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THE MACE AND ITS USE.

BY THE HON. CHARLES CLARKE, M.P.P.,

Speaker of the Ontario Legislature.

WHO is He? What is It? Such are the queries which flash through the minds of thousands who look, for the first time, with curiosity rather than with awe, upon the Serjeant-at-Arms and his Mace, in the Dominion House of Commons, and the Ontario Legislative Assembly. They see a remnant of mediævalism borne by a distinguished looking personage in solemn black and irreproachable white tie, wearing a dress sword and lavender gloves, an odd cross between the Past and Present, and supposed, in some unaccountable manner, to form a link between the throne and the people, and wonder what it all means, whence the custom came, and why it is kept up. That the serjeant is a constable of a higher order than that of the ordinary tipstaff; that his mace is his rather unwieldy and not very formidable badge of office; that he appears to be on good

terms with himself and everybody else, and especially with himself; that he possesses enormous powers in going where and doing what, on the floor of the House, his fancy dictates; and that his position is a very enviable one, are the thoughts passing through the mind of every stranger in the gallery, partly wrong and partly right, but natural under the circumstances, as the impressions of sight-seers frequently are. To give a more definite idea of the mace and its uses, rather than that of its custodian and bearer, is the object of the writer, and in doing this he will make only such passing reference to the serjeant and his duties, as may be necessary to the elucidation of his subject.

The origin of the mace is an antiquarian enigma. That it was originally more than an emblem of power is undoubted. Like the sceptre, which to a certain extent it displaces, and of

which it is now a representative, it was employed as a weapon in its early history, and may have had an Oriental birth-place. Both found their prototypes in a more humble symbol of authority. The sculptures at Persepolis represent a Persian monarch carrying a wooden staff, nearly the height of a man, studded with gold nails. At the period of the date of the Sabines, kings, as an ensign of their dignity, bore a long staff—the *skeptron* of the Greeks. The Hebrew word *shevet* is variously translated as ‘rod,’ ‘staff,’ ‘sceptre.’ Homer tells how kings employed their sceptres in the infliction of punishment. The rod, or staff, used originally as a means of coercion and engine of power, was then borne as a token of superiority, and ultimately came to be regarded as an emblem of royalty. It was viewed with superstitious reverence, was sacred and holy in the eyes of the multitude, and none was so solemnly bound as he who touched it while taking an oath. Jove swore as frequently by his sceptre as by Heaven or the river Styx. Hebrew poetry abounds in allusions to ‘the strong rods,’ the sceptres of them that rule. To break or rule with a rod of iron was synonymous, in ancient times, with a rough exercise of earthly or heavenly power. The staff of Jacob, the rod of Moses, the divin- ing rods of the magicians, were but material representatives of more than ordinary control over men and things, and were viewed by mankind with a faith inspired by dread. The bishop’s crook of to-day is a surviving relic of the ancient rod, but has lost the potency of its predecessor. The baton of the marshal, of the musical conductor, of the fogleman, of the drum-major, of the policeman, of the village constable, are symbols, more or less humble, of authority, and as significant—in their way—of power, as the jewelled sceptre of the proudest monarch, the blackthorn shillelagh of Brian Boru, or the upraised umbrella of King Coffee himself. They had,

like the sceptre or the mace, their original in the Israelitish rod or its predecessor, and are as significant of that control which produces order, and tell of that power behind the throne which insists upon and is able to enforce obedience.

The mace (from *massue* or *masse*, a club) was a favourite weapon of the Middle Ages, assuming various forms, as the fancy of the workman or owner suggested. It is described by several writers as the successor of the *baston* of the eleventh century, which was an iron-tipped staff or simply a wooden bludgeon or knotted club, as depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, and represented there as being carried by William, Duke of Normandy, and Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. Scandinavia, in its knotted clubs, may have furnished the model after which they were formed, and thus, the most valiant of the sons of Odin, with his huge hammer, may have been the first mace-bearer. That it was a favourite ecclesiastical weapon is undoubted, and, it is to be hoped, was used exclusively for defensive purposes, although Planché tells that it was employed by pugnacious prelates, who thereby evaded the denunciation which declares that ‘all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.’ The *baston* was speedily superseded by maces made of iron, bronze or lead, which, when of the latter material, were known as *plombées* or *plommés*, and were used for the purpose of breaking the armour of an opponent. In the valuable collection of Mr. John Notman, Queen’s Printer of Ontario, may be seen a well-preserved specimen of one of the varieties of the weapons favoured by our quarrelsome forefathers, although it is certainly of later date than the eleventh century, and belongs to the family of flails, morning stars or holy-water sprinklers, as they were quaintly termed, rather than to that of the mace proper. It is made entirely of iron, with a handle fashioned somewhat like a whip-stock, twenty inches

in length, with a circumference of three inches at one end, tapering to two and a half inches at the other. At the larger end is an ornamental bulb, sufficiently large to be grasped by the hand wielding the weapon, and at the other is a chain, seven inches in length, to which is attached a solid ball, five-and-a-half inches in circumference. Upon this ball are nine solid spikes, each of which is half an inch long, with a width of five-eighths of an inch at its base. Each spike has four equal sides, coming gradually to a point. This weapon, weighing about four pounds, was hung to the saddle-bow, ready to be used at close quarters, and, in a powerful hand, could be employed with deadly effect even upon an armoured antagonist. The entire handle is covered, *in relievo*, with spiral columns of figures, amongst which are those of several warriors in martial costume and accoutrements. This interesting relic of a past age is worthy of inspection.

In the romance of 'Richard Cœur de Lion,' maces are described as made of steel or brass, while Guiart and Froissart speak of them as of lead. With the varying material were varying forms, some carrying spherical heads, and others being decorated, while a smaller kind was used, termed 'massuelle,' and still another, 'quadrell,' which had four lateral projections, forming a rude representation of the leaves of a flower. These were such convenient weapons that they were employed in great numbers by all classes, and the abuses springing therefrom led to the issue of a Proclamation, in the reign of Edward III., forbidding their use by the citizens of London, and they became unlawful, as is the revolver to-day in this community. The mace was often employed in tournaments and jousts of peace, and Chaucer, in the 'Knight's Tale,' tells how

'Som wol ben armed on his legges wele,
And have an axe, and som a mace of stele.'

But for the friendly trials of skill, the

weapon was of wood, with a hilt fashioned like that of a sword. Shakespeare, too, alludes to this common weapon, when in *Julius Cæsar* he says: 'Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy?' It was not, in fact, until the early part of the sixteenth century, when pistols became a weapon, that the mace ceased to be employed on the battle field.

In the reign of Richard I., military serjeants-at-arms were more extensively employed than in later reigns, and carried a barbed javelin, known as a pheon, and their special duties were to act as a body-guard to the king. The pheon borne by them became a charge in heraldry, and is still known as the royal mark, being commonly called 'the broad R,' a corruption of the broad 'arrow.' By Statute 13 Richard II., c. 6, the serjeants-at-arms were limited to thirty, their office being to attend the person of the king, to arrest offenders, and to serve the Lord High Steward when sitting in judgment upon a peer of the realm. Serjeants-at-arms existed in France as in England, and it is probable that the office originated there. In both countries, maces were the weapons carried by these officials. Two slabs in the Church of Culturé, Sainte Catherine, Paris, and which were destroyed during the reign of Louis XIV., represented two serjeants-at-arms in armour, and two in civil costume, each bearing a mace of silver, richly ornamented, and enamelled with *fleurs-de-lys*. It is interesting to note that this church was founded by Louis IX., (St. Louis), at the prayer of certain serjeants-at-arms, in commemoration of their successful defence of a bridge at the Battle of the Bovines, A.D. 1214. The illuminations of the 13th and 14th centuries abound in illustrations of serjeants-at-arms, some of whom are in military dress of armour, and others in civilian attire, but all of whom bear maces; and we learn that in 1414, by an ordinance of Thomas, Duke of Lancaster, at the

Siege of Caën, the maces of the then serjeants-at-arms are described as of silver—a strong proof of the high position held at that period by the royal body-guard. In an illumination still preserved and reproduced in Planché's work on Costumes, we find depicted the presentation of a book by John Talbot to Henry IV. and his Queen, and in this is to be seen the earliest known example of a mace surmounted by a crown, as are the maces of gentlemen-at-arms at the present day, when these officers no longer act as a military body-guard, but as attendants on the royal person. That maces were employed as emblems of royal authority, not only in Parliament, but by civic corporations previous to the time of Richard II., is evidenced by the fact that, in 1344, under Edward III., the Commons prayed the King that none within cities and boroughs should bear maces of silver except the King's serjeants, but should have them of copper, and of no other metal; but, in 1354, the King granted to the Mayor and Sheriffs of London and Middlesex liberty to cause maces of gold or silver to be carried in the presence of the King, Queen, or children of the royal pair, although the right to use a mace had been previously possessed by them. Grants of maces by the King to favoured cities were not uncommon, and from an article in 'The Antiquary,' from the pen of George Lambert, Esq., F.S.A., to which the writer is indebted for much interesting information, we learn that these marks of royal generosity were sufficiently numerous to arouse the jealousy of the Commons. While the Parliament of Edward III. protested against the use of silver maces by the officers of cities and boroughs, that of Richard II. petitioned that no serjeant of any town should be allowed to carry his mace out of his own liberty, or township. But the boroughs were rapidly gaining in importance and strength, and could not be so easily denied or curtailed of privileges;

and gifts of maces still continued to be exercised and accepted as marks of royal favour or concession. In the fifth year of Henry IV., permission was granted to the City of Norwich to display a gold or silver, or silver-gilt, mace in the royal presence, and Henry V. gave to the Guild of St. George, in the same city, a wooden mace 'with a dragon's head at the top thereof.' Similar grants of civic maces were made by other monarchs, and Norwich, in these distributions, appears to have been specially fortunate. Elizabeth, in 1578, presented it with a mace, and James I., in 1605, permitted it to have two serjeants to carry two maces of silver, and gilt with gold, bearing the King's arms. After the Restoration, when the plebeian had wrested from royalty and nobility a much larger share of power than he had previously possessed, and become an object of fear as well as of respect, a thing to be cajoled and conciliated, the right to use the mace by civic corporations became almost a matter of course, although still derived from the Crown. The right was almost lavishly extended, and maces were frequently a graceful gift from wealthy commoners to their fellow-citizens. The whole of these were now surmounted by the crown, and the free use of this emblem came to be regarded as not only a proof of the loyalty of the authorities to the newly-restored régime, but as a rebuke to the Puritanical hatred of symbols which had prevailed in Cromwellian days. But the whole of the maces were not of the costly metals. In Llandiloes, Wales, there was one of lead, and at Langharne two still exist of wood. Nor was the shape, with which we are familiar, invariably observed. Two, at Fowey, were made representative of the locality, by being fashioned in the form of a pair of oars. And utility was consulted as well as appearance at times. The crown of the mace was so constructed as to unscrew from the bulb at the top of the shaft, which

thus became the loving cup, regarded as a necessary portion of the paraphernalia pertaining to the proper civic representation of our bibulous ancestors. Many of these loving cups, as an adjunct of the mace, still exist, and at corporation banquets, when aldermanic hospitality is in full flow, are passed from guest to guest until their generous contents have been absorbed. Of the numerous specimens of this old-fashioned mace, probably one of the finest is to be found in the ancient City of Lincoln, in England, and a brief description of it will give a fair idea of the best class of these relics of 'the good old times.' It cannot boast the ancient origin claimed by others, dating back, as it does, only to the days of the Merry Monarch, but in quality of workmanship it has probably few superiors. It is of silver-gilt, about four feet in length, with a head formed in the manner already described, and carries an open regal crown, surmounted by cross and orb. The portion below the crown is divided into four compartments by draped forms wearing mural crowns. Each of these compartments contains a crown below the initials C. R., surmounting respectively a rose, a thistle, a harp, and a *fleur-de-lys*. The stem is beautifully chased with roses and thistles, and is broken by knobs, while the connection of the head and stem is covered by very elegant spiral branches. The object of this paper is to deal rather with the Parliamentary than the Civic Mace, however, and we must pass on to that branch of the subject.

Such authorities as the writer has been able to consult are silent as to the early use of a mace by the parliamentary serjeant-at-arms, and the first appointment of that functionary himself appears to be lost in the same mists of antiquity as those which have enveloped the first nomination of a presiding officer in the House of Commons. Although an official discharge of the duties of Speaker must have

existed long antecedent to the recorded appointment of such a personage, we find no mention of him until the title became settled in 1377, when, in the first year of the reign of Richard II., the House of Commons elected Sir Thomas Hungerford to that position. As we have seen, as early as 1344, the House of Commons had protested against the bearing of maces of silver by civic authorities as an infringement of its own dignities, thus inconceivably proving that the mace was in use in its Chamber, and there is ample proof that serjeants-at-arms attended the Lords and Commons in 1388. Stubbs says that the existence of the offices of the clerk and serjeant, from an early date, is shown 'by occasional mention in the rolls, but the development of their functions, and all matters of constitutional importance connected with them, are of later growth.' In the Journal of Sir Simonds D'Ewes we find a graphic description of the election of Speaker in 1563, in the reign of Elizabeth, and here we have one of the first illustrations of the use to which the mace was put. He tells us that, after Sir Thomas Gargreve had been allowed and confirmed as Speaker by Her Majesty, he 'departed with the other Members of the House of Commons unto their own House, the serjeant of the same carrying the mace all the way before the said Speaker, which was in like sort borne before him during this Parliament, both when he repaired to and departed from the said House.' The same authority declares 'the custom to be on the election of Speaker, that the mace is not carried before him until his return from the Upper House, being presented to the King and allowed of.' These bare references, in the absence of such a store of parliamentary record as is to be found in the English archives, are all that the writer has been able to find relating to the employment of the mace before the days when Cromwell, the Lord Protector, on the memorable 10th April, 1653, ordered

its removal from the House, exclaiming, 'Take away that bauble! Ye are no longer a Parliament. The Lord has done with you. He has chosen other instruments for carrying on his work.' But while the early history of what Homersham Coxe so eloquently described as 'the ancient symbol of the authority of the Commons—that venerable "bauble" which is associated with so many eventful passages of English history—which was never yet insulted with impunity, but when liberty received a wound,' is so defective, there is abundant material from which to gather a lucid description of its uses.

In England—and a similar practice prevails in such of her dependencies as use the mace—when a new House has been elected and proceeds, on its first meeting, to the selection of a Speaker, the mace is placed under the table of the House until a choice has been made; when the newly-elected Speaker takes the chair it is placed upon and across the table, where it always remains while he occupies his seat. Until the Speaker elect has been presented to the Sovereign or his representative for acceptance, he leaves the House, at adjournment, without the mace before him. The House frequently suspends its sittings, but without adjournment, and the mace remains upon the table, and, on the Speaker returning, business is gone on with as if no interruption had occurred. When the Speaker leaves the chair, upon the House going into Committee of the Whole, the mace is removed from the table and placed under it, being returned to its old position upon his resumption of the chair. When the Speaker enters or leaves the House at its adjournment, the mace is borne before him, remains with him until the next sitting, and accompanies him upon all State occasions, 'in which he shall always appear in his gown.' May tells us, that 'in earlier times it was not the custom to prepare a formal warrant for execut-

ing the orders of the House of Commons, but the serjeant arrested persons with the mace, without any written authority, and at the present day he takes strangers into custody who intrude themselves into the House, or otherwise misconduct themselves, in virtue of the general orders of the House and without any specific instruction,' and the Speaker, accompanied by the mace has similar powers. We learn from May again, that 'when a witness is in the custody of the serjeant-at-arms, or is brought from a prison in custody, it is the usual, but not the constant, practice for the serjeant to stand with the mace at the bar. When the mace is on the serjeant's shoulder, the Speaker has the sole management: and no member may speak or even suggest questions to the Chair.' To obviate this difficulty, it is now customary to place the mace upon the table when a witness is at the bar, so that any member may propose a question to him-through the Speaker. Hatsell says, that 'from the earliest account of Peers being admitted into the House of Commons, the mode of receiving them seems to have been very much the same as it is at present; that is, that they were attended from the door by the serjeant and the mace, making three obeisances to the House; that they had a chair set for them within the bar, on the left hand as they enter, in which they sat down covered; and if they had anything to deliver to the House, they stood up and spoke uncovered, the serjeant standing by them all the time with the mace; and that they withdrew making the same obeisance to the House, and the serjeant with the mace accompanying them to the door. No member is at any time allowed to pass between the Chair and the table, or between the Chair and the mace when it is taken off the table by the serjeant. It is employed, too, to enforce the attendance of Committeemen, sitting on special or other committees, at times when the Speaker finds it

impossible to otherwise make a House, at the hour for the commencement of the day's session. The appearance of the serjeant with the mace dissolves any committee then sitting, and, to avoid this catastrophe, it is usual to send a messenger in advance to announce his advent, and so to give the committee time to adjourn.

Some disagreement exists among the authorities as to the history of the mace now in use in the British House of Commons. Hatsell asserts that it was made for Charles I.; May says that, after the death of Charles I, a new mace was procured, which was taken away by Cromwell's order, 19th April, 1653, restored on the 8th of July of the same year, and continued in use until the present time; and others contend that the mace now belonging to and preserved by the College of Physicians is the veritable 'bauble.' It may be added that, for safe keeping, it is placed during the period of prorogation, in the Jewel Office, so that similar obscurity as to its future history is not likely to prevail.

Of the early history of the mace in Upper Canada, we have undoubted proof, in the present existence of that first so employed. It is in appearance as primitive as was the Parliament which assembled at the call of Governor Simcoe, at Niagara, on the 17th September, 1792. That was the day of economy and simplicity, and the wooden mace, painted red and gilt, was in keeping with that small assemblage of sturdy backwoodsmen clad in homespun grey, less in number than the smallest County Council of 1881, who met to enact laws providing for the few wants of a young people. It is probable that it graced the legislative hall at Niagara, although there is no positive evidence to that effect. It was certainly used after the removal of the Upper Canada Parliament to York, for, on the 27th April, 1813, when the United States forces attacked the seat of

government and captured it, they destroyed the public buildings of the embryo City of Toronto, burnt the Parliament House, and carried off sundry trophies of their victory. Amongst these was the mace used in the Assembly. Commodore Chauncey, the commander of the successful expedition, forwarded it with other spoils of war to the Secretary of the United States Navy, and it is still to be seen, with a British Standard, captured at the same time, in the United States Naval Academy, Annapolis, Maryland, in an excellent state of preservation. The Hon. W. H. Hunt, Secretary of the Navy, at the request of the writer, recently directed Rear-Admiral George P. Balch, Superintendent of the Academy, to prepare a full description of the trophy, and, as a result, photographs of it have been taken, and an elaborate account of it forwarded, which, as it is of historical value, is given at length. It is somewhat technical in character, but possesses sufficient interest for the general reader to warrant its reproduction in these pages without abridgment. One photograph gives a full view of the mace, and others of its crown or head, and of its base, and so convey an idea, not only of its appearance, but of the care with which it has been preserved during its nearly seventy years' sojourn in the United States.

'The mace is of some soft wood, perhaps pine or fir, and consists of a staff, or mid part, surmounted by a crowned head, and ending below in a foot shod with an iron verrel. The length, from the mound on the crown to the tip of the verrel, is 55 3-8th inches; the staff is 34 5-8th inches in length; the head, neck and crown together are 11½ inches long, and the length of the foot, including verrel, is 9¼ inches. The staff is taper from the neck towards the foot; the neck between the staff and head, counting from the former, is moulded as follows:—A cavetto, a fillet, a torus, a Scotia fillet, torus, Scotia fillet; the

head is circular, in horizontal section (the whole mace having been turned in a lathe), and is shaped somewhat like a rifle projectile inverted, the point of the projectile being supposed to be cut off. The crown is notably an imperfect crown, not being heightened by the customary four crossed *pattes* with the four *fleurs de lys* alternately interspersed; the mound, also, is without bands, and lacks the customary cross. The crown consists of a regal cirlet, enriched on its lower and on its upper edge with an inverted border-line; and midway between the two border-lines are interspersed, in regular alternations, horizontally, eight lozenges, with eight pearls, the arrises of the lozenges being distinctly chambered. The jewels are of wood, glued on—six of them only remain. The lozenges lie horizontally as to their long axis; the crown is duly bonneted and duly arched twice; the bonnet is of wood, rudely carved and painted red; the arches embracing it are of thin sheet-brass, or copper, fastened between the cirlet and the bonnet, with small wedges of soft wood. The intersection of the arches is marked by a mound without bands, the cross being absent, as before mentioned. The lower end of the staff, next the foot, is moled: counting from the staff, a cavetto, fillet, torus, fillet, cavetto. Then follows the foot itself, oval in vertical section, circular horizontally, the lower end of the oval being, as it were, drawn out to a point, cone, equal in length to the oval itself, and shod, as before stated, with a verrel of iron. The staff, just above the foot, has been broken diagonally across, the break running with the grain of the wood, and the parts are now held together by two steel screws. The discolouration of the surfaces of the fracture would seem to indicate that it occurred many years since. The design of the mace is apparently unstudied, and the workmanship is ordinary. The whole was originally

gilded, except the bonnet, which was painted red, as described above.'

The reception of this elaborate description is but one of many similar courtesies experienced by the writer at the hands of various officials, in the United States and Canada, while engaged in collecting materials for this paper, and he cannot do otherwise than here express his high appreciation of the readiness with which his queries have been replied to, and the great trouble taken to furnish him with correct information.

Of the mace used in Upper Canada, from the date of the capture of that described, to the purchase of one for the Parliament of Canada, after the Union of the two Provinces, nothing has yet been ascertained, although many have been communicated with who were thought to be likely to possess some knowledge of it. That it still exists is almost certain, and it is hoped that the publication of this paper will attract more general attention to the subject, that the missing link may yet be found, and that Ontario may have restored to her, for public preservation, a relic of such great historical interest.

After the Union of the Canadas, and when Sir Allan Macnab was Speaker, the Parliament ordered the purchase of a new mace, and one was procured, in 1845, at a cost of £500 sterling, which is described as a *fac simile* of that in the English House of Commons. It is composed of silver, richly gilded and elaborately chased, with an entire length of five feet. The top, in the shape of a crown, is of open work, in four pieces, and is surmounted by an orb and cross. The encircling fillet below the crown bears lozenges and pearls. The cup below this band is formed of four segments, each supported from below by the demi-figure of a nude and armless woman. Each segment bears a royal crown, with the letters V. R., and below them one has a rose, another a

thistle, the third a harp, and the fourth a Prince of Wales plume. An ornamented ring, repeated about the centre of the shaft, then follows. The shaft is about thirty-two inches in length, the head eighteen and the foot nine inches, and has a raised fillet running around it diagonally from base to head, while the space between the spiral band is elaborately chased with roses, thistles and leaves—probably of the shamrock. The lower portion of the mace is divided into four segments bearing the harp, the rose, the thistle and plume, while the extreme base is smooth and polished. Just above it are other segments, bearing the floral emblems.

The history of this mace is a stirring one. Three several times has it been rescued from the flames. In 1849, at the time of the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Montreal by an infuriated mob, it was forcibly seized from G. K. Chisholm, Esq., the then Serjeant-at-Arms, who was knocked down while defending it, and would have been destroyed but for the intercession of some more thoughtful of the rioters, who carried it off to the rooms of Sir A. Macnab, at the Donegana Hotel, whence it was returned next morning to its proper custodian, after suffering slight injury. In 1854, when the Parliament Buildings were destroyed by fire in Quebec, it was saved, as it was once more, a few months later, when the Convent of St. John's Suburbs, of that city, then in course of preparation for the meetings of the Legislature, was consumed. At Confederation, it properly passed into the hands of the Dominion Parliament, and is now used at its annual Sessions.

In the Province of Ontario, a new mace was procured by the Government of the Hon. J. Sandfield Macdonald, for the opening of the first Parliament after Confederation. It is much more modest in its appearance and value than that of the Dominion, is made of copper and is highly gilded.

It was manufactured, by Charles C. Zollicoffer, of Ottawa, at an expense of \$200, and bears some resemblance to the much more costly one belonging to the Dominion Parliament.

At the time of the Union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, in 1841, the mace of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada was regarded as more valuable than that of Upper Canada, and was used by the United Parliaments until the purchase of a new one, as described, in 1845. One authority states that it was restored to Lower Canada at Confederation and is used in the Quebec Assembly, while another asserts that the mace now there was purchased in 1867. In the absence of more definite information, these varying accounts are given for what they are worth.

In New Brunswick no mace has ever been employed. Prior to the entry of that Province into the Confederation, the Serjeant-at-Arms wore a sword with silver mounting, which since 1879 has been gilt. When receiving report of the message to attend the Lieutenant-Governor, the Serjeant carries a staff, as a substitute for the orthodox mace, doubtless, as he does whenever the Assembly meets the Lieutenant-Governor.

In Manitoba, a mace of somewhat primitive form and style is used, but it is probable that it will soon be superseded by a more fitting emblem of authority.

In the Province of Prince Edward Island, a mace is not now, and never has been in existence, and Nova Scotia, although following British forms in other respects, has never adopted 'the bauble!' In British Columbia we learn that the mace has been in use since Confederation.

Enquiries addressed to officials in the thirteen original United States, have elicited some facts with reference to the use of the mace therein, which are worthy of record. In Massachusetts, as might have been expected in

a colony settled largely by Puritans, no evidence, after a careful search of the archives, can be found of the adoption of the mace at any period of its history. New Jersey and Georgia supply similar answers. From New Hampshire, Gov. Bell writes: 'This State began life as a royal province in 1680, on a very limited scale, with an Assembly of about a dozen delegates. It probably would have seemed idle to set up formalities in such a body, and the records show that their proceedings were conducted with amusing simplicity; and probably at no time before the Revolution, was there any occasion for introducing any formidable badge of authority.' The journals of the State afford no proof that the mace was ever employed there. From Connecticut the State Librarian writes: 'I have some familiarity with our old Colonial proceedings, having edited our Colonial Records from 1689 to 1762, and having now ready for publication a volume 1762-1767. I have never seen any reference to a mace, nor do I believe that one was used here; we had not so much state here as in some of the other Colonies, but were from the beginning more democratic. The Royal Arms which hung over the Speaker's chair (or in the Council Chamber) before the Revolution, is still preserved, and in pretty good condition.' The Librarian of New York State promises to make full enquiries into the matter; but another official says: 'I believe that the mace was not used in the proceedings of the General Assembly of the Province of New York. The intercourse between the Speaker of the Assembly and the Governor of the Province, *ex officio*, the President of the Council, was more or less informal. Messages from one House to the other, were partly carried by members, partly by clerks. Among the latter, I find nowhere mention of a "mace bearer," the only officer mentioned by title being the Serjeant-at-Arms. The following extract from the Journal of

the General Assembly, will give an idea of how they proceeded, the occasion being the opening of the first session after George III. became king:

"A message from His Honour the President Cadwallader Calder (acting as Lieut-Governor), by Mr. Banyer, Deputy Secretary: Gentlemen, His Honour the President requires the immediate attendance of the House in the Council Chamber at Fort George.

"The Speaker left the chair, and with the House attended accordingly, and, being returned, he resumed the chair and reported as follows:" . . .

The simplicity of this ceremony, and the above mentioned absence of such an officer as the mace-bearer from the list of government officials, induce me to believe that the mace was not in use in the colony.' It is highly probable, however, that as a Serjeant-at-Arms was one of the recognised officials of the House at that date, further research will disclose the fact that a mace also existed.

Virginia, as might be expected, undoubtedly used a mace in its House of Burgesses, and hopes are expressed by distinguished antiquarians of the State, that some trace of its continued preservation may yet be discovered, although not unmixed with fears that, in the rage for the destruction of all royal symbols which followed the Revolution, the mace itself may have been destroyed. Colonel McRae, the State Librarian, finds a record, in the printed journals of the Virginia Assembly, of an order of that body, in or about the year 1783, for the sale of the mace, and the disposition of the proceeds of the same in the State treasury, and there is little doubt that, in the then temper of the Legislature, this order was strictly obeyed. Whether the mace, when sold, was broken up, which is probable, or preserved, cannot now be ascertained. The City of Norfolk, Va., possesses a silver mace which was once believed to be the missing one belonging to the

House of Burgesses, but it is incontrovertably proved to have been presented by the Hon. Robert Dinwiddie, the Lieut.-Governor of Virginia, to the corporation of Norfolk, in 1753. It is forty-three inches long, weighs six and-a-half pounds, and is of pure silver. It is surmounted by the crown, orb and cross, and bears the combined quartering of Great Britain. During the recent war between the North and South, it was carefully hidden in a vault of a bank, and so kept from despoiling hands at a time when the scarcity of hard money made bullion of enormous nominal value.

In as far as these inquiries have extended, it would seem that the State of South Carolina alone possesses a mace, and although the particulars of its history are not full, enough is known respecting it to invest it with uncommon interest. From a photograph, prepared and forwarded by order of the Governor of the State, it appears to be of ordinary length, surmounted by crown, orb and cross, and with the royal arms upon the cup, which carries the usual jewels, and has an ornamental border of *fleurs-de-llys*, alternating with Maltese crosses. The shaft, like that of the mace at Ottawa, has raised bands, running spirally from base to cup. The cup is supported by floriated brackets, instead of nude figures, as in many other maces. Accompanying the photograph of the Carolina mace is one of a sword of state used in old colonial times in State ceremonies. Hon. W. P. Miles, President of South Carolina College, says: 'I wish it was within my ability to give you any definite information in regard to the mace now in the State Capitol. In some way, I received the impression that it was brought over about 1729, when the Proprietary Government went out and the Royal Government took its place. But I do not recollect from what source the impression came. Up to 1692, the Acts purport to have been done in Open Parliament; after that date it

was in Open Assembly. It may, therefore, be, that the mace came with the first Parliament, and was used during the Proprietary term. I have searched all the Tax Acts up to 1772 to see if an application was made for its purchase, but have not found one. That year was taken as a starting-point, because in the memoir of J. Gurney, Jr., on the 19th March, 1773, he says: "Spent all the morning in hearing the debate of the House; had an opportunity of hearing the best speakers in the Province. The first thing done at the meeting of the House is to bring the mace, a very superb and elegant one, which cost nearly ninety guineas, and lay it on the table before the Speaker. The next thing is for the Clerk to read over, in a very audible voice, the doings of the preceding day. The Speaker is robed in black, and has a very large wig of State when he goes to attend the Chair (with the mace borne before him), on delivering of speeches, &c.'" Judge Glover, of South Carolina, writes: 'My information respecting the mace, to which your letter refers, is, that on the evacuation of Charleston by the British army, after the Revolutionary War, the mace was taken away, and that when Judge Cheves was appointed the president of the U. S. Bank, he found the mace in the bank, and, having given \$500 for it, returned it to the General Assembly, where it has been, as I recollect, since 1822. The mace, I have heard, was a gift from the King to the Colonial Assembly, and it is possible the sword was also. I have never known the former used in the House, but the latter has always been borne by the Sheriff of Richland on the inauguration of the Governor; certainly since 1822.' Another authority states that the mace and sword are now used at the inauguration of the Governor, but not at the sessions of the General Assembly at other times.

From Rhode Island, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and Maryland, no answers have been received, and in

the absence of them, and of access to the necessary records, it is impossible now to state whether the mace was recognised in those Provinces or not.

The writer set out with the intention of throwing some light upon the use of the Mace in Canada and the United States, but feels, while reluctantly closing this paper, that he has but half completed his task, and that he stands at the threshold of a consideration of the parliamentary forms

brought from the Motherland, and engrafted upon American modes of legislation, which it suggests. If he succeeds in directing the attention of however small a number of our students of Political Science to a matter which must possess some interest for them, he will feel that his object has been gained, and that he has been warranted in placing this additional pebble upon the cairn of Canada's history.

'WHEN THE LOCKS OF BURNISHED GOLD.'

The reader will remember Philip's song to Agnes in 'Philip's Adventures in the World.' THACKERAY has only given us the first two lines of the song which seem suggested by a verse of an old English Poet, quoted, if I remember aright, in the 'Newcomes.'

'His golden locks Time hath to silver turned.'

I have ventured to complete the song, and to address it to Miss J. C., of Toronto.

WHEN the locks of burnished gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn,
 Must the heart with years grow cold?
 All its lore of love unlearn?
 All the bright hopes now so bold,
 Must the snows of age in-urn,
 When the locks of burnished gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn.

No! hand linked in hand shall hold!
 No, *Love's truth, Love's trust* shall earn!
 By the long years uncontrolled,
 Till the dust to dust return.
 Till all Love can teach be told—
 Till the wild heart cease to burn—
 Though the locks of braided gold,
Lady! shall to silver turn.

But shall dust of churchyard mould
 Hide the all for which we yearn?
 Through the death-mist unconsoled
 Seeks the soul no higher bourn?
 No! that Heaven-sent Hope behold!
 Love's lost treasure cease to mourn,
 All her vanished earthly gold
 Shall God's endless years return.

A DEFENCE OF CARLYLE'S 'REMINISCENCES,' PARTLY
WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

BY LOUISA MURRAY, STAMFORD, ONT.

I THINK it is generally allowed that no autobiography ever written gives a truer and more vivid picture of the character and idiosyncrasy of the writer than the fascinating and absorbing fragments of unconscious self-portraiture left by Carlyle. Perfectly unstudied and spontaneous, vital and realistic as life itself, they contain the complete revelation of the soul of a truly great and most original man; a man of that grand and heroic type of which examples are now so few that they may be almost said to exist no longer. And how has this unaffected, unvarnished, most vigorous and picturesque book been received? Not with the delight and gratitude that might have been anticipated, not with even the semblance of respect for the last utterances of a great teacher, but with a hysterical shout of rage and indignation, one journal after another joining to swell the cry, till we are reminded of nothing so much as of a pack of hungry hounds falling on the dead body of some noble stag who had long kept them at bay, and tearing it to pieces. The *Times*, which assumes to be the voice of public opinion in England, has a leading article in its issue of April 9th, speaking of this man who was truly a great spiritual giant, if ever there was one, who first showed Englishmen what manner of man Cromwell was, who taught them the true significance of the great French Revolution, and opened their eyes to the treasures of German literature and philosophy to which they

had been blind, who preached, as few have ever been inspired to preach, the Divine Idea of the Universe—in terms which could only have been used with propriety of the retailer of mischievous scandals in some fashionable society journal. *Punch*, usually speaking only good of the great dead, dares to speak of him as 'the once venerated philosopher' now shewn to be 'the reviler of every man and woman in a better position than himself;' and gives a slashing parody in 'Some More Reminiscences.' The quarterlies, the monthly magazines, reviews, journals, newspapers, with scarcely an exception, have more or less violently put forth angry accusations and protests against this unwelcome book. And for what? Simply because in it Carlyle has recorded his honest impressions of the people with whom he came into contact during his long life, giving of many famous people real, not ideal, portraits, and speaking in every case what he believed to be the exact truth. We all know, however, that, as a general rule, there is no doctor's tonic more disagreeable to the bodily palate than the flavour of plain truth is to the mental taste. In this case, at any rate, it has created a species of convulsion in the ranks of literature, and one writer after another, perhaps dreading that if such an example was countenanced, unpleasant truths might one day be told of them or theirs, has come forward to enter a fervid protest against that very uncomfortable and obnoxious habit of speaking

the truth. Carlyle has been made a text on which to preach many foolish homilies, moral and religious—

‘the common course
Men take to soothe their ruffled self-conceit.’

One writer tells us that, ‘reticence is the virtue most needed at the present day, that we should beware of the impulse to veracity, that in making truth an aim we are turning a negative duty into a positive virtue; the duty of truth meaning the duty of avoiding falsehood, in no other sense is it a duty,’—with more in the same strain which might be more easily understood if known to come from the pen of a member of the Jesuit society. Certainly, if such doctrines had prevailed in the past, freedom would have remained on the heights where, as Tennyson sings, she dwelt of old, instead of coming down—

‘through town and field,
To mingle with the human race.’

One cannot help suspecting that these people who express such astonishment and annoyance at the plain speaking of the ‘Reminiscences,’ must either never have read, or have quite forgotten, some of the most characteristic of Carlyle’s writings. One passage, especially, is so applicable to the present outcry against that much maligned book, that any to whom it is new might almost believe he must have risen from his grave to write it. He says in his ironical way—‘One thing in this book we hear greatly blamed; that it is too communicative, and has recorded much that ought to have lain suppressed. Persons are mentioned and circumstances, not always of an ornamental sort. It would appear that there is far less reticence than was looked for. Various persons, name and surname, have received pain; nay, the very hero of the biography is rendered unheroic, unornamental, facts of him and of those he had to do with being set forth in plain English: hence “personality,” “indiscretion,” or worse, “sanctities of private

life,” &c., &c. How delicate, decent is English biography, bless its mealy mouth! A Damocles’ sword of respectability hangs for ever over the poor English life-writer, and reduces him to the verge of paralysis. The English biographer has long felt that if in writing his Man’s Biography, he wrote down anything that could by possibility offend any one he had written wrong. The plain consequence was . . . the poor biographer having the fear *not* of God before his eyes, was obliged to retire, as it were, into vacuum, and write in the most melancholy straitened manner with only vacuum for a result. . . there was no biography, only some vague ghost of a biography, white, stinless, without feature or substance, vacuum as we say, and wind and shadow.’

Not in any such manner could Carlyle write. Things and persons are shewn in his ‘Reminiscences,’ exactly as he saw them. The over-praised famous ones, depicted with all their blots and blemishes; the insignificant obscure ones in the same photographic manner; and many, as they read, will agree with Irving that “few had such eyes.’

For critics, commentators, biographers, ‘that fatal breed of people,’ as he called them, Carlyle had a profound contempt. No man of genius ever attached less importance to ‘the clamour and babblement of our fellow-creatures,’ or had less regard for the popular voice. Yet a man of his ardent and enthusiastic nature, who through all his long life had striven with the travail of his soul to deliver the gospel by which he was possessed worthily, and, after years of disappointment, poverty and neglect, had in the end found the worth of his labours recognised, and himself an object of reverential homage to his own and other nations, could hardly have helped feeling some shock of pain and surprise had he known that, after his death, this homage would be succeeded by a torrent of vituperation; after the manner in which savages treat

their idols and fetiches when the omens and oracles are not as complaisant and satisfactory as has been expected. But he would have remembered the rabid hostility with which his 'Latter Day Pamphlets' had been received, and, again, the sudden access of popularity which had followed his election to the Rectorship of Edinburgh University—his Address being spoken of as 'a kind of inspired revelation, though it contained no idea, or shadow of an idea, that he had not set forth before'—and those old experiences, combined with this last one, would only have clenched his belief in 'the dark and feeble condition of public opinion' more firmly than ever.

Since the 'Reminiscences' have been published, we have heard much of Carlyle's 'keen, merciless eye for defects,' 'his ungenerous snarling at old friends,' 'his posthumous jeers and gibes,' 'his petty prejudices and resentments stored up for posterity.' But nothing is said of his faithful remembrance and record of every trifling service done to him, every little proof of regard and appreciation bestowed on him, not one of which he seems ever to have forgotten. A kindly hand stretched out to clasp his in his days of doubt and despondency, a pleasant home opening its doors to him in the midst of his loneliness and barren isolation, remained for ever bright and luminous in his memory. All who helped, encouraged and believed in him when his genius was yet unknown and unaccredited, received a tribute of grateful remembrance. To this every page in the book bears witness. We hear of Morley, mathematical master, 'an excellent Cumberland man whom I loved well, and who taught me well,' of Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, idyllic figures in their bright environment, who welcomed him to their pretty Grange, and continued always to be regarded by him with affection; of the two, lean old maiden ladies at romantic Roseneath, with their antique courtesies and elegances,

sisters of the Duke's Factor, and to Carlyle's young 'rustic eyes belonging to a superior stratum of society,' whose shrill wonder and delight at the talk they contrived to draw from him at their tea table he secretly welcomed as a sign that he might some day be 'one and somewhat' (*Ein und Etwas*) among his fellow-creatures.' (What a scene for a novelist that could imagine and paint it is in that tea-table and its surrounding circle.) With what warmth of affection he writes of Charles Buller—'my Charles—so loyal-hearted, chivalrous, guileless, always so generously grateful to me. . . Friends of mine in a fine, frank way, he, his brother, Arthur, and all the family continued till death parted us.' How delightful is his picture of the Strachays in their household and surroundings, 'living in an umbrageous park, with roses, gardens, a modestly excellent house, with smoky London as background, a clear sky overhead, and within doors honesty, good sense, and smiling seriousness;' how beautiful his description of Mrs. Strachey—'what the Germans call a *schöne Seele* (beautiful soul); to this day, long years after her death, I regard her as a singular pearl of a woman, pure as dew, yet full of love, incapable of unvaracity to herself or others.' The devoted attachment of Eliza Miles; the grateful affection of Bessy Barnett, 'a creature of distinguished qualities and fortunes,' afterwards the wife of Dr. Blakiston, of Leeds; the noble simplicity and unaffected politeness with which the wealthy Mr. Marshall gave him the first horse he possessed in London; his regard and esteem for Proctor, 'of sound, honourable judgment and airy, friendly ways, always good and kind;' the friendly goodness and chivalrous soul of Leigh Hunt, who loved to talk leaning on the chimney-piece, 'in the attitude of a Lar;' the 'luminous circle' which the Stirling household made for him and Mrs. Carlyle; the friendship of poor Badams, 'his bright

smiling eyes, his frank, cheery voice, as he broke into Carlyle's room in the morning, half-dressed and his hair all flying, "What not up yet, monster!" . . . a gifted, amiable and remarkable man, altogether friendly and beneficent to me, but whose final history was tragical in its kind.' All these, and many more, remembrances of kindness received are gratefully recorded. Of Jeffrey's friendship and the help he gave Carlyle as editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, then in its glory, there is full relation. 'It made us,' Carlyle says, speaking of himself and his wife, 'feel as if no longer cut off and isolated, but fairly admitted, or like to be admitted, and taken in tow by the world and its actualities.' His pleasant strolls on Sunday evening to Jeffrey's house of Craigcrook, 'one of the prettiest places in the world,' where he might find 'as companionable acquaintances, then a rarity to me, not to say one of such quality as this;' the sense of intellectual power and expansion he found in their long discussions and arguments, often, when he was staying at Craigcrook, protracted till two o'clock in the morning, every one else in the house in bed and asleep; Jeffrey's cheering visits to Carlyle's moorland home of Craigenputtick ('Stone, or Hill, of the Puttick, puttick being a hawk in Galloway speech and in Shakespere's), where he made himself the most delightful of guests, changing the cosy little drawing-room, bright shining, hidden in the lowly wilderness, with his brilliant talk and mimicry, full of electric fire, into a Temple of the Muses; his generous offer of a hundred a year from his private fortune to Carlyle, thrice repeated; his many friendly tokens of regard, with little drawback, though whatever of that there was is honestly stated; all are chronicled and summed up as 'a bright island to me and mine in the sea of things.' Much is said of Harriet Martineau, and not unkindly, though naturally enough, a Scotch

'prophetic man,' formed in 'the Presbyterian Gospel of John Knox,' which, even when superseded by the larger and loftier transcendental philosophy, left indelible traces behind, could have no sympathy with her various phases of faith, and still less could he share in her 'nigger fanaticism,' founded, as he elsewhere says, on totally false theories as to the 'nigger race,' and ending in the 'abominable Fratricidal War;' or approve of the 'lionhood' which was gradually turning her fine clear head, and leading to sad issues. 'She was very fond of us,' he says; 'me chiefly at first, but gradually of both.' He may have thought at first that here was a disciple that would do him honour, but when he found that this was not to be he seems to have tired of her. Then her illness, her removal from London, her adoption of the Comte philosophy, and her partnership in the Atkinson letters separated them more and more. But he gratefully relates her efforts to help him in his struggling time by asking him to her house to meet 'distinguished people,' by bringing hearers to his lectures, which she earnestly forwarded, and by all other ways in her power. 'She was much in the world,' he says, 'we little, or hardly at all, and her frank, friendly countenance, eager for practical help, had it been possible, was obliging and agreeable in the circumstances, and gratefully acknowledged by us. The "exchange of ideas" with her was seldom of much behoof in our poor sphere, but practically she was very good. . . . A soul clear as river sand, but which would evidently grow no flowers of our planting.'

He recalls with a mixture of sadness and satisfaction his early intimacy with John Stuart Mill, in whom, as Mill tells us, he at first thought he recognised 'another mystic.' 'Of our visitors, when we first went to London,' he says, 'Mill was one of the most interesting—so modest, ardent, ingenuous, and so very fond of me at

that time. For several years he came hither and walked with me every Sunday, talk rather wintry and "sawdustish," as old Sterling once called it, but always well-informed and sincere. Of Mrs. Taylor, afterwards Mill's wife, Carlyle speaks somewhat slightly— "a very will o' wispish, iridescence of a creature, meaning nothing bad either. She at first considered my Jane to be a rustic spirit, fit for rather tutoring and twirling about when the humour took her, but got taught better (to her lasting memory) before long." Readers of Mill's 'Autobiography' will remember what he says of his wife in connection with Carlyle: 'I did not deem myself a competent judge of Carlyle, and I never presumed to judge him with any definiteness until he was interpreted to me by one greatly the superior of us both—who was more a poet than he, and more a thinker than I—whose own mind and nature included his and infinitely more.' This was the woman whom Carlyle calls 'a will-o'-wispish creature;' and it is amusing to compare the different estimates of her formed by these two eminent men. Carlyle's opinion of her, however, was probably influenced by her not having properly appreciated Mrs. Carlyle. Carlyle was then writing his 'French Revolution,' in which Mill took an eager interest; 'lent me all his books,' Carlyle says, 'which were quite a collection on that subject, and gave me frankly, clearly, and with zeal, all his greater knowledge than my own, pretty frequently of use in this and the other details.' When the first volume was finished it was lent to Mill in manuscript, and the tragedy which followed—for it was really such to Carlyle and his wife—is told with a mixture of grim stoicism and passionate pathos. 'How well do I still remember that night when he came to tell us, pale as Hector's ghost, that my unfortunate first volume was burnt. It was like half-sentence of death to us both, and we had to pretend to take it lightly,

so dismal and ghastly was his horror at it, and try to talk of other matters. He staid three mortal hours, or so; his departure quite a relief to us. Oh, the burst of sympathy my poor darling then gave me, flinging her arms round my neck and openly lamenting, condoling and encouraging like a nobler second self. "Shall be written again!" was my fixed word and resolution to her. Which proved to be such a task as I never tried before or since . . . a job more like breaking my heart than any other in my experience. Jeannie, alone of beings, burnt like a steady lamp beside me. . . . Mill was penitently liberal; sent me two hundred pounds in a day or two, of which I kept one hundred, actual cost of house while I had written burnt volume; upon which he bought me the "Biographie Universelle," which I got bound, and still have.'

His last grateful record of friendly kindness must not be forgotten, and that is his touching record of Professor Tyndall's goodness to him on that memorable journey to Edinburgh for his inauguration as Lord Rector, a ceremony, with its necessary speech, so hated and dreaded by him, that without Tyndall's watchful care and encouragement it could hardly have been the success it was. 'The loyalest son,' Carlyle says, 'could not have more faithfully striven to support his father under every difficulty that rose, and they were many.' But the man whom he loved beyond all others, and to whom he paid the deepest debt of gratitude, as he tells us again and again, was Edward Irving. Besides the mental help and encouragement which his gloomy and desponding temperament received from the sanguine, joyous, confident disposition of Irving, all the good fortune of his early years came through this faithful friend. Through him Carlyle obtained the tutorship of Charles Buller—a 'lucky adventure,' Carlyle calls it, 'which never proved otherwise;' and it was to Irving that he owed his

first acquaintance and after intimacy with his future wife, the woman who, to him, was without peer in the world. It was through Irving, also, that he first made the acquaintance of some of the great lights of London literary society. Irving, then in the full blaze of his meteoric fame, was generously anxious that Carlyle's genius should be seen and recognised in a suitable sphere, and having persuaded him to come up to London, introduced him with 'privately grandiloquent prophesies,' to the social and literary circles in which the wonderful young preacher of Hatton Garden was a star of the first magnitude. The most noted of these circles was that presided over by Mrs. Basil Montague, whom Irving called 'the noble lady.' 'About it, hovered fitfully a confused dim miscellany of geniuses, mostly nondescript and harmlessly useless.' 'Coleridge was then head of the Lares,' though Carlyle never saw him there in person, 'only a word or two of note came from him on occasions.' 'A great worship of genius habitually went on in this establishment,' and there, Carlyle tells us, he received much flattery, much soothing treatment, and learned several things which were of use to him afterwards, and alloyed by no harm done to him. We see, however, that this young philosopher of the 'mystic school,' biliary, intense, ironic, with sight purged by prophetic fire from the worship of vanity, did not regard the quasi-fashionable, quasi-literary society into which he had found entrance, with reverential eyes. On the contrary, its wits, poets, and other celebrities, seemed to him, small, slight, unsubstantial and inconclusive. There may have been some 'suppressed quizzing and wonder at this uncommon man,—as he says of his first introduction to the Bulls—who was, so dreadfully in earnest,' as Jeffrey said of him, and had, as he says of himself, 'such thoughtlessly rugged rustic ways.' If there were, it would not escape the young philosopher's observant eyes,

and would naturally help to clear his sight from any obscuring film of veneration. For the most part, he seems to have shrouded himself in taciturn quietude while keenly observant of all. The chapter entitled 'Getting Under Way,' in 'Sartor Resartus,' is, doubtless, a pretty accurate description of Carlyle's temper and circumstances at that time. The Count and Countess Von Zahdarm and the Countess's *Æsthetic Teas* seem to have been borrowed in an ironic and figurative manner from Mr. and Mrs. Montague, and the literary assemblies at their house. 'The Zahdarms,' says *Teufelsdröckh*, 'lived, in the soft, sumptuous garniture of aristocracy, whereto literature and art, attached and attracted from without, were to serve as the handsomest fringing. It was to the Gnädigen Frau (her ladyship), that this latter improvement was due. Assiduously she gathered, dexterously she fitted on, what fringing was to be had; lace or cobweb, as the place yielded.' The refusal, with empty compliments, of some office or situation solicited by *Teufelsdröckh*, 'which now at actual handgrips with destiny he sorely needed,' coming on one hand, while on the other arrived a polite invitation to 'a wash of quite fluid æsthetic tea, as if sent by ironic fate instead of the solid pudding he required,' and making him feel 'like a hungry lion invited to a feast of chickenweed,' was not, we fancy, a wholly imaginary incident. Herr *Teufelsdröckh* says that in those days he was notable for a 'certain stillness of manner, which, as my friends often rebukingly declared, did but ill express the keen ardour of my feelings.' The same, no doubt, might have been said of the young Carlyle, and it makes one smile to imagine how little the literary celebrities, and people of note and fashion, whom he met at Basil Montague's and elsewhere, could have conjectured the feeling of somewhat contemptuous superiority with which this sardonic

young Teufelsdröckh regarded them, or the terrible power of insight, sarcasm, scathing scorn which dwelt beneath his silence and stillness. They could not have even dreamed that he was quietly taking their portraits, probably without any conscious or voluntary effort, but with the skill of a master hand, in lines and colours wholly invisible at the time, indelibly imprinted on the tablets of his memory; forty years later to be brought to the light, and with all their tints unfaded, and every touch as clear and distinct as if that moment made, given to the world. Wonderful portraits they are! Where else can such pen and ink pictures be found, with such certain strokes, such strong lines, such minute touches, graphic and life-like as the most realistic photograph, vivid and picturesque as the finest painting? Take a sentence from his portrait of Mrs. Montague:—'black eyes with a cold smile of inquiry in them, thin lips always gently shut, as if till the inquiry were completed and the time came for something of royal speech upon it;' is not a type of character perfectly indicated there? Then take another from the portrait of De Quincey:—'When he sate, you would have taken him by candlelight for the beautifullest little child; blue eyed, sparkling face, had there not been a something, too, which said "*Eccovi*, this child has been in hell!'" How could we see De Quincey and all that his face expressed, more vividly than in this brief sentence? Then portraits of Proctor, of Leigh Hunt, above all of Jeffrey, are almost as striking and characteristic. And that of Charles Lamb, though given in Carlyle's most scornful and sarcastic mood, aroused by his contemptuous reaction against Cockneydom, shouting of a genius which to him seemed so small, narrow and purposeless, 'Glorious! marvellous! unparalleled in nature!' is as wonderfully quaint, fantastic, and life-like, as if it were an etching from some old Flemish picture. Carlyle had, in truth, nothing in

common with 'those light literary people,' 'London elegantes,' 'dilettants,' and 'wind-bags,' living, as he believed, in an atmosphere of illusion, falsity, and 'gilt dead dogs.' Also in Edinburgh, great lights, law sages, and reviewers, clothed in Whig formulas and Blue and Yellow, his transpiercing vision discerned 'something trivial, doubtful, and not of the highest type—witty, ingenious, sharp of fence, not in any sense or on any subject deep.' 'These grand literary or other figures were by no means so adorable to the rustic, hopelessly Germanized soul as an introducer might have wished.' How else, indeed, could this young Thor, preparing to use his hammer on 'the vile and foul and soul-murdering mud-gods of the world'—he in whom the Soul-Epic of 'Sartor Resartus' and the prophet-like denunciations of 'Latter Day Pamphlets' lay silently waiting till the time for utterance came—regard those who, oftener than not, looked upon those same mud-gods as real divinities? He who was as scornful of genius which had no deep things of the soul, no inspirations of Truth and Right to unfold, as his hero John Knox could have been of the lute-playing and profane songs of Queen Mary, and refused to do homage to Walter Scott because his writings threw no light on Man's spiritual conflicts and cravings, was not likely to bow down before lesser men.

There were others, however, of a different calibre, famous teachers, and lights of mankind, who believed that they had a gospel message to deliver, and were not without a large audience and hosts of admiring disciples. But Carlyle could not accept their beliefs, or make their philosophies his; their lights were to him mere *ignes fatui*, their teachings only productive of 'illusory chimeras and *fata morganas*;' and when the men as well as their writings became known to him, he had not the reverence of a neophyte for his hierophant to blind him to the fact

that they fell far short of his ideal of true greatness. He could not make heroes of them, and still less could he pretend to do so. But it is noticeable that he always speaks of them in a very different tone from that which he uses when he speaks of writers of light literature, critics and reviewers—a tone as of an echo of a long-past disappointment and regret from the days when he had tried in vain to get some solution of the world's enigmas out of their writings and preachings; some help in his toilsome travel from the cloudland of doubt, scepticism, and darkness into the blue ether and sunlight of fact and nature. Chalmers he heard preach and talked with when Irving was his assistant minister in Glasgow. 'He was a man,' says Carlyle, 'truly lovable, truly loved, intent on his good industries, not on himself or his fame, . . . a man of much natural dignity, ingenuity, honesty, and kind affection, as well as sound intellect and imagination. . . . No preacher,' he says, 'ever went so into one's heart. . . . I suppose there will never again be such a preacher in any Christian church.' But he tells us, also, that 'he was a man of little culture, of narrow sphere; such an intellect professing to be educated and yet so ill-read, so ignorant of all that lay beyond his horizon in place or in time, I have almost nowhere met with.' Still he evidently respected and liked Chalmers, chiefly for his 'good industries,' no doubt; such qualities being always admirable to him, and his picture of the great Scotch divine as he last saw him in his old age is extremely beautiful. 'Grave, not too grave,—earnest, cordial face and figure, very little altered, only the head had grown white, and in the eyes and features you could read something of a serene sadness, as if evening and star-crowned night were coming on, and the hot noises of the day growing unexpectedly insignificant to one.'

The picture of Coleridge in his old

age is far less pleasing; but this might have been anticipated from what was said of him and his theosophic metaphysics in the 'Life of Sterling.' In the 'Reminiscences,' Carlyle says he found him 'a puffy, anxious, obstructed-looking, fattish old man, who, as he hobbled about the garden-walks with his visitors, talked with a kind of solemn emphasis on matters which were of no interest, even reading pieces in proof of his opinions thereon.' Carlyle had the sage to himself once or twice, and tried hard to get something from him about Kant and German philosophy, but in vain. 'The sight and sound of a sage so much venerated by those about me, and whom I, too, would willingly have venerated, but could not—that was all. . . . The Dodona oracle was humanly ready to act, but never to me or to Irving either, I suspect, explanatory of the question put. . . . A man much pitied and recognised by me, never excessively esteemed in any respect, and latterly on the intellectual or spiritual side still less. The father of Puseyism and of much vain phantasmal moonshine which still vexes this poor earth.'

For Wordsworth, also an old man when Carlyle first saw him, he had much respect and esteem, not founded on his poems, for to Carlyle Wordsworth was 'no great poetic genius, much less the Trismegistus of such,' but on his early biography, 'which Wilson, of Edinburgh, had painted, as of antique greatness, "Poverty and Peasantry. Be it so. But we consecrate ourselves to the Muses all the same!"' At a breakfast, given by Henry Taylor to Wordsworth, Carlyle was one of the guests. 'Wordsworth seemed in good tone, and, much to Taylor's satisfaction, talked a great deal about poetic correspondents of his own, about ruralities and miscellanies, about Countess of Pembroke, antique she-Clifford, glory of those northern parts; finally, about literature, literary laws, practices, observances, turning

wholly on the mechanical part; joyfully reverent of the "wells of English undefiled," but stone dumb as to the deeper rules and wells of Eternal Truth and Harmony, which you were to try and set forth by said undefiled wells of English, or what other speech you had. To me a little disappointing, but not much, though it would have given me pleasure had the robust veteran man emerged a little out of vocables into things now and then, as he never once chanced to do. For the rest, he talked well in his way; with veracity, easy brevity and force, as a wise tradesman would of his tools and workshop, and as no unwise one could.' Clearly there was no Vates here for Carlyle.

Afterwards, 'One evening,' Carlyle tells us, 'I got him on the subject of great poets, who I thought might be equally admirable to us both, but was rather mistaken as I gradually found.

. . . Pope, Milton, partial failure, narrowish limits; Burns, of whom he had sung tender recognition, also turned out to be a limited, inferior creature; even Shakespeare himself had his blind sides, his limitations. Gradually it became apparent to me that of transcendent, unlimited, there was to this critic, probably, but one specimen known—Wordsworth himself.' It need scarcely be said that the portrait of Wordsworth's strong stalwart face and figure is as striking and vigorous as any other Carlyle has given us. 'He was large boned, lean, but firm knit, tall, and strong looking when he stood; a right good old steel-grey figure, with rustic simplicity and dignity about him, and a vivacious strength looking through.'

Of course all those who look on Dr. Chalmers as the great modern saint of Presbyterianism, those to whom Coleridge is the highest exponent of an orthodox yet philosophical Christianity, those who believe Wordsworth to be the supreme poet of man and nature, resent Carlyle's plain speech about their idols, and attribute it to

an envious desire to depreciate their greatness. But others more impartial, and who have read Carlyle's works with the careful study they require, feel and know that no one could have a greater love and reverence for true greatness wheresoever he found it. Every line in his 'Heroes and Hero-Worship,' testifies this. And that it was not dead heroes only, but living ones, that he honoured, his noble eulogy of Goethe in the same book, and his life-long veneration for the great German, showed. Some writers have told us that in his later years his admiration and reverence for Goethe had very much declined, but we see in the 'Reminiscences,' that they continued to the last, and that when he wrote his memoir of Mrs. Carlyle, Goethe was still to him 'Phœbus Apollo, god of the sun,' who had given him light when all within him was dark. He has said greater and nobler things of Shakespeare than any one else has said, recognising in him 'a true seer of the Divine in man,' 'a melodious prophet and priest of a true Catholicism, the Church of the Future of all Time.' His essay on Burns is the most appreciative and sympathetic, as well as subtle and penetrating, piece of criticism in English literature. Even in Byron, he discerned the true poetic soul—the hatred of shams and conventionalities, the craving for truth and reality, which had driven his fiery spirit into rebellion, and 'the mad joy of fierce Denial.' Insight, veracity, courage, and faithfulness maintained through all obstacles were what constituted a 'Hero' to Carlyle, whether in success or in failure, as we may plainly read in the 'Life of Sterling,' the 'Essay on Burns,' and in the whole tenor of his writings. He has been called a supporter of despotism, a hater of freedom, a scorner of mankind, but what he says of his relation to democracy, in the 'Reminiscences,' is the whole truth of the matter. 'I had,' he says, writing after 'Latter Day Pamphlets,' and his 'Life of

Frederick,' had been written, 'plenty of radicalism, and have, and to all appearance shall have,' but the 'opposite hemisphere,' he tells us, 'never was wanting either, and had been then summoned by the trumpet of time and his events, the study of Oliver,' the rapid progress of democracy and the 'wide-spreading and incalculable course apparently appointed it among the nations,' 'into practical emergence and emphasis.' He saw the dangers of democracy—the rule of roaring, million-headed, unreflecting, darkly suffering, darkly sinning Demos, come to call its old superiors to account at the maddest of tribunals,' and emphatically uttered his warnings against them; but will any one deny that such dangers exist? Will any one assert that the problems of governing by universal suffrage, and of placing the lower types and inferior races of men on an equality with the higher and nobler types and races, without injury and deterioration to the whole human race, have yet been adequately solved?

We have been called inconsistent in tolerating, even enjoying, Dickens' novels, opposed as their teaching is to many of his theories, but the two hemispheres of his nature explain this also. If on one side he had nothing but scorn and contempt for weakness, stupidity and incapacity; it was weakness, stupidity, and incapacity in high places; he had infinite pity and tenderness for 'the wretched masses of mankind, who, as the result of our system of civilization are condemned to toil, to bleed, to hunger, to suffer and sin for the comfort and ease of the dominant minority.* Besides Dickens had always some distinct aim and purpose in his books, some abuse or oppression to expose, some falsehood to proclaim, some truth to enforce, and this commended them to Carlyle who held that, failing any inspiration of poetry or prophecy, the only valid

reason for writing was some practical good to be achieved. Thus their satire of 'Podsnappery,' 'Pecksniffery,' respectability,—as represented by gigs and silver forks,—and all other shams and humbugs, was after his own heart, while in their broad humour, caricature and exaggeration, his habitual gloom and despondency found a welcome relaxation and relief. On the night a new number of 'Great Expectations' was due, he would call out for that 'Pip Nonsense' and listen to it read aloud with roars of laughter. On the death of Dickens he wrote to Mr. Forster: 'It is an event world-wide, a *unique* of talents suddenly extinct, and has "eclipsed," we too may say, "the harmless gaiety of nations." No death since 1866 has fallen on me with such a stroke; no literary man's ever did. The good, gentle, high-gifted, ever-friendly, noble Dickens! Every inch of him an honest man!'

A man of the prophetic order of mind, Carlyle inevitably had the limitations inseparable from his type of greatness. Though a supreme painter and dramatic artist in words, he had no true appreciation of art. Probably his Puritanic education had early given him a distaste for it; and if we consider the follies and affectations so often found among its votaries—(culminating just now in the *Æsthetic* cult, with its exaltation of the fringings of existence, and its other absurdities), we can hardly wonder* that Carlyle, abhorrent of unveracity in speech with no meaning above all things, should regard it as the most windy of all 'windy gospels.' It is said that he disliked music, but how are we to believe this of one so sensitive to the rhythm and melody of poetry, and with whom 'melodious' was an epithet of the highest praise? He seems to have liked his wife's singing and playing of old Scotch tunes, and, from all we know of him, was, as he said of Leigh Hunt, 'a man to un-

* 'Sartor Resartus.'

* 'Sartor Resartus.'

derstand and feel them well.' Merely scientific and mechanical music which wakes no melodious echoes in the soul, he probably neither understood nor liked.

His temperament had perhaps a tinge of inherited gloom, but the penury, toil, and barrenness that surrounded his childhood, with the hindrances and obstacles from within and without, which so long kept his early life in mental isolation and imprisonment, might have clouded the brightest and most sanguine of temperaments, and might account for any amount of dependency in a nature so sensitive, intense, and impressed as Carlyle's. He had constant ill-health, too, from dyspepsia, 'My Old Man of the Sea,' he calls it, which clung to him all his life; brought on probably by unwholesome and perhaps scanty diet, and excessive mental toil, when he made his first attempt at living by literature in a cheap lodging in Edinburgh. 'Little hope dwelt in me,' he says, 'only fierce resolution to do my best and utmost in all honest ways and to suffer as silently and stoically as might be, if it proved (as too likely) that I could do nothing. Here in this Edinburgh 'purgatory' he went through 'penal fires,' and 'huge instalments of bodily and spiritual wretchedness. Horrible in part to think of even now! The bodily part a kind of base agony arising mainly from no extent or discoverable fence between my coarser fellow-creatures and my more sensitive self—those hideous disturbances to sleep, &c.'—all the revolting conditions and environment of a cheap lodging in a great city; as odious and intolerable to this young rustic as they could have been to the most fastidious aristocrat. 'It did not conquer or quite kill me, thank God!' he exclaims, as he recalls that hateful time. His first literary venture 'vanished without a sign—no answer, no return of MS., no notice taken, which was a form of catastrophe more complete than even I had anticipated.' Even

when, through Jeffrey, his articles found a place in the *Edinburgh Review* and two other reviews and magazines, it was long before they received any adequate recognition. 'The beggarly history of poor "Sartor Resartus,"' as he calls it, 'among the blockheadisms of publishers and the public,' gave a death-blow to whatever little hopefulness was yet in him. From manslight indications in the 'Reminiscences,' it seems to have been the best beloved of his brain-children, the first perfect fruit of his victory over his religious doubts and difficulties, and of his happy marriage. It was to him a true epoch of man's heart and soul in this nineteenth century, his spiritual conflicts and conquests, with idyllic episodes of childhood and young romance—the heart and soul of the writer woven into every line—a divine poem unfolding the sublime transcendental theory of the universe which he had made his own, in as wonderful blending of grotesque humour, subtle insight, and passionate poetry, through Herr Teufelsdröckh's significant Philosophy of Clothes. A book full of power, beauty and originality, which surely ought to have made the author famous at once; but when, after many disappointments from 'the perpetual fluctuations, uncertainty and intolerable whimsicality of Review Editors,' it came out in 'Fraser's Magazine,' it was received with puzzled amazement; contempt and ridicule at best as a clever satire and humorous *jeu d'esprit*. 'Eminent men stood pointedly silent, dubitative, disapprobatory, many of them shaking their heads,' and when it was 'done up from the Fraser types as a separate thing, about fifty copies being struck off,' and he sent copies to six Edinburgh literary friends not the smallest whisper even of receipt came from one of them, 'a thing disappointing, more or less, to human nature.*' Henceforth, he wrote

* The true worth and significance seem to have been first recognised in Boston, which probably laid the foundation of, Carlyle's

the tasks he set himself, with 'desperate resolution,' but without the faintest hope or expectation of success, and as each one was finished only thought: 'The fate of that thing is fixed, I have written it; that is all my result.'

But through all and everything that troubled and darkened his life, his heart remained infinitely tender, pitiful and loving. How touching and beautiful is his tender and reverential affection for his parents; all the more reverential and tender because he had attained a place so far above them, through opportunities which had never been theirs. How warm and faithful to the last was his attachment to his brothers and sisters. His devoted and admiring affection for Edward Irving may be seen in the brief article, written just after Irving's death, and first published in 'Fraser's Magazine,' and in all that is said of him in the 'Reminiscences.' His love for his wife was deep and passionate while she lived, and passed into a sacred devotion to her memory after her death. 'He loves and forgives every one,' wrote Emerson. 'He sympathises with all men,' wrote Mazzini. Professor Tyndall says: 'Knowing the depths of Carlyle's tenderness, I should almost feel it to be bathos to cite the cases known to me which illustrate it.' 'His heart was pathetically kind and tender,' writes one who knew him well. Reading these words and finding them confirmed in page after page of the 'Reminiscences,' and then seeing the epithets of cruel, spiteful, envious, malignant, applied to such a man, what is to be said except that it proves the ignorance or stupidity of the writers. We hear, too, of his 'grudging, ungenerous peasant-nature,' 'his peasant-like roughness of tongue,' which those who can believe after

'kind feelings, obligations, and regards for New England and America at large,' indicated by his 'symbolical' bequest of the books he had used 'in writing on Cromwell and Frederick,' to Harvard, the *Alma Mater* of so many of his friends, and the chief school of that great country.'

reading the many evidences of his refinement and delicacy of feeling in the 'Reminiscences,' will, no doubt, continue to believe in spite of Professor Tyndall's letter. 'Carlyle,' he says, 'was sternly real; but he was a gentleman full of dignity and delicacy of thought and feeling. No finer courtesy could be shown by man than was shown by him to the ladies who visited him in his modest home at Chelsea.' The most absurd and paltry, as well as unjust and unreasonable, attempts to lessen his fame have been made. 'Good stories,' as they are called, have been told of him and Mrs. Carlyle, some of which can be proved by the 'Reminiscences' to be absolutely false, and others are evidently altogether distorted from their real meaning. A letter to Procter ('always good and kind,' he says in the 'Reminiscences') written in a friendly manner, and merely asking for Procter's name and that of his father-in-law, Mr. Montague, to add to the names of some others who had recommended Carlyle for a Professorship in St. Andrew's University, is printed in 'Echoes' in the *Illustrated London News*, and spoken of as 'smooth stuff,' and 'a boozing down by the author of "Sartor Resartus,"' as if it were an absolute surrender of his independence. Even his will, so characteristic of him in his grateful and affectionate mention of his friends, as in all else, is carped at. The tender solemnity with which he bequeaths to his most valued friends certain articles of no worth to those who regard things for their market price, but to him sacred and inestimable from their associations with the much loved dead; his watch, which had belonged to his 'honoured father-in-law, and was given me on my wedding-day by one who was herself invaluable to me; which has measured out (always punctually it) nearly forty-seven years of time for me, and still measures as if with an ever-loving solemnity till time quite ends for me; the little child's chair in

the china closet' ('the little bit of a first chair, with its wee, wee arms' in which his wife first sat, lovingly mentioned in the 'Reminiscences') 'which to my eyes has always a brightness as of Time's morning, and a sadness as of death and eternity when I look on it;' the table on which he had written nearly all his books, which had also belonged to his father-in-law, and which he says he regarded as among the most precious of his possessions—these touching bequests are ridiculed, as if he had been making 'an equitable division of his old shoes.'

In the midst of all these base and paltry detractions, Emerson's letter, written after his visit to Craigenputtock, came like a true and melodious note, as Carlyle himself might have called it, in the midst of harsh sounds

and discords. And now we have Professor Tyndall's beautiful letter, a noble homage to his dead friend's greatness, as honourable to himself as to Carlyle. We quote the words with which it concludes. "Give your life royally," was his exhortation to the reformer eight-and-thirty years ago. In such fashion Carlyle gave his own life to his country and to mankind. England may forget this for a moment, but she will remember it by-and-bye.'

Unhappily, this is far from being the first time that England has heaped slander and obloquy on the graves of her mighty dead, and afterwards repented, in a more or less honourable manner; but, by this time, she ought to have learned better.

TRUE ART.

BY W. T. H.

TO paint the picture of a life
 Sincere in word, in deed sublime,
 Noble to reach the after-time,
 And find a rest beyond the strife.

This is the highest goal of art,—
 To mould a shape of rare device,
 The fruit of early sacrifice,
 The true devotion of the heart.

We work in shadow and in doubt,
 But view our Model, and with trust
 Toil on, till He, the Good, the Just,
 Shall bring the perfect fulness out.

Montreal.

A FEARFUL RESPONSIBILITY.

BY W. D. HOWELLS.

Author of 'Venetian Life,' 'A Chance Acquaintance,' 'The Undiscovered Country,' etc.

VII.

THE next morning Elmore was called from his bed—at no very early hour, it must be owned, but at least before a nine-o'clock breakfast—to see a gentleman who was waiting in the parlour. He dressed hurriedly, with a thousand exciting speculations in his mind, and found Mr. Rose-Black looking from the balcony window.

'You have a pleasant position here,' he said, easily, as he turned about to meet Elmore's look of indignant demand. 'I've come to ask all about our friends the Andersens.'

'I don't know anything about them,' answered Elmore. 'I never saw them before.'

'Ah-ow!' said the painter. Elmore had not invited him to sit down, but now he dropped into a chair, with the air of asking Elmore to explain himself. 'The young lady of your party seemed to know them. How uncommonly pretty all your American young girls are! But I'm told they fade very soon. I should like to make up a picnic party with you all for the Lido.'

'Thank you,' replied Elmore, stiffly. 'Miss Mayhew has seen the Lido.'

'Ah-ow! *That's* her name. It's a pretty name.' He looked through the open door into the dining room, where the table was set for breakfast, with the usual water-goblet at each plate. 'I see you have beer for breakfast.

There's nothing so nice, you know. Would you—would you mind giving me a glahs?'

Through an undefined sense of the duties of hospitality, Elmore was surprised by this impudence into sending out to the next *café* for a pitcher of beer. Rose-Black poured himself out one glass and another till he had emptied the pitcher, conversing affably meanwhile with his silent host.

'*Why* didn't you turn him out of doors?' demanded Mrs. Elmore, as soon as the painter's departure allowed her to slip from the closed door behind which she had been imprisoned in her room.

'I did everything *but* that,' replied her husband, whom this interview had saddened more than it had angered.

'You sent out for beer for him!'

'I didn't know but it might make him sick. Really, the thing is incredible. I think the man is cracked.'

'He is an Englishman, and he thinks he can take any kind of liberty with us because we are Americans.'

'That seems to be the prevalent impression among all the European nationalities,' said Elmore. 'Let's drop him for the present, and try to be more brutal in the future.'

Mrs. Elmore, so far from dropping him, turned to Lily, who entered at that moment, and recounted the extraordinary adventure of the morning, which scarcely needed the embellishment of her fancy: it was not really a gallon of beer, but a quart, that Mr.

Rose-Black had drunk. She enlarged upon previous aggressions of his, and said finally that they had to thank Mr. Ferris for his acquaintance.

'Ferris couldn't help himself,' said Elmore. 'He apologized to me afterwards. The man got him into a corner. But he warned us about him as soon as he could. And Rose Black would have made our acquaintance, any way. I believe he's crazy.'

'I don't see how that helps the matter.'

'It helps to explain it,' concluded Elmore, with a sigh. 'We can't refer everything to our being American lambs, and his being a ravaging European wolf.'

'Of course he came round to find out about Lily,' says Mrs. Elmore. 'The Andersens were a mere blind.'

'Oh, Mrs. Elmore!' cried Lily, in deprecation.

The bell jangled.

'That is the postman,' said Mrs. Elmore.

There was a home-letter for Lily, and one from Lily's sister inclosed to Mrs. Elmore. The ladies rent them open, and lost themselves in the cross-written pages; and neither of them saw the dismay with which Elmore looked at the handwriting of the envelope addressed to him. His wife vaguely knew that he had a letter, and meant to ask him for it as soon as she should have finished her own. When she glanced at him again, he was staring at the smiling face of Miss Mayhew, as she read her letter, with the wild regard of one who sees another in mortal peril, and can do nothing to avert the coming doom, but must dumbly await the catastrophe.

'What is it, Owen?' asked his wife, in a low voice.

He started from his trance, and struggled to answer quietly.

'I've a letter here which I suppose. I'd better show to you first.'

They rose and went into the next room, Miss Mayhew following them with a gay, absent look, and then

dropping her eyes again to her letter.

Elmore put the note he had received into his wife's hands without a word.

'SIR,—My position permitted me to take a woman. I am a soldier, but I am an engineer—operateous, and I can exercise wherever my profession in the civil life. I have seen Miss Mayhew, and I have great sympathie for she. I think I will be lukely with her, if Miss Mayhew would be of same intention of me.'

'If you believe, Sir, that my open and realy proposition will not offendere Miss Mayhew, pray to handed to her this note. Pray, Sir, to excuse me the liberty to fatigue you, and to go over with silence if you would be of another intention.'

'Your obedient servant,

'E. VON EHRHARDT.'

Mrs. Elmore folded the letter carefully up and returned it to her husband. If he had, perhaps, dreaded some triumphant outburst from her, he ought to have been content with the thoroughly daunted look which she lifted to his, and the silence in which she suffered him to do justice to the writer.

'This is the letter of a gentleman, Celia,' he said.

'Yes,' she responded, faintly.

'It puts another complexion on the affair entirely.'

'Yes. Why did he wait a whole week?' she added.

'It is a serious matter with him. He had a right to take time for thinking it over.' Elmore looked at the date of the Peschiera postmark, and then at that of Venice, on the back of the envelope. 'No, he wrote at once. This has been kept in the Venetian office, and probably read there by the authorities.'

His wife did not heed the conjecture.

'He began all wrong,' she grieved.

'Why couldn't he have behaved sensibly?'

'We must look at it from another point of view now,' replied Elmore. 'He has repaired his error by this letter.'

'No, no; he hasn't.'

'The question is now what to do about the changed situation. This is

an offer of marriage. It comes in the proper way. It's a very sincere and manly letter. The man has counted the whole cost: he's ready to leave the army and go to America, if she says so. He's in love. How can she refuse him?'

'Perhaps she isn't in love with him,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'Oh! That's true. I hadn't thought of that. Then it's very simple.'

'But I don't know that she isn't,' murmured Mrs. Elmore.

'Well, ask her.'

'How could *she* tell?'

'How could *she* tell?'

'Yes. Do you suppose a child like that can know her own mind in an instant?'

'I should think she could.'

'Well, she couldn't. She liked the excitement,—the romanticality of it; but she doesn't know any more than you or I whether she cares for him. I don't suppose marriage with anybody has ever seriously entered her head yet.'

'It will have to do so now,' said Elmore, firmly. 'There's no help for it.'

'I think the American plan is much better,' pouted Mrs. Elmore. 'It's horrid to know that a man's in love with you, and wants to marry you, from the very start. Of course it makes you hate him.'

'I dare say the American plan is better in this as in most other things. But we can't discuss abstractions, Celia. We must come down to business. What are we to do?'

'I don't know.'

'We must submit the question to her.'

'To that innocent, unsuspecting little thing? Never!' cried Mrs. Elmore.

'Then we must decide it, as he seems to expect we may, without reference to her,' said her husband.

'No, that won't do. Let me think.'

Mrs. Elmore thought to so little purpose that she left the word to her husband again.

'You see we must lay the matter before her.'

'Couldn't—couldn't we let him come to see us awhile? Couldn't we explain our ways to him, and allow him to pay her attentions without letting her know about this letter?'

'I'm afraid he wouldn't understand—that we couldn't make it clear to him,' said Elmore. 'If we invited him to the house he would consider it as an acceptance. He wants a categorical answer, and he has a right to it. It would be no kindness to a man with his ideas to take him on probation. He has behaved honourably, and we are bound to consider him.'

'Oh, I don't think he's done anything so very great,' said Mrs. Elmore, with that disposition we all have to disparage those who put us in difficulties.

'He's done everything he could do,' said Elmore. 'Shall I speak to Miss Mayhew?'

'No, you had better let me,' sighed his wife. 'I suppose we must. But I think it's horrid! Everything could have gone on so nicely if he hadn't been so impatient from the beginning. Of course she won't have him now. She will be scared, and that will be the end of it.'

'I think you ought to be just to him, Celia. I can't help feeling for him. He has thrown himself upon our mercy, and he has a claim to right and thoughtful treatment.'

'She won't have anything to do with him. You'll see.'

'I shall be very glad of that —,' Elmore began.

'*Why* should you be glad of it?' demanded his wife.

He laughed.

'I think I can safely leave his case in your hands. Don't go to the other extreme. If she married a German, he would let her black his boots,—like that general in Munich.'

'Who is talking of marriage?' retorted Mrs. Elmore.

'Captain Ehrhardt and I. That's what it comes to; and it can't come

to anything else. I like his courage in writing English, and it's wonderful how he hammers his meaning into it. "Lukely" isn't bad, is it? And "my position permitted me to take a woman"—I suppose he means that he has money enough to marry on—is delicious. Upon my word, I have a good deal of sympathie for he!

'For shame, Owen! It's wicked to make fun of his English.'

'My dear, I respect him for writing in English. The whole letter is touchingly brave and fine. Confound him! I wish I had never heard of him. What does he come bothering across my path for?'

'Oh, don't feel that way about it, Owen!' cried his wife. 'It's cruel.'

'I don't. I wish to treat him in the most generous manner; after all, it isn't his fault. But you must allow, Celia, that it's very annoying and extremely perplexing. *We* can't make up Miss Mayhew's mind for her. Even if we found out that she liked him, it would be only the beginning of our troubles. *We've* no right to give her away in marriage, or let her involve her affections here. But be judicious, Celia.'

'It's easy enough to say that!'

'I'll be back in an hour,' said Elmore. 'I'm going to the Square. We musn't lose time.'

As he passed out through the breakfast-room, Lily was sitting by the window with her letter in her lap, and a happy smile on her lips. When he came back she happened to be seated in the same place; she still had a letter in her lap, but she was smiling no longer; her face was turned from him as he entered, and he imagined a wistful droop in that corner of her mouth which showed on her profile.

But she rose very promptly, and, with a heightened colour, said:

'I am sorry to trouble you to answer another letter for me, Professor Elmore. I manage my correspondence at home myself, but here it seems to be different.'

'It needn't be different here, Lily,' said Elmore, kindly. 'You can answer all the letters you receive in just the way you like. We don't doubt your discretion in the least. We will abide by any decision of yours, on any point that concerns yourself.'

'Thank you,' replied the girl; 'but in this case I think you had better write.'

She kept slipping Ehrhardt's letter up and down between her thumb and finger against the palm of her left hand, and delayed giving it to him, as if she wished him to say something first.

'I suppose you and Celia have talked the matter over?'

'Yes.'

'And I hope you have determined upon the course you are going to take quite uninfluenced?'

'Oh, quite so.'

'I feel bound to tell you,' said Elmore, 'that this gentleman has now done everything that we could expect of him, and has fully atoned for any error he committed in making your acquaintance.'

'Yes, I understand that. Mrs. Elmore thought he might have written because he saw that he had gone too far, and couldn't think of any other way out of it.'

'That occurred to me, too, though I didn't mention it. But we're bound to take the letter on its face, and that's open and honourable. Have you made up your mind?'

'Yes.'

'Do you wish for delay? There is no reason for haste.'

'There's no reason for delay, either,' said the girl. Yet she did not give up the letter, or show any signs of intending to terminate the interview. 'If I had had more experience, I should know how to act better; but I must do the best I can, without the experience. I think that, even in a case like this, we should try to do right, don't you?'

'Yes, above all other cases,' said Elmore, with a laugh.

She flushed in recognition of her absurdity.

'I mean that we oughtn't to let our feelings carry us away. I saw so many girls carried away by their feelings, when the first regiments went off, that I got a horror of it. I think it's wicked: it deceives both; and then you don't know how to break the engagement afterwards.'

'You're quite right, Lily,' said Elmore, with a rising respect for the girl.

'Professor Elmore, can you believe that, with all the attentions I've had, I've never seriously thought of getting married as the end of it all?' she asked, looking him freely in the eyes.

'I can't understand it,—no man could, I suppose—but I do believe it. Mrs. Elmore has often told me the same thing.'

'And this—letter—it—means marriage.'

'That and nothing else. The man who wrote it would consider himself cruelly wronged if you accepted his attentions without the distinct purpose of marrying him.'

She drew a deep breath.

'I shall have to ask you to write a refusal for me.'

But still she did not give him the letter.

'Have you made up your mind to that?'

'I can't make up my mind to anything else.'

Elmore walked unhappily back and forth across the room.

'I have seen something of international marriages since I've been in Europe,' he said, 'Sometimes they succeed; but generally they're wretched failures. The barriers of different race, language, education, religion,—they're terrible barriers. It's very hard for a man and woman to understand each other at the best; with these differences added, it's almost a hopeless case.'

'Yes; that's what Mrs. Elmore said.'

'And suppose you were married to

an Austrian officer stationed in Italy. You would have *no* society outside of the garrison. Every other human creature that looked at you would hate you. And if you were ordered to some of those half-barbaric principalities,—Moldavia or Wallachia, or into Hungary or Bohemia,—everywhere your husband would be an instrument for the suppression of an alien or disaffected population. What a fate for an American girl!'

'If he were good,' said the girl, replying in the abstract, 'she needn't care.'

'If he were good, you needn't care. No. And he might leave the Austrian service, and go with you to America, as he hints. What could he do there? He might get an appointment in our army, though that's not so easy now; or he might go to Patmos, and live upon your friends till he found something to do in civil life.'

Lily broke into a laugh.

'Why, Professor Elmore, I don't want to marry him! What in the world are you arguing with me for?'

'Perhaps to convince myself. I feel that I oughtn't to let these considerations weigh as a feather in the balance if you are at all—at all—ahem! excuse me!—attached to him. That, of course, outweighs everything else.'

'But I'm *not*!' cried the girl. 'How *could* I be? I've only met him twice. It would be perfectly ridiculous. I *know* I'm not. I ought to know that if I know anything.'

Years afterwards, it occurred to Elmore, when he awoke one night, and his mind, without any reason, flew back to this period in Venice, that she might have been referring the point to him for decision. But now it only seemed to him that she was adding force to her denial; and he observed nothing hysterical in the little laugh she gave.

'Well, then, we can't have it over too soon. I'll write now, if you will give me his letter.'

She put it behind her.

'Professor Elmore,' she said, 'I am not going to have you think that he ever behaved in the least presumingly. And whatever you think of me, I must tell you that I suppose I talked very freely with him,—just as freely as I should with an American. I didn't know any better. He was very interesting, and I was homesick, and so glad to see any one who could speak English. I suppose I was a goose; but I felt very far away from all my friends, and I was grateful for his kindness. Even if he had never written this last letter, I should always have said that he was a true gentleman.'

'Well?'

'That is all. I can't have him treated as if he were an adventurer.'

'You want him dismissed?'

'Yes.'

'A man can't distinguish as to the terms of a dismissal. They're always insolent,—more insolent than ever, if you try to make them kindly. I should merely make this as short and sharp as possible.'

'Yes,' she said, breathlessly, as if the idea affected her respiration.

'But I will show it to you, and I won't send it without your approval.'

'Thank you. But I shall not want to see it. I'd rather not.' She was going out of the room.

'Will you leave me his letter? You can have it again.'

She turned red in giving it him. 'I forgot. Why, it's written to you, anyway!' she cried, with a laugh, and put the letter on the table.

The two doors opened and closed; one excluded Lily and the other admitted Mrs. Elmore.

'Owen, I approve of all you said, except that about the form of the refusal. I will read what you say. I intend that it *shall* be made kindly.'

'Very well. I'll copy a letter of yours, or write from your dictation.'

'No; you write it, and I'll criticize it.'

'Oh, you talk as if I were eager to write the letter! Can't you imagine

it's being a very painful thing to me?' he demanded.

'It didn't seem to be so before.'

'Why, the situation wasn't the same before he wrote this letter!'

'I don't see how. He was as much in earnest then as he is now, and you had no pity for him.'

'Oh, my goodness!' cried Elmore, desperately. 'Don't you see the difference? He hadn't given any proof before —'

'Oh, proof, proof! You men are always wanting proof! What better proof could he have given than the way he followed her about? Proof, indeed! I suppose you'd like to have Lily prove that she doesn't care for him!'

'Yes,' said Elmore, sadly; 'I should like very much to have her prove it.'

'Well, you won't get her to. What makes you think she does?'

'I don't. Do you?'

'N—o,' answered Mrs. Elmore, reluctantly.

'Celia, Celia, you will drive me mad if you go on in this way! The girl has told me, over and over, that she wishes him dismissed. Why do you think she doesn't?'

'I don't. Who hinted such a thing? But I don't want you to *enjoy* doing it.'

'*Enjoy* it! So you think I enjoy it? What do you suppose I'm made of? Perhaps you think I enjoyed catechising the child about her feelings toward him? Perhaps you think I enjoy the whole confounded affair? Well, I give it up. I will let it go. If I can't have your full and hearty support, I'll let it go. I'll do nothing about it.'

He threw Ehrhardt's letter on the table, and went and sat down by the window. His wife took the letter up and read it over.

'Why, you see he asks you to pass it over in silence if you don't consent.'

'Does he?' asked Elmore. 'I hadn't noticed that.'

'Perhaps you'd better read some of

your letters, Owen, before you answer them !'

'Really, I had forgotten. I had forgotten that the letter was written to me at all. I thought it was to Lily, and she had got to thinking so, too. Well, then, I won't do anything about it.'

He drew a breath of relief.

'Perhaps,' suggested his wife, 'he asked that so as to leave himself some hope if he should happen to meet her again.'

'And we don't wish him to have any hope.'

Mrs. Elmore was silent.

'Celia,' cried her husband, indignantly, 'I can't have you playing fast and loose with me in this matter !'

'I suppose I may have time to think,' she retorted.

'Yes, if you will tell me what you *do* think ; but that I *must* know. It's a thing too vital in its consequences for me to act without your full concurrence. I won't take another step in it till I know just how far you have gone with me. If I may judge of what this man's influence upon Lily would be by the fact that he has brought us to the verge of the only real quarrel we've ever had ——'

'Who's quarrelling, Owen ?' asked Mrs. Elmore, meekly. 'I'm not.'

'Well, well ! we won't dispute about that. I want to know whether you thought with me that it was improper for him to address her in the car ?'

'Yes.'

'And still more improper for him to join you in the street ?'

'Yes. But he was very gentlemanly.'

'No matter about that. You were just as much annoyed as I was by his letter to her ?'

'I don't know about annoyed. It scared me.'

'Very well. And you approved of my answering it as I did ?'

'I had nothing to do with it. I thought you were acting conscientiously. I'll say that much.'

'You've got to say more. You have got to say you approved of it ; for you know you did.'

'Oh—*approved* of it ? Yes !'

'That's all I want. Now I agree with you that if we pass this letter in silence, it will leave him with some hope. You agree with me that in a marriage between an American girl and an Austrian officer, the chances would be ninety-nine to a hundred against her happiness at the best.'

'There are a great many unhappy marriages at home,' said Mrs. Elmore, impartially.

'That isn't the point, Celia, and you know it. The point is whether you believe the chances are for or against her in such a marriage. Do you ?'

'Do I what ?'

'Agree with me ?'

'Yes ; but I say they *might* be very happy. I shall always say that.'

Elmore flung up his hands in despair.

'Well, then, say what shall be done now.'

This was, perhaps, just what Mrs. Elmore did not choose to say. She was silent a long time—so long that Elmore said : 'But there's really no haste about it,' and took some notes of his history out of a drawer, and began to look them over, with his back turned to her.

'I never knew anything so heartless !' she cried. 'Owen, this *must* be attended to at once ! I can't have it hanging over me any longer. It will make me sick.'

He turned abruptly round, and seating himself at the table, wrote a note, which he pushed across to her. It acknowledged the receipt of Captain von Ehrhardt's letter, and expressed Miss Mayhew's feeling that there was nothing in it to change her wish that the acquaintance should cease. In after years the terms of this note did not always appear to Elmore wisely chosen or humanely considered ; but he stood at bay, and he struck merclessly. In spite of the explicit concurrence of both Miss Mayhew and his wife, he felt

they were throwing wholly upon him a responsibility whose fearfulness he did not then realize. Even in his wife's 'send it!' he was aware of a subtle reservation on her part.

VIII.

Mrs. Elmore and Lily again rose buoyantly from the conclusive event, but he succumbed to it. For the delicate and fastidious invalid, keeping his health evenly from day to day upon the condition of a free and peaceful mind, the strain had been too much. He had a bad night, and the next day a gastric trouble declared itself which kept him in bed half the week, and left him very weak and tremulous. His friends did not forget him during this time. Hoskins came regularly to see him, and supplied his place at the *table d'hôte* of the Danieli, going to and fro with the ladies, and efficiently protecting them from the depredations of the Austrian soldiery. From Mr. Rose-Black he could not protect them; and both the ladies amused Elmore with a dramatization of how the Englishman had boldly outwitted them, and trampled all their finessing under foot, by simply walking up to them in the reading-room, and saying: 'This is Miss Mayhew, I suppose,' and putting himself at once on the footing of an old family friend. They read to Elmore, and they put his papers in order, so that he did not know where to find anything when he got well; but they always came home from the hotel with some lively gossip, and this he liked best. They professed to recognise an anxiety on the part of Mr. Andersen's aunt that his mind should not be diverted from the civil service in India by thoughts of young American ladies; but she sent some delicacies to Elmore, and one day she even came to call with her nephew, in extreme reluctance and anxiety, as they pretended to him.

The next afternoon the young man called alone, and Elmore, who was

now on foot, received him in the parlour, before the ladies came in. Mr. Andersen had a bunch of flowers in one hand, and a small wooden box, containing a little turtle on a salad leaf, in the other; the poor animals are sold in the Piazza at Venice for souvenirs of the city, and people often carry them away. Elmore took the offerings simply, as he took everything in life, and interpreted them as an expression, however odd, of Mr. Andersen's sympathy with his recent sufferings, of which he gave him some account; but he practised a decent self-denial here, and they were already talking of the weather when the ladies appeared. He hastened to exhibit the tokens of Mr. Andersen's kind remembrance, and was mystified by the young man's confusion, and the impatient, almost contemptuous, air with which his wife listened to him. Hoskins came in at that moment to ask about Elmore's health, and showed the hostile civility to Andersen which young men use toward each other in the presence of ladies; and then, seeing that the latter had secured the place at Miss Mayhew's side on the sofa, he limped to the easy-chair near Mrs. Elmore and fell into talk with her about Rose-Black's pictures, which he had just seen. They were based upon an endeavour to trace the moral principles believed by Mr. Ruskin to underlie Venetian art, and they were very queer, so Hoskins said; he roughly jotted down an idea of some of them on a block he took from his pocket.

Mr. Andersen and Lily went out upon one of the high railed balconies that overhung the canal, and stood there, with their backs to the others. She seemed to be listening, with averted face, while he, with his cheek leaning upon one hand and his elbow resting on the balcony rail, kept a pensive attitude after they had apparently ceased to speak. Something in their pose struck the sculptor's fancy, and he made a hasty sketch of them and was showing it to the Elmores when

Lily suddenly descended into the room again, and, saying something about its being quite dark, went out, and left Mr. Andersen to make his adieu to the others. He startled them by saying that he was to set off for India in the morning, and he went away very melancholy.

'Well, I don't know,' said Hoskins, thoughtfully retouching his sketch, 'that I should feel very lively about going out to India myself.'

'He seems to be a very affectionate young fellow,' observed Elmore, 'and I've no doubt he will feel the separation from his friends. But I really don't know why he should have brought me a bouquet, and a small turtle in a box, on the eve of his departure.'

'What?' cried Hoskins, with a rude guffaw; and when Elmore had showed his gifts, Hoskins threw back his head and laughed indecently. His behaviour nettled Elmore, and it sent Mrs. Elmore prematurely out of the room; for, not content with his explosions of laughter, he continued for some time to amuse himself by touching up with the point of his pencil the tail of the turtle, which he had turned out of its box upon the table. At Mrs. Elmore's withdrawal he stopped, and presently said good-night, rather soberly.

Then she returned.

'Owen,' she asked, sadly, 'did you really think these flowers and that turtle were for you?'

'Why, yes,' he answered.

'Well, I don't know whether I wouldn't almost rather it had been a joke. I believe that I would rather despise your heart than your head. Why should Mr. Andersen bring *you* flowers and a turtle?'

'Upon my word, I don't know.'

'They were for Lily! And your mistake has added another pang to the poor young fellow's suffering. She has just refused him,' she said; and, as Elmore continued to glare blankly at her, she added: 'She was refusing him there on the balcony while that

disgusting Mr. Hoskins was sketching them; and he had his hand up, that way, because he was crying.'

'This is horrible, Celia!' cried Elmore. The scent of the flowers lying on the table seemed to choke him; the turtle clawing about on the smooth surface looked demoniacal. 'Why——'

'Now, don't ask me why she refused him, Owen. Of course she couldn't care for a boy like that. But he can't realize it, and it's just as miserable for him as if he were a thousand years old.'

Elmore hung his head.

'It was all a mistake. How heartless I must have seemed! But how should I know any better? I am a straightforward man, Celia; and I am unfit for the care that has been thrown upon me. It's more than I can bear. No, I'm *not* fit for it!' he cried at last; and his wife, seeing him so crushed, now said something to console him.

'I know you're not. I see it more and more. But I know that you will do the best you can, and that you will always act from a good motive. Only *do* try to be more on your guard.'

'I will, I will,' he answered humbly.

He had a temptation, the next time he visited Hoskins, to tell him the awful secret, and to see how the situation of that night, with this lurid light upon it, affected him: it could do poor Andersen, now on his way to India, no harm. He yielded to his temptation, at the same time that he confessed his own blunder about the flowers.

Hoskins whistled.

'I tell you what,' he said, after a long pause, 'there are some things in history that I never could realize,—like Mary, Queen of Scots, for instance, putting on her best things, and stepping down into the front parlour of that castle to have her head off. But a thing like this, happening on your own balcony, *helps* you to realize it.'

'It helps you to realize it,' assented Elmore, deeply oppressed by the tragic parallel.

'He's just beginning to feel it about now,' said Hoskins, with strange *sang froid*. 'I reckon it's a good deal like being shot. I didn't fully appreciate my little hit under a couple of days. Then I began to find out that something had happened. Look here,' he added, 'I want to show you something;' and he pulled the wet cloth off a breadth of clay which he had set up on a board stayed against the wall. It was a bas-relief representing a female figure advancing from the left corner over a stretch of prairie toward a bulk of forest on the right; bison, bear and antelope fled before her; a lifted hand shaded her eyes; a star lit the fillet that bound her hair.

'That's the best thing you've done, Hoskins,' said Elmore. 'What do you call it?'

'Well, I haven't settled yet. I have thought of "Westward the Star of Empire," but that's rather long; and I've thought of "American Enterprise." I ain't in any hurry to name it. You like it, do you?'

'I like it immensely!' cried Elmore. 'You must let me bring the ladies to see it.'

'Well, not just yet,' said the sculptor, in some confusion. 'I want to get it a little further along first.'

They stood looking together at the figure; and when Elmore went away he puzzled himself about something in it—he could not tell exactly what. He thought he had seen that face and figure before, but this is what often occurs to the connoisseur of modern sculpture. His mind heavily reverted to Lily and her suitors. Take her in one way, especially in her subordination to himself, the girl was as simply a child as any in the world—good-hearted, tender and sweet, and, as he could see, without tendency to flirtation. Take her in another way, confront her with a young and marriageable man, and Elmore greatly feared that she unconsciously set all her beauty and grace at work to charm him; another life seemed to inform

her, and irradiate from her, apart from which she existed simple and child-like still. In the security of his own deposited affections, it appeared to him cruelly absurd that a passion which any other pretty girl might, and some other pretty girl in time must, have kindled, should cling, when once awakened, so inalienably to the pretty girl who had, in a million chances, chanced to awaken it. He wondered how much of this constancy was natural, and how much merely attributive and traditional, and whether human happiness or misery were increased by it, on the whole.

IX.

In the respite which followed the dismissal of Andersen, the English painter Rose-Black visited the Elmore's as often as the servant, who had orders in his case to say that they were *impediti*, failed of her duty. They could not always escape him at the *café*, and they would have left off dining at the hotel but for the shame of feeling that he had driven them away. If he had been an Englishman repelling their advances, instead of an Englishman pursuing them, he could not have been more offensive. He affronted their national as well as personal self-esteem; he early declared himself a sympathizer with the Southrons (as the London press then called them), and he expressed the current belief of his compatriots that we were going to the dogs.

'What do you really make of him, Owen?' asked Mrs. Elmore, after an evening that, in its improbable discomfort, had passed quite like a nightmare.

'Well, I've been thinking a good deal about him. I have been wondering if, in his phenomenal way, he is not a final expression of the national genius—the stupid contempt for the rights of others; the tacit denial of the rights of any people who are at English mercy; the assumption that the

courtesies and decencies of life are for use exclusively towards Englishmen.'

This was in that embittered old war-time : we have since learned how forbearing and generous and amiable Englishmen are ; how they never take advantage of any one they believe stronger than themselves, or fail in consideration for those they imagine their superiors ; how you have but to show yourself successful in order to win their respect, and even affection.

But for the present Mrs. Elmore replied to her husband's perverted ideas, 'Yes, it must be so,' and she supported him in the ineffectual experiment of deferential politeness, Christian charity, broad humanity, and savage rudeness upon Rose-Black. It was all one to Rose-Black.

He took an air of serious protection toward Mrs. Elmore, and often gave her advice, while he practised an easy gallantry with Lily, and ignored Elmore altogether. His intimacy was superior to the accidents of their moods, and their slights and snubs were accepted apparently as interesting expressions of a civilization about which he was insatiably curious, especially as regarded the relations of young people. There was no mistaking the fact that Rose-Black, in his way, had fallen under the spell which Elmore had learned to dread ; but there was nothing to be done, and he helplessly waited. He saw what must come ; and one evening it came, when Rose-Black, in more than usually offensive patronage, lolled back upon the sofa at Miss Mayhew's side, and said :

'About flirtations, now, in America—tell me something about flirtations. We've heard so much about your American flirtations. We only have them with married ladies on the Continent, and I don't suppose Mrs. Elmore would think of one.'

'I don't know what you mean,' said Lily. 'I don't know anything about flirtations.'

This seemed to amuse Rose-Black as

an uncommonly fine piece of American humour, which was then just beginning to make its way with the English.

'Oh, but come, now, you don't expect me to believe that, you know. If you won't tell me, suppose you show me what an American flirtation is like. Suppose we get up a flirtation. How should you begin?'

The girl rose with a more imposing air than Elmore could have imagined of her stature ; but almost any woman can be awful in emergencies.

'I should begin by bidding you good evening,' she answered, and swept out of the room.

Elmore felt as if he had been left alone with a man mortally hurt in combat, and were likely to be arrested for the deed. He gazed with fascination upon Rose-Black, and wondered to see him stir, and at last rise, and with some clumsy words, get himself away. He dared not lift his gaze to the man's eyes, lest he should see there a reflection of the pain that filled his own. He would have gone after him, and tried to say something in condolence, but he was quite helpless to move ; and as he sat still, gazing at the door through which Rose-Black disappeared, Mrs. Elmore said, quietly :

'Well, really, I think that ought to be the last of him. You see, she's quite able to take care of herself when she knows her ground. You can't say that she has thrown the brunt of this affair upon you, Owen.'

'I am not so sure of that,' sighed Elmore. 'I think I suffer less when I do it than when I see it. It's horrible.'

'He deserved it, every bit,' returned his wife.

'Oh, I dare say,' Elmore granted. 'But the sight even of justice isn't pleasant, I find.'

'I don't understand you, Owen. Why do you care so much for this impudent fellow's little snub, and yet be so indifferent about refusing Captain Ehrhardt?'

'I'm not indifferent about it, my dear. I know that I did right, but I don't know that I could do right under the same circumstances again.'

In fact, there were times when Elmore found almost insupportable the absolute conclusion to which that business had come. It is hard to believe that anything has come to an end in this world. For a time, death itself leaves the ache of an unsatisfied expectation, as if somehow the interrupted life must go on, and there is no change we make or suffer which is not denied by the sensation of daily habit. If Ehrhardt had really come back from the vague limbo to which he had been so inexorably relegated, he might only have restored the original situation in all its discomfort and apprehension; yet maintaining, as he did, this perfect silence and absence, he established a hold upon Elmore's imagination which deepened because he could not discuss the matter frankly with his wife. He weakly feared to let her know what was passing in his thoughts, lest some misconception of hers should turn them into self-accusal or urge him to some attempt at the reparation toward which he wavered. He really could have done nothing that would not have made the matter worse, and he confined himself to speculating upon the character and history of the man whom he knew only by the incoherent hearsay of two excited women, and by the brief record of hope and passion left in the notes which Lily treasured somewhere among the archives of a young girl's triumphs. He had a morbid curiosity to see these letters again, but he dared not ask for them; and indeed it would have been an idle self-indulgence; he remembered them perfectly well. Seeing Lily so indifferent, it was characteristic of him, in that safety from consequences which he chiefly loved, that he should tacitly constitute himself, in some sort, the champion of her rejected suitor, whose pain he luxuriously fancied in all its

different stages and degrees. His indolent pity even developed into a sort of self-righteous abhorrence of the girl's hardness. But this was wholly within himself, and could do no sort of harm. If he never ventured to hint these feelings to his wife, he was still farther from confessing them to Lily; but once he approached the subject to Hoskins, in a well-guarded generality relating to the different kinds of sensibility developed by the European and American civilization. A recent suicide for love which excited all Venice at that time—an Austrian officer hopelessly attached to an Italian girl had shot himself—had suggested their talk, and given fresh poignancy to the misgivings in Elmore's mind.

'Well,' said Hoskins, 'those Dutch are queer. They don't look at women as respectfully as we do, and they mix up so much cabbage with their romance that you don't know exactly how to take them; and yet here you find this fellow suffering just as much as a white man because the girl's folks won't let her have him. In fact, I don't know but he suffered more than the average American citizen. I think we have a great deal more common sense in our love-affairs. We respect women more than any other people, and I think we show them more true politeness; we let 'em have their way more, and get their finger into the pie right along, and its right we should: but we don't make fools of ourselves about them as a general rule. We know they're awfully nice, and they know we know it; and it's a perfectly understood thing all round. We've been used to each other all our lives, and they're just as sensible as we are. They like a fellow, when they do like him, about as well as any of 'em; but they know he's a man and a brother, after all, and he's got ever so much human nature in him. Well, now, I reckon one of these Dutch chaps, the first time he gets a chance to speak with a pretty girl, thinks he's got hold of a goddess, and I suppose the girl feels

just so about him. Why, it's natural they should,—they've never had any chance to know any better, and your feelings *are* apt to get the upper hand of you, at such times, any way. I don't blame 'em. One of 'em goes off and shoots himself, and the other one feels as if she was never going to get over it. Well, now, look at the way Miss Lily acted in that little business of hers; one of these girls over here would have had her head completely turned by that adventure; but when she couldn't see her way exactly clear, she puts the case in your hands, and then stands by what you do, as calm as a clock.'

'It was a very perplexing thing. I did the best I knew,' said Elmore.

'Why, of course you did,' cried Hoskins, 'and she sees that as well as you or I do, and she stands by you accordingly. I tell you that girl's got a cool head.'

In his soul Elmore ungratefully and inconsistently wished that her heart were not equally cool; but he only said:

'Yes, she is a good and sensible girl. I hope the—the—other one is equally resigned.'

'Oh, he'll get along,' answered Hoskins, with the indifference of one man for the sufferings of another in such matters. We are able to offer a brother very little comfort and scarcely any sympathy in those unhappy affairs of the heart which move women to a pretty compassion for a disappointed sister. A man in love is in nowise interesting to us for that reason; and if he is unfortunate, we hope at the furthest that he will have better luck next time. It is only here and there that a sentimentalist like Elmore stops to pity him; and it is not certain that even he would have sighed over Captain Ehrhardt if he had not been the means of his disappointment. As it was, he came away, feeling that doubtless Ehrhardt had 'got along,' and resolved, at least, to spend no more unavailing regrets upon him.

The time passed very quietly now, and if it had not been for Hoskins, the ladies must have found it dull. He had nothing to do, except as he made himself occupation with his art, and he willingly bestowed on them the leisure which Elmore could not find. They went everywhere with him, and saw the city to advantage through his efforts. Doors closed to ordinary curiosity opened to the magic of his card, and he showed a pleasure in using such little privileges as his position gave him for their amusement. He went upon errands for them; he was like a brother, with something more than a brother's pliability; he came half the time to breakfast with them, and was always welcome to all. He had the gift of extracting comfort from the darkest news about the war; he was a prophet of unflinching good to the Union cause, and in many hours of despondency they willingly submitted to the authority of his greater experience, and took heart again.

'I like your indomitable hopefulness, Hoskins,' said Elmore, on one of those occasions when the consul was turning defeat into victory. 'There's a streak of unconscious poetry in it, just as there is in your taking up the subjects you do. I imagine that, so far as the judgment of the world goes, our fortunes are at the lowest ebb just now—'

'Oh, the world is wrong!' interrupted the consul. 'Those London papers are all in the pay of the rebels.'

'I mean that we have no sort of sympathy in Europe; and yet here you are embodying in your conception of "Westward" the arrogant faith of the days when our destiny seemed universal union and universal dominion. There is something sublime to me in your treatment of such a work at such a time. I think an Italian, for instance, if his country were involved in a life-and-death struggle like this of ours, would have expressed something of the anxiety and appre-

hension of the time in it; but this conception of yours is as serenely undisturbed by the facts of the war as if secession had taken place in another planet. There is something Greek in that repose of feeling, triumphant over circumstance. It is like the calm beauty which makes you forget the anguish of the Laocöon.'

'Is that so, Professor?' said Hoskins, blushing modestly, as an artist often must in these days of creative criticism. He seemed to reflect awhile before he added: 'Well, I reckon you're partly right. If we ever did go to smash, it would take us a whole generation to find it out. We have all been raised to put so much dependence on Uncle Sam that if the old gentleman really did pass in his checks we should only think he was lying low for a new deal. I never happened to think it out before, but I'm pretty sure it's so.'

'Your work wouldn't be worth half so much to me if you had "thought it out,"' said Elmore. 'Its the unconsciousness of the faith that makes its chief value, as I said before; and there is another thing about it that interests and pleases me still more.'

'What's that?' asked the sculptor.

'The instinctive way in which you have given the figure an entirely American quality. There was something very familiar to me in it the first time you showed it, but I've only just been able to formulate my impression: I see now that, while the spirit of your conception is Greek, you have given it, as you ought, the purest American expression. Your "Westward" is no Hellenic goddess; she is a vivid and self-reliant American girl.'

At these words, Hoskins reddened deeply, and seemed not to know where to look. Mrs. Elmore had the effect of escaping through the door into her own room, and Miss Mayhew ran out upon the balcony. Hoskins followed each in turn with a queer glance, and sat a moment in silence. Then he said, 'Well, I reckon I must be going,'

and he went rather abruptly without offering to take leave of the ladies.

As soon as he was gone, Lily came in from the balcony and whipped into Mrs. Elmore's room, from which she flashed again in swift retreat to her own, and was seen no more; and then Mrs. Elmore came back, with a flushed face, to where her husband sat, mystified.

'My dear,' he said, gravely, 'I'm afraid you've hurt Mr. Hoskins' feelings.'

'Do you think so?' she asked; and then she burst into a wild cry of laughter. 'Oh, Owen, Owen, you will kill me yet!'

'Really,' he replied, with dignity. 'I don't see any occasion in what I said for this extraordinary behaviour.'

'Of course you don't, and that's just what makes the fun of it. So you found something familiar in Mr. Hoskins' statue from the first, did you?' she cried. 'And you didn't notice anything particular in it?'

'Particular? Particular?' he demanded, beginning to lose his patience at this.

'Oh,' she exclaimed, 'couldn't you see that it was Lily all over again?'

Elmore laughed in turn.

'Why, so it is; so it is! That accounts for everything that puzzled me. I don't wonder my maunderings amused you. It *was* ridiculous, to be sure! When in the world did she give him the sittings, and how did you manage to keep it from me so well?'

'Owen!' cried his wife, with terrible severity. 'You don't think that Lily would let him put her into it?'

'Why, I supposed—I didn't know—I don't see! how he could have done it unless —'

'He did it without leave or license,' said Mrs. Elmore. 'We saw it all along, but he never "let on," as he would say about it, and we never meant to say anything, of course.'

'Then,' replied Elmore, delighted with the fact, 'it has been a purely unconscious piece of celebration.'

'Celebration!' exclaimed Mrs. Elmore, with more scorn than she knew how to express. 'I should think as much!'

'Well, I don't know,' said Elmore, with the pique of a man who does not care to be quite trampled under foot. 'I don't see that the theory is so very unphilosophical.'

'Oh, not at all!' mocked his wife. 'It's philosophical to the last degree, Be as philosophical as you please, Owen; I shall love you still the same.' She came up to him where he sat, and twisting her arm around his face, patronizingly kissed him on top of the head. Then she released him, and left him with another burst of derision.

X.

After this, Elmore had such an uncomfortable feeling that he hated to see Hoskins again, and he was relieved when the sculptor failed to make his usual call, the next evening. He had not been at dinner either, and he did not reappear for several days. Then he merely said that he had been spending the time at Chioggia, with a French painter who was making some studies down there, and they all took up the old routine of their friendly life without embarrassment.

At first it seemed to Elmore that Lily was a little shy of Hoskins, and he thought that she resented his using her charm in his art; but before the evening wore away, he lost this impression. They all got into a long talk about home, and she took her place at the piano and played some of the war songs that had begun to supersede the old negro melodies. Then she wandered back to them, with fingers that idly drifted over the keys, and ended with 'Stop dat knockin',' in which Hoskins joined with his powerful bass in the recitative, 'Let me in,' and Elmore himself had half a mind to attempt a part. The sculptor rose as she struck the keys with a final crash, but lingered, as his fashion was

when he had something to propose; if he felt pretty sure that the thing would be liked, he brought it in as if he had only happened to remember it. He now drew out a large, square, ceremonious-looking envelope, at which he glanced as if, after all, he was rather surprised to see it, and said, 'Oh, by the by, Mrs. Elmore, I wish you'd tell me what to do about this thing. Here's something that's come to me in my official capacity, but it isn't exactly consular business,—if it was I don't believe I should ask *any* lady for instructions,—and I don't know exactly what to do. It's so long since I corresponded with a princess that I don't even know how to answer her letter.'

The ladies perhaps feared a hoax of some sort, and would not ask to see the letter; and then Hoskins recognised his failure to play upon their curiosity with a laugh, and gave the letter to Mrs. Elmore. It was an invitation to a masked ball, of which all Venice had begun to speak. A great Russian lady, who had come to spend the winter in the Lagoons, and had taken a whole floor at one of the hotels, had sent out her cards, apparently to all the available people in the city, for the event which was to take place a fortnight later. In the meantime, a thrill of preparation was felt in various quarters, and the ordinary course of life was interrupted in a way that gave some idea of the old times, when Venice was the capital of pleasure, and everything yielded there to the great business of amusement. Mrs. Elmore had found it impossible to get a pair of fine shoes finished until after the ball; a dress which Lily had ordered could not be made; their laundry had given notice that for the present all fluting and quilling was out of the question; one already heard that the chief Venetian *perruquier* and his assistants were engaged for every moment of the forty-eight hours before the ball, and that whoever had him now must sit up with her hair

half-dressed for two nights at least. Mrs. Elmore had a fanatical faith in these stories; and while agreeing with her husband, as a matter of principle, that mask balls were wrong, and that it was in bad taste for a foreigner to insult the sorrow of Venice by a festivity of the sort at such a time, she had secretly indulged longings which the sight of Hoskins' invitation rendered almost insupportable. Her longings were not for herself, but for Lily; if she could provide Lily with the experience of a masquerade in Venice, she could overpay all the kindnesses that the Mayhews had ever done her. It was an ambition neither ignoble nor ungenerous, and it was with a really heroic effort that she silenced it in passing the invitation to her husband, and simply saying to Hoskins:

'Of course you will go.'

'I don't know about that,' he answered. 'That's the point I want some advice on. You see, this document calls for a lady to fill out the bill.'

'Oh,' returned Mrs. Elmore, 'you will find some Americans at the hotels. You can take them.'

'Well, now, I was thinking, Mrs. Elmore, that I should like to take you.'

'Take me?' she echoed, tremulously. 'What an idea! I'm too old to go to mask balls.'

'You don't look it,' suggested Hoskins.

'Oh, I couldn't go,' she sighed. 'But it's very, very kind.'

Hoskins dropped his head, and gave the low chuckle with which he confessed any little bit of humbug.

'Well, you or Miss Lily.'

Lily had retired to the other side of the room as soon as the parley about the invitation began. Without asking or seeing, she knew what was in the note, and now she felt it right to make a feint of not knowing what Mrs. Elmore meant when she asked:

'What do *you* say, Lily?'

When the question was duly explained to her, she answered languidly:

'I don't know. Do you think I'd better?'

'I might as well make a clean breast of it first as last,' said Hoskins. 'I thought perhaps Mrs. Elmore might refuse, she's so stiff about some things'—here he gave that chuckle of his,—'and so I came prepared for contingencies. It occurred to me that it mightn't be quite the thing, and so I went around to the Spanish consul and asked him how he thought it would do for me to matronize a young lady, if I could get one, and he said he didn't think it would do at all.'

Hoskins let this adverse decision sink into the breasts of his listeners before he added:

'But he said that he was going with his wife, and that if we would come along she could matronize us both. I don't know how it would work,' he concluded impartially.

They all looked at Elmore, who stood holding the princess's missive in his hand, and darkly forecasting the chances of consent and denial. At the first suggestion of the matter, a reckless hope that this ball might bring Ehrhardt above their horizon again sprang up in his heart, and became a desperate fear when the whole responsibility of action was, as usual, left with him. He stood, feeling that Hoskins had used him very ill.

'I suppose,' began Mrs. Elmore, very thoughtfully, 'that this will be something quite in the style of the old masquerades under the Republic.'

'Regular Ridotto business, the Spanish consul says,' answered Hoskins.

'It might be very useful to you, Owen,' she resumed, 'in an historical way, if Lily were to go and take notes of everything; so that when you came to that period you could describe its corruptions intelligently.'

Elmore laughed.

'I never thought of that, my dear,' he said, returning the invitation to Hoskins. 'Your historical sense has been awakened late, but it promises

to be very active. Lily had better go, by all means, and I shall depend upon her coming home with very full notes upon her dance-list.'

They laughed at the professor's sarcasm, and Hoskins, having undertaken to see that the last claims of etiquette were satisfied by getting an invitation sent to Miss Mayhew through the Spanish consul, went off, and left the ladies to the discussion of ways and means. Mrs. Elmore said that of course it was now too late to hope to get anything done, and then set herself to devise the character that Lily would have appeared in if there had been time to get her ready, or if all the work-people had not been so busy that it was merely frantic to think of anything. She first patriotically considered her as Columbia, with the customary drapery of stars and stripes and the cap of liberty. But while holding that she would have looked very pretty in the dress, Mrs. Elmore decided that it would have been too hackneyed; and besides, everybody would have known instantly who it was.

'Why not have her go in the character of Mr. Hoskins's "Westward"?' suggested Elmore, with lazy irony.

'The very thing!' cried his wife. 'Owen, you deserve great credit for thinking of that; no one else would have done it! No one will dream what it means, and it will be great fun, letting them make it out. We must keep it a dead secret from Mr. Hoskins, and let her surprise him with it when he comes for her that evening. It will be a very pretty way of returning his compliment, and it will be a sort of delicate acknowledgment of his kindness in asking her, and in so many other ways. Yes, you've hit it exactly, Owen; she shall go as "Westward."'

'Go?' echoed Elmore, who had with difficulty realized the rapid change of tense. 'I thought you said you couldn't get her ready.'

'We must manage somehow,' replied Mrs. Elmore. And somehow a

shoemaker for the sandals, a seamstress for the delicate flowing draperies, a hair-dresser for the young girl's rebellious abundance of hair beneath the star-lit fillet, were actually found — with the help of Hoskins, as usual, though he was not suffered to know anything of the character to whose make-up he contributed. The *perruquier*, a personage of lordly address naturally, and of dignity heightened by the demand in which he found himself, came early in the morning, and had been received by Elmore with a self-possession that ill-comported with the solemnity of the occasion.

'Sit down,' said Elmore, pushing him a chair. 'The ladies will be here presently.'

'But I have no time to sit down, signore!' replied the artist, with an imperious bow, 'and the ladies must be here instantly.'

Mrs. Elmore always said that if she had not heard this conversation, and hurried in at once, the *perruquier* would have left them at that point. But she contrived to appease him by the manifestation of an intelligent sympathy; she made Lily leave her breakfast untasted, and submit her beautiful head to the touch of this man, with whom it was but a head of hair and nothing more; and in an hour the work was done. The artist whisked away the cloth which covered her shoulders, and crying, 'Behold!' bowed splendidly to the spectators, and without waiting for criticism or suggestion, took his napoleon and went his way. All that day the work of his skill was sacredly guarded, and the custodian of the treasure went about with her head on her shoulders, as if it had been temporarily placed in her keeping, and were something she was not at all used to taking care of. More than once Mrs. Elmore had to warn her against sinister accidents. 'Remember, Lily,' she said, 'that if anything *did* happen, NOTHING could be done to save you!' In spite of himself, Elmore shared these anxieties, and in the

depths of his wonted studies he found himself pursued and harassed by vague apprehensions, which, upon analysis, proved to be fears for Miss Lily's hair. It was a great moment when the robe came home—rather late—from the dress-maker's, and had to be put on over Lily's head; but from this thrilling rite Elmore was of course excluded, and only knew of it afterward by hearsay. He did not see her till she came out just before Hoskins arrived to fetch her away, when she appeared radiantly perfect in her dress, and in the air with which she meant to carry it off. At Mrs. Elmore's direction she paraded dazzlingly up and down the room a number of times, looking down to see how her dress hung, as she walked. Mrs. Elmore, with her head on one side, scrutinized her in every detail, and Elmore regarded her young beauty and delight with a pride as innocent as her own. A dim regret, evaporating in a long sigh, which made the others laugh, recalled him to himself, as the bell rang and Hoskins appeared. He was received in a preconcerted silence, and he looked from one to the other with his queer, knowing smile, and took in the whole affair without a word.

'Isn't it a pretty idea?' said Mrs. Elmore. 'Studied from an antique bas-relief, or just the same as an antique—full of the anguish and the repose of the Laocöon.'

'Mrs. Elmore,' said the sculptor, 'you're too many for me. I reckon the procession had better start before I make a fool of myself. Well!' This was all Hoskins could say; but it sufficed. The ladies declared afterward that if he had added a word more, it would have spoiled it. They had expected him to go to the ball in the character of a miner, perhaps, or in that of a trapper of the great plains; but he had chosen to appear more naturally as a courtier of the time of Louis XIV. 'When you go in for a disguise,' he explained, 'you can't make it too complete; and I consider

that this limp of mine adds the last touch.'

'It's no use to sit up for them,' Mrs. Elmore said, when she and her husband had come in from calling good wishes and last instructions after them from the balcony, as their gondola pushed away. 'We sha'n't see anything more of *them* till morning. Now, this,' she added, 'is something like the gaiety that people at home are always fancying in Europe. Why, I can remember when I used to imagine that American tourists figured brilliantly in *salons* and *conversazioni*, and spent their time in masking and throwing *confetti* in carnival, and going to balls and opera. I didn't know what American tourists were then, and how dismally they moped about in hotels and galleries and churches. And I didn't know how stupid Europe was socially—how perfectly dead and buried it was, especially for young people. It would be fun if things happened so that Lily never found it out! I don't think two offers already—or three, if you count Rose-Black—are very bad for *any* girl; and now this ball, coming right on top of it, where she will see hundreds of handsome officers! Well, she'll never miss Patmos at this rate, will she?'

'Perhaps she had better never have left Patmos,' suggested Elmore, gravely.

'I don't know what you mean, Owen,' said his wife, as if hurt.

'I mean that it's a great pity she should give herself up to the same frivolous amusement here that she had there. The only good that Europe can do American girls who travel here is to keep them in total exile from what they call a good time—from parties and attentions and flirtations; to force them, through the hard discipline of social deprivation, to take some interest in the things that make for civilization—in history, in art, in humanity.'

'Now, there I differ with you, Owen. I think American girls are the nicest girls in the world, just as

they are. And I don't see any harm in the things you think are so awful. You've lived so long here among your manuscripts that you've forgotten there is any such time as the present. If you are getting so Europeanized, I think the sooner we go home the better.'

'I getting Europeanized!' began Elmore, indignantly.

'Yes, Europeanized! And I don't want you to be too severe with Lily, Owen. The child stands in terror of you now; and if you keep on in this way, she can't draw a natural breath in the house.'

There is always something flattering, at first, to a gentle and peaceable man in the notion of being terrible to any one; Elmore melted at these words, and at the fear that he might have been, in some way that he could not think of, really harsh.

'I should be very sorry to distress her,' he began.

'Well, you haven't distressed her yet,' his wife relented. 'Only you must be careful not to. She was going to be very circumspect, Owen, on your account, for she really appreciates the interest you take in her, and I think she sees that it won't do to be at all free with strangers over here. This ball will be a great education for Lily, — a *great* education. I'm going to commence a letter to Sue about her costume, and all that, and leave it open to finish up when Lily gets home.'

When she went to bed, she did not sleep till after the time when the girl ought to have come; and when she awoke to a late breakfast, Lily had still not returned. By eleven o'clock she and Elmore had passed the stage of accusing themselves, and then of accusing each other, for allowing Lily to go in the way they had; and had come to the question of what they had better do, and whether it was practicable to send to the Spanish consulate and ask what had become of her. They had resigned themselves to waiting for one half-hour longer, when

they heard her voice at the water-gate, gaily forbidding Hoskins to come up; and running out upon the balcony, Mrs. Elmore had a glimpse of the courtier, very tawdry by daylight, re-entering his gondola, and had only time to turn about when Lily burst laughing into the room.

'Oh, don't look at me, Professor Elmore!' she cried. 'I'm literally danced to rags!'

Her dress and hair were splashed with drippings from the wax candles; she was wildly decorated with favours from the German, and one of these had been used to pin up a rent which the spur of a hussar had made in her robe; her hair had escaped from its fastenings during the night, and in putting it back she had broken the star in her fillet; it was now kept in place by a bit of black-and-yellow cord which an officer had lent her.

'He said he should claim it of me the first time we met,' she exclaimed, excitedly. 'Why, Professor Elmore,' she implored, with a laugh, 'don't look at me *so!*'

Grief and indignation were in his heart.

'You look like the spectre of last night,' he said with a dreamy severity, and as if he saw her merely as a vision.

'Why, that's the way I *feel!*' she answered; and with a reproachful cry of 'Owen!' his wife followed her flight to her room.

XI.

Elmore went out for a long walk, from which he returned disconsolate at dinner. He was one of those people, common enough in our Puritan civilization, who would rather forego any pleasure than incur the reaction which must follow with all the keenness of remorse; and he always mechanically pitied (for the operation was not a rational one) such unhappy persons as he saw enjoying themselves. But he had not meant to add bitterness to the anguish which Lily would

necessarily feel in retrospect of the night's gaiety, he had not known that he was recognising, by those unsparing words of his, the nervous misgivings in the girl's heart. He scarcely dared ask, as he sat down at the table with Mrs. Elmore alone, whether Lily were asleep.

'Asleep?' she echoed in a low tone of mystery. 'I hope so.'

'Celia, Celia!' he cried, in despair. 'What shall I do? I feel terribly at what I said to her.'

'Sh! At what you said to her? Oh, yes! Yes, that was cruel. But there is so much else, poor child, that I had forgotten that.'

He let his plate of soup stand untasted.

'Why—why,' he faltered, 'didn't she enjoy herself?'

And a historian of Venice, whose mind should have been wholly engaged in philosophizing the republic's difficult past, hung abjectly upon the question whether a young girl had or had not had a good time at a ball.

'Yes. Oh, yes! She enjoyed herself—if that's all you require,' replied his wife. 'Of course she wouldn't have stayed so late if she hadn't enjoyed herself.'

'No,' he said, in a tone which he tried to make leading; but his wife refused to be led by indirect methods. She ate her soup, but in a manner to carry increasing bitterness to Elmore with every spoonful.

'Come, Celia!' he cried at last, 'tell me what has happened. You know how wretched this makes me. Tell me it, whatever it is. Of course, I must know it in the end. Are there any new complications?'

'No new complications,' said his wife, as if resenting the word. 'But you make such a bugbear of the least little matter that there's no encouragement to tell you anything.'

'Excuse me,' he retorted, 'I haven't made a bugbear of this.'

'You haven't had the opportunity.' This was so grossly unjust that Elmore

merely shrugged his shoulders and remained silent. When it finally appeared that he was not going to ask anything more, his wife added: 'If you could listen, like anyone else, and not interrupt with remarks that distort all one's ideas——' Then, as he persisted in his silence, she relented still further. 'Why, of course, as you say, you will have to know it in the end. But I can tell you, to begin with, Owen, that it's nothing you can do anything about, or take hold of in any way. Whatever it is, it's done and over; so it needn't distress you at all.'

'Ah, I've known something done and over that distressed me a great deal,' he suggested.

'The princess wasn't so very young after all,' said Mrs. Elmore, as if this had been the point in dispute, 'but very fat and jolly, and very kind. She wasn't in costume; but there was a young countess with her, helping to receive, who appeared as Night,—black tulle, you know, with silver stars. The Princess seemed to take a great fancy to Lily,—the Russians always have sympathized with us in the war,—and all the time she wasn't dancing, the princess kept her by her, holding her hand and patting it. The officers—hundreds of them in their white uniforms and those magnificent hussar dresses—were very obsequious to the princess, and Lily had only too many partners. She says you can't imagine how splendid the scene was, with all those different costumes, and the rooms a perfect blaze of wax lights; the windows were battened, so that you couldn't tell when it came daylight, and she hadn't any idea how the time was passing. They were not all in masks; and there didn't seem to be any regular hour for unmasking. She can't tell just when the supper was, but she thinks it must have been towards morning. She says Mr. Hoekins got on capitally, and everybody seemed to like him, he was so jolly and good-natured; and when they

found that he had been wounded in the war, they made quite a 'belle' of him, as he called it. The princess made a point of introducing all the officers to Lily that came up after they unmasked. They paid her the greatest attention, and you can easily see that she was the prettiest girl there.'

'I can believe that without seeing,' said Elmore, with magnanimous pride in the loveliness that had made him so much trouble. 'Well?'

'Well, they couldn't any of them get the hang, as Mr. Hoskins said, of the character she came in, for a good while; but when they did, they thought it was the best idea there: and it was all *your* idea, Owen,' said Mrs. Elmore, in accents of such tender pride that he knew she must now be approaching the difficult passage of her narration. 'It was so perfectly new and unconventional. She got on very well speaking Italian with the officers, for she knew as much as they did.'

Here Mrs. Elmore paused, and glanced hesitatingly at her husband. 'They only made one little mistake; but that was at the beginning, and they soon got over it.' Elmore suffered, but he did not ask what it was, and his wife went on with smooth caution. 'Lily thought it was just as it is at home, and she mustn't dance with any one unless he had been introduced. So, after the first dance with the Spanish consul, as her escort, a young officer came up and asked her; and she refused, for she thought it was a great piece of presumption. Afterward the princess told her she could dance with any one, introduced or not, and so she did; and pretty soon she saw this first officer looking at her very angrily, and going about speaking to others and glancing toward her. She felt badly about it, when she saw how it was; and she got Mr. Hoskins to go and speak to him. Mr. Hoskins asked him if he spoke English, and the officer said no; and it seems that he didn't know Italian either, and Mr. Hoskins tried him in Spanish,—he picked up a

little in New Mexico,—and all at once it occurred to Mr. Hoskins to say, "*Parlez-vous Français?*" and says the officer instantly, "*Oui monsieur.*"'

'Of course the man knew French. He ought to have tried him with that in the beginning. What did Hoskins say then?' asked Elmore, impatiently.

'He didn't say anything; that was all the French he knew.'

Elmore broke into a laugh and, laughed on and on with the wild excess of a sad man when once he unpacks his heart in that way. His wife did not, perhaps, feel the absurdity as keenly as he, but she gladly laughed with him, for it smoothed her way to have him in this humour.

'Mr. Hoskins just took him by the arm, and said, "Here! you come along with me," and led him up to the princess, where Lily was sitting; and when the princess had explained to him, Lily rose, and mustered up enough French to say, "*Je vous prie, monsieur, de danser avec moi,*" and after that they were the greatest friends.'

'That was very pretty in her; it was sovereignly gracious,' said Elmore.

'Oh, if an American girl is left to manage for herself she can *always* manage!' cried Mrs. Elmore.

'Well, and what else?' asked her husband.

'Oh, I don't know that it amounts to anything,' said Mrs. Elmore; but did not delay further.

It appeared from what she went on to say, that in the German which began not long after midnight, there was a figure fancifully called the Symphony, in which musical toys were distributed among the dancers in pairs; the possessor of a small pandean-pipe, or tin horn, went about sounding it till he found some lady similarly equipped, when he demanded her in the dance. In this way a tall mask to whom a penny trumpet had fallen, was stalking to and fro among the waltzers, blowing the silly plaything with a disgusted air, when Lily, all unconscious of him, where she sat

with her hand in that of her faithful princess, breathed a responsive note. The mask was instantly at her side, and she was whirling away in the waltz. She tried to make him out, but she had already danced with so many people that she was unable to decide whether she had seen this mask before. He was not disguised, except by the little visor of black silk coming down to the point of his nose; his blond whiskers escaped at either side, and his blond mustache swept beneath like the whiskers and mustaches of fifty other officers present, and he did not speak. This was a permissible caprice of his, but, if she were resolved to make him speak, this also was a permissible caprice. She made a whole turn of the room in studying up the Italian sentence with which she assailed him :

'P'erdoni, Maschere : ma cosa ha detto ?' Non ho ben inteso.'

'Speak English, Mask,' came the reply. 'I did not say anything.'

It came certainly with a German accent, and with a foreigner's deliberation ; but it came at once and clearly.

The English astonished her, and somehow it daunted her, for the mask spoke very gravely ; but she would not let him imagine that he had put her down, and she rejoined, laughingly :

'Oh, I knew that you hadn't spoken, but I thought I would make you.'

'You think you can make me do what you will ?' asked the mask.

'Oh, no. I don't think I could make you tell me who you are, though I should like to make you.'

'And why should you wish to know me ? If you met me in the Piazza you would not recognise my salutation.'

'How do you know that ?' demanded Lily. 'I don't know what you mean.'

'Oh, it is understood yet already,' answered the mask. 'Your compatriót, with whom you live, wishes to be well seen by the Italians, and he would not let you bow to an Austrian.'

'That is not so,' exclaimed Lily, indignantly. 'Professor Elmore wouldn't be so mean ; and, if he would I shouldn't.' She was frightened, but she felt her spirit rising. 'You seem to know so well who I am ; do you think it is fair for you to keep me in ignorance ?'

'I cannot remain masked without your leave. Shall I unmask ? Do you insist.'

'On, no,' she replied. 'You will have to unmask at supper, and then I shall see you. I'm not impatient. I prefer to keep you for a mystery.'

'You will be a mystery to me even when you unmask,' replied the mask, gravely.

Lily was ill at ease, and she gave a little unsuccessful laugh.

'You seem to take the mystery very coolly,' she said, in default of anything else.

'I have studied the American manner,' replied the mask. 'In America they take everything coolly : life and death, love and hate—all things.'

'How do you know that ? You have never been in America.'

'That is not necessary, if the Americans come here to show us.'

'They are not true Americans if they show you that,' cried the girl.

'No !'

'But I see that you are only amusing yourself.'

'And have you never amused yourself with me ?'

'How could I,' she demanded, 'if I never saw you before ?'

'But are you sure of that ?' She did not answer, for in this masquerade banter she had somehow been growing unhappy. 'Shall I prove to you that you have seen me before ? You dare not let me unmask.'

'Oh, I can wait till supper. I shall know then that I have never seen you before. I forbid you to unmask till supper. Will you obey ?' she cried, anxiously.

'I have obeyed in harder things,' replied the mask.

She refused to recognise anything but meaningless badinage in his words. 'Oh, as a soldier, yes! You must be used to obeying orders.' He did not reply, and she added, releasing her hand and slipping it into his arm, 'I am tired now; will you take me back to the princess?'

He led her silently to her place, and left her with a profound bow.

'Now,' said the princess, 'they shall give you a little time to breathe. I will not let them make you dance every minute. They are indiscreet. You shall not take any of their musical instruments, and so you can fairly escape till supper.'

'Thank you,' said Lily, absently, 'that will be the best way;' and she sat languidly watching the dancers. A young naval officer who spoke English ran across the floor to her.

'Come,' he cried, 'I shall have twenty duels on my hands if I let you rest here, when there are so many who wish to dance with you.' He threw a pipe into her lap, and at the same moment a pipe sounded from the other side of the room.

'This is a conspiracy!' exclaimed the girl. 'I will not have it! I am not going to dance any more.' She put the pipe back into his hands; he placed it to his lips and sounded it several times, and then dropped it into her lap again with a laugh, and vanished in the crowd.

'The little fellow is a rogue,' said the princess. 'But he is not so bad as some of them. Monsieur,' she cried in French to the fair-whiskered, tall mask who had already presented himself before Lily, 'I will not permit it, if it is for a trick. You must unmask, or I will dispense mademoiselle from dancing with you.'

The mask did not reply, but turned his eyes upon Lily with an appeal which the holes of the visor seemed to intensify.

'It is a promise,' she said to the princess, rising in a sort of fascina-

tion. 'I have forbidden him to unmask before supper.'

'Oh, very well,' answered the princess, 'if that is the case. But make him bring you back soon; it is almost time.'

'Did you hear, Mask?' asked the girl, as they waltzed away. 'I will only make two turns of the room with you.'

'*Perdoni!*'

'This is too bad!' she exclaimed. 'I will not be trifled with in this way. Either speak English or unmask at once.'

The mask again answered in Italian, with a repeated apology for not understanding.

'You understand very well,' retorted Lily, now really indignant, 'and you know that this passes a jest.'

'Can you speak German?' asked the mask in that tongue.

'Yes, a little, but I do not choose to speak it. If you have anything to say to me you can say it in English.'

'I cannot understand English replied the mask, still in German, and now Lily thought the voice seemed changed; but she clung to her belief that it was some hoax played at her expense, and she continued her efforts to make him answer her in English. The two turns around the room had stretched to half a dozen in this futile task, but she felt herself powerless to leave the mask, who, for his part, betrayed signs of embarrassment, as if he had undertaken a ruse of which he repented. A confused movement in the crowd, and a sudden cessation of the music recalled her to herself, and she now took her partner's arm and hurried with him toward the place where she had left the princess. But the princess had already gone into the supper-room, and she had no other recourse than to follow with the stranger.

As they entered the supper-room she removed her little visor, and she

felt, rather than she saw, the mask put up his hand and lift away his own: he turned his head, and looked down upon her with the face of a man she had never seen before.

'Ah, you are there!' she heard the princess's voice calling to her from one of the tables. 'How tired you look! Here—here! I will make you drink this glass of wine.'

The officer who brought her the wine gave her his arm and led her to the princess, and the late mask mixed with the two-score other tall blond officers.

The night which stretched so far into the day ended at last, and she followed Hoskins down to their gondola. He entered the boat first, to give her his hand in stepping from the *riva*; at the same moment she involuntarily turned at the closing of the door behind her, and found at her side the tall blond mask, or one of the masks, if there were two, who had danced with her. He caught her hand suddenly to his lips, and kissed it.

'Adieu—forgive!' he murmured in English, and then vanished in doors again.

'Owen,' said Mrs. Elmore, dramatically, at the end of her narration, 'who do you think it could have been?'

'I have no doubt as to who it was, Celia,' replied Elmore, with a heat evidently quite unexpected to his wife, 'and if Lily has not been seriously annoyed by the matter I am glad that it has happened. I have had my regrets—my doubts—whether I did not dismiss that man's pretensions too curtly, too unkindly. But I am convinced now that we did exactly right, and that she was wise never to bestow another thought upon him. A man capable of contriving a petty persecution of this sort—of pursuing a young girl who has rejected him in this shameless manner—is no gentleman.'

'It was a persecution,' said Mrs.

Elmore, with a dazed air, as if this view of the case had never occurred to her.

'A miserable, unworthy persecution!' repeated her husband.

'Yes.'

'And we are well rid of him. He has relieved *me* by this last performance, immensely; and I trust that if Lily had any secret lingering regrets, he has given her a final lesson. Though I must say, in justice to her, poor girl, she didn't seem to need it.'

Mrs. Elmore listened with a strange abeyance; she looked beaten and bewildered, while he vehemently uttered these words. She could not meet his eyes, with her consciousness of having her intended romance thrown back upon her hands; and he seemed in no wise eager to meet hers, for whatever consciousness of his own.

'Well, it isn't at all certain that he was the one, after all,' she said.

XII.

Long after the ball, Lily seemed to Elmore's eyes not to have recovered her former tone. He thought she went about languidly, and that she was fitful and dreamy, breaking from moods of unwonted abstraction in bursts of gaiety as unnatural. She did not talk much of the ball; he could not be sure that she ever recurred to it of her own motion. Hoskins continued to come a great deal to the house, and she often talked with him for a whole evening; Elmore fancied she was very serious in these talks.

He wondered if Lily avoided him, or whether this was only an illusion of his; but in any case, he was glad that the girl seemed to find so much comfort in Hoskins's company, and when it occurred to him he always said something to encourage his visits. His wife was singularly quiescent at this time, as if, having accomplished all she wished in Lily's presence at the princess's ball, she was willing to rest for a while from further social en-

deavour. Life was falling into the dull routine again, and after the past shock his nerves were gratefully clothing themselves in the old habits of tranquillity once more, when one day a letter came from the overseers of Patmos University, offering him the presidency of that institution on condition of his early return. The board had in view certain changes, intended to bring the university abreast with the times, which they hoped would meet his approval.

Among those was a modification of the name, which was hereafter to be Patmos University and Military Institute. The board not only believed that popular feeling demanded the introduction of military drill into the college, but they felt that a college which had been closed at the beginning of the Rebellion, through the dedication of its president and nearly all its students to the war, could in no way so gracefully recognise this proud fact of its history as by hereafter making war one of the arts which it taught. The board explained that of course Mr. Elmore would not be expected to take charge of this branch of instruction at once. A competent military assistant would be provided and continued under him as long as he should deem his services essential. The letter closed with a cordial expression of the desire of Elmore's old friends to have him once more in their midst, at the close of labours which they were sure would do credit to the good old university and to the whole city of Patmos.

Elmore read this letter at breakfast, and silently handed it to his wife: they were alone, for Lily, as now often happened, had not yet risen.

'Well?' he said, when she had read it in her turn. She gave it back to him with a look in her dimmed eyes which he could not mistake. 'I see there is no doubt of your feelings, Celia,' he added.

'I don't wish to urge you,' she replied, 'but, yes, I should like to go

back. Yes, I am home-sick. I have been afraid of it before, but this chance of returning makes it certain.'

'And you see nothing ridiculous in my taking the presidency of a military institute?'

'They say expressly that they don't expect you to give instruction in that branch.'

'No, not immediately, it seems,' he said, with his pensive irony. 'And the history?'

'Haven't you almost got notes enough?'

Elmore laughed sadly.

'I have been here two years. It would take me twenty years to write such a history of Venice as I ought not to be ashamed to write; it would take me five years to scamp it as I thought of doing. Oh, I dare say I had better go back. I have neither the time nor the money to give to a work I never was fit for,—of whose magnitude even I was unable to conceive.'

'Don't say that!' cried his wife, with the old sympathy. 'You will write it yet, I know you will. I would rather spend all my days in this—watery mausoleum than have you talk so, Owen.'

'Thank you, my dear; but the work won't be lost, even if I give it up at this point. I can do something with my material, I suppose. And you know that if I didn't *wish* to give up my project, I couldn't. It's a sign of my unfitness for it that I'm able to abandon it. The man who is born to write the history of Venice will have no volition in the matter; he cannot leave it, and he will not die till he has finished.'

He feebly crushed a bit of bread in his fingers as he ended with this burst of feeling, and he shook his head in sad negation to his wife's tender protest:

'Oh, you will come back some day to finish it!'

'No one ever comes back to finish a history of Venice,' he said.

'Oh, yes, you will,' she returned. 'But you need the rest from this kind of work, now, just as you needed rest from your college work before. You need a change of stand-point,—and the American stand-point will be the very thing for you.'

'Perhaps so, perhaps so,' he admitted. 'At any rate, this is a handsome offer, and most kindly made, Celia. It's a great compliment. I didn't suppose they valued me so much.'

'Of course they valued you, and they will be very glad to get you. I call it merely letting the historic material ripen in your mind, or else I shouldn't let you accept. And I shall be glad to go home, Owen, on Lily's account. The child is getting no good here; she's drooping.'

'Drooping?'

'Yes. Don't you see how she mopes about?'

'I'm afraid—that—I—have—noticed.'

He was going to ask why she was drooping; but he could not. He said, recurring to the letter of the overseers:

'So Patmos is a city.'

'Of course it is, by this time,' said his wife, 'with all that prosperity.'

Now that they were determined to go, their little preparations for return were soon made; and a week after Elmore had written to accept the offer of the overseers, they were ready to follow his letter home. Their decision was a blow to Hoskins under which he visibly suffered; and they did not realize till then in what fond and affectionate friendship he held them all. He now frankly spent his whole time with them; he disconsolately helped them pack, and he did all that a consul could do to secure free entry for some objects of Venice that they wished to get in without payment of duties at New York.

He said a dozen times:

'I don't know what I *will* do when you're gone;' and toward the last he

alarmed them for his own interests by beginning to say, 'Well, I don't see but what I will have to go along.'

The last night but one, Lily felt it her duty to talk to him very seriously about his future and what he owed to it. She told him that he must stay in Italy till he could bring home something that would honour the great, precious, suffering country for which he had fought so nobly, and which they all loved. She made the tears come into her eyes as she spoke, and when she said that she should always be proud to be associated with one of his works, Hoskins's voice was quite husky in replying: 'Is that the way you feel about it?'

He went away promising to remain at least till he had finished his bas-relief of 'Westward,' and his figure of the Pacific Slope; and the next morning he sent around by a *facchino* a note to Lily.

She ran it through in the presence of the Elmores, before whom she received it, and then, with a cry of 'I think Mr. Hoskins is too *bad!*' she threw it into Mrs. Elmore's lap, and, catching her handkerchief to her eyes, she burst into tears and went out of the room. The note read:

DEAR MISS LILY: Your kind interest in me gives me courage to say something that will very likely make me hateful to you for evermore. But I have got to say it, and you have got to know it; and it's all the worse for me if you have never suspected it. I want to give my whole life to you, wherever and however you will have it. With you by my side, I feel as if I could really do something that you would not be ashamed of in sculpture, and I believe that I could make you happy. I suppose I believe this because I love you very dearly, and I know the chances are that you will not think this is reason enough. But I would take one chance in a million, and be only too glad of it. I hope it will not worry you to read this: as I said before, I had to tell you. Perhaps it won't be altogether a surprise. I might go on, but I suppose that until I hear from you I had better give you as little of my eloquence as possible.

'CLAY HOSKINS.'

'Well, upon my word,' said Elmore, to whom his wife had transferred the

letter, 'this is very indelicate of Hoskins! I must say, I expected something better of him.'

He looked at the note with a face of disgust.

'I don't know why you had a right to expect anything better of him, as you call it,' retorted his wife. 'It's perfectly natural.'

'Natural!' cried Elmore. 'To put this upon us at the last moment, when he knows how much trouble I've ——'

Lily re-entered the room as precipitately as she had left it, and saved him from betraying himself as to the extent of his confidences in Hoskins.

'Professor Elmore,' she said, bending her reddened eyes upon him, 'I want you to answer this letter for me; and I don't want you to write as you—I mean, don't make it so cutting—so—so—. Why, I *like* Mr. Hoskins! He's been so *kind*! And if you said anything to wound his feelings ——'

'I shall not do that, you may be sure; because, for one reason, I shall say nothing at all to him,' replied Elmore.

'You won't write to him!' she gasped.

'No.'

'Why, what shall I do-o-o-o?' demanded Lily, prolonging the syllable in a burst of grief and astonishment.

'I don't know,' answered Elmore.

'Owen,' cried his wife, interfering for the first time, in response to the look of appeal that Lily turned upon her, 'you *must* write!'

'Celia,' he retorted, boldly, 'I *won't* write. I have a genuine regard for Hoskins; I respect him, and I am very grateful to him for all his kindness to you. He has been like a brother to you both.'

'Why, of course,' interrupted Lily; 'I never thought of him as anything *but* a brother.'

'And though I must say I think it would have been more thoughtful and—and—more considerate in him not to do this ——'

'We did everything we could to fight him off from it,' interrupted Mrs. Elmore, 'both of us. We saw that it was coming, and we tried to stop it. But nothing would help. Perhaps, as he says, he *did* have to do it.'

'I didn't dream of his—having any such idea,' said Elmore. 'I felt so perfectly safe in his coming; I trusted everything to him.'

'I suppose you thought his wanting to come was all unconscious cerebration,' said his wife, disdainfully. 'Well, now you see it wasn't.'

'Yes; but it's too late now to help it; and though I think he ought to have spared us this, if he thought there was no hope for him, still I can't bring myself to inflict pain upon him, and the long and the short of it is, I won't.'

'But how is he to be answered?'

'I don't know. *You* can answer him.'

'I could never do it in the world!'

'I own it's difficult,' said Elmore, coldly.

'Oh, I will answer him—I will answer him,' cried Lily, 'rather than have any trouble about it. Here—here,' she said, reaching blindly for pen and paper, as she seated herself at Elmore's desk, 'give me the ink, quick. Oh, dear! What shall I say? What date is it?—the 25th? And it doesn't matter about the day of the week. "Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hoskins—Dear Mr. Hosk"—Ought you to put Clay Hoskins, Esq., at the top or the bottom—or not at all, when you've said Dear Mr. Hoskins? Esquire seems so cold, anyway, and I *won't* put it! "Dear Mr. Hoskins"—Professor Elmore!' she implored, reproachfully, 'tell me what to say!'

'That would be equivalent to writing the letter,' he began.

'Well, write it then,' she said, throwing down the pen. 'I don't *ask* you to dictate it. Write it,—write anything,—just in pencil, you know; that won't commit you to anything;

they say a thing in pencil isn't legal, —and I'll copy it out in the first person.'

'Owen,' said his wife, 'you shall not refuse! It's inhuman, it's inhospitable, when Lily wants you to do so. Why, I never heard of such a thing!'

Elmore desperately caught up the sheet of paper on which Lily had written 'Dear Mr. Hoskins,' and with a cry of 'Well, well!' he added some skillfully balanced and ornately antithetical phrases, in which she forbade all hope to Hoskins, and invited him to come next day and bid her good-bye at the station.

'There! there, that will do beautifully—beautifully! Oh, thank you, Professor Elmore, ever and ever so much! That will save his feelings, and do everything,' said Lily, sitting down again to copy it; while Mrs. Elmore, looking over her shoulder, mingled her hysterical excitement with the girl's, and helped her out by sealing the note when it was finished and directed.

'It accomplished at least one purpose intended. It kept Hoskins away till the final moment, and it brought him to the station for their adieux just before their train started. A consciousness of the absurdity of his part gave his face a humorously rueful cast. But he came pluckily to the mark. He marched straight up to the girl.

'It's all right, Miss Lily,' he said, and offered her his hand, which she had a strong impulse to cry over. Then he turned to Mrs. Elmore, and while he held her hand in his right, he placed his left affectionately on Elmore's shoulder, and, looking at Lily, he said, 'You ought to get Miss Lily to help you out with your history, Professor; she has a very polished style,—quite a literary style, I should have said, if I hadn't known it was hers. I don't like her subjects, though.'

They broke into a forlorn laugh to-

gether; he wrung their hands once more, without a word, and, without looking back, limped out of the waiting-room and out of their lives.

They did not know that this was really the last of Hoskins,—one never knows that any parting is the last,—and in their inability to conceive of a serious passion in him, they quickly consoled themselves for what he might suffer. They knew how kindly, how tenderly, even, they felt toward him, and by that juggle of the emotions which we all practise at times, they found comfort for him in the fact. Another interest, another figure, began to occupy the morbid fancy of Elmore, and as they approached Peschiera, his expectation became intense. There was no reason why it should exist; it would be by the thousandth chance, even if Ehrhardt were still there, that they should meet him at the railroad station, and there were a thousand chances that he was no longer in Peschiera. He could see that his wife and Lily were restive, too; as the train drew into the station they nodded to each other, and pointed out of the window, as if to identify the spot where Lily had first noticed him; they laughed nervously, and it seemed to Elmore that he could not endure their laughter.

During that long wait which the train used to make in the old Austrian times at Peschiera, while the police authorities *viséd* the passports of those about to cross the frontier, Elmore continued perpetually alert. He was aware that he should not know Ehrhardt if he met him; but he should know that he was present from the looks of Lily and Mrs. Elmore, and he watched them. They dined well in waiting, while he impatiently trifled with the food, and ate next to nothing; and they calmly returned to their places in the train, to which he remounted after a last despairing glance around the platform in a passion of disappointment. The old longing not to be left so wholly to the effect of

what he had done, possessed him to the exclusion of all other sensations, and as the train moved away from the station he fell back against the cushions of the carriage, sick that he should never even have looked on the face of the man in whose destiny he had played so fatal a part.

XIII.

In America, life soon settled into form about the daily duties of Elmore's place, and the daily pleasures and cares which his wife assumed as a leader in Patmos society.

Their sojourn abroad conferred its distinction; the day came when they regarded it as a brilliant episode, and it was only by fitful glimpses that they recognised its essential dulness. After they had been home a year or two, Elmore published his 'Story of Venice in the Lives of her Heroes,' which fell into a ready oblivion; he paid all the expenses of the book, and was puzzled that, in spite of this, the final settlement should still bring him in debt to his publishers. He did not understand, but he submitted; and accepted the failure of his book very meekly. If he could have chosen, he would have preferred that the 'Saturday Review,' which alone noticed it in London with three lines of exquisite slight, should have passed it in silence. But after all, he felt that the book deserved no better fate. He always spoke of it as unphilosophized and incomplete, without any just claim to being.

Lily had returned to her sister's household, but though she came home in the heyday of her young beauty, she failed somehow to take up the story of her life just where she had left it in Patmos. On the way home she had refused an offer in London, and shortly after her arrival in America, she received a letter from a young gentleman whom she had casually seen in Geneva, and who had found exile insupportable since parting with her,

and was ready to return to his native land at her bidding; but she said nothing of these proposals till long afterward to Professor Elmore, who, she said, had suffered enough from her offers. She went to all the parties and picnics, and had abundant opportunities of flirtation and marriage; but she neither flirted nor married. She seemed to have greatly sobered; and the sound sense which she had always shown became more and more qualified with a thoughtful sweetness. At first, the relation between her and the Elmore lost something of its intimacy; but after several years her health gave way, and then a familiarity, even kinder than before, grew up. She used to like to come to them, and talk and laugh fondly over their old Venetian days. But often she sat pensive and absent, in the midst of these memories, and looked at Elmore with a regard which he found hard to bear: a gentle, unconscious wonder it seemed, in which he imagined a shade of tender reproach.

When she recovered her health, after a journey to Colorado one winter, they saw that, by some subtle and indefinable difference, she was no longer a young girl. Perhaps it was because they had not met her for half a year. But perhaps it was age—she was now thirty. However it was, Elmore recognised with a pang that the first youth at least had gone out of her voice and eyes. The next winter she went again to the West. She liked the climate and the people, she said; and she feared to risk another winter in Patmos yet awhile.

She wrote home after awhile that she had opened a *kindergarten*, with another young lady, in Denver.

'She will end by marrying one of those Western widowers,' said Mrs. Elmore.

'I wonder she didn't take poor old Hoskins,' mused Elmore, aloud.

'No you don't, dear,' said his wife, who had not grown less direct in dealing with him. 'You know it would

have been ridiculous ; besides, she never cared anything for him—she couldn't. You might as well wonder why she didn't take Captain Ehrhardt after you dismissed him.'

'I dismissed him?'

'You wrote to him, didn't you?'

'Celia,' cried Elmore, 'this I *cannot* bear. Did I take a single step in that business without her request and your full approval? Didn't you both ask me to write?'

'Yes, I suppose we did.'

'Suppose?'

'Well, we *did*—if you want me to say it. And I'm not accusing you of anything. I know you acted for the best. But you can see yourself, can't you, that it was rather sudden to have it end so quickly——'

She did not finish her sentence, or he did not hear the close in the miserable absence into which he lapsed.

'Celia,' he asked, at last, 'do you think she—she had any feeling about him?'

'Oh,' cried his wife, restively, 'how should I know?'

'I didn't suppose you *knew*,' he pleaded. 'I asked if you thought so.'

'What would be the use of thinking anything about it? The matter can't be helped now. If you inferred from anything she said to you——'

'She told me repeatedly, in answer to questions as explicit as I could make them, that she wished him dismissed.'

'Well, then, very likely she did.'

'Very likely, Celia?'

'Yes. At any rate, it's too late now.'

He was silent again, and he began to walk the floor, after his old habit, without speaking. He was always mute when he was in pain, and he startled her with the anguish in which he now broke forth.

'I give it up! I give it up! Celia, Celia, I'm afraid I did wrong! Yes, I'm afraid that I spoiled two lives. I ventured to lay my sacrilegious hands upon two hearts that a divine force

was drawing together, and put them asunder. It was a lamentable blunder—it was a crime!'

'Why, Owen, how strangely you talk! How could you have done any differently, under the circumstances?'

'Oh, I could have done very differently. I might have seen him, and talked with him brotherly, face to face. He was a fearless and generous soul! And I was meanly scared by my wretched little decorums, for my responsibility to her friends, and I gave him no chance.'

'We wouldn't let you give him any,' interrupted his wife.

'Don't try to deceive yourself, don't try to deceive *me*, Celia! I know well enough that you would have been glad to have me show mercy; and I would not even show him the poor grace of passing his offer in silence, if I must refuse it. I couldn't spare him even so much as that!'

'We decided—we both decided—that it would be better to cut off all hope at once,' urged his wife.'

'Ah, it was I who decided that—decided everything. Leave me to deal honestly with myself at last, Celia! I have tried long enough to believe that it was not I who did it.' The pent-up doubt of years, the long-silenced, self-accusal, burst forth in his words. 'Oh, I have suffered for it. I thought he must come back, somehow, as long as we staid in Venice. When we left Peschiera without a glimpse of him—I wonder I outlived it. But even if I had seen him there, what use would it have been? Would I have tried to repair the wrong done? What did I do but impute unmanly and improper motives to him when he seized his chance to see her once more at that masquerade——'

'No, no, Owen, he was not the one. Lily was satisfied of that long ago. It was nothing but a chance, a coincidence. Perhaps it was some one he had told about the affair——'

'No matter! no matter! If I thought it was he, my blame is the

same. And she, poor girl,—in my lying compassion for him, I used to accuse her of cold-heartedness, of indifference! I wonder she did not abhor the sight of me. How has she ever tolerated the presence, the friendship, of a man who did her this irreparable wrong? Yes, it has spoiled her life, and it was my work. No, no, Celia! you and she had nothing to do with it, except as I forced your consent—it was my work; and, however I have tried openly and secretly to shirk it, I must bear this fearful responsibility.'

He dropped into a chair, and hid his face in his hands, while his wife soothed him with loving excuses for what he had done, with tender protests against the exaggerations of his remorse. She said that he had done the only thing he could do; that Lily wished it, and that she never had blamed him. 'Why, I don't believe she would ever have married Captain Ehrhardt, anyhow. She was full of that silly fancy of hers about Dick Burton all the time—you know how she used to be talking about him; and when she came home and found she had outgrown him she had to refuse him, and I suppose it's that that's made her rather melancholy.' She explained that Major Burton had become extremely fat; that his moustache was too big and black, and his laugh too loud; there was nothing left of him, in fact, but his empty sleeve, and Lily was too conscientious to marry him merely for that.

In fact, Elmore's regret did reflect a monstrous and distorted image of his conduct. He had really acted the part of a prudent and conscientious man; he was perfectly justifiable at every step; but in the retrospect those steps which we can perfectly justify sometimes seem to have cost so terribly that we look back even upon our sinful stumblings with better heart. Heaven knows how such things will be at the last day; but at that moment there was no wrong, no folly of

his youth, of which Elmore did not think with more comfort than of this passage in which he had been so wise and right.

Of course the time came when he saw it all differently again; when his wife persuaded him that he had done the best that any one could do with the responsibilities that ought never to have been laid on a man of his temperament and habits; when he even came to see that Lily's feeling was a matter of pure conjecture with them, and that, so far as they knew, she had never cared anything for Ehrhardt. Yet he was glad to have her away; he did not like to talk of her with his wife; he did not think of her if he could help it.

They heard from time to time through her sister that she was well, and that her little enterprise was prospering; at last they heard directly from her that she was going to be married. Till then Elmore had been dumbly tormented in his sombre moods with the solution of a problem at which his imagination vainly toiled—the problem of how some day she and Ehrhardt should meet again and retrieve all the error of the past for him. He contrived this encounter in a thousand different chances; what he so passionately and sorrowfully longed for accomplished itself continually in his dreams, but only in his dreams. In due course Lily was married, and, from all they could understand, very happily. Her husband was a clergyman, and she took particular interest in his parochial work, which her good heart and clear head especially qualified her to share with him. To connect her fate any longer with that of Ehrhardt was now not only absurd, it was improper; yet Elmore sometimes found his fancy forgetfully at work as before. He could not at once realize that the tragedy of this romance, such as it was, remained to him alone, except, perhaps, as Ehrhardt shared it. With him, indeed, Elmore still sought to fret his remorse, and keep it poig-

nant ; and his failure to do so made him ashamed. But what lasting sorrow can one draw from the disappointment of a man whom one has never

seen ? If Lily could console herself, it finally seemed probable that Ehrhardt, too, had 'got along'

THE END.

A SERENADE.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

SWEET, the Summer moon is shining,
 All the sleeping world enshrining
 In its light ;
 On the broad breast of the river
 Silver moonbeams dance and quiver
 Through the night.

On the grey stones of the tower
 Walling in your maiden bower—
 Sacred place !
 Falls the glamour—bright, bewitching !
 Lending to the moss and lichen
 Tender grace.

Not a sound the silence breaketh,
 Not the faintest echo waketh
 Far or near !
 Man and bird and beast are sleeping,
 But, my night long vigil keeping,
 I am here.

Nor am lonely. Thou art near me !
 Whilst I cannot see or hear thee,
 This is best.
 In the moonlight thou art sleeping,
 I, below, my watch am keeping
 O'er thy rest !

Whilst the star-lit hours number
 Not a sound shall break thy slumber,
 I can ward !
 Sleep ! but, Lady, whilst thou sleepest,
 Dream of him who near thee keepest
 Loving guard !

YORKVILLE.

THE COLONIST ORGAN'S ATTACK ON FREEDOM OF DISCUSSION.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THE future historian of Canada, in relating how the separation occurred between this country and England, will not have much trouble in shewing how each interest and element of civilization got detached from the corresponding interest in England. He will have to state that the people of Canada had self-government almost unconsciously thrust upon them, or had drifted into it without hardly being aware of the change, so gradually had it advanced. When the British flag was hauled down at Quebec, and that of the Dominion hoisted in its place, and the former was packed up with the arms and old sentry boxes and removed to England, scarcely a newspaper in old Canada mentioned the occurrence, or seemed to be aware that an event of the greatest importance had taken place. The dissolution of the religious bonds connecting the Dominion with England, in the separation of the Episcopal, Methodist and Presbyterian Churches from those of England, and the erection of these bodies into independent Canadian Churches, occurred just as noiselessly. Only for the threatenings, prophesyings, and the 'little bird' whisperings of Sir John A. Macdonald, no one out of the profession and Parliament would have had the slightest idea of the great change which had been effected by the Canadian Supreme Court Bill, in severing the legal connection which existed between Canada and England, and thus practically making the Canadian Court independent. The only interest between the two countries, the dissolu-

tion of which caused any excitement, was the commercial one. The Imperial instructions to the Governor-General of Canada required him to submit every Bill respecting the Canadian tariff which passed through the Canadian Parliament to the supervision of Downing Street, before it became law. When Mr. Blake had these instructions abrogated, no one in Canada seemed to have the faintest idea of the import of his work, or of the vast possibilities he had placed within the reach of the Canadian people; but when the thunder clap of September, 1878, came, and Canada asserted her commercial independence and dissolved the commercial tie, which until then had existed between her and England, people began to think of the mental force which had made such a result possible. At present, as regards the four great elements of civilization, agriculture, religion, law and government, Canada has full freedom in the first. In the second, the only bonds she knows of are those of Rome; but in the present age these are scarcely felt. Likewise in law, Canada has advanced considerably, the prerogative of the Sovereign only being saved by the Canadian Supreme Court Act.

Is it not then a matter of surprise when so much has been done, that the people are so utterly slavish as regards the last great element of civilization—Government. In this respect they are still governed by laws in the making of which they have neither act, part, nor representation. They are in fact Colonists. In the June number

of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the present writer had the temerity to express his detestation, as a Canadian, of such a political position. For so doing, he has been denounced as an Annexationist by the *Mail* newspaper, the chief colonist organ in the country, and taunted with shewing no grounds for his dislike. On writing a letter, couched in respectful language, denying that he was an Annexationist; shewing what colonialism was, and sending the same to the *Mail* for publication, the communication was refused insertion or notice. The public will therefore understand that the *Mail* has adopted the tactics of the *Globe*, and will know what to expect in future. This action is all the more unaccountable when we recall the fact that four or five days after this letter was suppressed, the proprietor and editor of the *Mail* were the loudest at the dinner given to Mr. Goldwin Smith, in declaiming against editorial tyranny, and in praise of freedom of opinion. In view of the article which subsequently appeared against Mr. Blake, the present writer has very little cause to complain. The conduct of this journal is explained by an expression of its editor at the above-mentioned dinner. That gentleman said that he was a *reactionary Tory from Nova Scotia*. We can also remember that the same gentleman was very recently the private secretary of Dr. Tupper; and when these facts are coupled they seem very portentous for the Conservative cause, and very encouraging for the Liberals. The plain inference is that Sir John Macdonald is deposed, and Dr. Tupper is now the leader of the Conservatives. How long 'reactionary Toryism from Nova Scotia' will obtain in Ontario it is not hard to guess. The conduct of the journal must be a surprise to the Conservatives themselves. No one could think that the organ which, before the last elections, appeared so fair and talked so patriotically about Canada for the Canadians, could, so soon as

its party obtained possession of power, wheel round on its utterances, and pursue so contradictory a course.

But personal matters appear out of place in a magazine article, and the circumstances of the case must be the writer's only justification. The chief object of the present paper is to shew, in answer to the *Mail's* attack, why the present writer and every other patriotic Canadian ought to detest colonialism and the term colonist.

There are two classes of Canadian colonists, British and Canadian naturalized colonists. All colonists are subject to laws which they have no hand in making, and to risks and liabilities which may do them incalculable injury, without any compensating advantage. In 1792, British laws were adopted for Canada, and since that time the Canadian public are under the impression that they are only governed by the laws made in their own Parliament; but this is a mere delusion. Since that time the English judges have made our civil laws for us: English reports of cases, decided in an old civilization, under an entirely different land and social system, and where the climate considerably varies from ours, have been and are the ruling authorities in Canadian courts. It is only within a few years past that American decisions would be looked at, and, even now, Canadian cases have not that authority which one would naturally suppose the courts would give to their own decisions. Then, all Acts passed by the English Parliament for the Empire bind Canada; for instance, the English Shipping Acts and the English Copyright Act. Whether the Acts passed by the British Parliament are Imperial and bind Canada, does not depend on their scope, by any means, but on the fact whether they will be beneficial to Englishmen or not. How can an English physician be as competent to treat diseases in a climate like that of Canada as a Canadian physician? Yet, notwithstanding, an English phy-

sician can come to Ontario and, without registration under our law, practise here. Nay more, a man can go before the Ontario Board of Examiners and fail to pass an examination, and then go to England and pass one there, as many are now doing, and return to Ontario and practise without being registered in the Province. The lack of spirit in the members of the medical profession may be inferred from the fact that some of its most prominent men are the special defenders of the colonial system of Canada which permits such a state of things.

The British Medical Act may seem unjust, but it is not more so than the English Copyright Act. When 'Endymion' was published, an American could obtain a copy of the work for twenty cents. A Canadian was obliged to pay seventy-five cents for a copy. This one case illustrates the effect of the law. The English Copyright Act does not apply to the United States. It may be said that the Americans 'pirate' English works. Why should they not? Do not the English do the same with American books? Why should not Canada print English works like the Americans? England gives no privileges to Canadian works on her soil; why should English works have any privileges here? An American pays a sum of money to an English author for the right to publish the 'advance sheets' of his work. The Englishman gets copyright in Canada under the Imperial Act; with the advance sheets he 'throws in' Canada to the Yankee; and the American, not the Englishman, who sells the work for twenty cents in the United States and seventy-five cents in Canada, where money is scarce and literature backward. It is almost incredible to think that this state of things can be in existence, where there are so many printers and publishers; but evidently they have forgotten the use of the great power in their hands, or they would have arisen in their might long ago,

and swept the injustice into the obscurity, into which the other trammels of the press have been swept years ago.

Again, Canada owns about \$50,000,000 worth of shipping, and all this vast property is governed by British laws, as Canadian vessels are British ships. How onerous British law is, and how harshly it presses on Canadian ship-owners, is only just now beginning to be known. A year or two ago, the Canadian public were very much surprised to learn from Sir Hugh Allan, that a medical officer with a Canadian certificate would not be allowed on one of his own Canadian vessels; and even yet a Canadian certificate is not good for a British ship, as it is not long since that a Canadian mate was fined for sailing on a British ship, owned in England, having only a Canadian certificate. In case of war between England and any other power, this vast amount of Canadian shipping may be swept from the seas though Canada is not likely to have the slightest reason to engage in such a war, nor likely to derive the slightest advantage from it. Further, the British shipping laws discriminate against Canadian vessels. In England, to day, nearly all vessels are built of iron, while wooden vessels are entirely falling into disuse. Laws passed to apply to iron ships cannot possibly be applicable to wooden ones. Special legislation has also been passed, under the auspices of Mr. Plimsoll, which tend against Canadian wooden ships, and drive the freight into foreign wooden bottoms, such as those of Sweden and Norway. Then, when Canadian shipping is rendered useless by British law, and their owners attempt to sell them in the French market, the Canadian has to pay \$8 a ton duty. The Englishman can sell his vessel in the same market by paying an impost of only one shilling a ton. About the same difference exists in the case of Canadian manufactures, and still the Canadian seems willing to allow England to make her treaties with foreign

powers. It is the greatest foolishness to expect that England will endeavour to obtain the same advantages from foreign countries in favour of Canadian manufacturers, that she does for her own. It cannot be expected with her over-flowing population in want of employment. This state of things can only continue a short time longer. The National Policy must soon put an end to it. In a few years, owing to the increase of manufactories, and the still limited Canadian market, we will be glutted with home-made goods; and unless there is some outlet obtained in the meantime by giving us permission to negotiate treaties with foreign powers, there will be an explosion that will shatter the connexion with England in a manner that may provoke harsh feelings between the two countries for years.

It is now assumed that Canada will be represented in the making of all future treaties by which she may be affected. One Canadian representative to four or five Englishmen, however, can never be anything but a snare—as witnessed in the Washington Treaty. There can be no fair Canadian representation in the making of British treaties. The power of conferring titles and Imperial rewards on colonists will be found always detrimental to Canada, not only in the making of treaties, but in less important affairs. Canadian legislators will constantly have their eyes turned to see what may influence Downing Street to bestow them, not to what the interests of Canada require.

These several disadvantages belonging to British-born colonists, no doubt, reduce them to a condition much below that of an ordinary British subject; but there is one disability so conspicuous and degrading that all possible prominence should be given to it. Canada is at immense expense every year to keep up a military system. She has organized a military college, to give a military training to those desiring it. The actual expense

in money is the least part. The withdrawal of so many young men every year from their usual remunerative labour is the greatest loss to the country. Now, considering that Canada, at the instigation of the Mother Country, puts herself to all this sacrifice, is it not humiliating to think that Canada has not the power, even with a regular British officer as commander of her forces, to make a full colonel in her own militia? Canadians and Sepoys are placed on the same level. Is it not time that the men in our force, who never tire of expressing their devoted loyalty, should make an effort to have this stigma removed? If we cannot at once remove the colonial system, we should at least lessen as much as possible the evil which renders the country dead and stagnant.

Having thus seen a few of the disabilities pertaining to a British colonist, and which must render the name odious to every Canadian having the smallest particle of self-respect, let us see how it stands with the naturalized Canadian colonist. This is of the last importance. Without immigration Canada can never be anything. A great North-West and a trans-continental railroad are only expensive luxuries, unless there be a population commensurate with them. The immigration statistics show that something is wrong. The natural advantages possessed by the United States would never account for the immense difference in the number of people going to that country and those coming to Canada. *Twelve Germans* settled in Canada last year; ten or twelve thousand are pouring into the United States every week. It may be said that the people of this nationality will never leave the despotism of Bismarck and come to a British colony under another monarchy while there is an immense, flourishing Republic to go to. This is no doubt true, but the disadvantage could be got over if Canada could give them a status. Let us see the difference. A German immigrant

arrives in the United States, and becomes an American citizen. As such he is entitled to all the rights of an American-born citizen, with the exception of being ineligible for the office of President. Should he travel, he has friends everywhere in American ambassadors and consuls. Should his rights be invaded in any foreign country, even in the one in which he was born, one of the most powerful of modern nations is at his service to protect those rights and redress his wrongs. On the other hand, a German comes to Canada, he is naturalized there and becomes a 'British subject.' He may live there half a life-time and pay taxes, and faithfully perform the duties of a citizen all that time. Yet, if he goes to Detroit or to Buffalo and is thrown into prison, it is extremely doubtful if the British consul would attempt to protect him. Lord John Russell, when Foreign Minister, sent out circulars to the effect that a foreigner naturalized in a British colony was not a British subject entitled to protection; but now there is a belief that such would be protected by British authority in any country save his native land. There is no doubt, whatever, if a German naturalized here went to Germany he would have to perform all his military duties, and could not look to England for redress in any case. The fact is, Canada can only make a denizen. She can allow him to vote and give him police protection, so long as he remains within her borders—nothing more. Nor can England be expected to do anything beyond this? Every immigrant is said to be worth a thousand dollars to the United States or Canada. If we get all the benefit, why should England have all the burden and expense of protecting immigrants in foreign countries? However, so long as the present system continues, it is hopeless to expect any foreign immigration. The Dominion Government has at last awoken to the gravity of the question. Without having any Imperial legisla-

tion or authority to empower them, they got Parliament to pass a Naturalization Act last session. But it is a mere dead letter, unless there be Imperial legislation confirming it. As to the prospect of such legislation, one can form an opinion from the fact that Mr. Blake's Extradition Act has been embodied in the Statute book three or four years, but is perfectly useless for want of Imperial recognition and sanction. It is true that we are not just now burdened with criminals from the other side, but it would be the same if we were overrun with them. What time can a British government give to colonial subjects, worried as it must be by such an agitation as is now distracting the British Isles?

No one can quietly investigate those questions and say that the position and name of a colonist are enviable ones. The only answer is that we belong to a 'nation on which the sun never sets,' and possess the great name of Britons. Those who have travelled know, however, that the foreign agency of an American Bank will do more for a Canadian abroad than a British Consul. The gentlemen who occupy the latter offices have little consideration for a colonist. When Canadians laugh at this sentiment as folly, they are charged with being Annexationists. They persist in saying that, although strongly in favour of Canadian Independence, they are not Annexationists. Their opponents, however, without a word of argument, and relying on the prejudices of the people, beg the question and say that they are; but this artifice is getting worn out, as the *Globe* has found to its cost, and as the *Mail* will one day learn. The only difference between the great body of the Canadian people and men of the same opinion as the writer is, that the latter believe in immediate Independence: all the others say it must come ultimately. Colonialism was sufficient to govern a poor small country like old Canada; it requires the spirit of nationality to govern and

develop half a continent. Give us the strength of the idea now, when we want it. What Canada must be in the remote future, no one doubts. Why should that future be so remote? We have everything to constitute a strong and powerful nation now, and it is only the timid and the weak who are afraid of immaturity.

The writer has read the article of Dr. Canniff, in reply to his paper in the June number of *THE CANADIAN MONTHLY*. There can be no controversy between them. It would not be just to take this gentleman as the champion of the opposite side; there is much heavier metal among the colonists; moreover, he allows the main question to go by default, and contents himself by taking the rôle of a party man, and defends his leaders. He does this after the example of Sir Francis Hincks. It is to be regretted that any Canadian can be influenced to muzzle himself on the advice of a politician of a past generation, now an Imperial pensioner—a man who mounted into power on the strength of his Liberalism. Canadians can have nothing in common with such a man. If he remains here to earn his pension of \$3,000 a year by advocating Imperialism, and to make capital out of such employment, we may regret that he has not better sense and more taste; but no one will question his right to do so. On the Canadian side we may be young, foolish and enthusiastic. Our Tory opponents are, no doubt, tyrannical, arbitrary and powerful; but for this effete publicist, who stays in Canada to repay her for all she did for him in his early youth, by endeavouring to suppress necessary freedom of discussion as to her future, and for every one he can influence, we have nothing but—well we will say—regret.

As to Dr. Canniff's only argument, that the Conservative future lies in preserving the National Policy, it can only be said that it will be a small

business defending what no one attacks. In a few years the National Policy will have no more opponents than Confederation has to-day. The present Reform party is not so strongly opposed to the National Policy now than the Conservatives were when it was first advocated. The present writer, for advocating Protection as the basis of Canadian nationality, through the editorial columns of a weekly newspaper, in 1870, was threatened by the Tories of his locality with prosecution for treason. 'What! tax the goods of the dear old motherland! Perish the idea, and all who thought so!' In 1878, it was said, 'if British connection is imperilled by the National Policy so much the worse for British connection.' The Liberal party must be educated in the same manner, and the sooner its leaders set about doing so, the sooner will they return to power. Never was there a more favourable moment for the Liberals than the present. The Tories in Canada have finished their programme; they can go no further in principles; they can give nothing but titles. Reactionary measures are being formulated, and a mere machine, without the slightest spark of imagination, Dr. Tupper, is their leader. The titled Tory Government of Canada is personally as remote from the democratic people of the Dominion as that of England. The only thing that keeps them in power is the National Policy, which they took from the *Parti National* and the Protectionists of Ontario. This policy has given satisfaction and prosperity to the country in the present, and it involves Canadian independence in the future; as we must get the right to negotiate treaties with foreign powers in order to sell our surplus manufactures. Why, then, will not the Liberal party adopt it, and repudiate foreign dictation? Now is the time to change front, not when we are in face of an enemy. If Mr. Blake gives the

order, it will be done, and success is sure to follow ; and if success does not follow, we shall have the advantage of sending the Tories in our ranks

to join their brethren under Dr. Tupper, and of placing the Liberal party on a firm foundation.

THE SONG OF NIAGARA.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

WITH a giant sweep from the height I leap,
 Like a god I wield my thunder,
 And the quivering rock beneath the shock
 Trembles and shrinks in wonder ;
 I gather the waves in a mad embrace
 As gaily they leap in their onward race,
 And laugh, as I hurl them down to die,
 To hear the shriek of their agony ;
 On, ever on,
 Like a miniature world to confusion hurl'd,
 Eddying, splashing, frantically dashing
 Down, ever down.
 In a hollow beneath I have hidden death ;
 He waits for the prey I bring him,
 With a last faint gasp from my watery clasp
 His human spoil I fling him.
 There are rocks down there, cruel, sharp and bare,
 Like murderers laid in ambush,
 And a whirlpool that sucks the waves in flocks
 That shuddering down the chasm rush.
 There silence is crown'd in the depths profound
 By the dead with their sunken faces ;
 But my secrets I keep, a mystery deep,
 On my brow ye read no traces.
 Ere impotent man his race began,
 When his pride was a thing unknown,
 At Creation's word my song was heard,
 Through Chaos my path was hewn ;
 My steps ye may trace on the granite face
 As backward my course I planted,
 But for ages alone on my forest throne
 I poured forth my song enchanted ;

And solitude stood in the vastness rude,
And silence took up the strain
Till the echoes leaped from the rocks where they slept
Shouting it back again.
And the centuries passed with their shadowy feet,
But I mocked at them hast'ning to be forgot,
And the young years paus'd for a friendly greet,
But none could whisper when I was not ;
And empires whose dread o'er the earth was spread,
In their grandeur have come and gone,
All things that vain man in his glory wrought
Pass'd by like an idle and changing thought,
But I still thundered on ;
And the earth has been red 'neath the victor's tread
As he pass'd on his course death-strewn,
But he shrank in his pride, and forgotten died,
While I still thundered on.
And springtime and summer, I love each comer,
Crowning my ancient brow,
While King Frost with a frown would bind me down
With his manacles wrought of snow ;
But he shivered aghast, as he looked his last,
On the chains he would bind me under,
For he saw me but throw the foam from my brow
And laugh as I shook them asunder.
Ye have come, ye have come,
Oh ! man, in your conscious pride,
For your brow is fraught with immortal thought,
And the heights and depths to your gaze lay bare,
A shadow of mystery gather'd there,
Ye are lords of your kingdom wide ;
But ye have no command that shall bid me stand,
Or turn at your sovereign will,
As I roll'd ere the earth had given you birth,
I roll, unabated, still ;
I gather ye up as a frail flower cup,
Ye shriek, but I laugh like thunder,
Oh ! where are your power and your wisdom's dower,
Ye are mute in my caverns under ;
For the shadow of death is upon your breath,
Your step like a dream is ended ;
But the ages rejoice while I lift my voice,
And my song with Time's is blended.

COMPULSORY EDUCATION.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

COMPULSORY education is the natural complement of free education. If the State provides, at the public expense, a free education for all her children, it would seem to be her right also to insist on having all her children brought within reach of the advantages which she provides for them. In this there is nothing inconsistent with the liberty of the subject, any more than there is in placing the property of minors under the guardianship of Chancery, or in any other way protecting children from the consequences of their own defenceless condition and undeveloped judgment. If the State builds school-houses and pays teachers in order to secure, for the child of the poorest, free access to the education to which the very possession of reason gives him a natural claim, compulsory education is simply the following out of that action in standing between the careless and selfish parents of the children, whose lasting interests they are quite content to sacrifice to their temporary ease and gratification.

For, as we all know, there are, mainly, of course in the very lowest class, multitudes of parents who, in the first place, are utterly incapable of estimating the value of education for their children, and, in the next, are utterly destitute of the firmness or the self denial of insisting on their regular attendance at school, when that would in the least interfere with their own ease or convenience. In our cities, as is well known to every one who observes the condition of the poor, many children are systematically kept from

attending school, that they may be sent out, half-clad in miserable rags, to beg what they can from those whose charity most lacks discretion, in order to maintain their wretched parents in drunken idleness. What becomes of such children it is only too easy to see. Their early habits of vagrancy and idleness become so fixed, that the best after influences can hardly eradicate them, they can hardly be expected to escape the contamination of vice to which they are exposed, and they grow up, ignorant and undisciplined, either to become in time frequent inmates of our prisons, or—if they escape this seal of ruin—to live a miserable hand to mouth existence and become, in their turn, the parents of a similarly unhappy progeny.

Now the State has a right to interfere to protect children from being thus ruined for life by their degraded parents, because it is evident that the growth of such a class—which simply means the increase of the idle and criminal population—is a serious injury to the well being of the community. And the only way in which, at present, it can interfere for their protection, is by enforcing, by legal penalties, their being sent to the schools which it provides. For, be it borne in mind, the sole object of enforcing school attendance is not and should not be—the *mere imparting of knowledge*. The moral discipline of the schoolroom, the degree of self-control and respect for authority which, when wisely exercised, it can hardly fail to infuse, by degrees, into the wildest

and rudest children, is a more important object than the learning 'of the three R's,' not to speak of a smattering of all the 'ologies.' It is not an object kept in nearly such prominence as it should be, and with so many young and inexperienced teachers as we have in Canada, it is hardly to be expected that this element of moral discipline should always be wisely or fully developed. Yet even such a degree of it as must be included, in the least favourable circumstances, in the government of any ordinary school, makes a wonderful difference. The teachers of any city Mission School well know the immensely greater difficulty of keeping under any kind of control those children who have been allowed from infancy to run wild as street Arabs, when compared with even the lowest class of children accustomed to attend school. The latter have at least, some faint idea of order, and respect for authority. The untamed 'Arabs' have no conception of doing anything but what is right in their own eyes. And so the most benevolent and persistent attempts to bring them under religious influences have often ended in failure. For the root idea of religion must necessarily be obedience to authority. And for this reason, the discipline of the family—as it should be—has been made the first step in the religious training of our race.

Since, then, it is of the greatest importance to the well-being of the community that the children most destitute of home discipline and teaching should be brought under the training and educating influences of our schools, since, otherwise, they are certain to become a prolific source of evil and heavy cost to the body politic, every thoughtful and patriotic man and woman must rejoice in the passing of an Act which puts it within the power of our local authorities everywhere, to enforce the attendance of children at school for a large portion of the year, and to punish non at-

tendance or truancy by fining the persons responsible for enforcing attendance, and the parents or guardians of the children. A distinguished English author, in visiting Canada some years ago, remarked that it was an anomaly in our school system as compared with that of Great Britain, that in Britain schools were not free and yet education was compulsory, while with us, where the schools were free, education was not compulsory. This anomaly has now been disposed of by the amendment lately introduced into our school law to secure the regular attendance of children at school during twenty-two weeks in the year.

The Act applies to all children between the ages of seven and thirteen, who are required to attend some school during the whole of the school hours in each week, for the period of eleven weeks in each of the two terms of the public school year; unless there be some sufficient reason, such as illness or too great distance from school, to excuse their non-attendance. It is not, of course, necessary, that they should attend a public school, if they attend any other school in which elementary instruction is given, but it is obligatory that they should attend some school during that length of time. It would be more satisfactory if the time during which regular attendance is required were longer, especially when we consider the needs of the vagrant children on our streets. But we must be glad to have at least, twenty-two weeks of regular attendance compulsory, and though this will not keep the begging children permanently at school, it may be made most useful, in connexion with other influences, in breaking up habits of idle vagrancy, in awakening some germs of mental life, and developing some habits of obedience and self-control, which may serve as a basis, at least, for lifting the children to a somewhat higher plane.

But the question arises: How is this law to be enforced? For if some

trouble be not taken to enforce it, it will only remain a dead letter on the statute book. Its enforcement is left very much at the good will and pleasure of school boards and trustees, and its usefulness must depend entirely on the extent to which these bodies and functionaries are alive to the need and importance of taking active measures to enforce it. The law provides that school boards and trustees may appoint a truant officer to ascertain and report cases of non-attendance, and to notify parents and guardians of their liability for neglect of compliance with the law—five dollars being the penalty for the first offence, and the fine to be doubled on a repetition of it. But school boards will be very likely to treat the matter with a good deal of indifference, and truant officers, even when appointed, will find no little difficulty in accomplishing their task, unless the more intelligent and patriotic of our citizens take an active interest in giving them all the aid in their power. And no class have it in their power to do more than those ladies who take so prominent a part in our various philanthropic societies, especially those which have for their object the uplifting of our sunken classes to a higher plane of morality and respectability. To begin with the children and take them young, is being more and more accepted as the most hopeful and economical method of elevating humanity whether heathen and barbarian, or nominally civilized and Christian. Tramps, in other words idle and useless specimens of humanity who have grown up undisciplined and uncontrolled, are becoming a sort of fungus upon our Canadian life, and one which must more and more tend to demoralise it. It seems almost hopeless to reform a tramp! Infinitely easier and better it would be to prevent him; to take him in time and develop him into a good and useful citizen, and, humanly speaking, this might be done by bringing him early even under the regular discipline of

ordinary school life. The increasing number of tramp-children who are to be seen infesting the streets of our cities and towns, and who, as it has been forcibly represented, graduate in vice with awful rapidity, is a subject of grave concern to thoughtful observers. Is there to be an ever-increasing proportion of an idle, depraved unproductive class of society to hang like a dead weight upon our communities. Yet it must be so, if an ever-increasing number of children be allowed to develop into their natural result. Luther has well said: 'It is hard to make old dogs tame, and old rogues upright, for young trees be more easily bent and trained, howbeit some should break in the attempt.' It is not by any means an easy task to make even young rogues upright; but it is at least possible, with care and patience, while the other is, humanly speaking, well nigh impossible.

Of course, even compulsory education will not, of itself, reform even juvenile tramps, and if left entirely to be enforced by cold official methods, dealing with truant children just as adult vagrants are dealt with by the police, it cannot be expected to do much for their *morale*. Indeed, the history of its enforcements in Britain records the most absurd instances of blundering on the part of the officials with whom its enforcement lay. As in most other sublunary affairs, the right man does not always get into the right place, and the wrong man is pretty sure to have unlimited capabilities for blundering. It is only those who, with some intelligent appreciation of what education is, unite a genuine interest in the children that are being received for want of any training but the worst, who can make this enactment the means of working any radical reform. But just such a work may be done by such intelligent and patriotic women as are willing to devote a portion of their time to looking after individual families within the circle of their own observation, in

which the children are either neglected from ignorance or indifference, or deliberately kept from school that they may go and beg from door to door, in order to support the idle parents on misdirected 'charity.' To all who are willing thus to work for the salvation of the much wronged children, the new Act affords a most valuable ally. Some one has said that the most effectual kind of 'moral suasion' is that which has authority behind to enforce it if need be. In future, those who endeavour to persuade selfish and indifferent parents to do their duty to their children in this respect, will have authority behind their persuasion. They can appeal to the law, and bring the truant officer to their aid, an argument which the most obtuse and blunted perception can sufficiently appreciate. In the same way, the most refractory and incorrigible child can be compelled to submit for, at least, the eleven weeks in the half year provided for by law. It seems matter for regret that the time during which school attendance is compulsory had not been made considerably longer. But at least, as has been already said, the eleven weeks in the half-year gives a chance for getting a hold on the children themselves. In that time, provided the children fall into the hands of a teacher with any fitness for teaching, latent ability and interest may be awakened, mental life may be developed, and the wildest child brought under, at least, some degree of discipline and training. Judicious individual influence may again come into play, to persuade to perseverance in the new line thus begun, to stimulate improvement by encouraging commendation, and also, when expedient and practicable, by some quietly given assistance in the matter of clothes, which is often one of the stumbling blocks for poor children placed at the school door sometimes even by the injudicious and thoughtless teacher, who will not unfrequently go so far as to forbid children absolutely

shoeless to come to school at all in summer weather, unless they can appear in what is to them an impossible luxury. Had such pedagogues been in authority in Scotland, in days of old, some of the greatest names that have adorned her illustrious roll would assuredly never have been registered, at least, in her parish schools. Of course, this sort of petty tyranny will be made an end of by the enactment which makes attendance compulsory; since the State can neither provide shoes for barefooted children, nor compel their parents to procure them; and if they are to be compelled to attend school, the schools must equally be compelled to receive them. It will probably be necessary in some cases, that more school accommodation should be provided, for it is unfortunately the case that the very class most urgently in need of free education is the very class often crowded out, and if taxpayers, many of whom pay largely to the education of other people's children, have a right to insist on *anything*, it is on this that school accommodation be provided, first of all for the class which most needs it, and that that class, which will otherwise become a pest to all good citizens—be *compelled* to take the benefit of it. It is earnestly to be hoped that school-boards everywhere will, by prompt action, and the appointment of truant officers, do what they can to make the Act accomplish its intended purpose, and that all public-spirited and intelligent men and women, including the editors of our newspapers, will give their hearty cooperation to make it a success. But in no way can so much be done as by the kindly, persevering, judicious influence of Christian ladies, untiringly exerted in individual cases.

Something will have to be done, ere long, to follow up the Act, by providing means of coercion and beneficial punishment for children who shall prove refractory, even to the authority of their parents—or whose idle and vagrant habits have become so

firmly fixed, that nothing but absolute coercion will break them. For such children, truant or industrial schools have been instituted in the United States and Great Britain, and with the most encouraging results. Such schools in which the stigma of disgrace is of the mildest, and where teaching and training are the main objects, would be for the ordinary class of vagrant children or 'child criminals,' infinitely preferable to our Reformatories, where young criminals of all stages in crime must necessarily be thrown together, and where the more hardened naturally corrupt still further the beginners in evil. The truant schools are provided for either vagrant children or those whose parents plead inability to compel them to attend school. Committal is usually for a long period—even four years—but on the child's improvement and good conduct he may receive a license permitting him to leave; which license, however, must be periodically renewed—an arrangement which gives the effect of a continued supervision of the child's conduct, since at any time the renewal of the license may be refused, and the child re-committed without further formality. In cases where the child's home-circumstances are such that it is not thought desirable for him to be returning to his home, provision is

made for his being placed with suitable employers, as soon as he has reached a standard of education which relieves him of the obligation of attending school, though under the age limit. Many boys attain this standard in a wonderfully short time, showing the good effect of placing them in circumstances where they are compelled to regular study and strongly incited to progress. This is the plan of procedure in Great Britain. In the United States it is somewhat different. The truant schools in the neighbourhood of New York are described fully and in a most interesting manner, in a number of *Harper's Monthly* for last year. Our plan, in establishing such schools, might select from both methods that which seems most suitable to our own circumstances. Experience in both countries of such institutions fully shows that they produce the most beneficial effects.

Certainly, unless active means are employed to secure the efficiency of this most needed enactment, we shall soon have a large class who fear not God nor regard man growing up to a debased and reckless maturity, with the natural consequences to the well-being of the community. It behoves all who love the true interests of their country and their fellow man, to join heartily in fulfilling the present duty of timely prevention.

SPRING-SONG.

[From the German of Heine.]

SOFTLY thro' my listening soul,
Sweetest chimes are sounding;
Little Spring-song, onward roll,
Far and wide resounding.

Pause not till thou reach the cot,
'Mid the Violets springing;
Whisper to the Rose my heart
Greets her in thy singing.

GOWAN LEA.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, OF TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

JUST fifty years ago, the writer conceived the idea of accompanying two of his brothers on an adventurous expedition to the then unbroken forests of Western Canada. Since then, and during the half-century ending in 1881, he has seen many strange places, endured not a few reverses and hardships, and experienced the vanity of all man's earthly dreams and ambitions, as well as the folly of putting one's trust in 'the powers that be,' or, indeed, in any power but that of Divine Providence.

Not many weeks back, in conversation with a gentleman officially connected with the Library of the Ontario Legislature, it was suggested by him, that a record of the social and political progress of Canada, written by one who had been a pioneer in the wilderness, a contributor to the public press, and an active citizen civically and politically, was much to be desired, and that the writer was a likely person to undertake it.

The idea was at the time received as an amusing one; but subsequent reflection, by calling up memories of past pleasures, past struggles, past successes, past disappointments, led first to a serious consideration of the feasibility of the undertaking, and at length to a

resolution which has borne fruit in these pages.

It is not proposed to compile heavy history; nor to follow events throughout their full course to their ultimate results; nor, indeed, to write anything more than simply a gossiping account of interesting occurrences, and of a few natural phenomena; and to throw a little light, perhaps, on some political events coming within the author's personal knowledge. Also, as a labour of love, to place on record many honourable deeds of Nature's gentlemen, whose light ought not to be hidden altogether 'under a bushel,' and whose names should be enrolled by Canada amongst her earliest worthies. If sometimes censure has to be dealt out, it will be done impartially, and with the determination to 'set down nought in malice.'

CHAPTER II.

THE AUTHOR'S ANTECEDENTS AND FOREBARS.

THE writer of these pages was born in the year 1810, in the City of London, and in the Parish of Clerkenwell, being within sound of Bow Bells. My father was churchwarden of St. James's, Clerkenwell, and was a master-manufacturer of coal measures and coal shovels, now amongst the obsolete

productions of by-gone days. His father was, I believe, a Scotsman, and has been ill-naturedly surmised to have run away from the field of Culloden, where he may have fought under the name and style of Evan McTavish, a name which, like those of numbers of his fellow clansmen, would naturally anglicise itself into John Thompson, in order to save its owner's neck from a threatened Hanoverian halter. But he was both canny and winsome, and by-and-by succeeded in capturing the affections and 'tocher' of Sarah Reynolds, daughter of the wealthy landlord of the Bull Inn, of Meriden, in Warwickshire, the greatest and oldest of those famous English hostelries, which did duty as the resting-place of monarchs *en route*, and combined within their solid walls whole troops of blacksmiths, carpenters, hostlers, and many other crafts and callings. No doubt, from this source I got my Warwickshire blood, and English ways of thinking, in testimony of which I may cite the following facts: While living in Quebec, in 1859-60, a mason employed to rebuild a brick chimney challenged me as a brother Warwickshire man, saying he knew dozens of gentlemen there who were as like me 'as two peas.' Again, in 1841, a lady, who claimed to be the last direct descendant of William Shakespeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, and the possessor of the watch and other relics of the poet, said she was quite startled at my likeness to an original portrait of her great ancestor, in the possession of her family.

My grandfather carried on the business of timber dealer (we, in Canada, should call it lumber merchant), between Scotland and England, buying up the standing timber in gentlemen's parks, squaring and teaming it southward, and so became a prosperous man. Finally, at his death, he left a large family of sons and daughters, all in thriving circumstances. His second son, William, married my mother, Anna Hawkins, daughter of the Rev. Isaac

Hawkins, of Taunton, in Somersetshire, and his wife, Joan Wilmington, of Wilmington Park, near Taunton. My grandfather Hawkins was one of John Wesley's earliest converts, and was by him ordained to the ministry. Through my mother, we are understood to be descended from Sir John Hawkins, the world-renowned buccaneer, admiral, and founder of the English Royal Navy, who was honoured by being associated with her most sacred Majesty Queen Elizabeth, in a secret partnership in the profits of piratical raids undertaken in the name and for the behoof of Protestant Christianity. So, at least, says the historian, Froude. My maternal grandmother was, I believe, nearly related to the Earl of Wilmington, Secretary of State to George II.

One word more about my father. He was a member of the London trained-bands, and served during the Gordon riots, described by Dickens in 'Barnaby Rudge.' He personally rescued a family of Roman Catholics from the rioters, secreted them in his house on Holborn Hill, and aided them to escape to Jamaica, whence they sent us many valuable presents of mahogany furniture, which must be still in the possession of some of my nephews or nieces in England. My mother has often told me, that she remembered well seeing dozens of miserable victims of riot and drunkenness lying in the kennel in front of her house, and lapping up the streams of gin which ran burning down the foul gutter, consuming the poor wretches themselves in its fiery progress.

My father died the same year I was born. My dear mother, who was the meekest and most pious of women, did her best to teach her children to avoid the snares of worldly pride and ambition, and to be contented with the humble lot in which they had been placed by Providence. She was by religious profession a Swedenborgian, and in that denomination educated a family of eleven children, of whom I am the youngest. I was sent to a

respectable day-school, and afterwards as boarder to a commercial academy, where I learnt the English branches of education, with a little Latin, French, and drawing. I was, as a child, passionately fond of reading, especially of Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and of Sir Walter Scott's novels, which latter delightful books have influenced my tastes through life, and still hold me fascinated whenever I happen to take them up.

So things went on till 1823, when I was thirteen years old. My mother had been left a life-interest in freehold and leasehold property worth some thirty thousand pounds sterling, but, following the advice of her father and brother, was induced to invest in losing speculations, until scarcely sufficient was left to keep the wolf from the door. It was, therefore, settled that I must be sent to learn a trade, and, by my uncle's advice, I was placed as apprentice to one William Molineux, of the Liberty of the Rolls, in the district of Lincoln's Inn, printer. He was a hard master, though not an unkind man. For seven long years was I kept at press and case, working eleven hours a day usually, sometimes sixteen, and occasionally all night, for which latter indulgence I got half-a-crown for the night's work, but no other payment or present from year's end to year's end. The factory laws had not then been thought of, and the condition of apprentices in England was much the same as that of convicts condemned to hard labour, except for a couple of hours' freedom, and too often of vicious license, in the evenings.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORY OF A MAN OF GENIUS.

THE course of my narrative now requires a brief account of my mother's only brother, whose example and conversation, more than anything

else, taught me to turn my thoughts westwards, and finally to follow his example by crossing the Atlantic ocean and seeking 'fresh fields and pastures new' under a transatlantic sky.

John Isaac Hawkins was a name well known, both in European and American scientific circles, fifty years ago, as an inventor of the most fertile resource, and an expert in all matters relating to civil engineering. He must have left England for America somewhere about the year 1790, full of republican enthusiasm and of schemes of universal benevolence. Of his record in the United States I know very little, except that he married a wife in New Jersey, that he resided at Bordenton, that he acquired some property adjacent to Philadelphia, that he was intimate with the elder Adams, Jefferson, and many other eminent men. Returning with his wife to England, after twenty-five years' absence, he established a sugar refinery in Titchfield Street, Cavendish Square, London, patronized his English relatives with much condescension, and won my childish heart with great lumps of rock-candy, and by scientific experiments of a delightfully awful character. Also, he borrowed my mother's money, to be expended for the good of mankind, and the elaboration of the teeming offspring of his inexhaustible inventive faculty. Morden's patent lead pencils, Bramah's patent locks, and, I think, Gillott's steel pens were among his numerous useful achievements, from some or all of which he enjoyed to the day of his death a small income, in the shape of a royalty on the profits. He assisted in the perfecting of Perkins's steam-gun, which the Duke of Wellington condemned as too barbarous for civilized warfare, but which its discoverer, Mr. Perkins, looked upon as the destined extirpator of all warfare, by the simple process of rendering resistance utterly impossible. This appalling and destructive weapon has culminated in these times in the famous mitrail-

leuses of Napoleon III. at Woerth and Sedan, which, however, certainly neither exterminated the Prussians nor added glory to the French empire.

At his home I was in the habit of meeting the leading men of the Royal Society and the Society of Arts, of which he was a member, and of listening to their discussions about scientific novelties. The eccentric Duke of Norfolk, Earl Stanhope, the inventor of the Stanhope press, and other noble amateur scientists, availed themselves of his practical skill, and his name became known throughout Europe. In 1825 or thereabouts, he was selected by the Emperor Francis Joseph, of Austria, to design and superintend the first extensive works erected in Vienna for the promotion of the new manufacture of beet-root sugar, now an important national industry throughout Germany. He described the intercourse of the Austrian Imperial-Royal family with all who approached them, and even with the mendicants who were daily admitted to an audience with the Emperor at five o'clock in the morning, as of the most cordial and lovable character.

From Vienna my uncle went to Paris, and performed the same duties there for the French Government, in the erection of extensive sugar works. The chief difficulty he encountered there, was in parrying the determination of the Parisian artisans not to lose their Sunday's labour. They could not, they said, support their families on six days' wages, and unless he paid them for remaining idle on the Sabbath day, they must and would work seven days in the week. I believe they gained their point, much to his distress and chagrin.

His next exploit was in the construction of the Thames tunnel, in connection with which he acted as superintendent of the works under Sir Isambert Brunel. This occupied him nearly up to the time of my own departure for Canada in 1833. The sequel of his story is a melancholy one. He made

fortunes for other men who bought his inventions, but himself sunk into debt, and at last died in obscurity at Rahway, N. J., whither he had returned as a last resource, there to find his former friends dead, his beloved republic become a paradise for office-grabbers and sharpers, his life a mere tale of talents dissipated, and vague ambition unsatisfied.

After his return from Vienna, I lived much at my uncle's house, in London, as my mother had removed to the pleasant village of Epsom in Surrey. There I studied German with some degree of success, and learnt much about foreign nations and the world at large. There too I learnt to distrust my own ability to make my way amidst the crowded industries of the old country, and began to cast a longing eye to the lands where there was plenty of room for individual effort, and a reasonable prospect of a life unblighted by the dread of the parish workhouse and a pauper's grave.

CHAPTER IV.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF A LONDON APPRENTICE.

HAVING been an indulged youngest child, I found the life of a printer's boy bitterly distasteful, and it was long before I could brace myself up to the required tasks. But time worked a change; I got to be a smart pressman and compositor; and at eighteen the foremanship of the office was entrusted to me, still without remuneration or reward. These were the days of the Corn Law League. Col. Peyronnet Thompson, the apostle of Free Trade, author of the 'Catholic State Wagon' and other political tracts, got his work done at our office. We printed the *Examiner*, which brought me into contact with John and Leigh Hunt, with Jeremy Bentham, then a feeble old man whose life was passed

in an easy chair, and with his *protegé* Edwin Chadwick; also with Albany Fonblanque, Sir John Morland the philanthropist, and other eminent men. Last but not least, we printed 'Figaro in London,' the forerunner of 'Punch,' and I was favoured with the kindest encouragement of De Walden, its first editor, afterwards Police Magistrate. I have known that gentleman come into the office on the morning of publication, ask how much copy was still wanted, and have seen him stand at a desk, and without preparation or hesitation dash off paragraph after paragraph of the pungent witticisms, which the same afternoon sent all London into roars of laughter at the expense of political humbugs of all kinds, whether friends or foes. These were not unhappy days for me. With such associations, I became a zealous Reformer, and heartily applauded my elder brother, when he refused, with thousands of others, to pay taxes at the time the first Reform Bill was rejected by the House of Lords.

At this period of my life, as might have been expected from the nature of my education and the course of reading which I preferred, I began to try my hand at poetry, and wrote several slight pieces for the Christmas Annuals, which, sad to say, were never accepted. But the fate of Chatterton, of Coleridge, and other like sufferers, discouraged me; and I adopted the prudent resolution, to prefer wealth to fame, and comfort to martyrdom, in the service of the Muses.

With the termination of my seven years' apprenticeship, these literary efforts came also to an end. Disgusted with printing, I entered the service of my brother, a timber merchant, and in consequence obtained a general knowledge of the many varieties of wood used in manufactures, which I have since found serviceable. And this brings me to the year 1831, from which date to the present day, I have identified myself thoroughly with Canada, her industries and progress,

without for a moment ceasing to be an Englishman of the English, a loyal subject of the Queen, and a firm believer in the high destinies of the Pan-Anglican Empire of the future.

CHAPTER V.

WESTWARD, HO!

'MARTIN DOYLE' was the text-book which first awakened amongst tens of thousands of British readers, a keen interest in the backwoods of what is now the Province of Ontario. The year 1832, the first dread year of Asiatic cholera, contributed by its terrors to the exodus of alarmed fugitives from the crowded cities of the old country. My brothers Thomas and Isaac, both a few years older than myself, made up their minds to emigrate, and I joyously offered to join them, in the expectation of a good deal of fun of the kind described by Dr. Dunlop. So we set seriously to work, 'pooled' our small means, learnt to make seine-nets, economized to an unheard of extent, became curious in the purchase of stores, including pannikins and other primitive tinware, and at length engaged passage in the bark *Asia*, 500 tons, rated A. No. 1, formerly an East Indiaman, and now bound for Quebec, to get a cargo of white pine lumber for the London market. So sanguine were we of returning in the course of six or seven years, with plenty of money to enrich, and perhaps carry back with us, our dear mother and unmarried sisters, that we scarcely realized the pain of leave-taking, and went on board ship in the St. Catherine's Docks, surrounded by applauding friends, and in the highest possible spirits.

Our fellow-passengers were not of the most desirable class. With the exception of a London hairdresser and his wife, very respectable people, with whom we shared the second-cabin, the

emigrants were chiefly rough countrymen, with their wives and numerous children, sent out by the parish authorities from the neighbourhood of Dorking, in Surrey, and more ignorant than can readily be conceived. Helpless as infants under suffering, sulky and even savage under privations, they were a troublesome charge to the ship's officers, and very ill-fitted for the dangers of the sea which lay before us. Captain Ward was the ship's master; there were first and second mates, the former a tall Scot, the latter a short thick-set Englishman, and both good sailors. The boatswain, cook and crew of about a dozen men and boys, made up our ship's company.

All things went reasonably well for some time. Heavy headwinds detained us in the channel for a fortnight, which was relieved by landing at Torbay, climbing the heights of Beachy Head, and living on fresh fish for twenty-four hours. Then came a fair wind, which lasted until we got near the banks of Newfoundland. Headwinds beset us again, and this time so seriously, that our vessel, which was timber sheathed, sprung a plank, and immediately began to leak dangerously. The passengers had taken to their berths for the night, and were of course ignorant of what had happened, but feared something wrong from the hurry of tramping of feet overhead, the vehement shouts of the mates giving orders for lowering sail, and the other usual accompaniments of a heavy squall on board ship. It was not long, however, before we learned the alarming truth. 'All hands on deck to pump ship,' came thundering down both hatchways, in the coarse tones of the second mate. We hurried on deck half-dressed, to face a scene of confusion, affrighting in the eyes of landsmen—the ship stripped to her storm-sails, almost on her beam-ends in a tremendous sea, the wind blowing 'great guns,' the deck at an angle of at least fifteen degrees, flooded with rain pouring in torrents, and encumbered with ropes, which there had not been

time to clew away, the four ship's pumps manned by so many landsmen, the sailors all engaged in desperate efforts to stop the leak by thrumming sails together and drawing them under the ship's bows.

Captain Ward told us very calmly that he had been in gales off the Cape of Good Hope, and thought nothing of a 'little puff' like this: he also told us that he would keep on his course in the hope that the wind would abate, and that we could manage the leak; but if not, he had no doubt of carrying us safely back to the west coast of Ireland, where he could comfortably refit.

Certainly courage is infectious. We were twelve hundred miles at sea, with a great leak in our ship's side, and very little hope of escape, but the master's coolness and bravery delighted us, and even the weakest man on board took his spell at the pumps, and worked away for dear life. My brother Thomas was a martyr to sea-sickness, and could hardly stand without help; but Isaac had been bred a farmer, accustomed to hard work and field sports, and speedily took command of the pumps, worked two spells for another man's one, and by his example encouraged the grumbling steerage passengers to persevere, if only for very shame. Some of their wives even took turns with great spirit and effect. I did my best, but it was not much that I could accomplish.

In all my after-life I never experienced such supreme comfort and peace of mind, as during that night, while lying under wet sails on the sloping deck, talking with my brother of the certainty of our being at the bottom of the sea before morning, of our mother and friends at home, and of our hope of meeting them in the great Hereafter. Tired out at last, we fell asleep where we lay, and woke only at the cry 'spell ho!' which summoned us again to the pumps.

The report of 'five feet of water in the hold—the ballast shifted!' determined matters for us towards morning.

Capt. Ward decided that he must put about and run for Galway, and so he did. The sea had by daylight gone down so much, that the captain's cutter could be lowered and the leak examined from the outside. This was done by the first mate, Mr. Cattanagh, who brought back the cheering news that so long as we were running before the wind the leak was four feet out of water, and that we were saved for the present. The bark still remained at the same unsightly angle, her ballast, which was chiefly coals, having shifted bodily over to leeward; the pumps had to be kept going, and in this deplorable state, in constant dread of squalls, and wearied with incessant hard work, we sailed for eight days and nights, never sighting a ship until nearly off the mouth of the Shannon, where we hailed a brig whose name I forget. She passed on, however, refusing to answer our signals of distress.

Next day, to our immense relief, the 'Asia' entered Galway Bay, and here we lay six weeks for repairs, enjoying ourselves not a little, and forgetting past danger, except as a memorable episode in the battle of life.

CHAPTER VI.

CONNEMARA AND GALWAY FORTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.

THE town of Galway is a relic of the times when Spain maintained an active commerce with the west of Ireland, and meddled not a little in the intrigues of the time. Everybody has read of the warden of Galway, who hanged his son outside a window of his own house, to prevent a rescue from justice by a popular rising in the young man's favour. That house still stood, and probably still stands, a mournful memento of a most dismal tragedy. In 1833, it was in ruins, as was also the whole long row of massive cut stone buildings of which it

formed part. In front there was a tablet recording the above event; the walls were entire, but the roof was quite gone, and the upper stories open to the winds and storms. The basement story appears to have been solidly arched, and in its cavernous recesses, and those of the adjoining cellars along that side of the street, dwelt a race of butchers and of small hucksters, dealing in potatoes, oats, some groceries, and rough wares of many kinds. The first floor of a brick store opposite was occupied by a hairdresser, with whom our London fellow passenger claimed acquaintance. One day we were sitting at his window, looking across at the old warden's house, when a singular scene was enacted under our astonished eyes. A beggarman, so ragged as barely to comply with the demands of common decency, and bearing an old sack suspended over his shoulder on a short cudgel, came lounging along the middle of the street seeking alms. A butcher's dog of aristocratic tastes took offence at the man's rags, and attacked him savagely. The old man struck at the dog, the dog's owner darted out of his cellar and struck at the beggar, somebody else took a part, and in the twinkling of an eye as it were, the narrow street was blocked up with men furiously-wielding shillelaghs, striking right and left at whoever happened to be most handy, and yelling like Dante's devils in full chorus. Another minute, and a squad of police in green uniforms—peelers, they are popularly called—appeared as if by magic, and with the effect of magic; for instantly, and with a celerity evidently the result of long practice, the crowd, beggarman, butcher, dog and all, vanished into the yawning cellars, and the street was left as quiet as before, the police marching leisurely to their barracks.

We spent much of our time in rambling along the shore of Galway Bay, a beautiful and extensive harbour, where we found many curious speci-

mens of sea-weeds, particularly the edible dilosk, and rare shells and minerals. Some of our people went out shooting snipe, and were warned on all hands to go in parties, and to take care of their guns, which would prove too strong a temptation for the native peasantry, as the spirit of Ribbonism was rife throughout Connemara. Another amusement was, to watch the groups of visitors from Tuam and the surrounding parts of Clare and other counties, who were attracted by the marvel of a ship of five hundred tons in their bay, no such phenomenon having happened within the memory of man. At another time we explored the rapid river Corrib, and the beautiful lake of the same name, a few miles distant. The salmon weirs on the river were exceedingly interesting, where we saw the largest fish confined in cribs for market, and apparently quite unconscious of their captivity. The castle of one of the Lynch family was visible from the bay, an ancient structure with its walls mounted with cannon to keep sheriffs's officers at a distance. Other feudal castles were also in sight.

Across the bay loomed the rugged mountains of Clare, seemingly utterly barren in their bleak nakedness. With the aid of the captain's telescope we could see on these inhospitable hills dark objects, which turned out to be the mud cabins of a numerous peasantry, the very class for whom, in this present year of 1881, Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues are trying to create an elysium of rural contentment. We traversed the country roads for miles, to observe the mode of farming there, and could find nothing, even up to the very streets of Galway, but mud cabins with one or two rooms, shared with the cow and pigs, and entrenched, as it were, behind a huge pile of manure that must have been the accumulation of years. Anything in the shape of valuable improvements was conspicuously absent.

Everything in Connemara seems

paradoxical. These rough coated, hard-worked, down-trodden Celts proved to be the liveliest, brightest, wittiest of mankind. They came in shoals to our ship, danced reels by the hour upon deck to a whistled accompaniment, with the most extravagant leaps and snapping of fingers. It was an amusing sight to see the women driving huge pigs into the sea, held by a string tied to the hind leg, and there scraping and sluicing the unwieldy, squealing creatures until they came out as white as new cream. These Galway women are singularly handsome, with a decidedly Murillo cast of features, betokening plainly their Iberian ancestry. They might well have sate as models to the chief of Spanish painters.

In the suburbs of Galway are many acres of boggy land, which are cultivated as potato plots, highly enriched with salt sea-weed manure, and very productive. These farms—by which title they are dignified—were rented, we were told, at three to four pounds sterling per acre. Rents in the open country ranged from one pound upwards. Yet we bought cup potatoes at twopence per stone of sixteen lbs.; and for a leg of mutton paid sixpence English.

Enquiring the cause of these singular anomalies, we were assured on all hands that the system of renting through middlemen was the bane of Ireland. A farm might be sub-let two or three times, each tenant paying an increased rental, and the landlord-in-chief, a Blake, a Lynch, or a Martin, realizing less rent than he might obtain in Scotland or England. We heard of no Protestant oppressors here; the gentry and nobility worshipped at the same altar with the humblest of their dependants, and certainly meant them well and treated them considerately.

We attended the English service in the ancient Gothic Abbey Church. It was of the strictest Puritan type; the sculptured escutcheons and tablets on the walls—the groined arches and bosses of the roof—were almost ob-

literated by thick coat after coat of whitewash, laid on in an iconoclastic spirit which I have since seen equalled in the Dutch Cathedral of Rotterdam, and nowhere else. Another Sunday we visited a small Roman Catholic chapel at some distance. It was impossible to get inside the building, as the crowds of worshippers not only filled the sacred edifice, but spread themselves over a pretty-extensive and well-filled churchyard, where they knelt throughout morning prayer, lasting a full hour or more.

The party-feuds of the town are quite free from sectarian feeling. The fishermen, who were dressed from head to foot in hoddengray, and the butchers, who clothed themselves entirely in sky blue—coats, waistcoats, breeches and stockings alike, with black hats and shoes—constituted the belligerent powers. Every Saturday night, or oftener, they would marshal their forces respectively on the wide fish-market place, by the sea-shore, or on the long wharf extending into deep water, and with their shillelaghs hold high tournament for the honour of their craft and the love of fair maidens. One night, while the *Asia* lay off the wharf, an unfortunate combatant fell senseless into the water and was drowned. But no inquiry followed, and no surprise was expressed at a circumstance so trivial.

By the way, it would be unpardonable to quit Connemara without recording its 'potheen.' Every homestead had its peat-stack, and every peat-stack might be the hiding place of a keg of illicit native spirit. We were invited, and encouraged by example, to taste a glass; but a single mouthful almost choked us; and never again did we dare to put the fiery liquid to our lips.

Our recollections of Galway are of a mixed character—painful, because of the consciousness that the empire at large must be held responsible for the unequal distribution of nature's blessings amongst her people—pleasant, because of the uniform hospitality and

courtesy shown to us by all classes and creeds of the townsfolk.

CHAPTER VII.

MORE SEA EXPERIENCES.

IN the month of July we were ready for sea again. In the meantime Captain Ward had got together a new list of passengers, and we more than doubled our numbers by the addition of several Roman Catholic gentlemen of birth and education with their followers, and a party of Orangemen and their families, of a rather rough farming sort, escaping from religious feuds and hostile neighbours. A blooming widow Culleeney, of the former class, was added to the scanty female society on board; and for the first few hours after leaving port, we had fun and dancing on deck galore. But alas, sea-sickness put an end to our merriment all too soon. Our new recruits fled below, and scarcely showed their faces on deck for several days. Yet, in this apparently quiet interval, discord had found her way between decks.

We were listening one fine evening to the comical jokes and rich brogue of the most gentlemanly of the Irish Catholics above-mentioned, when suddenly a dozen men, women and children, armed with sticks and foaming at the mouth, rushed up the steerage hatchway, and without note of warning or apparent provocation, attacked the defenceless group standing near us with the blindness of insanity and the most frantic cries of rage. Fortunately there were several ship's officers and sailors on deck, who laid about them lustily with their fists, and speedily drove the attacking party below, where they were confined for some days, under a threat of severe punishment from the captain, who meant what he said. So this breeze passed over. What it was about, who was offended, and how, we never could discover: we set it down to the general

principle, that the poor creatures were merely 'blue-moulded for want of a bating.'

Moderately fair breezes, occasional dead calms, rude, baffling head-winds, attended us until we reached the Gulf of St. Lawrence. After sailing all day northward, and all night southerly, we found ourselves next morning actually retrograded some thirty or fifty knots. But we were rewarded sometimes by strange sights and wondrous spectacles. Once a shoal of porpoises and grampuses crossed our course, frolicking and turning somersets in the air, and continuing to stream onwards for full two hours. Another time, when far north, we had the most magnificent display of aurora borealis. Night after night the sea would be radiant with phosphorescent light. Icebergs attended us in thousands, compelling our captain to shorten sail frequently; once we passed near two of these ice-cliffs which exceeded five hundred feet in height, and again we were nearly overwhelmed by the sudden break-down of a huge mass as big as a cathedral. Near the Island of Anticosti we saw at least three hundred spouting whales at one view. I have crossed the Atlantic four times since, and have scarcely seen a single large fish or a sea bird. It seems that modern steamship travel has driven away the inhabitants of the deep to quieter seas, and robbed 'life on the ocean wave' of much of its romance.

The St. Lawrence River was gained, and escaping with a few days quarantine at Grosse Isle, we reached Quebec. We were there transferred to a fine steamer for Montreal, thence to Kingston by scows drawn by horses along shore and through narrow canals, and so by the steamer 'United Kingdom' to Little York, where we landed about the first week in September after a journey of four months. Now-a-days, a trip to England by the Allan line is thought tedious if it lasts ten days, and even five days is considered not unattainable. When we left England, a thirty mile railway

from Liverpool to Manchester was all that Europe had seen. Dr. Dionysius Lardner pronounced steam-voyages across the Atlantic an impossibility, and men believed him. Now, even China and Japan have their railways and steamships; Canada is being spanned from the Atlantic to the Pacific by a railroad, destined, I believe, to work still greater changes in the future of our race, and of the world.

CHAPTER VIII.

MUDDY LITTLE YORK.

WHEN we landed at the town of York, it contained 8500 inhabitants or thereabouts, being the same population nearly as Belleville, St. Catharines, and Brantford, severally claim in 1881. In addition to King street, the principal thoroughfares were Lot, Hospital, and Newgate streets, now more euphoniously styled Queen, Richmond and Adelaide streets respectively; Church, George, Bay and York streets were almost without buildings; Yonge street ran north thirty-three miles to Lake Simcoe, and Dundas street extended westward a hundred miles to London. More or less isolated wooden stores there were on King and Yonge streets; taverns were pretty numerous; a wooden English church; Methodist, Presbyterian, and Roman Catholic churches of the like construction; a brick gaol and court-house of the ugliest architecture; scattered private houses, a wheat-field where now stands the Rossin House, beyond it a rough-cast Government House, brick Parliament Buildings uglier even than the gaol, and some government offices located in one-story brick buildings twenty-five feet square,—comprised the lions of the Toronto of that day. Of brick private buildings, only Moore's hotel at the corner of Market square; J. S. Baldwin's residence, now the Canada Company's

office; James F. Smith's, grocer (afterwards the *Colonist* office), on King street; Ridout's hardware store at the corner of King and Yonge streets, occur to my memory, but there may have been one or two others. So well did the town merit its muddy soubriquet, that in crossing Church street near St. James's Church, boots were drawn off the feet by the tough clay soil; and to reach our tavern on Market lane (now Colborne street), we had to hop from stone to stone placed loosely along the roadside. There was flagged pavement here and there, but not a solitary planked footpath throughout the town.

To us the sole attraction was the Emigrant Office. At that time, Sir John Colborne, the Lieut.-Governor of Upper Canada, was exerting himself to induce retired army officers, and other well-to-do settlers, to take up lands in the country north and west of Lake Simcoe. U. E. rights, *i.e.* location tickets for two hundred acres of land, subject to conditions of actual settlement, were easily obtainable. We purchased one of these for a hundred dollars, or rather for twenty pounds sterling—dollars and cents not being current in Canada at that date—and forthwith booked ourselves for Lake Simcoe, in an open waggon without springs, loaded with the bedding and cooking utensils of intending settlers, some of them our shipmates of the *Asia*. A day's journey brought us to Holland Landing, whence a small steamer conveyed us across the lake to Barrie. The Holland River was then a mere muddy ditch, swarming with huge bullfrogs and black snakes, and winding in and out through thickets of reeds and rushes. Arrived at Barrie, we found a wharf, a log bakery, two log taverns—one of them also a store—and a farm house, likewise log. Other farm-houses there were at some little distance, hidden by trees.

Some of our fellow travellers were discouraged by the solitary appearance of things here, and turned back at

once. My brothers and myself, and one other emigrant, determined to go on; and next afternoon, armed with axes or guns, and mosquito nets, off we started for the unknown forest, then reaching, unbroken, from Lake Simcoe to Lake Huron. From Barrie to the Nottawasaga river, eleven miles, a road had been chopped and logged sixty-six feet wide; beyond the river, nothing but a bush path existed.

CHAPTER IX.

A PIONEER TAVERN.*

WE had walked a distance of eight miles, and it was quite dark, when we came within sight of the clearing where we were advised to stop for the night. Completely blockading the road, and full in our way, was a confused mass of felled timber, which we were afterwards told was a wind-row or brush-fence. It consisted of an irregular heap of prostrate trees, branches and all, thrown together in line, to serve as a fence against stray cattle. After several fruitless attempts to effect an entrance, there was nothing for it but to shout at the top of our voices for assistance.

Presently we heard a shrill cry, rather like the call of some strange bird than a human voice; immediately afterwards, the reflection of a strong light became visible, and a man emerged from the brushwood, bearing a large blazing fragment of resinous wood, which lighted up every object around in a picturesque and singular manner. High over head, eighty feet at least, was a vivid green canopy of leaves, extending on all sides as far as the eye could penetrate, varied here and there by the twinkling of some lustrous star that peeped through from the dark sky without, and supported

* The substance of this, and of the two following chapters, is condensed from the 'Maple Leaf' for 1848 and 1849, of which more anon.

by the straight trunks and arching branches of innumerable trees—the rustic pillars of this superb natural temple. The effect was strikingly beautiful and surprising.

Nor was the figure of our guide less strange. He was the first genuine specimen of a Yankee we had encountered—a Vermonter—tall, bony, and awkward, but with a good-natured simplicity in his shrewd features; he wore uncouth leather leggings tied with deer sinews—loose moccasins, a Guernsey shirt, a scarlet sash confining his patched trowsers at the waist, and a palmetto hat, dragged out of all describable shape, the colour of each article so obscured by stains and rough usage, as to be matter rather of conjecture than certainty. He proved to be our landlord for the night, David Root by name.

Following his guidance, and climbing successively over a number of huge trunks, stumbling through a net-work of branches, and plunging into a shallow stream up to the ankles in soft mud, we reached at length what he called his tavern, at the further side of the clearing. It was a log building, of a single apartment, where presided 'the wife,' a smart, plump, good-looking little Irishwoman, in a stuff gown, and without shoes or stockings. They had been recently married, as he promptly informed us, had selected this wild spot on a half-opened road, impassable for waggons, without a neighbour for miles, and under the inevitable necessity of shouldering all their provisions from the embryo village we had just quitted: all this with the resolute determination of 'keeping tavern.'

The floor was of loose split logs, hewn into some approach to evenness with an adze; the walls of logs entire, filled in the interstices with chips of pine, which, however, did not prevent an occasional glimpse of the objects visible outside, and had the advantage, moreover, of rendering a window unnecessary; the hearth was the bare

soil, the ceiling slabs of pine wood, the chimney a square hole in the roof; the fire, literally, an entire tree, branches and all, cut into four-foot lengths, and heaped up to the height of as many feet. It was a chill evening, and the dancing flames were inspiring, as they threw a cheerful radiance all around, and revealed to our curious eyes extraordinary pieces of furniture—a log bedstead in the darkest corner, a pair of snow-shoes, sundry spiral augers and rough tools, a bundle of dried deer sinews, together with some articles of feminine gear, a small red framed looking-glass, a clumsy comb suspended from a nail by a string, and other similar treasures.

We were accommodated with stools of various sizes and heights, on three legs or on four, or mere pieces of log sawn short off, which latter our host justly recommended as being more steady on the uneven floor. We exchanged our wet boots for slippers, moccasins, or whatever the good-natured fellow could supply us with. The hostess was intently busy making large flat cakes, and roasting them, first on one side, then on the other, and alternately boiling and frying broad slices of salt pork, when, suddenly suspending operations, she exclaimed, with a vivacity that startled us, 'Oh, Root, I've cracked my spider!'

Inquiring with alarm what was the matter, we learned that the cast-iron pan on three feet, which she used for her cookery, was called a 'spider,' and that its fracture had occasioned the exclamation. The injured spider performed 'its spiriting gently' notwithstanding, and, sooth to say, all parties did full justice to its savoury contents.

Bed-time drew near. A heap of odd-looking rugs and clean blankets were laid for our accommodation and pronounced to be ready. But how to get into it? We had heard of some rather primitive practices among the steerage passengers on board ship, it is

true, but had not accustomed ourselves to 'uncase' before company, and hesitated to lie down in our clothes. After waiting some little time in blank dismay, Mr. Root kindly set us an example by quietly slipping out of his nether integuments and turning into bed. There was no help for it; by one means or other we contrived to sneak under the blankets; and, after hanging up a large coloured quilt between our lair and the couch occupied by her now snoring spouse, the goodwife also disappeared.

In spite of the novelty of the situation, and some occasional disturbance from gusts of wind stealing through the 'chinks,' and fanning into brightness the dying embers on the hearth, we slept deliciously and awoke refreshed.

CHAPTER X.

A FIRST DAY IN THE BUSH.

BEFORE day-break breakfast was ready, and proved to be a more tempting meal than the supper of the night before. There were fine dry potatoes, roast wild pigeon, fried pork, cakes, butter, eggs, milk, 'China tea,' and chocolate—which last was a brown-coloured extract of cherry-tree bark, sassafras root, and wild sassa-parilla, warmly recommended by our host as first-rate bitters. Declining this latter beverage, we made a hearty meal.

It was now day-break. As we were new-comers, Root offered to convoy us 'a piece of the way,' a very serviceable act of kindness, for, in the dim twilight we experienced at first no little difficulty in discerning it. Pointing out some faint glimmerings of morning, which were showing themselves more and more brightly over the tall tree-tops, our friend remarked, 'I guess that's where the sun's calc'latin'g to rise.'

The day had advanced sufficiently to enable us to distinguish the road with ease. Our tavern-keeper returned to his work, and in a few minutes the forest echoed to the quick strokes of his lustily-wielded axe. We found ourselves advancing along a wide avenue, unmarked as yet by the track of wheels, and unimpeded by growing brush-wood. To the width of sixty-six feet, all the trees had been cut down to a height of between two and three feet, in a precisely straight course for miles, and burnt or drawn into the woods; while along the centre, or winding from side to side like the course of a drunken man, a wagon-track had been made by grubbing up the smaller and evading the larger stumps, or by throwing a collection of small limbs and decayed wood into the deeper inequalities. Here and there, a ravine would be rendered passable by placing across it two long trunks of trees, often at a sharp angle, and crossing these transversely with shorter logs; the whole covered with brushwood and earth, and dignified with the name of a 'corduroy bridge.'

At the Nottawasaga River, we found a log house recently erected, the present residence of Wellesley Richey, Esq., an Irish gentleman, then in charge of the new settlements thereabouts. Mr. Richey received us very courteously, and handed us over to the charge of an experienced guide, whose business it was to show lands to intending settlers—a very necessary precaution indeed, as after a mile or two of further progress the road ceased altogether.

For some miles further, the forest consisted of Norway and white pine, almost unmixed with any other timber. There is something majestic in these vast and thickly-set labyrinths of brown columnar stems, averaging a hundred and fifty feet in height, perhaps, and from one to three in thickness, and making the traveller feel somewhat like a Lilliputian

Gulliver in a field of Brobdingnagian wheat. It is singular to observe the effect of an occasional gust of wind in such situations. It may not even fan your cheek ; but you hear a low surging sound, like the moaning of breakers in a calm sea, which gradually increases to a loud boisterous roar, still seemingly at a great distance ; the branches remain in perfect repose, you can discover no evidence of a stirring breeze, till, looking perpendicularly upward, you are astonished to see some patriarchal giant close at hand—six yards round and sixty high—which alone has caught the breeze, waving its huge fantastic arms wildly, at a dizzy height above your head.

There are times when the hardest woodman dares not enter the pine woods ; when some unusually severe gale sweeping over them bends their strong but slender stems like willow wands, or catches the wide-spreading branches of the loftier trees with a force that fairly wrenches them out by the roots, which creeping along on the surface of the soil, present no very powerful resistance. Nothing but the close contiguity of the trees saves them from general prostration. Interlocked branches are every moment broken off and flung to a distance, and even the trunks clash, and as it were, whet themselves against each other, with a shock and uproar that startles the firmest nerves.

It were tedious to detail all the events of our morning's march : How, armed with English fowling pieces and laden with ammunition, we momentarily expected to encounter some grisly she-bear with a numerous family of cubs ; or at the least a herd of deer or a flock of wild turkeys : how we saw nothing more dangerous than woodpeckers with crimson heads, hammering away at decayed trees like transmigrated carpenters ; how we at last shot two partridges sitting on branches, very unlike English ones, of which we were fain to make a meal, which was utterly detestable for want

of salt ; how the government guide led us, helter-skelter, into the untracked woods, walking as for a wager, through thickets of ground hemlock,* which entangled our feet and often tripped us up ; how we were obliged to follow him over and under wind-falls, to pass which it was necessary to climb sometimes twenty feet along some half-recumbent tree ; how when we enquired whether clay or sand were considered the best soil, he said some preferred one, some the other ; how he showed us the front of a lot which was bad, and guessed that the rear ought to be better ; how we turned back at last, thoroughly jaded, but no wiser than when we set out—all this and much more, must be left to the reader's imagination.

It was drawing towards evening. The guide strode in advance, tired and taciturn, like some evil fate. We followed in pairs, each of us provided with a small bunch of leafy twigs to flap away the mosquitoes, which rose in myriads from the thick, damp underbrush.

'It will be getting dark,' said the guide, 'you must look out for the blaze.'

We glanced anxiously around. 'What does he mean ?' asked one of the party, 'I see no blaze.'

The man explained that the blaze (query, blazon ?) was a white mark which we had noticed on some of the trees in our route, made by slicing off a portion of the bark with an axe, and invariably used by surveyors to indicate the road, as well as the divisions and sub-divisions of townships. After a time this mark loses its whiteness, and becomes undistinguishable in the dusk of evening, even to an experienced eye.

Not a little rejoiced were we, when we presently saw a genuine blaze in

**Taxus Canadensis*, or Canadian Yew, is a trailing evergreen shrub which covers the ground in places. Its stems are as strong as cart-ropes, and often reach the length of twenty feet.

the form of a log-fire, that brilliantly lighted up the forest in front of a wigwam, which like everything else on that eventful day, was to us delightfully new and interesting. We found, seated on logs near the fire, two persons in blanket coats and red sashes, evidently gentlemen; and occupying a second wigwam at a little distance, half-a-dozen axemen. The gentlemen proved to be the Messrs. Walker, afterwards of Barrie, sons of the wealthy owner of the great shot works at Waterloo Bridge, London, England. They had purchased a tract of a thousand acres, and commenced operations by hiring men to cut a road through the forest eight or ten miles to their new estate, which pioneering exploit they were now superintending in person. Nothing could exceed the vigour of their plans. Their property was to be enclosed in a ring fence like a park, to exclude trespassers on their game. They would have herds of deer and wild horses. The river which intersected their land was to be cleared of the drift logs, and made navigable. In short, they meant to convert it into another England. In the meanwhile, the elder brother had cut his foot with an axe, and was disabled for the present; and the younger was busily engaged in the unromantic occupation of frying pancakes, which the axemen, who were unskilled in cookery, were to have for their supper.

Nowhere does good fellowship spring up so readily as in the bush. We were soon engaged in discussing the aforesaid pancakes, with some fried pork, as well as in sharing the sanguine hopes and bright visions which accorded so well with our own ideas and feelings.

We quitted the wigwam and its cheerful tenants with mutual good wishes for success, and shortly afterwards reached the river whence we had started, where Mr. Richey kindly invited us to stay for the night. Exhausted by our rough progress, we

slept soundly till the morning sun shone high over the forest.

CHAPTER XI.

A CHAPTER ON CHOPPING.

IMAGINE yourself, gentle reader, who have perhaps passed most of your days between the wearisome confinement of an office or counting-house, and a rare holiday visit of a few days or weeks at your cousin's or grandfather's pleasant farm in the country—imagine yourself, I say, transplanted to a 'home' like ours. No road approaches within ten miles; no footpath nearer than half that distance; the surveyor's blaze is the sole distinctive mark between the adjoining lots and your own; there are trees innumerable—splendid trees—beech, maple, elm, ash, cherry—above and around you, which, while you are wondering what on earth to do with them, as you see no chance of conveying them to market for sale, you are horrified to hear, must be consumed by fire—yea, burnt ruthlessly to ashes, and scattered over the surface of the earth as 'good manure'; unless indeed—a desperately forlorn hope—you may 'some day' have an opportunity of selling them in the shape of potash, 'when there is a road out' to some navigable lake or river.

Well, say you, let us set to work and chop down some of these trees. Softly, good sir. In the first place, you must underbrush. With an axe or a strong, long handled bill hook, made to be used with both hands, you cut away for some distance round—a quarter or half an acre perhaps—all the small saplings and underwood which would otherwise impede your operations upon the larger trees. In 'a good hardwood bush,' that is, where the principal timber is maple, white oak, elm, white ash, hickory, and other of the

harder species of timber—the ‘underbrush’ is very trifling indeed; and in an hour or two may be cleared off sufficiently to give the forest an agreeable park-like appearance—so much so that, as has been said of English Acts of Parliament, any skilful hand might drive a coach and six through.

When you have finished ‘underbrushing,’ you stand with whetted axe, ready and willing to attack the fathers of the forest—but stay—you don’t know how to chop? It is rather doubtful, as you have travelled hither in a great hurry, whether you have ever seen an axeman at work. Your man, Carroll, who has been in the country five or six years, and is quite *au fait*, will readily instruct you. Observe—you strike your axe, by a dexterous swing backwards and round over your shoulder,—take care there are no twigs near you, or you may perhaps hurt yourself seriously—you strike your axe into the tree with a downward slant, at about thirty inches from the ground; then, by an upward stroke, you meet the former incision and release a chip, which flies out briskly. Thus you proceed, by alternate downward and upward or horizontal strokes, on that side of the tree which leans over, or towards which you wish to compel it to fall, until you have made a clear gap rather more than half way through, when you attack it in rear.

Now for the reward of your perspiring exertions—a few well-aimed blows on the reverse side of the tree, rather higher than in front, and the vast mass ‘totters to its fall,’—another for the *coup-de-grace*—crack! crack! crack!—aha!—away with you behind yon beech—the noble tree bows gently its leafy honours with graceful sweep towards the earth—for a moment slowly and leisurely, presently with giddy velocity, until it strikes the ground, amidst a whirlwind of leaves, with a loud *thud*, and a concussion both of air and earth, that may be *felt* at a considerable distance. You feel your-

self a second David, who has overthrown a mightier Goliath.

Now do you step exultingly upon the prostrate trunk, which you forthwith proceed to cut up into about fourteen-foot lengths, chopping all the branches close off, and throwing the smaller on to your brush piles. It is a common mistake of new immigrants, who are naturally enough pleased with the novel spectacle of falling trees, to cut down so many before they begin to chop them into lengths, that the ground is wholly encumbered, and becomes a perfect chaos of confused and heaped-up trunks and branches, which nothing but the joint operation of decay and fire will clear off, unless at an immense waste of time and trouble. To an experienced axeman, these first attempts at chopping afford a ready text for all kinds of ironical comments upon the unworkmanlike appearance of the stumps and ‘cuts,’ which are generally—like those gnawn off by beavers in making their dams—haggled all round the tree, instead of presenting two clear smooth surfaces, in front and rear, as if sliced off with a knife. Your genuine axeman is not a little jealous of his reputation as ‘a clean cutter’—his axe is always bright as burnished silver, guiltless of rust or flaw, and fitted with a handle which, with its graceful curve and slender proportions, is a tolerable approach to Hogarth’s ‘line of beauty;’ he would as soon think of deserting his beloved ‘bush’ and settling in a town! as trust his keen weapon in the hands of inexperience or even mediocrity. With him every blow tells—he never leaves the slightest chip in the ‘cut,’ nor makes a false stroke, so that in passing your hand over the surface thus left, you are almost unable to detect roughness or inequality.

But we must return to our work, and take care in so doing to avoid the mishap which befel a settler in our neighbourhood. He was busy chopping away manfully at one of those numerous trees which, yielding to the

force of some sudden gust of wind, have fallen so gently among their compeers, that the greater portion of their roots still retains a powerful hold upon the soil, and the branches put forth their annual verdure as regularly as when erect. Standing on the recumbent trunk, at a height of five or six feet from the ground, the man toiled away, in happy ignorance of his danger, until having chopped nearly to the centre on both sides of the tree, instead of leaping off and completing the cut in safety on terra firma, he dealt a mighty stroke which severed at once the slight portion that remained uncut—in an instant, as if from a mortar, the poor fellow was launched sixteen feet into the air, by the powerful elasticity of the roots, which, relieved from the immense weight of the trunk and branches, reverted violently to their natural position, and flung their innocent releaser to the winds. The astonished chopper, falling on his back, lay stunned for many minutes, and when he was at length able to rise, crawled to his shanty sorely bruised and bewildered. He was able, however, to return to his work in a few days, but not without vowing earnestly never again to trust himself near the root.

There are other precautions to be observed, such as whether the branches interlock with other trees, in which case they will probably break off, and must be carefully watched, lest they fall or are flung back upon oneself—what space you have to escape at the last moment—whether the tree is likely to be caught and twisted aside in its fall, or held upright, a very dangerous position, as then you must cut down others to release it, and can hardly calculate which way it will tend: these and many other circumstances are to be noted and watched with a cool judgment and steady eye, to avoid the numerous accidents to which the inexperienced and rash are constantly exposed. One of these mischances befel an Amazonian chopper

of our neighbourhood, whose history, as we can both chop and talk, I shall relate.

Mary — was the second of several daughters of an emigrant from the county of Galway, whose family, having suffered from continual hardship and privation in their native land, had found no difficulty in adapting themselves to the habits and exigencies of the wilderness.

Hardworking they were all and thrifty. Mary and her elder sister, neither of them older than eighteen, would start before day-break to the nearest store, seventeen miles off, and return the same evening laden each with a full sack flung across the shoulder, containing about a bushel and a half, or 90lbs. weight of potatoes, destined to supply food for the family, as well as seed for their first crop. Being much out of doors, and accustomed to work about the clearing, Mary became in time a 'first-rate' chopper, and would yield to none of the new settlers in the dexterity with which she would fell, brush, and cut up maple or beech; and preferring such active exercise to the dull routine of household work, took her place at chopping, logging or burning, as regularly and with at least as much spirit as her brothers. Indeed, chopping is quite an accomplishment among young women in the more remote parts of the woods, where schools are unknown, and fashions from New York or Philadelphia have not yet penetrated. A belle of this class will employ her leisure hours in learning to play—not the piano-forte—but the dinner-horn, a bright tin tube sometimes nearly four feet in length, requiring the lungs of that almost forgotten individual, an English mail-coach-guard; and an intriguing mamma of those parts will bid her daughter exhibit the strength of her throat and the delicacy of her musical ear, by a series of flourishes and 'mots' upon her graceful 'tooting-weapon.' I do not mean, however, that Mary possessed this fashionable

acquisition, as the neighbourhood had not then arrived at such an advanced era of musical taste, but she made up in hard work for all other deficiencies; and being a good-looking, sunny-faced, dark-eyed, joyous-hearted girl, was not a little admired among the young axemen of the township. But she preferred remaining under her parent's roof-tree, where her stout arm and resolute disposition rendered her absolute mistress of the household, to the indignity of promising to 'obey' any man, who could wield no better axe than her own. At length it was whispered that Mary's heart, long hard as rock-elm, had become soft as basswood, under the combined influence of the stalwart figure, handsome face and good axe of Johnny, a lad of eighteen recently arrived in the neighbourhood, who was born in one of the early Scotch settlements in the Newcastle District — settlements which have turned out a race of choppers, accustomed from their infancy to handle the axe, and unsurpassed in the cleanness of their cut, the keenness of their weapons, or the amount of cordwood they can chop, split and pile in a day.

Many a fair denizen of the abodes of fashion might have envied Mary the bright smiles and gay greetings which passed between her and young Johnny, when they met in her father's clearing at sunrise to commence the day's work. It is common for axemen to exchange labour, as they prefer working in couples, and Johnny was under a treaty of this kind with Patsy, Mary's brother. But Patsy vacated his place for Mary, who was emulous of beating the young Scotch lad at his own weapon; and she had tucked up her sleeves and taken in the slack, as a sailor would say, of her dress—Johnny meanwhile laying aside his coat, waistcoat and neckcloth, baring his brawny arms, and drawing tight the bright scarlet sash round his waist — thus equipped for their favourite occupation, they chopped away in merry rivalry, at maple, elm, ash, birch and

basswood—Johnny sometimes gallantly fetching water from the deliciously-cold natural spring that oozed out of the mossy hill-side, to quench Mary's thirst, and stealing now and then a kiss by way of guerdon — for which he never failed to get a vehement box on the ear, a penalty which, although it would certainly have annihilated any lover of less robust frame, he seemed nowise unwilling to incur again and again. Thus matters proceeded, the maiden by no means acknowledging herself beaten, and the young man too gallant to outstrip overmuch his fair opponent—until the harsh sound of the breakfast or dinner horn would summon both to the house, to partake of the rude but plentiful mess of 'col-cannon' and milk, which was to supply strength for a long and severe day's labour.

Alas! that I should have to relate the melancholy termination of poor Mary's unsophisticated career. Whether Johnny's image occupied her thoughts, to the exclusion of the huge yellow birch she was one day chopping, or that the wicked genius who takes delight in thwarting the course of true love had caught her guardian angel asleep on his post, I know not; but certain it is, that in an evil hour she miscalculated the cut, and was thoughtlessly continuing her work, when the birch, overbalancing, split upwards, and the side nearest to Mary, springing suddenly out, struck her a blow so severe as to destroy life instantaneously. Her yet warm remains were carried hastily to the house, and every expedient for her recovery that the slender knowledge of the family could suggest, was resorted to, but in vain. I pass over the silent agony of poor Johnny, and the heart-rending lamentations of the mother and sisters. In a decent coffin, contrived after many unsuccessful attempts by Johnny and Patsy, the unfortunate girl was carried to her grave, in the same field which she had assisted to clear, amid a concourse of simple-minded, coarsely-

clad, but kindly sympathising neighbours, from all parts of the surrounding district. Many years have rolled away since I stood by Mary's fresh-made grave, and it may be that Johnny has forgotten his first love; but I was told, that no other had yet taken the place of her, whom he once hoped to make his 'bonny bride.'

By this time you have cut down trees enough to enable you fairly to see the sky! Yes, dear sir, it was entirely hidden before, and the sight is not a little exhilarating to a new 'bush-whacker.' We must think of preparing fire-wood for the night. It is highly amusing to see a party of axemen, just returning from their work, set about this necessary task. Four 'hands' commence at once upon some luckless maple, whose excellent burning qualities ensure it the preference. Two on each side, they strike alternate blows—one with the right hand, his 'mate' with the left—in a rapid succession of strokes that seem perfectly miraculous to the inexperienced beholder—the tree is felled in a trice—a dozen men jump upon it, each intent on exhibiting his skill by making his 'cut' in the shortest possible time. The more modest select the upper end of the tree—the bolder attack the butt—their bright axes, flashing vividly in the sunbeams, are whirled around their heads with such velocity as to elude the eye—huge chips a foot broad are thrown off incessantly—they wheel round for the 'back cut' at the same instant, like a file of soldiers facing about upon some enemy in rear—and in the space of two or three minutes, the once tall and graceful trunk lies dissevered in as many fragments as there are choppers.

It invariably astonishes new comers to observe with what dexterity and ease an axeman will fell a tree in the precise spot which he wishes it to occupy, so as to suit his convenience in cutting it up, or in removing it by oxen to the log-pile where it is destined to be consumed. If it should happen

to overhang a creek or 'swale,' (wet places where oxen cannot readily operate), every contrivance is resorted to, to overcome its apparently inevitable tendency. Choosing a time when not a breath of air is stirring to defeat his operations, or better still, when the wind is favourable, he cuts deeply into the huge victim on the side which he wishes to throw it, until it actually trembles on the slight remaining support, cautiously regulating the direction of the 'cut' so that the tree may not overbalance itself—then he gently fells among its branches on the reverse side all the smaller trees with which it may be reached—and last and boldest expedient of all, he cuts several 'spring poles'—trimmed saplings from twenty to forty feet in length and four to eight inches thick—which with great care and labour are set up against the stem, and by the united strength and weight of several men used as spring levers, after the manner in which ladders are employed by firemen to overthrow tottering stacks of chimneys; the squared end of these poles holding firmly in the rough bark, they slowly but surely compel the unwilling monster to obey the might of its hereditary ruler, man. With such certainty is this feat accomplished, that I have seen a solitary pine, nearly five feet thick and somewhere about a hundred and seventy feet in height, forced by this latter means, aided by the strength of two men only, against its decided natural bearing, to fall down the side of a mound, at the bottom of which a saw-pit was already prepared to convert it into lumber. The moment when the enormous mass is about yielding to its fate, is one of breathless interest—it sways alarmingly, as if it must inevitably fall backward, crushing poles and perhaps axemen to atoms in its overwhelming descent—ha! there is a slight cat's paw of air in our favour—cling to your pole—now! an inch or two gained!—the stout stick trembles and bends at the revulsive sway of the monstrous tree

but still holds its own—drive your axe into the back cut—that helps her—again, another axe! soh, the first is loose—again!—she *must* go—both axes are fixed in the cut as immovably as her roots in the ground—another puff of wind—she sways the wrong way—no, no! hold on—she cracks—

strike in again the slackened axes—bravo! one blow more—quick, catch your axe and clear out!—see! what a sweep—what a rush of wind—what an enormous top—down! down! how beautifully she falls—hurrah! *just in the right place!*

(*To be continued.*)

FROM VIRGIL.

(ÆNEID I.)

THE storm had lulled—but though its rage was spent,
 No further forth the tired Trojans bent,
 They steer them straight towards the nearest land,
 Where dim afar extends the Libyan strand.
 There is a spot fair nestling in a bay,
 Breasting the tide an island stops the way,
 The breakers from the deep upon its side
 Are shivered, and in wavelets onward glide,
 Lapping with noiseless ripple on the beach,
 So quiet sleep the waters: o'er them reach
 Twin peaks to right and left athwart the sky
 And lines of precipice, whose majesty
 Stands shrouded in a mass of forest green—
 A shifting canopy of shade and sheen.
 The hanging rocks a Nereid's grot display,
 Piercing the cliff-front midmost of the bay;
 Here fountains from the granite rock distil,
 Here benches hewn of stone by Nature's skill;
 No need were here the weary bark to hold
 With anchor's iron tooth or cable's fold.
 Æneas bids them seize the haven meet,
 Seven ships his all, survivors of the fleet;
 O'erjoyed to reach the land, the Trojan host
 Leap down to make their own the Libyan coast.

ACROSS THE SEA ;
OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

QUEBEC, 'EN ROUTE.'

ONE summer's day, not very long ago, an opportunity suddenly presented itself to the writer of going 'across the sea' to what is lovingly called 'the old country,' and of visiting, though only for a brief period, the 'Modern Babylon' and the gay capital of *la belle France*, the wonders and delights of which travellers' tales had made me long wish to see. Mindful of the dangers of delay, I at once applied for leave of absence from my official duties, which was readily granted by my courteous chief. To the fact that I had 'stuck close to my desk' for nearly two years without applying for leave—the boon the Civil Servant so delights in—was probably due the ready favour with which my request was received; but, be that as it may, *bis dat qui cito dat* in everything applies, and the quickness of the assent certainly doubled my delight and gratitude at receiving it. Forty-eight hours afterwards, with mind elated at the prospect of an enjoyable holiday, I took my place in a Grand Trunk 'Pullman' as the Eastern train moved out of the Union Station at Toronto. Some days spent at Quebec afforded me an opportunity of once more seeing the quaint old city, with its narrow zigzag streets, ancient looking buildings, and magnificent scenery. As the scenes were those familiar to my boyhood, I did not at the time propose jotting down my impressions,

and thought that I would have been content with a passing glance; but they so grew upon me, and the wonderful surroundings of the city so imperatively arrested my attention and stamped themselves upon my mind that I commenced to question whether, after all, the, to me, unknown land to which I was on the way could present anything more attractive of its kind, and more worthy of such description as it was in my poor power to give. Although every American who can afford to travel thinks it his duty to make a pilgrimage to Quebec, and to see the spot where Montgomery fell, I have been much astonished at meeting with many Canadians that had never taken the trouble to pay a visit to this, one of the wonderful sights of the New World; so liable are we all to neglect, and to fail in appreciation of, what may happen to be 'our own.' But let me now examine somewhat closely what it is that so challenges my admiration and enchains my thoughts when I am so eager to pass quickly by on my way across the Atlantic. I shall first glance at a few of the events of the last century, and, in so doing, say a few words about 'QUEBEC THEN AND NOW.'

I venture to think that Canadian readers will not quite weary while I endeavour to depict the scenes about the city, and to dwell at some length upon the historic associations that its surroundings so vividly conjure up,

which, being those of their 'Ancient Capital,' should to them possess such peculiar interest.

The day before our departure, the sun was shining its brightest, as if anxious to display to the utmost the grand panorama that nature and the handiwork of man presented that morning to the view in the magnificent harbour. The River St. Lawrence was dotted here and there with every conceivable kind of craft. Large merchantmen were lying at the wharves unloading and taking in cargo. An ocean steamer, ready for sea, looking as trim as a yacht, was waiting the moment of departure. Here and there was seen a schooner sailing along 'wing and wing.' Even the canoe had its representative, as one glided past, propelled with apparently little effort on the part of its occupant. On our left was the Lower Town of Quebec, filled with people hurrying to and fro, on business thoughts intent. As one looked up the river, the eye was caught by the flag of England floating from the Citadel, that crowned the Rock. Lower down, resting on the sloping cliff, half-way from the water appeared a modest board, bearing the words, 'Here Montgomery fell.' Looking down the river, Durham Terrace broke on the eye, a reminder to-day, not only of the too short reign of the far-sighted, haughty statesman, Lord Durham, but also, through its improved appearance, of the able and polished Irishman, Lord Dufferin, both diplomatist and courtier, who, like our own 'Sir John,' so gracefully charmed men to do his will. But what wonder that he should be so gifted, when we remember that in his veins runs the blood of Sheridan, of whom Byron sang—

'Long shall we seek his likeness, long in vain,
And turn to all of him which may remain,
Sighing that Nature formed but one such man
And broke the die—in moulding Sheridan.'

Some one must have picked up some

of the pieces, for in his character are there not reproduced many of Sheridan's qualities? Whence the astuteness, the eloquence and wit—the power to match the crafty Tartar and to awe the wily Turk? The terrace was so high above us that the people, looking down upon the river, appeared almost like dwarfs. Just in rear of it lies the old Château of St. Louis, where the courtly Governors of France held sway. Laval University stood up boldly against the sky, its name recalling the part taken by those earnest and self-sacrificing men, the French missionaries.

Almost with one glance the observer can take in these memorials of the past, telling him how the sons of monarchical England and France, and of republican America, had fought and shed their blood for the possession of 'this Canada of ours.' Are not these memorials silent protests against the action of those who would to-day selfishly ignore the past and, by raising the cry, 'Canada First,' pave the way for the severance of the tie between the Old Country and its fledgling?

Almost on the edge of Mountain Hill stand the unworthy, low built, old Parliament buildings, a discredit to the people, but now, happily, supplanted by a structure elsewhere more worthy of the 'ancient capital.' Further on, the Grand Battery crowned the rock on which many a sentry had paced his weary way, and along the line of which many a cannon and mortar had hurled their missiles at the approaching foe.

Then is seen the wide valley of the St. Charles, smiling with plenty. A little river issues from the forbidding-looking mountains—of no name—that bound the view, and winds its peaceful route through the valley till it joins the great water-way to the sea—the St. Lawrence. Now we come to the Falls of Montmorenci (one of France's most noble names), tumbling from their lofty height. Beyond, a further

expanse of country, dotted with hamlets of white houses, each with its own *Eglise*, the tin spires of which glittered in the sun; the little Island of Orleans claims attention; and, on our right, the Point, bearing the name of a Chevalier of France, completes the scene—one that, with its combinations of the handiwork of nature and of man, extraordinary and entrancing, the wide world nowhere else presents. We are told that the views of the Bay of Naples and of Rio de Janeiro excel those afforded by the surroundings of Quebec. Nevertheless, I venture to say, that neither place presents such a panorama of natural and historic interest. Here we have, within the range of the eye, a combination of lofty cliffs, mountain and dale, valley and river, promontory and islet and falls—all in one small area; the rugged and the level—the Great Creator's handful of contrasts thrown together, charming the fancy and awing the mind. While the wonders of nature attract and entrance, the names the places bear—Indian, French, English and American—turn one's thoughts to the historic past. Wolfe, Montcalm, Levis, Laval, Montmorenci, Montgomery, Stadacona, Durham, Orleans—all reminding one that men whose deeds had won for them a glorious name in the history of the three greatest nations of the earth had here lived and governed, and fought with pen and sword for supremacy. What a contrast the scene was to the one that must have presented itself to Jacques Cartier and the brave band of Frenchmen with him who, having dared the then appalling perils of the Atlantic, cast anchor in the unknown river over three hundred years ago. Though, to-day, on all sides are signs of busy life, silence must then have brooded over the waters, save where broken by the roar of the Falls (Montmorenci) as they thundered over the cliff. Here and there, above the still forest, may have been seen smoke rising from a wigwam, and, perchance,

an Indian, confounded and affrighted by the appearance of the ships, may have hastily paddled to the shore to tell and to warn his fellow braves of the coming of the strange white men. As, later on, Champlain's crew reached the scene and their eyes fell upon the Cape, raising its lofty head above the river, little wonder is it that they loudly gave expression to the ejaculation, 'Quel béc!' 'Quel béc!'

Thus was given a name to the Gibraltar of the New World, which nature intended should be the capital and chief port—though many miles from the sea—as it is the fortress—of a dominion, the shores of which are washed by the waters of two mighty oceans—a dominion that, in its vast territory, possesses a wealth of undeveloped minerals, and millions of acres capable of producing food for a teeming population. Were Quebec the capital, as it should be, of the Dominion of Canada, dulness would never there have reigned. Its natural and social attractions are such that we would not have had the daughter of our Queen sighing for the moment that will set her free from Canada, and there would be no question then as to whether the Marquis of Lorne would remain to complete his term as representative of Her Majesty—a part that all now acknowledge he has, up to the present, filled so simply and so well. Beyond the Cape stretch the Plains of Abraham, the scene of one of the most important battles in the world's history. Looking at the steep height up which England's soldiers had climbed, one could not but realize Wolfe's stern determination to take the city, or to die in the attempt. If, during their endeavours to scale the height, the English had been discovered, and the alarm given before they could obtain foothold on the summit, he must have known that a small body of French could have held it till reinforcements arrived, and poured upon them a storm of lead that must have decimated the small force, and driven it back dis-

comforted to the boats. Happily, they were able to form in battle array before the gallant, but ill-fated, Montcalm could reach the position. When he found that they were on secure ground, it does seem strange that he should have chosen to join issue with the invaders on almost equal terms, to have given up the advantages that the battlements of the walled city afforded him, and to have risked the charge committed to him in a pitched battle. The fact of the English being on the Plains was no evidence that they could successfully storm so strongly fortified a city. What were the fortifications for, if, on the approach of the enemy, they were to be abandoned, and the foe was to be given the advantage of open ground? Had he employed Fabian tactics, and retired within the city, he might have pounded them as they advanced with shot and shell, thereby weakening and dispiriting them, as they had no cannon with which to reply. Had the first assault failed, they would have had to bring supplies from the ships, or levy on the inhabitants, and he would have had a chance of forcing them to raise the siege. It is very easy to criticise, after the event, but this rushing out, helter skelter, to attack instead of biding an assault under the protection of such strong fortifications, to a non-professional mind, does seem to indicate anything but good judgment.

In the excitement caused by the intelligence of the audacity of the English in scaling the heights, all caution seems to have been abandoned for that spirit that prompted the soldiers of the same nation, a century later, to raise the shout of '*à Berlin*,' and to hurry the nation unprepared into a war that cost Napoleon III. his empire, as Montcalm's hasty advance on the memorable day in September, 1759, cost him his life, and his country a colony. Well, the battle was bravely fought on both sides, and Wolfe, for his audacity in scaling the heights, and Montcalm, for his rashness in disdain-

ing the protection of his fortifications, paid—each one—with his life.

England's joy at this victory, so great in its results, was saddened by the nation's grief at the loss of her young soldier, Wolfe; and France's wrath at the loss of Quebec was intensified by her sorrow for the death of her gallant Montcalm. Each did his devoir nobly and, to-day, on the same column, in what is called the Governor's Garden, the stranger reads the two names together—honoured alike—Wolfe and Montcalm—names that are written imperishably in the hearts of the people of the twin race, but from whose minds, strange to say, Time has not yet banished all bitterness.

Surely, after the day when, at bloody Inkerman, the men of the same race as Montcalm's gallant soldiers rushed with a cheer, to the assistance of the hard-pressed English, and poured out their blood in aiding to drive back the maddened Tartar and the savage Cossack legions, all feeling of antagonism should have vanished, and they should feel that as they share a common country, so they all now share a common glory and are no longer foes but, more than allies—brothers. And why should that not be the case? If we conquered at Quebec and at Waterloo, did they not conquer at Hastings and at Fontenoy, and is it not to-day the proudest boast of many an Englishman, that he has Norman blood in his veins! If English banners are emblazoned with proud names, do those of France not bear names as revered?

Hereafter, let us hope that the two great nations that are divided only by the 'Silver Streak,' may never again be at enmity, and that their children, also, in the New World may never again take part in a rivalry of arms, but join together their energies in an effort so to build up this New Dominion that, in the arts of peace, in agriculture, in commerce, and in literature, it may take front rank among the peoples of the earth. If war does come, united, they must be unconquerable,

and a future Canadian Virgil may sing not only of their achievements in peace, but of their joint deeds of valour in battle, if ever (which may heaven long avert) horrid war should hereafter desolate their homes and they be called to arms.

It is indeed to be wondered at that, though over a century has elapsed since the Battle of the Plains, and though every effort has been made by the British Government to conciliate the French inhabitants by securing to them their laws and their language, very little amalgamation has, in point of fact, taken place between the two races, and that, from many minds, the old feeling of antagonism, though tempered by time, has never been wholly obliterated. Even to-day, but in few drawing-rooms do the polished French and the matter-of-fact English mingle together, though, for many years, Madame Duval, wife of the Chief-Justice, and a leader of the *beau monde*, to her charming *salon* bade them alike welcome, where all were received with *empressement* and grace. Madame Duval, we may say, can still be occasionally seen taking a drive through the deserted streets where, in days gone by, so many hats were raised as she passed by, in response to the bright look of recognition that once flashed from her brilliant but now fast dimming eyes. The fair daughters of Quebec of those days could boast of a beauty and a grace possessed by those of no other city in Canada, and the physique and bearing of the men, judging from the veterans that are still left, must have stamped them anywhere as being of no ordinary race.

The whips of that time could 'sling' a tandem through the narrow streets and round the sharp corners in a way that would astonish the people of Toronto, accustomed to *their* broad and straight highways. The Québécois enjoyed the hours as they flew, and the delights that Providence gave them the opportunity of sharing together. The struggle of life was then

not so bitter that people hadn't time to laugh, and every nerve was not strained to acquire a position and to make or save money. People 'took it easy,' and so many early wrecks were not, as now, strewed by the way. They believed that Providence had not given them the capacity of enjoying themselves without intending that they should exercise it. And thus people, when necessity required it, could work and fight as hard as they played.

On a bright afternoon, the fashionable streets of the Upper Town were alive with people. The Governor's Garden was, on certain afternoons, filled with the *élite*, and the *grandes dames* there chaperoned the belles under their charge, to whom the scarlet-coated linesman and gay guardsman paid court, and the civilian of those days, joining in not unseldom successful rivalry with the soldiers too sought favour in the eyes of the fair. Round the gardens were many on horseback and in carriages, chatting as they moved. Happy jests were uttered; hapless men, entranced by love that 'looked from woman's eyes;' and, doubtless, vows were exchanged as, perchance, a band of the Guards or of the Line filled the air with and made the blood course to the strains of the 'Sturm Marsch Galop' or the 'Prima Donna Waltz.'

Alas! how changed to-day the scene, so typical of the general decay reigning over the old city. As I last saw them, the paths of the Governor's Gardens were half overgrown with grass, the railings seemed falling to decay—the flower-beds no longer neat; the benches hacked by the penknives of boys; the very trees seemed to droop and the branches to quiver, as it were, with grief at the thought of the happy life over which they had once joyously waved, and of the cheery voices now stilled and vanished into space. One was oppressed by the sight of a stray bent figure here and there, moving slowly in the walks, as if looking for those that had been. In the

olden time, a special and peculiar interest centred round the 'Gates' of a walled city. The demolition of the Quebec Gates seems to have been decided upon without proper consideration. It is true that 'Decay's effacing finger' had left its mark, and that, in consequence of their narrowness, people were now and then compelled to tarry awhile when going out and coming in; but all with any respect for the past would have infinitely preferred suffering the inconvenience of losing these interesting mementoes of a bye-gone age. What we should have carefully and reverently preserved, we have ruthlessly destroyed. Outside of Mexico, the continent of America could show no such landmarks. These walls and gates were the chief antiquities of the New World.

The Jesuit barracks founded in 1633, as a college by the Jesuits, and subsequently made use of for military purposes, could, too, claim consideration on that score, but they, also, have been levelled to the ground. It was found that the walls were of a wonderful thickness and built as if intended to defy forever the ravages of Time. It is difficult to understand the motive for pulling them down, for no modern buildings have taken their place, and this historic ground is made use of, in this degenerate age, as a receptacle for the rubbish and filth of the city.

Surely, the fact that through the gates had passed Montcalm and Levis, and their own De Salaberry should have endeared them to the French, and that they had opened wide to Nelson, to Clarence and to Kent, ought also to have hallowed them in the eyes of the English. But no voice appears to have been raised to stay even the destruction of the gates. It is a wonder that the stones themselves did not cry out. When the stranger is in the city, Quebecers can no longer point to them with pride. What the Tower is to the four millions of London, so were the old historic walls, barracks and gates of

Quebec to the four millions of Canada. Would any one in England dare to suggest the pulling down of the Tower? The razing to the ground of the gates of a walled city in the Old World has generally been the work of an exasperated conqueror. In this case the sacrilege has been committed by ourselves. Does a wider way, do blocks of well-chiselled stone; does the skill of the architect—fashion be never so wisely—compensate for the destruction of what time had hallowed, and what were standing witnesses of French and English tradition? Posterity will judge. How this act of vandalism could have been at all countenanced by the poetic mind of the author of 'Letters from High Latitudes' is indeed a matter of surprise, and in the minds of the people of Quebec is the one reproach that clouds their grateful recollection of the magnificent hospitality and gracious courtesy of the Earl of Dufferin. The same want of sentiment with regard to our past appears to exist all over Canada. Certainly, Toronto has not much in the way of 'memorials' to boast of, yet its people made no effort to preserve the old Block Houses, familiar to many of the old inhabitants, and whose removal is already greatly deplored. The St. Louis and St. Foy roads of Quebec, well macadamized, almost as good as English roads—afford most enjoyable drives, and the country seats scattered along their length, beautifully laid out, and with every surrounding that money can buy and taste suggest, cannot but command admiration. Toronto has many houses in the Park, and elsewhere, of greater size and more ambitious architecture, but no such country seats. Senator Macpherson's 'Chestnut Park,' approaches them more nearly than does any other residence in that city.

I suppose 'Spencerwood,' on the St. Louis and 'Bellevue,' as in the former owners' time, on the St. Foy, might be picked out as the representative places of Quebec.

Spencerwood, in which Lord Elgin,

Sir Edmund Head, and Lord Monck dispensed, with varying meed, a generous or a poor hospitality, according to their natures, and which, in later days became the residence of our Lieutenant-Governors Belleau, Caron, Letellier St. Just, and Robitaille,—presents in its woods and grand view, the magnificence of nature; Bellevue—the excellence of culture and of art.

Bellevue, as a country seat, might almost be considered a 'gem.' Commencing from the Gomin road, a continuation of the St. Louis, it extended to and across the St. Foy road, to the ridge bordering on the St. Charles valley. A visitor entering from the Gomin road saw a pretty Lodge whence the summons 'gate!' was always quickly answered. He then entered a magnificent avenue nearly half a mile in length, and the sensation as his carriage rolled through the woods on the way to the country house with the peculiar crisp, crunching sound over the beautifully gravelled way—here and there a glimpse of rural scenery appearing—was delightful in the extreme. Adjoining the residence was a large green-house, at times filled with the choicest plants and flowers; and from a gallery could be seen a garden in which the highest degree of the gardener's art was displayed in the cultivation of the flower-beds and the selection of the plants. At one end of it were two hot-houses, where, in their season, luscious grapes hung in clusters, and peaches and apricots exhibited their delicate tints. Not far from this was another garden in which every conceivable kind of fruit and vegetable—each the best of its kind—was grown. Then, the well-appointed stables (coach-house, harness-room, &c), in which were horses, (saddle, carriage, and farm,) whose points would satisfy the most critical judge; and in the neighbouring fields grazed many a prize-bull and cow that could not but command the admiration of the visitor, no matter how captious he might be. The dogs, poultry—everything about

the place—manifested the best judgment and taste in their selection. Large barns spoke of plenty, and half a dozen pretty white cottages scattered here and there told how comfortably the people on the place were lodged. Such a perfection of neatness, order, and cleanliness reigned that a stray leaf was never for many minutes allowed to cumber the paths, and the very pigs, the servants said, were made uncomfortable by being kept too clean, and grumblingly grunted their discontent and remonstrance.

Bellevue! Many a happy day spent I there, and I seem to hear even now the cawing of the crows, as I was wont to hear them, when, of an early morning, throwing open the windows of my room to breathe the morning air, perfumed by the garden's glories, I looked out upon grounds the equal of which my then unappreciative eye has seldom in after life seen.

The hospitality of the Master of Bellevue lives in my memory, and its stately Mistress shall never be forgotten. Let me now, after all these years, here pay this tribute.

About these grounds, over twenty years ago, two lads amused themselves in all the careless happiness of boyhood—one with bright, the other with fair prospects. On one, his parents could lavish wealth as readily as they did their love; and the advantages of the other were not to be despised.

Not many years after, the parents of the former were sitting at home wearily waiting for tidings of their boy who could never more return to them. Smitten with a fondness for a sailor's life, and a love of daring adventure, nothing could frustrate his determination to go to sea. He had shipped on board a vessel bound for the East Indies, and during a storm on a dark night, when a few days out from Liverpool, he fell from aloft into the angry waves beneath, and the dark waters had closed over him forever. Unconscious of his fate, his parents looked forward to the return of their

only child, until, at last, heart sick at hope deferred, they were stricken with the tidings of his fate. From that blow they never recovered. Let the survivor recall the exquisite lines—

‘For as gold must be tried by fire,
So a heart must be tried by pain.’

Poor James Lawson, far better in your impulses than some of the poor natures that sought to decry you, you were happy in your early death—

‘Those whom the gods love die young.’

The other lived—to suffer and to endure sorrows that came upon him in battalions. In the lives of many of us, are there not incidents as strange and contrasts as great as those portrayed in many a novel? Truth indeed is stranger than fiction.

What other city in the Dominion affords such opportunities for a happy day’s ‘outing,’ to the wearied worker as does Quebec, with its adjoining lakes, Beauport and St. Charles, the village Lorette, where the result of the influence of civilization on the noble red man can be seen, the Natural Steps and the Falls of Montmorenci, all within easy distance. St. Anne’s, too, to which many pious sinners make pilgrimage, must not be forgotten.

An American traveller pronounced Quebec the one *finished* town in the world. Nowhere could he see a new house or building being put up, and it looked to him, he said, as it doubtless

would look on the last day. Writing of the final day, reminds me of one of the many good things that *Grip*, our Canadian *Punch*, of which we are all becoming so proud, lately delighted its readers with, apropos of the silly belief that some weak-minded, credulous people allowed themselves to indulge in, that there might be some truth in Mother Shipton’s prophecy, that the 19th day of June of the present year, would be the last day of the world. I cannot quite remember the anecdote, but it is to this effect, that the day following dawned brightly and one of Erin’s sons, relieved of his apprehensions, rejoicing that he was yet in existence, and that the sun still brightly shone, with an air of great satisfaction, gave expression to his relief, when, accosting a passer-by, by the remark—‘It’s a foine day afther the ind of the wurld, sorr!’ Well, my last day in Quebec came. I could no longer linger round the old city. It is a not-to-be-denied law of our existence here that we must ‘move on.’ Time, the inexorable policeman, commands. At the appointed hour the farewell gun of the steamship was heard. I bade ‘good-bye’ to the friends that were in the tender bobbing alongside, and commenced my voyage ‘Across the Sea’ to the Old World.

(To be continued.)

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

BY PRINCIPAL GRANT, QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

UNDER this caption, there is a brief article, in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, by a gentleman who writes in the interests of 'the working-man of this continent,' and who declares himself 'a Liberal, with no respect for the cant of Liberalism.' The point of the article is that Chinese emigration to this continent should be checked or stopped altogether, to avert direful evils that impend over us in connection with Chinese cheap labour. These threatened evils are appalling. Competition with Chinamen will reduce the working man of this continent 'to the same abject condition' as that in which, it seems, European working men are plunged. What, we are tempted to ask, reduced the European working man to his low estate? He never had to compete with Chinamen. Besides, why should we be solicitous about the European? He is only a descendant of those 'members of barbarous tribes' who—though despised by 'Roman citizens of the era of the Antonines'—overwhelmed the civilization of Rome, and at length sat 'on the throne of Augustus and Trajan.' Why should we reject the Chinese, who never destroyed a superior civilization, for the children of such barbarians? Again, the introduction of Chinese cheap labour is to arrest or retard European emigration to this continent, and thus America will be peopled by 'a race physically and mentally inferior,' even as the ass is inferior to the horse. But, why may we not have asses as well as horses? If a man cannot afford to buy a horse, why

not let him buy an ass? If I desire to till my garden, irrigate my fields, or construct a railroad to carry produce to market, and the descendant of European barbarous tribes refuses to work for less than two dollars a day, why should I be forbidden to employ a sober, industrious, economical Chinaman, who is willing to work for one dollar? It is quite clear that if it is an advantage to pay two dollars, the Chinaman will not scruple to accept the advantage. It is quite clear, also, that the world will be all the richer if the garden is tilled, the fields irrigated, or the railroad constructed, and it is quite possible that I may be obliged to leave things 'as they were,' because I cannot afford to pay two dollars per day instead of one dollar, and that thus the world and myself must remain permanently poorer, because I am reluctant to 'arrest or retard European immigration.' Besides, although Chinese have been coming to America for some time, there is no indication that the flood of European immigration is arrested. Facts are all the other way. Never did the tide flow with such a volume as now. During the past ten years, three millions came from Europe to America. Last year, over half a million of Europeans were added to the population of this continent of ours. And this dense cloud of strangers came not as birds of passage, but with the full intention of making homes for themselves, and of bringing up their children to consider the New World their home. And facts all go to prove that this resistless tide is sure to swell into

greater volume. Those who have come prepare the way for friends they have in the meantime left behind. Scores of steamship lines are bidding for their patronage. Countless ports along the Atlantic coast are open to receive them. The British Government has brought in a bill to enable it to assist the Irish people to emigrate. The farmers in Great Britain and other countries cannot compete with success against America, because of the favouring conditions on this side, and they are giving up their leases, and preparing to come to our virgin soil. It looks as if native Americans and Canadians would be crowded out by the descendants of the barbarous tribes that destroyed Imperial Rome. Yet we are welcoming them, Welsh, Irish, Italians, Germans, Russians, all alike, and are spending enormous amounts, directly and indirectly, through companies and governments, to induce them to come. No one has proposed, in the interests of the working man, to change all this. And yet, were this European cheap labour arrested, native working-men might ask not two but three, or even four dollars per day, to plough my fields, or build the desired railroad. Of course they would be likely to get all they asked, for does not every one know that wealth is not produced, but exists ready-made in the pockets of those who are not working-men ?

More dreadful consequences are foretold, and now the writer speaks 'seriously.' The Chinese may come in such numbers that 'future generations may see "Ah Sing" sitting in the presidential chair in the White House.' This is terrible to contemplate. It is one of the resistless arguments by which Ah Sing tried to induce his countrymen to keep Europeans and Americans out of the celestial kingdom. It is one of the arguments that told weightily against giving freedom to the black slaves in the United States. They were not only an inferior race, unprogressive, prog-

nathous, and what not, but they multiplied more rapidly than whites, and therefore it was quite possible to look into the future, and see them in the Senate and in the White House, or Black House, as I suppose it would then be called. But our neighbours were not terrified, although there were millions of blacks in the country to begin with, and all Africa behind. A brilliant future has been set before Ah Sing, but he has a long leeway to make up. There are fifty millions of Caucasians here now, and more are coming in, at the rate of half a million a year. But if he could only organize an immigration of, say, a million per year, and keep them here after they have come, why then in a century or two his almond-eyed countrymen could control our ballot boxes and seat one of their number in the White House. And what is one million out of three hundred ! They would not be missed from densely-peopled China !

A lower deep awaits us. 'Worst of all, these extraordinary people would degrade or destroy the Christian Civilization of America, by the substitution or admixture with it of their own inferior civilization, of which they are so proud, and to which they cling with great tenacity.' Quite so. This would indeed be 'worst of all.' Two chums met at Newgate about the beginning of this century, when every Briton was discussing the probabilities of a French invasion. One of the two was inside the prison. His friend stood at the window outside. Both were patriots and were duly shocked at the notion of Frenchmen polluting the sacred soil of England. 'Ah !' cried number one, in wildest accents, 'what then would become of our liberty !' 'No,' re-echoed the other in tones of greater alarm, 'that's not what I fear most ; but,' and here came in sundry of the most vigorous English expletives ; 'what would become of our Religion ?' And what would become of our Christian civilization, should an inferior race be allowed to mingle with

us on a free footing. Christ came not to the west, but to the east. He came, not for the sake of the whole, but for the sake of 'the sick. He loved the world; black, brown, red, yellow men, as well as white. But we have changed all that. And now, in the interests of His civilization, the government is to be invoked to protect us from the companionship of the yellow men!

It is a comfort to know that our Cassandra-like 'Liberal, with no respect for the cant of Liberalism,' is not without hope that all the dreadful consequences he has conjured up may be averted, even should Governments not interfere. 'The working-men of America would not long submit to the evil.' There would be 'likely a war of races, preceded by a new version of the Sicilian Vespers.' One would need to understand what those Sicilian vespers were, to know how thoroughly new the version would have to be. It is rather dreary comfort, however, to look to California 'hoodlums,' as the Old Guard of Christian Civilization. Does not every one know that while the Chinese by their patient labour have added incalculably to the wealth and resources of the Pacific States, the 'hoodlums' and Kearneyism have never done and never will do anything save to discredit their fair name, drive away millions of capital, and deter honest immigrants from going near them? Does not every one know that what is most needed to develop the boundless resources of the Pacific slope is more labour, and that there is no labour so accessible, so organized, so sober, as that which the Chinese offer to us?

Incidentally, another ground of hope is suggested. It is no wonder, we are told, that to the British Columbians their celestial visitors are unwelcome, 'for the Chinese are only birds of passage; while the white labourers would become permanent-settlers, which is what British Columbia of all things wants.' But, if they are only birds of passage, how can Ah

Sing ever sit in the White House? The president must be native-born, not an alien. So, we are at once delivered from that dreaded consequence. And if the Chinese come only to do the work that is offered them, and then take themselves away, what possible objection can there be to utilize their labour? If, by engaging them as labourers, a railway could be built through the mountains of British Columbia for six instead of nine millions, would not the Dominion save three millions? Suppose that new machinery were invented by which the work could be done for four millions, would we not gladly avail ourselves of the invention and save more of our money? Give the Chinaman as much fair-play then as you would give to improved machinery. Not caring to spend as freely on brandy and champagne, as ordinary 'hoodlums' spend, he may not contribute as largely to the taxes. But he must eat something, and wear something, and so must contribute more to the public exchequer than machinery does. The white labourers, however, 'would become permanent settlers.' Would they? Navvies are just the class most likely to become permanent settlers! How many of Mr. Brassey's English navvies became permanent settlers along the lines built by him? Are not settlers more likely to flow into British Columbia, should a railway be built to take them in and to take out their produce? And if we saved one million on the construction of the road, could we not help a few thousands to go in and possess the land; especially as the Chinese labourers would be only 'birds of passage.'

It is, perhaps, hardly worth while to treat the Anti-Chinese cry seriously. It is based upon unreason and ignorance of facts. It is sustained by misrepresentation, which is wicked even when unintentional, and by selfishness, which is as injurious to the common weal as it is short-sighted in the individual. Its appeals are to mob-

law and race prejudices. To say, for instance, that 'wherever they dwell they retain their own religion, habits and manners, which from ignorance and conceit they place immeasurably above those of the Europeans with whom they come in contact,' is in part to ignore patent facts, and in part to condemn what should be commended. There are hundreds of missionaries labouring among them, and their unanimous testimony is that the Chinese are as ready to listen to argument as any other heathen nation; while as great a number have been converted to Christianity, proportionately to the means used, as in the case of any other people possessed of an ancient civilization and a history of which they have reason to be proud. I should certainly have more hope of converting the Chinese than of converting Hindoos or Mahometans; and any one who has visited the mission schools and chapels in China or Formosa, in San Francisco, or other cities in America where efforts to evangelize them are being made; or who has conversed with the Chinese students studying at the expense of their Government in various universities in the United States and Europe, would say the same thing. I do indeed marvel at the measure of success that has been attained, for we have taken a singular fashion of commending our religion to them. The Chinese Government sought to protect its subjects from being poisoned with opium, and we have made them take the stuff at the cannon's mouth. They asked only to be let alone in their own country. We forced ourselves and our trade upon them, in the name of the common rights of humanity. Now, when they come to us we find that the rule will not work both ways, and that there are no such rights as far as they are concerned. They submit to the laws and pay their taxes, yet they are neither allowed to vote nor to send their children to the schools in San Francisco; while organized gangs of bul-

lies spoil them of their property and lynch them with impunity. The record is one to bring the blush of shame to the cheek of every man who has in him the slightest sense of justice. We declare that 'their intellect is of a low order,' that their high officials are 'little better than grown-up children,' that their notions are 'crude and foolish,' and that 'they never add to the little they will consent to learn;' and at the same time, we, with all our vantage-ground of possession, modern science, intellectual power and superior *morale* are afraid of letting them into our country lest they should improve us out of it as we have improved the red Indians out of their ancient homes and hunting grounds. They do not readily throw aside their own habits and manners. Is that a fault? Is any nation in the world more obstinate in this respect than the English? What are the causes of such a national conservatism? Self-respect, historic continuity and homogeneousness on a vast scale, and a consequent toughness of fibre that points them out as one of the permanent factors to be taken into account by every one who would estimate aright the future of our race.

Let us clearly understand the state of the question. If agitators condemn the immorality of the Chinese, we are at one with them, and are heartily willing to join in a crusade against the immoralities of Americans and Europeans as well. Let us discourage not only bad Chinese, but bad people of every colour. If they are to be punished for hoarding their money, let us punish every man who hoards. If it is wrong for them to take their savings home to China, it must be wrong for Anglo-Saxons to wander over the earth, making every bit of it tributary to themselves, and accumulating fortunes with the intention of spending them in London, Paris, or New York. If Chinatown, in San Francisco, is unclean and overcrowded, censure the municipal authorities for their neglect,

and if there are no sanitary regulations, let them be made without delay. If Chinese labourers are brought to our shores as slaves, let them know that they are free, free to go or to stay, free to our real estate, and to become nationalized, and they will soon learn the inspiring lesson. Let us not degrade ourselves by doing injustice to them on any ground. And let us not make ourselves ridiculous by doing them injustice on the ground that they are our 'inferiors.'

When we talk of people in masses, or of making treaties with nations, we are apt to forget the simplest rights of individuals. But the question must always come to this, how will your proposed action affect the rights of the individual man? Here, then, let us say, is one of the children of Adam,

quiet, sober, industrious, with an aged father and mother, or wife and children, depending on him for support. He comes to the shores of this new continent, thinly peopled, not by its aboriginal inhabitants, but by the descendants of barbarous tribes that long ago destroyed the Roman empire, and that have continued their westward march ever since. This continent, able to support fifty times its present population, needing only the hand of the diligent, is surely the place for him. But, no. Some one cries out, 'you can live on less than I can, you are inferior to me in some respects, superior in other respects, and, therefore, I shall not allow you to land.' Now, I simply ask, what *right* has one man to speak thus to his brother-man?

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA.

○ FRIENDSHIP! do they say thou'rt but a name!
 Who calls thee so hath never seen thy face,
 Nor known the secret of thy winning grace—
 The love that cannot speak where it must blame.
 Yet thou hast not been all unknown to fame:
 Among the records of the past we trace
 The story of Orestes, who for space
 Of years, 'mid trials sore, did never shame
 The trust of Pylades, his chosen friend.
 Youth, fame, and love,—behold! how, without end,
 The throng still hurries on its anxious way!
 There is but one of pensive, calmlike brow,
 Whoseauteous crown shines with divinest ray,
 While Peace stands by—sweet Friendship, it is *thou!*

CAPE COTTAGE,
 Portland, Me.

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Scot in British North America. By W. J. Rattray, B. A. Vol. II. Toronto: Maclear & Co.

AS the tourist fairly enters the Niagara River he sees in clear weather, far away upon Queenston Heights, a lofty column which holds the stranger's eye like a basilisk, and haunts him with its stony gaze through every winding of the river. It is well known, however, to the old inhabitants that this tall sentry is sometimes not averse to kindly intercourse; and that it has its moods of sunshine as well as of gloom. In bright, warm weather, it often lifts its sad eyes from the old battle-field, and casts a wistful smile on arriving and departing throngs of hilarious youth. Occasionally in their faces it is startled to find the features of those gallant yeomen, over whose memory, as well as of their chief, it is its appointed duty to keep watch and ward. But it must be confessed that the column is much given to solitary musing. Moreover, like all the rest of the world, it is utterly depressed by gloomy weather and evil tidings. At such times, the column cowers from view, or it gazes sullenly down into the deep gorge, whence that mysterious river sends up husky whispers of tragedies, new and old—of old-time wars fought out on its banks, long ages before our history began, and now-a-days, alas, the river tells of foulest murders and most pitiful suicides. The stranger is ever inquiring how yonder gaunt sentinel came to be posted there? The book now before us, tells us what Scotland had to do with the matter. 1812, and its stirring *réveillé* lead in Mr. Rattray's second volume; and Macdonnell's Glengarry-men, impart their own verve to the story. 'War is, of itself, a hateful thing; and yet when it takes the dimensions of a struggle for existence—a conflict for home and hearth, wife and children—there can be no better educator for freeman. That which stirs the fibres of the heart and quickens its action healthfully, stiffens the backbone of the man and

raises his political stature for all time to come.' Having thus pitched his keynote, Mr. Rattray skilfully develops his theme—the gradual evolution of our system of Responsible Government. During the quarter century, ending with Lord Elgin's administration, the most active politicians were almost exclusively Scotchmen, or of Scottish extraction; and our author is thus able, within the plan of his work, to develop in personal sketches our early political history. Gourlay—'the banished Briton and Neptunian,' as he styled himself; Strachan, a true representative of the Church Militant; W. L. Mackenzie, the special aversion of the radical Gourlay, as well as of Strachan and the Family Compact—each member of the trio abhorred and opposed the other two with unquestionable ardor and sincerity. The quarter century of our history following the Treaty of Ghent, is to the last degree malheroic—indeed so completely engrossed is it by the triangular duel of these east-coast Scots, that, if we withdraw from this chapter of our history their three-corned battle-field, there is absolutely nothing left. Yet constitutional issues of the greatest moment to Canadians were then worked out to solution; and these great issues so ennoble the actors, that we follow Mr. Rattray's narrative with sustained interest. The facts are stated with admirable fairness, and there is a conscientious analysis of circumstances and motives that must win for our author the confidence of that ever-increasing number who desire, above and before all other things, historical truth. This discriminate handling is surely needed, where the softer features of character were often neglected in the early portraits, or where the portraits have been so long turned to the wall, that these more tender lines have passed from general memory. It is well to remind our young men that Gourlay and Mackenzie were not 'ah, really mere demagogues and brawlers;' and that, on the other hand, Strachan was not in his political epoch an immeasurable self-seeker.

There are few of our public men early or recent for whom Mr. Rattray has not a kind word. We can now remember but two exceptions—Sir Charles Metcalfe and Sir Francis Head. These were, however, both naturally twist-headed, and thus by a law of their kind, they travelled in a peculiar spiral groove that utterly defied all human presentment or calculation. It is needless to add that when they again emerged to view the political *bore* was of the most remarkable character. When an armed insurrection was known by every one to be impending, Sir Francis Head sent away to the Lower Province all his regular troops! Herein Mr. Rattray finds a crucial proof of the Governor's *thoughtlessness and ignorance*. Why, it was an effort of deliberate wisdom, that is, such wisdom as the Governor commanded! It so happens that Captain Marryat was precisely at that time visiting Toronto, and in his Diary he brings out the interesting fact that the dismissal of the troops was deliberate—that Sir Francis argued himself and his naval friend into the conviction that the 'regulars' would be more secure from danger, if they were down in the Lower Province! Our national literature is to be congratulated on Mr. Rattray's historical contributions. Calm, impartial and skilfully composed, his volumes furnish, not only delightful reading, but permanent and valuable storehouses of careful research.

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The Last Forty Years: Canada since the Union of 1841. Parts I. and II. (pages 1—104.) By JOHN CHARLES DENT. Toronto: George Virtue, 1881.

The publication of this work, undertaken by an able and industrious writer for an enterprising local publisher, indicates that the retrospective and historic spirit has eagerly seized upon the popular mind, and that, in connection with other ambitious works recently projected by Toronto publishers, we are about to enter upon an era of publishing enterprise which must have an important influence upon Canadian literature. We trust that the authors and publishers concerned in these works will meet with hearty encouragement in the laudable and patriotic enterprise in which they are expending their money and their labour, and that their undertakings will

severally grow to a successful and well-reunuerated completion.

The period intended to be covered by Mr. Dent in this work readily lends itself to just such treatment as he proposes, and is manifestly well-qualified, to give to it. The writer's plan seems to be that of grouping facts and events into chapters which typify and illustrate the formative movement of the successive periods in the country's growth, rather than to write the history of the time from year to year. Hence, as the prospectus sets out, the work will deal with such leading events in the political, social and religious life of 'Canada Since the Union' of the two old provinces as the following: 'The Inauguration of the Union under Lord Sydenham; the Struggle between Sir Charles Metcalfe and his Ministry, and the Final Establishment of Responsible Government; the Advent of the Railway Era; the Long and Hotly-waged Contest which ended in the Secularization of the Clergy Reserves and the Abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure; the Making and Subsequent Abrogation of the Reciprocity Treaty with the United States; the Legislative Dead-Lock, and the Ensuing Movement which led to Confederation; the Amalgamation of the Maritime Provinces, Manitoba, the Great North-West, and British Columbia, with Canada; the Inception and subsequent History of the Canadian Pacific Railway Scheme; the Fisheries Question; the National Policy; and other prominent episodes in our modern history.' A review of these topics will present in miniature the leading features of the national life and its development in the past generation. To old and young alike, their presentation in historical form and chronological sequence cannot fail to be acceptable, particularly as the informational character of the work, and the effective manner of its treatment, evidently design it for popular use. With but the first two of fifteen parts before us, it is obviously impossible to review the book at any length, or to express with confidence a critical judgment upon its merits. So far, however, as the history proceeds, the writer, we should say, has acquitted himself with ability and judgment. The sketch of Lord Durham, which appears in the first instalment, is written with much care and sympathy, and with an evident desire to be impartial and dis-

creet. The other chapters display the same careful writing, marked by extensive and intimate knowledge of the events narrated, which must commend the work to every Canadian reader. The book is admirably printed, and on the whole satisfactorily illustrated; and its issue in serial form must bring it within the reach of a large constituency of book-buyers, who we trust will readily and appreciatively possess themselves of the work.

Memoirs of Prince Metternich; 1773-1829. Edited by PRINCE RICHARD METTERNICH. No. 172-3-4-5, Franklin Square Library. New York; Harper & Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

Much matter worthy of the curious attention of the historical student is to be found in these pages. Whether he believes, as implicitly as Prince Metternich himself did, that the minister who confronted the French Revolution and all other uprisings with stern antagonism, was the impersonation of the cause of God, of order and good government; or whether he looks on Metternich as the 'jailer of the nations,'—from whatever stand-point the student considers the principal figure in this canvass he will be equally ready to admit that the free disclosure of the statesman's life has placed many interesting particulars at the disposal of his critical or appreciative analysis. The numerous state papers that emanated from his pen show that one decided line of policy always guided Prince Metternich's conduct. Viewed as literary productions, we were agreeably surprised to find that these reports and papers were much less long-winded than we should have expected. But despite their conciseness, they are desperately dry reading, none the less so on account of their embodying principles of a fossilized description. In the private letters of the diplomatist and statesman, we find, however, much of general interest touching on the private life and manners of the period. Let us take a few instances of these amusing pictures.

In 1797, he writes from Rastadt complaining of the costumes of the French plenipotentiaries, the lamentable revolution having abolished the old proverbial French neatness. 'Coarse muddy shoes, great blue pantaloons, a vest of

blue or of all colours, peasants' handkerchiefs round the neck, the hair long, black and dirty, and the hideous head crowned by an enormous hat with a great red feather.' This sounds like one of Gillray's caricatures put into words. The actors too are republicans, and wear frightful wigs, 'an enormous tuft curled round the head, leaving the ears uncovered and two long locks falling on the shoulders.' Moreover, whatever part they are playing, the 'cursed' tricolour cockade must form part of the costume, to the destruction of all illusion.

Among the many official posts which the Prince occupied at different times, was that of unseen prompter to a 'new literary journal,' started by the Emperor's orders in 1817, to combat the few free opinions which still dared to survive Napoleon's double extinction. The annals of literature will not contain many more amusing documents than the letter in which the minister appoints the chief editor. It is not very clear what the editor's duties were to be: 'The political criticism I will myself attend to; the literary and scientific part will be entrusted' to —, an ex-Chief of Police!

In the flowery paths of art too, the Prince occasionally rambled, had a good eye for a fine landscape, or a noble building, and taste in furniture. He was much shocked at the atrocious barbarities perpetrated at Prague by an officious steward, who had fitted up a palace there regardless of expense, after his own designs and those of his upholsterer. Perhaps the most racy passage in the book, is that in which he describes the bed of state, hung with 'representations of shell and rock work—on which are squirrels (as thick as your fist), toads, and bats of gilded wood. At the entrance of the alcove hangs a lamp in the shape of a colossal owl. . . . if the globe is covered, the light shines from the eyes of the owl.'

He sought a room free from 'owls and cupids'; but not to sleep. A musical clock-tower in a small picture began to chime vigorously, and he had no sooner got rid of that nuisance and reclined again on his bed, when a flute began to play hard by. It was a night-table, devised by this 'horrible steward.' After long searching I found a knob, pressing which the sound was temporarily silenced, but from time to time it

repeated its efforts to go off again, sounding like suppressed groans !'

Court adulation seldom exceeds the following instance of stupidity on the part of a lady-in-waiting at the Austrian Court. The empress was expressing her fear lest the birth of her seventh or eighth child, which was then expected, should prove fatal to her, and instanced the adage that the pitcher goes to the well often enough safely, but at last it breaks. 'Your majesty forgets what a very superior kind of pitcher your majesty is,' was the response !

Lovell's Gazetteer of British North America. Edited by P. A. Crossby. Montreal : John Lovell & Son, 1881.

The veteran publisher of the Dominion, Mr. John Lovell, has rendered a further and important service to the country in issuing a new revised edition of the *Gazetteer of British North America*, which originally appeared in 1871. The scope of the work, which consists of over 500 closely-printed pages, will be apparent when we state that it enumerates 7,500 cities, towns and villages, in the various provinces of the Dominion, giving information, in compact form, as to the situation, characteristics and population of each place mentioned, together with a description of the site and extent of some 2,300 of our Canadian lakes and rivers. The *Gazetteer* proper is preceded by a useful key to the railroad and steamboat service, and an extensive table of routes indicating the means of getting to any town in the Dominion, and the proximity of each place to central points. With the opening up of our new territories, the extension of our railway lines, and the rapid settlement of the country, no more useful compilation than this *Gazetteer* could well be undertaken. On the whole, the work is exceedingly well and carefully done ; and, considering the range and design of the book, the amount and character of the information supplied reflects the greatest credit upon the publishers. We could have wished that the Census returns for 1881 had been given in the volume, rather than those of the previous decade ; but as these have not been officially issued we must make allowance for the fact. It seems a little odd, however, to find the population of the county of

York given as a 115,974—the figure of the census returns of 1871,—while the population of Toronto, the capital of the county, with its immediate suburbs, approaches 100,000. In the face of this increase in the capital of Ontario, the statement, on page 364, that 'Quebec, after Montreal [is] the most populous city in the Dominion,' can hardly be considered correct. In some other respects we notice that the work needs a little revision. For instance, it is misleading to call Monck a county of Ontario ; and it would have been better to have excluded all mention of the electoral divisions, and given the name of a place as in such and such a county, according to municipal divisions. In the new districts we also find the work a little defective in its information : Haliburton, for instance, is given as a post village in Peterboro' county, while Minden, the county town of Haliburton, is correctly indicated. Similarly, Parry Sound is cited as in the district of Muskoka, which is not the case ; and Bracebridge, Gravenhurst, &c., are given as in county Victoria, an equally incorrect statement. The thriving village of Prince Arthur's Landing, at the head of Lake Superior, moreover, should neither be confused with Fort William nor be curtly disposed of by a reference to Thunder Bay. But these are trifling blemishes in a work which has great merit, and which must prove almost invaluable to the mercantile community as well as to the tourist and settler. A well-executed and distinctly coloured map of the Dominion accompanies the work.

History of the Government of the Confederate States, by JEFFERSON DAVIS. New York : D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

It was to be expected that valuable material for history would be found in a book containing the personal experiences of the chief of the late Confederacy. Mr. Jefferson Davis was to the Government of which he is the historian, much more than a mere President ; his was the brain that devised the means of meeting the perpetual difficulties which arose daily as the demands of warfare multiplied, his the genius that directed, and the voice that fired, the courage of army after army as it went forth to a career of victory, only terminated by the brute

force of numbers and the more brutal force of money. But the work before us deserves to take rank as a history of no mean order, on the ground even of its literary excellence. The style is simple, yet always clear, and often eloquent; and it is lit up by a keen sense of humour.

A graphic picture is given in the first volume of the unprepared condition in which the war found the Southern people—without arms or powder, or the means of manufacturing either, and, worse still, with little access to the seaports, whence to procure supplies. History has seen few more striking instances of energy, of resource under overwhelming difficulties, and of personal magnetism, than that which, with the most slender resources, could create and equip the world-famed legions of Jackson and Lee. This history has all the fascination of a romance, especially in the second volume, where the more important operations of the war are narrated. Space does not allow us to do more than mention Mr. Davis's book at present; it will, however, form the subject of a separate article in an early number.

The World: Round it and Over it. By CHESTER GLASS, of Osgoode Hall, Barrister-at-Law. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1881.

Mr. Glass has here shared with his fellow-Canadians his interesting experiences in both hemispheres; and has given us a very pleasant companion for our summer rambles and at our winter firesides. A Canadian student who has the time and the means to saunter leisurely over the world, and who has an acute observation and a pleasant gift of description, is pretty sure of an audience among us. These 'sunny memories of foreign lands' are fairly bubbling over with mirthful recollections of national and individual oddities. His rollicking humour quite prepared us for the fact that the author found near relatives in the Emerald Isle. Scarcely landed in England the campaign opened with the Derby day—the great carnival of Cockneydom. There our young Canadian was lucky enough to witness Hanlan's triumph on the Tyne, and to share the congratulations in Canada's victory. The description of that occasion is exceedingly graphic.

Even among European scenes that have become familiar to the average tourist, this volume forms a genial remembrancer. At Waterloo we find that our hostess, the niece of Sergeant-Major Cotton, is still confusing the public apprehension and promoting the vague impression that it was Cotton who really led the allied forces on the memorable 18th of June. At the Gap of Dunloe the horses supplied to the tourist are still as lazy as they were in the days of our sweet youth; they are still called 'game-cocks;' and the same reason for this extraordinary name is rendered as of yore—'Shure, sur, it is becase the devils would rather die than run.'

The sketches of men and places are piquant and life-like; our young traveller discards all conventional opinions as to the merits of show-men and show-places; he always exhibits such an audacious courage of his opinions that we have not the heart to say him nay when he unceremoniously kicks over our idols. The illustrations in the volume are spirited and entertaining, and add greatly to the attractions of the work. The letter-press, also, deserves a word of praise: it is in Hunter, Rose & Co's best style.

Poems. By OSCAR WILDE. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Some forty years ago, among the clique of clever young people in Dublin who amused themselves by playing with the edged tools of Revolution, one of the cleverest was known by the *nom de plume*, or rather *nom de guerre*, of 'Speranza.' These rhymes, full of passionate declamation on the wrongs of Ireland, appeared week by week in the *Dublin Nation*, and the then editor of that paper, now Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, observed to the present writer that Speranza's lyrics were like champagne—full of fiery effervescence when first produced, but apt to get flat after a time. Some years afterwards 'Speranza' became a prominent personage in Dublin society as the wife of Sir William Wilde, a well-known fashionable physician, and writer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, to which Lady Wilde was also a frequent and much-valued contributor. Lady Wilde's house in Merrion Square was the resort of what literary society was to be found

in Dublin, and its fair owner was celebrated for the wit and brilliancy of her conversation. Her son, Oscar, who, by those who knew him at Portara Grammar School, was thought dull and slow, some years after contributed certain verses showing marked talent, to *Kottabos*, a serial representing the University of Dublin. Of late years Mr. Oscar Wilde has been a prominent figure in London society, and all sorts of strange stories are told of his eccentric habits. His long hair—a mannerism inherited from his father, Sir William, and peculiar ways were a God-send to the caricaturist who immortalized him as *Maudie* in *Punch*. But those who look for either weakness or absurdity in the book before us are mistaken in their quest. The lyrics are truly poetical, full of originality and of sympathy with what is highest in art and life; the colouring is frequently warm but never sensual: there are some crudities, as might be expected, in the young poet's first work. As a specimen of Mr. Wilde's style we give, 'In the Gold Room: a Harmony,'—

IN THE GOLD ROOM.

A HARMONY.

Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in a fitful fantasy,
Like the silver gleam when the poplar trees
Rustle their pale leaves listlessly,
Or the drifting foam of a restless sea
When the waves show their teeth in the flying
breeze.

Her gold hair fell on the wall of gold
Like the delicate gossamer tangles spun
On the burnished disk of the marigold,
Or the sun-flower turning to meet the sun
When the gloom of the jealous night is done,
And the spear of the lily is aureoled.

And her sweet red lips on these lips of mine
Burned like the ruby fire set
In the swinging lamp of a crimson shrine,
Or the bleeding wounds of the pomegranate,
Or the heart of the lotus drenched and wet
With the spilt-out blood of the rose-red wine.

A charming lyric, worthy of high place in
any literature is 'Quia Multum Amavi.'

QUIA MULTUM AMAVI.

Dear Heart I think the young impassioned
priest
When first he takes from out the hidden
shrine
His God imprisoned in the Eucharist,
And eats the bread, and drinks the dread-
ful wine,

Feels not such awful wonder as I felt
When first my smitten eyes beat full on thee,
And all night long before thy feet I knelt
Till thou wert wearied of Idolatry.

Ah! had'st thou liked me less and loved me
more,
Through all those summer days of sun and
rain,
I had not now been sorrow's heritor,
Or stood a lackey in the House of Pain.

Yet, though remorse, youth's white-faced
seneschal,
Tread on my heels with all his retinue,
I am most glad I loved thee—think of all
The suns that go to make one speedwell
blue!

The literary form of Mr. Wilde's poems is not, as some superficial critics have maintained, an echo of Swinburne. In fact, Mr. Wilde seldom, if ever, uses the peculiar rhyme which Mr. Swinburne has made his own. With all due deference to the caricaturist and journalist, we are convinced that in Mr. Oscar Wilde literature has acquired an original poet of no little genius.

Unbelief in the Eighteenth Century. By
the Rev. JOHN CAIRNS, D. D. New
York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto:
James Campbell & Son, 1881.

This interesting history of the reaction against Dogma, which began with the Reformation and has not yet said its last word, is written from the stand-point of Orthodox Christianity, but has a breadth and tolerance rarely met with in Christian polemics. A brief sketch is given of the character and opinions of each of the great sceptical leaders, from Spinoza in Holland, and the early deistical writers whom Coleridge, by the way, as we have heard from one who knew him, used to call 'pious infidels,'—from the absence of French flippancy in their writings,—to Herbert Spencer and the evolutionists, special attention being given to the eighteenth century. We believe Dr. Cairns is right in tracing the beginning of the Rationalizing movement to the Reformation. Yet the writings of Bruno led the onset, and centuries before a greater than Bruno. John the Erinhorn laid firm and deep in scholastic logic the foundations of materialistic agnosticism. Scepticism in the eighteenth century generally took the form of deism. We have met with Paley's cele-

brated argument about the watch in a tract of Voltaire's, published years before the 'Natural Theology.' So, too, the church at Ferney bore the inscription, 'Deo erexit Voltaire.' Hume, however, anticipated modern agnosticism, like Kant he showed the invalidity of the arguments extant for Theism; Heine said that there were two great revolutionists in the eighteenth century, Robespierre who killed the King, and Kant who

performed the same office for the *Etre Supreme*. The writings of Toland and Bolinbroke are now forgotten, or remembered only for their influence in forming the opinions of Voltaire. Hume's matchless philosophical style will always attract readers. Altogether, Dr. Cairns has given an interesting *precis* of what is the most remarkable and momentous movement of thought in modern times.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

ON THE RECEIPT OF A JAR OF
STEWED PEARS—A BACHELOR'S VAGARY.

(After 'Ingoldsby'.)

BY C. E. M., MONTREAL.

AS I was reclining in my easy chair,
And gazing around with a curious
stare
At the walls sadly bare and the pauper-like
air
Of my room which I once thought so bright,
gay, and fair,
I began to be downcast; a kind of despair,
Or of uneasy care, which I must say ne'er
Of yore used to trouble me—that I declare—
Slowly found a deep lair, in despite of my
prayer,
And rankled within me like some deadly tare,
Which loves to destroy all that seems debonair,
And to make your parterre, full of flowers
rich and rare,
A sight with which Zin cannot hope to compare.
And lazily passing my hands through my
hair,
And ceaselessly trying to rush in thought
where
I might find a bright glare to lighten the wear
Of gloomy forebodings—I hope you will bear
With my lucubration; I never could dare
To pen this, were I not your debtor; so
there
I confess all my sins and onward I fare—
I became half-aware of a jar long and spare,
In which there was swimming, loved fruit!
—the stewed pear.
I jumped up with joy, like the sailor crying,
'Hoy!
See there, land ahoy!' or some naughty boy
Playing practical jokes on those who are coy—

Putting shells in their pockets or hiding their
lockets,
Or fumbling in docketts, or filling up sockets—
And swiftly I ran, as the fleet highwayman,
Who has managed to drop from the black
prison-van,
After flooring his guards as a highwayman
can,
And I picked up a card, but was simply de-
barred
From knowing the donor—was not my case
hard?
For all that was said—I carefully read
The inscription; I make no mistake on this
head—
Was this briefest of greetings (in hand like a
boy's),
'With my very best compliments.' Now
naught annoys
So much as to learn that a kind-hearted soul,
Who loves to condole—what a womanly rôle!
With those who at times sip Despondency's
bowl,
Will not clearly proclaim, or subscribe her
real name,
That her deeds may not chance to be hidden
from fame.
But I weary my brain, as I ponder in vain
On the meaning attached to the gift; scarce
a grain
Of discernment is left; I think I'll refrain.
Ah! stay! The rich fruit may be kind house-
wife's fairing;
No, now I have solved it! It means only
pairing;
Of course! what a stupid to give the thing up!
Hurrah! I am happy; I'll go and I'll sup.

—
A quaint author recommends as a cure
for love—first, to fast; then tarry; third-
ly, change thy place; fourthly, think of
a halter, which is very concise and easily
to be done.

FAREWELL.

Farewell! For, while this life besets me,
 With you, I feel, I shall not dwell;
 God, passing, calls you, and forgets me:
 In losing you, I learn I loved you well.

No tears, no plaint, all unavailing:
 What is to come I may not rue;
 So speed the vessel for your sailing,
 And I will smile when it departs with you!

Forth fare you, full of hope; high-hearted,
 You will return again to shore;
 But those who suffer most when you're de-
 parted
 You will not see them any more.

Farewell! You go a pleasant dreaming,
 To drink your fill of dangerous delight;
 The star that now upon your path is beaming
 Shall dazzle yet awhile your wistful sight.

One day, you *will* learn, to your profit,
 To prize a heart that feels for one;
 The good we find in knowing of it,
 And—what we suffer when it's gone.

He that sympathises in all the happi-
 ness of others perhaps himself enjoys the
 safest happiness, and he that is warned
 by all the folly of others has perhaps at-
 tained the soundest wisdom.

Dean Swift, hearing of a carpenter's
 falling through a scaffolding of a house
 which he was engaged in repairing, re-
 marked, that he liked to see a mechanic
 go through his work promptly.

A millionaire, who was looking at a
 level tract of land which he had just
 bought at an extravagant price, said to
 the agent who had sold it to him, 'I do
 admire a rich green flat.' 'So do I,'
 significantly replied the agent.

A young lady admitted to her mamma
 that her beau had kissed her on her
 cheek. 'And what did you do?' asked
 the old lady, in a tone of indignation.
 'Mother,' said the young lady, 'I can-
 not tell a lie; I turned the other cheek.'

When balloons were invented, and
 the public curiosity greatly excited, Mr.
 Shirra having seen Lunardi up in the
 air, exclaimed, 'That will not do; it is
 not by a balloon that you can get to
 Heaven. There is another, a better, a
surer way to the Father, and, besides,
 it is called a *new* way.'

'Doctor,' said a gentleman to an aged
 clergyman, 'why does a little fault in a
 good man attract more notice than a
 great fault in a bad man?' 'For the
 same reason, perhaps,' answered the

rev. doctor, 'that a slight stain on a
 white garment is more readily noticed
 than a larger stain on a coloured one.'

The one great practical truth that
 ought to be driven over and over again
 into his own mind by every young man
 is that he should not care a button for
 his likes and dislikes, but should do
 what ought to be done, in spite of any
 disagreeableness. The lesson of self-
 denial is far beyond any other in impor-
 tance. It must be repeated again and
 again.

A little boy who was to pass the after-
 noon with a neighbour's little daughter
 was given two pieces of candy. When
 he returned his mother inquired if he
 gave the larger piece to the little girl.
 'No, mother, I didn't. You told me
 always to give the biggest piece to com-
 pany, and I was company over there.'

Wherever there is fickleness you may
 say with truth to him who is character-
 ized by it, 'Thou shalt not excel.' The
 man who is continually changing his oc-
 cupation, or constantly moving from one
 situation to another, fails to better him-
 self in anything, and lives only to illus-
 trate the proverb about the 'rolling
 stone.'

LONDON FUN.—Lady Chelsea Ware
 (with vase)—'Yes, it is quite too dis-
 tinctly tender. Yesterday it knocked
 against a loathly modern plate—and
 chipped!' Chorus of æsthetics—'Quite
 too preciously terrible!' Lady C. W.—
 'I treated it with diamond cement, and
 heart throbbingly watched by its side
 the livelong night. To-day—to-day—
 it is as well as could be expected!'

A CANADIAN BELLE ON ANGELS.

An angel? well, I hardly know;
 The costume's fresh and striking,
 And the white chemise and feathers
 Are exactly to my liking.

And then to have a pair of wings—
 The thought is quite entrancing;
 But they'd be rather in the way,
 I think, when I was dancing.

And, though girls in "the Pirates
 Of Penzance" look so nice in
 Long night-gowns, with our furs and cloth
 We're said to be enticing.

An angel may be very fine
 All glory, robe and feather,
 But still I sometimes have my doubts
 About Canadian weather.

DIOGENES.

A DIALOGUE ON VEGETARIANISM.—James (to his fellow-workman, William)—‘Well, William, they say your manager is a great vegetarian; he lives on little else than milk, noo.’ William—‘Milk? Ye dinna ca’ that a vegetable diet, d’you? I aye thocht it was an animal diet; at any rate its an animal product.’ James—‘Toots, man! although it comes frae a cow, that’s no to say it’s an animal diet. The cow is only the beast it’s made in, and it makes’t out of vegetables. You couldna say that kail was iron, although they’ve made it in an iron pot, ye ken.’ The argument being new to William, he took it to avizandum.

A teacher in a western county in Canada, while making his first visit to his ‘constituents,’ got into conversation with an ancient ‘Varmount’ lady who had taken up her residence in the ‘backwoods.’ Of course the school and former teacher came in for criticism, and the old lady, in speaking of his predecessor, asked, ‘Waal, master, what do you think he larnt the scollards?’ ‘Couldn’t say, ma’am. Pray what did he teach?’ ‘Waal, he told ‘em that this ‘ere airth was reound, and went areound, and all that sort o’thing! Now master, what do you think of sich stuff? Don’t you think he was an ignorant feller?’ Unwilling to come under the category of the ignorami, the teacher evasively remarked, ‘It really did seem strange; but still there are many learned men who teach these things.’ ‘Waal,’ said she, ‘if the airth is reound and goes reound, what holds it up?’ ‘Oh, these learned men say it goes around the sun, and that the sun holds it up by virtue of attraction,’ he replied. The old lady lowered her ‘specs,’ and by way of climax, responded, ‘Waal, if these high larnt men sez the sun holds up the airth, I should like tu know what holds the airth up when the sun goes down?’

American Exchange.—He: ‘I have resolved that I’ll ne’er smoke again.’ She: ‘And I that all my dresses shall be plain.’ He: ‘I mean to get along without my beer.’ She: ‘I will not buy a bangle all this year.’ He: ‘From

lodge and club I mean this year to fly.’ She: ‘One bonnet in each month is all I’ll buy.’ He: ‘I’ll not lose cash at poker now each night.’ She: ‘All dry-goods shops I’ll banish from my sight.’ He: ‘Billiards and pool and cards I’ll throw aside.’ She: ‘I’ll wear old frocks and get my kid gloves dyed.’ He: ‘I’ll parties shun, and only dance with you.’ She: ‘I’ll buy no jewels, save a ring or two.’ He: ‘I’ll find some place where I can buy cheap clothes.’ She: ‘And I’ll stop buying costly broidered hose.’ He: ‘Of resolutions, dear, there’s quite a stock.’ She: ‘Enough, when broke, to pave below a block.’

Woman’s softening influence.—‘It’s astonishin’,” remarked an old Yankee forty-niner, as he nodded over his glass to a friend, ‘what a coward a man is at home—a reg’lar crawlin’ sneak, by Jove! I’ve travelled a good bit, and held up my head in most o’ the camps on the coast since ‘49. I’ve got three bullets inside o’ me. I’ve shot and been shot at, an’ never heard nobody say I hadn’t as good grit as most fellers that’s goin’. But at home I’m a kyote. Afore I would let the old woman know that her hot biscuit wasn’t A 1 when it’s like stiff amalgam, I’d fill myself as full as a retort. I’ve done it lots o’ times. Most o’ my teeth is gone from tuggin’ on beef-steaks that the old woman fried. D’ye think I roar out when I go over a chair in the dark? No, sir. While I’m rubbin’ my shins and keepin’ back the tears, I’m likewise sweatin’ for fear the old woman has been woke by the upset. It didn’t use to be so,’ sighed the poor fellow, thoughtfully rubbing his shining scalp. ‘When we first hitched, I thought I was the superintendent; but after a year or two of argyin’ the pint, I settled down to shovin’ the car at low wages. I kin lick any man o’ my age an’ size,’ cried the old gentleman, banging the saloon table with his wrinkled fist. ‘I’ll shoot, stand up, or rough-and-tumble for coin; but, when I hang my hat on the peg in the hall, an’ take off my muddy boots, an’ hear the old woman ask if that’s me, I tell you the starch comes right out o’ me.’