of attractive and repellent poles, by the mutual action of which the shape and structure of the crystal are determined. In the solid condition the attracting poles are rigidly locked together; but if sufficient heat be applied the bond of union is dissolved, and in the state of fusion the poles are pushed so far asunder as to be practically out of each other's range. The natural tendency of the molecules to build themselves together is thus neutralized.

This is the case with water, which as a liquid is to all appearance formless. When sufficiently cooled the molecules are brought within the play of the crystallizing force, and they then arrange themselves in forms of indescribable beauty. When snow is produced in calm air, the icy particles build themselves into beautiful stellar shapes, each star possessing six rays. There is no deviation from this type, though in other respects the appearances of the snow-stars are infinitely various.

It is worth pausing to think what wonderful work is going on in the atmosphere during the formation and descent of every snow-shower: what building power is brought into play! and how imperfect seem the productions of human minds when compared with those formed by the blind forces of nature!

But who ventures to call the forces of nature blind? In reality, when we speak thus we are describing our own condition. The blindness is ours; and what we really ought to say, and to confess, is that our powers are absolutely unable to comprehend either the origin or the end of the operations of nature.

But while we thus acknowledge our limits, there is also reason for wonder at the extent to which science has mastered the system of nature. From age to age, and from generation to generation, fact has been added to fact, and law to law, the true method and order of the Universe being thereby more and more revealed. In doing this science has encountered and overthrown various forms of superstition and deceit, of credulity and imposture. But the world continually produces weak and wicked persons; and as long as they continue to exist side by side, as they do in this our day, very debasing beliefs will also continue to infest the world.

SCIENCE WITHOUT GOD.

TO talk of development and evolution teaches nothing, except the bare and very patent fact of gradual progress, unless you teach also whence the evolution proceeds; from God, says the Hebrew; from λόγος or Reason, says the Greek; and what say you, the wise men of mighty Britain in the third quarter of this nineteenth century? If you say that all this magnificently organised Something comes from a mighty inorganic Nothing, then you say something even less than I learned from the old Bœotian theologer, who taught that Night was the mother of Light; and I am entitled to hold your wisdom very cheap. If, to avoid this impotency, you are willing to go farther, and say that the ultimate cause of all things is not nothing, but what practically to us is as good as nothing, only a vast unknown and unknowable, then, I ask, what thing is there within the range of your curious analysis of which you can say that you have penetrated into its essence by direct cognition? Do you know me, do you know yourself, do you know anybody or anything except by outward manifestation? And why should you imagine that you should be able to lay your finger directly on the Supreme Reason, when you cannot directly handle any finite reason? This unreasonable ignorance which you profess in order to justify your practical atheism is, no doubt, just that old sophism of Hume, that the world is a product so utterly diverse from any work of human art, that nothing, however truly predicated, of the latter can with any safety be transferred to the former. But there is a chink in this logic through which any man may put his finger. A thing may be essentially different from another in one respect, and essentially like it in another. The shaping force of a Phidias or a Cenova, moulding the rude marble into beautiful stone figures, is in one respect removed from the shaping force of the Supreme Reason moulding inorganic matter into bodies of wonderful living creatures, by all the difference that separates death from life; but it is closely akin to it, in fact identical with this Divine force, in so far as both are thoughts, both effluences of one and the same universal cosmic Reason. In virtue of this thought-projecting reason, whose essential function it is, by a plastic unifying energy, to realise its inherent ideals, man is much more closely allied to the God above him than to the monkey below; and the first chapter of Genesis, when it says that 'God created man in his own image,' pronounces a profound metaphysical truth, compared to which the wisdom of our modern induction-mongers and minute analytic fingerers sounds to a sane ear like the babblement of children, the gibbering of ghosts, or the maundering of Bedlamites. The real fact seems to be that John Bull, inflated and made giddy by the wonderful material and mechanical discoveries, in reference to, the forces of the external world, which he has recently made

through the persistent application of the Baconian method of research, has got himself possessed with the fixed idea that there is no such thing as internal truth at all, and that all knowledge must be picked up by the fingers, submitted to the microscope, and weighed in the balance. A material philosophy of this kind, if persevered in, can end only in the intellectual degradation of the people that is deluded by it; for it is no more possible to construct a philosophy of this essentially reasoned world, by mere sensuous induction, than it is possible to build up the propositions of Euclid without the metaphysical postulate that two and two makes four. And in fact we must acknowledge that there is just as good reason for denying that two and two make four, as for doubting the existence of the Primal Self-existent Reason which we call God; and, accordingly, one of the most reputable of the school of sophistical externalism, which is now filling the air with big, swelling words of vanity, has put it on record that, in his sober judgment, in some possible world two and two may make five!

JOHN STUART BLACKIE.

MODES OF SEPULTURE.

THE Chinese modes of sepulture (writes Medhurst) are various. Wealthy families purchase plots of ground, which they enclose and plant with pine, firs, cypress, and other evergreens, and furnish with temples, in which the ancestral tablets are preserved, and the periodical sacrifices to the shades of the departed performed. These burial-places are reverentially cherished for generations, and are often most picturesque and romantic spots. The tomb is generally composed of one or more chambers constructed of brick, laid with mortar or peculiarly prepared with the admixture of rice and sugar so as to harden it into a marble, and defy the ravages of centuries. Over this is placed a respectable mound, either covered with plain sod and surmounted by some umbrageous evergreen, or cased with mortar. This mound is encircled, except in front, by a low, substantial wall, which turns off to either side at the entrance, and so describes as near as possible the form of the Greek letter *omega*.

Fronting the entrance is the headstone, which always bears a plain inscription, of which the following is a fair translated specimen:—"The tomb of A. B., of Ningpo, of the reign of Tungchih, of the Tatsing Dynasty; erected on a propitious day in a vernal month of such and such a year."

The age, condition, or history of the deceased is never given; neither do the inscriptions ever indulge in eulogistic comments or pathetic quotations so common to epitaphs in Western countries. In cases where the deceased was a person of eminence, or a high

public functionary, it is customary to front the grave with an avenue formed of several pairs of gigantic stone figures of men and animals, which, although but rude specimens of works of art, always combine to give the scene an imposing and solemn character. This must, however, have been a practise more common in ancient times than now, for I cannot remember ever having observed any such monuments about the country but what were hoary and ruinous with age. The ancestor of the family and his spouse always occupy the most commanding spot in the enclosure facing the supposed "Feng Shuy," and the other branches of the family are assigned places on either side, the graves advancing towards the main gate as the generations descend. I have seen them arranged in one or two instances with all the order and exactitude of a genealogical tree.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE universal condemnation by the English Press of the Canadian Pacific Railway scandal must be very annoying to the partizans of the Canadian Ministry. The chief attempt to lessen the value of their verdict, and so restore calm to the troubled consciences of those who have such a thing, is the attribution of ignorance to the writers. Ignorance is indeed a sufficient plea in abatement of a judgment. But ignorance of what? Of some unimportant incidents? No surely. It should be ignorance of the main facts. But here the main facts are known to every one. There is no need to know more than what Sir Hugh Allen, and Sir J. A. MacDonald say of their own actions, together with the telegrams and letters. Every one who knows these things no matter what may be his unacquaintedness with incidents, or persons immaterial to the case, is capable of pronouncing as certainly upon the nature of the transaction as though he had read and digested all that has ever been said or written on the subject.

In defiance of this public condemnation by a disinterested Press; in defiance of the plainest dictates of conscience, it is yet said Sir John A. McDonald will be sustained by a considerable majority. We need not look to the debate which will take place as a means of conversion. In a truly popular assembly the exposition of truth might do something, but in a house like that at Ottawa, nothing. Men have taken sides, and are determined to stick by their party. We may make up our minds to see the ministry whitewashed, and Canada disgraced.

The speech of his Excellency the Governor General is moderate, and in good taste. He has called Parliament according to promise, to inquire after certain matters connected with the Pacific Railway;

says that the evidence taken by the Commission deserves careful consideration; that the charter for making the Pacific Railway has been surrendered, and that it will devolve upon the legislature to take measures for construction of that important work. Various other measures are foreshadowed to which we need not refer. While we write, Parliament has retired to read and digest messages from his Excellency regarding the disallowance of the Oaths' Bill, the appointment of the Commission and the Imperial Government's endorsement of the Governor General's action in the proroguing the Parliament. In these papers the members are expected to find much satisfaction while they read them, and such good and substantial reasons for the several acts therein referred to, that the great crime to which they relate will withdraw as a dark and impalpable figure into the back-ground, hardly visible save to keen and searching eyes. It will not, however, be suffered to remain in the obscurity with which these documents invest it. We may expect, after short skirmishing on the merits of the Commission, and the act of the Governor General, the great battle, which, however delayed, cannot be avoided. We can fancy the Government coming off well after a brilliant brush with their opponents upon the constitutional questions, but we cannot, by any aid of imagination fancy the possibility of victory on the side of Sir J. A. MacDonald in regard to the main question, if that were once brought up fairly before the house. Indeed if the *true* issue were placed before the Premier, we should expect him to vote his own condemnation. His evidence in exculpation was of the nature of a palliative confession of the whole crime charged upon him by Huntington.

Should the Government succeed in getting sufficient majorities to support them at the present, they may, by prudence, continue to rule the country for some time. If there were an opposition party to which the country could look up, it would be very different. The great difficulty now is the same with the procuring of servants in respectable houses. Turn off Bidy who, without doubt, stole several nice things, and converted several others to her private use, and what will you be the better with Mary—not a whit more honest, and a much less handy maid of all work, who seeks to supply the vacant place. Such is the argument by which you are plied, when you demand that the present Government be dismissed as unworthy of the confidence of the country. "The opposition is not a whit better, and then they are a poor incapable set." And so we are advised that it is better to bear the ills we have than fly to others which we know not of. We might add, our own bad conscience makes cowards of us all.

One of the most remarkable events of the month is the election of Riel, the murderer of Scott, in the room of the late Sir G. Cartier, as member of the Dominion Parliament for Provencher. With a price set upon his head the ex-rebel has dared to enter Ottawa—not openly it is true, nor, if we knew all, perhaps, boldly.

There is some strange secret understanding, we suspect, between Riel and Sir John A. MacDonald. Here is a constituency which one day, at the beck of the Government, supplies a seat to a defeated member, and on a not very distant one elects Riel by acclamation. Is the election made in the latter instance in favour of Government as was the former one? or is the amnesty to Riel to be the price of the late Sir George's seat? We are lost in conjectures, but time will unravel these as well as other tangled secrets.

The Prince Edward Island members have all taken their seats on the Government side. This was long anticipated. The Island expects to get more out of the MacDonald ministry, than they could out of any new ministry.

We need not quote the members from P. E. I. as the only men selfish and dishonourable enough to prefer advantage to right. Unfortunately the public conscience is so utterly debauched that it will bear to tolerate and smile at such reasons for the condonation of the gravest offences. Bribery itself is but a symptom of this terrible depravation. It is only a right and fitting climax which, commencing with the bribery of the elector for his vote, ends by selling the vote of the member for some grand consideration on behalf of the constituency. Whether honesty would not be, in the end, the best policy does not seem to whisper a doubt as to the prudence of politicians in their present career.

Sir Hugh Allen and his associates having resigned their Charter through inability to carry on the work, English Capitalists refusing to supply the funds needed to a party who had procured the right to negotiate by such wholesale bribery, it becomes a very important question, how is the Railway to be built? After what has transpired it would be difficult to organize a company to do the work. What remains but for the Government to undertake it? The country which is to pay for, and be benefited by it, should by its responsible advisers build it. At present a strong agitation goes forward to induce the English Government to purchase the Irish Railways, and run them in the interest of the country. Comparisons are made showing the greater order, comfort and convenience, with less expense of the Continental Railways under the supervision of the Governments of the various countries through which they pass. It appears that the fares are not the half on some of the Continental Railways compared with the charges for similar accommodation in Ireland; and it is argued that the Government should take the Railways and reduce the fares, by which travel would be encouraged and the resources of the country would be developed. From Brussels to Namur is sixty-eight English miles; from Belfast to Portadown is twenty-five. The railway fares from Brussels to Namur (*via* Charleroy) are—First class, 6f. 58c. (say 5s); second-class, 5f. 15c. (3s 11d); and third-class, 5f. 40c. (2s 7d). For the twenty-five miles to

Portadown almost the same prices are charged—namely, 4s 7d, 3s 4d, and 2s 1½d respectively. From Belfast to Omagh is sixty-six miles, not so far as from Brussels to Namur. The fares are considerably more than double—viz., 11s 8d, 8s 8d, and 5s 6d respectively. Throughout Belgium, in fact, it may be taken as a fact that the passengers fares are considerably less than half the fares in Ireland. But this is not all. There are trains running more frequently, and the second-class carriages are at the least as good as the very best first-class carriages in Ireland. In the third-class there is more room, better seats, and, as a rule, a shelf or rest of some kind for parcels. The speed is not so good as in England, but it is at least as good as in Ireland; and, as a rule, the utmost punctuality is observed. It is true the English Parliament rejected a proposition for the purchase of the English railways, but this arose from the enormous amount required and the complexity of the machinery required for such a net work. It would require from five to six hundred millions of pounds sterling, to purchase the English Railways—while about twenty-five million pounds would purchase all the Irish Railways—which being only a few great lines, could be operated in connexion to a much greater advantage than separately. With regard to our Canada Pacific, the expense has to be borne by the Government and the country, and there appears to be no good reason why it should not be constructed by those who are to pay for it, and reap the benefit of it. It would indeed increase the work devolving upon the government, but this difficulty could be obviated by an additional *bureau*. One advantage to be derived would be (passing by the monetary), that at any time the ministry could be called to account for the mode of management, while a company would be entirely irresponsible.

The affairs of Spain assume an aspect more favourable to the Central Government at Madrid. The Carlist rebellion seems drawing to an end. The insurgent vessels have been beaten, and the leaders of the intransigentes are seeking for some asylum to which they may retire. So far, success seems to be on the side of republicans in Spain. We hope soon to see that country taking a high place among the nations, and that the orator Castelar will not be found a mere phrasemonger, but a man of action, and origination.

What a few weeks or months may unfold in France, no one can tell—a monarchy or a revolution. It is useless to speculate.

The failure of Jay Cooke & Company to implement their engagements in connection with the Northern Pacific, has had widely extended effects, raising for a time the price of gold, making greenbacks scarce and dear, bringing down the price of stocks, and entailing ruin on larger speculators. Even Jay Gould and Vanderbilt, have been brought low, if not entirely ruined. It is satisfactory to know that large numbers of the citizens of the

United States have, taking advantage of the low figure of good stocks, added considerably to their fortunes. Generally those of large means who operate by margins are able so to control the prices of stocks that they come out winners, but Nemesis sometimes cuts the thread which they are spinning, and their vast wealth collapses in the fall. It is also satisfactory to see that the trade of the country is sound and that all things are now proceeding as usual. A large number, indeed, of those who, allured by the high rate of interest paid by the Northern Pacific, invested their savings in that concern will be great losers, even though it should ultimately recover from the shock which it has received. What amount, from the operations of this railway, and the granted lands, may in the end be realized, it is impossible to say, though it is clear that, for many years there will be no interest paid on the bonds. Those who had invested with the hope of getting large annual interest will be greatly disappointed.

We cannot but congratulate ourselves, that the firm of Jay Cooke were prevented from having anything to do with the Dominion Pacific. Bad as the Pacific Scandal is, we have the satisfaction of knowing that it might have been worse.

We are sorry to see that our anticipation, regarding the effect of the Northern Pacific collapse and the ensuing panic, are too sanguine—many large milling establishments being already closed, and others being likely to follow the example. Many thousands will thus be thrown out of employment, and great distress will be entailed. How far manufacturers may be affected by the panic, no one can tell. The consequences of such stringency in the money market as has prevailed, may be very serious to many men who have to pay large percentages for accommodation. The natural result of every panic is to make all, who can, reduce their expenditures. With reduced consumption manufacturers must reduce production. We hope, however, soon to see trade resume its regular course. With an abundant harvest, the financial trouble will soon abate and prosperity return.