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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND  
NATIONAL REVIEW.

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VOLUME V.  
JANUARY TO JUNE.



*TORONTO:*  
ADAM, STEVENSON & CO.

1874.

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THE  
CANADIAN MONTHLY  
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 5.]

JANUARY, 1874.

[No. 1.

TEN YEARS' PROGRESS.

BY JOHN COSTLEY.

*Secretary of Statistics, Halifax.*

THE Census Reports of the United Kingdom, the United States and the Dominion of Canada, taken in conjunction with the blue books annually published, show in a striking manner the vast strides that have been made in population, wealth and material resources by the English-speaking portion of the globe, and more especially by the three great divisions of it to which in this paper we intend chiefly to confine our attention. Within the last decade—or, more strictly speaking, from 1861 to 1871—Great Britain, notwithstanding the vast drain upon it from emigration, (amounting, according to the Registrar-General of England, to 2,220,005) has added to its population 2,556,058 souls, or in round numbers an increase of nine per cent. Within the same period the United States has increased from 31,000,000 to 38,000,000; more than half of that increase being beyond all doubt due to immigration.

In 1861, the population of what is now the Dominion of Canada, exclusive of Prince

Edward Island, was 3,090,561, which in 1871 was found to have increased to 3,485,761. The growth has not been so great as was generally expected, being equal to only 12.21 per cent., or about 1.22 per cent. per annum. This result proves that from Canada, as well as from Great Britain, a considerable stream of emigration has for some years been steadily flowing in the direction of the United States. The strength as well as the volume of the current has, however, been evidently checked, and there is at present a fair prospect that the Dominion will henceforth be able, not only to keep the bulk of its people within its own limits, but to attract a considerable share of the emigration from the Mother Country.

The first volume of the first Census Report of the Dominion of Canada informs us that the four provinces of which it consisted in 1871 embrace an area of 215,892,020 acres. This vast domain, six times the area of England, has since that time been extended both east and west; embracing

Prince Edward Island, the North-West Territory and British Columbia—an empire larger than Europe, with a soil of great fertility, and a climate, upon the whole, perhaps the most healthy and invigorating in the world.

This immense stretch of country may in one sense be said to be only beginning to be occupied. There is room in it to sustain two hundred millions of human beings, but as yet there are only some three millions and a-half, occupying as it were mere patches of the country. 622,719 families, living in 572,713 houses, formed the sum total of the human population of the Dominion in 1871. Of this population, 1,620,851 belonged to Ontario; 1,191,516 to Quebec; 285,594 to New Brunswick; and 387,800 to Nova Scotia, making an aggregate of 3,485,761, of whom 1,764,311 were males, and 1,721,450 were females. It will be seen that the male thus exceeds the female population by about 40,000. In old and thickly settled countries the reverse is always the case. In Great Britain, for example, there were in 1871 nearly three-quarters of a million more females than males. On an average there are more male than female children born—in the ratio of 107 of the former to each 100 of the latter; but, on the other hand, the male mortality, especially during the first five years of life, is greatly in excess of the female; so much so that, by the time the fifteenth year is reached, the sexes are numerically upon an equality, and as life advances the female gains. In the United States, the males are also in excess of the females, owing to immigration; for it is found that in nearly all the New England and many of the Middle States, the female population preponderates; while in such States as California, Kansas and Texas, there is a large excess of males over females.

The volume giving the ages of the people has not yet been published; but, according to the Registrar-General of England, who took as the basis of his calculation the re-

gistration returns for 34 years, checked by those of the different censuses, 13.7 per cent. of the population of a country consists of children under 5 years of age; 22.4 per cent. of young people between 5 and 15; 45 per cent. are between 15 and 45; and the remainder, about 18 per cent. of the whole, are above 45 years of age.

Assuming this estimate to be correct—and it cannot be far wrong—there were in the Dominion, in 1871, 487,549 children under 5 years; 745,952 between 5 and 15, the school period. Between 15 and 45, representing the prime of life, the vigour of manhood and womanhood, there were 790,296 males, and nearly the same number of females. The Dominion of Canada, therefore, possesses an available militia of three-quarters of a million of men to protect her rights and liberties should they at any time be assailed.

In Canada, as in all English-speaking parts of the world, there are many religious denominations, and their relative progress is always regarded with great interest. 42.8 per cent. of the people, according to the census of 1871, are Roman Catholics; 57.2 per cent. Protestant. In 1861, the number of Roman Catholics in the four provinces was 1,372,384. In 1871 they had increased to 1,492,029, or 8.7 per cent. 1,019,850 of this latter number belong to the Province of Quebec; 274,162 to Ontario; 102,001 to Nova Scotia; and 96,016 to New Brunswick. In Quebec, the growth of the population during the last decade was equal to 7.18 per cent.; the Catholic increase being 8.2, while that of Protestants was only 2.2 per cent. In this Province the Protestant population has lost ground very sensibly; for while the aggregate population has increased 7.18, they have made a gain of only 2.2 per cent.

In the great Province of Ontario the ratio of increase is largely in favour of the Protestant portion of the people, whose increase is equal to 18.3, while that of the Catholics

is 6.2 per cent. Here the Roman Catholics have lost ground, seeing that the aggregate increase of the Province was 16.09 per cent. It would thus appear that the Catholics, at least denominationally, are advancing more rapidly than the Protestants in Quebec, and the Protestants are gaining ground in an equal ratio in Ontario. In Nova Scotia the percentage of increase has been—Catholics, 18.2; Protestants, 16.8, the aggregate increase of the population being 17.21 per cent. The rate of progress has thus been pretty equal in this Province, the advantage being slightly in favour of the Roman Catholic body.

The leading Protestant denominations in the Dominion are the Church of England, the Presbyterian Church, the Methodist Church and the Baptist Church. The minor religious bodies are the Lutherans, numbering in all 37,935—32,399 belonging to Ontario, and 4,958 to Nova Scotia; the Congregationalists, 21,829, of whom 12,858 are in Ontario, 5,240 in Quebec, 2,538 in Nova Scotia, and 1,193 in New Brunswick. There are also 15,153 belonging to the "Christian Conference," located chiefly in Ontario; 6,179 Adventists, the majority of whom are in Quebec; 1,701 Christian Brethren, 2,229 Plymouth Brethren, and 604 Moravians, nearly all in the Province of Ontario. Of Greeks, there are 18; Jews, 1,115; Mahomedans, 13; Irvingites, 1,112; Quakers, 7,345; Swedenborgians, 854; Unitarians, 2,275; Universalists, 4,896; 409 persons professing to be Deists, 20 to be Atheists, (19 of whom belong to Ontario,) and 5,146 who profess to be of no religion whatever. There were also 17,055 whose religion was not given or not known.

It will be seen from the above figures that though there is a good deal of diversity of opinion in secondary matters among the Protestant population, splitting them into a great variety of sects, the fraction denying the essentials of the Christian religion is so small as to be barely recognisable. Among

three millions and a half of people, 1,886 Pagans (uncivilized Indians), 534 Mormons, 409 Deists, 20 Atheists, and 5,146 who do not know what they are, form but a small percentage indeed of the aggregate population.

It is also worthy of notice that, though there may be some hundreds of minute sects belonging to the Protestant body, 93 per cent. of the whole—that is, 93 out of each 100 Protestants—belong to one or other of the four leading denominations, viz., Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists and Baptists.

Of the Episcopalians, or Church of England, the total number in the Dominion in 1871 was 494,049. In 1861 the number was 465,407—so that the gain in ten years has been equal to 6.2 per cent., which is not keeping pace with the growth of the general population. In 1861 the Church of England embraced 15 per cent. of the whole population; in 1871 it had receded to 14.2 per cent.—a small loss, but still a loss.

The Methodists of all classes number 567,091, or 15.7 of the population, against 14.0 per cent. in 1861.

The subdivisions of this religious body are the Wesleyans, 378,543; the Episcopal Methodists, 93,958; the Primitive Methodists, 24,121; and the New Connexion, 32,436. The three last mentioned, as well as a small sect called the British Episcopal Methodists, may be said to exist only in Ontario. The progress of the Methodist body, during the past ten years under consideration, has been greater than that of any of the other Christian denominations. We find the percentage of increase from 1861 to 1871 to be as follows:

Methodists.....	27 per cent.
Baptists.....	19 "
Presbyterians.....	15.2 "
Roman Catholics...	8.7 "
Church of England..	6.2 "

The strength of the Presbyterians, taken as a whole, is nearly as great as that of the



Methodists ; and, like them, they are divided into three main subdivisions, viz., the Canadian Presbyterian Church, the Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland, and the Reformed Presbyterians. The Census Report gives to the first mentioned 341,561 adherents ; to the second, 107,259 ; and to the third, 19,112 ; and 75,787 who are returned simply as " Presbyterians." No correct idea can be obtained from these figures of the actual relative strength and progress of these divisions taken separately—for we find that the Church of Scotland in Old Canada numbered 132,651 in 1861, and only 76,190 in 1871. The divisions have been hopelessly mixed up, and though correct, probably, in the aggregate, are utterly unreliable and worthless when taken apart.

The Baptists of the Dominion number altogether 225,745, against 189,080 in 1861. Their principal strength, taking population into account, lies in the Lower Provinces, where they number 143,890 ; while in Ontario they amount to 73,176 ; and in Quebec to 8,679.

There are two main branches of Baptists—the Regular Baptists, numbering 165,238, and the Free Will and Christian Baptists, 60,507. In Ontario there is a body calling themselves Tunkers, with 11,438 adherents.

From the above facts and figures a tolerably correct idea may be obtained of the condition of religious life in Canada—of the relative strength of the different denominations, and the progress that each is making throughout the Dominion.

It is a singular fact that the Nonconformist bodies in Great Britain have always objected, in the strongest manner, to an enumeration of the religious denominations being included in the census, and the consequence is that no authoritative or reliable return has ever been obtained of the actual number of the different religious bodies.

In the United States there is no such feeling, and we find, accordingly, that the sta-

tistics of Church organization are given very fully in the census of 1870, and afford much valuable and interesting information.

In 1870, the thirty-eight millions of people making up the neighbouring Republic were supplied with 63,082 churches, containing 21,665,062 sittings, and possessed of church property to the value of \$354,483,581.

The Methodists are by far the most powerful religious organization in the United States, possessing 21,337 sacred edifices, capable of accommodating six and a half millions of people. The Baptists have 13,962 edifices ; the Presbyterians 7,071 ; the Roman Catholics 3,806 ; the Episcopalians 2,601 ; the Lutherans 2,776.

The revenues of the various religious denominations in the United States have increased within the last twenty years very rapidly. In 1850 the value of church property in the Republic was returned as equal to \$87,328,801 ; in 1860 it was \$171,397,932 ; while in 1870 it was \$354,483,581. That is, it has doubled itself each successive decade—a remarkable proof at once of the activity and energy of the various organizations, and the wealth and liberality of the people. In this respect our neighbours show us an example worthy of close imitation.

The Canada census for 1871 includes a novel feature, in its collection of facts concerning the character of the population, by introducing a column to indicate the origin or nationality of each individual—not his birth-place, though that also is given, but his descent—whether he claims to be of English, French, Scotch, Irish, or German origin. The object is to indicate, as far as may be, the relative strength of the different nationalities which go to make us up as a people ; the amount of Anglo-Saxon, Celtic or Teutonic blood, &c., there is in us ;—and if the fact can be reached even approximately, it will be at once interesting and valuable. The back-bone of a nation de-

pends for its strength and endurance largely upon the races of which it is made up ; and the result of the inquiry shows that the aggregate nationality of Canada consists mainly of a mixture of those European nationalities that have contributed chiefly to the progress of science and civilization, to the advancement of literature, art and enterprise among the nations of the Old World.

In the Dominion of Canada, according to the census of 1871, there are 23,035 Indians, while the total for 1861 was only 15,240, being an increase of 51 per cent. in ten years.

It is not to be supposed that this great apparent increase is real, but simply that this last enumeration was made more carefully and thoroughly than any preceding one. On the continent of America generally, and especially in the United States, the aborigines are gradually melting away. In British America they have, as a rule, been treated with comparative kindness and consideration, and with the most satisfactory results. The Indians on British soil are peaceful and well affected ; and though little or no real progress has been made in reclaiming them from their savage mode of life, much has been effected in alleviating the hardships which civilization has brought upon them, and in securing their confidence and goodwill.

The late census gave 12,978 Indians to Ontario ; 6,988 to Quebec ; 1,403 to New Brunswick ; and 1,666 to Nova Scotia. In 1861 the numbers were : Ontario, 7,841 ; Quebec, 4,876 ; New Brunswick, 1,407 ; Nova Scotia, 1,116.

This affords a striking and pleasing contrast to the Census Report of the United States as regards the Indian. In 1860 there were in the neighbouring Republic, according to the official enumeration, 44,021 civilized Indians. In 1870 that number was found to have dwindled to 25,731. But, besides the civilized, there are said to be in the United States 357,981 Indians still sus-

taining tribal relations, only 89,957 of whom, however, are in the States ; the remainder, 268,024, roaming through the territories, 70,000 of whom are said to be in Alaska, or what was Russian America. The children of the forest are being used up even more rapidly and relentlessly than their civilized brethren, and the day is probably not very far distant when the last aboriginal native will have disappeared, as has already been the case in Van Diemen's Land.

In 1861 there were 18,921 persons of African descent in the Dominion ; in 1871 that number had increased to 21,496. The number of Indians and Africans, however, is too small to be of much account as forming a component part of the general population.

1,082,940 of the population of the Dominion, equal to 31.1 per cent. of the whole, are of French origin ; 846,414, or 24.2 per cent., are said to be of Irish origin ; 706,369 of English origin, being 20.2 per cent., or one-fifth of the whole ; 549,946 of Scotch origin, equal to 15.8 per cent. of the aggregate population ; and 232,613 of German and Dutch origin, which is equal to 6.6 per cent. of the whole.

Eighty-three out of each 100 of the population are native born ; 14 per cent. were born in the United Kingdom ; and 2 per cent. of the people, or 2 in each 100, in the United States.

In a comparatively newly settled country like our own, the great bulk of the population is necessarily rural.

As manufactures, commerce and shipping increase, the people are gathered into centres, forming towns and cities, whose growth and prosperity depend upon the progress the country makes in energy and enterprise. In Canada there are as yet only five cities with a population exceeding 20,000 people, and only twenty cities and towns that come up to 5,000. 430,043 persons are collected in these twenty towns or cities, or 12.3 per cent. of the whole population. If we cross

the line, we will find fourteen cities each with a population of 100,000 or upwards, and fifty towns or cities possessing not less than 25,000 people in each of them—or 15 per cent. of the whole population. In England the city population is in an immensely greater ratio, for there we find 5,279,166 people crowded into seven cities, or one-fourth of the whole population of the country; while in the seven largest cities and towns of Scotland 33 per cent., or one-third of the people in the kingdom, are collected. As commerce and manufactures extend, similar results will occur here, though many generations will probably pass away before we can boast of a dozen cities with each a population of 100,000 or upwards.

But our future progress, both as regards population and material wealth, will, in all probability, far outstrip that of the past.

Already the trade of the Dominion, in proportion to its population, is larger than that of either Great Britain or the United States. This seems a bold statement, but official statistics fully sustain and prove it.

In 1872, 6,571,339 tons of shipping entered the ports of the Dominion, or nearly two tons to each of the population.

In Great Britain, including both the coasting and foreign trade, the amount of tonnage that entered the different ports in 1871 was 34,772,201 tons, and as her population is a little over 31,000,000, the ratio was not much over one ton to each individual in the country. The proportion of tonnage to population in the United States does not differ greatly from that of the United Kingdom. The amount entered connected with her foreign trade is only 11,493,256 tons, but the coasting trade is enormous—29,329,573 tons entered, making a total of 40,822,829 tons for 38,500,000 people.

In Imports and Exports we are still far behind the vast totals shown by Great Britain and the United States, but the ratio of progress we are making is greater than theirs. In 1872 the value of the Imports of the

Dominion was \$107,709,116, and of the Exports, \$82,639,663. Let us compare this with the commercial industry of only seven years ago—the year 1865. In that year the Imports of Ontario and Quebec—Old Canada—were \$44,628,469; their Exports \$42,481,151, or the round trade was equal in value to \$87,100,620, against \$152,000,704 in 1872. That is, within the short period of seven years the foreign trade of the country has nearly doubled, while her customs revenue has kept pace with her commercial progress.

The aggregate trade of Great Britain during the same period has also made an immense stride, greater far than during any equal period in her history.

In 1865 the Imports and Exports amounted to £490,093,285 sterling; in 1872 they were £634,308,665, showing an increase of 50 per cent. in seven years.

The Imports of the United States in 1872 were \$640,337,540; its Exports \$571,000,000, or a round trade of upwards of thirteen hundred millions of dollars. In the same year of 1872 the Imports of the Dominion were \$107,709,116, and the Exports \$82,639,663, making a round trade of \$190,348,779. That is, the commerce of the United States was last year seven times greater than that of the Dominion of Canada, while its population is more than eleven times greater. These are facts well calculated to inspire confidence in our people.

The population of Canada during the past ten years has increased only 12 per cent., but the material wealth of its people, its trade, commerce, shipping and manufactures, have more than doubled.

It is much to be regretted that no general system of registration, which would enable us to ascertain the Vital Statistics of the Dominion, has yet been established. The number of births, deaths, and marriages that take place can therefore only be estimated in the Province of Nova Scotia, and latterly in Ontario a registration system has

been introduced. The former has been in existence since 1864, and the facts to be gathered from the published reports on the subject are of considerable value in aiding us to reach approximately the birth and death rate of the Dominion, and the ratio of marriages to population.

From the Nova Scotia tables it is shown that the birth rate of the Province is equal to 1 in 30 of the population; the mortality to 1 in 60; and that one person in each 64 living is married annually. If this ratio be applied to the whole Dominion, the annual number of births will be about 116,192; of deaths, 58,096; and of marriages, 27,233. On an average 318 children are born each day in the Dominion, and 159 people of all ages die, so that the daily increase of the population from natural causes is equal to 159, or 58,096 per annum.

From all the facts that can be ascertained, the ratio of mortality is much lower in British America than in the Mother Country. One most important fact which registration has established beyond a doubt is, that bronchitis, the most fatal disease in Great Britain after phthisis, makes little or no headway either in Nova Scotia or Massachusetts, as a long series of annual reports show; and there can be scarcely a doubt that the fact holds good as respects the whole of Canada. In England nearly 10 per cent. of the mortality is due to bronchitis. In Nova Scotia and Massachusetts it is a fraction over 1 per cent. The infant mortality, except in our cities, is also much lower than in Great Britain.

In England, 40 per cent. of the deaths that take place are of children under 5 years. In Nova Scotia, and probably in Canada, only 29 per cent., or 29 in each 100, die within that period.

These facts are mentioned to illustrate the great value and importance of a good system of registration.

*The Census of the United States for 1870.*—The Superintendent of the Census

Bureau, in his Report dated Nov. 1st, 1872, says:—"I have the honour to advise the Department of the Interior of the completion of the work of the ninth census."

The three bulky volumes which comprise the very able and exhaustive Report of this great work are now before us, and contain a mass of information of the highest possible interest, not only to the people of the United States, but to the whole civilized world.

The Reports present the results arrived at in tabular form, showing in detail the statistics connected with every state, county, city, town, and rural district; and they also give an elaborate analysis of the whole, presenting the facts of greatest importance in a clear and comprehensive light, easily intelligible, and full of interest and information even to the ordinary reader.

In 1870 there were 38,558,371 people in the United States, of whom 19,493,563 were males, and 19,064,806 females.

The white population in 1870 was equal to 33,589,377. At the beginning of the present century the number was 4,306,446. Within 70 years, therefore, the increase of this portion of the people of the neighbouring Republic has been ninefold, or 900 per cent., an immense growth in a comparatively short period. But much of it is due to immigration, as we find that from the United Kingdom, since 1815, 4,671,515 emigrants sailed for new homes in the United States of America.

Apart from this great fact, the natural or native increase has been slow—in some States nearly stationary, and in one or two actually retrograde.

What is known as the coloured population, and which includes all having any African blood in their veins, has not made the same progress; yet its growth has been remarkable, for we find that in 1800 there were 1,002,037, which in 1870 had increased to 4,880,009, or nearly 500 per cent.

But besides the Caucasian and African races, a large but peaceful inroad of Mongo-

lians has recently taken place, for we find that in 1870 there were 56,124 Chinese in the United States, settled chiefly in California.

In 1870 the total number of Indians within the limits of the territory of the United States was estimated at 383,712.

Of these, 25,731 have adopted the manners and customs of civilized life, are at least nominal Christians, and have abandoned the nomad characteristics of their tribal brethren.

Their numbers are, however, gradually but steadily melting away. By the census of 1860 the civilized Indians were returned as amounting to 44,021. In 1870 they reached only 25,731.

In three of the States—Maine, New Hampshire and South Carolina—there has been a falling off of the white population as compared with that of 1860; in Virginia there has been a slight decrease of the coloured race; in Missouri it has been stationary; but in all the other States its growth has been very considerable. In Louisiana, Mississippi and South Carolina, the coloured exceeds the white population. In Alabama and Georgia the two races are about equal in numbers. In all the other States the white largely predominates. The Chinese as yet are confined chiefly to the far West. There are 49,310 of them in California; 3,152 in Nevada; 3,330 in Oregon; and 4,274 in the District of Columbia.

Of the Indians—nomadic and civilized—there are said to be 70,000 in Alaska; 59,367 in the Indian country; 29,025 in California; 32,083 in Arizona; 27,520 in Dakota; in the whole of that part of the United States consisting of territories, 272,527. In Kansas they are still said to number 9,814; in Michigan, 8,000; and in Minnesota, 7,000. In Nevada, Nebraska, Oregon and Wisconsin, they aggregate about 50,000. In these vast territories they may perhaps, in a yearly decreasing ratio, find a refuge for half a century longer; but the date when the last Indian will have dis-

appeared from the face of this Northern Continent seems to be not very distant.

Of the 38,000,000 of people in the United States in 1870, five and a half millions were foreign born, and nearly 10,000,000 had a foreign father and mother.

Within the last decade the Republic has added some 7,000,000 to its population, which is equal to about 22 per cent. in ten years, or a fraction over 2 per cent. annually.

But within that period nearly 2,000,000 of people have emigrated from Great Britain to the Republic, and a scarcely smaller number of Germans.

According to the census of 1870, there were then in the United States 2,626,241 persons born in the United Kingdom; 1,690,533 born in Germany; 493,464 born in British America; and about 600,000 in different European States. Take away this vast influx of people, and the children that have been born to them within the ten years preceding 1870, and it is questionable whether the really native population has made any considerable increase in numbers. Great Britain during the last ten years has added to its population two and a half millions, while it has sent forth from its shores nearly as many more to seek a home in foreign lands.

There are fourteen cities in the United States, each having a population of 100,000 and upwards, aggregating 4,129,989 people. Of these 756,659 are natives of Great Britain, and 43,484 were born in British America.

The United States has long been celebrated for its Common School system. We think it was Waldo Emerson who said, speaking of his countrymen: "We are the most common schooled and the least cultivated people in Christendom."

Between the ages of 5 and 18, there are 12,055,443 persons in the Republic, and of these 6,596,422, or a little over the half, are said to have attended school.

Notwithstanding this boasted system of public schools, the amount of illiteracy in

the States is very remarkable. In 1870 there were 4,528,084 persons above 10 years of age who could not read, and 5,658,144 who could not write. Of the latter, 4,880,271 were natives, and only 777,873 foreign born. Of persons 20 years old and upwards, there were 1,218,311 who could not read and write, and 871,418 of these were native born, 91,000 of them being coloured.

The attention paid to the education of the people will be understood from the following facts, as ascertained by the census of 1870. The number of teachers employed during that year was 141,629, of whom 93,329 were males and 127,713 were females, who instructed about 7,000,000 of pupils, at an expense of \$95,402,726. Each teacher had thus an average of 50 pupils, and each pupil's instruction for the year cost on an average about \$14. The above, it is to be noted, includes private as well as public schools.

About 700,000 pupils attend private schools, supported at an annual expenditure of \$13,696,146.

5,871 newspapers of all kinds were published in the United States in 1870, the number of copies issued annually being 1,508,548,250, or an average of 40 copies to each individual, old and young, or 200 to each household.

Of the 5,871 papers, 4,333 were political, and 407 religious; and it is worthy of notice that, taken by periods of issue, the circulation of the religious papers is 4,764,358, while that of the political is 8,781,220. That is, the religious, though only one-seventh of the political press as regards numbers, possesses a circulation equal to one-half of the latter.

The statistics of the religious denominations in the United States are believed to be very exact. In 1870 there were 63,089 churches, able to accommodate 21,665,062 people, and possessing property to the amount of \$354,483,581.

Of these churches, 21,337 were Metho-

dist; 13,962 Baptist; 7,071 Presbyterian; 3,806 Roman Catholic; 2,776 Lutheran; 2,715 Congregational; and 2,601 Protestant Episcopal.

In proportion to their numbers, the church property of the Roman Catholics exceeds that of any of the other religious denominations, being equal to \$60,985,566; that of the Methodists is \$69,854,121; the Presbyterians, \$53,264,256; Protestant Episcopal, 36,514,549; and the Congregational, \$25,069,698.

Of the 38,000,000 of people living in the United States in 1870, only 116,102 are represented as paupers, or receiving public support. This is a very small number indeed; not equal to the pauper population of the City of London alone. Of the 116,102, 76,737 were native, and 22,798 foreign born.

The public cost of pauperism was \$10,930,429.

During the same year 36,562 persons were convicted of crime; but as no statistics of the special crimes are given, this bald fact is not of much value. It is somewhat difficult to understand on what principle the pauper and criminal statistics, as given in the census, are compiled; for we find that in New York alone, in 1860, the number of paupers was given as 164,782. It is not likely the number has decreased since that time.

The table giving the occupations of the people of the United States is an important and interesting one. There were, in 1870, 12,505,923 persons engaged in all classes of occupations. Of these 5,922,471, or about one half, were engaged in agriculture; 2,684,793 in professional and personal services; 1,191,238 in trade and transportation; and 2,707,421 in manufactures and mechanical and mining industries.

The census of 1870 returned 20,320 blind; 16,205 deaf and dumb; and 37,432 insane people in the United States; as also 24,527 idiotic.

The social statistics of a country are of immense value and importance, more especially that division representing the property—the *bono fide* wealth and resources of the State. The investigation into this class of facts is both difficult and delicate; and to arrive at any reliable result, it must be made by officials well acquainted with the duty and the best manner of performing it.

To take the assessment books of the districts would be easy, but the information gained from them would evidently be very defective; because in many places there is a large proportion of property that is not assessed, and much that is assessed is estimated far below its real value.

This has been taken into account in obtaining a true return of the real and personal estate in the neighbouring Republic. In 1870 the whole property—of every kind except national property—was estimated at \$30,068,518,507. It is almost impossible to imagine what this vast sum actually represents; but one can understand from it, at once, the immense resources of the country and the tremendous strides it has made in wealth, as compared with its progress in population, when it is found that the value of the real and personal estate of the United States advanced from \$7,135,780,228 to \$16,159,616,068 between 1850 and 1860; while it has again all but doubled itself within the last decade. According to this estimate, each individual, on an average, throughout the United States, is worth about \$800; each family, \$4,000. The single State of New York owns more than a fifth of the whole wealth of the Republic, and twenty thousand millions of the whole thirty thousand millions of dollars are concentrated within seven of the thirty-seven States—viz., New York, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Massachusetts, Missouri and Indiana.

The total taxation upon this wealth—that is, state, county, and town, but not national taxation—amounted in 1870 to \$280,591,521, while the total indebtedness

of the different States, exclusive of the national debt, was \$868,676,758; and as the liabilities of the Federal Government are about \$2,600,000,000, it follows that the aggregate debt of the nation is about three thousand five hundred millions of dollars, or \$90 per head of the population.

In 1870 there were 189 millions of acres of improved, and two hundred and eighteen millions of acres of unimproved, farming lands in the United States; the average size of the farms being 153 acres. The total value of these farms is estimated at nine thousand millions of dollars; and the farm implements and machinery at \$337,000,000. The increase in the value of this department of real estate since 1850 has been nearly 300 per cent.

In 1870 there were in the United States 28 million sheep, yielding 100 million pounds of wool, 8 million horses, and 28 million neat cattle. The total value of farm productions was estimated at \$2,447,538,658. The grain production was about 300 million bushels of wheat, 17 million bushels of rye, 761 million bushels of Indian corn, 282 million bushels of oats, and 40 million bushels of barley and buckwheat.

The above is an estimate of the productions, or rather the principal productions, of the farm.

Besides these, there were 3,011,996 bales of cotton raised, each bale weighing 400 lbs., and each pound being worth about 10 cents. Then there was sugar, 87,043 hhds.; tobacco, 262,735,341 lbs.; rice, 73,635,021 lbs.; hay, 27,316,048 tons; potatoes, 170 millions of bushels; besides dairy products, in the form of milk, butter and cheese, worth about \$200,000,000.

The above is only a meagre, but correct, summary of the products of the land, as far as it goes.

The manufacturing, mining and fishing industries of the United States are of great extent, second only to those of Great Britain. Two millions of people are employed

in 252,148 establishments, aided by 40,191 steam engines, with an aggregate of 1,215,000 horse power, and 51,018 water wheels, possessing a power equal to 1,130,431 horses. The capital invested is upwards of two thousand millions of dollars, while \$775,000,000 are paid in wages, and \$2,500,000,000 for raw material. To enter into any detail of the specific industries represented by the above aggregate would far exceed the space at our command.

154,328 persons are engaged in mining, and the product of that industry is valued at \$152,508,894.

That part of the Census Report of Canada embracing its agricultural, lumbering, mining, shipping and manufacturing industries has not yet been published. No comparative analysis can therefore be made as yet of the industrial progress of the two countries; but when that Report is made public, it is probable we will have a better and fuller knowledge of the material resources of the Dominion, and their development during the previous ten years, than we have ever before obtained.

The census of the United Kingdom was taken on the 3rd of April, 1871, when its population was found to be 31,914,985, of which 15,622,725 were males, and 16,292,260 were females. In 1801 there were 15,902,322 persons in Great Britain and Ireland, so that the population has all but doubled within 70 years. In England it has more than doubled during that time, having increased from nine to more than twenty-three millions. The same holds good as regards Scotland, its population in 1801 having been 1,625,000, which in 1871 had increased to 3,430,923. With Ireland the result has been very different. In 1801 it numbered 5,216,320. In 1845 the population of that portion of the empire had reached its maximum, 8,295,061—a number greater than it was capable of supporting. Then came the famine, and from that time till the present the population has been

steadily decreasing, to such an extent that in 26 years it has lost nearly three millions of people, exclusive of the number to be added by natural increase. From 1811 to 1821 Ireland added 14 per cent. to its population. In 1871 its population had diminished by 344,000 in ten years—a loss brought about by the constant stream of emigration. Had Ireland increased in the same ratio as Great Britain, the population of the United Kingdom in 1871 would have been thirty-seven millions, instead of less than thirty-two.

But the misfortune of the United Kingdom is want of home space. She has taken 500 years to do what the United States has accomplished in 80 years—increase her population tenfold. By registration, which is the real groundwork of all reliable statistics, we find that the natural increase—that is, the excess of births over deaths—in Great Britain, is in round numbers 400,000 per annum. Against this increase, however, is to be placed the significant fact of an annual emigration of 250,000, which year by year is growing and must continue to grow in its proportions. Her colonies are large and rich enough to receive and support this surplus population for many a generation to come; and were they to receive it, the Empire would be knit together and strengthened by the strong bond of a community of feeling and interest. That policy so far has received little practical encouragement from the Home Government, but is latterly commanding the energetic attention of several of the colonies themselves, and with some measure of success.

Since 1815, according to the Report of the Emigration Commissioners, seven millions and a half of people have left the shores of Great Britain to settle in other countries, of whom 1,424,000 sailed for British American Colonies. What proportion of that large number remained, there are no statistics to enable us to determine, or even to guess at. It is a remarkable fact, how-



ever, that up to the year 1837 more emigrants came from the United Kingdom to British America than to the United States. From 1815 to the year just mentioned the aggregate was, to North American Colonies, 482,545; to the United States, 368,027.

The civil disturbance in Canada in 1837-38 seems to have affected the direction of the emigration current very seriously. From 1830 to 1837, the average annual immigration to Canada was 38,000; in 1838 it fell to 4,577; and from that time till the present the United States has been the favourite field of the British emigrant.

The decennial census of England does not include so wide a circle of statistical information as that of the United States. It aims only at a correct enumeration of the people, taking in certain subsidiary facts of a cognate character. But we gather from other sources interesting and valuable information, showing at once the vastness of the area, the population, power and progress of the British Empire. The area of the United Kingdom is only about 120,000 square miles, and its population thirty-one millions; but the area of the Empire is something vastly different. India has one and a half millions of square miles; Australia, two and a half millions; British America, more than three millions; possessions in Africa and other parts of the globe, about 400,000 square miles—altogether nearly eight millions of square miles—with a population of 250 millions; an aggregate annual revenue of £150,000,000 sterling, and a trade whose yearly value is upwards of nine hundred millions sterling.

The registered shipping of the United Kingdom consists of 37,587 vessels, having a tonnage of 7,149,134 tons, and a crew of 327,449 men.

In 1831, the imports and exports of the United Kingdom were £84,496,743; in 1841, they were £118,839,394; in 1851, £166,619,919; in 1861, £289,143,818; and in 1871, £634,000,000.

In 40 years the trade of Great Britain has multiplied itself sevenfold; its shipping has increased from two and a half million tons in 1831, to upwards of seven millions in 1871. Her manufactures have increased in an equal or greater ratio; though during these 40 years the population of the country increased only 50 per cent. It was 24 millions in 1841, and 31 millions in 1871.

This certainly exhibits extraordinary progress; but that of Canada within the last twenty years is greater still, for we find that its import and export trade of the year 1852 amounted to \$44,492,620, while that of Ontario and Quebec in 1872 was \$152,000,714, or a growth equal to about 400 per cent. in 20 years.

The value of the vast industries of the United Kingdom it would be impossible even to estimate; but a faint idea of their extent may be gathered from the amount of her yearly exports. The land of England is valued at more than three thousand millions, and its annual revenue is nearly 120 millions of pounds sterling.

Within twenty years its material wealth and the volume of its home and foreign trade have nearly doubled; and, notwithstanding this mighty progress, there is no indication that it has reached its culminating point, or that it will not go on expanding in the same ratio for many decades to come.

Its American Colonies possess a revenue of twenty-five millions of dollars, and a foreign trade of nearly 200 millions. The revenue of the Australian Colonies is \$46,000,000; their foreign trade, that is, their imports and exports, 300 millions.

British India has an annual income of 250 millions of dollars, and exports and imports to the value of 500 millions. Besides these, there are her African and West Indian possessions, and smaller territories scattered over various parts of the world, yielding an aggregate revenue of about \$15,000,000, and a trade valued at \$140,000,000. In addition to this, England imports from China and

Japan merchandize the yearly value of which is \$60,000,000, and sends in return \$36,000,000 of her manufactures.

The wealth, the power, and the resources of every description of this great empire are thus such as the world never saw. The drawback is, that all this mighty aggregate, irresistible as a whole, is broken up, consisting of detached, and to some extent independent, parts. To integrate this empire would be to strengthen not only its centre, but all its surrounding members. A policy with that object in view may one day be the policy of England; and the construction and completion of a railway through British territory, across this continent, would be a noble and practical initiation of such a policy. We have shown the extent of the export and import trade of the Dominion; of India, and Australia, and New Zealand; of China and Japan; and who can for a moment question that a large percentage of that trade would, under wise administration, find its way over this great highway, integrating the empire in its interests, and making us, to a greater extent than we have ever been, one people?

The bond would indeed be a strong one, for by that road our commercial interests and those of the mother country, with its eastern and western dependencies, might be expanded indefinitely; and, should foreign aggression at any future period threaten us, the military resources of the Empire could, within a comparatively short time, be concentrated at any required point.

Canada could be defended from the east and the west at once. England could draw upon the strength of her Indian armies, or hurry her regiments across the continent, over her own soil, to the most distant east, should necessity require it; while Canada and Australasia present an area of fertile territory practically unlimited in extent, to be taken up and cultivated by her surplus population, who would then, instead of being lost to the empire, be an addition to its strength.

We have left ourselves but little space to refer to the industrial and other statistics of the United Kingdom. She has forty-six millions of acres of land under cultivation, whose annual yield will be about £230,000,000. In Great Britain there were, in 1871, 1,808,040 horses, 9,346,216 cattle, 32,786,783 sheep, and 4,136,616 pigs. The land, however, does not yield enough for the support of its people; for we find that in 1871 Great Britain imported from other countries annually, for food, animals to the value of £8,358,542, and agricultural produce of all kinds valued at \$58,000,000.

For her home traffic Great Britain possesses 16,000 miles of railway, representing a capital of £530,000,000, and a revenue of £44,000,000; 330,160,801 passengers travelled in 1871 by railway, being more than ten times the population of the United Kingdom. The statistics given above show the vast wealth, the energy and enterprise of the people of England. There is, however, a dark side also to the picture. In England the poor-rate amounts to £11,503,449, and the number of paupers to 901,832. In Ireland the poor-rate is £840,134; the paupers are 282,492. In Scotland the number of registered poor in 1871 was 77,759, relieved at an annual expense of £629,965. Thirteen millions sterling are required for the support of the poor of the United Kingdom, who form one twenty-fifth of the population. A large percentage of this vast army must be able-bodied men and women. Would not some portion of the great sum required for their support be wisely expended in securing homes for them where without much difficulty they could support themselves, and increase in time the resources of the country they make their home, by their own industry?

Pauperism and crime cost England alone more than £15,000,000 sterling every year. This immense sum far exceeds that expended for the religious instruction of the people.

In the Established Church of England there are 12,628 benefices, served by about 18,000 clergymen, at an annual expense, it is estimated, of five millions sterling. The amount of public money granted for education in 1871 was £903,000. Whatever may be the future of the educational question in England, its present position is anything but satisfactory. One in five of the population ought to be at school, but in 1871 the number of children on the registers of schools receiving Government aid was only 2,270,801—or about 1 in 12 of the population. This, however, does not include private schools, or schools which do not come up to the mark to entitle them to draw public money. But even taking the most favourable view of the subject, primary education in England is far behind that of the Dominion or of the United States ; and what is most deplorable of all, its progress has been retarded, not from inability or

unwillingness to provide the means, but by sectarian jealousy.

The pauperism of England and the condition of education, are a blot on its escutcheon, but one that admits of remedy ; while her internal resources—her industrial and social progress—are such as have no parallel in ancient or modern times. She may be fitly called the mother of nations—to which she has given her language, her institutions and laws, as well as her ideas of civil and religious liberty. Nearly one hundred millions of people now speak the language of Shakespeare and Milton, which, before the lapse of another century, will probably become the medium of spoken and written intercourse of the commercial world.

The progress made by English-speaking people during the past decade affords an indication and guarantee of what, in all probability, it will be at the close of the present century.

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## NEW YEAR BELLS.

BY EDWARD J. WHITE.

I.

RING out, ring out, ye old Church Bells,  
 Whose solemn voice, so loud and clear,  
 Throughout the midnight silence tells  
 To all the death of the Old Year.  
 And, as your music sadly swells  
 Upon my listless, wearied ear,  
 I wish—it may be but in vain—  
 That all the trouble, sorrow, pain,  
 The bitter anguish, care and woe  
 Of the dead year could float away  
 Upon the night winds, soft and low,  
 And be forgot by me for aye !

## II.

Ring out, ring out, ye merry Bells,  
Whose gladsome voice, so loud and clear,  
Throughout the midnight silence tells  
To all the birth of the New Year.  
And, as your welcome music swells  
Upon my gladly listening ear,  
I wish—oh that it may be true!—  
That all the happy hopes we knew,  
The longings after something pure,  
Which in the old year had their part,  
May in the new year still endure,  
And keep us brave and strong of heart.

## III.

Ring out, ring out, oh New Year Bells,  
With gladsome voices, loud and clear ;  
Throughout the midnight silence swells  
Your greeting to the new-born year.  
And upward in my heart there wells  
A hopefulness which knows no fear—  
A happiness not there before,  
A trustfulness which never more  
Shall know despair ; for, 'midst your choir,  
Oh New Year Bells, there seems a voice  
Which doth my answering heart inspire,  
And bids the world and me rejoice !

YORKVILLE.

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## THE DEAD ALIVE.\*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

*Author of the "Woman in White," "Poor Miss Finch," "Man and Wife," &c.*

## CHAPTER I.

## THE SICK MAN.

"HEART all right," said the doctor. "Lungs all right. No organic disease that I can discover. Philip Lefrank, don't alarm yourself! You are not going to die yet. The disease you are suffering from is—Overwork. The remedy in your case is—Rest." So the doctor spoke, in my chambers in the Temple (London), having been sent for to see me about half an hour after I had alarmed my clerk by fainting at my desk. I have no wish to intrude myself needlessly on the reader's attention; but it may be necessary to add, in the way of explanation, that I am a "junior" barrister in good practice. I come from the Channel Island of Jersey. The French spelling of my name (Lefranc) was Anglicised generations since—in the days when the letter "k" was still used in England at the end of words which now terminate in "c." We hold our heads high, nevertheless, as a Jersey family. It is to this day a trial to my father to hear his son described as a member of the English Bar.

"Rest!" I repeated, when my medical adviser had done. "My good friend, are you aware that it is Term time? The courts are sitting. Look at the briefs waiting for me on that table. Rest means ruin, in my case.

"And work," added the doctor, quietly, "means death."

I started. He was not trying to frighten me; he was plainly in earnest.

"It is merely a question of time," he went on. "You have a fine constitution; you

are a young man. But you cannot deliberately overwork your brain and derange your nervous system much longer. Go away at once. If you are a good sailor, take a sea voyage. The ocean air is the best of all air to build you up again. No; I don't want to write a prescription. I decline to physic you. I have no more to say."

With these words my medical friend left the room. I was obstinate—I went into court the same day.

The senior counsel in the case in which I was engaged applied to me for some information which it was my duty to give him. To my horror and amazement I was perfectly unable to collect my ideas; facts and dates all mingled together confusedly in my mind. I was led out of court thoroughly terrified about myself. The next day my briefs went back to the attorneys, and I followed my doctor's advice by taking my passage for America in the first steamer that sailed for New York.

I had chosen the voyage to America in preference to any other trip by sea, with a special object in view. A relative of my mother's had emigrated to the United States many years since, and had thriven there as a farmer. He had given me a general invitation to visit him if I ever crossed the Atlantic. The long period of inaction (under the name of rest) to which the doctor's decision had condemned me could hardly be more pleasantly occupied, as I thought, than by paying a visit to my relation, and seeing what I could of America in that way. After a brief sojourn at New York, I started, by railway, for the residence of my host—Mr. Isaac Meadowcroft, of Morwick Farm.

\* A new and original Story, published by arrangement with the author.

There are some of the grandest natural prospects on the face of creation in America. There is also to be found in certain States of the Union (by way of wholesome contrast) scenery as flat, as monotonous and as uninteresting to a traveller as any that the earth can show. The part of the country in which Mr. Meadowcroft's farm was situated fell within this latter category. I looked round me when I stepped out of the railway carriage on the platform at Morwick station, and I said to myself: "If to be cured means, in my case, to be dull, I have accurately picked out the very place for the purpose."

I look back at these words by the light of later events, and I pronounce them—as you will soon pronounce them—to be the words of an essentially rash man, whose hasty judgment never stopped to consider what surprises Time and Chance might have in store for him.

Mr. Meadowcroft's eldest son, Ambrose, was waiting at the station to drive me to the farm.

There was no forewarning in the appearance of Ambrose Meadowcroft of the strange and terrible events that were to follow my arrival at Morwick. A healthy, handsome young fellow, one of thousands of healthy, handsome young fellows, said: "How d'ye do, Mr. Lefrank? Glad to see you, sir. Jump into the buggy. The man will look after your portmanteau." With equally conventional politeness I answered: "Thank you. How are you all at home?" So we started on the way to the farm.

Our conversation, on the drive, began with the subjects of agriculture and breeding. I displayed my total ignorance of crops and cattle before we had travelled ten yards on our journey. Ambrose Meadowcroft cast about for another topic, and failed to find it. Upon this, I cast about on my side, and asked, at a venture, if I had chosen a convenient time for my visit. The young farmer's stolid brown face instantly bright-

ened. I had evidently hit, haphazard, on an interesting subject.

"You couldn't have chosen a better time," he said. "Our house has never been so cheerful as it is now."

"Have you any visitors staying with you?"

"It's not exactly a visitor. It's a new member of the family, who has come to live with us."

"A new member of the family! May I ask who it is?"

Ambrose Meadowcroft considered before he replied—touched his horse with the whip—looked at me with a certain sheepish hesitation—and suddenly burst out with the truth, in the plainest possible words:

"It's just the nicest girl, sir, you ever saw in your life."

"Aye, aye! A friend of your sister's, I suppose?"

"A friend? Bless your heart! It's our little American cousin—Naomi Colebrook."

I vaguely remembered that a younger sister of Mr. Meadowcroft's had married an American merchant, in the remote past, and had died many years since, leaving an only child. I was now further informed that the father also was dead. In his last moments he had committed his helpless daughter to the compassionate care of his wife's relations at Morwick.

"He was always a speculating man," Ambrose went on. "Tried one thing after another—and failed in all. Died, sir, leaving barely enough to bury him. My father was a little doubtful (before she came here) how his American niece would turn out. We are English, you know—and, though we do live in the United States, we stick fast to our English ways and habits. We don't much like American women in general, I can tell you. But when Naomi made her appearance, she conquered us all. Such a girl! Took her place as one of the family directly. Learnt to make herself useful in the dairy in a week's time. I tell you this—she hasn't been with us quite two months yet, and we

wonder already how we ever got on without her ! ”

Once started on the subject of Naomi Colebrook, Ambrose held to that one topic, and talked on it without intermission. It required no great gift of penetration to discover the impresson which the American cousin had produced in this case. The young fellow's enthusiasm communicated itself (in a certain tepid degree) to me. I really felt a mild flutter of anticipation at the prospect of seeing Naomi, when we drew up, towards the close of evening, at the gates of Morwick Farm.

## CHAPTER II.

### THE NEW FACES.

**I**MMEDIATELY on my arrival I was presented to Mr. Meadowcroft, the father.

The old man had become a confirmed invalid, confined by chronic rheumatism to his chair. He received me kindly—and a little wearily as well. His only unmarried daughter (he had long since been left a widower) was in the room, in attendance on her father. She was a melancholy, middle-aged woman, without visible attractions of any sort—one of those persons who appear to accept the obligation of living under protest, as a burden which they would never have consented to bear if they had only been consulted first. We three had a dreary little interview in a parlour of bare walls, and then I was permitted to go up stairs and unpack my portmanteau in my own room.

“Supper will be at nine o'clock, sir,” said Miss Meadowcroft.

She pronounced those words as if “supper” was a form of domestic offence, habitually committed by the men, and endured by the women. I followed the groom up to my room, not over well pleased with my first experience of the farm.

No Naomi, and no romance—thus far !

My room was clean—oppressively clean. I quite longed to see a little dust somewhere. My library was limited to the Bible and the Prayer-book. My view from the window showed me a dead flat in a partial state of cultivation, fading sadly from view in the waning light. Above the head of my spruce white bed hung a scroll, bearing a damnatory quotation from Scripture in emblazoned letters of red and black. The dismal presence of Miss Meadowcroft had passed over my bed-room, and had blighted it. Supper-time was still an event in the future. I lit the candles, and took from my portmanteau what I firmly believe to have been the first French novel ever produced at Morwick Farm. It was one of the masterly and charming stories of Dumas the elder. In five minutes I was in a new world, and my melancholy room was full of the liveliest French company. The sound of an imperative and uncompromising bell recalled me, in due time, to the regions of reality. I looked at my watch. Nine o'clock.

Ambrose met me at the bottom of the stairs, and showed me the way to the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid chair had been wheeled to the head of the table. On his right-hand side sat his sad and silent daughter. She signed to me, with a ghostly solemnity, to take the vacant place on the left of her father. Silas Meadowcroft came in at the same moment, and was presented to me by his brother. There was a strong family likeness between them—Ambrose being the taller and the handsomer man of the two. But there was no marked character in either face. I set them down as men with undeveloped qualities ; waiting (the good and evil qualities alike) for time and circumstances to bring them to their full growth.

The door opened again, while I was still studying the two brothers—without, I honestly confess, being very favourably impressed by either of them. A new member

of the family circle, who instantly attracted my attention, entered the room.

He was short, spare, and wiry—singularly pale for a person whose life was passed in the country. The face was, in other respects besides this, a striking face to see. As to the lower part, it was covered with a thick black beard and moustache, at a time when shaving was the rule and beards the rare exception in America. As to the upper part of the face, it was irradiated by a pair of wild, glittering brown eyes, the expression of which suggested to me that there was something not quite right with the man's mental balance. A perfectly sane person in all his sayings and doings, so far as I could see, there was still something in those wild brown eyes which suggested to me that—under exceptionally trying circumstances—hemight surprise his oldest friends by acting in some exceptionally violent or foolish way. "A little cracked"—that, in the popular phrase, was my impression of the stranger who now made his appearance in the supper-room.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder (having not spoken one word thus far) himself introduced the new comer to me, with a side glance at his sons which had something like defiance in it—a glance which (as I was sorry to notice) was returned with equal defiance on their side by the two young men.

"Philip Lefrank, this is my overlooker, Mr. Jago," said the old man, formally presenting us. "John Jago, this is my young relative by marriage, Mr. Lefrank. He is not well—he has come over the ocean for rest and change of scene. Mr. Jago is an American, Philip. I hope you have no prejudice against Americans. Make acquaintance with Mr. Jago. Sit together." He cast another dark look at his sons, and the sons again returned it. They pointedly drew back from John Jago as he approached the empty chair next to me, and moved round to the opposite side of the table. It was plain that the man with the beard stood high in the father's favour, and that he was

cordially disliked for that or for some other reason by the sons.

The door opened once more. A young lady quietly joined the party at the supper-table.

Was the young lady Naomi Colebrook? I looked at Ambrose, and saw the answer in his face. Naomi Colebrook at last!

A pretty girl, and (so far as I could judge by appearances) a good girl, too. Describing her generally, I may say that she had a small head, well carried, and well set on her shoulders; bright grey eyes, that looked at you honestly, and meant what they looked; a trim, slight, little figure—too slight for our English notions of beauty; a strong American accent, and (a rare thing in America) a pleasantly-toned voice, which made the accent agreeable to English ears. Our first impressions of people are, in nine cases out of ten, the right impressions. I liked Naomi Colebrook at first sight—liked her pleasant smile, liked her hearty shake of the hand when we were presented to each other. "If I get on well with nobody else in this house," I thought to myself, "I shall certainly get on well with *you*."

For once in a way I proved a true prophet. In the atmosphere of smouldering enmities at Morwick Farm, the pretty American girl and I remained firm and true friends from first to last.

Ambrose made room for Naomi to sit between his brother and himself. She changed colour for a moment, and looked at him with a pretty reluctant tenderness as she took her chair. I strongly suspected the young farmer of squeezing her hand privately—under cover of the table-cloth.

The supper was not a merry one. The only cheerful conversation was the conversation across the table between Naomi and me.

For some incomprehensible reason, John Jago seemed to be ill at ease in the presence of his young countrywoman. He looked up at Naomi, doubtfully, from his plate—



and looked down again, slowly, with a frown. When I addressed him he answered constrainedly. Even when he spoke to Mr. Meadowcroft he was still on his guard—on his guard against the two young men, as I fancied by the direction which his eyes took on these occasions. When we began our meal, I had noticed for the first time that Silas Meadowcroft's left hand was strapped up with surgical plaster; and I now further observed that John Jago's wandering brown eyes, furtively looking at everybody round the table in turn, looked with a curious, cynical scrutiny at the young man's injured hand.

By way of making my first evening at the farm all the more embarrassing to me as a stranger, I discovered, before long, that the father and sons were talking indirectly at each other, through Mr. Jago and through me. When old Mr. Meadowcroft spoke disparagingly to his overlooker of some past mistake made in the cultivation of the arable land of the farm, old Mr. Meadowcroft's eyes pointed the application of his hostile criticism straight in the direction of his two sons. When the two sons seized a stray remark of mine about animals in general, and applied it satirically to the mismanagement of sheep and oxen in particular, they looked at John Jago while they talked to me. On occasions of this sort—and they happened frequently—Naomi struck in resolutely at the right moment, and turned the talk to some harmless topic. Every time she took a prominent part in this way in keeping the peace, melancholy Miss Meadowcroft looked slowly round at her in stern and silent disparagement of her interference. A more dreary and more disunited family party I never sat at the table with! Envy, hatred, malice, and uncharitableness are never so essentially detestable, to my mind, as when they are animated by a sense of propriety and work under the surface. But for my interest in Naomi, and my other interest in the little love-looks which I now

and then surprised, passing between her and Ambrose, I should never have sat through that supper. I should certainly have taken refuge in my French novel and my own room!

At last the unendurably long meal, served with ostentatious profusion, was at an end. Miss Meadowcroft rose, with her ghostly solemnity, and granted me my dismissal in these words:

"We are early people at the farm, Mr. Lefrank. I wish you good night."

She laid her bony hands on the back of Mr. Meadowcroft's invalid chair; cut him short in his farewell salutation to me; and wheeled him out to his bed, as if she was wheeling him out to his grave!

"Do you go to your room immediately, sir? If not, may I offer you a cigar,—provided the young gentlemen will permit it?"

So, picking his words with painful deliberation, and pointing his reference to "the young gentlemen" with one sardonic side look at them, Mr. John Jago performed the duties of hospitality on his side. I excused myself from accepting the cigar. With studied politeness, the man of the glittering brown eyes wished me a good night's rest, and left the room.

Ambrose and Silas both approached me hospitably, with their open cigar cases in their hands.

"You were quite right to say 'No,'" Ambrose began. "Never smoke with John Jago. His cigars will poison you."

"And never believe a word John Jago says to you," added Silas. "He is the greatest liar in America—let the other be whom he may."

Naomi shook her forefinger reproachfully at them, as if the two sturdy young farmers had been two children. "What will Mr. Lefrank think," she said, "if you talk in that way of a person whom your father respects and trusts? Go and smoke. I am ashamed of both of you."

Silas slunk away without a word of protest.

Ambrose stood his ground, evidently bent on making his peace with Naomi before he left her.

Seeing that I was in the way, I walked aside towards a glass door at the lower end of the room. The door opened on the trim little farm garden, bathed at that moment in lovely moonlight. I stepped out to enjoy the scene, and found my way to a seat under an elm tree. The grand repose of Nature had never looked so unutterably solemn and beautiful as it now appeared, after what I had seen and heard inside the house. I understood—or thought I understood—the sad despair of humanity which led men into monasteries in the old time. The misanthropical side of my nature (where is the sick man who is not conscious of that side of him?) was fast getting the upper hand of me, when I felt a light touch laid on my shoulder, and found myself reconciled to my species once more by Naomi Colebrook.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE MOONLIGHT MEETING.

“I WANT to speak to you,” Naomi began. “You don’t think ill of me for following you out here? We are not accustomed to stand much on ceremony in America.”

“You are quite right in America. Pray sit down.”

She seated herself by my side, looking at me frankly and fearlessly by the light of the moon.

“You are related to the family here,” she resumed, “and I am related too. I guess I may say to *you* what I couldn’t say to a stranger. I am right glad you have come here, Mr. Lefrank, and for a reason, sir, which you don’t suspect.”

“Thank you for the compliment you pay me, Miss Colebrook, whatever the reason may be.”

She took no notice of my reply—but steadily pursued her own train of thought.

“I guess you may do some good, sir, in this wretched house,” the girl went on, with her eyes still earnestly fixed on my face. “There is no love, no trust, no peace at Morwick Farm. They want somebody here—except Ambrose; don’t think ill of Ambrose; he is only thoughtless—I say the rest of them want somebody here to make them ashamed of their hard hearts and their horrid, false, envious ways. You are a gentleman; you know more than they know—they can’t help themselves, they must look up to *you*. Try, Mr. Lefrank, when you have the opportunity—pray try, sir, to make peace among them. You heard what went on at supper-time, and you were disgusted with it. Oh yes, you were! I saw you frown to yourself, and I know what *that* means in you Englishmen.”

There was no choice but to speak one’s mind plainly to Naomi. I acknowledged the impression which had been produced on me at supper-time just as plainly as I have acknowledged it in these pages. Naomi nodded her head in undisguised approval of my candour.

“That will do; that’s speaking out,” she said. “But—oh, my!—you put it a deal too mildly, sir, when you say the men don’t seem to be on friendly terms together here. They hate each other. That’s the word, Mr. Lefrank—hate! Bitter, bitter, bitter hate.” She clenched her little fists; she shook them vehemently, by way of adding emphasis to her last words, and then she suddenly remembered Ambrose. “Except Ambrose,” she added, opening her hand again and laying it very earnestly on my arm. “Don’t go and misjudge Ambrose, sir. There is no harm in poor Ambrose.”

The girl’s innocent frankness was really irresistible.

“Should I be altogether wrong,” I asked, “if I guessed that you were a little partial to Ambrose?”

An English woman would have felt, or would at least have assumed, some little

hesitation at replying to my question. Naomi did not hesitate for an instant.

"You are quite right, sir," she said, with the most perfect composure. "If things go well, I mean to marry Ambrose."

"If things go well!" I repeated. "What does that mean? Money?"

She shook her head.

"It means a fear that I have in my own mind," she answered. "A fear, Mr. Lefrank, of matters taking a bad turn among the men here—the wicked, hard-hearted, unfeeling men. I don't mean Ambrose, sir. I mean his brother Silas and John Jago. Did you notice Silas's hand? John Jago did that, sir, with a knife."

"By accident?" I asked.

"On purpose," she answered; "in return for a blow."

This plain revelation of the state of things at Morwick Farm rather staggered me. Blows and knives under the rich and respectable roof-tree of old Mr. Meadowcroft! Blows and knives, not among the labourers, but among the masters! My first impression was like *your* first impression, no doubt—I could hardly believe it.

"Are you sure of what you say?" I inquired.

"I have it from Ambrose; Ambrose would never deceive me; Ambrose knows all about it."

My curiosity was powerfully excited. To what sort of household had I rashly voyaged across the ocean in search of rest and quiet?

"May I know all about it, too?" I said.

"Well, I will try and tell you what Ambrose told me. But you must promise me one thing first, sir. Promise you won't go away and leave us when you know the whole truth. Shake hands on it, Mr. Lefrank. Come, shake hands on it!"

There was no resisting her fearless frankness. I shook hands on it. Naomi entered on her narrative the moment I had given her my pledge, without wasting a word by way of preface.

"When you are shown over the farm here," she began, "you will see that it is really two farms in one. On this side of it, as we look from under this tree, they raise crops; on the other side—on much the larger half of the land, mind—they raise cattle. When Mr. Meadowcroft got too old and too sick to look after his farm himself, the boys (I mean Ambrose and Silas) divided the work between them. Ambrose looked after the crops, and Silas after the cattle. Things didn't go well, somehow, under their management. I can't tell you why. I am only sure Ambrose was not in fault. The old man got more and more dissatisfied, especially about his beasts. His pride is in his beasts. Without saying a word to the boys, he looked about privately—I think he was wrong in that, sir; don't you?—he looked about privately for help, and in an evil hour he heard of John Jago. Do you like John Jago, Mr. Lefrank?"

"So far—no. I don't like him!"

"Just my sentiments, sir. But I don't know—it's likely we may be wrong. There's nothing against John Jago except that he is so odd in his ways. They do say he wears all that nasty hair on his face (I hate hair on a man's face) on account of a vow he made when he lost his wife. Don't you think, Mr. Lefrank, a man must be a little mad who shows his grief at losing his wife by vowing that he will never shave himself again? Well that's what they do say John Jago vowed. Perhaps it's a lie. People are such liars here. Anyway, it's truth (the boys themselves confess *that*), when John came to the farm, he came with a first-rate character. The old father here isn't easy to please, and he pleased the old father. Yes, that's so. Mr. Meadowcroft don't like my countrymen in general. He's like his sons, English, bitter English to the marrow of his bones. Somehow, in spite of that, John Jago got round him—may be because John does certainly know his business. Oh, yes! Cattle and crops, John knows his

business. Since he's been overlooker, things have prospered as they didn't prosper in the time of the boys. Ambrose owned as much to me himself. Still, sir, it's hard to be set aside for a stranger, isn't it? John gives the orders now. The boys do their work; but they have no voice in it, when John and the old man put their heads together over the business of the farm. I have been long in telling you of it, sir; but now you know how the envy and the hatred grew among the men—before my time. Since I have been here, things seem to get worse and worse. There's hardly a day goes by that hard words don't pass between the boys and John, or the boys and their father. The old man has an aggravating way, Mr. Lefrank—a nasty way, as we do call it—of taking John Jago's part. Do speak to him about it when you get a chance. The main blame of the quarrel between Silas and John the other day lies at his door, as I think. I don't want to excuse Silas either. It was brutal of him—though he *is* Ambrose's brother—to strike John, who is the smaller and weaker man of the two. But it was worse than brutal in John, sir, to out with his knife and try to stab Silas. Oh, he did it! If Silas had not caught the knife in his hand (his hand's awfully cut, I can tell you; I dressed it myself), it might have ended, for anything I know, in murder—”

She stopped as the word passed her lips, looked back over her shoulder, and started violently.

I looked where my companion was looking. The dark figure of a man was standing watching us, in the shadow of the elm tree. I rose directly to approach him. Naomi recovered her self-possession, and checked me before I could interfere.

“Who are you?” she asked, turning sharply towards the stranger. “What do you want there?”

The man stepped out from the shadow into the moonlight, and stood revealed to us as John Jago.

“I hope I am not intruding?” he said, looking hard at me.

“What do you want?” Naomi repeated.

“I don't wish to disturb you, or to disturb this gentleman,” he proceeded. “When you are quite at leisure, Miss Naomi, you would be doing me a favour if you would permit me to say a few words to you in private.”

He spoke with the most scrupulous politeness; trying, and trying vainly, to conceal some strong agitation which was in possession of him. His wild brown eyes—wilder than ever in the moonlight—rested entreatingly, with a strange underlying expression of despair, on Naomi's face. His hands, clasped tightly in front of him, trembled incessantly. Little as I liked the man, he did really impress me as a pitiable object at that moment.

“Do you mean that you want to speak to me to-night?” Naomi asked, in undisguised surprise.

“Yes, miss, if you please—at your leisure and at Mr. Lefrank's.”

Naomi hesitated.

“Won't it keep till to-morrow?” she said.

“I shall be away on farm business to-morrow, miss, for the whole day. Please to give me a few minutes this evening.” He advanced a step towards her; his voice faltered, and dropped timidly to a whisper. “I really have something to say to you, Miss Naomi. It would be a kindness on your part—a very, very great kindness—if you will let me say it before I rest to-night.”

I rose again to resign my place to him. Once more Naomi checked me.

“No,” she said. “Don't stir.” She addressed John Jago very reluctantly: “If you are so much in earnest about it, Mr. John, I suppose it must be. I can't guess what *you* can possibly have to say to me which cannot be said before a third person. However, it wouldn't be civil, I suppose, to say ‘No,’ in my place. You know it's my

business to wind up the hall clock at ten every night. If you choose to come and help me, the chances are that we shall have the hall to ourselves. Will that do?"

"Not in the hall, miss, if you will excuse me."

"Not in the hall!"

"And not in the house either, if I may make so bold."

"What do you mean?" She turned impatiently and appealed to me. "Do *you* understand him?"

John Jago signed to me imploringly to let him answer for himself.

"Bear with me, Miss Naomi," he said; "I think I can make you understand me. There are eyes on the watch, and ears on the watch, in the house. And there are some footsteps—I won't say whose—so soft that no person can hear them."

The last allusion evidently made itself understood. Naomi stopped him before he could say more.

"Well, where is it to be?" she asked, resignedly. "Will the garden do, Mr. John?"

"Thank you kindly, miss, the garden will do." He pointed to a gravel walk beyond us, bathed in the full flood of the moonlight. "There," he said, "where we can see all round us, and be sure that nobody is listening. At ten o'clock." He paused, and addressed himself to me. "I beg to apologize, sir, for intruding myself on your conversation. Please to excuse me."

His eyes rested with a last anxious, pleading look on Naomi's face. He bowed to us, and melted away again into the shadow of the tree. The distant sound of a door closing softly came to us through the stillness of the night. John Jago had re-entered the house.

Now that he was out of hearing, Naomi spoke to me very earnestly:

"Don't suppose, sir, I have any secrets with *him!*" she said. "I know no more than you do what he wants with me. I have half a mind not to keep the appointment

when ten o'clock comes. What would you do in my place?"

"Having made the appointment," I answered, "it seems to be due to yourself to keep it. If you feel the slightest alarm, I will wait in another part of the garden, so that I can hear if you call me."

She received my proposal with a saucy toss of the head, and a smile of pity for my ignorance.

"You are a stranger, Mr. Lefrank, or you would never talk to me in that way. In America we don't do the men the honour of letting them alarm us. In America the women take care of themselves. He has got my promise to meet him, as you say, and I must keep my promise. Only think," she added, speaking more to herself than to me, "of John Jago finding out Miss Meadowcroft's nasty, sly, underhand ways in the house! Most men would never have noticed her."

I was completely taken by surprise. Sad and severe Miss Meadowcroft a listener and a spy! What next at Morwick Farm?

"Was that hint at the watchful eyes and ears, and the soft footsteps, really an allusion to Mr. Meadowcroft's daughter?" I asked.

"Of course it was. Ah! she has imposed on you, as she imposes on everybody else. The false wretch! She is secretly at the bottom of half the bad feeling among the men. I am certain of it—she keeps Mr. Meadowcroft's mind bitter towards the boys. Old as she is, Mr. Lefrank, and ugly as she is, she wouldn't object (if she could only make him ask her) to be John Jago's second wife. No, sir; and she wouldn't break her heart if the boys were not left a stick or a stone on the farm when the father dies. I have watched her, and I know it. Ah! I could tell you such things! But there's no time now; it's close on ten o'clock; we must say good night. I am right glad I have spoken to you, sir. I say again at parting what I have said already: Use your influence, pray use your influence to soften

them, and to make them ashamed of themselves, in this wicked house. We will have more talk about what you can do, to-morrow when you are shown over the farm. Say good-bye now. Hark! there is ten striking. And look—here is John Jago stealing out again in the shadow of the tree. Good night, friend Lefrank, and pleasant dreams.”

With one hand she took mine and pressed it cordially; with the other she pushed me away, without ceremony, in the direction of the house. A charming girl—an irresistible girl! I was nearly as bad as the boys: I declare I almost hated John Jago, too, as we crossed each other in the shadow of the tree.

Arrived at the glass door, I stopped and looked back at the gravel-walk.

They had met. I saw the two shadowy figures slowly pacing backwards and forwards in the moonlight, the woman a little in advance of the man. What was he saying to her? Why was he so anxious that not a word of it should be heard? Our presentiments are sometimes, in certain rare cases, the faithful prophecy of the future. A vague distrust of that moonlight meeting stealthily took a hold on my mind. “Will mischief come of it?” I asked myself as I closed the door and entered the house.

Mischief *did* come of it. You shall hear how.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE BEECHEN STICK.

PERSONS of sensitive nervous temperament, sleeping for the first time in a strange house and in a bed that is new to them, must make up their minds to pass a wakeful night. My first night at Morwick Farm was no exception to this rule. The little sleep I had was broken, and disturbed by dreams. Towards six o'clock in the morning my bed became unendurable to me. The sun was shining in brightly at the win-

dow; I determined to try the reviving influence of a stroll in the fresh morning air.

Just as I got out of bed, I heard footsteps and voices under my window.

The footsteps stopped, and the voices became recognizable. I had passed the night with my window open; I was able, without exciting notice from below, to look out.

The persons beneath me were Silas Meadowcroft, John Jago, and three strangers whose dress and appearance indicated plainly enough that they were labourers on the farm. Silas was swinging a stout beechen stick in his hand, and was speaking to Jago, coarsely and insolently enough, of his moonlight meeting with Naomi on the previous night.

“Next time you go courting a young lady in secret,” said Silas, “make sure that the moon goes down first, or wait for a cloudy sky. You were seen in the garden, Master Jago; and you may as well tell us the truth for once in a way. Did you find her open to persuasion, sir? Did she say ‘Yes?’”

John Jago kept his temper.

“If you must have your joke, Mr. Silas,” he said, quietly and firmly, “be pleased to joke on some other subject. You are quite wrong, sir, in what you suppose to have passed between the young lady and me.”

Silas turned about, and addressed himself ironically to the three labourers.

“You hear him, boys? He can't tell the truth, try him as you may. He wasn't making love to Naomi in the garden last night—oh, dear, no! He has had one wife already; and he knows better than to take the yoke on his shoulders for the second time!”

Greatly to my surprise, John Jago met this clumsy jesting with a formal and serious reply:

“You are quite right, sir,” he said. “I have no intention of marrying for the second time. What I was saying to Miss Naomi doesn't matter to you. It was not at all what you choose to suppose—it was something of quite another kind, with which you have no concern. Be pleased to understand,

once for all, Mr. Silas, that not so much as the thought of making love to the young lady has ever entered my head. I respect her; I admire her good qualities; but if she was the only woman left in the world, and if I was a much younger man than I am, I should never think of asking her to be my wife." He burst out suddenly into a harsh, uneasy laugh. "No, no! Not my style, Mr. Silas—not my style!"

Something in those words, or in his manner of speaking them, appeared to exasperate Silas. He dropped his clumsy irony, and addressed himself directly to John Jago in a tone of savage contempt.

"Not your style!" he repeated. "Upon my soul, that's a cool way of putting it for a man in your place. What do mean by calling her 'not your style?' You impudent beggar, Naomi Colebrook is meat for our master!"

John Jago's temper began to give way at last. He approached defiantly a step or two nearer to Silas Meadowcroft.

"Who is my master?" he asked.

"Ambrose will show you, if you go to him," answered the other. "Naomi is *his* sweetheart, not mine. Keep out of his way, if you want to keep a whole skin on your bones."

John Jago cast one of his sardonic side-looks at the farmer's wounded left hand. "Don't forget your own skin, Mr. Silas, when you threaten mine! I have set my mark on you once, sir. Let me by on my business, or I may mark you for a second time."

Silas lifted his beechen stick. The labourers, roused to some rude sense of the serious turn which the quarrel was taking, got between the two men, and parted them. I had been hurriedly dressing myself while the altercation was proceeding, and I now ran down stairs to try what my influence could do towards keeping the peace at Morwick Farm.

The war of angry words was still going on when I joined the men outside.

"Be off with you on your business, you

cowardly hound!" I heard Silas say. "Be off with you to the town, and take care you don't meet Ambrose on the way."

"Take *you* care you don't feel my knife again before I go!" cried the other man.

Silas made a desperate effort to break away from the labourers, who were holding him.

"Last time you only felt my fist," he shouted; "next time you shall feel *this!*"

He lifted the stick as he spoke. I stepped up, and snatched it out of his hand.

"Mr. Silas," I said, "I am an invalid, and I am going out for a walk. Your stick will be useful to me. I beg leave to borrow it."

The labourers burst out laughing. Silas fixed his eyes on me with a stare of angry surprise. John Jago, immediately recovering his self-possession, took off his hat, and made a deferential bow.

"I had no idea, Mr. Lefrank, that we were disturbing you," he said. "I am very much ashamed of myself, sir. I beg to apologize."

"I accept your apology, Mr. Jago," I answered, "on the understanding that you, as the older man, will set the example of forbearance, if your temper is tried on any future occasion as it has been tried to-day. And I have further to request," I added, addressing myself to Silas, "that you will do me a favour, as your father's guest. The next time your good spirits lead you into making jokes at Mr. Jago's expense, don't carry them quite so far. I am sure you meant no harm, Mr. Silas. Will you gratify me by saying so yourself? I want to see you and Mr. Jago shake hands."

John Jago instantly held out his hand, with an assumption of good feeling which was a little over-acted, to my thinking. Silas Meadowcroft made no advance of the same friendly sort on his side.

"Let him go about his business," said Silas. "I won't waste any more words on him, Mr. Lefrank, to please *you*. But (saving your presence) I'm d—d if I take his hand."

Further persuasion was plainly useless,

addressed to such a man as this. Silas gave me no further opportunity of remonstrating with him, even if I had been inclined to do so. He turned about in sulky silence, and retracing his steps along the path, disappeared round the corner of the house. The labourers withdrew next, in different directions, to begin the day's work. John Jago and I were alone.

I left it to the man of the wild brown eyes to speak first.

"In half an hour's time, sir," he said, "I shall be going on business to Narrabee, our market town here. Can I take any letters to the post for you? or is there anything else that I can do in the town?"

I thanked him, and declined both proposals. He made me another deferential bow, and withdrew into the house. I mechanically followed the path in the direction which Silas had taken before me.

Turning the corner of the house, and walking on for a little way, I found myself at the entrance to the stables, and face to face with Silas Meadowcroft once more. He had his elbows on the gate of the yard, swinging it slowly backwards and forwards, and turning and twisting a straw between his teeth. When he saw me approaching him he advanced a step from the gate, and made an effort to excuse himself, with a very ill grace.

"No offence, Mister. Ask me what you will besides, and I'll do it for you. But don't ask me to shake hands with John Jago. I hate him too badly for that. If I touched him with one hand, sir, I tell you this—I should throttle him with the other!"

"That's your feeling towards the man, Mr. Silas, is it?"

"That's my feeling, Mr. Lefrank; and I'm not ashamed of it either."

"Is there any such place as a church in your neighbourhood, Mr. Silas?"

"Of course there is."

"And do you ever go to it?"

"Of course I do."

"At long intervals, Mr. Silas?"

"Every Sunday, sir, without fail."

Some third person behind me burst out laughing—some third person had been listening to our talk. I turned round, and discovered Ambrose Meadowcroft.

"I understand the drift of your catechism, sir, though my brother doesn't," he said. "Don't be hard on Silas, sir. He isn't the only Christian who leaves his Christianity in the pew when he goes out of church. You will never make us friends with John Jago, try as you may! Why, what have you got there, Mr. Lefrank? May I die if it isn't my stick! I have been looking for it everywhere!"

The thick beechen stick had been feeling uncomfortably heavy in my invalid hand for some time past. There was no sort of need for my keeping it any longer. John Jago was going away to Narrabee, and Silas Meadowcroft's savage temper was subdued to a sulky repose. I handed the stick back to Ambrose. He laughed as he took it from me.

"You can't think how strange it feels, Mr. Lefrank, to be out without one's stick," he said. "A man gets used to his stick, sir, doesn't he? Are you ready for your breakfast?"

"Not just yet. I thought of taking a little walk first."

"All right, sir; I wish I could go with you. But I have got my work to do this morning—and Silas has his work too. If you go back by the way you came, you will find yourself in the garden. If you want to go farther, the wicket gate at the end will lead you into the lane."

Through sheer thoughtlessness, I did a very foolish thing. I turned back as I was told, and left the brothers together at the gate of the stable-yard.



## CHAPTER V.

## THE NEWS FROM NARRABEE.

ARRIVED at the garden, a thought struck me. The cheerful speech and easy manner of Ambrose plainly indicated that he was ignorant thus far of the quarrel which had taken place under my window. Silas might confess to having taken his brother's stick, and might mention whose head he had threatened with it. It was not only useless, but undesirable, that Ambrose should know of the quarrel. I retraced my steps to the stable-yard. Nobody was at the gate. I called alternately to Silas and to Ambrose. Nobody answered. The brothers had gone away to their work.

Returning to the garden, I heard a pleasant voice wishing me "Good morning." I looked round. Naomi Colebrook was standing at one of the lower windows of the farm. She had her working apron on, and she was industriously brightening the knives for the breakfast table on an old-fashioned board. A sleek black cat balanced himself on her shoulder, watching the flashing motion of the knife as she passed it rapidly to and fro on the leather-covered surface of the board.

"Come here," she said; "I want to speak to you."

I noticed as I approached that her pretty face was clouded and anxious. She pushed the cat irritably off her shoulder; she welcomed me with only the faint reflection of her customary bright smile.

"I have seen John Jago," she said. "He has been hinting at something which he says happened under your bed-room window this morning. When I begged him to explain himself, he only answered, 'Ask Mr. Lefrank; I must be off to Narrabee.' What does it mean? Tell me right away, sir. I am out of temper, and I can't wait!"

Except that I made the best instead of

the worst of it, I told her what had happened under my window, as plainly as I have told it here. She put down the knife that she was cleaning, and folded her hands before her, thinking.

"I wish I had never given John Jago that meeting," she said. "When a man asks anything of a woman, the woman, I find, mostly repents it if she says 'Yes.'"

She made that quaint reflection with a very troubled brow. The moonlight meeting had left some unwelcome remembrances in her mind. I saw that as plainly as I saw Naomi herself.

What had John Jago said to her? I put the question with all needful delicacy, making my apologies beforehand.

"I should like to tell *you*," she began, with a strong emphasis on the last word.

There she stopped. She turned pale—then suddenly flushed again to the deepest red. She took up the knife once more, and went on cleaning it as industriously as ever.

"I mustn't tell you," she resumed, with her head down over the knife. "I have promised not to tell anybody. That's the truth. Forget all about it, sir, as soon as you can. Hush! here's the spy who saw us last night on the walk, and who told Silas."

Dreary Miss Meadowcroft opened the kitchen door. She carried an ostentatiously large prayer-book; and she looked at Naomi as only a jealous woman of middle age can look at a younger and prettier woman than herself.

"Prayers, Miss Colebrook," she said, in her sourest manner. She paused, and noticed me standing under the window. "Prayers, Mr. Lefrank," she added, with a look of devout piety, directed exclusively to my address.

"We will follow you directly, Miss Meadowcroft," said Naomi.

"I have no desire to intrude on your secrets, Miss Colebrook."

With that acrid answer, our priestess took herself and her prayer-book out of the kitchen. I joined Naomi, entering the room by the garden door. She met me eagerly.

"I am not quite easy about something," she said. "Did you tell me that you left Ambrose and Silas together?"

"Yes."

"Suppose Silas tells Ambrose of what happened this morning?"

The same idea (as I have already mentioned) had occurred to my mind. I did my best to reassure Naomi.

"Mr. Jago is out of the way," I replied. "You and I can easily put things right in his absence."

She took my arm.

"Come in to prayers," she said. "Ambrose will be there, and I shall find an opportunity of speaking to him."

Neither Ambrose nor Silas were in the breakfast-room when we entered it. After waiting vainly for ten minutes, Mr. Meadowcroft told his daughter to read the prayers. Miss Meadowcroft read, thereupon—in the tone of an injured woman taking the Throne of Mercy by storm, and insisting on her rights. Breakfast followed; and still the brothers were absent. Miss Meadowcroft looked at her father, and said, "From bad to worse, sir. What did I tell you?" Naomi instantly applied the antidote: "The boys are no doubt detained over their work, uncle." She turned to me: "You want to see the farm, Mr. Lefrank. Come and help me to find the boys."

For more than an hour we visited one part of the farm after another, without discovering the missing men. We found them at last near the outskirts of a small wood, sitting talking together on the trunk of a felled tree.

Silas rose as we approached, and walked away (without a word of greeting or apology) into the wood. As he got on his feet I noticed that his brother whispered something

in his ear, and I heard him answer, "All right."

"Ambrose, does that mean you have something to keep a secret from us?" asked Naomi, approaching her lover with a smile. "Is Silas ordered to hold his tongue?"

Ambrose kicked sulkily at the loose stones lying about him. I noticed, with a certain surprise, that his favourite stick was not in his hand, and was not lying near him.

"Business," he said, in answer to Naomi—not very graciously. "Business between Silas and me. That's what it means, if you must know."

Naomi went on, woman-like, with her questions, heedless of the reception which they might meet with from an irritated man.

"Why were you both away at prayers and breakfast-time?" she asked next.

"We had too much to do," Ambrose gruffly replied, "and we were too far from the house."

"Very odd," said Naomi. "This has never happened before since I have been at the farm."

"Well, live and learn. It has happened now."

The tone in which he spoke would have warned any man to let him alone. But warnings which speak by implication only are thrown away on women. The woman, having still something in her mind to say, said it.

"Have you seen anything of John Jago this morning?"

The smouldering ill-temper of Ambrose burst suddenly—why, it was impossible to guess—into a flame.

"How many more questions am I to answer?" he broke out, violently. "Are you the parson, putting me through my catechism? I have seen nothing of John Jago, and I have got my work to go on with. Will that do for you?"

He turned, with an oath, and followed his brother into the wood. Naomi's bright eyes looked up at me, flashing with indignation.

"What does he mean, Mr. Lefrank, by speaking to me in that way? Rude brute! How dare he do it?" She paused; her voice, look, and manner suddenly changed. "This has never happened before, sir. Has anything gone wrong? I declare I shouldn't know Ambrose again, he is so changed. Say, how does it strike you?"

I still made the best of a bad case.

"Something has upset his temper," I said. "The merest trifle, Miss Colebrook, upsets a man's temper sometimes. I speak as a man, and I know it. Give him time, and he will make his excuses, and all will be well again."

My presentation of the case entirely failed to reassure my pretty companion. We went back to the house. Dinner-time came, and the brothers appeared. Their father spoke to them of their absence from morning prayers—with needless severity, as I thought. They resented the reproof with needless indignation on their side, and left the room. A sour smile of satisfaction showed itself on Miss Meadowcroft's thin lips. She looked at her father—then raised her eyes sadly to the ceiling, and said, "We can only pray for them, sir."

Naomi disappeared after dinner. When I saw her again, she had some news for me.

"I have been with Ambrose," she said, "and he has begged my pardon. We have made it up, Mr. Lefrank. Still—still—"

"Still—*what*, Miss Naomi?"

"He is not like himself, sir. He denies it; but I can't help thinking he is hiding something from me."

The day wore on; the evening came. I returned to my French novel. But not even Dumas himself could keep my attention to the story. What else I was thinking of I cannot say. Why I was out of spirits I am unable to explain. I wished myself back in England; I took a blind unreasoning hatred to Morwick Farm.

Nine o'clock struck, and we all assembled again at supper, with the exception of John

Jago. He was expected back to supper; and we waited for him a quarter of an hour, by Mr. Meadowcroft's own directions. John Jago never appeared.

The night wore on, and still the absent man failed to return. Miss Meadowcroft volunteered to sit up for him. Naomi eyed her, a little maliciously I must own, as the two women parted for the night. I withdrew to my room, and again I was unable to sleep. When sunrise came, I went out as before, to breathe the morning air.

On the staircase I met Miss Meadowcroft ascending to her own room. Not a curl of her stiff grey hair was disarranged; nothing about the impenetrable woman betrayed that she had been watching through the night.

"Has Mr. Jago not returned?" I asked.

Miss Meadowcroft slowly shook her head, and frowned at me.

"We are in the hands of Providence, Mr. Lefrank. Mr. Jago must have been detained for the night at Narrabee."

The daily routine of the meals resumed its unalterable course. Breakfast-time came, and dinner-time came, and no John Jago darkened the doors of Morwick Farm. Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter consulted together, and determined to send in search of the missing man. One of the more intelligent of the labourers was dispatched to Narrabee to make inquiries.

The man returned late in the evening, bringing startling news to the farm. He had visited all the inns, and all the places of business resort in Narrabee; he had made endless inquiries in every direction, with this result—no one had set eyes on John Jago. Everybody declared that John Jago had not entered the town!

We all looked at each other, excepting the two brothers, who were seated together in a dark corner of the room. The conclusion appeared to be inevitable—John Jago was a lost man.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE LIME KILN.

MR. MEADOWCROFT was the first to speak.

"Somebody must find John," he said.

"Without losing a moment," added his daughter.

Ambrose suddenly stepped out of the dark corner of the room.

"I will inquire," he said.

Silas followed him.

"I will go with you," he added.

Mr. Meadowcroft interposed his authority.

"One of you will be enough—for the present, at least. Go you, Ambrose. Your brother may be wanted later. If any accident has happened (which God forbid!), we may have to inquire in more than one direction. Silas, you will stay at the farm."

The brothers withdrew together—Ambrose to prepare for his journey; Silas to saddle one of the horses for him. Naomi slipped out after them. Left in company with Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter—both devoured by anxiety about the missing man, and both trying to conceal it under an assumption of devout resignation to circumstances—I need hardly add that I too retired as soon as it was politely possible for me to leave the room. Ascending the stairs on my way to my own quarters, I discovered Naomi half hidden in the recess formed by an old-fashioned window-seat on the first landing. My bright little friend was in sore trouble; her apron was over her face, and she was crying bitterly. Ambrose had not taken his leave as tenderly as usual. She was more firmly persuaded than ever that "Ambrose was hiding something from her."

We all waited anxiously for the next day. The next day made the mystery deeper than ever.

The horse which had taken Ambrose to Narrabee was ridden back to the farm by a groom from the hotel. He delivered a writ-

ten message from Ambrose, which startled us. Further inquiries had positively proved that the missing man had never been near Narrabee. The only attainable tidings of his whereabouts were tidings derived from vague report. It was said that a man like John Jago had been seen the previous day, in a railway car, travelling on the line to New York. Acting on this imperfect information, Ambrose had decided on verifying the truth of the report by extending his inquiries to New York.

This extraordinary proceeding forced the suspicion on me that something had really gone wrong. I kept my doubts to myself, but I was prepared from that moment to see the disappearance of John Jago followed by very grave results.

The same day the results declared themselves.

Time enough had now elapsed for report to spread through the district the news of what had happened at the farm. Already aware of the bad feeling existing between the men, the neighbours had been now informed (no doubt by the labourers present) of the deplorable scene that had taken place under my bed-room window. Public opinion declares itself in America without the slightest reserve or the slightest care for consequences. Public opinion declared, on this occasion, that the lost man was the victim of foul play, and held one or both of the brothers Meadowcroft responsible for his disappearance. Later in the day the reasonableness of this serious view of the case was confirmed in the popular mind by a startling discovery. It was announced that a Methodist preacher lately settled at Morwick, and greatly respected throughout the district, had dreamed of John Jago in the character of a murdered man, whose bones were hidden at Morwick Farm! Before night, the cry was general for a verification of the preacher's dream. Not only in the immediate district, but in the town of Narrabee itself, the public voice insisted on the neces-

sity of a search for the mortal remains of John Jago at Morwick Farm.

In the terrible turn which matters had now taken, Mr. Meadowcroft the elder displayed a spirit and energy for which I was not prepared.

"My sons have their faults," he said, "serious faults; and nobody knows it better than I do. My sons have behaved badly and ungratefully towards John Jago; I don't deny that, either. But Ambrose and Silas are not murderers. Make your search! I ask for it—nay, I insist on it, after what has been said, in justice to my family and my name!"

The neighbours took him at his word. The Morwick section of the American nation organized itself on the spot. The sovereign people met in committee, made speeches, elected competent persons to represent the public interests, and began the search the next day. The whole proceeding, ridiculously informal from a legal point of view, was carried on by these extraordinary people with as stern and strict a sense of duty as if it had been sanctioned by the highest tribunal in the land.

Naomi met the calamity that had fallen on the household as resolutely as her uncle himself. The girl's courage rose with the call which was made on it. Her one anxiety was for Ambrose.

"He ought to be here," she said to me. "The wretches in this neighbourhood are wicked enough to say that his absence is a confession of his guilt."

She was right. In the present temper of the popular mind, the absence of Ambrose was a suspicious circumstance in itself.

"We might telegraph to New York," I suggested, "if you only knew where a message would be likely to find him."

"I know the hotel which the Meadowcrofts use at New York," she replied. "I was sent there, after my father's death, to wait till Miss Meadowcroft could take me to Morwick."

We decided on telegraphing to the hotel. I was writing the message, and Naomi was looking over my shoulder, when we were startled by a strange voice speaking close behind us.

"Oh! that's his address, is it?" said the voice. "We wanted his address rather badly."

The speaker was a stranger to me. Naomi recognized him as one of the neighbours.

"What do you want his address for?" she asked sharply.

"I guess we've found the mortal remains of John Jago, Miss," the man replied. "We have got Silas already, and we want Ambrose, too, on suspicion of murder."

"It's a lie!" cried Naomi, furiously; "a wicked lie!"

The man turned to me.

"Take her into the next room, Mister," he said, "and let her see for herself."

We went together into the next room.

In one corner, sitting by her father, and holding his hand, we saw stern and stony Miss Meadowcroft, weeping silently. Opposite to them, crouched on the window-seat—his eyes wandering, his hands hanging helpless—we next discovered Silas Meadowcroft, plainly self-betrayed as a panic-stricken man. A few of the persons who had been engaged in the search were seated near, watching him. The mass of the strangers present stood congregated round a table in the middle of the room. They drew aside as I approached with Naomi, and allowed us to have a clear view of certain objects placed on the table.

The centre object of the collection was a little heap of charred bones. Round this were ranged a knife, two metal buttons, and a stick partially burnt. The knife was recognized by the labourers as the weapon John Jago habitually carried about with him—the weapon with which he had wounded Silas Meadowcroft's hand. The buttons Naomi herself declared to have a particular pattern on them, which had formerly attracted her attention to John Jago's coat. As for the

stick, burnt as it was, I had no difficulty in identifying the quaintly carved knob at the top. It was the heavy beechen stick which I had snatched out of Silas's hand, and which I had restored to Ambrose on his claiming it as his own. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that the bones, the knife, the buttons, and the stick had all been found together in a lime-kiln then in use on the farm.

"Is it serious?" Naomi whispered to me as we drew back from the table.

It would have been sheer cruelty to deceive her now.

"Yes," I whispered back, "it is serious."

The Search Committee conducted its proceedings with the strictest regularity. The proper applications were made forthwith to a justice of the peace, and the justice issued his warrant. That night Silas was committed to prison, and an officer was dispatched to arrest Ambrose in New York.

For my part I did the little I could to make myself useful. With the silent sanction of Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter, I went to Narrabee and secured the best legal assistance for the defence which the town could place at my disposal. This done, there was no choice but to wait for news of Ambrose, and for the examination before the magistrate which was to follow. I shall pass over the misery in the house during the in-

terval of expectation: no useful purpose could be served by describing it now. Let me only say that Naomi's conduct strengthened me in the conviction that she possessed a noble nature. I was unconscious of the state of my own feelings at the time; but I am now disposed to think that this was the epoch at which I began to envy Ambrose the wife he had won.

The telegraph brought us our first news of Ambrose. He had been arrested at the hotel, and he was on his way to Morwick. The next day he arrived, and followed his brother to prison. The two were confined in separate cells, and were forbidden all communication with each other.

Two days later the preliminary examination took place. Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged before the magistrate with the wilful murder of John Jago. I was cited to appear as one of the witnesses; and, at Naomi's own request, I took the poor girl into court and sat by her during the proceedings. My host also was present in his invalid chair, with his daughter by his side.

Such was the result of my voyage across the ocean in search of rest and quiet! And thus did Time and Chance fulfil my first hasty forebodings of the dull life I was to lead at Morwick Farm!

*(To be continued.)*

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## SCATTERED SEEDS.

*From Lyra Innocentiam.*

WE scatter seeds with careless hand  
 And dream we ne'er shall see them more;  
 But for a thousand years  
 Their fruit appears  
 In weeds that mar the land  
 Or healthful store.

The deeds we do, the words we say,  
 Into still air they seem to fleet;  
 We count them ever past—  
 But they shall last;  
 In the dread judgment they  
 And we shall meet!

## WILD DUCK.

BY W. CEO. BEERS, MONTREAL.

IN the art of growing old with grace and charity there is perhaps no affectation more difficult to avoid than that of pretending to despise the pleasures of our youth. In hobble-de-hoyhood we chuckle over the change in life which tames our taste for boyish games; but when affected contempt comes home to roost, and we really feel that the delicious susceptibility to play has fled affrighted from our souls, we wonder, with an artless perplexity that is perfectly sublime, why our lips have forgotten their cunning in puckering round a whistle at work, or why we have lost appreciation for that Virginian negro philosophy which helps every hard task with a song. It is queer; because people generally enjoy the retrospect of their early days, even though they were not all honey and sunshine. They like to talk with and about their younger selves in memory; to allay any remorse at what they *are* by sweet remembrance of what they *were*; and to draw comfort around the cabin they now inhabit from reflections upon the grandeur and stateliness of the castles they once built—in the air. A homily could be preached on this theme that would melt hearts with its pathos, and make the very angels weep. To think that we lose every vestige of ambition to be distinguished for skill in marbles, and that with perfect *sangfroid* we would gladly transmute into the greasiest greenback in circulation, a pocketful of alabaster “alleys,” the choicest that ever cohered to thumb and forefinger, or shot across the dreams of innocent sleep! For top and kite, and all the glorious catalogue of boyish games, we cease to care a straw, and thus, by a grada-

tion of increasing disdain, the bounding heart of boyhood may even descend into the limbo of the cynic, where the *intellectual* life is weighed and adjudged by the dry depths of its cant or obscurity; where honest jokes and laughter are excommunicated, and redemption is even denied to kittens that play with their tails. No doubt some degree of naturalness pervades this disinclination for “childish things.” Our enthusiasm mellows as our hair turns grey, and furrows are too often the grave of feeling; and the best and most natural emotion may become as morbid as the regret of the Oxford grammarian on his death-bed, that he had not concentrated all the energies of his life on the dative case. To avoid degenerating into dissipation, the intense impulse in youth for frolic must be diverted or restrained; but it is not necessary that nature should be annihilated and love of play completely curbed. It is mainly in fear of Mrs. Grundy that men are called frivolous or fools, who may be caught living youth over again on marrow bones at ring-taw, or who are seen coatless and hatless, with the glow of earnestness stamped in their face, attempting to demonstrate to the young aspirant the manly art of self-defence, or the accomplishment of walking on his hands. I wonder Mr. Darwin has failed to observe this latter freak of boyhood; it seems to me that it would as materially assist his attempt to prove the monkey descent of man as some of the deductions he has put forth. And again, I am surprised that, while believing that our early progenitors were provided with tails conveniently long to tempt their teeth to play at tag in a circular chase, and having

the proper muscles to flap at flies, or swagger round town with it under the arm after having had it dressed by one's barber, he is obliged to admit his inability to explain the loss of this ornament by certain apes and man. Now, if it is reasonable to believe the theory which attributes the diminution and final suppression of an organ of the body to its disuse from generation to generation, and if this holds good in the reduced proportions of the legs of the Payaguas Indians, who for successive ages "have passed nearly their whole lives in canoes, with their lower extremities motionless," then may we not relieve Mr. Darwin's bewilderment about the loss of the human tail by the suggestion that it disappeared, vertebra by vertebra, when it became unfashionable to use it in play? If this be fact, and not far-fetched at that, is it not then a serious matter for those who cease to participate in diversion to beware that the continued disuse of their legs and arms may not stunt their anatomy, and lay the germs of a future generation of Lilliputians, or a denaturalized race who may be reduced to the condition of having to hop through life on one leg, like a human note of exclamation?

There is a convex condition of the human frame that may develop about the third or fourth decade, that must deter the flesh, however ardent the spirit, from indulgence in most of the agile games of youth; but even under such a bulk of adipose tissue—which is part of the penalty nature inflicts for abstinence—is any Banting not ungrateful to sneer at the practice and perpetuation of amusements which he has lost the capacity to enjoy, and for which he had impassioned love when he was lean?

The world, we know, would be painfully monotonous if it wasn't made up of all sorts of people, just as the heavens would lose half their glory if the stars were laid out in straight lines; but of all anomalies of human nature, few are more puzzling than the people who become utterly insensible to recre-

ations that made their young days blithesome and glad. Without a sorrow to sadden their lives, their minds on this subject, as possibly on every other, seem to contract as they leave the flush of youth behind; their conceptions of pleasure become narrowed to the degenerate capacity of their own desire; they learn to see germs of immorality in every jest, and the sure road to ruin in every game. Humour, which is the marrow of life, becomes distasteful, and what they pass off as their religion is intruded offensively, as if it were a gewgaw to create envy. It is wrapped up in a cloak of doleful gloom, as a corpse is clothed in its shroud, and its possessor never attains the degree of wisdom of Charles IV., who, after his abdication, having failed in the experiment of trying to make a lot of watches run together, was then and there struck with the folly of his life in having tried to make all men think alike on matters of religion. They wear too saintly a face to be ever mistaken for saints,—as if life were not serious enough without hypocrisy. They pique themselves upon being not as other men are, and hug to their bosoms the magnanimous conceit that, if sin had not come in, their example had lived to no purpose; and that if the world does not turn from the error of its ways, and see matters in their light, the world will suffer for it, and they must go to heaven alone. To such people the green grass and the blue sky have no power to move the soul; a cheerful face is a beauty to be rebuked; the glow of intellect, that more than anything beautifies the eye, a brightness to be masked; and the ingenuous warmth of a happy heart an emotion to be chilled.

There are physical recreations of a later period that supplant the top and marble age as manhood succeeds youth, where short wind and stout stomach can enter with zest, and that fasten to our affections the older we grow, as the ivy clings to the wall, or the oak clutches the soil that nourishes its seed. I suppose, as long as the world goes round,



people will be found prone to condemn what they are unable to enjoy, and that even the love of gun and rod, which fascinates so many men of mature years—and many very good men, too—will be included in their "Index Expurgatorius." But all the hair-splitting moralists under the sun may argue and croak till the crack of doom, with as little result as the efforts of the pet eagle who spent his days on the back of a tortoise in vain efforts to eat him. To one who has learned to love the gun and rod in youth—with a love which is tempered and strengthened by some more serious aim in life—it is a pleasure that lasts to the end; and it may be accepted as an indication of the attempt at least to grow old with grace, if amid our work and worry we manage to preserve for it an undiminished affection.

Among the memorable events of my life I can scarcely recall any rival to the days spent, on foot and in canoe, hunting wild duck. It was the master passion of the boyhood of many I know, that became an after passion to master. It was the acme of enjoyment in the days when life was light-hearted and *debonnaire*, and one went whistling through birthdays with that enviable serenity so few of us manage to retain. Wild duck! With the last fall of leaves and the first fall of snow, their quack was music to the ear; and, steeped to the lips in classics, one wondered if there were no duck on the coast of Campania, that Tiberius tired of the pleasures around him and sighed in vain for more; or if there were none in Assyria, that Sardanapalus sought to have new amusements invented; or if there were no real ones where Loelius and Scipio made them on water with flat stones. For if there had been, could their hunting have had a rival?

But can one be true to youth and say there is no rival of that age to which his mind recurs with as much pleasure as hunting wild duck? What of the passion called "tender" by one who well knew it, or "foolish"

by Whitefield, who married without it and caught a Tartar—as he deserved? Had it no lodgment in youthful heart—to creep between the lines of one's lessons, and droop into one's dreams; to provoke a blush; to excite to jealousy; to lead to anguish; to disturb pulsation; to make one shy; to rouse to dark thoughts of assassinating a real or imaginary rival; to dally with hope and fear in equal balance till heart despaired, life grew forlorn, and, *mirabile dictu!* one morning you awakened, not into the lunacy you did look for, or with the broken heart you did your best to produce, but with the vealy love lapsed, your mind lucid, and you nothing the worse for wear? I pity you from the bottom of my heart if you've no such nook in your memory, or if you've become so soured that memory waxes dim and only serves some selfish call. To deny the soft impeachment would be to admit that one of life's golden links had been lost, though you may have never plighted troth, or done much more than felt bad and sad; to insinuate a rival would be to deserve contempt. To disguise it would be ungrateful; yet to disclose it ungentle: therefore, know all men by these presents, that they shall not clash in unfriendly strife; that I hereby consign this master-mistress passion to a sacred place by itself, neither daring to discourse, nor designing to destroy, but kept as one of your own secrets into which no one should pry; only for your own peeping—as you keep that precious ringlet of HER hair in your locket,—and you know you do!

The first wild duck one kills, like first love, or one's first proof-sheet, is a sensation that is never duplicated. The history of its mysterious and ecstatic thrill through the veins, its wild rush through the soul, never knows a repetition. The duck may be in the sere and yellow, stricken in years, scraggy on the crown, weak in the wings, tough to your teeth as parchment—aye, indeed, with one foot in the grave and the other shot off, and have long ago ceased to

scud between earth and sky for the mere fun of it;—just as the first love may have been nearly old enough to have been your mother, and with no more love in her eyes than an oyster; or as the first proof-sheet may have been an immature production to which you are now thankful you didn't append your name: but in the hey-day of life a vivid imagination throws a halo around our achievements, and though other duck, like other love, may turn out more "tender and true," yet there lingers about the memory of the first experience an inexpressible charm which no gross soul can know.

I don't think I shall ever forget the first wild duck I shot. It was impressed upon me in a manner too striking. During the school holidays a few of us undertook to dispose of our superfluous energy by a pedestrian pilgrimage around the Island of Montreal, and as a dose for the game we might encounter, we managed, by a co-operative coax with a big brother, to muster a single-barrel gun and a liberal supply of ammunition. There was a strong suspicion of rust down the barrel, and a disabled look about the hammer; but the owner declared it was good enough for boys, with that sublime faith manifested by watermen who hire boats to inexperienced lads, that Providence takes special care of people who cannot take care of themselves. A well-worn inscription on the butt was ominously deciphered as "Memento mori!" I've seen more defective guns since,—but they had burst.

We started from the Place d'Armes, and when we reached "the Cross" at Hochelaga, held a council of war about loading the gun, as a scared squirrel had just darted under a fence and roused our thirst for blood. Opinions conflicted as to whether the powder or shot should be put in first, as one dogmatic adventurer, whose experience in squibs and fire-crackers entitled him to respect, declared with the positiveness of error that the shot should have the preference. Better

reasoning, however, prevailed, and to make assurance doubly sure, down went a double charge of powder. "It's not near full yet," sneered young Dogmatism. I hoped not; but to make assurance trebly sure, up came the flask again and down went more powder. I remember one of the group, whose characteristic caution provoked us throughout the trip, suggested mounting the gun in an embrasure in the fence, laying a train of powder to the nipple, and testing its safety at discreet distance; but there was a display of fear in the proposal that we, as Saxon heirs, could never countenance, and so we strangled it at birth. It is a memorable fact, that may go some way to sustain the belief that Providence *does* take special care of people who cannot take care of themselves, that, as if prompted by instinct, the gun refused to go off on several occasions, in spite of repeated cleanings of the nipple, coaxing with grains of powder and fresh caps. We were unable to "distil the soul of goodness" in this apparently evil and obdurate circumstance; so the charge was withdrawn, the barrel cleaned, and to make assurance quadruply sure, the powder was poured down with even more liberality than before.

The third day we reached the upper end of St. Ann's, near the old French fort. At that time the village was even a quieter spot than now, where never a speculator had looked with greed upon the soil; its greatest stir made by the visits and voices of the boisterous *voyageurs*; its rapids sacred to the memory of the poet Moore, and the soft refrain of his "Canadian Boat Song." Moreover, its surroundings made it a perfect paradise for wild duck.

We were marching along, when some one's sharp eyes espied a solitary black duck feeding close to the shore, about thirty yards away. Suddenly it rose with a frightened flutter. With considerable difficulty I had managed to cock my gun. I raised it to my shoulder; with a strong fear that it *would* go, and an inward prayer that it wouldn't, took accurate

aim by pointing in the direction of the bird, and, shutting my eyes—with the Latin inscription brought at that moment vividly before me, as if the letters had elongated from the butt to the barrel—I thought of my past sins and pulled the trigger.

Once I was privileged to participate in a railroad accident, when a locomotive telescoped our car; but it was an insignificant impression to the condensed and astonishing concussion that followed the snapping of the cap. As if weary of well-doing, the old gun went off with a vengeance, blowing the stock off the barrel with a retrograde movement that met my shoulder-blade on the way, with a deliberate intention to dislocate; sent the hammer into the air; singed the hair from around my eyes closer and more speedily than I've ever been professionally shaved on my chin; gave the trusting hand that was supporting the barrel a shake of extreme familiarity—a left-handed compliment—that was reflected up my arm and down the spinal column until it bred my deepest and most heartfelt contempt. Like Richard when about to fight for his kingdom, I was depressed, and

“Had not that alacrity of spirit

And cheer of mind that I was wont to have.”

After having carried that gun around the island for three days; after sparing no pains to keep it dry, to oil its rusty barrel and wash its musty stock, I felt it had been an ungrateful companion, undeserving of the personality with which we had almost invested it, and, to use a modern metaphor, that it “had gone back on me.” It evoked on my part an “Et tu Brute!” sort of feeling. As I looked at it in silent woe, lock, stock and barrel lying in bits, I felt sore enough at its conduct to have given it a retributive kick into the river, but the kicking capacity of my legs had been materially weakened by the last kick of the gun.

Gun gone to glory, vision of some one's big brother with possible heavy fist, and inevitable “good, round, mouth-filling oath,”

hand, head, and indeed all of my anatomy aching, there was a consolation that poured metaphorical oil on my wounds and alleviated the pangs of pain,—*I had shot the duck.*

You won't find wild duck at St. Ann's today, unless some stray ones of over-curious trait, who refuse to be advised by their experienced friends. You'll be lucky if you hit upon a spot within thirty miles of Montreal where you do not find pot-hunters by the dozen—that *genus homo* of the New World, who should have lived in Arcadia, where they would certainly have utilized their propensity to good purpose by driving away the birds which haunted Lake Stymphalis, without the brazen clappers of Vulcan or the arrows of Hercules. For short holidays, one of the most popular, and therefore one of the surest to be spoiled, is in the vicinity of Carillon Bay. You may enjoy a varied autumn vacation by taking the steamer Prince of Wales at Lachine, landing at Carillon, staving about twenty minutes to the beautifully situated village of St. Andrew's, and there beg, buy or borrow a dug-out canoe, small enough to be concealed in cover, and paddle down the charming North River, with its picturesque rocks and pretty shadows, until you cast anchor at the portage of the Presqu' Isle. Here you will find remnants of old camp fires, plenty of free fuel, haystacks in the vicinity to make your bed, and elderberries ripe in September, luscious in October, waiting in thick and tempting clusters to be eaten on the spot, or taken home and made into wine. Pitch your tent at this point, and portage your canoe through the narrow strip of loose soil and water to some convenient slip in what is called “The Bay.” You fasten a stout stick through a rope or chain to the nose of the boat, and two getting abreast of it where the portage is heavy, or at each end with outstretched arms where the water is deep, have quite an enjoyable tug, while the novelty of being up to your knees in mud and water, without getting

wet if you wear beef moccasins, or a delicious indifference to wet feet if you don't, gives you a sensation of "roughing it," that not even the pain you'll get across your shoulders could make you impugn. The Bay, which is two miles across, is a picturesque and, were it not getting too well known, a glorious place for duck. From it you see St. Placide, about seven miles away, its church spire gleaming in the sunshine; and nearer, Presqu' Isle Point, Burwash Point, Point de Roche, Coon's Point, Jones' Island, and Green Island—between which and the end of the Presqu' Isle you can see any vessels that pass up and down the Ottawa river. Mount Rigaud—mysterious hill, with the "Lake of Stones"—rises to the west, while the few farms and houses of the Bay settlement lie on the uplands to the north. Over the islands the smoke of steamers miles away may be seen, and the splash of the paddle-wheels heard like the distant rat-tat of kettle-drums. The most unique echo I know in Canada follows your shot in this Bay, and is one of the "lions"—a roaring lion it is—of the place. It travels in tremulous waves of sound across the water, lurks for a moment in the bush of the Presqu' Isle, then shoots out abruptly on the other side and flies over the Ottawa to strike Mount Rigaud, where it reverberates from hill and dale, now to the right, now to the left, in a mysterious prolonged monotone, as if at hide-and-see in the "Lake of Stones," and returns with a scared suddenness, only to fly back in broken flutterings of sound, from crag to crag, from haunt to haunt, and again to be repeated, as if like frightened deer, chased and cooped up on every side, with no spot for escape, till, after several such re-echoes it calms to a lullaby, and dies away on the distant hills. A marsh fringes the Presqu' Isle, and on its borders are many good feeding spots for the duck. The grass of the marsh is mowed with scythes and heaped in large stacks, which you can mount to spy for duck that may be feeding among the lily stalks—though, if your experience

is limited, or your vision none of the best, you'll often be puzzled to know whether the moving objects are lily stalks or duck.

For many years, a few Canadians of French descent, the inheritors of the old voyageur-sportsman spirit of the ancient *regime*, who dread legitimate labour with all their hearts, but love harder work that smacks of adventure, camp in the vicinity of the Bay, trapping musk-rat, catching fish, or shooting duck and snipe. The veritable chief of the clan bears the martial name of Victor, and is a character in his way. I first saw him with his breeches rolled above his knees, loading his gun in the marsh. Nature evidently had made him in haste, for there is an unfinished look about his face, and enough indentations around his head to give a phrenologist the blues. His nose is mostly nostril, and fiery enough to make the nose of Bardolph look pale, while his eyes are black as a sloe and piercing as a falcon's. Though he can neither read nor poetize, he has a taste in common with Byron—he hates pork and loves gin. When he swears—which is the best pronounced English he speaks—spiders feign death, and his dog turns his tail under his legs and moans. He is said, like sheep, to undress only once a year. When he changes his clothes, the very pores of his skin open themselves in mute astonishment. If you can hire him by the day as your "Man Friday," it will add very much to your sport, for he is a walking map of the haunts of duck, and has a perfect genius for waking them up. He will steal with his canoe through the marsh wherever they can go, quietly as a snake in the grass, until he is within gun-shot of his game. To crown all, he is the presiding genius of *Bouillon*; and I canonize him for this if nothing more. Have you ever tasted *Bouillon* made in camp? It is not "fricasseed nightmare," *mon ami*. It is more savoury than tongue of lark or peacocks' brains, or other rarest dish epicures of ancient Rome ever com-

pounded. Yes, even throws the wild boar of Apicius or the roast pig of Charles Lamb into the shades of unpalatableness. You take water, fish, musk-rat, or squirrel (in lieu of beef), potatoes, onions, butter, pepper and salt, and boil all together in a pot, in the open air, over a glowing wood fire. Pour off the soup, and you have the nectar of the gods; the balance is a dish I would not be ashamed to set before a hungry king. I would not give one sip of *Bouillon* made by Victor for a bottle of the wine in which Cleopatra dissolved her precious pearl.

But where are the wild duck?—for this seems all digression. Ah! there they come, with the flutter of wing which starts something of the same sort in your heart. Long necks stretched out, following their leader in Indian file, or wedged together like the Macedonian phalanx, or spreading out when they come nearer, in echelon or like skirmishers, as if knowing the risk of receiving your shot in close column. You lie low, concealed by the long stalks of the marsh grass,—the point of your canoe hidden by the house of a musk-rat. What a quiet few moments as they come within range! You can almost hear your own heart beat. Gun at full cock, nerves steady as a rock, ducks coming straight to their fate; look out! forty yards off, up goes gun to shoulder in a twinkling, eye following the game, a gentle pressure of the trigger—deftly, as if all your care and coolness had been concentrated for that instant in your right fore-finger—down drop the legs of duck, denoting mortal wound, off goes your dog at a plunge, back in boisterous haste and trembling, with a frothy mouthful of shining green speculum and limp head, which he drops at your feet with an almost human sense of importance, and an expressive wag of his tail that quivers delicious delight from every hair. If a “fellow feeling” doesn’t make you wondrous kind to that dog; if you don’t realize the touch of nature that Darwin declares makes you kin; if, after his companionship, you

are not sparing in your chastisement, generous with your pats, and loath to treat him like a dog, you must be a brute, beneath the stature of a trained retriever, and unworthy to have the meanest and most mongrel cur whine at your grave. Education has ennobled your dog. His senses have gained a keenness you may envy, while more eloquence and gratitude is gestured from his tail than can be uttered by many a human tongue and eye. I will not question the propriety of Solomon’s instructions in training a child, but I protest against its applicability to a dog. A dog that has been bullied into obedience possesses the same sort of training as a boy who has been whipped into morality. They both become white-livered: the dog carries his tail between his legs, and so would the boy if he had one. You may have seen a hot-tempered drover beat an obstinate cow in unsuccessful attempts to make it move, but another one simply twisted its tail, and at once stimulated its muscles of locomotion; so that if you have to chastise a dumb brute at all, you may as well do it mercifully, and on the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy strokes upward and the light ones down. Especially so with a dog you wish to be your companion in hunting duck or partridge!

If you’ve done much duck-hunting you’ll have discovered that within rifle range of civilization the instinct of duck is surpassingly keener than fellows outside the pale. In spite of the “blue unclouded weather,” soft calm on the water, and stillness in the air, you can’t catch them asleep any more than you catch a weasel. If you get within range of them at their feeding-ground you must slip slyly and softly. They sniff gunpowder in the air, and know it from the smell of burning bush. Victor vows they know an empty cartridge-case or a gun-wad a mile away. You can’t make them believe your canoe is a musk-rat house, however you try. You can’t put an empty cala-

bash on your head as they do in China, and wade among them, so as to pull them under the water and secure them by a strap. You may fool a Chinese or a Hindoo duck in that way, but you can't humbug a Canadian. They will play in the water twenty yards away when you haven't a gun; but they know the difference between the barrels of one peeping from a marsh and the grass stalks or lilies, as well as you know the difference between a duck and a crow.

There is at least one virtue displayed by enthusiastic hunters of duck—it is that of patience. You may not get a shot for days, or even catch a glimpse of a bird, except your tame decoys, and be tempted to waste a cartridge for change on a stump or a branch; but it isn't all monotony, sitting quietly in camp or in your canoe, or paddling through the marsh, and, Micawber-like, waiting for something to turn up. There is a physical and intellectual enjoyment, if you have the capacity to take it in—a pleasant antithesis to the excitement of a shot. If you're in camp it is expended in a hundred ways. If you do nothing more than lie on your back with your arms under your head for a pillow, and look up through spreading branches of trees, gorgeous with autumnal tints, into "the witchery of the soft blue sky;" if you only let your mind lie fallow, and your hard-worked body feel the luxury of a genuine rest, it is not time misspent. Towards the close of day the duck exercise their wings and take their supper; and you may then get some good shots. If you're in your canoe waiting for their appearance, I commend you to the magnificent sunset for which the Bay is famed. Here, if anywhere, you can see a variegated display "which Nature, by dint of doing the same thing so often, has learned to do to perfection." Flocks of black birds whiz and whirr over your head in wild abandon, as if conscious they were not in danger; the melancholy "too too, too, too-t" of the owl is heard in the woods as if

mourning for Minerva; kingfishers flutter in one narrow compass of mid-air over their prey, as if trembling with apprehensive joy, and shoot down suddenly like a meteor to nab the unsuspecting minnow below; the "schayich" of the ritualistic snipe is heard as it rises from the bog in graceful evolutions and gyrations a Pusey might envy; the incense of autumn is borne to your nostrils; a conversazione of swallows is going on throughout the bush near by, while a perfect tempest of twitter rages on a tree top. Is it love, jealousy or scandal; is it an Œcumenical Council to proclaim the infallibility of the kingfisher or the peacock, or are they only scolding their young ones to bed?—and to complete the felicitous delight of your five senses, you'll be sure to add to your knowledge of entomology the penetrating fact that, though the black flies have absconded, the marsh in autumn is "the last ditch" of the mosquito. Here it conjugates the verb "to bite," in all its moods and tenses, until the frost-king subdues its ardour, or the dragon-fly saves the frost the trouble. It doesn't interest you to know that its wings vibrate three thousand times a minute, and that with these and the rapid vibrations of the muscles of its chest it produces its soothing sound. Its sting is certainly very complex and attractive under the microscope; not so under your skin. You may be ever so galling, and yet be unable to pardon the fact that only the female mosquitoes bite. You may be reduced to believe with Gay's fable of the man and flea, "that men were made for fleas (mosquitoes) to eat." The mosquito is far too insinuating in its manner. It depresses one's mind, but it elevates one's body. The king is called His Eminence. When you're sitting in your canoe on the *qui vive* for a shot, its familiar evening hymn is heard in a halo of buzzing around your head. Sting first, like a sapper with his heel on his spade in the trenches in face of the enemy, it digs into you with a perseverance worthy of a nobler aim. A summer's

sucking has not satiated the thirst of the seniors, while the junior cannibals are eager to try their stings; but the weather has curbed their power if not their desire, and you may slap them into eternity with comparative ease. If there is no food for powder in the air, you can live in hope and wish there was; you can indulge in your physical and intellectual rumination; or you can meditate on your sins; or, what is more popular and pleasant, the sins of your friends and enemies; but it somewhat disturbs the equanimity of your thought and humiliates your dignity to find a corduroy road of mosquito bites on the back of your neck, and suddenly to realize that the last of the Mohicans is determined to play tag with the tip of your nose, or to say its vespers vigorously in the hollow warmth of your ear.

If you've never shot wild duck, at least you've eaten them. Charles Lamb may extol roast pig, but, as Victor says, "Pigs can't lay eggs: nor can they fly." I doubt if the genial essayist ever ate wild roast duck, done to a turn, with sage dressing, plump bellies, legs trussed; hung for a day or two before dressed; well basted while cooking; and sent to table hot, with apple sauce. Plutarch says that Cato kept his household in health, when the plague was rife, by dieting them on roast duck; but can anything be finer than the mellow sniff that steals up the nostrils from a tender roasted one, that you've shot yourself and eaten with a hungry maw?

The end of the hunting season is the ducks' Thanksgiving Day. What tales they must hiss and stories they must quack of double-barrel shots escaped; of nervous marksmen down whose very gun barrels they stared, and quacked out defiance. How they, veterans of the season, must brag, and the Gascons of two put on airs, and be envied as the heroes of many battles. How they must raise their wings and show their scars, and be looked up to as ducks of valour and experience!

As I was coming home last autumn from a few days' holiday up the Ottawa, an individual with a mummy complexion, and a hand that felt like dried bladder, and whose epidermis, I venture to believe, is proof against tickling, and might be utilized for parchment, poked at my string of duck, and said, "That's base cruelty! barbarian cruelty! protected by Act of Parliament!" He was a cynical moralist, who could never coax a dog to live with him more than a day, and whom to meet on a steamer was the next worst thing to an explosion. He had very positive opinions about things in general, and that elastic political conscience of the nineteenth century which can construe an oversight or a weakness of an opponent into a flagrant crime; but the most flagrant crime of a friend into the merest peccadillo, if not a commendable offence. When he came to town he thought it part of his moral duty to hunt up the frailties of humanity on the way, and scold them into repentance; and from his company or conversation you could no more entice a hopeful thought, even though he was a scholar, than you could tap sap from a telegraph pole, even though it was a maple. Once he did venture something in the shape of a laugh, but his amazed risible muscles received such a strain in the attempt, that they immediately straightened into an unborn smile, and never dared try it again.

To be charitably disposed to such a creature would be paying a premium for bad temper, and thus I essayed to extinguish him.

"How many, sir, are born for critics and gentlemen, and aren't needed? You put a hard bit in your horse's mouth, and never travel without a whip. You bring up an innocent calf in the way it should go, and knock it on the head with an axe when it becomes a cow. The uproar of a hog, on the eve of slaughter, awakens no sympathy in your heart. You ill-treat your dog until he takes French leave, and your very cat

must shiver in the garden all night. You even bully your own children until they are afraid of your approach. You take pretty canaries from the freedom of the woods, keep them cooped up to chirp away their lives in a few feet of caged wire, under the delusion that they learn to enjoy it, because they sing—as if Bunyan relished imprisonment because in jail he wrote the ‘Pilgrim’s Progress.’ Open the cage door at your window, and see where your bird prefers to be. Do you imagine a duck, if consulted, wouldn’t rather die in the full flush and fervour of health in a competitive race to escape your shot—just as surely as would a soldier rather perish on the field of battle with his face to the foe, than give his last gasp in camp? Wouldn’t you rather meet your end, pulse beating at its best—though that’s no great shakes—heart and lungs unphysiced and full-strung? It’s an article of the sportsman’s creed that duck, like deer and foxes, enjoy being hunted. I believe they’ll meet you half way. Did you ever know an Irishman who didn’t from the bottom of his heart enjoy an honourable ‘discussion wid

sticks?’ If immortal Celts are to be found who prefer to risk being shillelahed into eternity, what great stretch of imagination does it need to believe that a duck prefers to be shot? Won’t that corollary hold water? Shall I kill my duck as the Inquisitors killed their victims—by a mock prayer for them as I fire? I fancy you don’t give your fowl chloroform before you wring their necks; nor even say grace over the flies you slap into flatness in June, or the fish you play with at the end of your rod and line.

“Were I to keep wild duck, fatten them on oats and pea-meal for future sacrifice, as you calmly do with tame duck, and then let them fly to sky, only to be brought down with an Eley cartridge, or to escape with a broken leg—that is a sportsman’s idea of cruelty. Even the very moral character of wild duck you deteriorate. You domesticate them, and the drake who when wild was faithful to one spouse, becomes polygamous, and a veritable Brigham Young!

“To fatten a tame duck as you do, and then cut its throat at Christmas, is the cruelest and ‘unkindest cut of all.’”

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## SALUTARY.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

A STORM o’erswept the sky,  
The rent trees moaned and cowered  
That had so proudly towered—  
The boughs drooped drearily.

II.

I cried, “O, cruel breeze,  
That pitied not the pride  
Of foliage spreading wide,  
That did not spare my trees !”



## III.

Yet was the gale for good—  
A poisonous progeny  
Of blighting insects die,  
Dislodged in vale and wood.

## IV.

It passed—a cleansing power ;  
O storm, did yonder tree  
Know half it owes to thee,  
It would have blessed thine hour !

## V.

Through a heart shot a pain  
Sharp as an eastern wind ;  
All a life's joys behind  
Lay in its passage slain.

## VI.

I cried, "O cruel pain,  
Were there no joyless lives,  
No aimless negatives  
That thy shaft might have slain ?"

## VII.

Yet was that pain the breeze,  
Cleansing and heaven-sent ;—  
The joys? Perhaps they meant  
The blight upon the trees !

## SAINT JANUARIUS, PATRON SAINT OF NAPLES.

*(From Alexandre Dumas' Corricolo.)*

[We learn, among other items of European intelligence, that the annual miracle of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius was performed as usual—Garibaldi and the Italian Revolution notwithstanding—on the Saint's anniversary, and that the blood liquefied at an early hour.—ED. C. M.]

## THE LEGEND.

SAINT JANUARIUS is not a saint of modern creation ; he is none of these hackneyed and vulgar patrons that accept the offers of all sorts of clients, or grant protection to the first comer, or busy themselves with every one's interests ; his corpse among the corpses in the catacombs was not reconstructed with the bones of other martyrs more or less unknown ; and, whilst the miracles of other saints stopped with their lives, his is perpetuated to this very day, to the great glory of the good City of Naples, and to the great confusion of all unbelievers. Saint Januarius' origin is traced back to the early years of the Church. As bishop, he preached the word of God, and converted to the true faith thousands of pagans ; it is to his prayers that they attribute the cessation of the fearful persecutions the Roman Emperors exercised against the Christians ; but he was not only a zealous Christian, he was also a good citizen, and was truly devoted to his country, protecting his native town from all dangers, and avenging it of all its enemies—*civi, patrono, vindici*, says an old Neapolitan tradition. If the whole world was threatened with a second deluge, Saint Januarius would not raise the tip of his finger to prevent it ; but let the least drop of water injure the harvests of his good old town, and the saint will move heaven and earth to bring back fair weather. Naples depends altogether upon Saint Januarius for its existence. To be sure, there is no city in the world that has been oftener conquered and ruled

over by foreigners ; but, thanks to the active and vigilant intervention of its protector, the conquerors disappeared and Naples remained standing : he drove away, punished, beat, one after the other, the Normans, the Suebians, the Angevines, the Arragonese, the Spaniards, and the French, and there is no knowing what he may not yet do for his country. Whatever be the domination, legitimate or usurping, equitable or despotic, that weighs upon that beautiful country, there is a belief, deep set in the heart of all Neapolitans, a belief which renders them patient even to stoicism, and that is, that all their kings and governments will pass away, but that in the end the people and Saint Januarius will remain.

The history of Saint Januarius commences with the history of Naples, and will, according to all probability, only terminate with it ; both run along with each other, and unite at every great, happy or unhappy event. From the beginning of the fourth century down to this day, the saint has been the beginning and end of all things, and no important change was ever accomplished except by his permission, order or intervention.

The history of Saint Januarius presents three distinct phases, and should be considered under three different aspects. In the first century, it appears in the simple and naïve light of a legend of Gregory of Tours ; at the Middle Age it takes the poetic and picturesque phase of a chronicle of Froissart ; and finally, at the present day, it

presents the comical and sceptical aspect of a tale of Voltaire.

We will begin with the legend.

As may be expected, the family of Saint Januarius belongs to the highest nobility of antiquity; the people who, in 1647, gave to its republic the title of "Most High and Royal Republic," and who, in 1799, were ready to stone its patriots for wishing to abolish the title "*Excellenza*," would never have consented to choose a protector of plebeian origin. The *lazzarone* is above all things an aristocrat.

The family of Saint Januarius descends in a direct line from the *Januarii* of Rome, whose genealogy is lost in the night of ages. The early years of the saint are buried in the profoundest obscurity; he appears in public only towards the latter part of his life. He was called to the bishopric of Benevento towards the year of our Lord 304, under the pontificate of Saint Marcelline. A strange destiny that of the Beneventine bishopric, which begins with Saint Januarius and ends with Monsieur de Talleyrand!

One of the most terrible persecutions which the Church has had to suffer was, as every one knows, that of the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian. The Christians were persecuted, in 302, with such implacable cruelty, that within a single month seventeen thousand martyrs fell under the sword of these two tyrants. However, two years later, after the promulgation of the edict which condemned to death all the faithful, men and women, children and old men, the infant Church breathed awhile. To the Emperors Diocletian and Maximian, who had abdicated, succeeded Constantius and Galerius; this change brought about a similar one among the proconsuls of Campania, and Timothy succeeded to Dragon-tius.

Among the Christians crowded together in the prisons of Cumæ, were Sosius, deacon of Misene, and Proculus, deacon of Pozzuoli. Whilst the persecution lasted,

Saint Januarius had never failed, even at the risk of his life, to bring them consolation and assistance; and, leaving his diocese of Beneventum, to go wherever his presence was necessary, he had again and again braved the fatigue of a long journey and the anger of the Proconsul.

Each new political sun that rose would cast rays of hope through the prison bars of the poor Christians that had been incarcerated during the previous reign, and it was thus also that, at the accession to the throne of Constantius and Galerius, Sosius and Proculus expected to be set at liberty. Saint Januarius, who had shared their grief, hastened to share their joy. After having so long a time recited with his dear disciples the psalms of captivity, he was the first to strike up for them the chant of deliverance.

Free for a short time from persecution, the Christians were one day giving thanks to the Lord in a little church in the neighbourhood of Pozzuoli, and the holy bishop, assisted by his two deacons, Sosius and Proculus, was preparing to offer up to God the sacrifice of the mass, when a great noise outside the church stopped him. A loud voice, commanding silence, proceeded to read slowly the decree of Diocletian, reinforced by the new Proconsul Timothy; and the following terrible announcement, which we will give word for word, fell upon the ears of the prostrate Christians:

"Diocletian, three times great, ever just, immortal Emperor, to all the Prefects and Proconsuls of the Roman Empire, hail!

"A report has reached us, which has greatly displeased our royal ears, which is, that the heresy of those that call themselves Christians, a heresy of the greatest impiety (*valde impiam*), is gaining new strength. These Christians honour as a God a man named Jesus, born of some Jewish woman, and insult thereby the great Apollo and Mercury, Hercules and even Jupiter. We, therefore, command that all Christians, men and women, in all cities

and countries, shall be subjected to the most violent torments, unless they sacrifice to our gods, and abjure their error; and those that should feel inclined to favour these same Christians, and neglect to execute our divine decrees, shall be visited by the same punishments."

When the last word of this terrible law was uttered, Saint Januarius prayed silently to God that He might graciously endow all the believers with the necessary fortitude to brave the coming tortures and subsequent death; then, feeling that the hour for his own martyrdom had come, he left the church, accompanied by his two deacons and the crowd of Christians in attendance, all loudly praising the Lord, and passing through the double rows of soldiers and executioners, who stood speechless and full of amazement before their courage and steadfastness. They arrived thus at Nola, where the new Proconsul, Timothy, awaited them. He was seated, says the Chronicle, on a high tribunal in the midst of the public square. Saint Januarius, without being the least confused at the sight of his judge, advanced within the circle with a sure and firm step, between his two deacons, Sosius and Proculus. The rest of the Christians stood around them, awaiting in silence the trial of their master. Timothy was aware of the high lineage of the saint, and, in consideration for the *civis romanus*, deigned to question him, whereas he might have condemned him to death without hearing, as he did with so many others. Now, this Timothy is described by all writers as one of the most cruel and impious tyrants that had yet made their appearance. A certain chronicler even adds, that he was so bloodthirsty that God, to punish him, caused sometimes a bloody veil to come over his eyes, blinding him for a certain time, and causing him the most atrocious pains.

"What is thy name?" asked he of the saint as he stood before him.

"Januarius."

"How old art thou?"

"Thirty-three years old."

"What is thy country?"

"Naples."

"Thy religion?"

"Christ's."

"And are those accompanying thee Christians also?"

"I trust to God they may have the fortitude to say so when thou askest them."

"Thou knowest the orders of our divine Emperor?"

"I know but the orders of God."

"Thou art noble?"

"I am but the least of the servants of Christ."

"And thou wilt not renounce that God?"

"I renounce your idols, which are naught but fragile wood and useless clay."

"Thou knowest what tortures await thee?"

"I am ready to suffer them."

"And thou thinkest that thou canst brave my power?"

"I am but a feeble instrument, easily broken, but my God can protect me from thy fury, and reduce thee to ashes at the very moment when thou blasphemest His holy name."

"We shall see if thy God can save thee from the fiery furnace."

"He has saved from the same Ananias, Azarias and Mizaël of old."

"And from the wild beasts in the circus?"

"He protected Daniel in the lion's den."

"Or from the sword of the executioner?"

"If I am to die, let God's will be done."

"So be it. May thy accursed blood flow, then—the blood thou dishonourest in betraying the religion of thy ancestors by a slavish worship."

"Oh, thou wretched fool!" exclaimed then the saint, with accents of deep compassion and grief, "before thou canst enjoy the spectacle thou cravest, thou shalt be blinded and suffer excruciating pains, and thy sight shall only be restored to thee at

my prayer, that thou mayest behold with what courage the martyrs of Christ can die."

"If this be a challenge, I accept it," replied the Proconsul, "and we will see if thy faith be stronger than the pain I am able to inflict." And turning towards his lictors, he commanded that the saint be thrown into the fiery furnace.

Saint Januarius was therefore thrown into the furnace. But it was not long before celestial songs were heard within the walled-up enclosure, and when the people flocked together and demanded vociferously that the furnace be opened, and the Proconsul, for fear of a rebellion, gave his men the order to break down the wall, the saint was seen walking on the burning brands, and singing praises to God. But this miracle did not satisfy the cruel man; to assure himself that the holy martyr was truly human and a being of flesh and blood, he ordered his lictors to tie him to a column, and whip him till the blood should flow. This done, and having satisfied himself that it was truly human blood, he commanded next that he should be put to the rack. Long and painful was the torture, and the saint was brought from it with disjointed limbs and flesh all torn to pieces; but, despite all his sufferings, he never ceased to praise the Lord. The Proconsul, seeing that nothing thus far had availed, concluded to try the wild beasts; and as the circus at Pozzuoli was larger than the one at Nola, he decided the spectacle should be given there. An infernal idea then crossed his mind, namely, to add shame to the suffering of the martyr, and to require that Saint Januarius and his two deacons should be yoked to his chariot and draw him to the place of their execution. The saint was consequently yoked to the consular chariot between Sosius and Proculus, and Timothy, taking his seat on it, commanded his lictors to whip the three Christians without mercy whenever they should stop or slacken their pace.

But God did not even permit the whip to be lifted against his saints, for no sooner had the Proconsul given the signal for departure than Saint Januarius and his two companions darted off with such speed that soldiers and lictors and bystanders had but time to fly out of their way not to be run over. Many then declared they saw wings grow on the shoulders of the holy men, and that it was thus they were enabled to perform their task with such rapidity. At all events their speed was such that the Proconsul's escort was left far behind, and that he himself had to hold on fast to his chariot not to be thrown out. So swiftly did it fly, that all objects disappeared, his eyes grew dim, his breath failed him, and in an agony of fear he allowed himself to fall down on his knees in the chariot. But the three saints could not see him, carried away as they were themselves by a supernatural power. At last, gathering all his remaining strength, the tyrant uttered such a piercing cry that Saint Januarius heard him, despite the noise of the wheels, and, stopping short, asked him in a voice quite composed and fresh, and betraying no lassitude whatever:

"What is it, master?"

Timothy was so exhausted that he could hardly find breath enough to answer. At last, after a violent effort, he expressed his wish to stop.

"Let us stop," said the saint. But no sooner did the tyrant feel the firm earth under his feet again, than his wrath and hatred revived afresh, and he raised his whip against the saint, and threateningly asked him what had possessed him to go so fast?

"Didst thou not tell me I should go as fast as I could?"

"Yes, but who should have thought thou wouldst go at such a rate, and leave all my men behind me?"

"I did not know myself at what rate I was going; the angels, no doubt, lent me their wings."

"Then thou still persistest in thy heresy, and believest thy God assisted thee?"

"All help comes from Him."

"Thou knowest what kind of death awaits thee at the end of the road."

"It was not I that asked to stop."

"True, and we shall set off again; but thou shalt not draw me in that manner."

"Thou canst choose thy own pace;" and they set off, Saint Januarius observing in every particular the least wishes of the tyrant. They reached soon the public square at Pozzuoli, but as they had travelled far in advance of the orders that had been given, no preparations had been made for the spectacle, and Timothy, exhausted with fatigue, ordered the cruel entertainment to be put off for a few days, that he might rest from his extraordinary journey. The three saints were meanwhile led to prison, to prepare for their approaching doom.

The amphitheatre of Pozzuoli was one of the finest in the province, and the most ferocious tigers and lions imported from Africa were generally reserved for it. When, on the given day, Timothy was seated on the throne erected for him, and his lictors had gathered around him, the sign for the letting loose of the wild animals was given. The bloodthirsty beasts bounded into the arena, and thirty thousand spectators clapped their hands with joy. The savage creatures, startled, by the cries of the multitude, roared in reply, but soon, devoured by a long three days' fast, and sniffing the human flesh they had been fed on, they made furiously towards their victims. Speechless with astonishment, however, remained the multitude and its cruel governor when they saw the wild lions, tigers and hyenas gradually crouch down at the three martyrs' feet, meek and obedient, and beheld the saint, calm and smiling, raising his right hand to bless them all. At the same instant came over the Proconsul's eyes the well-known bloody cloud; everything vanished from his sight; his eyelids closed, and

he was plunged into darkness. But the darkness itself was nothing compared to the terrible sufferings he endured: it seemed to the wretched man as if each pulsation of the artery was a red-hot iron piercing his eyeballs. Finally, no longer able to disguise his pain and smother his groans, he implored the saint to intercede in his behalf and restore him to sight.

Saint Januarius rose, advanced towards him, and in the midst of the general silence addressed to God this short prayer: "Oh, Lord Jesus Christ, forgive this man all the harm he has done me, and open his eyes that he may, by this last miracle operated in his favour, behold the frightful abyss into which he must inevitably fall if he do not repent; and touch thou also, Oh Lord, the hearts of all good men here present, and may Thy grace descend upon them, and free them from the errors of paganism." Then raising his voice, and touching with his forefinger the Proconsul's eyelids, he added:

"Timothy, Prefect of Campania, open thine eyes, and be delivered from thy sufferings, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"Amen," responded the two deacons. And Timothy opened his eyes, and his relief was so prompt and so entire that he forgot having experienced any pain at all. But five thousand spectators rose at the sight of the miracle, and asked with one voice to be baptized. The hardened Proconsul meanwhile returned into his palace, and as all his efforts had failed, he determined to have the saints perish by the sword.

It was in the autumn of the year 305 that Saint Januarius, accompanied by his two deacons, Proculus and Sosius, was taken to the forum of Vulcano, near a half-extinguished crater, to be beheaded. At his side walked the executioner, holding in his hands a large double-edged sword, and two Roman legions, heavily armed, preceded and closed the procession, to prevent the people of Pozzuoli from making any demon-

stration in favour of the martyrs, or attempting to offer resistance.

As they were moving along, an old blind man forced his way to the saint and begged of him a token of remembrance.

"I have nothing left in this world," replied the holy man, "but the cloth that will serve to bind my eyes at the last moment. I will leave it to thee after my death."

"But how shall I obtain it?" asked the blind man; "the soldiers will never let me approach you."

"I will bring it thee myself."

As they reached the forum the three saints knelt down, and Saint Januarius addressed to God, in a firm and sonorous voice, a short prayer, to implore His mercy on the surviving Christians. They rose, and the executioner began his bloody work. He first beheaded the two deacons, who died bravely, singing praises to the Lord; but when he approached Saint Januarius a convulsive trembling seized him, and the sword fell from his hands without his having the strength to stoop to pick it up. The holy martyr himself tied the cloth over his eyes, and when he was ready called him to perform his office; but the hangman was powerless.

"I shall never be able to lift this sword," said he, "if thou dost not enable me to do so."

"Brother," said Saint Januarius, "do thy work," and feeling his strength return to him by the last injunction of the saint, he raised his sword with both arms, and smote him with such force that not only the head, but also a finger of his hand were taken off at one blow. After the execution, when the soldiers and the executioner repaired to the house of Timothy to make their report, they met the old man who had begged a token of remembrance of the martyr, and to their great astonishment found he had recovered his sight. Amidst ominous warnings and dire reproaches for their impiety, he told them how the saint

had already appeared to him, had handed him the cloth he had promised him, and how, applying it to his eyes, he had recovered his eyesight. But more startling still was to them the fearful retribution that had visited the cruel Proconsul. As they approached his house they found it deserted by every one, and from the inner chambers proceeded such pestilential stench that they could not go further. Timothy's body, reduced to a carcass, was weltering in its putrefaction, and presented nothing but a formless mass of infection.

Now, as the night was come, the old beggar returned to the forum to gather the sacred remains of the holy bishop. As he was slowly and cautiously walking about, watching lest any one should spy him, he saw, advancing from another side, an old woman who seemed to come on a similar errand.

"Good evening, brother," she said, addressing him.

"The like to thee, good sister; but what brings thee here at this late hour?"

"I come to gather Saint Januarius' blood."

"And I to bury his body."

"I was lame, and he made me whole."

"I was blind, and he caused me again to see."

"He left me the two vials that served to celebrate his last mass."

"And to me the cloth that tied his eyes at the moment of his death."

"Surely he was a holy man." And the two proceeded to perform the last duty to their master; and whilst the one placed in a box the head and body of the martyr, the other gathered in the vial every drop of the saint's precious blood.

It is this very blood that now for fifteen centuries is put into a state of liquefaction whenever it is brought in contact with the martyr's head, and it is in this prodigious and inexplicable liquefaction that the miracle of Saint Januarius consists.

## SAINT JANUARIUS AND HIS COURT.

The relics of Saint Januarius were, during the Middle Age, alternately transported from Pozzuoli to Naples, from Naples to Benevento, and from Benevento back to Naples. It was only at the beginning of the sixteenth century that they obtained a fixed residence, and were permanently established at the archbishopric and in the chapel of the Treasury. This chapel was built by the nobles and citizens of Naples in accordance with a vow made simultaneously by these two bodies, on the occasion of the pestilence that devastated, at that time, the faithful city of Naples, and which ceased at the intercession of the saint.

Contrary to the generality of vow-makers, who forget the saint that helped them out of trouble as soon as the danger is passed, the Neapolitans set about fulfilling their vow so ardently that Doña Catharina de Sandoval, the wife of the Viceroy of Naples, offered a contribution of thirty thousand ducats to assist them; but they refused the offer, declaring that no stranger should participate in the honour of providing a worthy lodging to their holy protector.

Now, as neither money nor zeal was wanting, the chapel was soon built; it is true that, in order to keep each other in mutual goodwill, both the nobles and the citizens entered into a bond before a public notary, by which they agreed to pay 13,000 ducats to defray the expenses of the edifice. It seems, however, that already, in these early days of architecture, there was cause to mistrust the estimates of architects, for the door alone of the chapel cost 135,000 francs, three times the sum allowed for the whole chapel. When the chapel was completed, it was decided that the first painters of the world should be called to adorn it with frescoes representing the principal actions of the saint's life. Unfortunately this decision was not approved of by the Neapolitan painters,

who decided in their turn that no other but native talent should be called to the work of ornamentation, and swore that no intruder should be tolerated.

Whether this decision remained unknown, or its earnestness doubted, the Dominican, Guido, and the Chevalier d'Arpino came to engage upon the work; but d'Arpino was put to flight before he could even take a brush in hand. Guido twice escaped being murdered, and was also obliged to leave Naples; while the Dominican, hardened to persecutions, braved all insults and threats, and succeeded in painting the Woman curing a number of Sick People with the oil that burns in the lamp before the statue of Saint Januarius, the Resurrection, and the Cupola. But he had scarcely commenced the latter when he fainted one day on his scaffolding, and was brought home dead: he had been poisoned. The party of native painters, who had thus resisted all foreign talent, remained master of the field, and the picture of Saint Januarius Stepping out of the Furnace, the Woman Possessed by the Devil, and Delivered by the Saint, and the Cupola, were successfully painted by l'Espagnolet, Corenzio, Lafranco and Stanzoni. It was then to this chapel, where art had also its martyrs, that the relics of the saint were duly entrusted.

These relics are kept in a niche placed behind the high altar, and protected by a marble division which prevents the head of the saint from looking on his blood, a circumstance which might cause the miracle to be performed before the appointed time; since it is by the contact of the head and the vials that the congealed blood becomes liquefied.

It is, besides, closed by two doors of massive silver, and engraved with the arms of the King of Spain, Charles II. These doors are in their turn locked by two keys, of which one is in the keeping of the archbishop, and the other in that of a company selected from among the nobility, and called the Treasury's deputies. It will be seen that



Saint Januarius enjoys about as much liberty as used to be granted to the doges who could never step beyond the town's walls, or leave their palaces without the permission of the Senate. If this obligatory seclusion has its inconveniences, it has also its advantages. Saint Januarius is thus protected against constant applications, and being called out at any time of the night or day like a common village physician; his guardians appreciate fully in this respect the superiority of their position over the guardians of other saints.

Now, Saint Januarius, being a chief saint, has his little courts of inferior saints, who recognize his supremacy somewhat as the Roman clients recognized that of their masters; they are the secondary patrons of the city of Naples. This little army of holy courtiers is recruited in the following manner

Every brotherhood, every religious order, every individual even who wishes to exalt a favourite saint to the patronship of Naples, under the presidency of Saint Januarius, has only to get cast a statue of massive silver, ranging between the prices of 6, and 8,000 ducats, and to offer it to the Chapel of the Treasury. The statue, once admitted, is kept in the above-named chapel, and enjoys all the prerogatives of its station, namely, that of forming Saint Januarius' court. No statue is ever allowed to be taken out unless a sum of money double its value is duly deposited into the hands of a notary, and thus all risks of its loss be covered. In this way the Neapolitans make sure of their saints that they do not get astray, and if astray that they are not lost, since with the money deposited two statues instead of one of the same kind may be cast. This measure of precaution was taken after an incident in which the Chapter of Saint Januarius was made the dupe of its too great confidence. The statue of San Gaetano had been allowed to go out without its value having been deposited, and never came back again. After many researches it was discovered that a hackman had made

away with it, which circumstance greatly impaired the fair name of the corporation of hackdrivers, who, up to that day, had lived unrivalled in their supremacy of integrity and fidelity.

As may be conjectured, the doors are ever open to receive the statues of the saints that wish to join the holy court; the only condition attached to the favour is, that the statue be of pure silver, and of the required weight.

#### THE MIRACLE.

About a week before the solemn day on which the miracle is to take place, the city begins already to show the animation that precedes any great event. The lazzaroni cry louder and move about more briskly; the hackmen grow insolent and name their own terms, instead of having them named to them; and the hotels fill up with strangers brought from Rome, Civita Vecchia and Palermo by stages and steamboats.

There is also a large increase of chimes. The bells seem wild with excitement, and ring at all sorts of odd hours.

A day or two before the appointed time, the neighbouring populations begin to flow into the town; the fishermen of Sorrento, Resina, Castellamare and Capri in their holiday costumes; the women of Ischia, Nettuno, Procida and Averso in all their finery. Now and then an old woman may be seen threading her way through the gay crowd. All the old women of the place style themselves the nurses and relatives of Saint Januarius. Their grey hair flying in the wind makes them look like sibyls of Cumæ. They cry louder than anybody else, press boldly through the crowds by dint of elbowing, and seem to command everywhere the regard and respect due to their holy relationship. They claim to be descended from the one whom the old man, whose sight was restored by the application of the cloth that tied Saint Januarius' eyes previous to his execution, met in the Pozzuoli circus collecting the saint's blood.

On the eve of the miracle-day, the streets already are filled with the crowd that repairs to the archbishopric in order to be assigned a place in the procession. This procession goes from the Chapel of the Treasury, the Saint's usual residence, to Saint Clara's Cathedral, the metropolis of the Kings of Naples, where the saint is to perform his miracle. It is composed not only of the people in the city, but also of the surrounding populations, divided into classes and brotherhoods. The nobility come first; next the corporations. Unfortunately, thanks to the perfectly independent character of the Neapolitan people, no one keeps his rank. Strangers, looking on, are at a loss to know whether the motley crowd before them is meant to be the procession or not. Workmen of all trades, dressed more or less in their best—some in black, some in red, green, yellow, with buckled shoes and powdered hair—march in groups of fifteen or twenty, stop now and then to talk with their acquaintances, halt before every drinking-house, calling for slices of *cocomero* and glasses of *sambuco*. Here and there the bright uniform of a Neapolitan officer is seen, walking along carelessly, holding an inverted wax taper, and escorted by *lazzaroni* cutting all sorts of capers around him to catch in paper cornucopias the wax dropping from his taper. Next, and preceded by the cross and banner, mixing sometimes with the crowd, come monks of all orders and colours—capuchins, carthusians, dominicans, carmelites, shod and barefoot; some fat, round, short, with high-coloured faces, and thick heads set squarely on broad shoulders; all walking at random, talking, singing, offering tobacco to the men, quizzing the women, admonishing the girls; and others lean, pale from fasting, enfeebled by austerities, raising to heaven their saffron brows, their livid cheeks and sunken eyes—in short, the right and wrong side of monastic life. Sometimes, when the halts are too long, or the disorder too great, the master

of ceremonies sends out his assistants, armed with long ebony staves, who, like the shepherd's dog, collect again the straying ones, and bring them into line and file.

Thus this mass of people marches leisurely on till, towards one o'clock in the morning, its head reaches the cathedral, deposits its candles and flowers before the altar where the bust of Saint Januarius has been placed, and, issuing through the side doors, disperses again, leaving those behind to proceed in the same way. Towards evening, however, the procession gets into better shape, and presents a more regular appearance. The musicians have joined it, and the royal guards execute their finest airs of Rossini, Mercadante and Donizetti. The seminarists also appear in their surplices, marching two by two, and are followed by the statues of the saints that form Saint Januarius' court. One of the most curious features, however, of the whole festivity, is the strange reception these secondary saints receive at the hands of the people. As they are not chosen from among the aristocracy, and belong rather to the upstarts in the financial world, they are considered somewhat shoddy, and much is said against them among the gossips, and all sorts of stories told. Saint Januarius himself stands first and foremost in the people's estimation, but not so his court. As the seventy-five statues representing the secondary patrons of the city of Naples make their appearance in the procession, there is no manner of pungent quibbles and coarse jokes that are not thrown at them: the least peccadillo of the public or private life of these unfortunate elect is remembered in the censure of the spectators. To Saint Paul they throw up his idolatry, to Saint Peter his treason, to Saint Augustine his pranks, to Saint Therese her ecstatic trances, to Saint Francis Borgia his principles, to Saint Anthony his usurpation, to Saint Gaetan his carelessness, and that in the least considerate terms, and with such vociferous cries and insulting

gestures, that one must needs acknowledge their claims to paradise, as, among their other virtues, surely patience and humility have been the most exercised. Each of these statues is carried on the shoulders of six youths, and preceded by six priests, and every one gets his share of the aforementioned courtesies. As they arrive one after the other in the cathedral, they make their humble obeisance to Saint Januarius, placed at the right of the altar, and withdraw again. After the saints comes the archbishop, carried in a sumptuous litter, and holding in his hands the two vials containing the miraculous blood. The archbishop puts the vials into the tabernacle, and all is over till the next day; the bells meanwhile keeping the city awake, and chiming furiously the whole night long.

The next morning, as early as seven o'clock, the whole population of Naples flows towards the cathedral; the edifice is thronged inside and outside. On the high altar stand on one side Saint Januarius' bust, and on the other the vial containing the blood. A canon stands as keeper before the altar; on the right and left of the latter are two tribunes: one for the musicians, who keep in readiness their instruments, to celebrate the miracle as soon as it is performed; and the other for the old women calling themselves the relatives of the saint, and undertaking to hasten the miracle if it should delay too long. At the foot of the altar stretches a long railing, where the believers come in turn to kneel down, kiss the vial shown to them by the canon in office, verify the coagulation of the blood, and retire to allow the rest to do the same thing.

The miracle very often, through some unaccountable reason or other, is delayed, and the multitude in attendance is sometimes kept a whole day in expectation. An instance is recorded when it was kept waiting from three o'clock in the morning till eight o'clock at night. The multitude had

waited quite patiently till noon, and then a few murmurs were heard, and a number of voices declared that the miracle would not take place. But the Neapolitans are accustomed to delays, and are generally very willing to abide their patron's will and leisure. On this occasion, however, their submission was sorely tested. Four o'clock struck, and they were still waiting. The murmurs then became roarings; the so-styled relatives of the saint began to threaten him, and heap all manner of abuse upon him; the people stamped, hallooed, showed their fists, were ready to come to any violence. The canon on guard stepped before the railing and remarked that there were probably heretics in the assembly, and that in that case the miracle could not be performed till they were out. A horrible clamour followed upon this announcement, and a general howl, "Out with the heretics! Down with the heretics! Death to the heretics!" shook the whole edifice. It happened that a number of Englishmen were in the upper galleries. The excitement was such that the soldiers on service were obliged to surround the foreigners and lead them out of the cathedral with drawn swords, to protect them against the fury of the mob. The expulsion of the heretics did not seem, however, to improve matters; and although some sort of silence was restored, it was but the calm that precedes the storm—for when, after another hour's waiting, the miracle was still unaccomplished, the exasperation of the crowd reached its full height, and it was something hideous to see these old women, with their dishevelled grey hairs, abandon themselves, like so many hags, to the most revolting bursts of anger, tearing off their caps, threatening the saint with their fists, and showering upon him all the insulting epithets their vocabulary could furnish. The miracle at last took place, and when the priest presented himself with the vial raised, and crying "Glory to Saint Januarius, the miracle is wrought!" a revulsion of feeling

took place in this exasperated multitude equally degrading. Some would throw themselves down; to the vociferations, clamours and roars, succeeded groans, complaints, tears and sobs. They wave their handkerchiefs; they ask the saint's pardon; they embrace each other—a moment before they were crazy with anger, now they are crazy with joy.

But, whether unusually delayed or not, the miracle performance is always attended with some such manifestations of extremes of passion. As soon as the liquefaction of the blood has been announced and verified, the music begins, the choir strikes up the *Te Deum*, and the cannon from the fort of Saint Elmo announces to the town that the miracle is accomplished.

How it is accomplished is still a mystery. The priest touches the vial only to take it from the altar to give it to the people to kiss,

and the latter do not let it out of sight a moment.

Scepticism and science have both tried in vain, the one to deny it, the other to explain it. The liquefaction of the coagulated blood takes place in the sight of the whole assembled Church, and is witnessed by hundreds. Neither the philosophy of the eighteenth century, nor modern chemistry, Voltaire nor Lavoisier, can do anything with it. If it is a secret kept by the canons of the Treasury, and preserved from generation to generation since the fourth century, all we have to say is, that such fidelity is more miraculous even than the miracle itself. However, whether fact, illusion or fraud, the event is the occasion of great festivity and merry-making, and the good city of Naples loses nothing by it. In the evening the whole town is illuminated, and the people dance in the street.

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### BACHELORS' BUTTONS!

THERE was a crusty old bachelor,  
 A crotchety man was he;  
 And he'd have gone to the furthest zone  
 If no woman there he'd see:  
 A woman employed as a servile drudge  
 Might have some utility,  
 But the very thought of a wedded wife  
 Filled his soul with misery.  
 So he nursed a crotchet in his head  
 That a sewing-machine could supply  
 Every purpose of woman a bachelor knew,  
 Were it only fashion'd so spry  
 That 'twould stitch you on a button, all tight,  
 In the twinkling of an eye—  
 For 'tis plain that a buttonless bachelor  
 Is tempted to buckle to:  
 Persuaded thereby that without a wife,  
 Life cannot be scrambled through;  
 Whereas could each buttonless bachelor  
 With such a machine be provided,  
 Why, wise men would tarry wifeless,

And spinsters no more be wedded ;  
 And as to the chance for girls or boys,—  
 Let the next generation decide it.

So this crotchety bachelor bought him a shirt  
 And a sewing-machine,—a Wheeler,—  
 And a button a piece contriv'd somehow  
 To stitch to wristband and collar.  
 Out to dinner—a mighty fine dinner too,—  
 He was shortly invited to go ;  
 So he dressed himself in his very best togs,  
 Spic and span from top to toe ;  
 And he singled out his new-button'd shirt  
 And his best starched tie also ;  
 And he chuckled how, o'er host, daughters and wife,  
 Triumphantly he should crow.

But dressing takes time; the cab's at the door,  
 And the hand of the clock on the minute ;  
 When, alas ! one button—and then the other—  
 Gives way, as the deuce were in it ;  
 The conspirator, caught in his own device,  
 Shrieks aloud for pins to pin it ;  
 And implores his landlady's needle and thread,  
 And thimble, and scissors, this minute ;  
 And vows, with many a penitent groan,  
 Thenceforth to remain contented  
 With the only sewing-machine worth a button—  
 The one Mother Eve invented !

D. W.

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### THE WHITE ROSE.

(From the German.)

ONE bright summer morning at an early hour—the sun had just risen and tipped with gold the far-off mountain brows, the glittering dew-drops were still sparkling on every blade of grass and bough, and the little birds were warbling their sweet melodies—an elderly lady might have been noticed walking on the road leading from the town of B— to the neighbouring cemetery. Her dress, though plain and suited to her age, was choice and of the finest material. On her left arm was suspended

an elegant basket, filled with exquisite red roses. Oft the lady would stop and let her eyes wander over the fields and meadows to the distant mountains, but ever her glance would return to the roses in her basket. On these she gazed with an almost loving expression; if one flower had fallen somewhat lower in the basket, she would raise it gently and tenderly, seeming at times almost as though she wafted a kiss to the beautiful crimson blossoms.

On approaching the walls of the burial-

ground she began to walk more rapidly, and her eyes fairly glowed with eagerness. It was easy to perceive that she had nearly reached her destination. Close by the entrance to the cemetery was a grave, overshadowed by a weeping willow, and bearing evident traces that it was carefully and lovingly tended. Here the lady remained standing with bowed head, as if engaged in silent devotion. After a while she arranged the roses on the grave with tender care, and this being done, seated herself and folded her hands on her lap.

An expression of such ineffable peacefulness and repose came over her features, that it might have been supposed life had fled; but on closer observation the ever-increasing appearance of anguish in the lines round her firmly closed mouth became more discernible; it seemed as if they were being traced deeper and deeper with an invisible pencil.

So wholly absorbed was the mourner in her sorrowful reflections, that a young girl, coming from a distant part of the cemetery, approached unobserved, and gazed at her compassionately. "How very unhappy the poor lady seems," thought the young girl; "I will speak to her; my words may perhaps rouse her from her despairing grief."

"Good morning," she continued aloud, stepping close to the grave; "you seem very sad; I too have been weeping while dressing a grave. May I," she added in a soft and pleading voice, "place this white rose among your flowers?" With the words the young girl took the rose and set it in the midst of the wreath of its red sister blossoms.

At the sound of the girl's voice the lady raised her head, but apparently did not comprehend the meaning of the words addressed to her. She passed her hand across her face, as if to rouse herself from her fit of melancholy abstraction, and suddenly perceiving the white rose, was transformed as if by magic into a strong and passionate

woman. With a cry of horror she started from her seat, and seizing the flower flung it violently away.

She stood erect, passionate excitement blazing in her eyes; her lips opened and closed convulsively, but her strength was insufficient; she could not give vent to the words which struggled for utterance; the hands she had clasped in her agony fell apart, and she sank back on her previous seat utterly exhausted, and with tears streaming from her eyes.

The young girl was too much overcome, by astonishment as well as fear, to know whether to remain or leave the lady alone.

"I have unwittingly caused you pain," she said, gently; "will you forgive me?"

"What do you know of my agony, my guilt and my repentance?" said the lady, deeply moved. "I myself am the sole cause of my misfortune, and of its magnitude you can judge by the fact that I, an old woman, am utterly incapable of mastering my excitement and horror when, as now, I am suddenly overpowered by a memory."

After uttering these words, she relapsed into motionless dreaming; the young girl was at a loss to decide whether her presence did not add to the lady's distress, and whether it would not be better to leave her alone. It is hard to witness a secret grief: one would fain speak a word of sympathy and consolation, or lay a healing hand on the bleeding wound, yet fearful lest the lightest touch may aggravate the pain.

"Doubtless I frightened you by my vehemence and impetuosity," said the lady quietly, after some minutes' silence; "now I am myself again; my tears have calmed me. I was overpowered for the moment by the memories of the past—memories so vivid that they seemed like present experience. Tell me," she added in a soft musical voice, "whose grave have you been visiting, and I will relate to you my early history."

"I was but a child, scarcely five years of age," said the young girl, "when my

parents died ; they lie buried here ; but whenever I experience either pleasure or pain I hasten hither, and, kneeling beside their grave, I pray to the God of the fatherless, the orphan's stay. To-day I am to be betrothed to the man who years ago won my heart, and I came here to plead for the blessing of my parents on that happy hour."

"It will be yours," answered the lady solemnly ; "but you yourself must strive to deserve this blessing every hour and moment of your life, and hold fast to it in small matters as well as great. Never trifle with your happiness as I did with mine in my wicked presumption, and so shattered it for ever."

The young girl gazed at the speaker inquiringly, and with deep sympathy ; the latter drew her down to a seat by her side, and taking her hands began :

"Fifty years ago I was a young and merry girl ; no happier creature could have been found on this broad earth ; the whole world seemed to have been created for my especial delight and enjoyment. My parents, wealthy people, fulfilled my every wish, and my brothers—sisters I had none—loved me devotedly, and were very proud of me. I was the confidant of all their pranks,—their mediator with our parents when they had been guilty of thoughtless tricks—and I was delighted to be of use to them, as it made me a person of importance in my own eyes. I invariably acted so as to satisfy my own feelings. I gave largely to the poor, but rather to enjoy witnessing their pleasure than from any desire to relieve distress and misery. In order to give I did not require to exercise either self-denial or economy ; my desires were gratified ere I could express them. I loved my Maker with a child-like disposition. He was to me the Creator of all the beauties surrounding me and in me. When I had attained my eighteenth year I went to my first ball, and it was at this time that I experienced my first grief—that the ball nights were so terribly short. It seemed to me I could dance on for ever ; I was never

weary. I had an inexhaustible power of enjoying myself and being happy. At first all partners were equally pleasing to me. I could dance, chat and joke with all alike. But a change soon came. I became acquainted with a gentleman who distinguished me, and seemed to prefer me to all others, and who won my heart. From this time all my thoughts and feelings belonged to him alone. He was a brave and skilful officer, loved and esteemed by all who knew him. He was in every respect very different from me : he was as grave and melancholy as I was inclined to be merry and joyous. But this very opposite disposition seemed to attract me. I felt flattered at being the only one capable, by a friendly look, of making his melancholy, dreamy eyes light up with pleasure. Soon it became a joy to me to be near him, and joy unspeakable to feel I was beloved. 'You must be calm and less excitable, my child,' admonished my mother, who seemed aware of the feelings at work within me ; 'we women may never allow any man to perceive how much he is to us until he has sought our love.' I endeavoured to follow my mother's kind and well-meant advice, but my efforts proved fruitless. Only while keeping my eyes cast down could I conceal my feelings, and then if Leo Günther—such was the name of my beloved—inquired in his thrilling voice, 'Are you sad, Miss Lucie ?' I was forced to look up, and knew only too well that in every glance so given I laid bare all the feelings of my heart and soul. Oft I expected and wearied for the happy moment in which Leo would declare his love, and yet, whenever he seemed to contemplate it, reserve and nervousness made me seek to escape the declaration. Thus passed the winter and the beautiful spring-time. During the first days of early summer we were to have a garden party—it was fifty years ago yesterday !—I had decked myself with a view to please Leo. I wanted to appear unusually lovely in his eyes, and dressed carefully. Glancing

in the mirror, I could not help thinking that he would surely be pleased with the result of my labours ; but hour upon hour passed by, and still he came not. I was unhappy, wretched, yet dared not show my disappointment ; I must appear lively and gay as ever. At last, when I had well-nigh given up all hope of seeing him that day, he arrived. A friend coming from a distance expressly to see him, had detained him ; but I, accustomed only to think and feel for myself, was not satisfied with his excuse. I felt hurt that he had preferred his friend before me, and determined to show him that I could be happy without him. Almost ignoring his presence, I chatted merrily, and laughed with the other gentlemen who sat at our table ; never before had I been so brilliant or so witty. But on perceiving the evident pain and sadness which my behaviour caused Leo, I was soon reconciled, and was about to address a few kind words to him when I noticed the passionate love glowing in his eyes while they rested on me—a new revelation from him. ‘Oh,’ thought I, ‘now only do I know how dearly he loves me. What power and depth of affection his must be when some trifling neglect on my part can excite him to such an extent!’ I felt dizzy, and had to place both hands on my heart to still its tumultuous throbbing ; it seemed to me its beating must be audible. Hitherto the love pervading my whole being had been happy and peaceful ; the passionate, thrilling feeling described in novels I had never yet experienced. For the first time in my uneventful life did I taste of the poisoned cup and become intoxicated. I waxed more and more excited, wishing to prove how great was my power and influence. I loved Leo more dearly than ever before. The happiness of being loved so devotedly and passionately by this grave and melancholy man overpowered me ; my pulse beat tumultuously. But I wished to drain my cup of happiness to the dregs ; and the more gloomy the expression of his eyes, the more firmly he compressed his lips as if in pain,

the more I realised his overpowering love. And thus it happened that I spoke in even kinder tones to the gentlemen surrounding me—all of whom were perfectly indifferent to me—while I became colder and more frigid in my demeanour towards the man who possessed all my love, until, when we parted, I merely accorded him a short and distant bow. I could scarcely await the moment when I should be able to retire into my own room, there in memory to live over again the last few hours. When my excitement had somewhat subsided I could not repress a feeling of pain and uneasiness, a pang of remorse, on remembering the wrong I had done Leo, but determined to atone for it in the future with redoubled love. As I was about going to bed, one of the servants came to my room and told me that she had seen Lieutenant Günther a few minutes before, as she was drawing water at the well. He had come towards her and made her promise to give me that same evening a note and two roses, both of which she now handed me. I was surprised and confused, but took his missive and the flowers. To this hour I can still in my mind see the white and red roses before me, and breathe their sweet fragrance. With a trembling hand I opened Leo’s note. ‘Oh, Lucie,’ he wrote, ‘for some days past I have experienced a strange fear, which in vain I seek to overcome or explain—a feeling which may prove a presentiment of what your behaviour towards me to-day seemed to indicate. Have I hoped too soon and mistaken for love what was perhaps but a passing fancy, or still worse, a cruel trifling with my love? No, I will banish that last thought—it is unworthy of you ; but I can no longer endure the doubts which haunt and torment me. I beseech you to grant me to-morrow morning a token by which I may know my love is returned. At daybreak I will ride past your house. If I behold the red rose in your window I will know that I may come to ask you from your parents ; if, on the contrary,



I see the white rose . . . my future will be blighted !' I sat until a late hour reading and re-reading these lines. Who does not know—who in this world has not, at some time, experienced the rapturous feeling produced in a youthful heart by the first words of love? In my excited state of mind the sensation overpowered me. I revelled in the knowledge of being infinitely dear to the man whom I prized and loved beyond all others. Why was he not there that I could throw myself into his arms, and confess to him my love, and my contrition for to-day's unseemly behaviour—that I might promise for the future to be sensible and sedate, and to act in every way becoming one who was soon to bear the sacred name of wife? 'Sensible! sedate!' I repeated in my mind. But where was now the feeling which had thrilled me so delightfully to-day? Once again I wished to revel in it—once again I wished to behold the passionate love blazing in my darling's eyes—then I would for ever cast aside all childishness, and live only for him and our mutual happiness. My future lay bright before me, without shadow, care or doubt. And Leo was to share it! He could therefore easily be allowed to hover yet a little while in suspense, in fear and trembling. A rose—not my own lips—was to tell him of my love? Was I not to see the love-light in his eyes, called forth by my confession? How often had I conjured up this scene before me, and now was it to be so very different from all my dreams? No, that must not be—he must come to me and plead his cause. I must hear from his own lips how ardently he desired my love. Then all my life would I remember the blissful hour, and thenceforth not merely be happy myself, but also impart happiness. Thoughts such as these crowded through my mind, and I tell them to you thus minutely, not to excuse myself, but to show how various and manifold are the evasions or palliations at the disposal of those who wish to indulge their desires. I placed *the white rose* in the

window. It was long ere sleep visited my eyelids that night, but I slept until a late hour the following morning. I remember once starting up in my sleep, for it seemed to me that a horse shied under my window and then galloped hastily on. Hours afterwards, when I was up and dressed, and recollected all that had taken place the previous day, I came to the conclusion that it was Leo I had heard riding by. To-day I was not quite so confident, and often asked myself whether I had acted rightly in placing the white rose in the window. Entirely oblivious of the feelings which had yesterday driven me to this act of cruelty, and following the dictates of my heart, ere going to bid my parents good morning I took away the white rose and replaced it with the red one. Returning as speedily as possible to my own room, I seated myself behind the window curtain, to watch and wait for Leo. The forenoon passed—he came not, and the signal rose began already to droop and wither. Now I would fain have sought my mother, and, confessing all, have asked her counsel and assistance, but I feared her displeasure, and was grievously ashamed of my deed. Every minute I became more and more painfully aware of my heartless conduct. How could I have acted in such a manner? Never again, I solemnly vowed to myself, would I tamper with any one's feelings. The joys and sorrows of my fellow-beings should henceforth be sacred to me. Ah! in solemn hours of pain and anguish, vows are easily made by the anxious heart. But I could never undo, never atone for, the mischief I had been guilty of. For me there was henceforth naught but repentance and remorse. It was towards evening—my excitement and agony had reached its highest point—that I observed various groups of people standing about in the street, and eagerly communicating some piece of news to one another. I saw by the different expressions of their faces that it must be news of a melancholy nature, and my curiosity

being aroused, I sent down the little daughter of one of our neighbours, who happened to be in my room, to inquire what was the matter. I was rejoiced at the prospect of getting rid of my own thoughts if only for a few minutes. The child returned breathless and awe-struck. At the door she announced, in terrified accents: 'Lieutenant Günther shot himself in the little wood near Reiden. The folks say he must have done the deed at an early hour this morning, for the body is already quite cold.' The sensation I experienced at this intelligence cannot be called *pain*; it was as if all my feelings were torn and rent, and through all it seemed as though a voice were calling incessantly: 'You have done this—it is *your* sinful deed!' In a few hours a violent attack of brain fever had robbed me of consciousness. In this state I lay for months, unconscious of everything passing around me. When at length health began to return slowly to my body, it did not bring with it health of mind; a dull, dead pain seemed to have taken root in my heart; the world was henceforth empty and barren for ever. Everything that produces joy, confidence, hope and love, was for ever dead within me. To-day it is fifty years since Leo died. So long have I borne my sorrow and guilt. The first period after that sad occurrence I spent in despairing reproaches, not in the slightest degree mitigated by the assurances of my friends that my frivolity was not alone the cause that had

driven Leo to his death; that his innate dejection and melancholy temperament, his almost gloomy views of life, urged him in a moment of despair to put an end to a life which, despite one disappointment and grief, was full and rich in blessings. With advancing years my anguish has grown less acute, and I have become more calm. I have learned patience, humility and resignation. The love I bore my parents helped me, doubtless more than aught besides, to strive for that calm and repose which can alone bring peace to a heart that has trifled with love and life. Happiness I did not desire; I was content when seeing others happy, especially when it was in my power to render them happy. Often—often I visited Leo's grave, and never without placing thereon red roses. You can now imagine what a painful impression the sight of your white rose made upon me on this anniversary, when I was in memory living over again those hours of anguish. May God in His infinite goodness and mercy grant me speedy rest and eternal peace after my long and weary struggle! and may no future wandering from the right path, no future frivolity, be punished so bitterly as was mine! Farewell, dear child," she said, holding out her hand to the young girl, "and forgive my passionate outbreak."

Casting one fond and lingering look at the beloved grave, the old lady slowly left the cemetery.

## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE members of the new Ministry have secured their elections without a formal announcement of policy. The electorate appealed to showed itself capable of a great act of political faith in taking Ministers on trust, and giving them their own time to frame and make known their policy. Practically that time must be limited to the meeting of Parliament, which is itself not rigidly fixed. In the absence of any general policy, we may look to the election speeches of Ministers for stray indications, more or less direct, of what the policy of the new men may possibly, if not certainly, be, on one or other of the questions that lie in their path. Mr. Dorion, in his nomination speech, fully justified the position that has frequently been taken in these pages, when he admitted that "in the main, the general policy of the new Government is the same as that of the old." When he stated it as the undoubted "duty of every new Administration to announce its programme for future conduct," he was not very far from unconsciously censuring himself and his colleagues. If pressed on the point, he would probably have replied, in some such language as Mr. Cartwright used at his nomination, that at the proper time, and in the proper place, the Government would be prepared to announce a policy by which it will stand or fall. The reference is, of course, to the meeting of Parliament. Let us understand, then, that the ground is distinctly taken that a new Ministry is not bound to announce a policy, or to have a policy, till it finds itself face to face with Parliament; that its members may go through elections without telling the electors more of their intentions than that they will honestly administer the affairs of the country. Whatever may be the merit of this declaration, it is certainly

new. Some of the strongest denunciations ever levelled against public men in this country have had for their theme want of definiteness in the grounds on which they appealed to their constituents for re-election. Honesty is an essential quality in public men, but it cannot be made a substitute for a definite policy, and no public man would admit that he was honest only because it was bad policy to be the reverse. Every man and woman is bound to square his and her conduct with the requirements of honesty, on pain of being sent to prison. As an election cry, "honest government" may, at the present moment, not be without its influence, owing to the resolution of the Opposition to defend what is indefensible; but there is no special merit in a virtue which every member of the community is under legal obligation to practise. Hardly could lower ground be taken than that public men may be honest merely as a matter of policy, and for the sake of contrast.

Mr. Dorion took the conservative ground of appealing to past achievements; but he gave hope of a liberal policy when he appealed to measures carried by Liberals in the past, as an indication of what may be expected in the future. The abolition of the *Seigniorial Tenure*, and the *Secularization of the Clergy Reserves*, to which he points, are two great measures of Reform legislation; but when he points to them as achievements of a party still in existence, he raises a question of party genealogy which must be decided against him. The Reform party which had existed up to that time, broke in two on the formation of the *Coalition of 1854*; by that Coalition the whole Reform programme, even to an elective Legislative Council, was adopted. The seceders, in whom we find the genesis of the present Reform party in the

leading Province of the Dominion, opposed the final abolition of the Seigniorial Tenure as something scarcely, if at all, distinguishable from public robbery. The Liberals in Lower Canada, to whom the success of the measure was due, were those who came after Mr. Lafontaine, that statesman never having given it the smallest countenance. The secularization of the Clergy Reserves was finally carried with the consent of all parties ; but the merit of securing this result was due to the efforts of Reformers, dating back, in their commencement, to a previous generation. But what is important is, not the error in party genealogy : it is to the purpose for which Mr. Dorion points the reference that we have mainly to look. His object is to encourage us to expect legislation in the spirit of these measures. This is well ; but the questions which he proceeds to enumerate as questions of future legislation are nearly all of a different class, most of them being material and economic. The Feudal Tenure abolition was a great social and economic question—Clergy Reserves secularization a great politico-religious and social question. What does Mr. Dorion point to now ? Pacific railway construction—on which he is so far definite as to say we are bound to do all in our power to accomplish it—canal enlargement ; reciprocity in trade ; the New Brunswick School Law ; and an amnesty for Riel. The two questions that are not material and economic are very delicate questions from Mr. Dorion's stand-point. The legality of the School Law is to be determined by the Privy Council. But in case its legality is upheld, as it is almost certain to be, what is to happen ? Mr. Dorion predicts its repeal by the Legislature of New Brunswick, and he cites the result of three elections as all pointing in that direction. There is no other way than this of attaining that result except the gratuitous and unjustifiable interference of Parliament, or an alteration of the Constitution in a direction opposed by a majority of the Province

interested ; and either of them would be liable to very grave objection. Pending the decision of the Privy Council, the priests, according to the *Nouveau Monde*, refuse to pay the school tax, and it adds—incorrectly we think—that more than one of them has been imprisoned in consequence. Whatever objection may be made to the law, the principle it applies is in operation in many States of the American Union. The reasonable course would be to refrain from extreme measures till the decision of the Privy Council is pronounced.

If we turn to the utterances of the Premier on his re-election, we find that he refers back to his advocacy of electoral freedom and independence of Parliament. The former may mean the ballot—both need explanation. Mr. Mackenzie meets the charge that the party which acknowledges him as leader, had, in Ontario, a large common fund at the general election, by placing the amount of that fund below four thousand dollars ; but he admits the probability of members of both parties having, during the excitement, spent money improperly, while he denies all personal knowledge of such cases. In the general practice of electoral corruption, apart from the Allan expenditure, there is nothing to show that one party is better or worse than the other ; but the late Government is responsible for having refused to allow the necessary steps to be taken to put an end to the practice. Candidates have too often been selected in view of their ability and willingness to spend large sums in the purchase of seats, rather than for their intimate knowledge of the questions of the day. Men politically obscure, who had never made a serious study of any question of legislation, have over and over again been brought to the front for no other reason than that they had made money, no matter how, part of which they were willing to spend in this way. Than this practice nothing tends more to the degradation of politics. What law can do to put a

stop to improper expenditure must be done; and when all that is possible in that direction has been done, something will still depend on the general moral tone of electors and candidates. The evil may be minimized—we have yet to see whether it can be wholly eradicated. The difficulty is, that there is generally no real desire among candidates and their friends for purity of election if they think corrupt practices will answer their purpose better. If we may judge by the election held in West Toronto, the new law, if not amended, would prove a very feeble deterrent upon the class of election-managers whose motto is to win at all hazards. Something more is required to repress acts which the law even now emphatically denounces, and which everybody deplures, or affects to deplore, but in which large numbers are only too ready to engage.

The Premier makes the general promise that every member of Parliament shall be made thoroughly independent of the Executive, and he expresses the opinion that the provision, whatever shape it takes, should extend to the Senate. How this is to be done he does not explain, and may, possibly, not have determined. Except to prevent members of Parliament being members of companies which may be subsidized by the Government, there does not seem to be much room for action in this direction. We can imagine few things more dangerous than allowing companies composed largely of members of Parliament to enter into lucrative contracts with the Government. If it be dangerous to allow an individual member to enter into such contract for the smallest amount, it is increasingly dangerous to allow a large number of members to do so for large amounts. It has been said that members cannot be prevented from taking a clandestine interest in such contracts; but is nothing gained when acts in themselves dangerous or improper, which were once publicly performed, are driven into hiding places? The fear of avowal or

detection is half the way to suppression. In excluding salaried officers from the Legislature we have gone to the fullest extent; and the only question is, whether the receipt of a casual payment, as a member of a commission for example, should carry with it ineligibility for election. If the independence of the House of Commons needs to be guarded by further enactments, there must be the same, or a greater, necessity in the case of the Senate, the members of which owe their appointment to the Crown. Their origin is Executive favour, and if their continuance were marked by Executive dependence, their existence as a branch of the Legislature would not be worth many years' purchase. In any case, the anomaly of a Senate which represents nothing is extremely unlikely to become a permanent part of the Constitution.

The policy of the Government on the Pacific Railway, so far as announced by the Premier, is, we cannot doubt, the best for the country; and he will achieve much if he succeed in making it acceptable in the face of threatened sectional opposition. The policy is, in the first instance, to connect Lake Superior with Fort Garry, and then work up to the Rocky Mountains; the western section from the Pacific being proceeded with at the same time. As the Lake Superior and Winnipeg section would be only a summer road, it would be necessary to utilize the American connections at the period of the year when the lake navigation is closed. Of the alternate construction of the section north of Lakes Huron and Superior nothing was said; but as the other sections were spoken of as those to be first undertaken, the fair implication is that that section would come last. A postponement of that part of the original scheme is in every way desirable; it would be much the most costly and the least useful. It is desirable to know more of the country through which this part of the line would pass before commencing its construction; and the esti-

mates of the cost of the work would have to be based on reliable data. In the meantime, it is tolerably certain that these six hundred miles would cost three or four times as much per mile as any other part of the line east of the Rocky Mountains. As the Government must now undertake the construction of the road without the aid or intervention of a company, it will have to find money in lieu of the land grant that would otherwise have been made. Instead of thirty millions in cash we may have to find a hundred millions or more. This change may be more economical in the end, but it will impose on the Treasury a greater burthen of interest for several years, and on the Government the necessity of approaching with caution the construction of the most costly and least indispensable section. From the Province of Quebec objections to the postponement of any part of the original line, east of Lake Superior, are already presenting themselves. They come partly in the shape of hostile political criticisms, but they go further than this; there is a real conviction that the interests of that Province require the construction of the line to Lake Nipissing, there to meet a projected eastern connection terminating at Quebec. So general is this feeling in Quebec, that Mr. Mackenzie will be fortunate if he should not have to combat it in the Cabinet, and the man who shall show himself capable of subduing or conquering it will perform something little short of a political miracle. Whether Mr. Mackenzie or any one else can do so is extremely doubtful.

There are national reasons why the road which is to form the chief connecting link between the two oceans should ultimately be wholly on our own territory. These are too obvious to require to be pointed out in detail; they are identical with those which were held to justify the heavy outlay on the Intercolonial Railway. But these reasons are contingent, and there are no signs that they are likely soon to become actively operative.

The profit that would have fallen to any company by which the building of the railway might have been effected, the Premier assumes, will represent the saving that will be made by the Government undertaking the work. The general proposition looks reasonable, but it must be taken with some possible exceptions. Can the Government realize as much as a company would from the sale of the lands? Much depends on its ability to do this; on the questions whether it can set in motion equally effective machinery for directing settlers there; whether it can get the same price that a company would get; and whether, if it gives credit, it will be paid as well. If we contrast the Canada Company with the Government of Canada, as landed proprietors, and ask which has realized the largest amount from its estate, we should be obliged to decide in favour of the company. The Government proprietorship is almost uniformly connected with favouritism at some stage or other. A purchaser from the company knows that he must pay the stipulated price: a debtor to the Government for instalments of purchase money will often try to get political influence brought to bear as a means of getting released from his obligation, on one pretext or another; the mere fact, if fact it be, that he has made a bad bargain being often held to be sufficient ground of conceding his demand. This is an experience through which this country has several times passed, under successive Administrations of varying political hues. There is always the temptation to purchase support in this way: support can seldom be had so easily and so cheaply, since the country pays, and the particular Administration which confers the benefit hopes to reap the political reward. Governments in America have proved themselves indifferent administrators of the public domain. The neighbouring Republic, for the first fifty years of its existence, did not get more than the expenses out of the

land department, and twenty years ago Canada had managed to get rid of some millions of acres at a positive cost, over the receipts, of some millions of dollars. But we have lately turned over a new leaf, and learned how to make Crown lands a good source of revenue, while we are able to offer free grants to settlers. This result is brought about mainly by the—we fear somewhat reckless—sale of timber. If we are to make money out of the sale of prairie lands, we must do it in another way. The chances are against the Government making as much out of the lands as a company would make. It can hardly expect the same facilities for settling them as a company with a numerous proprietary distributed over the area from which immigrants are to be drawn.

If we confine ourselves to the chances of profit, we think they are in favour of a company; and though this is the chief point we are now called upon to deal with, it is only one branch, though an important branch, of a very wide subject. Under present circumstances we must still continue to think that there is practically no alternative but for Government to take the construction of the road into its own hands.

Apart from this decisive statement on the railroad question, on which one Administration has been wrecked, there is nothing in the hustings speeches of Ministers but hints and obscure allusions, sometimes confined to the naming of subjects of legislation, such as the expiring Bankrupt law, without indicating in any way the nature or direction which such legislation may take. Here antecedent advocacy may help us a little in the enquiry, but only a little. The truth, honestly enough confessed, is that the policy of the Ministry has yet to be discussed and settled.

A notable incident in the elections is the crushing defeat sustained by the Opposition in Lennox—a defeat made peculiarly conspicuous by the part personally taken in the contest by two members of the late Ministry,

Sir John A. Macdonald and Mr. Campbell. On the day Sir John was re-elected leader, the telegrams from Ottawa announced the resolve of the Opposition to raise the war-cry, "Death to deserters!" Sentence of political execution was soon pronounced on Mr. Cartwright; but the event showed that it is much easier to pronounce a sentence than to carry it into effect. Mr. Cartwright had come into public life under Conservative colours, and was for some time a steadfast follower of Sir John. For several years past he had acted with the Opposition. The change was, as usual in such cases, attributed by the party he left to everything but proper motives. Whatever his motives may really have been, no fair-minded person can deny that any follower of Sir John would have had full justification for refusing to sustain him last session. But there are partisans who so far prefer an individual to the country as to speak of the desertion of any one of his old followers as a political crime deserving little short of pillory or penitentiary. These persons were unable to find or invent terms strong enough to express their abhorrence of Mr. Cartwright's conduct in deserting his old leader; and though the desertion dated back some years, they resolved that the punishment of exclusion from Parliament should be the penalty. Sir John made the political act almost a personal matter, and resolved to take a chief share in the execution of the sentence. He threw the whole weight of his influence into the contest; he appeared at the hustings and on stump, went through the canvass, staking everything in the shape of political stock on the result. Never was there a wilder miscalculation, if he expected to succeed, or on grounds of policy a greater blunder committed. The net result was to increase Mr. Cartwright's majority, and to bring it up to over eight hundred.

But this policy found its match in Toronto West, where the Opposition candidate distinctly put Sir John and the party he leads

before the country. If anything could redeem a policy so hopelessly vicious, it would be the blunt honesty of the avowal.

Much was attempted to be made out of the objection that Mr. Cartwright had joined a Coalition. Pointed references were made to old objections to Coalitions, which used to be urged with as much force as if they had embodied a leading principle of action. All Governments must ultimately be judged partly by what they do and the way and time they choose to do it; partly by what they fail or refuse to do, with the grounds of their failure or refusal. Anti-coalition, as a party cry, can produce any considerable effect only in the absence of absorbing public questions. At best it is an appeal to prejudice. It is weak against any party that defends coalitions as an useful instrument of administration in a particular conjuncture; though it will naturally tell with more force against a party which has conspicuously acted in opposition to it, after having treated it as an article of political faith which it would be heresy to question.

The "working man" periodically becomes an object of nervous solicitude with certain politicians, and it has been observed that the completion of the cycle of contagious affection is always coincident with the occurrence of an election. In Toronto West and a few other constituencies, there can be no doubt the election is entirely in the hands of the working men. The traps set to catch working men's votes were very clumsily baited. Most of the ward politicians who figured in the contest greatly underrated the intelligence of this class. One candidate claimed the working man's vote because he had, so he said, been a working man himself; the other claimed that all are working men who lead industrious lives; but no one clearly saw that he only can be a working man's candidate, in any true sense, who is in accord with the working man in political opinion and aim. If working men think the ballot would protect them from the pos-

sible tyranny of employers, they would be very likely to select as their advocate one who put that question in the foreground; and they are not foolish or self-conceited enough to suppose that the best representative they could get would not often be one outside their own class. The working man is a distinct entity; and it is useless to try to cover the distinction between a receiver and a payer of wages by calling them both working men, from the circumstance of their being equally industrious. Frequently the employer of labour works harder than the employed; and if, as often happens, they both started at the same point in the race of life, the man who distances his competitor gives proof of the possession of some superior qualities, physical, moral, or intellectual. It is not unnatural that working men, where they are a clear majority of a constituency, should desire to have in Parliament an advocate of their cause. The better he understands the principles that regulate the relations of labour to capital, the better an advocate will he be: the less he understands these principles, the more will he be likely to applaud their errors instead of trying to correct them. The working men will have no true representatives so long as they allow themselves to be made the sport of politicians who angle for votes with such bait as they believe will be most readily swallowed.

The election in West Toronto brought out, in a very marked manner, the necessity that exists for the protection of the ballot in cities. Intimidation is practised here even more ruthlessly than in England. Employers of labour are, it is believed, sometimes not above intercepting bribes given to purchase their workmen's votes, and making coercion do the work of money. The independence of mechanics of their employers is a myth. It is nothing uncommon to find all the workmen in a particular establishment voting one way; especially if the proprietors are in the enjoyment of or have



hopes of receiving contracts from influential quarters. The existence of such facts can only lead to one conclusion. The ballot may not be necessary for rural constituencies; but without it no semblance of independence can be preserved by a large class of town and city electors.

The germ of a national organization came to the surface, during the recent election in the capital of Ontario, with the watchword "Canada First," which is simply a declaration of patriotism. Party has too long been put before the country, and it is time that a healthy reaction took place. Who has not seen measures opposed, not for what they contained or omitted, but because of their paternity? Who has not seen measures supported on the same grounds? Who has not seen abstention from opposing, or a false show of opposing, measures which deserved nothing but condemnation, on account of their origin? Who has not seen measures introduced to serve some other purpose than the public interest? Who has not seen measures, in themselves good or indifferent, opposed with violence? Who has not seen vicious measures supported by all the power of a united phalanx, as if the salvation of the country depended on their success? Who has not seen reputations remorselessly assassinated for reasons in no way connected with the advancement of the public good? Who has not seen public men applauded for acts which deserved nothing but condemnation? When there are so many cases in which the nation is put last and party first, it is a healthy sign to see an organization write on its banner, "Canada First." Party at once took the alarm and fired off a well-stocked vocabulary of left-handed compliments. Nativism, Independence, Annexation, were among the mildest of the motives ascribed. Sharp-sighted persons saw with great distinctness of mental vision the erection of a bridge over which intending deserters could pass the gulf that divides

the two old parties; others saw with equal clearness and certainty a new joint being added to the tail of the Grits; suspicious Grits, on their side, denounced the movement as a diabolic contrivance of Sir John Macdonald for their ruin and his own recovery. But the press generally, which does not amuse itself with attempting to frighten political children, frankly welcomed the movement as a sincere attempt to improve the conditions of our political life. This is, we believe, the true interpretation. But to prevent misconception, and still more misconstruction, the necessity is apparent of some more definite explanation of the purposes in view, and the principles by which the centre pivot of patriotism is to be surrounded.

The "Empire First," if intended as a reply to "Canada First," is a false antithesis. "Canada First" does not mean antagonism to the Empire. It is antagonism to faction: to every kind of self-seeking; to every attempt to place party or sectional interests before the State. Let us not complain that a new organization starts with high aims, or try to persuade ourselves that high aims will not be realized in the future, because they have not been reached in the past. The best efforts may fall short of the ideal; but if the standard be not high, the achievement will certainly be low. The acceptance of the Washington Treaty was not in discordance with the claims of "Canada First." We agreed to allow a foreign nation to participate in a valuable fishery; but assured peace, on negotiable terms and on the basis of equivalents, was our greatest interest, and we gained that. Does any one doubt that much mischief might have been done by criticizing that Treaty in a partisan spirit? Mr. Blake, of all the critics of the Treaty, took high ground when he drew from it an argument that, in the making of treaties affecting Canada, Canadians ought to have a voice; but he was not seconded by any of those who had called so loudly and so long

for the rejection of the Treaty. It was obvious from the first that the Treaty would have to be accepted ; and if, as is now admitted on all sides, its acceptance was the true policy for Canada, it is as difficult to defend futile denunciation and a purely party treatment of the question as it would be to defend any other form of stultification. If "Canada First" had been steadily kept in view throughout that discussion, the criticism of a Treaty which was open to grave objections would have taken into account our relations to the Empire, and the necessity of the mutual concessions they imposed. Starting with the postulate that our present connection with England is an advantage to Canada, it follows that to advocate the continuance of the connection is to place the interest of "Canada First;" to do what is not for her interest would not be to give her the first place in our thoughts and purposes.

An appointment to the Senate can seldom be a matter of much public concern ; that of Mr. George Brown belongs to the exceptions. A staunch and unswerving advocate of a nominated Legislative Council or Senate, it is fitting that he should end a public career of unusual activity in the imperturbable repose of a Chamber of which the atmosphere is so congenial to the average public man of advanced years. When M. Morin, clinging to the memories of his youth, insisted on making the Legislative Council a direct exponent of electoral opinion, Mr. Brown stood alone in preferring Crown nomination to popular election ; and he afterwards bore his full share in eliminating the popular element from the second Chamber, and creating a Senate as near as public opinion would permit to the ideal of the aristocratic and privileged Council of which Pitt and Burke in vain made themselves the champions in 1791. Suggestions in favour of a more popular constitution of the Senate escaped the present Premier not long ago ; but they probably originated rather in the irritation caused by what seemed the objectionable

nature of some casual appointment than in any fixed resolve to try to bring about a change. The Senate, and before it the Legislative Council, has brought into harmony with its pre-existing tone every member who has crossed its threshold ; and the utterances of any one who should attempt to go much out of the beaten track would jar upon ears unaccustomed to them. Mr. Brown would make himself felt in any sphere of action ; but everything indicates that the Senate, under its present constitution, can never be made a real power in the land.

The Riel perplexity crops up again in two different places, almost at the same time. In one quarter an amnesty is suggested, in another outlawry is threatened. It has been alleged that the Manitoba delegation to Ottawa, at the time of the insurrection, received the promise of an amnesty ; and the new Government, M. Dorion told the Napierville electors, take the ground that "if this were proved, it would go a long way in favour of Riel and his associates." There are two reasons which tell strongly against the probability of any positive promise having been made : first, there was at Ottawa no one in a position to promise an amnesty ; and second, if such promise had been made by any one of competent authority, years would not have been allowed to pass without its being redeemed. What the Governor-General of the day and the Ministry of the day may have promised could have been no more than to recommend the Crown to grant an amnesty. Beyond this neither the one nor the other had any power. On the morrow after the murder of Scott, when public feeling was strongly excited at the outrage, the proclamation of a general amnesty would have had the reverse of a healing effect, and to venture upon it would have been an act than which it would be difficult to conceive anything more rash. What the state of public feeling and public opinion would not have allowed to be ex-

cuted, it would have been delusion to promise. Without an utter sacrifice of dignity an amnesty could not be proclaimed in favour of individuals against whom judicial proceedings had been commenced. An amnesty does not, at the present time, offer a way out of the difficulty. Outlawry, threatened by the local authorities of Manitoba, would have been the proper mode of proceeding when Riel fled before the advance of Sir Garnet Wolseley. But the whole aspect of the case has since been changed. Riel has been elected a member of the House of Commons; and he would be certain to find in that assembly sympathizers who could no more be persuaded that "in case of treason no person hath privilege," than the House of Commons would accept the dictum when Charles I. applied it to the case of the five members, and who would not care to trouble themselves about the exactness of the parallel. Neglect to deal promptly with the case at first has given time for complications to gather round it, and to block the way to any escape that does not involve a sacrifice of dignity.

An unexampled crisis in the administration of justice has taken place in the Province of Quebec. The machinery of the Court of Appeal came to a dead halt, by the unanimous refusal of the Montreal Bar to take any case before that Court, as then constituted. The subsequent resignation of Chief Justice Duval, whose flagging energies were among the causes of the large arrears of business, opens the way to a new appointment. In other respects, the qualifications of the late Chief were scarcely questioned. The one infirmity of Mr. Justice Badgley is deafness; while against Mr. Justice Monk charges of favouritism towards particular members of the bar are insinuated with more or less directness. Against the other judges nothing is said. It is impossible not to conclude that the Court of Appeal had declined in efficiency to a degree which rendered some action necessary. The

extreme course taken by the bar should have been a last resort. The chief error of the judges appears to have been a determination not to quit their posts when their energies or faculties were no longer equal to the full demands made upon them. Perhaps their persistence was stimulated by the fact that resignation would largely decrease their incomes.

Indications of a Romeward tendency in the Church of England in Canada have recently been signalized in the diocese of Toronto. The Church Association has issued an Appeal to the members of the Church in that diocese, through its president, ex-Chief Justice Draper, and its secretaries, Mr. B. Homer Dixon and Mr. J. Gillespie. From this document we learn that the confessional has become an occasional institution, and that ministers "are more and more asserting the character and assuming the functions of confessing and sacrificing priests." Some of them have adopted the *soutane* of Roman Catholic priests; one appeared at the late Synod with a large cross hanging from his breast "by what resembled, if it was not, a rosary." These things, it is added, called forth no rebuke; and though they can hardly have been hid from the eyes or kept from the ears of the bishop, the authors of the Appeal ask that that functionary "be promptly made aware of any novelties either in doctrine or ceremony." Of these the list is far from being exhausted. Processions and processional hymns have become common. "The offertory is converted into an offering." There are ministers who turn their backs on the congregation and bow to the communion table on which the elements are placed; the bread is received on the crossed palm or placed on the recipient's tongue, and the wine poured into his mouth, while he is permitted to touch neither the bread nor the cup; "sacramentarian doctrines of a thinly-disguised"—are they always even disguised?—"transubstantiation" are preached; medieval ceremonies and vestments are revived;

communion tables are decorated "with varying coloured coverings, with flowers, candles and crosses;" "alms basins are deposited with formal reverence and genuflections on the communion table;" novel fashions in shaping the surplice are introduced. These changes are brought about by slow and almost imperceptible degrees, till they come to be looked on as part of the regular service.

The authors of the Appeal conceal nothing, but have evidently judged it best to state at once the full extent of the retrograde movement, with a view of arousing the laity into something like united action. It is plain from their statement that some of the clergy are on the highway to Rome, and are probably halting on the way only in the hope of carrying their congregations with them. The time must come, in some cases, when priest and congregation must separate. The authors of the Appeal believe that the number of members of the Church of England who will be driven, by antagonism to this movement, over to other denominations, will be greater than that of those who land finally at Rome. This may prove to be the case; but it is well known that the churches in which the practices complained of have been carried to the greatest extent are precisely those that attract the largest congregations. Is there no step in the movement at which episcopal action can be effectually exerted? Where the congregations have fallen into active accord and sympathy with the ministers, it is already too late for such action. Where this is not the case, it would not be unfair to require the ministers to make election of one or other of the churches between which they are oscillating. But before attempting to arrest the movement, it would be necessary to discover its hidden causes. Is it possible that it receives its chief impulsion from anything connected with the education of ministers?

The Spanish-American *imbroglio* has been

diplomatically arranged on conditions that are open to little exception. They embrace the surrender of the *Virginus*, with the survivors of her passengers and crew; the saluting of the American flag; the punishment of such Spanish subjects as may be proved to have been guilty of illegal acts in connection with the butcheries of Santiago de Cuba; and an indemnity to the survivors of the slain. If the acts which may be proved to have been illegal were done under the orders of superiors, it would be hard to punish those who had to choose between carrying those acts into effect or being shot themselves. It was proper to require proof that the *Virginus* came honestly by her flag and her papers; and this is the condition which underlies all the other stipulations. If the American Government, in constituting itself the judge of the fact, seemed to be carrying out its agreement with a high hand, the decision of Attorney General Williams that, at the date of her capture, the *Virginus* was improperly carrying the American flag, her registry having been secured through perjury, is honourable to him, though not judicially conclusive. The slave party in Cuba threatened to rebel in the name of loyalty, and to oppose the carrying out of the convention between Spain and the United States by force; but when the time came, the feeling of opposition was found to have evaporated in the expression. Between the date of the convention and the delivery, the Spanish frigate *Arapiles*, which had been undergoing repairs at the Navy Yard, Brooklyn, found herself imprisoned when she was ready for sea, by the sinking of a barge with two hundred tons of coal on board, in front of the gates where she had to pass. The sinister comments to which the casualty gave rise embraced the worst forms of national turpitude; but they were soon to be paid in kind, insinuations being thrown out that the Spaniards belonging to the *Arapiles* had designed to blow up an American vessel of war on board which a collec-

tion of powder was found to have been surreptitiously conveyed !

Except the compensation Canada may be awarded for her fisheries, all pecuniary settlements under the Treaty of Washington have been determined. The British Government advanced claims alleged to have been sustained by its subjects during the civil war between April 13, 1861, and April 9, 1865, for the large aggregate sum of ninety-three millions of dollars, and obtained an award for less than two millions. The Commission disallowed all claims advanced on behalf of the United States. The decision of the Commission, assuming it to be just, shows with how little scruple claims against foreign Governments are made up. Claims arising after the date of the limitation mentioned in the Treaty, though they had to be ruled out by the Commission, are not to be refused investigation. President Grant recommends the creation, by Congress, of a special Court to examine such claims, whether made by British subjects or by citizens or subjects of other powers. This shows that, after all, the Treaty of Washington was not wide enough to embrace all matters in dispute between the two countries.

President Grant, in his Annual Message to Congress, calls attention to a question of internal improvement which has for us an international interest. To those States whence the cost of taking six bushels of Indian corn to Liverpool eats up five-sixths of the entire value, the question of facilities for transporting produce occupies the highest economical place. Attempts have, from time to time, been made to interest Congress in the enlargement of the Erie Canal, and make the improvement of the water connection between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi a national work. The President, without adopting this view of the functions and policy of Congress, proposes, as a compromise, that on condition of the States interested adapting the existing canals to the passage of large vessels, the National Govern-

ment will keep in navigable condition the overslough on the Hudson River, the St. Clair Flats and the Illinois and the Mississippi rivers. How far it is physically possible, on account of water supply, to make the Erie Canal capable of passing large vessels, the President does not stop to enquire. It is, nevertheless, a very serious question. The proposal that Congress shall keep the St. Clair Flats in navigable condition is only to say that what has been done in the past, without conditions of any kind, ought to be done in the future on condition of certain States incurring an enormous expenditure for internal improvements, some of which they may well urge ought to be undertaken at the national cost. How far Congress is authorized to undertake river and harbour improvements has been one of the constitutional problems on which, in times past, political parties divided. President Grant concedes the question of the right of Congress to improve rivers, but he probably sees some constitutional obstacle to its going further, and sanctioning a large national expenditure on the improvement of canals ; it is certain that his suggestion would throw the weight of the burden on a few States. The inducement offered is not likely to cause them to embrace it ; and we may expect that Nature will, in this case, continue to assert its triumph over the restrictions of law and the contrivances of art, and that each year will continue to witness a progressive increase in the proportion of the products of the West which find their way to the ocean through the great river St. Lawrence.

While favouring a resumption of specie payment, the President lauds the inconvertible currency as the best in the world, for no other reason than that, in a monetary crisis, people have been found to hoard it ; that is, they preferred to keep rather than part with the only currency they could get, in the ultimate redemption of which they had not lost faith. This proves nothing in favour of the value of the currency in common use.

When the President asks Congress to prohibit the National Banks from paying interest on deposits, he fails to distinguish between the different kinds of deposits they receive. There are seasons of the year when the country banks, being unable to employ their whole capital, make deposits in banks at the great commercial centres. When these deposits consist of reserves, it is not unreasonable that they should be required to hold them in their own vaults. If required to redeem their notes in specie, whenever called upon, they would be obliged to keep a supply of specie at all times ; and this would diminish the deposits now sent to the great centres, where they are liable to be used for gambling and speculation of all kinds. Any artificial restraint put upon the banks for any other purpose would be an interference with the rights of capital which it would be very difficult to justify. But if it could be shown that there were good reasons for prohibiting one bank from accepting deposits from another, and paying interest for them, there could be no reason why a bank should not receive deposits from individuals on these terms. Between the two classes of depositors the President makes no distinction. The excesses of stock-jobbing are to be curbed only by striking at what is immoral and fraudulent in them, such as the circulation of false reports, or the formation of conspiracies with the view of affecting prices. Specie payments, by bringing up the paper currency to the gold standard, would extinguish the pestilent race of speculators in gold and greenbacks.

The Tammany Ring has been further shattered by the conviction of two of Tweed's accomplices, one of whom was not proved to have personally profited by the frauds in which he shared, and both of whom have been sentenced to prison. The belief is that there remains much to be told of Tweed's dealings with Albany legislators, and attempts are being made to induce him to lift the veil behind which are concealed

his confederate brokers in legislation. Sweeney, once at the head of a Fenian organization at New York, is pointed out as a chief among them. If it ever became plain to Tweed that he could purchase his liberty by denouncing his associates, the diary which he is reported to have faithfully kept may be expected to see the light. The robberies of the Ring have been laid bare ; how the legislation was obtained which rendered those robberies possible has yet to be exposed. Till that secret be revealed, the source of the evil will scarcely have been touched.

Mr. Arch, in giving an account of his mission to Canada before a Leamington audience, showed that the desire to benefit the class of which he was a representative is with him the guiding motive. If the condition of the labourer can be improved at home, he would not advise emigration. He wants landlords to act upon the suggestion made by Sir John Pakington at the commencement of the labourers' movement, and rent to labourers patches of land at the rate paid by farmers. So far, none of them have done so ; and it is not unreasonable to ask that the author of the suggestion should set the example of an arrangement which he recommends for common adoption. This, Mr. Arch thinks, would settle the question involved in the labourers' movement, and be a great step towards the extinction of pauperism. Three or four acres is the quantity which he thinks each labourer should have. The objection that poor tenants have not the means of extracting the largest produce from the land is met by an appeal to experience—not a very wide experience it must be admitted—which, so far as one case can prove anything, proves the contrary. But a tenant wholly without capital must work even three acres at a great disadvantage. The alternative of this expedient for improving the condition of the labourer at home is emigration to Canada ; and, in recommending it, Mr. Arch shows

his sincerity by declaring his readiness to emigrate himself, if the labourers will release him from the obligation he is under to advocate their cause at home. From the age of nine to forty-seven years he was himself a labourer; and his statement that he had not had a leg of mutton on his table since he was married, throws a flood of light on the condition of the English labourer. As an example of the difference in the money rate of wages in the two countries, he said he had done for sixteen or seventeen shillings a week in England, work for which a Canadian lumberer was willing to pay forty-five shillings. The purchasing power of money in one of the articles of subsistence, pork, was found to be between four and five times as great in Canada as in England. Whether or not Mr. Arch can succeed in cancelling the absolute divorce of the English labourer from the land, he feels it his duty to show what his condition will be on his arrival in Canada. He would here start with a free grant of one hundred acres of land, five or six of them cleared, and a comfortable log house for his family, with the chance of five shillings a day for his labour when he needs or prefers occasional work on the colonization roads. But, though Mr. Arch is not reported to have stated the fact, the cost of the improvements would have to be repaid by the settler. Mr. Arch did not try to follow the fortunes of the emigrant through the vista of the future. Any one who would visit the homes of our older and wealthier farmers, and learn from their own lips the story of the progress of their career, from a beginning more difficult than that of Mr. Arch's emigrant, because wholly unassisted, would be able to form a good idea of the position to which an English labourer may raise himself in Canada.

Mr. Disraeli having been born out of time, and not having been privileged to vote supplies to carry on a political war against the French revolution, is constrained to confine himself

to making war on the principles to which that revolution gave ascendancy; and he gives proof of his zeal in the cause of reaction by improving the occasion of addressing the students of the University of Glasgow, in the capacity of Lord Rector, to try to make converts. He will have about the same chance of success, in the desire to create regret in the minds of English and Scotch youth for the loss of the feudal aristocracy of France, which he so feelingly deploras, as he would have if he were to devote the remainder of his life to an attempt to restore the object of his adoration. What he is really concerned about is the Conservative reaction in England, and the blunder of his Bath letter, by which he gave a temporary check to a movement which he was above all things anxious to facilitate. That letter he undertook to explain in a second speech, before a different audience, at Glasgow; and fell into the error of turning the explanation into a defence. In general terms he defends the whole letter as "severely accurate," and claims to have written the history of the Gladstone Ministry in a single sentence as completely as Swift wrote the history of the latter years of Queen Anne, and professes to believe that his laconic performance is destined to be as enduring as that of the one unfriendly friend of Stella. But while he is in the very act of saying this, he is quietly altering the record, and substituting the loose political word "spoliation" for the very definite criminal word "plunder." All he meant by plunder was spoliation of the Irish Church. Such is the explanation; but the organs of the Conservative party are unable to admit that it furnishes a justification for the original charge. The loss of twenty-two seats by the Ministry shows how steady the Conservative reaction had been; and it may be that even the blunder of the Bath letter, not improved by explanation, could only give it a temporary check. If Mr. Disraeli intends to fight the battle of the Irish Church over again, he will find it difficult to induce

the Conservative party to waste its strength in the bootless contest. It is remarkable that he should now single out the Treaty of Washington for condemnation, after having allowed it to go by default at the only time when opposition could have been effective. The anachronism may be placed beside the aimless revival of the settled Irish Church question.

The appointment of Dr. Lyon Playfair to succeed Mr. Monsell as Postmaster-General, and Mr. Vernon Harcourt as Solicitor-General, are thought to have strengthened the Government on the advanced Liberal side. The succession of Mr. Harcourt to the Solicitor-Generalship, on purely political grounds, was anticipated; that of Dr. Playfair, though quite unforeseen, has not been unfavourably received. Mr. Harcourt is seldom seen at Westminster or Lincoln's Inn Fields, and is not selected for his prominence at the bar, but for his usefulness as a debater.

Whoever desires to look into one of the future questions which may engage the attention of English statesmen, will examine Mr. Bright's explanation of the term "free land." "It means," he states in a letter to a friend, "the abolition of the law of primogeniture, and the limitation of the system of entails and settlements, so that life interests may, for the most part, be got rid of, and real ownership substituted for them. It means also that it shall be as easy to buy land as to buy and sell a ship, or at least as easy as it is in Australia, or in most of the States of the American Union. It means that no encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play." If "the forces of dispersion" had been in operation, few of the large estates would have remained unbroken in the hands of a single family. There might have been less game, but there would have been more men. An estate tail, so far from being inalienable, is nearly as liable to alienation, voluntary or involuntary, as a

tenancy in fee simple. But it can only be alienated under one form of conveyance, and is incapable of being devised. In the words of Professor Rodgers, "it is a barbarous and absurd form of ownership, and is indefensible." The "strict settlement" is not a self-acting mechanism; it is a form of conveyance which attains practical perpetuity through a succession of settlements on the marriage of the eldest son. Before the process of buying land in England is made as simple as it is in Australia, Canada, or the United States, much will have to be done. The complications of title and the expense of conveyancing are frightful. A case is mentioned on good authority, in which copies of title-deeds to a single estate, on its sale in lots, cost over ten thousand dollars. The *Times* advises labourers to stick to the Post Office Savings Bank, and not think of investing their savings in land, which it describes as a fancy article. But what if they could, by the greater interest they would feel in it, turn it to a better account than large holders generally do? A change in the land laws of the nature indicated by Mr. Bright would tend, by its indirect action, to diminish the number of deer-parks and rabbit warrens; but it would extend the area for corn, cattle and human beings.

The Ashantee expedition was brought to a stand-still for six days by the illness of Sir Garnet Wolseley; and on his recovery it was difficult to recommence movements on account of the large numbers of the force which the pestilent climate of the Gold Coast had prostrated. During his illness he was on board the *Simoom*—no nearer Coomassie, against which the expedition is directed, than at the commencement. The several accounts from the Gold Coast agree in stating that peace need not be expected till Coomassie is taken. The Ashantees seem to have a decided conviction of their superiority to the English, and some of the tributary tribes share that opinion.



Their experience of half a century goes far to justify that belief. Whether trade could not be equally well carried on without forming alliances with savage tribes, which necessarily involve participation in their wars, is a question which the necessity of sending out this expedition, if necessity it was, may help to settle. Mr. Gladstone has expressed the opinion that, in future, greater caution in entering into alliances of that nature, of which the consequences are seldom foreseen, ought to be exercised. When, in the beginning of this century, the Ashantees conquered the Cape Coast, the English acknowledged their supremacy: but when, after a generation had nearly passed away, the Coast tribes rebelled, England intervened in their favour, and actively assisted them against the Ashantees. But for this aid they would probably not have obtained their independence. The protectorate having been undertaken, rightly or wrongly, it was soon found too burthensome to uphold with vigour. The Ashantees probably never ceased to cherish the hope of reconquest; and the king found an easy occasion of quarrel, by demanding from the Governor of Cape Coast Castle two fugitives, one of them an escaped slave. England refused to act upon the recommendation of the Governor to send out an expedition; and that functionary was left to do the best he could with the resources at his command. Fever rendered his few troops powerless, and the war ceased without any formal peace being made. The cessation of war was only a prolonged and irregular armistice. While England had changed allies, the Dutch retained their alliance with the Ashantees. The English and Dutch forts being confusedly intermingled, it was agreed between the two Powers, in 1867, that all the forts east of Sweet River should henceforth be English, and all west of it Dutch. By this transfer to the Dutch one tribe found themselves the unwilling allies of their hereditary foes, the Ashantees, and force was used by

their new protectors to bring them into submission. Tribes, under the protection of the English and the Dutch respectively, were soon at war; while these nations were at peace. The Ashantees were (1868) called upon to assist their allies, the Elmira people, whose town was blockaded. In this state of matters, the English accepted a transfer of the Dutch possessions, the Dutch feeling themselves bound by their engagement not to take part directly against the Ashantees. It is a nice question for casuists to determine what was the moral difference between abandoning their allies and giving up their forts to a power that was bound to take sides with the enemies of those allies. But the more important question is whether the miserable quarrels of these savage tribes are of sufficient importance to justify civilized nations in wasting valuable lives and treasure by taking part in them? Are the interests of civilization, of humanity or religion really advanced thereby? So difficult is it to even keep trace of alliances with small tribes, when the contracting of them becomes a policy, that many Englishmen were, two or three weeks ago, appalled to learn that England is bound by no less than thirty-seven such engagements in Arabia alone.

For the present, Marshal McMahon and the Duc de Broglie have succeeded in laying France prostrate at their feet. But if they promise themselves seven years of uncontrolled sway, they are counting on a larger measure of success than they are likely to enjoy. Their triumph is only over the present Assembly; and the elections which have recently taken place, and in which Republican candidates were uniformly successful, show clearly that France does not ratify the proceedings at Versailles intended to strangle the Republic. McMahon and the Duc de Broglie may rule conjointly so long as the present Assembly exists; but when the whole body of the electors get the op-

portunity to make their voice heard, de Broglie's career will be over, and McMahon must then govern in accordance with the wishes of France, as expressed through a new Assembly, resign, or resort to force. One of the first fruits of the Conservative revolution, the child of a legislative conspiracy, is to arm the central authority with the power of appointing mayors and deputy-mayors, in the hope that the legitimate expression of opinion in the departments may in this way, be stifled. This will inevitably be followed by a series of repressive measures, all looking to the accomplishment of the same end.

No contrast could be greater than that between the fortunes of Marshal McMahon and of Marshal Bazaine: the one is condemned to death, while the other is placed at the head of the State, clothed with imperial power, and backed by the whole force of the army. The capitulation of Metz, in the open field, without fighting, was plainly contrary to law. Further than this, it is difficult to judge of the justice of the sentence, from the fragmentary character of the latter portions of the evidence as it has reached us. Bazaine's theory is, that in keeping around Metz a German army of two hundred thousand men he was doing the best in his power for France, and that if he had attempted to escape, one-third of his army would have been cut off, one-third would have escaped, and one-third driven back into Metz, where it must have been captured. It is evident that he did not like to acknowledge the authority of the Republic, when it was his duty to know only France, by whomsoever the political power might be wielded. The commutation of the sentence, by which Bazaine will be sent to the island of Ste. Marguerite, can hardly be taken otherwise than as a confession of its severity.

The Caselar Government has survived the opposition evoked by the surrender of the Virginius; and though all danger of a foreign war has passed, there still remain the Cuban insurrection, the remnant of the Carlists enfeebled by further losses, and Cartagena to be finally subdued. The bombardment has been remittent, and in the intervals the insurgents may have obtained the much needed supplies without which they could not have held out much longer. In the end, which cannot be far off, victory must rest with the Government.

The struggle between the civil governments and ecclesiastical pretensions is, in some cases, at its crisis. Pius IX, in his Encyclical of November 21st, pronounces null and void the laws passed in Geneva for the protection of the State against ecclesiastical encroachments, and warns ecclesiastics who conform thereto, that they incur the penalty of the major excommunication. In five of the other Cantons of Switzerland a similar state of things exists, in even a more pronounced form. In Prussia the Old Catholics, or National party, have incurred the ire of the Holy See, and Joseph Hubert Reinkens, who is described as an apostate calling himself a bishop, is excommunicated and anathematized. The Swiss Government replies by handing the Papal Nuncio his passport, and in Berlin the legislation against ecclesiastical encroachments is upheld, on a motion of censure, by a majority of nearly two hundred. The battle between ultramontism and the integrity of national government, now raging at so many points, may for a time have varying success, but it can finally end only in one way—the triumph of the civil authority.

## SELECTIONS.

## FURNITURE.

(From "French Home Life.")

**M**OST of us have written more than once in our school copy-books, "Habit is second nature;" but though we may have assiduously inscribed the phrase with all the perfection of caligraphy of which we then were capable—though we may have often remembered and quoted it since—it is probable that we have at no time realised either its profound truth or the universality of its application. The very essence of habit is to blind us to its own effects, to render us almost unconscious of its own action, to divert our thoughts from the subjects to which it most applies. The stronger the habits we have, the more thoroughly we live in and with them, the more are we generally obliged to make an effort to remember their existence. Certain of them appear, indeed, to escape our observation altogether; they have so absolutely become "second nature" that, with the ignorance of ourselves which so humiliatingly distinguishes humanity, we cease to be able to detect their presence unless we are aided to do so by witnesses more impartial than ourselves. And this habit of our habits, this custom of our customs, this incapacity of exactly appreciating our manners and our surroundings of every day and every hour, this necessity for making a mental effort before we can precisely judge of the extent and the effect of influences whose very perpetuity leads us to forget them, are in no way limited to our personal ways or acts; they apply with equal force to the material objects amongst which our life is passed. The walls of the room in which we sit, the pictures that hang on the walls, the tables and the arm-chairs we use all day, the clock upon the mantelpiece, the books and the odd things that lie about,—all these are so familiar to our eyes that we almost cease to see them. Our habit of them is so thorough that we feel their absence even more than their

presence; for most of us are more struck by the sudden disappearance from its accustomed place of an object which we have long seen there, than we were, until that moment, by the constant sight of the object itself. And yet this sort of permanent indifference is accompanied by an undercurrent of singular force, the very existence of which is scarcely suspected by the majority of men and women, whatever be the land they live in. That undercurrent is silently produced in our minds by incessant contact with certain forms and certain colours; and, however ignorant we may be of its operation, it works steadily away below the surface of our observation, and creates in us, without our knowing anything about it, what we call our taste.

Taste, in its national aspects, can scarcely be said to be a natural faculty. Its manifestations have varied so utterly, its theories have been so contradictory, it has always been so unequally developed and distributed amongst the different races of mankind, it is so clearly a fruit of habit and education, that we are justified in regarding it as an acquired and not as an inherent power of our intelligence. Almost every one of the nations of antiquity created a type of taste for its own use, a type which apparently grew slowly through the stages of perfection which the improving capacities of its authors successively reached, and then faded away and was replaced by something else. Of all the products of ancient taste we have retained the power of admiring but very few. Assyrian bulls with plaited beards, Babylonian winged lions, Egyptian sphinxes, are examples of a taste which we have lost the possibility of appreciating; our education has set before us other realisations of the idea of beauty, and we are now unable to recognise either charm or truth in types which once were evidently re-

garded as the highest expression of the then existing laws of both. The people of Nineveh and of Thebes must have learnt to cherish certain forms solely because those forms were set before them for daily contemplation, and because they slowly acquired a habit of particular lines and colours which, by sheer force of contact, impressed themselves indelibly on their memory, acquired the strength of a conviction, and so directed their national taste in a uniform direction. They, like ourselves, were just as capable of admiration for any other shape as for the special shape they chose; the slow march of habit, with its insidious influences, led them in a certain direction, and they finally reached their apogee of expression in the form of imaginary wild beasts, to which we in our time have grown unfit to accord any other merit than that of massive grandeur.

The same road which led our predecessors to mythological animals has led ourselves to very different convictions on the subject; but habit is our master as it was theirs, and we are forced to recognise that, however changed be the result, it is reached in both cases by the self-same path, by the self-same action of contact and of vision. Taste in shapes and colours can be learnt through the eye alone; the reasoning powers have nothing whatever to do with it. It cannot be acquired from books; it is guided by no absolute or durable laws, for it is but the temporary expression of what we like because we are accustomed to it. Such a definition may seem sacrilegious to persons who regard taste as an abstract and eternal quality, essentially true and absolute in itself; but, without going into the question whether there really be, or can be, any such thing as unchanging truth in a feeling whose whole essence is to vary under the influences to which it may be successively subjected, it will probably be acknowledged, without discussion, that the application of taste to the limited class of work which forms the object of this chapter—furniture is necessarily as shifty as are the waves of the sea. There are, indeed, some few seemingly constant laws which may appear not to change: curved lines, for instance, look more graceful than straight ones—the paler tints blend more harmoniously than vivid colours; but these apparent principles may, after all, be but transitory like the rest: for who shall venture to

assert that straight lines and contrasts of resplendent hues never have been or never will be adopted as the highest expression of taste? Surely the wisest and most honest interpretation of the word is to admit that it only expresses a preference which exists to-day, which was not yesterday, and may no longer be tomorrow. Art, abstract art, is perhaps controlled by eternal laws, but the same cannot be said of fugitive evanescent taste.

But, if we accept this definition, and if, furthermore, we acknowledge that the essentially transitory liking known as "taste" results solely from a temporary habit of certain types and shapes and shades, we reach another question, and are forced to ask ourselves how it is that the very objects which thus form our taste are themselves perpetually changing, so producing a corresponding modification in our taste as well? The answer evidently is, that two widely different fancies, taste and fashion, have unhappily grown to be almost synonymous; and that, for many centuries, taste has been a mere slave of fashion, and has been dragged in its trail wherever fashion chose to lead it. Abstractly, nothing can be more false or more deplorable than this confusion of two ideas which have no necessary connection with each other; but practically, especially in modern times, fashion has always imposed its will with such relentless vigour that taste has been reduced to play a part of almost passive obedience, scarcely daring to put in a timid protest now and then against the outrages to which fashion has so frequently subjected it. The mass of us, especially women, tacitly attach the merit of attractiveness to everything that is, for the moment, fashionable, forgetting that the new object, whatever it be, has in no way been created to satisfy what we suppose to be the real laws of taste (if indeed there be any such at all), but solely to stimulate trade by pushing aside previous models and introducing new ones. As society is now constituted, we rarely seek to form any tastes whatever for ourselves; we generally take them ready-made from the upholsterer, the dressmaker, the tailor, and the *modiste*, who naturally keep on modifying them as rapidly as possible, because it is their interest to do so, without feeling the slightest responsibility for the effect which they are producing on contemporaneous habits, and, conse-

quently, on contemporaneous taste. These changes originate especially in France, which has thus gradually acquired the recognized position of leader of current taste, and which, therefore, offers remarkable facilities for an examination of the results produced in our daily life by the influence of that sentiment; or, to speak with more critical exactness, by the influence of the surrounding objects amongst which our life is spent.

Since Louis Quatorze, France has shown us five distinctly-marked periods of fashion. We may count Louis XV. and Louis XVI. as one, for the difference between the products of the two reigns is scarcely striking enough to justify their being separately classed. The Directory introduced a totally new type, which, though it did not exercise any permanent influence on ideas, at all events indicated the point of rupture between the taste of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Then came the Empire, the Restoration, and the Second Empire, each bringing its special models and its special school. Of these five epochs, two only, however, have presented a vivid character of their own: the First Empire was all Roman, the Second Empire was all Utilitarian; the first reflected the sympathies for Cæsar which filled the master's head—the second exhibited the love of material comfort which filled the people's heart. The men of Austerlitz sat at home in straight, square-backed, wooden chairs, ornamented with bronze dragons or copper eagles, which were abominably uncomfortable, and, according to our actual theories, outrageously ugly, too. The present generation, on the contrary, has been supplied with such incredibly agreeable *fauteuils*, so well wadded, so exactly calculated to receive the hollow of the back, that it is difficult to imagine how future manufacturers are to surpass their merit. We have here an advantage which the history of the fluctuations of taste but rarely affords us; we are able to recognise with precision the cause of the tendencies which sprang up during the two Empires, just as we know that the famous Isabelle yellow came into fashion, at the commencement of the seventeenth century, in imitation of the colour of the innermost garment of Isabelle of Austria, daughter of Philip II., who vowed that she would not change her linen until Ostend was taken, and had to wait

three years for that event. The pursuit of ease and of satisfactio. [the body being the main agent which has brought about the type of furnishing which at this moment prevails in France, we naturally find an intimate correlation between the habits of our generation and the upholstery which it employs. The demand has created the supply, and the supply reacts upon and strengthens the demand. The case is not one in which manufacturers alone have judged what they would offer for consumption; consumers themselves, contrary to their ordinary habits, have indicated what they wanted, in general terms at least, and the action of the *tapissier* and the *ébéniste* has been limited to the development and variation of details. The public has shown in this an initiative of which there are few examples, and, in principle, it deserves encouragement and praise for acting for itself, instead of blindly adopting what its habitual purveyors offered it; but the effort has been made with accompanying conditions which deprive it of half its merit. If the French public had simply said, let us have chairs and tables and other necessaries, conceived and executed in the fittest form for the use and service which they have to render, there would have been no fault to find; for the highest quality of a material object, whatever it be, is to be absolutely fit for its destination, and the realisation of the word "comfort," in its largest sense, is evidently the destination of modern furniture. But the French of the Second Empire were not content with fitness; they wanted something else beside: that something else was glitter; and it is because they have called for that, as well as for comfort, that their movement has gone wrong.

The worship of material satisfactions is not limited in France to the men of Belleville and their Communistic fellow-citizens in other towns than Paris. It exists as really amongst the middle and upper classes as amongst discontented workmen. Everywhere, with rare exceptions, the object is to extract enjoyment from exterior sources. The *prolétaire* dreams of it in the shape of warm clothes, good dinners, and blue wine, possessed without the pain of labouring to earn them: the people above him call for it not only in thorough comfort, but also in the form of gilded walls, and painted ceilings, and satin curtains, and countless

looking-glasses, and all the other brilliancies in which the taste of the last twenty years has revelled. The objection to this disposition is not that it is false in itself—for if it be right to regard all manifestations of taste as mere passing preferences, each of those manifestations is true so long as it lasts—but that it has raised matter to the same height as form, and has renewed in the nineteenth century the old Byzantine folly of measuring the merit of an object by its intrinsic splendour. It was an enormous progress to have called for comfort and for exact suitability for special uses in all the utensils we employ; but it was an equally enormous error to have simultaneously required gold and glory, which represent absolutely nothing but money, in no way contribute to render home attributes more adaptable to their real purposes, rarely produce any satisfaction to the eye beyond the doubtful attractions of bright light and vivid colour, and incontestably swell the vanity of the owner. There are, however, people who honestly like to live in over-shining rooms; and though we may think them wrong, both in morals and in art, we have no right to condemn them for their taste. One person may have irresistible proclivities towards the glow of polished gold and the glare of scarlet—another towards cold grey tin and white deal planks; and yet each may be intensely truthful in his preference. Practical philosophy teaches us that “le beau est ce qui plait;” and though Jouffroy, in imitation of Plato, pretends that beauty lies solely in expression and in truth, in the manifestation of the invisible by the visible, of the higher sentiments of the soul by corporeal form—he has not succeeded in inducing the men and women of France to admit any other theory of beauty than that of pure personal liking. The abstract science for which Baumgarten invented the title of *Æsthetics* will never become popular, in our time at least. People will go on listening to their eyes and to their hearts, and will always be right when they say, “I like because I like.” *Credo quia credo*. But though it is therefore fair to recognise that, so far as taste is concerned, the defenders of gorgeous decoration may be as absolutely convinced that they are right as others are that they are wrong, their position is open to attack on other and more important grounds.

Here we must revert to the influence of habit

which was alluded to just now, for it is precisely the general employment of over-splendour which has generated, in a certain class of French society, artificial necessities of the most damaging character. Constant contact with exaggerated brightness leads weak minds—the mass of minds are weak—to a final incapacity of supporting the calm and relatively colourless aspect of ordinary homes. To such minds the absence of gilding ends by becoming synonymous with the presence of gloom; excessive use of light and colour produces on them a moral effect analogous to the momentary blindness which we experience after staring at the sun; they lose the faculty of appreciating shades, and unconsciously crave for *tout ce qui brille*. And yet, true as this is in principle, exact as it is in its general application, there is in France a resolute minority which protests against the abuse of white, red, and gold, and their concomitants, which has come in with such a rush since 1852. This minority includes the thinkers, and the artists, and the poets, or, at all events, the people who describe themselves by these three designations; and it angrily complains of the harm done to the younger members of the generation by the lamentable art-teaching to which they are subjected. The majority replies that the first duty of indoor life is to attract, no matter how; that the struggle between outdoor temptations and home joys has grown into one of the great social difficulties of our time; that women are waking up more and more to an appreciation of the fact that they are fighting with the outer world for the control of men; that society, as it is now composed, can only be held together by the bribe of perpetual excitement; and that the rooms which receive society, the chairs in which women sit, the dinner-tables at which men eat, ought all to contribute, in the highest measure of which they are capable, to the one essential object of attraction. In this sense, walls and furniture are regarded as a frame which improves a picture. The argument is specious: in another form, indeed, it represents a most important truth, as we shall hereafter see; but, put in this shape, it is altogether beside the question. In reality—and no practised observer of French life, or, at all events, of Paris life, will say the contrary—the result ordinarily sought for in the organisation

of a drawing-room is, not to win others to it, but to achieve a brilliancy which satisfies the vanity of its occupant. That is where the harm is done ; that is where the unceasing glorification of show tells its own tale, and works out its consequence ; it all is vanity. What other meaning can it have ? Who can urge that constant and excessive brightness brings no fatigue, that the eye is always satisfied to gaze on luminous colour and coruscating lustre ? Who of us would choose, of his own free will, to sit night after night, amidst a hundred candles, reflected from mirrors at every angle, surrounded by universal crimson standing out on dazzling white ? That is not what our natures need ; our real requirements are of a very different kind. Exceptionally, and for the same reason which sometimes leads us to look at fireworks, we may find pleasure in gilt and blaze ; but we weary of them fast, and cannot force ourselves to accept them as ordinary home companions. And yet, in most French houses of the better sort, they glare at us with pitiless perseverance, not for our joy, but for the master's.

It is indeed refreshing to turn aside from this too sparkling current into certain rooms where something else than vanity has been at work ; where every colour employed suggests the thought of harmony and repose which guided its author's choice ; where every material is in its place ; where grace, fitness, and, above all, personal expression, are the results desired. The forms may be almost the same as we see elsewhere, for shape has now attained in Paris a perfection so nearly absolute that the most exorbitant critics can scarcely suggest improvement in it. But form, admirable as it may be, does not suffice alone : it needs selected colour to set it off ; and, if it were not absurd to say so in talking about furniture, it might almost be added that it needs expression to give it life. Form, colour and expression, the three elements of beauty, are not solely the attributes of men and women ; animals, and even inanimate things, may also possess them. But though many of us may be disposed to avow that there is expression, as well as form and colour, in a violet or a rose, it would be somewhat extravagant to suggest that furniture may possess it too. And yet, when we look round certain houses, does it not almost seem as if the objects in them

have natures of their own ? Their unity of tone is so thorough, they present such evidences of subtle fancy, that they appear to have acquired character and meaning. Of course they manifest the ruling passion of our time ; but, with it there is something else and something more, something that reveals individual thought and gives almost vitality. In this dining-room there is an atmosphere which we do not often breathe elsewhere. All is dark-brown cloth and ebony ; but the weakened daylight which struggles in through the heavy curtains finds resting-places and mark-points on the angles of the old *faïence* which stands upon the dresser, on the steel hinges of the sideboards, and flickers vaguely on the yellow and dull blue of the hanging lamp. Brown walls set in black beading frame in the room, and lend their aid to its austere but grand effect. The drawing-rooms are painted in a tint which the catalogues of colour do not define—something between a fading China rose and half-ripe Indian corn. Narrow bands of faint pearl-grey surround each panel, and here and there a thin line of gold relieves the gentleness of tone. Chairs of varied shapes, all made for comfort and suited to the position which each sitter may wish to take, stand about in pleasant irregularity. They are clothed in different stuffs of all the finer sorts, so that the varying sheen of damask, silks, and satins may prevent the uniformity of one material ; they are embroidered with fantastic flowers of every hue, but calculated so that each shall mingle with and neutralise the other, the object being to subordinate each part to the whole effect. As the French say, " nothing screams ; " all fits well together. And plants with variegated leaves, and books whose very bindings have been calculated for the place they have to occupy, and the thousand trifles which lie about,—the work-basket from which skeins of wool are cunningly allowed to overflow, because their colours will serve a purpose—the laced handkerchief left trailing there in the angle of a sofa, in order to light up by its whiteness a too dark corner,—all these things show thought, all are contrived with skill and art, with the one object of creating a thoroughly charming room, where the *banalité* of to-day has never entered, but where the mistress asserts herself in her own handiwork. Now go to the bedroom, and from the door-

way absorb it with your eyes, for never have you seen a picture more complete. The walls, the hangings, and the seats, are all in pale-blue satin (she is fair), edged sparingly with velvet of the same shade, and embroidered daintily with pale moss-rose buds, swathed in still paler yellow leaves. But this description, though exact, gives no idea of the effect produced by that wondrous tissue, of the incredible effect of delicacy and thorough feminine elegance which it sheds around. The room is filled with vague floating grace; its every detail is combined to aid and sustain the almost fairy aspect it presents. The bed is shrouded in thickly-wadded satin curtains, inside which hang others made of muslin so vaporously filmy that its folds seem almost mist; the coverlet, which hides the lace-trimmed sheets and pillows, is in blue satin lined with eider down, and covered with the same veil of floating white, hanging down in a deep founce over the woodwork of the bed. The toilet-table is the same—a nestling maze of transparency and lace, with blue beneath, and knots and streamers of mingled satin and velvet round. On the chimney-piece stand a clock and candlesticks of Sèvres china. The piano is in pale *bois de rose* (not rosewood, which is a very different substance), inlaid with plates of painted Sèvres to match. At night light comes from above, where hangs a lamp, of Sèvres again. In our day, with our actual ideas and actual wants, such rooms as these are typical; they represent the highest form of realisation of modern taste without its faults, or rather, with as little of them as is consistent with the expenditure of so much money and so much thought. In these rare cases, vanity seeks for another satisfaction than that of glare, but vanity is at the bottom all the same; the only difference is that it is accompanied by a true sense of art.

Bright or graceful furnishing being a monopoly of the rich—that is to say, of a few thousand families in France—it follows that all these considerations are true of those families alone, and that they have scarcely any application to the mass of the population. The habit of poverty and simplicity renders it relatively easy to dispense with elegance; for though there are certain natures which instinctively pine after it though they have never possessed it, the rule incontestably is that in this, as in many

other things, “l'appétit vient en mangeant;” contact with pretty objects teaches us to like them. Here again habit produces its effect. But this same habit which, in the one case, raises the level of needs, and with it the faculty of appreciating everything which satisfies those needs, produces, in the other case, an exactly opposite effect, for it aids to maintain undiminished the roughness of life and manner which is generally coupled with roughness of home fittings. It is needless to consider here which of the two is the cause of the other: that question is outside our present subject: but it is certain that whereas delicate surroundings conduce to delicate ways and movements, coarse furniture contributes to coarse habits. Here it is that we detect the secret influence of furniture on home life. A man smokes his pipe in a hovel and spits upon the earthen floor: but an intuitive hesitation would prevent him from doing either in a carpeted drawing-room. Travellers sometimes lie down upon the dining-table in a roadside wine-shop; but the same people would act otherwise in a Paris *appartement*. Amongst all the peasantry of Europe tidy cottages are signs of improving manners and of growing refinement of thought; and, whether it be as a cause or as a consequence, furniture marches upwards with education. This fact, however, is general, not national; it exists everywhere, and is no more special to France than it is to England or to any other country. It is not amongst the French poorer classes that we find any peculiar results or any local influences produced by the habit of particular objects; the rich alone supply a field of observation on the subject, and show us marked tendencies and manners accompanying a marked class of furniture. It is, however, just to add, that the sudden collateral development during the last twenty years of much vanity and much gilding—taking gilding as the type of the entire movement—has certainly been aided by the rapid progress which has simultaneously occurred in the upholsterer's art and means of action. Universal exhibitions and what is now called industrial art came in with the Second Empire, just at the moment when quickly acquired fortunes called for material enjoyments: demand and supply arose together. This part of the subject merits consideration.

Before 1851 French furniture had attained



the reputation of being superior, both in design and execution, to that of all other countries. An impartial witness, M. Œchelhauser, representative of the Zollverein, said, in his report on the first London Exhibition, that "the opinion of all connoisseurs recognises unanimously and formally that the French are victors in this competition." Purity of tone, harmony of composition and ornament, choice of materials, of colour, and of the special qualities of each article of furniture, suitability of style to the destination in view, incomparable ability in workmanship as regards both carpentry and sculpture, a happy disposition of decoration which avoids excess, original inspiration—all these qualities united make the section of French furniture one of the most striking in the Exhibition." It must be owned that such a position as is here described supplied a vigorous point of departure for the creations of the Second Empire. At the Paris Show of 1855 the success of France was still more evident; it was attested by singular purity and simplicity of forms, by the growing abandonment of purposeless ornamentation, by the increased use of animals, birds, flowers, and other nature-subjects, as sculptured details, in place of Cariatides and so-called classic designs; and, above all, by the strict appropriation of each object to the use for which it was designed. Delicacy and grace, easy and convenient usage, a constantly increasing choice of woods and stuffs, were the striking features of the second Exposition. Mahogany and rosewood (*palissandre*) ceased to be the main elements employed. Ebony, and its admirable imitation, blackened pearwood; the brilliant products of Algeria, such as thuya (which mainly supplied the cabinet-makers of Imperial Rome), *lentisque*, cedar and olive; grey maple, amaranth, the lemon-tree, and the so-called violet,—supplied an infinite variety of resources, of which the most intelligent advantage was taken. The thuya especially, of which the importation does not date back more than twenty years, is as magnificent a substance as can well be imagined. "The richness of its golden brown, the *moiré* of its veins, the capricious elegance of its spots, the fineness and firmness of its grain, its sparkling polish, and the inalterability of its fibre, combine to put it first amongst the elements of *marqueterie*." Simultaneously the manufacture

of stuffs and tapestries took an enormous stride. The famous tissues made at Neuilly in imitation of Beauvais and Aubusson, the *moquettes*, the *crettonnes*, assumed a variousness of design which made them look like new inventions; while the list of habitual fabrics was increased by the adoption for men's bedrooms, billiard-rooms, and other simple usages, of coarse grey canvas, with straight or zigzag ornaments in coloured woollen braid. Almost at the same moment appeared the galvanoplastic applications, which rendered it so easy to employ metals for certain indoor purposes; and with them came those perfect imitations of old French and Italian earthenware which have raised French products even higher than those of Minton.

With such an abundance of materials, and with an equally abundant call for new furniture suited to the new tastes which had sprung up, it is not strange that the Second Empire should have marked a strongly-accentuated phase in the history of home decoration. A society was formed for the encouragement of art applied to industry: utility and practical suitability were the fundamental conditions of its action; but it sought to graft the highest attainable art development on the especially utilitarian tendencies of the moment. Its annual exhibitions, though relatively small, brought together admirable collections of high-class work in all the branches of furniture; and though it cannot be said to have influenced the character of either consumption or production as a whole, it indisputably aided to raise the higher products of the upholsterer's and cabinetmaker's art to a higher level still. These exhibitions were visited by large numbers of persons, whose object generally was not only to amuse themselves and to pass a pleasant hour sauntering amidst pretty things, but also to improve their own notions of the elements of ornament, of the means by which they can be best set forth, and of the rules which, however transitorily, now regulate their employment. Unfortunately, the prices of the greater part of the objects shown were far beyond the limit of ordinary purses, so that most of the admiring lookers-on had to content themselves with contemplation instead of possession; the lesson to the eye was therefore momentary and not durable. But on real art-lovers, of whom there are a good many amongst

the educated classes in France, the impression made was real: it had the eminently practical result of awakening in them the desire to imitate, at lower cost, what had most struck and tempted them in the show. This does not mean that they went away with the unworthy idea of ordering third-rate copies of high-class work, but that, having well studied a type attained by expensive means, they called upon their own imaginations to invent an analogous result with simpler and consequently cheaper materials. The theory that the general effect of a room exclusively depends on the richness of the woods and stuffs of which its furniture is composed, is certainly very widespread in France; it reigns there as a natural consequence of the odious white, red, and gold mania which is still in force: but there is a growing minority which, as has been already said, thinks and acts for itself, and which, while it in no way discards expensive substances, asserts that many of the best effects of tone and character which furnishing is capable of producing, are obtainable exclusively by its simpler and cheaper agents. Here, however, there is some confusion in the French view. It does not appear to establish a sufficient distinction between the results brought out by these two means of action: it seems to lean towards the idea that their effects can be rendered virtually identical, not, of course, in fact, but in the quantity and nature of the enjoyment which the view of each of them produces in the beholders.

The whole influence of furniture on home life, its rôle as a medium of education, and especially its action in the formation of taste by daily contact, are in reality involved in this one question of comparative effects. If it could be urged that satin and chintz, sculptured buffets and plain deal cupboards, embroidered *fauteuils* and straw chairs, delicately-painted panels and whitewashed walls, all create in us the same emotions, all satisfy our eyes to the same degree, then evidently it would be folly to pretend that there is any teaching in the subject, or that any signs of national character can be detected in it. But as it may be fairly taken for granted that no educated person will assert himself insensible to such contrasts; as, on the contrary, every one will probably acknowledge, though in different degrees, that he is accessible to distinct and various impressions

provoked by the aspect of the room in which he is,—that acknowledgment is enough to prove the reality of the argument that we are all of us, more or less, morally and materially influenced by the objects which constantly surround us. And if this be true as a general rule, it is especially so of such emotional, sensational people as the French, and, more particularly still, of that part of them of whom we have just been speaking, who go about seeking for new ideas to realise. It is on this class—a limited one, it is true—that the art exhibitions of the last twenty years have exercised their full effect; it is amongst its members that we must seek for the highest manifestations of thought in modern furnishing, because it is they alone who have struggled against the meretricious splendours of the Second Empire, and have steadily maintained that Art, properly so called, leads us in a very different direction from that which modern taste has pursued.

There are three sorts of furnishing plentiful enough in Paris—sheer shininess, intense elegance, and commonplace. Each provokes in us a different appreciation, but not one of them is satisfactory either to an artist or to a student of the joys of home, amongst which a well-imagined, well-executed *ameublement* ought to occupy a front rank. The French feel instinctively the truth of this latter fact, but most of them distort the question, because they rest it on vanity instead of heart. Pure love of home, for its own sake, is the one ground on which a perfect realisation of home adornment can be based. No one can make a thorough home for anybody but himself. The slightest desire to awaken the admiration of others enfeebls individuality of conception, and introduces into what should be an exclusively personal work, that miserable pandering to other people's approbation which in England as well as in France, is called vanity. There are cases—though not many of them—where the entire self of the inhabitant is put in evidence in his habitation. It is indeed a privilege to find such homes, for they alone enable us to judge character correctly by its manifestation in the choice of furniture. Money is indispensable for these realisations of personality; but it is astonishing to see how the highest natures of effect can sometimes be attained with a relatively limited expenditure. The salient charac-

teristics of such work as this are the subordination of ornament to utility, the relation between the character of the ornament and that of the material employed, and the entire subjection of detail to the whole effect. Sobriety is its striking feature; elegance ceases to be a result, and is used only as a means; brilliancy is utterly discarded excepting as a source of necessary light in certain spots. These conditions are, however, only general; it is in their application that thought comes out, that each separate nature stamps its mark. Some few men—and women even more—will tell you, over in Paris, that their furniture is the child of long reflection, of careful analysis, of patient comparisons; the one object being to produce a material demonstration of themselves. They will say to you, in the curious words of Wolowski, Professor of Political Economy and Deputy for Paris, that “the principle of their taste springs from the spirit and the soul instead of being the slave of instinct and the senses;” they will idealise the subject; will speak of it as one of the truest forms of practical art; and especially will insist, perhaps even to exaggeration, on the immense importance of the eye-teaching which furniture is now called upon to distribute.

In cases such as these we must naturally be prepared to find everything in its place, to recognise in each room a marked fitness for its duty. We shall no more discover cloth or velvet in a drawing-room than we shall see satin in a dining-room, or pale-tinted walls in a library. The exigencies of the epoch, translated into the loftiest language of which they are susceptible, call for unities which are only obtainable by the adoption of special materials for each use. In France, certain rooms alone authorise the employment of the more delicate substances; others need the graver tones of woollen tissues; others again claim printed cottons and plain painted tables, drawers and chairs. Side by side with these conditions stands the law which necessitates the use of apparent wood in dining-rooms, and which prohibits it almost entirely in drawing-rooms, where both ease and grace are only attainable by covering up all seats with wadded stuffs which hide their frames. No word-painting can convey a sense of the result produced when theories like these are realised in all their fullness, when every detail is absolutely perfect,

but when no detail strikes the eye because all is merged in the common whole. Sight, and nothing else, can carry the picture to our brain. And in such cases, the finish of the accessories is worthy of all the rest: there are no “faults of spelling,” however small. The earthenware is of a lightness unknown in England, where, whether an object be in metal-work, in crockery, or in wood, there is usually a massiveness, a waste of matter, which may give useless strength, but which certainly destroys all grace. The dishes, plates and knives are all considerably smaller than those employed on this side of the Channel; the tints chosen for the decoration of the table services are carefully adapted to the colours of the furniture of the dining-room; while their patterns and designs are kept down to the least accentuated outlines, so as to create no distraction for the eye. The ornamentation of the table is a triumph of good sense and knowledge; it ought, indeed, to be always so, for the science of adornment offers but few occasions of equal interest, as all artist-minded Frenchwomen are well aware. It shows character and breadth of composition, with ample space and no crowding or excess of detail; there is harmony between the hues of glass, and flowers, and dessert (the Russian service is the only one now used in France); the whole aspect is one of gaiety mixed with calm. As all the lighting comes from lamps and candles suspended overhead, the eye is not dazzled, it suffers no fatigue, and ranges over the entire table, because every ornament is kept low, so as not to mask the diners from each other. The calculation of effect at table is so profound a question, and is so keenly felt by certain women, that it comes into evidence sometimes in the subtlest forms. A lady told her servant that six people were coming that night to dinner—that as they all were friends it was not necessary to spend ten francs for flowers—and that, therefore, the green ferns in daily use would do for the centre-piece; “but,” she added, “as we shall consequently have no brilliancy in the middle, take care to choose the *boudons* and the cakes of vivid colours so as to compensate its absence, otherwise the table will look dull.” There is a delicacy in this conception which is beyond ordinary thought. If from the dining-room we turn elsewhere, we notice

that the frames of the pictures and the mirrors are lighter and more soberly modelled than those which we use here ; that the marble chimney-tops are all covered with silk, or cloth, or velvet, according to the furniture in the room ; that crisp white curtains hang inside the others in every window and over every bed ; that in the lustres and the candelabra, and the branches, are candles which have been lighted for ten minutes, because a candle which has served gives an inhabited and useful look which a bran-new one in no way supplies ; that all the lamps are full of oil and wait only to be lighted. Brightness, comfort, and practical utility are everywhere. But, alas ! such perfect realisations of home skill are very rare. In a large acquaintance one may, with good luck, find half-a-dozen of them, and not all of equal merit.

And now let us consider what are the effects produced by the various types of indoor aspect on the persons submitted to their influence. Let us first take children, and see what they are taught by them : they afford the easiest ground to study, because they have no prejudices in the matter, because they are virgin of all convictions, because they are even more susceptible than grown-up people of extraneous action, and because their faculty of absorption of impressions by mental capillarity is extremely great. These two latter conditions are important in a work where contact is the only agent, and where results are unconsciously attained. A child accustomed from its babyhood to either of the extremes of furniture, to common idealess objects, or to the highest perfections of art-combination, will naturally acquire a degree of taste-education in proportion to the silent teaching to which it is thus submitted. It may possess innate dispositions which, in after-life, will modify the fruit of that first education ; but it cannot be denied that, whilst still a child, it will, without knowing why, support the neighbourhood of ugliness more easily in one case than in the other. This is a first consequence, and a palpable one, of the contrast which we are supposing, and it probably acts in two directions, negatively as well as positively ; for many of us have noticed cases in which a peasant's child has been almost as unable to reconcile its gaze to the elegancies of the chateau, as the chatelaine's girl to bring

down hers to the rough details of the cottage. And it is useless to pretend that this is but a consequence of shyness and timidity, and that unconscious habit, or taste, its synonym, has no hand in it. That might possibly be true if the poorer of the two children alone drew back from the contact of new objects ; but it is precisely the richer one—the one whose taste has acquired the greater force and the more solid conviction—whose sense shrinks most, whose eyes feel the most dissatisfaction. Surely there is evidence here of the reality of the schooling in which each has lived, and of the different lessons learnt from that schooling. Neither of the children could define the motive of its emotion, but both of them would distinctly feel it, and would manifest it without knowing why. The girl or boy who grows up amidst harmonies of form and colour, and intelligent applications of material, imbibes therefrom a spontaneous notion of what is meant by practical taste in its everyday uses ; and it is not going too far to say that the art dispositions of such a child are fined down, and are rendered more delicate and more discriminating, by early association with good models ; and that its power of appreciating the beauties of nature is, in consequence, strengthened and extended. To a good many people this may seem like dreaming ; but if they will make an effort to remember how easily young minds receive the impress of surrounding sights, they may perhaps admit that there is truth in it.

When a child has once acquired the power of distinguishing clearly between what pleases it and what does not, it is in a condition to form for itself its own first theory of taste. It may modify it afterwards, but our early apprenticeship is never thrown away ; and it has the advantage of habituating the mind to the idea that taste originally results from habit. In later years comparison comes into play, and then begin in each of us those strange successive changes of opinion which alone would suffice to prove how variable and shifting are our maturer views upon the subject, and how impossible it is to lay down from year to year any unvarying definition. But this very versatility has its use ; it exercises the imagination, it stimulates the pursuit of novelty, it provokes intelligent competition between the manufacturers of furniture, it opens a healthy field of

action for the employment of fortune, it renders luxury justifiable. And, more than all, it extends the field of action of daily art-teaching by the multiplication and the variety of the lessons which it places at our disposal. There may be—indeed there is—a large mass of men and women who go about from house to house with careless eyes and inattentive perceptions, who never profit by what they see, and who indeed are incapable of supposing that there is anything round them to profit by. But there is in France (and perhaps elsewhere) another class which seeks instruction and enjoyment in all the acts and sights of life—which thinks that nothing is too small to learn from or to look for—which remembers that charming flowers are often hidden in the shade, and that the science of life lies rather in the diligent extraction of satisfactions from ordinary sources than in the pursuit of exceptional excitements. These are the people to whom a perfectly organised room speaks audibly in a language of its own; these are the people who will attempt, and often with success, to give a diagnosis of your character from a simple examination of your furniture; and though the assertion that such a faculty can be acquired may not improbably provoke an incredulous smile amongst those whose organisation does not lean that way, the fact is absolutely true. Children to whom such theories have been explained by their mothers, and who have thus obtained an early intuition of their meaning, pick up by habit and practice a power of observation and of retention of details, of comparison and consequently of judgment, which is of the highest value as an agent of education. It is not unusual to hear a French girl of twelve or fifteen years old accurately describe a complicated object of which she has barely caught sight for a few seconds. For instance, she will depict, in the most elaborate particulars, the entire dress—boots, watch, and pocket-handkerchief included—of a lady who has simply passed her in the street—a complicated object enough in these times. She will tell you, in reply to your curious question as to how she did it, "Oh, I undressed her at a glance." She does not need to look twice; her perceptive organs have grown so acute, her classification of impressions is so instantaneous, that she absorbs without an effort; and the astonishing minute-

ness and correctness of her dissection are as striking as the rapidity with which it is performed.

This is a great power to possess. It reacts on the intelligence in many ways, especially in strengthening the analytical faculties. Of course it may be denied that it is a product of early contact with art-teaching, and of the precocious development of taste by the mere effect of surrounding objects; but what is its cause if it be not that? France is, as yet, the only country in which questions of this kind have provoked practical results as well as theoretical interest; it is there alone that, as a rule, we find this ready quickness, this rapid observation. If they were a special property of the race, we should discover them everywhere more or less; but we detect them only solely amongst the educated, and only there in certain cases of which the history can generally be traced back to a point of departure based on home art in some kind of way. We need not, however, seek to build an argument on these exceptions, for the mass of the population supplies all the evidence we want, though of course in a less striking form. The character of the home in which they live leaves its impress on the majority of the people. It is true that there are many natures which are utterly insensible to influences of such a kind, just as there are ears which have no care for music, and eyes which are unable to distinguish red from yellow; but the rule in France is, that each distinct class of furniture makes a mark on those who use it, and exercises a perceptible action on their manners and aspirations. People whose chairs and tables date from the Consulate, who possess one dim looking-glass, a cuckoo clock, and no carpet, cannot anyhow be identical in their views of life or their fashion of expressing them with families of 1872, whose *fauteuils* exude softness and friendship, who regard bright light as a necessity of life, and who hate imitations of bird-cries. The former will probably be sternly virtuous; the latter will be by no means stern, and possibly not virtuous either, but they will be pleasant, and "of their epoch." Wooden furniture may be perhaps provocative of lofty principles, while padded sofas and their adjuncts may conduce to worldly views. But where would be the use of their faculty of resistance to temptation if

our neighbours let themselves be beaten by the luxury of their arm-chairs? Are we necessarily constrained to own that their morals are enfeebled by over-comfort, and that the vigour of their character has diminished in proportion with the development of their elegance? That the French have gone down the hill is an accepted fact; that the lust for material satisfaction is one of the causes of their decline, does certainly look probable: but if it be so, we need only deduce therefrom that the arguments against pure brilliancy and pure elegance which have been put forward here are real, and that modern taste alone has done the harm. All this, however true it may be, proves nothing against art. It indicates, on the contrary, that safety lies in a return to higher principles of decoration, and in the abandonment of the coarser satisfactions of the eye. It is but a small side of a great question, and yet it has its weight; the regeneration of what was once a noble people might be aided by a reform in furniture, by a vigorous expurgation of sham splendours and of everlasting appeals to wretched vanities.

And yet, though, in the name of art and elevated feeling and national improvement, we condemn the furnishing of the Second Empire, the feebler elements of our nature do find pleasant features in it. As moralists, as artists, as philosophers, as political economists, we are bound to say it is too full of gaud and glitter; but as men and women with human weaknesses, we cannot help acknowledging that it does make life more cheery than it used to be when we were young, when we were forced to sit bolt

upright on hard chairs with knobs on them that ran into our shoulders. After all, brightness and warmth and softness do help to unsadden weary hearts, do bid to make manners gentle, do stimulate gaiety in young children, do frame in love. There is many a house in France where the whole aspect of indoor life is lighted up by the fitting of the rooms, where the home tie grows stronger under the influence of satisfied and contented taste, where the husband comes in gaily from his work, eager to look once more at the charming picture in which his wife is the central object. Honestly let us own, that when a man feels of his own home that it offers him more attraction than any other place on earth, it is a sign that good causes are at work; and let us hesitate before we apply a sweeping condemnation to a system which, whatever be its faults, has merits too. What we may wisely hope for is, that present practices may cease with the cessation of the circumstances which produced them; that grave events may make taste graver though not less winning to ordinary natures; that art may drive out gewgaws; that the more delicate forms of furniture may gradually descend into common use, and carry their civilising influence everywhere. Thus far that influence applies to the upper classes only: increasing cheapness of production, coupled with increasing needs in the lower strata of society, may propagate it widely; and some day future students of the history of civilization may recognise the real importance of the part which furniture has played in the progress of the nineteenth century.

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## SCIENCE AND NATURE.\*

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**A**DMITTEDLY the great problem at present before every progressive and civilized nation is to mingle with the culture of an ordinary liberal education as much as possible of scientific knowledge.

\* Whilst we heartily agree with our contributor in the object he has in view, we do not hold ourselves responsible for the scheme he proposes—to which, we are aware, exception may be taken.—ED. CAN. MONTHLY.

Not only is science the master agent in the great intellectual revolution which is now sweeping over Europe, but the material well-being of every nation is daily becoming more and more closely dependent upon the physical and natural sciences. Germany, ever in the van of intellectual progress, was the first to recognise the importance of imparting a general knowledge of science to the working masses of the

people, and the still greater importance of providing for the future a large body of competent scientific workers, who would train up a sufficiency of mining engineers, civil engineers, scientific military officers, scientific agriculturists and foresters, surveyors, architects, mechanicians, manufacturers, and the like. Hence the magnificent technological colleges, schools of mines, physiological and chemical laboratories, and other institutions for the teaching of practical science, which are to be found to-day in connection with every German university. Hence, also, by a *nexus* too obvious to be overlooked, the wonderfully rapid advance of Germany in every branch of industrial progress, her rapidly growing wealth, her marvellous success in war, and, last but not least, the quickening in her people of an intellectual life which bids fair to place her amongst the foremost of the nations, and which is certain to sweep away by a bloodless revolution the abuses of her political and social system. The example set by Germany was followed by Belgium, France, Italy, Denmark, and Austria, till England, awaking from her apathy, saw herself in immediate and pressing danger of losing her industrial supremacy, and of sinking to a second-rate position in the markets of the world. Whether it be true or not that the pocket is the most sensitive portion of the human organization, it is certain that the fear of material loss effected in England what it might have taken an indefinite period to bring to pass by mere reasoning, or by any intangible intellectual arguments. England set herself seriously to work to promote the diffusion of scientific culture amongst the people. The Government set on foot a widespread organization for the teaching of science to artisans; practical schools of science were founded in many of the larger towns; the universities, even those most opposed to the change by tradition and by prejudices of the growth of centuries, became alive to the necessity of largely increasing their staff of scientific teachers, and devoting to science a much larger proportion of their endowments than had formerly been the case. The results have been obvious; and though much remains to be done, there is every probability that science will now soon assume in England its proper position as an agent of liberal culture no less than of material progress. It may, at any rate, be safely asserted that the claims of science, even of theoretical science, are now so far recognised in England, that whilst the Government extends a moderately liberal aid to scientific investigation, all the higher educational institutions have already assigned a definite and honourable place to the teaching and cultivation of some or all of the more important branches of scientific knowledge.

It cannot be said, unfortunately, that a similar

progress has been made in this direction by Canada during the same time. No country in the wide world would benefit more by the general diffusion of scientific knowledge than Canada. No country, perhaps, would benefit as much by the possession of a body of trained, practical, scientific workers. With a boundless acreage to be tilled; with almost illimitable forests to be used, and yet not abused; with a mineral wealth that is perhaps not surpassed by any country in the world; with her teeming fisheries, her nascent manufactures, and her great necessity for engineering works of all kinds, Canada is yet without a single institution in which a thorough and complete training in practical science can be obtained. What Canada has lost in the past by this want cannot be estimated. What she will lose in the future, if this want be not supplied, it were easy, but we hope unnecessary, to estimate.

At present we have an opportunity of remedying our former defects in this matter. With a wise liberality, the Government of Ontario has founded a School of Practical Science, which, taken in conjunction with the scientific department of our Provincial University, ought to be sufficient for all our wants. It is clear, however, that no satisfactory results will be obtained without more radical measures than, perhaps, have yet been contemplated. In theory, the ideal of perfection is to be found in such a conjunction as is seen in Yale, in the union between the University and the Sheffield School of Science. The latter is practically an independent institution, with its own museums, its own laboratories, and its own staff of teachers; but it is affiliated to the university, its students attend the university lectures on science, and such university students as wish attend in turn its practical classes. This is theoretically a perfect arrangement, and it works very well at Yale in actual practice. Here, however, we could not expect anything like such complete success from a similar union between the College of Technology and the University, unless the scientific department of the latter were to be placed upon a very different footing to what it is at present. Universal experience has shown that science has never flourished in any university except under one of two conditions. Either it is in connection with a strong Medical Faculty, as is the case in Edinburgh; or it constitutes a distinct and independent, self-governing and self-regulating faculty, as is the case in Paris. Here, owing to the fact that no Medical Faculty is attached to University College, the first of these conditions cannot possibly be carried out. There remains, therefore, the second condition as the only alternative, and we are clearly of opinion that the carrying out of this condition into practice would be by far the most beneficial arrangement

under the circumstances, both as regards University College and the School of Practical Science. It appears to us that the best arrangement, the arrangement which would most largely develop and economise existing forces, and which, at the same time, would most promote the growth of the new institution, would be as follows :—As far as the College of Technology is concerned, there can be no question as to the propriety of abandoning the wholly unsuitable building now occupied by the institution ; and it is understood that it has been definitely decided by the Government to do this, and to erect suitable buildings elsewhere. Wherever the new college may be placed, it will require provision for chemical and metallurgical laboratories and the like, and for a large collection both of industrial products and raw material of all kinds, and of working models. The teaching of the college should be exclusively practical, and it is probable that all the needs of the country would be satisfied by the appointment of a lecturer on Chemistry, one on Mineralogy and Geology, one on Natural Philosophy and Mechanics, and one on Drawing. Popular lectures for artisans could be delivered in the evenings ; but the real and more essential work of the institution would consist of the practical teaching of these or any other subjects which it might be thought advisable to introduce to genuine students going through a regular course of training. Of course, also, a working head would have to be found for the institution, but we apprehend that there need be little difficulty on this score. By the affiliation of the College of Technology to the University, the students of the former would be enabled to attend the regular courses of lectures on Chemistry, Mineralogy and Geology, and Zoology and Botany, now delivered by the scientific staff of University College ; and, reciprocally, the science-students of the University would be able to get at the College of Technology a thoroughly practical training in the above-mentioned branches of study. Chemistry, of course, is already taught practically at University College, though, equally of course, many of its industrial ramifications are necessarily neglected. On the other hand, Mineralogy and Geology, and Zoology and Botany, are not taught in any sufficiently practical manner ; not, as we believe, from any want of will on the part of the Professors of these subjects, but simply from the want of any facilities for so doing. By the arrangement we have indicated such facilities would be supplied, and the country be spared the expense of duplicating museums as well as teachers.

We are persuaded that the affiliation of the College of Technology to the University would be an arrangement of the greatest benefit to both institutions concerned ; but in order that this benefit should be obtained, it would be necessary that importan

changes should be made in the existing arrangements for teaching science in University College. First and foremost among these changes, as hinted above, would be the establishment of a distinct " Faculty of Science " in University College, under a distinct and separate head. The advantages of such a course are so obvious, and its disadvantages so few, that it seems unnecessary to argue the point at length. It seems sufficient to point out that no one can properly understand and carry out the requirements of the scientific department of any university unless it be one who is himself a practical worker in science. Secondly, it would seem advisable to very much modify the existing curriculum of study. The real science-students should be relieved, to a much greater extent than is at present the case, of purely literary studies ; whilst the arts-students should not be compelled to take more than a single branch of science, and it should be at the option of each which science in particular he would take. There would thus be a great diminution of " cramming," pure and simple, and there would be some chance that a genuine knowledge of a more limited field might be obtained. To this it might be added that the establishment of degrees of science would, in all probability, have a most beneficial effect. This, at any rate, we venture to think, would be the opinion of every competent judge not blinded by prejudices derived from universities where such degrees have no existence. It is all very well to say that science should be studied for its own sake, but no one says so about classics, and it is not to be expected of human nature that young men will in general devote themselves to the study of subjects from which they do not obtain an obvious practical advantage, such as is afforded by the possession of a distinct degree. Certainly, the experience of the old world has shown that the growth of scientific study has been greatly promoted by the establishment of such academic distinctions in science. Lastly, it would be necessary to very considerably increase the museums and appliances for teaching science now existing in University College, these being, from a teacher's point of view, in many respects grievously deficient and imperfect.

It will doubtless be said by those who are but superficially acquainted with the subject, that the present condition of science at our national University is such as to render such radical changes as above proposed surely unnecessary. Those who are of this opinion would do well to weigh carefully the significance of the fact that, after twenty years' teaching of science by competent and willing Professors, our Provincial University is unable as yet to point to a single one of its graduates who has distinguished himself by original work in science subsequent to the close of his university career.



## CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE English magazines of the month contain papers of unusual variety and interest.—*Macmillan* opens with a controversial article by Mr. Sedley Taylor on "Galileo and Papal Infallibility." It is, in form, a reply to the *Dublin Review*, but contains much interesting information respecting the Italian astronomer, recently brought to light from the archives of the Inquisition at Rome. It had been contended by the Ultramontane organ that the declaration of "the pontifical congregation" in favour of the immobility of the earth and the sentence pronounced upon Galileo were not *ex cathedra*, not having been approved by the Pope. Had it been otherwise, the *Review* admits "The papal command must be understood as finally decisive, and demanding from all who boast of the Catholic profession" complete obedience. Mr. Taylor shows beyond question that Pope Urban VIII. *did* approve the sentence and order its promulgation. He also defends Copernicus from the insinuation that he did not really hold the theory which bears his name, and Galileo from the charge that, if not sincere in his *quasi* recantation, he was "one of the most mendacious and cowardly poltroons that ever appeared in public life." In both cases the vindication appears complete. "The Religion of Goethe," though not devoid of merit, is unsatisfactory. Goethe's susceptibility to female influence, especially that of the Frau von Klettenberg, appears at times to have almost persuaded him to be a Christian, but his permanent faith, "decidedly non-Christian" as he himself said, seems to have been Spinozism supplemented by Nature-worship. Mr. Schwarz defines this creed, and claims it as essentially Christian, supporting his position by copious but contradictory quotations, to us it appears certainly unchristian, for the simple reason that it is unintelligible. A Lincolnshire Rector traces the influence of the scenery and character of his country upon the poetry of Tennyson. Lord De Mauley's paper on "Crime, Criminals and Punishment" contains many valuable subjects on a very perplexing subject. He advocates long sentences, systematic reformation, assistance to freed men, and an entire change in the ticket-of-leave system. The real merits of the article are marred by a spasmodic style: every sentence is a paragraph, leading one to suppose that the writer had gone through a twenty years' course of French novels. Mr. Trevelyan's "Charity Electioneering"

is an able *exposé* of a system of canvassing for places in alms-houses, hospitals and other charities, with which we are happily without experience in this country. Its demoralizing and wasteful results are detailed with great power. An exceedingly entertaining series of papers on "Spanish Life and Character in 1873" is continued. The portion relating to female life is particularly well drawn. Mr. Black's admirable story "A Princess of Thule," is brought to a conclusion, and Mr. Barnard's "My Time and What I Have Done With It" continued.

The *Fortnightly Review* contains as large a number of powerful articles as usual. Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes a trenchant criticism on Taine's History of English Literature. The general spirit of the article may be understood by an extract:—"M. Taine's critical judgments are at times irritating; his philosophy may be questionable; and his leading principles are sometimes overlaid with such a mass of epigrammatic illustration that we have some difficulty in distinctly grasping their meanings. To protest against some of these faults is indeed the purpose of this paper. And yet, whatever his faults, it is impossible not to be grateful to him; he has done what no native author had done, or, it may be, was able to do. \* \* \* Once taken up, it is always hard to lay him down." The great defect of the French author is that he dashes off a theory to account for certain literary characteristics, and contorts facts to suit it, without stopping to define the theory or establish his facts. "National character is determined by race, *milieu* (by which he means climate), and epoch," Taine asserts; but uses these words in such a loose and inaccurate manner that they are constantly misleading him. Burke and Sheridan are types of *English* oratory, loving "the coarse vulgarity of gaudy colours," &c. The climate, of course, is all fog and rain, and in consequence the English, unlike that regular and equable being—the classical Frenchman, are always rushing into extremes from a stilted pietism to a coarse sensuality which shocks his refined neighbour across the Channel. As for the "epoch," M. Taine illustrates the debasing effects of Restoration profligacy by tracing to it the works of Hobbes, who belongs to the first half of the 17th century. He is full of contempt for Locke, Berkeley, Hume, Addison and Johnson. Pope fares little better. Shakspeare is his own Hamlet, and like Thomas Carlyle, only fit for the

lunatic asylum. The English have a peculiar quality they call "humour;" but there is no synonym for it in French, and M. Taine admits that he cannot comprehend, much less appreciate it. Consequently Hogarth is a coarse brute who draws nothing but hideous grotesques of "detestable Yahoos." Both novelists and poets are abnormal beings, for the most part. "We love art," he observes, "and you have a scant amount of it. \* \* \* You are rendered heavy by your conscience (!) which drags you along step by step and low on the ground." M. Taine frowns on Spenser, and censures "Lycidas;" Wordsworth's "Excursion" is tiresome, but moral—his sonnets the author appears not to have read. Keats is barely noticed, and Tennyson politely snuffed out. On the other hand, after reading Thalaba, he styles Southey "that illustrious poet," and admires the sentimentality of Moore—his other favourites being Burns and Byron. Swift seems to be the only prose writer to whom he gives almost unqualified praise. Mr. Stephen's paper is well worthy of perusal. Mr. Herbert Spencer concludes his "Replies to Criticisms"—his opponents being Mr. Sidgwick, Rev. James Martineau, the *London* and the *British Quarterly Reviews*. The paper is written with the author's usual clearness, candour and good-temper.

Under the title of "The New Christology," Mr. Francis W. Newman states his objections to the *positive* portion of Mr. Greg's Creed of Christendom, and his Enigmas of Life. With the negative or destructive side of these works the reviewer appears in the main to agree; indeed he seems rather to exult in its power. Mr. Greg's "Creed of Christendom" was first published nearly twenty-five years ago; and yet, according to Mr. Newman, no attempt has been made to answer it. "Since," says the reviewer, "bishops, deans, learned canons, and academical divines do not reply *formally* to so thorough, clear, and learned a treatise, which has been so long before the public, we have the best proof attainable that his historical argument—occupying precisely the ground which English academicians have chosen as their own—is unanswerable; so that, if the appeal be made to history and to proof, the Christian Scriptures have no claim to be regarded as accurate and trustworthy, much less to be a basis on which supernatural events can be rested, or from which theological tenets, shocking to the reason, can justly be pressed upon us." This assumption would be worth something, if Mr. Greg's critical objections had been original; but, as Mr. Newman himself admits, they were not. The fact is they have been answered in detail in many works on Christian evidences—we do not say controverted, because we have no wish to be dogmatical. The

word "formally," which Mr. Newman slips into the sentence, invalidates his conclusions; for he surely does not contend that objections can only be answered by formal treatises against individual opponents, such as were those of Origen against Celsus, Eusebius against Hierocles, Cyril against Julian, Waterland against Tyndal, Bentley against Collins, or Neander in reply to Strauss.

Having congratulated Mr. Greg upon his success in destructive criticism, Mr. Newman laments that he should have attempted to reconstruct, or as Mr. Greg puts it, to "disinter *that* religion of Jesus which precedes all creeds and schemes and formulas," and, he trusts, will survive them all. Here we think Mr. Newman occupies an inexpugnable position. How a theologian who not only rejects the Trinity and the Atonement, but refuses the Apostles' Creed, believes the synoptical Gospels to be full of fancies and interpolations, sets aside the fourth Gospel as a romance, and regards the Pauline Epistles as in no historical relation to Jesus, can hope to find the essence of Christianity, and anticipate its "rescue, re-discovery, purification and re-enthronement as a guide of life, a fountain of truth, an object of faith," passes comprehension. As Mr. Newman pointedly remarks on Mr. Greg's objections to the doctrine of eternal punishment contained in Matt. xxv., the only reason for the rejection of this and other discourses of Christ that can be assigned is "that the author *does not like to believe* that Jesus uttered them." A curious point in the controversy between these able writers is that whilst Mr. Greg wishes to relieve Jesus of the odium of unpalatable dogma, and shoulders the responsibility upon the Apostles, Mr. Newman reverses the process and defends the Apostles at the expense of the Saviour. The reviewer states, with evident truth, that his differences with Mr. Greg are not religious, but historical and logical. The author, for example, retains the doctrine of "a wise and beneficent Creator," but he hesitates to pronounce Him "personal," whilst the reviewer contends that, if He possesses these attributes, He must be a person. Mr. Greg believes in a "renewed life hereafter," not as certain, but as a "solemn hope;" Mr. Newman denying that men have any hope, because that implies desire, prefers to call the doctrine "a reverential augury and edifying speculation." The reviewer makes, we think, an unjust objection to Mr. Greg's idea that heaven is a place of repose and yet a sphere of activity. The passage in "The Enigmas of Life" is in reality an eloquent paraphrase on two passages of Scripture which seem at first sight paradoxical—"There remaineth therefore a rest for the people of God," and the Apocalyptic declaration, "they rest *not* day or night." Mr. Greg's general position, we believe, is clearly untenable. He ha,

demolished, so far as destructive criticism can do it, the fabric of Christianity, and yet he is endeavouring to build upon the old foundation a fancy edifice of his own with a scanty portion of the old material he has scattered around him. Mr. Symonds, whose literary papers are always welcome, contributes a biography and criticism of Boiardo and the *Orlando Innamorato*, with translated extracts. Mr. Jevons' paper on "The Use of Hypothesis," is an able defence of judicious theory in scientific investigation as opposed to purely empirical induction. On this point he is at one with Mr. Herbert Spencer, who distinctly denies that "no *à priori* reasoning can conduct us demonstratively to a single physical truth," citing Newton's Laws of Motion as a case in point. Sir Charles Dilke's paper on "Free Schools" shows considerable ability and no little familiarity with the subject. His main proposition is that education, to be effective, must be compulsory; and that before it can be made compulsory it must be free. He very justly objects to the "remission" system as relieving a class who are not always deserving, and pressing hardly upon the honest who are barely able to pay the fees. On the other hand, we think Sir Charles mistaken in contending that education is a primary duty of the State. The only proof offered is that as the State already pays three-fourths of the expense his view is virtually admitted. But this is merely to shirk the question. The obligation to educate a child naturally and properly devolves upon its parents. When the State undertakes the duty, it does so as a matter of expediency, because it is, in the end, more economical to have an intelligent people than an ignorant one. Failing, as it invariably does, to enforce their duty upon illiterate, careless or selfish parents, it is better that the State should take the matter in hand than that it should be entirely neglected. It is comparatively easy to make a man provide food for his children, but to compel him to have his children educated is not so easy a task. This objection apart, the paper is a very useful one. The *Fortnightly* concludes, as usual, with Mr. Frederick Harrison's incisive remarks on "Public Affairs." The clear and vigorous English of these papers is extremely refreshing. In the current number an honest view is given of the present difficulties of the Liberal Party. The writer does not think the Conservative reaction has yet set in, but he frankly confesses that it is imminent. There are three parties in England—not two—Conservatives, Whigs, and "The People." The Whigs are but cunning Tories, and only serve occasionally as leaders of the people; without the latter the Whigs are like Sir Garnet Wolseley without his army. Mr. Harrison is utterly opposed to the proposition that Mr. Gladstone should theatrically announce "startling novelties" for next session. Extension of

the county franchise should be granted, but the people who talk about a reform in the Land Laws do not know the laws they want to reform or the reforms they want in the laws. The Church question is dismissed, likewise, as belonging to the next generation. On French affairs the writer takes comfort even in the triumph of "the Right." McMahon is only a stop-gap, and "despotisms of the grand kind are not founded without a flash of enthusiasm round either a principle or a man. They are not the prizes of a stop-gap. They are not, and least of all in France, to be held by nonentities."

*Blackwood* opens with another instalment of Lord Lytton's "Parisians." The story is now drawing to a close, but as our readers will have an opportunity of perusing it entire in the copyright edition now in the press of Hunter, Rose & Co. we make no remark upon it in this place. The most entertaining paper in the number is that on "Ceremonial"—the first of a series on International Vanities. The essay unfolds the history and present state of court etiquette and ceremonial diplomatic and maritime, interspersing his principles with anecdotes of a most amusing character. The reader will find, perhaps to his surprise, that what we regard as food for ridicule, was, and even now is, to some extent, serious matter enough in court circles. "Phidias and the Elgin marbles," by Mr. Story, is intended for classical and art-students. They will be astonished to learn that the great sculptor had no share in the design or execution of "the marble statues in the pediment of the Parthenon at Athens," the metopes or *bassi relievi*; and that it "is exceedingly doubtful whether Phidias ever made any statues in marble." "A Story of the Rock" is an erotico-military tale of Gibraltar. The Educational question is treated historically in a paper designed to show the constituencies that the Conservatives are the true friends of popular instruction. The last paper dated from Paris is a lament over the Comte de Chambord's obstinacy and the dire calamities all Europe will suffer in consequence.

The *Contemporary Review* comes so late to hand that we can only give a summary of its contents. The ablest paper is the first by Mr. Fitz-james Stephen, on "Parliamentary Government." To it as well as to the Rev. Mr. Knight's last words on the Prayer Question, we may perhaps return in a future number. Dr. Carpenter contributes an interesting essay on "The Physiology of Belief," and the Rev. Mr. Capes a "Criticism of Mill." The number closes with Mr. Gladstone's letter on Evolution, in reply to Mr. Herbert Spencer. It is ingenious but not satisfactory. The Premier had said, "upon the ground of what is termed evolution, God is relieved of the labour of creation; in the name of

unchangeable laws, He is discharged from governing the world." Mr. Spencer cited Mr. Gladstone as "a conspicuous exponent of the anti-scientific view,"—we should suppose with perfect propriety. Not so, the Premier tells us. He does not know what "evolution" and "unchangeable laws" mean; and, if he did, he does not possess the knowledge requisite to judge of their truth. As for the inferences attributed to evolutionists, we have no doubt they would be repudiated by Darwin, Spencer and Wallace. Mr. Gladstone asks whether, if he had said that the abuse of

liberty has produced crime, and that of law and order despotism, he could be held to be a foe to liberty, law or order? Certainly not, but the illustration is not apposite. As a statesman, Mr. Gladstone knows what liberty is and what law and order mean; and he may legitimately frame an argument about them. In the other case, however, he confesses his ignorance of the truth or even meaning of the premisses, and states, as conclusions from them, inferences scientific men would repudiate.

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## BOOK REVIEWS.

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ROMANCE OF OLD COURT-LIFE IN FRANCE. By Frances Elliot. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto. Adam, Stevenson & Co.

Since the iconoclastic pen of Niebuhr commenced its assault on the exquisite legends of old Rome, he has had so many imitators that some people have come to regard "The Romance of History" as little more than an unmeaning phrase. This work, however, will help to remind them that those who lived and died in other days were men and women of like passions with ourselves—a fact which the egotism and philosophy of our day seem inclined to forget. Mrs. Elliot tells us that in all she has written she has "sought carefully to work into dialogue each word and sentence recorded of the individual, every available trait of peculiarity of character to be found in contemporary memoirs, every tradition that has come down to us." The field of her labour extends from the times of Francis I. to the death of Louis XIV. It is a period rich in historic romance, and she has used her materials so as to give us a most charming book. Francis I., the opening character of the work, seems to us to be dealt with rather gently in reference to the perjury whereby he secured his release at the hands of Charles V., but the picture presented of the love between him and his sister Marguerite is deeply touching. In general, indeed, the loves portrayed are by no means of a "sisterly" nature; but we need scarcely say that none need fear to meet anything calculated to shock even the most sensitive delicacy. Nor is the book altogether made up of love episodes. Almost all the leading characters in French history during the period reviewed are brought before us. Some of the deeds of Catherine de Medici, including the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, are painted in a manner which rouses the fiery indignation which they must always be calculated to

excite, though the account of the death of that awful woman makes one feel inclined to murmur a prayer that her sins may not be laid to her charge. The portrait of Henry IV. and Gabrielle d'Estrees is probably the most delightful in the book. In a few words, Mrs. Elliot thus brings the head of the Bourbon dynasty before us:—"A man who called a spade a spade, swore like a trooper, and hated the parade of Courts; was constant in friendship, fickle in love, promised anything freely, especially marriage, to any beauty who caught his eye; a boon companion among men, a libertine with women, a story-teller, cynical in his careless epicureanism, and so profound a believer in 'the way of fate' that, reckless of the morrow, he extracted all things from the passing hour." The contrast between him and his son Louis XIII., is one calculated to provoke a smile; but the story of the love-scene between the latter and Louise de Lafayette must excite the respect even of cynics and women-haters for that saintly girl. Richelieu and Mazarin also figure on the pages of Mrs. Elliot, who maintains that Anne of Austria led the former to believe that she was in love with him, thereby inducing him to array himself in a mountebank's dress and dance a *bolero* in proof of his own affection. The picture of Mazarin in his gallery shortly before his death, is calculated to bring vividly before us the nakedness in which man enters the world and must leave it. After these the loves of Louis XIV. appear on the scene. The accounts of his amours with Louise de la Vallière and Madame de Montespan, and of his marriage with Madame de Maintenon, are deeply interesting, but can scarcely fail to lower the monarch in the eyes of every right-thinking reader. A book which thus traverses the history of the Court-Life of France during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, al-

ways painting the scenes beautifully, and generally exciting sympathy rightly, cannot fail to be interesting and profitable to all readers. We can assure our lady-friends that they will enjoy it quite as much as the latest novel, and also find it a much more healthy species of literature.

FROM THE EARTH TO THE MOON, Direct in Ninety-seven Hours, and a Trip Round it. By Jules Verne, Author of "A Journey to the Centre of the Earth."

American exaggeration would seem difficult to caricature, but this Frenchman has found it easy to turn the smile of complacent satisfaction at achievements supposed to outdo all the rest of the world into a broad grin. He effects the transformation so easily as to conceal the wit by which it is done. The story of a Gun Club, formed at Baltimore to invent and experiment with monster ordnance when the civil war was in progress, brings on the carpet

Parrots, Dahlgrens, Rodmans, and, for comparison, many others. Everything is on a prodigious scale; the number of the members of the Club reaching 30,565 in a month, shells weighing 20,000 lbs., cannon two miles long and projectiles costing \$173,050 are discussed. Barbicore, the President of the Club, who had made a large fortune as a timber merchant, and been appointed, to show the natural fitness of things, Director of Artillery, proposed to make the members of the Club the Columbuses of the Moon, and to add it as a State to the Union. The communication was to be made by sending a projectile to the Queen of Night; and the casting of monster cannon followed as a means to this end. The book is profusely illustrated in a good style of art, the plates used in the translation being apparently the French originals. The work evinces much cleverness, and may probably set some readers to making serious enquiries into some of the scientific questions on which it touches.

## LITERARY NOTES

Professor George Rawlinson has in press "The Seventh Great Oriental Monarchy," in continuation of his important work.

Messrs. Hachette, of Paris, announce a magnificent work on Spain, by M. Davilliers, illustrated by 300 engravings from M. Doré's recent designs.

"A Princess of Thule," Mr. William Black's new novel, which has been appearing in *Marmalan's Magazine*, is now issued in separate form.

A Series of Lectures, by the late Rev. F. D. Maurice, has just been issued, with a preface by Thomas Hughes, M.P., under the title of "The Friendship of Books."

"My Diary in the Last Great War," is the title of Dr. W. H. Russell's letters to the *Times* on the Franco-German war, now published by Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

A captivating prose story, by the author of "Mrs. Jermyingham's Journal," entitled "A Very Young Couple," is re-issued by Messrs. Scribner, of New York.

A new volume from Mr. Spurgeon's pen, entitled "Types and Emblems," has just appeared. It consists of readings from his Sunday and Thursday Evening Sermons.

Mr. Samuel Smiles' important and new work on "The Huguenots of France after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes" has been reprinted by Messrs. Harper.

Messrs. Harper reprint Farjeon's charming Christmas story, "Golden Grain," from *Times's Magazine*, and Jefferson's new novel "Lottie Darling," of which a second edition has been instantly called for in England by the Libraries.

A Member of the Society of Biblical Archaeology, Mr. W. Simpson, has preparing for press the narrative of a Journey all Round the World, through Egypt, China, Japan and California. It will bear the title of "Meeting the Sun."

Professor Clinton, Director of Candidates for Public Examinations, has just issued from Messrs. Chapman and Hall's press, "A Compendium of English History, with Copious Quotations on the leading Events and the Constitutional History."

Messrs. Sampson, Low and Son have just issued a sumptuous book, from the French of M. Jacquemart, descriptive of the Potteries of all times and of all nations. The work is entitled a "History of the Ceramic Art."

An interesting work, throwing additional light on the relations between Sir Walter Scott and his Publishers, appears in a memorial of "Archibald Constable and his Literary Correspondents," just published by Messrs. Edmonston and Douglas, of Edinburgh.

The first of a series of papers on "Evolution," antagonistic to the Darwinian materialism, appears in the January issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*. It is from the pen of Professor Louis Agassiz, whose recent death the scientific world is now deploring.

Messrs. Rivington have just issued, in their series of "Historical Handbooks," an excellent manual on the "History of the English Institutions." The work is classified under three main divisions, viz., Social and Local Development of the Constitution, Constituents of the Central authority, and Central Government, and will be found a compact and serviceable reference book.