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BELFORD'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

APRIL, 1878.

ROXY.

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



"I'LL PAY HER UP!"

CHAPTER XXV.

SAINT THERESA OF THE HONEYSUCKLES.

MYSTIC that she was, Roxy was ever looking for some celestial communication. To such a nature, heaven is all about. There are no accidents ; the angels minister in whatever befalls. So when Mark came, he found her with the old gladness shining from her face, singing with irrepressible spontaneity and the delicious melody of a Virginia wood-robin. Nothing could be more inspiriting than the martial enthusiasm and fire of fine sincerity with which she rendered Charles Wesley's hymn, beginning :

" Jesus, the name high over all
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before him fall
And devils fear and fly."

Mark came into hearing as she concluded the singing of this first verse, and he paused involuntarily to hear the rest. Roxy omitted the next stanza, and struck into the third, which exactly fitted her mood :

" Oh, that the world might taste and see
The riches of his grace,
The arms of love that compass me
Would all mankind embrace."

The rich voice gave a new meaning to the words, and Bonamy could see in her face, framed in the honeysuckle that grew over the window, the reflex of all she sang, as she plied her needle and rocked slowly to and fro. Again she skipped—she was thinking of the dangers of life in Texas, perhaps, but she dropped now to the last verse of the hymn, and Charles Wesley himself would have found new meaning in his own words, could he have heard her sing, in a tone now soft and low, but full of pathetic exultation still :

" Happy, if with my latest breath,
I may but gasp his name,
Preach him to all, and cry in death,
Behold, behold the Lamb !"

While she sang these words, Bonamy came softly into the yard and walked up to the window, pulling aside the honeysuckles. Roxy was not startled. Mark had been so present in her imaginings that it seemed to the rapt girl the most natural thing in the world to see him standing there looking at her, with his face suffused with emotion.

" A body could suffer and die, with you to strengthen," he said.

"No, with God. It is God that gives me this desire to suffer or to die for him. I know it is given for something, but I must wait until the way is open for me."

"The way is opened to-day. Before New-Year's, I hope that you and I will be carrying out the spirit of that hymn in the republic of Texas."

"Why? How? Come in and tell me."

Mark went in, and saluting her with a lover's warmth, told her what his father had said. Help from this quarter was just the most miraculous thing in the world. The Maid of Orleans was not more sure of a divine vocation, than was Roxy at that moment. She pushed her chair back from the window, beckoned Mark to kneel down with her, and then, with the enthusiasm of St. Theresa when she sought in childhood a martyrdom among the Moors, Roxy poured out thanks to God for the inestimable privilege of suffering, and perhaps of dying for the Lord.

Mark left Roxy when the tavern bell was ringing its muezzin call to supper. He went away as he always left her presence, in a state of sympathetic exaltation, which would have lasted him until he could have sunned himself again in her religious experience, had it not been that in his walk towards home, he passed the house of Haz Kirtley. The sight of the house disturbed his complacency with recollections of past failures. He had no fear now of any enticement from Nancy, but he was growing a little more distrustful of himself, in a general way. A lurking feeling that underneath this missionary Mark was a treacherous other self, capable of repeating the follies of the past, troubled him. He longed for Texas, not as of old, to leave Nancy behind, but because he felt, as who does not, that a great change in circumstances would help to make a change in him. He forgot, as we all forget, that the ugly self is not to be left behind. There is no way but to turn and face a foe who must needs be mess-mate and bed-fellow with us to the very end.

That night, at supper, Amanda, the elder of the sisters Bonamy told Mark that he would better learn to make shoes. This obscure allusion to the trade of Roxy's father was meant for wit and sarcasm, but to Amanda's surprise, her father took up for Mark. Roxy Adams was a fine girl,—a little too pious, but that at least, was not a common fault with girls. And Janet, the impulsive younger sister, said she wished Mark would marry Roxy. She had such a handsome face, with a glad look shining out from behind.

"What a little goose you are!" said the dignified Amanda; "did ever anybody hear such nonsense?—a glad look shining out from behind! Silly! For my part, I don't like a girl that is always smiling."

"But she don't smile. She only looks glad," persisted Janet.

"As if anybody could look glad without smiling! Let's see you try."

"Oh, I can't! It's just like before the sun comes up in the morning,—the hills on the other side of the river show the bright sky through the trees, the water looks like gold, the houses seem to stand out with light all around them, in a splendid kind of a way. It's sunshine just agoing to come, like Roxy's smile, that isn't quite a smile, you know."

The father laughed, as he might have laughed at baby talk. Mark patted the young girl on the shoulder with:

"A poet in the family, I declare."

"A goose in the family," said Amanda. "A smile that isn't quite a smile is a sensible remark! You'd better go to school to Roxy. She's teaching one idiot now, and I don't know but she's got two." This last with a look at Mark.

As for Mrs. Hanks, she was not quite satisfied when she heard of the arrangement. She thought the colonel should have insisted on Mark's staying at home. But he would come to be somebody yet,—a presiding elder and may be a bishop. She was glad, for her part, that Roxy had taken her advice. It was a good deal better than marrying a Presbyterian, anyhow. Roxy would have a good and talented husband, and a Methodist, with real heart religion.

"Wait till the pie's cut before you say whether they's blackberries, or elderberries, or pisen poke-berries insides," said Jemima.

Twonnet tried to think the best when Roxy told her. But the knowledge that Roxy had of her friend's opinion of Mark was a wedge of estrangement between them. They visited each other, but their intercourse became more and more constrained. Each blamed the other for the cooling of a friendship which they had often vowed should be eternal. In such gradual dissolutions of eternal friendships, each party, feeling herself innocent, is sure that the other must be censurable. They never think of falling out with those deep and irresistible currents in human nature before the force of which we are all helpless.

The whole town was agitated by the news of the engagement. For it was news. What battles and bankruptcies are to a metropolis, such are marriages and deaths to a village. The match-makers were generally pleased; for there was romance in the wild stories of how Colonel Bonamy had quarrelled with his son about going to Texas, but had finally consented to the marriage and the mission. It was generally agreed that the old man was not "nigh so hard-hearted since his wife died." He might get over his infidelity yet, some day—though he did swear dreadfully, you know. Some thought that he meant to run for Congress, and wanted to get Mark out of the way and purchase the favour of the Methodists at the same time.

Mr. Highbury was delighted that his own words had weighed with Whittaker, and Mrs. Highbury rocked her little fat body to and fro,

lifting her toes off the floor each time, and rhythmically echoed Mr. Highbury's opinion that no man ought to preach without a theological education.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A PANTHER

JIM MCGOWAN, of Rocky Fork, who had felt keenly his insecurity in the affections of Nancy Kirtley ever since the advent of young Bonamy on his electioneering trip, heard of Mark's engagement with relief. He had brought a load of wood to town and sold it to old Mrs. Tartrum, the ideal town gossip, who assailed the very children upon the street with persistent catechisms about the affairs of their parents, and whose love of hearing was only equalled by her love of telling. In the absence of any other uninformed hearer, she poured the whole story of the colonel's opposition, and the colonel's arrangement and Amanda's "dudgeon," into the ears of eager Jim McGowan, while he was throwing a cord of ash wood over her back fence. She added the information that the Bonamys were a regular big fish family, and that it was a great rise for a poor girl.

Jim drove home in a state of glorification. He was sure that Nancy would be humble enough now. She had always been gracious to him in proportion to Bonamy's remoteness. Now that Bonamy was gone entirely, Nancy would set her lines for Jim more carefully than ever. He would hold back, and let her see how it felt to be kept off. It was her turn to fish awhile. Jim McGowan is not the only man who finds, to his sorrow, just when he thinks he understands, that he has not begun to understand a woman.

Jim was a little distant with Nancy. She was looking her best in a new calico, for she had seen him go down in the morning. It was all the poor fellow could do to keep up his lofty and half-injured air. He wanted to introduce the news he had to tell in an accidental way, as though it were a matter of indifference to him. But the girl was so dazzling that he could not well keep his head.

Nancy Kirtley was a flower of that curious poor-whitey race which is called "tar-heel" in the northern Carolina, "sand-hiller" in the southern, "corn-cracker" in Kentucky, "yahoo" in Mississippi, and in California "Pike." They never continue in one stay, but are the half gypsies of America, seeking by shiftless removals from one region to another to better their wretched fortunes, or, more likely, to gratify a restless love of change and adventure. They are the Hoosiers of the dark regions of Indiana and Egyptians of southern Illinois. Always in

a half barbarous state, it is among them that lynchings most prevail. Their love of excitement drives them into a daring life and often into crime. From them came the Kentucky frontiersmen, the Texan rangers, the Murrell highwaymen, the Arkansas regulators, and anti-regulators, the ancient keel-boatmen, the more modern flat-boatmen and raftsmen and and roustabouts, and this race furnishes, perhaps, more than its share of the "road-agents" that infest the territories. Brave men and generous men are often found among them; but they are never able to rise above Daniel Boones and Simon Kentons. Beautiful women, of the magnificent, swarthy, half-oriental, animal sort, spring now and then from this stock, and of these Nancy was one,—a perfect gypsy-queen of beauty as she stood there that day and set poor McGowan wild. She was more cordial than usual, and the poor distracted fellow found himself prone to receive gratefully so much sunshine. Getting desperate, he came out at last with:

"Nancy, you remember that air Mark Bonamy that come foolin' roun' here last year, runnin fer the legislater?"

"I 'low *you* ricollect him, Jim. You've been mad enough about him ever since. And you got fined over't Republican meetin'-house for disturbin' his meetin'. And I'll bet he don't forgit me." With that Nancy tossed back her abundant dark-brown hair and threw out her chin in a saucy, triumphant fashion that set her lover wild. "I haint a gal to be forgot easy, now am I, Jim? And he's a fellow worth while," she added, getting up and posing her magnificent figure on the hearth where Jim could see to the best advantage her perfect shape, her great, black eyes with a soft sensuous droop in them, her rich complexion, her well set red lips and white teeth.

"What a creetur you air, Nancy!" cried Jim, leaping forward in a frantic state of mingled love and despair. "I was going to tell you some news, but I sha'n't if you go on that way."

"What way, Jim? Don't be a fool about Bonamy jest because he's so handsome. What about him? Is he coming out here to see me? I wish he would, He's as big a fool as you air."

"I 'low I'd better go," said Jim, rising with an air of offence, but sure that his news would humble Nancy. "All they is about it is that Mark Bonamy is goin to marry shoemaker Adams' girl, and both on 'em is off fer Texas in a month or two. It aint no matter of mine, you know, but I knowed you'd keer, seein you was so all-fired sweet to him."

Nancy bridled proudly.

"I'll show you whether he'll marry that girl or not, dog-on her." She turned to the high mantel-shelf and lifted an old tin cup which was turned upside down, and picked up a watch seal.

"May be you don't know who gave me that?" she said, with her great black eyes snapping fire triumphantly under her dark brows. Then she seized from the other end of the shelf a red morocco Testament. "May be you kin read writin', Jim. I can't. But that's his name. I'm agoin' off to Luzerne to-morrow mornin'. And you look at me, Jim." Here she straightened herself up proudly, and her swarthy, almost oriental, beauty became more wonderful when her whole countenance was lit up with defiance.

"How long kin Roxy Adams stan' agin me? Look at me, Jim, and say whether I'm purty or not. You come here saying to yourself: 'Now, when that Nancy hears that Bonamy's clean gone she'll be down on her knees to me.' Jest as ef I haint got more beaus than I kin count. Jim McGowan, you may jest go to thunder, the quicker the better." And she turned fiercely away.

Jim saw his defeat too clearly to tarry. With a few testy words of retort he made his way to his waggon and started home. But ever as he drove over the rough road of Rocky Fork he recalled the vision of the fierce, dark, magnificent woman standing on the hearth and stamping her foot as she dismissed him. And over and over in his mind he compared her to a panther, thinking aloud as men of his class are prone to do.

"Blamed ef she haint a painter. A regular painter, teeth an' claws an' all, by hokey! Looked just like a painter ready to spring on me and tear me all to flinders. And that's what she is, painter an' nothin' else. But gosh! she's a splendid creetur! Confound her picter."

CHAPTER XXVII.

NANCY IN TOWN.

THE solitary horse of the Kirtley family was in use in the corn-field. Only one more day's work was needed to "lay by" the field, but Nancy had come to be dictator; so instead of being hitched to the plough, old Bob was side-saddled for Nancy. The old woman scolded, but the arrangement suited the father as well as it did the daughter—it gave him an excuse for spending the day at the grocery in Canaan, a promised land comprising three drinking-places and a shoe-shop. All the way up and down the hills to town Nancy turned over and over again in her mind various plans of attack. To exhibit the keepsakes to Roxy asserting an engagement between Mark and herself might serve her purpose far enough to break off the marriage with Roxy, but it would probably anger Bonamy and defeat her main hope. She was shrewd enough to

see that if she should threaten Mark, or attack him in any way, all expedients for trapping him would fail. She therefore resolved to keep vindictive measures till the last.

Her first objective point was an interview with Mark, and to this end she seated herself in his office, early in the afternoon, and awaited his entrance. When he appeared on the door-step she was offended to note that he drew back for a moment as though he would fain avoid meeting her. For Mark had just been licensed to preach, the day before, and with a freshened sense of his responsibility, not only to God but to the public, he was chagrined to come upon Nancy lying in wait. He greeted her as "Sister Kirtley," after the inflexible Methodist fashion of that day, but his friendliness went no further. She was piqued at this, and set herself to be attractive, but Mark was in no mood to be attracted. To dally with the belle of Rocky Fork at a hoe-down on Rocky Fork was easy enough; to have her obtrusive beauty thrust upon him, in his own office in Luzerne, when he had a brand new license to preach in his pocket, a mission to Texas in his mind and a fresh and most religious betrothal to a saint like Roxy Adams in his heart, was quite another thing. Besides he momentarily expected the advent of his father. What would the cynical old atheist say or do if he should find his pious son in such company? In his eager desire to be rid of her he was almost rude.

Entered after a while Bonamy the elder, who affected not to see the girl and who immediately absorbed himself in writing. But Nancy's observing vanity had detected the furtive glance with which the surprised senior had taken her in. She noted also the increased constraint of Mark, who now answered her in curt, half-defiant monosyllables.

Seeing that she was gaining nothing by blandishment she thought to try a little skilful intimidation. She began to feel for her handkerchief. But as a woman has but one pocket it often becomes a necessary and natural thing for her to remove the superimposed strata in order to reach those below. Nancy first pulled out the pocket Testament Mark had given her in a moment of effusive zeal.

"Do you know that?" she said. "May be you don't ricollect. Folks forgits their country friends mighty easy. I pack this Testament around weth me all the time." She saw on Mark's face signs that the torture was working, and she was happy.

"I declar'! ef I haint got this weth me too," and she fished out the watch seal. "I hadn't oughter keep that in my pocket. I wouldn't lose it fer money," and she held it up and looked at it. "When folks talks about your marryin' somebody they don't know 't I've got this purty thing in my pocket, do they?"

"Mark," said Colonel Bonamy, who had now heard enough to guess

at the state of the case, "take this over to the clerk's office," handing a paper. "See that it is fixed up all right. Don't hurry." The junior started off. "Take plenty of time and be careful," the old man called after him.

Mark had turned toward his father with his face aflame with mortification. But the old man spoke dryly as though he were particularly interested in the business intrusted to his son. The young man had no doubt that his father had some ulterior purpose in thus sending him away, but he was so glad to be rid of his position between the uncomfortable Nancy on one side and the uncomfortable parent on the other, that he was quite willing to take the risk of his father's adroit cross-questioning of the girl. He could not divine what was Colonel Bonamy's purpose, but he knew that all the information that Nancy could give would be extracted in the interest of that purpose. When he arrived at the county clerk's office he opened the carefully folded paper, only to find to his confusion that it was blank, he understood that he had been sent out of the office to remain away until Nancy should depart. He made a bungling excuse to the clerk for having brought a blank paper, but he drew a favourable augury from his father's action.

It was a characteristic of the elder Bonamy that he did not begin to speak at once. He scratched a few lines with the pen, to put possible suspicions out of the mind of the witness, then began with commonplace remarks about her father and his local influence on Rocky Fork, proceeded with some very bold flatteries quite suited to the palate of the girl, who seriously began to debate, whether, failing the son, she should not try for the father. Then the old lawyer set her to talking about Mark; drew from her first one and then another particular of the young man's conduct; chuckled with her over her adroitness in capturing the watch-seal; took her side in the whole matter, laughed at Mark's piety; got out of her an account of the transfer of the Testament to her; led her off on an unsuspecting account of her other numerous triumphs; applauded her victory over McGowan; got her to boast in detail of the arts she made use of in capturing her admirers; drew out of her by piecemeal a statement of her motives in getting the Testament from Mark; and even, by espousing her side of the case, compelled an implied admission of her intent in coming to town at that time.

He had now given the fish all the line that seemed best. It was time to reel in as he could. But while her complacent vanity was yet untouched by any suspicion of his purpose he made a vain endeavour to get possession of the Testament and watch-seal.

"No sir—no sir-ee—no-sir-ee, Bob!" cried the girl with a you don't-

catch-me air. She did not for a moment doubt that she could outwit any lawyer. She would show him!

"Oh, I only wanted to use it to plague Mark with. You see I'm determined to have my way with him."

But the girl was not at all sure that Colonel Bonamy's way was her way. She put the keepsakes back in her pocket, and then gave the pocket a little pat with her hand, as though she said: "Let him get them, if he can." This little dumb show did not escape Bonamy's quick observation, and he saw the hopelessness of trying to replevin the trinkets, only saying,

"You know what you're about, don't you?"

But he began cautiously to tighten the line. He questioned Nancy now in a harder tone, putting her conduct in a light not so favourable to herself. Seizing on points here and there, he grouped them so that they seemed ugly. Nancy became irritated and denied what she had said before. Then the lawyer, with a good-natured smile, that had just a tinge of something not so pleasant as a smile, pointed out the contradiction. It was vain that Nancy went into a passion—the lawyer was quiet, and even friendly. He wished to help her out of some vague legal difficulty and shameful disgrace that he pretended to see in store for her. For the first time in her life afraid to give vent to her wrath, contending as she never had before, with a man who cared no more for her blandishments than he feared her temper, and who was as superior to her in craft as in knowledge, with pride and vanity wounded, and without power to avenge the injury, or certainty even that there was any injury to avenge, she found herself badgered and hemmed in on every side. The lawyer made her words seem something else than she meant. She was not very scrupulous about telling the truth, but Colonel Bonamy, without saying anything discourteous, made her appear a monstrous liar, by giving back her words in senses different from what she had intended. At last, in sheer despair and defeat, she rose to go, red with suppressed irritation, and biting her lips.

"Don't hurry," said the colonel. "Sit down. Mark will surely be here soon, and if he thinks as much of you as you seem to think he does, he'll be sorry to have you go while he is away. You say he is fond of you, and I suppose it is so, but you must not say one thing now and another after awhile. Sit down."

Cowed by the steady, penetrating gaze of the old man's hard grey eyes, she sank back into the chair, to undergo again a process of mental and moral dissection, even more severe than that she had before experienced. Defeat is a thousand fold worse to an overbearing person accustomed to triumph, than to another, and Nancy was by this time in

a state of frenzy. She must break out in some desperate fashion or die.

"Colonel Bonamy," she cried, getting to her feet, and looking now like a volcano in eruption. "What do you keep on axin' an' axin' sech questions fer? Confound ye lawyers' questions! You set me crazy, and make me out a liar in spite of myself. Go to thunder, I tell you, with yer blamed axin' me this and axin' me that. I'll do as I please, and say what I want to; you see if I don't, dog-on you!"

"I would," said the colonel, chuckling. "If I was pretty like you, I'd do as I pleased, too." And after a pause, he added, in an audible aside—"if I went to penitentiary for it. Those trinkets of Mark's would do to begin suit against him in case he don't marry you, and I don't believe he will. But then, there's all the rest that gave you things,—let's see, McGowan, and Jackson, and Lumbkin, and Billings, and all of them. It might go awful hard with you, if it could be proved you were engaged to so many at once. That's more'n the law allows. You know there's a law against a girl being engaged to so many at once. Let's see, how many was it all at once that you said? McGowan that's one, and Jackson is two, and——"

"I'm agoin'; blamed if I haint! I don't want no more jaw, lawyer or no lawyers, I'm one as can take keer of myself, anyhow!"

"Well, I'm sorry you won't wait longer. Mark'll be back——"

But Nancy was already going out of the door, crying with vexation.

The colonel went after her. He wanted to say just one thing more, he told her. She stopped, and he held her by his awful grey eyes while he asked, severely:

"Did you say, or didn't you say, that Major Lathers was at your house the night you say you danced with Mark?"

"You'r axin questions ag'in, an' I wont stan' no more of yer axin I tell you! You may ax tell ye're blind."

"You'd better answer that. Remember I know all about these things, now. You've told me yourself."

"No, you don't. I shan't tell you whether Lathers was there or not. You're just windin' me up and windin' me up, with yer axin. You may ax tell ye're blind."

"Was Lathers at your house the night you say you danced with Mark? You say so. I don't know whether it is so or not. You don't always tell the same story. It mayn't be true."

"I tell you it is true, you old—you old——"

"Well, what? Speak right out. It'll do you good. I'm an old what?"

But Nancy choked herself, and kept down her epithets, fearing something, she could not tell what.

"I was going to give you some good advice," proceeded Bonamy. "But it don't matter to me what becomes of you, if you talk that way. I don't believe now that Mark danced with you at all."

"You don't, hey? You jest go right straight and ax Major Lathers. Didn't he try to keep Mark from dancin' with me? He'll tell you all about it."

"Oh, that's what I wanted to know—whether Lathers was there or not. You've told me now."

"No, I haint, nuther."

"Why, how could Lathers tell me about Mark's dancing with you, and how could he try to keep Mark from dancing with you, if he was not there? But I won't tell Lathers," he added, as though in a half soliloquy, "for I don't want to get you into trouble. You know he's sheriff, and the sheriff takes up people. If I should tell him you were in town now ——. But you said he was there that night, didn't you?"

"I haint agoin' to talk to you no more. You'll make me tell more'n I ever know'd, in spite of myself, with yer everlastin' talkin' an' talkin', an' axin an' axin. Go long with yer old ——."

But Nancy did not finish her sentence. Bonamy had cowed her so that she feared she knew not what of defeat and mortification if she should say another word, and she was utterly choked with vexation.

Colonel Bonamy had at least made sure that Nancy would carry no confidences to the ingenious sheriff. His vague hints had excited an undefined fear in her ignorant mind, already cowed by the badgering and tormenting course of cross-questioning to which she had been subjected. The whole machinery of the law was incomprehensible by her, and she was not sure but that Major Lathers, if he should come to know how many engaged lovers she had at one time, might send the jury to arrest her, whereupon she would be in danger of being tried by a lot of lawyers and colonels, and then locked up by the judge.

She went back to Haz Kirtley's full of wrath, but all her ferocity was dammed up and turned back in a flood of bitterness upon herself. So entirely had the lawyer daunted her that she even feared to resort to her extreme revenge of an interview with Roxy. Roxy might triumph over her also, exulting in her own success. She sullenly put the saddle on old Bob and rode away up the hill, stopping at the top to shake her fist and threaten that she would yet come back and tell that good-for-nothing town girl something that would make her hate Mark Bonamy.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

EVERMORE.

MRS. HANKS offered to make a wedding for Roxy. She was quite willing to increase her own social importance by this alliance of Roxy's. But the bride would not have her aunt's fine wedding. She did not want a fine wedding at all. To marry the hero she worshipped and then to start hand in hand with him to the wildest and savagest country they could find, there to live and labour for the rescue of the souls of wicked people, entirely satisfied her ambition.

She did like to accept a wedding from her aunt, for Roxy's humility was purely a religious humility; her pride was quick; to be poor did not trouble her—to be patronized was intolerable, most of all to be patronized by Mrs. Hanks. And had Roxy been willing, Adams would have refused; all his native crookedness was intensified by his antipathy to his sister-in-law. But Roxy accepted from her aunt the loan of Jemima, whose hands rendered an energetic assistance, but whose tongue could not be quite still. Instead of denouncing Mark in particular, she now gave way to philippics against men in general. Roxy's dreams of a lodge in some vast wilderness, with Mark's love to comfort her and a semi-martyrdom to glorify her, were rudely disturbed by Jemima's incessant exposition of the faithlessness and selfishness of the "male sect," as she called it. "They can't no more be depended on than a rotten log acrost a crick. Looks all right, kivered over with moss; but jest try to cross it onst and the crick ill come flyin' up in yore face. I wouldn't marry the whole twelve aposills theirselves. Jest look at Simon Peter and Judas Iscariot, fer instance. I tell you what it is Roxy, the heart of *man* is deceitful, and some men's hearts is desperate."

Twonnet helped also in the wedding preparations, and she was rather more comfortable than Jemima. For when once a wedding is determined on, one ever hopes for the best. The parson, when he blesses the most ill-starred match, hopes for impossible good luck to give happiness to a couple foreordained to misery. Twonnet showed her solicitude now and then by lapses of silence quite unusual. Between the silence of the one and the speech of the other of her helpmates, Roxy wished for Texas.

As Colonel Bonamy considered Mark's marriage with Roxy the surest means of defeating the missionary project, he wished to hasten the wedding, lest something should happen to interfere with his plan. In particular did he appreciate the necessity for haste after his meeting with Nancy. Nancy might appeal to Roxy, or Lathers might get hold of the story and use it to Mark's discredit and his father's annoyance.

If he could once get Mark married, he would have placed him in a position of dependence. However, the colonel had a liking for a good wife as a thing that was sure to be profitable to a man. Roxy probably had no extravagant tastes, would be flattered by her marriage into such a family as the Bonamys, and her influence over Mark would, after a while, be just sufficient to keep him sober and steady at his work. Besides, he feared that, if Nancy had any real hold on Mark, she would find it greatly increased in case both the marriage with Roxy and the mission to Texas were given up. So it happened, through the planning of the colonel, that the wedding was fixed for the second week following the raid of Nancy.

There was little out of the ordinary about Roxy's wedding. There were present her aunt's family and Twonnet's ; Miss Rachel Moore, who was to take her place as mistress of the house the next week, was there, of course, Colonel Bonamy and his daughters, and as many besides as the old house would hold. Adams had asked Whittaker, but the minister had not come. Jemima stood in the background, the most impressive figure of all. The Methodist presiding elder, a venerable, white-haired man, familiarly called "Uncle Jimmy Jones," conducted the simple service.

I said there was nothing out of the ordinary. But Bobo was there. For days he had watched the cake-baking and the other preparations. He heard somebody say that Roxy was to be married, and he went about the house conning the saying like a lesson, as though he were trying to get some meaning out of it.

"Roxy is going to be married," he would say over and over, from morning till night. When he saw the company gathering, he went into an ecstasy of confused excitement. And when at last Roxy came into the room, in her simple bridal dress, he broke from his mother's side and seized Roxy's disengaged hand. Jemima and his mother made an effort to recapture him, but Roxy turned and said, "Let him come."

"Let him come," echoed Bobo, and walking by the side of the bride and her bridegroom till they halted in front of the minister, he looked up at the stately old man and said with childish glee, "Roxy's going to be married."

This outburst of Bobo's sent the colour of Mrs. Hanks's face up to scarlet. What would the Bonamys think? Jemima put her handkerchief over her mouth to stifle a laugh, and Amanda Bonamy turned her head. Couldn't they keep the simpleton at home? The old minister was confused for a moment, but the smile on Roxy's face reassured him. The lad stood still listening to the ceremony and repeating it over in an audible whisper. When the minister concluded the benediction

with the words : " Be with you evermore," Bobo caught at the last word and cried : " evermore, Roxy, evermore ! "

" Yes, Bobo, dear," said the bride, turning to him and looking down into his wistful eyes. " Yes, evermore and evermore."

Perhaps because they were embarrassed by this unexpected episode, the company were silent, while Bobo for a moment turned over in his mind the word. Then by some association he connected it with the last words of the prayer Roxy had taught him. He went in front of her and looked at her with the awed look he had caught from her in repeating his prayer, he pointed up as she had pointed in teaching him, and said :

" Forever and ever, amen."

" Yes Bobo, forever and ever, amen, and now you shall have the very first kiss."

" The very first kiss," chuckled the innocent, as he turned away after Roxy had kissed him.

Through all this interruption Adams stood by the long clock and held on to the lappel of his coat firmly and defiantly. He had a notion that the Bonamys thought that their family lent a lustre to Roxy and he wanted to knock some of them over, but he kept firm hold of his coat and contented himself with looking like a wild beast at bay.

Mrs. Hanks whispered to her husband that she felt as if she could sink through the floor, and, indeed, she was quite flustered when she came to wish the newly married " much joy," and quite thrown out of the fine speech she had prepared for delivery to Mark. Amanda Bonamy kissed Roxy condescendingly as became a well-bred girl ; but when it came to Janet's turn, she kissed Roxy first on one cheek and then on the other, called her a dear, dear sister and said :

" Wasn't that sweet that poor little Bobo said ? It made your wedding so solemn and beautiful—just like your wedding ought to be."

And from that moment Roxy took the enthusiastic girl into her heart of hearts. She made her sit by her at the wedding dinner to make which had exhausted all the skill of Roxy and her helpers, and the whole purse of her father. For the custom of that time did not allow of coffee and sandwiches and cake passed around the room. As for light breakfasts and an immediate departure on a tour to nowhere in particular, that only came in with locomotives and palace cars. In the good old days it cost as much to get married as it does now to be buried ; one must then feed one's friends on fried chickens and roast turkeys and all sorts of pies, and pound cake and " floating island," and " peach cobbler,"—a monstrous dish of pastry inclosing whole peaches, pits and all—and preserves with cream, and grape jellies, and——but this it not a bill of fare.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE INFARE.

THERE could be no wedding in a Hoosier village thirty or forty years ago without an infare on the following day. In those days the *faring* into the house of the bridegroom's parents was observed with great rejoicing. At an earlier stage of the village's history the little brass cannon was fired in honour of weddings and almost the whole town kept holiday. On the day after Roxy's wedding Colonel Bonamy made a great infare as became a great man like himself. It was preceded by a week of cooking and baking. On the day of the infare, "Uncle Billy," a skilful old negro, was imported from Kentucky to roast the pig which hung suspended by a wire in front of the wide kitchen fire-place while Billy turned it round and round, basting it from time to time. For roast-pig at a wedding feast was the symbol of aristocracy,—a Bonamy might lose his soul but he could not be married without a pig.

Everybody who could be considered at all inevitable was there. The Boones and Haz Kirtley's family and the fishermen's families and the poor-whiteys generally were left out, but everybody who was anybody was there. Not only from town but from the country and even from the Kentucky shore guests were brought. Neither age nor sex was respected. Old Mother Tartrum was there engaged in her diligent search after knowledge. She was in herself a whole Society for the Collection and Diffusion of Useless Information. She also collected various titbits of cake off the supper-table which she wrapped in her red silk handkerchief and deposited in her pocket. She was a sort of animated Dictionary of Universal Biography for the town, able to tell a hundred unimportant incidents in the life of any person in the place, and that without being consulted.

Whittaker had sunk into a helpless despondency as Roxy's marriage approached, and he could not bring himself to be present at the wedding. But fearing unfriendly remark, he had brought his courage to the point of attending the infare. He came late, however, and the house and grounds were already filled with guests. He walked up between the long row of Lombardy poplars, looking at the brightly illuminated house of the Bonamys, which, lying on the outskirts of the town, combined in itself something of the spruceness of the town-house with the isolation of a farm-house. The house was a squarish brick one, the walks were of gravel. There was a lawn of greensward on either hand with a vineyard and fields of tasseled corn in the moonlit background. People were all about him as he approached the house, and many greeted him as he passed. But Whittaker was a man march-

ing in his own funeral procession. Despite his utmost exertion to address Mark and Roxy with cheerfulness, there was that in his face which caused Mark to say to Roxy as he turned away :

“What a serious-looking man he is !”

And his seriousness had something infectious about it, for Roxy did not recover a bridal cheerfulness for some time afterward.

Out of respect for Mark's and Roxy's scruples, and, too, for Mark's semi-clerical position as a “lay” or local preacher on his way to a further promotion into the “travelling” ministry, there was no dancing. The company promenaded in the halls and up and down the gravel walks between the Lombardy poplars, and among the sprucely trimmed pyramidal cedars that stood about the house.

Something in Whittaker's gloomy mood made him averse to the throng of merry people, the more that, on account of the rumours which had circulated about his attachment to Roxy, he was closely watched. About ten o'clock Mother Tartrum met him and put him through his catechism with vigour. *Had* he ever been engaged to Roxy ? He might tell an old woman like herself in confidence ! How was it broken off ? Was it he that withdrew, or did Roxy refuse him ? *Had* Mr. Highbury given him a piece of his mind ? Wasn't he feeling rather bad to-night ?

To all of these questions the minister flatly refused to reply, and at last brusquely walked away, turning into an unfrequented path bordered by a privet hedge. This led him to the garden, into which he entered by a gate through a paling fence. He went down under the grape-arbour that stood, according to the unvarying fashion of the country, in the middle of the garden. Walking quietly and meditatively, he came to the other side of the garden, where he turned and saw full before him the brilliantly lighted house, and the company moving up and down the walks and through the rooms. He could plainly see the figure of Roxy, as she stood by her husband, cheerful now and diffusing light on all about her. Mark, for his part, was always cheerful ; there was not a vein of austerity in his composition. He was too hopeful to fear for the future, and too buoyantly happy and complacent to be disturbed by anything. Certainly he was a fine-looking man, standing there in the light of a multitude of candles, and entering with his limitless heartiness into the merriment of the throng about him, giving back banter for banter with the quick sallies of the racy humour of the country. But there was something about this popular young fellow, carrying all before him, which gave Whittaker a sense of foreboding. Does a rejected lover ever think that the woman has done quite so well for her own interest as she might ?

Fast by Roxy stood Twonnet. There was a sort of separation of feeling between them now ; but Roxy was soon to go away, and Twon-

net determined to stand by her to the last. If she had looked upon the marriage as the town saw it,—as an ascent for Roxy,—she would have chosen to be elsewhere ; but because Roxy had not done as well as she might, Twonnet stood by her with a chivalrous faithfulness. Whittaker, in his mood of unreason, took Twonnet's fidelity to Roxy in umbrage, as a sort of desertion of himself. It is so hard for us to understand why our friends do not feel our wrongs so poignantly as we do.

Whittaker could not help wondering 'what Adams was thinking of, as he stood defiantly against the wall, grasping the lappel of his coat, as though he would hold firmly to his propriety by this means.

The minister had stood thus more than a minute, when the company were summoned to supper. The table was spread on the porch which ran along the side of the L of the house, in full view from his stand-point. He could see the fine-looking bridegroom lead the procession to the table, and all the company following. He thought that he ought to return to the house, lest his absence should be observed.

But just as he was about to make a languid movement in the direction of the supper, he heard a stealthy tread on the outside of the vine-covered garden fence. He listened until the person walking along the fence had passed a few feet further on. A cluster of lilac-bushes intervened between him and the position of the new-comer ; but he could hear a suppressed voice, as of a woman in soliloquy :

“That's her, shore as shootin'. She ain't purty, neither, nor never was. I'll pay her up ! See ef I don't. She thinks she's got him now. An' all that finery and flummery. I ort to be there at that table. Folks would see somebody ef I was there. But she's ornery,—ornery as git out. I kin git him away from her ef I ever git half a chance. They'd better go to Texas purty shortly, ef she's knows what's good fer her. I'll show her. Saltpeter won't save 'em ef they stay here.” Then, after a long pause ; “She'll wish I was dead afore I'm done. Let her larn to steal *my* beau. Ef she packs him off to Texas, I'll foller, sure. An' I'll pay her up, or my name haint Nancy Kirtley.”

To Whittaker the whole speech was evidently the thinking aloud of an ignorant person full of suppressed passion. The tone frightened him, and he moved cautiously so as to get a view of the speaker. Her hair was pushed back from her low forehead in a disheveled fashion, and even in the moonlight he could see the great eyes and the large, regular features, and could feel a certain impression of the great animal beauty of the woman standing there, not ten feet from him, with fists clenched hard, and a look of ferocity on her countenance that he had never seen on human face before. She reminded him of nothing so much as an old steel-plate print he had seen of Judith with the bloody

head of Holofernes. Having no knowledge of Nancy, Whittaker did not understand the meaning of her words ; but he could make out that some evil was intended to Roxy.

His first impulse was to call Colonel Bonamy. Then in his confused thought came a pity for the poor girl torn thus by her evil passions, and a sense of his duty to her ; he would go and try to exorcise the demon.

Nancy had come to town resolved to prevent Mark's marriage at any cost. She would show the watch-seal and the Testament to Roxy, and thus awaken her jealousy if she could. She would even threaten Mark with exposure of some sort, or with slanderous charges. She would not be outwitted by the old man any more ; she would go to jail, if she had to go to jail ; but she would have her revenge. Great was her chagrin at finding the wedding already past and the infare set down for that very evening. There was nothing left for her but to fume and threaten retribution. Her rage had brought her here,—envy and malice are devils that drive possessed souls into the contemplation of that which aggravates their madness.

Nancy stood thus in this torturing perdition of Tantalus,—maddened by seeing the pomp into which another poor girl had come instead of herself,—maddened by the very sight of happy faces and the sound of merry voices, while she was in the outer darkness where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. She stood there with her fist shut up and her face distorted by wrath—as a lost soul might curse the far-away heaven—when she heard from the bushes behind her the voice of Whittaker.

“What is the matter with you, my friend ?” He had almost said Judith, so much was his imagination impressed by the resemblance of the swarthy beauty to the picture of that magnificent Hebrew assassin.

When he spoke, Nancy gave a sudden start, not of timidity, but of wrath,—as a wild beast might start at an interruption when about to spring upon the prey.

“What do you want with me ?” she muttered in sullen fierceness.

Whittaker drew a little nearer with a shudder.

“Only to help you if I can. What can I do for you ?”

“Nothing, I reckon, unless you kill that woman.”

“What woman ?”

“That Adams girl that's gone and married Mark Bonamy.”

“What should I kill her for ?”

“Bekase I hate the sight of her.”

“What harm has she done ?”

“She stole my beau. Do you know that I had ort by rights to stand there at that there table by Mark Bonamy, and that mean, hateful huzzy's scrouged into my place—confound her ! Now then, anybody

that meddles with Nance Kirtley is sorry fer it afore they're done. Ef Mark and the old man, and that ugly, good-fer nothin', prayin', shoutin' Roxy Adams don't wesh they'd never hearn tell of me, then I'm a fool. You jest let anybody cross *my* path onst ef they want to be sorry fer it."

"Don't you know that you oughtn't to talk that way? Roxy didn't do you any harm. You hadn't any right to Mark because you loved him."

"Stranger, looky there—that's his Testament. He gin me that weth his own hands. There! that's his watch-seal. Pulled it off and gin it to me. Now, what made him leave me and go to that homely, lantern-jawed, slab-sided thing of a shoe-maker's gal! Hey? She done it. That's what she was up to weth her prayin' and talkin' and singin'. I'll pay her up yet. See ef I don't."

At sight of these ocular proofs of Mark's attachment to Nancy, Whittaker was silent a moment.

"Does Roxy know anything about these things?" he said after a while.

"In course not."

"What do you hate *her* for?"

"What fer? Thunder and blazes! Jes look at the blamed, stuck-up, good-fer-nothin' thing there! She's got my place—why shouldn't I hate her? Ah-h-h you—ugh-h-h, you ugly old thing you—I'll make you cry nuff afore I'm done weth you." And Nancy shook her fist in the direction of Roxy.

"You oughtn't to talk in that way. Don't you know there's a God?"

"God or no God, I'm agoin' to git even weth Mark Bonamy and that hateful wife of his'n. Why didn't he ax me to his infare? Hey? Comes to my house and dances with me the live-long night. Gives me presents and talks as sweet as sugar-water.* Then he marries old Tom Adams's girl and don't ax me to the party, nur nothin'. I'll pay him back one of these yer days."

Seeing that further remonstrance was of no use Whittaker went down the walk to the house. Colonel Bonamy met him.

"Why, where have you been? We looked for you to say grace," said the old man.

"Colonel Bonamy, there's an infuriated young woman standing behind the bushes down at the other end of the garden. She is mad about something and I'm afraid she means some violence to Roxy."

"Oh yes, I guess I can tell who she is. She's a maniac after Mark. I'll go and see her."

And while Whittaker went in to supper with melancholy suspicions

* The sap of the sugar-maple.

of Mark, the colonel walked swiftly round the outside of the garden and came up behind Nancy.

"Well, what's all this about?"

"You old brute, you," said Nancy; "why didn't you give me an invite? I'll pay you all back yet, see ef I don't!"

"Don't talk so loud. The sheriff might hear you. He's in the house."

"Call him out here if you want to, you blasted fool," said the girl, now fully roused, and not fearing any danger that looked her fair in the face.

The colonel saw that he must take another tack.

"Oh no! I won't call him. Only be quiet, and come in and get some supper. I want to ask you some more questions about the things we talked about the other day."

"No, you don't. You don't ax me nothin'. You want to wind me up and tangle me up, tell I don't know my own name. No more of yer axin fer me."

"You've got a seal of my son's?"

"Yes, I have."

"Did anybody see him give you that seal?"

"No, they didn't."

"You are sure?"

"Yes."

"Did he give it to you?"

"In course he did. How else did I get it?"

"You could steal it, couldn't you?"

"You—you—you durn't say I'm a thief!"

"Did you say that you stole it?"

"No, I didn't! You know I didn't, blast you!"

"You said nobody saw him give it to you, and I didn't say you stole it. But you just as good as say you did by getting so mad."

"You lie!"

"He was on his horse when you got it from him, wasn't he?"

"None of your axin, I tell you."

"There 'tis again. You know you stole it, or you wouldn't be afraid to answer."

"You lie! He give it to me when he was a-settin' on his horse, in front of our house."

"And your father didn't see him?"

"No, he didn't."

"Nor your mother?"

"No."

"Nor nobody?"

"No."

“ You got it from him when he was on his horse ? ”

“ Yes.”

“ How did it come off his chain ? ”

“ He unhooked it.”

“ You unhooked it, you said the other day. Now tell me 'the truth.”

“ Well, he let me.” The girl began to quail under this steady fire of questions.

“ You say you *got* it from him. What's that but stealing ? ”

“ He give it to me.”

“ You unhooked it.”

“ Go 'way with your axin.”

And the girl started to move off.

“ Hold on. I'm not done yet.”

“ Yes, you air, too. I wont have no more of your fool axin. I'm agoin'.”

“ Stop ! I say. You're on my ground, and I'll call the sheriff, if you don't stop.”

“ Call him ef you want to, an' go to thunder with you both ! ” And with this she went sullenly off, the colonel affecting to detain her. Nancy was afraid of nothing in the world so much as of his fire of questions, and the irritation and mortification sure to ensue from the confusion into which he would lead her.

The terror which these questions inspired, added to the reaction from her burst of passion, served to give her a general sense of fear, that drove her away into the darkness, though she muttered defiance as she slowly retreated into the corn-field.

“ They'll be sorry they ever crossed my path,” were the last ominous words the colonel heard from her, as he lost sight of her among the tall rows of tasseled maize.

(To be Continued.)

LOVE, THE LITTLE CAVALIER.

ONE merry morn in merry May
 Young Love beneath a rose-bush lay !
 No rose upon the flowering tree
 Was half so fair a rose as he.
 “ I droop, I pine in sadness here,”
 Said Love, the Little Cavalier.

No rose upon the fragrant tree
 Was half so fair a rose as he.
 The gardener's daughter, gentle Maud,
 Tripped like a sunbeam o'er the sod.
 "A shining orb to grace my sphere!"
 Cried Love, the Little Cavalier.

The gardener's daughter, gentle Maud,
 Tripped like a sunbeam o'er the sod;
 And from behind a flowering thorn
 The young Earl stepped, as fresh as morn.
 "Another orb, as I'm à seer!"
 Laughed Love, the Little Cavalier.

And from behind a flowering thorn
 The young Earl stepped as light as morn.
 Maud's lily hand the young Earl took—
 Could Love mistake the dual look?
 "Spirit of Truth, appear! appear!"
 Cried Love, the Little Cavalier.

Maud's lily hand the young Earl took—
 Could Love mistake the dual look?
 Home to their hearts, with grateful joy,
 They took the smiling, rosy boy.
 "Pray take me in without a fear,"
 Said Love, the Little Cavalier.

Home to their hearts, with grateful joy,
 They took the smiling, rosy boy:
 The whitest blossom on life's stem,
 He's all the world, and more, to them.
 "We revel in ambrosial cheer,"
 Sings Love, the Little Cavalier.

CHARLES SANGSTER.

THE HISTORY AND MISSION OF ARCHITECTURE.

BY ELIHU BURRITT.

No intellectual taste or force has exerted such a shaping influence upon civilization as architecture. This art opened up and handed down a normal school for all ages and races of mankind, in which their perceptions of beauty and ideas of luxury and happy life, were educated from

stage to stage of refinement. It is truly the mother of all the other arts, and embraces them all in its own development. It links the ages together more continuously than any other human capacity or attainment. In links two thousand years long, the chain of its history comes down to the latest and grandest edifice built on earth, from the foundation-stone of Cain's little city under the breaking dawn of historic time. Through the flood it comes: for the waters that covered the earth did not drown a single art or thought, worth anything to man, that lived before their deluge. The best antediluvian house Noah carried fresh in his memory; and in his ark he tested on the flood, and transferred to all mankind to be, the first conception and model of the floating architecture, the sea. From his day to this, the human race has chronicled its ages and stages of progress in this hand-writing of Tubal Cain's iron pens in wood, brick, and stone. These have been the most instructive and enduring syllables that man has written upon the earth. Every village or hamlet built for permanent residence has been a paragraph in his history, translated into every language. The migratory tent of skins or cloth had no civilizing power. It did not attach a single human heart to the earth on which it was planted for the night, or week, or month. It put forth no spores nor tendrils of home to localize life and its enjoyments, hopes, and affections to one permanent centre of action and experience. As the rolling-stone gathers no moss, so the moving tent could not gather nor leave any of the rime or radiance of civilization. It was not until the more intelligent families of mankind began to plant themselves by communities in houses of wood, brick, or stone, which they could not remove, that home life, and social intercourse and fellowship, could put forth those feeble, primitive germs of taste and genius that have been developed into the brilliant culture of the present day.

The progress of architecture will make one of the most interesting studies in the world to a mind given to historical predilections. One does not need to adopt any portion of the Darwinian system, nor to lower the starting-point of the human race, in recognizing what they owed to the example and instruction of beasts, birds, fish, and inanimate nature in learning all the arts that have come to their present perfection. The inverted bird's nests evidently served as the first suggestion and model of the first conical tent or hut. Caves or holes in the brows of rocky hills or mountains, partially improved by wild beasts, supplied the models for houses of stone. The fish with tail and fins, and fitness of its shape for swift and easy movement in the water, suggested the best fashioning and faculties of a vessel with rudder and oars. When the great row galley was found heavy pulling for men's sinews alone, the eagle or the dove dropt its suggestion into the human mind, and two or three canvas wings were given to the vessel, and the wind was caught

and tamed and harnessed to it, like a horse broken to the shafts. Now, Darwin "to the contrary, notwithstanding," it does not lower the dignity of man's origin nor of the dawn of his intellect, that he learned so much of beasts, birds, and fish. While he had to put his thoughts to the school of instinct, taught by these lowest creatures, he was not a whit nearer the ape in his capacity of mental *progress* than at this hour. If any monkeys existed before the flood, they knew as much then as the best of their race know now. The antediluvian birds built them as perfect houses as their posterity build now. They spoke the same language and sang the same tunes as we hear in our tree-tops.

Nor is it any discredit to man's intellect that he had to work slower by reason than his first teachers, the beasts and birds, worked by instinct. He had to adopt their ready-made models by the apposition of thought to thought. It cost him a more strenuous mental exercise still to improve on those models, and to improve on his own improvements, to use the terms common to modern inventions. But slow as was his progress, it was sure and ceaseless. Men have died on the long march of human life, and marked it out into short stages with their graves as mile-stones. But man has never died since Adam was set a living soul on the earth. As a being with such a soul, he has lived from that day to this, and will live as long as the earth exists. The graves of a hundred generations, the wrecks and rubbish of fallen empires, and all the thick-strewn mortalities that choke the pathway of nations, have not broken the continuity of his existence and progress as a being with a living soul in him. If a single individual of the race had lived through all the thousands of years since Adam's death, and if he carried in his mind all that mankind have learned within the space, he could not impart to us any science, art, taste, knowledge, or genius that we do not now possess. The progress of all these faculties of perception and execution has been as continuous as if the earth never took to its bosom a human grave.

Sacred history is the oldest as well as the most authentic record that we have of the progress of architecture, and of all the other arts. It gives us more detailed account of their development and application than perhaps all other ancient histories put together. It invests each and all with a dignity which no other histories ascribe to them. It gives them a divine origin or inspiration. It was God who "*made coats of skins*" for Adam and Eve. It was God who gave to Noah the model of the ark, and every minute detail of its structure, even to pitching it, when finished, to make it water-tight. It was God who inspired the builders of the tabernacle, and "*filled them with the spirit of God, in wisdom, and in understanding, and in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning work, to work in gold and in silver, and in brass, and in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber to work in all manner of*

workmanship." Here we have the earliest and fullest record of the mechanic arts, and of that higher artistry of genius and taste that ministers to our perceptions and enjoyment of beauty. Here they are all put on the same footing of divinity in their inspiration. The mechanics or artists had to be "filled with the spirit of God" before they could design and execute these fine works in gold, silver, brass, and wood. No magazine devoted to the useful or fine arts, ever described a work to such minute detail of design and material as Moses gives us in the construction of the tabernacle. Nothing can be more evident than the fact, that this work in the wilderness did not only include all the progress in these arts made by the human race up to that time, but that it was a long step in advance of that progress; that it far exceeded, in every conception and execution of beauty, any work accomplished in Egypt or Assyria, or in any other region of early civilization.

It is a fact which all thoughtful mechanics and artists should notice with special interest, that the Bible is the only book of ancient date, that does any justice to the professions, occupations, and genius which they represent. It is full of minute and scientific descriptions of architecture and works of art, taste, and genius. Indeed, there is hardly a human life, from Genesis to Revelation, given us in such clear, consecutive, and full biography as even the construction of the little tabernacle and ark of the testimony made under the supervision of Moses. It is doubtful if all the literature that Greece devoted to science and art would furnish us with such a list of materials as were wrought into these works by Bezaleel and Aholiab, who were "*filled with the spirit of God,*" in producing from them such a master-piece as no Grecian artist ever accomplished in the day of Pericles. While doing honour to all the other arts and occupations, architecture seems to be the specialty of human attainments to the Bible. From beginning to end, it dwells upon its achievements and progress, and shows how God not only admits but claims both as the direct work of his own inspiration. The making of the first suit of clothes for man; the building of the ark under Noah; of the tabernacle under Moses; of the temple under Solomon—all these progressive steps in the arts, he teaches man to take, guiding his feet and holding his hand, and giving it skill of touch. No Grecian nor Roman poets ever sung of architecture in such lofty strains, or drew from it such sublime figures for their rhetoric, as Job, and John of Patmos, and other old Hebrew seers and saints. If the artists, mechanics, and builders of this country and age would like to see the fullest history of their several arts and trades in the first forty centuries; or if they would know when and by whom these arts and trades were most highly honoured, they must go to the Bible, where they will find more on both branches of the subject than in any other volume in the world.

THE VIKING'S WARNING.

Spake Gunfreda to the Viking :

“Go! an’ it be to your liking,
Harrower of the changeful sea!
Weeping will be in the havens
When the long-winged gulls and ravens
Whet their beaks on wreck of thee!”

To Gunfreda yelled the Viking :

“Out, thou longbeard! prate to women.”

“Viking, list! on Norca head
Last night walked the sheeted dead.”

“Hist thy carnifex’s talk!
Tell thy tale to girls—not seamen,—
Tell the gillemot and auk,—
Let the grey dead walk!”

“List, lewd Viking! hear thy sentence:
Odin, by the mouth of ME,
Dooms that thou, as past repentance,
Nevermore shalt come from sea!
For the long-winged gulls and ravens
Flying seaward from the havens
Whet for thee their beaks
On the skerry of shrieks!

“Up for Iceland! Ship the ashen
Oars and step the masts of pine,
Float the long hulls tempest-washen,—
Earth is Odin’s,—Ocean, mine!”
With conch horns and clanging shocks
Of arms, like waves on ringing rocks,
And with pennons at the peaks
The stout hulls passed the skerry of shrieks,
And the lither oar-shafts groaned,—
And the waves and the waters moaned.

Eight and forty times the tide
Flowed up on the beach of stone,
And eight and forty times beside
Ebbed out with eerie moan,
Yet of the Viking’s word was none!—
The women grew hollow-voiced,
And the priest of Odin rejoiced:
“See,” said he, “what the Gods have done!”

The red sun rose up out the wold,
 Out of the wold uplifted he
 And flecked the barren brown with gold,
 And flashed his red light out to sea,
 Where it lit on fifteen ships
 Kissing the waves with brazen lips,
 With sun on their fifteen sails
 And shields all hanging at the rails,—
 And Gondolfin of the Sword
 Came sailing into Stürm fiord.

The priest of Odin gravely nods :
 "O Viking thank the gods
 Who have given you lucky odds."

Gondolfin laughed with all his men :
 "Ho ! ha !" quo' he, "keeps't *thou* thy tryst
 That I should thank the gods therefor ?
 Poof ! for Moon and Frega and Thor !
 Fig ! for Odin the black-a-vised !
 Skoal ! cry I, to the gold-haired Christ !
 Whom I'll maintain, with my good sword,
 To be Norroway's only Lord,
 And next to him, o'er rock and fiord,
 Is Oav the Tryggersen."

HUNTER DUVAR.

CROSS PURPOSES.

"Now this is absurd, you know," said Mr. John Dulsifer, addressing confidentially his image in the looking glass, as he vigorously brushed his hair. I rather think he came near breaking a commandment, he looked so very much like a graven image and he gazed upon the reflection of himself so fondly. He was beautifully dressed, and was giving the finishing touch to his hair ; evidently there was something special on the carpet for this evening. It is not only lovers' love that is blind : Mr. John's mother and sisters admired him even more than he admired himself. Now, there cannot be smoke without some fire, be it ever so little : Mr. John was lovable to those who knew him well. He was kind-hearted to a fault, as generous as he was kind-hearted, and his vanity hurt no one but himself, and did not hurt him very much. Why, then, had a cruel Fate ordained that he should be so funny ? When a man is regarded as a joker, let him never hope that any one will fall in love with him.

John's toilet was finished at last, and he backed away from himself as if from the presence of royalty, until, bumping his head against the bed-post, admiration was lost in wrath. For what was all this gilding of his horns? To go away up his family tree, he had a grandmother, and she was very wealthy. John had been very kind to her, but with no mercenary motives, for she had distinctly stated her intention of leaving all her money to her son, an uncle of John's, and one of those unfortunates who, with the best intentions, never succeed in anything but failing. She was an old lady whose manifestations of character suggested a descent from the Medes and Persians, and her peculiarities were well known in the family. But John, as above stated, was kind-hearted; he was the only grandson, and he did many things to make the old lady comfortable and happy. So, when the poor uncle died—which he was more than willing to do—everybody fixed upon John as the probable heir. But they were a little too fast. His grandmother had him up for a solemn conversation: she informed him that it had troubled her for some time that he did not marry, and that she had a wife picked out for him, a young lady who was all that a sensible man could want his wife to be—clever, intelligent, lady-like, and moderately pretty; just the right age too—five years younger than he was. Seeing no way out of all this but humility, John for once became humble, and suggested that it was not for the likes of him to aspire to such an epitome as this. His grandmother merely said "Nonsense!" and proceeded to unfold her plan.

This young woman was poor and an orphan. She taught for her living, and taught very well, too. Now, this pearl of grandmothers—whom we will call Mrs. Smith, for short—announced her intention of leaving a comfortable sum to the maiden unconditionally, and a similar sum to John, encumbered with the trifling condition that he should marry Miss Arnott. In vain poor John protested that he could not agree to such a proposition—that it was humiliating both to himself and the young lady. Mrs. Smith asserted that it could do him no harm to visit Miss Arnott, who knew nothing of this wonderful plan, and would merely believe that he came to see her as a friend; and at last, putting it as a personal favour to herself that he should do this much, she conquered, and the victim adorned himself for the sacrifice.

It was a sacrifice, for his vanity did him no good when he was with "the ladies;" he was that strange contradiction, a vain and at the same time a painfully bashful man, and an introduction was a fearful ordeal to him. How much worse to go and introduce himself!

But while Fate was bringing to the damsel's feet this reluctant lover, her heart was being steeled against him. Mrs. Smith had told rather too many of her intimate friends about her plan—in confidence, of

course, but it had somehow reached the ears of the other victim. This was quite enough had John possessed the virtues and graces of all the men who have ever lived from our first parent—who, having eaten the apple, charged it to his wife—down to the last glass of fashion and mould of form that helps to beautify the earth. She made up her mind to see him, to treat him with proper scorn, and let him know what she thought of him for being a party to such a bargain ; for of course the narrative had lost nothing by travelling. As for Mrs. Smith, this scornful maid spared her the pleasure of a similar encounter with her wounded dignity only on account of the age and many kindnesses to herself of the transgressor.

We left John bumping his head. Having rubbed the injured member regardless of his carefully-arranged hair, reconstruction became necessary, and the result was, as it is too apt to be, rather chaotic. But it was waxing late ; so with a last despairing stroke of the brush, he left the alluring glass, looking even funnier than usual ; which was unnecessary. A short walk—too short, he thought—brought him to the modest boarding-house where dwelt the scornful maid. Yes, she was at home, and he sent up a characteristic card—German text rampant upon a roseate field.

It was a warm evening : the parlour door stood open, and so, unconsciously to himself, did John's mouth as he listened with nervous apprehension for the sound of Miss Arnott's approach. He heard the closing of a very distant door, then presently the sound of quickly tripping feet ; and then the coming woman must have tripped in good earnest, for there was a wild exclamation, a sound as of the rending of some frail fabric, three comparatively light bumps, a heavy one, and silence. John started to his feet, meaning, of course, to rush to the rescue, and then he stood stock-still, shocked by the thought of self-introduction to a young woman who had just fallen down at least half a flight of stairs and notoriously bumped her head. Judging from the sound, she must have landed at the foot of the last step but one. Would the sight of his face, beheld for the first time, be likely under the circumstances to produce a pleasing impression ? Reckoning by his own recent sensations in his encounter with the bedpost, he thought not.

While he stood irresolute another door opened. Somebody came out and picked her up, uttering words of pity and sympathy. "You poor dear child, you !" said the voice—a very sweet one, by the way—"I tripped in that same abominable hole only to-day, and nearly broke my neck. But, goodness, gracious ! you've a bump on your forehead already, and your dress is torn awfully, and you limp. Gracie, is your ankle sprained ? You've not broken your leg ?" in alarmed crescendo.

John, listening anxiously, heard a prolonged "Hu-sh! *that man's* in the parlour. He's actually had the impudence to come, and I was going down to give him as large a piece of my mind as I could spare; and now I can't do it, and maybe he'll not give me another chance, and he ought to hear just what I think of him for being such a—such a— Go down instead of me, there's a darling! and tell him in elegant language that I've broken my head and twisted my leg and torn my frock; and don't say I asked him to come again, but make up something civil yourself that will fetch him."

"Very well," replied the sweet voice, with a tremour of laughter in it, "I'll do it, just for the fun of the thing; but you must let me help you up stairs first, and give you something to rub your head and leg with—arnica, I suppose."

"Fiddlesticks!" rejoined the energetic voice, still in the same guarded manner. "I can get up well enough by the balusters. You go and make yourself enchanting: I give you full power of attorney."

"Do I look all right?"

"Lovely, you vain little thing: go!"

There was a rustling on the stairs, and John had barely time to subside upon the sofa before the prettiest girl he had ever seen entered the room with modest composure, remarking, "Mr. Dulsifer, I presume?" John bowed. "You must not think that I am Miss Arnott," said the vision with a fascinating smile: "I am only her intimate friend, and my name is Jesins. She has just met with a slight accident, and will not be able to have the pleasure of seeing you this evening, but—"

"She would like me to come again," interrupted John, with a boldness and ease for which he was never afterward able to account. "I am bound in honour to tell you, Miss Jesins, and to request you to tell Miss Arnott, that I heard—or perhaps, you will say overheard—your conversation upon the stairs; and, in justice to myself, I must request you to report my explanation, at the risk of boring you with it." And then John gave a brief and clear account of the state of affairs, apologized again, and rose to withdraw.

Miss Jesins had a very pretty colour in her cheeks from the beginning of the explanation until the end of it, and when it was finished and John rose, she came forward and gave him her hand. "Miss Arnott owes you an apology," she said frankly; "and I rather think I do, too, for having accepted her version of the story so unhesitatingly. If you will call again, I think I can promise you, on her behalf, if not the apology, at least a civil reception. I'll not promise more, for she is not good at apologizing."

"I will call again with pleasure," said John, "hoping for your presence and testimony in my favour;" and with this he departed.

First impressions, with some people, are everything ; John never again had an attack of ease and cool politeness, but Miss Jesins could never be convinced that he was bashful or awkward.

It was rather hard upon Grace Arnott that, in addition to her bump and sprain and hopelessly-injured dress, she had to endure a warm defence of her enemy, followed by a lecture upon her want of charity, and her readiness to think evil of her neighbours. For the first time during a long friendship, the girls parted for the night with a coolness between them ; and Grace, far from having her opinion changed by her friend's narrative and the moral thereof, stuck to it more obstinately than ever.

John happened to meet Miss Jesins several times during the ensuing week, at the house of a common friend, at the opera, and finally in the street ; which last meeting resulted in the discovery that they were both in the habit of taking long constitutionals, and the more immediate good of a walk of several squares in each other's company. Being informed that Miss Arnott was able to leave her room, although still slightly lame, John, with a sinking heart, prepared for a second attack, and, rallying all his forces, rang once more at the door of the modest boarding-house. Now, when you have made up your mind to have a tooth pulled out, you like to find the dentist at home ; so that it was with a certain contradictory disappointment that he heard that Miss Arnott had been suddenly called home by the illness of a member of her family. He was turning to go, when a happy thought struck him ; he asked for Miss Jesins. She was at home, she was charming, and John forgot his grandmother, his vexation, and very nearly himself. It had reached his ears in some unaccountable manner, that Miss Jesins had spoken in praise of his honesty. How many men, she inquired, would have confessed to their eaves-dropping, when otherwise it could not possibly have been known ? And echo, doubtless to her thinking, answered, "None."

It is a well-known fact that no sooner does any one, and especially any woman, become "engaged," than she manifests a curious desire to see everybody else attain a similar state of felicity. It may as well at once be stated that Miss Jesins was engaged ; her engagement was recent, and she was in that amiable frame of mind which love produces in some people ; she thought every one ought to be married, and she felt a strong inclination to devote all her leisure moments to the furtherance of the good work. Her first interview with John had convinced her that it was her duty to overcome Grace's prejudice, and bring these two young people together. The determined opposition manifested by Grace only aroused an equal amount of determination on her side ; but, seeing that open attacks only produced an effect contrary to her wishes, she began to try moderate praise, combined with a judicious amount of letting

alone. This, she was rejoiced to perceive, seemed to have a more favourable effect, although in a very slight degree. What business had she to meddle or make in the matter at all? None whatever, but other people's pies are so good, how can we keep our fingers out of them? As for John's feelings, the idea that he might fall in love with her never once occurred to her. To be sure, her engagement was not yet announced, but she somehow had the impression that John must be aware of it. So with that astounding and cheerful assumption of the powers of Fate which is common to all matchmakers, she lost no opportunity of delicately testifying to Miss Arnott's graces and virtues, and was not a little piqued at the coolness and want of interest with which John listened. Unfortunately for that helpless victim of circumstances, Miss Jesins' *fiancé* resided in a distant city, and hers was a corresponding engagement; so she had a good deal of time as well as sympathy on her hands, and the frequency with which these two met each other began to be both noteworthy and noticed. There are none so blind, however, as those who will not see, and Miss Jesins persisted in her little game, undeterred by friendly warnings, which were not wanting.

Grace returned after an absence of two weeks, and the day after her return her friend met her near the school-house in which she taught and walked home with her. Artfully introducing the subject with the utmost apparent want of art, she spoke of the number of curious coincidents which had thrown her into the society of Mr. Dulsifer of late, and of her increased liking and respect for him.

"I never could respect a man who brushes his hair the wrong way to hide a little bald place," said Grace scornfully: "it shows a want of moral courage, to say the least of it."

"How on earth did you find that out?" said Miss Jesins, forgetting her tactics in astonishment.

"Oh, you've noticed it, have you?" asked Grace gleefully. "Why, I sat behind him in church once, ever so long ago, before all this folly, you know, and he struck me as so funny-looking that I asked who he was."

"There he comes now!" exclaimed Miss Jesins with much apparent surprise.

Alas! he came and he saw, but he did anything but conquer. One short pavement only separated him from the two, and Grace had just remarked, "I want some pins: let's go into this store and get them," when the cause of her sudden fancy disappeared from before their eyes like a man in a conjuring trick. It looked rather supernatural at first, but the cause was simple enough: the gentleman who owned that particular pavement had been getting in his coal for the winter—not personally, or perhaps he would have closed the grating as soon as the last

shovelful was deposited ; whereas the menial employed for the purpose had paused to lean thoughtfully upon his shovel, and while he paused, Mr. Dulsifer, with eyes fixed upon the advancing foe, had walked calmly down into the coal-cellar.

Grace had a failing which had got her into trouble more than once : she could never help laughing when she saw any one fall, and although she felt somewhat excused by the fact that the laugh was just as irresistible when she fell herself, this did not excuse her with the people who saw her laugh at them. A little scream of hysterical laughter escaped her in spite of every effort to repress it, and Mr. John, sitting sadly in the coal, heard it only too plainly, and knew that it was *not* the voice of Miss Jesins. That amiable young person hastened to the hole and called down in her sweet accents, " Mr. Dulsifer, are you hurt ? Can we do anything for you ? "

" Not at all, thank you," replied the victim, " but I'm rather black of course, and if you'd just ask that fool who let me down here to ring the bell and tell the people I'm not a housebreaker, I shall be very much indebted to you."

" I will, with pleasure," rejoined the sweet voice ; and it quivered a little as she added, " Shall we wait for you ? "

" Not at all ! not at all ! " exclaimed poor John hastily. " I shall have to wash my hands and face, and I wouldn't think of keeping you so long."

" Very well : good-bye. I'm *so* sorry," said Lizzie sympathetically ; and then she and Grace went on, leaving poor John to " clean himself " at his leisure.

" There really does seem to be a fate about it ! " said Lizzie pettishly. " I wonder if you and he are never to meet ? And then to think of your laughing that away ! You really ought to be ashamed of yourself, Grace : you are perfectly unfeeling ! "

" I know it," admitted Grace patiently, " but I couldn't have helped it to save my life. And he must know that he looked funny," she added, with another little scream, in which Lizzie joined, but in her secret heart she rejoiced at the fact that Grace had put herself in the wrong by her ill-timed laughter, for she knew that in that upright nature the compunction she felt would be apt to cause a little civility when Grace should meet the injured man.

This meeting, however, did not seem likely to occur. Twice in the succeeding month did Mr. John screw his courage to the point of calling on " the ladies," and twice did he happen upon an evening when Miss Arnott was absent and Miss Jesins at home. By the time the second call was over, and sundry chance meetings and walks had taken place, Mr. John's heart was hopelessly gone, and he was eager to become

acquainted with Miss Arnott, from a vague hope that acquaintance with her would give him more frequent opportunities of meeting her friend.

He thought his chance had at last arrived when one golden autumn afternoon, as he was riding in the Park, he saw the friends walking slowly along a path which crossed his road some little distance ahead. Touching his horse lightly with the whip, he was soon beside them, and was in the act of making his best bow when his evil angel, taking the form of a locomotive, gave a heart-rending shriek, and Mr. John's horse dashed wildly down the avenue, defying all his efforts to check or turn it until, having put about a mile and a half between the unfortunate man and his charmer, it suddenly wheeled, his hat flew off, skimmed lightly along to the edge of the hill here overhanging the river, trembled, hesitated, and took the plunge. Mr. John thought strongly of following its example, but remembered his mother and sisters, and changed his destination from oblivion to the nearest hat-store.

Of course he did not find them when, having covered his discomfited head, he returned to the Park. But he had the pleasure the following week of missing by about a minute a train which he had seen the friends enter: he saw them on the opposite side of the church which he attended the following Sunday, and hastened home, when church was out, for umbrellas, blessing the shower which had come up during service. But when he again reached the church he found Miss Jesins alone, and in despair at the obstinacy of Grace, who had resisted all her entreaties to wait a while in the hope that the shower might go as it had come; she had not mentioned her other hope, that Mr. Dulsifer might come as he had gone, with the added charm of an umbrella; but Grace was quite as well aware of the concealed as of the expressed hope.

Now all this time the carefully-studied course of treatment which Miss Jesins was pursuing toward Grace was having much more effect than was at all made manifest by the words and actions of that obstinate damsel, whose private opinion was, that Lizzie was becoming much more interested in John than was at all proper under the circumstances, and that John was developing an attachment to herself, Grace, manifested by his persistent efforts to see her. Almost unconsciously to herself, her "heart, that was hard and cold as a stun," was softening toward Mr. John. She felt that she owed him an apology for her ill-timed laughter, and determined to pay her debt at the first fitting opportunity. She did not think him quite so ridiculous as he had heretofore appeared to her: she had heard that he was a model of kindness and affection to his mother and sisters. Lizzie's judicious and guarded praises were no longer met with scornful refutations; and *if* they could but have met, and *if* poor Mr. John's heart had not been hopelessly under bonds to

Lizzie, the probabilities are that Mrs. Smith would have died happy, leaving her fortune to be divided between her grandson and the wife of her choice. But the divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will, was lying about her with her axe or her carving-knife, or whatever it is she does it with, and she hewed on until, to carry out the metaphor, there was nothing left but chips.

Miss Jesins, despite her wilful and obstinate blindness, began at last to see that in John's manner and actions which troubled her a little, and to cast about in her mind for a fitting opportunity of speaking clearly and decidedly of her engagement ; for she became more and more uncomfortably impressed with the thought that Mr. Dulsifer might not be aware of it after all. Miss Arnott had evidently laid down her arms, and it was high time, in the opinion of the would-be mistress of ceremonies, that Mr. John should take up his. That he should take them up against her was not in her calculations, but she was doomed to find out, although somewhat later than most of us make the discovery, that we "can't calculate," or rather that we may if we like, but that we usually get the answer wrong.

No matter what poor Mr. John said—the most-self-possessed among men do not always make prize-speeches upon these occasions, we are told—but he managed to let his dismayed hearer know unmistakably that she, and she only, was the Object ; that for weeks he had thought of Miss Arnott only as *her* friend ; and that no earthly inducement could now make him agree to his grandmother's wishes. She was obliged to tell him that she was engaged to another man ; that she never had loved, and never could love him ; and that she had hoped his interest in her was merely for the sake of her friend. He did not reproach her, but when she had ended her stammering confession, he said very quietly, "It is the old game of the boys and the frogs, Miss Jesins. Good-afternoon ;" and he was gone before she could make any further attempt to justify herself. He went abroad shortly afterwards, and before his return Miss Jesins had married her correspondent and gone to her distant home. A coolness had sprung up between Miss Arnott and herself in the mean time without any tangible cause.

Of course, to make this an orthodox story, John and Grace should have met once more, or rather for the first time, after his return, and have made everything come right by falling in love with each other at their leisure ; but they did not. Grace still teaches for her living, for Mrs. Smith died without making a will, after all, and Mr. Dulsifer regards her with a most unwarrantable and unjust aversion. He still brushes his hair the wrong way to hide the bald place, now no longer "little." He goes into society in a general sort of way, but is seldom known to call twice in the same year on the same lady. And his mother and

sisters, while they continue to worship him, think that poor John has grown a little nervous and irritable since he travelled so much.

MARGARET ANDREWS.

PARIS BY GASLIGHT.

THERE is nothing that strikes a stranger more strongly on first arriving in Paris than the brilliancy and beauty of its streets at night. The Boulevards and the long arcades of the Rue de Rivoli in particular are dazzling with lustre, and one can easily understand the mistake of the foreign prince who, arriving in Paris for the first time at night, imagined that the city was illuminated in honour of his visit. It is particularly impressive to traverse the Rue de Rivoli toward midnight. The shining silence of these long lines of arcades, brilliant as day and almost wholly deserted, with every door and every shop-window closed, except the tobacco-shops which recur at rare intervals, reminds one of the enchanted cities of the *Arabian Nights*, whose splendour survived when every trace of life had vanished. After midnight one-half of the lights are extinguished, and the scene then loses much of its beauty and singularity.

The system of public illumination which has been replaced by the gas-lamp was that of the lantern or *réverbère*, suspended by a cord stretching from one side of the street to the other. These *réverbères*, which had the advantage of burning oil instead of candles, and of having their light extended by reflectors, replaced the ancient lanterns containing candles in 1766. Twelve hundred of the newly-invented lanterns replaced eight thousand of the old ones, and gave a much better light. Few students of the history of France but will remember the sinister part which these street-lights were destined to play during the Revolution of 1789, when the cry of "A la lanterne!" too often preceded the summary execution of some wretched victim of popular fury, for whom the lantern-cord served as a noose and its iron support as a gallows. Twice did these cords bring disorder to a royal funeral. In 1815, when the remains of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, exhumed from the cemetery of the Madeleine, were being borne to their final resting-place at St. Denis, the authorities had neglected to remove the street-lamps, and the hearse became several times entangled in the cords, which hung too low to permit its passage. Thereupon the irreverent Parisian crowd laughed loudly, applauded and cried "A la lanterne!" in the old revolutionary fashion. An incident of the same nature marked the transferral of the remains of Napoleon I. to the Invalides. Care had been taken to re-

move the cords along the route which the procession was to traverse, so that the gigantic funeral-car arrived without accident at Les Invalides ; but when the ceremonies were over, and the car was removed to be taken to the dépôt of the Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres, its progress was stopped short by these intrusive cords at the very first corner, and its guardians were forced to abandon it in the middle of the Boulevard des Invalides, where it remained all night. These suspended lanterns used to be the delight of the street-boys of Paris : at every riot or revolution they invariably indulged in the simple and obvious piece of mischief which consisted in climbing up to the support, cutting the cord, and letting the lantern go smash upon the pavement. A party of active *gamins* could thus in a few minutes reduce a whole street to total darkness.

The invention of the present system of gas illumination was due to the genius of Philip le Bon, a native of Champagne, born in 1767. He was an engineer by profession, and was a teacher at the Ecole des Ponts et Chaussées when he took it into his head to study the properties of the gas produced by the combustion of wood. He burned wood in a closed receptacle, passing the smoke so produced through water, and thus obtained a pure and highly-inflammable gas which burned with an intense lustre and a great heat. He took out a patent for his invention in 1799. Two years later he demanded and obtained a second patent for the construction of machines moved by the expansive force of gas. He established himself in the Rue St. Dominique, St. Germain, where he constructed an apparatus called a thermal lamp, for his idea was to unite the production of light and heat. He made some public experiments which were highly successful, the official report declaring that "the result had surpassed all the hopes of the friends of art and science." But the inventor, as is usual in such cases, was not destined to reap the fruits of his great discovery. On the day of the coronation of Napoleon I., the 2nd of December, 1804, he was assassinated by some unknown enemy. An individual named Winsor, a German by birth, but a naturalized English citizen, next tried to introduce the new discovery, but it was not till the year 1830 that by the help of an English company the Parisians could behold the spectacle of a street lighted by gas. On New Year's Night of that year the Rue de la Paix was lit with gas. There was strong opposition to the new invention, nor was it confined to the ignorant and unthinking. Charles Nodier, for instance, opposed the introduction of the new light with extreme violence, contending that trees would wither, pictures would be destroyed, the atmosphere would become vitiated, the cholera would devastate the city, etc., etc. Fortunately the authorities turned a deaf ear to these and similar predictions and at the moment of the fall of Louis Philippe, Paris possessed over,

eight thousand gas-lights in her streets. To-day they number nearly thirty-seven thousand. And yet the old and greasy oil-lamp, the *réverbère*, has not wholly disappeared. So lately as five years ago the official reports stated that there were still in use nine hundred and fourteen oil-lamps in the streets of Paris. The number of private gas-jets has been estimated at a million, and they continue to increase. Yet the Parisians have proved themselves singularly backward in adopting the new light. In the newly-constructed dwelling-houses of Paris gas is introduced, it is true, but it is only admitted into the hall, the ante-chamber, the kitchen, and the dining-room; the library, the bed-chamber and the parlour must still owe their illumination to lamps or candles. Various reasons are given for this avoidance of gas: some say that it is unhealthy, some that it destroys paintings by its noxious emanations, others that its glare is injurious to the eyesight, that its smoke is ruinous to frescoed ceilings and tapestry or satin hangings, etc.; and all agree in declaring that the gas of Paris is as explosive as gunpowder. A six months' trial of this much-condemned institution has convinced me that these charges are wholly fallacious, and based on ignorance and prejudice merely. In the first place, the gas of Paris is singularly pure, burning with a clear, steady flame and emitting no perceptible smoke; and as to its explosive qualities, these are only developed when a leak occurs or when an ignorant provincial blows out the gas-jet and some unlucky wight approaches to investigate the matter with a lighted candle in hand. Of course, as lamps and candles abound in all Parisian apartments, the means of terminating a leak by an explosion are singularly convenient. There is one use to which gas is put in Parisian households which is at once convenient and economical, and that is for culinary purposes. The little gas-furnace, with its two round *plateaux* set with tiny jets, suffices to boil water, to cook vegetables and to fry or broil meat, while the gas-oven supplies the small kitchen with a speedily-kindled fireplace for roasting or baking;—not that people ever do any baking at home in Paris, but then pastry, muffins, etc., require to be heated. More than one family of my acquaintance has three-fourths of its cooking done by gas. And, as the little furnace will bring a large kettleful of water to the boil in ten minutes, its use in cases of sickness becomes manifest. Some attempts have recently been made to introduce pretty gas-fires here, but they do not throw out enough heat to warm a room without the aid of the seldom-present furnace fire or *calorifère*. Some families have insisted upon introducing gas into every room and passage-way in their suites of apartments. The process is a long and tedious one, and not particularly ornamental as to its results. The pipes are not introduced into the walls, ceiling or flooring, as with us, but run in their unveiled ugliness across ceilings and down

walls, looking as clumsy and as unæsthetic as possible. Nor are French gas fixtures as elegant and tasteful as are ours : make-believe lamps and candles abound, while the simpler styles are thick, straight tubes destitute of ornament. Another very annoying peculiarity connected with the use of gas in Paris lies in the fact that in the cornice of every room into which it is introduced there must be punched a miserable little ventilator, about as large as a silver dollar, to avert all danger of those explosions which haunt the Parisian mind as though the innocent gas partook of the properties of dynamite or gun-cotton. These ventilators are very ugly when made, and very disagreeable to have made ; but that omnipresent law which watches over you, in your own despite in this goodly city strictly decrees the disfigurement of your walls.

The process of having gas introduced into a Parisian apartment is about as bothering an exemplification of red-tapism applied to the common transactions of life as can well be imagined. First, you must get your landlord's permission to do the dreadful deed. That accorded, next comes the architect to inspect the premises and decide where and how the direful agent is to be introduced. Next comes the gas-fitter, who takes plans, measurements, etc., and proceeds to draw up the contract. Fourthly, you receive a visit from the agent of the *Compagnie Générale* for lighting Paris. Fifthly, the workmen arrive, and Pandemonium in their train. Sixthly, the man with the gas-fixtures proceeds to put them into place. Seventhly, you sign your name to some eight or ten papers of unknown purport. Eighthly, you receive the provisional permission of the company to have the gas introduced. Ninthly, the company aforesaid sends you a meter of portentous size, for the installation and hire of which you are to pay a fixed price. Tenthly, the gas is introduced, and you receive a provisional permit to burn it for a week. At the end of that time, if you are very good and neither pipes nor chandeliers leak, you will receive your final and formal permit to use it till the day that you neglect to pay your gas-bill. Twenty-four hours' delay in settling that bill will settle *you*, so far as your gas-lights are concerned, for the gas will be at once cut off from your meter. Gas is about one-third dearer than it is with us, but it must also be confessed it is very much better.

There are ten gas-factories that supply Paris, the largest of which is at La Villette. From these gigantic establishments the enormous amount of one hundred and fifty million cubic yards of gas are annually distributed throughout the city, reaching even to its most distant suburbs. About five million feet of pipe are employed. The city government exercises a strict surveillance over the installation of these pipes. They must not pass near a reservoir, lest the water become tainted, nor is it allowed to run them through the sewers, lest a leak should take

place and these vast subterranean corridors become filled with gas ; for should such an accident occur, a spark would suffice to blow up half the city. One of the large pavilions of the Halles Centrales was a few years ago destroyed by fire brought about by an accident of that nature. A leak in a gas-pipe caused the huge cellars to become filled with gas : this gas took fire, an explosion was produced, and in a brief space of time the whole edifice was in flames.

It takes exactly forty minutes to light up the streets of Paris—a service which is performed by a body of seven hundred and fifty lamplighters. At midnight a certain number of lights in the most brilliantly-illuminated quarters, such as the Rue de Rivoli, the Palais Royal and the Rue Castiglione, are extinguished : the rest are permitted to burn till broad daylight. The lighting of the streets receives no small aid from the universal white colour of the buildings, the light being thus reinforced, and not absorbed as it is by our dingy brick and dusky freestone.

“What is the sight that has most pleased you in Paris ?” once asked a Frenchman of an Arab chief to whom he had been doing the honours of the city.

“The stars of heaven which you have brought down and set in your lanterns,” was the poetic but undoubtedly sincere reply.

At night, before the shops are closed, the blaze of light along the Boulevards is so intense as to colour the heavens with a very perceptible and rosy radiance, like that of a distant conflagration. This fact has given rise to one of the most poetic and pathetic passages in Alphonse Daudet's remarkable novel of *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*.

L. H. HUBBARD.

THE VEIL. *

“Have you prayed to night, Desdemona ?”

Shakespeare.

THE SISTER.

BROTHERS ! wherefore are ye pining,
 Why those looks so full of gloom ?
 Mournfully your eyes are shining,
 Like the lamps within a tomb.
 Ye have loosed your crimson sashes—
 Thrice, already, in the shade
 Have I seen the lurid flashes
 Of a half-drawn dagger's blade !

* From *Les Orientales* of V. Hugo.

ELDER BROTHER.

Speak Sister, say—

Hast thou not lifted up thy veil to day ?

THE SISTER.

From the bath I was returning,

Brother, at the noontide hour :

Closely veiled, to shun the burning

Glances of each lawless Giaour.

In my palanquin reposing,

Faint I lay, with flushing face,

'Till I breathed, my veil unclosing

By the Mosque, a moment's space.

SECOND BROTHER.

And thou wast seen—

A man that moment pass'd, in caftan green !

THE SISTER.

Yes—it may be—still his boldness

Not one feature could descry :

But your looks are full of coldness,

And ye mutter in reply !

Want ye blood, my Brothers ? No man

Gazed into my eyes to day—

Are ye men, a helpless woman,

And a sister, thus to slay ?

THIRD BROTHER.

This eve the sun

Went down all blood-red, when his race was run !

THE SISTER.

Spare me for sweet pity gasping—

God ! your daggers pierce my side !

By these knees my hands are clasping—

Oh ! my veil, with crimson dyed !

Leave me not thus stretched so lowly,

Brothers ! 'tis my latest breath ;

For mine eyes are darkened wholly,

Darkened by the veil of death.

FOURTH BROTHER.

A veil that thou

Canst never lift from off thy shameless brow !

FRAGMENTS OF THE WAR OF 1812.

BY DR. CANNIFF.

HISTORICAL SKETCH—DETROIT—THE FRENCH—INDIANS—BRITISH—
THE FORT—SETTLEMENT—CONQUEST—PONTIAC—DURING AMERI-
CAN REBELLION—LOSSES TO CANADA—MICHIGAN—DISTRICT OF
HESSE—IN 1812—COUNTY OF ESSEX—HULL—BROCK—TECUM-
SETH—PROCTOR—THE FLEETS—LAST AMERICAN INCURSION—MC-
ARTHUR—“CIVILIZED” WARFARE.

THE County of Essex, as well as Detroit, has a history of no little interest to Canadians. It is situated at the south-western extremity of Upper Canada, in the form of a peninsula, presenting somewhat the appearance of an oblong square. On the west it is bounded by the noble Detroit River, which separates it from the State of Michigan. On the north is Lake St. Clair (so called by La Salle from the day he entered the river, in 1679, with the *Griffon*, the first vessel to sail on the lakes above Niagara). St. Clair is a sheet of water about thirty miles long and twenty-eight wide, along the south shore of which the Great Western Railway passes from the mouth of the Thames to the Detroit at Windsor. To the south of the county is Lake Erie, with Pigeon Bay and Point Pelee stretching southward; on the east is the County of Kent.

Long before the war of 1812, this region was known from its contiguity to the French fort of Detroit, so called from its situation on the strait or *de troit*. The Indian name of the river was Wawaotewong. Here was established a French trading post as early as 1620, where was an Indian village, and which became a military station and colony in June, 1701, forming one of the links of the chain of forts stretched across the country by the French. The first settlement consisted of one hundred Canadians, under an officer, with a Jesuit missionary. The primeval appearance of the country between Lakes Erie and Huron on either side of the stream, attracted the attention of the first explorers of the west. Hennepin says, using language which may to the modern inhabitant seem slightly exaggerated, “The banks of the strait are vast meadows, and the prospect is terminated with some hills covered with vineyards, trees bearing good fruit, groves and forests so well disposed that one would think Nature alone could not have made, without the help of Art, so charming a prospect. The country is stocked with stags, wild goats, and bears, which are good for food, and not fierce, as in other

countries ; some think they are better than our pork. Turkey-cocks and swans are there very common, and other beasts and birds extremely relishing. The forests are chiefly made up of walnut, chestnut, plum, and pear-trees, loaded with their own fruit, and vines." He describes the strait as a league broad, and finer than Niagara. In the contest for supremacy between the English and French for a monopoly of the fur-trade, both parties sought to obtain possession of Detroit ; but the French succeeded in first attaining their desire. These original French forts were of rude construction ; and had beside them small chapels, roofed with bark, and surmounted by a cross. Around these posts clustered the cabins of the settlers, the converted and friendly Indians : these were at Detroit mostly the Hurons, Pottawatomies, and the Ottawas. The last of these had a village on the east side of the river. Gradually the settlement increased, and spread northward along the St. Clair and down the two sides of the river, studding the shores. Many of the present inhabitants of the beautiful city of Detroit, and along the Canadian side of the river, are descendants of the hardy dauntless race who first settled in the wilderness, though a number of disbanded French soldiers settled on the Canadian side in 1763. Here the French element is more noticeable. A somewhat recent writer says of them that " their habits and language in their houses, vehicles, and domestic arrangements, where the long lines of Lombardy poplars, pear-trees of unusual age and size, and umbrageous trees, still remind the traveller of the banks of the Loire." They are like the *habitans* of Lower Canada in simplicity and love of a quiet agricultural life. The early annals of the French colony are full of incidents more or less thrilling. War among the Indians, war between the whites and Indians, and war between the French and British, were in turn here witnessed ; also famine and disease were here encountered by the French pioneers. Intrigue, treachery, strategy, and ambush, often marked the course of events. Here was seen a curious mingling of civilization and barbarism. Indians in wild garb from afar, with fur-laden canoes ; half-breeds, often with the vices of both and none of the virtues of either race ; French soldiers of the garrison, with their blue coats turned up with white facings ; Jesuits in their long gowns and black bands, from which were suspended by silver chains the rosary and crucifix, and priests, mingled and accosted each other. The chapel was a centre of attraction and interest. The colonists were very faithful in observing all the days and ceremonies prescribed for devotion, and delighted in adorning the altars with wild flowers ; not less in dancing to the sound of the violin from house to house, where rude pictures of saints looked down upon them. Windmills scattered along the shores ground the scanty corn raised by the settlers. Often the settlers lived in a canvas tent provided by government. The com-

mandant of the garrison was the supreme ruler, who took cognizance of and looked after the welfare of every soul. The law required the houses of the settlers to be placed upon lots with a front of only one and a half acres, and extending forty acres back. While this kept the settlers close together for mutual protection, it tended to prevent back settlement. About the middle of the eighteenth century there was an accession of emigrants.

We now approach the period when the sceptre was to be transferred from the French to the British ; and one of the first events in connection with the conquest was the capture of Fort Niagara, in 1759, by Gen. Prideaux, which was garrisoned by French troops from Detroit and Presque Isle. This was soon after followed by the capture of Quebec. Immediately thereafter, Major Rogers was detached by Gen. Amherst, with a competent force, to take possession of the western posts, taking Presque Isle and Detroit on his way. His force set out from Montreal in fifteen whale-boats, and proceeded to Niagara, and thence to Lake Erie. As yet the garrisons in the west were ignorant of the surrender. In due time the force approached the Detroit, being the first British military expedition to pass along the northern shore of Lake Erie. It was accompanied with supplies of provisions from Niagara, and "forty fat cattle" from Presque Isle. The force had reached the mouth of the Chocage river, when the renowned Pontiac appeared upon the scene to arrest their progress. As the chief of the Ottawas he claimed to be "the king of the country," and demanded of Major Rogers his business, and how he dared enter his country. It was explained to him that the expedition had no designs against the Indians, but merely to secure the removal of the French. After a day he expressed his friendship to the British, and offered food and protection. Major Rogers encamped some distance from the mouth of the river Detroit, and despatched a letter to the commandant at Detroit informing him of the nature of his mission, and that he had instructions from his chief at Montreal to him to surrender the fort. Indian warriors were swarming in the neighbourhood of the Detroit, and were passing between the fort and Roger's force. By this means he learned, as well as by letter, that the French commander was disinclined to believe the news of surrender, and intended to defend the post. Major Rogers succeeded in conciliating the Indians, and convincing them of the fact that the British had conquered the French ; and continued to advance toward Detroit. Vainly the French endeavoured to secure the active support of the Indians, who had hitherto been friendly. Several letters passed between Major Rogers and Captain Bellestre, the commandant, before the surrender was effected. Meanwhile, Major Rogers had advanced to within a half-mile of the fort. On the 26th Nov., 1760, Major Rogers took possession, and the French

commander and troops were sent to Philadelphia. Captain Campbell was placed in command of the fort.

According to the capitulation of Montreal, the French settlers everywhere should remain in possession of their land, and enjoy undisturbed their civil and religious rights ; and at Detroit little, if any, change took place in the colony. Under the government of the British commandant everything went on as before ; and the population continued to increase and settlements to extend. But the Indians were discontented. The friendliness of Pontiac had been assumed to cover his designs to destroy the British, as soon as he could complete his organization of the different bands of Indians. The conspiracy of Pontiac in 1763, which culminated in the massacre at Michilimackinac, and the carnage hard by the Detroit Fort, known as Bloody Run, had much of the heroic and patriotic to mitigate its terrible character. Pontiac, an Indian of unusual sagacity, and endowed with many excellent qualities, "with a form cast in the finest mould of savage grace, and keen, penetrating eye," believed that it was the intention of the English to drive the Indians from the land ; and therefore he employed all the powers he possessed, one of which, unfortunately, was dissimulation, to crush the English at the several fortified posts. Although for a time successful, eventually, as has always been the case in contests between the white and red men, the savages were brought into subjection. Pontiac's residence was a few miles west of Detroit, on the shore of Lake St. Clair, and it was more particularly against that fort he brought to bear all his skill and valour. He vainly tried to enlist the aid of the French colony, but they replied that their "hands were tied by their great father the King of France." The garrison of Detroit was in great jeopardy for some time ; but the arrival of a fleet of gun-boats, and afterwards of Gen. Bradstreet, with an army of 3,000 men, produced dismay among the Indians, and Pontiac retired to Illinois, where he was massacred by an Indian a few years later. About this time the fort was reconstructed for defence against the Indians,—the fort with which the names of Hull and Brock became so conspicuously associated. It was situated on a hill, about 250 yards from the river. Its form was quadrangular, with bastions and barracks, and it covered about two acres of ground. It was surrounded by a deep ditch, with an embankment twenty feet high. Outside the ditch was a double row of pickets. The fort was mounted with small cannon. After the Indian war the garrison usually consisted of 200 men, the commandant acting as governor of the settlement, which still continued to increase in number. The town contained some two hundred houses.

During the American rebellion Detroit was a point of some interest ; and not only the English, but the French and Indians there manifested their adherence to the Empire and dislike to rebellion. But the charge which

has been made that the commandant of Detroit paid to the Indians a stipulated price for all scalps taken from the American settlements, has no foundation in fact, and is supported only by the heated imagination of liberty-intoxicated writers.

The Treaty of Peace between Britain and the States did not provide for the surrender of the north-western ports. But in Jay's Treaty in 1794, by means we will not attempt to characterize, the British were induced to surrender them on or before the first day of June, 1796.

In 1788 Upper Canada was divided into four districts, the most western of which embraced that portion west of Long Point on Lake Erie, including Michilimackinac, and was called Hesse. Each district had a judge, sheriff and other officers necessary to conduct a civil Government. Prior to that the Government had been a military one. In the first Session of Parliament of Upper Canada, an Act was passed, changing the name from Hesse to Western District; at the same time it was provided that a gaol and court-house should be erected in each district—that in the western district was to be “as near the present court-house as conveniently may be.” Up to 1796 the courts were held in Detroit. That year an Act was passed ordering the removal of the courts to a place “nearer to the island, called the Isle of Bois Blanc, being near the entrance of the river Detroit. This would seem to be what is now known as Hog Island. In 1798 a new division of the province was made into counties and districts when the Counties of Kent and Essex,” with so much of the province as is not included in any other district thereof became the “western” district. In 1801 an Act provided that the court of the western district should be held in the town of Sandwich.

The first scenes in the war of 1812 were enacted on the Detroit river. The soil of the County of Essex was the first Canadian land to be violated by the invader. Here it was that the gallant, precipitous, and daring Brock achieved his crowning victory, and made himself the hero of Canada. It was here, on this occasion, that a spirit of self-reliance and determination was begotten among Canadians which, with a loyalty as strong as the oak and as dear as life, was destined to carry them on to a glorious issue in defending their country. It was here, that, on a bright, lovely Sunday morning, the 12th of July, 1812, General Hull quietly crossed the river, landing near a stone windmill, just above the present town of Windsor. The crossing was effected without opposition, the British having been deceived into the belief by movements of the enemy the previous day that they purposed attacking Amherstburg and Fort Malden, to the defence of which they had been ordered. It was here on the farm of Colonel Francis Baby the enemy encamped and hoisted the American flag. It was from Colonel Baby's

unfinished house that General Hull on the same day issued his famous, or rather infamous proclamation, written by Colonel Cass, which it was thought would win many Canadians and terrify the loyalists. Here a few days later was despatched a force of a hundred men under Colonel McArthur, along the St. Clair to the mouth of the Thames and to Moraviantown, knowing the British forces were in the opposite direction, and which seized all the boats along the shore to carry back what they called "the winnings of the expedition." It was along the river that Hull sent with timorous care, his forces to seek the way to Amherstburg. It was in Essex, at Amherstburg, so called after General Amherst, that Brock arrived in hot haste and first met the brave and noble Tecumseth. And not many days later here was witnessed by the peaceably-minded inhabitants the ignominious recrossing of Hull's valiant army. Then, along the Canadian shore took place the busy and rapid preparation of Brock to cross and capture the fort. How this was successfully accomplished we have learned from the account given by the Rev. George Ryerson. For another year Detroit was a point of great interest to the contending parties. Victory for a time continued to follow the British arms. From this point Colonel Proctor, in January, 1813, advanced to meet General Winchester with his army of the west, who had ventured to Frenchtown, to be defeated instead of capturing Detroit and invading Canada. Beaten in battle and surrounded, he was obliged to surrender his force on the 22nd January, losing 500, and surrendering 600 men. Again on the 20th April from Malden, Procter set out by boat for the River Maumee to encounter General Meigs, when he won a splendid victory, which however, proved valueless on account of the Indians returning to their homes to celebrate their triumph.

But the successes of the British arms were to be followed by reverses, and the brilliant achievement of Brock dimmed by defeat, retreat, and the death of Tecumseth. This primarily arose from the construction of a war fleet by the Americans, which ought to, and might have been prevented. Off the shore of Essex sufficiently near to permit the cannonading to be heard at Amherstburg, on the 10th of September the British fleet, under Commodore Barclay, engaged the American fleet under Commodore Perry. The defeat of the British, which elated the Americans to an extravagant degree, and which has been a prolific source of the tallest sort of writing and speaking to the Americans, was entirely due to the fact that the British ships were inadequately manned by trained seamen, so that Barclay could not handle them aright. Henceforth the advantage was with the Americans in this region. Proctor lost heart and his senses too, it would seem. [The presence of the enemies' fleet undoubtedly changed the aspect of affairs very greatly, while Gen. Harrison's army had been largely augmented. About the

28th September the British outposts in Michigan were called in, Detroit was abandoned, and the defences at Amherstburg, Sandwich, and Windsor, were dismantled. Proctor set out with his force for Burlington Heights, taking with him a vast amount of personal effects which hampered his movements, and leaving all the advantage gained by Brock, except the prestige and its influence upon Canadians. The Americans lost no time in pursuing Proctor, and overtook him on the banks of the Thames. The battle of Moravian Town followed, in which there was only the semblance of resistance by Proctor and his dispirited troops; while Tecumseh's brave warriors heroically met the foe until the fall of their chief left them without hope. This took place on the 4th Oct., 1813. After this no engagement took place at Detroit. West of Burlington the militia only essayed to protect themselves and their homes from the predatory foe, who from time to time scoured the country for spoils, and to destroy the property of the defenseless. But they did not always have it their own way. The last incursion of the enemy was in October, 1814, after the defeat of the Americans at Lundy's Lane. Gen. McArthur, who had been ordered to raise a body of mounted men to chastise the Indians in Michigan, thought it would be more pleasant and less dangerous to make a raid into Canada, knowing that the militia and troops were mostly engaged in repelling the Americans at Niagara, as former experience had whet his appetite for the produce of Canadian farms. He arrived at Detroit on the 9th October, and instead of crossing the river where he might encounter a force, he set out along the west shore of St. Clair, thereby deceiving the Canadians. Passing to the St. Clair River, he crossed that stream on the 26th of October, and made his easy way to the thriving Baldoon Settlement, composed of Scotch. Thence he passed to Moravian Town, terrifying the inhabitants by the way by threats and peremptory demands. On the 4th of November he was at Oxford, where he surprised and took a few militia, and paroled them; at the same time he threatened dire punishment to any one who should give notice to any of the British posts. But two Canadians heeded not his unwarlike threats, and managed to give information to the British eastward, for which their property was laid waste and their houses were burned. At Burford they first met any one to contest the way. The militia were entrenching themselves to oppose his progress, but the general panic had magnified the number of the invader to 2000 men, and the Canadian militia retired to Brantford. McArthur continued on to the Grand River, but the sight of a considerable body of Indians, militia, and dragoons, which a soldier, we might think, would have eagerly met after his long ride unopposed, was sufficient to deter the heroic McArthur and his raiders, and "he concluded," says an American writer, "it would

not be prudent to attempt to go further eastward." Consequently, he took the road to Long Point, and gratified his ardent war-spirit by pursuing a small body of militiamen and shooting them down, and taking some prisoners. At the same time he engaged in the civilized pastime of burning Malcolm's mill, on the Grand River, with all its contents. Pursuing their safest way to Dover, he also destroyed several more mills. At Dover he was met with the unpalatable news that the American army of Brown, which was to have made its headquarters at Burlington, had been driven across the Niagara. This was sufficient for the redoubtable general, and he lost no time by pillage and wanton destruction of property in hastening towards Detroit, by way of St. Thomas and the Thames, and well for him he did, for the British were in pursuit. On the 17th November he was glad to find himself at Detroit. There he disbanded his lawless company, as no more raiding could be done without the possibility of having to fight.

NOTE.—A few trifling errors in my last paper require correction. The name of the second township surveyed on the Bay of Quinté is wrongly spelled. The first township was designated King's town, in honour of the King; the second was called Ernest town, after the eighth child of the King. It was, for many years, known as the second town. Occasionally it was called the township of Ernest. In the publication of the first maps of this section of the Province the name is incorrectly spelled Ernestown, and the name was often spelled Earnestown. Since the publication of the "Settlement of Upper Canada," the correct spelling has been revived in that locality. Also for "Col. Boynes," read Col. Baynes; for "Point Troverre," read Point Traverse. Concerning the Yankee doctor, instead of "a skilful, sly man," read a skilful Physician. For "Capt. Hauly," read Capt. Hauly.—W. C.

DIVISION NIGHT IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BY J. L. STEWART.

THE manner in which debates, which begin mildly and promise an early ending, increase in acrimony and develop longevity, is a striking feature of Parliamentary proceedings. If the division is not taken after the leaders' speeches, there is no predicting when it will be reached. Those who consider themselves next in rank to the chiefs, follow in their wake, and then those who regard themselves as fully equal in party authority and argumentative ability to the second-rates, feel called upon to assert their equality, and perhaps prove their superiority, by rising to explain and expound. The debate feeds upon its own deliverances, and grows plump and vigorous. Statements are made which honourable members feel called upon to refute, and they note them down. Quotations are given from political speeches and works on political economy, and members dip into the works and select passages tending to support a charge of misrepresentation against the man who made the quotations. Sta-

tistics are arrayed in single file and battalion, and statistics to prove the exact opposite of what has been deduced from them are prepared from blue books and other opaque receptacles of tables of figures on all possible subjects. History is drawn upon for argument, analogy or illustration, and members feel called upon to dispute the authority of this author or show the fallacy of the deductions which have been drawn from the facts. A passing reference, which may not be intended as uncomplimentary but is interpreted as a sneer, is made to some creed or nationality, and bosoms burn to "hurl the insult back into the teeth of the honourable gentleman who made it." An incident in the life of a deceased party leader is used as an illustration, and some old follower of the departed chieftain feels it to be his duty to "vindicate the memory of his illustrious and lamented friend." A passing reference is made to some locality, and the member for it, who would otherwise have kept silent, takes the floor to explain, describe or defend, eager to let his constituents see that he is ever ready to rise when they are in any way concerned. Gentlemen of this particular stripe would content themselves with a silent vote on a bill for the deposition and beheading of the Governor-General, or for making marriage a purely civil contract, liable to dissolution at will by the two parties most concerned therein, but when the building of a bridge, the chartering of a society, or the establishment of a mail route, in anywise affecting their constituencies, comes before the House, directly or indirectly, even by way of illustration, they find voice at once. Thus it is that the river of debate broadens until it overflows the banks of the channel in which it began to flow, and soon floods all the plain, while frail canoes and skiffs, which would not have ventured into the channel, and large but shallow scows which would not have been floated from their moorings in the mud by an ordinary rise in the stream, skim gaily or drift sluggishly over the watery waste.

But an end cometh to all things, and the day finally arrives beyond which both sides agree that the debate is not to continue. The whips fly around after their men, bringing them from dinner parties, taking them out of coaches into which they have stepped for a moonlight drive with some blooming widow or buxom maiden, and fetching them from ball-rooms and billiard halls. Gentlemen who have to absent themselves pair off with gentlemen on the opposite side. Guardian angels are appointed to hover around members whose resolution to stick to their leader is known to be weak, and prevent their communing with the enemy, or shirking the vote by desertion. The word gets abroad that a division is expected, and the galleries fill up to their utmost capacity. Every preparation for the division is over at an early hour.

But the debate still lingers. Its hold seems as firm as ever. It makes no sign of early dissolution. The gentleman who has the floor

is reading extracts from a speech delivered by one of the opposite party at some period in the past, and showing the inconsistency of his speech in this debate. The assailed party interrupts with the remark that the extracts do not give a correct idea of his speech, and asks that what follows may be read also. "I will read the whole speech if the gentleman thinks it will save his reputation for consistency," says the member who has the floor, amid cries of "No, no," and looks of fear and distress. The outcry prevents the acceptance of the offer, or the maker of the speech knows only too well that the whole is as bad as the extracts, and the orator is allowed to proceed. And he does proceed—not with an argument against the proposition that his opponent laid down, but with extracts and comments to show that the orator on the other side once taught a contrary doctrine. He lays down the pamphlet, and hope whispers that he will deliver his perorations and sit down. Not so. After hammering for a time on the palm of his left hand with the forefinger of his right, he picks up another and a larger volume, opens at a place where the leaves are turned down, and confidentially asks the House to see what the honourable member said on another occasion. Thus he goes on and on until he has read all the gentleman's conflicting utterances, and then he sits down.

All eyes are turned to the other side of the House, as it is not usual for two gentlemen on the same side to follow each other, and a member rises slowly and says "Mr. Speaker" deliberately, showing by these leisurely movements that it is understood that he is to have the floor. The heap of manuscript on his table looks ominous, and the manner in which he whirls his chair out of the way, settles his necktie, and clears his throat, increases the gathering gloom. The uneasy spectator also notices that he has a full glass of water before him. Then one feels the falsity of Goldsmith's assertion that

"Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way,
And still as darker grows the night
Emits the brighter ray."

There is nothing to base hope on when a man makes such preparations as these for speaking at 11 o'clock in the evening. He begins at the beginning, and proceeds regularly to review the whole question. Others have discussed many sides of it exhaustively, but what is that to him? Others have replied vigorously to the arguments of the other side, but what is that to him? He feels he has a duty to perform and he performs it. After talking an hour or two, during which time the seats gradually empty into the smoking-room, reading-room and restaurant, and the galleries begin to grow thin, he concludes a reference to "the

trade returns of the United States for the hundred years of her existence," by promising to "go fully into those returns at a later stage in his remarks." Now this is a confession, a boast of malice prepense. We can forgive a man whose ideas, struggling for utterance, overcome the sense of mercy to his fellows which bids him take his seat, but what punishment is too great for the man who deliberately proposes to inflict a three hours' argument on an exhausted subject and a weary throng of his fellows at this hour of the night? He is without the pale of charity or mercy. "Who waits without? What ho! slave, the bow-string! Away with him!" But no slave waits without. We are at the mercy of the man who has the floor. Even the members of the House are powerless. They must take their punishment like martyrs. Some lean forward and rest their heads on the desks, some lie back with their heads in their hands and their feet on the desks, some pose for the benefit of the fair occupants of the Speaker's Gallery, some read, some write, some shoot paper arrows across the House, and are happy when they descend with a graceful sweep on the shining crown of a bald-headed member, and, sight of dread significance, two or three are taking notes. He ends at last and cries of "Divide," "Carried," "Lost," rise all over the House, and are kept up vigorously with the hope of preventing any one else from speaking.

The hope is vain. A gentleman on the back benches has a word to say. "He feels it to be his duty to assign a reason for the vote he is about to give," and he "has no intention of occupying the time of the House long at this late hour." He enters into an argument to show that he cannot possibly vote for the resolution before the House, because it will enrich the manufacturers at the expense of the farmers. He pauses in his argument every few minutes to assure the House that he has "only a few more words to say," and takes up as much time in such assurances as his whole argument need have taken. But with a patience that must be born of political life, a patience springing from the maxim that he who waits will win, the House endures him to the close, and the outcry for a division is renewed.

Then another gentleman on the back benches takes the floor, and explains that he cannot vote for the resolution because it purposes to enrich the farmers at the expense of the manufacturers, and he sits down.

Will the cry for a division be granted now, we wonder? Yes; call in the members. No; a stout old gentleman rises and stubbornly tries to make himself heard above the uproar. Silence soon ensues and the gentleman speaks. He is angry at a remark which a previous speaker made, and rose because he could no longer suppress his wrath. His language is unparliamentary, his diction coarse, his grammar rather old-fashioned, and his sentences ragged, but all recognise the spirit behind

the voice, the passion that makes the tones vibrate, the terrible earnestness of the man's desire to hurt his enemy. Sleepers awake, the listless arouse themselves, the occupants of the galleries (for many have remained throughout the whole dull night) stop whispering and lean over the railing, the reporters jump up from the recumbent positions on the floor which they had taken as their style of protest against the prolongation of the sitting to so late an hour, and members in the lobbies catch the infection and come trooping in. Cheers, laughter, clapping of hands, and encouraging cries of "hear, hear," follow the speaker's rough remarks. He brings down the House every time. He says unparliamentary things, and nobody calls him to order. He addresses his enemy instead of the chair, and the Speaker does not check him. He has the House on his side, and goes on without interruption. The polished orator whose arguments flow forth in rounded periods, the rhetorical gladiator whose wit wounds like a needle, the mighty man-at-arms who wields a war-club of invective before which antagonists go down like Philistines before Samson's bony weapon, and the professional funny man who spends his whole time in concocting or purloining ludicrous images and comparisons, look on with wonder and envy at the manner in which this untaught and unconscious son of the soil makes the House join him against his enemy. They wonder at the ease with which, without even appearing to desire it, the old man secures the attention of every one within hearing, and changes profound disgust at the sound of the human voice into an eager interest and a desire to hear more. George Eliot, referring to utterances of a very different character, speaks of the "fascination in all sincere unpremeditated eloquence, which opens to one the inward drama of the speaker's emotions." She had discovered the secret by which man moves his fellows. Not the bluff old farmer's words, but the drama of passion which they revealed and interpreted, chained attention and gained applause. Bryant puts it in a different way :—

" The secret wouldst thou know
 To touch the heart or fire the blood at will ?
 Let thine own eyes o'erflow ;
 Let thy lips quiver with the passionate thrill."

This teaches the possibility of working up the necessary feeling for the occasion, but the men who imitate nature most abominably in this respect are many, while those who succeed are few. There is an orator here whose rhetorical outbursts are aptly described by Junius as "the gloomy companions of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry without the inspiration."

No one rises after the angry farmer sits down, for he is one of the

privileged few who are never called to order and never replied to when they attack, and the welcome order goes forth—"Call in the members." The division is taken, members rising as their names are called, and the result is cheered—not by the side which wins, because they knew they would win before the vote was taken, but by the side that lost, because they were not so badly beaten as on the previous trial of strength. The House is adjourned, the Sergeant-at-Arms shoulders the golden mace, the Speaker takes his hat, the members rush for their overcoats, the gas goes out, and there is darkness greater than that of the least luminous argument of the debate.

TIME.

SPEED on, O Time, thy stayless chariot-wheels,
 Thou guardian of forgotten lore, speed on.
 Thou, wise in all earth's secrets, 'neath whose seal
 Dim with the dust of ages mysteries lie,
 Which man has sought, but ever-vainly sought
 To fathom, jealously as miser guards
 His glittering treasures, deep in murky vault
 Where never ray of blessed sunlight comes
 To gild the gloom, or the pure breath of heaven
 To stir the noisome vapours, so dost thou,
 O Time, thy treasures guard. Oh! now relent;
 We wait to seize thy spoils; our eager hearts
 Burn for the story of the vanished years.
 Unfold the record of forgotten days,
 Of lands renowned of old, cities whose towers
 And palaces and gilded fanes, now prone
 In utter ruin on the barren earth,
 Alone remain to tell us that they were.
 Who reared those lofty piles of stately marble?
 Those graceful pillars? Whose triumphal train
 Swept proudly through those arches, now defaced
 And slowly crumbling into dust? Whose voice
 In patriot-eloquence waked thunder in
 Those halls of shade? And who in other days
 'Mid terrace and hills now desolate
 Dwelt peacefully, and called these ruins "home"?
 Canst thou not tell? Perchance from thy dim page
 Their history has faded, nevermore
 The eyes of man to greet, till that great day
 When light eternal, falling on the scroll,
 Shall trace the tale in living lines again.
 Then guard thy treasures; place thy royal seal
 Upon the sepulchre, there let them lie
 Till that great day, when from the mount of God
 The trumpet that shall wake the dead to life
 Proclaims thy mission ended and thyself no more.

ISABELLA SINCLAIR.

DOWN THE RHINE.

CONCLUSION.



"KHEIN-SCHNAKEN."

PAST the ruins of Madenburg, we follow the Emperor Rudolph's road to Spires (German *Speyer*), whose cathedral is the Westminster Abbey of the German Empire. The tombs of emperors and empresses and their children—Swabains, Habsburgs, Nassaus—line the aisles of the cathedral, whose massive Romanesque style shows through the more elaborate, fanciful and somewhat disappointing restoration of Louis I. of Bavaria; for under his hands the old, grim, stately church has come to wear something of a modern look. But the historic recollections are many, and in St. Afra's chapel we recognize the spot where, for five years, lay the coffin of Henry IV., the vault where his forefathers slept being closed to his body by the ecclesiastical censures he had incurred after his forced reconciliation with his nobles and the Church.

And now comes the quick-flowing Neckar, rushing into the Rhine, and bidding us go a little up its course to where Heidelberg, its castle, its university, its active life and its beautiful past, make altogether a place that I should be inclined, from my own recollections, to call the pleasantest in Germany, and which is certainly not one of the least important in the life that distinguishes Germany at this time. And what kind of impression does it make at first on a stranger? A German

traveller says that it presented to him a marked contrast with Munich, where, although it is an art-centre, a sort of deadness to intellectual concerns characterizes all but the art-students and foreign visitors. Even the Heidelberg porters are lively and critical, boast of Bunsen and Vangerow, and speak proudly of "our" professors and of the last examinations. They do more than merely make money out of their show-city, as do the good-natured but slow-witted Munichers, but some enthusiastic Rhinelanders claim for this difference of temperament a reason not wholly æsthetic—*i. e.*, the influence of the Rhine wine,



THE GREAT TUN, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

transformed generation after generation into Rhine blood. The foreign traveller probably misses all these details, and for him Heidelberg is the student-city and the most renowned ruin in Germany. He will find that all the beauty he has read of is real: the castle *is* all that has been said and sung of it, with its tower shattered and crumbling; its various façades, particularly the Frederichsbau and that named after Emperor Otto Henry; its courtyard with pointed arches; its ivy-grown

fountain ; its elaborate Renaissance niches and armour-clad statues ; its modern loungers sitting over their Rhine wine in chairs that English collectors would give three or four guineas apiece for ; its tangle of flowers and bushes ; its crimson flush when English tourists spend their money in illuminating it with Bengal lights ; its adjacent gardens, where



THE SHATTERED TOWER, HEIDLEBERG.

a nearly perfect band plays classical music to critics who are none the less discerning because they look lost in tobacco-smoke and beer-fumes ; its background of Spanish chestnut woods, where I saw the pale-green tassels of the blossoms still hanging among the broad leaves that had

just reached their summer depth of colour, and where wild legends place a Devil's Den" and a Wolf Spring, a brook where a wolf is said to have torn to pieces the enchantress Zetta; above all, its matchless view sheer down a wall of rock into the rushing Neckar flood, over the vast plain beyond, and over a wilderness of steep roofs of thirteenth and fourteenth-century houses. All this is but a faint description of the impression Heidelberg leaves on the mind. It would be leaving out an important "sight" not to mention the famous "tun," still stored, but empty, in the cellars of the castle, and the little guardian of the treasure, the gnome carved in wood, whose prototype was the court-fool, of one of the Nassau sovereigns, and whose allowance was no less than fifteen bottles a day.

But the place has other interests, which even the donkey-riders, whom the natives portray as rather eccentric in dress and behaviour, must appreciate. The high school, which has survived all the desolations and wrecks of the Thirty Years' war and the still more cruel French war under Louis XIV. and his marshal Turenne, dates as far back as 1386, and the university into which it has grown, has been since the beginning of this century the cause of the upward growth and prosperous restoration of the town. The German student-life has been as much described, though perhaps never so truly, as the life of the Western frontiers and prairies, and I will give but one glimpse, because it is all I know of it, though that glimpse is probably but the outcome of an exceptional phase of student-life. The person who described the scene and saw it himself is trustworthy. He had been living some months at Heidelberg, on the steep slope leading up to the castle (the short cut), and one night, on looking out of his window, he saw the glare of torches in a courtyard below, several houses, perhaps even streets, off, for the town is built on various levels up the rock. Here were several groups of young men, evidently students, dancing in rings and holding torches, and the scene looked wild and strange and somewhat incomprehensible. Next day the spectator found out that this was the peculiar celebration of a death by a club whose rules were perhaps unique. It was an inner sanctum of the ordinary student associations, something beyond the common duelling brotherhoods, more advanced and more reckless—a club in which, if any member quarrelled with another, instead of settling the matter by a duel, the rivals drew lots to settle who should commit suicide. This had happened a day or so before, and a young man, instead of standing up as usual to be made passes at with a sword that would at most gash his cheek or split his nose, had shot himself through the head. Even in that not too particular community great horror prevailed, and the youth was denied Christian burial; so that his father had to come and take away the body in secret to convey it to

his own home. This heathenish death led to an equally heathenish after-carousal, the torchlight dance winding up the whole, not perhaps inappropriately.

Heidelberg has a little Versailles of its own, a prim contrast to its noble chestnut-groves, yet not an unlovely spot—the garden of Schwetzingen, where clipped alleys and *rococo* stonework make frames for masses of brilliant-coloured flowers; but from here we must skim over the rest of the neighbourhood—gay, spick-and-span Mannheim, busy Ludwigshafen and picturesque, ruin-crowned Neckarsteinach, where if it is autumn, we catch glimpses of certain vintage-festivals, the German form of thanksgiving and harvest home. But of this we shall see more as we journey downward and reach the far-famed Johannisberg and Rudesheim. Still, we cannot forget the vineyard feature of Rhine and Neckar and Moselle scenery, for it follows us even from the shores of the Lake of Constance, and the wine keeps getting more and more famous, and the wine-industry and all its attendant trades more important, as we go on. The ruins of monasteries are sprinkled among the vine-terraces, for the monks were the earliest owners, introducers and cultivators of the grape—greatly to their credit at first, for it was a means of weaning the Christianized barbarians from hunting to tilling the earth, though in later years there grew terrible abuses out of this so-called “poetic” industry. If I were not pledged to eschew moralizing, I should like to have my say here about the nonsense written from time immemorial about “wine, woman and song”—rather worse than nonsense, because degrading to both the latter—but in speaking of the Rhine one cannot but glance at its chief trade, though one *can* refrain from rhapsodies about either the grape or the juice. The fact is, the former is really not lovely, and the artificial terraces of slaty *débris*, the right soil and the right exposure for the crop, are indeed quite unsightly. The *beauty* of the vine is far better seen, and is indeed ideal, in Southern Italy, where the grapes hang from luxuriant festoons, cordages of fruit swinging like hammocks from young poplars, and sometimes young fruit trees, while beneath grow corn and wheat. The wine, I believe is mediocre—and so much the better—but the picture is beautiful. In Northern Italy the thrifty, practical German plan is in vogue, and the ideal beauty of vines is lost. But where is the vine loveliest to my mind? Out in the forest where it grows wild, useless and luxuriant, as I have seen it in America, the loveliest creeper that temperate climes possess—a garden and a bower in itself.

Following the course of the Neckar, and broadening for forty miles before reaching the Rhine, lies the Odenwald, the “Paradise of Germany”—a land of legends, mountains and forests, whose very name is still a riddle which some gladly solve by calling the land “Odin’s

Wood," his refuge when Christianity displaced him. Here, under the solemn beeches, the most beautiful tree of the Northern forests, with smooth, gray, column-like trunk and leaves that seem the very perfection of colour and texture, lie the mottled deer, screened by those rocks that are called the waves of a "rock ocean," and lazily gazing at the giant trunk of a tree that for many years has lain encrusted in the earth till as many legends have accumulated round it as mosses have grown over it—a tree that California might not disown, and which is variously supposed to have been part of a Druidical temple, or part of an intended imperial palace in the Middle Ages. But as we climb up Mount Melibocus, and look around from the Taunus to the Vosges, and from Speyer to Worms and golden Mayence, we see a ruined castle, that of Rodenstein, with a more human interest in its legend of a rival Wild Huntsman, whose bewitched hounds and horns were often heard in the neighbourhood, and always before some disaster, chiefly a war, either national or local. This huntsman wore the form of a black dog in the day-time, and was the savage guardian of three enchanted sisters, the youngest and loveliest of whom once tried to break the spell by offering her love, her hand and her wealth to a young knight, provided he could, next time he saw her, *in the form of a snake*, bear her kiss three times upon his lips. He failed, however, when the ordeal came, and as the serpent-maiden wound her cold coils around him and darted out her forked tongue, he threw back his head and cried in an agony of fear, "Lord Jesus, help me!" The snake disappeared: love and gold were lost to the youth, and freedom to the still spell-bound woman. The legend goes no further, unless, like that of the ruined castle of Auerbach, it hints at the present existence of the forlorn enchanted maidens, yet waiting for a deliverer; for at Auerbach the saying is that in the ruins dwells a meadow-maiden whose fate it is to wait until a child rocked in a cradle made of the wood of a cherry tree that must have grown on the meadow where she was first mysteriously found, came himself to break her invisible bonds; and so every good German (and not seldom the stranger) that visits Schloss Auerbach does so with a pious intention of delivering the maiden in case he himself may unawares have been rocked in a cradle made of the wonder-working cherry-wood. If the reader is not tired of legends, this neighbourhood affords him still another, though a less marvellous one, of a young girl of the noble Sickengen stock, who lost herself in a great wood, and who, after being searched for in vain, was guided homeward late at night by the sound of the convent-bell of St. Gall's (not the famous monastery of that name); in thanksgiving for which the family offered for all coming ages, a weekly batch of wheaten loaves to be distributed among the poor of the parish, and also made it customary to ring the great

bell every night at eleven o'clock, in remembrance of the event, and likewise as an ear-beacon to any benighted traveller who might happen to be in the neighbourhood.

The old dominions of Worms had the poetic name of *Wonnegau*, or the "Land of Delight;" and since the flat, sedgy meadows and sandy soil did not warrant this name, it was no doubt given on account of the same ample, pleasant family-life and generous hospitality that distinguishes the citizens of Worms to this day. There were—and are—merchant-princes in Germany as well as in Genoa, Venice, Bruges, Antwerp and London of old, and though life is even now simpler among them than among their peers of other more sophisticated lands, still it is a princely life. The houses of Worms are stately and dignified, curtained with grape-vines and shaded by lindens: the table seems always spread, and there is an air of leisure and rest which we seldom see in a Canadian house, however rich its master. The young girls are robust and active, but not awkward, nor is the house-mother the drudge that some superfine and superficial English observers have declared her to be. We have begun to set up another standard of women's place in a household than the beautiful, dignified Hebrew one, and even the mediæval one of the times whence we vainly think we have drawn our new version of chivalry toward womankind. But in many places, even in the "three kingdoms," the old ideal still holds its place, and in the Western Highlands the ladies of the house, unless demoralized by English boarding-school vulgarities, serve the guest at table with all the grace and delicacy that other women have lost since they have deputed all hospitality, save that of pretty, meaningless speeches to servants. In Norway and Sweden the old hospitable frank customs still prevail, and in all simplicity your hostess, young or old, insists on doing much of your "valetting;" and while we need not imitate anything that does not "come natural" to us, we should surely refrain from laughing at and stigmatizing as barbaric any social customs less artificial than our own. And indeed Germany is blest in the matter of good housekeepers, who are no less good wives, and especially discerning, wise and sympathizing mothers. A few of the lately-translated German novels show us the most delightful and refined scenes of German home-life, and now and then, though seldom, a stranger has a glimpse of some of these German homes, whether rich or not, but generally not only comfortable, but cultured. To some English minds—and we fear also to some Canadian ones—of the "hot house" order there is something absolutely incompatible between grace and work, study and domestic details; but, letting practical Germany alone, have they ever read Eugénie de Guérin's life and journal, to admire which is almost as much a "hall-mark" of culture as to enjoy Walter Scott and appreciate Shakespeare? And if they



THE COURTYARD, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

have, do they not remember how the young housekeeper sits in the kitchen watching the baking and roasting, and reading Plutarch in the intervals? And do they not remember her washing-days? Every thrifty housewife is not an Eugénie de Guérin, but that any absolute incongruity exists between housework and brainwork is a notion which thousands of well-educated women in all countries must, from experience, emphatically deny.

Nor is elegance banished from these German homes; if there are libraries and museums within those walls, there are also drawing-rooms full of knick-knacks, and bed-rooms furnished with inlaid foreign woods and graceful contrivances covered by ample curtains, pretty beds shaped cradlewise, devoid of the angles we seem to find so indispensable to a bed, and corner closets fluted inside with silk or chintz and ornamented with airy vallances or bowed-out gilt rods. Glass doors leading into small choicely-stocked conservatories are not uncommon, or even that crowning device of artistic luxury, an immense window of one undivided sheet of plate-glass, looking toward some beautiful view, and thus making a frame for it. All this sounds French, does it not? but Aix and Cologne and Mayence and Frankfort and Bremen are genuine German cities, and it is in the burgher houses that you find all this. Even very superficial observers have noticed the general air of health, prosperity and comeliness of the people. Washington Irving, who travelled in the Rhine-land fifty-five years ago, when critical inquiry into home-life was not yet the fashion for tourists, speaks in his letters of the peasantry of the Bergstrasse being "remarkably well off," of their "comfortable villages buried in orchards and surrounded by vineyards," of the "country-people, healthy, well-clad, good-looking and cheerful." Once again he speaks of the comeliness of the Rhine peasants, "particularly on the lower part of the Rhine, from Mayence downward," and elsewhere of the cottages as so surrounded by garden and grass-plot, so buried in trees, and the moss-covered roofs almost mingling and blending with the surrounding vegetation, that the whole landscape is completely rustic. "The orchards were all in blossom, and as the day was very warm the good people were seated in the shade of the trees, spinning near the rills of water that trickled along the green sward." This, however, was in Saxony, where the landscape reminded him much of English scenery. Then of the higher middle classes, the bankers of Frankfort, he speaks as cultured, enlightened, hospitable, magnificent in their "palaces . . . continually increasing." And these are but cursory pencillings, for everywhere he was rather on the watch for the antique than mindful of human and progressive peculiarities.

On the shores of the river we come upon purely modern life again—the hotels, the quays, the tourists, the steamers, and the *Rhein-schnaken*,

a species of "loafer" or gossip who make themselves useful to passengers when the boats come in. These are often seen also at Biebrich, the old palace of the Nassaus, now become the property of the city, and partly a military school, while the gardens have become the fashionable promenade of Mayence. The formal alleys and well-kept lawns, with the distant view of the Taunus and the Odenwald on one side, and a glimpse of the opening Rheingau, a famous gorge of the Rhine, on the other, make it a beautiful resort indeed, exclusive of the interest which the supposed derivation of its name gives it—*i. e.*, the "place of beavers," an animal that abounded there before man invaded these shores. And now the eye can follow the course of the Rhine (from the roof of the palace) as far as Ingelheim, Ehrenfels, the Mouse Tower, Johannisberg and Rudesheim, and vineyards climb up the rocks and fight their way into the sunshine; and we begin to feel that these little shrines we sometimes come across, and huts of vineyard-keepers, and queerly-shaped baskets like some of the Scotch fish "creels," all force on our attention the fact that the growing and making and selling of wine are the most characteristic features of Rhine life, at least outside the cities. Though the vineyards are not as picturesque as poets insist on making them, yet the vintage-season is full of picturesque incidents. This is a "movable festival," and occurs any time between the beginning of September and the middle of November. What applies to one district does not to another, and there are a thousand minute differences occasioned by soil, weather and custom; so that none of the following observations is to be taken as a generalization. At the outset it is worth notice that the German word *Weinberg* ("Wine-hill") is much more correct than our equivalent, for even in the flatter countries where the grape is grown the most is made of every little rise in the ground. The writer of a recent magazine article has exploded the commonly-received idea that in this country alone more Rhine wine is drunk than the whole Rhine wine-region really produces. The truth is, that it is a problem how to get rid of all that is made. The wine is drunk new by every one in the neighbourhood, and sells at prices within the means of all; and this because there are vineyards by the hundred whose exposure does not fit them for the production of the fine wines eagerly bought by foreign merchants, and also because many of the small wine-growers have no means of getting their wares to the right market. The great traffic is confined chiefly to wholesale growers, rich men who can tide over half a score of bad years, and afford to sell the whole crop of those years for next to nothing; and *their* wine it is which with us represents the whole Rhine vintage. It is, however, hardly more than a third, and the rest of the wine made on the Rhine is to the untutored taste just as good and just as pleasant. It is said

by connoisseurs that all the difference between the wine of good and bad years is in its "bouquet," and the juice of the same grapes brings four dollars and a half a gallon *at the vineyard* one year, and can be bought in another year for twenty cents. The wine-trade has developed



CATHEDRAL OF WORMS

an odd profession, that of wine-taster, and these skilful critics command high wages and great consideration. But of course each locality has its own knot of oracles, and the ludicrous gravity with which these village "tasters" decide on the merits of mine host's purchases—or perhaps growths—is a subject not unworthy the pencil of Ostade, Teniers or Hogarth. The parish priest is not the least learned among these local

connoisseurs, and one or two official personages generally form, with him, the jury that decides on the worth of the year's crop. Professional buyers and commissioners from German and foreign firms crowd to the markets where the wine is sold, and after being open to inspection for a week, the crop of each grower is generally sold in a lump to some one firm, probably an old customer, for a sum that sounds fabulous; but then the bad years, when just as much expense is lavished on the vines, and no returns bring the growers a reward, have to be considered as a counter-weight. Of course there is a monstrous deal of "doctoring," and even the purest of the wines are not as they came from Nature's hand; but in the bad years it is notorious that fortunes are made out of wine sold for a few cents a gallon and exported at a profit of a hundred per cent. Thence, perhaps, comes the by-word about our drinking more wine than the vineyards produce.

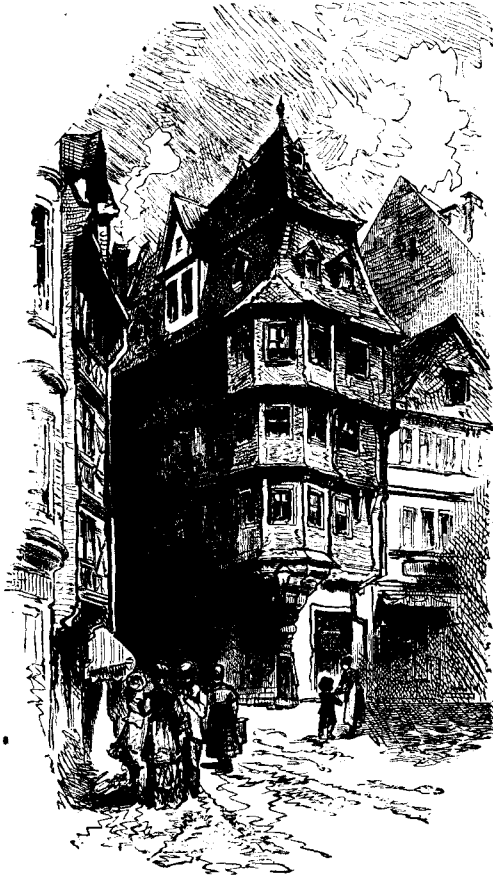
But, leaving the commercial aspect of the trade, let us take a glance at the picturesque side. Like the fisheries, this business, that looks commonplace in cellars and vaults, has its roots in free, open-air life, and is connected with quaint historical details and present customs hardly less novel to us. The aspect of the country in autumn, as described in a letter written last year, is lovely—"the exuberant quantity of fine fruit; . . . the roads bordered by orchards of apples and pears, where the trees are so loaded that the branches have to be supported by stakes lest they should break; . . . men, women and children busy in the vineyards on the sides of the hills; the road alive with peasants, laden with baskets of fruit or tubs in which the grapes were pressed. Some were pressing the grapes in great tubs or vats on the roadside. In the afternoon there were continual firing of guns and shouting of the peasants on the vine-hills, making merry after their labour, for the vintage is the season when labour and jollity go hand in hand. We bought clusters of delicious grapes for almost nothing, and I drank of the newly-pressed wine, which has the sweetness of new cider. . . . Every now and then we passed waggons bearing great pipes of new wine, with bunches of flowers and streamers of ribbons stuck in the bung." The last cask of the vintage is always honoured by a sort of procession—Bacchanalia, an artist might call it—the three or four youngest and prettiest girls mounted on it in a waggon, their heads crowned with grapes and leaves, and a heap of fruit in their laps. The men lead the horses slowly home, stopping often to drink or offer to others the new wine, and brandishing aloft their clubs for beating the fruit with; the children run alongside with armfuls of the fruit, and their faces stained all over with the juice, while in some nook, perhaps a stone arbour trellised with vines, sits the portly, jolly owner, with his long-jointed pipe, an incarnation of a German Bacchus, smiling at the

pretty maidens, who pelt him with his own grapes. But before the season a very different scene takes place in the "locked" vineyards, closed by law even to their owners, and where at night no one but a lonely watchman, with gun loaded and wolfish dog at his heels, sits in a little straw-thatched, tent-shaped hut to ward off thieves and intruders. When the vineyards are declared open, the best policy is to get in the harvest at once, unless you are rich enough to have your crops carefully watched every hour for a week, when the grapes will certainly be better and the wine more precious. For it is a custom that after the opening, but as long as the vintage is not actually begun in any vineyard, the grapes are free to visitors. The guests of the owner are privileged to pluck and eat all through the vintage; but again custom ordains that if you eat only half a plucked cluster, you should hang the remainder on the trellis, that it may not be trodden under foot and wasted. Donkeys and women carrying those odd, heavy baskets that decorate the cottages, convey the grapes to the pressing-vats in endless and recrossing processions, and not one grape that has been plucked is left on the ground till the morrow: all must be stowed away the same day before dusk. The vintage-days themselves are busy, and the hot and tired workers would wonder to see the poets and painters weave their hard labour into pictures and sonnets. But the opening day, as well as the closing one, is a festival, often a religious one, and a procession winds its way where laden animals tread all the rest of the week. A sermon is generally preached, and after the ceremony is over, the day becomes a kind of holiday and picnic affair. Groups of workers during the vintage sit on the hot slate terraces, shrinking close to the walls for the sake of a coolness that hardly exists, save underground in the wide, gloomy catacombs that undermine the hillside; and these caverns, filled with great casks, are not the least curious sight of the Rhine wine-regions. Above ground, you come on little shrines and stone crosses embowered in fruit, the frame of the sorry picture far more beautiful than the picture itself, yet that daub means so much to the simple, devout peasant who kneels or rests under it! The process of picking and pressing is simple and quick. The grapes are picked from the stalks and dropped into little tubs, then shaken out into baskets with a quick double movement, and pressed with "juice-clubs" on the spot, whereupon the load is quickly carried off (sometimes carted in large casks) to the great wine-presses in the building provided for this purpose. There is an overseer to each group of workers, who regulates the rate and quantity of fruit to be thrown at once into the first tubs, and who takes note of the whole day's harvest, which is reckoned by the basketful. When we come to the far-famed Johannisberg vineyards, whose origin lies back in the tenth century, when Abbot Rabanus cultivated

these hillsides that are now partly the property of some of the Metternich family, we learn the value of these basketfuls, each containing what goes to make a gallon; which quantity will fill four bottles, at eight thalers the bottle among friends who take no percentage and give you the pure juice. After that, does any one suppose that he gets Johannisberg, Steinburg or Rudesheim, or Brauneberg and Bernkasteler Doctor, two of the best Moselle wines, when he pays two or three dollars a bottle for this so-called wine in a restaurant? Better call for what the restaurant-keeper would protest is not worth buying, but which the real connoisseur would agree with the Rhine peasantry in drinking and enjoying—the new, undoctored wine that is kept in the wood and drawn as the needs of customers require.

Schlungenbad, a less well-known bathing-place, is a favourite goal of Wiesbaden excursionists, for a path through dense beech woods leads from the stirring town to the quieter "women's republic," where, before sovereigns in incognito came to patronize it, there had long been a monopoly of its charms by the wives and daughters of rich men, bankers, councillors, noblemen, etc., and also by a set of the higher clergy. The waters were famous for their sedative qualities, building up the nervous system, and, it is said, also beautifying the skin. Some credulous persons traced the name of the "Serpents' Bath" to the fact that snakes lurked in the springs and gave the waters their healing powers; but as the neighbourhood abounds in a small harmless kind of reptile, this is the more obvious reason for the name. I spent a pleasant ten days at Schlungenbad twelve or thirteen years ago, when many of the German sovereigns preferred it for its quiet to the larger and noisier resorts, and remember with special pleasure meeting with fields of Scotch heather encircled by beech and chestnut woods, with ferny, rocky nooks such as—when it is in Germany that you find them—suggest fairies, and with a curious village church, just restored by a rich English Catholic, since dead, who lived in Brussels and devoted his fortune to religious purposes all over the world. This church was chiefly interesting as a specimen of what country churches were in the Middle Ages, having been restored in the style common to those days. It was entirely of stone, within as well as without, and I remember no painting on the walls. The "tabernacle," instead of being placed on the altar, as is the custom in most churches now, and has been for two or three hundred years, was, according to the old German custom, a separate shrine, with a little tapering carved spire, placed in the corner of the choir, with a red lamp burning before it. Here, as in most of the Rhine neighbourhoods, the people are mainly Catholics, but in places where summer guests of all nations and religions are gathered there is often a friendly arrangement by which the same building is used for the services of two or three faiths.

There was, I think, one such at Schlangenbad, where Catholic, Lutheran and Anglican services were successively held every Sunday morning ; and in another place, where a large Catholic church has since been built, the old church was divided down the middle of the nave by a wooden partition about the height of a man's head, and Catholic and



LUTHER'S HOUSE AT FRANKFORT.

Protestant had each a side permanently assigned to them for their services. This kind of practical toleration, probably in the beginning the result of poverty on both sides, but at any rate creditable to its practicers, was hardly to be found anywhere outside of Germany. I remember hearing of the sisters of one of the pope's German prelates, Monsignor Prince Hohenlohe, who were Lutherans, embroidering ecclesiastical vestments and altar-linen for their brother with as much delight as if he and they believed alike ; and (though this is anything but praiseworthy, for it was prompted by policy and not by toleration) it was a custom of the smaller German princes to bring their daughters

up in the vaguest belief in vital truths, in order that when they married they might become whatever their husbands happened to be, whether Lutheran, Anglican, Catholic or Greek. The events of the last few years, however, have changed all this, and religious strife is as energetic in Germany as it was at one time in Italy : people must take sides, and this outward, easy-going old life has disappeared before the novel kind of persecution sanctioned by the Falk laws. Some persons even think the present state of things traceable to that same toleration, leading, as

it did in many cases, to lukewarmness and indifferentism in religion. Strange phases for a fanatical Germany to pass through, and a stranger commentary on the words of Saint Remigius to Clovis, the first Frankish Christian king: "Burn that which thou hast worshipped, and worship that which thou hast burnt"!

Schwalbach is another of Wiesbaden's handmaidens—a pleasant, rather quiet spot, from which, if you please, you can follow the Main to the abode of sparkling hock or the vinehills of Hochheim, the property of the church which crowns the heights. This is at the entrance of the Roman-named Taunus Mountains, where there are bathing-places, ruined castles, ancient bridges, plenty of legends, and above all, dark solemn old chestnut forests. But we have a long way to go, and must not linger on our road to the free imperial city of Frankfort, with its past history and present importance. Here too I have some personal remembrances, though hurried ones. The hotel itself—what a relief such hotels are from the modern ones with electric bells and elevators and fifteen stories!—was an old patrician house, ample, roomy, dignified, and each room had some individuality, notwithstanding the needful amount of transformation from its own self. It was a dull, wet day when we arrived, and next morning we went to the cathedral, Pepin's foundation, of which I remember, however, less than of the great hall in Römer building where the Diets sat and where the "Golden Bull" is still kept—a hall now magnificently and appropriately frescoed with subjects from German history. Then the far-famed Judengasse, a street where the first Rothschild's mother lived till within a score of years ago, and where now, among the dark, crazy tenements, so delightful to the artist's eye, there glitters one of the most gorgeously-adorned synagogues in Europe. A change indeed from the time when Jews were hunted and hooted at in these proud, fanatical cities, which were not above robbing them and making use of them even while they jeered and persecuted! The great place in front of the emperor's hall was the appointed ground for tournaments, and as we lounge on we come to a queer house, with its lowest corner cut away and the oriel window above supported on a massive pillar; from that window tradition says that Luther addressed the people just before starting for Worms to meet the Diet. This other house has a more modern look: it is Goethe's birthplace, the house where the noted housekeeper and accomplished hostess, "*Frau Rath*"—or "Madam Councillor," as she was called—gathered round her those stately parties that are special to the great free cities of olden trade. Frankfort has not lost her reputation in this line: her merchants and civic functionaries still form an aristocracy, callings as well as fortunes are hereditary, and if some modern ele-



JOHN WOLFGANG GOETHE.

of the fortifications ; the old cemetery, where Goethe's mother is buried ; and the old bridge over the Main, with the statue of Charlemagne bearing the globe of empire in his hand which an innocent countryman from the neighbouring village of Sachsenhausen mistook for the man who invented the *Aepfelwei*, a favourite drink of Frankfort. This bridge has another curiosity—a gilt cock on an iron rod, commemorating the usual legend of the "first living thing" sent across to cheat the devil, who had extorted such a price from the architect. But although the ancient remains are attractive, we must not forget the Bethman Museum, with its treasure of Dannecker *Ariadne*, and the Städel Art Institute, both the legacies of public-spirited merchants to their native town ; the Bourse, where a business hardly second to any in London is done ; and the memory of so many great minds of modern times—Börne, Brentano, Bettina von Arnim, Feurbach, Savigny, Schlossen, etc. The Roman remains at Ob-erüzel in the neighbourhood ought to have a chapter to themselves forming as they do a miniature Pompeii, but the Rhine and its best scenery calls us away from its great tributary, and we already begin to

ments have crept in, they have not yet superseded the old. The regattas and boating parties on the Main reminded one of the stir on the banks of the Thames between Richmond and Twickenham, where so many "city men" have lovely retired homes ; but Frankfort has its Kew Gardens also, where tropical flora, tree ferns and palms, in immense conservatories, make perpetual summer, while the Zoological Garden and the bands that play there are another point of attraction. Still, I think one more willingly seeks the older parts—the Ash-tree Gate, with its machicolated tower and turrets, the only remnants

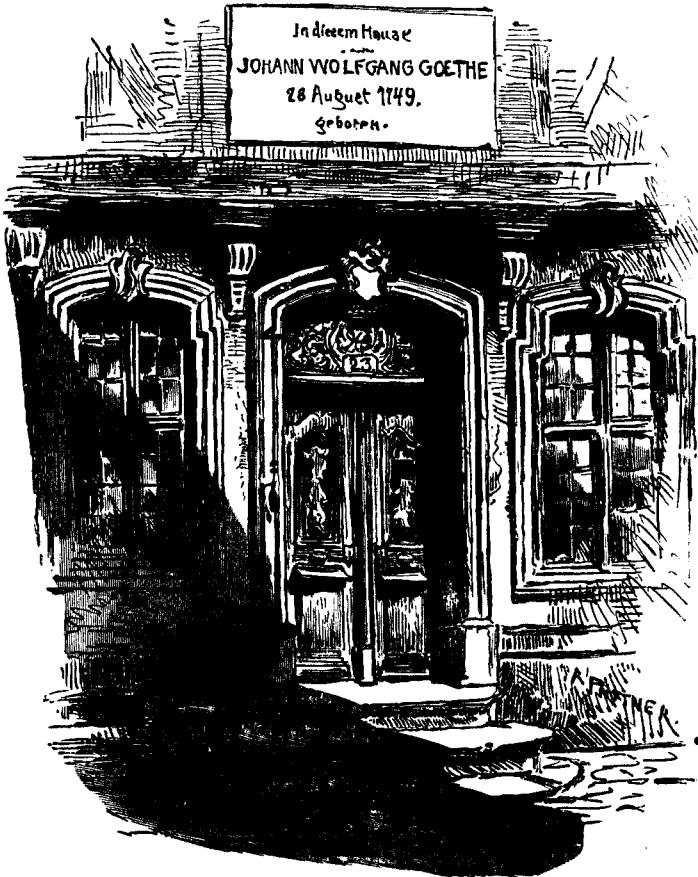
feel the witchery which a popular poet has expressed in these lines, supposed to be a warning from a father to a wandering son :

To the Rhine, to the Rhine ! go not to the Rhine ! My son, I counsel thee well ;
For there life is too sweet and too fine, and every breath is a spell.

The nixie calls to thee out of the flood ; and if thou her smile should'st see,
And the Lorelei, with her pale cold lips, then 'tis all over with thee :

For bewitched and delighted, yet seized with fear,
Thy home is forgotten and mourners weep here.

This is the Rheingau, the most beautiful valley of rocks and bed of rapids which occurs during the whole course of the river—the region most crowded with legends and castles, and most frequented by strangers by railroad and steamboat. The right bank is at first the only one that



GOETHE'S BIRTHPLACE.

calls for attention, dotted as it is with townlets, each nestled in orchards, gardens and vineyards, with a church and steeple, and terraces of odd, overhanging houses ; little stone arbours trellised with grapevines ; great crosses and statues of patron saints in the warm, soft-toned red sandstone of the country ; fishermen's taverns, with most of the business done outside under the trees or vine-covered piazza ; little, busy wharfs and works, aping joyfully the bustle of large seaports, and succeeding in miniature ; and perhaps a burgomaster's garden, where that portly and pleasant functionary does not disdain to keep a tavern and serve his customers himself, as at Walluf.

Taking boat again at Bingen, and getting safely through the Rhine "Hell Gate," the "Hole," whose terrors seem as poetic as those of the Lorelei, we pass the famous Mouse Tower, and opposite it the ruined Ehrenfels ; Assmanshausen, with its dark-coloured wine and its custom of a May or Pentecost feast, when thousands of merry Rhinelanders spend the day in the woods, dancing, drinking and singing, baskets outspread in modified and dainty pic-nic fashion, torches lit at night and bands playing or mighty choruses resounding through the woods ; St. Clement's Chapel, just curtained from the river by a grove of old poplars and overshadowed by a ruin with a hundred eyes (or windows), while among the thickly-planted, crooked crosses of its churchyard old peasant-women and children run or totter, the first telling their beads, the second gathering flowers, and none perhaps remembering that the chapel was built by the survivors of the families of the robber-knights of Rheinstein (one of the loveliest of Rhine ruins) and three other confederated castles, whom Rudolph of Hapsburg treated, rightly enough, according to the Lynch law of his time. They were hung wherever found, but their pious relations did not forget to bury them and atone for them as seemingly as might be.

Bacharach, if it were not famed in Germany for its wine, according to the old rhyme declaring that

At Würzburg on the Stein,
At Hockheim on the Main,
At Bacharach on the Rhine,
There grows the best of wine,

would or ought to be noticed for its wealth of old-houses, and its many architectural beauties, from the ruined (or rather unfinished) chapel of St. Werner, now a wine-press house, bowered in trees and surrounded by a later growth of crosses and tombstones, to the meanest little house crowding its neighbour that it may bathe its doorstep in the river—houses that when their owners built and patched them from generation to generation, little dreamt that they would stand and draw the artist's eye when the castle was in ruins. Similarly, the many historical incidents that took

place in Bacharach have lived less long in the memory of inhabitants and visitors than the love-story connected with the ruined castle—that of Agnes, the daughter of the count of this place and niece of the great Barbarossa, whom her father shut up here with her mother to be out of the way of her lover, Henry of Braunschweig. The latter, a Guelph (while the count was a Ghibelline) managed, however, to defeat the father's plans: the mother helped the lovers, and a priest was smuggled into the castle to perform the marriage, which the father, after a useless outburst of rage, wisely acknowledged as valid. The colouring of many buildings in this part of Rhineland is very beautiful, the red sandstone of the neighbourhood being one of the most picturesque of building materials. Statues and crosses, as well as churches and castles, are built of it, and even the rocks have so appealed by their formation to the imagination of the people that at Schönberg we meet with a legend of seven sisters, daughters of that family whose hero, Marshal Schomberg, the friend and right hand of William of Orange, lies buried in Westminster Abbey, honoured as marshal of France, peer of Great Britain and grandee of Portugal, and who for their haughtiness toward their lovers, were turned into seven rocks, through part of which now runs the irreverent steam-engine, ploughing through the tunnel that cuts off a corner where the river bends again.

Now comes the gray rock where, as all the world knows, the Lorelei lives, but as that graceful myth is familiar to all, we will hurry past the mermaid's home, where so much salmon used to be caught, that the very servants of the neighbouring monastery of St. Goar were forbidden to eat salmon more than three times a week, to go and take a glimpse of St. Goarshausen, with its convent founded in the seventh century by one of the first Celtic missionaries, and its legend of the spider who remedied the carelessness of the brother cellarer, when he left the bung out of Charlemagne's great wine-cask, by quickly spinning across the opening a web thick enough to stop the flow of wine. A curious relic of olden time and humour is shown in the cellar—an iron collar, grim-looking, but more innocent than it looks, for it was used only to pin the unwary visitor to the wall, while a choice between a "baptism" of water and wine was given him. The custom dates back to Charlemagne's time. Those who, thinking to choose the least evil of the two, gave their voice for the water, had an ample and unexpected shower-bath while the wine-drinkers were crowned with some tinselled wreath, and given a large tankard to empty. On the heights above the convent stood the "Cat" watching the "Mouse" on the opposite bank above Wellmich, the two names commemorating an insolent message sent by Count John III. of the castle of Neu-Katzellenbogen to Archbishop Kuno of Falkenstein, the builder of the castle of Thurnberg, "that he

greeted him and hoped he would take good care of his mouse, that his (John's) cat might not eat it up." And now we pass a chain of castles, ruins and villages; rocks with such names as the Prince's Head; lead, copper and silver works, with all the activity of modern life, stuck on



RHEINGRAFENSTEIN.

like a puppet show to the background of a solemn old picture, a rocky, solitary island, "The two Brothers," the twin castles of Liebenstein and Sternber the same which Bulwer has immortalized in his *Pilgrims of the Rhine*, and at their feet, close to the shore, a modern-looking

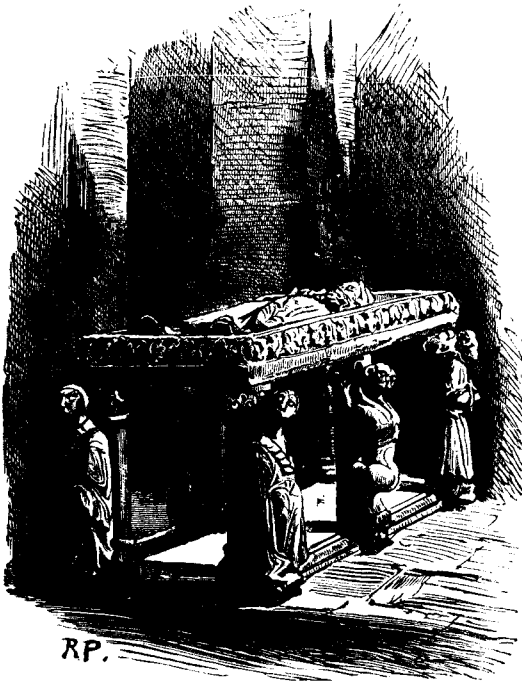
building, the former Redemptorist convent of Bornhofen. As we step out there is a rude quay, four large old trees and a wall with a pinnacled niche, and then we meet a boatful of pilgrims with their banners, for this is one of the shrines that are still frequented, notwithstanding many difficulties—notwithstanding that the priests were driven out of the convent some time ago, and that the place is in lay hands; not, however, unfriendly hands, for a Catholic German nobleman, married to a Scotch woman, bought the house and church, and endeavoured, as under the shield of “private property,” to preserve it for the use of the Catholic population of the neighbourhood. Last summer an English Catholic family rented the house, and a comfortable home was established in the large, bare building attached to the church, where is still kept the *Gnadenbild*, or “Grace image,” which is the object of the pilgrimage—a figure of the Blessed Virgin holding her dead son upon her knees. These English tenants brought a private chaplain with them, but, despite their privileges as English subjects, I believe there was some trouble with the government authorities. However, they had mass said for them at first in the church on week-days. A priest from Camp, the neighbouring post-town, was allowed to come once in a week to say mass for the people, but with locked doors, and on other days the service was also held in the same way, though a few of the country-people always managed to get in quietly before the doors were shut. On Sundays mass was said for the strangers and their households only in a little oratory up in the attics, which had a window looking into the church near the roof of the chancel. One of them describes “our drawing-room in the corner of the top floor, overlooking the river,” and “our life . . . studying German, reading and writing in the morning, dining early, walking out in the evening, tea-supper when we come home . . . There are such pretty walks in the ravines and hills, in woods and vineyards, and to the castles above and higher hills beyond! We brought one man and a maid, who do not know German, and found two German servants in the house, who do everything. . . It is curious how cheaply we live here; the German cook left here does everything for us, and we are saying she makes us much better soups and omelettes and souffles than any London cook.” Now, as these three things happen to be special tests of a cook’s skill, this praise from an Englishman should somewhat rebuke travellers who can find no word too vile for “German cookery.”

Turning up the course of the Lahn, we get to the neighbourhood of a small but famous bathing-place, Ems, the cradle of the Franco-Prussian war, where the house in which Emperor William lodged is now shown as an historic memento, and effaces the interest due to the old gambling Kursaal. The English chapel, a beautiful small stone build-

ing already ivied ; the old synagogue, a plain whitewashed building, where the service is conducted in an orthodox but not very attractive manner ; the pretty fern-and-heather-covered woods, through which you ride on donkeyback ; the gardens, where a Parisian-dressed crowd airs itself late in the afternoon ; all the well-known adjuncts of a spa, and the most delightful baths I ever saw, where in clean little chambers you step down three steps into an ample marble basin sunk in the floor, and may almost fancy yourself a luxurious Roman of the days of Diocletian,—such is Ems. But its environs are full of wider interest. There is Castle Schaumburg, where for twenty years the archduke Stephen of Austria, palatine of Hungary, led a useful and retired life, making his house as orderly and seemly as an English manor-house, and more interesting to the strangers, whose visits he encouraged, by the collection of minerals, plants, shells and stuffed animals and the miniature zoological and botanical gardens which he kept up and often added to. I spent a day there thirteen years ago, ten years before he died, lamented by his poor neighbours, to whom he was a visible providence. Another house of great interest is the old Stein mansion in the little town of Nassau, the home of the upright and patriotic minister of that name, whose memory is a household word in Germany. The present house is a comfortable modern one—a *château* in the French sense of the word—but the old shattered tower above the town is the cradle of the family. At the village of Frücht is the family vault and the great man's monument, a modern Gothic canopy, somewhat bald and characterless, but bearing a fine statue of Stein by Schwanthaler, and an inscription in praise of the “unbending son of bowed-down Fatherland.” He came of a good stock, for thus runs his father's funeral inscription, in five alliterative German rhymes. I can give it but lamely :

His nay was nay, and steady,
 His yea was yea, and ready :
 Of his promise ever mindful,
 His lips his conscience ne'er belied,
 And his word was bond and seal.

Stein was born in the house where he retired to spend his last years in study : his grave and pious nature is shown in the mottoes with which he adorned his home : “A tower of strength is our God,” over the house-door, and in his library, above his books and busts and gathering of life-memorials, “Confidence in God, singleness of mind and righteousness.” His contemporaries called him, in a play upon his name which, as such things go, was not bad, “The foundation-*stone* of right, the stumbling-*stone* of the wicked, and the precious *stone* of Germany.” Arnstein and its old convent, now occupied by a solitary priest : Balduinstein and its rough-hewn, cyclopean-looking ruin, standing over



CONRAD'S MONUMENT, LIMBURG CATHEDRAL.

the mossy picturesque water-mill; the marble quarries near Schaumburg, worked by convicts; and Diez and its conglomeration of houses like a puzzle endowed with life,—are all on the way to Limburg, the episcopal town, old and tortuous, sleepy and alluring, with its shady streets, its cathedral of St. George and its monument of the lion-hearted Conrad or Kuno, surnamed Shortbold (Kurzbold), a nephew of Emperor Conrad, a genuine woman-hater, a man of giant

strength but dwarfish height, who is said to have once strangled a lion, and at another time sunk a boatful of men with one blow of his spear. The cathedral, the same visited by our Bornhofen friends, has other treasures—carved stalls and a magnificent image of Our Lord of the sixteenth century, a Gothic baptismal font and a richly-sculptured tabernacle, as well as a much older image of *St. George and the Dragon*, supposed by some to refer to the legendary existence of monsters in the days when Limburg was heathen. Some such idea seems also not to have been remote from the fancy of the mediæval sculptor who adorned the brave Conrad's monument with such elaborately monstrous figures: it was evidently no lack of skill and delicacy that dictated such a choice of supporters, for the figure of the hero is life-like, dignified and faithful to the minute description of his features and statue left us by his chronicler, while the beauty of the leaf-border of the slab and of the capitals of the short pillars is such as to excite the envy of our best modern carvers.

ERIN.

WORDSWORTH.

A CRITICISM :—BY PROFESSOR LYALL.

WE accept the definition of Imagination given by Professor Wilson of Edinburgh—a competent authority—viz., “Intellect working under the laws of passion.” We would only substitute the word emotion for passion, and we believe that was what was intended in the definition. Imagination is “ideas seen in the light of emotion,” or “possessed in the element of emotion.” In that state they generally assume a figurative form—the form of a simile or metaphor or proropopeia, &c. Hence, poetry and poets. And, according to the character of the emotion, will be the style or character of the poetry. For example we have the poetry of the affections. “Poems founded on the Affections,” is the title given by Wordsworth to certain of his poems. We have the “Songs of the Affections,” by Mrs. Hemans. We have the “Plays on the Passions,” by Joanna Baillie. Burns’s songs are essentially poems of the affections; and nothing could surpass the felicitous expression there given of all the varying emotions which enter into and constitute the predominating emotion, love. The “Cotter’s Saturday Night” is a poem founded on the affections, and is, perhaps, the finest delineation of the domestic scene that has ever been presented. The incident and imagery are all such as serve most successfully to portray the domestic picture. We have the patriotic ode, such, again, as “Bruce’s Address to his Army,” the “War Elegies,” of Tyrtæus; the martial lyrics of Campbell; the “Lyre and Sword,” of Körner; the imagery and style in all these strictly follow or obey the particular emotion. In Homer the predominating emotion is undoubtedly the martial and heroic, and the hurry and impetuosity of the description, and boldness of the imagery are all in accordance with the animating theme. We have such fine things, however, as that between Hector and Andromache—the episode of Glaucus and Diomedæ—the night scene beside the camp-fires—the moon and stars sailing in the deep blue vault of heaven, with innumerable individual pictures, each of which has its several emotion or emotions constituting the individuality and forming the beauty of the delineation. The “Æneid” is not so martial, though in the account of the final sack of Troy in the Second Book, and the wars with Turnus, it is sufficiently so. “The coming event casting its shadow before,” of Rome’s future conquests, is embodied in the person of Æneas. “The Hegemony,” in embryo, is already contained in the conquest of Latium.

The fine descriptions of the third and fifth books are familiar to every scholar. The mystic character of the sixth book :—the consultation of the Sibyl—the descent to Elysium, and the shadowy forms that flit before you on these shadowy plains : all produce a weird and sublime effect on the mind. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus, in the sixth book, owes its beauty to the exhibition of such noble friendship between these noble youths, and the grief of the mother lamenting her dead son, who would never be restored to her affections again : the pathetic delineation of these affections in the trial to which they were put has always made that episode a favourite passage with the readers of Virgil. The loftier and sublimer emotions are those which distinguish the epics of Milton, as these deal with the grand themes of Heaven and Hell—the councils of Pandemonium—the wars of the Angels, before Satan and his rebel host were yet finally cast down—the Temptation—the expulsion from Eden—the Redemptory Act.

“ Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
Sing heavenly muse ! ”

What emotion will you not find in Shakespeare ? From the deep tragedy of Macbeth and King Lear to the rollicking humour of the “ Merry wives of Windsor,” from the melancholy of Hamlet to the trenchant wit of Beatrice or Benedick, or the jocund fun of Jaques and Rosalind. But the motion of Shakespeare is like the sea, fathomless, boundless. You cannot sound its depths, or measure its shores. *What emotion will you find in Pope ?* and to the extent that he is not characterized by true emotion, you are not disposed to allow him a place among true poets. There is plenty of intellect ; there is fine enthusiasm ; there is splendid antithesis ; there are admirable moral and critical maxims ; but there is little true or genuine emotion. His emotion is of the more artificial kind, as he confines himself for the most part to the delineation of artificial life ; and that is not the region or element of the highest poetry, if it is of any. There is pathos in the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard, and that, admittedly, is the part of Pope's writings to which we would go for anything like poetry that would vindicate to itself the name. It is much the same with Dryden ; and these two claimants to a niche in the temple of the muses,—masters in their own peculiar department, have always appeared to us to occupy a “ dubious frontier-space ” between, not the rational and insane, as Foster said of Don Quixote, but between poetry and elegant prose.

Burns speaks of Thomson's "landscape glow," and in the same stanza of the "moving flow" of Gray :

Thou canst not learn, nor can I show
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow,
Or wake the bosom melting throe
 With Shenstone's art,
Or pour with Gray the moving flow
 Warm on the heart.

The pervading element of Scott is the chivalresque, and his poetry is steeped in its spirit, and takes the mould of its imagery. The fiercer and wilder passions give us Byron—as in the *Corsair*, *Giaour*, *Manfred*—and even *Childe Harold*; although there is enough of the generous and noble in these poems to redeem them from the charge of utter misanthropy. The wierd and the mystical constitute Coleridge. The secret of "Christabel" is still a secret to most readers, and the "Rime of the Ancient Mariner" still needs an interpreter. The worship of the Ideal, the Ideal of Beauty, and the Ideal of the social state, form the spirit of Shelley. "The Revolt of Islam," I dare say, would be a great poem if one had patience to read it, but it would require one to be smitten with the same spirit with the poet himself, to follow the fortunes of so visionary and tedious a narrative. The spirit of Greek poetry is transferred into modern thought or language in the *Endymion* and especially the *Hyperion* of Keats. And what shall we say of Wordsworth?

An intense sympathy with humanity in all its phases, particularly its lowlier or humbler phases—the love of nature—a high admiration of all that is great and noble in character and conduct—a profoundly devout spirit—a deep insight into the subtler workings of the human heart—with a philosophic cast of imagination peculiar to himself. These seem to be the characteristics of Wordsworth, or the more prominent features of his muse. The first of these is especially conspicuous in the "lyrical ballads," the earliest of his poems; which were given to the world under that name, but are now published under a different designation. It may be admitted that these poems frequently descend to trivialities which are unworthy of the poet, which few will justify, and most will repudiate. When they first appeared, accordingly, they were received with almost universal derision. Some approved, others hesitated and disliked; but seemed to think that all was not as it ought to be. They were made the subject of successful travesty, by one of the Smiths in the "Rejected Addresses." The great autocrat of criticism at the time, Francis Jeffrey, began his review of Wordsworth with this emphatic oracle: "This will never do!" And yet, who would be without the "We are Seven" of Wordsworth—"Alice Fell," "Lucy Gray," even "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," "The Idiot Boy,"

and so on? The "We are Seven" is an attempt to embody the ideas of a child respecting death, unable to take in the thought of its being anything more than a temporary separation—hardly even separation—far less dissolution or utter extinction. The loss of her cloak, by Alice Fell, is a simple enough incident of humble life, and there is nothing to object to, perhaps, in the incident itself: it is the way in which the poor tattered garment was lost, and the inordinate grief of the child in consequence, which are objectionable in the composition. "Lucy Gray" is an affecting incident affectingly told, but it perhaps wants verisimilitude, for what father would lay this command upon his child on such a night?

"To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go;
And take a lantern, child, to light
Your mother through the snow."

You hardly sympathise with the father on the loss of his child after employing it on such an errand. "Goody Blake and Harry Gill," it seems, is a true story, intended to illustrate the power of Imagination over our physical state, resulting sometimes in disastrous, even the most fatal consequences. The story is told of a patient under the Knife of the Surgeon, or who supposed himself under the knife of the surgeon, being told that his blood was oozing out drop by drop, and that he could not live long, actually dying of fear; it was a cruel experiment to see how far imagination would actually go. Harry Gill is the type of a Cumberland farmer, who, taking revenge upon an old dame, his neighbour, for robbing his hedge to provide herself with fuel on a cold winter evening, and who was rather "habit and repute" in this way, becomes the subject of an imprecation or minatory prayer:

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing,
While Harry held her by the arm—
"God! who art never out of hearing
O may he never more be warm!"

And so it comes to pass:

The cold, cold moon, above her head,
Thus on her knees did Goody pray;
Young Harry heard what she had said:
And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold and very chill;
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!

* * * * *

No word to any man he utters,
A-bed or up, to young or old;
But ever to himself he mutters,
"Poor Harry Gill is very cold."

A-bed or up, by night or day ;
 His teeth they chatter, chatter, still ;
 Now think, ye farmers all, I pray,
 Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill !

The "Idiot Boy," is a type of the idiot boy in many a town or village in England and Scotland. We know not how it is in this part of the world. The mother is generally more attached to that child than any other member of the family. Notwithstanding in this particular case Betty Foy employs her child on an extraordinary errand for such a messenger—to bring the doctor from the town in an emergent case of sickness, which is not exactly explained :

Old Susan Gale, it seems, is sick,
 Old Susan, she who dwells alone,
 Is sick, and makes a piteous moan,
 As if her very life would fail.

* * * * *

And Betty's husband's at the wood,
 Where by the week he doth abide,
 A woodman in the distant vale ;
 There's some to help poor Susan Gale,
 What must be done ? What will betide ?

Betty Foy bethinks her of her poor boy, and resolves to send him, proud even of his competency, as she fondly flatters herself in the particular emergency,

And Betty from the lane has fetched
 Her pony, that is mild and good ;
 Whether he be in joy or pain,
 Feeding at will along the lane,
 Or bringing faggots from the wood.

Thus mounted the poor boy sets out on his embassy, proud on his part to be entrusted with such a message. He has not gone far, however, before in the very exultation of the moment, forgetting his errand and everything else, he drops the reins, and lets fall the "green bough" he held in his hand for a switch, and allows the pony to proceed at his "own sweet will." In such circumstances the pony, as every sensible pony would, makes his way leisurely to the nearest pasture we suppose, which happens to be in the neighbourhood of a roaring waterfall. There the pony feeds unheeding of the hours, and there the poor boy sits unwittingly of the danger, and "of moon and stars taking no heed." And yet, who will say so ? Who knows what is passing in that otherwise vacant mind, "the form of beauty smiling even at his heart ?" It is more likely, and the poet seems to think so too, for describing the var-

ious surmises that pass through the mind of the mother, who, anxious about her boy, had set out in quest of him, he says :

“Perhaps, and no unlikely thought !
 He with his pony now doth roam
 The cliffs and peaks so high that are,
 To lay his hands upon a star,
 And in his pocket bring it home.”

Whether this be so or not, the mother, too glad to find her boy safe where there was so much danger, but where the boy himself apprehended none, exclaims :

“‘Oh ! Johnny, never mind the Doctor ;
 You’ve done your best and that is all,’
 She took the reins when this was said,
 And gently turned the pony’s head
 From the loud waterfall.”

Returning homeward whom should they meet approaching them but Susan Gale herself ?

“The pony, Betty, and her Boy,
 Wind slowly through the woody dale ;
 And who is she betimes abroad,
 That hobbles up the steep, rough road ?
 Who is it but old Susan Gale ?”

And here we have another instance of the effect of imagination upon the physical frame.

“Long time lay Susan lost in thought ;
 And many dreadful fears beset her,
 Both for her messenger and nurse,
 And as her mind grew worse and worse,
 Her body it grew better.

“She turned, she tossed herself in bed,
 On all sides doubts and terrors met her
 Point after point did she discuss ;
 And while her mind was fighting thus,
 Her body still grew better.

“‘Alas ! what is become of them ?
 These fears can never be endured,
 I’ll to the wood.’ The word scarce said,
 Did Susan rise up from her bed,
 As if by magic cured.

“Away she goes up hill and down,
 And to the wood at length is come ;
 She spies her friends, she shouts a greeting,
 Oh, me ! it is a merry meeting
 As ever was in Christendom.”

Such is the story, and it will be allowed that there is some poetry in it. It and the other piece, "Peter Bell, the potter," are instances of a peculiar idiosyncrasy of Wordsworth's mind—a tendency to look at things on the two sides, the grave and the gay, the serious and the comic, and to see these blending in one, inseparable to the mind contemplating them. There is a sort of "aside" in these narratives of Wordsworth; we might almost imagine a kind of grimace on the face of the poet: he intends to be serious but he cannot help being comic: the humour is of a dry and subtle kind, somewhat sardonic, but kindly withal. There is a profound philosophy too in some of the turns of thought, which was of the very essence and texture of Wordsworth's mind. The poetry of many of the allusions and thoughts is exquisite: they are like veins of gold in a seam of quartz, rich gems in a rude matrix. Take for example the description of Peter Bell:—

"He, two and thirty years or more,
Had been a wild and woodland rover;
Had heard the Atlantic surges roar
On farthest Cornwall's rocky shore,
And trod the cliffs of Dover.

"And he had seen Caernarvon's towers,
And well he knew the spire of Sarum;
And he had been where Lincoln bell
Flings o'er the fen his pondrous knell
A far renowned alarum!

"At Doncaster, at York, and Leeds,
And merry Carlisle had he been;
And all along the Lowlands fair,
And through the bonny Shire of Ayr;
And far as Aberdeen.

And he had been at Inverness;
And Peter, by the mountain rills,
Had danced his round with Highland lasses;
And he had lain beside his asses
On lofty Cheviot Hills.

"And he had trudged through Yorkshire dale,
Among the rocks and winding scars,
Where deep and low the hamlets lie
*Beneath their little patch of sky
And little lot of stars.*

"And all along the indented coast,
Bespattered with the salt-sea foam;
Where'er a knot of houses lay
On headland or in hollow bay;—
Sure never man like him did roam!

“As well might Peter in the Fleet,
 Have been fast bound, a begging debtor ;
 He travelled here, he travelled there ;—
 But not the value of a hair
 Was heart or head the better.

“He roved among the vales and streams,
 In the green wood and hollow dell ;
 They were his dwellings night and day,—
 But nature ne'er could find the way
 Into the heart of Peter Bell.

“In vain, through every changeful year,
 Did nature lead him as before ;
 A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him
 And it was nothing more.

“Small change it made in Peter's heart
 To see his gentle panniered brain
 With more than vernal pleasure feeding,
Where'er the tender grass was leading
Its earliest green along the lane.

“In vain through water, earth, and air,
 The soul of happy sound was spread,
 When Peter on some April morn,
 Beneath the broom or budding thorn,
 Made the warm earth his lazy bed.

“At noon, when by the forest's edge
 He lay beneath the branches high,
 The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart ; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky !

All this is serious enough surely, and yet it has its comic side. A mind of so hard a grain as to be impervious to all the appeals of nature :

“A primrose by a river's brim
 A yellow primrose was to him,
 And it was nothing more.”

“The soft blue sky did never melt
 Into his heart ; he never felt
 The witchery of the soft blue sky :”

provokes laughter while it excites pity. But Peter was an interesting character. By a course of circumstances, which we need not recount here, and for which the machinery of the poem itself must be consulted, Peter became the subject of a change not uncommon among the lower population of England, especially the north of England, with the mining districts of Cornwall and Wales. Thrown in upon himself he bethinks himself of his past life ; he recalls his many misdeeds : “he had a dozen

wedded wives ;" and his conscience is sore troubled. Just when he is thus exercised, passing a chapel by the wayside he hears the voice of a preacher proclaiming in earnest tones forgiveness to the guiltiest, and urging to repentance. Peter hears the words of expostulation and entreaty, and becomes a changed man. Some further experiences, for which again we must refer to the poem itself, work further changes upon Peter's heart. It becomes softer under the humanizing influences : it receives a new impress ; and like the vessels under the fires of his own ceramic art takes the mould which the great moulder designs for all He would call into His service.

There is profound philosophy in the piece blended with quaint humour. The humour sets off the philosophy, the philosophy enhances, or gives point to the humour. The lessons of philosophy may be best taught sometimes when humour points the moral. There is deep insight into the springs of action, and set in a framework of poetical imagery, these are brought out into striking relief ; and the whole performance has a moral in it which impresses itself upon the heart, or commends itself to the mind of every reader.

The poems "Ruth," "The Thorn," "The Female Vagrant," "Her Eyes are Wild," touch upon some of the saddest and most tragic experiences of human life, and they do this so delicately, and with such skill in the management of the poem, that you recognize the art of the true poet, while you acknowledge the power and pathos in the very simplicity of the composition. The story is the same with that of Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," only it is connected with rural, while Hood's is connected with town life. Wordsworth's poems, accordingly, have the finer setting, Hood's are draped in deeper and more sombre colours. Wordsworth's verses have all the poetry of the accessory and conspiring circumstances to give them effect ; the poetry of Hood is in the deep tragedy of the incident itself. In one of Wordsworth's compositions there is a deeper tragedy hinted at, or implied, than belongs to Hood's tragic as it is ; there is the fate of an infant as well as that of the mother involved ; the mother becomes a wild and raving maniac, whom it is dangerous to approach in her fiercer moods ; in Hood's piece the fatal plunge into the cold dark river, contains the climax of the story, and harrowing as it is, it is not so harrowing as the other, softened though that may be by the rural imagery and tender touches of which the composition admits, and which the poet knew so well how to employ.

Among the ballads we would instance further—"Repentance, a Pastoral Ballad," "The Pet Lamb," "The Star-gazers," "The Reverie of Poor Susan," "The Power of Music," "The Wishing Gate," and we stop here because we must stop somewhere. These are all instances of the interest which the different phrases of humble life possess to the

mind of the poet. Whatever interests the humblest interests him; it is the more likely to do so in proportion as the poor are the subjects of more unsophisticated emotion than those raised above them in station. More conventional feeling comes into play as we rise in the social scale. It is either the lowest or highest in rank that afford subjects for poetry. The higher ranks can afford to be unsophisticated, and the vicissitudes that overtake them often present the most picturesque effects. The lowly *are* unsophisticated, and their condition is already picturesque, or affords picturesque positions for description. Wordsworth is the poet of humble life—chiefly of rural life; and yet “The Horn of Egremont Castle,” “Song of the Feast of Brougham Castle,” “Artegal and Eildure,” “The Armenian Lady’s Love,” show that he can touch the lyre as deftly on these more ambitious themes as the most courtly of the poets. Wordsworth by no means descends so low as Hazlitt makes the Lake Poets, as a class, do; and while he loves his lowly themes, he can raise himself on loftier wing to the very highest flight of poesy. He need not fear his pinion, it will not melt in the empyrean: it will sustain him at any elevation. Some of his odes are instances of this. It was not for want of power that he sought these lowlier subjects; it was because he really preferred them as themes for his muse. We might cite his verses “To the Sons of Burns,” on “Rob Roy’s Grave,” “Ellen Irwin, or the Braes of Kirtle,” “To a Highland Girl,” as examples of the same predominating tendency in the poet to one class of subject above all others.

Wordsworth is essentially a descriptive poet. His love of nature makes him so. He cannot help himself. He could not refrain from paying homage to the aspects of nature, as these met his gaze or solicited his admiration, while, like a true artist, he takes great pleasure in transferring them, not to his canvas, but to his page. Wordsworth, to use an expression of his own, sees “more into the life of things” than do most other poets. He makes them speak. He gives them a voice. He interprets their language. The soul of nature meets his soul; he brings out the thought that is in a scene, or an object. Everything has a meaning in itself or by association. Wordsworth at once penetrates to that meaning, and embodies it in the most felicitous language. Witness his “Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey,” his “Memorials of a Tour in Scotland,” his “Sonnets,” “Memorials of a Tour on the Continent,” with many a noble passage in the “Excursion,” are plentifully scattered throughout his works. We cannot quote, for we would hardly know what to select as most illustrative of the poet’s peculiar faculty. Most of his subjects being taken from rural life, he is often descriptive when he is not directly or purposely so. Description is the setting of his compositions—their outward

framework, the vehicle of higher designs than most poets propose to themselves. The noblest moral thoughts and reflections are frequently conveyed or find utterance in this way. Apart from such thoughts and reflections a poem would be to Wordsworth an idle thing—would not fulfil the function of poesy at all. To him the poet's vocation is very high, and it must be admitted to be so if we take Wordsworth himself as an example of his own canon. Therefore it is that his poems are so profitable to be read, and are a study to all who can peruse them aright, or in the same spirit in which they were written. Wordsworth lived for poetry. It was to him like a profession. He gave himself to it with the same devotion that a priest assumes his sacred vestments, or a prophet of old donned his rougher habiliments. Milton speaks of the poet "with all his singing robes about him." Wordsworth hardly wore robes, but he certainly clothed himself with poetry as with a garment.

The identification of Wordsworth's poetry with all that is high in principle and great and noble in character and action, is seen in the frequent allusions to distinguished names and illustrious deeds in history, while the spirit of devotion that breathes throughout the poems makes them read in many places like a psalm. The sonnets, in this respect, are like a firmament studded with stars. Witness for example, the Sonnets "On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic," "To Toussaint L'Ouverture," "Milton, thou should'st be living at this hour," "Great men have been among us," "To Clarkson," "Höffer," "Feelings of the Tyrolese," "Hail, Zaragoza." The sonnet is a favourite style of composition with Wordsworth, and seems especially suited to his peculiar genius. He has undoubtedly made it the vehicle of very noble thoughts and fine imaginings. Some beautiful analogies are from time to time struck out, as the mind, with its collected powers, has the chance given it by some favouring subject of embodying itself in that form. The function of Imagination to bring ideas together that seemed to have but little connexion is finely seen in the address to a ruined castle :

"Relic of Kings! Wreck of forgotten wars!
To winds abandoned and the prying stars,
Time loves thee!

Also in these lines :

"How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright,
The effulgence from yon distant mountain head,
Which, strewn with snow smooth as the sky can shed,
Shines like another sun—on mortal sight
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night;
And all her twinkling stars."

And again in that apostrophe to the moon :

“ With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the sky,
 ‘ How silently, and with how wan a face ! ’
 Where art thou ? Thou so often seen on high
 Running among the clouds a wood-nymphs race !
 Unhappy suns, whose common breath's a sigh,
 Which they would stifle, move at such a pace ! ”

The “ Address to Kilchurn Castle, on Loch Awe,” exhibits the same faculty of Imagination, which brings ideas the remotest from each other near in a pleasing and interesting unity.

“ Child of loud throated war ! the mountain stream
 Roars in thy hearing ; but thy hour of rest
 Is come, and thou art silent in thy age ;
 Save when the wind sweeps by and sounds are caught
 Ambiguous, neither wholly thine nor theirs.

* * * * *

What art Thou, from care
 Cast off—abandoned by thy rugged Sire,
 Nor by soft Peace adopted ; though in place
 And in dimension, such that thou might'st seem
 But a mere foot-stool to your Sovereign Lord,
 Huge Cruachan.

* * * * *

Yet He, not loath, in favour of thy claims
 To reverence, suspends his own ; submitting
 All that the God of Nature hath conferred,
 All that he holds in common with the stars,
 To the memorial majesty of Time
 Impersonated in thy calm decay ! ”

Wordsworth transfuses himself over the external scene ; the feelings which are his he ascribes to *it* as if it were animated, and could be possessed of the same feelings which actuate himself. A fine instance of this occurs in the reference he makes to the influence which nature had over him when yet a youth :

“ But for the growing youth
 What soul was his, when from the naked top
 Of some bold headland, he beheld the sun
 Rise up, and bathe the world in light ! He looked—
 Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
 And ocean's liquid mass, beneath him lay
 In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touched,
 And in their silent faces he could read
 Unutterable love.”

The “ gladness and deep joy ” are his, but he transfers them to the earth and ocean ; the “ unutterable love ” was in his own soul, or in the heart of God, but he read it in the clouds when touched with light. This transfusing power of imagination is a very active one ; it is one

which we are ever ourselves exerting, but it is only the poet who possesses it in the highest degree, and it was especially prominent in Wordsworth. The doctrine of a pre-established harmony had perpetual illustration in his poetry. Nature and his mind were like two time-pieces which beat in unison—the hands on the dial of each did not point a second astray. In storm and calm, in cloud and sunshine, in every varying mood, they were as one. This is the beauty of the “Excursion,” Wordsworth’s longest poem, and the “Prelude”—the introduction to the other—which was intended to trace the progress of the poet’s mind from the time of youth onward to his matured manhood. The subtlest shadowing of a scene, an object or a circumstance is faithfully given. It is himself he is describing in the “Excursion” as well as more directly and confessedly in the “Prelude.” It is his own mind that is portrayed, and he is doubly represented in the former of these poems, for he is the third party in the drama, while the principal interlocutors are the “Wanderer” and the “Solitary.” It has been said that Wordsworth is destitute of the constructive faculty, as shown by the plan of the “Excursion,” and the characters he has chosen for his purpose in that poem. And there is ground, perhaps, for the criticism. The “Pedlar,” or “Wanderer,” is a somewhat awkward personage to pitch upon to give utterance to such remarkable wisdom as that of which he is made the mouth-piece. But we remember that a common street-porter was the founder of the Alexandrian school of philosophy, and we think of him

“ Who walked in glory and in joy,
Following the plough along the mountain side.”

And why might not a pedlar, who has peculiar opportunities of gathering wisdom, and extending his acquaintance with human life and manners, be chosen as the oracle of the trio who are made the spokesmen of the poem. But it is a small matter to object to, for whoever are the characters of the piece their utterances are to be taken for what themselves are worth, and not to be estimated by the parties who utter them. The fourth book of the poem, “Despondency Corrected,” contains undoubtedly some of the noblest passages within the compass of English poetry. “The Pastor” and the “Churchyard among the Mountains,” we are inclined to think, are a happy idea to introduce us to the varied experiences of life in the very scenes where the poet himself had his dwelling, among the Cumberland Hills. It is delightful to have the scenery of such a district of England brought so graphically before your view, and to follow the incidents so graphically portrayed, to the graveyard itself—to the narrow house appointed for all living. There are noble outbursts from time to time on such subjects as civil freedom—religious faith—the Church of England, it had not then shown the pro-

clivities Romeward which it has done since—education—the moral virtues—all social amenities. There is perhaps too much of preachment—something too much in the sermonizing style—but who would, from such an objection consent to part with those noble passages, which are certainly somewhat out of the run of ordinary poetry? As well obliterate, for the same cause, the whole of Young's "Night Thoughts," the "Task" of Cowper, or those magnificent passages in the "Paradise Regained" in which the Saviour maintains the high claims of religious principle against the great Tempter. The poet takes this mode of proclaiming the great truths he inculcates, and who shall quarrel with him? You never fail to pick up some gem of thought which would never otherwise have taken shape or form. The high-toned character of "the grey-haired wanderer" is itself a moral lesson which we would not willingly forego. Sentiments of the widest liberality, united with unbending integrity of principle pervade the poem. The passage in which the origin and growth of the Greek mythology are given is one of great beauty, and there is a spirit of charity even towards these erring myths—or which we might otherwise characterize as idle fables—"delirations" Cicero calls them—which it were not without its use to imbibe and cherish. A faithless and mechanical age and spirit he most of all deprecates, above all things denounces; and he would welcome any creed rather than such a state of mind as that in which "soul is dead and feeling hath no place." The "Excursion" is a poem which cannot be read without the utmost benefit both to mind and heart, while the imagination and the taste will also be correspondingly improved. I envy not the heart and mind that would not derive profit from the perusal of such a poem.

Wordsworth is a great moral instructor. If he had not always written with a moral aim, his writings have always a moral tendency. His simplest ballads have a moral influence, while his greater poems rise to the sublimest heights of moral teaching. We might quote passage after passage illustrative of this, but it were better for every one who can be induced to do so by the advice of another to peruse the poems for himself, when he will find the recommendation neither ignorantly nor unadvisedly given.

Wordsworth shows himself equal to the most difficult achievement of the poetic faculty, the Pindaric Ode. Different from the briefer lyric, it evolves conditions which only the few have mastered or been able to surmount. It has a much wider sweep than the ordinary ode; its latitude of thought is much greater, while the links of connexion throughout are feebler, more remote and more arbitrary. The transition from theme to theme may be the most unexpected, and in this very unexpectedness may consist much of the beauty of the particular thought or

thoughts. In "The Thanksgiving Ode," "The Ode on the Power of Sound," and "The Intimations of Immortality," these conditions are strikingly illustrated, while the compositions are characterized by great originality, great compass of thought and power of imagination. The last named ode, especially, absolutely takes you by surprise by the originality of its conceptions and the beauty of its ideas.

"Laodamia" is a noble classic poem of which the composition may be said to be almost faultless. The magnanimity of Protesilaus is finely contrasted with the affection of Laodamia, and while the one imparts a certain elevation to the tone and character of the composition, the other gives a trembling tenderness which almost quivers under the burden of emotion.

Three other poems are especial favourites of our own: "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited." There is a playfulness of imagination, and appositeness of reflection, finely suited to the respective ideas of the three pieces. The ballad style of border song is finely imitated, while the rhythm of the composition is almost perfect.

"The Eclipse of the Sun, 1820," seen on the Continent, has always struck us as a singularly happy composition. It contains an analogy which I have always regarded the ablest that could well be imagined. Comparing the figures on Milan Cathedral:—

" All steeped in this portentous light,
All suffering dim eclipse."

to the visages of the angels on the news of man's apostacy: these again

" Darkening like water in the breeze,"

a double analogy—the poet says:—

" Thus after man had fallen (if aught
These perishable spheres have wrought
May with that issue be compared)
Throngs of celestial visages,
Darkening like waters in the breeze,
A holy sadness shared."

What could surpass the subtlety of thought in the idea of a shadow passing over the faces of the angels on the receipt of such tidings? The effect of an eclipse quietly stealing over the figures which crowd the Cathedral at Milan, saints and angels as well, is precisely realized to you in thought by the comparison. The subtlety of Wordsworth's mind could not be more strikingly exemplified.

We would but weary our readers by continuing our subject further. If anything we have said will have the effect of leading them to the perusal of Wordsworth, or a greater appreciation of his poetry, we shall

have our reward. Perhaps too something may have been effected in the way of general criticism, and enabling the reader to form a more correct idea of what poetry is, what it may be, and what it ought to be. We are glad of the opportunity of expressing our own high idea of the poet whom we have had the boldness to bring to our critical tribunal.

OLDEN TIMES IN THE ANCIENT CAPITAL.

(From the French of Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau.)

By J. M. LEMOINE, Author of "*Maple Leaves*," etc.

THERE is not only the quaint city of Champlain—of Montgomery—of Frontenac—of Bishop Laval—of Governor de Vaudreuil and Montcalm—of Lord Dorchester and Colonel Dambourges that is rapidly fading away: there is not merely the grim fortress of the French *régime*, the city of early English rule—disappearing piecemeal in the dissolving shadows of the past: a much more modern town—newer even than that so graphically pictured by our old friend Monsieur de Gaspé—the Quebec of our boyhood—of our youth—the Quebec embalmed in the haunted chambers of memory prior to 1837, it also each day seems retreating—crumbling—evanescing.

Where are those dashing regiments which every Sunday at 4 P. M. (we were not such puritans then as now) paraded in the open space facing the Esplanade walls, under the approving eye of the beauty and fashion of all Quebec, assembled from outside and from inside of the walls—the men proud of their bottle-green or dark-blue coats and white duck pants—all the vogue then—whilst the softer sex and juveniles were apparelled in the gayest of toilettes—brightest of colours—loudest of contrasts: white—pink—green! How densely packed, our Esplanade! Little boys and girls crowding in every corner of the lovely precipitous lawn which, amphitheatre-like, stretches down—a hanging garden of verdure and beauty. The splendid regimental bands of music, the gaudily uniformed staff officers curvetting on their chargers, with nodding plumes and heavy, glittering epaulettes (alas! the navy now seems to have monopolised the gold lace for their shoulder-straps) and those irresistible sappers with their bushy beards, heading the pageant, and those incomparable drum-majors, who could fling high in the air their *batons*, and catch them so gracefully in their descent. How their glittering coats did enrapture the crowd! All these wondrous sights of our youth, where will we now find them?

The mounting of guard, the *Grand Rounds* at noon, when one of the regimental bands (there were here nearly always two, and an honourable rivalry existed between them) struck up a martial strain, whilst every sentry in the city was relieved. What a treat this was to every one, without forgetting the Seminary Externes (pupils) with their blue coats and sashes of green, or of variegated tints.

More than one of those lithsome youths came to grief for having rushed away from the *Delectus* to those Elysian Fields, ostensibly to hear the band—possibly to steal a sly glance at “sweet sixteen” chatting with the *Militaires* off duty. Here, too, was the spot where amateurs came to hear new pieces of music—the latest from London. Durham Terrace was the favoured locality from whence the new waltz—the fashionable march—the latest opera was launched into city existence ; from thence, it found its way to the *salons* of the wealthy ; such the history of *Di tanti palpiti* and other sweet emanations of great Masters.

Where, now, are those squads of jolly tars, in navy-blue, irrepressible in their humours, when on shore, far from the quarter-deck of the trim frigates anchored under Cape Diamond : upsetting the cake-stands, the spruce beer kegs—helping open-handed to the contents, the saucy street urchins or handing round, amidst the startled way-farers, pyramids of horse-cakes, trays of barley-sugar and peppermints : like real princes, dispensing the coin of the realm. Where are those noisy gangs of swaggering raftsmen—those *Voyageurs* from the *pays d'en haut*, with their glittering costumes—hats festooned with red or blue ribbons—sashes of variegated colours—barred shirts—tightly wedged, three by three in *calesches*, like Neapolitans—patrolling the streets—interlarding a French song, occasionally, with an oath tolerably profane—at all times, whether in the light of day or the still hours of night. No police in those halcyon days ; but, with the thickening shades of evening, issued forth that venerable brotherhood, the City Watch.

The watch, did we say ? Where are now these dreamy wanderers of the night, carolling forth, like the Muezzin in eastern cities, their hourly calls, “All’s Well !” “Fine Night !” “Bad Weather !” as the case might be—equally ready with their rattles to sound the dread alarm of fire, or with their long *batons* to capture belated midnight brawlers, that is, when they saw they had a good chance of escaping capture themselves. Their most formidable foes were not the thieves, but the gay Lotharios and high-fed swells of the time, returning from late dinners, and who made it a duty, nay, a crowning glory to thrash the Watch ! Where now are those practical jokers who made collections of door-knockers (the house-bell was not then known), exchanged sign-boards from shop-doors, played unconscionable tricks on the simple-minded peasants on market-days—surreptitiously crept in at suburban balls—in

the guise of the evil one, and by the alarm they at times created, unwittingly helped *Monsieur le Curé* to frown down these mundane junkettings.

One of these escapades is still remembered here.

The practical jokers in our good city were numerous and select: we might mention the Duke of Richmond's sons, Lord Charles and Lord William Lennox; Col. Denny, 71st Highlanders; the brilliant Vallières de Saint Real, later on Chief Justice; Petion Christie, P. A. De Gaspé, the writer; L. Plamondon, C. Romain, and other legal luminaries; recalling the days of Barrington in Ireland, and those of Henry Colburn in Scotland; their *petits soupers*, *bon mots*, boisterous merriment found a sympathetic chronicler in the author of "THE CANADIANS OF OLD." Facile princeps for riotous fun, stood R. Ogden, subsequently attorney, as well known for his jokes as for his eloquence: he recently died a judge at the Isle of Wight.

Four of these gentlemanly practical jokers, one night, habited in black like the Prince of Darkness, drove silently through the suburbs, in a *cariole*, drawn by two coal-black steeds, and meeting with a well-known citizen, overcome by drink, asleep in the snow, they silently, but vigorously seized hold of him with an iron grip; a *cahot* and physical pain having restored him to consciousness, he devoutly *crossed* himself, and *presto*, was hurled into another snow-drift. Next day all Quebec had heard in amazement how, when and where, Beelzebub and his infernal crew had been seen, careering in state after nightfall. Oh! the jolly days and gay nights of olden times!

But the past had other figures more deserving of our sympathy. The sober sided sires of the frolicsome gentry just described: the respected tradesmen who had added dollar to dollar to build up an independence—whose savings their children were squandering so recklessly—those worthy citizens who had filled without stipend numerous civic offices, with a zeal, a whole heartedness seldom met with in the present day—at once, church wardens—justices of the peace—city fathers—members of societies for the promotion of agriculture—of education—for the prevention of fires—who never sat up later than nine of the clock p.m., except on those nights when they went to the old Parliament Building, to listen in awe to fiery Papineau or eloquent Bourdages thunder against the *Bureaucracy*—who subscribed and paid liberally towards every work of religion—of charity—of patriotism—who every Saturday glanced with a trembling eye over the columns of the *Official Gazette*, to ascertain whether Government had not dismissed them from the Militia or the Commission of the Peace—for having attended a public meeting, and having either proposed or seconded a motion backing

up Papineau and censuring the Governor. Thrilling—jocund—simple warlike day of 1837, where art thou flown ?

J. M. L.

ON THE VIA SAN BASILIO.

IN Rome, 1851, a cold dreary day in December—one of those days in which a man's ambition seems to desert him entirely, leaving only its grinning skeleton to mock him. Depressing as was the weather to a man who had cheerfulness as a companion by which to repel its blustering attacks, and raise his mind above the despondency it was calculated to produce, how much more so to one whose hope had gone out as a flickering lamp in a sudden gust of wind, and the sharp steel of whose ambition had turned to pierce his own heart !

Such a man, on the day mentioned, was walking along the Via San Basilio. He was small in stature, poorly clad, and so thin, and even cadaverous, that the casual observer might have been under apprehension lest a gust of wind a little stronger than the average might blow him entirely away ; yet his air and manner were proud and haughty, and what little evidences of feeling peered through the signs of dissipation too apparent on his naturally attractive face, were those of genuine refinement. He was accompanied by a cicerone, or servant, as villainous-looking a fellow as one often meets, even in Italy, where an evil expression is so often seen stamped on handsome features.

Along the Via San Basilio the two men walked until they stood opposite the door of No. 51. Sacred ground this, and historical as well. Art had her votaries here, as the tourists of to-day will find she still has, at whose shrines pilgrims from afar and from near worshipped, and grew better and stronger for their ministrations. Crawford, then at the acme of his fame, had his constantly-thronged studio in the immediate vicinity, while those at No. 51 embraced, among others, that of Tenerani, the famous Italian sculptor, whose work is always in such fine dramatic taste, although he never sacrifices his love and deep feeling of reverence for Nature, combining that with the most delightful charms of Greek art. Among this artist's most noted works will be remembered his "Descent from the Cross," which tourists visiting the Torlonia chapel in the Lateran never gaze upon without a thrill. The house was owned and also occupied by Bienaimé, a French sculptor who afterward became famous.

In the immediate vicinity stands the famous Palazzo Barberini, begun by Urban VIII. (Maffeo Barberini), who sat in the pontifical chair from 1623 to 1644, and finished by Bernini in 1640. This palace contains

many paintings of historical interest by Raphael, Titian, Guido, Claude and others. The one by the first-mentioned artist is a Fornarina, and bears the autograph of the painter on the armlet. But the picture that attracts the most attention here is one of world-wide reputation, copies, engravings and photographs of which are everywhere to be met with—Guido's Beatrice Cenci. A great divergence of opinion, as is well known, exists in regard to the portrait. It bears the pillar and crown of the Colonnas, to which family it probably belonged. According to the family tradition, it was taken on the night before her execution. Other accounts state that it was painted by Guido from memory after he had seen her on the scaffold. Judging from the position in which the poor girl's head is represented, one would more readily give credence to the latter story, and think the artist's memory had preserved her look and position as she turned her head for a last look at the brutal, bellowing crowd behind.

In the piazza of the palace is a very beautiful fountain, utilized by one of the oldest Roman statues, representing a faun blowing water from a conch-shell.

But we must return to the Via San Basilio, and the two wayfarers we left standing in front of No. 51. After gazing a moment at the number to assure themselves that they were right, they entered, and knocked at the first door, which was opened by the occupant of the apartment. He was an artist and a man of very marked characteristics. Seven years later Hawthorne wrote as follows of him. "He is a plain, homely Yankee, quite unpolished by his many years' residence in Italy. He talks ungrammatically; walks with a strange, awkward gait, and stooping shoulders; is altogether unpicturesque, but wins one's confidence by his very lack of grace. It is not often that we see an artist so entirely free from affectation in his aspect and deportment. His pictures were views of Swiss and Italian scenery, and were most beautiful and true. One of them, a moonlight picture, was really magical—the moon shining so brightly that it seemed to throw a light even beyond the limits of the picture; and yet his sunrises and sunsets, and noontides too, were nowise inferior to this, although their excellence required somewhat longer study to be fully appreciated."

After this introduction by our sweet and quaint romancer, the reader will hardly need be told that the two strangers stood in the presence of America's now illustrious artist, George L. Brown. But one seeing him then, as he stood almost scowling at the two strangers, would hardly have idealized him into the artist whose pencil has done so much of late years to give American art a distinctive name through his poetical delineations of the rare sun-tinted atmosphere that hovers over Italian landscapes. However, our apology for him must be that the

day was raw and blustering, and that he had no sooner caught sight of the men through his window, as they hesitatingly entered the door, than his suspicions were aroused.

The Italian acted as spokesman, and inquired if there were any rooms to let in the building. Brown, thinking this the easiest way of ridding himself of the visitors, went in search of the landlord, who came, and after a moment's conversation the whole party entered the studio, much to its owner's displeasure.

The cicerone did most of the talking, though now and then the other made a remark or two in broken Italian. But this was only for the first few moments. He soon became oblivious of all save art, of which one could see at a glance he was passionately fond. One of Mr. Brown's pictures—a large one he was then engaged on—particularly attracted his attention. He drew closer and closer to the canvas, examining it with a minuteness that showed the connoisseur, and finally remarked: "It is very fine in colour, sir, and the atmosphere is delicious. Why have I not heard of you before?" examining the corner of the canvas for the artist's name, but speaking in a tone and with an air that gave Brown the impression he was indulging in the random flattery so current in studios. So, ignoring the question, he asked with a slight shrug of the shoulders, "Are you an artist?"

"I paint a little," was the reply, with an air of modesty which Brown mistook for the bashful half-assertion of some daubing amateur.

Just then the cicerone came forward and announced that the bargain was completed and the room ready for occupancy.

"I shall be happy—no, *happy* is not a good word for me—I shall be glad to see you in my studio when I have moved in, and perhaps you may see some things to please you."

So saying, the stranger departed, leaving Brown not a whit better impressed with him than at first.

The next morning the two called again, when the gentleman made an examination of the room selected the day before, having met Mr. Brown in the hall-way and invited him in. On entering, the new occupant took from his pocket a piece of chalk and a compass and made a number of circles and figures on the floor to determine when the sun would shine in the room. Brown watched him with a certain degree of curiosity and amusement, and finally, concluding he was half crazy, returned to his own studio.

The next day the cicerone called alone to see about some repairs, when Brown hailed him: "*Buono giorno. Che è questo?*" ("Good-day. Who is that?")

"*Non sapete?*" ("Don't you know?"), was the Italian's response. "Why, that is the celebrated Brulof."

Brown started as though shot. First there flashed through his brain the remembrance of how cavalierly he had treated the distinguished artist, and then a quick panorama of his recent history, which had been the gossip of studios and art-circles for some time back. "I must go to him," he said, "and apologize for not treating him with more deference."

"*Non signore,*" was the cicerone's response. "Never mind: let it rest. He is a man of the world, and pays little heed to such things. Besides, he is so overwhelmed with his private griefs that he has probably noticed no slight."

However, when the great Russian artist took possession of his studio, his American brother of the pencil made his apology, and received this response: "Don't waste words on so trivial a matter. Do I not court the contempt of a world that I despise to my heart's core? Say no more about it. Run in and see me when agreeable; and if you have no better callers than such a plaything of fate as I, maybe you will not refuse me occasional admittance."

The Russian artist now shunned notoriety as he had formerly courted it. Little is known of his history beyond mere rumour, and that only in artistic circles. He was born at St. Petersburg in 1799 or 1800, and gave himself to the study of art at an early age, becoming an especial proficient in colour and composition. One of his most widely-known works is "The Last Days of Pompeii," which created great enthusiasm a quarter of a century ago. This, however, was painted during his career of dissipation, and its vivid colouring seemed to have been drawn from a soul morbid with secret woes and craving a nepenthe which never came.

The young artist was petted and idolized by the wealth and nobility of St. Petersburg, where he married a beautiful woman, and became court-painter to the Czar Nicholas about the year 1830. For some years no couple lived more happily, and no artist swayed a greater multitude of fashion and wealth than he; but scandal began to whisper that the Czar was as fond of the handsome, brilliant wife of the young court-painter as the cultivated people of St. Petersburg were of the husband's marvelously coloured works; and when at last the fact became known to Brullov that the monarch who had honoured him through an intelligent appreciation of art had dishonoured him through a guilty passion for his wife, he left St. Petersburg, swore never again to set foot on Russian soil or be recognized as a Russian subject, and, plunging headlong into a wild career of dissipation, was thenceforth a wanderer up and down the continent of Europe.

It was when this career had borne its inevitable fruit, and he was but a mere wreck of the polished gentleman of a few years previous, that

Brulof came to the Via San Basilio, where, as soon as the fact became known, visitors began to call. Among the first were the Russian ambassador and suite, who were driven up in a splendid carriage, with liveried attendants; but after the burly Italian had announced to his master who was in waiting, the door was closed, and with no message in return the representatives of the mightiest empire on the globe were left to withdraw with the best grace they could muster for the occasion. Similar scenes were repeated often during the entire Roman season. He saw but few of his callers—Russians, never.

The Russian and the American artists became quite intimate during the few months they were thrown together, and Mr. Brown has acknowledged that he owes much of the success of his later efforts, to hints received from the self-exiled dying Russian.

"Mr. Brown," he said on one occasion, while examining the picture on the artist's easel, "no one since Claude has painted atmosphere as you do. But you must follow Calamé's example, and make drawing more of a study. Draw from nature, and do it faithfully, and with your atmosphere I will back you against the world. That is bad," pointing to the huge limb of a tree in the foreground, "it bulges both ways, you see. Now, nature is never so. Look at my arm," speaking with increased animation, and suddenly throwing off his coat and rolling up his shirt-sleeve. "When you see a convexity, you will see concavity opposite. Just so in Nature, especially in the trunks and limbs of trees."

This criticism made such an impression on Brown that it decided him to go into more laborious work, and was the foundation of his habit of getting up at daybreak and going out to sketch rocks, trees, and cattle, until he stands where he now does as a draughtsman.

The painting which Brulof had first admired, and which had induced him to compare Brown to Claude in atmospheric effects, was a view of the Pontine Marshes, painted for Crawford the sculptor, and now in possession of his widow, Mrs. Terry, at Rome.

During this entire season the penuriousness exhibited by Brulof is one of the hardest phases of his character to explain. Though he was worth at least half a million of dollars, his meals were generally of the scantiest kind, purchased by the Italian cicerone, and cooked and eaten in his room. Yet a kindness would touch the hidden springs of his generosity as the staff of Moses did the rock of Horeb.

Toward the close of the Roman season, Brulof, growing more and more moody, and becoming still more of a recluse, painted his last picture, which showed how diseased and morbid his mind had become. He called it "The End of all Things," and made it sensational to the verge of that flexible characteristic. It represented popes and emperors tumbling headlong into a terrible abyss, while the world's benefactors were

ascending in a sort of theatrical transformation-scene. A representation of Christ holding a cross aloft was given, and winged angels were hovering here and there, much in the same manner as *coryphées* and lesser auxiliaries of the ballet. A capital portrait of George Washington was painted in the mass of rubbish, perhaps as a compliment to Brown. In contradistinction to the portrait of Washington, were seen prominently those of the czar Nicholas and the emperor Napoleon; the former put in on account of 'the artist's own private wrong, and the latter because at that time, just after the *coup d'état*, he was the execration of the liberty-loving world.

In the spring the Russian artist gave up his studio, and went down to some baths possessing a local reputation, situated on the road to Florence, where he died very suddenly. Much mystery overhangs his last days, and absolutely no knowledge exists as to what became of his vast property. His cicerone robbed him of his gold watch and all his personal effects and disappeared. His remains lie buried in the Protestant burying-ground outside the walls of Rome, near the Porto di Sebastiano. His tomb is near that of Shelley and Keats, and the monument erected to his memory is very simple, his head being sculptured upon it in *alto relievo*, and on the opposite side an artist's palette and brushes.

EARL MARBLE.

NOVELS.

THE story-tellers continue to shine in the forefront of literature. They fill the lion's share of the catalogues on the shelves. The railroad train, in which our people are coming to live as the continental Europeans do in the theatre and the restaurant, is wholly theirs, and their ubiquitous and untiring acolyte, the train-boy, widens and strengthens their dominion every day. Other books may be the pleasure and the solace of the parlour and the study, and meet them on something like equal terms in that retirement, but only theirs go abroad over the land and are read in motion. They radiate, bright in yellow and vivid in red and blue, from the bookstores, and are "dealt" like cards, right and left, into the laps of travellers. Could an active Asmodeus at any given hour, whisk off the roofs of some thousands of railway coaches, he would disclose a hundred thousand travellers busied in warding off or placidly succumbing to this literary deluge. The more railways and the more passengers, the heavier this downfall of paper-covered novels, and the more overshadowing the empire of romance. There is no escape from it at home or abroad, in motion or at rest. The popular taste is assailed on every side and in every form. We have the novel in all shapes and sizes, bound

and unbound, cut up into instalments and doled out through a certain or uncertain number of weeks or months, or administered in a single dose, compressed into the dime size or expanded into three volumes. So with subjects. The range is infinite in theme and style. The historic novel has itself many grades between slightly-embellished history and the borrowing of nothing actual but a great name or an important event. Another stately type is the religious novel, assailing us from a Catholic, a Jewish, a High-Church, an Evangelical, a Cameronian, or a Universalist standpoint, and illustrating all known dogmas in all known ways. Then comes the metaphysical novel, devoted to the minute sifting and dissection of human character and action, as represented in a carefully made-up collection of lay figures. For the novel of society, which outnumbers all the rest, every nook and corner of Christendom is ransacked for studies, and every conceivable idiosyncrasy and situation depicted with great painstaking, if not always with clearness and effect. Camp-followers of the host of fiction troop forward in tales of war, the chase, and the sea, wherein the sensational rages unchecked and undisguised. All tastes, all ages, and both sexes are catered for. We know grave clergymen and old lawyers who are insatiate of novels. Macaulay read all that came in his way, good, bad, or indifferent. Nine books out of ten called for at the bookseller's counter or the public library are novels.

Generally speaking, productions of this class have a short life. They rarely survive the century, and we know little or nothing of the romances or the romance-readers of a period so near as two hundred years ago. The home-life of the eighteenth century remains pictured for us in the still cherished pages of Defoe, Fielding, Smollett, Richardson and D'Arblay, but the undergrowth which swarmed around the trunks of these trees is long since cleared away into oblivion. Leaving out Scott, the surviving novelists of the early part of this century are females, and they are not many. The flood came within the last fifty years. That period has been the harvest-time of the romance-writer.

As his fund of material does not increase like that of the writer on science, travel, history, etc., his productiveness becomes marvellous. In the old days, when stories were preserved only by tradition or manuscript, a very few of them went a great way. These were varied and borrowed between one period and language and another. The nations interchanged their stock of tales. A good *romant* ran all over Europe, and a good fable over Europe and Asia. They were short and simple. Most of those which have descended to us are turned over to the nursery, grown people now-a-days demanding something much more elaborate and complicated. And the facility with which this demand is met, and more than met—crammed so that it grows incessantly—is surprising. Where

the unfailing and enormous crop of plot, incident and character comes from is a marvel to all but novel-writers. This fecundity does not extend to the stage. The plots of the old dramas have been revamped and patched till they are threadbare; which makes it the stranger that the novelists have not long ago written themselves out. We should explain it by the circumstance that they draw from the life direct, and that life is exhaustless in incident and aspect, but for the fact that so few of their characters live in popular memory. Perhaps a score of the novelists of the half century have produced one or more personages whom we all know, and shall for a long time to come name as familiarly as we name our living friends. But these are the exceptions. Speaking generally, we never remember, and do not expect to remember, anything about the novels we read. They seem to have the property of blunting one's memory. Their glib descriptions of comprehensible and not wholly impossible people and scenes flow on too smoothly. There is no inequality, as in real life, for the mind to take hold of. We accept it all without thinking. We doubt as little as we do in a dream, and recollect as little.

It is encouraging that, whatever else may be said of this enormous mass of fiction, it is pervaded by decorum. The endless hosts of shadowy beings that dance through its pages are at least decent and presentable. Dicken's rag-pickers are less offensive in their language than Boccaccio's gentlemen and ladies. And in this respect the tendency is still further to improve. Of the tons of stereotype-plates which threaten us with resurrection from the publishers' cellars, those are least apt to oxidize in undisturbed damp which bear least of the improper and the openly immoral. In that feature we have gained on the *Arabian Nights* and the *Round Table*.

E. C. BEATY.

Current Literature.

THE two portly volumes before us cover the history of the eighteenth century down to the year 1760, when the third George ascended the English Throne.* Those who have read Mr. Lecky's previous works on "Rationalism," "European Morals" and "The Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland," will be prepared to welcome this new effort of his fertile pen. His merits as a writer are very considerable. He possesses, in an eminent degree, that judicial spirit which is the prime qualification of an historian. Industrious as Macaulay in the collection of facts from all sources, he never strives to piece

* *A History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* BY WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY. Vols. I. & II. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

them into a tessellated pavement, the plan, contour, and colour-distribution of which have been arranged in advance ; nor like Froude, who is equally industrious, does he warp and distort the facts to his purpose. The amount of curious information, illustration of the social life and manners of the century is really astonishing. Whether it be England, Ireland or Scotland of which he treats, our author seems equally at home, and no distinctive feature of the time seems to have escaped him. It is this remarkable power of revivifying the dead life of the past and projecting himself into its feelings, opinions, aims and aspirations which gives the principal charms to Mr. Lecky's writings. The table of contents give one the notion that this work is disjointed and lacks cohesion or continuity, and it must be confessed that this first impression is not altogether dissipated by a perusal of the work. Yet, after all, the transition from one scene to another in the great drama of the eighteenth century, imparts an air of life and variety to the whole, which heightens the interest and rivets the unflagging attention of the reader. The wars and party politics of the time are subordinated to their places as mere passing phenomena of importance in so far as they influence the social, moral or intellectual condition of the people, but yet not of supreme importance. Mr. Lecky's strong point is not narrative, but portraiture of men and manners, and no matter how completely he may be out of sympathy with them, he always endeavours, and usually with complete success, to present an honest picture, without flattery on the one hand or caricature on the other.

Did space permit, it would be instructive as well as interesting to contract Mr. Lecky's stand-point with that of Mr. Buckle in that splendid fragrant, his *History of Civilization*. Both historians are strongly opposed to dogmatic rigidity in theology ; both are eager to expose what they believe to be inordinate sacerdotal power and both, as it seems to us,—though Mr. Lecky does not go so far as Buckle,—fail to seize fully the real significance of the great religious movements of England and Scotland. Here, however, the divergence begins, and it is well marked and complete. Buckle was an adherent of the sensational or utilitarian school of ethics ; Lecky devoted much space in his *European Morals* to the defence of intuitionism as against the school of Paley, Bentham and Mill. Buckle rejected morality as a factor in civilization, because, as he contended, it did not admit of progress and development ; Lecky's views may be given in his own words from the work before us :—“ The true greatness and welfare of nations depends mainly on the amount of moral force that is generated within them. Society never can continue in a state of tolerable security when there is no other bond of cohesion than a mere money tie, and it is idle to expect the different classes of the community to join in the self-sacrifice and enthusiasm of patriotism if all unselfish motives are excluded from their several relations.” (ii : 693). Buckle was the slave of statistics, and, because he found that a certain number of murders and suicides are annually committed—a number which may be predicted with fatal exactness, he believed that men are the creatures of circumstances, “ conscious automata ” moved hither and thither, the sport of wind and waves upon the sea of time. His scheme of human life was itself dead and lifeless ; the forces which specially animate society and form national and in-

dividual character were to him as if they were not. Intellect alone had any real potency, and thus, in a more melancholy sense than with Hamlet, our earthly lot

“ Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought ;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard their currents turn away,
 And lose the name of action.”

To Mr. Lecky, on the contrary, the currents of force which give to national or social action all their meaning, nay their very being, are moral and spiritual. It is marked divergence at the outset which severs the two historians irreconcilably. The one presented us with the cold marble deftly sculptured so far as it went ; yet, maimed and fragmentary, it lacked the symmetrical completeness of Greek art and seemed rather a torso than a statue. The object of the other, as we have seen, is to “ catch the manners, living as they rise ” or rose, and to delve deep into the heart of the mystery, where the springs of human volition and human action are at work as vital and efficient forces in “ the chambers of imagery within.” It is his abiding sense of the important cohesive power of sympathy that causes him to lament the separation of classes brought about by the accumulation of wealth in England, and it is his conviction of the paramount value of morality and spirituality which, despite his aversion to their positive dogmatism and emotional excesses, brings him so largely *en rapport* with the early Methodists and Evangelical Churchmen. No greater contrast can be imagined than that between the eager rage with which Buckle assails the tyranny of the Kirk and the measured sobriety of Mr. Lecky when he has occasion to deal with the weak points of those great religious movements with which he has to do. In the one case, there is all the indiscriminating fervour of a denunciatory rhetoric which we cannot appreciate ; in the other, simply the calm and uncoloured expose of those sinister phases of spiritual energy which could not be ignored consistently with an honest regard to historic truth.

The eighteenth century was pregnant with momentous results to humanity, and the inevitable result followed that its true significance has been mistaken even by those who have not designedly perverted it through partizan zeal, religious or political. The barest summary of the great events of this period and of the potent influences sent forth upon their mission, can never fail to excite the depest interest. Apart from the great wars and upheavals of the time, there are upon the record of the century the evidences of singular energy in every department of thought and action ; in the new birth of physical science no less than the revival of religion, in the vigorous outburst of literary activity, the growth of invention skill and manufacturing industry, the rapid changes in social life and manners, and all the other marks of a transitional period when old things were passing away and all things were becoming new. On the great stage, the names of Louis XIV., Marlborough, Walpole, Frederick the Great, Voltaire, Chatham, Washington, Robespierre, Napoleon, are names, each of which though linked in a chain of sequence with all the rest, serves as the key-note to an independent symphony in a Babel of discordant notes and perplexing figures. It is not surprising that so troublous and yet fruitful a period should not hitherto have been treated

philosophically. Our fathers lived too near that puzzling era, and were too helplessly befogged in prejudice, to take in its full meaning, and it is only within a comparatively recent period that the materials, as well as the fitting stand-point have been secured. Of late years this important century, which was long regarded as a breach in the continuity of history, has begun to be appraised at its real value. Amongst the many works, perhaps the most complete are the Rev. Mr. Hunt's work on the religious side, Mr. Leslie Stephen's valuable history of *English Thought in the Eighteenth Century*, and this masterly review of the entire history of the period in all its phases by Mr. Lecky.

The style is exceedingly easy and graceful at all times, occasionally rising to the dignity of true eloquence, and if our readers are induced to take up these volumes, they will not fail to derive that pleasure and profit they have yielded to the reviewer. "The political history of England in the Eighteenth Century," says Mr. Lecky, "falls into two great divisions. After a brief period of rapid fluctuations, extending over the latter days of William and through the reign of Anne, the balance of parties was determined on the accession of George I." The Whigs acquired the ascendancy and maintained it "without intermission, and almost without obstruction, for more than forty-five years." At the accession of George III., the elder Pitt was left out in the cold and Bute and his feeble successors ruled for ten years. In 1770, Lord North established the Tory supremacy which was only temporarily broken by the Fox-North Coalition, down to the time of the Reform Bill of 1832. During the century, as to a large extent even now, the country-gentry and clergy were Tories; the Dissenters and commercial classes, Whigs. Mr. Lecky notices a plausible contention skilfully used by Lord Beaconsfield, that the Whigs of Queen Anne and the first two Georges resembled the modern Tories, whilst the Tories of that day were akin to the Whigs of the nineteenth century. In 1711, the Tories swamped their opponents in the Lords as Grey and Brougham proposed to do in 1832. The Tories advocated Free Trade at that time; the Whigs opposed it. The Tories had some Catholic sympathies; the Whigs were the chief authors of the penal laws. Finally the Tories were for short Parliaments and the restriction of corrupt influence on the part of the Crown; the Whigs carried the Septennial Act and opposed all place and pension bills. The pretended resemblance, however, was extremely superficial. The Tories were mainly Jacobites; the Whigs were the champions of a Parliamentary dynasty as opposed to the Divine right theory urged in honour of a Catholic prince. The Septennial Act, by which a Parliament prolonged its own existence, was certainly an anomaly, but it was passed because the Whigs apprehended danger to the Protestant succession from a dissolution just after the accession of George I. and the rebellion of 1715. The Free Trade policy of the Queen Anne Tories was never "distinctively 'Whig,'" since Hume and Tucker among its writers, and Pitt and Huskisson among its statesmen, were Tories; and the attacks of the Whigs against the French commercial treaty in 1713 "were scarcely more vehement than those which Fox and Grey directed on the same ground against the commercial treaty negotiated by Pitt in 1786." The truth is that in the 18th century, the commercial and manufacturing

classes descried that their trade and industries should be fostered ; whereas the Tory, " church " or " country party " felt that the interests of the agriculturalist lay in the opposite direction. In the latter part of the first half of the 19th century the relative positions of town and country were reversed and their interests naturally changed their attitude on fiscal questions. This view, however, he does not urge at all, though he certainly might have done so. As for corruption, the Tories were naturally, for the time, opposed to places and pension they did not share, as parties in disfavour are at all times.

Mr. Lecky's first two chapters cover the period to the accession of Walpole to power under George I. after the collapse of the South Sea Bubble in 1720. Into the military history or political changes of that restless time, it is not necessary to enter here ; for although Mr. Lecky enters into them so far as may be necessary for his purpose, his account of the various classes of society, the inner life of England, religious, social and industrial is of greater importance. Regarding the theological aspect of the time and the political attitude of the churches, he is particularly full, and the information afforded in this work is of great value. After tracing the connexion between the literary activity of the period and its religious tendencies, we have a fair and judicious account of the non-jurors (i. 93) preceded by a rapid but ample account of the Latitudinarian party with which Mr. Lecky is most in sympathy. (p. 87) William III. was himself " head " in his theology and the intolerant legislation of the time was singularly distasteful to him. The " head " school was headed by Bishop Burnet, whose life and opinions Mr. Lecky sketches with his usual felicity. The school of Locke and Chillingworth was the parent of the Cambridge movement in the same direction and was espoused by Cudworth, Henry More, Wilkins, etc., King William's new Bishops, after the expulsion of the non-jurors were chosen from this party ; Patrick, Cumberland, Stillingfleet and Tillotson are names not yet altogether forgotten. During Anne's reign the terms High and Low Church came into vogue and the Church was torn by angry dissensions. The non-jurors Brett, Dodwell and Lesley held the most extravagant sacerdotal notions. Baptism with them, was essential to salvation. " Our Souls, Dodwell thought, are naturally mortal but become immortal by baptism if administered by an Episcopalian clergyman. Pagans and unbaptized infants cease to exist after death ; but Dissenters who have neglected to enter the Episcopal fold are kept alive by a special exercise of the divine power, in order that they may be after death eternally damned." (p. 195). In the second chapter the position, dogmatically and politically is described (p. 119) the decline of the ecclesiastical spirit, the growth of scepticism with an account of the Bangorian controversy in the Trinity also find their place (pp. 269-274). In the same place we have a very full account of the Whig penal laws against the Catholics and Protestant Dissenters (pp. 274-339). The minute care with which Mr. Lecky has examined all accessible materials is evident from his account of the Irish *Regium Donum*, of the Quakers, of the Jewish Naturalization Act, of the witchcraft laws and the royal touch for the king's evil. The positions of the aristocracy and of the commercial classes were separately treated.

The sketch of Walpole's life and public career is one of Mr. Lecky's most complete and characteristic portraits. The great Whig statesman had very

grave faults of temperament and character ; but, on the other hand, he has been much maligned. Unlike Harley, Godolphin, Bolingbroke and Temple, he was not a patron of letters, nor did he care anything about literature. A truly, full-blooded, high-living and hard-riding squire, he was impervious to ridicule and cared nothing for the assaults of the press. His political honour was not high and his behaviour not always decorous, and he must stand chargeable with having aggravated existing political corruption. Still, Mr. Lecky urges, "it may be fairly urged that it was scarcely possible to manage Parliament without it," (p. 399). He was systematically slandered by Bolingbroke and other unprincipled writers in the *Craftsman* and in innumerable pamphlets and pasquinades. His remark referring to the Patriots under Carteret and Pulteney, "All these men have their price" was tortured into "Every man has his price," which is still quoted as Walpole's dictum at the present day here in Canada. Mr. Lecky thinks there was probably some truth in another saying ascribed to him, "that he was obliged to bribe members not to vote against, but for, their consciences." Still, our author admits that the great Whig Minister is fairly chargeable, not with having bribed on a larger scale than former Ministers, but with resisting every reform, even although public opinion was in its favour, and all the power was securely in his own hands. After making every abatement on the score of fault or foible, Robert Walpole was a great statesman even though he can hardly be called an exemplary man. Mild and placable in disposition, a fervent lover of peace, he gave England *res tand* what, she sorely needed—an interval for recuperation. Louis XIV. and his ambitions were buried in the same grave, and it is not going too far to say that the mighty efforts by which Canada and India were secured under Pitt the father, and the deadly struggle with revolutionary and military France begun under his son, could never have been maintained but for the opportunity to nurse and husband her strength England obtained through Walpole's settled policy of peace. Under him Jacobitism died away, manufactures arose, and the wealth of England began to accumulate. The noble Queen Caroline, with characteristic sagacity, supported him until the hour of her death, as the firmest support to the royal house, and the progress and prosperity of the nation. When Walpole shelved himself in the House of Lords he is said to have exclaimed to Pulteney, Earl of Bath, "Herein are, my Lord, the two most insignificant men in the kingdom," and it is singular that the elder Pitt should have bartered his immense popularity as the Great Commoner for the empty honours of the peerage. Of the statesmen of the eighteenth century down to Pitt, six "went up stairs," and now only two have representatives, Bolingbroke, who was made a Viscount, and Walpole, Earl of Oxford. Harley, Earl of Oxford ; Pulteney, Earl of Bath ; Carteret, Earl Granville,* and Pitt, Earl of Chatham obtained peerages which no longer exist. *Vanitas vanitatum omnia vanitas.*

It is not our intention to follow further the political or military history of the time even to dwell upon the illustrious name of the elder Pitt. His

* It is hardly necessary to mention that the present Earl Granville is, like the Duke of Sutherland, a Leveson-Gower, and that his title only dates from 1833.

name is so firmly enshrined in the national heart that to follow with Mr. Lecky the brilliant career of England during his administration would be a work of supererogation. It seems better to follow the bye-paths, after noting one or two of the characteristic bits of biographical touch which occur at intervals throughout these interesting volumes. To enumerate all the noted men limned either at full length or by a striking dash of the pencil would be to attempt too much. It must suffice to mention a few of them. Of Atterbury, he writes, that he "was a mere brilliant incendiary, tainted with the guilt of the most deliberate perjury;" of Swift, that he "was evidently wholly unsuited to his profession, and his splendid but morbid genius was fatally stained by coarseness, scurrility and profanity;" while praising Burnet's real honesty and indomitable courage, kind, generous and affectionate nature, fervent piety, wide sympathies and rare tolerance, he impartially remarks, "No one can question that he was vain, pushing, boisterous, indiscreet and inquisitive, overflowing with animal spirits and superabundant energy, singularly deficient in the tact, delicacy, reticence and decorum that are needed in a great ecclesiastical position." And yet Burnet is evidently a favourite of his, as was also Cardinal Elberoni into whose portrait the dark or weak touches are faithfully placed. Pelham, an eminently useful and practical minister, and a man of whom Mr. Lecky speaks in terms of discriminating praise as the warm friend of Hardwicke and the leader who attracted Pitt and Chesterfield, to his side was "a timid, desponding, and somewhat fretful man, with little energy either of character or intellect." The Duke of Newcastle, as might be expected, fares hardly with him and even Pitt is exposed on his weak side. It is not a gracious task to speak of the vanity, ostentation, love of pomp and rhetorical artifice in a popular hero, yet it is a necessary one. Mr. Lecky does not hesitate to say in his sketch of the great statesman, "he never unbent. He was always acting a part, always self-conscious, always arriving at a false and unreal dignity. He was always strained and formal, assuming postures, studying effects and expressions. Of all great Englishmen, he is perhaps the one in whom there was the largest admixture of the qualities of a character." Compare the entire sketch of Chatham's character and career (ii. 508-530 and 557-564) with the admirable and sympathetic account of Marlborough (i. 125). The estimate of Swift is contained in several places especially at p. 170 of the first volume. All the statesmen of the first half of the century are separately treated, as are Berkeley, Hutcheson and other prominent men in philosophy and ethics. Of the English Deists, Mr. Lecky, notwithstanding his national tendencies, speaks almost with contempt. With the exception of Hume, Gibbon and Middleton, he states that they have left nothing of enduring value. "Bolingbroke is a great name in politics, but the pretentious and verbose inanity of his theological writings fully justifies the criticism 'leaves without fruit,' which Voltaire is said to have applied to his style." So Shaftesbury "is a considerable name in ethics, and he was a writer of great beauty, but his theological criticisms, though by no means without value, were of the most cursory and incidental character. Woolston was probably mad. Chubb was almost wholly uneducated; and although Collins, Tindal and Goland were serious writers, who discussed grave questions with grave

arguments, they were inferior in learning and ability to several of their opponents." (p. 575). In England, they never excited any great influence ; it was across the Channel that English Deism reaped its most remarkable and enduring triumphs. The last chapter of the second volume treats, in a masterly manner, "The Religious Revival," and is, taken altogether, the most interesting in the work. The coldness and undogmatic teaching of the century and the effort to base the evidences of religion upon reason are ably unfolded. The sketch of Methodism, with exceedingly full biographies of Wesley, Whitefield and the early Methodists should be attentively studied. No where else so accurate a judgment upon the strength and also the weaknesses of the movement is so well and impartially given, and it is followed by an equally interesting account of the Evangelical revival in the Church. Whilst Mr. Lecky has not thought it honest to suppress the facts regarding the credulity of John Wesley and his somewhat imperious character, he does him ample justice. Not the least tribute to the value of Methodism is Mr. Lecky's firm conviction that the diffusion of religion amongst the humble classes, under the auspices of Wesley and Whitefield was one prominent cause for the escape of England from the contagion of the French revolution. The whole chapter is admirable in tone as well as for the information it contains and should be attentively read.

There are three subjects in the second volume on which we should like to enlarge—those on the Colonies, on Scotland and on Ireland. The first we may pass by because it is extremely slight, and the second is not as full as it should have been, if the country were to be treated of at all. Mr. Lecky gives an appreciative view of the Highlanders and their clan system, although, of course, he finds much fault with their predatory warfare and their general want of civilization. After all, however, he thus concludes, after praising their uncomfortable fidelity, hospitality, grace of manner and generous tolerance :—"It would be a great mistake to suppose that the Highlands contributed nothing beneficial to the Scotch character. The distinctive beauty and the great philosophic interest of that character spring from the very singular combination of a romantic and chivalrous, with a practical and industrial spirit. In no other nation do we find the enthusiasm of loyalty blended so happily with the enthusiasm for liberty, and so strong a vein of poetic sensibility and romantic feeling qualifying a type that is essentially industrial. It is not difficult to trace the Highland source of this spirit." (p. 99). In this portion of the chapter there are also descriptions of Edinburgh, Inverness and Aberdeen, with much curious and interesting information regarding the social life of Scotland. The poverty and riotous disposition of the people in the Lowlands are portrayed with a passing reference to the Porteous and other disturbances. Mr. Lecky then shows by what means and with what rapidity the evils under which Scotland laboured were corrected. The conditions of the Highlanders was sensibly improved from the time when the elder Pitt found out their value as soldiers ; roads were projected, serfdom was gradually abolished, agriculture improved and mendicancy declined. The four great agents in revolutionizing Scotland were the establishment of the Kirk—the religion of the majority—in William's reign ; the establishment of parochial schools, "finally, generally and effica-

ciously," in 1696; the abolition of hereditary jurisdictions in 1746 by the Pelham Ministry, and the establishment of free trade with England by the commercial clauses of the Act of Union, 1707. The Union was intensely unpopular amongst the Scotch people who may be properly excused for not foreseeing the inestimable benefits they were destined to reap from it. Mr Lecky obviously intends his remarks on this point to be the prelude to his long chapters on Ireland. He points out that "the political absorption of a small into a larger nationality can very easily be effected without irritating the most sensitive chords of national feeling. The sentiment of nationality is one of the strongest and most respectable by which human beings are actuated. No other has produced a greater amount of heroism and self-sacrifice, and no other, when it has been seriously outraged, leaves behind it such enduring and such dangerous discontent." In Scotland there were the ancient hostility between the English and Scotch, bitter memories touching religion, their great difference in wealth, and the great national debt of England to aggravate the difficulty.

The valuable chapters on Ireland, forming more than half the second volume, should be read by every one who desires to know the truth regarding the history of that interesting, but unfortunate country. Mr. Lecky's view is neither that of the rabid native writers on the one hand, nor of the mendacious and savage work of Mr. Froude on the other. All the information one could desire concerning the national resources, the social life, the religion, the manufactures, etc. of the Emerald Isle are fairly given, and the inferences drawn from the facts are scrupulously fair and just. Mr. Froude's *English in Ireland* is treated rather roughly but not more so than it obviously deserves. Its author has been so often under the critical harrow for garbled quotations, false statements and fallacious reasoning that he must be pachydermatous by this time. Mr. Lecky takes up the four remedial measures which ameliorated the condition of Scotland and shows how a precisely contrary policy was pursued from the beginning in Ireland. He denies that either religion or race or both combined were adequate causes of the distresses of Ireland. The history as related by our author is a terrible record of confiscation, outrage and vindictive brutality; and to the work itself we can only commend the reader.

The most attractive feature in Mr. Lecky's History will undoubtedly be found by most readers in those portions which illustrate society and the common life of England. Of course, it is out of the question to give any idea of the value and interest of this department of the work. The position of the Jews in England, the valuable element of the industrial population which was provided by the immigration of Flemish and French refugees, the rise of gin-drinking, the Mohocks or roughs, the street robberies, the old watchmen, the bad lighting of the streets, the bad London bricks, the Catholic "couple-beggars" of Ireland, the Irish and Scotch abductions of heiresses, are a few of the out-of-the-way subjects illustrating the social life of the people. The last chapter in the first volume is entirely devoted to the social subjects, the growth of the press, gambling, gardening, architecture, painting, music, including opera and oratorio, with an admirable account of Handel, the drama, includ

ing a sketch of Garrick, sports, sea-resorts, fashionable hours, domestic service, &c.

These volumes have afforded us much pleasure in the reading, and we cordially recommend them to the reader. Unlike Stanhope's histories, this work is emphatically a history of the people; and although not so brilliant or as well digested as Macaulay, it is more trustworthy. When complete it will certainly be the best, most graphic and truthful account of the eighteenth century.

In the early part of 1876 Sir Alex. Galt published two pamphlets, entitled, "Civil Liberty in Lower Canada" and "Church and State" respectively. Their purpose was to show the danger which menaced the free working of our civil institutions from the arrogant assumptions of the ecclesiastical party in Quebec. Mr. Lindsey, in the work before us,* gives an elaborate account of the new Ultramontane aggression from its inception down to the conciliatory mission of the Papal Alegate, Mgr. Conroy, Bishop of Armagh. It is needless to remark—or perhaps we should say, it ought to be needless to state—that Mr. Lindsey does not approach this subject from the side of theological polemics. With Roman Catholic dogma he is not at all concerned, except in so far as its practical application touches upon the rights and liberties of the State or the people, and makes war upon cherished institutions. Ultramontanism has been objected to, as applied to an extensive party in the Roman Catholic Church, because, it is said, since the meeting of the Vatican Council, all Catholics are obliged to assent to the cardinal principle of what was Ultramontanism—the personal infallibility of the Pope when pronouncing *ex cathedra* on matters of faith and morals. This is true but only measurably, since it is not the whole truth. Religious Ultramontanism triumphed at Rome in 1871, and has ceased to be the name of a theological party, because the Church has adopted the dogma for which that party contended. At the same time the definition of infallibility is susceptible of diverse interpretations, and it will hardly be contended that Archbishop Strossmayer, who opposed the dogma, Bishop Dupanloup, who only gave in at the last moment, Dr. Newman, who deprecated its introduction, or Cardinal Schwarzenberg, now Camerlengo under Leo XIII., who voted against the dogma in 1871, accept it in the same sense as the *entourage* of Pius IX., including that distinguished "pervert" Cardinal Manning. Be that as it may, it is important to bear in mind that by Ultramontanism is meant not a theory of Christian doctrine, but a view of human affairs which inevitably leads to aggression upon the State, upon rulers and judges, as well as upon the rights and liberties of the people. Its aim is to subordinate the State to the Church, or rather to absorb the one in the other, and to transmute our free English system of government into a pinchbeck theocracy. The Vatican phrase "faith and morals" is made elastic enough to include politics, social and juridical regulations—indeed everything *quidquid agunt homines*—until neither State nor individual retains a vestige of independence in thought or action. This is the Ultramontanism against which Mr. Gladstone, Sir A. Galt, Mr. Gold-

* *Rome in Canada: the Ultramontane Struggle for Supremacy over the Civil Authority.* By CHARLES LINDSEY. Toronto: Lovell Brothers.

win Smith and Mr. Lindsey have protested, and their names, as statesmen or *littérateurs*, are a sufficient guarantee that not sectarian bigotry, but an earnest love of civil liberty, has prompted them to speak. No men are less amenable to the charge of theological prejudice; on the contrary, from first to last, they have been the ardent champions of Roman Catholic rights in England, Ireland and Canada. It is absurd to pretend for a moment that the outrageous utterances of bishops, priests, pamphleteers and sacerdotal editors quoted by the score in the work before us represent the settled opinions of the Church, or its most faithful adherents, clerical or lay. Political Ultramontanism is in fact the attempt of a fanatical minority to strain the sufficiently wild notions conveyed in the *Syllabus Errorum* to the uttermost; to supplement them by glosses and corollaries never contemplated even by Pius IX.; and to carry them into practice in the Province of Quebec by coercing the conscience of the elector, denouncing toleration in any form, anathematizing the highest courts in the Province and Dominion, and practically abolishing the freedom of the press.

"Rome in Canada" is an invaluable repertory of facts, and an exhaustive account of all the points at issue between British freedom and hierarchical pretence and aggression. Apart from the great advantage of having the real state of affairs in Quebec presented in manageable shape, it was fully time that English-speaking people, who either have no acquaintance with the French language, or to whom the French journals and literature of the Province are not accessible, should fully understand the true nature of the Ultramontane conspiracy and the lengths to which the conspirators have gone or are prepared and eager to go. Mr. Lindsey alone has made an effort to enlighten the English population of Canada upon the subject, and the industry he has exhibited in collecting materials and presenting them in English dress is worthy of the highest commendation. No one who has been temporarily deluded by the soothing lullaby of our political Delilahs into a disbelief in the truth of the complaints which have come from Quebec, should fail to read "Rome in Canada;" if that fails to open the eyes even of the purblind to the facts of the case, it is impossible that they should be convinced "though one rose from the dead." In addition to the vast amount of research evident in this work there is a commendable absence of the *odium theologicum* throughout. With dogmas, as we have already said, Mr. Lindsey does not meddle, and there is nothing like acerbity or uncharitableness in his tone. In short, there is little or nothing in this formidable indictment against the Quebec hierarchy and its accessories which may not be read with satisfaction and also with profit by any intelligent Roman Catholic who loves his country and its freedom as well as his creed.

It would be obviously impossible within the limits at our disposal to give a full account of all the branches of the subject treated of in this volume; it must suffice, therefore, if we select a few points and endeavour in that way to give a partial idea of the scope of the work. Its arrangement is not unexceptionable perhaps, and, no doubt, it might be recast with advantage; still the chapters are complete and self-contained, and the headings serve as a rough guide to the contents. But we must protest against the publication of a book like this—in which so much depends on quotation, and the various

topics spread out into so many perplexing ramifications—without an index. It is annoying to the reviewer and a serious inconvenience to readers who desire to use the volume hereafter as a book of reference. Mr. Lindsey should not have forgotten Archbishop Whateley's desire to make this sin of omission a penal offence. The chapter on "The Rise of the New School" will strike most English readers like the unfolding of a fresh revelation. One reason, doubtless, why journalists in Ontario and the Maritime Provinces have persistently denied the existence of this "School" is that they knew nothing of the facts and did not care to ascertain them. The notion that the Church has only one policy touching public affairs and one attitude towards the State in all countries has perhaps lead many people astray. It is clear the position of the Vatican towards Germany and Italy as contrasted with its treatment of Austria, which is also in partial rebellion, and the policy in England as compared with that in Belgium or Spain are sufficiently diverse to suggest doubts of the validity of the theory. Moreover, the liberality of the lamented Archbishop Conolly, of Halifax, and the tolerant maxims of Archbishop Lynch, of Toronto, have raised doubts as to the reported sayings and doings of Bishop Bourget and his congeners in the Quebec hierarchy. Mr. Lindsey's work will serve as a rude awakening from this sleep of false security.

It was Bishop Bourget who gave the Quebec sacerdotal party the distinctive title of "the New School." Its characteristic principle is "unlimited devotion to the Pope." Its élèves are they "who accept without question *all* his teachings; who approve of everything he approves and condemn everything he condemns; who reject liberalism, philosophy, Cæsarism, rationalism and other errors which are described as gliding like venomous serpents in all ranks of society" (p. 12). Amongst them are young men of intellect and social position—a sort of non-militant Papal Zouaves, engaged in a crusade against the authority of the State, the supremacy of the law and the rights of the subject. "In a few years, it is predicted, their number will be strong enough, by the aid of the Church, to force open the doors of the Legislature and to take possession of the judicial bench." Behind them is an army of ecclesiastics, such as the Abbé Paquet, the Abbé Pelletier, the Jesuit Bräun, Binan and others, who ply their pens assiduously in the press until, in addition to contributions to journalism, they have "within the last four years produced a pyramid of worthless but not innocuous literature, which probably contains not less than a hundred separate publications" (p. 14). To this class of crusaders belong also Alp. Villeneuve and the Bishop of Birtha. The New School teaches that Protestantism is not a religion and has no rights; that the laws of the Church are universal and are binding on heretics; that no one Catholic or Protestant has a right to read any book of any kind without the special permission of the Bishop; and that the civil laws regarding marriage are null and void. The late Bishop (Bourget) of Montreal assailed "every branch of the civil power, legislative, executive and judicial, and strove to intimidate the judiciary." Amongst other "rusty weapons furnished up" from the mediæval armoury for use in free Canada and in the 19th century are such as these:—"That the Church has the power to depose sovereigns and to release subjects from the oath of allegiance;" that the Ro-

man Catholic episcopate is as much above the civil power as the supernatural is superior to the natural; that the Church contains the State; that every human being is subject to the Pope; that the Pope has the right to command the obedience of the king and to control his armies; that the civil authority can place no limit to the ecclesiastical power, and it is a 'pernicious doctrine' to allege that it has not the right to do so; that to deny the priests the right to use their spiritual authority to control the elections is to exclude God from the regulation of human affairs (sermon by Bishop of Birtha); that civil laws which are contrary to the pretensions of Rome are null and void, and that the judiciary has no power to interpret the true sense of laws so passed, which are, in fact, not laws at all; that civil society is inferior to the Church (p. 21), and that it is contrary to the natural order of things to pretend that the Church can be cited before the civil tribunals; "as if," remarks Mr. Lindsey, "Pope Pius IX., in the concordat with Austria, had not agreed that the secular judges should have cognizance of the civil causes of clerks" (p. 22). As for the freedom of the press, hear Bishop Bourget:—"The 'liberal journal' is that which pretends to be liberal in religious and political opinions." "No one," he says, "is allowed to exercise freedom in his religious *or political opinions*; it is for the Church to teach its children to be good citizens as well as good Christians." He further contends that every journal pretending to be free in its religious *or political opinions* is in error, and that liberty of opinion is nothing else than liberty of error, which causes the death of the soul, which conducts society as well as individuals to ruin and to death. Every attempt at independent journalism is immediately crushed. *Le Pays* was twice denounced by Bishop Bourget, and killed, as was *Le Réveil*, a liberal non-religious journal. The curés in the country parishes "denounce in the church every journal which is displeasing to them on political grounds," anathematize the paper and threaten to withhold the sacraments from any who read it (p. 26).

The legal proceedings to upset elections on account of clerical intimidation or undue influence must be fresh in the reader's recollection. The Ultramontane view of the sanctity of the judicial oath to administer faithfully the law of the land is "that any law passed by the civil power with a view of preventing an abuse of ecclesiastical authority is null and void, and that it would be the duty of the judges, if asked to interpret it, to refuse to recognize as a law what has no other than an imaginary existence." Certainly, as our author remarks, if we allow that the Church is superior to the State, this conclusion is inevitable, and thus both the legislature and the judiciary are to be crushed beneath the sacerdotal heel. The pastoral of the Quebec episcopate (Sept. 22, 1875) sufficiently expounds the hierarchical assumptions (ch. xiii., p. 252). According to this document the State is in the Church and not the Church in the State. Directions are given to curés about the part they "are to play in politics—that they are, in certain cases, of which they are necessarily the judges, to direct the electors how to vote under pain of spiritual censures" (p. 254). "They may and ought," runs the pastoral, "to speak not only to the electors and candidates but to the constituted authorities," and as to "speak" means to command obedience by divine right from Sovereign, Parliament and subject, we may gauge the enormity of the

assumption. Bishop Bourget's disqualifications of candidates are too long to quote (p. 255), but amongst them are those advocating the separation of Church and State and sustaining propositions condemned by the Syllabus! Let everyone who supposes that no change has come over the Quebec hierarchy since Confederation (see Sir A. T. Galt's second pamphlet) compare the above with the words of the late Bishop Baillargeon, of Quebec, in 1867 :—" You ought to vote in accordance with your own conscience and not that of another " (p. 260). Archbishop Lynch, in his letter to the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie (Jan. 20, 1876), clearly proves that he is not of the New School of political Ultramontanes. His words are, " they (the priests) are not to say to the people from the altar that they are to vote for this candidate and reject the other. It would be very imprudent in a priest whose congregation is composed of Liberals and Conservatives to become a warm political partizan of either political party." That is sound common sense as well as legal and constitutional teaching, but it is not that of the dominant sacerdotal party in Quebec ; indeed the Archbishop has received a smart rap on the knuckles from the Abbé Pelletier for writing this letter. In the Bonaventure and the Charlevoix cases the supremacy of the law has been asserted in clear and unequivocal terms. Mr. Lindsey gives a full account of the position of the Ultramontanes, and also of the firm attitude of the Bench. Of the principles of British law touching undue sacerdotal influence there can be no doubt. Our law is substantially the English law, and that, as laid down by Sir Samuel Romilly, is this :—" Undue influence will be used if ecclesiastics make use of their powers to excite superstitious fears or pious hopes to inspire, as the object may be best promoted, despair or confidence ; to alarm the conscience by the horrors of eternal misery, or support the drooping spirits by unfolding the prospect of eternal happiness." In fact spiritual influence does more. It debauches the conscience and depraves the whole man. The awful sanctions of religion, instead of reinforcing and invigorating the voice of conscience, is arrayed against it. In effect the wielder of spiritual weapons compels the elector to choose between violating his conscience and acting counter to his honest and deliberate convictions in political matters, and eternal damnation. If he palters with his conscience and votes dishonestly he will be saved ; if he votes as he sincerely thinks he should vote he will be damned. The effect of this " spiritual terrorism " amongst a simple-minded religious population may be readily conceived. At the Charlevoix trial one witness said upon oath, " I really believed that if I voted for M. Tremblay my soul would be lost." The Supreme Court has impressed the stamp of illegality upon clerical intimidation, and those who have been tempted to speak lightly of it should peruse chap. xiv. and xv. of " Rome in Canada."

Akin to this branch of the subject is that of clerical immunity (xv.) On this point the Quebec pastoral of 1875 already mentioned leaves no room for hesitancy. The Church has ecclesiastical tribunals and no one, therefore, has a right to cite a priest before a lay court, to answer not only for his doctrine but his acts. The bishops quote the bull of Pius IX., *Apostolicæ Sedis*, of October, 1869, in which he declares " to be under the excommunication major all who directly or indirectly oblige lay judges to cite before their tribunal ecclesiastical persons contrary to the dispositions of the canon law."

(p. 294). The meaning of this is that in free Canada no man may sue a priest or prosecute him for an offence in the legal tribunals, and that if he does so he incurs the major excommunication. The courts of Quebec are of a different opinion (see the cases cited in Mr. Lindsey's work, p. 281-309), particularly the clear and trenchant utterance of Mr. Justice Taschereau in the Charlevoix election case (p. 308). The Judge Routhier, whose judgment was overruled, had already distinguished himself in favour of clerical immunity in the case of *Deronin v. Archambault*, in adjudicating which his chief authority was the Syllabus. As for the canon law it is sufficient to say that, like the disciplinary decrees of the Council of Trent, it has never been in force in Canada, French or English. It may be remarked, by the way, that in a quotation from M. Bédard (p. 149) is contained a pretended quotation from St. Augustine—"Orders," he is made to say, "have come to us from the Apostolic See; the cause is finished." Mr. Lindsey does not seem to be aware that this is a fraudulent gloss upon a fraudulent interpolation. As ordinarily quoted the passage runs, "*Roma locuta est, causa finita est*"—Rome has spoken; the cause is finished. Now the illustrious Bishop of Hippo never uttered the first three words at all, and he certainly never dreamed of "orders" from any Apostolic See. Fears were at that time expressed that Innocent I., Bishop of Rome, would yield to the Pelagian heretics; he, however, was kept in the orthodox path by Augustine. These are his words:—"The transactions of two councils concerning this matter have been sent to the Apostolic See (*i. e.*, to keep it straight), and a favourable answer has been received. The controversy is ended; would that the error, too, were at an end,"—*causa finita est, utinam aliquando error finiatur*.*

Mr. Lindsey's chapter on the celebrated *Programme Catholique* of 1871 is of interest as an additional link in the chain. This document was not ostensibly published with the episcopal imprimatur upon it; still it was merely an expansion of a pastoral by the Bishop of Three Rivers, was never repudiated by the hierarchy, and was accepted as of authority by the New School and the people. In point of fact the *Programme* merely emphasized the pastoral and gave it the necessary practical application. It was the forerunner of the united pastoral of Sept., 1875, and had the unqualified approval of Bishop Bourget. The question has been raised whether by "Catholic Liberalism" the Bishops mean a religious or a political party or both. It has been contended that it merely refers to loose or heterodox religious views; but it is not so used by the New School. Usually it is another term for Gallicanism in the first place, and then for Liberal opinions generally, political as well as religious. Catholic Liberalism and Liberal Catholicism are not different things, but at most different aspects of the same hydra, cobra or serpent, as it is variously called. "Liberalism tends," says the Bishop, "always to subordinate the rights of the Church to the rights of the State, by prudent and sagacious means, and even to separate the Church from the State, desiring to have a free Church in a free State" (Cavour's phrase, p. 191). This was the solemn dictum of the Quebec hierarchy twenty years after the Provincial Parliament had deliberately de-

* See *Roman Catholicism, Old and New, from the Standpoint of the Infallibility Doctrine*. By Dr. SCHULTE, Rector of Port Burwell. Toronto, 1876.

clared in the preamble of an Act of Parliament that it was desirable all semblance of connection between Church and State should be done away. That the hierarchy have very loose ideas regarding the sphere of the Church is evident by their ordering the electors to reject any candidate who did not pledge himself to labour for an amnesty for Riel and Co.—a question sacerdotal ingenuity could not distort into a religious one. They also, with characteristic ignorance on public affairs, demanded from the Dominion Parliament a New Brunswick School Law, which, as Mr. Lindsey remarks, they should have known to be *ultra vires*. Their attitude on “the marriage relation” is examined at some length in chap. xi. (p. 221), and here, as in other matters, such as education, the domineering and dictatorial *animus* of the party is evident. The marriage relation is one which the civil power must have under control or abrogate all its functions. It is so solemn in its character, so far-reaching in its consequences, so unspeakably valuable to the well-being of our social state that the law could not and dare not leave it either to hap-hazard or to the fickle fancies of theologians. Marriage is the very basis of the social fabric and all that relates to it is and of right ought to be one of the chief concerns of the State. Religion, corrupted and abused, gave England the Fleet marriages; Lord Hardwicke’s Act asserted the supremacy of the civil power in a matter upon which the very existence of civilized society depends.

There is no space at our command to deal with those chapters of “Rome in Canada” in which Mr. Lindsey traces the history of the Gallican Church in France and in Canada, and the influence of the Jesuits, the Index and the Inquisition. It may be remarked that it would have been of advantage in chap. iii. if our author had marked the different stages of the controversy by the names of the French Kings rather than the Popes. Those who desire further information will naturally turn to Martin or Guizot’s History of France rather than to an ecclesiastical history. Moreover the French Pragmatic Sanction is apt to be confounded with the Imperial one to secure the Austrian succession—the reference, slight in itself, not giving any account of it, and omitting all mention of Charles VII. or Louis XI. in connection with it. Mr. Lindsey concludes with a reference to the mission of Dr. Conroy, the Papal Alegate. He is of opinion that “the recoil” is only “at one point of the line; everywhere else the old attitude is preserved” (p. 497). Liberals are under the same condemnation as before, and the hierarchy has only retreated “before the menaced penalties of a parliamentary enactment.” For our part we hope that this indicates a resolution to stop “the entire aggressive movement;” yet it may only be a temporary halt. The same elements are in store for a new outburst of intolerant assumption whenever the fitting season seems to have arrived; and a perfect acquaintance with the assumptions and aggressions of the last few years is the best preparative for any future sacerdotal onslaught the future may have in store for us. Mr. Lindsey’s interesting work is not merely the best but the only one in which the facts are carefully massed together and presented in English dress for the general reader, and it ought to be studied with care, since it supplies abundant food for earnest and solemn reflection.

MR. Stewart's new book* is likely to be popular, for he has been fortunate enough to cast his sketches of prominent living authors in a mould which is at once readable and instructive. The first "Evening" deals with Carlyle, but with that exception the book is devoted to an analysis of the writings and genius of living American authors.—Emerson, Holmes, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Howells and Aldrich. Our author in his title page describes his sketches as "bits of gossip about books and those who write them," but it remains for us to add that they are something more than mere gossip, that they discover an admirable vein of appreciative criticism. For instance, he very happily distinguishes between Carlyle and Emerson in a single sentence:—"Emerson's imagination is more delicate (than Carlyle's), his language is less harsh, his imagery is more rounded, more perfect." Mr. Stewart's estimates are very correct, and while we might perhaps not quite agree with him when he states, that in England, Lowell holds equal rank as an essayist with Matthew Arnold; and again when he places Howells "in the first rank of poets" on the strength of a few melodious and striking poems, yet we doubt not but that he will find very many students of literature willing and eager to agree with him. The book abounds in fresh, breezy and intelligent criticism and discussion. The points are ably and cleverly made, and the personal reminiscences are delightful features in a work destined to enjoy a large and popular sale. "Evenings in the Library" is an admirable introduction to current literature, and must prove a delightful guide to the student of modern literature. Mr Stewart has a happy way of introducing his subjects and of telling us just what sort of books we should read and how and when we should read them. Not the least enjoyable part in the book is the portion which treats of the origin of some of the great poems and prose writings of the eminent authors whose works come under review. Gossip about men and books is always pleasant reading, and the reader will find a good deal of it in Mr. Stewart's new book. "Evenings in the Library" is a bright and intelligent work.

THE Rev. Joseph Cook's first series of Monday Lectures delivered in Boston has been fated to receive pretty sharp criticism, not only from those who adhere to the doctrines which it has been Mr. Cook's business to hold up to ridicule, but from his own side—the side of dogmatic theology—as well.

In this second series of his Monday Lectures, Mr. Cook forsakes the confines of exact science, and betakes himself to a discussion of the Christian doctrine of intuitive truth, sin and the trinity, including a defence of Theism and of Biblical revelation, together with an onslaught on Theodore Parker. On all of these except the latter, he seems to be no more at home than he was on science. German tutored as he professes to be, metaphysical subtleties are too much for him. We will give one example of many, to be found throughout the volume. Mr. Cook adopts an almost entirely abandoned

**Evenings in the Library.* By GEORGE STEWART, JR. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

Boston Monday Lectures. By JOSEPH COOK. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Toronto: A. Piddington.

argument—that Space and Time are attributes, are qualities of something; consequently there exists an “infinitely perfect being.” “If they are attributes, they are the attributes of a Being, that was, and is, and is to come.” We should like to see some logical support for all this. As a matter of fact, no logical support can be given. Of course, Space and Time as entities, things, might be made to lead up to the argument from creation, or the argument from design; but never to the argument from attribute to substance. What tyro in metaphysics, would infer from Space and Time as attributes to the “infinitely perfect” Being God as substance, involving as it does a metaphysical and logical absurdity? No absurdity, however, seems too great to be swallowed by our learned lecturer.

Enough has been said elsewhere of Mr. Cook’s peculiar style; and his faults of taste, his lack of exact scholarship, his vain self-sufficiency need not again be minutely characterized. His offences in these matters have been scarcely venial, and have already brought a storm about his ears, which he will find no easy matter to ignore. In this review we shall simply mark the attitude he has assumed towards Theodore Parker, that brave, eloquent and noble worker, who occupied the foremost rank in the anti-slavery cause, and whose whole earnest life exhibits in a superlative degree, his simplicity and purity of heart, and his consistent integrity of purpose, in striving to give his hearers the fullest, richest faith in the infinite love and goodness of God, and infuse a holier and purer life into their souls. Mr. Parker, though strong in his convictions was no dogmatist, and assumed no robes of infallibility. He nowhere claims that his system is perfect and wholly true and consistent in all its parts, and we are not aware that his followers claim it for him. Why then, we may ask, should he be selected and made the scape-goat, whereon the enlightened and luminous (!) expounder of the “results of the freshest German, English and American scholarship,” can vent his carping and cavilling? Mr. Cook reminds one of a man who sets himself a talking, unmindful of the subject, so long as it is bitter enough to injure somebody, and give as much offence as possible to the greatest number. It is a pity for his own sake, as well as for the cause he represents, that this Boston Monday Lectureship is not conducted in that humility of spirit, that largeness of heart which so eminently characterized the public services of Theodore Parker—a man whose very shoe strings, the Rev. Joseph Cook has shown himself unworthy to unloose.

We have no special love ourselves for the doctrines inculcated by Parker, and are therefore not liable to be misled by any prejudice in their favour, whilst endeavouring to estimate his character. We must confess, however, the result of the endeavour has been to throw into strong contrast, the broad unselfish humanity inherent in Parker, with the narrow cavilling proclivities displayed by his critic.

Mr. Cook begins his estimation of Parker in the following strain: “. . . he began his public career by launching himself upon what has proved to be only a reactionary eddy, and not the gulf current of scholarship”—to wit: the “gulf current” which is at the present time bearing onward Mr. Cook. What follows is very characteristic. “When I compare the structure that Theodore Parker erected here in Boston on a fragment of this adamant of axio-

matic truth, it seems to me a careless cabin, as contrasted with Julius Müller's palatial work. What your New York palace, appointed in every part well, is to that wretched squatter's tenement, standing, it may be, face to face with it in the upper part of Manhattan Island yonder, such is the complete intuitional religious philosophy, compared with Theodore Parker's absolute religion." Not yet satisfied with what he has said in depreciation of Mr. Parker, he strikes him again: "Theodore Parker's chief intellectual fault was inadequate attention to definitions. As a consequence his caricatures or misconceptions of Christian truth were many and ghastly." "In addition to his failure to distinguish between *intuition* and *instinct*, and between *inspiration* and *illumination*," we are told by way of climax: "He did not carefully distinguish from each other *inspiration* and *dictation*." We are almost sorry for Mr. Cook, that this screwed up culmination failed to elicit the usual applause—it was indeed too bad that such an effort was not fully appreciated and testified to. Seeing his grand effort was a failure, the lecturer rests for a few moments, then gallantly returning to the charge, he thunders: "Theodore Parker's absolute religion is not a Boston, but a West Roxbury creed." He has done it—he has touched their sensibilities to the quick, and his reward is their "applause"—applause from "the representatives of the broadest scholarship" and "the profoundest philosophy."

These few extracts will be more than enough to show the calibre of the much talked of Boston Monday Lecturer. We do not mean to imply, however, that this latest volume of Mr. Cook's contains nothing good. On the contrary, the reader will find in a few places a wealth of description and metaphor, and a keenness of logic truly excellent, but this fact alone cannot redeem work which has been trumpeted with such extravagant assumption to the world.

As far as we can judge, Mr. Cook's utterances are not always distinguished by that supreme honesty of purpose, so eminently characteristic of some of the men whom he has raved over and belittled in every possible way. He is always striving after effect, and cares little about the means, so long as they help towards his main purpose.

It seems to us, that more real good would be accomplished, if the modern "exponent of axiomatic truth" exhibited a greater desire to "ascend into God's bosom," even if he be compelled to adopt some other way than that, through the "focus of the four quadrants" he speaks of, rather than to remain in his position on this mundane sphere, exposing himself and his enthusiastic Boston audience, to the well merited ridicule of all who understand the difference between that "power, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," and that which makes for sheer pugnacity.

So great is the interest taken in the question of the extent and duration of future punishment, that any work bearing upon the subject is read with avidity by men and women of all classes. That of Canon Farrar* is especially interesting, as setting forth the views of an earnest and learned man,

* ETERNAL HOPE: Five Sermons preached in Westminster Abbey, November and December, 1877. By the Rev. F. W. Farrar, D. D., F. R. S., Canon of Westminster. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co.

who is undoubtedly a sincere believer in the Christian religion, and the inspiration of scripture, and yet who is unable after a careful study of the subject, as found in the Bible, or as revealed by the voice of God in his own heart, to accept the idea that the soul passes, at death, at once into a state of happiness or misery, which is everlasting and unchangeable.

The publication of this work was caused by what he considered perversions of his real views, which were prevalent among those who had not heard the sermons, but only heard of them, as they were imperfectly or erroneously reported. Wishing to make his sermons at Westminster Abbey bear upon those thoughts which, he says, "since they are so prominent in literature, must also be prominent in the minds of many of those miscellaneous hundreds who compose our ordinary congregations," he took up subjects which greatly interest thinking men and women, and which he thought were either misunderstood by Christians, or misrepresented by unbelievers.

As regards style, and manner of handling his subject, Canon Farrar's sermons can scarcely be considered equal to Canon Sidon's, as addressed to an intellectual audience. Yet such a comparison would hardly be a fair one, as the writer says they were never intended for publication; nor from the very nature of his plea, and the mixed character of the congregation he was addressing, could he be severely intellectual. Indeed the emotional very largely predominates throughout, and often carries him to such lengths that at times he becomes almost contradictory, making appeals which if logically carried out, and conversely applied, would tell equally against him.

In his first sermon—"What Heaven is"—there is nothing that the most orthodox could object to, as regards conclusions; although the mode of arriving at them may not always be satisfactory to a logical mind. Speaking of the difficulty of convincing the sceptical mind of the truth of spiritual things, he says:—"If he demand a kind of proof which is impossible, and which God has withheld, seeing that it is a law that spiritual things can only be spiritually discerned, and that we walk by faith and not by sight,—if, in short, a man will not see God because clouds and darkness are round about Him, although righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His seat: then we can do no more. He must believe or not believe,—he must bear or must forbear, as seems him best. We cannot argue about colour to the blind. We cannot prove the glory of music to the deaf. If a man shuts his eyes hard, we cannot make him see the sun." Now though this may in a general way be true, it is very dangerous when applied to any particular doctrine. Canon Farrar uses it as an argument for the immortality of the soul, but how if it were used in favour of universalism? How are we to meet the man whose "true inwardness" tells him not only that God has given him a soul, but that He has certainly destined that soul for everlasting happiness?

It is impossible not to observe how the religious leanings of most people depend upon their phrenological development; and how, unless they allow their minds to be balanced by a sober acceptance of revelation, their idea of the character, attributes, and as a consequence the actions, of their Creator, is formed by *their* convictions of what would be appropriate. So that while we would freely acknowledge the force of all such arguments, as showing the

reasonableness of Canon Farrar's views, we cannot accept them necessarily as *proof*.

Much the same may be said of the second sermon—"Is life worth living?"—where he endeavours to show that if the majority of mankind are to be lost, or even if there is no existence beyond the grave, the comparatively small amount of happiness to be attained by the great majority of mankind, especially in this intellectual age, would not make life worth living, and that with most men, as with Judas, it were better that they had never been born. Here again the subjective must be measured by the objective, and therefore such reasoning could only carry weight when the reasonable probability that it is in accordance with God's revealed will, is also shown. In the third and fourth sermons—"Hell, what it is not," and "Are there few that be saved?" as well as in the Preface and Excurses, the writer comes directly to his own peculiar views, and (although the subjective treatment of the subject pervades the whole volume), gives us his reasons for believing that they are sustained, or at least not contradicted by Scripture. They depend mainly upon the translation of three Greek words—*Γέεννα*, *κρίσις* and *αἰώνιος*; which he objects to rendering as "hell," "damnation," and "everlasting," for the reason, he says, that as "English words they have utterly lost their original significance; that by nine hundred and ninety-nine out of every thousand they are understood in a sense which I see to be demonstrably unscriptural and untrue; and that they attribute to the sacred writers, and to our blessed Lord Himself, meanings such as they never sanctioned, language such as they never used." Upon this point we are neither prepared nor disposed to say much; for the opinion of any one individual upon a point where learned men differ, could be neither of interest nor value to anyone. *Γέεννα*, he seems to think, should simply be rendered Gehenna; and a distinction made between the three words which are in the English version, indiscriminately translated Hell. In this we believe most scholars agree with him, as also upon the word *κρίσις*, and its compound, *κατακρίσις*, which should be rendered "judgment," or condemnation, "and if," he adds, "the word 'damnation' has come to mean more than these words do—as, to all but the most educated readers, is notoriously the case—then the word is a grievous mistranslation, all the more serious because it entirely and terribly perverts and obscures the real meaning of our Lord's utterances; and all the more inexcusable, at any rate for us with our present knowledge, because if the word 'damnation' were used as the rendering of the very same words in multitudes of other passages (where our translators have rightly translated them), it would make those passages at once impossible and grotesque." And in another part of the book he gives as an illustration, John viii, 10, where our Saviour might be made to say, "Woman, where are those thine accusers? hath no man damned thee?" But in regard to the word *αἰώνιος*, he does not to our mind make out nearly so clear or satisfactory a case. It may be quite true that the word originally signified *age*, *lasting*; but then there is no word in the Greek which absolutely signifies everlasting, and had our Lord wished to convey such an idea, he could scarcely have done more than said, as He did, "for ages." Again, this same word is admitted by Canon Farrar to be practically equivalent to everlasting, when speaking of the life of happiness hereafter; and his reasons for not giving it the same full

meaning in every case, but modifying it to suit the context, are scarcely satisfactory. Nevertheless there is a good deal in what he says, even upon this point, well worth considering, and the numerous passages of Scripture, which, taken by themselves, imply the redemption, and even the salvation of the whole of mankind, are not to be overlooked. A great number of these are placed at the end of the volume, and require diligent study and careful comparison to estimate their true value.

In conclusion, our readers would perhaps like to know what views as to the future state the writer deduces from all these premises. The keynote may be found in the title—"Eternal Hope." He hopes, rather than is certain, that the mercy of God will prevail over every other quality, and that all, or nearly all men may eventually be saved. That all punishment is remedial rather than vindictive, he feels tolerably certain, and also that there is room for repentance beyond the grave. To our mind, without wishing to misrepresent Canon Farrar, his views are almost identical with the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory, divested of all purely Roman accretions—but he would extend it much more widely, and trust that in the end there may be very few who will not be restored to purity and holiness through its influence. He rejects Universalism, "partly because," he says, "it is not clearly revealed to us, and partly because it is impossible for us to estimate the hardening effect of obstinate persistence in evil, and the power of the human will to resist the law and reject the love of God." He is also unable to accept the theory of Conditional Immortality; but in rejecting the Roman doctrine of Purgatory, he admits it in substance but rejects the name, he tells us, "not because we are averse to the acceptance of such truths as the word involves, from whatever quarter they may come to us, but because it is inextricably mixed up with a number of views in which we cannot at all believe."

Trust Me Darling Again.

BALLAD.

Words by DAVID PRICE.

Music by HENRY WHISH.

The first system of music consists of three staves. The top staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 3/4 time signature. The middle and bottom staves are piano accompaniment, with the middle staff in treble clef and the bottom staff in bass clef. The music begins with a series of chords and moving lines in the piano part.

The second system of music continues the piano accompaniment. It features dynamic markings such as *f* (forte) and *Ped.* (pedal). There are also asterisks (***) placed above certain notes in the bass line, likely indicating specific performance techniques or accents.

The third system of music includes a vocal line on a treble clef staff and piano accompaniment on two staves below it. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Can you doubt	it, darling	mine,	That my heart	is wholly
2. Can you doubt	it, darling	mine,	That my heart	is wholly
3. Can you doubt	it, darling	mine,	That my heart	is wholly

The piano accompaniment continues with chords and moving lines, including *Ped.* markings and asterisks.

TRUST ME DARLING AGAIN.

thine? Can you doubt it when you know, Ever since that long a -
 thine? Though at times it seems to you, That my heart is not so
 thine? Though I press'd up - on thy brow, Warmer kiss - es than

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

go, When for love I wedded you Vowing al - ways to be
 true; Though cold it may seem to be Yet it whol - ly beats for
 now, Yet my heart each year by year, Still is in thy keeping.

Ped. ⊕ *Pid.* ⊕ *Ped.* ⊕

true That my heart is wholly thine? That my heart is wholly
 thee Can you doubt it, darling mine? Can you doubt it darling
 dear - Can you doubt it, darling mine? Can you doubt it darling

Ped. ⊕ *Ped.* ⊕ *Ped.* ⊕ *Ped.* ⊕

rall.

thine?
 mine?
 mine?

Ped. ⊕ *a tempo.* *Ped.* ⊕

3rd Time.