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THE NEXT MOMENT IT WAS IN THE YOUNG, STRONG ARMS."

BELFORD'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

MAY, 1877.

NICHOLAS MINTURN.

BY J. G. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER XIII.

If Nicholas Minturn had undertaken to account to himself, or had been called upon to account to others, for the reasons which had induced him to take up his residence in New York for the winter, he would have been puzzled for his answer. To be near Miss Larkin was, undoubtedly, a first consideration. He had a hunger of heart that could only be fed by breathing the atmosphere in which she lived; but this he hardly understood himself, and this, certainly, he could not betray to others. He had had a taste, too, of society; and as Ottercliff could give him no opportunity for its repetition, his life in the ancestral mansion had become tame and tasteless to him. All this was true, but there was something beyond this. He was interested in himself. His interrupted voyage upon the Atlantic had been a voyage of discovery, pursued but half across his own nature. Of independent action he had had so little, that he was curious to see how he should come out in a hand-to-hand encounter with new forms of life. He had no business except such as came to him in connection with the care of his estate, and this was not absorbing. He found his mind active, his means abundant, his whole nature inclined to benevolence, and his curiosity excited in regard to that great world of the poor of which he had heard much, and known literally nothing at all.

He was entirely conscious of his ignorance of the ways of men. He was aware that he had no scheme of life and action, based upon a knowledge of the world. All that he had done, thus far, had been accom-

plished through the motive of the hour. He had seen, in moments of emergency, the right thing to do, and he had done it. He knew that other men had a policy which had come to them with a knowledge of motives—which had come with the experience of human selfishness,—which had come with a keen apprehension of ends and a careful study of means. He very plainly saw this; and he was cute enough to apprehend the fact, not only that he would be obliged to rely on his instincts and his quick and unsophisticated moral and intellectual perceptions for maintaining his power and poise, but that he had a certain advantage in this. The game that policy would be obliged to take at long range,—with careful calculations of deflections, distances, and resistances,—a quick and pure perception could clap its hands upon. A mind that knew too much—a mind that was loaded with precedents, gathered in the path of conventionality and custom—would be slow to see a new way, while one to which all things were new would be hindered by nothing.

All that education and association could do to give Nicholas a woman's mind and a woman's purity, had been done; but behind this mind, and pervaded with this purity, there sat a man's executive power. Of this he had become conscious in his occasional contact with men whose life was a scheme and a policy. What wonder, then, that he was curious about himself? What wonder that the discovery of himself should have been esteemed by him an enterprise quite worthy of his undertaking?

He had been installed in his apartments but a few days, when his presence in New York seemed to have been discovered in quarters most unlikely to acquire the knowledge. College friends who were having a hard time of it in the city found it convenient to borrow small sums of money of him. He was invited to dinners and receptions; and he learned that the flavour of his heroism still hung about him, and that he was still an object of curious interest. Then, various claims to his beneficence were presented by the regular benevolent societies. To all these he turned a willing ear, and lent a generous hand. It was a matter of wonder to him, for a good many days, how so many people, of such different grades, should know just where to look for him.

One morning, as he had completed some business of his own that had cost him an hour at his desk, Pont appeared with the card of "Mr. Jonas Cavendish." Who Mr. Jonas Cavendish was, he had not the remotest apprehension; but he told Pont to show him up.

Mr. Jonas Cavendish came in, holding before him, as if he expected Nicholas to take it, an old and carefully brushed hat. The weather was cold, but he wore no overcoat. There was a cheerful—almost a gleeful—look on the man's face, a dandyish air about his buttoned-up

figure, and a general expression of buoyancy in his manner, that gave Nicholas the impression that he had suddenly fallen heir to a vast fortune, and had come to tell a stranger the news before visiting his tailor.

Nicholas rose to receive him, and Mr. Cavendish extended his blue hand, with which he shook that of the young man very long and very heartily.

"I suppose I ought to know you," said Nicholas, doubtfully. "Be seated sir."

Mr. Cavendish sat down, and gave Nicholas a long and interested examination.

"Well it doesn't seem possible! It—does—not—seem—possible!' said Mr. Cavendish. "To think that the little lad that I used to see at Ottercliff has come to this! Ah! Time flies!"

Nicholas was so much embarrassed that he took up the man's card, and looked at it again, to see if it would not touch the spring in his memory that seemed so slow in its responses.

"I see that you are puzzled," said the man, "and I ought to say, in justice to—to all concerned, that, in one sense, you ought to know me, and in another sense that you ought not to know me. Now, let me try to assist you. Flat Head? Flat Head? Does it help you any? Don't you catch a glimpse of a pale enthusiastic young man, bending over you, and playing with your curls? Flat Head, now!"

"No, I must beg your pardon. I cannot recall you."

"Don't feel badly about it, I beg of you. I'll tell you who I am in a moment; but psychology has always been a favourite study with me, and I want to make a little experiment. I have a theory that every event in a man's life makes an impression upon the memory, and can be recalled, if we touch the cords,—if we touch the right cord, you know. Now, don't you remember hearing old Tom say to your mother: "Here's that plug of Cavendish turned up again? Don't that start it?"

"So you knew old Tom?" said Nicholas.

"Yes, and a good old fellow he was. Queer, but good at heart, you know?"

"Won't you sit nearer the fire?" Nicholas inquired, seeing that Mr. Cavendish was in a shiver.

"No, sir,—no. You wonder why I wear no overcoat. I would not consent to such a degree of effeminacy. My life has inured me to hardship. When I am within the confines of civilization, I endeavour, as far as possible, to preserve the habits I am compelled to follow among the wild tribe that engages my poor services. I should be ashamed to wear an overcoat, sir. Ah! your dear departed mother has talked to me about it, with tears in her eyes, again and again."

Here Mr. Cavendish withdrew a soiled handkerchief from his pocket, wiped his eyes and blew his nose.

"The cold, as an exciting agency, will have its effect upon the mucous membrane," said Mr. Cavendish, with a trembling voice and an attempt to hide from Nicholas the cause of his emotion.

"I shall be obliged to trouble you to tell me who you are," said Nicholas.

"I suppose a young man like you never reads the reports of the missionary operations," said Mr. Cavendish ; "but I have given my life to the Flat Head Indians. I have not been able to do much. but I have modified them,—modified them, sir. If I may be permitted the rare indulgence of a jest, I should say that their heads are not so level as they were, speaking strictly with reference to their physical conformation. The burdens which they bear upon them are lighter. There has been, through my humble agency—I hope I say it without vanity—a general amelioration. The organ of benevolence has been lifted. Veneration has received a chance for development."

"And did my mother formerly help you ?" inquired Nicholas.

"That woman forced things upon me, sir. I couldn't get out of the house empty-handed. I shall never, never forget her."

"Are you now at the East collecting funds ?"

"No ; I'll tell you just how it is. I am not here to collect funds. I am here, mainly, to report facts. I have all I can do for to hinder my mission from assuming a mercenary aspect, and to prevent a mercenary aspect from being thrown over my past life. It vexes me beyond measure."

Mr. Jonas Cavendish was now approaching the grand climax of the little drama he had brought upon the stage, and rose to his feet for more convenient and effective acting.

"Only last night," said he, "I was with friends. I was just as unsuspicious as an unborn babe of what was going on. We talked about the past and its sacrifices. They ought to have known better. They had been acquainted with me and my work for a life-time, and it was not my fault that they presumed to cast a veil of mercenariness over my career. They knew—they must have known—that I had worked solely for the good of the cause. And yet, those friends, meaning well, but obtuse—utterly obtuse to the state of my feelings, proposed a testimonial : Sir, I give you my word that I was angry. I raved. I walked the room in a rage. 'Good God !' said I, 'has it come to this : that a miserable pecuniary reward is to spread its golden shadow over the sacrifices of a life !' I was indignant, yet I knew that they meant well. I knew that their hearts were right. They couldn't see that they were

wounding me at the most sensitive point—that they insulted while they attempted to compliment me."

Mr. Cavendish here gave a complimentary attention to his "mucous membrane," and proceeded :

"Then I relented, and as my passion died, and my mind came into a frame more favourable to the conception of expedients, a thought struck me. 'I have it!' said I. 'Go away from me with your testimonials! Go away, go away! I shut my ears to you. Not a word, not a word about it! but make it an endowment, said I, and I'm with you!"

Here Mr. Cavendish had arrived at a high pitch of eloquence. His face glowed, his eyes flashed, and he stood before Nicholas, quivering all through and all over with earnestness and excitement.

"It ran through them like wild-fire," he went on. "They chose a president and a secretary. They prepared the papers. They accomplished their object and they spared me. We parted amicably, and here is the paper. If you esteem it a privilege to aid in this endowment, you shall have it, as the son of a woman whom I honoured and who honoured my mission. Act with perfect freedom. Don't put down a dollar more than you find it in your heart to put down. Think of it only as an endowment. Twenty-five dollars is a fair sum for any man. I don't want it in large sums. It ought to be a general thing, in which the whole people can unite. Then all will be interested, and all will feel that they have had a chance. Just put your name there, at the head of the third column. I confess that I have a little feeling on the matter of leading names, and I trust you will pardon the vanity."

Nicholas drew up to the table, with a feeling of utter helplessness. The nice distinction which Mr. Jonas Cavendish recognized between a testimonial and an endowment was not apparent to him, but he saw that that individual apprehended it in a very definite and positive form. He was at a loss, also, to comprehend the propriety and the modesty of the missionary's agency in working up the endowment. The whole performance seemed to be an ingenious piece of acting, yet he was under an influence which compelled him to sign the paper, and to write the sum which Mr. Cavendish had mentioned, at the end of his name. He could not bring his mind to regard it as a privilege, but he seemed shorn of the power to repel the offer.

"I may as well pay this now," said Nicholas, rising to his feet and producing the money.

"You remind me of your mother, in many things,—in many things," said Mr. Cavendish, smiling his approval of the proposition, and pocketing the notes.

Then Mr. Cavendish gathered up his papers, thanked Nicholas on be half of the committee and the cause, shook his hand and retired, with

the same buoyant and business-like air which he wore upon his entrance.

Nicholas found himself unhappy and discontented when Mr. Cavendish closed the door behind him. He had done that which he knew Glezen would laugh at, but he felt, somehow, that he could not have helped himself. The man's will and expectation were so strong that he was powerless to disappoint him. He determined only that he would be more careful in the future.

He had thought the matter over in a vague uneasiness for half an hour, when Pont appeared again, with the announcement that a sick man was at the door, and insisted on seeing Mr. Minturn.

"I don't want to see him," said Nicholas, shrinking from another encounter.

"Dat's jes what I tole him," said Pont; "but he says he *mus'* see you, mas'r."

"Well, I'm in for it to-day, Pont. "I'll see it through. Show him up."

Pont was gone a long time, but at last Nicholas overheard conversation, a great shuffling of feet upon the stairs, and the very gradual approach of his visitor.

The door was opened, and a feeble-looking, shabby fellow appeared, creeping slowly upon feet that were apparently swollen to twice their natural size. They were incased in shoes, slit over the tops, to accommodate the enlarged members, with their manifold wrappings. With many sighs and groans, he sank into a chair, and Nicholas observed him silently while he regained his breath. There was no doubt in the mind of Nicholas that the man was not only poor, but miserable.

"I am troubling you," said the panting visitor at length, in a feeble, regretful voice, "because I am obliged to trouble somebody. I have had no experience in straits like these, and I have no arts by which to push my claims upon your charity. I am simply poor and helpless.

"How long have you been so?" inquired Nicholas.

"Only a day and a night, in which I have neither slept nor tasted food."

"Tell me your story," said Nicholas.

The invalid had a twinge of terrible pain at this moment, and lifted and nursed one of his aching feet.

"I walked the streets all last night, until just before morning, and I don't feel much like talk," said the man. "However, I'll make it short. I came here nine months ago, looking for work. Before I had been here a week, I was taken down with acute rheumatism. I ought to say that I am a son of Dr. Yankton, of Boston, and that my home has been in Virginia for the last twenty years, though my life has been an official one,—at Washington,—in the departments. As I said, I came here for

work, and then I was taken down. I had to go to Bellevue, and there I stayed until they got all my money, and then they sent me to the Island." (Another twinge.) "They dismissed me yesterday, without a word of warning. I had no chance to write to my friends for money, and I have no way to get home."

"And you say that you have neither eaten nor slept since your discharge?"

"Not a morsel and not a wink," said Mr. Yankton, comprehensively. "I couldn't beg. I can't now. Gracious Heaven! what a night! If I were to live a thousand years, I couldn't forget it. I went into the Bowery Hotel at midnight, and sat down. I sat there about ten minutes, when the clerk came to me and said he wasn't allowed to have tramps sitting round in the house, nights, and told me I must move on. He wasn't rough, but he was obliged to obey orders. Then I walked until three, and found myself at the Metropolitan. I went in and told the clerk I wanted to sit down awhile, and he bade me make myself comfortable till the people began to stir. But I couldn't sleep, and here I am."

All this was very plausible, and Nicholas felt the case to be genuine but he was bound to take the proper precautions against imposition.

"You have some credentials, I suppose?" said Nicholas, in a tone of inquiry.

"Plenty of 'em."

Then Mr. Yankton withdrew from his pocket, and carefully unfolded, a package of papers, and handed them to Nicholas. They showed very plainly, on examination, that Mr. Yankton, or somebody who bore his name, had been in the departments at Washington, and that he had left a good record.

"I would like to borrow," said Mr. Yankton, "the sum of six dollars. When I get to Baltimore, I shall be all right, and I shall at once sit down and return you the money."

Nicholas handed the sum to him, partly from benevolence, partly to get an unpleasant sight and an unwholesome smell out of his room; and he was surprised, when Pont had helped the cripple fellow down stairs and into the street, that a vague sense of dissatisfaction was left, in this case, as in the other. He asked himself a good many questions in regard to the matter that he could not satisfactorily answer. He was, at least, in no mood for meeting any new applicant for money. So he put on his overcoat, and prepared himself for the street. When he emerged upon the side-walk, he suddenly conceived the purpose to walk to Bellevue Hospital, and inquire into Mr. Yankton's history in that institution. Arriving there, he was informed, after a careful examination of the books,

that no man bearing the name of Yankton had been a patient in the institution within the space of the previous ten years.

Nicholas left the hospital sick at heart. It did not seem possible, to his simple nature, that a man could lie so boldly and simulate disease so cleverly, and do it all for a paltry sum of money. He thought of what Glezen had said at Mrs. Coates's dinner table, and concluded that his friend should *not* know how thoroughly he had been deceived.

He took a vigorous turn about the streets, until it was time for him to return to his lunch. Pont met him at the door, and informed him that during his absence a gentleman had called, who would be in again at three o'clock. Nicholas took the man's card without looking at it until he reached his room. Then he tossed it upon the table, removed his overcoat and gloves, and as he drew up to the fire, picked up the card and read the name of "Mr. Lansing Minturn, of Missouri."

The name startled him. He knew that his family was small, and he had never heard of the Missouri branch. But this was not the most remarkable part of the matter. His own mother was a Lansing, a name as honourable as his own, and representing a much larger family. Here was a man who, apparently, held a blood connection with him on both sides of the house. The love of kindred was strong within the young man, and he found his heart turning with warm interest and good-will toward the expected visitor.

Indeed, he was impatient for him to appear, for he anticipated the reception, through him, of an accession of knowledge concerning his ancestry and his living connections.

He ate his lunch and passed his time in desultory reading, until, at last, Mr. Lansing Minturn was announced. He rose to meet his unknown relative with characteristic heartiness and frankness, and invited him to a seat at the fire.

Mr. Lansing Minturn, it must be confessed, did not bear a strong resemblance to Nicholas. He was plainly but comfortably dressed, bore upon his face the marks of exposure, and apparently belonged to what may be called the middle class of American citizens. He was modest in demeanour, respectful without being obsequious, and self-possessed without obtrusiveness.

"I have called," said he, "not to make any claim of relationship—for I should never have presumed to do that—but in the pursuit of an errand which has brought me to the city. Four months ago a brother of mine left home for the East, and not a word have we heard from him since. I have come to New York to find him. So far, I have been unsuccessful. He had but little money when he left, and it occurred to me that, in his straits, he might have come to one of his own name for help. That's all. Has he done so?"

"Why, no, I haven't seen him," said Nicholas.

"Then I'll not trouble you longer," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, with a sigh, and he rose to take his leave.

"Don't go!" exclaimed Nicholas, "I want to talk with you about your family."

"I am delighted, of course, to rest here awhile," said the visitor; "but I had no intention to take up your time."

Then the two young men, in whom the sentiment of consanguinity rose into dominant eminence, sat and talked through a most interesting hour. It was a matter of profound grief to Mr. Lansing Minturn and his family that none of them had been able to attend the grand gathering of the Lansing family, which had taken place a few years before. Some of their neighbours had attended the meeting, and brought back glowing reports of the festivities and the speeches. He, himself, had read the record with great interest. He was thoroughly posted in his pedigree, on both sides of the family, and was proud of it, in the humble way in which a man in humble circumstances may cherish a pride of ancestry, but he had never gone among the rich members of the family. Poor relations were not usually welcome. His grandfather was still living in Boston—a man once rich, but now in greatly reduced circumstances, and very old. Indeed, it was the failure of his grandfather in business which had sent his children into the West when it was little more than a wilderness.

"By the way," said Mr. Lansing Minturn, rising and taken his hat; "how far is it to Boston?"

"Seven or eight hours' ride, I suppose," Nicholas replied.

"Ride? yes!" and the remote cousin extended his hand in farewell, and started for the door.

"Look here! What do you mean?" said Nicholas, rushing toward him.

"Nothing—nothing—I can do it."

"Of course you can do it."

"I'm a civil engineer by profession," said Mr. Minturn from Missouri. "Walking is my business, and I can do it."

His hand was upon the knob, and one of the hands of Nicholas was in his pocket, while the other grasped the retreating figure of his newly found relative. There was a harmless little tussle, an exclamation, "You are too kind," and both became conscious, at subsequent leisure, that a ten-dollar bill had passed from Minturn to Minturn. It was a comfort to each, for several hours, that the money had not gone out of the family, yet Nicholas was not entirely sure that he had not been imposed upon. The last look that he had enjoyed of his relative's eyes and mouth—of the general expression of triumph that illuminated his fea-

tures—made him uneasy. Could it be possible that he had been imposed upon again? Could it be possible that he had been led into a trap, and had voluntarily made an ass of himself? It was hard to believe, and therefore he would not believe it."

Nicholas sat down and thought it all over; he knew that Glezen would not be in that night, for he had informed him of an engagement. Coming to a conclusion he rang his bell for Pont. When his servant appeared, he told him to go to the house of Talking Tim, the pop-corn man, whose address he had learned, with the message that he (Nicholas) wanted to see him at his rooms that evening.

It was still two hours to dinner, and he went into the street, called on one or two friends, and got rid of his lingering time as well as he could. His dinner disposed of, he was in his room at seven, and soon afterward Talking Tim appeared, with his basket on his arm.

Nicholas gave him a warm, comfortable seat at his fire, and then told him, with entire faithfulness, the story of his day's experience.

Tim listened with great interest and respectfulness to the narrative, but when he concluded, he gave himself up to an uncontrollable fit of laughter.

"You really must excuse me," said the pop-corn man, "but I know every one of these fellows. They are the brightest dead-beats there are in the city."

"You are sure you are not mistaken?" said Nicholas lugubriously.

"Say!" said Talking Tim, using a favourite exclamation for attracting or fastening an interlocutor's attention, "would you like to take a little walk this evening? I think I can show you something you'll be pleased to see."

"Yes, I'll go with you anywhere."

"Then put on your roughest clothes, and your storm hat, and leave your gloves behind. Make as little a difference between you and me as you can, and we'll indulge in a short call."

Nicholas arrayed himself according to Tim's directions, who sat by and criticized the outfit.

"You are a little more respectable than you ought to be," said Tim, "but if you'll button your coat up to your chin, so as to leave it doubtful whether you have a shirt on, you'll do."

They started out in great glee, and by Tim's direction took a Broadway car, and rode to the lower terminus of the road. Then they crossed Broadway, and soon began to thread the winding streets on the eastern side of the city. Nicholas was quickly beyond familiar ground, but he asked no questions, and took little note of his bearings, trusting himself to his guide. Many a joke was tossed at Talking Tim on the way, of which he took little notice. Low bar-rooms and saloons were ablaze

with light and crowded with drunken, swearing men. They jostled against staggering ruffians and wild-eyed, wanton women. They saw penniless loafers looking longingly into bakers' windows. They saw feeble children lugging homeward buckets of beer. They saw women trying to lead drunken husbands through the cold streets to miserable beds in garrets and cellars, and other sights, sickening enough to make them ashamed of the race to which they belonged, and to stir in them a thousand benevolent and helpful impulses.

"Here we are!" said Tim, after a long period of silent walking.

Nicholas looked up, and saw at the foot of a shallow alley two windows of stained glass. Clusters of grapes were blazoned on the panes, and men were coming and going, though the opening door revealed nothing of the interior, which was hidden behind a screen. By the light of a street-lamp, which headed and illuminated the alley, he could read the gilt letters of the sign, "The Crown and Crust," over which stood, carved in outline and gilded like the letters, a goat *rampant.*

"Now," said Tim, "we'll go in, and we'll go straight to a stall, and not stop to talk with anybody. I know the stall I want, and, if it's empty, we shall be all right. Don't follow me, but keep by my side, and don't act as if you'd never been here before."

When they opened the door, they were met by a stifling atmosphere of tobacco-smoke and beer, which at first sickened Nicholas and half determined him to beat a retreat, but this was overcome. Nicholas saw a large room and a large bar, behind which stood three or four men in their shirt-sleeves, and two girls, dressed in various cheap finery. Customers filled the room—chaffing, swearing, laughing riotously, staggering about, or sitting half asleep on lounges that surrounded a red-hot stove. Opening out of the room on three sides were rows of stalls, each with its narrow table running backward through the middle, and with unceiled walls not more than a foot higher than a standing man's head. The stalls were closed in front by faded red curtains, that the customers parted on entering, and dropped behind them.

Tim gave a bow of recognition here and there, as he passed through the crowd, many of whom looked strangely and questioningly at Nicholas. Such crowds always have a wholesome fear of detectives, and suspicions attached to him at once,—precisely the suspicions which would secure to him respectful treatment, for there were probably not five men in the room who had not good reason to fear the police.

The two men went across the room to a stall, and disappeared within it. Tim left his basket inside, and, telling Nicholas to remain while he should order something, as a matter of form, he went out. As he stood at the bar, one of the crowd approached him, and inquired the name and business of his companion.

"Oh, he's an old one," said Tim, "and can't be fooled with. He's no detective, if that's what you're after, and he's all right."

When Tim returned, he found Nicholas in great excitement. The latter put his finger to his lip, and made a motion of his head, which indicated that interesting conversation was in progress in the adjoining stall. Tim sat down in silence, and both listened. Soon a voice said:

"Boys, that was the cleanest raid that's been executed inside of a year. The family affection that welled up in that young kid's bosom when he realized that the mingled blood of all the Minturns and Lansings was circulating in my veins, it was touching to see. I could have taken him to my heart. I tell you it was the neatest job I ever did."

"I came pretty near making a slump of it," said another voice. "I was telling him about my dear old Flat Heads, you know, and how much good I had done them. Well, when I told him that I had ameliorated them, and all that sort of thing, an infernal suggestion came to me to say that I had planted in their brains the leaven of civilization, and that the mass was rising; and the idea of an Indian's head as a loaf of bread was a little too many for me. I didn't dare to speak it out for fear I should laugh, and put the fellow on his guard."

Following this, there was a boisterous roar of merriment, which continued until another voice exclaimed:

"Oh, my rheumatiz! my rheumatiz!"

Then there was another laugh, and Nicholas and Tim exchanged smiling glances.

Then, rebuttoning his coat, and putting on his hat, he left the stall, and threading his way through the crowd, that grew silent and made way for him as he passed, he quickly sped through the alley and emerged upon the street. He remembered that a few rods from the alley he had passed a police-station. Making sure of his point of compass, he walked slowly back upon the track he had traversed on approaching "The Crown and Crust," and soon found the house he sought, and entered. Addressing the officer in charge, he told him his story and explained to him his wishes. The officer was obliging, and immediately detailed three policemen, who accompanied him back to the saloon.

There was a general silence and scattering as he entered with his escort, and made directly for the stall in which Talking Tim was waiting impatiently, and with many fears, for his return. As he parted the curtains, Tim caught a glimps of the policemen, and sprang to his feet. Nicholas raised his finger, and then quietly parted the curtains which hid the three rogues who had preyed upon him during the day, and looked in upon them without saying a word.

To the face of one, the Minturn and Lansing blood mounted with painful pulsations. The rheumatic patient, with great liveliness of limb

and utter disregard of his tender feet, endeavoured to clamber over the partition, but was knocked back by the pop-corn man. The missionary to the Flat Heads was pale, but calm.

"You are in very bad company to-night, sir," said Mr. Jonas Cavendish.

"I am aware of it," Nicholas responded, "but I have the police at my back and am likely to be protected. Are you enjoying yourselves?"

"Very much so, indeed," said Mr. Cavendish.

"How much money have you left? Put every dollar of it on the table here before you, or I will have you searched for it."

There was a great, though a painfully reluctant, fumbling of the pockets, and at length each produced the sum he had received from Nicholas, diminished only by the moderate expenses of the day. Nicholas gathered the sums together, ascertained the aggregate, and then said:

"You will probably want a dollar apiece for the expenses of the night and the morning, I will hold the rest in trust for you. I do not propose, for the present, to treat it as my own, and whether you get it or not, will depend upon your behaviour."

Then Nicholas called in the policemen, and enquired if they knew these men. On being assured that they knew them very well, and that they had known them a long time, he asked them to send the crowd away that had gathered excitedly around the stall, and to listen what he had to say.

The policemen turned upon the crowd and sent them back. The sale of liquors had stopped, and the bar-keepers were sourly looking on at a distance. Curtains were parted along the line of stalls, and curious eyes were peering out.

"I want these three men to come to my room to-morrow morning at ten o'clock. If they do not come, I shall arrest them as vagrants, I shall prosecute them for conspiracy and for obtaining money under false pretences, and spend all the money that is necessary to make them uncomfortable for a year. I shall get them into the State Prison if I can, where they will be taught how to work. I have nothing to do but to attend to this matter, and I propose to devote myself to it. Now," turning to the men, "will you come?"

"Better go, boys," said one of the policemen. "Better go. He don't mean you any mischief, and he'll be hard on you if you don't."

The three men looked into one another's faces. They were suspicious, but they were helpless. Finally, the missionary inquired if he was going to have a policeman there.

"Not a policeman," said Nicholas emphatically. "I wouldn't have had one here, except for this damnable crowd of thieves and ruffians,

that would have made mince-meat of me if I had undertaken to deal with you alone, for you know I can whip the whole of you."

"Minturn blood, boys" said the remote relative, by way of enlivening the solemnity of the occasion.

"All I've got to say, is, that if you don't promise me, these policemen will take charge of you at once," said Nicholas decidedly; "and that if you don't come after you have promised, I'll follow you until I get every one of you in the lock-up."

"Oh, we'll go, of course," said the missionary.

"And I'll go in my good shoes," said the rheumatic man, laughing.

"Count on us," said the distant relative.

"Will they keep their promise?" inquired Nicholas of the nearest policeman.

"Well, I reckon so. They're not bad fellows at heart, and they'll keep their word."

This little compliment went home, and each man rose and gave his hand in pledge of his sincerity.

"All right, I trust you," said Nicholas.

Then he turned and thanked the policemen for their service, and told Talking Tim that they would go. Tim lifted his basket, and, as they made their way through the curious assemblage, the pop-corn man cried his merchandise:

"Pop-corn, gentlemen, just salt enough. It strengthens the appetite, sweetens the breath, beautifies the bar-maid, restores consciousness after a stroke of Jersey lightning, steadies the nerves, makes home happy, quenches thirst, widens sidewalks, and reduces the police. Five cents a paper, gentlemen, and the supply limited by law. How many papers? —what the—?"

Talking Tim had gathered the whole crowd around him, including the three policemen, who seemed as much amused as the motley assembly that had immediately grown quiet and lamb-like under the influence of their presence. His sudden pause and exclamation were produced by seeing Nicholas dart out of the door, as swiftly and furiously as if he had been projected from a cannon. He did not pause to sell the article whose virtues he had so attractively set forth, but followed Nicholas as swiftly as he could pierce the crowd that interposed between him and the door. When he reached the sidewalk, there was nobody to be seen. He heard rapid footsteps in the distance, as if two men were running, and knew the attempt to follow them would be vain. So he stood still, calculating that Nicholas would return. The policemen came out to him, at their leisure, and questioned him in their lazy and indifferent way, about the "rum boy," and prophesied that he would get himself into difficulty. Then they moved off toward the station.

Talking Tim waited with great impatience and distress for ten minutes, when Nicholas came up slowly and alone, panting with the violent effort he had made, and showing by his smirched clothing that he had been upon the ground.

"You haven't had a fight?" said Tim.

"No," said Nicholas painfully and out of breath. "I fell down."

"What have you been up to?"

"Wait. Let us go along quietly. Wait till I get my breath."

"You see," said Nicholas at length, "I happened to get a glimpse of an old acquaintance, while you were talking He opened the door fairly upon me, and we knew each other at once. He was the man I saw twice in connection with the Ottercliff robbery, and he wasn't in any hurry for another interview, and I was; but he was too fast for me, and knew the sharp corners and lurking-places better than I did. I chased him to the water, and lost him among the wharves."

"Will you pardon me if I say that you are a very careless man?" inquired Tim with a respectful air, and in a tone that betrayed almost a fatherly interest.

"I suppose I ran some risk," Nicholas responded, "but I didn't stop to think."

"What are you going to do with these three fellows? I should think you had had enough of them."

"I don't know; but I have a little plan. I am going to think about it to-night."

When the oddly matched companions reached Broadway, they were not far from Talking Tim's home, and there Nicholas insisted on their parting for the night, but Tim would not hear of it. What new complications Nicholas might find himself in before reaching his apartments, was a matter of serious question with the pop-corn man. So when Nicholas took a seat in a passing omnibus, Tim followed him in, refusing to leave him until he saw him fairly to the steps of his home.

"You are careless," said Tim, as he bade Nicholas good-night, "but I like you. May I come to-morrow night and hear the rest of this story?"

"Yes, if you are interested. You certainly have earned the privilege, and I am a thousand times obliged to you besides."

"You'll not be troubled any more with dead-beats," said Tim. "They'll all know about this affair before to-morrow night."

And with this assurance they parted.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE affairs of Tim Spencer, the pop-corn man, and his large family, were a frequent theme of conversation among the coterie that had its head-quarters in Miss Larkin's little parlour. Nicholas had helped him to his money, in the way already recorded, and with this he had been enabled to change his tenement to a more salubrious location, where the health of his children was already improving. He had thus been measurably relieved of their care, and was again pushing his humble business with industry and moderate success.

But Tim was a hard man for persons of benevolent impulses and intentions to deal with. The sentiment of manhood and the love of independence were strong within him. Anything that had the flavour or suggestion of pauperism was so repulsive to him that he regarded it with almost a morbid hatred and contempt. He knew he was poor, and that he needed many things ; but to anything that the hand of a sympathetic beneficence could bestow, he preferred the depressing hardship it would cost him and the self-respect of which it would rob him. Every attempt to help him had been repelled, and he was fighting his battle bravely alone.

This spirit of independence was one which, of course, his friends admired. Indeed it was the principal agent in evoking their sympathy. He was the sort of man to be helped. If he had been a whining pauper, like thousands of others around them, they would have cared less for him, and been less desirous of assisting him. They would have found no fault with him but for his persistent determination to shut his children away from the mission schools. They had once been there, and, then, after a few months he had withdrawn them. All the efforts of teachers and patrons had not availed to shake his determination that they should never resume the connection. He would give no reasons for his course, but he had made up his mind, and showed very plainly that the whole subject was distasteful to him.

All this had been talked over at what Glezen had facetiously called "The Larkin Bureau;" yet with Miss Coates, to whom the word "fail" was neither familiar nor agreeable, the determination to secure and do something with Tim Spencer's children remained unshaken. To use her own expressive phrase, she was "bound to get hold of them."

Half a dozen members of "The Bureau," including Nicholas and Glezen, were talking the matter over one evening, when Miss Coates reminded Glezen of the promise he had made her at dinner to accompany her on one of her visits to the poor. "And now," she said, "I want you to go with me to see Tim Spencer, and to go this very evening. Miss Pelton will go with us, I am sure."

"Oh! no, no!" said Miss Pelton at once. "It would be such larks if I dared, but I'm sure my sister would never consent to it. Oh! I wouldn't go for the world. Such horrid places, you know, and such people!"

Miss Pelton was one of those nice, fashionable young ladies, who are fond of handling the poor with gloves, and at arm's length. Benevolence was one of her amusements. She taught in the mission-school, because that was one of the things to do. It formed, too, a satisfactory sop to conscience previous to the feasts of frivolity with which the following days and nights of the week were made merry. When a member of the family is ill, it is customary to feed him or her first, that the dinner of the rest may be enjoyed. She fed her conscience first, that her pride, vanity and frivolity might dine at leisure.

"I'll tell you what I think," said Miss Larkin. "I think if you wish to prosper in your errand, the fewer people you take with you, the better. Tim Spencer is sensitive. He does not like to be meddled with, and he does not like to have gentlefolk in his home. He is poor, and feels that he cannot meet you on even ground—that you can only look upon his humble home with a sense of the contrast that it presents to your own. It will mortify him to have you see his straitened rooms and their homely and scanty appointments. There is really nothing improper in your going alone with Mr. Glezen."

Miss Larkin said all this to Miss Coates, for she knew that Miss elton's presence would be an embarrassment, and was only sought for the sake of appearances.

All agreed that this was right, and as for Glezen, he was only too glad to go with Miss Coates anywhere. He had a liking, too, for any sort of adventure, and a sure reliance upon his own quick wits to win his way successfully through it.

"I am ready," said Glezen.

"And I," responded Miss Coates, rising to her feet.

"Come back and report to us," said Miss Larkin.

"Certainly."

Then Glezen and Miss Coates left the room, and were soon on the street. It was a raw and chilly night. Little needles of falling snow defined themselves against the flickering street lamps, the eastern wind beat upon their faces, and they bent their heads to it and walked in silence. No line of public conveyance favoured their route, and they arrived at their destination only after a walk and a battle with the elements which had sent the blood to their faces and the tears to their eyes

"You know I'm nothing but a passenger, to-night," said Glezen to his companion, as they stamped their feet upon the door-steps.

"You are to win a victory to-night, and I'm to see you do it."

"Very well, show me the enemy," said Miss Coates.

They entered a hall which would have been utterly dark had it not been for a feeble lantern hung at the top of the first staircase. They mounted to the second story, meeting on the way a slatternly woman, with a basket, who stared at them until they had passed above her sight, in mounting the second flight of stairs. On the third floor, they came to a door that bore the printed card of "T. Spencer." It was evidently cut from a pop-corn paper, but it was the first sign of civilization they had discovered in the building.

Glezen boldly, and without the slightest hesitation, rapped.

There was a hurried conversation inside, a moving of chairs, a hustling of unsightly things into closets and corners, and then Tim himself opened the door. He showed plainly that the call was anything but a pleasant surprise. With all the nonchalance and impudence which he was accustomed to use in pushing his trade outside, he was abashed by the beautiful face and richly draped figure that Miss Coates presented. He grew pale at first, then he blushed, and then there came to his help his unbartered sense of manhood. He shook hands cordially with Glezen, and with Miss Coates, as she was presented to him. Turning, as self-respectfully as if he were a lord, he introduced the pair to Mrs. Spencer and a young daughter, who hovered at the uncertain age between girlhood and womanhood. Bringing chairs for them, he invited them to be seated.

Miss Coates had seen everything at a glance. The room was of fair dimensions, and as neat in appearance as it could be kept with the crowded life that made it its home. The mother was a pale woman, worn and weary looking, and plainly dressed, with a snowy white kerchief pinned around her throat. She held in her lap a baby, convalescent from a long illness, that fretted constantly, and seemed disturbed by the entrance of the visitors. The daughter was evidently overworked, but presented a good physique. The other children had gone to bed, with the exception of Bob, who has been already incidentally introduced to the reader, in a conversation in Glezen's office. He sat in the chimney-corner, with both feet upon the jamb, engaged in the congenial employment of chewing gum, and occasionally spitting through an orifice made in his upper jaw by the loss of a tooth—a loss (as he afterwards explained to Miss Coates) that had been sustained in a "game scrimmage with a Mickey."

There was something about the air of Tim Spencer, in his house, and in the presence of his wife and daughter, that made it impossible for Glezen to address him by his familiar title.

"Mr. Spencer," he said, "Miss Coates has a little business with you, I believe, and I am here simply as her protector."

"I suspect what the business is," said Tim, "I suspected it when I first set my eyes on her; and I am sorry she has come so far, on so unpleasant a night, to be disappointed."

Miss Coates laughed, in her own hearty way, and presented a very pretty picture as she turned towards him, with her ruddy face, merry eyes, and dazzling teeth, and said:

"Shall we go away now?"

"I didn't mean that," said Tim.

Bob understood the business quite as readily as his father did, and, instead of facing the group, turned his back upon it, put his feet a little higher up upon the jamb, chewed the gum more furiously, and spat with greater frequency. He knew that he was to be the subject of the conversation, and so placed himself in a judicial attitude.

"Yes," said Miss Coates, "I have come for your children, I want them in my mission-school."

"They have been there once—not in yours, perhaps, but they have been there," said Tim.

"Now," said Glezen, "tell her frankly just what the trouble is. People who have been here, and who mean well towards you and yours, say you won't talk about it, and they think you are unreasonable."

"I'm not an unreasonable man," said Tim, "and I don't mean to be foolishly proud. I certainly don't intend to hurt the feelings of those who have tried to do good to my children. The truth is, I can't tell them how I feel without hurting them, and that is the reason why I have refused to talk. I am going to talk now, since you insist on it, and tell you the whole story. The truth is, they have done my children harm. They didn't mean it, of course, but they don't understand their business."

"What can you mean?" inquired Miss Coates eagerly.

"If I show some earnestness in this matter," said Tim Spencer, "you must forgive me, for you have told me to speak, and I have been so besought and badgered that I must tell you just how strongly I feel about it. I heard a good deal of good preaching in the early part of my life. If I am not a good man, I have myself to blame for it. Of late years I haven't been able to own a seat in any church, and I have stayed at home. I have a theory that a church ought to be the house of God, where men and women of all grades and all circumstances can meet on an even footing. None but the Catholics have such a church here, and I'm not a Catholic. So I and my children have no place to go to, and we have our choice between heathenism and pauperism, and I haven't hesitated to choose the former. A heathen may maintain his self-respect: a confirmed and willing pauper, never. Let a man, woman or child once get the impression that they are to be supported by people

outside of their family—let them be once willing and greedy to grasp for benefactions that will relieve them from want and work—and they are lost."

"I don't see what that has to do with mission-schools," interjected Miss Coates.

"I'll tell you what it has to do with them," said Tim. "You bring my children first into direct association with paupers. More than half of your schools are made up of the children of people who care nothing whatever for the schools, except what they can get out of them. The children are taught at home to select for their teachers, as far as possible, those who are rich and generous. They even divide their children among different schools in order to secure their ends. They send them to school to get them clothed, and to open channels of sympathy and benevolence toward themselves. They take advantage of your interest to push their own selfish schemes. They even assume the attitude of those who grant a favour, and they expect to get some tangible return for it. They lend their children to you for a consideration."

"I am afraid this is partly true," Miss Coates responded.

"True? I know it's true," said Tim, "and you teachers play directly into their hands. You don't intend to do it, but you do it; and you do something worse than this. You foster the spirit of dependence. It is a part of the business of your church to support a mission, and it is the policy of your church to keep it dependent upon you. You do not even try to develop your mission into a self-supporting church. You find your children mainly paupers, and you keep them so, and once a year you march the whole brood over to your big church and show them—not as a part of the children of your church, but as a separate and alien brood, with which the real children of the church have nothing in common. You do not attempt to give them any practical idea of their responsibilities in connection with Christian work, and when they leave you they go without a single impulse to take care of themselves."

Miss Coates felt all this to be true. She had seen the class distinction between the supporting church and the dependent mission carried into every department of the enterprise. She had seen the teachers who had been developed in the mission socially snubbed, and knew that nothing was further from the thought and policy of the church than the development of the mission into a self-directing and self-supporting body of disciples. She knew that her church looked upon the mission as a sort of preserve, where her own young people could be trained in Christian service, and where the beneficiaries should be forever treated as paupers. In truth, her democratic instincts were bringing her rapidly into sympathy with Talking Tim.

"Here's Bob," Tim went on. "He caught the wretched pauper spirit in less than two weeks after he began to go to a mission-school. I found that he had straddled two Sunday-schools, and went to one in the morning and another in the afternoon, and when I asked him what he meant by it, he informed me that he was 'on the make,' and intended to get two sets of presents at Christmas time."

Glezen could not resist the temptation to laugh at this, while Bob himself condescended to smile, and changed his gum to the other side of his mouth.

"I found," said Tim, "that the only interest he had in either school was based upon the presents he could win, and that he and all his companions thought more of these than of anything else. I verily believe that he thought he was conferring a great favour upon the schools by attending them, and that his teachers owed him a debt, payable in candy or picture-books. I believe, too, that their treatment of him fostered this idea."

"But what can we do?" inquired Miss Coates in distress. "What can we do? Shall we let these poor children live in the streets, and play in the gutter, when, by a little self-denial, we can bring them together and teach them the truth, and train them to sing Christian songs? Children are children, and I don't know that poor children are any more fond of gifts than the children of the rich."

"I will tell you what you can do. Open your churches to them. Give them, for one day in the week, association with your own children. That would be a privilege that even their parents could comprehend, and it would do your children as much good as it would them to learn that, in the eye of the One who made them all, worldly circumstances are of little account, and that Christianity is a brotherly thing if it is anything at all. True Christianity never patronizes: it always fraternizes."

Poor Miss Coates was utterly silenced. She had come to plead with such eloquence as she possessed for the possession of this man's children, and she had received a lesson which had opened her eyes to the essential weakness of her position and her cause. Tim, in his poverty, had thought it all out, and she saw very plainly that there was another side to a question which she supposed could have but one.

Tim saw that she was troubled, and in the kindest tone continued:

"I have felt compelled to justify myself to you, and now, as I am talking I would like to say just another word. When Bob was going to the mission-schools, I used to try to find out what he was learning, and I assure you that I was surprised with the result. I give you my word that it had nothing whatever to do with Christianity. One would suppose that a body of Christian teachers, with five hundred or a thousand

poor children in their hands every Sunday, would try to make Christians of them. Now, I can't understand what the history of the Jews has to, do with a child's Christianity. We have Jews enough now. It isn't desirable to increase the sect. These children need to learn how to be good; and I can't comprehend how the fact that Jonah lay three days and three nights in a whale's belly is going to affect their characters or their purposes. Bob came very near putting one of the children's eyes out with a sling, with which he was trying to imitate or celebrate David's encounter with Goliath."

"Doesn't it strike you that you are a little severe?" said Miss Coates biting her lips and smiling in spite of herself.

"Perhaps I am, and I won't say anything more," said Tim. "This daughter of mine, poor child, must be at home to help her mother. The other children, with the exception of Bob, are too young to go out in this rough season. If Bob is willing to go, I will make no objection. He can hardly be doing worse anywhere than he is doing at home, and I'll consent to another experiment."

"Well, Robert," said Miss Coates pleasantly, "it rests with you."

"Humph!" exclaimed Bob, with a shrug of the shoulders and an extra ejaculation of saliva. "'Robert' is good. That's regular Sunday-school."

"Very well—Bob," said Miss Coates sharply, "If you like that better."

"Yes, sir-ee, Bob," responded the lad.

"Will you go, Bob?"

"What'll you gimme?"

"Instruction, and kind treatment," replied Miss Coates.

"Oh, take me out! R-r-r-remove me!" said Bob, rolling his *r* with powerful skill.

"Don't you want instruction?"

"No, that's played out."

"You'll need it, my boy."

"I'm not your boy."

"Well, I'm sure!" exclaimed Miss Coates, turning to Tim with a helpless appeal.

"Bob," said his father, "answer this lady properly."

"Well," said Bob, "I axed her what she'd gimme, but she won't pony up anything but instruction, and that's a thing I can't eat and can't swap. I don't want no instruction. If I go, I can bring another feller. Larry Concannon an' me always goes pards."

"Who is Larry Concannon?" inquired Miss Coates.

"Oh, he's a little Mickey round the corner. Now, what'll ye gimme for two fellers, and I'll fetch 'em both—me and Larry?"

"Nothing," said Miss Coates decidedly.

"Bets are off," said the imperturbable Bob.

"And you won't go?"

"Nary once. It don't pay."

As the talk had been incessant, and somewhat earnest during the interview, the little patient in Mrs. Spencer's lap grew more and more fretful, and Miss Coates saw that the weary mother did not know what to do with it. All her soothing was of no avail, and at last, the feeble little creature set up a dismal wail. Miss Coates looked at it, in its white night-dress, and, sympathetic with the mother's weariness, rose to her feet, threw off her fur wrapper, and approached the child with a smiling face and extended hand. The little one was conquered by the the face and the offered help, and put up its emaciated hands in consent. The next moment it was in the young, strong arms, that bore it back and forth through the room. The child looked, with its large hollow eyes, into the beautiful face that bent above it, for a long time; then gradually its tired eyelids fell, and it was asleep. A door was opened by the mother into an adjoining apartment, and into it Miss Coates bore her burden, and deposited it in its nest. For a few minutes the two women stopped and whispered together.

Meantime Bob had been watching the whole operation over his shoulder. The first effect upon him was an increased activity of his jaws, and the more frequent outward evidence of the secretion of his salivary glands. Then he began to mutter a great number of oaths. He did not intend them for anybody's ear, but he was engaged in an inward struggle with a foe that seemed to demand rough treatment. To betray Bob utterly, they were benedictions in the form of curses. The "God bless you" of his heart, took a very strange form upon his lips. He was fighting his tears. The beautiful woman, with his own little sister in her arms, borne backward and forward in grace and strength and sympathy, the relief that came to his mother's patient face, the stillness, all moved him, and putting his rough coat-sleeve to his eyes, he began to shake convulsively.

Glezen saw it and was glad. He had all along fancied that the boy had something good in him, although he saw that he was rough and irreverent. He could have taken him to his heart as Miss Coates had taken his sister, for sympathy in his emotion; for he had not been unmoved, himself, by this little "aside" in the drama of the evening.

When Miss Coates re-appeared, Bob had succeeded in swallowing not only his emotion but his gum. Then in an indifferent, swaggering tone —carefully indifferent—he said:

"I don't care if I go to your old Sunday-school, if you want me to. I reckon you mean to be fair. Larry and me'll come, I guess."

It was quite easy for all the auditors to give smiling glances at each other, for Bob sat with his back to the group, and was steadily looking into the chimney.

"All right!" said Miss Coates, "and now I'll go. At nine o'clock, remember."

"Well, I don't know whether I'll be there on time or not," said Bob. "You'll have trouble with me. You'll find out that I'm no sardine."

All laughed at this; but Bob was sure that he was a hard boy to manage, and took appropriate pride in his character

"You'll see," he said.

And with this suggestive warning in her ears, Miss Coates, with her escort, bade the family "good evening," and departed to rejoin, and report to, her friends.

CHAPTER XV.

Bob Spencer had made a concession, but it went no further than the consent to join the class of Miss Coates. He had his character as a bad boy to maintain, and he confidently calculated that she would get enough of him in a single Sunday, to be willing to release him from his promise. He held all mild and conciliatory modes of treatment in contempt. The "regular Sunday-school" regimen was but warm milk and water to Bob. He regarded it as a sort of trick, or policy, and steeled himself against it. If he had not seen that the impulse of Miss Coates, in relieving his mother, was hearty and sincere, and had not the slightest reference to himself, it would not have affected him.

Larry Concannon, the little "Mickey" who stood in the relation of "pard" to Bob, resembled him in no particular. Larry was a slender lad, whom Bob had taken under his wing for protection. If Larry was insulted or overborne, Bob did the fighting. The two boys were inseparable on the street—a fact that was agreeable to Bob in many ways. It gave him two chances for a fight, when most bullies enjoyed but one. The imaginary chip which his companions bore upon their shoulders as a challenge, was, in this case, multiplied by two. Larry bore one of them, and he the other, and in defending both, he had a lively and interesting time. Larry, too, was a profound admirer of Bob, so that the latter always had at hand an appreciative witness and a responsive auditor. Larry laughed at all Bob's jokes, echoed his slang, praised his prowess, and made him his boast among the other boys. In short, he was Bob's most affectionate slave—a trusting and willing follower into all his schemes of mischief, and a loyal servant to his will in all things.

Bob took occasion, on the next morning after the call of Miss Coates,

to inform Larry of the engagement he had made for himself and on his friend's behalf; and bade him be ready at the appointed day and hour.

"Put on your best rig, Larry," said Bob. "You and me's going to be little lambs, we is."

Larry laughed, as in duty bound, at this fancy.

"What are you going to do?" inquired Larry, confidentially.

"I am going to make the teacher cry," Bob replied. "And I'm going to catch her tears in my hat, and peddle 'em at ten cents a quart."

Larry went into convulsions of laughter, while Bob put on the sober airs of one who did not think very much either of his wit or power of mischief.

"Perhaps you'll be took up," suggested Larry.

"Oh, pard! you don't know nothing. That ain't the Sundy-school style," said Bob. "We's lambs, we is. They'll put a blue ribbon round our necks, and hang a bell to it, and call us pretty names, and feed us with sugar plums. That's the way they do. The worse you treat 'em, the more they love ye. I've tried 'em. Ye can't tell me."

Larry had some doubts about the experiment, and expressed them, but Bob said:

"You needn't do nothin'. You jest keep your eye open, and see me do it. I'd like to see the man that would lay his hand on me! Do you twig that?"

Before Larry could dodge, or guess what Bob was doing, he realized that his forelock was in Bob's fingers, and Bob's thumb-nail was pressed gently in above his left eye.

"Oh, don't!"

"That's what the fellow 'll say that lays his finger on this lamb," said Bob decidedly.

And Larry implicitly believed it.

A preparation for the expected encounter was, meantime, going on in the mind of the spirited lady who was to be his teacher. She had no doubt that he would try her patience, and she knew that, under insult and provocation, she had but little of that virtue. She determined, therefore, that on that particular Sunday morning, she would lay in an extra stock of it. She had seen that there was a tender spot in Bob. She had touched his heart, and she believed that he liked her. So she determined that she would conquer him by kindness, and that no provocation, however gross, would betray her into anger. When the Sunday morning came, Bob and Larry were sharply on time, and, meeting Miss Coates at the door of the mission, accompanied her to her seat. In accordance with an old custom of the leading "lamb" of the pair, he secured a seat at the head of the form, for greater convenience in the trans-

action of the mischief he had proposed to himself; and he began his work by thrusting out his foot and tripping up the muffled little figures that went by him. Several children fell their full length upon the floor, and went on up the hall, crying, with bumped heads. Finding that nothing but gentle reprimands were called for by these operations, he extended his field by pulling convenient hair; and when the recitation of the lesson began, he gave all sorts of wild answers to the most serious questions. In short, the class was in a hubbub of complaint or laughter from the beginning of the hour to the end.

Miss Coates had need of all the patience she had determined to exercise, and when she found that she could do nothing with the boy, or with her class, she called Bob to her side, put her arm around him, and gave him a long and quiet talk. She was quick enough to see that he was making fun of it all, by sundry winks thrown over his shoulder at Larry, who was too much scared to respond with a confident grin. Bob was ready to promise anything, and became so quiet at last that she hoped she had made an impression.

When the school was dismissed, Miss Coates bade Bob and Larry "good morning," and told them they must be sure to be in their seats on the following Sunday. The promise was readily given, as Bob had not yet made her cry. The passage to the door was accompanied by various squeals and complaints; and a great many more children fell down than usual.

After Miss Coates had gone half of her way home, a snow-ball whizzed by her ear. On looking quickly around, she saw the two boys following her at a distance, and knew from whose hand the missile had proceeded. She could not believe, however, that the little rascal was using her for a target; but the next ball struck her fairly between her shoulders. She could do nothing, and no one was near to act as her defender. She quickened her pace, and her persecutor and his companion quickened theirs. There was no getting away from them. The snow-balls increased in frequency. Sometimes they hit her, and sometimes they went by her. She saw ladies behind the windows watching and commenting upon the strange and disgraceful scene, yet not a man appeared to turn back her merciless pursuers. Her patience at last gave way. She was filled with shame and rage; and she had just reached and mounted the steps of her home, when a final shot hit her head and hurt her cruelly.

On the landing at the top of the flight, she turned and said in a kind voice:

"Come Bob, come in. I want to give you something."

Bob turned to Larry, and said: "We's lambs, we is. I'm agoin' in. Say" (addressing Miss Coates), "can Larry come in?"

"No, I haven't anything for him."

"I'll give ye a taste of it," said Bob, by way of consolation to his "pard." "You stay out, and knock around, and I'll be out afore long."

Bob was well used to this kind of thing, and went in as unsuspectingly as if he had been really the "lamb" that he called himself. He mounted the steps at leisure, looking up sweetly into the face of his teacher, and followed her into the hall.

"Take off your cap," said Miss Coates, "and walk into the parlour. You'll see a great many pretty things there."

Bob accepted the invitation, and took an observation. Meantime, Miss Coates slipped off her overshoes, removed her damaged hat, her bespattered furs and her gloves, and went into the parlour and warmed her hands. She found Bob examining the pictures.

"Scrum house!" said Bob.

"Do you think so?" responded Miss Coates.

"Yes, I don't think I ever see one so scrum as this," said Bob in a patronizing tone.

Then he planted himself before a picture in the attitude of an admiring connoisseur, with his two hands behind him, holding his cap. He had just opened his mouth to make some appreciative or complimentary remark, when he suddenly found that he had been approached from the rear, and that a supple but inflexible hand had him by the hair.

Bob made no outcry. He didn't even wink. He knew, however, that he was undergoing a new kind of Sunday-school treatment, and suddenly prepared himself for the worst. He could not stir to the right or left. He could not make a motion which did not add a new spasm to his agony.

The next sensation was a box upon the cheek and ear that gave him a vision of a whole galaxy of stars. Then the other cheek and ear were treated to a complimentary blow. He stood like a post, and ground his teeth in pain. He would have scorned the weakness of crying; and not a tear was permitted to fall. The blows came thicker and faster, until he hardly knew who he was or where he was. His brain was stunned, his ears and cheeks tingled and burned, but he would not have cried for quarter if she had half killed him.

When her hands were tired, Miss Coates led her prisoner to the door, and said:

"Bob, I don't want Larry to see that I have flogged you, and if you will go peaceably out of the door, I'll take my hand from you."

"All right! I'll go," said Bob, between his teeth,—and he went without pausing a moment.

Miss Coates closed the door after him, and then, with trembling limbs,

went directly to her room. She had strength to wash her hands, and then she locked her door, and threw herself into an easy-chair, and burst into an uncontrollable and almost hysterical fit of crying. Her kindness had been trampled upon, her scheme was a failure, she had been maltreated and insulted, and, worst of all, she had been tempted to take vengeance into her own hands, and had lost the boys whom she had hoped to mend and to help.

Bob found the street in rather a dizzy condition. Larry was waiting a few rods away, and, eagerly expectant, came up to him.

"Say, Larry, are my cheeks red?" said Bob.

"Red aint no name fer't," said Larry.

"It was awful hot in there," remarked Bob, as they quietly resumed the backward track.

"Well, I never see hotness make such marks as them," said Larry.

"I didn't mean to tell ye, Larry, cause I'm ashamed to be kissed by women. Don't you never blow, now. Such huggin' and kissin' you never see in your life. That biz, and the fire jest about finished me up."

Larry had been waiting very impatiently to hear something about the material benefits of the call, and to receive his promised share; and as Bob appeared to forget this most important matter, he said:

"What did she give you?"

"Don't you wish you knew?"

"You said you'd give me some of it."

"Oh, Larry, you wouldn't like it. It wasn't anything to eat. I can't cut up a gold breast-pin, ye know, with a big diamond into it. Now, you jest shut up on that."

Poor Larry was disappointed, but he saw that Bob was not in a mood for talk, and so withheld further questions.

But a great tumult was raging in Bob's breast. The reaction had set in, and he found that he could contain himself but little longer. Coming to a narrow lane that led to a stable, he said:

"Larry, let's go in here. I'm kind o' sick."

A bare curb-stone presented itself as a convenient seat, and the two boys sat down, Bob burying his face in his mittens. Larry did not understand the matter, but he watched Bob curiously, and saw him begin to shake, and convulsively try to swallow something. Then the flood-gates gave way, and Bob cried as if his heart was broken.

"Say, Bob what's the matter?" said Larry, in a tone of sympathy.

"Oh, I don't know," Bob responded, with a new burst of grief, and with suspirations quite as powerful as those with which his teacher was exercised at the same moment.

"Come, you shall tell, Bob," Larry persisted.

"She got the bu—bu—bulge on me!" exclaimed Bob, sobbing heavily—by which he intended to indicate that she had had the advantage of him in a struggle.

"And what did she do?" inquired Larry.

"She pu—pu—put a French roof on me, and a—a—a cupola—and a—a—a liberty pole, and a—gold ball!"

And then Bob bawled in good earnest. It was all out now, and he was at liberty to cry until nature was satisfied. He was utterly humiliated and conquered, and, worse than all, his prestige with Larry was destroyed, or he felt it to be so.

When his overwhelming passion had in a degree subsided, Larry said:

"I think she was real mean. I never would go near her old school again."

"Now, you dry up," said Bob, and then he began to laugh.

It seemed as if the tears that the little reprobate had shed had absorbed all the vicious humours of his brain, and left him purged and sweet.

"I shall go again, and you'll go with me, Larry," said Bob. "She's a bully teacher, I tell *you*. She's the bulliest teacher I ever see."

"I don't care," Larry persisted, "I think she was real mean to sock it to ye that way."

"You must be a fool," Bob responded. "She couldn't have did it any other way. Don't you see? She had to dip into the fur to do it. She owed me a lickin,' you know. Oh! wa'n't them side-winders!" and Bob subsided into a period of delighted contemplation upon the punishment he had received, as if it had been bestowed upon an enemy.

Larry could not understand it, and wisely held his tongue. By the time Bob reached home, the marks upon his face had toned down to the appearance of a healthy response to the influences of the keen morning air; but there was a streaky appearance upon his cheeks which aroused the suspicions of his parents, though they instituted no uncomfortable inquiries.

But the influence of the Sunday-school was evident in his subsequent conduct that day. Such a filially obedient and brotherly little chap as he was during that blessed Sunday afternoon was not to be found in all New York. He was helpful about the fuel, helpful in amusing the baby, and sweet-tempered about everything. He tried over his Sunday-school songs, and his peaceful happiness fairly welled up within him, and overflowed upon the family group. Talking Tim looked on in wonder. Such a sudden transformation he had never witnessed, but he knew the boy too well to utter the surprise which he felt.

All the following day, Miss Coates remained at home, dreading a call from the enraged and outraged parent; but the day passed away, and

the ring at her door-bell which was to sound the knell of her peace was not heard. At about eight o'clock in the evening, however, there came a sudden jerk at the bell. The servant went to the door, and received from the hand of a boy who was very much muffled up, a package for Miss Coates, which was no sooner delivered than its bearer ran down the steps and disappeared.

Miss Coates on opening the package, found it to be a little nosegay, with a note attached to it. She opened the note and read :—

"DEAR MISS KOTES: Larry and me is komen agin, with a lot ov fellers. Dad thinks you have wunderfull influance on yure skollers. This bokay cost five cents. So no more at present from yure affeckshant skoller

"BOB SPENCER."

Miss Coates's bread, which she had sown so vigorously upon the waters, had thus returned to her within thirty-six hours.

(*To be continued.*)

WELCOME TO MAY.

MAY with her songs and her blossoms is come,
Is this the time for a bard to be dumb ?
Shall the glad valleys re-echo the lays,
I never join in the chorus of praise ?
Wake a sweet song ! With the dawn of the day
Carol triumphantly, welcome to May !

Long separated by oceans of space,
Now we are clasping in fondest embrace ;
Past are the months that divided us twain,
Thrilling with pleasure we're meeting again :
Light of my eyes ! I will linger for aye
Kissing exultingly, welcome to May !

Parted so sadly how often before,
Heart-wringing sund'rings forever are o'er,
Never again shall a parting destroy
Sunshine, or gladness, or music, or joy.
Beautiful sweet-heart ! Forever and aye,
Happy, delighted, I'll cling to sweet May.

C. C.

COLONIAL CHAPTER IN THE HISTORY OF AMERICAN EDUCATION.

BY CANADENSIS.

It may be interesting at this stage of our educational progress to take a brief glance at what was done by our fellow colonists at a corresponding early period in the history of the "old thirteen colonies," which formed the nucleus of the present American Confederation.

It has been the custom, probably unwittingly, but chiefly on the part of certain American writers, to exalt every good in their political and social condition, as of revolutionary origin, and reluctantly to admit that anything which was really excellent in both, in the early colonial times, was of British origin. One unacquainted with the processes and progress of civilization in America would, on consulting such writers, suppose that, Minerva-like, the young Republic had sprung from the head of Revolutionary Jove, fully equipped if not fully armed for the battle of life, into the arena of the new world, and that this phenomenon happened just at the extinction of British power in the old colonies, and as the result of it. The policy of these writers has been either to ignore the facts of history, or to keep entirely out of view the forces which had been operating in the British colonial mind, before and at the time of the Revolution. They have never stopped to enquire as to the source whence they derived their idea of political freedom, but have attributed it to their own sagacity, or regard it as the outgrowth of their own enlightened speculations and thinkings when emancipated from British control. There never was a greater mistake as to fact, or a greater wrong done to the memory and example of such noble English patriots as Hampden and his compeers, who laid down their lives for political principles which, considering the times in which they lived, were even more exalted and ennobling than those which were professed by the American revolutionists of 1776. In fact, no proper parallel can be instituted between them. John Hampden, in our humble judgment, was as far superior to John Hancock, "President of the Continental Congress," in the purity of his political motives and aspirations, as Cromwell was above Jack Cade.* However, it is not our purpose

* Thus, in regard to the chivalrous destruction of tea in Boston harbour, in 1773, an American historian says :

"The object of the mother country in imposing a duty of three pence per pound on tea imported by the East India Company into America, while it was *twelve* pence per

to discuss this question, but rather to vindicate the sagacity of the old colonists, who (at a time when loyalty was the rule and not the exception), laid the foundation of those educational institutions, which to this day are the glory of the American Republic.

Nor were the British colonists into those early times peculiar in their zeal for the promotion of Education. The Dutch, Swedish, and Irish colonists who settled in Pennsylvania, New York, and Maryland did their part in his great work, and on the whole did it well, according to the spirit of the times.

In 1633, the first schoolmaster opened his school in the Dutch Colony of New Amsterdam ; and in 1638, the "articles for the colonization and trade of New Netherlands," provided that, "each householder and inhabitant shall bear such tax and public charge as shall hereafter be considered proper for the maintenance of schoolmasters." General Eaton, the United States Commissioner of Education, in his valuable report for 1875, says :

"We find, in numerous instances, the civil authorities of these Dutch colonies acknowledging, (1) The duty of educating the young, (2) The care of the qualification of the teacher, (3) provision for the payment of his services, and 4 The provision of the school-house. When, in 1653, municipal privileges were granted to New Amsterdam [New York], the support of schools was included."

In 1642, the instruction sent to the Governor of New Sweden [Pennsylvania], was "to urge instruction and virtuous education of youth and children." In 1693-6, large numbers of primers, tracts, and catechisms were received from Sweden, for these schools on the Delaware. This was the educational state of the Swedish settlement in what was afterwards known as Pennsylvania, on the arrival of its noble English founder, William Penn. His views on education were well expressed in the following declaration :

"That which makes a good Constitution must keep it, viz : men of wisdom and virtue ; qualities which, because they descend not with worldly inheritance must be carefully propagated by virtuous education of youth, for which spare no cost ; for by such parsimony, all that is loved is lost."

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pound in England, was mainly to break up the contraband trade of the colonial merchants with Holland and her possessions." . . . "Some of the merchants [of Boston] had become rich in the traffic, and a considerable part of the large fortune which Hancock [President of the Insurgent Congress] inherited from his uncle was thus acquired." . . . "It was fit, then, that Hancock, who . . . was respondent in the Admiralty Courts, in suits of the Crown, to recover nearly half a million of dollars, . . . should be the first to affix his name to the [declaration of independence] which, if made good, would save him from ruin." . . .—*Sabine's American Loyalists*, Vol. I., (Boston, 1865), pages 8, 9, 13.

So much for the much-valued patriotic act, which was a vast pecuniary gain to Hancock and other contraband tea merchants of Boston.

The first real systematic efforts to promote popular education began in New England, from thence it has spread in all directions. In 1635 the first school was opened at Boston, Massachusetts, and brother Philemon Purmount was appointed schoolmaster by the Town Committee. Thirty acres of land were given for his support. In 1642 the General Court, (or Legislature) passed a resolution enjoining on the local authorities :

"To keep a watchful eye on their brothers and neighbours, and above all things to see that there be no family in so barbarous a state, that the head thereof do not himself, or by the help of others, impart instruction to his children and servants, to enable them to read fluently the English language, and to acquire a knowledge of the penal laws, under a penalty of twenty shillings for such neglect."

In 1647 the first legislative enactment in favour of schools was made in Massachusetts; and, in 1670, the Governor of Connecticut declared that "one-fourth of her revenue was devoted to schools."

General Eaton in his recent report says :

"History, with hardly a dissenting voice, accords to the English Colonists of New England, the credit of having developed those forms of action, in reference to the education of children, which contained more distinct features adopted in the systems of the country, than any other."

It is, however, with the system of higher education in the old colonies which we propose to deal in this paper. In the early colonial times, before the revolution, there were nine colleges established in seven out of the thirteen colonies.

These colleges, with the date of their foundation, are as follows :—

1. Harvard—Massachusetts.................. 1638
2. William and Mary—Virginia........ 1693
3. Yale—Connecticut 1700
4. Nassau Hall, (Now Princeton)—New Jersey 1748
5. Columbia—New York.. 1754
6. Brown—Rhode Island...1765
7. Dartmouth—New Hampshire...............................1770
8. Queen's (Now Rutgers)—New Jersey.......................1771
9. Hampden—Sidney—Virginia... 1775

The Legislature of Massachusetts, aided by the Rev. John Harvard, founded Harvard Congregational College, in 1638, and the colonists of Connecticut, established the Yale Congregational College in 1700.*

The New Hampshire colonists endowed the Congregational College

* "The project of founding a College in Connecticut was early taken up (in 1652), but was checked by well-founded remonstrance from Massachusetts, who (sic), very

at Dartmouth with 44,000 acres of land in 1770. The Episcopalians of the English colony of New York, aided by the Legislature, founded King's, now Columbia College, in 1753. Indeed, so true were the English colonists to the educational instincts of the mother land, that when the Dutch Province of New Netherlands fell into their hands in 1644, the King's Commissioners were instructed "to make due enquiry as to what progress hath been made towards ye foundaçon and maintenance of any College Schools for the educaçon of youth."—(Col. Hist. N. Y., Vol. III. page 53.)

The English Province, *par excellence*, of Virginia made various praiseworthy efforts to promote education. Soon after the settlement of Jamestown, Sir Edwin Sandys, President of the Company, had 1,500 acres of land set apart for the establishment of a college at Henrico for the colonists and Indians. The churches in England gave £1,500 sterling to aid in this cause. Other efforts were made in the same direction. The colony also nobly determined to establish a University; and in 1692-3, the project was practically realized by the founding by the King and Queen, under royal charter, of the Church of England College at Williamsburgh, of William and Mary. To this College the King gave nearly £2,000, besides 20,000 acres of land, and one penny per pound on all the tobacco exported from Maryland. The Legislature also gave it the duty on skins and furs exported, and on liquors imported. The plans of the College were prepared by Sir Christopher Wren. Among the first donors to the College was the celebrated Robert Boyle.* Of all the colonial Colleges few exercised a greater educational influence among the leading men than did this royal College. Jefferson, Munroe, Marshall (afterwards Chief Justice of the U.S.), the two Randolphs, and Governor Tyler, of Virginia, received their education here.

The Irish Roman Catholic Province of Maryland, was not, at least in purpose, much behind her English sister. In 1671 an Act was passed by one of the Houses of the Legislature for the establishment of a School or College, but owing to religious differences the other House did not concur. In 1692, the Legislature passed an Act for the encouragement

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justly observed that the whole population of New England was scarcely sufficient to support one institution."—President Dwight's *Travels in New England*, vol. I. p. 168.

The Legislature made a grant of £50 a year to Yale College, from 1701 to 1750, when "it was discontinued, on account of the heavy taxes occasioned by the late *Canadian* War."—C. K. Adams, in *North American Review* for October, 1875, p. 381

* General Eaton, United States Commissioner of Education, in an educational retrospect in his Report for 1875, speaking of this College says:—"The first commencement, in 1700, was a noted event. Several planters came in their coaches, others in sloops from New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. Even Indians had the curiosity to visit Williamsburgh," the seat of the College.—Page xix.

of learning; and in 1696, King William's Free School, Annapolis (afterwards St. John's College), was established.

New Jersey was one of the colonies which early promoted higher education by founding the Presbyterian College at Princeton, under the name of Nassau Hall, in 1746, and the Dutch Reformed College at New Brunswick (N. J.), under the name of Queen's, now Rutger's College, in 1770.

The little colony of Rhode Island did not fail in its duty to higher education, for in 1764, it founded the Rhode Island College, now Brown University.

The Quaker colony of William Penn, following the example of the Anglicized Dutch colony of New York, established the University of Pennsylvania at Philadelphia—the metropolis of the colonies in 1755.

Of these nine ante-revolution Colleges, Harvard, Yale, Columbia, and Princeton, maintain an equally high reputation; while Brown University, the University of Pennsylvania, Rutgers, William and Mary, and Dartmouth Colleges are more or less about the average standard of American Colleges.

Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, was a graduate of Oxford. He, with other English University colonists, conceived the idea of a College for this, the then youngest of the English colonies. The project of his friend, the Irish Bishop Berkeley, of Cloyne, of founding a College in the Bermudas having failed, he secured £10,000 of the Bishop's funds to aid him in his settlement of the colony. The seed sown by Oglethorpe bore fruit; and while Georgia was still a colony, provision was made for a generous system of education.

D. C. Gilman, Esq. (now President of the John Hopkins' University, Baltimore), in his admirable sketch of the growth of education in the United States during the last century, pays a high tribute to the nine Colonial Colleges to which we have referred. He says:—

"These nine Colleges were nurseries of virtue, intelligence, liberality and patriotism, as well as learning; so that when the revolution began, scores of the most enlightened leaders, both in the council and upon the field (on both sides) were found among their graduates. The influence of academic culture may be distinctly traced in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and in the political writings of Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison. Munroe and many other leading statesmen of the period. A careful student of American politics has remarked that nothing more strikingly indicates the education given at Cambridge than the masterly manner in which different problems of law and government were handled by those who had received their instruction only from that source."*

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* In illustrating the fact that college-bred graduates are considerably less numerous and less conspicuous in the professions and in political life than were men of a similar

A recent American publication on revolutionary topics, thus deals with the question of the superior education of the British colonists who formed the first American Congress :—

"An examination of the Continental Congress, composed as it was of leading men of all the colonies, affords some light upon the topic of popular education at that period. The Congress, whose sessions extended through some ten years, comprised in all some three hundred and fifty members, of whom one-third were graduates of colleges. A recent writer in one of the most intelligent and accurate of American Journals* has taken pains to collect and array a paragraph of important statistics upon this subject, which we have taken leave to insert here, though without verification, that, however, being hardly necessary for our present purpose.

"There were in the Continental Congress during its existence, 350 members, of these 118, or about one-third of the whole, were graduates from colleges. Of these, 28 were graduates from the College of New Jersey in Princeton, 23 from Harvard, 23 from Yale, 11 from William and Mary, 8 from the University of Pennsylvania, 4 from Columbia College, 1 from Brown University, and 1 from Rutger's College, and 21 were educated in foreign universities. These 118 graduates were distributed in the colonies as follows :—New Hampshire had 4 college graduates among her delegates ; Massachusetts had 17 ; Rhode Island had 4 graduates ; Connecticut had 18 graduates ; New York out of her large delegation, had but 8 graduates ; New Jersey had 11 graduates ; Pennsylvania had 13 graduates ; Delaware had 2 graduates ; Maryland had 7 graduates ; Virginia had 19 graduates ; North Carolina had 4 graduates ; South Carolina had 7 graduates ; Georgia had 5 graduates. We find that Princeton had representatives from 10 of the colonies ; Yale from 6 ; Harvard from 5 ; the University of Pennsylvania, from 3 ; William and Mary, from 2 ; and Columbia, Brown, and Rutger's, from 1 each. 56 delegates signed the Declaration of Independence. Of these, 28, or just one-half, were college graduates."

Incidentally, and as illustrative of the influence of college-bred men in the Legislature, Mr. Adams, speaking of the great liberality of South Carolina in founding a college in that State, says :—

"But no State ever made a better investment. During the first part of this century, the general accomplishments and political ability of the Statesmen of South Carolina, were the just pride of the State, and would have been the pride of any State. In forming this high standard of intellectual and political power, the influence of the college was immeasurable."—*North American Review*, January, 1876, pages 215, 216.

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education 50 or 100 years ago, Mr. C. K. Adams, in the *North American Review* for October, 1875, says that, "of the 56 signers of the Declaration of Independence, 36 were college-bred, and 15 of the 26 Senators in the first Congress ; while now there are only 7 of the 26 Senators 'college-bred.'" He thinks that the comparison, if extended the House of Representatives and the State Legislatures, would be still less favourable as to the number of college-bred men in these bodies.

* New York *Evening Post*, January, 1876.

It is gratifying to us, British Colonists, and to the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists, thus to have from so important a source, an acknowledgment so candid and so honourable to men, many of whom were the founders of Ontario, and the Maritime Provinces of the Dominion. It is an historical fact of equal significance, and an element of social and political strength to us in these British provinces, to know that it was to the thoroughness and breadth of culture which the American "Revolutionary heroes" received in their early days in British colonial institutions, which fitted them afterwards to take so prominent and effective an intellectual part in the great struggle which took place when they were in the prime of manhood. Another gratifying reflection arises out of the fact that the high place which the United States has taken in later years as a great educating nation, is due to her following out the traditional policy of the colonists of ante-revolution times.*

This fact is clearly brought out by Mr. Gilman in the *North American Review* for January, 1876. We only quote the following remarks on this point, he says:—

"When the new constitution of Massachusetts was adopted in 1780, public education received full recognition. An article, (the spirit of which was fully in accordance with the legislation of 1647 [more than 200 years before]) was adopted, and *still remains the fundamental law of the State*. . . . . The constitution of New Hampshire, as amended in 1784, transcribes very nearly the same words of that section of the constitution of Massachusetts already quoted," etc.—Pages 198, 199.

Thus, Andrew Ten Brook, Esq., in his *American State Universities*," says:—

"The introduction of an educational system into the New England Colonies may be deemed substantially contemporaneous with their settlement. It was of such a character, too, and so energetically prosecuted, that education suffered little if any deterioration in passing from Old to New England. It was even more on this side than the other side of the ocean. . . . Thus Common School instruction at least was provided for all. Higher Schools too, hadan early beginning. What afterwards was Harvard College was established but six years after the settlement of Boston. . . . Every town [township] of fifty families was obliged to support a school, and the same general state of facts existed throughout New England. Classical Schools followed in regular succession. These were modelled after the Grammar Schools of England, in which the founders of the colonies had themselves received their first classical training. . . . As early as 1701, the law of Connecticut required every parent to see that he had no child or apprentice in his household who could not read the Word of God, and 'the good laws of the colony.' The system embraced a high school in every town [township] of seventy families, a Grammar School in the four chief county towns to fit pupils for college, and a college to which the general court [Legislature] made an annual appropriation of £120."—Pages 1-3.

Mr. Ten Brook, speaking of these New England Schools, which were afterwards transplanted to each of Western States, says :

"They were the elements of that noble system out of which has grown the present one, by the natural laws of development" etc.,—Page 18.

Mr. C. K. Adams, in his interesting paper on State Universities, in the *North American Review* for October 1875, in speaking of the educational policy of the colonies, "pursued up to the time of the Revolution," says :

"In general terms it may be stated that, through all the dark periods of our Colonial history, the encouragement of higher education was regarded as one of the great interests of the State. It was no doctrine of the Fathers that higher education was less entitled to the fostering care of the Commonwealth than was the education offered by the Common Schools."—Page 374.

The "Free School" idea, of which we hear so much as the outgrowth of "modern American civilization and enlightenment," was due to colonial thought and foresight. It was first broached by Jefferson, three or four years before the treaty with Great Britain was signed, by which the United States became a nation. His plan was so comprehensive that we reproduce it here. In a letter to the veteran philosopher, Dr. Priestley, he thus unfolds it :—

"I drew a bill for our [Virginia] Legislature, which proposed to lay off every county into hundreds, or townships, of five or six miles square. In the centre of each of them was to be a free English School [to be supported, as his bill provided "by taxation according to property."]

The whole commonwealth was further laid off into ten districts, in each of which was to be a college for teaching the languages, geography, surveying, and other useful things of that grade, and then a single university for the sciences. It was received with enthusiasm (he goes on to say), but as he had proposed to make the Episcopal College of William and Mary the university, "the dissenters, after a while began to apprehend some secret design," etc.—*Ten Brook's American State Universities*, Pages 9, 10.

A writer in the *North American Review* for October, 1875, in referring to Jefferson's scheme, says :—

"The view entertained by Jefferson was by no means exceptional. Indeed a similar spirit had pervaded the whole history of our colonial life."—Page 379.

Thus this comprehensive scheme of Public Instruction for Virginia unfortunately failed ; and that noble "old Dominion" is in consequence to day immeasurably behind even the youngest of her then New England contemporaries, in the matter of public education.

As to the abiding influence of the old colonial ideas in regard to

higher education, we quote the following additional remarks from Mr. Gilman, in the *North American Review,* he says:—

"In reviewing the history of the century, it is easy to see how the colonial notions of college organization have affected . . . the higher education of the country, even down to our own times. The graduates of the older colleges have migrated to the Western States, and have transplanted with them the college germs . . . and every Western State can bear witness to the zeal for learning which has been manifested within its borders by enthusiastic teachers from the East."—Page 217.

Mr. Ten Brook, in his *American State Universities,* also says:—

"The New England colonists left the mother country in quest of greater religious freedom. Their religious system was put first, and carried with it a school system as perfect in organization, and administered with equal vigour. This formed an active leaven, which at a later day, was to spread to other parts. . . . . Everywhere there was a considerable infusion of men who had received in the European universities a liberal culture which they desired to reproduce on these shores. Early action was full of promise. Probably, at a period from just before the Revolution to the end of it, the average position of the colonies in regard to lighter education relatively as to age, and to the population and wealth, was quite as good as it is at the present time."—Pages 16, 17.

This opinion of the writer is a virtual admission that in reality higher education in the United States has not advanced in quality, though it has in quantity. To be in 1876 merely where education was "relatively" in 1776, is no advance at all, but rather retrogression. The cause of this declension, the writer thus incidentally admits:—

"Most of the Colonies established, or aided, the (ante-revolution colleges named). The principle of the State support to higher learning was not merely accepted, but was the prevalent one."—Page 17.

Mr. Gilman, touching on the same point, says:—

"There was a civil as well as an ecclesiastical element in most of these foundations. Harvard and Yale were chartered, and, to some extent, controlled by colonial government of Massachusetts and Connecticut, and were for a long time nurtured by appropriations from the public chest...page 215.

"These institutions were colleges of an English parentage and model, not Scotch nor continental universities...............They were disciplinary in their aim, and had more regard for the general culture of large numbers, than for the advanced and special instruction of the chosen few. They were also, to a considerable extent, ecclesiastical foundations—finding the churches and ministers their constant, and sometimes their only efficient supporters. Harvard, Yale and Dartmouth were controlled by the Congregationalists; Princeton was founded by the Presbytorians; and New Brunswick, N.J., [Queen's, now Rutgers] by the Dutch Reformed; William and Mary was emphatically a child of the Church of England; and King's (now Columbia) was chiefly,

but not exclusively, governed by the Episcopalians; while Rhode Island College (now Brown University) was under the patronage of the Baptists.. ..

"The declaration of the original supporters of these colleges indicate a desire to train up young men for service of the State, not less distinctly and emphatically than to desire to provide an educated ministry. Individual aid was also expected and invited, and the names of Harvard and Yale perpetuate the remembrance of such generous gifts."

Then follows a eulogy upon these colonial colleges, and a tribute to the intellectual vitality of their teaching, as shown in the mental equipment and breadth of culture exhibited by men who took part in the perilous and stormy times of the American revolution. To this we have already referred. Mr. Gilman, in following up his remarks in the extract which we have just given says:

"Hence these nine colleges were nurseries of virtue, intelligence, liberality and patriotism, as well as of learning; so that when the revolution began, scores of enlightened leaders, both in council and in the field [and on both sides], were found among their graduates. The influence of academic culture may be distinctly traced in the formation of the Constitution of the United States, and in the political writings of Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, and many other leading statesmen of the period. A careful student of American politics has remarked that nothing more strikingly indicates the influence of the education given at Harvard, 'than the masterly manner in which difficult problems of law and government were handled by those who had received their instruction only from that source.'" Pages 215, 216.

We might pursue this branch of our subject further, were it desirable. But that is not necessary. Our object was to show that to British Colonial foresight, zeal, and self-sacrifice was due, not only the foundation of the best colleges and universities on the continent, but the introduction and diffusion of the principle of "free and universal education for the masses of the people." This we have done on the authority of American writers themselves, We might multiply examples on the subject; but the fact is already sufficiently established. We should rather seek to draw lessons of instruction from the noble example of the devotion to education on the part of our British colonial progenitors, whose descendants have shed such a lustre of heroic self-sacrifice and patriotism on the history and exploits of the United Empire Loyalists of the thirteen colonies. To the Americans they have left a rich legacy from the Colonial times in such universities as Harvard, Yale, Columbia and Princeton—of which the descendants of the expatriated Loyalists, no less than those of the victorious revolutionists, are so justly proud. Let us, as worthy representatives of these clear-headed and far seeing Loyalists, bequeath to our children as noble a heritage as the fathers of the founders of this Province did to New England, and indeed to the whole republic.

THE GERRARD STREET MYSTERY.

I.

MY name is William Francis Furlong. My occupation is that of a commission merchant, and my place of business is on St. Paul Street, in the City of Montreal. I have resided in Montreal ever since shortly after my marriage, in 1862, to my cousin, Alice Playter, of Toronto. My name may not be familiar to the present generation of Torontonians, though I was born in Toronto, and passed the early years of my life there. Since the days of my youth, my visits to the Upper Province have been few, and—with one exception—very brief; so that I have doubtless passed out of the remembrance of many persons with whom I was once on terms of intimacy. Still, there are several residents of Toronto whom I am happy to number among my warmest personal friends at the present day. There are also a good many persons of middle age, not in Toronto only, but scattered here and there throughout various parts of Ontario, who will have no difficulty in recalling my name as that of one of their fellow-students at Upper Canada College. The name of my late uncle, Richard Yardington, is of course well known to all old residents of Toronto, where he spent the last thirty-two years of his life. He settled there in the year 1829, when the place was still known as Little York. He opened a small store on Yonge Street, and his commercial career was a reasonably prosperous one. By steady degrees the small store developed into what, in those times, was regarded as a considerable establishment. In the course of years the owner acquired a competency, and in 1854 retired from business altogether. From that time up to the day of his death he lived in his own house on Gerrard Street.

After mature deliberation, I have resolved to give to the Canadian public an account of some rather singular circumstances connected with my residence in Toronto. Though repeatedly urged to do so, I have hitherto refrained from giving any extended publicity to those circumstances, in consequence of my inability to see any good purpose to be served thereby. The only person, however, whose reputation can be injuriously affected by the details has been dead for some years. He has left behind him no one whose feelings can be shocked by the disclosure, and the story is in itself sufficiently remarkable to be worth the telling. Told, accordingly, it shall be; and the only fictitious element introduced into the narrative shall be the name of one of the persons most immediately concerned in it.

At the time of taking up his abode in Toronto—or rather in Little York—my uncle Richard was a widower, and childless; his wife having died several months previously. His only relatives on this side of the Atlantic were two maiden sisters, a few years younger than himself. He never contracted a second matrimonial alliance, and for some time after his arrival here his sisters lived in his house, and were dependent upon him for support. After the lapse of a few years, both of them married and settled down in homes of their own. The elder of them subsequently became my mother. She was left a widow when I was a mere boy, and survived my father only a few months. I was an only child, and as my parents had been in humble circumstances, the charge of my maintenance devolved upon my uncle, to whose kindness I am indebted for such educational training as I have received. After sending me to school and college for several years, he took me into his store, and gave me my first insight into commercial life. I lived with him, and both then and always received at his hands the kindness of a father, in which light I eventually almost came to regard him. His younger sister, who was married to a watchmaker called Elias Playter, lived at Quebec from the time of her marriage until her death, which took place in 1846. Her husband had been unsuccessful in business, and was moreover of dissipated habits. He was left with one child—a daughter—on his hands; and as my uncle was averse to the idea of his sister's child remaining under the control of one so unfit to provide for her welfare, he proposed to adopt the little girl as his own. To this proposition Mr. Elias Playter readily assented, and little Alice was soon domiciled with her uncle and myself in Toronto.

Brought up, as we were, under the same roof, and seeing each other every day of our lives, a childish attachment sprang up between my cousin Alice and myself. As the years rolled by, this attachment ripened into a tender affection, which eventually resulted in an engagement between us. Our engagement was made with the full and cordial approval of my uncle, who did not share the prejudice entertained by many persons against marriages between cousins. He stipulated, however, that our marriage should be deferred until I had seen somewhat more of the world, and until we had both reached an age when we might reasonably be presumed to know our own minds. He was also, not unnaturally, desirous that before taking upon myself the responsibility of marriage, I should give some evidence of my ability to provide for a wife, and for other contingencies usually consequent upon matrimony. He made no secret of his intention to divide his property between Alice and myself at his death; and the fact that no actual division would be necessary in the event of our marriage with each other, was doubtless one reason for his ready acquiescence in our en-

gagement. He was, however, of a vigorous constitution, strictly regular and methodical in all his habits, and likely to live to an advanced age. He could hardly be called parsimonious, but, like most men who have successfully fought their own way through life, he was rather fond of authority, and little disposed to divest himself of his wealth until he should have no further occasion for it. He expressed his willingness to establish me in business, either in Toronto or elsewhere, and to give me the benefit of his experience in all mercantile transactions.

When matters had reached this pass I had just completed my twenty-first year, my cousin being three years younger. Since my uncle's retirement I had engaged in one or two little speculations on my own account, which had turned out fairly successful, but I had not devoted myself to any regular or fixed pursuit. Before any definite arrangements had been concluded as to the course of my future life, a circumstance occurred which seemed to open a way for me to turn to good account such mercantile talent as I possessed. An old friend of my uncle's opportunely arrived in Toronto from Melbourne, Australia, where, in the course of a few years, he had risen from the position of a junior clerk to that of senior partner in a prominent commercial house. He painted the land of his adoption in glowing colours, and assured my uncle and myself that it presented an inviting field for a young man of energy and business capacity, more especially if he had a small capital at his command. The matter was carefully debated in our domestic circle. I was naturally averse to a separation from Alice, but my imagination took fire at Mr. Redpath's glowing account of his own splendid success. I pictured myself returning to Canada after an absence of four or five years, with a mountain of gold at my command, s the result of my own energy and acuteness. In imagination, I saw myself settled down with Alice in a palatial mansion on Jarvis Street, and living in affluence all the rest of my days. My uncle bade me consult my own judgment in the matter, but rather encouraged the idea than otherwise. He offered to advance me £500, and I had about half that sum as the result of my own speculations. Mr. Redpath, who was just about returning to Melbourne, promised to aid me to the extent of his power with his local knowledge and advice. In less than a fortnight from that time he and I were on our way to the other side of the globe.

We reached our destination early in the month of September, 1857. My life in Australia has no direct bearing upon the course of events to be related, and may be passed over in very few words. I engaged in various enterprises, and achieved a certain measure of success. If none of my ventures proved eminently prosperous, I at least met with no

serious disasters. At the end of four years—that is to say, in September, 1861—I made up my account with the world, and found I was worth ten thousand dollars. I had, however, become terribly homesick, and longed for the termination of my voluntary exile. I had, of course, kept up a regular correspondence with Alice and Uncle Richard, and of late they had both pressed me to return home. "You have enough," wrote my uncle, "to give you a good start in Toronto, and I see no reason why Alice and you should keep apart any longer. You will have no housekeeping expenses, for I intend you to live with me. I am getting old, and shall be glad of your companionship in my declining years. You will have a comfortable home while I live, and when I die you will get all I have between you. Write as soon as you receive this, and let us know how soon you can be here,—the sooner the better."

The letter containing this pressing invitation found me in a mood very much disposed to accept it. The only enterprise I had on hand which would be likely to delay me was a transaction in wool, which, as I then believed, would be closed by the end of January or the beginning of February. By the first of March I should certainly be in a condition to start on my homeward voyage, and I determined that my departure should take place about that time. I wrote both to Alice and my uncle, apprising them of my intention, and announcing my expectation to reach Toronto not later than the middle of May.

The letters so written were posted on the 19th of September, in time for the mail which left on the following day. On the 27th, to my huge surprise and gratification, the wool transaction referred to was unexpectedly concluded, and I was at liberty, if so disposed, to start for home by the next fast mail steamer, the *Southern Cross*, leaving Melbourne on the 11th of October. I *was* so disposed, and made my preparations accordingly. It was useless, I reflected, to write to my uncle or to Alice, acquainting them with the change in my plans, for I should take the shortest route home, and should probably be in Toronto as soon as a letter could get there. I resolved to telegraph from New York, upon my arrival there, so as not to take them altogether by surprise.

The morning of the 11th of October found me on board the *Southern Cross*, where I shook hands with Mr. Redpath and several other friends who accompanied me on board for a last farewell. The particulars of the voyage to England are not pertinent to the story, and may be given very briefly. I took the Red Sea route, and arrived at Marseilles at two o'clock in the afternoon of the 29th of November. From Marseilles I travelled by rail to Calais, and so impatient was I to reach my journey's end without loss of time, that I did not even stay over to behold the glories of Paris. I had a commission to execute in London,

which, however, delayed me there only a few hours, and I hurried down to Liverpool, in the hope of catching the Cunard Steamer for New York. I missed it by about two hours, but the *Persia* was detailed to start on a special trip to Boston on the following day. I secured a berth, and at eight o'clock next morning steamed out of the Mersey on my way homeward.

The voyage from Liverpool to Boston consumed fourteen days. All I need say about it is, that before arriving at the latter port I formed an intimate acquaintance with one of the passengers—Mr. Junius H. Gridley, a Boston merchant, who was returning from a hurried business-trip to Europe. He was—and is—a most agreeable companion. We were thrown together a good deal during the voyage, and we then laid the foundation of a friendship which has ever since subsisted between us. Before the dome of the State House loomed in sight he had extracted a promise from me to spend a night with him before pursuing my journey. We landed at the wharf in East Boston, on the evening of the 17th of December, and I accompanied him to his house on West Newton Street, where I remained until the following morning. Upon consulting the time-table, we found that the Albany express would leave at 11.30 a.m. This left several hours at my disposal, and we sallied forth immediately after breakfast to visit some of the lions of the American Athens.

In the course of our peregrinations through the streets, we dropped into the post office, which had recently been established in the Merchants' Exchange Building, on State Street. Seeing the countless piles of mail-matter, I jestingly remarked to my friend that there seemed to be letters enough there to go round the whole human family. He replied in the same mood, whereupon I banteringly suggested the probability that among so many letters, surely there ought to be one for me.

"Nothing more reasonable," he replied. "We Bostonians are always bountiful to strangers. Here is the General Delivery, and here is the department where letters addressed to the Furlong family are kept in stock. Pray inquire for yourself."

The joke, I confess, was not a very brilliant one; but with a grave countenance I stepped up to the wicket and asked the young lady in attendance:

"Anything for W. F. Furlong?"

She took from a pigeon-hole a handful of correspondence, and proceeded to run her eye over the addresses. When about half the pile had been exhausted, she stopped, and propounded the usual inquiry in case of strangers:

"Where do you expect letters from?"

"From Toronto," I replied.

To my no small astonishment she immediately handed me a letter,

bearing the Toronto post-mark. The address was in the peculiar and well-known handwriting of my uncle Richard.

Scarcely crediting the evidence of my senses I tore open the envelope, and read as follows :—

"TORONTO, 9th December, 1861.

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,—I am so glad to know that you are coming home so much sooner than you expected when you wrote last, and that you will eat your Christmas dinner with us. For reasons which you will learn when you arrive, it will not be a very merry Christmas at our house, but your presence will make it much more bearable than it would be without you. I have not told Alice that you are coming. Let it be a joyful surprise for her, as some compensation for the sorrows she has had to endure lately. You needn't telegraph. I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.

"Your affectionate uncle,

"RICHARD YARDINGTON."

"Why, what's the matter?" asked my friend, seeing the blank look of surprise on my face. "Of course the letter is not for you; why on earth did you open it?"

"It *is* for me," I answered. "See here, Gridley, old man; have you been playing me a trick? If you haven't, this is the strangest thing I ever knew in my life."

Of course he hadn't been playing me a trick. A moment's reflection showed me that such a thing was impossible. Here was the envelope, with the Toronto post-mark of the 9th of December, at which time he had been with me on board the *Persia*, on the Banks of Newfoundland. Besides, he was a gentleman, and would not have played so poor and stupid a joke upon his guest. And, to put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt, I remembered that I had never mentioned my cousin's name in his hearing.

I handed him the letter. He read it carefully through twice over, and was as much mystified at its contents as myself; for during our passage across the Atlantic I had explained to him the circumstances under which I was returning home.

By what conceivable means had my uncle been made aware of my departure from Melbourne? Had Mr. Redpath written to him, as soon as I acquainted that gentleman with my intentions? But even if such were the case, the letter could not have left before I did, and could not possibly have reached Toronto by the 9th of December. Had I been seen in England by some one who knew me, and had that some one written from there? Most unlikely; and even if such a thing had happened, it was impossible that the letter could have reached Toronto by the 9th. I need hardly inform the reader that there was no telegraphic communication at that time. And how could my uncle know that I

would take the Boston route? And if he *had* known, how could he foresee that I would do anything so absurd as to call at the Boston post-office and inquire for letters? "*I will meet you at the G. W. R. station.*" How was he to know by what train I would reach Toronto, unless I notified him by telegraph? And that he expressly stated to be unnecessary.

We did no more sight-seeing. I obeyed the hint contained in the letter, and sent no telegram. My friend accompanied me down to the Boston and Albany station, where I waited in feverish impatience for the departure of the train. We talked over the matter until 11.30, in the vain hope of finding some clue to the mystery. Then I started on my journey. Mr. Gridley's curiosity was roused, and I promised to send him an explanation immediately upon my arrival at home.

No sooner had the train glided out of the station than I settled myself in my seat, drew the tantalizing letter once more from my pocket, and proceeded to read and re-read it again and again. A very few perusals sufficed to fix its contents in my memory, so that I could repeat every word with my eyes shut. Still, I continued to scrutinize the paper, the penmanship, and even the tint of the ink. For what purpose, do you ask? For no purpose, except that I hoped, in some mysterious manner, to obtain more light on the dark subject. No light came, however. The more I scrutinized and pondered, the greater was my mystification. The paper was a simple sheet of white letter-paper, of the kind ordinarily used by my uncle in his correspondence. So far as I could see, there was nothing peculiar about the ink. Anyone familiar with my uncle's writing could have sworn that no hand but his had penned the lines. His well-known signature, a masterpiece of involved hieroglyphics, was there in all its indistinctness, written as no one but himself could ever have written it. And yet, for some unaccountable reason, I was half-disposed to suspect forgery. Forgery! What nonsense. Any one clever enough to imitate Richard Yardington's handwriting would have employed his talents more profitably than by indulging in a mischievous and purposeless jest. Not a bank in Toronto but would have discounted a note with that signature affixed to it.

Desisting from all attempts to solve these problems, I then tried to fathom the meaning of other points in the letter. What misfortune had happened to mar the Christmas festivities at my uncle's house? And what could the reference to my cousin Alice's sorrows mean? She was not ill. *That*, I thought, might be taken for granted. My uncle would hardly have referred to her illness as "one of the sorrows she has had to endure lately." Certainly, illness may be regarded in the light of a sorrow; but "sorrow" was not precisely the word which a straightforward man like Uncle Richard would have applied to it. I could con-

ceive of no other cause of affliction in her case. My uncle was well, as was evidenced by his having written the letter, and by his avowed intention to meet me at the station. Her father had died long before I started for Australia. She had no other near relation except myself, and she had no cause for anxiety, much less for "sorrow," on my account. I thought it singular, too, that my uncle, having in some strange manner become acquainted with my movements, had withheld the knowledge from Alice. It did not square with my preconceived ideas of him that he would derive any satisfaction from taking his niece by surprise.

All was a muddle together, and as my temples throbbed with the intensity of my thoughts, I was half-disposed to believe myself in a troubled dream from which I should presently awake. Meanwhile, on glided the train.

A heavy snow-storm delayed us for several hours, and we reached Hamilton too late for the mid-day express for Toronto. We got there, however, in time for the accommodation leaving Hamilton at 3.15 p.m., and we would reach Toronto at 5.05. I walked from one end of the train to the other in hopes of finding some one I knew, from whom I could make inquiries about home. Not a soul. I saw several persons whom I knew to be residents of Toronto, but none with whom I had ever been personally acquainted, and none of them would be likely to know anything about my uncle's domestic arrangements. All that remained to be done under these circumstances was to restrain my curiosity as well as I could until reaching Toronto. By the by, would my uncle really meet me at the station, according to his promise? Surely not. By what means could he possibly know that I would arrive by this train? Still, he seemed to have such accurate information respecting my proceedings that there was no saying where his knowledge began or ended. I tried not to think about the matter, but as the train approached Toronto my impatience became positively feverish in its intensity. We were not more than three minutes behind time, and as we glided in front of the Union Station, I passed out on to the platform of the car, and peered intently through the darkness. Suddenly my heart gave a great bound. There, sure enough, standing in front of the door of the waiting-room, was my uncle, plainly discernible by the fitful glare of the overhanging lamps. Before the train came to a stand-still, I sprang from the car and advanced towards him. He was looking out for me, but his eyes not being as young as mine, he did not recognize me until I grasped him by the hand. He greeted me warmly, seizing me by the waist, and almost raising me from the ground. I at once noticed several changes in his appearance; changes for which I was totally unprepared. He had aged very much since I had last seen him, and the lines about his mouth had deepened considerably. The iron-

grey hair which I remembered so well had disappeared; its place being supplied with a new and rather dandified-looking wig. The old-fashioned great-coat, which he had worn ever since I could remember, had been supplanted by a modern frock of spruce cut, with seal-skin collar and cuffs. All this I noticed in the first hurried greetings that passed between us.

"Never mind your luggage, my boy", he remarked. "Leave it till to-morrow, when we will send down for it. If you are not tired, we'll walk home, instead of taking a cab. I have a good deal to say to you before we get there."

I had not slept since leaving Boston, but was too much excited to be conscious of fatigue, and as will readily be believed, I was anxious enough to hear what he had to say. We passed from the station, and proceeded up York Street, arm in arm:

"And now, Uncle Richard," I said, as soon as we were well clear of the crowd—"keep me no longer in suspense. First and foremost, is Alice well?"

"Quite well, but for reasons you will soon understand, she is in deep grief. You must know that——"

"But," I interrupted, "tell me, in the name of all that's wonderful how you knew I was coming by this train; and how did you come to write to me at Boston?"

Just then we came to the corner of Front Street, where was a lamp-post. As we reached the spot where the light of the lamp was most brilliant, he turned half round, looked me full in the face, and smiled a sort of wintry smile. The expression of his countenance was almost ghastly.

"Uncle," I quickly asked, "what's the matter? Are you not well?"

"I am not as strong as I used to be, and have had a good deal to try me of late. Have patience, and I will tell you all. Let us walk more slowly, or I shall not have time to finish before we get home, In order that you may clearly understand how matters are, I had better begin at the beginning, and I hope you will not interrupt me with any questions till I have done. How I knew you would call at the Boston post-office, and that you would arrive in Toronto by this train, will come last in order. By the bye, have you my letter with you?"

"The one you wrote to me at Boston? Yes, here it is," I replied, taking it from my pocket-book.

"Let me have it."

"I handed it to him and he put it into the breast pocket of his inside coat. I wondered at this proceeding on his part, but made no remark upon it.

We moderated our pace, and he began his narration. Of course I

don't pretend to remember his exact words, but they were to this effect. During the winter following my departure for Melbourne, he had formed the acquaintance of a gentleman who had then recently settled in Toronto. The name of this gentleman was Marcus Weatherley, who had commenced business as a wholesale provision merchant, immediately upon his arrival, and had been engaged in it ever since. For more than three years, the acquaintance between him and my uncle had been very slight, but during the last summer they had had some real estate transactions together, and had become intimate. Weatherley, who was a comparatively young man, and unmarried, had been invited to the house on Gerrard Street, where he had more recently become a pretty frequent visitor. More recently still, his visits had become so frequent that my uncle had suspected him of a desire to be attentive to my cousin, and had thought proper to enlighten him as to her engagement with me. From that day his visits had been voluntarily discontinued. My uncle had not given much consideration to the subject until a fortnight afterwards, when he had accidentally become aware of the fact that Weatherley was in embarrassed circumstances.

Here my uncle paused in his narrative to take breath. He then added, in a low tone, and putting his mouth almost close to my ear.:

"And Willie, my boy, I have at last found out something else. He has forty-two thousand dollars falling due here and in Montreal within the next ten days, and *he has forged my signature to acceptances for thirty-nine thousand seven hundred and sixteen dollars and twenty-four cents.*"

Those, to the best of my belief, were his exact words. We had walked up York Street to Queen, and had then gone down Queen to Yonge, when we turned up the east side on our way homeward. At the moment when the last words were uttered we had got to a few yards north of Crookshank Street, immediately in front of a chemist's shop which was, I think, the third house from the corner. The window of this shop was well lighted, and its brightness was reflected on the sidewalk in front. Just then, two gentlemen walking rapidly in the opposite direction to that we were taking, brushed by us; but I was too deeply absorbed in my uncle's communication to pay much attention to passers-by. Scarcely had they passed, however, ere one of them stopped, and exclaimed:

"Surely that is Willie Furlong!"

I turned, and recognized Johnny Gray, one of my oldest friends. I relinquished my uncle's arm for a moment, and shook hands with Gray, who said:

"I am surprised to see you. I heard, only a few days ago, that you were not to be here till next spring."

"I am here," I remarked, "somewhat in advance of my own expec-

tations." I then hurriedly inquired after several of our common friends, to which inquiries he briefly replied:

"All well," he said; "but you are in a hurry, and so am I. Don't let me detain you. Be sure and look in on me to-morrow. You will find me at the old place, in the Romain Buildings."

We again shook hands, and he passed on down the street with the gentleman who accompanied him. I then turned to re-possess myself of my uncle's arm. The old gentleman had evidently walked on, for he was not in sight. I hurried along, making sure of overtaking him before reaching Gould-Street, for my interview with Gray had occupied barely a minute. In another minute I was at the corner of Gould Street. No signs of Uncle Richard. I quickened my pace to a run which soon brought me to Gerrard Street. Still no signs of my uncle. I had certainly not passed him on the way, and he could not have got farther on his homeward route than here. He must have called in at one of the stores; a strange thing for him to do, under the circumstances. I retraced my steps all the way to the front of the chemist's shop, peering into every window and doorway as I passed along. No one in the least resembling him was to be seen.

I stood still for a moment, and reflected. Even if he had run at full speed—a thing most unseemly for him to do—he could not have reached the corner of Gerrard Street before I had done so. And what should he run for? He certainly did not wish to avoid me, for he had more to tell me before reaching home. Perhaps he had turned down Gould Street. At any rate there was no use waiting for him. I might as well go home at once. And I did.

Upon reaching the old familiar spot, I opened the gate, passed on up the steps to the front door, and rang the bell. The door was opened by a domestic who had not formed part of the establishment in my time, and who did not know me; but Alice happened to be passing through the hall, and heard my voice as I inquired for Uncle Richard. Another moment and she was in my arms. With a strange foreboding at my heart I noticed that she was in deep mourning. We passed into the dining-room, where the table was laid for dinner.

"Has Uncle Richard come in?" I asked, as soon as we were alone. "Why did he run away from me?"

"Who!" exclaimed Alice, with a start; "What do you mean, Willie? Is it possible you have not heard?"

"Heard what?"

"I see you have not heard," she replied. "Sit down, Willie, and prepare yourself for painful news. But first tell me what you meant by saying what you did just now,—who was it that ran away from you?"

"Well, I should perhaps hardly call it running away, but he certainly

disappeared most mysteriously, down here near the corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets."

"Of whom are you speaking?"

"Of Uncle Richard, of course."

"Uncle Richard! The corner of Yonge and Crookshank Streets? When did you see him there?"

"When? A quarter of an hour ago. He met me at the station, and we walked up together till I met Johnny Gray. I turned to speak to Johnny for a moment, when——"

"Willie, what on earth are you talking about? You are labouring under some strange delusion. *Uncle Richard died of apoplexy more than six weeks ago, and lies buried in St. James's Cemetery.*"

II.

I DON'T know how long I sat there, trying to think, with my face buried in my hands. My mind had been kept on a strain during the last thirty hours, and the succession of surprises to which I had been subjected had temporarily paralyzed my faculties. For a few moments after Alice's announcement, I must have been in a sort of stupor. My imagination, I remember, ran riot about everything in general, and nothing in particular. My cousin's momentary impression was that I had met with an accident of some kind, which had unhinged my brain. The first distinct remembrance I have after this is, that I suddenly awoke from my stupor to find Alice kneeling at my feet, and holding me by the hand. Then my mental powers came back to me, and I recalled all the incidents of the evening.

"When did uncle's death take place?" I asked.

"On the 3rd of November, about four o'clock in the afternoon. It was quite unexpected, though he had not enjoyed his usual health for some weeks before. He fell down in the hall, just as he was returning from a walk, and died within two hours. He never spoke or recognized any one after his seizure."

"What has become of his old overcoat?" I asked.

"His old overcoat, Willie—what a question!" replied Alice, evidently thinking that I was again drifting back into insensibility.

"Did he continue to wear it up to the day of his death?" I asked.

"No. Cold weather set in very early this last fall, and he was compelled to don his winter clothing earlier than usual. He had a new overcoat made within a fortnight before he died. He had it on at the time of his seizure. But why do you ask?"

"Was the new coat cut by a fashionable tailor, and had it a fur collar and cuffs?"

"It was cut at Stovel's, I think. It had a fur collar and cuffs."

"When did he begin to wear a wig?"

"About the same time that he began to wear his new overcoat. I wrote you a letter at the time, making merry over his youthful appearance, and hinting—of course only in jest—that he was looking out for a young wife. But you surely did not receive my letter. You must have been on your way home before it was written."

"I left Melbourne on the 11th of October. The wig, I suppose, was buried with him?"

"Yes."

"And where is the overcoat?"

"In the wardrobe up stairs, in uncle's room."

"Come and show it to me."

I led the way upstairs, my cousin following. In the hall on the first floor we encountered my old friend Mrs. Daly, the housekeeper. She threw up her hands in surprise at seeing me. Our greeting was very brief; I was too intent on solving the problem which had exercised my mind ever since receiving the letter at Boston, to pay much attention to anything else. Two words, however, explained to her where we were going, and at our request she accompanied us. We passed into my uncle's room. My cousin drew the key of the wardrobe from a drawer where it was kept, and unlocked the door. There hung the overcoat. A single glance was sufficient. It was the same.

The dazed sensation in my head began to make itself felt again. The atmosphere of the room seemed to oppress me, and, closing the door of the wardrobe, I led the way down stairs again to the dining-room, followed by my cousin. Mrs. Daly had sense enough to perceive that we were discussing family matters, and retired to her own room.

I took my cousin's hand in mine, and asked:

"Will you tell me what you know of Mr. Marcus Weatherley?"

This was evidently another surprise for her. How could I have heard of Marcus Weatherley? She answered, however, without hesitation:

"I know very little of him. Uncle Richard and he had some dealings together a few months since, and in that way he became a visitor here. After a while he began to call pretty often, but his visits suddenly ceased a short time before uncle's death. I need not affect any reserve with you. Uncle Richard thought he came after me, and gave him a hint that you had a prior claim. He never called afterwards. I am rather glad that he did'nt, for there is something about him that I don't quite like. I am at a loss to say what the something is; but his manner always impressed me with the idea that he was not exactly what he seemed to be on the surface. Perhaps I misjudged him. In-

deed, I think I must have done so, for he stands well with everybody, and is highly respected."

I looked at the clock on the mantelpiece. It was ten minutes to seven. I rose from my seat.

"I will ask you to excuse me for an hour or two, Alice. I must find Johnny Gray."

"But you will not leave me, Willie, until you have given me some clue to your unexpected arrival, and to the strange questions you have been asking? Dinner is ready, and can be served at once. Pray don't go out again until you have dined."

She clung to my arm. It was evident that she considered me mad, and thought it probable that I might make away with myself. This I could not bear. As for eating any dinner, that was simply impossible, in my then frame of mind, although I had not tasted food since leaving Rochester. I resolved to tell her all. I resumed my seat. She placed herself on a stool at my feet, and listened while I told her all that I have set down as happening to me subsequently to my last letter to her from Melbourne.

"And now, Alice, you know why I wish to see Johnny Gray."

She would have accompanied me, but I thought it better to prosecute my inquiries alone. I promised to return sometime during the night, and tell her the result of my interview with Gray. That gentleman had married, and become a householder on his own account during my absence in Australia. Alice knew his address and gave me the number of his house, which was on Church Street. A few minutes' rapid walking brought me to his door. I had no great expectation of finding him at home, as I deemed it probable that he had not returned from wherever he had been going when I met him; but I should be able to find out when he was expected, and would either wait or go in search of him. Fortune favoured me for once, however; he had returned more than an hour before. I was ushered into the drawing room, where I found him playing cribbage with his wife.

"Why, Willie," he exclaimed, advancing to welcome me, "this is kinder than I expected. I hardly looked for you before to-morrow. All the better; we have just been speaking of you. Ellen, this is my old friend, Willie Furlong, the returned convict, whose banishment you have so often heard me deplore."

After exchanging brief courtesies with Mrs. Gray, I turned to her husband.

"Johnny, did you notice anything remarkable about the old gentleman who was with me when we met on Yonge Street, this evening?"

"Old gentleman? who? There was no one with you when I met you."

"Think again. He and I were walking arm in arm, and you had passed us before you recognised me, and mentioned my name."

He looked hard in my face for a moment, and then said positively:

"You are wrong, Willie. You were certainly alone when we met. You were walking slowly, and I must have noticed if any one had been with you."

"It is you who are wrong," I retorted almost sternly. "I was accompanied by an elderly gentleman, who wore a great coat with fur collar and cuffs, and we were conversing earnestly together when you passed us."

He hesitated an instant, and seemed to consider, but there was no shade of doubt on his face.

"Have it your own way, old boy," he said. "All I can say is, that I saw no one but yourself, and neither did Charley Leitch, who was with me. After parting from you we commented upon your evident abstraction, and the sombre expression of your countenance, which we attributed to your having only recently heard of the sudden death of your Uncle Richard. If any old gentleman had been with you we could not possibly have failed to notice him."

Without a single word by way of explanation or apology, I jumped from my seat, passed out into the hall, seized my hat, and left the house.

III.

OUT into the street I rushed like a madman, banging the door after me. I knew that Johnny would follow me for an explanation, so I ran like lightning round the next corner, and thence down to Yonge Street. Then I dropped into a walk, regained my breath, and asked myself what I should do next.

Suddenly I bethought me of Dr. Marsden, an old friend of my uncle's I hailed a passing cab, and drove to his house. The doctor was in his consultation-room, and alone.

Of course he was surprised to see me, and gave expression to some appropriate words of sympathy at my bereavement. "But how is it that I see you so soon?" he asked—"I understood that you were not expected for some months to come."

Then I began my story, which I related with great circumstantiality of detail, bringing it down to the moment of my arrival at his house. He listened with the closest attention, never interrupting me by a single exclamation until I had finished. Then he began to ask questions, some of which I thought strangely irrelevant.

"Have you enjoyed your usual good health during your residence abroad?"

"Never better in my life. I have not had a moment's illness since you last saw me."

"And how have you prospered in your business enterprises?"

"Reasonably well; but pray doctor, let us confine ourselves to the matter in hand. I have come for friendly, not professional, advice."

"All in good time, my boy," he calmly remarked. This was tantalizing. My strange narrative did not seem to have disturbed his serenity in the least degree.

"Did you have a pleasant passage?" he asked, after a brief pause. "The ocean, I believe, is generally rough at this time of year."

"I felt a little squeamish for a day or two after leaving Melbourne," I replied, "but I soon got over it, and it was not very bad even while it lasted. I am a tolerably good sailor."

"And you have had no special ground of anxiety of late? At least not until you received this wonderful letter"—he added, with a perceptible contraction of his lips, as though trying to repress a smile.

Then I saw what he was driving at.

"Doctor," I exclaimed, with some exasperation in my tone—"pray dismiss from your mind the idea that what I have told you is the result of a diseased imagination. I am as sane as you are. The letter itself affords sufficient evidence that I am not quite such a fool as you take me for."

"My dear boy, I don't take you for a fool at all, although you are a little excited just at present. But I thought you said you returned the letter to—ahem—your uncle."

For the moment I had forgotten that important fact. But I was not altogether without evidence that I had not been the victim of a disordered brain. My friend Gridley could corroborate the receipt of the letter, and its contents. My cousin could bear witness that I had displayed an acquaintance with facts which I would not have been likely to learn from any one but my uncle. I had referred to his wig and overcoat, and had mentioned to her the name of Mr. Marcus Weatherley—a name which I had never heard before in my life. I called Dr. Marsden's attention to these matters, and asked him to explain them if he could.

"I admit," said the doctor, "that I don't quite see my way to a satisfactory explanation just at present. But let us look the thing squarely in the face. During an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, I always found your uncle a truthful man, who was cautious enough to make no statements about his neighbours that he was not able to prove. Your informant, on the other hand, does not seem to have confined himself to facts. He made a charge of forgery against a gentleman whose moral and commercial integrity are unquestioned by all who know him. I

know Marcus Weatherley pretty well, and am not disposed to pronounce him a forger and a scoundrel upon the unsupported evidence of a shadowy old gentleman who appears and disappears in the most mysterious manner, and who cannot be laid hold of and held responsible for his slanders in a court of law. And it is not true, as far as I know and believe, that Marcus Weatherley is embarrassed in his circumstances. Such confidence have I in his solvency and integrity that I would not be afraid to take up all his outstanding paper without asking a question. If you will make inquiry, you will find that my opinion is shared by all the bankers in the city. And I have no hesitation in saying that you will find no acceptances with your uncle's name to them, either in this market or elsewhere."

"That I will try to ascertain to-morrow," I replied. "Meanwhile, Dr. Marsden, will you oblige your old friend's nephew by writing to Mr. Junius Gridley, and asking him to acquaint you with the contents of the letter, and with the circumstances under which I received it?"

"It seems an absurd thing to do," he said, "but I will, if you like. What shall I say?" and he sat down at his desk to write the letter.

It was written in less than five minutes. It simply asked for the desired information, and requested an immediate reply. Below the doctor's signature I added a short postscript in these words:—

"My story about the letter and its contents is discredited. Pray answer fully and at once.—W. F. F."

At my request the doctor accompanied me to the Post-office, on Toronto Street, and dropped the letter into the box with his own hands. I bade him good night, and repaired to the Rossin House. I did not feel like encountering Alice again until I could place myself in a more satisfactory light before her. I despatched a messenger to her with a short note stating that I had not discovered anything important, and requesting her not to wait up for me. Then I engaged a room and went to bed.

But not to sleep. All night long I tossed about from one side of the bed to the other; and at day-light, feverish and unrefreshed, I strolled out. I returned in time for breakfast, but ate little or nothing. I longed for the arrival of ten o'clock, when the banks would open.

After breakfast I sat down in the reading-room of the hotel, and vainly tried to fix my attention upon the local columns of that morning's paper. I remember reading over several items time after time, without any comprehension of their meaning. After that I remember—nothing.

Nothing! All was blank for more than five weeks. When consciousness came back to me I found myself in bed in my own old room, in the house on Gerrard Street, and Alice and Dr. Marsden were standing by my bedside.

No need to tell how my hair had been removed, nor about the bags of ice that had been applied to my head. No need to linger over any details of the "pitiless fever that burned in my brain." No need, either, to linger over my progress back to convalescence, and from thence to complete recovery. In a week from the time I have mentioned, I was permitted to sit up in bed, propped up by a mountain of pillows. My impatience would brook no further delay, and I was allowed to ask questions about what had happened in the interval which had elapsed since my overwrought nerves gave way under the prolonged strain upon them. First, Junius Gridley's letter in reply to Dr. Marsden, was placed in my hands. I have it still in my possession, and I transcribe the following copy from the original now lying before me:—

"BOSTON, Dec. 22nd, 1861.

"DR. MARSDEN:

"In reply to your letter, which has just been received, I have to say that Mr. Furlong and myself became acquainted for the first time during our recent passage from Liverpool to Boston, in the *Persia*, which arrived here on Monday last. Mr. Furlong accompanied me home, and remained until Tuesday morning, when I took him to see the Public Library, the State House, the Athenæum, Faneuil Hall, and other points of interest. We casually dropped into the post-office, and he remarked upon the great number of letters there. At my instigation—made, of course, in jest—he applied at the General Delivery for letters for himself. He received one bearing the Toronto postmark. He was naturally very much surprised at receiving it, and was not less so at its contents. After reading it he handed it to me, and I also read it carefully. I cannot recollect it word for word, but it professed to come from 'his affectionate uncle, Richard Yardington.' It expressed pleasure at his coming home sooner than had been anticipated, and hinted in rather vague terms at some calamity. It referred to a lady called Alice, and stated that she had not been informed of Mr. Furlong's intended arrival. There was something too, about his presence at home being a recompense to her for recent grief which she had sustained. It also expressed the writer's intention to meet his nephew at the Toronto Railway station upon his arrival, and stated that no telegram need be sent. This, as nearly as I can remember, was about all there was in the letter. Mr. Furlong professed to recognize the handwriting as his uncle's. It was a cramped hand, not easy to read, and the signature was so peculiarly formed that I was hardly able to decipher it. The peculiarity consisted of the extreme irregularity in the formation of the letters, no two of which were of equal size; and capitals were interspersed promiscuously, more especially throughout the surname.

"Mr. Furlong was much agitated by the contents of the letter, and was anxious for the arrival of the time of his departure. He left by the B. & A. train at 11.30. This is really all I know about the matter, and I have been anxiously expecting to hear from him ever since he left. I confess that I feel curious, and should be glad to hear from him—that is, of course, unless

something is involved which it would be impertinent for a comparative stranger to pry into.

"Yours, &c.,

"JUNIUS H. GRIDLEY."

So that my friend had completely corroborated my account, so far as the letter was concerned. My account, however, stood in no need of corroboration, as will presently appear.

When I was stricken down, Alice and Dr. Marsden were the only persons to whom I had communicated what my uncle had said to me during our walk from the station. They both maintained silence on the matter, except to each other. Between themselves, in the early days of my illness, they discussed it with a good deal of feeling on each side. Alice implicity believed my story from first to last. She was wise enough to see that I had been made acquainted with matters that I could not possibly have learned through any of the ordinary channels of communication. In short, she was not so enamoured of professional jargon as to have lost her common sense. The doctor, however, with the mole-blindness of many of his tribe, refused to believe. Nothing of this kind had previously come within the range of his own experience, and it was therefore impossible. He accounted for it all upon the hypothesis of my impending fever. He is not the only physician who mistakes cause for effect, and *vice versa*.

During the second week of my prostration, Mr. Marcus Weatherley absconded. This event, so totally unlooked-for by those who had had dealings with him, at once brought his financial condition to light. It was found that he had been really insolvent for several months past. The day after his departure a number of his acceptances became due. These acceptances proved to be four in number, amounting to exactly forty-two thousand dollars. So that that part of my uncle's story was confirmed. One of the acceptances was payable in Montreal, and was for $2,283.76. The other three were payable at different banks in Toronto. These last had been drawn at sixty days, and each of them bore a signature presumed to be that of Richard Yardington. One of them was for $8,972.11; another was for $10,114.63; and the third and last was for $20,629.50. A short sum in simple addition will show us the aggregate of these three amounts—

$8,972 11
10,114 63
20,629 50
$39,716 24

which was the amount for which my uncle claimed that his name had been forged.

Within a week after these things came to light, a letter, addressed to

the manager of one of the leading banking institutions of Toronto, arrived from Mr. Marcus Weatherley. He wrote from New York, but stated that he should leave there within an hour from the time of posting his letter. He voluntarily admitted having forged my uncle's name to the three acceptances above referred to, and entered into other details about his affairs which, though interesting enough to his creditors at that time, would have no special interest for the public at the present day. The banks where the acceptances had been discounted were wise after the fact, and detected numerous little details wherein the forged signatures differed from genuine signatures of my Uncle Richard. In each case they pocketed the loss and held their tongues, and I dare say they will not thank me for calling attention to the matter, even at this distance of time.

There is not much more to tell. Marcus Weatherley, the forger, met his fate within a few days after writing his letter from New York. He took passage at New Bedford, Massachusetts, in a sailing vessel called the *Petrel*, bound for Havana. The *Petrel* sailed from port on the 12th of January, 1862, and went down in mid-ocean with all hands on the 23rd of the same month. She sank in full sight of the captain and crew of the *City of Baltimore* (Inman Line), but the hurricane prevailing was such that the latter were unable to render any assistance, or to save one of the ill-fated crew from the fury of the waves.

At an early stage in the story I mentioned that the only fictitious element should be the name of one of the characters introduced. The name is that of Marcus Weatherley himself. The person whom I have so designated really bore a different name —one that is still remembered by scores of people in Toronto. He has paid the penalty of his misdeeds, and I see nothing to be gained by perpetuating them in connection with his own proper name. In all other particulars the foregoing narrative is as true as a tolerably retentive memory has enabled me to record it.

I don't propose to attempt any psychological explanation of the events here recorded, for the very sufficient reason that only one explanation is possible. The weird letter and its contents, as has been seen, do not rest upon my testimony alone. With respect to my walk from the station with Uncle Richard, and the communication made by him to me, all the details are as real to my mind as any other incidents of my life. The only obvious deduction is, that I was made the recipient of a communication of the kind which the world is accustomed to regard as supernatural.

Mr. Owen has my full permission to appropriate this story in the next edition of his "Debatable Land between this World and the Next." Should he do so, his readers will doubtless be favoured with an elabor-

ate analysis of the facts, and with a pseudo-philosophic theory about spiritual communion with human beings. My wife, who is an enthusiastic student of electro-biology, is disposed to believe that Weatherley's mind, overweighted by the knowledge of his forgery, was in some occult manner, and unconsciously to himself, constrained to act upon my own senses. I prefer, however, simply to narrate the facts. I may or may not have my own theory about these facts. The reader is at perfect liberty to form one of his own if he so pleases. I may mention that Dr. Marsden professes to believe to the present day that my brain was disordered by the approach of the fever which eventually struck me down, and that all I have described was merely the result of what he, with delightful periphrasis, calls "an abnormal condition of the system, induced by causes too remote for specific diagnosis."

It will be observed that, whether I was under an hallucination or not, the information supposed to be derived from my uncle was strictly accurate in all its details. The fact that the disclosure subsequently became unnecessary through the confession of Weatherley, does not seem to me to afford any argument for the hallucination theory. My uncle's communication was important at the time when it was given to me; and we have no reason for believing that "those who are gone before" are universally gifted with a knowledge of the future.

It was open to me to make the facts public as soon as they became known to me, and had I done so, Marcus Weatherley might have been arrested and punished for his crime. Had not my illness supervened, I think I should have made discoveries in the course of the day following my arrival in Toronto, which would have led to his arrest.

Such speculations are profitless enough, but they have often formed the topic of discussion between my wife and myself. Gridley, too, whenever he pays us a visit, invariably revives the subject, which he long ago christened "The Gerrard Street Mystery," although it might just as correctly be called "The Yonge Street Mystery," or, "The Mystery at the Union Station." He has urged me a hundred times over to publish the story; and now, after all these years, I follow his counsel, and adopt his nomenclature in the title.

HER PORTRAIT.

LADY, see your portrait's finished,
All that heart and hand could do
Have they wrought upon the canvas,
But to win a smile from you.

On your bosom rose-buds resting,
Purple blooms among your hair,
Snowy wreaths of lace around you,
Form a picture passing fair.

Ah! but here I see my failure:
When I gaze upon your eyes,
Every purple-tinted blossom
Seems to wither where it lies.

All the petals of the roses,
When your rounded lips are near,
And your dimpled cheeks are blushing,
Dead as autumn leaves appear.

Yet accept the picture, lady,
Take my wishes for the deed;
For in limning angel's beauty,
How could mortal man succeed.

HER PORTRAIT.

FOREST RANGERS AND VOYAGEURS.

II.—FOREST LIFE IN LATER TIMES.

THE distinctive title of *Coureurs de bois* eventually disappeared when the country became more settled, and the fur-trade, after the conquest, was a monopoly in the hands of wealthy capitalists who had their head-quarters at Montreal. On the ice-bound shores of Hudson's Bay and by the side of the Red, the Assinniboine, and Saskatchewan Rivers, powerful combinations of fur-traders had in the course of years raised palisaded posts, and organized the fur traffic on a colossal scale. More than two hundred years ago a company of traders, known as the "Honourable Company of Adventurers from England, trading into Hudson's Bay," received from Charles II. a royal license for trade in what is known as Rupert's Land, and established posts on the rugged, inhospitable shores of the north. The French had always looked with great jealousy on the English enterprise, and Le Moyne D'Iberville, that daring Canadian sailor, had pounced upon these northern posts and destroyed them. But still the Hudson's Bay Company had persevered in its enterprises, and established itself in the North-West when Wolfe and Montcalm fell on the Plains of Abraham, and the *fleur-de-lys* was struck on the old citadel of the ancient capital. For a short time after the conquest, the fur-trade in Canada ceased, and the Hudson's Bay Company monopolized the trade with those Indians who could be induced to trade with it. Towards the latter part of the eighteenth century, the merchants of Montreal who were individually dealing in furs, formed a Company which, under the title of the North-West Company, was long the rival of the Hudson's Bay Adventurers. Both these Companies were made up of Englishmen and Scotchmen, but they were nevertheless bitter enemies, engaged as they were in the same business in the wilderness. They employed very different materials for the prosecution of their trade. The employés of the Hudson's Bay Company were chiefly Scotch, whilst the Canadian Company found in the French Canadian population that class of men whom it believed to be most suited to a forest life. No doubt in one respect the North-West Company showed its wisdom; for the French voyageurs and rangers were always welcome at the camp-fires of the Indians, whilst the English were long objects of hatred and suspicion: but the selection was far from wise in other ways, since the difference in the nationality and religion of the servants of the rival

Companies only tended eventually to intensify the bitterness of the competition, and led at last to many a scene of tumult and bloodshed in the far west. The feuds between the two Companies lasted until the time of Lord Selkirk, the founder of the Red River settlement, at whose instigation some companies of soldiers were brought into the country for the preservation of peace and order. Not long after this the two Companies were amalgamated, and the Hudson's Bay Company became the ruler, for many years, of that vast territory which has so very recently been made a part of the Dominion of Canada. The French Canadian elements of the population continued to find that employment which was best suited to them. The guides, trappers, and buffalo-hunters of the North-West are the true descendants of those hardy men who were the pioneers of the fur-trade in that wide stretch of country which is washed by Northern Seas, and hemmed in by a vast mountain range. Half Indian, half French Canadian, they possess the same restless nomadic habits that distinguished the *Coureurs de bois* two centuries ago. They are a gay, idle, dissipated class, not very reliable, and very rash and passionate when aroused. They possess an extraordinary power of endurance, and are able to undergo any amount of fatigue. Such a class, like the game they hunt, must gradually disappear beneath the civilizing influences of colonization and commerce. It is difficult to believe that the half-breed can ever be made a settler in the real sense of the term. As population pours into the North-West he will recede further and further, like his Indian ally, into remote fastnesses, where the game may still exist in quantities, or the lumber trade may give some employment less irksome than the monotonous, steady life of the farm and workshop. As a picturesque figure of the North-West—as a gay rover of forest and river and prairie, the half-breed or *métis* of the Red River, of the Assinniboine and of the Saskatchewan, must soon fade away into history and romance, like his old prototype, the *Coureur de bois.*

The French Canadian, in the present as in the past, seems to take naturally to forest life. Since the fur trade has receded into the North-West, his restless, adventurous spirit would not be content were it not for the occupation which the great timber trade offers him. When the canoes of the Fur Company no longer passed over the old Ottawa route to the great lakes, the *voyageurs* and *foresters* of Lower Canada found a home in the *Chantiers,* among the lofty pines. If we visit the Gatineau, the Désert, the St. Maurice or the Ottawa, there we will see the French Canadian as of old the principal denizen of the woodland. It was not long since the writer visited one of the large "limits" of the Gatineau. Here, too, many of the names recalled the nationality of the pioneers of that region. Where the Desèrt and Gatineau mingle their waters, we saw a huge stone church, crowned by a life-size image of "Our Lady of

the Désert," in which French-Canadians, and Indians are wont to assemble as of old beneath the little Chapel of St. Ignace, where Father Marquette administered the sacraments of his Church to the devout and faithful. At distant intervals around the *Mer Bleue* and *Grand Lac* were scattered huts made of huge unsquared pine logs, with large holes for chimneys in the middle of the roof, which is generally constructed of pine slabs with the bark still left upon them. The picturesque aspect of one of these shanties presents itself once more to the writer as he pens these words on a dull November day. It was a bright day in January, as we stood on a little height from which the pines had been cleared, and looked down on a sheltered nook or glen, in which nestled a little group of buildings from one of which a thin column of smoke rose gently in the still, crisp air of that solitary northern region. The snow which had fallen during the night lay heavy on the slab roofs of the shanties, or mingled with the green of the small spruce and pines which the ruthless axe had left on the slopes of the hills which protected the lumberers' home from the icy northern winds. A brook fell gently in cascades over the rocks, then lost itself for a while beneath the ice and snow, and anon breaking forth with gentle murmurs, passed at last under the sheltering boughs of a spruce grove. Away beyond to the north and west, stretched a vast undulating forest of pine, while to the south east, as far as the eye could reach, lay a dazzling white plain of ice, surrounded by gently rising banks, all covered with a small growth of wood of every kind. Not a sound broke the stillness of the afternoon save the whir of the axe or the crash of a giant pine as it yielded to some dexterous arm. Roads branched off in different directions into the best timbered parts of the forest, and piles of logs lay on the ice until the spring freshets should bear them "on the drive" to their destination. When the sun had gone down and the evening had come, the men, some with axes, others with teams, arrived by degrees from different parts of the limits, and took a hearty meal of the customary fare of hot tea, pork, and bread, while standing or sitting around a roaring fire of huge logs which were piled upon an enormous raised hearth, occupying at least a quarter of the shanty. In the evening some played at cards, some read, and others sang or told stories of their adventures in the forest, until at last one after the other dropped into the "bunks" which were built around two sides of the hut. This monotonous life lasts for some five months, and is only diversified by visits from clerks and managers, or by some accident caused by falling pine or restless horse. In the spring the shanty is deserted, and the drive commences. The logs are moved along the smooth current of solitary lakes and silent rivers, or rush impetuously down foaming rapids and falls, until after many a day's toil they arrive at the different booms, where they are sorted for the

various owners. The "drive" is the most difficult, often the most dangerous part of the lumberers' occupation. It is all well enough when the timber is floating on the smooth current of lakes and rivers; but when, as it sometimes happens, a piece gets jammed in a narrow rapid, and forms a dam where log after log becomes entangled in a huge unwieldy mass, the drivers are sore vexed, for their duty is now one of no little difficulty and peril. The man with the keenest eye, the most skilful arm, and the most daring heart, steps among the logs, around which the water hisses and spurts, and with infinite dexterity and patience searches for the key-log of the trouble. One careless hasty stroke may precipitate that huge mass of timber upon him, and he may in an instant find himself beneath a whirlwind of logs, a mangled, shapeless atom. But accidents now-a-days are of comparatively rare occurrence, so admirable are the facilities for driving, and so skilful are the men engaged in this laborious occupation. All nationalities of our people are employed in the lumber trade, but the majority, as we have already said, are made up of French Canadians, who seem to find in this busy forest life that spice of adventure which fascinated the youth of Canada before the conquest.

III. SONGS OF THE FOREST AND RIVER.

THERE is another subject to which some reference may be appropriately made in a paper of this character, and that is, the literature of the voyageurs and foresters whose adventurous lives I have endeavoured briefly to sketch. The *chansons*, or ballads, which still live among the French Canadian habitants, have often been mentioned by travellers, novelists, and essayists, though no English writer that I can recall to mind has ever attempted to cultivate the subject as its interest demands. Without pretending to go at any length into this subject—which would require a large volume if it should be treated on its merits—there are a few features to which I may cursorily allude. The ballads which have so long been in vogue among the people of the Province of Quebec and the North-West, are essentially characteristic of a race extremely conservative of old customs and traditions. These ballads are the same in spirit, and often in words, as those which their ancestors brought from Brétagne, Normandy, and Franche Comté, and which were sung by the *coureurs des bois* in their forest haunts, and by the habitants at their village gatherings in old times. Some have been adapted to Canadian scenery and associations, but on the whole, the most of them are essentially European in spirit and allusion. The French matron sang her babe to sleep by her cottage door, the habitant swung his axe among the pines, the voyageur dipped his paddle in Canadian waters, to the same air that we still can hear on the banks of the St. Lawrence or the

St. Maurice. The Celt and Latin races have always been famous for their ballads, and the French Canadian of the present day has preserved the poetic instincts of his race. The Canadian lumberer among the pines of the Ottawa and its tributaries, the Métis of the rivers of the "Lone Land," still sing snatches of songs which the *coureurs des bois* who followed Du Lhut were wont to sing as they flew along Canadian rivers, or camped beneath the shade of the pines and the maples of the Western woods, and which can even now be heard at many a Breton and Norman festival. The words may be disconnected, and seem like nonsense verse, but there is for all a sprightliness in the air and rythm which is essentially peculiar to the old French ballad. It seems impossible to set the words to the music of the drawing-room. There they seem tame and meaningless, but when they are sung beneath the forest shade, or amid the roar of rushing waters, the air becomes imbued with the spirit of the surroundings. It has been well observed by a French Canadian writer* to whom we are indebted for the only collection we at present possess of these ballads "that there are many of these songs "which are without beauty except on the lips of the peasantry." Whoever has heard them sung in French Canadian homes must confess that there is every truth in this remark:—"There is something sad and "soft in their voices which imparts a peculiar charm to these monoton-"ous airs, in which their whole existence seems to be reflected. It is "with the voices of the peasantry, as with their eyes. Their look, ac-"customed to wide horizons and a uniform scenery, has a quietness, a "calm, a monotony, if you like, which is not to be found among the "inhabitants of the cities."

Among the numerous ballads sung in Quebec there is none so popular with all classes, from Gaspé to the Red River, as "En roulant ma boule,"—one of those merry jingles which the people seem always to love, and which is well-suited to the rapid movement of the canoe. It is evidently European in its origin, though its words cannot be traced to any of the songs now in vogue in Old France. The French version is as follows:—

Derrière chez-nous ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule roulant,
En roulant ma boule.

Trois beaux canards s'en vont baignant,
En roulant ma boule,
Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Le fils du roi s'en va chassant,
En roulant ma boule,
Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Avec son grand fusil d'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

* Chansons Populaires du Canada: Recueillies et publiées par Ernest Gagnon. Quebec: 1865.

Visa le noir, tua le blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
O ! fils du roi, tu es méchant !
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant, etc.

O ! fils du roi, tu es méchant !
En roulant ma boule,
D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

D'avoir tué mon canard blanc,
En roulant ma boule,
Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Par dessous l'aile il perd son sang,
En roulant ma boule,
Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Par les yeux lui sort'nt des diamants,
En roulant ma boule,
Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Et par le bec l'or et l'argent,
En roulant ma boule,
Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Toutes ses plum's s'en vont au vent,
En roulant ma boule,
Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les ramassant,
En roulant ma boule,
C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

C'est pour en faire un lit de camp,
En roulant ma boule,
Pour y coucher tous les passants,
Rouli, roulant, ma boule roulant,
En roulant, etc.

It is difficult to give a literal translation, embodying the spirit of the original, which our readers will see abounds in repetitions—the third line of every verse forming the commencement of the following. It is easy to understand that a ballad of this kind would be very popular with hunters and voyageurs. All its allusions are to field sports and forest life, but the reference to the King's son shows it was originally brought from France. Those of our readers who are not sufficiently familiar with French to understand the original, will be pleased with the following free translation which we borrow from an anonymous writer, who has very properly avoided the repetitions :—

Behind our house a pool you see
Rolling, rolls my ball on—
In it three ducks swim merrily
Rolling, bowling, my ball rolls free,
Rolling, rolls my ball so free,
Rolling, rolls my ball, O !

Behind our house a pool you see,
In it three ducks swim merrily.
The King's son to the chase went he,
With silver gun armed splendidly.
Aimed at the black, the white killed he,
O son of the King, ill hap to thee,
For killing the white duck dear to me !
Beneath his wings the red drops flee
And diamonds fall from either e'e,
And silver and gold at beak drops he.
His feathers on the wind fly free,
To gather them go women three,
To make a bed right fair to see,
To furnish for their hostelrie.

The popularity of this old melody may be imagined from the fact that there is any number of versions of the same ballad throughout the rural settlements, each with a chorus and air varying according to locality. At Berthier we find this true specimen of a Norman chorus :—

Descendez à l'ombre, ma jolie blonde,
Descendez à l'ombre du bois.

Come down to the shade, my beautiful maid,
Come down to the shade of the wood.

Again, there is a still more sprightly air sung on the rivers of Canada :—

V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent
V'là l'bon vent, ma mie m'appelle,
V'là l'bon vent, v'là l'joli vent,
V'la l'bon vent, v'la l'joli vent,
V'la bon vent, ma mie m'attend.

The wind blows fair,—the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair,—my sweetheart calls,
The wind blows fair, —the wind blows free,
The wind blows fair,—my love waits me.

The words of the following ballad are still sung in Brittany, though the air is different :—

A Saint Malo, beau port de mer, (*bis*)
Trois gros navir's sont arrivés.
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

Trois gros navir's sont arrivés, (*bis*)
Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Chargés d'avoine, chargés de bled, (*bis*)
Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Trois dam's s'en vont les marchander. (*bis*)
- Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ?
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Marchand, marchand, combien ton bled ? (*bis*)
—Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Trois francs l'avoin', six francs le bled. (*bis*)
—C'est ben trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

C'est bien trop cher d'un' bonn' moitié. (*bis*)
—Montez Mesdam's, vous le verrez.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Montez Mesdam's vous le verrez. (*bis*)
--Marchand, tu n'vendra pas ton bled.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Marchand, tu n'vendra pas ton bled. (*bis*)
—Si je l'vends pas' je l'donnerai.
Nous irons sur l'eau, etc.

Si je l'vends pas, je l'donnerai. (*bis*)
—A ce prix-là on va s'arranger.
Nous irons sur l'eau
Nous y prom' promener
Nous irons jouer dans l'île.

This curious melange which describes an attempt at bargaining between some corn traders and country folk may be briefly translated in this wise :—

At St. Malo, fair port of sea,
Three ships there in the harbour be,
Laden with grain right heavily,
To cheapen it go women three.
" Merchant, what may your prices be ?"
" Six francs the wheat, the oats for three."
" Too dear by half your price for me."
" But ladies come on board and see !"
" Merchant, none of thy corn take we."
" If I can't sell it, take it free."
" Well, at that price, we may agree !"

In Brittany the scene of the foregoing ballad is laid in Nantes, but we can at once conjecture that the Canadian colonists who brought this ballad with them from old France, naturally changed the locality to St. Malo, the home of Jacques Cartier.

In concluding this paper, I cannot refrain from quoting the most popular of all the Canadian ballads, *A la claire fontaine*, though it is probable very many of the readers of this periodical have heard it often amid the jingle of sleigh-bells or the splash of the paddles :—

A la claire fontaine
M'en allant promener,
J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

J'ai trouvé l'eau si belle
Que je m'y suis baigné.
Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sécher.
Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Sous les feuilles d'un chêne
Je me suis fait sêcher ;
Sur la plus haute branche
Le rossignol chantait.
  Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Chante, rossignol, chante
Toi qui as le cœur gai ;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t'à pleurer.
  Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Tu as le cœur à rire
Moi je l'ai-t'à pleurer ;
J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité.
  Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

J'ai perdu ma maîtresse
Sans l'avoir mérité,
Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai.
  Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Pour un bouquet de roses
Que je lui refusai ;
Je voudrais que la rose
Fût au rosier.
  Lui y'a longtemps, etc.

Je voudrais que la rose
Fût encore au rosier ;
Et moi et ma maîtresse
Dans les mêm's amitiés.
  Lui y'a longtemps que je t'aime
  Jamais je ne t'oublierai.

(Translated.)

Of yonder crystal fountain,
  As I went o'er the lea,
I found so fair the waters,
  That there I bathed me—
Thee long time I've been loving
  Ever remembering thee.

I paused to dry me near it,
  'neath a tall oaken tree,
The nightingale was singing
  On topmost branch sang he.

Sing, nightingale, sing gaily,
  Thy heart is glad in thee ;
My heart is full of sorrow,
  While thine is filled with glee.

I've lost my darling mistress,
  But by no fault in me—
All for a spray of roses
  To her I would not gie.

Fain were I that the roses
  Once more were on the tree,
And that my mistress bore me
  Same love as formerly.
Thee long time I've been loving
  Ever remembering thee.

J. G. Bourinot.

LOVE AND FANCY.

Fancy from flower to flower doth gaily range
  Through life's broad gardens, gathering only sweets,
  Pleased with each gaudy beauty that she meets—
Love knows no change.

And Fancy's art is vain when Love appears ;
  Before Love's majesty she stands ashamed,
As a false prophet among holy seers,
  When truth is named.

John Reade.

FRANK MAHONY, "FATHER PROUT."*

ABOUT two years ago there appeared in the London papers a paragraph stating that the attempt to raise a monument by subscription over the bones of "Father Prout" had failed, no more than a few pounds having been promised for the purpose. It is sad to think that a man who, despite his anti-national proclivities, was still a national genius, should have been so coldly treated by the not ungenerous people of Ireland. Yet after all there is little to be wondered at in the coldness or the refusal. Frank Mahony—Father Mahony—had offended seriously against the deeply-rooted passions of the Irish people. He had deserted and disappointed the priesthood, and he had opposed the agitations of O'Connell. He might have been forgiven the first, for it is a fault frequently forgiven, and he had never dishonoured his cloth or the most sacred of his vows, but he could never hope for forgiveness for the second. He was not forgiven, and is not and never will be. The tone of the Roman Catholic Church against which he offended has only become more severe than ever towards such men as he. Every Irish priest will probably have the "Reliques" in his library, and will enjoy the wit, the pathos, the scholarship, the inimitable brilliancy of epithet and illustration, but a closed volume, shut lips, and shaking head will be the only answer, even from the most genial of priests. When you ask for a monument for Francis Mahony, or for a suspension of judgment on his career, who shall say nay? The man mistook his profession. He was guilty of levity in assuming the vows of the Catholic Church; he was fonder of Horace than he was of his breviary; he paid far too fond court to the brandy-bottle; he quarrelled with his superiors; he carried the habit of his order into the "Caves of Harmony," and other places of bacchanalian delight, where Phil. Firmin and Arthur Pendennis and George Harrington were to be seen, in the old days when the realms of Bohemia were crowded with the brightest of wits; and when Prague, as dear old Thackeray says, was the most delightful city in the world. More than that, he wrote against O'Connell and his friends with such brilliancy as was not equalled by the best of the Quarterly Reviewers. He knew how to hit the national fancy even in insult, and how to stick a shaft in the body of "Dan," as he called him, which could not either be concealed or extracted. Therefore, though we may be sad, we shall not be surprised to find this

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* *The Reliques of Father Prout.* London: H. G. BOHN, York Street, Covent Garden, 1860.
* *Final Reliques of Father Prout.* Edited by BLANCHARD JERROLD. London: Chatto & Windus. 1876.

genius neglected, this priest unhonoured, this Irishman denied. "*Obliviscere populum tuum et domum patris tui*," is the stern language used to the candidate for holy orders. In Mahony's case the command is reversed, and his people forget *him*, and the house of his father casts him out. Yet, man of genius, prince of scholars and good fellows, brave-hearted, blithe little "Father" of the London magazines and the Paris boulevards, friend of Maginn and Hogg and Fraser, sponsor of Thackeray, correspondent of Dickens, author of "Prout," there are still some thousands to do thee honour, to doff the hat for thee as it were, and to recall for a little in these days of the making of many books, the wonderful work of one who has given us a book the equal of which, in its own peculiar line, has not been issued from the London press.

Mahony was born in Cork, in 1804. He was educated for the priesthood at his people's will, rather than his own call, first at the Jesuit School at Amiens, afterwards at their Seminary in Paris. The figure and character of the conventional "Jesuit" is familiar enough to all readers; and, strange to say, this superabounding and overflowing young Irishman was taken to be a fierce, stern, uncompromising specimen of the Order, having all the astuteness, and more than all the relentlessness, of the severest type of Jesuit, and was so described by some unwise historian of the modern members of the Jesuit order, to Mahony's infinite amusement. Never was there a greater mistake made in a man. Mahony was no more fitted for the Church than Swift was, or Sydney Smith; and each of these three great men owed his partial failure in life to the very gifts which made him eminent in paths in which his feet had not been taught to tread. If Swift had not written the "Tale of a Tub," he might have died a bishop, in spite of Queen Anne. If Smith had not written "Peter Plymley's Letters," he would not have been tabooed as he was, and driven to go out to dinner with his pumps in his pocket, to be changed in the hall of his host. And if Mahony had been a little less fluent of his Latin, and sharp in his wit, and loved the wine cup a trifle less dearly, he might, nay would, have worn a cardinal's hat, and died amid the lamentations of millions, instead of pottering about the boulevards, dodging about the continent, his head full of jokes, and his heart full of loneliness and sadness, and dying at last in a Paris lodging. No man ever realized more keenly that half gay, half sad, exclamation of Thackeray, "O my jolly companions, I have drunk many a bout with you, and have always found *vanitas vanitatum* written on the bottom of the pot!"

His studies over, Frank Mahony became Father Mahony, and served in Ireland, and on the continent. There is no public record of his gifts in the pulpit. He was also, at one time, one of the professors in Clongowes Wood College, and here he signalized himself by allowing a lot

of his pupils to over-drink themselves at the house of the father of one of their number, and getting one of them nearly suffocated on the road home, and then nearly scalded to death in a boiling hot bath on arriving at the college. About 1831-2 he came to London, and plunged into the ocean of literature, a bold and expert swimmer. He got in among the Tory writers, and all his life had the Tory feeling in him, dashing at the Whigs with a fine scorn and a reckless good humour, which made the political literature of the early Blackwood and Fraser period so particularly pungent. Persons of refined sensibilities, now-a-days, talk of the personalities of the press! will they be good enough to take down the "Noctes Ambrosianæ?" It is not the personalities we have to complain of—personalities are only the materials for biography—but it is the absence of the old time scholarly brilliancy, which made personalities so attractive, and which flashed about its object like the keen steel blade that glitters and beats about an opponent's weapon a moment ere it leaps into his body.

Like so many famous literary men, Mahony was fond of Paris. There he lived in his youth; there he wrote in his manhood; there he prepared some of his most brilliant work; there he passed his age; and there he died. He had seen younger men pass him in the race, and had looked on contented. He had seen other men enjoying all that honour, love, obedience, troops of friends, home and wife and children could give them; for him there was only the lonely lodging and the solitary hearth, and if his tongue was sometimes too sharp, it was the *sæva indignatio* which was tearing at his heart that brought out the sharpness of speech. He was the foster father of Thackeray; he had introduced Maginn to Fraser; he had sat at dinner with that famous set of men whom you can see touching their glasses in the frontispiece to the original edition of the "Reliques;" he corresponded for the *Daily News;* he wrote for *Fraser's Magazine;* he nursed Robert Browning in Italy, scaring away the servants with his pipe and his medicinal compounds, which cured the poet; in fine, he lived the life of a man of letters with Bohemian tendencies. Yet he was no loose liver; he loved the wine cup, but there his vices ended; he was no friend of the scoffer or the debauchee; he suffered no insult to his cloth, and would run you through with some savage sarcasm if you took a liberty with him.

Looking at that noble forehead and those firm lips; at those eyes, with the fun in them indeed, but with something deterrent from familiarities, one can fancy that the Father might be a splendid boon companion for scholars, but a dangerous man for a company of dull people like—well, like most of our friends. Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has done a good work in preserving the "Final Reliques of Father Prout;" and he has done his work with considerable judgment, though there is a good

deal of confusion in the arrangement of the materials which have been placed at his command. The letters from Italy give a brilliant history of the state of Rome in the early years of the pontificate of Pius IX.

> Wherever we find him, we honour the man,
> Of improvement who forwards the work,
> Let him do all the good that he possibly can;
> And we're ready to drink the Grand Turk.

So sang our friend Punch when Pius IX. began his reforming career, though

> We're sure to set Exeter Hall in a flame
> By proposing the health of the Pope,

went on the humorist through a dozen capital stanzas. Well, *con amore*, Mahony wrote that history; though, while he was writing up the Pope he was writing down O'Connell, and describing the condition of Ireland with sharp scorn while pretending to be cutting at Sardinia. These newspaper letters are worth the study of the young men, who, in these days, all write for the papers in the same style, and that a very dull one. Beginning at page 381 and ending at page 413 of Blanchard Jerrold's volume, there are some letters from Rome describing the carnival and the streets of the city, written in a style of exquisite finish and glitter, the work of a scholar and a humorist. That account of the arrival of the Turkish ambassador at Rome in the height of the carnival, and His Highness's astonishment at the mob of dancing lunatics, who passed before his windows, is so good that many a special correspondent would give his eyes to be able to approach it. How much would the —— or the —— give for such a letter?

But while lingering over the "Final Reliques," we forget the brilliant originals which make the remains of any value at all. Let us devote a page or two to them. The original volume was published in 1860, and was illustrated by Maclise. It contained a frontispiece depicting one of the Fraser dinners with all the literary "swells" of the period. Fraser himself is sitting with his back to us, having a copy of the magazine half way out of his pocket. Maginn, the brilliant, the unfortunate, is beaming at the head of the table. Theodore Hook is looking over his shoulder at you, his face showing signs of the pace of life he was making. Thackeray looks at you out of *one* eye-glass. Mahony himself with a very benevolent face, sits at Maginn's left. There is Count D'Orsay, and Harrison Ainsworth and Southey and Barry Cornwall and Coleridge, and a dozen men less known to fame though familiar to students of literature. The volume itself is crammed with beautiful writing; with wit, with scholarship, with abounding good humour. The "Apology for Lent" is admirable in its ingenious drollery, with here

and there a pathetic touch of refined eloquence. Let me give one sentence which has always given me exquisite pleasure. Speaking of the origin of Lent, he says:

"I do not choose to notice that sort of criticism in its dotage, that would trace the custom to the well-known avocation of the early disciples: though that they were fishermen is most true, and that after they had been raised to the Apostolic dignity, *they relapsed occasionally into the innocent pursuit of their ancient calling, still haunted the shores of the accustomed lake, and loved to disturb with their nets the crystal surface of Gennesareth.*"

Turn again to the same paper for a touch of humour. He tells how the Celtic races are most prone to keep Lent, and how this tendency showed itself at the Reformation:

"The Hollanders, the Swedes, the Saxons, the Prussians, and in Germany those circles in which the Gothic blood ran heaviest and most stagnant, hailed Luther as a deliverer from salt fish. The fatted calf was killed, bumpers of ale went round, and Popery went to the dogs. Half Europe followed the impetus given to free opinions and the congenial impulse of the gastric juice; joining in reform, not because they loved Rome less, but because they loved substantial fare more. Meanwhile neighbours differed. The Dutch, dull and opaque as their own Zuidersee, growled defiance at the Vatican when their food was to be controlled; the Belgians, being a shade nearer the Celtic family, submitted to the fast. While Hamburg clung to its *beef*, and Westphalia preserved her *hams*, Munich and Bavaria adhered to the Pope and to sour-crout with desperate fidelity."

The whole paper is crammed with surprising learning and sudden flashes of humour, long continued, and leaves a timid reader half convinced and half bewildered, wondering whether this little Jesuit is laughing in his sleeve, or making his humour the vehicle of his insidious logic. Another paper, the next in the book, is the "Plea for Pilgrimages" and gives an account of "Sir Walter Scott's visit to the Blarney stone." Here again, we have the same lavish display of wit and learning, a carnival display in which this gifted man flings about his pearls as if they were mere pea-nuts. It is this paper which contains the Polyglot edition of the "Groves of Blarney" in English, Italian, Greek, Latin and French, a most wonderful effort of skill and scholarship. The fun breaks out on every page; the history of the Blarney Stone; the account of the dinner with its songs and disquisitions, all are capital, and the picture of the editor, Mr. Jack Maslesquieu Bellew, is exquisitely ludicrous. Perhaps the most characteristic paper is that on "Literature and the Jesuits." In this he gathers up and gives forth all his affection for the Order which had educated him, and all his especial knowledge of their history and works. He assails Robertson the historian, with loud laughter, asking him "Why in the name of Cornelius à Lapide did he undertake to write about the Jesuits?" Then he plunges into the literature

of the Order, and hurls book after book in cartloads, name after name in bewildering profusion, at the head of the reader, till one cries "hold! enough!" and gives up the contest with such a man in despair. Then follow the "Songs of France," the "Songs of Italy," the "Songs of Horace," "Modern Latin Poets," all with the wonderful wit, the extensive, occasionally loose, scholarship, the brilliant style. There is no book in our language, that I know of, which continues so fresh after frequent perusals, or which contains so much in so few pages.

Just listen to his translation of "Lesbia hath a beaming eye":—

"Lesbia semper hic et indè
Oculorum tela movit;
Captat omnes, sed deindè
Quis ametur nemo novit, &c."

Read it with emphasis to any collection of Irish lads, and see if they do not begin to whistle "Nora Creena?" I must close, by imperative orders. Yet one more reference before I do so. In the Songs of Italy there is one gem, "Michael Angelo's Farewell to Sculpture":—

"I feel that I am growing old,
My lamp of clay, thy flame behold!
'Gins to burn low, and I've unrolled
My life's eventful volume!"

* * *

"'Tis time, my soul, for pensive mood,
For holy calm and solitude;
Then cease henceforward to delude
Thyself with fleeting vanity."

* * *

"Are not (God's) arms for me outspread?
What mean those thorns upon Thy head?
And shall I, wreathed with laurels, tread
Far from Thy paths, Redeemer?"

Life's lamp was burning low with the old Pater when he issued his "Reliques" to the world, in 1859. In a little time it was all over. There was left the usual legacy of the literary man of *his* class,—the pointless pen, the powerless hand, the inkstand overturned and empty. But before he died he had reverted to the paths in which in youth his feet had sweetly been taught to tread, and to those consolations which it might have been his own high mission to minister to the unhappy. Kind hands smoothed his pillow, old friends lighted up the lonely Paris lodging, and the rites of his Church were sought and administered. They buried him in Cork, within hearing of those "Bells of Shandon" which he has made famous for all time. But the wittiest, kindliest, brightest, and best of modern Irish writers must remain without a monument among his people.

MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

NOTE.—During a recent visit with a party of Canadian friends to Arlington, in Virginia, the former beautiful residence of the celebrated leader of the confederate army, General Robert E. Lee (but now one of the American National cemeteries), we were particularly struck with the exquisite beauty and appropriateness of the following lines placed over the remains of the soldiers interred there:

> "The muffled drum's sad roll has beat the soldier's last tatoo;
> No more on life's parade shall meet that brave and fallen few.
> On Fame's eternal camping ground, their silent tents are spread,
> And Glory guards with solemn round the bivouac of the dead."

At the time we were unable to ascertain the name of the writer, but Major-General McCook, A.D.C. to General Sherman, who accompanied us, kindly promised to procure if possible the whole of the lines, and to ascertain the name of the writer. This he did, and I now send them to you for publication. The writer of the poem was Col. O'Hara, a gifted Irish soldier, who served in the United States Army at the time of the Mexican War, and subsequently in the Confederate Army of the South. The lines were written on the occasion of the burial of the Kentucky soldiers who fell in the Battle of Buena Vista, Mexico.

J. G. H.

Toronto, February, 1877.

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
  The soldier's last tatoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
  That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
  Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
  The bivouac of the dead.

No rumour of the foe's advance
  Now swells upon the wind;
No troubled thought, at midnight, haunts,
  Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
  The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
  At dawn shall call to arms.

The shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed—
Their haughty banner trailed in dust
Is now their martial shroud ;
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed,
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed ;
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his broad plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain
Came down the serried foe.
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watch-word of the day
Was "victory or death!"

Long had the doubtful conflict raged
O'er all that stricken plain,
For never fiercer fight had waged
The vengeful blood of Spain ;
And still the storm of battle blew,
Still swelled the gory tide—
Not long our stout old chieftain knew
Such odds his strength could bide.

'Twas in that hour his stern command
Called to a martyr's grave
The flower of his own lovèd land,
The nation's flag to save.
By rivers of his fathers' gore
His first-born laurels grew,
And well he deemed the sons would pour
Their lives for glory too.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angastura's plain
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.

The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,
  Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone awakes each sullen height
  That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the "dark and bloody ground!"
  Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
  Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
  Shall be your fitter grave—
She claims from war his richest spoil—
  The ashes of her brave.

So 'neath their parent turf they rest,
  Far from the gory field;
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
  On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
  Smiles sadly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
  The heroes' sepulchre.

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
  Dear t' us the bloody grave;
No impious footsteps here shall tread
  The herbage of your grave:
Nor shall your glory be forgot
  While Fame her record keeps,
Or honour points the hallowed spot
  Where valour proudly sleeps.

Your marble minstrel's voiceful stone
  In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished age hath flown,
  The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
  Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light,
  That gilds your glorious tomb.

Washington, D.C.,
  November 15th, 1876.

WHAT HE COST HER.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XVI.—(*Continued.*)

"I AM not Miss Ray, Mr. Landon; that is, Miss Ray."

"Indeed? I should have thought you were the elder. Well, now, which is the dye you—no, I don't mean that, of course—but what is the tint out of all these that you prefer?"

Ella looked at the cabinet with a pretence of great attention, and with an aspiration of genius suggested by the Welsh wig, exclaimed: "Drab. It's not a striking colour, of course; but it wears well, and that's the main point."

"You are the most sensible young woman I have met for years!" cried the old gentleman, admiringly. "Your choice does you infinite honour, for it suggests good common sense. You're an excellent little housekeeper, I'll warrant."

"I hope to be one soon, sir," said Ella, demurely.

"Oh, dear me; then somebody's a lucky dog," said the old gentleman, roguishly.

"He has a good father, sir, which is certainly something to be thankful for."

"Egad, that's news to hear nowadays," ejaculated the old fellow with a harsh laugh. "My own experience is that sons care deuced little about their fathers, or their father's wishes, and are grateful for nothing that is done for them. It's all take and no give with them—not even thanks."

"Perhaps they are sometimes misunderstood," said Gracie, timidly, conscious of having done little up to this point to further her friend's interest, and thinking she had found her opportunity.

"There's no misunderstanding at all about it, miss!" cried the old gentleman, furiously. "'It's flat,' 'I won't,' and 'I shan't.' When a tom cat flies in your face, you don't talk of his misunderstanding."

"I would never marry a man who flew in his father's face," observed Ella, decisively.

"Quite right, quite right, my dear," said the old gentleman, approvingly. "However, this is not business, and I have very little time to spend, even in such charming society."

He set his wig straight, which had been pushed a little awry, when Ella and he leant over the cabinet together, and his voice became suddenly hard and metallic. "It is very strange that you young ladies should have been commissioned to treat; but who are the parties? What do they want? Do I know their names?"

"Yes, Mr. Landon, you know their names."

"I thought so; otherwise the proceeding would have been most unusual. 'Ray, Ray;' your name is not familiar to me."

"That is Miss Ray, sir, I am no relation, only an intimate friend. My name is Ella Mayne."

"Why, that's the girl my son is making a fool of himself about!" cried the old gentleman, rising from his seat, and speaking very angrily. "You said you were come about a contract." Yet even then he turned and scowled at Gracie, not at Ella.

"Yes, sir; but it was a marriage contract," murmured Ella, demurely. "I came to assure you that I could not become your son's wife without your approbation. He is not so disobedient as you imagine. He will do anything—anything to please you."

"Such as giving up this Miss Mayne?" snapped the old gentleman; "well, let him begin with that, then."

"Well, no, sir, he thought of beginning his new course of obedience and duty by giving up his present profession, which is as distasteful to me as it is to you, and coming into partnership, or to assist you in your business in any way you thought proper."

"Are you sure of this, young woman?"

"He has passed his word to me, sir, to that effect. I have used my influence, such as it is, to persuade him to this course; and if you are still obdurate as regards our marriage, I shall at least have had the satisfaction of having reconciled to a loving father—for I am sure you do love him dearly, as he loves you—the man I love best in the world."

"There seems to be a deal of loving in you, Miss Ella," sneered the old man, but there was a tenderness mingled with the sneer which took away half its sting. "You are a couple of babies, you and he: mere babies. In your case, indeed, it doesn't make so much difference. I don't object to youth in women———"

"If you please, sir," said the clerk, looking in again, "Mr. Villette says———"

"Go to the devil," roared the old gentleman; and the obedient clerk incontinently fled, and was beheld no more.

"I say, Miss Ella, that my son is a mere boy at school."

"It is true he is at present but a gentleman-cadet," urged Ella, "but he may be a member of your house to-morrow, if you choose to make him so. It would be a great position, but I am not asking it on my

own account, dear Mr. Landon. If I could have brought myself to be the cause of a breach between you and Cecil, there would have been no material obstacles to our union. I have twenty-eight thousand pounds of my own, and perhaps if that were added to his capital in business——"

"No, Miss Ella, no," interrupted the old man with dignity. "Our house is in want of no woman's money. That would be settled on you and the children, that is supposing—no, no, I don't mean that"—for the two young ladies were cochineal—"I mean supposing I were ever brought to consent to this marriage."

"Oh, sir, I think you have consented," exclaimed Gracie, pleadingly.

"I have done nothing of the kind, Miss—Miss what's your name?" replied the old gentleman very irritably. "Girls have no business to think, nor boys either. It is their fathers who should think for them: but I dare say your father doesn't open his mouth in his own house."

At this fancy picture of the commissary, Ella, afraid to laugh, experienced all the premonitory signs of suffocation, and even Gracie, though very much alarmed, could not restrain a smile. "Yes," he went on, "to you, and such as you, miss, I fear filial obedience is only a matter for jesting. Whereas in the case of your friend here, Miss Ella—though I have a bone to pick with her still, and don't intend to forgive her yet by any means; and have not given in at all, mind that, or promised my consent in any way to her union with my son—in her case, I say, I will answer for her, that she has at least shown herself to be a good daughter. That she is submissive and tractable, and obeys as well as loves her father———Bless my soul, what's the matter with her?"

Ella's dark face—for though so beautiful it was very dark, being almost of Spanish hue—had grown pale to the very lips.

"She has lost her father, Mr. Landon," whispered Gracie.

"Then why didn't you tell me so before?" snapped the old gentleman; poor Gracie, it seemed, was always doomed to excite his ire; "your neglect, you see, has caused me to give her pain. It is not, however, given to the memory of every father to excite such emotion. Ella, my dear, since you have shown yourself so good a daughter, I had almost a mind to say—if this son of mine is really prepared to listen to reason, and to put his shoulder to the wheel of commerce at once—that I will accept you for my daughter-in-law. I owe you something for having brought the tears to your pretty eyes."

"I shed no tears, sir," said Ella, in that hard, almost defiant tone, with which her friend was by this time not wholly unfamiliar, though its strangeness never failed to strike her.

"Well, if you didn't cry, you lost your colour; and that showed me, you know, there was something amiss in the fabric—I mean that I touched upon a tender string. I say, if you'll bring Cecil here, a

penitent, and prepared to obey my wishes, we may all three, perhaps, go into partnership together—he with me, and you with him."

"Dear Mr. Landon, how good you are!" exclaimed Ella, the colour returning to her cheeks in a sudden flush, and the lovelight sparkling in her eyes.

"Yes, how good you are!" echoed Gracie, trembling with delight at her friend's success.

"I dare say," answered the old gentleman, sardonically; "I am afraid, Miss Ray, you are one of those young ladies who think every man good whom you have succeeded in twisting round your little finger. I feel I have been made a fool of, but I know which of you has done it. It would never have entered into Ella's head—of that I am convinced—to play such a trick upon me."

"Well, really," began Gracie, her gentle nature moved by a justifiable indignation—then she stopped, feeling that it was Ella's part to defend her from so unfounded an accusation.

"Well, you see, dear Mr. Landon," said Ella gravely, "it was only natural that Gracie should interest herself in her friend's happiness."

"Aye, I see," said the old gentleman. "In other words your friend is a born match-maker; well, that is a weakness which she inherits in common with nineteen-twentieths of her sex, so we will say no more about it; and now, since the contract is arranged—you rogues—there is nothing more to be done except to sign and seal." Whereupon he kissed them both.

"There!" cried he triumphantly, while Ella laughed, and Gracie looked rather resentful (though none the less pretty upon that account), "if I have been deceived, I have got something out of the transaction. I have now no more time to waste, so you must both be off; and mind, Ella, I have a line from Cecil by the second post to-morrow. There is only one thing I am afraid you will object to——"

"There is nothing, dear Mr. Landon," interrupted Ella, softly, "if you only say you wish it."

"Well, I don't know," said the old gentleman, screwing his eyes up tighter than ever, and with his face in a thousand puckers, "if my son does intend to take to business, I should like him to become domestic also; and as soon as possible. This marriage of yours must come off immediately."

"Since it is to oblige you, dear Mr. Landon," answered Ella, demurely——"

"There, get along with you both," interrupted the old gentleman with a grin; "and if ever that fool Withers admits ladies again into my waiting room, I'll have him drowned in an indigo vat."

With that he opened the door, and dismissed his visitors with a curt

nod (for the benefit of Mr. Withers), such as he was wont to use when parting with business clients.

The next moment Ella and Gracie found themselves in the lift descending smoothly, and clasped in each other's arms.

"You are the most wonderful girl that ever was," whispered Gracie, admiringly.

"And you are the best, my darling, I am afraid my papa-in-law that is to be was very rude to you."

"Well, he was—rather," said Gracie, candidly. "The very sight of me, or, at all events, any word I ventured to speak, seemed to have the same effect on him as a red rag on a bull."

"Well, you see he doesn't like scarlet," said Ella, the remembrance of her fortunate choice of colours striking her very comically. "The fact is you were the—what-do-you-call-'em? the man who waves the flag, and enrages the animal; while I was the matador who brings him down. The fact is he was irritated at our little deception—well, at my deception, then, if you prefer to call it so—and not liking to be angry with me, he gave you the whole benefit of his indignation. He wouldn't have kissed you, you know," she added, slily, "if he hadn't liked you."

"I thought that very impertinent," said Gracie, gravely; and then she gave expression to the opinion above mentioned that Mr. Landon senior's character was of a Turkish type.

Ella, full of high spirits, had almost remarked, "Never mind, Gracie, I will not tell Mr. Darall," but fortunately she restrained herself, and substituted for that observation, "Oh, it is only his way, and I confess I like it immensely."

"I don't like it at all," said Gracie, still ruffled by the indignity.

"Then consider you have suffered for my sake, my darling."

"I am not sure I would go through it again, even for that," returned Gracie, laughing aloud, however, in spite of herself.

"He did 'scrub,'" said Ella, thoughtfully. "Now, Cecil——"

"For shame;" said Gracie; "I won't hear anything about it."

But both the young ladies laughed very pleasantly for all that, so that the cab in which they drove through Weathermill-street, was likened by a young City wit to a musical-box on wheels. By the time they had reached the steam wharf, however, they had got very grave again in discussing Ella's future.

"By-the-by, I suppose," said Gracie, suddenly, "Mr. Cecil Landon has quite made up his mind as to leaving the army, and taking to a commercial life?"

"Well, he knows nothing of the proposition at present," returned Ella, quietly.

"But, oh Ella, how can you be sure?"

"Well, Cecil is very good, my dear; that, of course, he is in the usual acceptance of the term, but also in the sense in which his father said men were good in your eyes." And she imitated the winding of floss silk upon her little finger.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DEAD LIFT.

On the evening of the visit of the two young ladies, Cecil looked in at Hawthorne-lodge as usual, having obtained leave from Sir Hercules to do so at the request of Colonel Juxton, who had been urged to use his influence to that end by Ella—which is the house-that-Jack-built system in vogue everywhere where interest is made.

One of the effects of it was to bring Mr. Cecil Landon under the governor's eye without reference—which was hitherto unprecedented—to his crimes and peccadilloes; and the consequence was, that the old warrior somewhat cottoned to the young fellow, and repented of the opinion that he had formed to his prejudice. There was a certain bright audacity—even his enemies had no worse name for it than an "agreeable impudence"—about Cecil which took the fancy of most men, and still more of women.

"If the lad had a little more sense of discipline," Sir Hercules observed to the Colonel—whom we should say, however, he imagined to be personally attached to Landon—"he would make a deuced fine soldier."

"Horse soldier," said the colonel, cynically.

"Well, yes, perhaps I should have said 'horse soldier;'" and the two old fellows wagged their heads in a manner that was far from complimentary to the cavalry branch of Her Majesty's service.

"There is something frank and dashing about him, however," continued the governor, "a certain freedom——"

"Damn his impudence, yes," broke in the colonel. "He would make a most excellent officer, if we had war with the Amazons: he would do great execution among the women, I have no doubt."

From which outbreak Sir Hercules Plummet, K.C.B., began to understand that he had been mistaken as to the personal interest felt by his old companion-in-arms, in Gentleman-cadet Landon. This by no means, however, altered his own views with respect to him; and the more so, since Ella happened to sit next to Sir Hercules at dinner, one evening about this period, and made herself especially agreeable to him. The tough old general had a tender spot in his heart still, and had been

always on terms of amity with the Amazons, with the exception of his own Thalestris—Lady Plummet.

"Why, Cecil dear, what makes you so radiant?" inquired Ella, as the young fellow came smiling into the little drawing-room, the colonel being conveniently occupied with his cigar in the adjoining apartment. "You must be the bearer of some good news."

"To see you, darling, is to become radiant—by reflection," returned Cecil, gallantly; "but you are so far right that I have just been put in good spirits by Sir Hercules—and a very jolly old fellow he is, when you come to know him; he says that, provided I don't 'make a fool of myself as usual'—that was his way of putting it—there is every probability of my 'going out' in the same batch with Darall, and quite on the cards that I shall get the Sappers."

"I thought you didn't want to get the Sappers," replied Ella, tapping his cheek with the bouquet he had just brought for her, as his custom was; "I am afraid you are a little changeable, dear Cecil."

"Not I; I am as constant as a needle to the north. But, somehow, I have got to like old Darall so much that I would do almost anything to keep with him."

"What! even work?"

"Yes, even work, Ella. I hate plan-drawing, and all that, but still, if we got in the same corps, we should be at Chatham together ever so long; and then," added he, with a briskness that betrayed the afterthought, "in case the governor proves implacable, one gets choice of quarters in the Engineers, so that even quite poor fellows in it get on very well, as married men."

"But we shall not be quite poor, in any case, Cecil."

"Well, of course not, but I shall feel more comfortable if I bring some grist to our mill that way, however little. One doesn't like to be entirely dependent, even upon one's wife."

"Doesn't one?" said Ella gravely. "I think when two become one, there should be no thought as to which of them supplies the mere money. However, I should indeed regret if I should prove the cause of what should have been your own, being directed from you to other channels. It would, believe me, dear Cecil, embitter a cup however otherwise crowned with happiness."

"Oh, don't think of that, Ella. What is any inheritance compared with the future I have found in you? Moreover, I shall have one thing that even my father cannot give me, a certain position; I know you laugh at all that with your advanced ideas; but I confess that to have 'cut the shop,' as the vulgar say——"

"Don't say what the vulgar say, Cecil," interrupted Ella, gravely, "it does not become you. And remember 'cutting the shop,' as you

have expressed it, involves more or less estrangement from a kind and loving father; the heaviest cross he has to bear in life is the fact that your ways in it and his are divided. Oh, dear Cecil, why should it be so?"

"Why should it? You wouldn't have me take to dyeing, I suppose? The thought sometimes comes across me that the very uniform I wear may have been in my father's vats, and I assure you it gives me quite a shudder."

"I cannot understand that feeling, dear Cecil; and we will not argue about it. Supposing, however, that you are ashamed of your father's trade; is there not a greater shame in the being alienated from your father's heart?"

"Oh! there is no alienation; the governor and I are not bad friends," said Cecil, carelessly. "He takes his way, and I mine—that's all. We are both perhaps a trifle obstinate: and it's just as well that we should not be too much together. He gets on very well without me, you may take my word for it. He is not quite so sentimental, I don't say as you, because you are all sentiment, but as you imagine him to be, my darling."

"He is very fond of you, Cecil," said Ella, softly.

"Yes, he is fond of me, I dare say, in a sort of way. But you don't understand, dear Ella; you have not had to deal with a governor, who has not a single idea in common with yourself, and who insists upon your accepting his views. Here is the question of our marriage, for instance. You think he will give in, but I know better."

"Cecil, darling," cried Ella, putting a little hand on each of his shoulders, "your father has given in."

"What? Have you heard from him? It is inconceivable."

"He has seen me, spoken to me, kissed me. I went up yesterday to Weathermill-street, and bearded the lion in his den; I call him so because of his magnanimity. His roar is worse than his bite, Cecil. He was very kind, and gentle, and good to me."

"And you mean to say, you cunning puss, you have really got the governor's consent to our marriage. How did you manage it? Did you venture on the expedition all alone? And how did you pass the enchanted portal? I have always found a dragon of a clerk in the passage, who wants to know my business with my own father. Everything is business, business, business, in that hateful hole."

"I found a great deal of pleasure there," said Ella quietly. "But to be sure I made a conquest. If you jilt me, sir, your papa will marry me to-morrow."

"I have no doubt of it—who wouldn't?" replied Cecil fondly. "I can scarcely, however, believe your story yet. It seems like an incon-

gruous dream, or an extravaganza on the stage. The idea of such a beautiful fairy venturing into such a place as Weathermill-street! A Cave of Invoices. The Den of the Dyer! Coloured Effects! Subjugation of the Enchanter by means of Natural Beauty unaided by his wares! Vat's Vat, or the Mystery—which I am still 'dyeing' to hear. I believe I could have written punning extravaganzas myself, if my martial soul had not cried 'to arms!'"

"I am glad my news has put you into such good spirits, darling; though I won't have you laugh at your father. If he is an enchanter, he is a good one, and we have every cause to be thankful to him. His evident delight at being reconciled to you—though he would fain have concealed it, for he is as proud and masterful as somebody else—would have gone to your heart, I know. He has consented to our marriage upon one condition, which, though you may think it a little hard at first——"

"Condition!" interrupted Cecil quickly, "what condition!"

"Well, darling, we must give up that programme of our future—I shall be sorry for your sake, though not for my own—and consent to leave the army."

"What! and go into the dyeing trade!"

"Well, yes, my darling, instead of the killing trade."

She spoke with a light smile, which was not, however, reflected in Cecil's face.

"That is quite impossible," he answered curtly. "When my father made that a condition of promising his consent to our marriage, he knew he would never be called upon to fulfil his promise. He was very sure that I would not perform my part of the contract. He has deceived you, Ella, and knowingly deceived you."

"No, Cecil, it is I who have deceived him. I thought that, for my sake, you would not have hesitated to sacrifice your own inclinations so far; and I promised for you."

She had drawn herself up to her full height, and her tones had an unaccustomed firmness and dignity. Cecil cast down his eyes in the presence of that reproachful gaze, and followed the pattern of the carpet with his foot.

"You should not have promised for me," said he, sullenly.

"I trusted in your word, Cecil," answered she, coldly; "it was there, it seems, that I made the mistake."

"In my word, Ella? I do not understand you. I never undertook—I don't say directly, but even by implication—to make such a sacrifice; to undergo such a humiliation. For your sake, of course, I would submit to almost anything——"

"Yesterday, Cecil, in this very room," interrupted she, "you sa d

these words: 'I would do anything—anything—to oblige my father, except give my darling up.' It was upon the faith of them that I went up to Weathermill-street to-day."

"Did I really use those words?" said Cecil hesitatingly.

"You did. Did you think I was likely to forget them—Oh! Cecil, Cecil," she suddenly broke forth, "is my love then of such little worth, that it cannot be weighed against a few years of distasteful toil? Nay, it will not be toil, a few hours a day, perhaps, passed in the city instead of the camp. Your future will be assured, and—what is better far, believe me, than any fortune—your place assured in your father's heart. If such a consideration does not move you, it will be useless, I fear, for me to add, as an inducement, that your father wishes us to be married immediately."

It was her turn now to cast down her eyes, and for her lover to lift his to her blushing face. She had felt that she was playing her last card, but it was a winning one.

"My darling," cried he, folding her in his arms, "I will go to Weathermill-street to-morrow, if you are really to come with me."

His lips did not utter another, word being otherwise employed.

"Ahem, ahem," cried the colonel, who entered the room a few minutes afterwards with no little precautionary noise, but which, nevertheless, had not had the desired effect. "I really can't crack my throat with any more ahems. I never saw two young people so very much engaged as you are; never!"

"The occasion must excuse us, colonel," said Landon, who had certainly considerable presence of mind—"the cheek of a whole regiment of dragoons," was his host's term for it—"but the fact is, my father has to-day given his consent to our marriage."

"The devil he has," said the colonel, in no very congratulatory tone of voice.

"Thank you, Uncle Gerard, for your felicitations," said Ella, with a pretty curtesy.

Then they all three had a hearty laugh, and two of them at least a happy evening.

But when Cecil had gone, and Ella had retired to her room, the smile faded from her lips, just as it had done the night before, and a shadow quenched the sunshine of her heart; the cause was not the same, though the same cause for sadness still existed. Her present pain arose from the very contemplation of her present happiness, or, rather, of the manner in which it had been secured. She could not forget the gloom that had come over Cecil's face, when she mentioned the condition of his father's consent to their union. With such a bliss in prospect—though it was true he had not then been told how near it was—his

face should have worn no gloom. What conditions would have chilled her tone, or dulled the lovelight in her eyes? "None, none," her heart replied with passionate beat. Was she giving, then, more of love than she was receiving? A question not to be asked; and yet, as she sat at her open window, under the quiet stars, she felt compelled to put it, and to have it answered. She had had to remind him of his words of promise, and even then he had hesitated to fulfil them. She felt ashamed and humbled. There had been a moment, though her tones had—she thanked Heaven—been gentle even then, and her gaze loving, when she had felt far from humble, when her heart was full of scorn and passion, and it had cost her a great effort to keep voice and eye in subjection. With many a pair of lovers there have been, doubtless, such times with one or the other, when a word or a look—speaking the truth within them—would have divided their ways forever; but it seemed to poor Ella that it had been the case with her alone of all fond maidens. If she had spoken her mind, those words—she felt it—would have been the last between her and him to whom her whole being was devoted. She had not spoken then, it was true, and that burning indignation and jealousy of she knew not what, had passed away from her soul for that time; but might they not return on some other occasion and prove her ruin?

She had carried her point, but she had had to use her last argument; she had been victorious, but not without the help of her reserves. And was there not future danger to her in the victory itself? There came into her mind something that her uncle had once told her about the tests applied to bridges: how a very great strain—greater, it was hoped, than they would ever have to bear—was made upon them, and if they bore it, they were judged strong enough.

"But does not such a strain weaken the bridge?" she had inquired.

"Undoubtedly it does," he had replied; "but that is the only way we have of properly testing them."

She had tested her bridge, and it had carried her over in safety. But had not the experiment weakened it? For the moment Cecil was her slave. The immediate prospect of his bliss had mastered him. If it had failed to do so, she would have been powerless indeed. Blinded by passion he had consented—though not without resistance—to embrace a calling that was hateful to him. But when the passion had passed away, and the calling remained, how would it be with him; and might he not repent of the sacrifice?

At present Cecil felt certainly no repentance, though his view of the case was not, perhaps, exactly as Ella pictured it. He walked back to the Academy with heart elate and step as light as air.

"Darall, old fellow," cried he, breaking in upon his friend, who was working in his room as usual, "I have been and done it."

"Done what?" inquired Darall, with a glance at the other two occupants of the apartment, who were apparently fast asleep; but you can never tell when a cadet is asleep, nor—perhaps it should be added—did Darall know what Landon might have done.

"I'm as bad as married. You have heard of dying for love. Well, I have given up my profession for love, and become a dyer."

"I don't believe it," was the quiet reply.

It cost his friend a great deal of explanation and protestation before he did believe it, and even then the result was not perfectly satisfactory.

"Well, I hope you know your own mind, old fellow," were Darall's concluding words.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DECISION.

SINCE the three principals, connected with the contemplated partnership of Cecil and Ella, were for a speedy settlement of that event, the preliminaries were carried on with unusual quickness. Three weeks from that evening on which Cecil consented to his father's conditions, had brought the happy pair to the brink of wedlock, and but one clear day only intervened.

In the meantime a good deal had happened that, under other circumstances, would have been deemed important, but which was, as usual, dwarfed by the neighbourhood of the Greater Event. Cecil had been removed from the Royal Military Academy to the general regret—though with a few exceptions, as in the case of Gentleman-cadet Whymper, who looked forward to more peaceful nights, if not to happier days—and formally created a partner in the house of Landon and Son, of Weathermill-street, and also of the West of England. A charming little furnished house had been taken near Hyde-park, for the reception of the bride and bridegroom after their honeymoon in the Lake District; Mr. Landon, senior—who had been too long a widower not to appreciate the advantages of that second summer of batchelorhood—being of opinion that the "young people" had better have a home to themselves. A change of arrangements was, however, made necessary in the colonel's case, who, deprived of the assistance of Ella's income, did not feel himself "justified" in continuing to inhabit Hawthorne Lodge; and he was once more returning to barracks, close to his old friend the commissary.

The latter gentleman had the affliction—which he bore with the equanimity of a philosopher, if not with the submission of a Christian—

of seeing his wife grow feebler and less sentient daily; but, on the other hand, he was gladdened by another circumstance. Ella had insisted upon giving Gracie, not only her dress as bridesmaid for the approaching ceremony, but also a complete trousseau, just as though that young lady were about to be married herself.

"It will come very handy and save my pocket," reflected the commissary, "if anybody eligible should take a fancy to the girl;" though, at the same time, he confessed to himself that "the girl" was not looking so attractive as heretofore, nor—what was worse—laying herself out to attract. Just now it was quite as well that she should be "hanging on hand" in order to attend to her mother; but in view of certain contingencies, it would become expedient that she should alter her course of conduct. That she would alter it, when the time arrived, the commissary had no grain of doubt; for what was at the bottom of her present behaviour were mere humours and crochets, against which he flattered himself he possessed an antidote. If sentiment had ever led him to write an epitaph for his own tombstone, it would probably have been comprised in four, or, at most, five words, concentrating, though without subliming, the essence of his character, "He stood no (d—d) nonsense."

In this manner, and not otherwise (as is said in the classics), were matters progressing with the various personages in this history, up to a certain morning when the colonel and Ella sat at breakfast at the Lodge together for the last time—for a marriage breakfast is not to be counted in the ordinary catalogue of such meals. Mr. Landon senior was expected in a few hours, and Mr. Landon, junior—who had been in and out of the house on these latter days, as the colonel poetically described it, "like a dog at a fair"—was likely to arrive in a few minutes. It was probably the last occasion on which uncle and niece could count upon being alone together.

"I am afraid you have had a short night," said the colonel, kindly, "for I heard you about your room till the small hours this morning. That is not the way to keep the roses in your cheeks for to-morrow, my dear."

"Yes, I had a bad night," returned Ella, gravely. "I could not sleep for thinking about—about that matter of the name. I have made up my mind to tell all to Cecil."

"It would be stark, staring madness," answered the colonel.

"I am quite aware that your dislike to the person of whom we are both thinking," continued she calmly, "induces you to wish me to defy him—to outrage his sense of what is right as much as possible. But in telling Cecil I shall not have swerved from my resolution in that respect. No one else need know except my husband."

"If you tell him he would never consent to be your husband."

"Why should you say that?"

"Because I know the man. In the first place I doubt whether he would forgive you the past deception. He is a man of honour, and naturally frank; the school in which he has been brought up, too, is, I am glad to say, one in which truth is respected."

"You were brought up in it yourself," answered she scornfully, "and yet have been an accessory to what you please to call my deception."

"It is like a woman to throw that in my face," retorted the colonel angrily. "Just as though one had given some persecuted wretch an asylum under one's roof, and he should say, 'You have knowingly harboured a criminal.' If it was dislike to another as much as liking to yourself that caused me to befriend you, it does not lie in your mouth to say so."

"Don't let us quarrel, uncle, on our last day together. I was wrong to taunt you; forgive me. I want your best advice, or rather the best reasons you have to urge in favour of that silence which, I confess, gives me great uneasiness. Cecil will find out my secret some day, and then it will be the worse for me."

"It will not be pleasant, I have no doubt, but he will be your husband by that time; if you have played your cards well, he will forgive you all for love of you; if not, he must still stick to you. It will merely make 'a scene' between you, such as I fancy is common enough in married life; or, at most, a quarrel of greater or less duration. But, as I say, in the first place, if you tell him now, resentment may make him fly off the hook altogether; and, in the second, it is certain, even if he forgives you, that he will not be a party to the continuance of such a state of things. He will insist upon the truth being told to-morrow."

"Never," cried Ella, passionately. "He will never make me break my oath."

"Then you will keep it, and lose him. He will slip out of the halter just as you are putting it over his head. You have asked for my opinion, and there it is."

And the colonel took up the newspaper and hid his face behind its columns.

"Uncle Gerard, listen to me. All you have said only makes me more resolved——"

"Naturally, my dear," said the colonel bitterly; "that is a family characteristic."

"I say I am resolved to risk it. I cannot, I dare not deceive Cecil, when I know that some day or another he must come to know it—— If you sneer like that, you coward, you will drive me mad."

The colonel had certainly chuckled in rather an aggravating manner;

but the provocation seemed hardly proportionate to the effect. Ella's countenance was distorted with rage. It was as though one of the Graces had changed places—while retaining her beauty—with one of the Furies. Her uncle, too, looked the very picture of curbed passion, and though he had no beauty to lose, it was curious to see how strongly the family likeness came out between them.

"Pray go on, madam," said he stiffly. "This is your house so long as you choose to stay in it, and if you carry out your present plan you will be its tenant for some time to come. Say just what you please, I beg."

"It is cruel and unkind, Uncle Gerard," resumed she, more calmly, "that you will not control yourself——"

The colonel lifted up his hand. "Control *my* self! that is a good joke," the action seemed to say.

"And because," she went on, "the subject of discussion stirs your anger, that you should thus turn on poor me. I must revert to it for a few moments; bear with me a little in patience, since it is for the last time. Here is the record—word for word, so far as I can remember, and the memory of it, God help me! is not like to fade—of what took place at Gadsden. I wrote it out last night, and propose to-day to place it in Cecil's hands. It will, at least, excuse my conduct in his eyes, if it does not justify it."

The colonel shook his head, and with an incredulous smile, took the paper she held out to him.

"Read that," she said, pointing with her finger; "all that goes before is explanatory of my life at home."

The colonel looked up after a minute.

"But I know this, also; this is the last tableau, very vivant, is it not, as you described it to me."

"Yes; but I wish you to read it. If there is anything different—anything extenuated on my own part, or set down in malice, on another's—tell me."

The colonel read on in silence to the end.

"It seems to me a fair account," observed he coldly.

"It is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing——"

"There, there! you are not in a court of justice!" exclaimed he impatiently; "and when folks make oaths only to break them——"

"I don't intend to break mine, Uncle Gerard. If Cecil takes the view you anticipate, I shall not give in. My heart will be broken, that's all. But I mean to show him this." And she touched the paper with her forefinger.

"You mean to put that statement in his hand, do you?"

"I do."

"Then let me tell you, if you do so, and you should gain your point, that your marriage will become invalid."

"Invalid!" She pressed her hand upon her heart, then glared at him with eyes of fire. "You will say anything to have your way, Uncle Gerard. I don't believe you."

"Your manners are not good this morning, Ella. However, it is not a question of my word, but of what the law says." He rose, unlocked a desk, and took from it a document neatly folded. "Here is Mr. Pawson's opinion, given on the hypothetical case you bade me lay before him. As matters now stand, it says the marriage is a good one; if you show Cecil that statement——You can read what the man writes for yourself: 'The marriage, if it should take place under present circumstances, is void.'"

Ella leant over the paper, written out in a clear and legal hand, and read over the words he pointed out, again and again.

"Well, girl; have I spoken truth or falsehood?"

"Truth, Uncle Gerard. I was wrong to doubt you—wrong, too, to anger so the only friend I have in the world."

"Nay; say, rather, the only friend who can make allowance for your tempers, Ella, 'knowing which way they come.' Come, if we must part—and believe me, I grieve that it has come to that—let us part good friends. Kiss me, dear."

She embraced him affectionately. Her passion seemed to have been wholly swept away by some stronger feeling. Her tall frame trembled with emotion; and she was pale to the very lips.

He put the "opinion" in his desk again, and, pointing to the other paper—the "statement," as he had called it—said:

"I think you had better tear that up, Ella."

"No, uncle." She folded it up carefully, and placed it in her bosom. "Cecil shall never see it; but it will be a witness to myself—that I had, at least, intended to be frank and true to him. I perceive that it is not in my power to be so."

"Not if you wish to be his wife."

Here the gate-bell rang, and Ella's colour rushed back to her face; she drew back into a corner of the room, while her uncle walked to the window.

"It is not Cecil," said he. "It is the old hunks himself. He must have sat up all night to get here by this time, unless he got up in the city at sunrise. What a twenty-four hours is before us! I look to you to see me through it, Ella."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE WEDDING.

MARRIAGES are not so frequent in garrison towns as might be wished, and, indeed, are wished. I have heard an experienced military matron, with six married military daughters, declare, notwithstanding her success—or, perhaps, because of it—that officers in the army, looked at from a matrimonial point of view, like that celebrated horse described in the pages of Mr. Joseph Miller, have but two faults. They are hard to catch, and, when they are caught, they are good for nothing.

And if the bridegrooms in such localities are commonly persons of small income—which is what the lady meant—how much more is this the case with the brides, who are, of course, the daughters of those who in their time have been "good for nothing," and inherit their parent's property.

Miss Ella Mayne was that rara avis, an heiress, and her wedding would have made a great sensation in any case, but since she married a young gentleman with money, the excitement was doubled. It was Ella's particular desire to have as quiet a wedding as possible—as may be concluded from her having but one bridesmaid—but "society" was not to be baulked in that way, and it was certain that the church would be crowded with spectators.

She had not many acquaintances, however, to whom to make her adieux, and Mrs. Ray and her daughter were the only two who could be called her friends.

The former, of course, could not be present at the ceremony, and Ella came to wish her good bye in private, upon the day before it; not even Gracie was present. A magnificent lace collar, begun by the invalid, in days when she had the free use of her now failing hands, and finished by her daughter, was the single marriage present from them both.

"I shall prize it, as much as this locket of dear Cecil's," said Ella, with much emotion; and certainly no words from her mouth could have expressed a deeper sense of acknowledgment. Nothing else could she say at that moment, for the sense that her visit was a farewell one for ever, weighed heavily on her heart. Mrs. Ray herself, however, was calm and cheerful.

"You should not weep for me, darling, but rather rejoice that my time of Rest is almost come. The promise you have given me as to Gracie has made my burthen light for the end of my journey."

"It will be kept," whispered Ella earnestly.

"I know it. She will do her duty by her father so long as he needs it—she is Duty itself, you know—but when he marries again she may have to seek another home."

"When he marries again," repeated Ella, horrified that her companion should speak of such a contingency at such a time; irritated, as all young people are, at the notion of old folks venturing to make any scheme of happiness after their plan; and outraged, above all, by the commissary being the man to do it. "He will surely never do anything so shameful."

"He has been thinking about it ever so long, my dear," replied the invalid, quietly. "I hope he will be happier with her—whoever she may be—than he has been with me. But I don't think Gracie will be happy with her."

"I should think not, indeed," said Ella, scornfully. This projected union of the far-sighted commissary was certainly more hateful to her, on account of her own approaching nuptials. It seemed abominable that the bliss of matrimony should be shared by her and Cecil in some sort, as it were, in common with this hard-hearted, hard-headed, vulgar, despicable old man. The contrast of her own immediate view of life, all brightness and rose colour, with what this poor lady's must needs be, gave her, too, for the instant, a sense of resentment that was almost disgust. Surely people had no reason to be so miserable. Then her better nature asserted itself, and she took the other's almost impassive hand in her own and pressed it affectionately.

"If I can ever do anything, dear Mrs. Ray——"

"For Gracie," interrupted the invalid, smiling. "You will do it; of that I am certain."

It was terrible to hear a living woman thus talk of herself as though she was already in her grave.

"As for me, darling," she went on "you will never see me again in this world. If I see you, and you are in trouble, and I have not the means of helping you, then the other world will be for me a sad one—also."

Her tone was not one of complaint, but the pathos of that "also" went to her listener's heart.

"It is selfish of me to make you sad, Ella, and very ungrateful. If the kiss I give you now could express all the tenderness and good-will I feel for you, it would be almost as sweet as that of your lover's to-day, or of your bridegroom to-morrow."

Ella had rarely known her invalid friend so demonstrative in her regard, and certainly never so poëtic in the expression of it. There had been a romance, she began to understand, even in this poor lady's life, at one time; though it had ended so prosaically. Was it possible that she might one day awaken from her own dream of bliss to some such grim reality?

Not till long after the sad parting was over did Ella become herself again, and even a meeting with Cecil scarcely effaced its memory.

Mr. Landon, senior, was more than gracious to her; the favourable impression she had made upon him from the first had deepened, and he humorously informed the colonel that if "master Cecil" should be "non est" at the last moment, he, Bart. Landon, was prepared to supply the deficiency, and marry Ella himself off hand. It was a picture to see the colonel's face as he received these pleasantries, and grinned at them.

"I may not have done much for you hitherto, my dear Ella," he frankly told her, "but, by jingo! I have made up for it within these twelve hours. In addition to all his horrible qualities, this father-in-law of yours is a wag."

After dinner while the two men sat over their wine, ("that rogue Cecil," as he called him, having stolen away from them into the drawing-room,) Mr. Landon was in dreadful high spirits.

He confided to the colonel how much he expected to "turn over" in the course of the year, in trade; which indeed ought to be considerable, considering the value of the diamonds he had given Ella for a marriage gift; and even whispered into his astonished ear a secret or two of the dyeing business. "When you and I go, colonel, as we soon must——"

"Pray speak of yourself," snapped the colonel, who had the greatest objection to any reference to his own decease.

"Well, well, there can be but a very few years between us. I say when we do go, there will be doubtless something worth having for our young people. I am not one to place an undue value upon money; but it makes things move smoothly. And of course it is a satisfaction to me to see your Ella situated similarly to my own boy; that is as to relatives. If she had a tribe of brothers and sisters, it would be so much the worse for him. And even fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law are apt to interfere with a man's happiness.

"I don't think I would mention that ground of satisfaction to Ella," said the colonel drily.

"No, no, of course not; and to be sure, I had forgotten that her mother must have been your sister. Has her father been dead long, poor fellow?"

"Really, Mr. Landon, the whole subject is extremely painful to me."

"Then I won't mention it. At our time of life I have noticed men are not generally so sensitive upon such matters: but it does you honour. You look warm, let us go into the other room: the young folks ought not to resent it, for they will have one another's company to-morrow, and for years to come, I hope."

The perspiration did indeed stand upon the colonel's forehead, though

not from the cause his companion supposed. "It surely would not be murder," he was thinking, "if I was to strangle such a fellow." He had expected to find his guest a bore and a nuisance, by reason of the shyness and embarrassment that would probably overcome a man in his position upon finding himself in such company as Colonel Gerard Juxon's, upon equal terms. He had made up his mind to be affable, and to put restraint upon that forcible manner in which he was wont to express himself, for the sake of this timorous tradesman. But so far from his expectations having been fulfilled, Mr. Bartholomew Landon had held his own, and something more than his own, during that day at Hawthorne-lodge; and so far from being overwhelmed with any sense of social inferiority, had rather patronised his host than otherwise. It is needless to say therefore how the colonel loathed him. With Ella, on the other hand, her future father-in-law was a favourite, while his presence in the house that day was welcome to her upon another account. After that interview after breakfast with her uncle, she shrank from being left alone with him, from some vague apprehension—though probably groundless—that the topic of the morning might be again alluded to. She had given up her point; being overcome by his argument, but her defeat was gall and wormwood to her. It overshadowed that eve, which, of all eves, should have been a happy one; and even when night came round it found her wakeful, and full of doubt, and disappointment, instead of blissful thoughts, and blissful dreams. In the morning however, though her face was pale, she looked every inch a bride, and drew forth the most genuine encomiums from her future father-in-law.

"I don't think you want mountain air to improve you, my dear, and I still think it would have been more judicious if you had gone for your bridal trip to Birmingham."

This was an allusion to the intention of the young couple to pass their honeymoon in the Lake district, about which there had been three opinions. Mr. Landon, senior, had suggested that that interval of leisure might be advantageously employed by Cecil at the midland metropolis in picking up certain commercial ideas. This suggestion had been received with some irreverance, and a good deal of mirth. Cecil himself had proposed Scarborough, as being a lively place, and without much reference, I am afraid, to its natural beauties; but Ella had been very strong against Scarborough. The whole Yorkshire coast, she said, was familiar to her, but if Cecil liked the North, why should they not select the Lakes? And the Lakes had, accordingly, been fixed upon.

"We'll come back by Birmingham," said Ella, replying laughingly to

Mr. Landon's remark, "and study all the latest mechanical improvements."

"Yes, I dare say; and keep my boy there a week, under pretence of learning them, instead of bringing him home to work," returned the old gentleman. "Oh, Miss Ella, I hope you will give up your deceptive ways. I have not forgiven you yet, remember, the way you humbugged me about that contract."

"What was that?" inquired the colonel, who knew nothing of Ella's visit to Weathermill-street. Mr. Landon read in her face that her uncle had not heard of it, and laughed tumultuously.

"Upon my word you are a sad puss," he said. "Well, I musn't tell tales out of school, colonel. She has bamboozled both of us, that's all. And yet to look at her, one would think she had not a secret in the world."

There was no paleness in Ella's cheek now; her face was in a glow from brow to chin; the colonel's features, too, began to work in a manner that, to those who had studied the nature of that volcanic soil, gave notice of an explosion.

Fortunately, at that moment Gracie made her appearance and diverted the conversation, but it did not escape even Mr. Landon that he had been treading upon dangerous ground.

When, a few minutes afterwards, he happened to be alone with Ella, he addressed her with tender gravity.

"My darling," said he, "I feel I was very nearly putting my foot into it just now with your uncle; if I had known you had not told him about your visit to me, of course I would not have adverted to it; but was it worth while to be so secret? As for me, when my old eyes are hoodwinked by such pretty hands as yours, I rather like it. But I thing it right to warn you not to have any secrets from Cecil; his character is frank to a fault, and——Ah! here comes your confederate. I was just giving Ella a lecture, Miss Ray, upon deception, at which you also ought to have been present. I dare say your father knows nothing of your visit to me about the Government contract. Now just suppose I was to tell him."

"I don't think he would mind very much if you did," returned Gracie, laughing.

"Ah, you are incorrigible, I see; but Ella, I am glad to say is sorry for her misdeeds."

(*To be continued.*)

Current Literature.

We are not astonished that a book like the Rev. Mr. Grant's *Ocean to Ocean** should have proved popular enough to call for an enlarged and revised edition so soon after its first appearance. The country traversed by him, especially that part of it which he mainly treats of, and which stretches from Lake Superior to the Pacific Ocean, has long been regarded with interest and curiosity both here and in England, as witness the manner in which Milton & Cheadle's *North-West Passage by Land* was received, and, more recently, the *Great Lone Land*, and the *Wild North Land*, by Major Butler. What adds a special interest to Mr. Grant's book is the fact that he accompanied, as Secretary, the expedition of the distinguished engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, who made the journey through the Great North-West, over the Rocky Mountains, and across British Columbia, in order to see with his own eyes the main features of the country through which the Canadian Pacific Railway is to be built. The route to be taken by this railway has now been located, from the western extremity of Lake Superior to the base of the Rocky Mountains. As there is no more patent agent in transforming the face of a country and the circumstances of its inhabitants than a railway, and as the account to be found in *Ocean to Ocean* of the North-West as it is, will soon become a record of the North-West as it was, it may be claimed for the book that it will soon possess a historic interest as well.

Notwithstanding the fact that, in its general plan, *Ocean to Ocean* simply follows the notes made by Mr. Grant from day to day during the journey, one is gratified at finding substantial and full information in regard to nearly every point concerning which information is likely to be sought. In this respect it excels these excellent works we have named above, besides possessing a special value as the authoritative record of a scientific expedition. In the course of his introductory remarks, Mr. Grant explains the intention and scope of his book. He says: "A diary was kept of the chief things we saw or heard, and of the impressions which we formed respecting the country, as we journeyed from day to day, and conversed with each other on the subject. Our notes are presented to the public, and are given almost as they were written, so that others might see, as far as possible, a photograph of what we saw and thought from day to day. A more readable book could have been made by omitting some things, colouring others, and grouping the whole; but the object was not to make a book. The expedition had special services to perform in connection with one of the most gigantic public works ever undertaken in any country by any people; it was organized and conducted in

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* *Ocean to Ocean: Sandford Fleming's Expedition through Canada in* 1872. By the Rev. George M. Grant. Enlarged and revised edition. Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

a business-like way, in order to get through without disaster or serious difficulty; it did not turn aside in search of adventures or of sport; and therefore an exciting narrative of hair-breadth escapes and thrilling descriptions of 'men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders,' need scarcely be expected."

It is somewhat difficult for one to realize the vast extent of Canadian territory. Only a few years ago the name "Canada" was applied to but a small portion of British America; now, in order to traverse the Canadian Dominion from east to west, one must "travel a thousand miles up the St. Lawrence, another thousand miles on great lakes and a wilderness of lakelets and streams, a thousand miles across prairies, and nearly a thousand miles through woods and over great ranges of mountains." The greater portion of this enormous territory is still a wilderness of wild lands, but a wilderness which tillage would speedily transform into one of the granaries of the world. Standing on the ridge of sand dunes, near the Assiniboine River, a little to the west of Fort Garry, our author thus describes what he saw: "At our feet a park-like country stretched far out, studded with young oaks; vast expanses beyond, stretching on the north to the Riding Mountains, and on the south to the Tortoise Mountain on the boundary line; a beautiful country extending hundreds of square miles without a settler, though there is less bad land in the whole of it than there is in the peninsula of Halifax, or within five or ten miles of any of our eastern cities. This almost entire absence of unproductive land is to us very wonderful. If we except the narrow range of sand-hills, there is actually none; for the soil, even at their base, is a light sandy loam which would yield a good return to the farmer." Yet even about these sand-hills, the soil and flora are the same as those in the County of Simcoe, Ontario, where, as we know, excellent wheat crops are raised. Further west, as the expedition nears the Saskatchewan, a lovely country is traversed, well wooded, abounding in lakelets, swelling into softly-rounded knolls, and occasionally opening into a wide and fair landscape. The soil is described as of rich loam, and the vegetation on it is most luxuriant. "Faith in the future of the Saskatchewan and its fertile belt," says Mr. Grant, "is strong in the mind of almost every man who has lived on it." The entire district along the Peace River, again, for a distance of 760 miles, and containing an area of 252,000,000 acres, is described to be "as suitable for the cultivation of grain as Ontario." After reading *Ocean to Ocean*, one is impressed with the enormous possibilities of our young Dominion. The destiny of half a continent is hard to forecast, but that it must be a great one is evident, since an almost virgin territory (such as Mr. Grant describes), invites an illimitable expansion of population and production.

The sole evidences of civilised enterprise and progress throughout these great territories are to be found in the little Province of Manitoba, the Island of Vancouver, and a small section of the mainland on the Pacific Slope. The white population (including the Red River half-breeds) does not much exceed 50,000, although these lands are capable of supporting with ease as many millions. In a very valuable appendix which Mr. Grant has added to the present edition of his book, he mentions the fact, that notwithstanding the grasshopper plague, the population of the Red River Valley

has increased in four years from 12,000 to 40,000—the population of Winnipeg alone having risen from 700 to 7,000. There can be no doubt that when the tide of immigration once fairly sets in towards the North-West, population will increase and provinces will spring up with the same magical rapidity which characterised the growth of the Western States of America. The old fallacy that the climate of the North-West made its permanent settlement impossible, is now quite exploded. In 1859, the *Edinburgh Review* proved conclusively that the proposal to form the Red River and Saskatchewan country into a Crown Colony was a wild and wicked notion ; that hailstones, frosts, early and late, want of wood and water, rocks, bogs, and such like drawbacks made settlement impossible. We know better. Travellers and residents bear unvarying testimony to the healthfulness of the climate, the pleasantness of the long winters, and the fertility of the soil. "For the production of cereals, pulse and root crops, and as a stock-raising country," says Mr. Grant, "there seems to be no better anywhere." The average crops of Manitoba, for instance, have been stated to be as follows : wheat, 32½ bushels to the acre ; barley, 42½ ; oats, 51 ; peas, 32 ; potatoes, 229 ; turnips, 662½. In regard to stock, the late Rev. George McDougal, writing in 1875, from near the confluence of the Red Deer and Bow Rivers, says : "A great change has come over the scene in the last fifteen months ; men of business have found it to their interest to establish themselves on the banks of our beautiful river. A stock-raiser from across the mountains had arrived with several hundred head of cattle. And now on the very hills where two years ago I saw herds of buffalo, the domestic cattle gently graze, requiring neither shelter nor fodder from their master all the year round."

It is a fortunate circumstance for us that the isothermal lines should extend so far north in these regions. There are several reasons for it. The low altitude of the Rocky Mountains, as they run north, permits the warm moisture-laden air of the Pacific to get across ; meeting then the colder currents from the north, refreshing showers are emptied on the plains. These northern plains of ours have also a comparatively low elevation, while further south in the United States, on the same longitude, the semi-desert rainless plateaux are from five to eight thousand feet high. In illustration of the practical result of this fact, we quote Mr. Grant (p. 165): "We learned that we were 37° 30′ west of Montreal, or in longitude 111°. At the same time we were in latitude 54°, 350 miles north of the boundary line, and 700 miles north of Toronto. Yet the vegetation was of the same general character as that of Ontario ; and Bishop Taché had told us that at Lac la Biche, 100 miles further north, they had their favourite wheat ground, where the wheat crop could always be depended on. But we can go still further north. Mr. King, the second H. B. Officer, who had joined our party at Carlton, told us that he had never seen better wheat or root crops than are raised at Fort Laird, on the Laird River—a tributary of the MacKenzie River, in latitude 60°. This testimony is confirmed by Sir John Richardson, who says 'wheat is raised with profit at Fort Laird, latitude 60° 5′ north, longitude 122° 31′ west, and four or five hundred feet above the sea.' And numerous authorities, from Mackenzie in 1787, whose name the great river of the Arctic regions bears, down to H. B. Officers and miners of the present day, give

similar testimony concerning immense tracts along the Athabaska and the Peace Rivers." Our Republican neighbours have also a vast territory in the west, but in the very centre of it is a great desert, only the edge of which crosses the boundary line. Our author assures us that the American desert is a reality, and that it is unfit for the growth of cereals or to support in any way a farming population, because of its elevation, its lack of rain, and the miserable quality, or rather the utter absence of soil. It is to the north of the boundary line, therefore, that population will gravitate, and on our territory that the heart of this continent, as respects production and inhabitants, is destined to be. "The Pacific Slope excepted (for there is nothing in British Columbia to compare with the fertile valleys of California), everything is so completely in our favour that there is no comparison except the old racing one of 'Eclipse first and the rest nowhere.'" We have already said that *Ocean to Ocean* furnishes substantial information in regard to most subjects connected with the North-West. For intelligent observation and interesting facts regarding the Indian population, the physical features, the flora, fauna and scenery of the great lone land, we can confidently recommend to our readers the book itself.

In his book on "Self Help," Mr. Smiles had already referred to the labours of Thomas Edward, the Scottish naturalist. The volume before us* contains a complete biography of that remarkable man, with a full account of the struggles he encountered, the difficulties he overcame, and the substantial results he accomplished. The story is as instructive as it is wonderful, and it is no matter for surprise that those who inspected his collections were unable to believe that they were really the work of his own hands and head. Here was a working shoemaker, engaged in a trade he detested, from six in the morning until late in the afternoon, who yet found time, or made it, to explore the wonders of animated nature, with surprising success. He was very imperfectly educated, which was his own fault, or rather the fault of his passion for natural history; he had no books, no scientific knowledge, no scientific appliances, and, it may be added, very little assistance, at least in the earlier stages of his career. And yet this poor shoemaker, with less than a pound, and at first, not half a sovereign, a week, was recognized as an earnest and intelligent co-worker by scientific men from Moray Firth to Land's End. The Linnæan Society placed the stamp of its authority upon this general recognition, by making him an Associate—no empty honour, seeing that the number of Associates is restricted to thirty. What he accomplished, under the inspiration of an absorbing love of nature, backed by his indomitable perseverance, and especially how he managed to accomplish so much, ought certainly to yield a lesson of practical value to his fellows. The more so, when it is considered that, from early youth until past threescore, his labours were unremunerative in the slightest degree. When this biography was in preparation, sitting on his "well-worn cobler's stool," he was obliged to say "And here I am still on the old boards, doing what little I

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* *Life of a Scottish Naturalist: Thomas Edward,* Associate of the Linnæan Society. By Samuel Smiles. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

can, with the aid of well-worn kit, to maintain myself and my family, with the certainty that, instead of my getting the better of lapstone and leather, they will soon get the better of me." But then he adds, as the old fire was rekindled in his soul, "Although I am now like a beast tethered to his pasturage, with a portion of my faculties somewhat impaired, I can still appreciate and admire as much as ever the beauties and wonders of nature as exhibited in the incomparable works of our admirable Creator."

During the latter part of the deadly struggle between Napoleon and the allies, all the available troops in Britain were, of necessity, withdrawn from the island and transported to the continent. The militia from all parts of the country took their places, and occupied the garrisons and fortifications, especially on the south coast. Thomas Edward's father, John, was a private in the Fifeshire militia, which was ordered to Gosport, Portsmouth, and there, on Christmas-day, 1814, the subject of this biography was born. After Waterloo, his father returned with his regiment and settled at Kettle—a name not unfamiliar to Canadians, since its "dominie" became the first Bishop of Toronto. It is at Aberdeen, however, to which the family removed, that Thomas Edward's history first becomes of substantial interest. But long before this he had begun to make himself known in the world—that is, the limited world of home. "His mother said of him that he was the worst child she had ever nursed. He was never at rest for a moment. His feet and legs seemed to be set on springs. When only about four months old he leaped from his mother's arms, in the main endeavour to catch some flies buzzing in the window. She clutched him by his long clothes, and saved him from falling to the ground." Before he was ten months old he could walk, and hunted about for living things, screaming if anyone touched him. Mr. Smiles observes that "it is difficult to describe how he became a naturalist. He himself says he could never tell." All that can be said is that he was born one and so grew up. He struck up an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the cats and dogs, and tried to secure the friendship of the poultry and ducks, but they ran away. Then he made overtures to the sow and her litter of pigs. Tom, when missing, was sure to be "awa wi' the pigs." One day he appeared to be lost altogether, and the blame was naturally thrown on the gypsies. Next morning the "pig-wife" brought him in and laid him on his mother's lap, imploring her for God's sake to keep him away from "yon" place or he might fare worse next time. "But whar was he," they exclaimed, "Whar wud he be but below Bet (the sow) and her pigs a' nicht."

At Aberdeen, "Young Edward was in his glory," and commenced collecting animals of all sorts—bandies, eels, crabs, worms, tadpoles, beetles, sticklebacks, horse-leeches, snails, newts, young rats in the nest, field-mice, hedgehogs, moles, birds, birds' nests or anything else that he could lay his hands on. All this might have been endured; the trouble was, he brought them into the house, with woeful results. "The horse leeches crawled up their legs and stuck to them; the frogs and newts roamed about the floor; and the beetles, moles and rats sought for holes wherever they could find them." It was in vain that his parents tried to quench his irrepressible passion, by remonstrance, whipping or confinement; the boy was incorrigible. Send him upon an rrand, and it was bed-time before he returned without

having fulfilled his mission; leave him to rock the cradle, and he was away as soon as he saw his mother's back turned—he was off no one knew whither. Finally, his father, to make sure of him, removed every stitch of his clothing. His mother pinned an old petticoat about him, saying, "I'm sure you'll be a prisoner this day." She then went down stairs, and Tom, tying a string round his middle, followed her, and hid behind the door till she had passed, he then was off again, free as air, to his crabs and horse-leeches. Many anecdotes are told of this juvenile period; but we must hasten on.

It has been said that his education was imperfect, and that this was the fault of his invincible attachment to "beasts," as his friends called them. He was expelled from three schools in succession for exploits similar to those performed at home. Now, it was butterflies or beetles; again, it was horse-leeches; and then, a nest of live young sparrows. He was next engaged to a tobacco spinner, then in a mill, and finally apprenticed to a brutal shoemaker who killed his birds and compelled him to run away. Coming back, he resumed work under a kinder master. Of the many anecdotes relating to this period, we have only space for one. Edward had enlisted in the Aberdeenshire militia, and while being drilled in the awkward squad, he caught sight of a beautiful brown butterfly, the like of which he had never seen before. Regardless of military discipline he rushed after, and captured it. The following colloquy then ensued between the corporal and the recruit "What's up Edward?" "Nothing." "The deuce!" "No, no it wasn't that, it was a splendid butterfly." "A butter-devil!" "No, it was a butterfly." "Stuff!" He was then about to be arrested and taken to the guard-house, when some ladies, who were conversing with the officers, successfully begged him off.

He now settled in Banff, the home of his future life, with a wife who was indeed a help-mate for him. The cares of a family weighed heavily upon him, for at last his children numbered eleven, yet both his partner and his offspring were not so much a burden as a comfort and a help to him in the end. Yet the up-hill work was terrible; he was but a poor journeyman, earning but a paltry pittance, and at times almost reduced to despair. He had scientific tastes, with but scant time and meagre appliances for indulging them. He could not explore by day, for he was at work; early morning and late evening alone were at his disposal. Sallying out after tea, with an oatmeal cake in his pocket, he worked till he could work no longer, and then slept under the canopy of heaven until the first streak of dawn, when he was up again and engaged in his labour of love, never pausing until it was time to hurry to another sort of work which he detested. All that he could spare of his twenty-four hours was from nine at night till six in the morning, which only the long twilights of the north made available for his purpose. He had his insect boxes and bottles, a single botanical book, and an old gun which was so ricketty that he was obliged to tie stock and barrel together. A coat with a number of capacious pockets, and the supper, completed his equipments. At night he would ensconce himself occasionally in a barn, a ruined castle, or a churchyard. Unfortunately he had too many visitors in these places, some of them, such as polecats, weasels and rats, the reverse of agreeable company. Sometimes he took shelter from the storm in the holes in

sand-banks dug by animals, thrusting himself in feet foremost, and even, as in Boyndie church-yard, under a flat tombstone supported on pillars. As a natural result, rheumatism claimed the poor devotee to science for its own, and this, after years of persistence finally put an end to his night excursions. Added to this were numerous casualties, and several terrible falls from the rocks, particularly two, which are graphically described in this work—at Sarlair and Gamrie. His escape from instant death, on both occasions, seemed little short of miraculous, and yet not a bone was broken.

All this time he was collecting "beasts" of all sorts, animals, birds, fishes, crustacea and insects. These were all arranged with some slight aid from one or two kindly friends. Subsequently, when his name was known to scientific men in England, he would send strange specimens in order to obtain their scientific names. Encouraged by the success of his contributions to the journals, and the praises of those who knew not his needs and were far away, he took his extensive collection to Aberdeen for exhibition. He had made and glazed his own cases and done everything else about it all for himself. And yet it was a failure. The enthusiasm which burned within him was not infectious ; so the Aberdonians turned a cold shoulder upon him and his beasts. There was rent to pay, printing, and board for himself and family to be provided for, and all with the two or three shillings left him. Sinking in despair, he was about to end his life at the end of the month, when the sight of a strange bird aroused his ruling passion and saved his life. His cherished collection was sold to pay his debts. A second at Banff, also the work of years, followed it to pay his doctor's bill, and then a third. He needed not Bruce's spider to teach him the virtue of indomitable perseverance, and yet no tangible result flowed from all his efforts. Southward his fame was noised abroad, unfortunately too far off to be within sound of his lapstone. The record of his discoveries will be found in this interesting volume, and we have only room to mention, with pleasure, the affectionate assistance rendered him by his daughters in his pursuits, and the loving sympathy and encouragement unceasingly lavished on him by his wife. He was happy in his home, happy in his love of science, and, in spite of all its toils, sufferings, and privations, his life has been altogether a cheerful one. Mr. Smiles makes some apology for writing the life of a man still living ; it was unnecessary, or, if it were, the pension liberally and considerately granted by Her Majesty is a sufficient justification.

Mr. Mackenzie Wallace is no Cook's tourist or any other sort of tourist, but an honest worker, who travelled with a purpose and spent nearly six years in effecting it. The result is a work upon Russia* almost exhaustive—certainly unsurpassed in accuracy, interest, and importance. The author's original intention was to spend but a few months in the Empire, with a view of examining the real effect of the emancipation of the serfs. It would have been comparatively easy to follow in the footsteps of his predecessors—visit St. Petersburgh and Moscow, sail down the Volga to Astrakhan, and pass over to Odessa, taking opinions at second-hand, instead of forming them for himself.

* *Russia.* By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE, M.A., Member of the Imperial Russian Geographical Society. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Toronto: Willing & Williamson, 1877.

But that was not Mr. Wallace's method of instructing Western Europe and America regarding the colossal power which has exercised, and is destined still more to exercise, its mighty influence in the concerns of Europe and the world. So, after he had arrived at St. Petersburgh the conviction was forced upon him that no thorough and intelligent account of Russia could be written without a knowledge of the language. Nothing daunted, he immediately set to work, perseveringly and without a moment's delay, to acquire it ; how, will appear in the sequel. The consequence necessarily was, that his original purpose was materially altered and assumed an entirely different, because a broader and more comprehensive, aspect. Other works on Russia have been written, giving a more or less complete survey of the people and institutions of the Empire ; but they are now, for the most part, out of date, or written by French and German authors. Mr. Wallace's elaborate book is the most solid, comprehensive, and thorough, as well as the most interesting and readable work yet issued in English on the subject. It is, in short, a full exposition of the Russian people in every aspect—social, religious, and official.

It would be obviously impossible in the few brief pages at our command, to examine throughout an elaborate work of thirty-four chapters, and over six hundred closely printed pages. It must therefore suffice, if its general character be briefly elucidated, and a few of the more important subjects, almost as briefly, examined.

Mr. Wallace has not attempted to write a history of Russia, nor does he pretend to trace the historical development of its people further back than is absolutely necessary to the intelligent understanding of their present condition. Thus, we have a chapter on "the peasant of the old type" ; but Ivan Petroff, the illustrative example, is still living. Only in the case of the serfs does he think it desirable to enter upon the social history of past centuries. The work, then, is primarily and essentially a panorama of Russia and the Russians as they are, the various classes of society, their manners, foibles, and prejudices. All of these, from the noblesse, through the merchant, doctor, and priest, down to the peasant, are treated of separately and with great care. In treating of races other than the Slavs, the Finns, the Sartacs, and the Cossacks, the second only are viewed historically. The Imperial Administration, St. Petersburg and Foreign Influence, and a variety of other important topics, are also considered in detail. It must be further remarked that, instead of being dry and jejune, the style is exceedingly lively, and no reader need be repelled by any fear of yawning over the work. It is full of anecdote, often of the most amusing character; indeed there are few pages in which, like Homer, our author appears to nod, or is likely to make his readers do so.

Having thus cleared the way for a hasty dip into its pages, let us first run over some of the minor heads upon which we do not purpose to dwell. The first chapter, on travelling in Russia, is full of interesting matter. Beginning with the railways, Mr. Wallace points out that they are all constructed strictly from a military point of view, hence they are generally laid so as to fulfil the mathematical definition of a straight line, as the "crow flies," regardless of whether they are near or far from the towns and villages *en route*. When the engineers laid before Nicholas their plan for the road between St.

Petersburgh and Moscow, he took a ruler, and, drawing a straight line between the termini, remarked in a peremptory tone, "You will construct the line so!" It is an interesting fact that at the time of the Crimean War there were but 750 miles of railway, now there are 11,000 with constant additions. Similarly the water communication has passed through a complete revolution. This leads our author into a lively account of steam-boat navigation on the Volga and Don. Concerning the latter river and the craft upon it, he gives an amusing account. Although it makes a great figure on the map, and it is really broad, the water is exceedingly shallow and full of sandbanks. The captain of a boat always gives a free passage to a number of Cossacks, and when a shoal is struck, they are ordered to jump overboard with a stout hauser and haul her off. On one occasion Mr. Wallace saw the captain slacken speed so as not to run down a man who was attempting to cross his bows in the middle of the stream. On another occasion, "a Cossack passenger wished to be set down at a place where there was no pier, and on being informed that there was no means of landing him, coolly jumped overboard and walked ashore." The principal benefit to be derived from these river trips is conversation with the passengers on deck; but, down below, especially in the night time, there is a large number of free passengers, lower down in the scale of creation, who give no end of annoyance to the thin-skinned. On the sea of Azov matters are further complicated by a superabundance of rats, who run over and into the bed according to their own sweet will.

It has been stated that Mr. Wallace determined to master the Russian language, and in order to do so thoroughly and without interruption, he left St. Petersburgh and betook himself to a small village in the Novgorod district to the priest of which he had been recommended. This leads first of all to a dissertation on roads and bridges: hotels also, which had been mentioned in the previous chapter, may be taken in here. It seems that when you engage a bed-room, it by no means follows that you will be favoured with bedding or towels. Pillows, sheets, &c., the traveller is supposed to carry with him; and, in the next place, the waiter not only escorts the traveller to the door of his room, but enters and acts as *valet de chambre.* At table you are asked if you carry your own tea and sugar with you, as all wise wayfarers do, if so, in addition, to the edibles, you are furnished with a Samovar or tea-urn, teapot, &c., for a moderate sum. Altogether, the hotels outside the large towns appear to be execrable. Next come the roads and bridges, the description of which is exceedingly amusing. The roads are never repaired, and when one pair of ruts is too deep, another on one side or other of the old ones is commenced. Quoting the well-known couplet, "If you had seen this road before it was made," &c., Mr. Wallace declares it to be no bull, so far as Russia is concerned, where the roads are not yet made, but await the advent of their native Wade. So with the bridges, of which there is a ludicrous account. Some years ago an Irish member was laughed at in the House of Commons, for speaking of "the bridge which separates two great sections of the Irish people." In Russia, bridges generally do separate or at least obstruct, instead of connecting. Then, the Tarantass, "a phaeton without springs," adds to the discomfort—the springs being inadequately represented by two

parallel pieces of wood, which give sudden jerks, like an ill-conditioned spring board.

Passing over some incidents which were comic, and one at least which was grave, Mr. Wallace survived the jolting and reached Ivanofka, the scene of his "voluntary exile." In the absence of the priest, an acquaintance was struck up with one Karl Karl'itch, the German steward of an absentee landowner. His real name was the ubiquitous Schmidt, but it was changed in accordance with a curious Russian custom The family name is not ordinarily used as a surname, but instead of it the father's Christian name, with the addition signifying son or daughter, as the case may be. Ivan's son and daughter for example would be respectively Ivanovitch, pronounced Ivan'itch, and Ivanovua, pronounced Ivanna. This Karl was a thorough pessimist, for he declared that since the emancipation of the serfs everything had been rapidly tending in the direction of "the dogs." The peasants would not work, the courts were infested with a set of pettifoggers who delayed justice, and practically rendered an appeal to the law a losing game. So he took the administration of the law into his own hands, by starving the cattle of the recalcitrants, not merely keeping them off his own land, but off any land on the estate. Karl was a bit of a sharper himself, and had discovered that although the emancipation law decreed that the peasants should receive arable land, there was no word about pasturage. "I have the whip-hand of them there," chuckled the astute German.

At length the priest arrives, and Mr. Wallace commences his studies in earnest. This leads to an interesting account of the Russian clergy. Of this particular priest's name, and he resided with him for months, our author is still profoundly ignorant. He was known as Batushka, not because he was a foundling, for he was the legitimate son of a priest, but because, according to custom, that name had been given to him by the Bishop at his entrance into the seminary. Batushka appears to be an exemplary man with a grown-up family. In a conversation between his pupil and himself he lets us into some of the secrets of clerical marriages in Russia. As soon as he was ordained, the Bishop, in true patriarchal style, "found him a wife," as he does in the case of all seminarists. If one of these priests should die, leaving a widow and marriageable daughter, the Bishop immediately gives the latter in marriage to the new incumbent. Sometimes, however, the widow disturbs the peace of the new ménage. Said the good priest—"a mother-in-law living in the house does not conduce to domestic harmony. I don't know how it is in your country, but so it is with us." "I hastened to assure him that this was not a peculiarity of Russia." The people do not respect the parish priest, and their lives are often hard and humiliating; that, however, is not so much to be wondered at, after reading Mr. Wallace's minute account of their character and general course of life. Nothing could be more dissimilar than the ideal of a Protestant pastor, and that of a Greek parish priest. The latter is by no means required to be a pattern of exemplary conduct. "He is expected merely to conform to certain observances, and to perform punctiliously the rites and ceremonies prescribed by the church. If he does this without practising extortion, his parishoners are quite satisfied. He rarely preaches or exhorts, and neither has, nor seeks to have, a moral influ-

ence over his flock." Moreover, the orthodox priest never interests himself in the education of the people, and hence their ignorance, especially in theological subjects, is of the grossest character. A peasant was once asked by his priest "if he could name the three persons of the Trinity, and replied without a moment's hesitation, 'How can one not know that, Batushka! Of course it is the Saviour, the Mother of God, and St. Nicholas the miracle worker!'" In fine, the peasants "are profoundly ignorant of religious doctrines, and know little or nothing of Holy Writ;" on the other hand, they are grossly superstitious, believing implicitly in prodigies, miracles, and witchcraft.

There are two "peculiar institutions" of Russia, upon which it would be interesting to dwell, but, they can only be briefly referred to here. The Mir or Village Community is one, and the Zemstvo, or new form of local self-government, is the other. Enthusiasts have endeavored to show that Russia has been spared the evils arising from the presence of a hungry proletariat by the rural Commune. Mr. Wallace dissents from this view, and whilst admitting that it has conferred some benefits upon Russia, he is of opinion that the evils arising and likely to arise in the future far exceeds the real advantages of it. Certainly it furnishes no adequate solution of the great social problem. The Mir is thus described by our author: "The peasant family of the old type is, as we have just seen, a kind of primitive association, in which the members have nearly all things in common. The village may be roughly described as a primitive association on a larger scale." The head of the community is the village Elder, but he is only its executive, all real power being vested in the general body of the land-owners. The land is not owned by individuals, but by the Commune, which allots to each his share. The heads of the households cannot begin to mow or plough without the consent of the village community—indeed, all their daily occupations are regulated by communal decrees. There is a periodical revision in the allotment of land when it is divided into a number of shares, corresponding with the number of adult males—each receiving the particular allotment the assembly chooses to assign to him. It may be remarked, finally, that an attempt was made to introduce vote by ballot, but it "never struck root, the peasants calling it contemptuously, 'playing at marbles.'" The Zemstvo, which, generally speaking, is analogous to our municipal council, is a new experiment, and likely to be a promising one. It discharges the functions of our township councils, so far as we can gather, and, in addition, has the supervision of the crops and of "the material and moral well-being of the population" generally. Deputies are elected triennially, "in certain fixed proportions, by the landed proprietors, the rural communes, and the municipal corporations." These assemblies are heterogeneous in composition, partly nobles, partly peasants, sitting together on a footing of perfect equality. It is gratifying to learn that the Zemstvo performs its work tolerably well, and, what is better

The subject of the Serfs and their emancipation naturally occupies a large portion of Mr. Wallace's work; we can only afford a brief meagre summary of the chapters devoted to it. It is often a subject of boasting among the Russians, that slavery never existed among them. Our author, however, is clearly of opinion that it did, and that serfdom arose out of it. There were three kinds of serfs—State serfs, comprising perhaps one-half of the whole,

domestic serfs, and serfs proper. The first named had no masters, and enjoyed a large amount of liberty. They were not allowed to change their official domicile, but by paying a small sum for a passport they could leave their villages for an indefinite length of time, and so long as they paid their taxes and dues they were in little danger of being molested. Many of them, though officially inscribed in their native villages, lived permanently in towns, and not a few of them succeeded in amassing large fortunes. The position of serfs on estates owned by absentee nobles was much the same. The second class Mr. Wallace calls "domestic slaves, because, in spite of Russian assertions to the contrary, they were bought and sold up to a comparatively recent period. In the *Moscow Gazette* for 1801, picked out at random were such advertisements as these :—'To be sold, three coachmen, well trained and handsome ; and two girls, the one eighteen and the other fifteen years of age, both of them good looking and well acquainted with various kinds of handiwork. In the same house there are for sale two hair dressers ; the one twenty-one years of age, who can read, write and play on a musical instrument, &c.'" One wonders whether this attractive young barber had fallen in love with the handsome girl of eighteen, and if so, what was the upshot of it. And again, "in this house one can have a coachman, and a Dutch cow about to calve !" Alexander I. prohibited these advertisements, but the practice of selling domestics continued long afterwards ; certainly, Nicholas made no attempt at its repression. The serfs proper, or *adscripti glebæ*, were in a far better position, being only less free than the State serfs. They had houses and lands of their own, enjoyed a certain amount of self-government, and were rarely sold except as part of the estate. When they tilled communal land they had a right to representation in the village assembly.

It is unnecessary to trace here the difficulties encountered by Alexander in effecting emancipation ; it will suffice to give a general summary of its results. So far as the landed proprietors were concerned, the reform appears to have left them much as they were before. In the Southern Zone, free labour is quite as profitable as serf labour. The dues do not perhaps fully represent the value of the land, yet the deficiency is otherwise compensated for. The only substantial grievance is, that the inevitable rise in the price of land was not sufficiently taken into account. In the north, many landowners actually received compensation, and, in all cases, the dues are in excess of a reasonable rent. Mr. Wallace is not so clear about the results of emancipation to the serfs themselves. A great many wild allusions about the immediate amelioration of the country and the peasants, have been shattered. On the contrary, there have appeared certain very ugly phenomena which were not at all in the programme. It is asserted, though our author is by no means sure of it, that "the peasants began to drink more and work less." The "brawlers" or demagogues began to trouble the Assemblies, and the peasant judges elected by their fellows "acquired a bad habit of selling their decisions." The picture is painted in as dark colours as possible by the noblesse, and, for a different reason, by the Liberals. On the whole, Mr. Wallace, although he admits that matters are now in a very unsatisfactory condition, is inclined to think that emancipation will eventually prove a powerful agency for good to the peasantry.

This work appears just at the very time when the world is most deeply interested in the power and designs of Russia. In the concluding chapter, Mr. Wallace treats of the Eastern Question and territorial expansion generally. So far as India is concerned, he is clearly of opinion that "the Russophobists" are entirely in the wrong. The annexations in Central Asia, he endeavours to prove, have been forced upon Russia by the predatory character of the populations, and the want of any settled government amongst them. "Russia," he observes, "must push forward her frontier until she reaches a country possessing a government which is able and willing to keep order within its boundaries, and to prevent its subjects from committing depredations on their neighbours. As none of the petty States of Central Asia seem capable of permanently fulfilling this condition, it is pretty certain that the Russian and British frontiers will one day meet. Where they will meet depends on ourselves. If we do not wish our rival to overstep a certain line, we must ourselves advance to that line. With regard to the other branch of the subject, now threatening a continental upheaval or at least a sanguinary duel between Russia and Turkey, Mr. Wallace's views are very clearly and incisively stated. After referring at some length to Slav aspirations, he refers to the notion that war is being forced npon the government, "that aristocracy in Russia has lost its power, and that the Czar, like despotic rulers in general, must periodically go to war in order to avert the attention of his subjects from home politics. All these suppositions are utterly false." Mr. Wallace admits that Russia no doubt would very much prefer having in her possession the keys of the Black Sea and Mediterranean. "In many respects it is very disagreeable to her that Turkey should be able, without employing a single ship of war, to blockade effectually all her southern ports. Here is, I believe, the only real, reasonable motive which Russia has for wishing to gain possession of Constantinople. All the others which are commonly quoted are more or less visionary." Even if Alexander II. were ambitious and imbued with Panslavism, our author contends that he would not "have chosen the present moment for raising the Eastern question." The gigantic reforms of his reign have placed Russia in a state of transition ; the army has only lately been re-organized, and the other powers, free from complications, are at hand to resist. Finally, "whatever the result of the present negotiations may be, the arrangement will be merely temporary,"—in Mr. Grant Duff's words "the Christian races inhabiting the Eastern Peninsula must eventually grow over the head alike of the Turk and of the Mussulman Slavonian."

Mr. Wallace's work may be sincerely recommended to all who desire, to use his own words, "to know Russia better."

Miss Annie T. Howells, has published in connection with El Conde de Premio Real, the Spanish Consul-General, a small volume entitled *Popular Sayings of Old Iberia.** Some of these brief expressions of popular wisdom are much like old English proverbs and sentences, and the collection possesses on this account much interest to those who speak our tongue. In the joint authorship we must presume that the Consul-General supplied the Spanish

* *Popular Sayings from Old Iberia.* Miss Annie T. Howells, and El Conde De Premio Real, Quebec : Dawson & Co., 1877.

sayings, and that Miss Howells gave them the appropriate English dress in which they appear.

Mrs. Duncan, who took the first prize at the Provincial Exhibition, Ottawa, 1875, proves herself an admirable instructress in the beautiful art of modelling wax flowers.* The book is well got up and beautifully illustrated, and will enable the student with diligence to master this accomplishment.

We have before us one of the best productions of a remarkable man. It is the late Dr. Norman Macleod's *Starling* † (Canadian edition), a story as remarkable for its literary excellence as for its simplicity of style and construction. It was originally written for *Good Words*, and was intended to illustrate the one-sidedness, and consequent untruth, of hard logical "principle" when in conflict with moral feeling, true faith *versus* apparent truth of reasoning. It rarely happens that a story written for some didactic purpose possesses that charm and pathos which we find in *The Starling*. It still more rarely happens that a fictitious narrative is without a love-plot, and that the interest is made to turn upon quite another range of sympathies. Yet this is what is done in the story in question, and done, too, with extraordinary success. *The Starling* is certainly the ablest attempt in fiction of a man of whom Principal Sharp has truly said—"nothing he has written is any measure of the powers that were in him." The story, as we learn from the memoirs of Dr. Macleod, was suggested by the following, sent to him by Mr. Peter Mackenzie, a well-known West-of-Scotland journalist:—"Suffer me to give you the following story, which I heard in Perth upwards of forty years ago: A very rigid clergyman of that city had a very decent shoemaker for an elder, who had an extreme liking for birds of all kinds, not a few of which he kept in cages, and they cheered him in his daily work. He taught one of them in particular (a starling) to whistle some of our finest old Scottish tunes. It happened on a fine Sabbath-morning the starling was in fine feather, and, as the minister was passing by, he heard the starling singing with great glee, in his cage outside the door, 'Ower the water to Charlie.' The worthy minister was so shocked at this on the Sabbath-morning that, on Monday, he insisted the shoemaker should either wring the bird's neck or demit the office of elder. This was a cruel alternative, but the decent shoemaker clung to his favourite bird, and prospered." Out of this simple incident Dr. Macleod evolved a story of Scottish life, which, for exquisite delineation of character and pathetic incident, has rarely been excelled. The characters of the devout sergeant and his wife, of Jack the ne'er-do-well and the Rev. Daniel Porteous, are perfect of their kind. The Canadian edition of this work is printed in pleasant, readable type, and is otherwise neatly got up.

The "Town and Country Series" of Messrs. Roberts Bros., the well-known Boston Publishers, has just had added to it a new story by Holme

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* *A Course of Lessons in Modelling Wax Flowers, Designed Especially for Beginners.* By FLORENCE J. DUNCAN. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.: Toronto, Willing & Williamson, 1877.

† *The Starling; a Scotch Story.* By the late NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D., Illustrated. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

Lee.* The circumstances of Ben Milner's wooing are told in the pleasant way which is characteristic of that author. The plot is not too involved, and Ben and Pattie, the hero and heroine, are happy creations. Holme Lee is not a pretentious writer, and her stories possess that charm which attaches to the productions of those who confine themselves to what is strictly within their powers.

Musical.

We would like to consider, for a few moments, with our readers, the question of cheap musical tuition. The existence of such a thing is patent to everyone. Numbers of impoverished young gentlewomen, daughters of clergymen, of retired and seedy officers, of old and superannuated Government clerks, swell the ranks of music teachers in our midst. Having to contend with long-established and well-known teachers of music, mostly of the other sex, they find naturally enough that the only way to secure even half-a-dozen pupils, is to greatly reduce the prices, which, perhaps originally were quite as imposing as those asked by the first teacher in the city, and one result is that the younger generation are sent to such to be instructed. We would ask, first, the reason why so many young women rush into the musical profession. Is it one that is easily mastered? Is it one always lucrative? Is it one which requires no patience or endurance on the teacher, and no talent or marked inclination in the taught? Surely to all these questions it is easy to answer, "No." Why then, should it be chosen in preference to other occupations, such as drawing or light painting of several kinds, to useful and ornamental needlework, to elocution, to languages, or to the many interesting and noble kinds of *work* now open to women? The chief reason for this preference seems to be that though, in the true and broad sense of things, the study of music is *not* easily mastered, as we have said, yet something which takes its place and serves to instruct the very youngest can easily and quickly be gotten hold of by the person desirous to teach. Some knowledge of "theory," which word, as used by many teachers of the stamp we refer to, always provokes us to smile, and of the the scales, vague talk about "fingering," and an exercise-book, and the *teacher* is made. Now, we do not believe in cramming the head-splitting problems of harmony down an innocent, and perhaps totally unmusical, child's

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* *Ben Milner's Wooing.* By Holme Lee. Boston; Roberts Bros., Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson. 1877.

throat, or talking to it about the mysterious depths and ecstatic heights of the art it is about to make the acquaintance of. The child would not, could not, be ready for it, and such teaching would end in the pupil running away, or the master being convicted of lunacy. But neither do we believe in the lame, bald, senseless and utterly incorrect teaching that we have laid to the door of so many female teachers, not unkindly or in malice and uncharitableness, but out of strong conviction and friendly solicitude ; for many of them are conscientious, they teach according to their light, but, alas ! it is a very dim one. And now let us proceed to look at the result of all this. Parents, of course, can hardly be blamed for sending their children to cheaper and inferior teachers. They are, doubtless, well-meaning when they say that any kind of teacher will do till the rudiments are well learned, and then a good master will be in requisition for the finish, if indeed, that can be finished which has never been begun ; and so the child, if musical, soon exhausts the "theory" of its teacher, and is given all manner of showy and fireworky pieces, till the time comes to be handed over to the refiner and polisher, who, if conscientious, laments the loss of a fine artist, and who, if not troubled overmuch with conscientiousness, introduces her too late to good and classical music ; her taste is formed, and though you may break the vase, the rose fragrance haunts it still. Such a term being far too good, by the way, for that taste which hungers for "arrangements," and "fantasias" still. If the pupil, in such a case, be unmusical, what is perhaps originally mild disinclination soon becomes cordial dislike under the dreadful drudgery, which passes by the name of "practice," and as for lesson hours, they become simply unsupportable. And as the pupils grow up and emerge from the school-room into the drawing-room, it is too plainly seen that music has done nothing for them. They cannot read at sight without great difficulty, they cannot play without their music, they vote all good music slow, they know nothing of the lives of the composers, of musical history or growth ; an article on the emotional and metaphysical side of music would be Greek to them. Harmony is recognised as something which is useful to organists, and as to musical thought or feeling they have none.

This is the result ; if it be thought an evil one, wherein lies the remedy ? And here our courage almost fails us. It is not easy to say to those young women, who are the instructors of so many of our youth, "stop teaching, you are not competent, you are unconsciously a stumbling block to many, and it is better for others that you should not teach." It is not easy to say such harsh words as these, for clearly they must do something. To work, they are, perhaps, ashamed. The word "situation" is degradation, and music is so polite, so refined, say they, an open sesame in fact. They do not pretend for the moment to be great masters or professors ; look at their prices ; but simply to give the very first, the very simplest instructions. Ah, but do you not see that *because* the instruction is the first and the simplest, therefore it should also be the *best ?* Again, it is not easy to say such words as these, because we fear that *expensive* musical tuition has its evils as well, if closely looked into, as we have also partly shown how greatly reform is needed in both these matters. We want parents to read the dispositions and inclinations of their children better, to labour at discovering their different fortes,

and when they have traced and distinguished them, to endeavour, by the best means in their power, to cultivate them to the highest degree by choosing the best teachers that, without thereby impoverishing themselves, they can afford. We want pupils who will bring to their work diligence and earnestness, with more of the old-fashioned virtue of obedience, and then, if they are not geniuses, and even if they never become executants, they will gain at least an appreciation of what is good and beautiful and true in music We want teachers, and now, we must be forgiven, if our pen runs away with us ; for whom do we want as teachers ? Men and women of experience, of knowledge, of competence, not afraid of opinion, nor the slaves of fashionable partiality, but strong and original in thought and act, conscientious and self-denying, bringing to their work consecration of self to its glorious purposes, energy and enthusiasm. We do not say we have none such in our midst, but we do say there ought to be more than there are. Music is the noblest, the purest, the most profound, and the most intricate of the arts, and if she is ever to do anything for us, her professors must know a little more about her than we fear many of them know at present. Euerpe is an exclusive muse, but when one is once admitted to her inner halls, the delight of being there more than amply compensates for all the trouble it took to get there. What is really wanted in Canada is a conservatory or place of that kind where persons intending to teach could fit themselves for their work by proper study, thus ensuring the existence of a first-class diplomated staff of teachers. Rumours of such an institution reached us from Montreal, not long ago. We now believe Quebec supports something of that kind, but clearly the want has not yet been supplied.

Circumstances which could not have been prevented have hindered us from attending any one of the four private recitals by distinguished pianists in our midst, which have formed so marked a feature of the musical growth of our city. We can, however, applaud and encourage the movement, if we may not particularize, as at a future season we hope to do. These recitals have been set on foot chiefly through the agency of Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, a young man among us who has added to great natural gifts and fine musical perceptions the advantages of continental study, having been a pupil of the Leipsic Conservatorium. The first and fourth of the recitals were given by Mr. Lauder, assisted by several talented vocalists. The third by Miss Cousins, well-known in Toronto, and the second by a Miss Gilmour, of whom we know no more than that the young lady in question has not yet entered her teens. While we do not wish to particularize, for as we have said before it is impossible in the present case, we believe that Mr. Lauder's playing has given the greatest satisfaction. His selections have embraced the most difficult works of the best masters, and his playing (which we heard to great advantage once in Chopin's A Flat Polonaise—a veritable *cheval de bataille*), is characterized by a grace and delicacy which is refreshing, after the thunderings and poundings of the piano-forte Titans of the day. We can recollect no flaw in Mr. Lauder's playing, unless it be that slight flurry which besets so many young pianists, and which, we are sure by this time, is quite dissipated. It may be added that Mr. Lauder is pianist to the Philharmonic Society. We are not "writing up" these entertainments, but we do feel it

our duty to press home to the public the necessity of their support in this matter, and we would say to those who furnish the music, above all to keep to a good standard, and not to pander to popular taste. We suppose the public must have its "torchlight marches" and its "imitations of bag pipes," but *artists* are not required to furnish these intoxicants of the popular mind.

The second performance of Rossini's Stabat Mater by the Philharmonic Society, on Monday, the 16th of April, was, we believe, an advance in many respects on the first. Too much praise cannot be awarded Mr. Torrington for the great zeal and ability he has always manifested as conductor of the Society, and which seem to have culminated on the evening in question. He is, be it remembered, not only the conductor, but the trainer of the Society, consequently the work and responsibility devolve greatly on him, and those who know anything of the position will concur with us in saying that such a position is never an easy, is frequently an unpleasant, one to maintain. The director must always be affable and courteous, he must never be tired or out of patience, he must have due consideration for the whims of soprani, and courage to check insubordination, and at last when he has fulfilled all these duties and many others too numerous to mention, he finds that he has not succeeded in pleasing everyone, he never will. However, we intend here to go back on our own statement and declare that there was universal satisfaction on the occasion we are speaking of. The orchestra must be specially praised, the improvement in this department increasing with each performance of the Society. Mr. Torrington arranged a miscellaneous selection before the Stabat Mater, which was also well rendered. The andante from Beethoven's Second Symphony was beautifully given by the orchestra, no flurry or indistinctness being perceptible, although some of the passages are not inconsiderable. Miss Bridgland must be congratulated on possessing what with due practice and training must become a clear and flexible soprano of more than average power. The quartette, "God is a Spirit," was given most carefully, and the pianissimo parts were particularly effective. We have never heard the Chorus sing better than they did in Hadyn's grand old chorus, "The Heavens are Telling," for not only were precision and correctness assured the moment they began, but an amount of "go" and real enthusiasm seemed to characterize the entire selection, and towards the close when the climax of sound was drawing near, conductor, chorus, and orchestra seemed to mingle and become one, so perfect was the performance.

The Stabat Mater loses, we think, in being sung in English. The meaning of the Latin words is not even kept, as every one knows, and a good orthodox Protestant adaptation is sung instead. The opening quartette and chorus to the familiar words of "Stabat Mater Dolorosa," or as it is in English, "Lord most Holy, Lord most Mighty," was well rendered, particularly by the orchestra, and the effect of the gradual change from *forte* to *piano* on page 7, was almost thrilling. Mr. Hampshire, who undertook the air "Cujus Animam," did his best we have no doubt, and was very well received, but the setting is extravagantly high, and few voices are equal to the double task of reaching the notes and giving to them when required, the expression and dramatic force which create this air. The duett between Miss Hillary and

Mrs. Bradley, and Mr. Warrington's solo "Pro Peccatis," left nothing to be desired, while the chorus and recitative which followed was equally well given, the difficult modulations being splendidly managed, and Mr. Warrington's fine bass showing to perfection. It is scarcely possible to find sufficient praise of Miss Hillary's singing of the Cavatina, "I will Sing of Thy Great Mercy,"—pronunciation, emphasis, and expression were all perfect; and her voice, which improves every day in compass, preserves its old richness and fulness of tone. In the glorious "Inflammatus," Tietjiens' masterpiece, Mrs. Bradley was weak. The high C which should have rung out over the orchestra and chorus, was inaudible, and throughout the number there was a total lack of dramatic power and force. Mrs. Bradley, too, seems to reach the high notes at the expense of the words which belong to them, but the singing was still very sweet and charming, and scarcely any but truly exceptionable voices can do full justice to Rossini's most difficult music. The quartette, "Quando Corpus," and the final chorus in which the performers seemed as much at home as in the Handelian fugues, went gloriously, and so ended a concert of which Mr. Torrington may well be proud.

It is years since any *prima donna*, Adelina Patti excepted, has created such a deep and lasting sensation in gay and volatile Paris, as that which Mdlle. Albani is still causing there. First, her Gilda in Rigoletta, then Amina, and more recently her Lucia, have each met with the most flattering approval. The Parisian journals carry on a praiseworthy rivalry, each one appearing more eulogistic than the other. *Le National* calls attention to her elegant and haughty style of beauty, the *Figaro* notices the general delirium and endless triumph, while the *Finance Comique* records the toilets and diamonds in the front of the house, and six recalls, showers of bouquets, accompanied by a jewelled diadem and bracelet on the stage. We must not forget the *Charivari*, which says, "That Mdlle. Albani is an Æolian harp, which has all at once caused that old used-up capital, Paris, to rouse itself once more." *N'est ce pas Français?* And if we are not mistaken this is the same Albani that nearly failed utterly in New York! Surely for once the discernment of our neighbours was at fault, and we regret that our gifted countrywoman did not visit Canada that she might have been better received here. Adelina Patti is nowhere so successful as in St. Petersburg. She has lately sung in Vienna to crowded but colder audiences than Nilsson inspired there, and of course is now in London for the Covent Garden season, which opened on April 3rd. Nicolini, the impressionable tenor, who it seems is really the cause of the trouble between Patti and her husband, is also in the company. Nilsson and Faure are both in Paris, resting, it may well be supposed, from their arduous and exciting labours. Herr Wieniawski, assisted by Mdlle. Victoria Bunsen, and Herr Conrad Behrens, have lately given some very successful concerts in Copenhagen. In fact, Mdlle. Bunsen seems to have fairly divided the honours with Madame Trebelli Bettini having been presented in the presence of the Royal family with a magnificent gold bracelet, by the Crown Princess. A few days before, Trebelli received from the King's own hands the medal "Littoris et artibus," while Herr Behrens was presented with a ring bearing the King's initials and crown in brilliants. The *début* of Mdlle. Fechten, daughter of the celebrated successor and imitator of the great

Lemaitre, was anxiously looked for. She appeared as Mignon at the Opera Comique, but the Parisians do not seem to have been much impressed by her. She is small, dark-eyed, and not over pretty, while her voice, though sweet and well cultivated, is hardly equal to the demands of the operatic stage.

By this time the London operatic season has well begun, at least at one theatre. The repertoire of the present Covent Garden Company includes fifty operas ; while it is the intention of Mr. Gye to produce three at least out of five comparatively new works, viz., Verdi's "Sicilian Vespers," the chief character by Madame Patti ; a grand opera seria composed by His Royal Highness the Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, entitled "Santa Chiara;" Rubinstein's grand romantic opera, "Nero ;" Nicolai's comic opera, "The Merry Wives of Windsor," written for Mdlle. Thalberg ; and finally, Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," with Albani in the principal part. As to "Paul et Virginie," which was promised some time ago, a difficulty relating to copyright has set in, which prevents its production. The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha can surely not have forgotten the lamentable failure of "Santa Chiara" in Paris some years ago ; or that of still another musical venture of his in London, where, in 1852, "Casilda" was dismissed for ever from public hearing after running two nights.

Mr. Mapleson will open in the Haymarket once more, with Titiens, Nilsson and Faure, Sir Michael Costa, wielding the baton again after a lapse of thirty-one years.

Madame Clara Schumann and Dr. Joachim have returned to the Continent, after having shared the homage of a London public for some time. Wagner comes, with him, Liszt, some say, and Rubinstein brings up the rear. A Tetra logy indeed ! The English are not all Wagnerites, but nevertheless the all-poet musician is the musical hero of the day. Thousands will flock to see him out of curiosity alone. The festival which is called by his name, will consist of six concerts, beginning Monday evening, May 7th, and closing Saturday afternoon, May 19th. Wagner's friend,—and on whose special invitation he will go to England,—August Wilheling, will conduct the Wagnerian orchestra of two hundred instrumentalists. The *Times* compliments Wagner on having composed music which has done much for the suppression of light, shallow, vaudeville music, and thinks it will do more in the time to come. Apropos of Joachim, are our readers acquainted with the fact that on Thursday, March 8, the gifted Hungarian was created by the University of Cambridge an English Doctor of Music ? The Senate Hall was on that occasion crowded with professors, deans and proctors, ladies, and undergraduates. A Latin oration, delivered by Mr. J. E. Sandys, Public Orator of St. John's College, in which were mentioned Sir Sterndale Bennett, Brahms, Prof. Macfarren, and Amalie Joachim, seems to have been the chief feature of the proceedings. It was expected that Brahms would have been present also to receive the degree of "Mus. Doc.," but from some unknown reason he disappointed the large and distinguished assembly. Joachim was further initiated into university life by a banquet given for him in Trinity, which was his first experience of "dining in hall." What must be the feelings of the man who, beginning life in the most humble manner, in a small and insignificant village

near Presburg, has finally been admitted to the highest honour of an English University.

We have received from the publishers—Messrs. Suckling & Co., Toronto, —some new Canadian publications for review. Two songs by Professor Whish, of Belleville (Albert College), are specially worthy of mention. "Meet me, darling, again," a light and taking ballad, and "The wings of a dove," more pretentious in style, and which is, moreover, one of the prettiest songs we have seen for some time, being a contrast from the sentimental ditties that are the order of the day. A "serenade," "Meet me, darling," by Charles W. Stokes, is one of the above, and though by no means original in melody or treatment, is exceedingly pretty, and will be popular. The galop entitled "Sweet Sixteen," by W. Carey, the well-known bandmaster of the Queen's Own Rifles, is for the pianoforte, and a most creditable production in point of melody and rhythm.

We subjoin the following *critique* of Madame Essipoff from a Montreal correspondent :

"We, in Montreal, were last week favoured by a visit from Madame Essipoff, whom, on the whole, we are probably safe in calling the finest lady pianist of the day, for though she lacks the tender depths of feeling possessed by Madame Schumann, and also the mechanical perfection ('icily perfect') of Arabella Goddard, she yet has a fund of poetic originality, and great passion, together with such a wondrous technique, as probably no lady (excepting the aforenamed miracle of execution) possesses. Her power and flexibility of wrist are amazing, her rapidity of articulation almost unrivalled, whilst her delivery of very delicate and rapid ('perle') passages is simply perfect ; this latter quality showed to great advantage in the C ♯ minor valse (Chopin), in which she delivers the passages which constitute a kind of echo by beginning firmly, and in almost *ad libitum* time, and then repeating at an immensely increased speed (*ppp*), those passages, which, though not difficult in themselves, would be found so by any ordinary pianist who tried to emulate the effect made by Madame Essipoff.

"On the whole, her playing of Chopin is the most satisfactory thing she does. It is music which, within certain limits (very distant ones), allows the performer to take almost any liberty with time and reading, it allows a player to express more of *himself*, than almost any other music, and therefore, as Madame Essipoff's playing is essentially original, Chopin's wayward music suits her, we think, better than any other. After this, we would place that of Liszt, which shows both her faults and perfections. It gives full scope for the display of her originality and fire, and also her marvellous executive powers, but, on the other hand, it sometimes hurries her into a certain recklessness, which sometimes shows in her playing, and which, whilst suiting the character of Liszt's music, often betrays her into playing wrong notes. This was the case in the D ♭ 'Etude de Concert' (Liszt).

"Of all the pieces we heard her play, the 'Moonlight Sonata' pleased us least, and made us inclined to agree with a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, whose remarks were alluded to in the March number of your magazine. Madame Essipoff is there accused of playing Bethoven after her own ideas, instead of the composer's, and if her rendering of the Sonata quasi

Fantasia be a fair specimen, she is certainly open to the accusation. Her playing of the slow movement was very massive, in parts almost organ-like in the tone she brought out, but was too loud throughout, and had a peculiar hardness, which most lady pianists give to a singing movement by *striking*, instead of pressing out the melody, thus we lost the wondrously dreaming effect of the slow movement, which used to be brought out in so magical a manner by that departed prince of pianists, Thalberg. In fact, with all due respect to ladies be it said, there is but one lady pianist who plays a slow movement perfectly ; she alone, of all we have ever heard, knows how to obtain that combined strength and tenderness, which usually seem to require a male hand. In the Allegretto we think Madame Essipoff sacrificed the plain intention of the composer, by making it light and staccato all through instead of obtaining the charming effect meant by the contrast between alternate smooth and staccato passages. In the last movement we were prepared, knowing the executive power and also the passion of the player, to be carried away by a storm of emotion, instead of which it was taken at very moderate time, which was also considerably broken, and the whole effect was sentimental rather than impassioned.

"Of course we admit that Beethoven's expressive marks cannot always be relied on, and even his metronomic marks he altered over and over again. But nevertheless in a piece like this, where the broad outlines of the expression of each movement are so strongly marked, we feel that a player, while taking full advantage of all the license which the term 'Guasi Fantasia' gives, should be careful not to express themselves at the expense of the composer's plain intention.

"Perhaps Madame Essipoff's greatest merit is in her startling originality ; there is a fearless daring in her grasp of all she does, which startles, fascinates, and delights, but it is this very quality which hurries her into faults that place her as an *artist* below Madame Schumann and below Rubinstein, whatever rhapsodic critics may assert to the contrary, although as a mere *pianist* (we hope this distinction is not too nice), she is probably unrivalled by any lady."

Good Night, My Sweet!

SERENADE.

Music by W. K. BASSFORD, Op. 66

Andante. *mf* *p*

p *Moderato con espress.*

O, sweet my love, the hour is late, The moon goes down in sil - ver state, As

p legato.

mf poco rall. *p*

here, a - lone, I watch and wait. Tho' far from thee, my lips repeat In

mf poco rall. colla voce. *p* *p*

p *Andante*

whis - - pers low......... Good-night,......... my sweet!...... Though

mf cres. *rall,*

far from thee, though far........... from thee,......... my

mf cres. *rall.* *p*

a tempo. *molto espress.*

lips my lips re - peat........ In whis - - - pers low,... ..... Good -

p

a tempo.

p

night,......... my sweet!...... Good - night,...... good-night!......

f

f *mf*

Moderato.

While life is dear, and love is best, And young moons drop a - down the west, My lone heart turning to its rest, Be - neath the stars shall whisper clear, Good

mf *rall.* *rall. colla voce.* *p*

Andante

night,......... my sweet......... though none......... may hear............ Be

mf *p*

cres. *slentando.*

neath the stars shall whis - - per clear,......... Good -

mf cres. *slentando p*

appassionato.

night, good-night, my sweet,......... though none......... can hear......... Good -

f
colla voce.

night,......... my sweet!...... Good - night,...... good-night!......

f *f* *mf*

p

Humorous Department.

FASHION AND FOLLY SKETCHES.

AU DESSOUS DU VERRE BLEU.

Tabitha Jane Matilda Longe
  Was scraggy—nature was unkind—
For years beneath the old *verre blanc*
  She'd vegetated, frame and mind.

" She pined in thought " (the ambient air
  Was air of non-prismatic hue) ;
Oft did she murmur, " Where, O where
  'S the mystic haze of heavenly blue ? "

At last she sat *en négligé*,
  Pleasanton's vitreous science proving,
And bathed her in the actinic ray,
  Till, lo ! she felt her shoulders moving.

Elysium for an instant dawned,
  Her senses fled—O potent science !
She rubbed her eyes—she slightly yawned,
Then faced her mirror with defiance.

A glance sufficed to bring de-
light,
The scene was one of trans-
formation,—
A beauty stood where yester-
night
A fright had studied radiation.

To fashion plates she flew with
haste,
And eke evolved a lengthy
train,
Then proudly sallied forth to
taste
The joy of triumph o'er the
vain.

Admirers came to beauty's noose,
Both wealthy cits and country cousins ;
'Twas her's the power to pick and choose
From lovers swarming 'round in dozens.

Thus potent science seemed to masque her.
And fortune smiled—her's was not marred ;
The ultimatum's here—just ask her—
For here's herself—

And here's her card—

Mrs. Tabitha J. M. Tyndale Browne.